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# THE SKETCH BOOK

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THE SKETCH BOOK

A ROYAL POET

by Washington Irving

Though your body be confined,  
And soft love a prisoner bound,  
Yet the beauty of your mind  
Neither check nor chain hath found.  
Look out nobly, then, and dare  
Even the fetters that you wear.

FLETCHER.

ON A soft sunny morning in the genial month of May, I made an excursion to Windsor Castle. It is a place full of storied and poetical associations. The very external aspect of the proud old pile is enough to inspire high thought. It rears its irregular walls and massive towers, like a mural crown, round the brow of a lofty ridge, waves its royal banner in the clouds, and looks down, with a lordly air, upon the surrounding world.

On this morning the weather was of that voluptuous vernal kind, which calls forth all the latent romance of a man's temperament, filling his mind with music, and disposing him to quote poetry and

dream of beauty. In wandering through the magnificent saloons and long echoing galleries of the castle, I passed with indifference by whole rows of portraits of warriors and statesmen, but lingered in the chamber, where hang the likenesses of the beauties which graced the gay court of Charles the Second; and as I gazed upon them, depicted with amorous, half-dishevelled tresses, and the sleepy eye of love, I blessed the pencil of Sir Peter Lely, which had thus enabled me to bask in the reflected rays of beauty. In traversing also the "large green courts," with sunshine beaming on the gray walls, and glancing along the velvet turf, my mind was engrossed with the image of the tender, the gallant, but hapless Surrey, and his account of his loiterings about them in his stripling days, when enamored of the Lady Geraldine-

"With eyes cast up unto the maiden's tower,  
With easie sighs, such as men draw in love."

In this mood of mere poetical susceptibility, I visited the ancient Keep of the Castle, where James the First of Scotland, the pride and theme of Scottish poets and historians, was for many years of his youth detained a prisoner of state. It is a large gray tower, that has stood the brunt of ages, and is still in good preservation. It stands on a mound, which elevates it above the other parts of the

castle, and a great flight of steps leads to the interior. In the armory, a Gothic hall, furnished with weapons of various kinds and ages, I was shown a coat of armor hanging against the wall, which had once belonged to James. Hence I was conducted up a staircase to a suite of apartments of faded magnificence, hung with storied tapestry, which formed his prison, and the scene of that passionate and fanciful amour, which has woven into the web of his story the magical hues of poetry and fiction.

The whole history of this amiable but unfortunate prince is highly romantic. At the tender age of eleven he was sent from home by his father, Robert III., and destined for the French court, to be reared under the eye of the French monarch, secure from the treachery and danger that surrounded the royal house of Scotland. It was his mishap in the course of his voyage to fall into the hands of the English, and he was detained prisoner by Henry IV., notwithstanding that a truce existed between the two countries.

The intelligence of his capture, coming in the train of many sorrows and disasters, proved fatal to his unhappy father. "The news," we are told, "was brought to him while at supper, and did so overwhelm him with grief, that he was almost ready to give up the ghost into the hands of the servant that attended him. But being carried to his bed-chamber, he abstained from all food, and in three days died of hunger and grief at Rothesay."\*

\* Buchanan.

James was detained in captivity about eighteen years; but though deprived of personal liberty, he was treated with the respect due to his rank. Care was taken to instruct him in all the branches of useful knowledge cultivated at that period, and to give him those mental and personal accomplishments deemed proper for a prince. Perhaps, in this respect, his imprisonment was an advantage, as it enabled him to apply himself the more exclusively to his improvement, and quietly to imbibe that rich fund of knowledge, and to cherish those elegant tastes, which have given such a lustre to his memory. The picture drawn of him in early life, by the Scottish historians, is highly captivating, and seems rather the description of a hero of romance, than of a character in real history. He was well learnt, we are told, "to fight with the sword, to joust, to tourney, to wrestle, to sing and dance; he was an expert mediciner, right crafty in playing both of lute and harp, and sundry other instruments of music, and was expert in grammar, oratory, and poetry."\*

\* Translation of Hector Boyce.

With this combination of manly and delicate accomplishments, fitting

him to shine both in active and elegant life, and calculated to give him an intense relish for joyous existence, it must have been a severe trial, in an age of bustle and chivalry, to pass the spring-time of his years in monotonous captivity. It was the good fortune of James, however, to be gifted with a powerful poetic fancy, and to be visited in his prison by the choicest inspirations of the muse. Some minds corrode and grow inactive, under the loss of personal liberty; others grow morbid and irritable; but it is the nature of the poet to become tender and imaginative in the loneliness of confinement. He banquets upon the honey of his own thoughts, and, like the captive bird, pours forth his soul in melody.

Have you not seen the nightingale,  
A pilgrim coop'd into a cage,  
How doth she chant her wonted tale,  
In that her lonely hermitage!  
Even there her charming melody doth prove  
That all her boughs are trees, her cage a grove.\*

\* Roger L'Estrange.

Indeed, it is the divine attribute of the imagination, that it is irrepressible, unconfined; that when the real world is shut out,

it can create a world for itself, and with a necromantic power, can conjure up glorious shapes and forms, and brilliant visions, to make solitude populous, and irradiate the gloom of the dungeon. Such was the world of pomp and pageant that lived round Tasso in his dismal cell at Ferrara, when he conceived the splendid scenes of his Jerusalem; and we may consider the "King's Quair," composed by James, during his captivity at Windsor, as another of those beautiful breakings-forth of the soul from the restraint and gloom of the prison house.

The subject of the poem is his love for the Lady Jane Beaufort, daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and a princess of the blood royal of England, of whom he became enamored in the course of his captivity. What gives it a peculiar value, is that it may be considered a transcript of the royal bard's true feelings, and the story of his real loves and fortunes. It is not often that sovereigns write poetry, or that poets deal in fact. It is gratifying to the pride of a common man, to find a monarch thus suing, as it were, for admission into his closet, and seeking to win his favor by administering to his pleasures. It is a proof of the honest equality of intellectual competition, which strips off all the trappings of factitious dignity, brings the candidate down to a level with his fellow-men, and obliges him to depend on his own native powers for distinction. It is curious, too, to get at the history of a monarch's heart, and to



find the simple affections of human nature throbbing under the ermine.

But James had learnt to be a poet before he was a king: he was schooled in adversity, and reared in the company of his own thoughts. Monarchs have seldom time to parley with their hearts, or to meditate their minds into poetry; and had James been brought up amidst the adulation and gayety of a court, we should never, in all probability, have had such a poem as the Quair.

I have been particularly interested by those parts of the poem which breathe his immediate thoughts concerning his situation, or which are connected with the apartment in the tower. They have thus a personal and local charm, and are given with such circumstantial truth, as to make the reader present with the captive in his prison, and the companion of his meditations.

Such is the account which he gives of his weariness of spirit, and of the incident which first suggested the idea of writing the poem. It was the still midwatch of a clear moonlight night; the stars, he says, were twinkling as fire in the high vault of heaven: and "Cynthia rinsing her golden locks in Aquarius." He lay in bed wakeful and restless, and took a book to beguile the tedious hours. The book he chose was Boetius' Consolations of Philosophy, a work popular among the writers of that day, and which had been translated by his great prototype Chaucer. From the high eulogium in which he indulges, it is evident this was one of his favorite volumes while in prison: and

indeed it is an admirable text-book for meditation under adversity. It is the legacy of a noble and enduring spirit, purified by sorrow and suffering, bequeathing to its successors in calamity the maxims of sweet morality, and the trains of eloquent but simple reasoning, by which it was enabled to bear up against the various ills of life. It is a talisman, which the unfortunate may treasure up in his bosom, or, like the good King James, lay upon his nightly pillow.

After closing the volume, he turns its contents over in his mind, and gradually falls into a fit of musing on the fickleness of fortune, the vicissitudes of his own life, and the evils that had overtaken him even in his tender youth. Suddenly he hears the bell ringing to matins; but its sound, chiming in with his melancholy fancies, seems to him like a voice exhorting him to write his story. In the spirit of poetic errantry he determines to comply with this intimation: he therefore takes pen in hand, makes with it a sign of the cross to implore a benediction, and sallies forth into the fairy land of poetry. There is something extremely fanciful in all this, and it is interesting as furnishing a striking and beautiful instance of the simple manner in which whole trains of poetical thought are sometimes awakened, and literary enterprises suggested to the mind.

In the course of his poem he more than once bewails the peculiar hardness of his fate; thus doomed to lonely and inactive life, and shut up from the freedom and pleasure of the world, in which the

meanest animal indulges unrestrained. There is a sweetness, however, in his very complaints; they are the lamentations of an amiable and social spirit at being denied the indulgence of its kind and generous propensities; there is nothing in them harsh nor exaggerated; they flow with a natural and touching pathos, and are perhaps rendered more touching by their simple brevity. They contrast finely with those elaborate and iterated repinings, which we sometimes meet with in poetry;- the effusions of morbid minds sickening under miseries of their own creating, and venting their bitterness upon an unoffending world. James speaks of his privations with acute sensibility, but having mentioned them passes on, as if his manly mind disdained to brood over unavoidable calamities. When such a spirit breaks forth into complaint, however brief, we are aware how great must be the suffering that extorts the murmur. We sympathize with James, a romantic, active, and accomplished prince, cut off in the lustihood of youth from all the enterprise, the noble uses, and vigorous delights of life; as we do with Milton, alive to all the beauties of nature and glories of art, when he breathes forth brief, but deep-toned lamentations over his perpetual blindness.

Had not James evinced a deficiency of poetic artifice, we might almost have suspected that these lowerings of gloomy reflection were meant as preparative to the brightest scene of his story; and to contrast with that refulgence of light and loveliness, that

exhilarating accompaniment of bird and song, and foliage and flower,  
and all the revel of the year, with which he ushers in the lady of his  
heart. It is this scene, in particular, which throws all the magic  
of romance about the old Castle Keep. He had risen, he says, at  
daybreak, according to custom, to escape from the dreary meditations  
of a sleepless pillow. "Bewailing in his chamber thus alone,"  
despairing of all joy and remedy, "for, tired of thought and  
wobegone," he had wandered to the window, to indulge the captive's  
miserable solace of gazing wistfully upon the world from which he is  
excluded. The window looked forth upon a small garden which lay at the  
foot of the tower. It was a quiet, sheltered spot, adorned with arbors  
and green alleys, and protected from the passing gaze by trees and  
hawthorn hedges.

Now was there made, fast by the tower's wall,

A garden faire, and in the corners set

An arbour green with wandis long and small

Railed about, and so with leaves beset

Was all the place and hawthorn hedges knet,

That lyf\* was none, walkyng there forbye

That might within scarce any wight espye.

So thick the branches and the leves grene,

Beshaded all the alleys that there were,  
And midst of every arbour might be sene  
The sharpe, grene, swete juniper,  
Growing so fair, with branches here and there,  
That as it seemed to a lyf without,  
The boughs did spread the arbour all about.

And on the small grene twistis\*(2) set  
The lytel swete nightingales, and sung  
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrate  
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,  
That all the garden and the wallis rung  
Right of their song-

\* Lyf, Person.

\*(2) Twistis, small boughs or twigs.

Note.- The language of the quotations is generally modernized.

It was the month of May, when every thing was in bloom; and he  
interprets the song of the nightingale into the language of his  
enamored feeling:

Worship, all ye that lovers be, this May,

For of your bliss the kalends are begun,  
And sing with us, away, winter, away,  
Come, summer, come, the sweet season and sun.

As he gazes on the scene, and listens to the notes of the birds,  
he gradually relapses into one of those tender and undefinable  
reveries, which fill the youthful bosom in this delicious season. He  
wonders what this love may be, of which he has so often read, and  
which thus seems breathed forth in the quickening breath of May, and  
melting all nature into ecstasy and song. If it really be so great a  
felicity, and if it be a boon thus generally dispensed to the most  
insignificant beings, why is he alone cut off from its enjoyments?

Oft would I think, O Lord, what may this be,  
That love is of such noble myght and kynde?  
Loving his folke, and such prosperitee  
Is it of him, as we in books do find:  
May he oure hertes setten\* and unbynd:  
Hath he upon our hertes such maistrye?  
Or is all this but feynit fantasye?

For giff he be of so grete excellence,  
That he of every wight hath care and charge,

What have I gilt\*(2) to him, or done offense,  
That I am thral'd, and birdis go at large?

\* Setten, incline.

\*(2) Gilt, what injury have I done, etc.

In the midst of his musing, as he casts his eye downward, he beholds  
"the fairest and the freshest young floure" that ever he had seen.

It is the lovely Lady Jane, walking in the garden to enjoy the  
beauty of that "fresh May morrowe." Breaking thus suddenly upon his  
sight, in the moment of loneliness and excited susceptibility, she  
at once captivates the fancy of the romantic prince, and becomes the  
object of his wandering wishes, the sovereign of his ideal world.

There is, in this charming scene, an evident resemblance to the  
early part of Chaucer's Knight's Tale; where Palamon and Arcite fall  
in love with Emilia, whom they see walking in the garden of their  
prison. Perhaps the similarity of the actual fact to the incident  
which he had read in Chaucer may have induced James to dwell on it  
in his poem. His description of the Lady Jane is given in the  
picturesque and minute manner of his master; and being doubtless taken  
from the life, is a perfect portrait of a beauty of that day. He  
dwells, with the fondness of a lover, on every article of her apparel,  
from the net of pearl, splendid with emeralds and sapphires, that

confined her golden hair, even to the "goodly chaine of small  
orfeverye"\* about her neck, whereby there hung a ruby in shape of a  
heart, that seemed, he says, like a spark of fire burning upon her  
white bosom. Her dress of white tissue was looped up to enable her  
to walk with more freedom. She was accompanied by two female  
attendants, and about her sported a little hound decorated with bells;  
probably the small Italian hound of exquisite symmetry, which was a  
parlor favorite and pet among the fashionable dames of ancient  
times. James closes his description by a burst of general eulogium:

\* Wrought gold.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble port,  
Bounty, riches, and womanly feature;  
God better knows than my pen can report,  
Wisdom, largesse,\* estate,\*<sup>(2)</sup> and cunning\*<sup>(3)</sup> sure,  
In every point so guided her measure,  
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,  
That nature might no more her child advance.

\* Largesse, bounty.

\*<sup>(2)</sup> Estate, dignity.

\*<sup>(3)</sup> Cunning, discretion.



The departure of the Lady Jane from the garden puts an end to this transient riot of the heart. With her departs the amorous illusion that had shed a temporary charm over the scene of his captivity, and he relapses into loneliness, now rendered tenfold more intolerable by this passing beam of unattainable beauty. Through the long and weary day he repines at his unhappy lot, and when evening approaches, and Phoebus, as he beautifully expresses it, had "bade farewell to every leaf and flower," he still lingers at the window, and, laying his head upon the cold stone, gives vent to a mingled flow of love and sorrow, until, gradually lulled by the mute melancholy of the twilight hour, he lapses, "half sleeping, half swoon," into a vision, which occupies the remainder of the poem, and in which is allegorically shadowed out the history of his passion.

When he wakes from his trance, he rises from his stony pillow, and, pacing his apartment, full of dreary reflections, questions his spirit, whither it has been wandering; whether, indeed, all that has passed before his dreaming fancy has been conjured up by preceding circumstances; or whether it is a vision, intended to comfort and assure him in his despondency. If the latter, he prays that some token may be sent to confirm the promise of happier days, given him in his slumbers. Suddenly, a turtle dove, of the purest whiteness, comes flying in at the window, and alights upon his hand, bearing in her