

英國文學

拜崙時代

英國 葛斯 著

章叢燕譯



未名叢刊之一

英國文學
拜崙時代

英國 Edmund Gosse 著

韋叢蕪譯

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序

英國文學在中國是厄運的。英文學名著之中譯本可看者不大多，牠在中國文學上的影響也幾乎等於零。這是緣於英文學的寶藏是詩歌，不易於翻譯，還是因為牠根本不合我們中國人的脾胃呢？我們承認俄國文學，特別是小說，在中國文學界和思想界的影響，至少在此時看來是最大的；這是緣於俄國文學的菁華是散文，較易紹介，還是因為牠很合我們的脾胃呢？然而為一個民族的靈魂的文學，無論如何是值得我們研究和興賞的，且不管牠難易，且不管自家的脾胃。

關於史的方面，我們還不知道中國目下有沒有一個人能給我們寫一部很可讀很有價值的英國文學史，或有下這樣決心的人沒有，甚至於有翻譯人沒有。這是難怪的；這困難正和中國文學史之編著一樣。各部分，各時代，各個作家，沒有人專究之先，一個人破天荒要從古至今著或譯一部極有價值的文學史出來，即竭畢生精力，也是一個奇蹟。

年來披讀里卡爾加萊 (Richard Garnett) 和愛德莽葛斯 (Edmund Gosse) 合著的插圖英國文學史 (*An Illustrated History of English Literature*)，一名英國文學：插圖記錄 (*English Literature: An Illustrated Record*)，頗覺簡明扼要，饒有趣味。兩位作者都是英國近代著名的文學者和詩人。全書共分四巨冊，插圖極多。從古代到莎士比亞是加萊作的，從雅各朝文學到十九世紀末都是葛斯作的。不過，一九二三年的板本又新加上哥倫比亞英文教授約翰愛斯庚 (John Erskine) 作的一篇關於從一八九二到一九二二的英國文學的文章。

要翻譯這樣一部英國文學史，我是絕對不配的，即使試翻一部份，在淺學的我，也是狂妄。然而因為一個時候刊物需稿迫切，我終於從這部書中抽譯些各個作家的評傳去塞責，結果經過一番修正和添補之後，成為此書拜崙時代 (*The Age of Byron*)，及即出的渥茲渥斯時代 (*The Age of Wordsworth*)。這兩部份佔第四冊的上一半，下一半是初期維多利亞時代 (*Early Victorian Age*) 和譚尼孫時代 (*The Age of Tennyson*)。為着使一件小小的工作完成起見，最近便抽空將這後兩個時代也譯印出來，加上早譯出的愛斯庚作的續篇

近三十年英國文學，那麼近代英國文學史便算齊了。我的狂妄也算告一結束。錯誤恐怕難免，指教當然是十分歡迎的。

本書的特色之一是插圖，因此我們完全照原書重製下來，不過有時稍稍縮小一點而已。

一九二九年十月十五日叢燕寫於達園。

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引 言

在英國文學中最早顯現的改革精神，在道德或行為上，一點也不帶革命性，這是可以注意的。在最初的時候，渥茲渥斯(Wordsworth)，蘇塞(Southey)，和珂萊銳吉(Coleridge)對於法國革命的主義是趨向於一種『全民政治的』同情，而且在政治上偏向急進的一方面，這是真的。



Lord Byron
(Circa 1804-1806)

After a Portrait in the possession of A. C. Benson, Esq.

但是反抗的精神在他們裏面醒來得很和平，而且當恐怖時代(Reign of Terror)來了的時候，他們對於民主

自由的渴望剛萌芽便消滅了。在十九世紀之初，渥茲渥斯便變成(從此以後沒有改變)一個政教保守黨的極端派；蘇塞在一七九四年，『說來可怕，徘徊於自然神教和無神論之間』，而在這時却立刻顯出一種對於各種自由理論的恐怖，且帶着癡愛地向每季評論 (*Quarterly Review*) 投稿。



Mrs. Byron

After a Portrait by Thomas Stewardson in the possession of John Murray, Esq.

性情和環境兩者合在一起，使司各得 (Scott) 在政治上和行爲上成爲一個保守黨。同時，就

是在這些和平的人們的手中，文學革命在進行着，我們從一八一五年回顧，便覺得出紹介羅曼主義到此國度的那一輩人之特別謙虛和有益的守法的道德。

在英國文學中沒有一部分比我們詩歌的羅曼派改革家所產生的作品，我們不僅說更天真，而且更沒有冒犯的外表。渥茲渥斯和珂萊銳吉的無忌憚，純粹

是藝術家的；這是受着一種決定之限制，那決定就是要毀壞文體上的一些種老套，而紹介新的成分和新的方面應用到詩歌裏來。但是這些新奇事物包含的沒有一點東西，能夠使最不成熟的讀者的良心不安，甚至於連興奮都不會。這些大著作家都說了很多的熱情，而且主張用一種會讓熱情逃跑得太遠了的藝術，把熱情收回來。但是所謂熱情，在渥茲渥斯並不知道感官之強



Lady Caroline Lamb in her Page's Costume
*From a Miniature in the possession of
John Murray, Esq.*

烈的騷動，反抗常規，擾亂社會習慣。他明白這個名辭，在他的詩歌中表明他的觀念，這是當緊張的情緒專注在一件自然的美或人世動情的美之對象——例如一座大山，一個嬰兒，一朵花——的時候，直接爲之所引，而進入想像的表現之道。他看見美有些地方可以引入危險，但是他和司各得，甚至於珂萊銳吉，

都決然將他們的眼從那些東西轉過去。

這頭一輩子的主要著作家，不僅對於失德，就是對於粗野和放縱都是憎惡，爲先前的英國人所從未有



Lord Byron

*After a Portrait by W. Westall in the possession of
Coningsby D'Israeli, Esq.*

者。十八世紀的粗魯終受了冷靜的修練，在牠的最高的表現中極美如水晶，在較低的一些中有些空洞且不近人情。大陸諸國一致稱我們爲『假道學』，決定一點不看自然的醜的方面，否認非禮的本能之根本存在等等現在都出來了。

對着歐洲的騷動，英國高提她的衣裳在泥濘之外，帶着過度貞潔的一些兒嬌態。他們給布列顛尼亞(Britannia)繪幅像，帶着長牙齒，過裝貞節地將她的老眼轉過大陸諸國的猥褻跳舞。只要這種禮化是純正的，這是一件好事——渥茲渥斯和司各得之無瑕的純

淨是民族的驕傲的事情——但是至若真是假道學，至若是空空的精神的傲慢的顯示，那是可恨的。無論如何，繩子扯得如此其緊，一定要扯斷的，接着極其合宜的，保守的詩人和長篇小說作家之後，發生出一般詩人，他們高興被認為放蕩者，社會主義者，和無神論者。我們的文學畢竟要變成革命的了。

拜 崙

新世紀的被關起來了的動物的精神，在第六個動
爵拜崙（Lord Byron）的身上，找到牠們勢力的第一



Lord Byron
From a Drawing by Count D'Orsay,
taken in 1823.

個出道，英國積極地
縱飲於犯罪與混亂的
詩歌中。拜崙是一
般無法的強抗的人們
——驕傲如拉綏弗爾
(Lucifer)，美貌如阿
波羅(Apollo)，邪惡如
洛奇(Loki)——的代
表，裝出各種性質出
現於舞台上，能使青
年眩目，成年發驚。
他的可愛的捲曲的頭
髮，惹動所有的婦女
去崇拜他；他的憂鬱的態度和他的驚人的邪行的故事
秘密地相聯結；他的生活的高貴與鋪張，他的野的外

國來的口味，他的藐視一切束縛，他的對於身體缺陷的感憤，他的優伶般的天稟如同一個半爲虛誇者，半爲天使長的人，這一切聯在一起，給他的人物，他的全部逸事，一個無雙的魔力。雖然現在那麼多的黃金都變成金色光片，雖然現在拜崙所在上面大搖大擺的舞台，光已滅了，我們還不能不被迷惑。就是那些最極力不承認他的想像，文體，文學的永存部分的人，都不能假裝不爲他的事業的無比的羅曼故事所動。歌德 (Goethe) 聲稱，一個人品格如此超羣，在文學中先前就沒有存在過，而且或者永遠不再出現了。這使我們要注意對於拜崙加以比較的估量：在文體的性質上他是最不均的了，而且或者絕不是完全第一流的；但是按照一個文學性情達到沸點的例子講，歷史沒有記載過更輝煌的名字。

拜崙趕緊想著名，他在沒有學習他的技術之先就著作。他的立意是要抵抗羅曼運動的侵入，在二十



Maay Ann Chaworth

*From an Engraving by Stone after an
Original Drawing*

一歲的時候，他做出一首諷刺詩，其目的（只要不僅是鬧脾氣）便是推翻渥茲渥斯與珂萊銳吉，贊成德里登 (Dryden) 和波李 (Pope)。在口味和信心上他到死都是反動的；但是當他下筆寫的時候，詩便像火山溶化的岩石一般瀉流出來，而且不顧他自己，便應用羅



Lady Noel Byron

From an Engraving by Finden after an Original Drawing

曼派的形式。他的性格是在流放的兩個野年（一八〇九年七月至一八一一年七月）中造成的，那時他作了瘋狂的好動性的俘掠物，他飛過地中海 拯救土耳其婦女，訪赫司特思坦荷卜太太 (Lady Hester Stanhope)，泗過海萊司滂 (Hellespont)，刮辣土耳其

後宮的窗戶，甚至於——歌德和世人相信這樣——用一根土耳其短劍兇殺了一個人，而佔領了塞珂萊得羣島 (Cyclades) 中的一個島。在他開始歌詠那拿 (Lara) 和異教信徒之前，他自己就是一個異教信徒，他自己就是那拿和康拉得 (Conrad)；他曾帶着一個化裝的葛列爾 (Guinare) 遊歷，他曾為麥都那 (Medora) 所愛，

他曾以利刃刺入哈善 (Hassan) 的心窩，而且幫助叛教者阿爾卑 (Alp) 打仗；或者，若是他並沒有做所有這一切事，人們硬說他做了，而且他未免太抑鬱了，不宜於駁辯這種指摘。

拜崙裝作那樣憔悴，倨傲地耽於逸樂，但他寫的特別持久而且迅速。少有詩人在如此短的一個時期，作了如此之多。在一八一二年卡爾得哈羅德 (*Childe Harold*) 的前兩章開始了他的作品的令人頭暈的假面具，這些作品在以後幾年中在這裡細講，未免太多了。拜崙的羅曼詩篇，稍稍在形式上多仿司各得的作品，從異教信徒 (*Giaour*) 起，每篇有一個美的，命定的英雄，『身備一種德行，千種罪辜』，千千萬萬的為敬畏所感的讀者，相信他們從那人身上認出化裝的詩人自己了。拜崙和司各得毫無問題地統治着，為當代最受歡迎的歌者；在他們的驚人的成功的面前，其他一切詩歌立刻失色，『停止寫羅曼詩



John Cam Hobhouse

From an Engraving after a Portrait by
Wivell

篇』，從事於散文了。司各得對於他的青年競爭者的客氣，差不多不能比拜崙向一位他所力稱爲『巴赫那薩斯之王（“The Monarch of Parnassus”）』者的個人的尊敬更佳美了；但是司各得的溫和的酋長們被土耳其的土匪和海盜完全逐出戰場了。在這些時，拜崙寫



Augusta Ada Byron

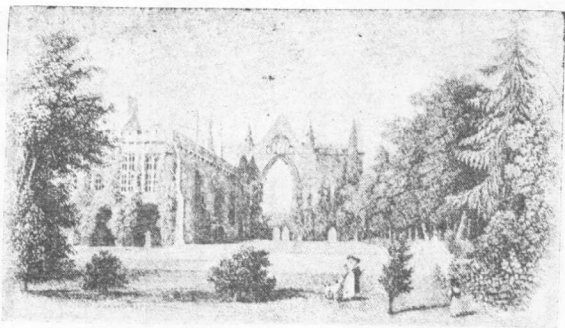
*From an Engraving by Stone after an
Original Drawing*

得極少能受時間試驗的作品；實在直到一八一五年他結婚的時候，他都不能說是曾經產生了許多有任何真正的詩的價值的東西。不過，他現在是真正地不幸福而且顯然地受感動了。

禍患驅他反諸己身，
且給他一些創造的真誠。

或者，若是他不死，在來年得到安寧，他可以變成一個大藝術家。但是那他絕沒有打算去做。一八一六年，他離開英國，從腳上擲去灰塵，不復是一個假海盜了，乃是一個真正的匪徒，公然和社會仇對。這種解放影響及於他的天才有如一副補藥，而且在最後八年他的暴動的無法的生活中，他寫了許多特別有

力甚且壯麗的東西。他的作品中有兩部分在牠們同類中，比其他一切都更近於完美，在大規模的呪罵一類中，（*Vision of Judgement* 是最好的例子，）拜崙升至與德里登和斯偉夫特（Swift）平等地位；在關於社會生活的如畫的諷刺中——在這里他大胆地模仿意大利的受歡迎的詩人們，特別是加思提（Casti）和巴爾綏（Pulci）——他的極端的安閒與機變，他的巧妙地混合詼諧與感憤，狂歡與厭世，他的關於人和行爲的各樣知識，給他一些莎士比亞



Newstead Abbey

From a Drawing by W. Westall

（Shakespeare）

的包羅萬象性，如同司各得所說的。這時要在白坡（*Beppo*）和無匹的黨蔣（*Don Juan*）中研究他的最後六年。只是在這些和所說過的作品中，我們找出僅有的完全永久的拜崙，僅有的詩歌，照舊完全配得上作者的偉大驚人的名譽。

拜崙的致命的缺陷就是他的詩很少精美的。那描寫不出的聯合，形式上的諧和與言語上的正確配合，

使米爾頓 (Milton) 渥茲渥斯，雪萊 (Shelley)，譚尼孫 (Tennyson) 的讀者叫絕者——這在拜崙作品中幾乎就看不出來。換過來，送與我們者乃是一卷急就的詩篇，其中是粗糙的曲調，燃燒着的話，(這於其說是星



The Countess Guiccioli

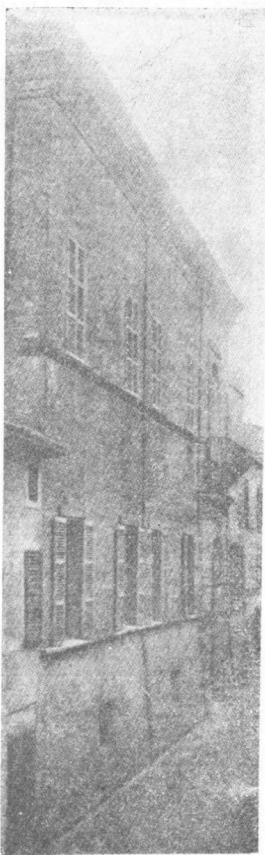
From a Bust in the Palazzo Gamba, Ravenna

星，還不如說是火把，) 一種巧妙的烈性，個人氣質的一種顯示，這在近日已變成研究詩人比研究詩更有趣，一大陣號鼓的喧聲，詩中較細柔的和音都沉沒了。不過這些精練地方只有本國人能聽得懂，然而缺少這些並沒有防礙拜崙在外國批評家的眼光中，彷彿是我們詩人中的極其最偉大的而且是最有力的。領會他的華麗的滾動的詞令，並沒有什麼困難；而且無論何時，一個歐洲國家站起來預備痛罵專制和習俗，拜崙的精神立刻便把牠的青年詩人燃起來了。

拜崙在英國對於詩歌的影響一點也不和他的名譽

相稱，而且我們現在一定要注意散文作家，例如拔爾維(Bulwer)和第司勒里(Disraeli)——拜崙的最直接的門徒們，但他的詩歌却感興了一大羣大陸上的詩人。

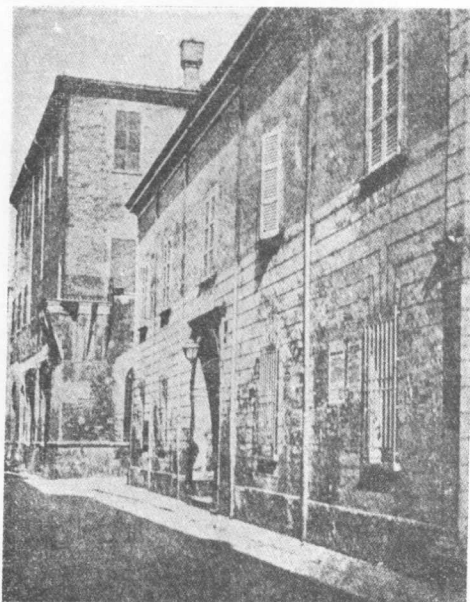
俄國和波蘭文學之復興便是從拜崙起；他的精神在海涅(Heine)和里阿巴底(Leopardi)的完全態度中和並非少數的音調中都覺得出來；同時在法國羅曼派作家看來，他好像是一切壯麗的醉人的物事的最終的表現。即拉馬爾丁(Lamartine)，維尼(Viney)，維克陶 囂俄(Victor Hugo)，或米塞(Musset)，都免不了拜崙的影響，而且在最後說的一位身上，我們有了世界上曾見過的，特別的拜崙式的姿勢和熱情之自棄的最正確的再生。



Palazzo Guiccioli, Ravenna

在黨蔣中拜崙說『詩歌只是熱情』。這是一個邪說，這是容易駁倒的，因為熱情在他的意思差不多就是捨棄意志，一任本能。但是這也是一個預言，因為這重申個人想像之權自身即為一條定律，一切後來的精神解放可

以回尋倫理的提高，拜崙便是牠的暴風雨的鳴禽。他最後打破了壓人的沈默，這是渥茲渥斯和珂萊銳吉的單簡的音調所不十分能夠征服的。那束縛歐洲表現有一世紀半的矯揉造作之最後的破衣，被扯下扔向



Byron's House at Ravenna, with a Tablet
over the door relating to him

風裏去了。他教得粗，驚心動魄的戲劇似的，而且矛盾，但是他教一課力量與活氣。他是充滿技術上的錯誤，乾燥，無味；他缺少完成的力量；他犯百次粗心的莽撞；但是他的全生命是一個祭壇，個人的天才的火焰在上面燃照着，有如大火

似的。

喬治高爾唐拜崙(George Gordon Byron)是第六個勳爵(1788-1824)，為甲必丹約翰拜崙(Captain John Byron)的獨生子，他的後妻一加義特的珈德靈高爾唐女士(Miss Catherine Gordon of Gight)——生的。他於一七八八年正月二十二日在倫敦出世。父親過一種極

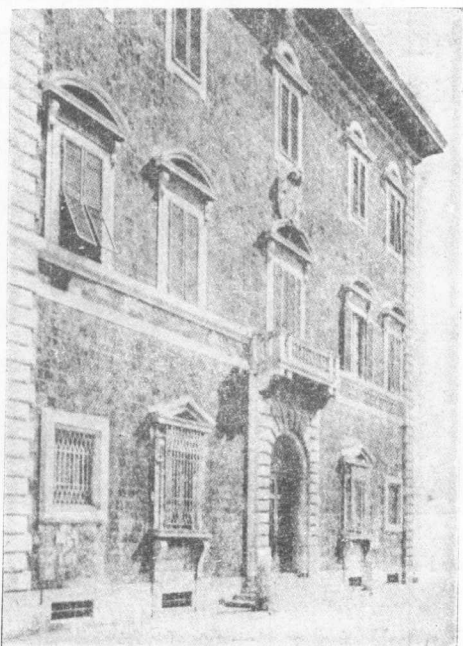
野的浮動的生活，在一七九一年死於瓦南綏安思 (Valencieunes)。他捨棄了他的妻，她帶着她的嬰兒寓居在阿伯丁 (Aberdeen)。詩人從他的父親和父親的族系承繼冒險的反常之精神，從他的母親繼承熱情的性格和對於溫柔的適意。在一七九四年，他的堂兄弟在珂塞加 (Corsica) 的暴死，使『住居阿伯丁的小男孩』爲爵號的後嗣，一七九八年詩人繼承了他的家門祖父『惡勳爵拜崙』，他這祖父曾於一七六五年殺了卡渥思君 (Mr. Chaworth)，在紐思特 (Newstead) 活到極大的年紀，卑劣地向社會挑戰。在勞亭漢 (Nottingham) 上了學校以後，這少年便於一七九九年被帶往倫敦醫治蹠足，但是無效。一八〇〇年拜崙第一次『衝入詩歌』，爲他的表姊妹瑪加萊得巴克爾 (Margaret Parker) 的『淨明的』美所感興。他這時在道維奇 (Dulwich) 上學校，在這里他的學習被她母親的放縱如此悖理地干涉，於一八〇一年他的保護人勳爵加里斯爾 (Lord Carlisle) 便把他移往哈羅 (Harrow) 去。在這里拜崙在道德上和智能上大大受益，因爲受了得如利博士 (Dr. Drury) 的教練。在哈羅他也是不安分且無恒心，然而無秩序地熱心在他的學科上，而且親熱的有價值的友誼使他變文雅了。在他的放假日，普通是和他的母親一塊過的，他變得和安萊司列的瑪利安卡渥思 (Mary



The Pine Forest at Ravenna, a favourite ride of Byron's

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Ann Chaworth of Annesley) 親密，在一八〇三年他變得熱烈地戀慕她了。 但是在一八〇五年夏天她嫁了一個本地的紳士。 幾星期之後，拜崙移至劍橋三一學院 (Trinity College, Cambridge)，一八〇八年他在那得了學位。 在大學中比在中小學校他的運動嗜好發達厲



Palazzo Lanfranchi, Pisa
From a Photograph

害些，放槍，騎馬，打拳很熟練：他名爲『激烈的熱情青年』。 在一八〇六年十一月一個假的開始之後，拜崙又收集他的少年詩歌，私自於一八〇七年正月刊行，兩月以後，他從尼瓦克 (Newark) 印書局印行閑散時光 (*Hours of Idleness*)。

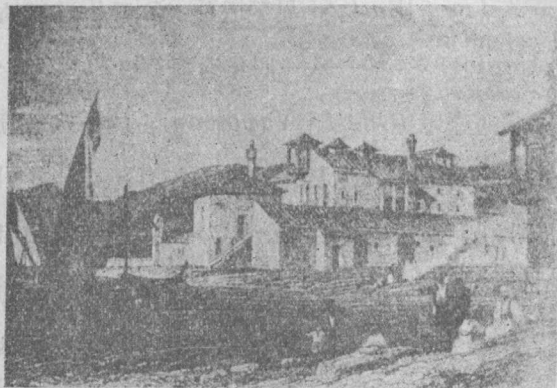
他現在名義上是在劍橋，不規則地忙着著作，但是有時帶着許多炫耀與厚臉放蕩，有時裝着『一個全然的台蒙

(Timon)，還沒有十九歲』。 拜崙於一八〇八年永遠離開劍橋了，在紐思特住下，一八〇九年他第一次在貴族議院露頭，但是並不佳。 英吉利詩人與蘇格蘭評論家 (*English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*) 現在發表了，而且是一個立刻的成功。 在紐思特寺院 (Newstead Abbey) 最後一次的宴樂，於一八〇九年六月忽然被廢止，拜崙和荷布豪思 (Hobhouse) 離開英國，立意往波斯和印度遊歷。 這一對朋友看見葡萄牙和西班牙一些事物，秋天便到土耳其，又往希臘

過冬。卡爾得哈羅德長詩伴着這些漫遊，變成紀錄了；第二章於一八一〇年三月在思米那（Smyrna）做完，拜崙又前往君士坦丁堡（Constantinople）去。後十二個月都在遊歷與冒險中，與大量的詩歌的製作中過去了；一八一一年七月，帶着『一帮大理石與骷髏與毒草與龜與僕人』，拜崙回往英國去。在他能夠達到紐思特以前，他的母親死了。在後十八個月拜崙生活沒有特別關係之點。但是在一八一二年二月，他的活動的文學事業因卡爾得哈羅德的第一部完成開始了；接着於一八一三年有*The Waltz*，異教信徒，和愛比道斯的新婦（*The Bride of Abydos*）；於一八一四年有海盜（*The Corsair*），那拿（*Lara*），和拿破崙歌（*Ode to Napoleon*）；於一八一五年有希伯來歌曲（*Hebrew Melodies*）；於一八一六年有哥隣斯之圍（*The Siege of Corinth*）和巴黎綏那（*Parisina*）。這些年號記出拜崙大大受人歡迎之最初的發動。他立刻變成司各得唯一的可能的競爭者，這種競爭並沒有阻礙他造成一種友誼，大增兩人的光，雖然直到一八一五年春為止，他們並沒有真正遇見過，那時『有如荷馬的老英雄們，我們交換禮物；我（司各得說）給拜崙一柄華美的嵌金的短劍，……拜崙送我一個滿盛死人骨頭的銀的大墓瓶。』婦女們並不那麼柏拉圖式地為這『蒼白的，驕傲的』詩人所動；她們注意他是『瘋狂，壞，而且知道危險。』雖有他的一切名譽和一切勝利，拜崙還是深感不幸福，而且就是為着尋覓幸福，他無思慮地投入他和米爾板克女士（Miss Millbanke）的不幸的婚姻中，他曾於一八一三年向她求婚被拒絕了。她現在答應他，於一八一五年正月他們結了婚。有一年，這配得不好的伉儷在尚好的安適中同居着；於是忽然拜崙太太利用她回看里塞斯特省（Leicestershire）她的自家的機會，在倫敦

向她的丈夫宣佈她不回他家去了。她要求法律上的離婚，但是固執地不說她的理由，雖然關於離婚的真實原因，現在有了一捲一捲的註釋與猜度，我們今日之不清楚，正如八十年以前的閒言一樣。這是的確的，起初詩人是忍耐而且退讓，但是，因為他的妻的固執，他的性情忍不住了，然而他特別缺乏機智，將公衆當作他的心腹人。

他的洶洶的得人心一時往下衰了，而這種缺少謹慎更把他毀掉——全英國都過去和被侮辱的妻表同情。公衆在什麼根據上構成他們的



Missolonghi

From a Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield

見，這還難發現，但是，如同拜崙說的，『那是普遍的而且是堅定的。』詩人被加各種罪名，他的驕傲和易感性在這譏諷的喧嚷之前退縮了；他轉身跑開了英國，自己住下『在亞得利

阿提克 (Adriatic) 海灣的波邊，有如一個被遮斷出路的人，放浪於水上。』在一八一六年四月他離開英國往阿思坦 (Ostend)，他此後便永未再著足於故鄉了。他帶着一輛四輪大馬車和一幫扈從；在布魯塞爾 (Brussel) 把前者換了一輛輕馬車，他坐着往日內瓦 (Geneva) 去。在這裡他成爲雪萊的密友，他和他在湖上遨遊好多次，有一次幾乎沈了船。雪萊夫婦在九月離開日內瓦往倫敦去，拜崙便動身旅行全瑞士，蠻夫列德 (Manfred) 就是這旅行的結果。這第一年的流放生活，詩歌十分能產生；在一八一六年他著有威朗的囚人 (The

Prisoner of Chillon)，夢 (*The Dream*) 卡爾得哈羅德的第三章，和許多他的最精美的抒情詩。十月他動身往意大利，在威尼思 (Venice) 住了幾個月。一八一七這年或者是在那城中過活，或者在意大利國境縱橫無寧的遨遊中過了；秋天他在愛司特 (Este) 租下一座小小的別墅。他的生活現在變得完全不顧利害，而且野蠻地如畫；一個全部的羅曼逸事集繞着這段生活，拜崙自己也不費心去申斥。他變成『一個好搖船夫，被因詩人和勳爵弄壞了，』如同他的一個僕人所說的。在才智上和在想像上，顯然這種羅曼的，不法的生活，合於拜崙的性格可嘉。就是在這時候，他寫得最有力。在一八一八年初他完成白坡，稍遲他做麥司巴 (*Mazeppa*)，在那年冬季他開始做黨蔣。這時他有他的小女兒愛麗格那 (Allegra) 的負擔了，在一八二〇年夏季他把她放在加瓦里巴利 (Cavalli Bagni) 的尼姑們一塊學習；一八二二年四月她死了，纔五歲，大傷拜崙的心。一八一九年初詩人和蒂利沙 (Theresa)——鳩克綏阿里伯爵夫人 (Countess Guiccioli)——開始通姦，她是羅馬格那省 (Romagna) 的一個美貌的少婦，熱烈地和他戀上了。拜崙在六月來到列汶拿 (Ravenna) 訪她，同她在那里又在波羅格那 (Bologna) 同居幾乎直到年底。在他們戀愛短暫的中停之後，他在一八二〇年初又和她一塊在列汶拿；這是一個比較安靜的時期，拜崙寫瑪里洛弗涅羅 (*Marino Faliero*)，但丁的預言 (*The Prophecy of Dante*)，和黨蔣的第四與第五章。『和鳩克綏阿里伯爵夫人這種的關係，』如同雪萊所明白說的，於拜崙是有『不可估計的利益的』；這位年青些的詩人存心將這一對情人帶到畢沙 (Pisa) 來，這於他們是比列汶拿較安穩的一個城市。雪萊得到了蘭夫南希別墅 (Palazzo Lanfranchi)，拜崙遂於一八

二一年十一月便在那里寄居。他帶着在列汝拿做的三個劇本 兩個弗思加利 (*The Two Foscari*)，撒達那巴拉思 (*Sardanapalus*)，和該因 (*Cain*)。在畢沙，拜崙重開始他的熱心的詩的活動，於一八二二年完成渥列爾 (*Werner*)，*The Deformed Transformed*，和天與地 (*Heaven and Earth*)，這些多少是他對於羅曼劇的新熱情之勇敢的例子。特別該因在英國的正教派中喚起了仇恨的暴怒，拜崙的姓變成被咒詛的東西了；甚至於還有一個控告發行人的提議。正是在這如醉如狂的暴怒之中，拜崙仍然更大膽地以那或者是「一切的作品中之最精者，*The Vision of Judgement* (一八二二)，凌辱英國的體面，這次印書人被追究而且罰款了。拜崙和英國一切有體面者之決絕，現在算是完全了；他放棄任何歸國的思想。七月雪萊之溺死，於拜崙是一個大的震動，塔斯干 (*Tuscan*) 的警查約在這時變得非常麻煩人，他便離開畢沙，和維克綏 阿里伯爵夫人靠近幾洛亞 (*Genoa*) 在撒那若別墅 (*Villa Saluzzo*) 住下；這是他最後的意大利的家。在這裡他又開始做黨蔣，而且在這裡他寫島 (*The Island*)，和銅器時代 (*The Age of Bronze*)。拜崙此刻變得對於希臘獨立戰爭大有興趣；他被選為希臘政府委員會中的委員，他開始想他或於摩里亞 (*Morea*) 有用。一八二三年七月他從幾洛亞動身，帶着金錢，軍械，和藥品給革命黨人。在列革行 (*Leghorn*) 登陸之後，接到歌德的一封用詩寫的信，拜崙於八月到克弗洛尼亞 (*Kephalonia*)，在那里直住到十二月。那時有一個提議，希臘人當推他為他們的國王，他說，『若是他們向我提議，我或者並不拒絕。』在一八二三年最後幾天，他帶着他的全部扈從到了米索朗吉 (*Missolonghi*)，受歡迎『好像他是救主似的。』但是他不久便為疾病所攻，成為風濕熱病。

一八二四年四月九日，他死在米索朗吉——「英國失去了她的最光榮的天才，希臘失去了她的最高尚的朋友。」他的屍體塗上香料，送往英國，請求殯葬在威斯明思特寺院（Westminster Abbey），然而被拒絕了；七月十六日拜崙葬於哈克腦陶加得（Hucknall Torkard）。一八三〇年，他的冒險所發生的誹謗開始消滅了，摩爾（Moore）刊印他的拜崙的生活與書信（*Life and Letters of Byron*），顯示詩人爲一個漂亮新鮮的輕易散文作家。毫無問題地，拜崙是列於英國最堪欽佩的書信家之中的，而且他的通信對於他的詩的作品供獻很有價值的註釋。一八九八年至一〇九三年間，勃羅特洛君（Mr. R. E. Prothero）出版他的作品的最後的版本，拜崙書信的量數幾乎增一倍。拜崙之美是人所共知的；他有烏黑的捲曲的頭髮，蒼白的面色，十分雅緻，而且態度活潑，（不管微微的殘缺，）有着一幅人所見過的最光亮的眼睛。他的好動性，他的自覺，他的英國式的驕傲，他的意大利式的熱情，他的夢想之無忌憚與堂皇，他的「致命的」魔力，曾使他，而且還使他，成爲英國文學史中最有趣味的人物。

FROM "PROMETHEUS."

Titan! to thee the strife was given
Between the suffering and the will,
Which torture where they cannot kill;
And the inexorable Heaven,
And the deaf tyranny of Fate,
The ruling principle of Hate,
Which for its pleasure doth create
The things it may annihilate,
Refused thee even the boon to die:
The wretched gift Eternity
Was thine—and thou hast borne it well.
All that the Thunderer wrung from thee
Was but the menace which flung back
On him the torments of thy rack;

The fate thou didst so well foresee,
 But would not to appease him tell;
 And in thy Silence was his Sentence,
 And in his soul a vain repentance,
 And evil dread so ill dissembled,
 That in his hand the lightnings trembled.

Thy godlike crime was to be kind,
 To render with thy precepts less
 The sum of human wretchedness,
 And strengthen Man with his own mind;
 But baffled as thou wert from high,
 Still in thy patient energy,
 In the endurance, and repulse
 Of thine impenetrable Spirit,
 Which Earth and Heaven could not convulse,
 A mighty lesson we inherit:
 Thou art a symbol and a sign
 To mortals of their fate and force;
 Like thee Man is in part divine,
 A troubled stream from a pure source;
 And Man in portions can foresee
 His own funereal destiny;
 His wretchedness and his resistance,
 And his sad unallied existence:
 To which his Spirit may oppose
 Itself—and equal to all woes,
 And a firm will, and a deep sense,
 Which even in torture can descry
 Its own concentrated recompense,
 Triumphant where it dares defy,
 And making Death a Victory!

STANZAS FOR MUSIC.

There be none of Beauty's daughters
 With a magic like thee;
 And like music on the waters
 Is thy sweet voice to me,
 When, as if its sound were causing
 The charmed ocean's pausing,
 The waves lie still and gleaming,
 And the lull'd winds seem dreaming;

And the midnight moon is weaving
 Her bright chain o'er the deep,
 Whose breast is gently heaving,
 As an infant's asleep:

So the spirit bows before thee,
To listen and adore thee,
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

DESCRIPTION OF HAIDEE FROM "DON JUAN."

Her brow was overhung with coins of gold,
That sparkled o'er the auburn of her hair,
Her clustering hair, whose longer locks were roll'd
In braids behind; and though her stature were
Even of the highest for a female mould,
They nearly reached her heel; and in her air
There was a something which bespoke command,
As one who was a lady in the land.

Her hair, I said, was auburn; but her eyes
Were black as death, their lashes the same hue,
Of downcast length, in whose silk shadow lies
Deepest attraction; for when to the view
Forth from its raven fringe the full glance flies,
Ne'er with such force the swiftest arrow flew:
'Tis as the snake late coil'd, who pours his length,
And hurls at once his venom and his strength.

Her brow was white and low, her cheek's pure dye
Like twilight, rosy still with the set sun;
Short upper lip—sweet lips that make us sigh
Ever to have seen such: for she was one
Fit for the model of a statuary
(A race of mere impostors, when all's done
I've seen much finer women, ripe and real,
Than all the nonsense of their stone ideal).

FROM "STANZAS."

Could Love for ever
Run like a river,
And Time's endeavour
Be tried in vain—
No other pleasure
With this could measure,
And like a treasure
We'd hug the chain;
But since our sighing
Ends not in dying,
And, formed for flying,

Love plumes his wing;
 Then for this reason
 Let's love a season,—
 But let that season be only Spring.

When lovers parted
 Feel broken-hearted,
 And, all hopes thwarted,
 Expect to die,—
 A few years older,
 Ah! how much colder
 They might behold her
 For whom they sigh!
 When link'd together,
 In every weather,
 They pluck Love's feather
 From out his wing—
 He'll stay for ever,
 But sadly shiver
 Without his plumage, when past the spring.

FROM "THE VISION OF JUDGMENT."

Saint Peter sat by the celestial gate:
 His keys were rusty, and the lock was dull,
 So little trouble had been given of late:
 Not that the place by any means was full,
 But since the Gallic era "eighty-eight,"
 The devils had ta'en a longer, stronger pull,
 And "a pull all together," as they say
 At sea—which drew most souls another way.

The angels all were singing out of tune,
 And hoarse with having little else to do,
 Excepting to wind up the sun and moon,
 Or curb a runaway young star or two,
 Or wild colt of a comet, which too soon
 Broke out of bounds o'er the ethereal blue,
 Splitting some planet with its playful tail,
 As boats are sometimes by a wanton whale.

The guardian seraphs had retired on high,
 Finding their charges past all care below;
 Terrestrial business fill'd nought in the sky
 Save the recording angel's black bureau;
 Who found, indeed, the facts to multiply
 With such rapidity of vice and woe,
 That he had stripp'd off both his wings in quills,

And yet was in arrear of human ills.
 His business so augmented of late years,
 That he was forced, against his will no doubt
 (Just like those cherubs, earthly ministers),
 For some resource to turn himself about,
 And claim the help of his celestial peers,
 To aid him ere he should be quite worn out,
 By the increased demand for his remarks:
 Six angels and twelve saints were named his clerks.
 This was a handsome board—at least for heaven;
 And yet they had even then enough to do,
 So many conquerors' cars were daily driven,
 So many kingdoms fitted up anew;
 Each day, too, slew its thousands six or seven,
 Till at the crowning carnage, Waterloo,
 They threw their pens down in divine disgust,
 The page was so besmear'd with blood and dust.

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH YEAR.

MISSOLONGHI, *January 22, 1824.*

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it hath ceased to move:
 Yet, though I cannot be beloved,
 Still let me love!

My days are in the yellow leaf:
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone:
 The worm, the canker, and the grief
 Are mine alone.

The fire that on my bosom preys
 Is lone as some volcanic isle;
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile.

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain.

But 'tis not *thus*—and 'tis not *here*—
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor *now*,
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow.

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece, around me see!
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,

Was not more free.

Awake! (not Greece—she *is* awake!)

Awake, my spirit! Think through *whom*
Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
And then strike home!

Tread those reviving passions down
Unworthy manhood!—unto thee
Indifferent should the smile or frown
Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, *why live?*
The land of honourable death
Is here:—up to the field, and give
Away thy breath.

Seek out—less often sought than found—
A soldier's grave, for thee the best;
Then look around, and choose thy ground,
And take thy rest.

Newstead Abbey Notts

Nov. 3^d 1808

My dear Hodgson,

I expected to have heard in the the way of your interview with the mysterious Mr. Hayne, my representative correspondent, however as I had no business to trouble you with ~~the~~ the adjustment of my concerns with that illustrious Stranger, I have no right to complain of your silence --
You have of course seen Denny -- all the

pleasing palpitations of anticipated Wed-
 = nesday, well! he has with something to
 look forward ~~to~~^{to} and his present ex-
 = penses are certainly variable, "hears he
 with him and with his spirit" and his
 flesh also, at least just now. — — —
 Hotham and your humble are still here,
 Hotham hunts &c and I do nothing,
 we dined the other day with a neigh-
 = bouring Pygmy (not Collet of Staines)
 and regretted your absence as the Non-
 = quest of Staines was rarely to be com-
 = pared to our last "feast of Reason" —
 You know, laughing is the sign of a rational

animal, says Dr. Smollett, I think so too, but unluckily my spirits don't always keep pace with my opinions — I had not so much hope for visibility the other day, as I could have wished, for I was seated near a woman, to whom when a boy I was as much attached as boys generally are, and more than a man should be, I knew this before I went, and was determined to be valiant, and converse with 'saying good,' but instead I fast, my nature and my non-chalance, and, now spare it my lips are so rough, for lips is thick, & the lady was almost as absurd as myself which made both the object of more observation, than if we had conducted ourselves

with easy indifference. — You will think
 it the great nonsense, if you had seen it
 you would have been thought it still more
 ridiculous. — What fools we ! we cry
 for a plaything, which like children we are
 never satisfied till we break it, then though
 like them, we cannot get rid of it, by
 putting it in the fire. —
 I have tried for Gifford's chitche to Pindar &
 the Bookeller says the copies were cut off
 for want of paper, if you can procure me
 a copy, I shall be much oblig'd. —
 Adieu. believe me my dear Sir

Yours ever sincerely

J. Keble

1808
 8081

雪 萊

拜崙所做的試驗，泊塞拔西雪萊 (Percy Bysshe Shelley) 以更佳的真誠重做一次，他像他，因同屬於貴族階級，和對於自由與寬容具有強烈的本能的熱情。不過，年青些的詩人比年大些的顯出更不小心，在他還是一個少年的時候，便得到一個危險的名聲，爲着激烈的急進的偏見和反社會的信心。一部分



Percy Bysshe Shelley
After the Portrait by Miss Curran

因爲這個緣故，一部分因爲雪萊的超絕的想像，比拜崙的海盜式的羅曼故事，於普通人較不容易興賞，前者

的詩，直至他死後許多年，才幾乎完全被承認，拜崙之佩服雪萊是被視為友誼的怪想的。年青些的詩人在愛唐(Eton)與牛津(Oxford)是偏癩的，因為稚氣地暴發無神論，被大學革除。雪萊的出品已經很多



Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley

After the Portrait by Richard Rothwell

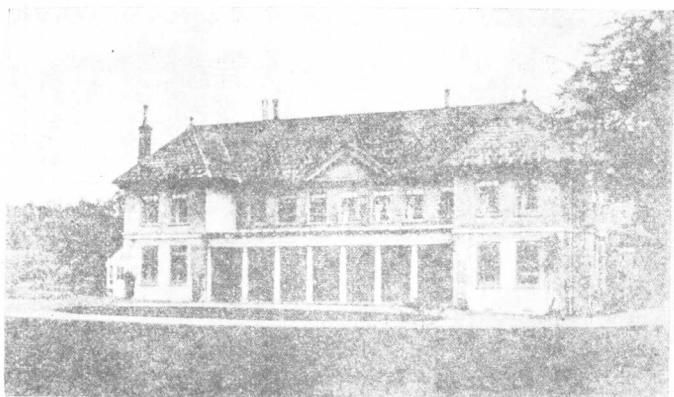
了，當他在惡魔(Alastor)中第一次顯出對於詩歌的較高部分之一定嗜好的時候。這種用無韻詩寫的堂堂的著作，在和音上和想像的美上，自從羅曼時代開始以後，超於英文所寫的任何東西，除了渥茲渥斯與珂萊銳

吉在他們青年時所寫的而外。米爾頓與渥茲渥斯的學問是昭著的，但是惡魔中包括有些段，描寫在自然之美的面前靈魂的蕩移，文體之返於希臘天才已於其中顯現了。

雪萊僅僅又活了六年，但是這些年是熱於著作之

年，不顧幾乎完全沒有公衆的同情，以極端的熱心支持着。他離開英國，在流放中立刻和拜崙接近了，他和他結成一種深交，這交情是兩人任何方面的反常都不足以分解的。他於拜崙是有益的，無人否認；拜崙把他壓下去了，他並未曾要把這點隱瞞自己；然而更受歡迎的詩人之敬重，於這更偉大的詩人是有價值的。

關於雪萊
的反叛的
信心之渺
茫的謠言
所發生的
恐怖，還
未因拉昂



Field Place, Horsham, the Birthplace of Shelley
From a Photograph

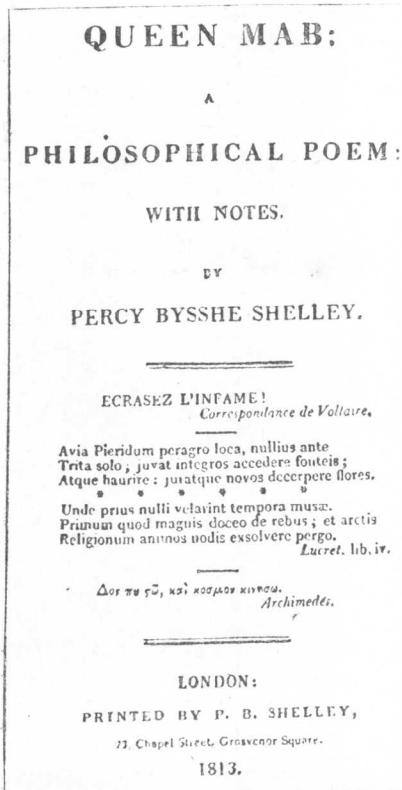
與綏那 (*Laon and Cythna*) 之印行而消除，這是一篇敘述狂熱的哥哥和妹妹爲自由而死的狂放的故事。一八一八年他做成了完美無比的寫實的詩，猶利安與瑪達洛 (*Julian and Maddalo*)。雪萊現在浸潤於最佳的希臘與意大利的古典詩中——從他的思想與智識的經驗編成關於美學的一個純粹的高尙的系統。這點他在他的堂堂的(倘若是散漫的而且有時是引伸太過的)

抒情劇解放的普洛美透思 (*Prometheus Unbound*) 中表明了，同這一起他印行幾首獨立的抒情詩，在世界文學中幾無其匹者；在這些當中無比的西風歌 (*Ode to the West Wind*) 一定要指出來的。在同年中善綏 (*Cenci*) 出

版了，這是從悲劇保存的威尼思 (*Venice Preserved*) 後用英文所寫的最生動最有詩意的戲劇。就是在這時，雪萊本可以希望能受歡迎，然因劇情的本質有點討厭，把大眾嚇跑了。

他繼續着發表，但是沒有一個聽者；他的愛皮綏西第昂 (*Epipsychidion*) ——一篇關於柏拉圖式的戀愛之和音悅耳的狂歌，他的阿唐列 (*Adonais*) ——一篇十分莊嚴宏麗的哀

歌，仿謨霞司 (*Moschus*)，紀念基茨 (*Keats*) 的，和他加添於他的小書上的結晶的抒情詩，都沒有引起一點點的注意。雪萊是被幸福擯棄的人 (*le banni de*



Title-page of the First Edition of
Shelley's "Queen Mab."

liesse) ，超過於任何別的英國詩人。於是無警告地，他在司泊綏亞海灣(The Gulf of Spezzia)划船溺死了。在大量的精美的零片之中，他遺下未校正的有一篇高尚但是暗昧的格言式的長詩生之勝利 (*The Triumph of Life*)，其中括概了皮德拉克的勝利(Petrarch's *Trionfi*)，而且有時過之。

失望的一生和曖昧的一死，漸漸接着便是幾乎言過其實的名譽的升長。雪萊死後五十年，他的光輝勝過於他的一切同輩人——不，除了莎士比亞而外，他或者是英國詩人中最被熱烈地欽慕的。若是這種極端的名譽又稍

稍減退了，若是雪萊在英國的首位詩人中佔住他的地位，但寧是和他們並駕齊驅，而非在前，這是因為時間使他的有些激烈的矛盾論變成平凡的話了，而且因為世界在對於他的幾條立身格言加以充分的和恭敬的注意之後，便決定禁止採用了。雪萊當他未被感興

ADONAIS

AN ELEGY ON THE DEATH OF JOHN KEATS,
AUTHOR OF ENDYMION, HYPERION ETC.

BY

PERCY. B. SHELLEY

Adonais, with the Titles of Keats, etc.
First Edition, by the Author's Son, 1840.

PISA.

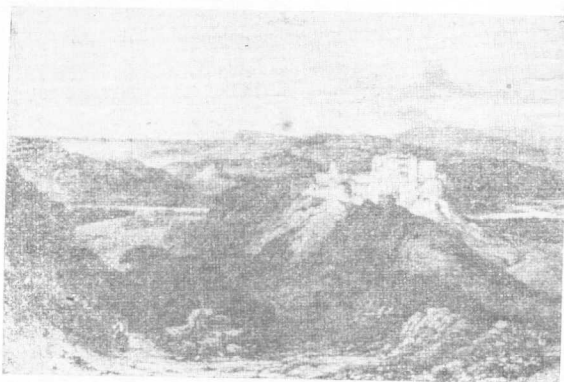
P I S A

WITH THE TITLES OF 1807

M D C C C X X I I

Title-page of the First Edition of
Shelley's "Adonais"

和不是一個藝術家的時候，他是一個先知，含混地循循善誘，神經病般地懷着偏見；他的是法國革命的強力所產生的詩的藝術之最高理想，但是我們太常為那道德的系統所提醒，而且他的急進革命黨主義現在不復有趣，只是煩人而已。那麼就是在雪萊作品裏也有



The Gulf of Spezzia

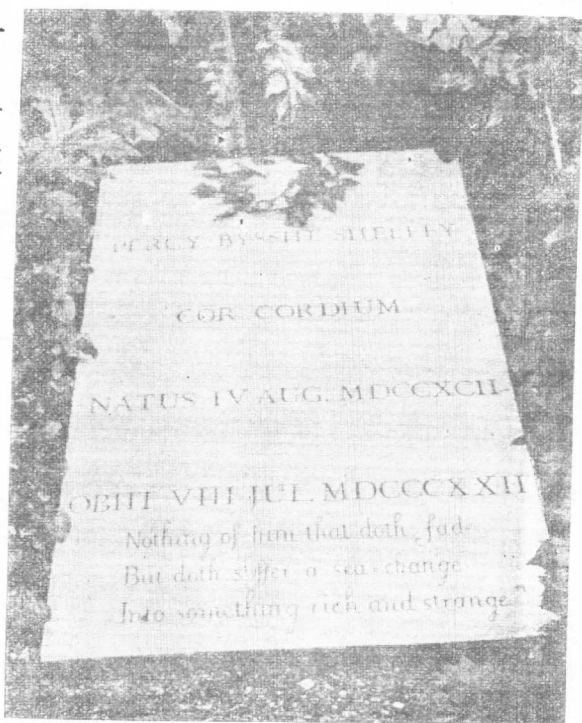
From a Drawing by Clarkson Stanfield

些成分一定要除去的；但是當這些刪去的時候，所剩下的都是美得超出讚美的範圍之外了——這些在輕飄的，歌詠的和音上是完

美的，在幻想之華麗與純淨上是完美的，在感情之神聖的美妙與引人的溫柔上是完美的。他大概是在精緻的對唱一類，或直從心腹中吐出一串凌空的音樂一類的純粹抒情詩上，達到最高成功的英國作家。

在性情與環境上，他和拜崙雖說是在幾方面親密地相合，幸而雪萊很少為他的奮暴的競爭者之盛力所影響。他的才智的熱並不是像拜崙樣，發出烟的噴吐，而是白的蒸氣。他並不是透明的，但常是半透

明的，他的心靈極輕地在虛靈的幻像與萬有神教的性質中移動着，有時朦朧，然而永遠四外披着發光的純淨。深廣的喬治的濘泥並沒有一點沾在雪萊的禮服上。他的文辭是精巧地以有力的新鮮的造字組合起來的，摻之以十八世紀抒情詩人的贅詞，因此在最好的時候，他彷彿像愛依西拉司 (Aeschylus)，在最壞的時候，簡直像阿凱賽德 (Akenside)。雪萊雖過度執著着革命思想，但他保持格列 (Gray)



Shelley's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

時代的性質比基茨，珂萊銳吉，或渥茲渥斯，保留的多的很；他的文體仔細斟酌起來，看出是立在一七六〇年所建的根基上，時時刻刻有如泉源一般，成陣的滾騰的抒情作品從那向外湧流着，閃耀着。但是掃去一切雪萊所用以給我們至妙的快樂者之後，行見所

剩的滓渣是屬於十八世紀的了。因此，這話聽來雖然是好像矛盾，雪萊對於文體的態度大體上實在是退步的；比方說，他是不佩服珂克勒派（The Cockney School）之濫用辭藻的。他特別是一個歌者，在歌的方面他最好的時候升至其他一切英國的，或者其他一切近代歐洲的詩人之上。在他的最好的抒情詩歌中有一種銷魂情緒，拍着翅膀翱翔，一直消失於超絕的和音之穹蒼裏。這種狂歌的美完全是不能摹仿的；而且事實上，雪萊被熱烈地興賞，却爲人學的很少，學得成功的或者只有史溫朋君（Mr. Swinburne）。他的天才出乎我們詩歌演進的普通趨勢之外；他是外來的而且是惟一的，他所發生的影響，除開他的和唱或疊詠的詩之輝煌的美對於個人脈跳所生的効力而外，是不很有益的。他時常是氣力衰弱的，有時是神經昏亂的，而且，應用他自己的別緻的比喻來說，正所謂找羊肉肋條的人，將發現雪萊開着一個酒肆。

泊塞拔西雪萊（Percy Bysshe Shelley, 1792-1822）是賀毛塞雪萊（Timothy Shelley）及其妻伊麗沙白皮埃弗（Elizabeth Piefold）的長子；他的祖父拔西雪萊是一個天資聰穎的人，是富庶的古代的蘇色克司（Sussex）族戶的一支的首領，在一八〇六年封爲從男爵。

詩人於一七九二年八月四日，生於哈霞之菲爾德莊 (Field Place, Horsham)。在一七九八年他和他的姊妹們被送進瓦恩漢 (Warnham) 一個私立學校去，一八〇二年到白南弗之綏昂哈思學校 (Sion House, Brentford)；一八〇五年他上進至愛唐。在這里他的特別性格開始覺出來了；『爲感情所服，但不爲攻打所屈，雪萊在一個公立學校中有什麼機會快活呢？』他委身於化學之研究，在靈得博士 (Dr. Lind) 手下，但是快到他的愛唐生活的末尾，他彷彿轉向文學了。在一八〇九年冬他第一次起始認真地寫，屬於這個年號的有用詩寫的漂泊的猶太人 (*The Wandering Jew*)，和用散文寫的羅曼故事薩司特羅綏 (*Zastrozzi*)。後一種可笑作品於一八一〇年初果然出版了，在同年稍遲又出維克陶和加薩爾詩集 (*Original Poetry by Victor and Cazire*，此書早已失傳，一八九八年重被發現)，和一本共和黨人的玩笑，瑪格萊特尼珂爾遜遺詩集 (*Posthumous Fragments of Margaret Nicholson*)。因此當雪萊於一八一〇年四月十日准入牛津大學學院的時候，他已經是一個有經驗的作家了；下學期他便在那里住居。他在這立刻和荷格 (T. J. Hogg) 認識，關於雪萊這期的生活他遺留給我們以無價的記憶錄。雪萊在牛津短住時，銳心追求各種知識；『沒有學生比他更耐心地讀書。人見他時時刻刻書在手中，常常不斷地讀着。』他憎惡規定的課程，他已經耽溺於牛津膽敢的範圍以外的思想了。其中之一便是自由與寬容之最關重要。一八一一年二月，雪萊印刷而且發散一篇小論文，題爲無神論之必要 (*The Necessity of Atheism*)，引起他的大學的主人的注意，三月二十五日他和荷格都被大學革除。他的父親禁止他回菲爾德莊，這一對朋友便在倫敦波蘭街十五號 (No. 15 Poland Street, London)

寓居下了。在短期的極窮之後，雪萊又和他的父親和好，每年得二百鎊。一八一一年季夏，一個愚昧的女學生——哈麗哀威司布洛克 (Harriet Westbrook) ——投身於雪萊的保護，他並不愛她，就在愛丁堡 (Edinburgh) 娶了她。以後幾月中的反常的移動，被給詩人作傳記者寫得有些超過事實了。這不經的青年伉儷到約克 (York) 去，到克司維客 (Keswick) 去，到都伯林 (Dublin) 去，在每一個地方都立意『永遠』住下。一八一二年二月他們刊行革命的敬告愛爾蘭人民書 (Address to the Irish People)，和別的一些短論文。他們被警告要離開都伯林，四月間我們發見他們在北威爾士 (North Wales) 蘭格維爾 (Nantgwilt) 住下，稍遲又移往林莫司 (Lynmouth)。他們的移動現在變得不休了，但是在一八一三年四月裏，他們又在倫敦，在那里他們的第一個孩子愛安司 (Ianthe) 於六月出世。這年 *Queen Mab* 刊行了，這是雪萊未成熟的初期作品中之最後的最好的一篇。同時，他結識了高德聞 (Godwin)，和他的家眷結了熱烈的友誼，對於高德聞的女兒瑪利愛情達最高點，她是一個十六歲的姑娘，他和她於一八一四年七月私奔到法國；他永沒有再見哈麗哀，一八一六年十二月她自殺了，不過，並不是緣於因停止和雪萊同居而生的任何顯然的失望，只有這樣說才公道。詩人，瑪利高德聞，和她的姊姊潔安珂烈孟 (Jane Clairemont)，經過法國一部分步行，過猶拿 (Jura) 入瑞士，在布朗南 (Brunnen) 住下，直到錢完的時候，他們才於九月間從萊茵回英國。一八一五年提毛塞爵士繼承爵號產業，經過一番交涉，詩人每年得到一千鎊。遨遊現在又開始了，而且更大胆些，因此雪萊獲得了關於自然風景的知識，這後來在他的作品中成了十分顯著的一個特點。直到這個時候，他幾乎沒有寫過任何真

Levens, August 5 1810

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My dear Miss Curran

I ought to have written to you some time ago but my ill health & the battle has proved formidable in with an excuse for delaying me till tomorrow. I fear that you still continue to be weary of justly attending my apology.

At times you thank for your kind attention to my request. I have considered the advantages & wisdom of this, nor indeed perhaps any attempt at substitution seems to me fit for the purpose. I strongly incline to believe an unaccommodated demand of what enables us of the best due still form to the simplest appearance, but if you will permit, I will send you my second son. You have too much goodness not to give me such a subject for the whole year. I give you - I will send at the same time the description.

Myself I wish still continue to be happy. I wish to see a stronger & the perhaps I might not be called on to write again - He has always up me but the society, who is agreeable. We thank, but so get only thank of them for the present.

I have nearly finished my Lucy - which I may show. I shall very much to get a good engraving made of the picture in the Colonia book. I shall show the plates by the Auction. How much you know & may write

a high rate than. Artists demand for such a work -
 Now I ask you to add to the amount of so many
 forms which must be so long unprepared, that of
 doing in yourself with such a hardship? -

What are you to you in preparing the Picture, is more
 than I can express - I hope that soon they will
 arise an interest in this or perhaps to find other expressions
 for it than words -

Let us live by your health & spirits, & be they better -

With sincere regards

J. B. Shelley

Let's you be kind enough - Mary says - as to send
 any than one of simple monumental forms, such as you
 consider beautiful is well as durable? - I intend to a
 case of your mind -

有價值的東西；他的天才此刻醒過來了，牠的初次果實便是惡魔，一八一六年出版。那年五月雪萊和拜崙第一次在日內瓦見面，彼此每日來往會談。雪萊那年秋季回英國，在大馬洛 (Great Marlowe) 弄一座小房，十二月他和瑪利高德結婚了。一八一七年雪萊雖是爲關於他的前妻看護他的孩子的衡平法院一件訟事所煩擾，他還寫了他的長詩拉昂與綏那（即回教徒的反叛——*The Revolt of Islam*）。他的健康現在開始給他許多恐懼，一八一七年冬季，他彷彿陷入肺病了。一八一八年三月，雪萊夫婦們因爲要找一個較暖的氣候，便和潔安珂烈孟以及拜崙的小孩阿麗格那 (Allegra) 同陣離開英國。這年其餘的時候，都在遍遊意大利尋找一個宜於他們的住家中過去了。在這年間他們常見拜崙。一八一八年冬季雪萊在列布思 (Naples) 過的，受着『不斷的辛辣的身體的痛苦』，精神十分消沉。不過，他的健康是穩定地趨於復原了；並沒有機體的病，而且若是雪萊避免溺死，他可以變成一個強壯的老人的。雪萊夫婦在意大利住着，幾乎除開拜崙和吉斯榜夫婦們 (Gisbornes) ——列格行的一個可喜的家庭——而外，就沒有別的熟人。在一八一九年他出版羅色林與海倫 (*Rosalind and Helen*) 和善綏；六月他在羅馬失去他的十分親愛的兒子維廉 (William)，這兒子現在已葬在他的父親和基茨的旁邊。十一月另一個兒子在弗羅連士 (Florence) 出世了，後爲爵士泊塞弗羅連士雪萊 (Sir Percy Florence Shelley)。詩人此刻正達到他的天才的最高度，不住地做，在一八一九年未完前，他完成解放的普洛美透思，下年同所有雪萊抒情詩之最有光彩者中的幾首一塊出版。不過，這些出版物沒有一種引起批評家或公衆的注意，而且在一八一九年夏季，雪萊遭每季評論猛烈地攻擊。他被詆爲危險的無神論者，

而且，如同特列羅萊 (Trelawney) 所記的，他現在是爲往意大利去的英國人全體所擯棄，不和他來往，而且被當作一個妖怪看待。甚且據說有一個英國人的畜生在畢沙郵政局中聽見他的姓名，便用拳把他打倒；雪萊夫婦們是在一八二〇年正月初在畢沙住下的。拜崙來到蘭弗郎西別墅和他們靠近，在這裡他們享有特列羅萊，麥得溫 (Medwin) 和維廉司夫婦們 (Williamses) 的友誼。這年雪萊的出版物是解放的普洛美透思和匿名的政治諷刺劇暴虐的阿第巴司 (*Oedipus Tyrannus*)。不過，在畢沙他的才能被磨鈍且被壓下去了，而且說與有着那樣習慣的一個品格如同拜崙的，不斷來往於雪萊有益，這是遠不足信的話。不過，在一八二一年開始，他大爲對於下獄的新入教者愛米利亞維菲安尼 (Emilia Viviani) 的柏拉圖式的戀慕所鼓舞，關於她他做了愛皮綏西第昂，匿名出版，當作一個『正在預備航行往塞珂萊得 (Cyclades) 去，而死在弗羅連士』的人的作品。基茨之死也深深感動了雪萊，他寫阿唐列哀詩，於一八二一年在畢沙印行。王子瑪夫羅珂達多 (Prince Mavrocordato) 四月往訪雪萊夫婦一次，鼓舞詩人爲希臘自由的宗旨狂熱地激動，他於是坐下做他的歌劇海拉司 (*Hellas*)。他寫道，『我們的根永未入得像在畢沙這麼深的，』而且這繼續作他的真正的家直到末尾，雖然一八二二年四月，因爲要避熱，全班的朋友們都搬到司泊綏亞海灣去。他們靠近列里西 (Lerici) 租下瑪格里別墅 (Villa Magni)，這個住所『看來多半像一隻船或浴室，少半像住的地方。』他們都住在這裡，在安適的暢快的接觸中，從四月二十六日到七月八日。永遠愛海的雪萊，他的白天都在一隻小小的輕舟中度過，晚間在走廊上『面對着海而且幾乎在海上面了，』讀他的詩，聽維廉司夫人的六弦琵琶，或和他的朋

友們談心。就是在這期間（他的行程之最後而且或者是最幸福的驛站），雪萊做了他所未完成的生之勝利。七月八日雪萊和維廉司，帶一個年青的英國水手，從列格行動身，雪萊在那里訪萊航特 (Leigh Hunt)，往列里西去，坐着他的划船『黨蔘』。她或者是被一隻最快三角帆船撞沉的，因為所有的人都失去了。雪萊屍體於十八日在列葛路 (Via Reggio) 被衝上岸，當拜崙，航特，和特列羅萊面前火葬。雪萊的散文所產生的印象，沒有他的詩歌所產生的那麼活鮮，但是他是寫普通英文寫得極端曉暢而且純淨的大家。他的這方面才情最初顯出來的，並非在他的誇大的小說中，乃是在一八一二年致勳爵愛倫巴洛夫書 (Letter to Lord Ellenborough) ——一篇很好的責罵文中。一八四〇年他的寡婦發表他的論文書信集 (*Essays and Letters*)，但是雪萊的散文著作，直到一八八〇年，拔克司唐弗爾曼君 (Mr. H. Buxton Forman) 把牠們集在一起成四卷，才算合適地收集起來。雪萊個人的外貌是十分羅曼的。他的眼睛是藍的，極其深入；他的頭髮是褐色的；他的皮膚十分潔淨鮮明；他的『含羞的，女性的，和無偽的臉』上，當他發生興趣的時候，有一種特別狂熱的神情。直到最終他的外貌都是稚氣的；在他生活最後一年中，他彷彿是『一個瘦高的少年，面色羞紅像一個姑娘樣。』但是他並不缺乏丈夫氣概（即使在男子漢的運動上笨拙不巧），而且他遺給一切他知道他的人一個記憶，記得他為人『坦白，敢說，有如一個景况很好的少年，有禮貌且體貼人，因為他完全沒有自私心和虛榮心。』

THE LAST CHORUS IN "HELLAS."

The world's great age begins anew;

The golden years return;
 The earth doth like a snake renew
 Her winter weeds outworn;
 Heaven smiles, and faiths and empires gleam
 Like wrecks of a dissolving dream.

A brighter Hellas rears its mountains
 From waves serener far;
 A new Peneus rolls his fountains
 Against the morning star;
 Where fairer Tempes bloom, there sleep
 Young Cyclads on a sunnier deep.

A loftier Argo cleaves the main,
 Fraught with a later prize;
 Another Orpheus sings again,
 And loves, and weeps, and dies;
 A new Ulysses leaves once more
 Calypso for his native shore.

Oh! write no more the Tale of Troy,
 If earth Death's scroll must be!
 Nor mix with Laian rage the joy
 Which dawns upon the free,
 Although a subtler Sphinx renew
 Riddles of death Thebes never knew.

Another Athens shall arise,
 And to remoter time
 Bequeath, like sunset to the skies,
 The splendour of its prime;
 And leave, if naught so bright may live,
 All earth can take or hevaen can give.

Saturn and Love their long repose
 Shall burst, more bright and good
 Than all who fell, than one who rose,
 Than many unsebdned:
 Not gold, not blood, their altar dowers,
 But vctive tears and symbol flowers.

Oh cease! must hate and death return?
 Cease! must men kill and die?
 Cease! drain not to its dregs the urn
 Of bitter prophecy.
 The world is weary of the past,
 Oh might it die or rest at last!

A LAMENT.

Swifter far than summer's flight,
Swifter far than youth's delight,
Swifter far than happy night,
 Art thou come and gone:
As the earth when leaves are dead,
As the night when sleep is sped,
As the heart when joy is fled,
 I am left lone, alone.

The swallow Summer comes again,
The owlet Night resumes her reign,
But the wild swan Youth is fain
 To fly with thee, false as thou.
My heart each day desires the morrow,
Sleep itself is turned to sorrow,
Vainly would my winter borrow
 Sunny leaves from any bough.

Lilies for a bridal bed,
Roses for a matron's head,
Violets for a maiden dead,
 Pansies let my flowers be :
On the living grave I bear,
Scatter them without a tear,
Let no friend, however dear,
 Waste one hope, one fear for me.

FROM "EPIPSYCHIDION."

A ship is floating in the harbour now,
A wind is hovering o'er the mountain's brow;
There is a path on the sea's azure floor,
No keel has ever ploughed that path before;
The halcyons brood around the foamless isles;
The treacherous Ocean has forsworn its wiles;
The merry mariners are bold and free:
Say, my heart's sister, wilt thou sail with me?
Our bark is as an albatross, whose nest
Is a far Eden of the purple East;
And we between her wings will sit, while Night
And Day, and Storm, and Calm, pursue their flight,
Our ministers, along the boundless Sea,
Treading each other's heels, unheededly.
It is an isle under Ionian skies,
Beautiful as a wreck of Paradise,
And for the harbours are not safe and good,
This land would have remained a solitude,

But for some pastoral people native there,
 Who from the Elysian, clear, and golden air
 Draw the last spirit of the age of gold,
 Simple and spirited, innocent and bold.
 The blue Ægean girds this chosen home,
 With ever-changing sound and light and foam
 Kissing the sifted sands, and caverns hoar;
 And all the winds wandering along the shore
 Undulate with the undulating tide:
 There are thick woods where sylvan forms abide;
 And many a fountain, rivulet, and pond,
 As clear as elemental diamond,
 Or serene morning air ; and far beyond,
 The mossy tracks made by the goats and deer
 (Which the rough shepherd treads but once a year),
 Pierce into glades, caverns, and bowers, and halls
 Built round with ivy, which the waterfalls,
 Illumining, with sound that never fails,
 Accompany the noonday nightingales;
 And all the place is peopled with sweet airs;
 The light clear element which the isle wears
 Is heavy with the scent of lemon-flowers,
 Which floats like mist laden with unseen showers,
 And falls upon the eyelids like faint sleep;
 And from the moss violets and jonquils peep,
 And dart their arrowy odour through the brain
 Till you might faint with that delicious pain.
 And every motion, odour, beam, and tone,
 With that deep music is in unison;
 Which is a soul within the soul—they seem
 Like echoes of an antenatal dream.

TO A LADY SINGING TO HER ACCOMPANIMENT ON THE GUITAR.

As the moon's soft splendour
 O'er the faint cold starlight of heaven
 Is thrown,
 So thy voice most tender
 To the strings without soul has given
 Its own.

The stars will awaken,
 Though the moon sleep a full hour later
 To-night:
 No leaf will be shaken
 Whilst the dews of thy melody scatter
 Delight.

Though the sound overpowers,

Sing again, with thy sweet voice revealing
A tone
Of some world far from ours,
Where music and moonlight and feeling
Are one.

TO NIGHT.

Swiftly walk over the western wave,
Spirit of Night !
Out of the misty eastern cave,
Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear,
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
Swift be thy flight !

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey,
Star-inwrought !
Blind with thine hair the eyes of day,
Kiss her until she be wearied out;
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
Come, long sought !

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sighed for thee;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turned to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sighed for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
Wouldst thou me ?
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmured like a noontide bee,
Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me?—And I replied,
No, not thee !

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, beloved Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight
Come soon, soon !

FROM "ADONAI8."

All he had loved, and moulded into thought,
 From shape, and hue, and odour, and sweet sound,
 Lamented Adonais. Morning sought
 Her eastern watch-tower, and her hair unbound,
 Wet with the tears which should adorn the ground,
 Dimmed the aerial eyes that kindle day;
 Afar the melancholy thunder moaned,
 Pale Ocean in unquiet slumber lay,
 And the wild winds flew round, sobbing in their dismay.

Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
 And feeds her grief with his remembered lay,
 And will no more reply to winds or fountains,
 Or amorous birds perched on the young green spray,
 Or herdsman's horn, or bell at closing day;
 Since she can mimic not his lips, more dear
 Than those for whose disdain she pined away
 Into a shadow of all sounds:—a drear
 Murmur, between their songs, is all the woodmen hear.

Grief made the young Spring wild, and she threw down
 Her kindling buds, as if she Autumn were,
 Or they dead leaves; since her delight is flown,
 For whom should she have waked the sullen year?
 To Phœbus was not Hyacinth so dear,
 Nor to himself Narcissus, as to both
 Thou Adonais: wan they stand and sere
 Amid the faint companions of their youth,
 With dew all turned to tears; odour, to sighing ruth.

Thy spirit's sister, the lorn nightingale
 Mourns not her mate with such melodious pain;
 Not so the eagle, who like thee could scale
 Heaven, and could nourish in the sun's domain
 Her mighty youth with morning, doth complain,
 Soaring and screaming round her empty nest,
 As Albion wails for thee: the curse of Cain
 Light on his head who pierced thy innocent breast,
 And scared the angel soul that was its earthly guest!

珂 克 勒 派

在這個第二羅曼世代中，第三種勢力在進行着，就是在伊麗沙伯時代的和意大利的系統上覺悟地構成的。以基茨

為最高點的一羣詩人，想忘記那約在一六二五年以後一切用英文詩所寫的東西，而繼續做意大利化的詩人如夫勒契(Fletcher)和斯賓塞爾(Spenser)的門

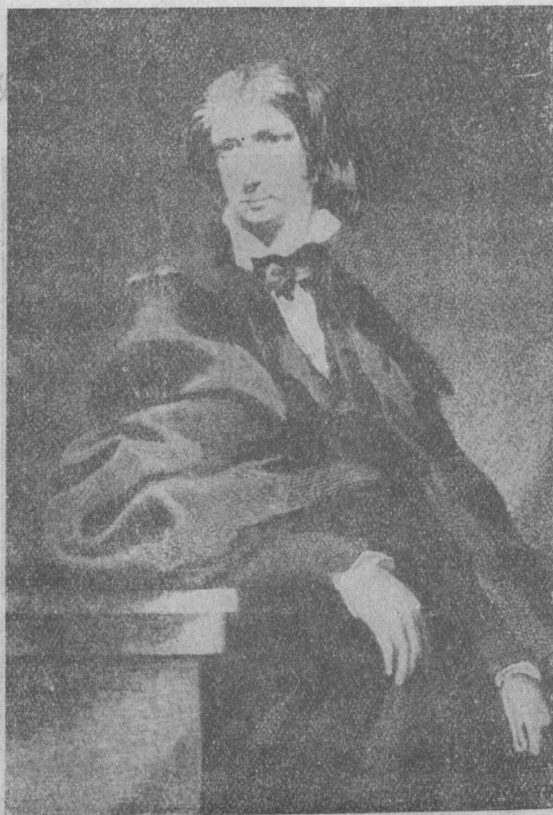


Leigh Hunt

After the Portrait by B. R. Haydon

徒的工作。毫無問題的，在引導這種復興中，一個很顯著的角色是查理蘭姆(Charles Lamb)的 *Specimens of English*

Dramatic Poets (一八〇八)擔任的，這本書彷彿起初沒有引人注意，但是被幾個很有希望的年青人，特別是航特，基茨，勃羅克特 (Procter) 和白杜司 (Beddose)，帶着狂歡吞嚥下去了。當萊航特因諷訕攝政王，於



Leigh Hunt

After the Portrait by Margaret Gillies

一八一二年下獄了的時候，他很精細地研究 *Par-naso Italiano*，尤其是關於亞里阿司多 (Ariosto)。在一八一四和一八一八年之間，他出版幾本書，緊緊地熱誠地摹仿那些意大利的作家；在這些之中里米利的故事 (*The Story of Rimini*) 在英國詩歌的演進中，佔住一個真正重要的地位。基茨非常迅速地摹仿航特，前者比後者小十一歲，然而在天才的各種成分上都比後者高得無限。

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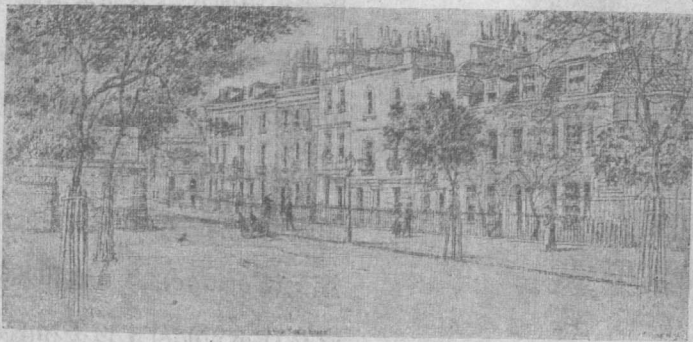
在一八一四和一八一八年之間，他出版幾本書，緊緊地熱誠地摹仿那些意大利的作家；在這些之中里米利的故事

(*The Story of Ri-*

有一派批評家從未能饒恕萊航特，他在他的著作中缺少點特，在他的個人交際上缺少辨別力，這是一定要承認的；但是航特大量，懇切，而且是詩歌的一個純正的專心者。

航 特

萊航特 (Leigh Hunt, 1784-1859) 是巴拔杜司 (Barbadoes) 的一個牧師易撒克航特 (Issac Hunt) 及其妻菲拉得費亞的瑪利雪渥爾



Leigh Hunt's House in Lower Cheyne Row, Chelsea

From a Drawing by W. N. Burgess

(Mary Shewell of Philadelphia) 的兒子。他是在一七八四年十月十九日在南門 (Southgate) 出世的。他在童年時很脆弱，但是在七歲時他便被送到基督慈善院 (Christ Hospital) 去，在那里一直住到一七九九年。他在這個學校裏是快活的，關於這他留下了一篇學不來的敘述，而且在這裡他開始寫詩。一八〇一年他的父親將這些

收集起來成一本書，叫做少年作品集 (*Juvenilia*)。他給他的哥哥司特芬 (Stephen) 作一種律師書記的事，直到一八〇五年他的另一個弟兄約翰創辦一份報，萊便做該報的戲劇評論者。約在一八〇六年，他在戰事局得到一個書記位置，他幹了兩年，直到考察者 (*Examiner*) 於一八〇八年創辦時為止；萊航特為此報的主筆直到一八二

一年。因為對於攝政王無禮，航特被關在蘇列 (Surrey) 牢獄中，從一八二三年二月起整整過兩年。

就是在這種被迫的蟄居期中，他盡力使自己合適，他的心轉向以意大利的模範來改革英國詩歌，而且在後幾年中他在詩上非常活動，一八一四年出版詩人的宴會 (*The Feast of Poets*)，一八一五年出版 *The Descent of Liberty*；一八一六年出版里米利故事，一八一八年出版簇葉 (*Foliage*)。他和基茨和銳洛茲 (Reynolds)，以後和蘭姆，雪萊，拜崙，都發生親密關係，尤其是當他在漢勃思特 (Hampstead) 住下，變為『珂克勒』派首領之後。



Leigh Hunt

From a Sketch by D. Maclise

在一八一九至二〇年間，他出版指示者 (*Indicator*) 週報，在一八三四年他從那裏精選一些論文。他被錯勸了，於一八八二年遷居到意大利，到列格行在雪萊之死前只有

幾個禮拜。航特和拜崙一陣到吉洛亞 (Genoa) 去，後又往弗羅連士，他在那里編輯 *Liberal*。他和拜崙爭吵，在意大利非常地苦惱，不過他在那里麥亞勞 (Maiano) 的一個別墅中直住到一八二五年秋季，在高門 (Highgate) 弄到了一座房屋的時候才搬走。一八二八年他使他的名譽受經久的損害，因為發表他的有趣但是不審慎的勳爵拜崙和他的幾個同輩人 (*Lord Byron and Some of his Contemporaries*)。他繼續在倫敦隣境住，從未在任何一個地方住很久，深為貧窮和過勞所苦，但是為一種真正特別的樂觀主義所保護，不受貧勞的影響。他常常帶着沸騰的希望，刊行前一個後一個報，一八二八年是伴侶 (*The Companion*)；一八三〇年是週談 (*The Chat of the Week*)；一八三〇到一八三二年是 *The Tatler*；一八三四到一八三五年是萊航特的倫敦報 (*Leigh Hunt's London Journal*)；一八三七到一八三八年是月庫 (*The Monthly Repository*)。這一切的嘗試都是失敗，航特對於重作勞苦的費錢的試驗的堅執是驚人的。這些期刊大多都完全是他自己從頭寫到底，而且牠們的合本現出萊航特散文的幾乎沒有搜查過的庫房。同時他在一八五三年發表一本長篇小說爵士拉弗耳雪 (*Sir Ralph Esher*)，而且在同年又收集他的詩集 (*Poetical Works*)。新詩於一八三四年有 *Captain Sword and Captain Pen*；一八四二年有小鞍馬 (*The Palfrey*)；在一八四〇年他在珂凡園 (Covent Garden) 以他的詩劇弗羅連士的故事 (*A Legend of Florence*) 享一個真正的成功。在一八四〇到一八五三年，萊航特在凱興登 (Kensington) 住家，就是在這時他編印那些悞樂的書，他現在以此最著名了，例如一八四四年的想像與玄想 (*Imagination and Fancy*)；一八四七年的

男人，女人，和書籍 (*Men, Women, and Books*) ; 一八四八年的赫布拉山 的一瓶蜜 (*A Jar of Honey from Mount Hybla*) , 和一八四九年的爲一隅著的書 (*A Book for a Corner*) 。 一八四七年恩俸二百鎊使他脫去了對於貧窮的不斷的恐怖，一八五〇年他安閒坐下寫他的自傳 (*Autobiography*) 。 在他的生活的最後幾年中，他因爲恩俸被剝奪了，很受苦；但是他在他的漢麥思米司 (Hammersmith) 的家生活下去，直到一八五九年八月二十八日才死。

關於萊航特的最有趣的事情，便是他的智識上的快樂主義之平穩和他的不斷的歡愉。 他曾敘述他的長期生活是如何地過法，『讀或寫，不舒服，戲謔，沉思，除了散步而外很少離開家庭，注意公共事件，社會進步，大小事情，我的棹上的花，我寫東西時候的蒼蠅。』 在本人身上萊航特顯出他的熱帶的家系；他是櫻色圓臉，有着光滑的深黑色的頭髮。

ABOU BEN ADHEM.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase !)
 Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
 And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
 Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
 An angel writing in a book of gold:
 Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
 And to the presence in the room he said,
 "What writest thou?" The vision raised its head,
 And with a look made of all sweet accord,
 Answered, "The names of those who love the Lord."
 "And is mine one?" said Abou. "Nay, not so,"
 Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
 But cheerly still; and said, "I pray thee then,
 Write me as one that loves his fellow-men."

The angel wrote and vanished. The next night
 It came again with a great wakening light,
 And showed the names whom love of God had blessed,
 And lo ! Ben Adhem's name led all the rest.

COLOUR IN ITALY.

FROM "THE LIBERAL" (1822).

You learn for the first time in this Italian climate what colours really are. No wonder it produces painters. An English artist of any enthusiasm might shed tears of vexation, to think of the dull medium through which blue and red come to him in his own atmosphere, compared with this. One day we saw a boat pass us, which instantly reminded us of Titian, and accounted for him: and yet it contained nothing but an old boatman in a red cap, and some women with him in other colours, one of them in a bright yellow petticoat. But a red cap in Italy goes by you, not like a mere cap, much less anything vulgar or butcherlike, but like what it is, an intense specimen of the colour of red. It is like a scarlet bud in the blue atmosphere. The old boatman, with his brown hue, his white shirt, and his red cap, made a complete picture, and so did the woman and the yellow petticoat. I have seen pieces of orange-coloured silk hanging out against a wall at a dyer's, which gave the eye a pleasure truly sensual. Some of these boatmen are very fine men. I was rowed to shore one day by a man the very image of Kemble. He had nothing but his shirt on, and it was really grand to see the mixed power and gracefulness with which all his limbs came into play as he pulled the oars, occasionally turning his heroic profile to give a glance behind him at other boats.

SPRING.

FROM "WISHING-CAP PAPERS" (1824).

This morning as we sat at breakfast there came by the window, from a child's voice, a cry of "Wallflowers." There had just been a shower; sunshine had followed it; and the rain, the sun, the boy's voice, and the flowers came all so prettily together upon the subject we were thinking of, that in taking one of his roots, we could not help fancying we had received a present from Nature herself—with a penny for the bearer. There were thirty lumps of buds on this penny root; their beauty was yet to come; but the promise was there—the new life—the Spring—and the raindrops were on them, as if the sweet goddess had dipped her hand in some fountain and sprinkled them for us by way of message, as who should say, "April and I are coming."

What a beautiful word is *Spring!* At least one fancies so, knowing the meaning of it, and being used to identify it with so many pleasant things. An Italian might find it harsh, and object to the *sp* and the terminating consonant; but if he were a proper Italian, a man of fancy, the worthy countryman of Petrarch and Ariosto, we would convince him that the word was an excellent good word, crammed as full of beauty as a bud—and that *s* had the whistling of the brooks in it, *p* and *r* the force and roughness of whatsoever is animated and picturesque, *ing* the singing of the birds, and the whole word the suddenness and salience of all that is lively, sprouting, and new—Spring, Springtime, a Spring-green, a Spring of water,—to Spring—Springal, a word for a

young man in old (that is, ever new) English poetry, which with many other words has gone out, because the youthfulness of our hearts has gone out—to come back with better times, and the nine-hundredth number of the work before us.


基 茨

在航特爲首之下，組織那被刻薄地稱爲珂克勒派的一些著作家中，銳洛茲 (J. H. Reynolds) 與查理威爾士 (Charles Wells) 有才，但是約翰基茨 (John Keats) 却是任何國度產生的最偉大的詩人中之一員。作品之使此馬夫的兒子的姓氏與莎士比亞和米爾頓的姓氏同列者，是從一八一七到一八二〇年間寫的。在一八一七年中他的文體便不僵硬虛飾了，一八二〇年他的健康的毀壞沈靜了他的驚人的聲音。在這短短的時間之中，他擬以幾篇最永久地引人注意的敘述詩，來豐富英國文學，並非僅僅些微抒情詩歌，乃是需要支持的努力和細心的建設的組織之作品——安狄米昂 (Endymion)，女妖 (Lamia)，聖亞格列之祭夕



John Keats

From a Bust in the Chelsea Library

The Eve of Saint Mark - 1816 

~~It was on a town holiday~~
~~'Twas holy eve as the sabbath bell!~~
 Upon a sabbath day it fell
 'Twas holy eve as the sabbath bell;
 That call'd the folk to evening prayer -
 The City streets were clean and fair
 From wholesome drench of April rains
 And on the western window panes
 The chilly sunset ~~beams~~ faintly told
 Of unmatured green valleys cold
 Of the green thorny bloomless hedge
 Of rivers new with springtide oedg
 Of Peun roses by shelter'd alle
 And daisies on the acorn hills -
 'Twas holy eve as the sabbath bell:
 The silent streets were crowded with
 Well staid and pious companies
 Worn from their fire side or altar
 And passing onward with devout air
 To even song and evening prayer

A Portion of the MS. of Keats's "Eve of Saint Mark"

(*The Eve of St. Agnes*) , *The Pot of Basil* , 赫皮利昂 (*Hyperion*) 。 基茨寫他的最後一本詩的時候，還不滿人生二十五年，而且就是因為在如此其多的防害之下，如此其早地做成這些十分完滿的作品，使作傳者驚奇。他不為人興賞的死了，並沒有使拜崙，司各得，或渥茲渥斯相信他的價值，比雪萊還遲才引起任何公衆的好奇心或欽慕。他的勝利是要在死後的，開始是阿唐列的高尙的貢獻，繼續着發展擴張，直到今日，在十九世紀起頭二十五年的大詩人中，得到大多數的贊成者，乃是基茨——



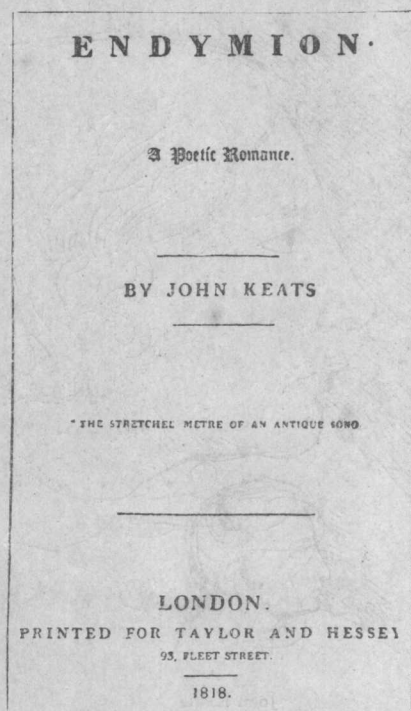
John Keats

From a Sketch by B. R. Haydon

半受教育的外科醫生的徒弟，在未成熟的青年時代就做了的。一種事業開始帶着如此穩定的一種光輝，不應當不成功的。思索或然之事本是笨活，但是基茨的大概的成就（若是他能活）幾乎等於一定的，此為

這樣未證實的預言之最真確者。拜崙可以變成一個國王，雪萊大概會墮入政治中；基茨却一定要繼續促進又促進詩的藝術的極點。

基茨拋去珂克勒派的累贅而用古典的純淨之音調



Title-page of the First Edition of
Keats's "Endymion"

唱的那些段，在英國詩歌中沒有再可愛的了。在這些時候（而且牠們變得越發越多，直到他住手不寫了為止），他達到了豐富的，靡靡的和音之深處，在這旁邊，拜崙好像單薄，甚至於雪萊也好像尖脆。倘若我們來給詩是什麼下定義，在詩的最完滿最深的表現上說，我們發見我們自己在敘述基茨較成熟的作品中的最精

的一些節詩。他的那些偉大的詠懷詩篇（他或者最有益地是在這些詩篇中被視為一個詩的藝術家）都是達旦式的（Titanic）和笛先式的（Titianic）——牠們的力量只有牠們的音調之熱誠與深沉與之相稱。他從

斯賓塞爾，從莎士比亞，從米爾頓，從亞里阿司多自由地抄取文體之美，溶化成化粧品或雜體，不復像牠們被偷的原始了，都顯出上帝似的盜賊自己的特性來。大約，驚人之如赫皮利昂這一篇作品，僅只微微地預表基茨不久便會成爲大家的那堂皇的風格。

而且，繁多之如基茨現存作品寫時的防害，我們差不多就不覺得。我們大足使自己相信，他的想像是何等優越，按一個藝術



House in which Keats lived in Hampstead

家講，他的感觸是何等具有同情心。他愛『一切東西裏面的美之元素』，而且在極年青的時候，他已經得足了豐富的成語和最佳的輝煌詞藻應用，這表示大詩人們的成熟，使他與最優者並行。世人沒有比他更知道如何『用礦來裝他的題旨的每個裂口』。

在維多利亞朝的詩歌 (Victorian Poetry) 的演進中，不承認基茨是領袖精神，也是不可能的。譚尼遜和勃朗寧 (Browning) 在幼年時代爲拜崙所迷，接着

在青年時代爲雪萊所迷，到了成人時代便只得移交他們的忠心給基茨，他從一八三〇年以後在英國詩歌上的影響，和拜崙在歐洲大陸文學上的影響，是一樣普



*My portrait
When June 27*

*my portrait
taken at the
sea*

Joseph Severn, with Inscription by himself

遍的。他的愜意的成就確實是一種鼓舞青年詩人去競爭的刺激，而且不管他從意大利人取些什麼——他不差分毫地和確塞一樣向他們取得詩的組織的豐富——基茨的言辭還是充滿了真正大不列顛的特別香味。除了莎士比亞自己而外，沒有詩人比基茨更英國式的了；沒有人在他的詩之和諧上，他的個人品格上，他的書信和一般的傳說中，向我們顯出更十分地引人注意的一個人物，也沒有更好的能燃起一個高尚的繼承者之夢的人物。

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約翰基茨 (John Keats, 1795-1821) 於一七九五年十月三十一日 (或者是二十九日) 生於芬斯白利馬路 (Finsbury Pavement) 的司萬與荷卜旅館 (Swan and Hoop Inn) 的馬房裏。他的父親湯馬斯基茨 (Thomas Keats) 就是這馬房的馬夫，娶了他的主人的女兒法蘭色斯簡林思 (Frances Jennings)，她的兒子稱她為『一個非常有才幹的婦人。』基茨的父母很是小康的，他被送到安菲爾德 (Enfield) 的一個好學校裏去。一八〇四年，他的父親因為從馬上跌下來死了，一八〇五年，這寡婦便嫁了一個名叫維廉洛寧思 (William Rawlings) 的馬夫，但她立刻又和他離開了。她帶着她的孩子們退居於愛德孟唐 (Edmonton)，約翰繼續着在安菲爾德學校讀書，直到一八一〇年為止；他並沒有顯示出來智識上的嗜好，但是他是『大家寵愛的人，有如一個受寵的懸賞競技者，為着他的獵狐狗的勇氣。』快到他的學校生活完結的時候，他的思想忽然轉向學問方面，他讀的熱烈如同他先前玩的熱烈一般。洛林思夫人於一八一〇年二月死去，基茨『動情的長期哀痛』。現在小孩子們歸保護人們照料，把約翰從學校帶走，規定和愛爾孟唐的一個外科醫生學徒五年。基茨此刻和查理考登珂拿克 (Charles Cowden Clarke) 結了有價值的友誼，由他介紹看維吉耳 (Virgil) 和斯賓塞爾的詩。仙女王 (*The Faerie Queene*) 喚起了



Keats's Grave in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

他的天才，在十七歲的時候，便忽然開始寫起來了。他和外科醫生漢孟君 (Mr. Hammond) 因意見不合，便於一八一四年離開他，往聖湯馬斯和甲義兩醫院 (St. Thomas' and Guy's Hospitals) 去學習。直到一八一七年他才到倫敦。這就是基茨的『珂克勒』生活時期，他在這時成爲一個成就的詩人。不過，他的職業他並沒有棄之不



Memorial to Joseph Severn in the Protestant Cemetery in Rome

顧，在一八一六年他被派爲甲義醫院的助手。但是雖然他很熟練，他並不愛這種工作；在一八一七年之後，他永不再拿起刀針了。一八一六年春季基茨和萊航特結了友誼，航特在他的性格的解放上發生了強大的影響；藉着航特，他認識了銳洛茲，查理威爾士，海唐 (Haydon)，渥茲渥斯，與雪萊。基茨現在決定採取文字生涯了。在這年中他寫了許多他的最精美的初期的十四行詩，和幾封詩信。這些和別的詩都收集在一八一七年三月的詩集 (*Poems*) 中，朋友們從這本詩希望很多，但是這

是一個失敗，基茨於四月退居於瓦義得島 (Isle of Wight)，五月到馬格得 (Margate)；他因爲幾種原由傷心，然而一點不是因爲得到他差不多化盡他的小小的家產了的消息。不過在馬格得，基茨認真着手他的安狄米昂，在夏天他和他的弟弟們移居於漢勃思特。這年秋天勃列蕪雜誌 (*Blackwood's Magazine*) 開始牠的對於新派詩之怯懦的粗鄙的攻擊。同時基茨穩定地寫着他的安狄米昂，於一八一八年

初夏便出現了。他已經開始寫伊沙白那 (*Isabella, or The Pot of Basil*)，他現在達到他的才情的早熟了。這年他多半在德房省 (Devonshire)，和他弟弟湯姆 (Tom) 一塊，他弟弟的健康給他許多驚恐。一八一八夏季往諸湖和蘇格蘭去旅行；天氣不好，他累了自己了；他在上列維司山 (Ben Nevis) 時病到那麼樣程度，以致印弗列斯 (Inverness) 的醫生禁止他再步行了。

走海路從克洛馬特 (Cromarty) 把他送回倫敦去。從這以後他永未再十分好了。安狄米昂的出版在這時惹動了批評家；在每季評論中這詩被刻薄地議論了，在勃列蕪雜誌中，更帶特殊的殘忍，叫詩人回藥鋪去，『專守着膏藥，丸藥，和油藥盒。』恐怕這篇耻辱的文章之污點一定要黏在洛加 (Lockhart) 的前額上。有一時人們相信這些攻擊致基茨的致命；但當他接受這些攻擊所



Mask of Keats

Taken from the life by Haydon

帶的勇氣，大家都知道的時候，否認那些攻擊在他身上有任何影響又成爲時髦了。但是他的健康現在迅速地衰敗下去，而且他有許多憂鬱的來源。他爲他的弟弟湯姆的生活焦心；他新和某一個芬尼布朗 (Fanny Browne) 戀愛，而且他是在一種十分狂熱的情形中，在此時洛加和吉弗 (Gifford) 在暗中所給的打擊，在他的身體的健康上發生了重大的影響。但是基茨大多想着別的事情：『在我的心頭有一種可怕的溫暖，』他說，『有如不朽之重擔。』他現在帶着熱心的莊嚴著作；一八一八年冬有聖阿格列之祭夕與赫皮利昂。一八一九

年二月，他和芬尼布朗的訂婚，內部知己周圍都認為知道了，而且起初這大大鼓舞他的著作的力量。在那年春天寫的，有大多數他的最高尚的詩歌，而尤其是那些寄『夜鶯』（“Nightingale”），寄『塞姬』（“Psyche”），和『希臘古瓶』（“On A Grecian Urn”）等歌。貧窮正開始於一八一九年壓迫着詩人，但是他享樂地在溫契斯特（Winchester）過了夏季和秋季，穩定地寫着女妖和阿索（Otho）；

Bright Star, would I were stedfast as thou art—
 Not in lone splendor lying aloft the night
 and watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like nature's patient, sleepless Dæmone,
 The morning waters at their fustlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
 Or gazing on the new soft-fallen masses
 of snow upon the mountains and the moors.
 No—yet still stedfast, still unchangeable
 Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
 To feel for ever its soft swell and fall,
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest,
 Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 and so live ^{on} ~~over~~ or else swoon to death.

Facsimile MS. of Keats's last Sonnet

珂爾溫君（Mr. Colvin）說，這些『是他的生活最後的好日子』。十月基茨來到倫敦的旅舍，希望找到職務。很少幾天之後，他便搬到漢勃思特的宛圖莊（Wentworth Place），為着要靠近芬尼布朗。他現在着手改作赫皮利昂，但是快到一八二〇年正月底，在一輛車頂上着涼之後，致命的病又發了。從此以後他的精力大大衰弱，他寫的少了。七月間那本著名的書——包括女妖和他以後作的其餘的詩

My dear Fanny,
Wentworth Place
Aug 20 81

It is a long time since I received your last. An accident of an unpleasant nature occurred at Mr Hunt's and prevented me from answering you, that is to say made me nervous. That you may not suppose it worse I will mention that some one of Mr Hunt's household sent a letter of mine - upon which I am, unable left no further trace, with the intention of taking to Mr Busby's care, fortunately I am not in so low a situation, but am

Letter from Keats to his sister Fanny



You must hope with me, &
 time and health will give
 you some more. This is the first
 morning I have been able to
 sit to the paper and have ma-
 ny letters to write if I can
 manage them. God bless you
 my dear Sister.

Your affectionate Brother
 John.

staying a short time with Mr
 Braune who lives in the House
 which was Mr Dilke's. I am ex-
 ceedingly nervous. a person I am
 not quite used to entering the
 room half shocks me. I is not
 yet. Considerations I believe but
 it would be wiser I to remain
 in this climate all the winter.
 so I am thinking of either voyag-
 ing or travelling to Italy. Yes. To-
 day I received an invitation
 from Mr Shelley a Gentleman in
 residing at Pisa, to spend the
 winter with him if I go. I must
 be away in a month or even
 less. I am glad you like the Poems

——出版了，第一次給他得了點尚好的讚美。他的情況現在給他的朋友們最重大的驚恐，正在他們不知如何使基茨避免在英國住一個冬天的時候，雪萊夫婦來一個請帖，請他去和他們在畢沙一塊住，基茨對於雪萊和他的詩都沒有什麼同情，他不能使他自己答應，甚至於不能很殷勤地回覆雪萊好客的厚意。但是這邀請在他的心中更增加了意大利的吸引力。在九月他動身和約瑟夫綏凡 (Joseph Severn) 一陣往列布思去。在海峽天氣不好，基茨上岸了；一八二〇年十月一日，靠近拉瓦斯 (Lulworth)，他寫了十四行詩『明星』(“Bright Star”)，這是他最後的詩。朋友們到的時候，雪萊又親熱地催基茨往畢沙去，但是他寧願在羅馬，他和綏凡便在斯巴格那廣場 (Piazza di Spagna) 的旅舍住下。經過一個十一月，基茨好的多了，但是十二月病復發了；他身和心一般地受苦，雖然始終為熱心的綏凡看護得可嘉；但是一八二一年二月二十三日，他畢竟脫離他的痛苦了，他葬於更正教墓地，靠近克塞司鐵斯 (Caius Cestius) 的金字塔。

關於基茨成熟的青年時代，我們有許多最引人喜愛的敘述。他是矮胖的，有着有力的骨架；他的頭上叢生着厚厚的波狀的金黃褐色或赤褐色的頭髮。他的眼睛以其驚人之美印入人人的心中；他『好像注視着什麼光榮的異像似的，』勃羅克脫夫人 (Mrs. Procter) 說。

萊航特描寫他的眼睛更精確，謂為『和鷓，明亮，大，黑，而且敏銳。』他有非常的體力，直到疾病把牠陰損了為止，而且他在早年，關於顯示體力上很有好鬥心，雖然他對於溫柔與友誼是十二分地順從。他有着『全為驕傲和敏感所刺激着一種性格』，和一種『對於逸樂者的精妙的理會』；他說他性情的暴烈，不斷閉住氣了。他的熱心，他的不幸，他的天才，使他成為從他以後一切年青狂熱者一

個無比地引人注意的人物，而且在英國文學中也沒有比他更被羅曼式地愛慕的人物。

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN.

Thou still unravished bride of quietness,
 Thou forster-child of silence and slow time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme :
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities, or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter ; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone !
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve ;
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss ;
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting, and for ever young ;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore

Will silent be ; and not a soul to tell
Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brode
Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
With forest branches and the trodden weed;
Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
As doth eternity : cold Pastoral !
When old age shall this generation waste,
Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou sayest,
"Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

TO HOMER

Standing aloof in giant ignorance,
Of thee I hear and of the Cyclades,
As one who sits ashore and longs perchance
To visit dolphin-coral in deep seas.
So, thou wast blind !—but then the veil was rent ;
For Jove uncurtained Heaven to let thee live,
And Neptune made for thee a spumy tent,
And Pan made sing for thee his forest-hive;
Aye, on the shores of darkness there is light,
And precipices show untrodden green;
There is a budding morrow in midnight;
There is a triple sight in blindness keen;
Such seeing hadst thou, as it once befel
To Dian, Queen of Earth, and Heaven, and Hell.

FROM "HYPERION," BOOK II.

Thus in alternate uproar and sad peace
Amazèd were those Titans utterly.
O leave them, Muse ! O leave them to their woes;
For thou art weak to sing such tumults dire:
A solitary sorrow best befits
Thy lips, and antheing a lonely grief.
Leave them, O Muse ! for thou anon wilt find
Many a fallen old Divinity
Wandering in vain about bewildered shores.
Meantime touch piously the Delphic harp,
And not a wind of heaven but will breathe
In aid soft warble from the Dorian flute !
For lo ! 'tis for the Father of all verse.
Flush everything that hath a vermeil hue;
Let the rose glow intense and warm the air;
And let the clouds of even and of morn

Float in voluptuous fleeces o'er the hills;
 Let the red wine within the goblet boil,
 Cold as a bubbling well ; let faint-lipped shells
 On sands, or in great deeps, vermilion turn
 Through all their labyrinths; and let the maid
 Blush keenly, as with some warm kiss surprised.
 Chief isle of the embowered Cyclades,
 Rejoice, O Delos with thine olives green,
 And poplars, and lawn-shading palms, and beech,
 In which the Zephyr breathes the loudest song,
 And hazels thick, dark-stemmed beneath the shade;
 Apollo is once more the golden theme !

SONNET.

Why did I laugh to night? No voice will tell :
 No God, no Demon of severe response,
 Deigns to reply from Heaven or from Hell.
 Then to my human heart I turn at once.
 Heart ! Thou and I are here, sad and alone ;
 I say, why did I laugh? O mortal pain !
 O Darkness ! Darkness ! ever must I moan,
 To question Heaven and Hell and Heart in vain.
 Why did I laugh ? I know this Being's lease,
 My fancy to its utmost blisses spreads ;
 Yet would I on this very midnight cease,
 And the world's gaudy ensigns see in shreds ;
 Verse, Fame, and Beauty are intense indeed,
 But Death intenser—Death is Life's high need.

FAERY SONG.

Shed no tear ! oh shed no tear :
 The flower will bloom another year.
 Weep no more ! oh weep no more !
 Young buds sleep in the root's white core.
 Dry your eyes ! oh dry your eyes !
 For I was taught in Paradise
 To ease my breast of melodies—
 Shed no tear.

Overhead ! look overhead !
 'Mong the blossoms white and red—
 Look up, look up. I flutter now
 On this flush pomegranate bough.
 See me ! 'tis this silvery bill
 Ever cures the good man's ill.
 Shed no tear ! Oh, shed no tear !

銳 洛 茲

約翰漢米頓銳洛茲(John Hamilton Reynolds, 1798-1852) 是一個律師，基茨的朋友，以後又是荷德 (Hood) 的朋友，他是在少受奧威時的道地的珂克勒派詩人。他的最好的作品是一篇羅曼詩，弗羅連士的花園 (*The Garden of Florence*)，一八二一年作的；但是他在一八一九年又發表一篇嘲笑渥茲渥斯的 *Peter Bell* 的東西，和一篇很漂亮的為懸賞競爭辨護的東西，兼用散文和詩，叫做 *The Fancy*，於一八二〇年出版。

威 爾 士

查理節利米亞威爾士 (Charles Jeremiah Wells, 1800-1879) 是屬於同一個團體的，但是脫離的早。他的名為約瑟夫和他的弟兄們 (*Joseph and his Brethen*) 的劇本在一八一四年出版。威爾士因為無人承認便把勇氣挫折了，退居於法國，和他的一切老友都斷決交際，他比他們大多都活得長久的多。波提發爾 (Potiphar) 之妻弗拉克山洛 (Phraxanor) 的一個回答，因為他的『安靜的，深沉的惡意，配得上莎士比亞，』普遍地受人欽佩；約瑟夫喊道：——

讓我從門口出去。

弗拉克山洛答道：——

我有心要叫你

立刻用那些相當的四肢

走進你的墳墓去。

摩 爾

拜崙的朋友兼作傳者，湯馬斯摩爾 (Thomas Moore)，是和革命詩人們表同情的，當時在民衆尊敬

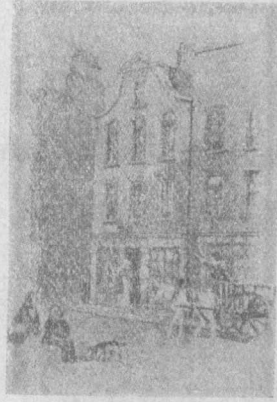


Thomas Moore

After the Portrait by Sir Thomas Lawrence

中他長久和他們聯在一起。然而在目前的時候，摩爾極端爲批評家們所鄙薄，他想得到一個公道的見聽的機會，都有最大的困難。這是對於摩爾無甚緣由長久繼續享受的名譽之一個反動，但是太過了。按一個抒情的諷刺家講，他的感觸之敏捷與活潑的機智，給那些詩信和寓言的集本以一種霍列司的風味 (Horatian flavour)，這一類的集本頭一種爲 *The Fudge Family in*

Paris。但是小小的輕率的詩人還有嚴肅的一面；他深為英國對於他本島之無同情心的待遇所激怒，他帶着一種赫白利亞的(Hibernian)感情之可愛的瘋狂，抓住『他的國家的親愛的豎琴』。其結果便是大批的歌，現在那大半的確都是沒有價值，但是一個細心人從其中能以選出八首或十首藐視時間的活動者，保留牠們野蠻的，顫動的憂傷，牠們的聲音如同鐘聲一般在遠方消去了。摩爾之造作的漂亮與流暢，在他的一串東方傳奇拉那洛克(Lalla Rookh)中，看出達到完滿之境，而且，這些恐怕都沾污得無法補救了。



Moore's Birthplace in Dublin

湯馬斯摩爾(Thomas Moore, 1779-1852)是一個賣雜貨兼賣火酒的商人的兒子，這商人是一個克利(Kerry)人，一個舊教徒，在都伯林小昂吉爾街(Little Aungier Street)開一個店鋪，摩爾於一七七九年五月二十八日在這裡出世。他在都伯林撒母耳華義特(Samuel Whyte)辦的學校讀書。一七九四年他上進到三一學院，在這裡洛伯愛墨(Robert Emmett)是他的親密的朋友。他早年得大聲名，因為他的臨時作樂歌之著名的才能。他非常幾乎地捲入愛爾蘭聯合叛亂中，而且或者是因為避免嫌疑，他於一七九九年來到

倫敦，成爲中寺 (Middle Temple) 的學生。一八〇〇年他的安拉克朗歌集 (*Odes of Anacreon*) 出現，一八〇一年他的湯馬斯里脫遺詩集 (*Poems of the late Thomas Little*) 出來，在這個假姓中，他暗示出他自己短小的身材。摩爾立刻被抱入英國時髦社會的懷中，而且藉着他的朋友勳爵毛里亞 (Lord Moria) 的勢力，於一八〇三年在伯米達 (Bermuda) 爲海軍部主簿。他出國去，但是不久讓一個代理



A View of Bermuda

人替他作事，前往美國遊歷。一八〇六年摩爾印行他的歌信集 (*Odes and Epistles*)，這在『愛丁堡』上遭野蠻地批評；因此摩爾要求傑夫列 (Jeffrey) 在白聖場 (Chalk Farm) 決鬥。這件可笑的意外之事增加了摩爾的時髦的著名，而且和傑夫列開始了一場親熱的友誼。一八〇七年他開始出版愛爾蘭歌曲集 (*Irish*

Melodies)，其第十即最後一部份直至一八三四年始出來；從這種工作摩爾差不多受一萬三千鎊的報酬。一八一一年摩爾和拜崙接交，娶了一個年青女伶白綏達克 (Bessie Dyke)，青年伉儷便在里塞斯特省 (Leicestershire) 克格瓦司 (Kegworth) 住下。兩辨士郵包 (*The Two Penny Post-Bag*) 屬於一八一三年，哀雪利丹詩 (*Elegy on Sheridan*) 屬於一八一六年。一八一七年拉那洛克出來，朗曼 (Longman) 報酬他三千鎊，一首長詩給這麼一筆大款子，先前就沒有過。這故事的成功並非不受欢迎的，因爲一八一八年一個怕人的災禍降在摩爾身上；他的在伯米達的代理人潛逃了，使詩人負六千鎊

的責任。摩爾不得已離開英國，直到他能夠安排這件事務的時候為止，他寄居法蘭西和意大利直到一八二二年。在這個流亡的時間，他寫的多極了，*The Fudge Family in Paris* (1818) 和途中吟 (*Rhymes on the Road*, 1823) 之出版都屬於此期。勳爵南司黨 (Lord Lansdowne) 勸海軍部將該債減為一千鎊；這數摩爾能還，他便回到倫敦了。他的婚姻幸福而且和諧到最高的程度，但是他的妻和他有着深的悲哀——看着他們的五個兒子死在他們的眼前。摩爾從巴黎帶回天使之愛 (*The Loves of Angels*)，在一八二三年出版。爲着靠近住在保屋得 (Bowood) 的勳爵南司黨，他在維爾省 (Wiltshire) 斯勞伯頓 (Sloperon) 的小房中住下，他在他的不幸的時候就在這裡寄居。他的以後重要作品有一八二五年的雪利丹傳 (*Life of Sheridan*)，一八二七年的快樂主義者 (*The Epicurean*)，和一八三〇年的拜崙的生活與書信。他現在耗費了幾年工夫，嘗試寫一部愛爾蘭百科史：他爲這件事業壓倒，在未完成以前，他的身體和心智都受不了。一八四六年，在他惟一還活着的孩子又死後，他陷入一種心智衰弱的情況。在這可憐的情形中，他延滯直到一八五二年二月二十五日才死於斯勞伯頓莊 (Sloperon Cottage)，葬於布洛母罕 (Bromham)。摩爾是一個小而活潑的人，大有社交的本領，一個可愛的浮華浪子，時髦社會中的蝴蝶，然而還是一個誠實的，良善的，忠心的朋友。



Moore's Cottage at Sloperon

他的弱點就是對於人生快樂之一種太輕浮的嗜好；而且甚至於在他的愛國心上，那是真誠的，和在他的宗教上，那是深沉的，他都裝出一種有些太嬉戲了的浮浪性。

FROM "IRISH MELODIES."

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we lov'd, when life shone warm in thine eye;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there,
And tell me our love is remembered, even in the sky.

Then I sang the wild song 'twas once such pleasure to hear !
When our voices commingling breathed, like one, on the ear ;
And, as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, oh my love! 'tis thy voice from the Kingdom of Souls.
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

TO IRELAND.

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
Oh ! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resigned ?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree ;
For Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love ;
Every thought of my reason was thine ;
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above,
Thy name shall be mingled with mine.
Oh ! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see ;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

洛 節 司

從一八一六至一八二一這五年是羅曼運動達到最高潮的幾年。詩的精神侵入英文各部；在每個矮叢林中都有鳴禽，野獷的音樂壓着各個樹枝。特別，幾個老派作家，渥茲渥斯與珂萊銳吉的初期運動所使之沉默者，他們自己覺得不能抵抗地要再唱一次，用他們的老聲音增大新的歌詠隊；這正是讓從未愛過者，現在來愛，曾經愛過者，現在再來愛（*Cras amet qui nunquam amavit, quique amavit cras amet*）。在那些於二十多年前曾經愛過的人中，有撒母耳洛節司（*Samuel Rogers*）出來了，帶着一篇傑克林（*Jacqueline*），和拜崙的那拿裝釘成一本書——奇怪的矛盾，一個循規蹈矩的處女伏在一個魯莽的悍婦的膀上。不過，除了在這單獨的時會而外，洛節



Samuel Rogers

After the Portrait by G. Richmond

司的可愛的文藝女神永未忘記對於她的自尊應盡的本分，緊緊地依附着高茲密斯 (Goldsmith) 的體裁，慢慢地，輕輕地，在一篇無韻詩意大利 (Italy) 中，稍懈詩法的拘泥，但是永未在美雅的一小行中十分達到詩點。



Samuel Rogers

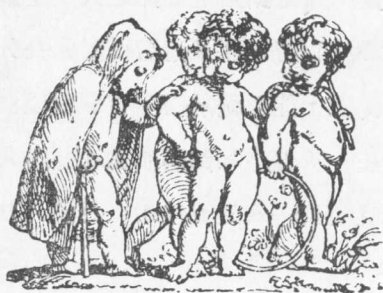
From a Caricature

撒母耳洛節司 (Samuel

Rogers, 1763-1855) 是湯馬斯洛節司 (Thomas Rogers) 的八個孩子中的一個，思圖橋 (Stourbridge) 的一個製造玻璃者及其妻瑪利拿得弗 (Mary Radford) 的兒子；他在一七六三年七月三十日，生於紐溫吞格靈 (Newington Green) 的他的父親的倫敦住宅。洛節司被送到海克列 (Hackney) 的私立學校；在很早年他便進入他父親有股份的倫敦的銀行裏去。在約

翰生博士一生的最後一年中，洛節司去訪那位偉人，但是當他的手放在叩門槌上的時候，他的勇氣不夠了，他退走了。不過，他的心這時完全交給了文學，在一七八六年他印行他的第一本書，迷信歌 (An Ode to Superstition)，和別的詩。在一七八九年他從倫敦往愛丁堡去，作一種文學的旅行，去會北方才人，他受了親熱地接待；但是沒有見到榜思 (Burns)。在一七九二年洛節司發表記憶之樂

(*The Pleasures of Memory*)，得到大大的成功。洛節司繼續和



Drawing by Thomas Stothard for
Rogers' "Pleasures of Memory"

他的父親在紐溫吞格靈住宅一塊住，直到他的父親於一七九三年死時為止；他繼承銀行裏資本金利息，家庭其餘的人分散了，他開始在紐溫吞生活排出富人的闊綽。一七九八年他出版他的友人書 (*Epistle to a Friend*)，而且把他那直到現在都為他的老家的住宅賣了。他在倫敦住下，開始在社會上裝出一個特色的人物。他立刻在聖雅各區 (St. James's Place)，臨格靈公園 (Green Park)，建一座房屋，用古代精美樣式的技藝和器具裝飾的；他在這裡款待世人和他的朋友們，弗克思 (Fox) 與勳爵荷蘭及其太太 (Lord and Lady Holland) 是最親密者之中的幾位。在長期沉默之後，一八一〇年他發散他的長詩哥倫布 (*Columbus*)，並於一八一二年收集他的詩集 (*Poems*)。洛節司現在和拜崙十分密結，他的叫做傑克林的敘述詩，於一八一四年和那拿在同一本書中印出。一篇教訓的作品人生 (*Human life*) 於一八一九年印行，一八二二年印了意大利的第一部，於一八二八年才完。這些本書賣的並不好，但是一八三〇年洛節司重出版意大利，有塔列爾 (Tur-

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Drawing by Thomas
Stothard for Rogers'
"Pleasures of Memory"

ner)的堂皇的插圖，一八三四年又將他的詩分成兩本重出版。在這些冒險的事上，他化費了一萬四千鎊，但是銷路是如此之大，全數都又歸還他了。他的驕傲就是認識『每個人』，而且他活得如此長久，訪過約翰生博士 (Dr. Johnson) 的人，能致祝辭給阿吉龍史溫朋君 (Mr. Algernon Swinburne) 。在一八五〇年御賜他為桂冠詩人，但是他因為年老辭謝了，然而他還直活到一八五五年十二月十八日才死。

FROM "ITALY."

"Boy, call the gondola; the sun is set."
 It came, and we embarked; but instantly,
 As at the waving of a magic wand,
 Though she had stept on board so light of foot,
 So light of heart, laughing she knew not why,
 Sleep overcame her; on my arm she slept.
 From time to time I waked her; but the boat
 Rocked her to sleep again. The moon was now
 Rising full-orbed but broken by a cloud,
 The wind was hushed, and the sea mirror-like.
 A single zephyr, as enamoured, played
 With her loose tresses, and drew more and more
 Her veil across her bosom. Long I lay
 Contemplating that face so beautiful,
 That rosy mouth, that cheek dimpled with smiles,
 That neck but half concealed, whiter than snow.
 'Twas the sweet slumber of her early age.
 I looked and looked, and felt a flush of joy
 I would express but cannot. Oft I wished
 Gently—by stealth—to drop asleep myself,
 And to incline yet lower that sleep might come;
 Oft closed my eyes as in forgetfulness.
 'Twas all in vain. Love would not let me rest.

珂 列 布

另一個死而復活者喬治珂列布 (George Crabbe) 作的較好。在一陣幾乎未斷的二十二年的沉默之後，他於一八〇七年又重新毅然地做詩了，而且於一八一〇年用一篇有真正地穩固價值的詩縣 (Borough)，以豐富英語；這詩是關於東海岸 (Eastern Coast) 的一個海濱城邑之社會和自然情況之一幅圖畫。珂列布永未超過，或者永未及過這種關於外省生活的悲慘之沉鬱的著作；如同他自己的看家人一樣，詩人好像除了『讓實事，恐怖，和白日進來』外，並無其他目的。在實質上珂列布是一個十八世紀的著作家，緊爲卡戚爾 (Churchill) 和那些眼光看過波孛，試使德里登的激烈音樂復活的人們之詩法所束縛。這種對於生活和經驗的態度也是屬於一七八〇時代的。然而在他的觀察自然之切實上，和在選擇名詞時他的荷蘭式的精細上，他顯出羅曼主義和他的當代人的影響。他幾乎同渥茲渥斯本人一樣細心地避免渺茫的響亮的同義字，聲音繼續着，却一點也不增加意思。如同譚

尼孫所常說的，『珂列布有他自己的一個世界，』而且他的簡明的，有力的，無虛飾的詩歌，將要常常保持一些欽慕者的。

新派批評家

這第二代羅曼主義可注意者係批評文字的發達，這是有最大的關係的。的確可以這樣說，並無許多誇張：這時文學批評，在近代的意義上，是在英國第一次認真運用。換句話說，建在亞里斯多德 (Aristotle) 之誤解上的文學之舊的假古典哲學完全不用了；同時愛丁堡和每季評論所創始的粗魯地，絕對地，發表無根據的意見，也崩潰了，讓地方給一派新的感覺敏銳的批評，



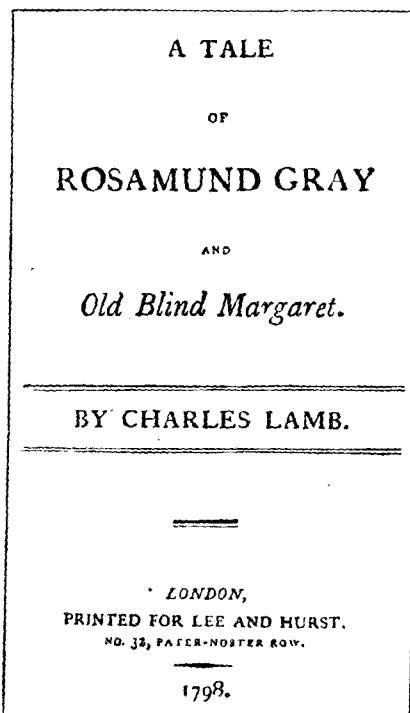
Charles Lamb

After the Portrait by Robert Hancock

此派批評乃是建在古代和外國的文體形式之比較上，對於自然之同情的研究上，和要興賞作家的供獻之本身價值之純正的願望上的。珂萊銳吉，哈茲里

(Hazlitt) ，萊航特，和蘭姆就是這新而繁盛派的批評家中的領袖。

這些作家所發表的那些使他們的姓名著名的東西大抵都是臨時寫的，而且都是因為很不常來且大抵來



Title-page of the First Edition of Lamb's
"Tale of Rosamund Gray"

得遲的一個機會，這是可以注意的。萊航特最好的批評作品的確是從一八〇八年起，到一八四八年止，但是僅僅因為在那些年間，他握有或左右着相繼不斷的一些雜誌，在那些東西上面他可以自由發表他的意見。在另一方面，維廉哈茲里 (William Hazlitt) 在他介紹給愛丁堡，使他能夠於一八一四年開始他關於英國喜劇作

家的論文之前，他已經三十五歲了。因為哈茲里被邀請在蘇列社 (Surrey Institution) 演講這件偶然的事，我們才得見他的英國詩人 (*English Poets*) 和他的關於伊麗沙伯朝的文學 (*Elizabethan Literature*) 的論文。

蘭姆和狄昆塞 (De Quincey) 沒有找到什麼發表他們意見的媒介物，直到一八二〇年叫做倫敦雜誌 (*The London Magazine*) 的期刊出版才有了機會；伊利亞隨筆 (*Essays of Elia*) 和喫鴉片者 (*Opium-Eater*) 都在這里發表，而且較小作家們，以及稍遲加拿爾 (Carlyle) 自己和他的釋烈生活與著作 (*Life and Writings of Schiller*)，都在這里找到一個同情的養育院。因此，新的批評所最蒙恩者，乃是期刊文學之發達與增加的精練，而且比較低等的新聞紙，背後沒有財富與勢力，為文學做出了那些大每季評論以牠們的傲慢與淺學所顯然成就不了的事。

蘭 姆

我們在這裡將文學出品之固定的分析，和所有這些論文家——但出類拔萃地是查理蘭姆(Charles Lamb)



Charles Lamb.

AFTER THE PORTRAIT BY WILLIAM HAZLITT.

——所供獻的人生批評，聯合起來，因為二者有密切

的關係。蘭姆或者是英國作家中之最受愛慕者，勇敢地忍受一切痛苦，在幻想的詼諧中輕視了他的延長的悲哀；在湖畔詩人事業開始的時候，他就是他們的伴侶。他承認他們的原理，雖然他完全缺乏他們在自然之前的升騰，而且在實質上他是一個都市的而不是一個鄉間的天才，雖說洛塞孟格列 (*Rosmund Gray*)

可以彷彿說這個判斷不對。他青年時期的詩歌不很成功，在十九世紀的頭十年中，蘭姆忙於供給戲文給新聞紙，六辨士一



East India House, where Lamb worked for more than thirty years

個笑談。他的雅緻的莎士比亞故事集 (*Tales From Shakespeare*) 和一八〇八年的 *Specimens* (這我們已經說過)，使他的朋友們心中老記住他，且因感化了少數青年人，而助開一個思想的新紀元。同時他寄給辛運的通信人們那些非凡的書信，自從一八三七年發表以後，便把蘭姆放在英國書信家的前排去。但是他仍然不著名，而且直到青年發行人阿里埃 (*Ollier*)，

被勸冒險試印蘭姆零散著作的一個集子的時候還是這樣。最後，到四十五歲，他開始以那些伊利亞隨筆使他自己不朽，那起頭的一些篇隨筆最後於一八二三年印為一本，公之於世。

查理蘭姆 (Charles Lamb, 1775-1834) 是約翰蘭姆 (John



Charles and Mary Lamb

After the Portrait by F. S. Cary

Lamb) 七個孩子中的最小者，在一七七五年二月十日生於 Crown Office Row，他的父親是內寺 (Inner Temple) 一個法學院長的心腹用人。蘭姆說，『我在寺裏出世，並在那里過了我的一生的最初七年。牠的教堂，牠的大廳，牠的泉，牠的河——這些都是屬於我的最舊的回憶的。』一七八二年他進了基督慈善院

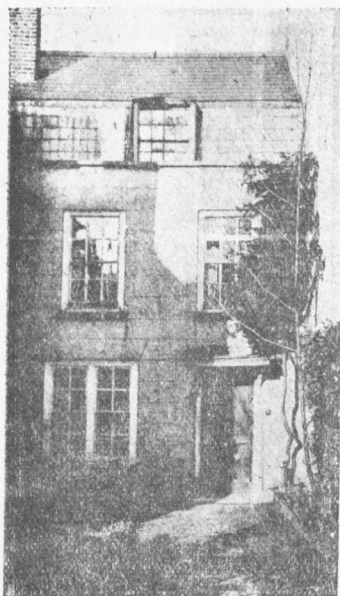
(Christ Hospital)，在那里直住到一七八九年；在同一個學校裏，有『一個可憐的無友朋的少年，』叫做珂萊銳吉 (S. T. Coleridge)，

蘭姆和他結了終身之交。他的六個弟兄姊妹現在只有兩個還活着一——約翰與瑪利，都比查理大得多。約在一七九二年，後者在南海商行 (South Sea House) 得到一個職位，立刻升作印度商行 (Indian House) 會計處的辦事員。瑪利蘭姆 (Mary Lamb, 1764-1847) 的心智健康已使人焦心，一七九六年她瘋了，在飯桌上把他們的母親刺死。查理被派為她的保護人，他以後生活都專心放在照顧她上。蘭姆 (C. L.) 的四首十四行詩包括在珂萊銳吉的雜詩集 (*Poems on Various Subjects, 1796*) 內，羅曼小說洛塞孟格列於一七九八年出現。一七七九年春蘭姆老父死了，瑪利復元了一部份，這孤寂的一雙姊弟便在潘唐維爾 (Pentonville) 寄居。一八〇〇年他們被迫出來，在荷榜蘇坦勃唐屋 (Southampton Buildings, Holborn) 一塊三間房中找棲身之所。以後他們又搬到寺內 Mitre Court Buildings 去，在那里他們非常沉默地直住到一八〇九年，又搬到內寺巷 (Inner Temple Lane) 去。叫做約翰蕪得維爾 (John Woodvil) 的詩劇於一八〇二年印行了；貧窮不久逼使查理於一八〇三到一八〇四年變成晨報 (*Morning Post*) 的一個戲語諷詞的投稿人。一八〇六年他的笑劇巨君 (*Mr. H.*) 在德如利巷 (Drury Lane) 演得失敗可恥。查理和瑪利於一八〇七年繼續作他們的莎士比亞故事集和里塞思特夫人的學校 (*Mrs. Leicester's School*)，



Charles Lamb
From a Sketch by Brook Pulham

第一次嘗着好像大眾歡迎的滋味。接着於一八〇八年有維尼塞士的冒險 (*The Adventures of Ulysses*)，和更重要的 *Specimens of English Dramatic Poets*。此後在內寺巷過的九年沒有許多事故；查理寫的少，發表的更少；姊弟兩個的貧窮不如先前之逼人，但是瑪利的病苦人地常發。不過，如同查理在一八一五年說



The Cottage at Edmonton where
Charles Lamb died

的，『風兒對於剝光了的蘭姆姊弟變溫和了，』就全體上講，他們彷彿是幸福的。一八一七年他們離開內寺，在羅塞爾街 (Russell Street) 珂凡園，原來維耳茄菲店 (Will's Coffee-House) 的地址，找了一個住所。查理在一八一八年收集他的作品集 (*Works*) 成兩本，這個年號結束了他的事業較不顯著的一半。一八二〇年倫敦雜誌之創立給蘭姆一個機會，自由運用他的特有的談諧與哲學，在八月他開始將隨筆投去。

到一八二三年有了那麼多的輕易的，散漫的文章出現，於是集成一本，名為伊利亞 (*Elia*，讀如 *Ellia*)；這現在通稱為伊利亞隨筆。這本娛人的書大受一番讚美。查理蘭姆現在更興旺了，他的姊姊和他第一次敢自己弄一座房屋，這是在伊思林登珂勒布羅街 (Colebrook Row, Islington) 的一座小房，他們收養一個可愛的小女孩愛瑪伊索那 (Emma Isola)，她使着寂寞家庭快活。查理在印度商行他的職務束縛之下，長期消磨，此刻算已經做三十三年的事了。經理們慷慨

地滿足他的希望，他退職了，每年得很大的一筆養老金，有四百五十鎊。他在一八二五年四月六日寫信給渥茲渥斯道：『我於上禮拜二永遠回到家中來了，』而且『這好像從人生進入永生似的。』不過，

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British Mu-
seum) 忙，
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健康。一
八三〇年在
安菲爾德一

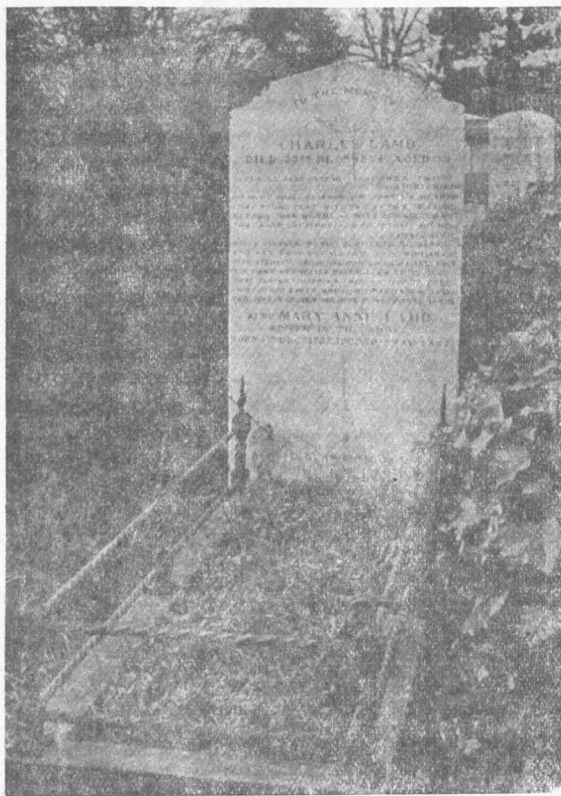
Mackery End in Hertfordshire

Budget Elia had been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have always been to Budget extending beyond the period of money. We have together, one evening, and met, in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort upon the week that I had in my self an sort of suspension to go out upon the week-end with the week long offerings, to toward my solitary. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits — got so, as "with a difference." We are generally in harmony with each other's workings — as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather unconfined, than confined, and once, upon my depending a time in my week-end some kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears and complained that I was allowed. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for two thousandth hours) some passages in old Burton or one of his younger contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof not common reading-table is daily fed with judiciously fresh supplies. Narratives strike me. I have little concern in the progress of words. She must have a story — well told, or unappreciatedly told — so there be life stirring in it and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction — and almost in real life — have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out of the way, however, and opinions — heads with some diverting twist or turn — the whole of authorship — please me most. My cousin has a native averseness of any thing, that sounds odd or bizarre. Arthur goes down with her, that is guard irregular or out of the road of common sympathy. She "hates Nature more than I do." I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the Pelagic Medusa, but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out lately touching the intellectuals of a near favorite of mine of the last century but one — the Thrice Noble, great, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastic and original, benighted, generous Margaret Newcastle.

Page of the MS of Lamb's essay on "Mackery End"

個人家寄膳
宿之後不久，他出版一本 *Album Verses*。住居最後於一八三三年遷到愛德孟唐的白莊 (Bay Cottage)；在這年中伊利亞隨筆續編 (*Last Essays of Elia*) 出版，日漸衰老的弟姊之寂寞因愛瑪伊索那之出嫁更加增了。珂萊銳吉之死大大感動查理蘭姆，他現在健康正在衰敗着；關於珂萊銳吉他寫道，『他的偉大的親愛的精靈纏繞着

我，』他並沒有活久。查理蘭姆於一八三四年十二月二十七日死在愛德孟唐，他的口中還咕咕着他所最愛的朋友們的姓名。他在所有英國作家之中，或者是唯一爲人帶着最大的個人的感情活鮮的記憶着



The Grave of Charles and Mary Lamb at Edmonton

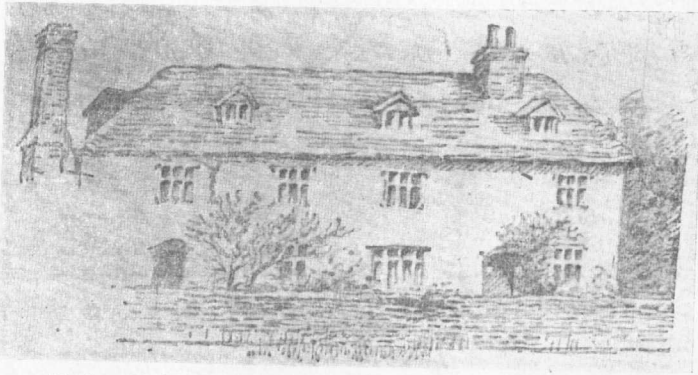
的人，這種雖然他自己的活力，却還是微弱的且時來時去的。他的身材是很短的，帶着一個大的鈎鼻子，和『幾乎非物質的腿』，一個小小的漸漸尖細的外形，從大大的頭縮小至小小的打脚胖的踝節。『他有着一幅長而抑鬱的面孔，和銳利的，深入的眼睛，』和一陣『柔和的可愛的微笑，其中帶着一種悲哀的感情。』他描寫他自己爲『一個穿黑衣的朋友教徒(Quaker)』，爲『害羞的要命』，並爲一個『意思比言語來得確切些』的人，但是實在他顯出是愉快伴侶中之最迷人者，雖說他有口吃的老習慣，他還是每個歡欣聚會中之樂與光。關於他的心之良善，他的樸實和他的無私，我們從每個有特權認識他的人，都得有證詞的。

中帶着一種悲哀的感

FROM "GRACE BEFORE MEAT"

(Elia).

I am no Quaker at my food. I confess I am not indifferent to the kinds of it. Those unctuous morsels of deer's flesh were not made to be received with dispassionate services. I hate a man who swallows it, affecting not to know what he is eating. I suspect his taste in higher matters. I shrink instinctively from one who professes to like minced veal. There is a physiognomical character in the tastes for food. Coleridge holds that a man cannot have a pure mind who refuses apple-dumplings. I am not certain but he is right. With the decay of my first innocence, I confess a less and less relish daily for those innocuous cates. The whole vegetable tribe have lost their gust with me. Only I stick to asparagus, which still seems to inspire gentle thoughts. I am impatient and querulous under culinary disappointments, as to come home at the dinner-hour, for instance, expecting some savoury mess, and to find one quite tasteless and sapidless. Butter ill melted—that



Mackery End in Hertfordshire, the subject of one of Lamb's Essays

From a Pencil Sketch

commonest of kitchen failures—puts me beside my tenour.—The author of the Rambler used to make inarticulate animal noises over a favourite food. Was this the music quite proper to be preceded by the grace? or would the pious man have done better to postpone his devotions to a season when the blessing might be contemplated with less perturbation? I quarrel with no man's tastes, nor would set my thin face against those excellent things, in their way, jollity and feasting. But as these exercises, however laudable, have little in them of grace or gracefulness, a man should be sure, before he ventures so to grace them, that while he is pretending his devotions elsewhere, he is not secretly kissing his hand to some great fish—his Dagon—with a special consecration of no ark but the fat tureen before him. Graces are the sweet prelude strains to the banquets of angels and children; to the roots and severer repasts of the

Chartreuse : to the slender, but not slenderly acknowledged, refection of the poor and humble man : but at the heaped-up boards of the pampered and the luxurious they become of dissonant mood, less timed and tuned to the occasion, methinks, than the noise of those better befitting organs would be, which children hear tales of at Hog's Norton.

Dear Fugue-ist,
or hearst thou rather
Contrapuntist—?

We expect you four (as many as the Table will hold without squeaking) at Mrs Westwood Table D'Hote on Thursday. You will find the white Horse shut up, and us moved under the wing of the Phoenix, which gives us friendly refuge. Beds for guests, marry, we have none, but clearly accommodations at the Crown of ~~the~~ Horse shoe.

Yours harmonically

CLP

A Facsimile Letter from Charles Lamb to his Friend Novello

DETACHED THOUGHTS ON BOOKS (*Last Essays of Elia*).

Shall I be thought fantastical, if I confess, that the names of some of our poets sound sweeter, and have a finer relish to the ear—to mine, at least—than that of Milton or of Shakespeare? It may be that the latter are more staled and rung upon in common discourse. The sweetest names, and which carry a perfume in the mention, are, Kit Marlowe, Drayton, Drummond of Howthornden, and Cowley.

Much depends upon *when* and *where* you read a book. In the five

or six impatient minutes before the dinner is quite ready, who would think of taking up the *Faërie Queene* for a stop-gap, or a volume of Bishop Andrewes' sermons?

Milton almost requires a solemn service of music to be played before you enter upon him. But he brings his music, to which, who listens, had need bring docile thoughts and purged ears.

Winter evenings—the world shut out—with less of ceremony the gentle Shakespeare enters. At such a season, the *Tempest*, or his own *Winter's Tale*—

These two poets you cannot avoid reading aloud—to yourself, or (as it chances) to some single person listening. More than one—and it degenerates into an audience.

Books of quick interest, that hurry on for incidents, are for the eye to glide over only. It will not do to read them out. I could never listen to even the better kind of modern novels without extreme irksomeness.

I should not care to be caught in the serious avenues of some cathedral alone, and reading *Candide*.

I do not remember a more whimsical surprise than having been once detected—by a familiar damsel—reclined at my ease upon the grass, on Primrose Hill (her Cythera), reading—*Pamela*. There was nothing in the book to make a man seriously ashamed at the exposure; but as she seated herself down by me, and seemed determined to read in company, I could have wished it had been—any other book. We read on very sociably for a few pages; and, not finding the author much to her taste, she got up, and—went away. Gentle casuist, I leave it to thee to conjecture, whether the blush (for there was one between us) was the property of the nymph or the swain in this dilemma. From me you shall never get the secret.

COLERIDGE AT CHRIST'S HOSPITAL.

Come back into memory, like as thou wert in the dayspring of thy fancies, with hope like a fiery column before thee—the dark pillar not yet turned—Samuel Taylor Coleridge—Logician, Metaphysician, Bard!—How have I seen the casual passer through the Cloisters stand still, entranced with admiration (while he weighed the disproportion between the *speech* and the *garb* of the young *Mirandula*), to hear thee unfold, in thy deep and sweet intonations, the mysteries of Jamblichus, or Plotinus, (for even in those years thou waxedst not pale at such philosophic draughts), or reciting Homer in his Greek, or Pindar, while the walls of the old Grey Friars re-echoed to the accents of the *inspired charity boy*!

狄 昆 塞

湯馬斯狄昂塞 (Thomas de Quincey) 的事業甚且開始更遲，而且是更不顯著。他比蘭姆小十歲，像



Thomas De Quincey

After the Portrait by Sir J. Watson Gordon

他一樣是渥茲渥斯和珂萊銳吉的一個欽慕者，並沒有認真努力在詩上勝過人，而且直到一八二一年才開始作散文，這在前面已經說過了，喫鴉牙者一書在次年匿名出現。他現在離岸了，我們看他將來，實際上直到他死為止，『在德意志文學大洋中』游泳，很不常願拋開筆。他的

全集剛在他死前，從假名的混雜中，困難地保存下來，第一次向一般公衆顯示這位驚人的作家的性質。同樣，要記錄威爾遜 (Wilson) 所貢獻給文學的，主要地是往勃列燕雜誌的合本中去尋找安布羅司酒館談話錄 (*Noctes Ambrssianae*)。

對於這些每人口味和性格都各自不同，然而都是新的羅曼運動的孩子的批評家們，較高新聞事業之進步乃是奇遇，這將那些可以不結子和不被覺曉而死在他們心中的東西發表出來。

在這一羣著作家中現在看來有兩個佔優勝

——蘭姆和狄昆塞。前者爲着他的本質之詼諧與仁慈，後者爲着他的形式所給與的特別機會，便於細究文體的成分。關於後者據說『他因爲一種追逐智識上的快樂之絕望的着魔的熱心而憔悴。』他的作法同時也是極其華麗並極其精確的。他增加幾部分到文學中，這些直到他當日，差不多在英文中還未受培



Thomas De Quincey

*From a Miniature in the possession of
Mrs. Baird Smith*

植過；在這些中，動情的自傳算是特出的，因為牠在分析回憶的感觸上之妙極的精細的緣故。他用他所可以稱爲有條不紊的堂皇之成語，無節制地呈出智力上的意識之印象。



Mrs. Thomas De Quincey after her marriage in 1816

From a Miniature in the possession of Mrs. Baird Smith

狄昆塞不大愛赤裸裸的事實，荒誕的暗示有如一陣迷霧掛在他的所有文章上面。其中最精緻的是韃靼人之叛亂 (*Revolt of the Tartars*)——一大塊油畫布上面畫滿幾羣急忙的人物，在掙扎辛苦的奔逃中，現在知道是純粹的傳奇了。他的直截批評之頭一個例子

是回格黨政策與文學的關係 (*Whiggism in its Relations to Literature*)，這可以稱爲一個『假學者的解剖』。

狄昆塞有時喧噪而且浮誇，有時瑣碎，有時不可原諒地東拉西扯。但是在他的最好的時候，他的心智的敏捷，清明，諛諧與懂事，作者對於學問之熱烈的忠心，和他的文體的樂音，博得我們深沉的尊敬。他並不是，像他的大多數的批評同伴們，逼近文學爲

着考究的目的，乃是要得到道德的效果。狄昆塞是一個做着美夢的人，討厭頑固地依賴着光光的事實，而極端集中努力追究一種學問中的合於天良的深奧的心理學。

13
and hurled his final whisper — "Will thou now suffer
that God should give by seeming to refuse?" — "Oh
yes, yes, yes" — and ^{the answer} ~~the answer~~ came from the Daughter of
Lebanon. Immediately the Evangelist gave the signal
to the heavens, and the heavens gave the signal to
the Sun; and in one minute after the Daughter of Leba-
non had fallen back a marble corpse amongst her white &
baptismal robes the solar orb dropped behind Leba-
non; and the Evangelist, with eyes gorged by mortal
and immortal tears, gazed thanks to God that had
thus accomplished the word which ~~he~~ ^{through himself} he spoke to St.
Magdalen of Lebanon — that not for the first time
should the sun go down behind her native hills, before
he had put her back into her Father's house.

A Fragment of the MS. of De Quincey's "Daughter of Lebanon"

湯馬斯狄昆塞 (Thomas de Quincey, 1785-1859) 是孟契斯
特城芬坦街 (Fountain Street, Manchester) 湯馬斯昆塞 (Thomas
Quincey) 的第二個兒子，在一七八五年八月十五日生於靠近該城的

一所『整齊的鄉房』。他的父親是一個興旺的商人，他的母親是一個莊重的，有才智的，但是不很憐惜人的太太；雙親在那個流浪的天才——他們的次子——身上彷彿沒有什麼遺傳。一七九二年父親死了，昆塞夫人帶着她的八個孩子搬到那叫做格靈海 (Greenhay) 的鄉房去，一七九六年又搬到巴斯 (Bath) 去，湯馬斯就在這裡進了小學校。他迅速地得到關於拉丁文和希臘文的特別知識。一個主任的手杖偶然打在他的頭上，使他於一七九九年發了一場很重的病，昆塞夫人不讓她的兒子回校了；他繼入維爾茲 (Wilts)，溫克菲爾 (Winkfield) 的一個私立學校。一八〇〇年他往愛唐去，在這裡和他的最親密的朋友勳爵威斯坡 (Lord Westport) 在一塊，得和朝廷接近，而且與喬治第三 (George III) 有兩次有趣的會見；他接着動身作許多月的長途旅行，遍歷英格蘭與愛爾蘭。從一八〇〇年底至一八〇二年他在孟契斯特的學校讀書，非常不快活；最後他跑開了。他的母親每禮拜給他一塊吉尼 (Guinea) 用，此刻他便開始一種特別的流浪生涯，其中所遇事件均以最羅曼的話詳述在他的自白 (Confessions) 裏。終之，在一年多的靈穢和幾乎餓死在倫敦糟境之後，他被找到了，送到牛津去。他在一八〇三年秋進瓦塞斯陶學院 (Worcester College)，真是一個經驗奇異的肄業生。他的健康無疑地大為他的貧困所損，一八〇四年他開始喫鴉牙藥酒解腦筋痛，和那些『腹中的咬人的疼痛』，這在他的歷史中要佔十分重要的一部分。他在牛津的生活是很反常的；像他那樣著名，他並不願受一個學位，在一八〇七年他完全離開大學不見了。約在此時他得到蘭姆，珂萊銳吉和渥茲渥斯們的友誼。一八〇九年他正式和牛津斷決了關係，在格列斯米爾唐南 (Townend, Grasmere) 買了一所小房，這作他的住家直到

一八三〇年。珂萊銳吉不久之後便於一八一〇年離開湖畔，但是狄昆塞和渥茲渥斯家却發生了親密的關係。一八一三年他是金錢困難的犧牲者，憂焦又極劇烈地使他的『肚子的最嚇人的刺激』發了。他告訴我們，就是在此刻，他『變成一個正式的固定的（不復是一個間斷的）喫鴉片者』了。快到一八一六年底，他娶了一個隣近農人的女兒瑪加萊得盛勃生（Margaret Simpson），打算稍稍使自己脫去鴉片藥酒的束縛。接着便是『一年寶石般的清明，光彩的生活，彷彿嵌在鴉片的陰沉的暗昧中似的』，於是狄昆塞病又發了。不過，在一八二一年他開始在倫敦的雜誌上寫東西，一八二二年他三十七歲的時候，他匿名出版他的第一本書，一個喫鴉片者的自白（*The Confessions of an Opium-Eater*）。從一八二一年至一八二四年他在『倫敦雜誌』編輯部裏，一八二五年他出版假冒的『瓦弗列』（*Waverley*）小說瓦勒摩（*Walladmor*），這是用英文將德文的偽造物改作的。一八二六年他開始給『勃列蕪』寫東西，在愛丁堡和威士摩南（*Westmoreland*）兩地之間更番住居，而在一八三〇年他真正把他的妻和孩子們從唐南小房移至愛丁堡了。此後十年狄昆塞極勤勉地投稿給『勃列蕪』和『特義』（“*Tait's*”）兩雜誌。一八三二年他發表長篇小說克洛司特赫（*Klosterheim*）。他的個人生活在這些年和以後些年，是很難找的；他這期間的生活因他的兩孩子之死，和接着一八三七年他的長期受苦的誠心的妻之死，而陰慘了。一八三八年狄昆塞在洛綏安街（*Lothian Street*）弄一個住所，一八四〇年他的年青女兒們看他在家務上無力，便在離愛丁堡七哩的拉司淮德（*Laswade*）租下一所小房，她們在那里為四個較小的孩子管家很經濟地，她們的反常的父親什麼時候願去避居，就可以去。這叫

做馬維勃西 (Mavis Bush) 的小小的房屋，做了他餘生的家，無論什麼時候他從愛丁堡他的特別生活之奇異寄宿中出現，便回到那里。直到現在，而且又過了很久，狄昆塞大抵都是各期刊的一個未經編纂的投稿員。一八五三年他開始出版他的『全集』，其中第十四卷於一八六〇年正在他死後出來。狄昆塞在一八五九年十二月八日，只因衰老，死於愛丁堡，洛安街，他的老寓所，很安靜地葬於愛丁堡西葬場 (West Churchyard of Edinburgh)。他是一個極小的人，帶着稗氣的臉孔，樣子溫和而且謙恭極了，談話雅緻，洵洵不絕，聲調清楚帶銀音。他的反常，他的好爭，他的過度的禮貌，他的對於自己孩子們的慈愛，產出連篇累簡的優美的文人逸事。

FROM "THE CONFESSIONS OF AN ENGLISH OPIUM-EATER."

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense; a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music; with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it; and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpiable guilt. "Deeper than ever plummet sounded" I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms: hurrying to and fro: trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the bad: darkness and lights: tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the in-

cestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells ! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells !

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud—"I will sleep no more !"

FROM "LEVANA AND OUR LADIES OF SORROW."

The second sister is called *Mater Suspiriorum*—Our Lady of Sighs. She never scales the clouds, nor walks abroad upon the winds. She wears no diadem. And her eyes, if they were ever seen, would be neither sweet nor subtle ; no man could read their story ; they would be found filled with perishing dreams, and with wrecks of forgotten delirium. But she raises not her eyes ; her head, on which sits a dilapidated turban, droops for ever, for ever fastens on the dust. She weeps not. She groans not. But she sighs inaudibly at intervals. Her sister, Madonna, is oftentimes stormy and frantic, raging in the highest against heaven, and demanding back her darlings. But Our Lady of Sighs never clamours, never defies, dreams not of rebellious aspiration. She is humble to abjectness. Hers is the meekness that belongs to the hopeless. Murmur she may, but it is in her sleep. Whisper she may, but it is to herself in the twilight. Mutter she does at times, but it is in solitary places that are desolate as she is desolate, in ruined cities, and when the sun has gone down to his rest. This sister is the visitor of the Pariah, of the Jew, of the bondsman to the oar in the Mediterranean galleys ; and of the English criminal in Norfolk Island, blotted out from the books of remembrance in sweet far-off England ; of the baffled penitent reverting his eyes for ever upon a solitary grave, which to him seems the altar overthrown of some past and bloody sacrifice, on which altar no oblations can now be availing, whether towards pardon that he might implore, or towards reparation that he might attempt. Every slave that at noonday looks up to the tropical sun with timid reproach, as he points with one hand to the earth, our general mother, but for *him* a stepmother,—as he points with the other hand to the Bible, our general teacher, but against *him* sealed and sequestered ;—every woman sitting in darkness, without love to shelter her head, or hope to illumine her solitude, because the heaven-born instincts kindling in her nature germs of holy affections which God implanted in her womanly bosom, having been stifled by social necessities, now burn sullenly to waste, like sepulchral lamps amongst the ancients ; every nun defrauded of her unreturning May-time by wicked kinsmen, whom God will judge ; every captive in every dungeon ; all that are betrayed and all that are rejected outcasts by traditionary law, and children of *hereditary* disgrace, —all these walk with Our Lady of Sighs. She also carries a key ; but she needs it little. For her kingdom is chiefly amongst the tents of Shem, and the houseless vagrant of every clime. Yet in the very highest walks of man she finds chapels of her own ; and even in glorious England there are some that, to the world, carry their heads as proudly as the reindeer, who yet secretly have received her mark upon their foreheads.

哈 茲 里

維廉哈茲里 (William Hazlitt, 1778-1830) 是從提白列里 (Tipperary) 來的一個長老會牧師維廉哈茲里 (Rev. William Hazlitt)



William Hazlitt

From a Miniature by his brother

及其妻格勒思洛夫塔司 (Grace Loftus) ——一個農人的漂亮女兒——的小兒子。他於一七七八年四月十日，在麥得司通 (Maidstone) 出世。他的父親變成一個信惟一神者，帶着家眷，先在愛爾蘭和美洲遊歷，後於一七八六年在希洛勃省 (Shropshire)沃母 (Wem) 住下；小維廉住沃母薰陶於一種急進主義和熱烈的不服從英國國教的空氣中。他在海克

列學院 (Hackney College) 受了當牧師的教育，並且還在他的父親家中預備着，這時因為珂萊銳吉往沃母去訪他這件意外之事，他的生活中一個轉機來了。這個詩人演說家完全把小哈茲里迷住了，他在幾月之後便往欵陶克山 (Quantocks) 去訪珂萊銳吉和渥茲渥斯，他們鼓舞他寫東西。不過，他彷彿生活着沒有固定職業，直那一八〇二年，他始被引從事於繪畫的研究，當作一僱職業。爲着這個緣

故，他往巴黎去，用了四個月的功。結果產出許多肖像，有些新奇的有趣的畫樣還在。不過，他終又返回到文學上來了，一八〇五年他出版他的第一本書人類行為準則論 (*An Essay on the Principles of Human Actions*)，接着這他又發表些匿名的文章。一八〇八

年他娶了查理和瑪利蘭姆的一個朋

友沙那思陶達 (Sarah Stoddart)，

哈茲里靠着她在維爾茲，溫特司洛

(Winterslow) 的小產業，過了幾

個不生產的年。不過，掙錢終變

為必須的事了，一八一二年哈茲里

來到倫敦，開始講演並給報紙做

文。從一八一四到一八三〇年，

他差不多都是愛丁堡評論的一個正

式投稿人。哈茲里夫人有一種

『優良的性情』，但是她在家內來

往上太嚴酷，他們的關係不久便變

壞了。現在哈茲里已經四十歲，

出版他的第一本重要的書，莎士比

亞戲劇中之人物 (*Characters of Shakespeare's Plays, 1617*)，

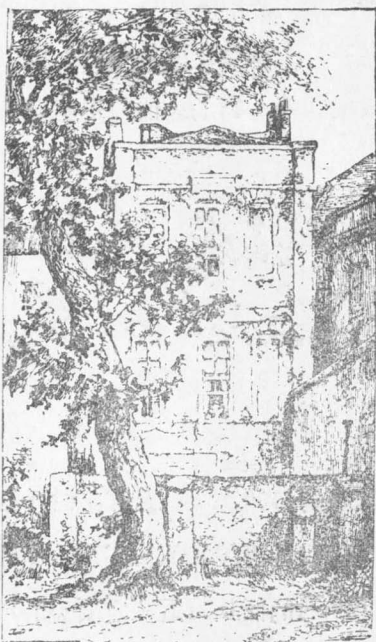
一八一八年他將他的關於舞台的論文集成一本，叫做英國舞台一瞥

(*A View of English Stage*)。他立刻便被認為活着的最佳的批

評家之一，請他去講詩人(一八一八至一八二一年)。來聽講的人

很多，而且在有過研究的人們的見解上發生一種可注意的影響。我

們聽說，按照一個演說人講，哈茲里的樣子並非確切地語語動人，但



House in York Street, Westminster, said to have been Milton's, occupied by Hazlitt

是熱誠，堅決，而且感人。這時哈茲里始終不變是特權和專制的敵人，而且爲着要證明他自己還具有自由之丈夫氣概，他於一八一九年出版他的政治論文集 (*Political Essays*)。這惹起保守派的出版物的憤怒，哈茲里並爲『勃列蕪』和『愛丁堡』所虐待。他的大多數隨筆，特別是那些可愛的集本叫做席間談話 (*Table Talk, 1821-1822*)，都是在溫特司洛小屋 (The Hut) 的一個寂寞教學館中『炎炎的爐邊』寫的，他變得越發常愛在那里退避倫敦的浮囂，和他的家

Admit the learners to my Lectures on English Poetry.
Wm Hazlitt.

庭裏的口角。就是在這時，結婚的苦楚更加劇了，因爲哈茲里對於在蘇坦勃唐屋出租房屋的成衣匠叫做瓦克爾 (Walker) 的女兒，發生了特別的而且（這一定要說的）很下流的迷戀。他將這驚人的一段故事記入狄昆塞所謂爲『瘋狂之暴發』之一八二三年的情史 (*Liber Amoris*) 中，這是寫得漂亮的關於瘋狂情慾的分析。他『按蘇格蘭法律』得到一張和他妻子的離婚書，他和她實在從一八一九年以後便離了，但他並沒有勾引沙拉瓦克爾 (Sarah Walker) 嫁他。不過，在一八二四年，他在一輛車上遇見一個寡婦勃利吉瓦特夫人 (Mrs. Bridgewater)，立刻娶了她，她有些錢，哈茲里便和她一陣動身往歐洲大陸參觀各美術品展覽所。遊歷完時，第二個哈茲里夫人謝絕和他再說什麼話了。約在這時，他出版了許多書，特別是一八二五年

的時代的精神 (*The Spirit of the Age*)，這本書被稱爲『哈茲里心智的收穫歌』。這些年他的大多數作品書名頁上都是沒有印他的姓名出版的。他的最大作品拿破崙生活 (*The Life of Napoleon Buonaparte, 1828-1830*)，對於他的欽慕者們，是一個失望。他的不幸繞集着他，一八三〇年九月十八日，在和查理蘭姆道別一兩個

Some body ought to like it, for
 I'm sure there will be plenty to cry out a-
 gainst it. I hope you did not find any
 bad blunders in the second volume; but you
 unhandyly suppose the dejection of body &
 mind under which I wrote some of these
 articles. I bought a little Florence edi-
 tion of Petrarch & Dante the other day, there
 was ^{out} one page. Pray remember me to Mrs
 Landon, & believe me to be, Dear Sir,
 your much obliged friend
 Aswens, W. Hazlitt.

33. Via Gregoriana.

Fragment of a Letter written in Rome from Hazlitt to W. Savage Landon
 鐘頭後，他便死於索荷 (Soho) 寓所。他遺下的隨筆在一八五〇年
 收集起來，題爲溫特司洛。哈茲里的臉孔漂亮，頭髮捲曲黑暗，眼
 睛明亮，但是他走路頭向下而且笨拙，也不注意自己的服裝。他敘
 述他自己道，『我將我的生活懶散過去了，讀書，看畫，看戲，聽，
 想，寫最使我歡喜的東西。我使我自己幸福，只缺少一種東西；但
 是缺少那，便缺少一切了。』哈茲里生活的研究者將不迷惑，而知

道那是什麼；但是或者他誇張了他的所謂重要的意思，因為他的最後的話是，『我過了幸福的一生。』

FROM "LECTURES ON THE ENGLISH POETS."

Poetry.

Poetry is in all its shapes the language of the imagination and the passions, of fancy and will. Nothing, therefore, can be more absurd than the outcry which has been sometimes raised by frigid and pedantic critics for reducing the language of poetry to the standard of common sense and reason; for the end and use of poetry, "both at the first and now, was and is to hold the mirror up to nature," seen through the medium of passion and imagination, not divested of that medium by means of literal truth or abstract reason. The painter of history might as well be required to represent the face of a person who has just trod upon a serpent with the still-life expression of a common portrait, as the poet to describe the most striking and vivid impressions which things can be supposed to make upon the mind in the language of common conversation. Let who will strip nature of the colours and the shapes of fancy, the poet is not bound to do so; the impressions of common sense and strong imagination, that is, of passion and indifference, cannot be the same, and they must have a separate language to do justice to either. Objects must strike differently upon the mind, independently of what they are in themselves, as long as we have a different interest in them, as we see them in a different point of view, nearer or at a greater distance (morally or physically speaking), from novelty, from old acquaintance, from our ignorance of them, from our fear of their consequences, from contrast, from unexpected likeness. We can no more take away the faculty of the imagination than we can see all objects without light or shade. Some things must dazzle us by their preternatural light; others must hold us in suspense, and tempt our curiosity to explore their obscurity. Those who would dispel these various illusions, to give us their drabcoloured creation in their stead, are not very wise. Let the naturalist, if he will, catch the glow-worm, carry it home with him in a box, and find it next morning nothing but a little grey worm: let the poet or the lover of poetry visit it at evening, when, beneath the scented hawthorn and the crescent moon, it has built itself a palace of emerald light.

FROM "TABLE TALK."

Style.

Mr. Lamb is the only imitator of old English style I can read with pleasure, and he is so thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his authors,

that the idea of imitation is almost done away. There is an inward unction, a marrowy vein both in the thought and feeling, an intuition, deep and lively, of his subject, that carries off any quaintness or awkwardness arising from an antiquated style and dress. The matter is completely his own, though the manner is assumed. Perhaps his ideas are altogether so marked and individual as to require their point and pungency to be neutralised by the affectation of a singular but traditional form of conveyance. Tricked out in the prevailing costume they would probably seem more startling and out of the way. The old English authors, Burton, Fuller, Coryat, Sir Thomas Browne are a kind of mediators between us and the more eccentric and whimsical modern, reconciling us to his peculiarities. I do not, however, know how far this is the case or not till he condescends to write like one of us. I must confess that what I like best of his papers under the signature of Elia (still, I do not presume, amidst such excellence, to decide what is most excellent) is the account of "Mrs. Battle's Opinions on Whist," which is also the most free from obsolete allusions and turns of expression:

"A well of native English undefiled."

To those acquainted with his admired prototypes, the essays of the ingenious and highly-gifted author have the same sort of charm and relish that Erasmus's Colloquies or a fine piece of modern Latin have to the classical scholar. Certainly, I do not know any borrowed pencil that has more power or felicity of execution than the one of which I have here been speaking.

FROM "WINTERSLOW."

The Appearance of Wordsworth.

The next day Wordsworth arrived from Bristol at Coleridge's cottage. I think I see him now. He answered in some degree to his friend's description of him, but was more quaint and Don Quixote-like. He was quaintly dressed (according to the costume of that unconstrained period) in a brown fustian jacket and striped pantaloons. There was something of a roll, a lounge, in his gait, not unlike his own "Peter Bell." There was a severe, worn pressure of thought about his temples, a fire in his eye (as if he saw something in objects more than the outward appearance), an intense, high, narrow forehead, a Roman nose, cheeks furrowed by strong purpose and feeling, and a convulsive inclination to laughter about the mouth, a good deal at variance with the solemn, stately expression of the rest of his face. Chantrey's bust wants the marking traits; but he was teased into making it regular and heavy: Haydon's head of him, introduced into the "Entrance of Christ into Jerusalem," is the most like his drooping weight of thought and expression. He sat down and talked very naturally and freely, with a mixture of clear, gushing accents in his voice, a deep guttural intonation, and a strong tincture of the northern *burr* like the crust on wine. He instantly began to make havoc of the half of a Cheshire cheese on the table, and said, triumphantly, that "his marriage with experience had

not been so productive as Mr. Southey's in teaching him a knowledge of the good things of this life." He had been to see the "Castle Spectre," by Monk Lewis, while at Bristol, and described it very well. He said, "it fitted the taste of the audience like a glove." This *ad captandum* merit was, however, by no means a recommendation of it, according to the severe principles of the new school, which reject rather than court popular effect. Wordsworth, looking out of the low, latticed window, said, "How beautifully the sun sets on that yellow bank!" I thought within myself, "With what eyes these poets see nature!" and ever after, when I saw the sunset stream upon objects facing it, conceived I had made a discovery, or thanked Mr. Wordsworth for having made one for me! We went over to All-Foxden again the day following, and Wordsworth read us the story of "Peter Bell" in the open air, and the comment upon it by his face and voice was very different from that of some later critics.

蘭 道

和這羣文學批評家一起，可以說一個與他們並非無關係，然而大大不同的人。

我們剛才所說的人，大抵只在初期民族詩歌與散文之新又得到的寶庫中找感興。

這些在瓦脫塞法吉蘭道 (Walter Savage Landor)

的心中，也是能生長的成分；但是他比他們仿效

古代偉大的文豪，特別是品達爾 (Pindar)，愛依西拉司 (Aeschylus)，和綏色洛 (Cicero)，都仿效得更近。早在一七九五年，他就有時發表詩；他的精練的堂堂



Walter Savage Landor
After the Portrait by W. Fisher

的吉比爾 (*Gebir*)，的確是英國羅曼主義先驅之一。但是蘭道有着猛烈的熱情和憤怒的自滿，青年時代為太多感情的和社會的騷動所苦，而且太缺少公衆的鼓舞，不宜於使他在散文和詩上變得出色。只是在比較安靜的中年，從一八二一至一八二八年，在弗羅連士或靠近弗羅連士幸福居住的期間，他寫想像的談話

(*Imaginary Conversations*)，變成英國的大文豪之一。蘭道別的沒有作品得到歡迎，雖說許多他的隨時作的散文和詩，喚起一

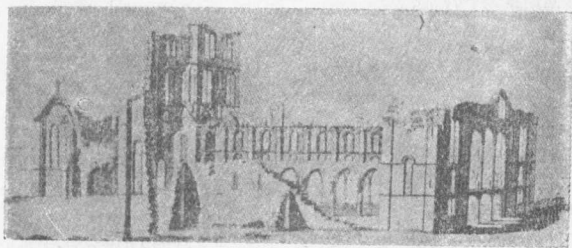


Landon's Birthplace at Warwick

些個人熱烈的讚美。

在嚴格的雅典的形式上，談話顯出戲劇的配合，要證實這點，我們在他的學院派的戲劇中是找不到的。這件事看來彷彿奇怪，這些歷史的對話，前一個後一個發行人都拒絕不收；但是最後有兩本印行了，世人的意見變過來了。這偉大的一串壯麗的對

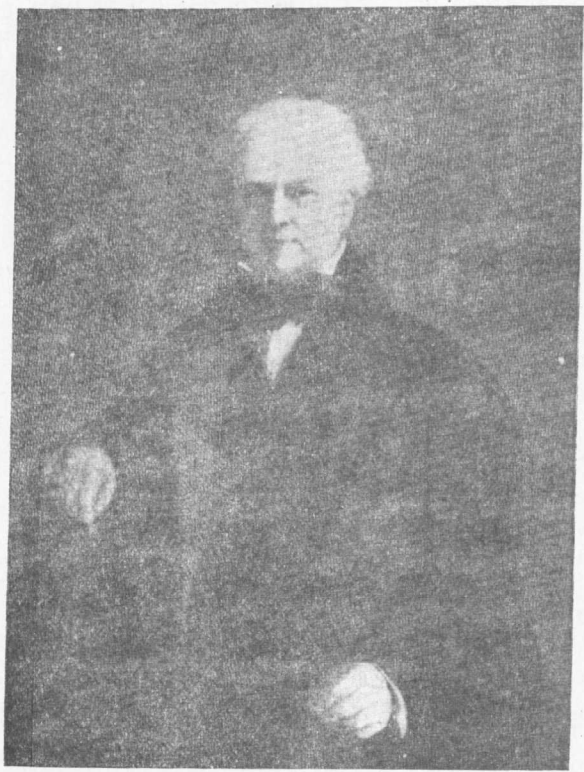
談，在英國文學中，佔住一個無匹的地位。蘭道的文體太樸素了，太不用裝飾了，太熱心暗示了，不宜於取悅倉猝披閱的讀者。但是將尊嚴與優雅，純淨與激烈，混合成一切比較希有的思想與表現的雜體，在這點上，蘭道僅只位於語言最大的大師之下。他的天才為一種驕傲的嚴格所防礙；他堂堂地逼近讀者，有時活潑的，但是常常用一套盔甲保護自己，常常用一種不可征服的小心使讀者不能接近。



The Ruins of Lanthony Abbey

瓦脫塞法吉蘭道 (Walter Savage Landor, 1775-1864) 是瓦維克 (Warwick) 的一個醫生道克脫蘭道 (Dr. Landor) 的長子，在一七七五年正月三十日生於瓦維克。他的母親伊麗沙伯塞法吉 (Elizabeth Savage) 是一個嗣女，她的伊皮斯萊珂特 (Ipsley Court) 和達布羅克 (Tachbrook) 兩處的值錢的財產，嚴格地限定傳給這位將來的詩人，他在奢華的講究的環境中長大了。他是一個易感的孩子，並且是一個有智能的少年；一七八五年他到拉格壁 (Rugby) 去，在那里他在遊戲上和學問上都不使自己落後。他早年就是一個貪書的讀者，開始為着自己的快樂，用英文和拉丁文做詩。不過，就是

在拉格壁，他的奇怪的激烈性情和他的幸福發生衝突，最後，他退學了，好不至於因反抗被開革。他跟『羅曼的』阿希朋 (Ashbourne) 的牧師讀了兩年書，變成一個淹雅的古希臘之好尚者，一七九三年他便在牛津三一學院住下了。在這裡蘭道裝作一個共和黨人，到大廳



Walter Savage Landor

After the Portrait by Boxall

去髮上也不用粉；人家都知道他是『瘋狂的傑珂賓』(“The Mad Jacobin”)，而且因為一場惡作劇，終於被迫停學。因為這次離校家居的緣故，蘭道和他的父親爭吵，於是如同他自己所說的，『永遠』離開他了。他於一七九四年來到倫敦，寄居在波特南區保莽街 (Beaumont Street, Portland Place)；

在這裡，次年他出

版他用英文和拉丁文所寫的第一本詩集 (*Poems*)，和致勳爵斯坦荷卜書 (*Moral Epistle to Lord Stanhope*)。蘭道和家庭的爭吵立刻又和好了，但是他並沒有回到瓦維克或牛津去；他隱居於威爾士南海岸，十分孤寂的生活着，帶『一個僕人和一大箱書』，以詩歌

與自然淘養自己的精神。在騰比 (Tenby) 他寫吉比爾，並遇見他詩中的洛思亞爾麥 (Rose Aylmer)；前者在一七九八年出版。除了蘇塞而外，無人理會。蘭道還是一個共和黨人，就是在他於一八〇二年到巴黎去，目睹自由主義的毀滅，他還繼續着是的。在這些年中，他一心切愛着他稱爲愛安司 (Ianthé) 的小姐；但是最後他發現了『她的心絕不是屬於他的』。一八〇五年老道克脫蘭道死了，詩人得有他的產業。他現在擺一種奢侈開銷的闊綽，住居巴斯，扮一角揮霍反常的時髦青年紳士。不過，他並沒有一時一刻疎忽學問和詩歌；一八〇六年他出版他的拉丁詩集綏孟尼狄亞 (Simonidea)。他的生活闊綽不久便使他的經濟困難，而且在一八〇八年，他不得受重大的不聰明的犧牲，爲着要買他所渴望的格拉毛干省 (Glamorgans-



Landor's Villa at Fiesole

hire) 蘭曹立寺院 (Leanthony Abbey) 的宏大的產業。正是約在這時，他第一次遇見蘇塞，蘭道和他結了終身之交。一八〇八年他參加西班牙人脫離法蘭西人羈絆的叛亂；他在西班牙過了幾個月，化了許多錢，但是並未得參加任何真正的戰爭。一八〇九年他安住在他的蘭曹立寺院，他在這裏住幾個月，又換到巴斯去住。一八一一年他娶了一個破產的瑞士銀行家的一文沒有的女兒猶尼亞圖葉爾 (Julia Thuillier)，他兩個差不多就

Eldon and Elcombe

(Eldon) "Elcombe! why do you look so gloomy
 sit so silent?" (Elcombe) "To confess the truth,
 I played last evening, and lost (Eldon) you
 played! Do you call it playing to plunder
 your guests and over-reach your friends?
 Do you call it playing, to be unhappy
 if you cannot be a robber? or happy
 if you can be one? The fingers of a game
 - they reach further than a robber's
 - a murderer, and do more mischief
 against the robber or murderer the
 country is up in arms at once. In
 the former every body is open, that
 is may contaminate or steal it.
 (Elcombe) (actually) I have neither stolen
 nor contaminated. I have neither
 plundered nor over-reached (Eldon) If
 you did not fancy you had some
 advantages over your adversary, you
 would never have tried your fortune
 with him. I am not sorry you lost.
 it will teach you better. (Elcombe)
 My dear father! if you could but
 advance me the money!" (Eldon) Your
 next quarter, the beginning of April,
 is near at hand. However, a part,
 a month, forty days after date - who
 knows!" (Elcombe) My God, I am
 very so, is heavy. (Eldon) Then
 wait (Elcombe) I should willingly
 winners have always a spur against
 the flesh (Eldon) Tell me the amount
 of the debt (Elcombe) Two thousand
 pounds. (Eldon) Two? what! thousand
 pounds! How did you get two
 thousand? (Elcombe) Two thousand!

沒有深交。這婚姻結果是不幸福的。蘭道在一八一二年出版他的伯爵猶利安 (*Count Julian*)，一八一四年又出版他的 *Idyllia Heroica*。不過，在一八一四年他將他的私事弄得大糟；他想方和人人爭吵，上自地方主教，下至他家的工人；說公道話，他好像也是受了他的流氓式的佃戶和僕人們的可惡的待遇。夏天他看他自己實際上破產了，把蘭曹立放在保管人們的手中，他退居於大陸，把他的妻留在傑塞 (Jersey)，自己單獨跑到珂摩 (Como) 去，她以後也去了。一八一八年蘭道被命離開意大利，因為他威嚇要譴責詩人孟提 (Monti)，但是他僅搬到畢沙去，這繼續作他的家，直到一八二一年。從一八二一到一八二九年，弗羅連士就是蘭道的家，原來就在本城，以後在加斯蒂格梁別墅 (Villa Castiglions)。他此刻在老年第一次大概地變有名了，雖然更多的大眾還不甚知曉他。一八二九年，藉着一個威爾士朋友阿白列君 (Mr. Ablett) 的幫忙，蘭道才能夠買在菲埃索爾 (Fiesole) 的一份很好的產業格拿得司加別墅 (Villa Gherardesca)，這現在變成他的家了，他在這裏很幸福平安，過了幾年。一八三四年他出版 *Citation and Examination of Shakespeare*，一八三六年出版 *Pericles and Aspasia* (貝里克斯與阿絲巴莎)，一八三七年出版 *The Pentameron and Pentalogia*。但是在一八三七年以前，他便把他在菲埃索爾的家庭破壞了，在憤怒中離開他的妻，回到英國去。他最後孤獨的住在巴斯，住了二十多年。他晚年出版東西之最重要者為最末的果實脫離老樹 (*The Last Fruit off an Old Tree, 1853*)；安東尼與阿克達維思 (*Antony and Oclavius, 1856*)；和乾棍 (*Dry Sticks, 1858*)。這年因為一場不利的訴訟，不願為着毀人名譽之文打官司，這兇暴的老人跑到弗羅連

士去了。他在這裡找到他的孩子們，他曾犧牲自己的財產給他們，然而他們在他不得了的時候接待他，好像是帶着最冷的忘恩負義的態度，這是他們的耻辱。若無洛勃朗寧 (Robert Browning) 之慷慨的善舉，蘭道 一定要餓死了。他的最後一本書 *Heroic Idyls* 在一八六三年出來。他的倨傲至死都沒有去掉。他一直活到九十歲，於一八六四年九月十七日死在弗羅連士。史溫明君用希臘文和英文莊麗地頌揚他的葬禮。珂列白洛賓遜 (Crabb Robinson) 描寫蘭道 在青年時是『一個面色鮮紅的人，一對大大的飽滿的眼睛，完全是一個獅子般的人，脾氣兇暴很合於他的名字 (Savage) 』

FROM "IMAGINARY CONVERSATIONS."

Southey. Occasionally I have been dissatisfied with Milton, because in my opinion that is ill said in prose which can be said more plainly. Not so in poetry; if it were, much of Pindar and Æschylus, and no little of Dante, would be censurable.

Landor. Acknowledge that he whose poetry I am holding in my hand is free from every false ornament in his prose, unless a few bosses of latinity may be called so, and I am ready to admit the full claims of your favourite, South. Acknowledge that, heading all the forces of our language, he was the great antagonist of every great monster which infested our country; and he disdained to trim his lion-skin with lace. No other English writer has equalled Raleigh, Hooker, and Milton, in the loftier parts of their works.

Southey. But Hooker and Milton, you allow, are sometimes pedantic. In Hooker there is nothing so elevated as there is in Raleigh.

Landor. Neither he, however, nor any modern, nor any ancient, has attained to that summit on which the sacred ark of Milton strikes and rests. Reflections, such as we indulged in on the borders of the Larius, come over me here again. Perhaps from the very sod where you are sitting, the poet in his youth sat looking at the Sabrina he was soon to celebrate. There is pleasure in the sight of a glebe which never has been broken; but it delights me particularly in those places where great men have been before. I do not mean warriors—for extremely few among the most remarkable of them will a considerate man call great—but poets and philosophers and philanthropists, the ornaments of society, the charmers of solitude, the warders of civilisation, the watchmen at the gate which Tyranny would batter down, and the healers of those wounds, which she left festering in the field. And now, to reduce this

demon into its proper toad-shape again, and to lose sight of it, open your *Paradise Lost*.

Southey. Shall we begin with it immediately? or shall we listen a little while to the woodlark? He seems to know what we are about; for there is a sweetness, a variety, and a gravity in his cadences, befitting the place and theme. Another time we might afford the whole hour to him.

Landor. The woodlark, the nightingale, and the ringdove have made me idle for many, even when I had gone into the fields on purpose to gather fresh materials for composition. A little thing turns me from one idleness to another. More than once when I have taken out my pencil to fix an idea on paper, the smell of the cedar, held by me unconsciously across the nostrils, has so absorbed the senses that what I was about to write down has vanished altogether and irrecoverably.

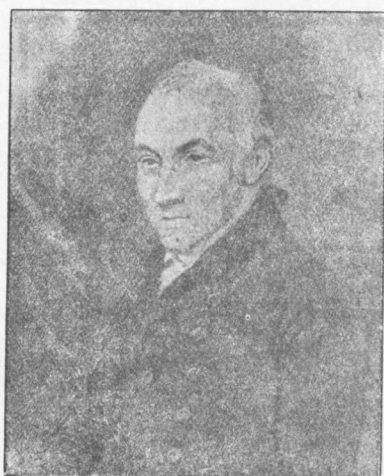
FROM "PERICLES AND ASPASIA."

We are losing, day by day, one friend or other. Artemidora of Ephesus was betrothed to Elpenor, and their nuptials, it was believed, were at hand. How gladly would Artemidora have survived Elpenor. I pitied her almost as much as if she had. I must ever love true lovers on the eve of separation. These indeed were little known to me until a short time before. We became friends when our fates had made us relatives. On these occasions there are always many verses, but not always so true in feeling and in fact as those which I shall now transcribe for you.

"Artemidora! Gods invisible,
While thou art lying faint along the couch,
Have tied the sandal to thy veined feet,
And stand beside thee, ready to convey
Thy weary steps where other rivers flow.
Refreshing shades will waft thy weariness
Away, and voices like thine own come nigh,
Soliciting, nor vainly, thy embrace."
Artemidora sigh'd, and would have press'd
The hand now pressing hers, but was too weak.
Fate's shears were over her dark hair unseen
While thus Elpenor spake: he look'd into
Eyes that had given light and life erewhile
To those above them, those now dim with tears
And watchfulness. Again he spoke of joy
Eternal. At that word, that sad word, *joy*,
Faithful and fond her bosom heav'd once more,
Her head fell back: one sob, one loud deep sob
Swell'd through the darken'd chamber; 'twas not hers:
With her that old boat incorruptible,
Unwearied, undiverted in its course,
Had splash'd the water up the farther strand.

歷 史 家

第二羅曼世代可注意者有一派歷史家們的興起，他們僅只亞於偉大的最佳的一羣如休謨(Hume)，洛伯遜(Robertson)，和吉朋(Gibbon)。



William Mitford

From a Drawing by H. Edridge

在君主反動的高潮中，維廉米特弗(William Mitford) 完成了他的希臘史(*History of Greece*)，這書語語動人而且很有價值，但是以後被格羅特(Grote)的工作替代了。吉朋的細心模仿者霞倫塔勒(Sharon Turner)，表彰了我們編年史記中的安格羅撒克遜時代，蘇格蘭的形而上學者爵士雅各麥清陶希(Sir James Mackintosh)，在晚年專心於英國憲法史。更重要者乃是林加得(Lingard) 的淵博豐富的英國史，他是猶蕭(Ushaw) 的一個舊教牧師，他的作品雖說從黨派的觀點看來遭苛刻地攻擊，然而在大體上却是忠實的，正確的。這

些優良的書都值得稱讚，這種稱讚，在美辭的時代，是應當給與那些含有中等的學問和考究的歷史的。

一個可嘉的傳記作家蘇塞，也有野心要在歷史上超過他人。關於巴西 (Brazil) 和關於半島戰爭，他找到了好題目，但是他的作法並不夠漂亮，不足以救他的書不至於變陳腐。第二種的確幾乎立刻便為爵士拉皮爾 (Sir W. Napier) 關於軍事學識的一本傑作半島戰爭史 (*History of the War in the Penninsula*) 所替代了。

維廉米特弗 (William Mitford, 1744-1827) 是出自一個勞唐白利亞 (Northumbria) 的舊家的，在一七四四年二月十日生於倫敦。他曾在戚謨學校 (Cheam School) 和牛津的 Queen's College 讀書。一七六一年他繼承漢字省 (Hampshire) 的一份值錢的產業，



John Lingard
After a Portrait by James Ramsay

在成年時決定完全專心於歷史。他最後成為『新森林』(New Forest) 的管理官，而且是兩個議會的議員，但是他的一生真正的事務是預備他的希臘史，從一七八四年到一八一〇年一本一本本地繼續出版。他是民主形式的政府之大仇人，因為他的主要快樂，如同拜崙說的，『便是讚美專制君王。』米特弗死於一八二七年二月八日。 霞倫

塔勒 (Sharon Turner, 1768-1847) 是一個倫敦律師，他在一七九九年出版英國古代史 (*History of England to the Norman Conquest*)，以後又出版中世紀的英國史 (*History of England in the Middle Ages*)。更有趣的一個人物是約翰林加得 (John Lingard, 1771-1851)，他是溫契斯特 (Winchester) 一個木匠的兒子。他在都維 (Douai) 英國學院 (English College) 讀書，在那里住了九年，受了做舊教牧師的訓練。當珂羅哈 (Crook Hall) 學院於一七九四年成立，林加得亦為創始人之一，而且繼續在那里，直到一八〇八年，這機關歸併到猶蕭的時候才走。他在一八一一年謝却麥路思學院 (Maynooth College) 校長職，退居於杭壁 (Hornby)，靠近蘭加司特 (Lancaster)，他在這裡過了四十年，沈溺於歷史的考究中。一八二五年他秘密地被任為主教長，這個尊號那時在英國是不能受的。林加得的偉大的英國史 (*History of England*) 分八本從一八一九到一八三〇年出全。他在一八五一年七月十七日，死於杭壁。爵士維廉法蘭綏司巴特利克拉皮爾 (Sir William Francis Patrick Napier, 1785-1860) 於一七八五年十二月十七日，在吉爾德州的塞橋 (Celbridge, County Kildare) 出世。他於一八〇〇年從軍，在經了許多戰事之後，便於一八一九年退職，在倫敦住下。他的半島戰爭史分六本從一八二八到一八四〇年出全。從一八四二到一八四七年，他在格恩塞 (Guernsey) 住，當民政長。他在一八六〇年二月十日死於珂拿芳公園 (Clapham Park)。

哈 蘭

不過，這些名姓只是引我們到亨利哈蘭 (Henry Hallam) 的名姓來，他的中世紀觀 (*View of the Middle Ages*) 於一八一八年向世界宣佈了一個關於政治歷史的天資卓越的作家。他的英國憲法史 (*Constitutional History of England*) 遲九年出來。哈蘭在老年從普通歐洲文學 先前無徑的荒地中，闢出一條道路。他的嚴肅有實學的廣大基礎爲之助，他的判斷是井井有條而且得其平的，他的文體之『簡潔與明晰的美』，在他



Henry Hallam

From an Engraving by Cousins of the Portrait by Thomas Phillips

的當時同輩人看來是特別的。但是那開始要作虛假地動人心目的喬治派的近代作家，是不十分喜歡哈蘭的。他的愜意的能力，是馬珂萊（Macaulay）所注重而且用之更正確者；他的缺點是他自己的，他缺少對於所討論的題目之直覺的同情，說出一些單調無益的誇張的話，從未變得流利屈折。哈蘭的名揚四海の『判斷』也是不如我們所希望的那麼廣。只是在討論已爲人承認的模範上他是穩當的，讀者在他的批評文字中就找不見他承認一個反常的或變態的天才之痕跡。但是這個時代歷史家最可讚美的傾向，在哈蘭作品中確實是可以看見，但是在第二流作家如提勒（P. F. Tytler），傳記作家維廉珂克司（William Coxe），和雅各米爾（James Mill）等作品中看的却更清楚，這便是採取科學的精密。這些人的目的就是要拋去僅僅的傳說和修辭學的迷信，而建『一國的歷史於無可疑問的案卷上』，如同他們中有一位所說的。他們便是這樣直接地指着那爲十九世紀後期榮耀之一的科學派的歷史。

亨利哈蘭（Henry Hallam, 1777-1859）是布里司妥（Bristol）的一個副主教的兒子，一七七七年七月九日生於溫得索（Windsor）。

一七九〇年他進愛唐，在那里直住到一七九五年四月，上進至牛津基督學院 (Christ Church, Oxford)。一七九九年他在那里領了學位，在內寺作學生；一八〇二年他當了律師。不過，關於哈蘭早年生活所記下來的，除開他和愛丁堡評論的回格黨人們 (Whigs) 一致而外，大抵就是這些光光的事實。他的政界朋友們保他不至於焦心，使他作錄事以後作管官印的委員，這事他從一八〇六年辦到一八二六年。他在一八〇七年結婚，開始完全專心於歷史的考究。他的第一種大著作歐洲中世紀觀 (*A View of the State of Europe during the Middle Ages*) 在一八一八年出版，是近代史最早的包括廣博的觀察。在一八二七年，哈蘭作出他的英國憲法史，將這題目直敘到喬治第三朝代。不管作者的公平，這作品為脫里黨 (Tory) 報紙攻擊為『一個顯然的黨徒的出產品』。哈蘭離開政治史的荆棘之道，轉入文藝去了，從一八三七到一八三九年，他出了四大本他的歐洲文學入門 (*Introduction to the Literature of Europe*)。在這以前，他失去了他的天資卓越的兒子亞述亨利哈蘭 (Arthur Henry Hallam, 1811-1833)，譚尼孫在 *In Memoriam* 中，熱烈地讚揚他的秀雅與有希望；這位歷史家在一八三四年將他的兒子的遺稿出版，做一篇短短的傳記。一八五二年他選了一部他自己的文藝的隨筆。哈蘭懷着尊嚴的順從，忍受連次的家庭的悲傷，在一八五九年正月二十一日，年老榮高地死於潘霞司特 (Penshurst) 他的家裏。

FROM "A VIEW OF THE STATE OF EUROPE."

If we look at the feudal polity as a scheme of civil freedom, it bears a noble countenance. To the feudal law it is owing that the very names of right and privilege were not swept away, as in Asia, by the desolating hand of power. The tyranny which, on every favourable moment, was breaking through all barriers would have rioted without

control if, when the people were poor and disunited, the nobility had not been brave and free. So far as the sphere of feudality extended, it diffused the spirit of liberty and the notions of private right. Every one will acknowledge this who considers the limitations of the services of vassalage, so cautiously marked in those law-books which are the record of customs; the reciprocity of obligation between the lord and his tenant; the consent required in every measure of a legislative or general nature; the security, above all, which every vassal found in the administration of justice by his peers, and even—we may in this sense say—in the trial by combat. The bulk of the people, it is true, were degraded by servitude; but this had no connection with the feudal tenures.

The peace and good order of society were not promoted by this system. Though private wars did not originate in the feudal customs, it is impossible to doubt that they were perpetuated by so convenient an institution, which indeed owed its universal establishment to no other cause. And as predominant habits of warfare are totally irreconcilable with those of industry, not merely by the immediate works of destruction which render its efforts unavailing, but through that contempt of peaceful occupations which they produce, the feudal system must have been intrinsically adverse to the accumulation of wealth, and the improvement of those arts which mitigate the evils or abridge the labours of mankind.

小說家

阿司頓女士 (Miss Austen) 在小說上，和爵士瓦脫司各得 (Sir Walter Scott) 在傳奇上的赫赫的成就，有些使他們的直接承繼者們喪氣。瓦弗列小說叢刊 (Waverley Novels) 迅速地，煌煌地，繼續着出來，在我們現在所講的這一些年中，使一切可能的競爭者的名譽都模糊了。然而，在此期間還有第二流作家，不受司各得的影響，他們的小說含有純粹的價值。從那位有趣的蘇格蘭作家瑪利布倫唐 (Mary Brunton)，自然地傳下令人喜悅的蘇善弗利哀女士 (Miss Susan Ferrier)；前者的自治 (Self-Control) 和訓練 (Discipline) 是一長串的『土語』小說的優良的先鋒，後者的結婚 (Marriage) 不僅迷住瓦弗列 (Waverley) 的作者，並迷住一大羣稍



Mary Brunton
From an Engraving

低的讀者們，因為書中的活潑的詼諧，及其關於許多樣蘇格蘭婦女之極娛人的諷刺。弗利哀女士若是在結構的開展上的技術稍稍練得更好，描寫人物稍稍更嚴肅地壓制着諷刺，她便成爲一個鄉土的潔安阿司頓



Jane Porter

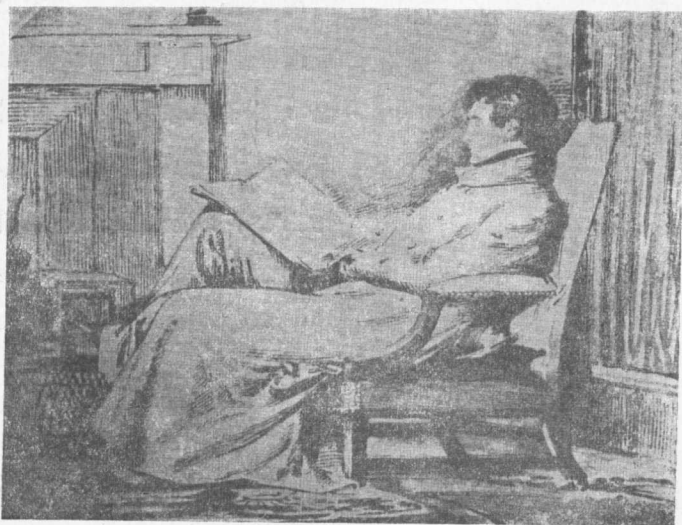
After the Portrait by G. H. Harlow

(Jane Austen)。

關於地安慰爵士瓦脫司各得毀壞了的精力之精細老練那故事，使千千從未讀過她的三部有趣的長篇小說的人都愛她。潔安波特爾女士(Miss Jane Porter)將司各得的歷史的大意用一種彩色石印複

製下來，但是並非沒有些參入的價值。洛加 (J. G. Lockhart)雖是司各得的女婿，但在他的屬於近代的而且多少屬於心理學的一類之四部長篇小說中，他並不是他的門徒。亞當布列 (Adam Blair) 是這些中之最

好的，避免作者的一篇古典傳奇伐里拉斯 (Valerius) 之僵硬，這傳奇是要使國內社會復活在特拿儉 (Trajan) 之治下的一個大大成就的企圖。



J. G. Lockhart
From a Drawing by D. Maclise

蘇善愛得莽司唐弗利哀 (Susan Edmonston Ferrier, 1782-1854) 是亞吉爾的公爵 (Duke of Argyll) 的代辦人雅各弗利哀 (James Ferrier) 的女兒，一七八二年九月七日生於愛丁堡。她的父親以後因為做法院開庭時一個書記，和爵士瓦脫司各得交納，她至少早在一八一一年便和這位大小說家相熟。在她的第一本傳奇結婚的開始，弗利哀女士受了一個珂那費林女士 (Miss Clavering) 的幫助，但是真正的著作是她自己的。這本書很受歡迎，爵士瓦脫稱呼這位小姐為『我的姊妹陰影』。蘇善在她的姊妹們結婚和母親死了之後，

在愛丁堡給她的父親管家，直到一八二九年爲止。她的第二部長篇小說遺產 (*The Inheritance*) 於一八二四年出來，她的第三而且是最後的一部命運 (*Destiny*)，在一八三一年出來。在爵士瓦脫司各得的最後一場病中，弗利哀女士被請到亞保茲府 (Abbotsford) 去，幫



C. R. Maturin
After a Drawing by W. Brocas

忙使他快活，她的幫助深受讚賞，因爲『她很知道他，很愛他，而且她曾飽見了與他的性質相同的苦惱，很有本事對付，』如同洛加所說的。她留下了關於她和司各得二十年友誼的很有趣的筆記。

弗利哀女士直活到一八五四年十一月五日，死於愛丁堡她的家中。

瑪利布倫唐夫人 (Mrs.

Mary Brunton, 1778-1818) 是愛耳維克的上校保弗 (Colonel Balfour of Elwick) 的女兒，一七七八年十

一月一日生於阿克萊的巴列 (Burrey, in Orkney)。她嫁給東洛綏安，波耳頓的牧師布倫唐君 (Mr. Brunton, The Minister of Bolton, East Lothian)。他的第一部長篇小說自治於一八一一年出版；第二部訓練在一八一四年；第三部厄麥林 (*Emmeline*) 在她於一八一八年十二月七日死時，還未做完。

潔安波特爾 (Jane Porter, 1776-850) 在因小女孩子的時候，爵士瓦脫司各得便向她講巫婆和魔師的故事。後爲兩部過度受歡迎的傳奇的作者，一爲瓦薩的莎狄思 (*Thaddeus of Warsaw*, 1803)，一爲蘇格蘭的酋長 (*The Scottish Chiefs*, 1810)，這使她

名遍全歐，而且不顧書中之鋪張的造作，這兩部書到今日還沒有被忘却。她是一個愛爾蘭軍官的有天資的孩子之一，這軍官的寡婦來到蘇格蘭，用一種羅曼教育的空氣，薰陶她的家庭。潔安波特爾於一八五〇年五月二十四日，死於布里司妥，未嫁人。

約翰吉卜孫洛加 (John Gibson Lockhart, 1794-1854) 是

拉拿克省 (Lanarkshire) 康巴司列坦 (Cambusnethan) 的牧師的兒子，在一七九四年七月十四日生於該牧師住宅內。

家庭在他嬰兒時便移到格拉司葛 (Glasgow) 了，他在那里讀書，直到一八〇九年，進了牛津巴利阿學院 (Balliol College, Oxford)，一八一七年他在那里領了學士學位。但在一八一三年他固定在愛丁堡研究蘇格蘭法律，一八一六年當了律師。



John Galt

After a Portrait by G. Hastings

在一八一八年，他和爵士瓦脫司各得的著名的友誼開始了，一八二〇年他娶了司各得的女兒索菲亞 (Sophia)，靠近亞保茲府在戚夫司蕪 (Chiefwood) 住下。洛加受了他的著名的岳父的鼓舞，現在認真專心於文學，在一八二一年出版伐里拉斯，一八二二年出版亞當布列。在一八二五年，他被任為每季評論的記者，到倫敦去住。他的著名的爵士瓦脫司各得傳 (Life of Sir Walter Scott)，從一八三六至一八三八年，分七

本出版。在晚年，洛加遭了許多痛楚的喪亡之苦，他自己的健康不能支持了。他辭去每季評論記者之職，退居於意大利，後從那里回來，一八五四年十一月二十五日死於亞保茲府。他葬在得里堡寺院 (Dryburgh Abbey)，在爵士瓦脫司各得的腳邊。



Thomas Hope

After a Portrait by G. P. Harding

He paused, and I said, "Shall I send for Sophia and Anne?" "No," said he, "don't disturb them. Poor souls! I know they were up all night—God bless you all." With this he sank into a very tranquil sleep, and, indeed, he scarcely afterwards gave any sign of consciousness, except for an instant on the arrival of his sons.

They, on learning that the scene was about to close, obtained a new lease of absence from their posts, and both reached Abbotsford on the 19th. About half-past one P. M. on the 21st of September, Sir Walter breathed his last, in the presence of all his children. It was a beautiful day—so warm, that every window was wide open—and so perfectly still, that the sound of all others most delicious to his ear, the gentle ripple of the Tweed over its pebbles, was distinctly audible as we knelt around the bed, and his eldest son kissed and closed his eyes. No sculptor ever modelled a more majestic image of repose.

FROM THE "LIFE OF SIR
WALTER SCOTT."

As I was dressing on the morning of Monday the 17th of September, Nicholson came into my room, and told me that his master had awoke in a state of composure and consciousness, and wished to see me immediately. I found him entirely himself, though in the last extreme of feebleness. His eye was clear and calm—every trace of the wild fire of delirium extinguished. "Lockhart," he said, "I may have but a minute to speak to you. My dear, be a good man—be virtuous—be religious—be a good man. Nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to lie here."

傳奇差不多繼續着同樣的系統，使拉克萊弗夫人 (Mrs. Radcliffe) 和李維司 (Lewis) 十分受歡迎。瑪太林 (Maturin) 所做的可怕的小說漂泊者麥毛斯 (*Melmoth the Wanderer*)，是從一八二〇年出來的，其中叙有和魔鬼的可怕的交往，和幾段浮誇的熱情。泊塞雪萊夫人 (Mrs. Percy Shelley) 適於作十分偉大的一個語言術士的妻，在她的幽靈般的傳奇法蘭凱司坦 (*Frankenstein*) 中，達到更純淨的文體和更動人心目的想像，這給日常英語一個偶像(時常被引錯了)，而且現在還可以帶着真正的恐怖與憐憫讀去。一篇非常有精神然而淒慘的長篇小說——霍勃 (Hope) 作的亞拿司塔霞斯 (*Anastasius*)，在大眾都為拜崙的誇耀所鼓動的時候出來；這篇大胆的，海盜的傳奇中之英雄，完全是這位高尚的詩人，希望別人猜想是他自己。雅各摩銳耳 (James Morier) 出版赫加爸爸 (*Hajji Baba*)，開闢了一串關於東方習慣的故事；關於波斯習慣的諷刺，十分漂亮，十分銳利，以致引起——至少別人這樣確說——對於波斯國王自己這『非常愚蠢的事情』之諷諍。摩銳耳急想利用他這第一本書的極大成功，但是在以後出版物中，他成功較小。他想莊嚴，然而他的天才引他到可笑的方面去。

天生的才能和絕望地缺少辨別力和判斷力，兩者從未有比在約翰高得 (John Galt) 一身中更奇怪地混合的，他在白白地試了各種學問之後，在中年出版一篇可嘉的好笑的長篇小說教區誌 (*Annals of The Parish*)，使全蘇格蘭大笑。這是一個鄉間牧師的自傳，描寫一個興盛的平原鄉村中社會的發展，其中詼諧與異想是學不來的。高得接着老出小說，幾乎直到他死時為止，但是他永未再那麼顯然地打中了標的中心。

查理洛伯瑪太林 (Charles Robert Maturin, 1782-1824) 曖昧地生於都伯林，於一七九八年進三一學院。他被授以魯利亞 (Loughrea) 的副牧師之職，接着又被任為都伯林聖彼得教堂的副牧師。在這里，因為她的反常和他的口才，惹人注意。他很窮，為着補助他的收入，他開始出版荒謬的『血腥的』傳奇，用假名丹尼思傑司泊摩費 (Dennis Jasper Murphy)。一八一六年，藉着拜崙的力量，他的悲劇伯特蘭 (*Bertram*) 在德如利巷演得大成功。他的最好的長篇小說漂泊者麥毛斯，在一八二〇年出來。他的非常奇怪而悲慘的一生，在一八二四年十月三十日於都伯林結束了。

瑪利渥爾司通克那夫雪萊 (Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley, 1797-1851) 是維廉高得溫 (William Godwin) 的女兒，前妻生的。她於一七九七年八月三十日，她母親死前十日，在倫敦出世。在雪萊勸她和他一陣私奔到法蘭西去的時候，她剛十七歲。在哈麗哀自

殺之後，雪萊便在一八一六年底和瑪利高得溫結婚。雪萊死後，他的寡婦便回到倫敦，以文學爲職業。但是她在一八一八年已經出版了她的最好作品法蘭凱司坦。Valyerga 在一八二三年出來，最後的人 (*The Last Man*) 在一八二六年。她的著作在爵士提毛塞雪萊活着的時候，約定都是匿名的。不過，爵士提毛塞一死，她的兒子承繼從男爵之位，她的地位變舒暢了。她和她的兒子一塊生活直到一八五一年二月二十一日她死時爲止，死後葬於保列摩司 (Bournemouth)。

FROM "FRANKENSTEIN."

I had worked hard for nearly two years, for the sole purpose of infusing life into an inanimate body. For this I had deprived myself of rest and health. I had desired it with an ardour that far exceeded moderation, but now that I had finished, the beauty of the dream vanished, and breathless horror and disgust filled my heart. Unable to endure the aspect of the being I had created, I rushed out of the room and continued a long time traversing my bed-chamber, unable to compose my mind to sleep. At length lassitude succeeded to the tumult I had before endured, and I threw myself on to the bed in my clothes, endeavouring to seek a few moments of forgetfulness. But it was in vain. I slept, indeed, but I was disturbed by the wildest dreams. I thought I saw Elizabeth, in the bloom of health, walking in the streets of Ingolstadt. Delighted and surprised, I embraced her; but as I imprinted the first kiss on her lips they became livid with the hue of death; her features appeared to change, and I thought that I held the corpse of my dead mother in my arms; a shroud enveloped her form, and I saw the grave-worms crawling in the folds of the flannel. I started from my sleep with horror, a cold dew covered my forehead, my teeth chattered, and every limb became convulsed when, by the dim and yellow light of the moon as it forced its way through the window-shutters, I beheld the wretch—the miserable monster I had created. He held up the curtain of the bed, and his eyes, if eyes they may be called, were fixed on me. His jaws opened, and he uttered some inarticulate sounds, while a grin wrinkled his cheeks. He might have spoken, but I did not hear; one hand was stretched out, seemingly to detain me, but I escaped and rushed downstairs. I took refuge in the courtyard belonging to the house which I inhabited, where I remained during the rest of the night, walking up and down in the greatest agitation, listening attentively, catching and fearing each sound as if it were to announce the approach of the demoniacal corpse to which I had so miserably given life.

約翰高得 (John Galt, 1779-1849) 是在西印度做生意的一個船長的兒子，在一七七九年五月二日生於愛爾溫 (Irvine)。他成爲一個稅關職員，接着在格利羅克 (Greenock) 當新聞記者。一八〇四年到倫敦來求富。他有幾年，在土耳其，希臘，法蘭西，最後在加拿大，過一種漂泊的不安的生活。他最後回到格利羅克，於一八三九年四月十一日死在那里。他的一生是困累與浪費的活動所組成的一束纏結的線。他的最好的長篇小說是教區誌 (1821)，和 *The Entail* (1823)。雅各傑思亨利安摩銳耳 (James Justinian Morier, 1780?-1849) 生於思米拉 (Smyrna)，據猜想是在一七八〇年。他進外交界作事，爲波斯大使館秘書，好久以後又爲墨西哥特別委員。他著了許多書，其中只有愛司巴漢的赫加爸爸冒險記 (*The Adventures of Hajji Baba of Ispahan, 1824-28*) 依然還著名。他在一八四九年三月十九日死於布拿頓 (Brighton)。在受歡迎上，赫加爸爸的大競爭者爲亞拿司塔霞斯 (1819)，這本書的作者是湯馬斯霍勃 (Thomas Hope, 1770?-1831)，他是一個荷蘭商人，生於亞母斯特丹 (Amsterdam)，早年便到倫敦來，在這裡發了大財。這三個小說家——高得，摩銳耳，霍勃——每人自己都和拜崙的東方冒險多少相同，拜崙聲稱，他讀着亞拿司塔霞斯的時候，他哭得傷心，一部分是因爲他沒有寫，一部分因爲霍勃寫了。

FROM GALT'S "ANNALS OF THE PARISH."

But the most memorable thing that befell among my people this year was the burning of the lint mill on the Lugton water, which happened, of all days in the year, on the selfsame day that Miss Girzie Gilchrist, better known as Lady Skimmilk, hired the chaise from Mrs. Watts, of the New Inns of Irvine, to go with her brother, the major, to consult the faculty in Edinburgh concerning his complaints. For, as

the chaise was coming by the mill, William Huckle, the miller that was, came flying out of the mill like a demented man, crying, Fire! and it was the driver that brought the melancholy tidings to the clachan. And melancholy they were, for the mill was utterly destroyed, and in it not a little of all that year's crop of lint in our parish. The first Mrs. Balwhidder lost upwards of twelve stone, which we had raised on the glebe with no small pains, watering it in the drouth, as it was intended for sarking to ourselves, and sheets and napery. A great loss indeed it was, and the vexation thereof had a visible effect on Mrs. Balwhidder's health, which from the spring had been in a dwindling way. But for it, I think, she might have wrestled through the winter. However, it was ordered otherwise, and she was removed from mine to Abraham's bosom on Christmas Day, and buried on Hogmanay, for it was thought uncalmny to have a dead corpse in the house on the New Year's Day. She was a worthy woman, studying with all her capacity to win the hearts of my people towards me; in which good work she prospered greatly, so that, when she died, there was not a single soul in the parish that was not contented with both my walk and conversation. Nothing could be more peaceable than the way we lived together. Her brother Andrew, a fire lad, I had sent to the college at Glasgow, at my own cost. When he came to the burial he stayed with me a month, for the manse after her decease was very dull. It was during this visit that he gave me an inkling of his wish to go out to India as a cadet; but the transactions arent that fall within the scope of another year, as well as what relates to her headstone, and the epitaph in metre, which I indicated myself thereon; John Truel the mason carving the same, as may be seen in the kirkyard, where it wants a little reparation and setting upright, having settled the wrong way when the second Mrs. Balwhidder was laid by her side. But I must not here enter upon an anticipation.

利 唐

拜崙差不多還沒有死，他的影響便開始在一大羣『時髦』小說作家的作品中顯現了，這些大抵都是描寫着名門貴族的犯人，在他們一生的橫行無忌的經緯



Edward Bulwer

From an Engraving of the Portrait by D. Maclise
at Knebworth

中，織進一條理想的線。在這一派小說裏，有兩個青年人升至最高的位置，多多『以紈袴子的感憤挑動少年』。這些雅緻的流利的小說家中之年青者，最早於一八二六年帶着 *Vivian Grey* 露面，但是他的競爭者帶着弗克蘭

(*Falkland*) 和泊南 (*Pelham*)，緊緊跟在他後面。他們一並競賽二十年，競爭客氣人們的嘉許。在那時，愛德華利唐拔爾維 (Edward Lytton Bulwer) ——後為

第一勳爵利唐 (Lord Lytton) ——彷彿是最高級的一

個天才，但是人家早就看出來，他的執袴子派的態度並非完全真誠，他的文體的美太費力太累贅了，他的小說中的情調培養民族的自滿和偏見，而犧牲了真理。他的情感是可憎的，他的創作是不實在的，而且時常是荒謬的。但是大眾喜歡一個紳士的過於講究的推敲，他爲着他們的快樂，『手指上滿戴耀眼的戒指，兩腳可愛地夾在一雙玻璃靴裏』；而且拔爾維利唐的確有特別

的才能，活動，機變，和對於讀者需要的銳敏感覺。一種反動打破了他的名譽的燦爛一時的廣廈，這反動就是對着那早年札勞拉 (Zanoni) 的讀者所叫做他的

*If you come Kibely cease to file my soul,
Remember Buckford - & when the proof
Or review'd by Buckford or by female stupid!
Brief is my time - for Galias coasts Islear
If thou writ'st down, direct - then answer here
Chalvan - November - Then the Year's coast hit on
Honour to Kibely! Health to Fors tea! - Lytton*

『美得要命的如畫的字句』，他的空洞的美辭，他的瑣屑的可怕而來的。勳爵利唐在他的榮耀的事業之

My dearest friend.
 Certain, if at all times to
 on all occasions, nothing can make
 me happier than the thoughts
 that I can in any way aid your
 objects or wishes,
 When shall you want the
 articles?
 I shall be delighted to dine
 with you Sunday next.
 Will you take ~~the~~
 Dorry that I am going
 to dedicate the new edition of
 Godolphin to him if he will
 let me Yours ever
EB

Letter from Bulwer to Lady Blessington, 1833 (or 1834)

末尾，打算消除他的文章的誇張，他的最後的作品是
他的最好的。

第一勳爵利唐 (Edward George Earle Lytton Bulwer，後為

Bulwer-Lytton, 1803-1873) 是洛弗克，赫登荷的拔爾維將軍 (General Bulwer of Heydon Hall, Norfolk) 的第三個而且是最小的兒子；他的母親是核茲，珂列瓦司的一個姓利唐的 (A Lytton of Knebworth in Herts)。他在一八〇三年五月二十五日生於倫敦。他是受私人教育的，在他的有才幹的母親監視之下；十七歲的時候，他出版一本拜崙派的詩集伊思麥埃 (*Ismael*)。他在一八二二年基督復活節進了劍橋三一學院 (Trinity College, Cambridge)，但是當年以後又移至三一書院 (Trinity Hall)。在一八二三年他匿名出版 *Delmour*；在一八二五年他的一首關於雕刻 (*Sculpture*) 的詩，得了校長的獎章。拔爾維領了學位之後，在一八二六年寫他的第一篇羅曼長篇小說弗克蘭。在一八二七年他娶了洛綏拿都艾回列爾 (Rosina Doyle Wheeler)，在盤朋 (Pangbourne) 住下，專心於文學，迅速地繼續作出泊南 (1828)；被絕者 (*The Disowned*) 和 *Devereux* (1829)；和保羅克利弗 (*Paul Clifford*, 1830)。他此後便成為當日最活動最受歡迎的作家中之一個，而且他搬進倫敦，居於他的興趣的中心。他在一八三一年進入議院。他的次一批出版物中之最特色者有尤金亞蘭 (*Eugene Aram*, 1832)；高杜芬 (*Godolphin*, 1833)；和萊因河的遊人 (*The Pilgrims of the Rhine*, 1834)。拔爾維現在轉向歷史的傳奇了，他的一八三四年的滂辟的末日 (*The Last Days of Pompeii*)，和一八三五年的銳蕪綏 (*Rieuzi*)，得到奇異的成功。他的婚姻結果是很不幸的，在一八三六年他們經過法庭離了婚。往下幾年，拔爾維以 *The Duchess de la Vallière* (1836)；里昂的貴婦 (*The Lady of Lyons*, 1838)；理奇留 (*Richelieu*) 和正常的後嗣 (*The Rightful Heir*, 1839)；和金錢 (*Money*, 1840)，佔住劇場。

在一八三八年他的政治功績得到從男爵位的報酬，一八四三年他母親死後，他得繼珂列瓦司產業，以利唐爲姓。一八五二年他又進議院，作了些時殖民地大臣。一八六六年他被封爲珂列瓦司的男爵利唐。他的後期著作可以記錄在這里，埃勒司特瑪得拿弗 (*Ernest Maltravers*, 1837)；札勞拉 (1842)；最後的勳爵 (*The Last of the Barons* 1843)；*The Caxtons* (1849)；我的小說 (*My Novel*, 1853)；一個奇怪的故事 (*A Strange Story*, 1862)；*The Coming Race* (1871)；和克列莫威林里 (*Kenelm Chillingly*, 1863)。在他生命快完的時候，他住在陶塊 (Torquay)，一八七三年正月十八日死在那裡，葬於威斯明思特寺院。拔爾維利唐是一個有無限精力和應變之才的人，他在公衆前練出紈袴子的嬌弱和闊少爺的虛飾，以隱藏他走他的職業的路之熱心。他胡亂強悍地生活着，在他死前老早他就身體衰弱，這在他的智力是顯爲假的。他的傲岸和秀雅，他的『使社會貴族化』的計劃，和他的服裝言談之驚人的古怪，在其他文人如譚尼孫和沙克列等身上，發生了一種幾乎使人發瘋的影響。

FROM "PELHAM."

Well, gentle reader (I love, by-the-bye, as you already perceive, that old-fashioned courtesy of addressing you)—well, to finish this part of my life, which, as it treats rather of my attempts at reformation than my success in error, must begin to weary you exceedingly, I acquired, more from my uncle's conversation than the books we read, a sufficient acquaintance with the elements of knowledge to satisfy myself, and to please my instructor. And I must say, in justification of my studies and my tutor, that I derived one benefit from them which has continued with me to this hour—viz., I obtained a clear knowledge of moral principle. Before that time, the little ability I possessed only led me into acts, which, I fear, most benevolent reader, thou hast already sufficiently condemned; my good feelings—for I was not naturally bad—never availed me the least when present temptation came into my way. I had no guide but passion; no rule but the impulse of the moment. What else could have been the result of my education? If I was immoral, it

was because I was never taught morality? Nothing, perhaps, is less innate than virtue. I own that the lessons of my uncle did not work miracles—that, living in the world, I have not separated myself from its errors and its follies: the vortex was too strong—the atmosphere too contagious; but I have at least avoided the crimes into which my temper would most likely have driven me. I ceased to look upon the world as a game one was to play fairly, if possible—but where a little cheating was readily allowed: I no longer divorced the interests of other men from my own: if I endeavoured to blind them, it was neither by unlawful means, nor for a purely selfish end:—if—but come, Henry Pelham, thou hast praised thyself enough for the present; and, after all, thy future adventures will best tell if thou art really amended.

第 司 勒 里

在早前當代人看起來，板節名第司勒里 (Benjamin Disraeli) —— 好久之後為碧康司菲耳伯爵 (Earl of Bea-



Benjamin Disraeli

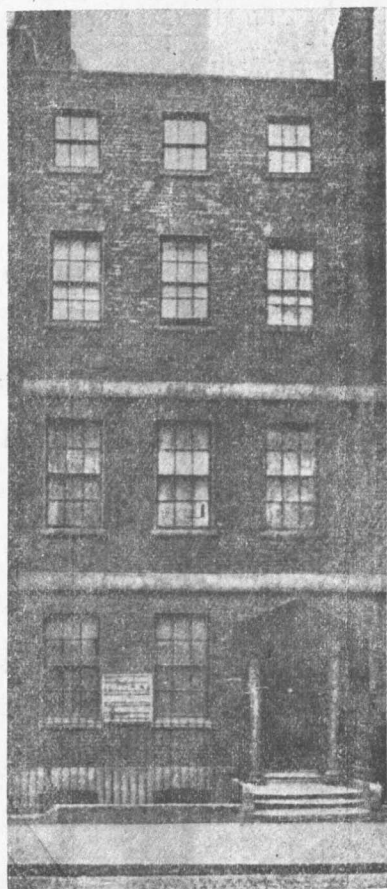
From a Portrait taken when a young man

consfield) —— 的
長篇小說，彷彿
甚至於比拔爾維
的還更誇張，更
古怪。 第司勒
里也是屬於大幫
花花公子之流——
屬於文學中的
布魯麥和洛善之
流 (Brummels and
Lauzuns) 的。

他的初期長篇小
說是最野的最花花公子氣的浪蕩，和希有的政治機智
與奇妙的眼力結合起來的抵觸的雜物。 一種相仿的
不一致為這些小說的體裁可注意之點，一會幾乎矛盾

死了，一會又有綺麗的但是經刪削了的美，這是拔爾維以他所用的修辭方法從未達到的。康塔利里弗列明 (*Contarini Fleming*) 在拜崙派的刺激之特別輕快上，可以說記下了英國傳奇向解放走的一步。但是按一個著作家講第司勒里最好了，穩穩地從威尼思 (*Venetia*) 改良到譚克列德 (*Tancred*)。

在這些長篇小說中，較之在他初期中的，的確也較之在他的最後兩篇（他老年的奇產）中，他不那麼鋪張，不那麼力量來不及，他在裝飾上不那麼華麗，在虛飾弗爾德式的 (*Voltairean*) 機警語上不那麼漂亮。花花公子派文章，在法蘭西牠的當代模範是巴伯道列費 (*Barbey d'*



House in Upper Street, Islington, the supposed Birthplace of Disraeli

Aurevilly)，在英國第司勒里學的最好，他的長篇小說雖說不復投大眾所好，但比拔爾維的還多能保住有程度的讀者的注意。這些

拜崙派的長篇小說家，爲他們的英雄們保留『親愛的海盜口吻，半野蠻，半溫雅』，對於純粹冒險的傳奇之愛，由他們跨過笛庚斯 (Dickens) 和沙克列，傳下來了，而且拔爾維和第司勒里間接地成爲後一時代的維達和萊得哈加茲之流 (Ouidas and Rider Haggards) 的祖先。

板節名第司勒里 (Benjamin Disraeli, 1804-1881) 一碧康司菲爾伯爵一是伊沙克第司勒里 (Issac Disraeli) 及其妻瑪利亞伯塞維 (Maria Basevi) 的兒子。他於一八〇四年十二月二十一日在倫敦城出世。他出世的地方是未確定的；在所說的地址中，有伊思林 登上街二百一十五號 (215 Upper Street, Islington)，和伯弗洛 約翰街六號 (6 John Street, Bedford Row)。在一八一七年，他的父親承繼了一份產業，便搬到勃洛司伯利區 (Bloomsbury Square) 的一座大房屋裏去。同時家庭離開猶太教會，在七月三十一日第司勒里在英國教會領洗。他被送到瓦善斯徒 (Walthamstow) 的一個信惟一神的學校，一八二一年被約定在老猶利 (Old Jewry) 當律師。在他還沒有決定選擇什麼職業的時候，他做 *Vivian Grey* (1826)，這是一篇可笑的大胆的長篇小說，發生了很大的影響。第司勒里此刻變成一種奇怪的病——一種頭暈——的犧牲，這使他不能做專門的研究。他退居於拔金漢省 (Buckinghamshire) 布拉登漢 (Bradenham) 他父親的鄉房有幾年。他在這裏寫了幾種他的初期最好的作品，波巴利拿 (*Popanilla*)，天上的伊克綏昂 (*Ixion in Heaven*)，

和青年公爵 (*The Young Duke*)。因為他的身體沒有變好，便被勸往外國遊歷，在一八二八年他動身往地中海去，留滯了好久，於一八三一年到耶路撒冷。第司勒里身體復原之後，回到英國，突然出現於倫敦如同一個文學獅子。他的奇怪的外表——『天鵝絨的上衣大開着，襯衣領子照拜崙式往下翻，精緻的刺繡的背心，露出許多折疊的縐邊，黑髮上抹着油，髮曲得很精緻，而且身上帶着香水香』——增加了讀他書的好奇心。康塔利里弗列明在一八三二年出版，阿羅 (*Alroy*)在一八三三年，革命的史詩 (*The Revolutionary Epic*)在一八三四年。第司勒里將熱忱和推敲過的虛飾，特別地混合起來，以眩社會之目。在一八三七年，他出版威尼思和罕麗埃達寺 (*Henrietta Temple*)，而且進了議院。在一八三八年他娶了一個寡婦溫得罕李維司夫人 (*Mrs. Wyndham Lewis*)，她是最誠心的妻子，於一八七二年死時為碧康司菲耳子爵夫人。第司勒里不願日增的政治上的分心，還繼續着寫長篇小說——康林司比 (*Coningsby*, 1844)；綏碧耳 (*Sybil*, 1845)；譚克列德 (1847)——直到他成為衆議院中反對政府黨的領袖，不能省出閒空作這種事情的時候為止。他沉默了不作想像的作家差不多有二十餘年，一步一步地登上政治令名的絕頂。一八六八年他做了短期的內閣總理。在一段休息的時候，第司勒里又轉向文學了，在一八七〇年出版長篇小說羅塞 (*Lothair*)，在那時為最著名的書。一八七四年他作二次內閣總理，享有長期的政權，在這期間，他於一八七六年升至貴族，為碧康司菲耳伯爵。一八八〇年保守派失勢，碧康司菲耳勳爵退居於休芬登 (*Hughenden*) 他的田產那里，他接續做一篇未完的長篇小說安狄米昂 (*Endymion*)，立刻把牠做完了。他此刻過着一個鄉間紳士

的生活，專心於他的孔雀，他的天鵝，『他的湖和他的白堊溪流』，雖然並非一定地脫離政治。不過，他失望了，而且他的精力衰了。一種凜冽的寒冷，成爲痛風症，要他的命，在一八八一年四月十九日死去。有人提議要把他公葬，但是他留下遺囑，叫把他葬在休芬登他妻的旁邊。第司勒里是一個體質特別的人，『白而發青』，滿頭蛇一般捲曲的烏黑頭髮，『眼睛如陰地一般黑，面色是所想得到的最譏諷的，帶着窺伺神情的』。在機智上，在眼光上，在一種感悟的唐突之詞上，在他自己的一代中是沒一個對手的。

FROM "TANCRED."

The moon has sunk behind the Mount of Olives, and the stars in the darker sky shine doubly bright over the sacred city. The all-pervading stillness is broken by a breeze that seems to have travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea. It wails among the tombs, and sighs among the cypress groves. The palm-tree trembles as it passes, as if it were a spirit of woe. Is it the breeze that has travelled over the plain of Sharon from the sea?

Or is it the haunting voice of prophets mourning over the city they could not save? Their spirits surely would linger on the land where their Creator had deigned to dwell, and over whose impending fate Omnipotence had shed human tears. From this Mount! Who can but believe that, at the midnight hour, from the summit of the Ascension, the great departed of Israel assemble to gaze upon the battlements of their mystic city? There might be counted heroes and sages, who need shrink from no rivalry with the brightest and the wisest of other lands; but the lawgiver of the time of the Pharaohs, whose laws are still obeyed; the monarch, whose reign has ceased for three thousand years, but whose wisdom is a proverb in all nations of the earth; the teacher, whose doctrines have modelled civilised Europe; the greatest of legislators, the greatest of administrators, and the greatest of reformers; what race, extinct or living, can produce three such men as these!

The last light is extinguished in the village of Bethany. The wailing breeze has become a moaning wind; a white film spreads over the purple sky; the stars are veiled, the stars are hid; all becomes as dark as the waters of Kedron and the valley of Jehoshaphat. The tower of David merges into obscurity; no longer glitter the minarets of the mosque of Omar; Bethesda's angelic waters, the gate of Stephen, the street of sacred sorrow, the hill of Salem, and the heights of Scopus can no longer be discerned. Alone in the increasing darkness, while the

very line of the walls gradually eludes the eye, the church of the Holy Sepulchre is a beacon light.

And why is the church of the Holy Sepulchre a beacon light? Why, when it is already past the noon of darkness, when every soul slumbers in Jerusalem, and not a sound disturbs the deep repose, except the howl of the wild dog crying to the wilder wind: why is the cupola of the sanctuary illumined, though the hour has long since been numbered, when pilgrims there kneel and monks pray?

An armed Turkish guard are bivouacked in the court of the church; within the church itself, two brethren of the convent of Terra Santa keep holy watch and ward; while, at the tomb beneath, there kneels a solitary youth, who prostrated himself at sunset, and who will there pass unmoved the whole of the sacred night.

皮 珂 克

雪萊的博學的朋友兼通信人湯馬斯羅弗皮珂克

(Thomas Love Peacock) 有一種很別緻的才情，在奇怪的性質上，或者比這些人無論那位都更雅緻，更



Thomas Love Peacock
Form a Photograph

新奇些。這位有趣的諷刺家，在十九世紀的形式中，顯出十八世紀氣質的存在，當其他世人都想着司各得的時候，他却想着弗爾德 (Voltaire)，他看司各得『有趣只是因為他誤述一切事情』。新的東西特別使他討厭；只是在舊的，古典的，古希臘的東西裏他能取些樂。

皮珂克的詩，莊嚴的和滑稽的，都有一種極端雅緻的美；但是他的特出的心智之特性，在他的精巧的諷刺的或奇異的傳奇中，看得

最清楚，共有七篇，莽撞廳 (Headlong Hall) 是頭一種，夢魔寺 (Nightmare Abbey) 無疑的是最娛人的。他的最後長篇小說 *Gryll Grange* 遲在一八六〇年才出來，皮珂克比他所有同輩人都活得長，在一八六六年

beating of their ^{mangled with} ~~hoof~~ multitudinous feet ^{the tramp of} ~~the~~ horses, and the full sounds of the bugles. Last appeared the cavalry, issuing from the woods, and ranging themselves on a semicircle, from horn to horn of the rope fence, the open space, ^{was} filled with ^{the} ~~their~~ own numbers, and rushing in all directions ^{the greater part} ~~many~~ through the park openings many trying to leap the rope fence, in which a few were hurt, and one or two succeeded; ~~the~~ escaping to their old haunts, most probably to furnish Robin Hood with his last venison feast. By degrees the mass grew thinner: at last, all had disappeared the rope fence shut up the park for the night the cavalry rode off towards Windsor: and all again was silent.

This was without any exception, the most ~~best~~ beautiful sight I ever witnessed: but I saw it with deep regret for, with the expulsion of the deer, the life of the old scenes was gone, and I have always looked back on that day, as the last day of Windsor Forest.

J. S. Peacock...

age of Peacock's MS.

享高壽死了。他完全藐視英國做傳奇的傳說，而學十八世紀派的法蘭西的短篇小說 (Conte)。在他的反常的，散漫的那方面，他是那時代之最巧妙的英國作家，在幾乎進入忘却之境以後，他又變為一些有愛講究嗜好的讀者之昭著的寵人了。

湯馬斯羅弗皮珂克 (Thomas Love Peacock, 1785-1866) 是倫敦的一個商人撒母耳皮珂克 (Samuel Peacock) 及其妻莎那羅弗 (Sarah Love) 的獨生子。他在一七八五年十月十八日生於維毛斯 (Weymouth)。他的父親死於一七八八年，這孩子是在契塞 (Chertsey) 爲他的外祖父和他的母親所教養成人的。他有短時期在一個私立學校讀書，但是沒有進過公立學校或大學。他得着他的母親同意，從事自修，後爲當代第一流古典學者之一。在一八〇八年他被派爲爵士荷母波發謨 (Sir Home Popham) 的書記，在一八二一年他和雪萊的友誼開始了。他已經出版幾本無關重要的書；他的真正才情現在顯出來給他自己看了，他在一八一六年印行莽撞廳，接着在一八一七年印行 *Melincourt*，在一八一八年印行夢魔寺。一八一九年在東印度商行 (East India House) 得到一個位置，在一八二三年他在下荷利弗 (Lower Halliford) 住下，這就是他以後長期生活的家。他在一八一八年出版可注意的長詩叫做 *Rhododaphne*，並出版其他長篇小說 *Maid Marian* (1822)；*The Misfortunes of Elfin* (1829)；*Crochet Castle* (1831)；退休三十年之後，於一八六一年又出版 *Gryll Grange*。這里所說的一切作品，第一次都是匿名出版的。皮珂克死於一八六六年正月二十三日。

FROM "MAID MARIAN."

"The abbot, in his alb arrayed," stood at the altar in the abbey-chapel of Rubygill, with all his plump, sleek, rosy friars, in goodly lines disposed, to solemnize the nuptials of the beautiful Matilda Fitzwater, daughter of the Baron of Arlingford, with the noble Robert Fitz-Ooth, Earl of Locksley and Huntingdon. The abbey of Rubygill stood in a picturesque valley, at a little distance from the western boundary of Sherwood Forest, in a spot which seemed adapted by nature to the retreat of monastic mortification, being on the banks of a fine trout-

stream, and in the midst of woodland coverts, abounding with excellent game. The bride, with her father and attendant maidens, entered the chapel, but the earl had not arrived. The baron was amazed, and the bridemaids were disconcerted. Matilda feared that some evil had befallen her lover, but felt no diminution of her confidence in his honour and love. Through the open gates of the chapel she looked down the narrow road that wound along the side of the hill, and her ear was the first that heard the distant trampling of horses, and her eye was the first that caught the glitter of snowy plumes, and the light of polished spears. "It is strange," thought the baron, "that the earl should come in this martial array to his wedding"; but he had not long to meditate on the phenomenon, for the foaming steeds swept up to the gate like a whirlwind, and the earl, breathless with speed, and followed by a few of his yeomen, advanced to his smiling bride. It was then no time to ask questions, for the organ was in full peal, and the choristers were in full voice.

小 詩 人

十九世紀的四十年代，就全體上講，在英國文學中是一個休息與枯涸的時期。在詩歌中，可注意的



Thomas Hood

After the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

是那些最出力造成這一個進步與反抗的時代者，都不見了，沉默了。年青些的詩人們死了，他們的老兄們都正開始消滅，那些活得最長久者，特別是渥茲渥斯和蘭道，繼續着在量上增加，但是在他們作品的價值上都未顯著地增加了什麼。不

過，這時少受注意與讚美的譚尼孫 (Tennyson)，正出產着他的最精美的，最變化得漂亮的抒情詩。

他因為社會對他不好而喪氣，從一八三三年以後約十年，一本書也沒有出。

孤寂的

青年詩人伊麗莎

白巴列特 (Eliza-

beth Barrett)，

值得同時並提，

她在一八四〇年

以前就著名，但

是這著名並非為

着她的較成熟的

審美力所最贊成

的那些作品，或

為着在六十年以

後的後世還在欽

佩的那些作品。

在這詩壇的暫歇中，洛勃勃朗寧

(Robert Browning) 的聲音還未被人聽見，雖然那在

巴拉塞沙士 (Paracelsus) 和史特拿弗 (Strafford) 中已經

發出來了。但是已經靠近短短一生的終結了的湯馬



Mrs. T. Hood (Jane Reynolds)

After the Portrait in the National Portrait Gallery

C. Dickens' Gift

To ~~Dickens~~

On his Departure for America

Plum.' - away with leaf & berry,
 And the sober-sided cup!
 Bring a goblet, and brim it sherry,
 And a bumper fill me up!
 Though a pledge I had to shew,
 And the longest ever was
 Ere his vessel leaves our river
 I will drink a health to 'Boz'!

Here's success to all his arties,
 Since it pleases him to roam,
 And to paddle o'er Atlantic,
 After such a sole at home! -
 May he shun all rocks whatever,
 And each shallow sand that burks,
 And his Passage be as clever
 As the best among his Works.

31. Dec^r }
 1841 }

F. Hood.

Verses of Hood's to Charles Dickens on his Departure for America

斯荷德 (Thomas Hood) ，他的詼諧的異想十分受人興賞，蒲列得 (Praed) 作品雖還未收集起來，却遺給他的朋友們一個光輝的記憶。因為詩人是如此之少，哈特尼珂萊銳吉 (Hartley Coleridge) ——較偉大的撒母耳珂萊銳吉 (S. T. Coleridge) 的不幸的長子——的純粹才情也可以要求一句評語。一羣戲劇家和抒情作家——伯杜厄斯 (Beddoes) 為其中最偉大者——將基茨和雪萊的一代，與譚尼孫和勃朗寧的一代聯結起來；但是他



Joanna Baillie
After a Portrait by Sir W. Newton

們大多都是濛濛的，而且他們最出色的，和他們前後的行星比較起來，也只是小小的星星而已。

湯馬斯荷德 (Thomas Hood, 1799-1845) 屬於泊思省 (Perthshire) 一個業農的家族。他的父親是波爾特利 (Poultry) 的一個小書店老板，詩人於一七九九年五月二十三日在那里出世。他在各種

私立學校裏讀點書。在一八一一年他失去他的父親和哥哥，他的母親便搬到伊思林登去。荷德本出自一個很不健康的家庭，現在他的身體已經使人焦心了，他便被送到唐狄(Dundee)去住。他變得比先前十分強壯，在一八一八年他便能夠回到倫敦，儼然好了，他開始習作彫刻師。但是他被引向文學了，在一八二一年開始作『倫敦雜誌』的副編輯。他的母親死



Richard Horne

After a Portrait by Margaret Gillies

後，使他擔負一家四個姊妹的責任；在一八二五年他娶了潔安(Jane)，她是詩人約翰漢米頓銳洛茲(基茨的朋友)的姊妹。就是在這年，荷德第一次顯露為一個作家，匿名出版寄偉人歌(*Odes and Addresses to Great People*)。他在這時由蘭姆把他介紹給珂萊銳吉，稱之為『一個沉默的青年人，一個有病的人，』

但是他正開始著名為才人和滑稽家，在一八二六年他出版怪想和怪物(*Whims and Oddities*)，得到一部份的成功。在一八二七年，荷德所出版的唯一的一本莊重的詩中夏女仙的辯護(*The Plea of Midsummer Fairies*)出來了，這是奉獻給查理蘭姆的。不過，這些出版物沒有一種真正風行，於是荷德歇十五年不作詩。在一八二九年荷德夫婦往靠近安菲爾德的溫威摩赫爾去住，就是由此隱居中，他開始印行滑稽年刊(*Comic Annual*)；他們於一八三二年搬到萬斯特湖

舍 (Lake House, Wanstead) 去，這是一座羅曼的舊宅，其環境最不宜於荷德身體。他於一八三四年把牠作為他的長篇小說 *Tytney Hall* 的地址。次年初，因為未說明的『一個公司的失敗』，荷德破產了，必須離英國，以躲避他的債主；他先在珂白倫司 (Coblentz)，以後在阿思坦住下，直到一八四〇年，他才回到英國。在一八四三年聖誕節，荷德突然著名為在“Punch”週報上襯衣歌 (*The Song of the Shirt*) 的作者。但是他的成功來得太晚；他已經因為慢慢的心病，加之以憂焦與困苦，就要死了。在長期疾病(因貧窮加倍地痛苦之)後，他在一八四五年五月二日死於漢勃思特。荷德在社交場中並沒有口才，却是『單薄且聾，且非常沉默』，帶着一幅嚴肅的蒼白的臉孔和憂鬱的眼色。



Hartley Coleridge

After a Portrait in the possession of Ernest Hartley Coleridge, Esq.

HOOD'S LAST STANZAS, WRITTEN FEBRUARY 1845.

Farewell, Life! My senses swim,
 And the world is growing dim;
 Thronging shadows crowd the light,
 Like the advent of the night,—
 Colder, colder, colder still,
 Upward steals a vapour chill—

Strong the earthy odour grows—
I smell the mould above the rose!

Welcome, Life! the Spirit strives!
Strength returns, and hope revives;
Cloudy fears and shapes forlorn
Fly like shadows at the morn,—
O'er the earth there comes a bloom,
Sunny light for sullen gloom,
Warm perfume for vapour cold—
I smell the rose above the mould!

Sonnet
To Alfred Tennyson.
After meeting him for the first time

Long have I known thee as thou art in song,
And long on eye the perfume that exhales
From thy pure soul, a odour sweet and tall,
And gem-like on thy lips that float along
The stream of life, to join the passive stream
Of shades and echoes that are memory's beam,
Whom we hear not, as we see not, seeing
Thy Pippin's Fairy, 'Tis true, more not among
The reverent sea & moments of reflection.
Long have I owned thee in the Chrysalis of
Of verse, that like the Beryl makes appear
Visions of hope, beyond recollection.
Knowing thee now, a real earth-heading man
Not less I love thee, and no more I can

Hartley Coleridge

Sonnet by Hartley Coleridge to Tennyson

有一個時候，約安娜伯尼 (Joanna Baillie, 1762-1851) 要求包
括在英國詩人內，差不多是普遍承認的。她的一些熱情劇 (*Plays*
on the Passions, 1798-1812)，按書講，和按凱波爾 (Kemble) 與綏

唐夫人 (Mrs. Siddons) 排演講，都成功了。但是這些以及她的曾大受讚美的歌曲，都沒有保住牠們的魔力。

哈特尼珂萊銳吉 (Hartley Coleridge, 1796-1849) 是撒母耳特洛珂萊銳吉 (Samuel Taylor Coleridge) 的長子，在一七九六年九月十九日生於蘇麥塞 (Somerset) 的克列費唐 (Clevedon)。他是在湖畔他父親的偉大的朋友們中長大的，而且因為他的光彩煥發的夙慧，早年便引起渥茲渥斯，蘇塞，蘭姆，和狄昆塞等的驚羨，他在安布列賽得 (Ambleside) 那里學校讀書之後，於一八一五年進至牛津的新書院 (New Inn Hall)，此院後併入麥頓學院 (Merton College)。在一八一九年他被選為阿里爾 (Oriol) 的一個津貼的學生，但是下年便取消他的津貼，處窘迫的情形之下，在倫敦很痛苦地過了幾年。在一八二三年他被勸回往亞布列賽得去，有幾年藉着教書不穩定地生活着。在短期為里茲 (Leeds) 的一個書店老板當閱稿人的時候，哈特尼珂萊銳吉於一八三三年出版他的 *Biographia Borealis* 和他的詩集 (Poems)，第一次而且是最後一次，顯出來為一個作家。他在格勒司米爾安靜地溫和地生活着，直到他在一八四九年正月六日死時。

溫司羅勃瑪克瓦斯蒲列得 (Winthrop Mackworth Praed, 1802-1839) 是在愛唐和劍橋三一學院的一個著名人物，而且是在蒲尼阿 (Prior) 和阿思亭道布孫君 (Mr. Austin Dobson) 之間的應酬詩的最雅的作家。他在活時所以書的形式出版的惟一重要作品是 *Lilian* (1823)。蒲列得的詩第一次收集起來是在他死後，而且是在美國，在一八四四年。

湯馬斯羅弗爾伯杜厄斯 (Thomas Lovell Beddoes, 1803-1849) 是布里司妥的一個著名醫生道克陶湯馬斯伯杜厄斯 (Dr. Thomas Beddoes) 的長子，詩人在一八〇三年七月二十日生於布里司妥；他的母

親是瑪利亞愛吉渥斯 (Maria Edgeworth) 的一個姊妹。他在巴斯學校 (Bath Grammar School) 和卡特毫司 (Charterhouse) 讀書，開始在十四歲時專心於文學。在一八二〇年，他進至牛津潘白洛克學院 (Pembroke College, Oxford)，在那里他於一八二一年出版 *The Improvisators*。接着在一八二二年有新婦的悲劇 (*The Bride's Tragedy*)。這些是在伯杜厄斯生時所出來的僅有的書。他在一八二五年領了學位，離開牛津，決定專心於醫學。他的以後生活的較大部份都在德國過了，和一切他的家庭及英國朋友們隔離；他於一八三二年在虞茲堡 (Würzburg) 領了他的醫科學位，在卒里西 (Zürich) 當醫生。他變得極端抑鬱，不安，而且神經過敏，結了些無節制的關係，於一八四九年正月二十六日，在柏色爾 (Basle) 的醫院中自殺。他的主要作品死之戲書 (*Death's Jest-Book*) 在一八五〇年出版，他的詩集 (*Poems*) 在一八五一年。他是一個很神秘的人，關於他，別人知道確切的很少；在晚年他『讓他的鬚鬚生長，看來好像莎士比亞。』理卡得亨利 (或漢吉司特) 何恩 (Richard Henry (or Hengist) Horne, 1803-1884) 在一八〇三年正月一日生於倫敦。他在愛德孟唐的學校讀書，基茨新近才離開那里，直到他一生終了都要以他曾向那個偉人拋了一個雪球那件事驕傲。何恩早年過了一種浮動的延長的冒險生活。在墨西哥獨立戰爭中，他自願投効作一個海軍士官候補員，在一八三九年和西班牙開仗，他以後在美國和加拿大漂泊了好久；在他回到倫敦，採取文字生涯之後，在一八五二年黃金迷又使他到澳大利亞去了。他的最早出品之有價值者，是一八三七年的羅曼劇本珂司茂狄麥底綏 (*Cosmo de Medici*)。他的敘事詩阿拉昂 (*Orion*, 1843) 出版，定價一法森 (即一辨士之四分

之一)，得到廣大的著名。他的猶大伊司加里阿(*Judas Iscariot*)劇本於一八四八年印行。何恩是一個矮小的人，有非常的體力和耐力，在晚年變成一個怪人，有着乳白的鬚髮和可笑的姿勢。他和伊麗沙白巴列特勃朗寧(*Elizabeth Barrett Browning*)的友誼，結果發生有趣的聯合的出品，特別是一八七六年出版的書信。何恩因為一件意外遭遇，結果在一八八四年三月十三日死於馬格得(*Margate*)。

SONNET BY HARTLEY COLERIDGE.

When we were idlers with the loitering rills,
 The need of human love we little noted :
 Our love was nature ; and the peace that floated
 On the white mist, and dwelt upon the hills,
 To sweet accord subdued our wayward wills :
 One soul was ours, one mind, one heart devoted,
 That, wisely doating, ask'd not why it floated,
 And ours the unknown joy, which knowing kills.
 But now I find, how dear thou wert to me ;
 That man is more than half of nature's treasure,
 Of that fair Beauty which no eye can see,
 Of that sweet music which no ear can measure ;
 And now the streams may sing for other's pleasure,
 The hills sleep on in their eternity.

SONG FROM THE FRAGMENT OF "TORRISMOND" OF BEDDOES.

How many times do I love thee, dear ?
 Tell me how many thoughts there be
 In the atmosphere
 Of a new-fall'n year,
 Whose white and sable hours appear
 The latest flake of Eternity :—
 So many times do I love thee, dear.

How many times do I love, again?
 Tell me how many heads there are
 In a silver chain
 Of evening rain
 Unravell'd from the tumbling main
 And threading the eye of a yellow star :—
 So many times do I love, again.

FROM HORNE'S "ORION."

At length, when night came folding round the scene,
Aud golden lights grew red and terrible,
Flashed torch and spear, while reed-pipes deeper blew
Sonorous dirges and melodious storm,
And timbrels groaned and jangled to the tones
Of high-sustaining horns,—then, round the blaze,
Their shadows brandishing afar and athwart
Over the level space and up the hills,
Six Giants held portentous dance, nor ceased
Till one by one in bare Bacchante arms,
Brimful of nectar, helplessly they rolled
Deep down oblivion. Sleep absorbed their souls.

結 論

在散文中，更有力量的勢力在進行着。馬珂萊 (Macaulay) 於一八二五年在批評方面開了一個紀元，他將他關於米爾頓的一篇精心結構的文章投給愛丁堡評論，這是英文中關於近代的 *étude* (即小規模的專篇) 的第一個例子，此後這類文章變成學問中十分通俗的一部份了。在我們的時代完結的時候，馬珂萊 便是一個總長。他的為論文家的事業，大抵在一八四〇年之前，在這年他顯出自己既不是一个歌曲作家，也不是一个歷史家。他在他的著名的評論中，創出一類文學，一部分是傳記體的，一部分是批評體的，這在提高文化的平均程度上，有無比的効力。無數的讀者在馬珂萊論文集 (*Essays*) 的字裏行間找出他們最早的刺激，就是要思想獨立，要對於學問作純正的研究。加拿爾 (Carlyle) 比馬珂萊大五歲，但在達到大眾這方面，慢的多了，加拿爾的雅緻的釋烈傳 (*Life of Schiller, 1825*) 未能發生普遍的影響，他熟思地而且最順利地用心強使他人注意，採用一種極端反

常的文體，充滿德意志方言，勉勉強強地不接，彎彎曲曲地用插句，這種語言一定要像一種外國語去學。在最後他的重補綴的補綴者 (*Sartor Resartus, 1834*) 受歡迎的時候，他相信他的策略成功了，他在餘生中大大方便地繼續着著作下去，並非用英文，乃是用加拿爾文 (Carlylese)。

當我們努力要辨別什麼是女王維多利亞 (Queen Victoria) 卽位時的文學的時候，一些姓名都擁到我們面前來了。瑪里亞特 (Marryat) 正在他的迅速得到的航海名譽之最高點；詹姆士 (G. P. R. James) 的騎士們正馳騁於無數鄉僻的路；第一勳爵利唐正在他的一串精心結構地英雄的傳奇中（這些傳奇並非用金鑄的，或者只是包了很厚的金而已）；第司勒里正在罕麗埃達寺上達到頂點。就是這些力量，直到一八四〇年，是在純粹地通俗文學中的最活動者。或者，其中竟無一人，在想像上或在文體上，是屬於最高一等的，但是每人都自由地重複着，加重着一七九八年羅曼派革命的教訓。