THE ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS; OR THE PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST

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HUGO GROTIUS & FRANCIS BARNHAM

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Trieste

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ADAMUS EXUL OF GROTIUS;

OR THE

PROTOTYPE OF PARADISE LOST.

NOW FIRST TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

FRANCIS BARHAM, Esq.

LONDON:

SHERWOOD, GILBERT, AND PIPER;

SIMPKIN & CO.; WHITTAKER & CO.;

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1839.

[Entered at Stationers' Hall.]

TO JOHN A. HERAUD, Esq.

Dear Sir,

I have taken the liberty of dedicating this astonishing Drama to you, because you have laboured more intensely than any of my Coleridgeian friends to promote the highest forms of literature and poetry in Britain. This noble design it was that animated you in all your contributions to the Magazines and Reviews in which we have so often written. But to my mind, this glorious ambition is still more conspicuous in the pages of the Monthly Magazine since you undertook to edit it. It was this that prompted you to place this long-established and widely-circulated periodical on that high pedestal of catholicity so bravely illustrated by Grotius himself. When you first ventured on this measure, I admired the grand conception, the moral courage, and the intellectual truthfulness which urged you to a course so arduous and unfrequented; and I predicted, in contradiction to many literary associates, that this course would prove successful; nay, triumphant. I knew that what Schlegel had done for Germany, in his famous "Concordia;" and Guizot for France, in pe-

riodicals of consummate talent, you also would accomplish for Britain, by the agency of the MONTHLY MAGAZINE, and the Journals attached to it. I knew how fascinating is the exhibition of that Promethean mind with which a Magazine becomes the inspiring spirit of its age, and without which it is but a bubble on the tide of fashion. This is the scale by which thinking men measure the value of a periodical—they look for the genius, which is the power of calling up power in other souls—they look for the traces of the march of that celestial philosophy which shall yet invest our planet with imperishable lustre.

The more intelligent portion of society already takes a warm interest in your enterprise, and recognises the value of a leading Review, thus based on the broad foundation of universal truth. I rejoice to find my prediction confirmed by the fact,—by the perpetually increasing sale of a Magazine thus springing like a Phœnix from its ashes into glorious rejuvenescence. I rejoice in this renewed prosperity of a publication essentially non-sectarian,—a publication that, like an intellectual Apollo, shall diffuse a philosophic radiance over all my fellow-countrymen, be they Jews, Roman Catholics, Protestants, Tories, Whigs, or Liberals. A publication that shall become the living focus of truth's scattered beamings; accumulating what is fairest, and dissipating what is falsest in all sects and parties. Be assured, my friend, that this success will go on geometrically augmenting so long as you support the cause of union, coalition, and harmony, with as much talent and eloquence as are displayed by cotemporary Journals whose views are differently modified.

Such is the conviction that has prompted me to dedicate to you this excelling Drama of Grotius. No one will better appreciate its merits, and the extraordinary circumstances that have attended its history. After having filled all Europe with its renown during the seventeenth century, and having struggled during the eighteenth with a series of occultations almost unparalleled in bibliography, it now, in the nineteenth, emerges the brighter for its prolonged eclipse, and glitters over the literary world. To whom can I more confidently submit this Prototype of Paradise Lost than to one, who by his recent reviews of Milton and his poetry, has achieved one of the loftiest triumphs of genius, which loves to sublimate the sublime, and beautify the beautiful.

To you I feel indebted in no inconsiderable degree for the formation of my literary tastes and habits; and I would fain show my gratitude by emulating your finest compositions, which I cannot rival.

I remain,

Dear Sir,

Yours very sincerely,

FRANCIS BARHAM.

PREFACE.

An original copy of Grotius's Adamus Exul, from the Library of the late Mr. Heber, is now in my hands. It is dated 1601, *ex typographio Alberti Henrici Hagæ Comitatensi.* By confirming the genuineness of Lauder's edition of this Drama, with the exception of a few verbal alterations, it has solved a question of deep interest, which has often been asked, but hitherto asked in vain.

The Adamus Exul of Grotius was published when he was only eighteen years of age—a remarkable instance of precocious talent, if we may venture to call that talent precocious which possesses the severest attributes of virility, without a particle of feebleness or crudeness. In writing his dedication to the Prince of Condé, at that time presumptive heir to the crown of France, he seems to have been conscious that the Tragedy was no common effort. "When," says he, "my study of law, history, and the arts has allowed me any spare or leisure time, I have reflected to what style of composition I might best devote it, so as to amuse myself with a variety of agreeable exercises. I therefore undertook to write a tragedy, because our age is less fruitful in the loftier forms of the drama than other kinds of literature. As to my argument, I resolved it should be sacred; which, you will say, was sufficiently audacious, since now-a-days sacred themes are less generally ornamented than degraded by presumptuous scribblers. However, I laboured hard so to modify my style that nothing should appear in the present poem displeasing to the taste of Christians. It elaborates