Aspatia and Bellario. To excite compassion was enough for Fletcher, as in the masculine parts of his work it was enough for him to excite wonder, to sustain curiosity, to goad and stimulate by any vivid and violent means the interest of readers or spectators. The single instance of noble pathos, the one scene he has left us which appeals to the higher and purer kind of pity, is the death of the child Hengo in *Bonduca,*—a scene which of itself would have sufficed to enrol his name for ever on the list of our great tragic poets To him we may probably assign the whole merit of that fiery and high-toned tragedy, with all its spirit and splendour of national and martial passion; the conscious and demonstrative exchange of courtesy between Roman and Briton, which is one of the leading notes of the poem, has in it a touch of overstrained and artificial chivalry characteristic of Fletcher; yet the parts of Caratach and Pœnius may be counted among the loftiest and most equal of his creations. But no surer test or better example can be taken of the distinctive quality which denotes the graver genius of either poet than that supplied by a comparison of Beaumont's *Triumph of Love* with Fletcher's *Triumph of Death.* Each little play, in the brief course of its single act, gives proof of the peculiar touch and special trick of its author's hand: the deeper and more delicate passion of Beaumont, the rapid and ardent activity of Fletcher, have nowhere found a more noticeable vent for the expression respectively of the most tender and profound simplicity of quiet sweetness, the most buoyant and impatient energy of tragic emotion.

In the wider field of their comic or romantic drama it is yet easier to distinguish the respective work of either hand. The bias of Fletcher was towards mixed comedy; his lightest and wildest humour is usually crossed or tempered by an infusion of romance; like Shakespeare in this one point at least, he has left no single play without some touch on it of serious interest, of poetic eloquence or fancy, however slight and fugitive. Beaumont, evidently under the imperious influence of Ben Jonson's more rigid theories, seems rather to have bent his genius with the whole force of a resolute will into the form or mould prescribed for comedy by the elder and greater comic poet. The admirable study of the worthy citizen and his wife, who introduce to the stage and escort with their applause *The Knight of the Burning Pestle* through his adventurous career to its untimely end, has all the force and fulness of Jonson's humour at its best, with more of freshness and freedom. In pure comedy, varied with broad farce and mock-heroic parody, Beaumont was the earliest as well as the ablest disciple of the master whose mantle was afterwards to be shared among the academic poets of a younger generation, the Randolphs and Cartwrights who sought shelter under the shadow of its voluminous folds. The best example of the school of Jonson to be found outside the ample range of his own work is *The Scornful Lady,* a comedy whose exceptional success and prolonged popularity must have been due rather to the broad effect of its forcible situations, its wealth and variety of ludicrous incidents, and the strong gross humour of its dialogue, than to any finer quality of style, invention, or character. It is the only work of Beaumont and Fletcher which a critic who weighs the meaning of his words can admit to be as coarse as the coarsest work of Ben Jonson. They are prone, indeed, to indulge elsewhere in a wanton and exuberant licence of talk; and Fletcher, at least, is liable to confuse the shades of right and wrong, to deface or efface the boundary lines of good and evil, to stain the ermine of virtue and palliate the nakedness of vice with the same indecorous and incongruous laxity of handling. Often, in mere haste to despatch the business of a play, to huddle up a catastrophe or throw out some particular scene into sharp and immediate relief, he will sacrifice all seemliness and consistency of character to the present aim of stage effect, and the instant impression of strong incident or audacious eloquence. His heroines are too apt to utter sentiments worthy of Diana in language unworthy of Doll Tearsheet. But in this play both style and sentiment are throughout on a lower level, the action and emotion are of a baser kind than usual; the precept of Aristotle and the practice of Jonson have been so carefully observed and exaggerated that it might almost be said to offer us in one or two places an imitation not merely of the sorrier but of the sorriest qualities of human nature; and full as it is of spontaneous power and humorous invention, the comedy extolled by the moral Steele (with just so much of reservation as permits him to deprecate the ridicule cast upon the clerical character) is certainly more offensive to artistic law and æsthetic judgment by the general and ingrained coarseness of its tone, than the tragi-comedy denounced by the immoral Dryden as exceeding in licence his own worst work and that of his fellow playwrights; an imputation, be it said in passing, as groundless as the protest pleaded on their behalf is impudent; for though we may hardly agree with the uncompromising panegyrist who commends that play in particular to the approval of "the austere scarlet" (remembering, perhaps, that Aristophanes was the chosen bedfellow of Chrysostom), there is at least no such offence against art or taste in the eccentricity of its situations or the daring of its dialogue. The buoyant and facile grace of Fletcher's style carries him lightly across quagmires in which a heavier-footed poet, or one of slower tread, would have stuck fast, and come forth bemired to the knees. To Beaumont his stars had given as birthright the gifts of tragic pathos and passion, of tender power, and broad strong humour; to Fletcher had been allotted a more fiery and fruitful force of invention, a more aerial ease and swiftness of action, a more various readiness and fulness of bright exuberant speech. The genius of Beaumont was deeper, sweeter, nobler than his elder's: the genius of Fletcher more brilliant, more supple, more prodigal, and more voluble than his friend's. Without a taint or a shadow on his fame of such imitative servility as marks and degrades the mere henchman or satellite of a stronger poet, Beaumont may fairly be said to hold of Shakespeare in his tragedy, in his comedy of Jonson; in each case rather as a kinsman than as a client, as an ally than as a follower: but the more special province of Fletcher was a land of his own discovering, where no later colonist has ever had power to settle or to share his reign. With the mixed or romantic comedy of Shakespeare it has nothing in common except the admixture or alternation of graver with lighter interest, of serious with humorous action. Nothing is here of his magic exaltation or charm of fairy empire. The rare and rash adventures of Fletcher on that forbidden track are too sure to end in pitiful and shameful failure. His crown of praise is to have created a wholly new and wholly delightful form of mixed comedy or dramatic romance, dealing merely with the humours and sentiments of men, their passions and their chances; to have woven of all these a web of emotion and event with such gay dexterity, to have blended his colours and combined his effects with such exquisite facility and swift light sureness of touch, that we may return once and again from those heights and depths of poetry to which access was forbidden him, ready as ever to enjoy as of old the fresh incomparable charm, the force and ease and grace of life, which fill and animate the radiant world of his romantic invention. Neither before him nor after do we find, in this his special field of fancy and of work, more than shadows or echoes of his coming or departing genius. Admirable as are his

tragedies already mentioned, rich in splendid eloquence and strong in large grasp of character as is the Roman history of *The False One,* full of interest and vigour as is the better part of *Rollo Duke of Normandy,* and sublime in the loveliness of passion as is the one scene of perfect beauty and terror which crowns this latter tragedy, Fletcher may claim a yet higher and more special station among his great dramatic peers by right of his comic and romantic than by right of his tragic and historic plays. Even in these he is more a romantic than a tragic poet. The quality of his genius, never sombre or subtle or profound, bears him always towards fresh air and sunshine. His natural work is in a midday world of fearless boyish laughter and hardly bitter tears. There is always more of rainbow than of storm in his skies; their darkest shadow is but a tragic twilight. What with him is the noon of night would seem as sunshine on the stage of Ford or Webster. There is but one passage in all these noble plays which lifts us beyond a sense of the stage, which raises our admiration out of speech into silence, tempers and transfigures our emotion with a touch of awe. And this we owe to the genius of Beaumont, exalted for an instant to the very tone and manner of Shakespeare's tragedy, when Amintor stands between the dead and the dying woman whom he has unwittingly slain with hand and tongue. The first few lines that drop from his stricken lips are probably the only verses of Beaumont or Fletcher which might pass for Shakespeare's even with a good judge of style—

"This earth of mine doth tremble," &c.

But in Fletcher's tragedy, however we may be thrilled and kindled with high contagious excitement, we are never awed into dumb delight or dread, never pierced with any sense of terror or pity too deep or even deep enough for tears. Even his Brunhalts and Martias can hardly persuade us to forget for the moment that "they do but jest, poison in jest." A critic bitten with the love of classification might divide those plays of Fletcher usually ranked together as comedies into three kinds: the first he would class under the head of pure comedy, the next of heroic or romantic drama, the third of mixed comedy and romance; in this, the last and most delightful division of the poet's work the special qualities of the two former kinds being equally blended and delicately harmonized. The most perfect and triumphant examples of this class are *The Spanish Curate, Monsieur Thomas, The Custom of the Country,* and *The Elder Brother.* Next to these, and not too far below them, we may put *The Little French Lawyer* (a play which in its broad conception of a single eccentric humour suggests the collaboration of Beaumont and the influence of Jonson, but in style and execution throughout is perfect Fletcher), *The Humorous Lieutenant* (on which an almost identical verdict might be passed), *Women Pleased, Beggars' Bush,* and perhaps we might add *The Fair Maid of the Inn;* in most if not in all of which the balance of exultant and living humour with serious poetic interest of a noble and various kind is held with even hand and the skill of a natural master. In pure comedy *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife* is the acknowledged and consummate masterpiece of Fletcher. Next to it we might class, for comic spirit and force of character, *Wit without Money, The Wildgoose Chase, The Chances,* and *The Noble Gentleman,*—a broad poetic farce to whose overflowing fun and masterdom of extravagance no critic has ever done justice but Leigh Hunt, who has ventured, not without reason, to match its joyous and preposterous audacities of superlative and sovereign foolery with the more sharp-edged satire and practical merriment of *King and no King,* where the keen prosaic humour of Bessus and his swordsmen is as typical of the comic style in which Beaumont had been trained up under Ben Jonson as the high interest and graduated action of the serious part of the play are characteristic of his more earnest genius. Among the purely romantic plays of Fletcher, or those in which the comic effect is throughout subordinate to the romantic, *The Knight of Malta* seems most worthy of the highest place for the noble beauty and exaltation of spirit which informs it with a lofty life, for its chivalrous union of heroic passion and Catholic devotion. This poem is the fairest and the first example of those sweet fantastic paintings in rose-colour and azure of visionary chivalry and ideal holiness, by dint of which the romance of more recent days has sought to cast the glamour of a mirage over the darkest and deadliest "ages of faith." The pure and fervent eloquence of the style is in perfect keeping with the high romantic interest of character and story. In the same class we may rank among the best samples of Fletcher's workmanship *The Pilgrim, The Loyal Subject, A Wife for a Month, Love's Pilgrimage,* and *The Lover's Progress,*—rich all of them in exquisite writing, in varied incident, in brilliant effects and graceful or passionate interludes. In *The Coxcomb* and *The Honest Man's Fortune*—two plays which, on the whole, can hardly be counted among the best of their class—there are tones of homelier emotion, touches of a simpler and more pathetic interest than usual; and here, as in the two admirable first scenes between Leucippus and Bacha, which relieve and redeem from contempt the tragic burlesque of *Cupid's Revenge,* the note of Beaumont's manner is at once discernible.

Even the most rapid revision of the work done by these great twin poets must impress every capable student with a sense of the homage due to this living witness of their large and liberal genius. The loss of their names from the roll of English poetry would be only less than the loss of the few greatest inscribed on it. Nothing could supply the want of their tragic, their comic or romantic drama; no larger or more fiery planet can ever arise to supplant or to eclipse the twin lights of our zodiac. Whatever their faults of shortcoming or excess, there is in their very names or the mere thought of their common work a kind of special and personal attraction for all true lovers of high dramatic poetry. There is the glory and grace of youth in all they have left us; if there be also somewhat too much of its graceless as well as its gracious qualities, yet there hangs about their memory as it were a music of the morning, a breath and savour of bright early manhood, a joyous and vigorous air of free life and fruitful labour, which might charm asleep for ever all thought or blame of all mortal infirmity or folly, or any stain of earth that may have soiled in passing the feet of creatures half human and half divine while yet they dwelt among men. For good or for evil, they are above all things poets of youth; we cannot conceive of them grown grey in the dignity of years, venerable with the authority of long life, and weighted with the wisdom of experience. In the Olympian circle of the gods and the giants of our race who on earth were their contemporaries and corrivals, they seem to move among the graver presences and figures of sedater fame like the two spoilt boys of heaven, lightest of foot and heart and head of all the brood of deity. Shakespeare may have smiled as Jonson may have nodded approval of their bright swift work, neither of these great elders grudging his praise to the special charm which won for it a preference during one generation at least even over their own loftier and weightier verse; and indeed the advance in natural ease, in truth and grace of dialogue, is alike manifest whether we turn to such of their comic characters as Valentine and Don John, Rutilio and Monsieur Thomas, from the Truewit of Jonson or even from the Mercutio of Shakespeare; the one too stiff with classic starch, the other too full of mere verbal catches and forced conceits, to persuade us that either can in any age have fairly represented the light free talk and facile humour of its youth. In another field than this Beaumont and Fletcher hold as high and secure a station of their own as any poet of their race. In perfect workmanship of lyrical jewellery, in perfect bloom and flower of song-writing, they equal all compeers whom they do not excel; the blossoms of their growth in this kind may be matched for colour and fragrance against Shakespeare's, and for morning freshness and natural purity of form exceed the finest grafts of Jonson. *The Faithful Shepherdess* alone might speak for Fletcher on this score, being as it is simply a lyric poem in semi-dramatic shape, to be judged only as such, and as such almost faultless; but in no wise to be classed for praise or blame among the acting plays of its author, whose one serious error in the matter was the submission of his Dryad to the critical verdict of an audience too probably in great part composed of clowns and satyrs far unlike the loving and sweet-tongued sylvan of his lovely fancy. And whether we assign to him or to Beaumont the divine song of melancholy (*mœstius lacrymis Simonideis*), perfect in form as Catullus and profound in sentiment as Shelley, which Milton himself could but echo and expand, could not heighten or deepen its exquisite intensity of thought and word alike, there will remain witness enough for the younger brother of a lyric power as pure and rare as his elder's.

The excess of influence and popularity over that of other poets usually ascribed to the work of Beaumont and Fletcher for some half century or so after their own time has perhaps been somewhat overstated by tradition. Whatever may have been for a season the fashion of the stage, it is certain that Shakespeare can show two editions for one against them in folio; four in all from 1623 to 1685, while they have but their two of 1647 and 1679. Nor does one see how it can accurately or even plausibly be said that they were in any exact sense the founders of a school either in comedy or in tragedy. Massinger, for some years their survivor, and in some points akin to them as a workman, cannot properly be counted as their disciple; and no leading poet of the time had so much in common with them as he. At first sight, indeed, his choice of romantic subject and treatment of foreign stories, gathered from the fertile tale-tellers of the south, and ranging in date from Boccaccio to Cervantes, may seem to mark him out as a member of the same school; but the deepest and most distinctive qualities of his genius set it far apart from theirs; though undoubtedly not so far that any discrepancy or discord should impair the excellence or injure the keeping of works in which he took part with Fletcher. Yet, placed beside theirs, the tone of his thought and speech seems by comparison severe as well as sober, and sad as well as severe. Their extravagant and boyish insanity of prostrate royalism is not more alien from his half pensive and half angry undertone of political protest than his usually careful and complete structure of story from their frequently lax and slovenly incoherence of character or plot, than his well composed and proportioned metre from their lighter and looser melodies, than the bitter insistence and elaborate acrimony of his judicial satire on hypocrisy or oppression from the gaiety or facility of mood which suffers them in the shifting of a scene to redeem their worst characters by some juggler's trick of conversion at the last moment allowed them to wind up a play with universal reconciliation and an act of oblivion on all hands. They could hardly have drawn with such steady skill and explicit finish an Overreach or a Luke; but the strenuous and able work of Massinger at its highest point of success has no breath in it of their brighter and more immediate inspiration. Shirley, on the other hand, may certainly be classed as a pupil who copied their style in water-colour; his best tragedy and his best comedy, *The Traitor* and *The Lady of Pleasure*, might pass muster undetected among the plays of Fletcher, and might fairly claim to take rank above the lowest class of these. In the finest work of Middleton we recognize an almost exact reproduction of Fletcher's metrical effects,—a reverberation of that flowing music, a reiteration of those feminine final notes. In his later tragi-comedies, throughout his masterpiece of *Women beware Women*, and in the noble scenes which make up the tragic or serious part of *The Changeling* or *The Spanish Gipsy*,—wherever, in a word, we find the admirable but unequal genius of this poet at its best—we find a likeness wholly wanting in his earlier and ruder work, which undoubtedly suggests the influence of Fletcher. Other instances of imitation, other examples of discipleship, might perhaps be found among lesser men of the next generation; but the mass of succeeding playwrights began in a very short time to lower the style and debase the scheme of dramatic poetry; and especially to loosen the last ties of harmony, to deface the very form and feature of tragic verse. In Shirley, the last and least of those in whom the lineal blood of the old masters was yet discernible, we find side by side with the fine ancestral indications of legitimate descent exactly such marks of decadence rather than degeneracy as we might have anticipated in the latest heir of a long line which began with the rise of Marlowe, "son of the morning," in the highest heaven of our song, to prepare a pathway for the sun. After Shakespeare there was yet room for Beaumont and Fletcher; but after these and the other constellations had set, whose lights filled up the measure of that diviner zodiac through which he moved, there was but room in heaven for the pallid moonrise of Shirley; and before this last reflex from a sunken sun was itself eclipsed, the glory had passed away from our drama, to alight upon that summit of epic song whence Milton held communion with darkness and the stars.

(A. C. S.)

BÉAUNE, the chief town of an arrondissement in France, in the department of Côte-d'Or, situated on the River Bourzeoise, twenty-three miles S.S.W. of Dijon, on the railway from Paris to Lyons. The town is of poor appearance, but has several buildings of interest, such as the churches of Nôtre Dame and Saint Pierre, both of the 12th century, the hospital, founded by Nicholas Rollin in 1443, and the belfry of the old town-house. Of more modern erection are the public baths, the theatre, the communal college, and the library. In the 18th century there were no fewer than seven monastic buildings in the town besides a Bernardine abbey, a Carthusian convent, and a society of priests engaged in educational pursuits. Beaune enjoys considerable commercial prosperity as the principal seat of the Burgundian wine-trade; it also manufactures cloth, cutlery, and leather, and has dye-works, flour-mills, and distilleries. Population in 1871, 10,415.

Beaune appears as a fortified place as early as the 7th century, and for some time was the capital of a separate duchy. United to Burgundy in 1227, it became the first seat of the Burgundian parliament, or *Jours Généraux*, and was the residence of several of the dukes. On the death of Charles the Bold, it sided with his daughter, but was besieged and taken by Louis XI. in 1478. It suffered severely in the wars of the League, prospered in the reign of Henry IV., and was greatly injured by the revocation of the Edict of Nantes.

BEAUSOBRE, ISAAC DE, a learned Protestant writer, of French origin, was born at Niort in 1659, and after studying theology at the Protestant Academy of Saumur, was ordained at the age of twenty-two. He was forced into Holland to avoid the execution of a sentence condemning him to make the *amende honorable* for having broken the royal signet, which was put upon the door of a church of the reformers to prevent the public profession of their religion. He went to Berlin in 1694, and was made chaplain to the king of Prussia, and counsellor of the royal consistory. He died in 1738, aged seventy-nine, after having published several works, among which may be mentioned—(1.) *Défense de la Doctrine des Réformés, sur la Providence, sur la Prédestination, sur la Grâce, et sur l'Eucharistie* (Magdeburg, 1694–8); (2.) A translation of the New Testament, with Notes, jointly with M. Lenfant (1718), much esteemed among Protestants; (3.) *Dissertation sur les Adamites de Bohéme*, a curious work; (4.) *Histoire Critique de Manichée et du Manichéisme*, 2 tom. 4to (Amst., 1734–9), a very learned and valuable work, discussing, as Gibbon observes, "many deep questions of Pagan and Christian theology, and forming a rich treasury of facts and opinions;" (5.) Several dissertations in the *Bibliothèque Britannique*. Beausobre had strong sense with profound erudition, and was one of the best writers of his time, and he preached as he wrote, with spirit and ability.

BEAUVAIS, a town of France, capital of an arrondissement in the department of Oise, situated in 49° 26′ N. lat. and 2° 14′ E. long., about 45 miles N. of Paris, in a valley at the junction of the Avelon and the Therain. The town is irregularly built, but possesses several edifices of historical and architectural interest. Chief among these is the cathedral of Saint Pierre, begun in 1225, continued at intervals till the 16th century by various ambitious projectors, and still incomplete. Its stained glass windows are both ancient and beautiful, though they are rivalled by those of Saint Étienne, another of the older churches in the town. Contiguous to the cathedral is a *basilica* of the 6th century, one of the oldest buildings of the kind in France. The episcopal palace, now used as a court-house, was built in the 16th century. Among the secular buildings are the town-house, dating from 1754, the college, which was formerly an Ursuline convent, a library with upwards of 15,000 volumes, a natural history museum, a theatre, a hospital, and barracks. The industry of Beauvais comprises, besides the weaving of tapestry, which dates from 1664, the manufacture of velvet and various kinds of cotton and woollen goods, leather, and earthenware. An extensive trade is carried on in grain and wine, and the products of the industrial establishments. Beauvais was known to the Romans as *Cæsaromagus*, and took its present name from the Gallic tribe of the *Bellovaci*, whose capital it was. In the 9th century it was erected into a countship, which about 1013 passed to the bishops of Beauvais, who ultimately became peers of France. In 1346 the town had to defend itself against the English, who again besieged it in 1433. The siege which it suffered in 1472 at the hands of the duke of Burgundy was rendered famous by the heroism of the women, under the leadership of Jeanne Hachette, whose memory is still celebrated by a procession on the 14th of October (the feast of Ste Angadrème), in which the women take precedence of the men. Population in 1871, 15,542.

BEAVER, the English name of a genus of Mammals belonging to the order *Rodentia*, the two known species of which are among the largest members of that group. Both beavers, European and American, measure about 2 feet in length, exclusive of the tail, which is about 10 inches long, and are covered with the fur to which they owe their chief commercial value. This consists of two kinds of hair,—the one close-set, silky, and of a greyish colour; the other much coarser and longer, and of a reddish brown. Beavers are essentially aquatic in their habits, never travelling by land unless driven to it by necessity. Their hind feet are webbed to the nails, and in swimming those only are used, the front legs remaining motionless by the side. They differ from all other rodents in possessing a broad horizontally flattened tail, somewhat oval in form and covered with scales, which they use as an aid to their progress through the water, and not as a trowel for plastering their mud houses as was formerly supposed. The front incisor teeth in each jaw have a sharp chisel-like edge, and are so formed as to preserve this through life. They consist of an outer layer of orange-coloured enamel, and a broad inner layer of a softer substance. As the creature gnaws, the softer material is worn away more rapidly than the enamel, which thus protrudes in a sharp ridge. There is a continuous growth at the roots of those teeth to repair the constant waste that goes on at the cutting edge, so that should one of the incisors be destroyed, the opposite tooth, meeting with no check to its enlargement, will grow to an enormous length; and beavers have been found in which this abnormal growth had proved fatal by preventing the other teeth from coming together. The enamel is exceedingly hard; and, until superseded by English files, those teeth, fixed in wooden handles, were used by the North American Indians in carving their weapons of bone. The question whether the American and European beavers are the same or different species, has given rise to some controversy; but it is now generally conceded, chiefly on anatomical grounds, that they are distinct, although in outward appearance they are almost identical.

The European Beaver (*Castor fiber*) was at one time an inhabitant of the British Isles, having been found, according to Pennant, in certain Welsh rivers as late as the 12th century, while fossil remains of it occur in various parts of the country. In Scandinavia beavers are now extinct,—the last known specimen having been killed in 1844. Isolated pairs are still occasionally met with on the banks of the Rhone, the Weser, and the Elbe; and a considerable number are to be found in one of the parks belonging to the emperor of Austria, on the banks of the Danube, where they are strictly preserved. They also occur, though sparingly, in Russia and Poland, in the streams of the Ural Mountains, and in those which flow into the Caspian Sea. They are said to live in burrows on the banks of rivers, like the common water rat, and to show little of the architectural instinct so conspicuous in the American species; this, however, is probably more owing to unfavourable external conditions than to want of the faculty, for there is at least one well-authenticated instance of a colony of beavers, on a small stream near Magdeburg, whose habitations and dam were exactly similar to those found in America.

The American Beaver (*Castor canadensis*) extends over that part of the American continent included between the Arctic circle and the tropic of Cancer; owing, however, to the gradual spread of population over part of this area, and still more to the enormous quantity of skins that, towards the end of last century and the beginning of the present, were exported to Europe, numbering about 200,000 annually, this species was in imminent danger of extirpation. More recently the employment of silk and of the fur of the South American Coypu in the manufacture of hats, so lessened the demand for beaver skins that the trapping of these animals became unprofitable; and being thus little sought after for many years, they have again become abundant in such of their old haunts as have not yet been occupied by man, so that the trade in beaver