

ture affords. The question, What shall we do with our Meeks? is thus academic, unless Mr. Wells is right that the instance is typical.

George Meek is the unskilled workman exposed to the hazards of casual employment. Yet he is both more and less than this. He has none of the stolidity that helps such unfortunates to bear their lot, nor any of the instinctive resourcefulness that blindly moves such laborers towards work. Being a superior person, in his measure an *intellectuel*, his lack of initiative is amazing; so is his lack of thrift. Mentally, he is an avowed vagabond and dilettante. Impelled by a desire for experience and a royal disregard for ways and means, speculative and devoid of practical ingenuity, he really belongs to a class that thrives only under parasitic conditions; is somewhat in the isolated and precarious position of a windflower to whom no foster-parent tree has been assigned. Temperament more than circumstances is responsible for his sorrows, and as successful dilettantism in every sphere implies a patron, the real solution of Mr. Meek's case has probably been found in the American uncle *ex machina*.

Unhappily, this remedy cannot be generally applied. Moreover, against the misfortunes of casual employment society can do something. Even a Socialistic régime probably could not have prevented Mr. Meek's father from choosing a worthless wife, but government as it is can help to insure to babies the use of good eyes, and by practical education may raise the general average of efficiency; it can improve the conditions of poor relief, and even the manners of prison warders. But it might as well be avowed that these things are palliatives, not remedies. They must be striven for without indulging millennial hopes. Even the fatherly Collective State could not reach those profounder dissonances between duty and temperament, ambition and capacity, which are of the essence of Mr. Meek's pale tragedy. Of course, there are those who cherish the dream that the Socialist State may play the veritable American uncle to all good fellows in distress. Even Mr. Wells, however, will admit that the question, Who shall pay? would in that case soon cry down the futile challenge, What shall we do with our Meeks?

POPE.

After all this, it is surely superfluous to answer the question that has once been asked, whether Pope was a poet? otherwise than by asking in return, if Pope be not a poet, where is poetry to be found? To circumscribe poetry by a definition will only show the narrowness of the definer, though a definition which shall exclude Pope will not easily be made.

When Dr. Johnson handed down that famous decision he had no means of foreseeing, and indeed would not have cared to see, the great romantic revival which was to ask a good many times whether Pope was a poet, and was to circumscribe poetry with innumerable definitions. Even so cautious and classical a critic as Matthew Arnold was reduced by his Wordsworthian fervor into saying that, "though they may write in verse, though they may in a certain sense be masters of the art of versification, Dryden and Pope are not classics of our poetry, they are classics of our prose." Probably the majority of readers of verse to-day, certainly the lagging "official critics," still talk of Pope in an off-hand way as a great writer, perhaps, but as at bottom scarcely a poet at all. Yet there are signs that the sounder taste of the present, grown a little weary of the old romantic presumptions, borrowed from Germany, is tending rather to rehabilitate the neo-classic school. A pleasant witness of this returning sanity may be found in the new life of Pope* by Miss Symonds, whose measured judgment shows by its very lack of originality—I mean nothing disparaging by the phrase—the new set of the tide.

I.

No doubt the character of the poet and the indecorous squabbles in which his life was passed have had something to do with the critical obloquy that has occasionally fallen upon him. If you wish to hear the worst of him—and it is pretty bad—you have only to read Professor Lounsbury's learned work, in which the quarrel between Pope and Theobald over the "Text of Shakespeare" is made the excuse for raking together half the scandalous doings of the little bard. Professor Lounsbury, as an eminent and honest scholar, may show just a touch of partiality for the able editor and poor poet against the slovenly editor and great poet, but, with the best of allowances, his exposition of Pope's treacheries and endless machinations leaves the would-be moralist a sorry figure to contemplate. Well, let us admit that in stooping to Truth, as he boasted, Pope showed rather a magnificent contempt for the prosaic precepts of that Goddess. As a claimant on eternity he was

ready to treat the periods of passing time most cavalierly, antedating and post-dating his satirical thrusts quite as it suited him. All this can be admitted, yet much is left to be said on the other side. Wit was a recognized warfare in those days, and the honors went too often, no doubt, to the ablest and not to the most honorable; but the reverse is also true that dishonor has now overtaken Pope, not because he was more treacherous than his rivals, but because he was cleverer—time is likely to take this revenge on a man for lying too successfully.

Outside of that warfare Pope had his admirable traits. His filial piety was scarcely less beautiful because he made poetical capital of it. His friendship, barring the grievous and deplorable feud with Addison, was with his real rivals to fame; and the correspondence of these men, though its frank moralizing may sometimes offend an age grown dull to the distinction between reflection and affectation, is one of the great documents for human nature. When Pope lay "dying of a hundred good symptoms" he said to the priest, after taking the last sacraments: "There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and indeed friendship itself is only a part of virtue." It was indeed so accounted to him. Warburton, possibly as much to affront the world as to elevate Pope, called him "one of the noblest works of God, . . . an honest man." And Spence, in his anecdotes of Pope's last moments and of Bolingbroke's tenderness, raises their friendship into something almost as beautiful as the faith that gave sanctity to the death-bed scenes of the previous century.

I suspect that we should be indifferent enough to the blamable passages of his life—for it needs a rare literary detective to trace his winding satirical course—were it not that his greatest poems have become to us what Johnson called one of his letters, "nothing but tedious malignity." We might forgive the man his irritable tricks, if for no other reason, for his poor, crazy body and raw nerves; but as a poet he needs, as he gave, no mercy. There are, of course, aspects of his work which can arouse no resentment in the reader of to-day. Mr. Courthope has made a strong plea for the variety and beauty of the heroic measure in his hands; and it is certainly a dull taste that will not respond to the sweet felicity of that couplet in the "Rape of the Lock":

The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
From the fair head—for ever and for ever;
or feel the passion of Eloisa's solitary cry:

Shrines! where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep,
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!

*"Mr. Pope: His Life and Times." By George Paston [Miss E. M. Symonds]. Two volumes. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$6.50 net.

Though cold like you, unmoved and silent
grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.

II.

But dexterously wrought out as such gems may be, we shall have a feeble case for Pope if we rest his claims on work in this *genre*; magnificent as it is, it lacks the glamour, the last touch of magic, which even the little poets of another school could command in isolated passages. And for the same reason true admirers of Pope will feel a touch of impatience at the extravagant praise so often bestowed upon "The Rape of the Lock," as if his consummate success in this flagree of the mock-heroic should be held up as an excuse for his failure in the more serious style. There is only one honest way to deal with him; we must treat him squarely as the poet of satire, and, unfortunately for his fame, the world has come to regard satire as scarcely poetry at all. If it is not poetry, then, indeed, Pope was but the fragment of a poet. There are, no doubt, special reasons why such a satire as the "Dunciad," which by reason of its size and scope comes first to mind, should find few and painful readers. All great poems, even those most universal in their human appeal, require a fairly high-developed historic sense for their appreciation, and it is idle to suppose that the *Æneid* will mean much to those who have not trained themselves to live in the Latin world, or that "Paradise Lost" can ever be interesting except to the scholar. No poem of the past is really popular, but the "Dunciad" demands for its comprehension an altogether exorbitant acquaintance with men and manners of a brief particular age.

And even after the necessary minute knowledge has been acquired—and to the scholar this local habitation and name of the "Dunciad" may have a special though somewhat artificial attraction—there remains the fact that the current of historic sympathy has set strongly away from Pope, and that most of us in our hearts are stung by his ridicule as were his living enemies. For that battle of the wits was no causeless or merely bookish event, but was part of the great political war of the land. It grew inevitably out of the ruinous divisions, as it echoed the drums and trappings, of the previous century; and if ink now flowed instead of blood, the contest was hardly the less venomous for that, or the consequences less serious. It all goes back to that terrible mischance which in the days of the Stuarts divided the imagination and the practical sense of England into irreconcilable camps, and separated the loyalty to symbols of authority so far from the actualities of force. That separation kept its character through the following century, if it has not continued down to this day. Bolingbroke's vision of the

Patriot King was a reassumption of the faith of the Cavaliers, and as it was a product of the imagination divorced of practical sense, we see its working out in the follies of George III and the loss of an empire. Walpole's policy was at bottom a continuation of the empire of Cromwell, and as it failed to make a place for the imagination in its practice, we see the result in the gradual lowering of England's ideal life. At the beginning of the eighteenth century she was the intellectual leader of Europe; at the end she followed at a distance. I know of no more distressing fact in history than the situation which, at the critical moment of 1714, set almost all the notable men of letters on the losing side—all of them, I should say, with the exception of Addison and Steele, for Defoe at least served Harley and fell with him. Consider the consequences to literature of the coming of the Hanoverians: Harley himself imprisoned and tried for his head; Bolingbroke frightened out of the country; Atterbury exiled; Swift confined to Dublin; Parnell also kept in Ireland; Pope cut off from political life and retired to Twickenham; Gay nursing the insult of an offer to be gentleman-usher to the infant Princess Louisa; Prior imprisoned for two years, and then sinking to a frowsy degradation; Arbuthnot removed from St. James's, and at the end writing to Pope his pathetic plea for euthanasia. It was with no mere poetic license that Pope painted the new sovereignty:

She mounts the throne: her head a cloud
conceal'd,
In broad effulgence all below reveal'd
(Tis thus aspiring Dulness ever shines);
Soft on her lap her Laureate son reclines.
Beneath her footstool Science groans in
chains,
And Wit dreads exile, penalties, and pains.

There is personal spite aplenty in the "Dunciad," innumerable strokes of mean retaliation and wanton offence—these faults cannot be severed from the character of the author; but beneath these motives of personal satire we shall miss the whole meaning of the poem if we fail to see the passionate warfare of the losing party of wit against the triumphant party of practical, not precisely common, sense. Picture to yourself one of the dinners at Lord Oxford's, the guests that met there and what they stood for, or call up one of the more intimate evenings in the apartments of that great talker and gourmand, Dr. Arbuthnot, at St. James's, and in comparison with these think of what passed in the palace of George I and his son, or even in the chambers of Caroline, and what these things meant to letters. There is no doubt much to admire in the deistic society that Caroline affected, and an evening at St. James's, when the Queen and perhaps Mrs. Clayton drew out the conversation of Berkeley or Clarke or Butler is one of the things I

like best to contemplate in those days, even though, as Chesterfield and Walpole unite in saying, the mistress of the palace only bewildered herself in metaphysical disputes which she did not comprehend. But the master of the palace, like his own master, Sir Robert, had, I know, "a contempt for *Belles Lettres*, which he called trifling," and the Queen herself, I remember, in place of the poets she frowned upon or neglected, showered her favors upon the sad threshers-poet Stephen Duck, whom she made librarian of her grotto, "Merlin's Cave," in Richmond Gardens. George called the grotto "silly stuff"; what he thought of the poor favorite who was patronized to suicide, I do not know.

In the contrast of Queen Anne's reign with that of the Hanoverians lies the real meaning of the "Dunciad," and therein is the excuse for its bitterness. The pity of it is that politically, at least as we contemplate affairs within a narrow range of years, the Hanoverians were right, and as they seem to us right, we are drawn away from sympathy, even of a literary sort, with the satire that exposed the intellectual bareness of the land.

III.

But there is still a deeper cause of our distaste than the old echoes of faction and our political incompatibility. A great change has come upon us in our attitude toward human nature itself, and, curiously enough, Pope himself is one of the prime movers of this revolution which has carried us away from the very comprehension of his own principal works. For there is this paradox in the philosophy of Pope. On the one hand, we have his contemptuous treatment of mankind, as if his satires were no more than a long development of the text of Machiavelli that "all men are captive [*cattivi*], captive to the base impulses of egotism], and are ever ready to use the malignity of their spirit, when they have free opportunity." While on the other hand, in his "Essay on Man," inspired by the dubious optimism of his friend Bolingbroke, we have the deistic conception of the world as the best possible creation and of men as naturally altruistic in desire and as needing only liberty from restraint to develop into unselfishness of action. Now deism, which, it should be noted, was the express theme of the philosophers and divines who hung upon the court of Caroline, won the day, altering our whole conception of society and our manner of judging the individual. We have in the course of the last two hundred years acquired a kind of tenderness for humanity, which causes us to shrink from the old theological notion of absolute evil in the world, and also from the literature of the moralists which was based on the same belief. With that tenderness, if it be not the source of the feeling, our in-

dividual sensitiveness has increased enormously, so that we take in a quite personal way the attacks of moralist and satirist on mankind in general. We can listen to the singing of the still sad music of humanity with a delicate self-pity, but from the philosophy of a Rochefoucault or a Machiavelli we start back as if a hand were laid on a concealed sore. It is certainly true that he who has imbibed deeply this modern humanitarianism will be repelled from the literature of which Pope's satires are so perfect an example; in those attacks on the meanness and folly and dulness and venality of the world he will suffer a kind of uneasiness, and, taking his revenge by decrying them as a base form of art, will turn for consolation to what Cowper calls the

charity that soothes a lie,
And thrusts the truth with scorn and anger
by.

I would not say that Machiavelli expressed the whole truth, any more than did the deists, but it may as well be recognized that, without some lingering suspicion of the eternal deceitfulness of the heart and some malicious glee in the unveiling of the deceit, no man shall feel at home in the old battle of the wits. Only the absence of that suspicion and glee can account, I think, for the common apathy toward Pope's masterpiece, the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot," which is at once the prologue and the consummation of his satires.

IV.

For myself I will admit frankly that I have read the "Epistle" oftener, perhaps, than any other English poem except "Lycidas," and that long familiarity with its lines has given me always a deepening admiration for its art. If it is not poetry, I do not know where poetry is to be found. That Pope's inspiration moves on a lower plane than Milton's, I should be the last to deny. Yet in a way their themes, despite the great difference of their age and faith, have an odd similarity. Milton, like the poet of Queen Anne, wrote in the heat of battle, and with him, too, *fecit indignatio versus*. In a way, one is complementary to the other, and nothing can better show the mischievous nature of the division in the Stuart days than the fact that the practical party which Milton represented—so far as he can be said to have represented anybody but himself—was now the people of Dullness, while the party of the imagination, as we see it in the writings of Swift and Pope, was divested of all the old magnificences of morality. Yet if the "Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot" lacks Milton's mighty impulse of religion and draws from lower springs of Helicon, it still has its great compensations. The indignation is as terrible, if its causes are more mixed. Here, even more ruin-

ously than in the "Dunciad," and without the longer poem's tediousness of obscure detail, the dreaded secret is revealed—

That secret to each fool, that he's an ass.

We may doubt what was the exact nature of that two-handed engine which Milton suspended against the enemies of Puritanism, but there is nothing ambiguous about the revenge of Pope, whether with one blade he hews down his open enemies or with the other attacks his pretended friends. From the opening appeal to the poet's old and faithful servant:

Shut, shut the door, good John! fatigued I said;

Tie up the knocker, say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The Dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnassus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land—

to the last fling at the hypocrites:

One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend—

there is a succession of lines of almost dazzling wit, and every line a stab. Thackeray, as the father of Pendennis and the half-ironical patron of the Grub Street of his own day, has some pretty words of abuse upon Pope for fixing in the public mind this notion of the snarling, starving attic-world of authorship. No doubt Pope has touched up the picture with high lights, but an acquaintance with the lesser literature of the day, and with the periodicals, not omitting Pope's own blackguardly *Grub Street Journal*, gives all the justification needed for the portrait. And here again we shall miss the point if we take this fury as purely personal. There were principles involved, though Pope himself, I dare say, never really knew the difference between his principles and his spite. Something more than personal hatred envenoms the deadly caricature of Lord Hervey and the desire to "flap this bug with gilded wings." With the culmination of the satire,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
should be read Jonathan Richardson's comment:

I have heard that this lord had actually a seat managed behind the queen's hunting chaise, where he sat perched behind her close at her ear, but he could never stand it above three or four times. Besides the ridicule of his friends, folks hooted at him as the machine passed along.

The real animus of the attack is the relation of Hervey to Caroline and the Hanoverian court, and all that this meant to the intellectual and imaginative life of England. This, too, must be the excuse for the portrait of Addison, though it may scarcely palliate the author's shiftiness in regard to the date of writing the lines. They must be quoted:

Peace to all such! but were there one
whose fires

True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires;
Blest with each talent, and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:

Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,

View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,

And hate for arts that caused himself to rise;

Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,

And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;

Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;

Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;

Dreading e'en fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;

Like Cato, give his little Senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;

While wits and Templars every sentence raise,

And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

Of the exquisite finish of these verses there can, I suppose, be no question, unless De Quincey's frivolous criticism is to be listened to. The other day, while they were fresh in my memory, a friend of mine, who loves and gathers beautiful things was showing me his collection of Japanese sword-guards; and as I looked at those wonderfully wrought plates of steel and considered their ancient place on the instruments of battle, it occurred to me that their craftsmanship was not unlike that which had gone into the making of this detached masterpiece of words. And it seemed to me that the rectitude and patience of the work in each case was one of the causes of their perpetual charm. I have a prejudice in favor of genius, an invincible feeling that true art is in some way based on truth. And so, whether this portrait of Addison was written, as Warburton declares, in 1815, because the Earl of Warwick, Addison's stepson, had warned Pope of Addison's jealousy and of his instigation of Gildon to publish a scurrilous pamphlet against his supposed friend, or because Pope believed Addison to be responsible for Tickell's rival translation of the *Iliad*—whatever may have been the devious ways of Pope in explaining and spreading abroad the satire—I am convinced that Addison was not entirely blameless. In some way the jealousies of his trade had set free the deceitful spirit of egotism that lurks beneath the fairest character. It must be remembered also that in the year when the satire was written, and when the circle of Pope was suffering in so many ways from the death of Queen Anne, Addison as Chief Secretary to Ireland was enjoying the fruits of his service to the Whigs.

That, indeed, may be to his credit politically; it will help to explain, nevertheless, why Pope placed him, not among the dunces, for that would have been to stultify the writer, but among those who in the desperate battle of the mind followed the false standard—the one lost leader, when so many lesser and more ignoble men were faithful. I think Pope had loved, and did always admire, Addison. There is the true pathos of wit—and wit may have its tears—a cry of grief from a very great bitterness and regret in the last line,

Who would not weep, if Atticus were he!

If the emotion here is not genuine, we may as well shut our bosoms to every appeal of books.

V.

But there is in this satire something besides sorrow for the perversion, or at least the failure, of a noble friend; it must be read in connection with Pope's own feeling of weariness, if not of degradation. By the side of this scorn of the dull and the base, runs the contrasted note of friendship, which was always the finest trait of his character. Nowhere else does he express the union that bound together this body of defeated wits with so exquisite a charm as in the lines to the genial, much-beloved physician:

Friend to my life, which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song.

In comparison with that peaceful bond, of what profit was the long-protracted and in the end losing enmity which inspired his satire? What evil genius projected him into this hateful air of conflict?—

Why did I write? What sin to me unknown.
Dipp'd me in ink, my parents' or my own?

To understand the "Epistle" we must read it as Pope's *apologia pro vita sua*, at once an excuse for the warfare in which his days had passed and an acknowledgment of their waste and bitter fruit. With a kind of childlike and, I think, utterly sincere regret he compares the quiet tenor of his father's life with the discordant ambitions of literature, and counts as the one indisputable blessing to himself the homely respect for that life which he had preserved against all the inroads of the world's malice:

O friend! May each domestic bliss be thine!

Be no unpleasing melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of reposing age,
With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death,

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
And keep awhile one parent from the sky!
On cares like these if length of days attend,

May Heaven, to bless those days, preserve
my friend,

Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
And just as rich as when he served a queen.
Not Goldsmith himself painted a sweeter picture of resignation and piety; and, whatever else may have been true of Pope, these lines also speak the truth of him.

VI.

It may seem that the beauty of these contrasted notes in Pope's greatest poem is lost to the world to-day, because one of them at least, the warfare of the wits, was a temporary thing, now long forgotten and of interest only to the special student. To a certain degree and in form this is no doubt the case. Yet the warfare substantially is not ended, and shall not end while the differences of human nature remain unreconciled. Men in this living age, always a few, are still fighting for the rights of the mind against a dull and delusive materialism, for the freedom of the imagination against a prosaic tyranny, for a pure and patient ambition against the quick successes of vanity and pliant cleverness, for the reality of human nature against a fatuous self-complacency. To these the triumphant satire of Pope is a perpetual encouragement, while his pathetic apology expresses for them the relief needed when success appears far away, or, even if near, not worth the cost in the humiliating wager of soul against soul. Nor is the theme of the "Epistle" without its more universal aspect. For after all life itself, not for the wit only, but for each man in his place, is a contest, and poetry, from the time when Homer portrayed his heroes battling with sword and fire on the banks of the Simois, and longing for the peace of hearth and kindred and friends across the seas, has been the expression, varying in form and instruments, of that inevitable fate. The presentation of this truth may in Pope be narrowed to a particular manner and time, it may assume ignoble images and speak too often in reprehensible language, nevertheless he who does not respond to the deep emotion and humanity underlying the "Satires" has travelled but a short way into the realm of letters; he has even, I dare assert, felt but a little of the great realities of man's life.

P. E. M.

Correspondence.

"LEST WE FORGET."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Authors are apt to be strangely forgetful of facts in their own literary history, and have therefore sometimes misled editors and critics in their comments and annotations. Your keen-eyed bibliophile has more than once called attention to these lapses, as in the *Nation* for July 22, 1909, where he illustrates them by Lowell's

inaccuracy in his note on the final edition (1890) concerning the composition of the "Fable for Critics." Lowell there says:

This *jeu d'esprit* was extemporized, I may fairly say, so rapidly was it written, purely for my own amusement, and with no thought of publication. I sent daily instalments of it to a friend in New York, the late Charles F. Briggs. He urged me to let it be printed, and I at last consented to its anonymous publication.

And in a letter to R. W. Gilder (February 9, 1887) he had said of the poem: "I wrote it (slap-dash, in less than a week, I think) with no notion of publication."

The fact was that in November and December, 1847, Lowell sent "about six hundred lines" to Briggs, with instructions for its publication. From that time he worked upon it irregularly, with much prodding from his friend and the printer, until October, 1848, when the poem was completed and published.

Tennyson was more surprisingly forgetful in regard to the date of his first book, the "Poems by Two Brothers." It was certainly published in March, 1827, as all authorities agreed down to 1892. Dr. Van Dyke so gave the date in the "Chronology" appended to the first edition of his excellent "Poetry of Tennyson" in 1889 and to the second in 1891. But in the third (1892) it is changed to "1826," with the following note:

It was post-dated according to the common custom among publishers at that time. For this true date of its appearance, which has I believe never before been given correctly, I am indebted to Lord Tennyson.

He had visited the poet in 1892, "a few weeks" before this third edition went to press. I noticed the error as soon as I saw it, for I remembered, though Tennyson forgot it, that the preface of his book is dated "March, 1827," and the "Memoir" by his son so states it. Title pages are often "post-dated" (particularly in the case of holiday books brought out late in the year, compelling cataloguers and bibliographers to print two dates), but prefaces are likely to give the true date. The book was doubtless sent to press in 1826, and many of the poems in it were written some years earlier, as we know, but Tennyson confused the facts. The error, however, is not corrected in the seventh (1896) edition of Dr. Van Dyke's book, the latest that I have seen.

Within a few months I have accidentally discovered that Tennyson led me into a similar mistake in my notes on the second poem entitled "Freedom," which was first printed in this country (from "advance copy") in 1884. The second line then had "column'd Parthenon" instead of "pillar'd Parthenon," the reading in the "Tiresias" volume, published the very next year (1885), which I followed in "Enoch Arden and Other Poems" (1887), referring in the notes to the earlier reading. I sent the book to Tennyson, and, when acknowledging it, he said I was wrong in ascribing "column'd" to him, and intimated that it was a blunder in the *Independent*. I took his word for it, without looking the poem up in *Macmillan's Magazine* (where it first appeared in England in December, 1884), and "corrected" the note accordingly in my next edition, as also in a revised and enlarged edition in 1895, in Vol. VIII of the *de luxe* twelve-volume edition of Tennyson's works (1896), and in the "Cambridge" edition