

papers, and which are usually characterized by both irrelevancy and bad taste. Some readers will remember his characterization of Emerson, a few years ago, as "a foul-mouthed Yankee philosopher," as well as some other things equally deplorable. In this particular case, Lowell, Mark Pattison, and J. A. Symonds are the objects of his vituperative assault. Hence, and in spite of our admiration for the genius of Mr. Swinburne when he is his better self, we have witnessed with no little satisfaction the castigation dealt him by "The Saturday Review" upon the present occasion. It is no less deserved than severe, and we have much pleasure in reproducing the article, which bears "Nineteenth Century Manners" for a title.

"It is high time that the Editor of the 'Nineteenth Century' should be made to understand that there is a limit to the offences against good manners in which the writers in his magazine can be permitted to indulge. During the past twelvemonth certain things have been included in the 'Nineteenth Century' which are distasteful, and even painful, to many readers. In the November number we thought that the climax had come. We did not suppose that anything could exceed the nauseating tittle-tattle about Miss Clairmont indulged in by an American interviewer. We were mistaken; an article in the December number, in which Mr. Swinburne disports himself among his deceased contemporaries, under the pretence of writing 'recollections of Professor Jowett,' goes further still. We say, and with all gravity, that in the very least responsible journalism of this generation we have never met with anything quite so ill-bred as one or two paragraphs in Mr. Swinburne's article. They do small credit to the Editor of the review. 'But that's not much.' Mr. Swinburne is a very different person, and we propose to ourselves, at last, to speak the truth very plainly to that illustrious poet. When he writes so casually of Mr. Lowell's 'hideous and Bæotian jests,' when he describes the amiability of a respected and valued man of letters as 'instinctive time-serving and obsequious submissiveness,' when he talks of Euripides as 'the clumsiest of botchers that ever floundered through his work as a dramatist,' he discredits himself by his foolish violence indeed; but when he goes on to call the late Rector of Lincoln 'a typical and unmistakable ape of the Dead Sea,' and when he insults the memory of the late Mr. Symonds with a string of vile epithets, he simply writes as no gentleman should write.

It is time that Mr. Swinburne should grow up. He has played for nearly half a century the rôle of the dear little naughty darling who must not be punished because he is so clever and so young. Years and years ago, when Mr. Swinburne first began to write, this plea was brought forward and accepted. 'Isn't he clever?' people said; 'and so young.' There was something in the excuse. He was daring and brilliant, and much was to be forgiven him. He said very rude things about Mr. Buchanan and Mr. Furnivall, and looked at some minute contemporaries under the microscope. Nobody cared: they were fair game; and so the habit of being rude grew on Mr. Swinburne. It was an evil day when he was allowed — a naughty little boy of thirty odd summers — to call Mr. Emerson 'a hoary and now toothless ape.' (To differ from Mr. Swinburne turns any one by that mere act into an ape.) He should have been well snubbed on that occasion, but then he was so

#### *A STUDY IN LITERARY AMENITY.*

The December issue of "The Nineteenth Century" contains a reminiscent article by Mr. Swinburne upon the late Master of Balliol. The author knew Jowett intimately, and his personal recollections are of the highest interest. But the article is disfigured by a number of those "flings" which Mr. Swinburne so frequently interjects into his prose

young, and so clever. And he has gone on from bad to worse, increasing the shrill falsetto of his abuse, pouring it upon more and more distinguished reputations, until now we are waking up to perceive that Mr. Swinburne has not yet got over faults in manner which only extreme youth can excuse.

"What makes it peculiarly painful to us to have to say this is that we admire the genius of Mr. Swinburne, and that we are not often out of sympathy with the aversions that he expresses. But who can admire the violence of his diction, the absence of anything like moderation in his utterances? We hold no brief here for Mr. Mark Pattison, who, perhaps, had shortcomings; but if anything would make us his fervent apologists, it would be Mr. Swinburne yelling and snarling at him as an 'ape of the Dead Sea.' We were no admirers of the too morbid tendency of certain of the writings of Mr. Symonds, but we said so while he was alive, and we did not wait, as Mr. Swinburne has done, until he is dead, and it is quite safe to insult him. But Mr. Swinburne is such a *preux chevalier*.

"One last word to Mr. Swinburne. No man of letters of our generation has been treated so tenderly, indulged so much, or forgiven so often as he has been. His genius is unquestionable, and on the score of it he has been pardoned faults for which any other writer would be ostracised. But the public patience may become exhausted. And literature has a long memory."

The "long memory" here ascribed to literature may possibly be sharpened, for the writer in "The Saturday Review," by recollection of a little passage at arms between that journal and Mr. Swinburne just ten years ago. When the Poet Laureate of England was made a peer, some Saturday reviewer, to a certain extent justifiably exasperated by the senseless cackle of those who made haste to express the opinion that the acceptance of the honor was unworthy of Tennyson, penned the following memorable words: "As a matter of fact, no man living, or who ever lived—not Cæsar or Pericles, not Shakespeare or Michael Angelo, could confer honor more than he took on entering the House of Lords." Mr. Swinburne promptly took up the gauntlet thus thrown, and, characterizing the remark as "clumsy and shallow snobbery," dashed off "The Conservative Journalist's Anthem," a sonnet neither complimentary to the House of Lords nor to its overzealous journalistic champion. The "long memory" of "The Saturday Review" is clearly illustrated by the article we have reprinted. As for the sonnet, our readers may be interested in having their attention recalled to it.

"O Lords our Gods, beneficent, sublime,

In the evening, and before the morning flames,

We praise, we bless, we magnify your names.

The slave is he that serves not; his the crime

And shame, who hails not as the crown of Time

That House wherein the all-envious world acclaims

Such glory that the reflex of it shames

All crowns bestowed of men for prose or rhyme.

The serf, the cur, the sycophant is he

Who feels no cringing motion twitch his knee

When from a height too high for Shakespeare nods

The wearer of a higher than Milton's crown.

Stoop, Chaucer, stoop: Keats, Shelley, Burns, bow down:

These have no parts with you, O Lords our Gods."