



Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact support@jstor.org.

assume provisionally that it was begun about January 1 and finished in the course of the next few weeks, how will the recovered portion aid us in determining the year of composition?

An attentive reading of the lines can leave no doubt that the 'brave friend' is the Earl of Rutland. Where then was the earl during January, February, and March, in the various years between his marriage and his death? The expression, 'on what deare coast,' suggests at once that he was abroad. Unfortunately, however, he was in England during the whole of every winter and spring throughout his married life, for we can trace his movements with some minuteness in the *Sidney Papers* and in the mss. of the Rutland family as published by the Historical mss. Commission. The hypothesis of a foreign journey, moreover, does not account for the strange expression, 'though to England lost.' When warring in Ireland in 1599, or in Holland in 1600, or when on an official mission to Denmark in 1603, Rutland was not 'lost to England;' on the contrary, he was engaged in her service. One important episode in his life, however, has not yet been mentioned.

Rutland took part in the outbreak of the Earl of Essex on February 8, 1601, and was in consequence imprisoned in the Tower from February 9 until August 8. Let us assume that Jonson begins his poem about January 1 of that year, intending to present it to the Countess in the course of the next few weeks as a gift in commemoration of New Year's day, of her birthday, and of her marriage anniversary. As he proceeds leisurely with its composition, he is astounded to learn that Rutland is in the Tower on a charge of high treason and in danger of losing his head. Jonson is not in a position to speak plainly to the Countess in such a moment of terror and anguish; he is no intimate friend, but merely a patronized poet. Moreover, the matter is political, dangerous to meddle with, dangerous even to write about. All that the poet can do is to allude in dark and enigmatical terms to the trying position in which the Countess is placed, hoping thus to express his sympathy without offence, perhaps without danger. Hence he hastily contrives

this mysterious conclusion, of which the language would apply especially well to the anxious period just after the outbreak, when the fate of Rutland was still uncertain. That the poem was actually presented would seem clear from the fact that we have a complete copy of it, and this could hardly emanate from Jonson, who at the time would desire to keep the piece secret and later had lost the conclusion. Indeed, it has been suggested to me that perhaps Jonson felt it unwise to keep the last few lines even in his own possession, and so tore off and destroyed them. The tearing would account in the middle of a sentence, but in the middle of a line, which would not be the case if a separate sheet had been mislaid or lost. I might add in support of this suggestion that Jonson, like any other dramatist of the day, was liable to arrest and examination at any moment. He would not have liked, when summoned before the Council and 'accused of Popery and treason,' as in the case of *Sejanus*, to be also questioned about his sympathy with the Essex conspirators.

This hypothesis seems to account pretty well for all the facts that we are aware of, and I am unable to frame any other that does. The general outline of Rutland's life is clear, and no important event in it can easily have escaped us. It may be remarked that Rutland died in 1612 without issue and that the Countess followed him in a few weeks, so that Jonson's pious 'vow' (he seems to have used the word in the sense of *votum*) remained unfulfilled. May one add that the 'vow' itself suggests that the poem could hardly have been written very long after the marriage in 1599?

WILLIAM DINSMORE BRIGGS.

London, England.

LENORA AND OSSIAN

It is obviously not very difficult to show specific cases of the influence of Bürger's *Lenore* on English poetry, and to show the influence of Macpherson's *Ossian* is even easier. But a poem in which the author, according to his

own admission, deliberately selects elements from both these sources is a literary curiosity of some interest,—all the more so when we find a further admixture of ballad-imitation and sentimentalism. Such a hybrid is Richard Polwhele's *Faithless Comala*,¹ which, so far as I know, has escaped the notice of Germanists and Celtists alike.

Now while about six-sevenths of Macpherson's *Ossian* is not Celtic at all, Polwhele happened in this imitation to hit on two elements which are genuinely Celtic and ancient: the chariot of Cuchulin (whom he calls *Cuthullin*, following Macpherson's blunder) and the Happy Otherworld lying resplendent far to the westward. If Polwhele's verse is rather worse than mediocre, we must at least admit that his poem contains the elements of a good story. And we may also be thankful that the author added his own notes² on the source, thus obviating the necessity of renewing the Bürger controversy.

The poem (which is too long to be quoted in full) begins with a conventional description of Comala and her lover, Connal. As Connal starts off for the war, Comala swears to be true to him, adding as a curse in case she prove disloyal:

May I ride on the wings of the tempest, and fly
Till I plunge into fathomless night.

In spite of her promise, she almost immediately yields her heart to a hero named Morlo, and the wedding day is fixed. The continuation is as follows:

¹ To be found in *Poems by Mr. Polwhele* (London, 1806), Vol. III, pp. 10 ff.

² Polwhele's note (p. 15) is as follows:

"I need not observe, that the idea of this Tale, after the manner of OSSIAN, was suggested by that wild German Story, LEONORA. It may possibly be objected, that the catastrophe is not strictly Ossianic: Perhaps, not. If I transport even Cuthullin's Car into 'the House of Thunder,' I mean not to represent the circumstance as Ossianic, or Runic, or Laplandic: I employ the imagery of Ossian in subservience to my own fancy. Though the single figures be Ossian's, yet the groupes are my own."

That day was at hand. The pale shadows were still:
The moment of midnight was nigh;
When in terror she listen'd to wheels on the hill,
And the trampling of horses hard by—
And a voice, as in fear: "Haste, my charmer, away!

"Comala! my chariot ascend!
"Tis Morlo invites—and thy Morlo obey:
"O'er the heath let us speedily bend.

"Lo! Connal with vengeance approaches—e'en now
"The clashing of armour I hear!
"He comes with his warriors; and, death on his brow,
"He brandishes wildly the spear."

She sprung to the seat; while aloft on the pole,
And straight as an arrow he stood:
And the chariot roll'd hoarse, as the waterfalls roll,
When Winter descends in a flood.

Like a frost o'er the heath the cold moon-beams were spread:
The shaggy rocks glitter'd on high:
And the three mossy stones that gleam over the dead,
Caught, often, COMALA! thine eye.

And now at the foot of a mountain they came:
The coursers paw wildly the ground,
Then wind up the steep, like two volumes of flame,
To their hoofs as the caverns resound.

Save the din of their course, not a murmur was heard:
And, as echoed the dingles below,
Each oak in a pause of still horror appear'd,
And motionless, gaz'd the fleet roe.

On the top of the mountain scarce rattled the car,
When off like a meteor it flew:
And he said, as his steeds lightly gallop'd on air—
"Now, CONNALL, 'tis vain to pursue!"

"Ah whither, my MORLO! ah where are we borne!"
(With a cold shriek of horror she cry'd)
"Never fear! never fear! ere the glimpse of the morn
"I shall hail thee my high-bosomed bride."

Where they rush'd, the pale tower and the lake and the wood
Swam in dizzy confusion beneath;
Till the moon no more glimmer'd, descending in blood,
To the blast that sang shrill on the heath.

Wide over the foam of the ocean they flew,
As a gleam from the north would disclose
The waters that deep in a hollow withdrew,
Or, roaring in surges, arose.

Dark-red in the west now a fabric appear'd,
 Like cromlechs on cromlechs up-pil'd:
 At the sight, the steeds neigh'd, and then dreadfully
 rear'd,
 And snorted, with extasy wild.

"Lo yonder (he shouted) my turrets arise;
 "The castle stupendously swells:
 "See lights thro' the windows illumine the skies—
 "Far within is the feast of the shells.

"The bridesmaids look out from the chambers:
 behold!
 "They beckon, as swift we advance!
 "And hark! the magnificent portals unfold:
 "Full soon shall we waken the dance."

'Tis the House of the Thunder (she utter'd) O
 save—
 "See—see—thro' the breaches *they* dart!
 'O MORLO! look back!—and the lightnings I brave,
 "If COMALA yet live in thy heart."

He look'd—It was Connal! "I fell, yester-morn,
 "In the fight! But thy bed I prepare!"
 Cried the Spectre, his eyes flashing vengeance and
 scorn;
 Then vanish'd, at once, with his car.

Down—down, as to cling to the Thunder she tried,
 She dropp'd like an arrow of light:
 And whirl'd thro' the tempest the treacherous bride
 Was plung'd into fathomless night.

EDWARD D. SNYDER.

London, England.

BRIEF MENTION

The rapid progress that Spain has made in nearly every department of human endeavor, is strikingly exemplified in the development of the arts of printing and bookmaking. No country prints better books than Spain prints today, and what is of more importance, these books are produced at a price so low that they may be enjoyed by the poorest student. Italy had set a fine example in the series of *Scrittori d'Italia* published at Bari by Laterza, but Spain is in nowise behind. To the splendid series inaugurated by *La Lectura*, there is now added

the series of works by the *Biblioteca Renacimiento*. This latter is a "Colección de Obras maestras de la Literatura Universal," and the volumes issued so far do all honor to the enterprise. They are printed on excellent paper, in remarkably clear, new type, in volumes of about 350 pages, and are sold at the very low price of 2½ pesetas in cloth, and 3 pesetas in leather. Of these volumes of the *Biblioteca Renacimiento* three have so far appeared that are of capital importance. (1) *El Pasajero—Advertencias utilísimas á la Vida Humana* por el Doctor Christoual Suarez de Figueroa,—edited by Francisco Rodríguez Marín. This work has not been reprinted since 1618, and is a curious and important book. (2) *Cigarrales de Toledo*—por el Maestro Tirso de Molina,—edited by Victor Said Armesto. This is a reprint of the first edition of 1624, with the help of that of Barcelona, 1631. It is to be regretted that the comedias are omitted. (3) *La Dorotea*, acción en prosa, de Fray Lope de Vega Carpio—edited by Américo Castro, with a facsimile and an excellent reproduction of the portrait of Lope by Luis Tristan. These are all important volumes edited by well-known scholars, and their work has been excellently done. All these books had become excessively rare, and two were practically inaccessible: now they may be read without the fatigue to the eyes that the old prints cause, and the student need not read them in a borrowed copy. These volumes should be welcomed by all who take an interest in the literature of Spain.

H. A. R.

The annual report of the *Deutsche Kommission* of the Prussian Academy (*Sitzungsberichte der Kgl. Preuss. Akad. der Wiss.*, 1914, No. VI) gives a comprehensive survey of its various activities. One of the most important of these is the *Inventarisierung der deutschen Handschriften*, an inventory and analysis of all manuscripts written in German or referring in any way to German culture and history. Not only the well-known public libraries, but also small and remote collections, in Germany, Austria, Switzerland, Italy, France, Scandinavia and Great Britain are minutely searched, and the material thus collected is digested by a trained staff. To date nearly 8,000 MSS. have been described: to these there is a reference index of 370,000 cards, a proportion which affords an idea of the thoroughness and detail with which the contents are analyzed. For the *Deutsche Texte des Mittelalters* a number of