Epochs-of-English-Literature

VOLUME VI.

THE POPE EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

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VOLUME VI.

THE POPE EPOCH

BY

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EDWARD ARNOLD

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PREFACE

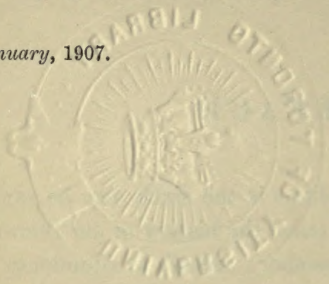
THE series of which this volume is the sixth may be said to have three objects: First, to teach the history of our literature in a rational and orderly manner; second, to illuminate the history of England by exhibiting the thoughts of its men of letters in their own words; and, third, to display, as if in a gallery, some specimens of the inheritance into which every English-reading boy and girl has entered. It has been too long the practice to teach English literature in handbooks which give only the briefest examples, if any, of the works they profess to describe; and our many excellent school anthologies, from their want of a definite historical arrangement, and the absence of prose, fail almost entirely to give a connected view of the development of our language. Now, the history of our literature, falling, as it undoubtedly does, into a series of well-marked periods of excellence, appears to lend itself peculiarly to the historical treatment suggested by the word 'epoch.'

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context. Also I avoid those works which are likely to be read elsewhere. For this reason Defoe

is here entirely omitted, since *Robinson Crusoe* is still, I believe, on the schoolboy's shelves. In the same way (and for other reasons) Swift is poorly represented. This volume is fortunate in containing only four broken numbers, beside a great preponderance of complete poems and essays.

J. C. S.

January, 1907.



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'Nay he dooth, as if your iourney should lye through a fayre Vineyard, at the first give you a cluster of Grapes that full of that taste, you may long to passe further.'

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

THE POPE EPOCH

INTRODUCTION

The Age of Anne.—In our last Epoch we were privileged to behold "Glorious John" Dryden on his throne at Will's coffee-house laying down the laws of criticism and literature to his faithful circle of wits. The literary world, with the exception of a few grand outsiders like Milton and Bunyan, was reduced to a sort of club, whose members, it is true, constantly and bitterly attacked one another; but all accepted the system imposed upon them by their great law-giver, Dryden. The visible external sign of the system is the heroic couplet in verse; but it appears in deeper ways also. It includes a reverence for wit as the supreme literary characteristic; the epithets "ingenious" and "elegant" are its highest compliments. Intellect is supreme over passion, and intellect is content with shallow philosophies and very limited culture. To this Kingdom of the Wits (and we can trace the dynasty back to Ben Jonson) Alexander Pope succeeded. His reign was not so absolute; he had far more serious rivals in Swift and Addison than ever Dryden had in poor Shadwell. But none of them, not even Swift, who possessed as original and masculine an intellect as ever fell to the lot of mortal, ventured to break the charmed circle, or dared to suggest publicly in literature that there was, in fact, all the time a real world of men and women outside the Court and the clubs. Probably

there is no period of English history in which the real life of England in the country and the lower classes is so unimportant and obscure as in the eighteenth century. Still, if a man is content to take things as he finds them, without officiously probing below the surface, there is much in this Age of Anne to delight and attract. Here a comfortable glow of patriotic pride from the victorious career of Marlborough replaces the shameful contempt that we felt in the last epoch for Charles II. and his bargains. Here the vanities of the fashionable world are at least thorough and consistent. As the hoops and patches of the ladies, the snuff and clouded canes of the beaux, the powdered wigs, the Sedan chairs, and the duels of this period never fail to delight us upon the stage, so they stand in the world of letters as a pleasing background to the light verse of Pope and Prior, and fill up the details of Sir Roger de Coverley in the *Spectator* Essays. It is perfectly easy for anybody endowed with a modicum of imagination to put himself in complete sympathy with the Age of Anne. From the snuff-boxes and patch-boxes of society to the style of Addison's *Cato* the whole performance is so entirely picturesque, homogeneous, and distinct.

"**The Augustan Age.**"—This period has been called the Augustan Age of English literature, and it is well worth while to examine its claims to that title. Dr. Johnson, who was himself too much under its influence to be a dispassionate judge, declared that Dryden was like Augustus in that he found Rome built of brick, and left it built of marble. It is enough to say in answer that if the analogy is to hold good, Milton and Shakespeare must represent the brick, and Pope and Dryden the marble. But there is more in the term "Augustan" than this. In the Age of Augustus the great authors—Vergil, Horace, Livy, Ovid, and the rest—were formed into cliques under the patronage of statesmen like Maecenas. Statesmen realized the power of the pen in supporting or thwarting their designs. In this respect the

analogy is perfect. Though the Queen herself is an amiable nonentity, alluded to but once in this book—

> "Glorious Anna, whom three realms obey,
> Doth sometimes counsel take and sometimes tea"

—yet Harley and St. John, her great Ministers, kept Swift as their watch-dog, used Prior as an Ambassador, and patronized Pope at the October club; while Steele and Addison, on the Whig side, held Government secretaryships. Like the Age of Augustus, this was an age of literary patronage. Moreover, we may well ask how it happened that Horace held such a marked ascendancy over the minds of these men, if there were not something more in common between them. The answer is that both ages were at once artificial and critical; both were much concerned with the rules of art. Both ages conceived that they possessed supremely the gift of style, and therefore felt justified in laying all their predecessors under contribution. Vergil would have been astonished if anyone had suggested that he ought in honesty to allow Homer the credit for most of his beautiful similes, or to supply footnotes indicating which of his phrases came from Theocritus, Ennius, or Lucretius. So Pope works in a line from Dryden or Roscommon or a simile from Milton without the least apology. The historical situation in each case accounts for this. After a century of excitement, the nations had settled down to enjoy a period of peace and prosperity. There was peace and honour abroad; there was plenty of money at home. *Now* was the time that mattered, and all previous times must pay their contribution.

Poetry.—The chief credit in this period of literature must go to prose. Verse was represented at first by two names only, Pope and Prior. Of these, MATTHEW PRIOR was the sort of writer who will appear at any period when life is easy and fine ladies have a taste for light verses. He deserves credit,

however, as the first professed writer in English of what are called *vers de société*. He was a poor lad of humble Dorsetshire parentage, who had the good luck to be sent by his uncle, a London innkeeper, to Westminster School. There his aspirations might have ended had not a literary nobleman, the Earl of Dorset, found him reading Horace in his uncle's tavern, and sent him to St. John's College at Cambridge. The mixture of Horace and the tavern, though not so incongruous after all, explain the turn of Prior's mind. While still at Cambridge he wrote his wittiest work, *The Town and Country Mouse*, in parody of Dryden's *The Hind and the Panther*, a versified pamphlet in praise of the Church of Rome. The title of the travesty is, of course, borrowed from Horace. In this he had for partner Charles Montague, who got most of the credit, but did less than half of the work. It brought both its authors into notice. Prior holding a life-fellowship of his college, became a secretary on the Whig side, and then an Ambassador. In this capacity he played a noteworthy part, for he was the principal negotiator of those two important treaties, the Peace of Ryswick and the Treaty of Utrecht. Before the latter he had entered Parliament and changed to the Tory side. Accordingly, when the Tories fell in 1714 and the Whigs came into office, Prior was imprisoned for his share in the Treaty of Utrecht, and stripped of his honours. Having been extravagant all his life he had no resources, and lived for the rest of his life upon the bounty of his aristocratic friends and the proceeds of his poetry and his college fellowship. His dates are 1664 to 1721. His longer serious poems, *Alma* and *Solomon*, are quite forgotten. He lives only on the strength of his occasional verses, which are singularly lively and graceful, though their tendency is far from moral.

Alexander Pope.—Alexander Pope was born in 1688, the son of a Lombard Street linen-draper, though characteristically he laid claim to exalted kindred. His father was a well-to-do

Roman Catholic, and the boy was well provided with tutors and books. Being from birth sickly and deformed, he never went to school or college. Like Ovid, his model, he was a poet from childhood.

Quicquid conabar dicere versus erat.

As a Roman Catholic, no less than as a cripple, he was debarred from entering any learned profession, so he settled down near Windsor to the life of a poet and man of letters. His later life was spent in his villa at Twickenham, or Twitnam, as it was then called, which he adorned, after the taste of the period, with artificial grottos full of shells and mirrors. His first literary venture was his *Pastorals* (1709)—very artificial, very closely modelled on Vergil's *Eclogues*, but as easy, clean, and neat as all his work. The *Essay on Criticism* appeared two years later, and *The Rape of the Lock* in its first shape in 1712. Thus it will appear that the two longer poems which have been chosen here as his best work were the production of a young man not twenty-five. His next important works were his translations of Homer—the *Iliad* in 1715 to 1720, and the *Odyssey* in 1725. These are far more Pope than Homer, excellent for the non-classical reader, but hopelessly alien in spirit to their great original. In the same class, and with the same criticism, may be mentioned his *Temple of Fame*, a "translation" of Chaucer on the same lines as Dryden's attempts. He even ventured to edit Shakespeare, with few qualifications for the task. His most beautiful poem was, perhaps, his *Eloisa to Abelard*, a touching story in the manner of Ovid's *Heroides*. His real bent, however, was towards satire, and his *Dunciad* is the most popular and effective satire in our language. In it all his literary enemies—and they were many—are brought up to be slaughtered, and the work is carried out faithfully. One of his favourite literary forms was the Horatian epistle—half conversational, half philosophical. In this style he wrote the *Essay on Man* and the five

Moral Essays, of which the introductory *Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot* is the most brilliant part. The name given to this style of poetry is "didactic," and Pope is its best exponent.

The life of Pope, as a man, is a most singular record of petty feuds, jealousies, lies, and subterranean intrigues. Even the sober biographers of the encyclopædias and the *Dictionary of National Biography* find themselves transformed into a sort of Sherlock Holmes when they come to unravel the tangles of his career. He put up his friends to attack his works in order that he might have the pleasure of pulverizing them, or if he could find no friend to undertake the task he would criticise himself under various aliases. He stole his own letters, sent them to the printer, and then offered a reward for the detection of the culprit. The truth is that he combined a truculent pugnacity in attack with a childish sensibility to criticism. His relations with Addison sufficiently illustrate these characteristics. When Pope was first rising into fame with his *Essay on Criticism*, Addison, then undisputed king of the literary world, helped him with judicious praise in the *Spectator*. Then came *The Rape of the Lock*. Addison read the first draft of it, pronounced it *merum sal* "pure salt of wit," and when its author proposed to enlarge it, advised him to let well alone. Pope assumed this to be the treacherous counsel of a jealous rival, and it is true that these two great men had now reached that sort of position in which rivalry is almost inevitable. A coolness sprang up; they met and parted without civilities. When Pope published his *Iliad*, for which Swift had most industriously canvassed, and which was met with universal applause, Addison praised it indeed, but declared that Tickell, one of his own immediate circle, had done better. Pope was furious, the more so as he falsely believed Tickell's translation to be really the work of Addison himself. His revenge was soon taken in these famous lines from the *Epistle to Doctor Arbuthnot:*

"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;
Who if two Wits on rival themes contest
Approves of each but likes the worst the best;
Dreading ev'n 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?"

The couplet here italicized, which betrays the real cause of the pique, was omitted in later editions. Addison made no reply to this attack. He continued to praise the work of Pope.

With Lady Mary Wortley Montague, first and most brilliant of blue-stockings, whose *Letters* are still most interesting, his relations were even more contemptible. After making love to her in the most extravagant fashion, he repaid the rejection of his addresses with venomous slanders.

He received a large sum from the Duchess of Marlborough for the suppression of a satirical attack upon her character, an action which in these days would be called blackmail.

Yet though his faults and his enemies were many, he had a circle of close and eminent friends: among statesmen, Harley and St. John; among ecclesiastics, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester; among wits, Swift, Prior, Gay, Arbuthnot, and Parnell. In his boyhood he had spoken with Dryden; Wycherley was the idol of his youth, and Congreve his friend through life. He showed more than common love and duty

towards his parents. To the younger generation of poets, such as James Thomson and Edward Young, he was a kindly patron. In later life he formed a close friendship with Warburton, who was his apologist and commentator to the public, and was to be his literary executor. He died, calmly and cheerfully, in the profession of the Roman Catholic faith in 1744. His was a character full of faults, open to every sort of criticism; but it is only fair to plead that Pope was not like other men. His body was twisted and deformed; his life was one "long disease." Is it to be wondered if his temper was fretful and petulant, or his spirit sour and cynical?

His Style.—As for his style, that is easy to criticise also. To the question Was Pope a great poet? the present generation returns an almost unanimous negative. The present generation finds no beauty in what is conventional; and, above all, the present generation is in revolt against the heroic couplet. So that in pieces of description, in metaphors and similes, where we look for the essential fragrance of poetry, we find nothing but the artificial flowers of rhetoric. Such lines as

> "But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves
> Long-sounding aisles, and intermingled graves,
> Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
> A death-like silence, and a dead repose:
> Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene
> Shades ev'ry flow'r, and darkens ev'ry green,
> Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
> And breathes a browner horror on the woods,"

would have seemed to Johnson moving and grand; they leave us cold. "Intermingled" seems to us an unnatural word. We ask why "death-like silence" should be repeated as "dead repose" with the added emphasis of a second article, unless to fill out the couplet. So also with "shades every flower and darkens every green." We object to "murmur" as a ludicrously weak sound for "falling floods." The *recherché* "browner horror" makes us stare rather than admire, and

when an obliging note informs us that it comes from Dryden, or we happen to remember something similar in Lucan, we like it no better. No, we do not go to Pope for poetry as the essence of that elusive word is now understood. Yet Pope has his worshippers to-day, far more than Dryden, and there is scarcely anyone who cares for literature who does not get pleasure from reading him. The reason is that here is perfection of a certain style, and any style in perfection is a thing of beauty. This is what Dryden's style was leading to, and here is the finished product:

"A little learning is a dangerous thing:
Drink deep or taste not the Pierian spring."

"How happy is the blameless Vestal's lot,
The world forgetting, by the world forgot!"

"Who shall decide when Doctors disagree?"

"The proper study of mankind is Man."

"To err is human, to forgive divine."

"The Right Divine of Kings to govern wrong."

"For forms of government let fools contest;
Whate'er is best administered is best."

Or even, if the hackneyed proverb wearies us, we need not search long to find our own "jewels five words long."

"Eternal smiles his emptiness betray
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

"And hail him victor in both gifts of song,
Who sings so loudly and who sings so long.

"And spite of Pride, in erring Reason's spite,
One truth is clear—whatever is, is right.

"Know Nature's children all divide her care,
The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.

"See Cromwell damn'd to universal fame."

Who shall deny that smartness, neatness, and point are literary virtues? Who shall deny that, as Mr. Kipling says,

"There are nine-and-sixty ways of constructing tribal lays,
And every single one of them is right"?

Mr. Austin Dobson, one of our most graceful and accomplished amateurs of the eighteenth century, thus praises Pope :

> "So I, that love the old *Augustan* Days
> Of formal Courtesies and formal Phrase ;
> That like along the finished Line to feel
> The Ruffle's Flutter and the Flash of Steel ;
> That like my Couplet as Compact as Clear ;
> That like my Satire sparkling tho' severe,
> Unmix'd with Bathos and unmarr'd by Trope,
> I fling my Cap for Polish and for Pope !"

Other Verse Writers.—Of the whole number of Pope's contemporary poets whose records are contained in Dr. Johnson's *Lives of the Poets*, few have survived, or will survive. Dr. Samuel Garth's *Dispensary*, clever though it is, scarcely outlived its author. Thomas Parnell (1679 to 1717) wrote pleasing short poems, many of them translated; he, like Swift, was of Irish birth and education. Dr. Isaac Watts (1674 to 1748) is perhaps more widely read to-day than any single author in this book, by reason of his hymns, which find a place in every hymn-book. It is true the children of to-day are no longer brought up upon

> "Let dogs delight to bark and bite,
> For 'tis their nature to ";

or

> "'Twas the voice of the sluggard :
> I heard him complain :
> 'You have waked me too soon ;
> I must slumber again.' "

It is to be feared that the gentle parodies of *Alice in Wonderland* killed most of these moral verses. But such hymns as: "Jesus shall reign where'er the sun," "O God, our help in ages past," "There is a land of pure delight," and "When I survey the wondrous Cross," have sunk deep into the religious literature of the country, and have had an immeasurable influence. Dr. Watts also wrote a very well-known work on *Logic*. Congreve was included in our last volume, and Addison will be described later. The fables of

JOHN GAY are still contained in many anthologies for the young, and since the majority of people in this country acquire their only knowledge of literature by such means, he is perhaps better known than he deserves. He was born in the same year as Pope (1688), and died in 1732. In youth he sold silks behind a counter, but the friendship of Pope raised him into the Twickenham circle, and many are the allusions in the fashionable correspondence of Lady Mary Montague to the genial and popular "Johnny Gay." His most famous work was the *Beggar's Opera*, a Newgate pastoral, suggested by Swift, which ridiculed the Italian opera then in vogue, and had such a success that it lasted for the almost unprecedented run of sixty-three nights. Its hero was Macheath, the highwayman, and it is said to have increased the number of "gentlemen of the road" by its success. This work was first offered to Colley Cibber at Drury Lane, but being rejected by him, was produced by Rich, which gave the wits of the day an opportunity of remarking that the *Beggar's Opera* made Rich gay and Gay rich; at any rate, the author's finances, which had suffered in the South Sea Bubble, were greatly benefited by it. The *Fables* were written for the edification of the young Duke of Cumberland. Considered as fables, and compared with those of La Fontaine, they are bad art, but their wit and smooth versification make them pleasant enough to read.

Prose Authors: Swift and Defoe.—Two works of this period have won immortality by pleasing children—one of the surest paths to fame. These are *Gulliver's Travels* and *Robinson Crusoe*. Probably both Swift and Defoe would have been surprised to find their reputation depending on such a cause. JONATHAN SWIFT was of Yorkshire family, but of Irish birth and education. He was born in November, 1667, and died in October, 1745, at the age of seventy-eight. His whole life was clouded by brain trouble and certain painful

symptoms of it, which finally developed into hopeless insanity. He knew his fate, and ascribed it to heredity. Though his father was a Dublin attorney, his ancestors for three generations were clergymen, and Swift throughout life was imbued with strong Church principles. At his school at Kilkenny he had Congreve, the famous dramatist, for a school-mate, and then entered Trinity College, Dublin. After the Revolution he became a secretary in the household of Sir William Temple, the essayist and ex-Ambassador, who generously befriended the critical period of his youth, and got very poor thanks for it. In 1697, his thirtieth year, while still in the service of Sir William, Swift wrote two of his most famous satires—*The Tale of a Tub*, a plea for charity between the Churches under the form of a delightfully clever allegory, and *The Battle of the Books*, also allegorical in form. The cause of the latter was a dispute between the Honourable Charles Boyle and Richard Bentley (our greatest English scholar, then reigning as tyrant over Trinity College, Cambridge) about the authenticity of certain *Letters of Phalaris*, which Bentley conclusively proved to be a later forgery. Sir William Temple, however, took the other side, and urged Swift to support it. *The Battle of the Books* is a most amusing parody of a Homeric contest.

But beside these two works there was another important result of Swift's residence with Sir William Temple. There he met a pretty child, Esther Johnson, aged seven; he being twenty-two, liked her, educated her, and ended by feeling for her one of the most romantic loves in the history of literature. She is the Stella ("Esther" the Persian word for a star, and "Stella" the Latin) of his *Journal to Stella*. Day by day, for many years, he wrote her an intimate account, often in the baby language which they had composed together, of his doings in the fashionable world of London. He contracted a secret marriage with her in Ireland, though, to the great honour of both parties, knowing his hereditary taint of

madness, he never lived with her. The correspondence, collected and published, affords us a personal knowledge of Swift's life and character such as we seldom obtain about others. It is, indeed, too intimate and personal. One wonders whether it ought to have been published. One cannot read it without uncomfortable feelings that one is prying into things private and sacred.

After Sir William Temple's death Swift's ability and vigour gained him other powerful patrons, especially the Earl of Berkeley; and when in 1710 the Tories came into power under Harley and St. John, Swift had high expectations of ecclesiastical preferment. Queen Anne, however, steadily refused to give a bishopric to the author of *The Tale of a Tub*, and Swift had to be content with the deanery of St. Patrick's at Dublin. That he proved a good or useful Dean we cannot pretend. In London society, where much of his time was spent, Swift was a conspicuous figure. He was extremely intimate with Lord Bolingbroke, constantly advising him, riding in his coach, and dining at his table. In literary society he was as autocratic as Doctor Johnson after him, as positive, and as commonly in the right. *Gulliver's Travels* appeared in 1726. In consists of four parts. First we have Gulliver in Lilliput, where he is a giant and they are tiny dwarfs. So we see human society as if through the wrong end of a telescope: we see its honours and greatnesses diminished to ridiculous insignificance; we see the folly of militarism when Gulliver can drag a whole fleet away at the end of a string. Then Gulliver appears among the Brobdingnagians, a dwarf among giants, and here we have the petty follies of mankind under the microscope. The third part is the Voyage to Laputa, a land of philosophers who live in the clouds, and incidentally Swift finds an opportunity of laughing at the speculations of the South Sea craze. Last is the Voyage to the Houyhnhnms, where horses are in the ascendant, and men, the brutal Yahoos, their servants. This is the most

savage and comprehensive satire on human society that was ever written.

Swift wrote many shorter occasional works, parodies, and clever pieces of journalism, like the *Tritical Essay* (a series of trite commonplaces in the style of the conventional essayists, delightfully solemn) and *A Meditation upon a Broomstick* (another gravely ironical parody). He wrote also a good many short verse pieces, very amusing, but rather coarse. His longest poem, *Cadenus and Vanessa*, was intended to cure the infatuation of a foolish girl who loved him.

In 1741 the malady of his brain came upon him more violently. His memory went, so that he could recall nothing but the Lord's Prayer. In March, 1742, he was placed under restraint, and so lingered till his death, in 1745. His legacies of ten or eleven thousand pounds to the hospital for lunatics and numerous other bequests are sufficient to prove that if Swift was a satirist he was no misanthrope. His is without question the most powerful and original genius in this period.

In the same section with Swift we should mention Dr. John Arbuthnot, much of whose work is almost indistinguishable in style from that of Swift. He is chiefly famous for having invented the name and character of "John Bull," and for being the person to whom Pope wrote his brilliant epistle.

Daniel Defoe (1661 to 1731) was the son of a butcher named Foe, joined Monmouth's rebellion, went into business, and lost a great deal more money than he ever possessed. Then he seems to have held some sort of Government clerkship. He was a prodigiously fertile and voluminous writer in verse and prose, and the services of his ready pen were generally for sale to the highest bidder. For his pamphlet *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters* he was put in the pillory. Then, being set free by Harley, he became a political spy, who sold himself to Whig and Tory alternately. Such was his earlier career, as an obscure and ignoble journalist. He was,

in fact, so much of an "outsider" that his name never enters the multitudinous personal gossip of the day, and probably we should never have heard of him but for *Robinson Crusoe*. This was the work of his maturer years (1719). The secret of its wonderful success is the author's gift of realism—that is, of telling a marvellous tale with apparent candour and simplicity, and in a wonderfully clear, attractive style. *Robinson Crusoe*, in its complete lack of feeling or thought, can hardly be called a novel nor a romance, but the story and the manner of telling it compensate for much. *Captain Singleton* is another story of the same kind by the same author, and is equally well done. The only other writing of Defoe which is now known is his *Journal of the Plague*. This, too, is so realistic, the horrors are told in so straightforward and matter-of-fact a manner, that many people have been deceived into supposing it genuine, though the author was only four years old at the time of the Plague. Two hundred and fifty-four works proceeded from the pen of this astonishing but not altogether admirable person.

Steele and Addison.—It is with feelings of relief that the biographer turns from subjects so unpleasant as Pope and Defoe to the pure and noble JOSEPH ADDISON and his amiable friend RICHARD STEELE. Since these two were friends from boyhood almost to the end, it will be convenient to take them together. Both were born in 1672, within six weeks of one another, Addison the son of a literary Dean of Lichfield, and Steele of an Irish lawyer; they were educated side by side at the Charterhouse in London. Both proceeded with credit to the University of Oxford, Steele as a "postmaster" of Merton, and Addison as a "demy" of Magdalen. Here their different characters led them in different directions. Steele, a "good fellow," easily led, took no degree, and left the University to wear jack-boots and broad sword as a volunteer trooper in the Horse Guards,

and then as a Captain in Lucas's Fusiliers. Addison, with more solid gifts, betook himself to the study of Latin verse, in which he became an adept, won a fellowship, and would, perhaps, have ended his days as a University Don in Holy Orders had not politics, in the person of Montague, Lord Halifax, and Lord Chancellor Somers, claimed all the literary talent of the day. Montague dissuaded him from the Church, persuaded him to learn languages for the diplomatic service, and provided him with a pension to enable him to travel. So while Steele was fighting and drinking in the army (diversions which he diversified, somewhat to the embarrassment of his brother troopers, with the publication of a devotional pamphlet called the *Christian Hero*), Addison was discussing Latin verse with the great critic Boileau, quoting Horace and Statius and Silius Italicus over the ruins of Italy, and improving his mind with foreign travel and the society of the great. In politics Addison was a Whig, but by no means a Radical, and, meritorious as it was rare, stuck to his Whig principles through life. The accession of Anne threw the Whigs to the ground; Addison lost his pension, and was in serious straits for money. For a time he acted as travelling tutor to a young nobleman, and when next we hear of him it is in a garret in the Haymarket. At this time Godolphin was Prime Minister for the Tories, and when Marlborough startled the world with his victory of Blenheim, in which the whole fabric of French military reputation tumbled to the ground like a pack of cards, Godolphin looked despairingly at the ranks of Tory bards for a poet to celebrate it. Pope's star had not yet risen, and Swift was still a Whig.

Now, it should be explained that in those days the pen wielded a greater power in politics than at any other date. There were no shorthand reporters to spread a speech in Parliament over 20,000 breakfast tables. Causes were then served by pamphlets and poetry. Accordingly Godolphin,

who was already displaying an anxiety to conciliate the Whigs, applied for advice to Montague, and Montague, with many dark hints, suggested Addison. Hence we behold the Right Hon. Henry Boyle, Chancellor of the Exchequer, humbly climbing those two pairs of stairs in the Haymarket to persuade Joseph Addison to undertake the task of celebrating Blenheim.

The result was *The Campaign*, a poem which was immensely popular for its subject no less than its style, and even to-day the world has not quite forgotten the magnificent simile which pictures Marlborough as the angel who

> "Rides on the whirlwind and directs the storm."

Thenceforward his fortune was made. He became Under-Secretary of State and Member of Parliament for Malmesbury, a constituency which he continued to represent, in spite of all political changes, until his death. In 1709 he became Chief Secretary for Ireland, and was able to befriend Dean Swift. The relations between these great men are remarkable: Swift was the bulldog of the Tories, Addison the chief pamphleteer of the Whigs; both were satirists by nature, though of very different kinds, yet Swift, who attacked every one of his other political opponents, could not find it in his heart to assail the gentle and modest Addison.

We must now return to Steele. Steele had a genius for wasting money and a talent for marrying heiresses. In the course of his life he devoured two large fortunes acquired by marriage, and was always in debt, if not in actual want. In the year 1707, with the triumph of the Whigs, Steele obtained the small post of Official Gazetteer, in which capacity he had to edit a dry official budget of news. We can imagine that the soul of a born journalist would revolt against the limitations of his task, while acutely perceiving its opportunities. In 1709 Steele produced the first number of *The Tatler*, originally intended to include news, politics, fashionable gossip, poetry, and essays. Addison heard of it

in Ireland, liked the scheme, and assisted with such goodwill that Steele humorously complained that his ally had eclipsed his own glory. It is one of the impertinences of criticism—and Lord Macaulay is here the chief sinner—to praise Addison at the expense of Steele. To Steele belongs the credit of the invention of this style of journalism, to Steele belongs the credit of inventing Sir Roger de Coverley and the Spectator Club, and if Addison drew the character of Sir Roger in tenderer lines, or possessed a more perfect style in prose, that is no reason for depreciating Steele. When *The Tatler* filled four volumes and it became desirable to drop the political side of it, the two friends started afresh with *The Spectator*, and that was succeeded by *The Guardian*. These papers were extraordinarily popular. Fiction was then unborn; *Robinson Crusoe* had not yet appeared; Richardson, Fielding, and Smollett were still to come. But Sir Roger de Coverley and his friends were far more than agreeable characters of fiction. Under these and other characters Addison and Steele with gentle irony, playful fancy, in admirable English, refined the rude tastes of their generation to a remarkable degree. The fine, guileless, benevolent old country squire, Sir Roger, was held up to admiration, and was an excellent antidote to the moral perversities that the Restoration Court had left behind it. *The Spectator* did more to refine the manners of an age when the young bloods of the town nightly committed unspeakable outrages in their "Mohawk" troops than any sermons from the pulpit or laws from Parliament could effect. In 1713 Addison produced an unexampled sensation by his tragedy of *Cato*, a fine play on "classical" lines, following the laws, so-called, of Aristotle, so that Voltaire pronounced it to be the only real tragedy produced in England. Its success was largely due to the fact that both parties interpreted it in a political sense. It contains the magnificent and well-known lines—

> "'Tis not in mortals to command success,
> But we'll do more, Sempronius: we'll deserve it."

Steele's character, jolly and amiable as it was, lacked balance. To say that he drank wine to excess is to say that he belonged to the Age of Anne; so did Addison, so did Swift and Prior. But Steele had not the necessary tact for a life of affairs, and when he took to politics he made himself so offensive with a pamphlet called *The Crisis* that he was formally ejected from Parliament and lost his official posts. However, when the Whigs came into power again on the accession of George I., in 1715, he received his reward, in the shape of a knighthood and the lucrative office of Supervisor of Drury Lane Theatre.

Addison, however, rose higher, and reached the greatest height in the State to which purely literary talents have ever carried a man in this country. Bacon was a great lawyer and a great Parliamentarian; so was Sir Thomas More; otherwise neither of them would have held the seals. But Addison never made an important speech in Parliament. He succeeded precisely because his modesty and shyness saved him from jealousy, his gentleness made him no enemies, while his talents as a political writer made him indispensable to his party, and his virtues caused him to be universally trusted. He bought an estate in Warwickshire for £10,000. He married the Dowager Countess of Warwick, and spent his last years in somewhat irksome glory at Holland House. In the next year—1717—he became Secretary of State in Sunderland's Ministry. But he had done too much for his strength. He was forced to resign by reason of ill-health, and died of dropsy in 1719. He had a magnificent funeral, which testified to his unexampled popularity and esteem.

We have already spoken of his relations with Pope and Swift. It is sad to recall that he quarrelled with his old friend Steele, the partner of his most glorious work, only a little while before his death, and they were never reconciled. The quarrel was a political one: they took different sides on the Peerage Bill, and Steele used unfortunate expressions

about Addison, which Addison was too proud to retaliate or to forgive.

Steele outlived Addison by ten years, but the main support of his weak character was removed, and he did little more except to write the best of his comedies—*The Conscious Lovers.* Steele's plays are not without merit, but are all marred by an excessive tendency to preaching, which was always an incongruous note in his character. His financial embarrassments finally caused him to retire to his second widow's estate in Wales, and there he died a rather lonely and unhappy death in 1729.

The Style of Addison.—To Dr. Johnson, Addison's was the perfect prose of the "middle style." He advised those who would learn to write to study Addison day and night. Indeed it is a style matchless for lucidity, elegance, and an appearance of ease produced by careful negligence. But it is necessary in a work of this kind to warn the student that Addison's English abounds in mistakes of grammar and syntax, which may sometimes have been intentionally designed to produce the appearance of unstudied talk, but are not to be imitated. Here are a few examples of his anacoluthon :

> "Sir Roger is one of those who *is* . . . at peace within himself."
>
> "He played a couple of gentlemen so long . . . *till* he was forced to sell the ground. . . ."
>
> "The court was *sat* before Sir Roger came."
>
> "By *reason he was* crossed in love."
>
> "A coat and doublet of the same cut that *were* in fashion at the time of his repulse, *which*, in his merry humours, he tells us, *has* been in and out twelve times since he first wore *it.*"
>
> "A country fellow brought him a huge fish, which he told him, Mr. Wimble had caught that very morning and *that* he presented it with his service to him. . . ."
>
> "How he had hooked it, played with it, and at length *drew it* out."

These examples, which are taken haphazard from two essays, might be indefinitely multiplied, and since some of

them were corrected in later editions, it is only reasonable to suppose that in some instances Addison wrote hastily as a journalist in a hurry. The real secret of his charm, which is often described as elusive and inimitable, is, I believe, that it expresses naturally the mind of a singularly charming man. There never was a man who had to the same degree the faculty of irony without sarcasm, the gift of observing little peculiarities without distorting or exaggerating them. His tender vein of sentiment and his perfectly serene outlook upon life enabled him to touch deep subjects lightly and to draw a moral out of the lightest. He was not a man of equal intellect to Swift, he was not even as original as Steele, he was vastly inferior to Pope in wit, but in charm he is unequalled. He was so popular in his own day that Swift tells Stella he believes Addison might be king if he had a mind to it.

Of his poetry, the greater part has suffered the general eclipse of the heroic couplet, but two or three of his hymns are among the most beautiful in our hymn-books.

Whig and Tory.—As we have so often had occasion to use the terms Whig and Tory, and as the history of literature in this period is so closely bound up with the struggles of party politics, a short note on this subject may help to elucidate the position of affairs. It may be said that the Exclusion Bill of 1680, by which Parliament proposed to exclude James from succeeding Charles II. because he was a Roman Catholic, first divided this country into two distinct parties. The "Abhorrers," or Tories, as they were soon called, were the High Churchmen, the remnants of the Cavalier party who believed in the "Divine Right of Kings"; in short, the people who distrust democracy, and are all in favour of the prerogative of the King and the authority of the Church. This party in after-times naturally clung to the House of Stuart, and from their ranks sprang the Jacobites. The modern Con-

servative or Unionist party claims descent from these. The Whigs, on the other hand, were the descendants of the Roundheads. They looked upon Parliament as the seat of power; in religious matters they included the Dissenters, and all those who hated or feared Popery; they supported the exclusion of James, brought William over, and though they tolerated Anne, worked for the succession of the House of Hanover. Although in after-times there was a very strong line of cleavage between Whigs and Radicals, yet our Liberal party owes its origin to the Whigs, and represents the same fundamental division of political temper. In this sense, to turn to literature, Milton, Marvell, and Burnet were Whigs; Dryden, Cowley, and Denham were Tories. In our Epoch Swift and Arbuthnot were the literary henchmen of the Tory leaders, Harley (or the Earl of Oxford) and St. John (Viscount Bolingbroke), while Pope, from his personal friendship to Bolingbroke, with Prior and Gay, did occasional service to the same cause. The Whig leaders were Lord Somers, Montague (afterwards Lord Halifax), the Duke of Marlborough, Sunderland, and Robert Walpole; under their colours served Steele and Addison. The most delightful, and perhaps the truest, commentary upon the literature and the politics of this period is to be found in Thackeray's *Esmond*. In it the reader will find Steele and Addison, Swift and Pope, most graphically and truthfully portrayed.

The Younger Generation of Poets.—So far we have confined ourselves to the recognised giants of the "Augustan" Age, or the Age of Queen Anne; but before our period closes, during the reigns of the first two Georges, there are signs of a very remarkable change in the spirit of poetry. A younger generation was growing up round the feet of Pope, with different ideas and a different poetical education. To this new school, largely because its promise exceeded its performance, sufficient attention has never been directed. It has been vaguely assumed that little or nothing of importance

lies between Pope and Wordsworth, with the exceptions of Gray, who is generally regarded as a scholastic poet outside the "stream of tendency," and Burns, who is equally outside as a Scotchman, and Blake, whose date is often forgotten, and whose mystical mind is often regarded as phenomenal. The idea has been fostered by Dr. Johnson's personal predilection for the heroic and conventional style. The idea is false. Before Gray, Burns, Blake, or Johnson, long before Wordsworth was born, the new spirit was at work, breaking down the domination of the heroic couplet, teaching the love and study of Nature. We may trace three causes of this change. In the first place, the world was growing tired of the heroic couplet, in which all the desperate bores of society found an easy refuge. In the second place, there seems to have been (perhaps owing to the teachings of Addison) a renewal of interest in the old masters, especially Spenser, who has always been "the poet's poet." It is significant that Thomson, Shenstone, and Akenside all imitated his style and diction, while Thomas Warton, Professor of Poetry at Oxford, wrote a dissertation upon the *Faerie Queene*. The third influence is that of Scotland, and the revival of interest in its ballad literature initiated by Allan Ramsay in his *Tea-Table Miscellany*. The principal names of this younger school are James Thomson, William Shenstone, Edward Young, John Dyer, Mark Akenside, and William Collins. There are few great works among all this array of names. With James Thomson we shall deal later. SHENSTONE (1714 to 1763) wrote a rather foolish poem called *The Schoolmistress* in the style of Spenser, and some *Pastoral Ballads* in the jerky metre of "O Solitude, where are the charms?" Dr. EDWARD YOUNG has been greatly praised for his *Night Thoughts*, which I have even heard a London doctor quote at great length by the bedside of his patient. It is in blank verse, insufferably tedious and prosy, being a series of arguments addressed to a persistent unbeliever named Lorenzo, with copy-book maxims for relief. Young lived

from 1681 to 1761 a life of great piety. He took Orders at the age of fifty. DYER, who died in 1758, shows considerable taste, ear for music, and love of Nature in his short poem of *Grongar Hill*. AKENSIDE (1721 to 1770) was the son of a Newcastle butcher, became a doctor, and initiated the practice of imitating Spenser. His principal work is a pompous and frigid blank verse poem on the subject of Addison's essay, and called after it *Pleasures of the Imagination*. The odes of COLLINS have been much admired by discerning critics. The most popular of them, such as *The Passions* and *To Evening*, show a love of Nature and a pleasing fancy. They are somewhat closely modelled on the odes of Dryden, and owe a good deal to the ancient classics. Collins was educated at Winchester and Oxford, and became insane at the age of thirty-three, in 1754. Possibly Chatterton and Gray might be placed with this school of poetry, but in date they belong to the next Epoch.

James Thomson.—Of JAMES THOMSON it is more difficult to speak. He is not one of the representative great ones of our Epoch. He is partly, by virtue of his rather later birth (for his dates are 1700 to 1748), a mere speck on the circumference of Pope's brilliant circle; and when we think of the "Augustan" poets the phrase barely includes him. But the modern reader, nurtured on modern ideas of the meaning of "poetry," comes upon *The Castle of Indolence* among the dreary levels of heroic couplets with something of a shock. "Here," he thinks, "is the real thing at last. Here is the one original genius. The vital spark of poetry was, after all, never extinct." It is true; and the explanation is a curious one. The seat of literature in England—that is, of the official literature whose course we have been tracing from the beginning—was London. Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, Dryden, Pope—all were Londoners more or less, by residence if not by birth. The great bulk of our English literature has had for

its provenance London and the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge. But all through this period there has been another source of poetry—the Border country, the Lowlands of Scotland, and the hills of Northumberland. There the soil seems to breed poetry. All our exquisite old ballads—or the great majority of them—are in the Border dialect, which shows that there was in that country a race of natural poets, most of them unknown to fame. From that country came Allan Ramsay, James Hogg the "Ettrick Shepherd," and Sir Walter Scott. A little to the north of it is the Burns country; a little to the south of it the Lake country, which gave us the school of poets to which we shall soon have to devote much attention. The characteristic of poetry in this region is one of a peculiar temperament, and the word that best describes it is "tenderness," which generally manifests itself in love of Nature. This is the heritage of the North. We trace it from Dunbar, who flourished about 1500, to Sir Walter Scott. In our present Epoch James Thomson is the holder of that inheritance. We lay stress upon this aspect of the case because it is commonly stated that Wordsworth rediscovered Nature. The truth is that Nature had her worshippers all along. The great service of Wordsworth is that he did battle for the Nature school, overcame fierce opposition to it, and made it thenceforward the accepted thing.

James Thomson, the son of a minister, was born in Roxburghshire, and educated for the ministry at Edinburgh. But he soon found his appointed work uncongenial, and like many another talented Scotchman, set out with very little money in his pocket to seek his fortune in London. "He had," says Dr. Johnson, "recommendations to several persons of consequence, which he had tied up carefully in his handkerchief; but as he passed along the street with the gaping curiosity of a new-comer, his attention was upon everything rather than his pocket, and his magazine of credentials was

stolen from him. His first want was a pair of shoes. For the supply of all his necessities his whole fund was his *Winter*." This poem eventually succeeded very well, and relieved its author from immediate want. It is the first of the four poems known as *The Seasons*. *Winter* was published in 1726, and the last of the four, *Autumn*, in 1730. *The Seasons* are written in blank verse, but blank verse of a new kind, Thomson's own discovery. The pauses are no less carefully varied than in the blank verse of Milton or Shakespeare; the periods are as long as those of *Paradise Lost*, but the diction is that of the heroic couplet. Nor is this style free from the "Popish" trick of antithesis. When you read such a line as

"Swell on the sight and brighten with the dawn,"

you are almost led to look for a rhyme. This style was imitated by Edward Young, and the blank verse of Wordsworth is closely akin to it. Shakespeare, Milton, Thomson, and Tennyson have each his own style in blank verse; all are distinct, and there are no others.

Thomson's only other successful poem—if we may be permitted to exclude his most famous effort, the popular ditty known as *Rule Britannia*, which occurs in a poor masque called *Alfred*—was *The Castle of Indolence*. This was written quite twenty years later than *The Seasons*, and was published only three months before the poet's death, in 1748. From the portion which we give of this remarkable poem, the reader will be able to form an estimate of its qualities. It is, of course, modelled on Spenser's *Faerie Queene* in metre, style, and diction. It is certainly, to say no more in its praise, one of the most successful imitations in literature, and deserves far more attention than it has received. Notably does the author deserve credit for his courage in deserting the fashionable couplet, so fatally easy, for the difficult Spenserian stanza, with its intricate scheme of rhymes.

Of his failures the most pretentious was a long blank verse poem on Liberty, which probably no human being except the

poet and his printer has completely read. His numerous plays are of poor quality ; one contains the egregious line,

"O Sophonisba, Sophonisba O !"

Thomson took some small share in politics. He travelled as governor to the son of Talbot, afterwards Lord Chancellor, by whom he was rewarded with a post in the Court of Chancery. The Prince of Wales, afterwards George III., who aspired to be known as a patron of genius, gave him a pension on the recommendation of Lyttelton, who afterwards got for him the post of Surveyor-General of the Leeward Isles—one of those comfortable posts in which you pocket £300 a year after paying someone else to do the work. He was an amiable character, with many friends. He never returned to Scotland, and died in 1748.

It should be added to avoid confusion that there are two poets of the name. James Thomson the second, who generally wrote under the initials "B. V.," was a brilliant but unfortunate genius who died in 1882, having given the world the most terrible poem in English—*The City of Dreadful Night.*

I.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

(i.) SONG.

THE merchant, to secure his treasure,
  Conveys it in a borrow'd name:
Euphelia serves to grace my measure;
  But Chloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre,
  Upon Euphelia's toilet lay;
When Chloe noted her desire
  That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise;
  But with my numbers mix my sighs;
And while I sing Euphelia's praise,
  I fix my soul on Chloe's eyes.

Fair Chloe blush'd: Euphelia frown'd:
  I sung, and gazed: I play'd, and trembled:
And Venus to the Loves around
  Remark'd, how ill we all dissembled.

(ii.) TO A CHILD OF QUALITY.

Lords, knights, and squires, the numerous band
  That wear the fair Miss Mary's fetters,
Were summoned by her high command
  To show their passions by their letters.

My pen amongst the rest I took,
  Lest those bright eyes, that cannot read,
Should dart their kindling fires, and look
  The power they have to be obey'd.

Nor quality, nor reputation,
  Forbid me yet my flame to tell;
Dear Five-years-old befriends my passion,
  And I may write till she can spell.

For, while she makes her silkworms beds
  With all the tender things I swear;
Whilst all the house my passion reads,
  In papers round her baby's hair;

She may receive and own my flame;
  For, though the strictest prudes should know it,
She'll pass for a most virtuous dame,
  And I for an unhappy poet.

Then too, alas! when she shall tear
  The rhymes some younger rival sends,
She'll give me leave to write, I fear,
  And we shall still continue friends.

For, as our different ages move,
  'Tis so ordain'd (would Fate but mend it!),
That I shall be past making love
  When she begins to comprehend it.

(iii.) FOR MY OWN MONUMENT.

As doctors give physic by way of prevention,
  Mat, alive and in health, of his tombstone took care;
For delays are unsafe, and his pious intention
  May haply be never fulfill'd by his heir.

Then take Mat's word for it, the sculptor is paid;
That the figure is fine, pray believe your own eye;
Yet credit but lightly what more may be said,
For we flatter ourselves, and teach marble to lie.

Yet counting as far as to fifty his years,
His virtues and vices were as other men's are;
High hopes he conceived, and he smother'd great fears,
In a life parti-colour'd, half pleasure, half care.

Nor to business a drudge, nor to faction a slave,
He strove to make int'rest and freedom agree;
In public employments industrious and grave,
And alone with his friends, Lord! how merry was he!

Now in equipage stately, now humbly on foot,
Both fortunes he tried, but to neither would trust;
And whirl'd in the round as the wheel turn'd about,
He found riches had wings, and knew man was but dust.

This verse, little polish'd, tho' mighty sincere,
Sets neither his titles nor merit to view;
It says that his relics collected lie here,
And no mortal yet knows too if this may be true.

Fierce robbers there are that infest the highway,
So Mat may be kill'd, and his bones never found;
False witness at court, and fierce tempests at sea,
So Mat may yet chance to be hang'd or be drown'd.

If his bones lie in earth, roll in sea, fly in air,
To Fate we must yield, and the thing is the same;
And if, passing, thou giv'st him a smile or a tear,
He cares not—yet, prithee, be kind to his fame.

II.

RICHARD STEELE.

A STAGE COACH JOURNEY; DIALOGUE OF THE CAPTAIN AND EPHRAIM THE QUAKER.

Qui aut tempus quid postulet non videt, aut plura loquitur, aut se ostentat, aut eorum quibuscum est rationem non habet, is ineptus esse dicitur.—TULL.

HAVING notified to my good friend Sir Roger that I should set out for London the next day, his horses were ready at the appointed hour in the evening; and, attended by one of his grooms, I arrived at the county town at twilight, in order to be ready for the stage-coach the day following. As soon as we arrived at the inn, the servant who waited upon me inquired of the chamberlain in my hearing what company he had for the coach? The fellow answered, "Mrs. Betty Arable, the great fortune, and the widow her mother; a recruiting officer (who took a place because they were to go); young 'Squire Quickset, her cousin (that her mother wished her to be married to); Ephraim the Quaker, her guardian; and a gentleman that had studied himself dumb from Sir Roger de Coverley's." I observed by what he said of myself, that according to his office he dealt much in intelligence; and doubted not but there was some foundation for his reports of the rest of the company, as well as for the whimsical account he gave of me.

The next morning at day-break we were all called; and I, who know my own natural shyness, and endeavour to be as little liable to be disputed with as possible, dressed immediately, that I might make no one wait. The first preparation for our setting out was, that the captain's half-pike was placed near the coachman, and a drum behind the coach. In the mean time the drummer,

the captain's equipage, was very loud, "that none of the captain's things should be placed so as to be spoiled"; upon which his cloak-bag was fixed in the seat of the coach; and the captain himself, according to a frequent, though invidious behaviour of military men, ordered his man to look sharp, that none but one of the ladies should have the place he had taken fronting the coach-box.

We were in some little time fixed in our seats, and sat with that dislike which people not too good-natured usually conceive of each other at first sight. The coach jumbled us insensibly into some sort of familiarity: and we had not moved above two miles, when the widow asked the captain what success he had in his recruiting? The officer, with a frankness he believed very graceful, told her "that indeed he had but very little luck, and had suffered much by desertion, therefore should be glad to end his warfare in the service of her or her fair daughter. In a word," continued he, "I am a soldier, and to be plain is my character: you see me, Madam, young, sound, and impudent; take me yourself, widow, or give me to her, I will be wholly at your disposal. I am a soldier of fortune, ha!"—This was followed by a vain laugh of his own, and a deep silence of all the rest of the company. I had nothing left for it, but to fall fast asleep, which I did with all speed. "Come," said he, "resolve upon it, we will make a wedding at the next town: we will awake this pleasant companion who is fallen asleep, to be the brideman; and," giving the Quaker a clap on the knee, he concluded, "this sly saint, who, I'll warrant, understands what's what as well as you or I, widow, shall give the bride as father." The Quaker, who happened to be a man of smartness, answered, "Friend, I take it in good part that thou hast given me the authority of a father over this comely and virtuous child; and I must assure thee, that if I have the giving

her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty. Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy emptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city; we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother will hear thee if thou must needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace.—Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee. Why didst thou fleer at our friend, who feigned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to hear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee, I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our

reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in impertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows, "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again; but be advised by a plain man: modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect me in it."

III.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHEVY-CHACE.

Interdum vulgus rectum videt.

HOR., *Ep.* ii. 1, 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed; for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Molière, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner, and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fireside— for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epi-

gram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified for the entertainment by their affection or ignorance; and the reason is plain—because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined.

The old song of "Chevy-Chace" is the favourite ballad of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of all his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of Poetry, speaks of it in the following words: "I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" For my own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule that an heroic poem should be founded upon some important precept of morality adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discords of the several Grecian princes who were engaged in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several

advantages which the enemy gained by such discords. At the time the poem we are now treating of was written, the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled among themselves or with their neighbours, and produced unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for the instruction of his poem we may learn from his four last lines, in which, after the example of the modern tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of his readers :

> God save the king, and bless the land
> In plenty, joy, and peace ;
> And grant henceforth that foul debate
> 'Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do honour to their country : thus Virgil's hero was the founder of Rome ; Homer's a prince of Greece ; and for this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statius, who were both Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the expedition of the Golden Fleece and the Wars of Thebes for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out a hero in his own country, but raises the reputation of it by several beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take the field and the last to quit it. The English bring only fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand. The English keep the field with fifty-three, the Scotch retire with fifty-five ; all the rest on each side being slain in battle. But the most remarkable circumstance of this kind is the different manner in which the Scotch and

English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it :

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
  Where Scotland's king did reign,
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
  Was with an arrow slain.

"O heavy news!" King James did say,
  "Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more
  Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
  Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
  Was slain in Chevy-Chace.

"Now God be with him," said our king,
  "Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
  Five hundred good as he.

"Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say
  But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
  For brave Lord Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed
  After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty knights were slain
  With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
  Did many thousands die, etc.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner not unbecoming so bold and brave a people :

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
  Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company,
  Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. "One of us two," says he, "must die : I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat ; however," says he, "it is pity,

and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight:"—

"Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die;
I know thee well, an earl thou art,
Lord Percy, so am I.

"But trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offence to kill
Any of these our harmless men,
For they have done no ill.

"Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside."
"Accurst be he," Lord Percy said,
"By whom this is deny'd."

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in a single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls, and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall:

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English bow,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow.

Who never spoke more words than these,
"Fight on, my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall."

"Merry men," in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's Æneid is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of weeping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are

now speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death :

Tum sic exspirans, etc. VIRG., *Æn.* xi. 820

A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes ;
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flies,
Then turns to her, whom of her female train
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain :
" Acca, 'tis past ! he swims before my sight,
Inexorable Death ; and claims his right.
Bear my last words to Turnus ; fly with speed
And bid him timely to my charge succeed ;
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve :
Farewell." DRYDEN.

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner, though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse :

Lord Percy sees my fall.

—Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas
Ausonii videre. VIRG., *Æn.* xii. 936.

The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.
DRYDEN.

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful and passionate. I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought :

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took
The dead man by the hand,
And said, " Earl Douglas, for thy life
Would I had lost my land.

" O Christ ! my very heart doth bleed
With sorrow for thy sake ;
For sure a more renowned knight
Mischance did never take."

That beautiful line, " Taking the dead man by the hand," will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father :

At verò ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris;
Ingemuit, miserans graviter, dextramque tetendit.
VIRG., *Æn.* x. 821.

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead;
He grieved, he wept, then grasped his hand and said,
"Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid
To worth so great?" DRYDEN.

IV.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

—Omnem, quæ nunc obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. VIRG., *Æn.* ii. 604.

The cloud, which, intercepting the clear light,
Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
I will remove.

WHEN I was at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with great pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows:

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of

a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of

Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number

was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another. being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

"I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them; but often when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap-doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge,' said he, 'and tell me if thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches.' 'These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life.'

"I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mor-

tality ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence in his setting out for Eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, in so much that I could discover nothing in it ; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers ; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats. But the genius told me that there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can

extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among those several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them: every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable that gives the opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it."

V.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

(i.) HYMN.

THE spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great Original proclaim.
Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
Does his Creator's power display;

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale;
And nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice;
For ever singing as they shine,
"The Hand that made us is divine."

(ii.) HYMN.

When all Thy mercies, O my God,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face;
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Through all eternity to Thee
A joyful song I'll raise ;
For oh ! eternity's too short
To utter all Thy praise.

VI.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

GULLIVER IN LAPUTA.

We came at length to the house, which was indeed a noble structure, built according to the best rules of ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks, avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judgment and taste. I gave due praise to everything I saw, whereof his Excellency took not the least notice till after supper, when, there being no third companion, he told me with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must throw down his houses in town and country, to rebuild them after the present mode, destroy all his plantations, and cast others into such a form as modern usage required ; and give the same directions to all his tenants, unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride, singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps, increase his Majesty's displeasure. That the admiration I appeared to be under would cease, or diminish, when

he had informed me of some particulars, which probably I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below.

The sum of his discourse was to this effect: that about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits, acquired in that airy region. That these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanics upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for erecting an academy of projectors in Lagado; and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges, the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures, whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten, a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever, without repairing; all the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase an hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection; and, in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of any enterprising spirit, he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the

houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life, without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country.

His lordship added, that he would not by any further particulars prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain, about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account: that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants. That, about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him, with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion; and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and, after employing an hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment.

In a few days we came back to town, and his Excellency, considering the bad character he had in the

academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his to bear me company hither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity, and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use. I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors; and, I believe, I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project for extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate; but he complained that his stock was low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from all who go to see them.

I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to publish.

There was a most ingenious architect, who had con-

trived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justified to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition: their employment was to mix colours for painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was, indeed, my misfortune to find them at that time, not very perfect in their lessons, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken: this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of plowing the ground with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, cattle, and labour. The method is this: in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chesnuts, and other mast, or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest; then you drive six hundred, or more of them, into the field, where, in few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing; it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that by employing spiders, the

charge of dying silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced, when he shewed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture from them; and, as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I visited many other apartments, but shall not trouble my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto only seen one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning of whom I shall say something, when I have mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist himself was at that time busy upon two great designs; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition of gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwardly applied, to

prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided.

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the greatest part of both the length and the breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness; and he flattered himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them; and on these papers were written all the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there were forty fixed round the edges of the frame; and,

giving them a sudden turn, the whole disposition of the words was entirely changed. He then commanded six and thirty of the lads to read the several lines softly, as they appeared upon the frame; and, where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those rich materials, to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences; which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgement to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon a paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby,

at least, this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such a caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival.

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and participles: because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns.

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak, is in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion; and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of

those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other resume their burthens, and take their leave. But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him; and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet, who practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage, proposed by this invention, was, that it would serve as an universal language, to be understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it. But the success had not hitherto been answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads; to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to use so long an abstinence as the prescription requires.

VII.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Canto I.

What dire offence from amorous causes springs,
What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse! is due:
This, even Belinda, may vouchsafe to view;
Slight is the subject, but not so the praise,
If she inspire, and he approve my lays.
  Say what strange motive, goddess! could compel
A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle?
O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
Could make a gentle belle reject a lord?
In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?
  Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,
And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake:
Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest:
'Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;
A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
(That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow),
Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay,
And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:—

"Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught;
Of airy elves by moonlight shadows seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe! thy own importance know,
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed:
What though no credit doubting wits may give?
The fair and innocent shall still believe.
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky:
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air,
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air.
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succeeding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive,
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name.

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
The graver prude sinks downward to a gnome,
In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair,
And sport and flutter in the fields of air.
"Know further yet; whoever fair and chaste
Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced:
For spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease
Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.
What guards the purity of melting maids,
In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,
Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
The glance by day, the whisper in the dark?
'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know,
Though honour is the word with men below.
"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace,
These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
When offers are disdained, and love denied:
Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
And in soft sounds, 'your grace' salutes your ear.
'Tis these that early taint the female soul,
Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
And little hearts to flutter at a beau.
"Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way,
Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
And old impertinence expelled by new.
What tender maid but must a victim fall
To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand,
If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?
With varying vanities, from every part,
They shift the moving toyshop of their heart;
Where wigs with wigs, and sword-knots sword-knots strive,
Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.
This erring mortals levity may call;
Oh blind to truth! the sylphs contrive it all.
"Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air,
In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
I saw, alas! some dread event impend,
Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
Warned by the sylph, O pious maid, beware!
This to disclose is all thy guardian can:
Beware of all, but most beware of man!"
He said; when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true,
Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
But all the vision vanished from thy head.
And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid.
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair,
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

Canto II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those;
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide:
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
With shining ringlets the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The adventurous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored,
But chiefly love—to love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves;
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:

While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die:
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the sylph—with careful thoughts opprest,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head, was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand—and thus begun:—
"Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear!
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear!
Ye know the spheres and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky.
Some less refined, beneath the moon's pale light,
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

"Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
To save the powder from too rude a gale,
Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale;
To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;
To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
A brighter wash; to curl their waving hairs,
Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs;
Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

"This day, black omens threat the brightest fair,
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China jar receive a flaw;
Or stain her honour or her new brocade;
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball;
Or whether Heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft we have known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.
"Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill,
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!"
He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

Canto III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers,
There stands a structure of majestic frame,
Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna! whom three realms obey,
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.
  Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last;
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen;
A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes;
At every word a reputation dies.
Snuff, or the fan, supply each cause of chat,
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.
  Meanwhile, declining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine;
The merchant from the exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom;
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.
Soon as she spreads her hand, the aërial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card:
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.
  Behold, four kings, in majesty revered,
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard:
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand;
And parti-coloured troops, a shining train,
Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.
The skilful nymph reviews her force with care:
"Let spades be trumps!" she said, and trumps they were.
Now move to war her sable matadores.
In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors,
Spadillio first, unconquerable lord!
Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
As many more Manillio forced to yield,
And marched a victor from the verdant field,
Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
Gained but one trump and one plebeian card.
With his broad sabre next, a chief in years,
The hoary majesty of spades appears,
Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed,
The rest his many-coloured robe concealed.
The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
Proves the just victim of his royal rage.
E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens o'erthrew
And mowed down armies in the fights of loo,
Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,
Falls undistinguished by the victor spade!
Thus far both armies to Belinda yield:
Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
His warlike amazon her host invades,
The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:
What boots the regal circle on his head,
His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread;
That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace ;
The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
And his refulgent queen, with powers combined
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.
Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.
Thus when dispersed a routed army runs,
Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,
With like confusion different nations fly,
Of various habit, and of various dye.
The pierced battalions disunited fall,
In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.
The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts,
And wins (O shameful chance !) the queen of hearts.
At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
Just in the jaws of ruin, and codille.
And now (as oft in some distempered state)
On one nice trick depends the general fate.
An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen :
He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,
And falls like thunder on the prostrate ace,
The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky ;
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply.
O thoughtless mortals ! ever blind to fate,
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.
Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
And cursed for ever this victorious day.
For lo ! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
The berries crackle, and the mill turns round :
On shining altars of Japan they raise
The silver lamp ; the fiery spirits blaze :

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
While China's earth receives the smoking tide:
At once they gratify their scent and taste,
And frequent cups prolong the rich repast.
Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
Some, as she sipped, the fuming liquor fanned,
Some o'er her lap their careful fumes displayed,
Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
Coffee (which makes the politician wise,
And see through all things with his half-shut eyes)
Sent up in vapours to the baron's brain
New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,
Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's fate!
Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair!

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
How soon they find fit instruments of ill!
Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace
A two-edged weapon from her shining case:
So ladies in romance assist their knight,
Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
The little engine on his fingers' ends;
This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,
As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;
And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear;
Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
He watched the ideas rising in her mind,

Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
An earthly lover lurking at her heart,
Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.
The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide,
To inclose the lock; now joins it, to divide.
Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
A wretched sylph too fondly interposed;
Fate urged the shears, and cut the sylph in twain,
(But airy substance soon unites again)
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever!
Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are cast,
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
Or when rich China vessels fallen from high,
In glittering dust and painted fragments lie!
"Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,"
(The victor cried) "the glorious prize is mine!
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
Or in a coach and six the British fair,
As long as Atalantis shall be read,
Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
While visits shall be paid on solemn days,
While numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live;
What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
And monuments, like men, submit to fate!
Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should feel
The conquering force of unresisted steel?"

Canto IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Nor scornful virgins who their charms survive,
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Nor ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair
As thou, sad virgin! for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light,
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows,
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows.
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face.
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;

With store of prayers, for mornings, nights and noons,
Her hand is filled ; her bosom with lampoons.
  There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into air, and languishes with pride,
On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.
  A constant vapour o'er the palace flies ;
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.
  Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living teapots stand, one arm held out,
One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks.
  Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand.
Then thus addressed the power : " Hail, wayward queen !
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways,
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.
But oh! if e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
Or change complexions at a losing game;
Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,
That single act gives half the world the spleen."
The goddess with a discontented air
Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
A wondrous bag with both her hands she binds,
Like that where once Ulysses held the winds;
There she collects the force of female lungs,
Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,
Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.
Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
Full o'er their heads the swelling bag he rent,
And all the furies issued at the vent.
Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
"O wretched maid!" she spread her hands, and cried
(While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid!" replied),
"Was it for this you took such constant care
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?
For this your locks in paper durance bound,
For this with torturing irons wreathed around?
For this, with fillets strained your tender head,
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,
While the fops envy, and the ladies stare!

Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
Methinks already I your tears survey,
Already hear the horrid things they say,
Already see you a degraded toast,
And all your honour in a whisper lost!
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
On that rapacious hand forever blaze?
Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow,
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;
Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all!"
She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
And bids her beau demand the precious hairs:
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
And thus broke out—"My lord, why, what the devil?
Confound the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be civil!
Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox!
Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapped his box.
"It grieves me much" (replied the peer again)
"Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain.
But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;
Which never more its honours shall renew,
Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
That while my nostrils draw the vital air,
This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."

He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread
The long contended honours of her head.
But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow.
Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes half-languishing, half-drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said:—
"For ever cursed be this detested day,
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away!
Happy! ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton court these eyes had never seen!
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed.
Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye,
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.
What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home!
'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell,
The tottering China shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!
A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late!
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!
My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares:
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;
The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
Oh, hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize
Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!"

CANTO V.

She said: the pitying audience melt in tears,
But fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
For who can move when fair Belinda fails?
Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
While Anna begged and Dido raged in vain.
Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan;
Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began:—
"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?
Why decked with all that land and sea afford,
Why angels called, and angel-like adored?
Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux?
Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?
How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:
That men may say, when we the front-box grace:
'Behold the first in virtue as in face!'
Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?
To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
But since, alas! frail beauty must decay,
Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey;
Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;

What then remains but well our power to use,
And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,
When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;
Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."
So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued;
Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude.
"To arms, to arms!" the fierce virago cries,
And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
All side in parties, and begin the attack;
Fans clap, silks rustle, and tough whalebones crack;
Heroes' and heroines' shouts confusedly rise,
And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
No common weapons in their hands are found,
Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.
So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
And heavenly breasts with human passions rage;
'Gainst Pallas, Mars; Latona, Hermes arms,
And all Olympus rings with loud alarms:
Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound:
Earth shakes her nodding towers, the ground gives way,
And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!
Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height
Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
The growing combat, or assist the fray.
While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
And scatters death around from both her eyes,
A beau and witling perished in the throng,
One died in metaphor, and one in song.
"O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,"
Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
"Those eyes are made so killing"—was his last.
Thus on Mæander's flowery margin lies
The expiring swan, and as he sings he dies.
When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
But, at her smile, the beau revived again.
Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,
Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;
At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.
See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
With more than usual lightning in her eyes:
Nor feared the chief the unequal fight to try,
Who sought no more than on his foe to die.
But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
She with one finger and a thumb subdued:
Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,
A charge of snuff the wily virgin threw.
The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
The pungent grains of titillating dust.
Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.
"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
(The same, his ancient personage to deck,
Her great-great-grandsire wore about his neck,
In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,
Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown:
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe!
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:
All that I dread is leaving you behind!
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,
And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."
"Restore the lock!" she cries; and all around
"Restore the lock!" the vaulted roofs rebound.
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain.
But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost!
The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
In every place is sought, but sought in vain:
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,
So Heaven decrees! with Heaven who can contest?
Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
And beaux' in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases.
There broken vows and death-bed alms are found,
And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.
But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,
Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes:
(So Rome's great founder to the heavens withdrew,
To Proculus alone confessed in view)
A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
And drew behind a radiant trail of hair.
Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
The sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,
And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey,
And hail with music its propitious ray.
This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
When next he looks through Galileo's eyes;
And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome.
Then cease, bright nymph! to mourn thy ravished hair,
Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,
Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
For, after all the murders of your eye,
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die,
When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,
This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

VIII.

ALEXANDER POPE.

AN ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

I.

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
Appear in writing or in judging ill;
But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.
Some few in that, but numbers err in this;
Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
A fool might once himself alone expose,
Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
Go just alike, yet each believes his own.
In poets as true genius is but rare,
True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
These born to judge, as well as those to write.
Let such teach others who themselves excel,
And censure freely who have written well.
Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too?
Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind:
Nature affords at least a glimmering light;
The lines, though touched but faintly, are drawn right.
But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
So by false learning is good sense defaced:
Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.
In search of wit these lose their common sense,
And then turn critics in their own defence:
Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write,
Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
All fools have still an itching to deride,
And fain would be upon the laughing side.
If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
There are who judge still worse than he can write.
Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle,
As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile,

Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal,
To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
As on the land while here the ocean gains,
In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains;
Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
The solid power of understanding fails;
Where beams of warm imagination play,
The memory's soft figures melt away.
One science only will one genius fit;
So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
But oft in those confined to single parts.
Like kings we lose the conquests gained before,
By vain ambition still to make them more;
Each might his several province well command,
Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
By her just standard, which is still the same:
Unerring Nature, still divinely bright,
One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
At once the source, and end, and test of art.
Art from that fund each just supply provides,
Works without show, and without pomp presides:

In some fair body thus the informing soul
With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains.
Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse,
Want as much more, to turn it to its use;
For wit and judgment often are at strife,
Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
'Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed;
The winged courser, like a generous horse,
Shows most true mettle when you check his course.
Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
By the same laws which first herself ordained.
Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
When to repress, and when indulge our flights:
High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
And pointed out those arduous paths they trod;
Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
Just precepts thus from great examples given,
She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
The generous critic fanned the poet's fire,
And taught the world with reason to admire.
Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
To dress her charms, and make her more beloved:
But following wits from that intention strayed,
Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid;
Against the poets their own arms they turned,
Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.
Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
Write dull receipts how poems may be made,
These leave the sense, their learning to display,
And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
Know well each Ancient's proper character;
His fable, subject, scope in every page;
Religion, country, genius of his age:
Without all these at once before your eyes,
Cavil you may, but never criticise.
Be Homer's works your study and delight,
Read them by day, and meditate by night;
Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims bring,
And trace the muses upward to their spring.
Still with itself compared, his text peruse;
And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind
A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
And but from Nature's fountains scorned to draw:
But when to examine every part he came,
Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.
Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design;
And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
As if the Stagirite o'erlooked each line.
Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;
To copy Nature is to copy them.

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry, in each
Are nameless graces which no methods teach,
And which a master-hand alone can reach.
If, where the rules not far enough extend
(Since rules were made but to promote their end),
Some lucky licence answer to the full
The intent proposed, that licence is a rule.
Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take,
May boldly deviate from the common track;
Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
And rise to faults true critics dare not mend;
From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,
Which without passing through the judgment, gains
The heart, and all its end at once attains.
In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
Which out of Nature's common order rise,
The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice.
But though the ancients thus their rules invade
(As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
Moderns, beware! or if you must offend
Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
Let it be seldom, and compelled by need;
And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
The critic else proceeds without remorse,
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.
I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults.
Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
Considered singly, or beheld too near,
Which, but proportioned to their light, or place,
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
A prudent chief not always must display
His powers in equal ranks, and fair array.

But with the occasion and the place comply,
Conceal his force, nay, seem sometimes to fly.
Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.
Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage,
Destructive war, and all-involving age.
See, from each clime the learned their incense bring!
Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
In praise so just let every voice be joined,
And fill the general chorus of mankind.
Hail, bards triumphant! born in happier days;
Immortal heirs of universal praise!
Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
Oh may some spark of your celestial fire,
The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
(That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
To teach vain wits a science little known,
To admire superior sense, and doubt their own!

II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
Whatever Nature has in worth denied,
She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
And fills up all the mighty void of sense.
If once right reason drives that cloud away,
Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,
Make use of every friend—and every foe.
A little learning is a dangerous thing;
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring:
There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
And drinking largely sobers us again.
Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts,
While from the bounded level of our mind
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleased at first the towering Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
The eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
But, those attained, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthened way,
The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!
A perfect judge will read each work of wit
With the same spirit that its author writ:
Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find
Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;
Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
Correctly cold, and regularly low,
That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep;
We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
Is not the exactness of peculiar parts;
'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call,
But the joint force and full result of all.
Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
(The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
No single parts unequally surprise,
All comes united to the admiring eyes;
No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
The whole at once is bold, and regular.
  Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
In every work regard the writer's end,
Since none can compass more than they intend;
And if the means be just, the conduct true,
Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
To avoid great errors, must the less commit:
Neglect the rules each verbal critic lays,
For not to know some trifles, is a praise.
Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
Still make the whole depend upon a part:
They talk of principles, but notions prize,
And all to one loved folly sacrifice.
  Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
A certain bard encountering on the way,
Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage;
Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice,
Made him observe the subject, and the plot,
The manners, passions, unities; what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,
Were but a combat in the lists left out.
"What! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
"Yes; or we must renounce the Stagirite."
"Not so by Heaven" (he answers in a rage),
"Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
"So vast a throng the stage can ne'er contain."
"Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice,
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
Form short ideas; and offend in arts,
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.
Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
And glittering thoughts struck out at every line;
Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
The naked Nature and the living grace,
With gold and jewels cover every part,
And hide with ornaments their want of art.
True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed;
Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
That gives us back the image of our mind.
As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
For works may have more wit than does them good,
As bodies perish through excess of blood.
Others for language all their care express,
And value books, as women men, for dress:
Their praise is still—"the style is excellent:"
The sense, they humbly take upon content.
Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
The face of Nature we no more survey,
All glares alike, without distinction gay :
But true expression, like the unchanging sun,
Clears and improves whate'er it shines upon,
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.
Expression is the dress of thought, and still
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;
A vile conceit in pompous words expressed,
Is like a clown in regal purple dressed :
For different styles with different subjects sort,
As several garbs with country, town, and court.
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
Ancients in praise, mere moderns in their sense ;
Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile,
Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
These sparks with awkward vanity display
What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ;
And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold ;
Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
Be not the first by whom the new are tried,
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong :
In the bright muse though thousand charms conspire,
Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,
Not mend their minds ; as some to church repair,
Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire;
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes;
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"
In the next line, it "whispers through the trees:"
If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The reader's threatened (not in vain) with "sleep:"
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,
A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow:
And praise the easy vigour of a line,
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join.
True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance.
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense:
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,
The line too labours, and the word moves slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise!
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow;
Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,
And the world's victor stood subdued by sound!
The power of music all our hearts allow,
And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.
Avoid extremes; and shun the fault of such,
Who still are pleased too little or too much.
At every trifle scorn to take offence,
That always shows great pride, or little sense;
Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move;
For fools admire, but men of sense approve:
As things seem large which we through mists descry,
Dulness is ever apt to magnify.
Some foreign writers, some our own despise;
The ancients only, or the moderns prize.
Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
And force that sun but on a part to shine,
Which not alone the southern wit sublimes,
But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
Which from the first has shone on ages past,
Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
Though each may feel increases and decays,
And see now clearer and now darker days.
Regard not then if wit be old or new,
But blame the false, and value still the true.
Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
But catch the spreading notion of the town;
They reason and conclude by precedent,
And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
Of all this servile herd the worst is he
That in proud dulness joins with quality,
A constant critic at the great man's board,
To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
What woeful stuff this madrigal would be,
In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me?
But let a lord once own the happy lines,
How the wit brightens! how the style refines!
Before his sacred name flies every fault,
And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
The vulgar thus through imitation err,
As oft the learned by being singular;
So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
So schismatics the plain believers quit,
And are but damned for having too much wit.
Some praise at morning what they blame at night;
But always think the last opinion right.
A muse by these is like a mistress used,
This hour she's idolized, the next abused;
While their weak heads like towns unfortified,
'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side.
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
Once school-divines this zealous isle o'erspread:
Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;
Faith, gospel, all, seem made to be disputed,
And none had sense enough to be confuted:
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane.

If faith itself has different dresses worn,
What wonder modes in wit should take their turn?
Oft, leaving what is natural and fit,
The current folly proves the ready wit:
And authors think their reputation safe,
Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.
Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
Still make themselves the measure of mankind:
Fondly we think we honour merit then,
When we but praise ourselves in other men.
Parties in wit attend on those of state,
And public faction doubles private hate.
Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux;
But sense survived, when merry jests were past;
For rising merit will buoy up at last.
Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,
New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
Zoilus again would start up from the dead.
Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;
But like a shadow, proves the substance true;
For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
The opposing body's grossness, not its own,
When first that sun too powerful beams displays,
It draws up vapours which obscure its rays:
But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
Reflect new glories and augment the day.
Be thou the first true merit to befriend:
His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend.
Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
No longer now that golden age appears,
When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years:

Now length of fame (our second life) is lost,
And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
So when the faithful pencil has designed
Some bright idea of the master's mind,
Where a new world leaps out at his command,
And ready Nature waits upon his hand;
When the ripe colours soften and unite,
And sweetly melt into just shade and light:
When mellowing years their full perfection give,
And each bold figure just begins to live,
The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
And all the bright creation fades away!
  Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
Atones not for that envy which it brings.
In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
But soon the short-lived vanity is lost:
Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
What is this wit, which must our cares employ?
The owner's wife, that other men enjoy;
Then most our trouble still when most admired,
And still the more we give, the more required;
Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
Sure some to vex, but never all to please;
'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone!
  If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
Ah, let not learning too commence its foe!
Of old, those met rewards who could excel,
And such were praised who but endeavoured well:
Though triumphs were to generals only due,
Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.

Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn some others down;
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fools:
But still the worst with most regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend.
To what base ends, and by what abject ways,
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise!
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man be lost.
Good-nature and good-sense must ever join;
To err is human, to forgive, divine.
But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find,
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large increase:
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war:
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play,
And not a mask went unimproved away:
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
The virgins smiled at what they blushed before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain;
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation;

Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare,
And vice admired to find a flatterer there!
Encouraged thus, wit's Titans braved the skies,
And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.
These monsters, critics! with your darts engage,
Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!
Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
Will needs mistake an author into vice;
All seems infected that the infected spy,
As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

III.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show,
For 'tis but half a judge's task, to know.
'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:
That not alone what to your sense is due
All may allow; but seek your friendship too.
Be silent always when you doubt your sense;
And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence:
Some positive, persisting fops we know,
Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
But you, with pleasure own your errors past,
And make each day a critic on the last.
'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
Men must be taught as if you taught them not,
And things unknown proposed as things forgot.
Without good breeding, truth is disapproved;
That only makes superior sense beloved.
Be niggards of advice on no pretence;
For the worst avarice is that of sense.

With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.
'Twere well might critics still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak,
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.
Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uncensured, to be dull;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please,
As without learning they can take degrees.
Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.
'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep,
And lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on poets, in a raging vein,
Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence!
Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always listening to himself appears.
All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;
Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend,
Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's churchyard.
Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead:
For fools rush in where angels fear to tread.
Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks,
It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
And never shocked, and never turned aside,
Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.
But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know?
Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite;
Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right;
Though learned, well-bred; and though well-bred, sincere,
Modestly bold, and humanly severe:
Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
And gladly praise the merit of a foe?
Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
A knowledge both of books and human kind:
Generous converse; a soul exempt from pride;
And love to praise, with reason on his side?
Such once were critics; such the happy few,
Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore:

He steered securely, and discovered far,
Led by the light of the Mæonian star.
Poets, a race long unconfined, and free,
Still fond and proud of savage liberty,
Received his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
Who conquered Nature, should preside o'er wit.
Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
And without method talks us into sense,
Will, like a friend, familiarly convey
The truest notions in the easiest way.
He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,
Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
Yet judged with coolness, though he sung with fire;
His precepts teach but what his works inspire.
Our critics take a contrary extreme,
They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.
See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,
And call new beauties forth from every line.
Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.
In grave Quintilian's copious works, we find
The justest rules, and clearest method joined:
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
Still fit for use, and ready at command.
Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,
And bless their critic with a poet's fire.
An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
Whose own example strengthens all his laws;
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding critics justly reigned,
Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained.
Learning and Rome alike in empire grew;
And arts still followed where her eagles flew;
From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,
And the same age saw learning fall, and Rome.
With tyranny, then superstition joined,
As that the body, this enslaved the mind;
Much was believed, but little understood,
And to be dull was construed to be good;
A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
And the Monks finished what the Goths begun.
At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
(The glory of the priesthood, and the shame!)
Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age,
And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.
But see! each muse, in Leo's golden days,
Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays,
Rome's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head.
Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive;
Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live;
With sweeter notes each rising temple rung;
A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung.
Immortal Vida: on whose honoured brow
The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow:
Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
As next in place to Mantua, next in fame!
But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
Their ancient bounds the banished muses passed;
Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
But critic-learning flourished most in France:
The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;
And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised,
And kept unconquered, and uncivilised;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew,
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
And here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules and practice tell,
"Nature's chief master-piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good,
With manners generous as his noble blood;
To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,
And every author's merit, but his own.
Such late was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly knew to blame or to commend;
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give:
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,
Prescribed her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The learned reflect on what before they knew:
Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

IX.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(i.) ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;
(Envy, be silent, and attend!)
I know a reasonable woman,
Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour,
Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,
An equal mixture of good humour,
And sensible soft melancholy.

"Has she no faults then (Envy says, sir?"
Yes, she has one, I must aver;
When all the world conspires to praise her,
The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

(ii.) TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

I.

In beauty, or wit,
No mortal as yet
To question your empire has dared:
But men of discerning
Have thought that in learning
To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,
With musty dull rules,
Have reading to females denied;
So Papists refuse
The Bible to use,
Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

III.

'Twas a woman at first
(Indeed she was curst)
In knowledge that tasted delight,
And sages agree
The laws should decree
To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Resume the old claim,
Which to your whole sex does belong;
And let men receive,
From a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robbed the whole tree?

(iii.) ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and care
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
  Hours, days, and years slide soft away,
In health of body, peace of mind,
    Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,
  Together mixed; sweet recreation;
And innocence, which most does please
    With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
  Thus unlamented let me die,
Steal from the world, and not a stone
    Tell where I lie.

(iv.) THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

ODE.

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame!
Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:
Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying!
Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away.
What is this absorbs me quite?
Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
With sounds seraphic ring :
Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !
O grave ! where is thy victory ?
O death ! where is thy sting ?

X.

JOHN GAY.

(i.) THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

In other men we faults can spy,
And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
Each little speck and blemish find,
To our own stronger errors blind.
A Turkey, tired of common food,
Forsook the barn, and sought the wood ;
Behind her ran an infant train,
Collecting here and there a grain.
"Draw near, my Birds ! (the mother cries)
This hill delicious fare supplies ;
Behold the busy negro race,
See millions blacken all the place !
Fear not ; like me with freedom eat ;
An Ant is most delightful meat.
How blest, how envied, were our life,
Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife !
But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
And Christmas shortens all our days.
Sometimes with oysters we combine,
Sometimes assist the savoury chine ;

From the low peasant to the lord,
The Turkey smokes on every board.
Sure men for gluttony are cursed,
Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach,
Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech:—
"Ere you remark another's sin,
Bid thine own conscience look within;
Control thy more voracious bill,
Nor for a breakfast nations kill."

(ii.) THE GARDENER AND THE HOG.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour placed,
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferred:
He wallowed underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snored,
Who fondly stroked him every day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend.
As on a time the loving pair
Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus addressed the Swine:—
"My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease,
If the potato's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
Indulge thy noon and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride:
What vast expense those beds supplied!"

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed;
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers:
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spied;
"Villain! suspend thy rage, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge, forgot?
What, all my flowers!" no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.
The Hog with fluttering speech returns:—
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouched, your tulips strown;
For I devoured the roots alone."
At this the Gardener's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows:
The stubborn brute the blow sustains,
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.
Ah! foolish Swain! too late you find
That styes were for such friends designed!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace;
"Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

XI.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

TO MR. P——.

ADRIANOPLE, *April* 1, O.S. 1717.

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; and, if I had much regard for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since:

> "*Caput a cervice revulsum,*
> *Gurgite cum medio portans Oeagrius Hebrus*
> *Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipse, et frigida lingua,*
> *Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,*
> *Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ.*"

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

> "As equal were our souls, so equal were our fates"?

I despair of ever having so many fine things said of me, as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present writing in a house situated on the banks of Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning to night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at

this minute! and must not you confess, to my praise, that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist the wicked suggestions of poetry in a place where truth, for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral? The summer is already far advanced in this part of the world; and, for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers set with rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable Turks divert themselves every evening; not with walking, that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick, and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit drinking their coffee, and generally attended by some slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument. Every twenty paces you may see one of these little companies listening to the dashing of the river; and this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not without it. I have often seen them and their children sitting on the banks, and playing on a rural instrument, perfectly answering the description of the ancient *fistula*, being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but agreeable softness in the sound.

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument of music among the Greek or Roman statues that is not to be found in the hands of the people of this country. The young lads generally divert themselves with making garlands for their favourite lambs, which I have often seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever read romances, but these are the ancient amusements here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and football to our British swains; the softness and warmth of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally

inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish all the city with fruit and herbs, and seem to live very easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under the shade of their trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer; he has only given a plain image of the way of life amongst the peasants of his country; who, before oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose, all employed as the better sort of them are now. I don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his *Idylliums* had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churning, both which are unknown here, the corn being all trod out by oxen; and butter (I speak it with sorrow) unheard of.

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained, and I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country, the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to present customs. But I can assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, surrounded by their maids, which are always very numerous, in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen

described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden clasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy veil that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable; and I never see (as I do very often) half a dozen old pashas with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly the same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to lead; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic or Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or a lady, as it would be to talk broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you would be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am

very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse himself, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling *The Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

TURKISH VERSES *addressed to the* SULTANA, *eldest daughter of Sultan* ACHMET III.

STANZA I.

1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
   Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes black and lovely,
   But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA II.

1. The wish'd possession is delay'd from day to day;
   The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me
   To see those cheeks more vermilion than roses.
2. I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your eyes are black and lovely,
   But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Pasha Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
   One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.
2. Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
   Must I yet wait a long time?
   The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.

3. Ah! Sultana! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels!
I desire,—and, my desire, remains unsatisfied.—
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

STANZA IV.

1. My cries pierce the heavens!
My eyes are without sleep!
Turn to me, Sultana—let me gaze on thy beauty.

2. Adieu! I go down to the grave.
If you call me I return.
My heart is hot as sulphur; sigh, and it will flame.

3. Crown of my life! fair light of my eyes!
My Sultana! my princess!
I rub my face against the earth;—I am drown'd in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for the inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. The epithet of *stag-ey'd* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and is, I think, a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, we are never to judge of the elevation of an expression in an ancient author by the sound it carries with us; which may be extremely fine with them, at the same time it looks low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and agreeable to the ancient manner of writing, the music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered;

and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject where the heart is concerned, and is far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country being full of nightingales, whose amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, and is much the same thing as if an English poem should begin by saying—"Now Philomela sings." Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look?

STANZA I.

"Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
Indulging all the night her pleasing pain:

I sought the groves to hear the wanton sing,
There saw a face more beauteous than the spring.

You large stag-eyes, where thousand glories play,
As bright, as lively, but as wild as they.

STANZA II.

In vain I'm promised such a heav'nly prize;
Ah! cruel Sultan! who delays my joys!

While piercing charms transfix my am'rous heart,
I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart,

Those eyes! like, etc.

STANZA III.

Your wretched lover in these lines complains;
From those dear beauties rise his killing pains.

When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive?
Must I wait longer?—Can I wait and live?

Ah! bright Sultana! maid divinely fair!
Can you, unpitying, see the pain I bear?

STANZA IV.

The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries.
I loathe the light, and sleep forsakes my eyes;
Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies:

Sinking to earth I sigh the last adieu ;
Call me, my goddess, and my life renew.

My queen ! my angel ! my fond heart's desire !
I rave—my bosom burns with heav'nly fire !
Pity that passion which thy charms inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose is the true sense of the author, though not literally expressed. By his saying, He went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul, I understand by this a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes to those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us, and we want those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning ; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from it by, etc.

XII.

JAMES THOMSON.

ANGLING.

Now when the first foul torrent of the brooks,
Swell'd with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
And, whit'ning, down their mossy-tinctur'd stream
Descends the billowy foam, now is the time

While yet the dark-brown water aids the guile,
To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
The rod, fine tap'ring with elastic spring,
Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
And all thy slender wat'ry stores prepare;—
When with his lively ray the potent sun
Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race;
Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
Chief, should the western breezes curling play,
And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
High to their fount, this day, amid the hills
And woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks;
The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
Down to the river, in whose ample wave
Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
Just in the dubious point, where with the pool
Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
Reverted, plays in undulating flow.
There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly.
And, as you lead it round in artful curve,
With eye attentive mark the springing game.
Straight as above the surface of the flood
They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook;
Some lightly tossing to the grassy bank,
And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
With various hand proportion'd to their force.
If yet too young, and easily deceiv'd,
A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rod,
Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space
He has enjoy'd the vital light of heav'n,
Soft disengage, and back into the stream
The speckled captive throw; but should you lure
From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots

Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook,
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scans the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear;
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes the death
With sullen plunge: at once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthen'd line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode,
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile. With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Gives way, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage,
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate hours; but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scatt'ring clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps,
Then seek the bank where flowr'ing elders crowd,
Where scatter'd wide the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk,
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash
Hung o'er the steep; whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk
High in the beetling cliff his eyry builds;
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swan
Paints in the matchless harmony of song;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift

Athwart imagination's vivid eye ;
Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
Ten thousand wandr'ing images of things,
Soothe ev'ry gust of passion into peace,
All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

XIII.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

The Castle hight of Indolence,
And its false luxury ;
Where for a little time, alas !
We liv'd right jollily.

O MORTAL man, who livest here by toil,
Do not complain of this thy hard estate :
That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ;
And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail,
And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round,
A most enchanting wizard did abide,
Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
And there a season atween June and May,
Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd,
A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play !

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest,
From poppies breath'd; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature seen.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade,
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale;
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep.

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood;
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idlesse fancy'd in her dreaming mood:
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round the summer sky:
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
But whate'er smack'd of noyance or unrest,
Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where Indolence (for so the wizard hight)
Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And make a kind of checker'd day and night;
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was plac'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
And labour harsh, complain'd, lamenting man's estate.

XIV.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONG.

Written in his early years, and afterwards shaped for his Amanda.

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to love;
And when we meet a mutual heart,
Come in between and bid us part;
Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone!
But busy, busy still art thou,
To bind the loveless, joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude;

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
To make us Nature's joys forego,
Beneath a gay dominion groan,
And put the golden fetter on!

XV.

EDWARD YOUNG.

AGAINST PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer;
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm: That all men are about to live,
For ever on the brink of being born.
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel; and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise,
At least their own: their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails;
That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone;
'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,

Unanxious for ourselves ; and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
At fifty chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same.

XVI.

JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

Silent nymph, with curious eye !
Who, the purple evening, lie
On the mountain's lonely van,
Beyond the noise of busy man ;
Painting fair the form of things,
While the yellow linnet sings ;
Or the tuneful nightingale
Charms the forest with her tale ;
Come, with all thy various hues,
Come, and aid thy sister Muse :
Now, while Phœbus riding high,
Gives lustre to the land and sky !
Grongar Hill invites my song,
Draw the landscape bright and strong ;
Grongar, in whose mossy cells,
Sweetly musing, quiet dwells ;
Grongar, in whose silent shade,
For the modest Muses made,
So oft I have, the evening still,
At the fountain of a rill,
Sat upon a flowery bed,
With my hand beneath my head ;

While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
Over mead, and over wood,
From house to house, from hill to hill,
Till contemplation had her fill.
About his chequer'd sides I wind,
And leave his brooks and meads behind,
And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
And vistas shooting beams of day;
Wide and wider spreads the vale;
As circles on a smooth canal:
The mountains round, unhappy fate!
Sooner or later, of all height,
Withdraw their summits from the skies,
And lessen as the others rise;
Still the prospect wider spreads,
Adds a thousand woods and meads;
Still it widens, widens still,
And sinks the newly-risen hill.
Now I gain the mountain's brow,
What a landscape lies below!
No clouds, no vapours intervene;
But the gay, the open scene,
Does the face of Nature show,
In all the hues of Heaven's bow;
And, swelling to embrace the light,
Spreads around beneath the sight.
Old castles on the cliffs arise,
Proudly towering in the skies!
Rushing from the woods, the spires
Seem from hence ascending fires!
Half his beams Apollo sheds
On the yellow mountain-heads!
Gilds the fleeces of the flocks,
And glitters on the broken rocks!

Below me trees unnumber'd rise,
Beautiful in various dyes:
The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
The yellow beech, the sable yew,
The slender fir, that taper grows,
The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
And beyond the purple grove,
Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love!
Gaudy as the opening dawn,
Lies a long and level lawn,
On which a dark hill, steep and high,
Holds and charms the wandering eye!
Deep are his feet in Towy's flood,
His sides are cloth'd with waving wood,
And ancient towers crown his brow,
That cast an awful look below;
Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
And with her arms from falling keeps:
So both a safety from the wind
On mutual dependence find.
'Tis now the raven's bleak abode;
'Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
And there the fox securely feeds;
And there the poisonous adder breeds,
Conceal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
While, ever and anon, there falls
Huge heaps of hoary moulder'd walls.
Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
And level lays the lofty brow,
Has seen this broken pile complete,
Big with the vanity of state:
But transient is the smile of fate;
A little rule, a little sway,
A sunbeam in a winter's day,

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.
And see the rivers, how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow,
Wave succeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep!
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandering thought;
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our cares away.
Ever charming, ever new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow,
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing on the sky!
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower;
The town and village, dome and farm,
Each give each a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.
See on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide,
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close and small the hedges lie!
What streaks of meadows cross the eye!
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem;
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in colours of the air,

Which, to those that journey near,
Barren, brown, and rough appear:
Still we tread the same coarse way,
The present's still a cloudy day.
O may I with myself agree,
And never covet what I see:
Content me with an humble shade,
My passions tam'd, my wishes laid;
For, while our wishes wildly roll,
We banish quiet from the soul:
'Tis thus the busy beat the air,
And misers gather wealth and care.
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
As on the mountain-turf I lie;
While the wanton zephyr sings,
And in the vale perfumes his wings;
While the waters murmur deep;
While the shepherd charms his sheep;
While the birds unbounded fly,
And with music fill the sky,
Now, ev'n now, my joys run high.
Be full, ye courts; be great who will;
Search for peace with all your skill:
Open wide the lofty door,
Seek her on the marble floor.
In vain you search, she is not there;
In vain ye search the domes of care!
Grass and flowers quiet treads,
On the meads and mountain-heads,
Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
Ever by each other's side:
And often, by the murmuring rill,
Hears the thrush, while all is still,
Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

XVII.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO EVENING.

If aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
  Like thy own solemn springs,
  Thy springs, and dying gales;

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-haired Sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts,
  With brede ethereal wove,
  O'erhang his wavy bed:

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
  Or where the beetle winds
  His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
  Now teach me, maid compos'd,
  To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
  As musing slow, I hail
  Thy genial lov'd return!

For when thy folding star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
  The fragrant hours, and elves
  Who slept in buds the day,

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew and, lovelier still,
The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side,
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light:

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes:—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name!

XVIII.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

An Ode for Music.

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell,
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting.
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
And as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each (for madness rul'd the hour),
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
Ev'n at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd: his eyes on fire
In lightnings own'd his secret stings:
In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures, wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguil'd,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delighted measure?
Still it whisper'd promis'd pleasure,
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
Still would her touch the strain prolong,
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song;
And where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
And Hope enchanted smil'd, and wav'd her golden hair.
And longer had she sung—but, with a frown,
Revenge impatient rose:
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down,
And, with a withering look,
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat;
And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.
Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
Sad proof of thy distressful state,
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd,
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.
With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,

Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul:
And dashing soft from rocks around,
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay,
Round a holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.
But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known;
The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-ey'd queen,
Satyrs and sylvan boys were seen,
Peeping from forth their alleys green.
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear,
And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
Last came Joy's ecstatic trial,
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest,
But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
They would have thought, who heard the strain,
They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round.
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower
You learn'd its all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page:—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
Ev'n all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate!

NOTES

I.—MATTHEW PRIOR.

For an account of the author, see the Introduction.

(i.) Song.

6. **toilet** appears to mean 'table' in this place.
10. **numbers,** music.

(ii.) To a Child of Quality.

The author explains that when this was written, in 1704, Miss Mary was five and the poet was forty.

(iii.) For my own Monument.

9. **as far as to fifty.** He died at the age of fifty-seven, in 1721.
10. This line is intolerably unrhythmical.

II.—RICHARD STEELE.

A Stage Coach Journey.

This essay (*Spectator*, No. 132, August 1, 1711) is one of the De Coverley series, though 'the Spectator' himself is the only member of the club introduced. The design of it is to give a lesson in manners to passengers on coach journeys, and it is curious to observe that Steele's sympathies are with the Quaker against the swashbuckling captain, although he himself was an ex-captain of Fusiliers. But such is Steele's character. In comparing this with the essays of Addison, the reader should observe two things: that Steele is stronger in invention, for there is a good deal of 'plot' in this paper; and, secondly, that Steele's morals lie much more on the surface, and his preaching is far more direct.

Qui aut tempus, etc.: 'The man who fails to see what the occasion requires, or talks too much, or shows himself off, or has no consideration for his company—that is the man we call "inept" ("tactless")' (Cicero, *De Oratore*, II. iv. 17). Marcus Tullius Cicero was commonly spoken of by the abbreviation of his second name, 'Tully.'

7. **the chamberlain,** the person who assigned to the travellers their rooms at the inn and their places on the coach.
9. **Mrs. Betty.** The title 'mistress' does not at this date imply that a lady is married.
14. **studied himself dumb.** Taciturnity was the principal feature of Mr. Spectator's character.

25. **half-pike,** a short pike or *spontoon* carried by officers of infantry.
27. **equipage,** retinue, here used comically of the single servant.
33. **coach-box,** what we call the box-seat.
75. **fleer,** jeer.
81. **hasped,** fastened, as by the 'hasp' of a lock.
89. **smoky.** To 'smoke,' in the slang of that day, was 'to perceive' a thing; 'smoky' means intelligent, quick to perceive.
100. **taking place.** Apparently it was the rule of the coach-road that vehicles coming from London must make way at the inns for vehicles going thither.
122. **thee and I.** The Quaker speech preserved the Biblical simplicity of the second person singular; here the case is, of course, ungrammatical.
127. **affections** merely = 'feelings.'

III.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHEVY-CHACE.

This is the first of two papers which appeared in the *Spectator* in May, 1711. It has been selected here in preference to others better known, because it exhibits Addison at his best work—namely, as a sane critic doing his utmost to enlighten the false taste of his generation. Dr. Johnson, who greatly admired Addison, thought this preference for simple ballads a mere eccentricity.

Interdum vulgus. It is the invariable practice of the *Spectator* Essays to have a text from the Latin classics. The Epistles and Satires of Horace were the favourite literary guides at that time, and Roscommon's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was universally studied and followed.

11. **Boileau** (1636-1711). This great French critic, with whom Addison had conversed, had a powerful influence upon English taste. **Molière** (1622-1673) was the greatest dramatist of France.
20. **the Gothic manner.** By this Addison means the artificial or conventional school, on which he proceeds to enlarge. The name is taken from the analogy of architecture. Its use is a singular inversion of the facts, for in architecture the Gothic is the natural and free style, as opposed to the Classic or conventional.
24. **Milton** was, in a certain sense, Addison's own discovery, although *Paradise Lost* had scarcely been in existence for fifty years. It was Addison who secured universal acknowledgment of his genius.
27. **Martial,** a Spanish-Roman poet and wit who died in 102 A.D. Most of his work consists of very short satirical epigrams in elegiac verse or hendecasyllables. Here is a specimen:

Non amo te Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare.
Hoc unum novi: Non amo te, Sabidi.

which has been translated thus:

'I do not like thee, Doctor Fell,
The reason why I cannot tell.
But this one thing I know full well:
I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.'

27. **Cowley.** Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) usurped the place of Milton at the Restoration, and was immensely popular as a poet and essayist. His principal poem was a very dull epic, *Davideis*, but the popular part of his work was the love-songs, full of 'conceits' and intellectual trickery, and the satires.

35. **the old song of Chevy-Chace,** one of the traditional Border ballads of unknown authorship. It refers to the battles of Otterburn (1388) and Homildon or Hambledown Hill in 1402. These were sanguinary struggles between the powerful Border nobles. In this case the English were headed by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and the Scotch by Earl Douglass. Texts of the ballad vary exceedingly, as is always the case with literature of oral tradition. Thus the oldest version begins :

> 'The Persé owt off Northombarlonde
> And avowe to God mayd he,
> That he wold hunte in the mowntayns
> Off Chyviat within days thre
> In the magger of doughté Dogles ;
> And all that ever with him be.'

Addison follows a later version, which is not free from artificial embellishments of a later date. **Chevy-Chace** means the hunting of Cheviot or Teviot.

36. **Ben Jonson** was the contemporary, friend, and rival of Shakespeare, a man of great learning and wit, who re introduced the old 'comedy of manners' and founded the school of drama in which Congreve, Wycherley, and others followed. The best of his work is perhaps the prose *Discoveries*.

38. **Sir Philip Sidney,** the flower of Elizabethan chivalry, author of *Arcadia*, the sonnet series *Stella and Astrophel*, and the *Apologie for Poetrie*, here quoted. See *The Spenser Epoch*.

42. **crowder,** fiddler ; a 'crowd' was a sort of fiddle.

45. **Pindar,** the Greek writer of odes, mostly celebrating victories at the athletic games of Greece.

52. **Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view.** This is true of Vergil, who designed his poem to glorify Rome at the bidding of Augustus. It is scarcely necessary to say that modern scholars take an entirely different view of Homer's works, and even deny the existence of such a personality. Without entering that vexed problem, one may say that there is no trace in the *Iliad* of any plan of the sort Addison suggests ; indeed, such a self-conscious design is entirely alien to the spirit of the natural epic. There was no 'Persian Emperor' at the time when these poems were composed. So probably with *Chevy-Chace :* the 'moral' was the introduction of a later date.

84. **Valerius Flaccus,** the writer of an epic, *Argonauticon*, about A.D. 70 **Statius** wrote the *Thebaid*, and died in A.D. 96.

100. **Scotland's King.** There is some confusion here. The Scottish king is afterwards called 'King James.' This can only be James I. of Scotland, the unfortunate poet-king, who was captured by the English in 1405, when quite a child, and kept prisoner for eighteen years in England. In 1388 and 1402, the years of Otterburn and Homildon, Robert III. was king.

107. **King Henry.** This was King Henry IV., though one version of the ballad calls him 'the second of that name.'
120. **Humbledown,** or Homildon Hill, in 1402.
164. **For why.** Often wrongly printed as a question—'For why?' 'For why' means 'because,' *whi* being an old instrumental case of the relative pronoun. Similarly 'for thi' is used in Middle English for 'therefore.' The reader will remember the use of this phrase in the old hymn, 'For why the Lord our God is good.'
187. **our poet seems, etc.** It is highly improbable that 'our poet' troubled himself to imitate Vergil. This instance might serve as a warning to collectors of literary parallels.

IV.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The Vision of Mirza.

This is perhaps the best known of all Addison's works, with the possible exception of *Westminster Abbey*. It appeared in the *Spectator*, No. 159, on September 1, 1711. This style of elaborate allegory in a short compass is called 'apologue.'

1. **at Grand Cairo.** This introduction is fictional; Addison never visited Cairo.
103. **scimitars,** curved swords carried by the Turks.
115. **harpies** were certain monstrous forms, half woman and half bird, with hooked talons, that seized upon men's food and carried it away; described by Homer and Vergil.

V.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

(i.) 'The Spacious Firmament. . . .'

This hymn appeared in the *Spectator*, No. 465. From evidences of style it is almost certainly the work of Addison.

21. **In Reason's ear** seems to mean in the judgment of a person who will reason.

VI.—JONATHAN SWIFT.

Gulliver in Laputa.

For an account of Swift and his satirical masterpiece, *Gulliver's Travels*, see the Introduction. Here we are in the third part—the voyage to Laputa, a country somewhere in the neighbourhood of Japan. Laputa is like Aristophanes' city of Nephelococcugia in *The Birds*—a city in the air, a city of mathematicians, abstract philosophers, and unpractical theorists in general. Such are the folk that the witty Dean is here ridiculing. The immediate occasion of this part of the work was the South Sea Bubble of 1720, and all the innumerable fantastic projects which accompanied that fever of speculation. It was a wonderful new discovery that a man could get rich merely by investing his capital at the right time in the right concern. Joint-stock companies of all sorts sprang into being along with the South Sea Company, and burst with it—companies for making

timber out of sawdust, for extracting gold from the sea, and others which have seemed equally absurd until our twentieth century realized them.

As for the story up to this point, it is enough to know that Gulliver has been shipwrecked in Laputa, or rather Lagado, the mainland, and is now being shown round by Lord Munodi, a person who has been discredited at the court of theorists because he showed signs of practical capacity.

22. **went up to Laputa,** which was suspended in the air over the island of Lagado, and fetched up its supplies by ropes.
31. **projectors,** as we should call them, 'speculative inventors.'
56. **ill commonwealth's men,** bad citizens.
117. **calcine,** to burn to ashes.
119. **malleability,** softness ; from Latin *malleus*, a hammer.
139. **mast** is properly soaked acorns ; here it stands generally for hog's food.
183. **percolate,** run away through a strainer.
185. **foundering** is the term for the splitting of a horse's hoof.
188. **seminal,** of the seed.
217. **die,** singular of dice.
259. **the figure here annexed.** Swift has illustrated his work with several ingenious maps and plans. The figure alluded to shows a board divided into small squares, containing hieroglyphic characters that resemble Japanese writing ; handles project from the sides.
270. **into one**—*i.e.*, into monosyllables.
321. **cephalic tincture,** a drug to affect the brain.
326. **answerable,** corresponding to what was expected. **quantum,** quantity, a term borrowed from the Latin of medical prescriptions.
328. **bolus,** old word for a pill.

VII.—ALEXANDER POPE.

The Rape of the Lock.

The occasion of this poem, as explained by Pope himself in a prefatory note, was a quarrel between two distinguished houses of Pope's Roman Catholic friends. A gentleman had cut off a lady's ringlet of hair in a playful freak. The lady and her friends were indignant. The poet was appealed to by his friend John Caryl to appease the parties by laughing the whole affair out of court. The lady, Belinda in the poem, Arabella Fermor in real life, was a well-known beauty. The 'Baron' of the story was Lord Petre. The poem had the desired effect. The lady was so well pleased that she sent copies of it to all her friends, and 'it made her,' said her niece in after-years, 'very troublesome and conceited.' The first sketch of the poem was written in less than a fortnight in 1711, and such was its popularity that Pope revised and extended it by the insertion of the 'machinery of the sylphs.' This was against the advice of Addison.

3. **Caryl.** John Caryl was a Catholic, and an intimate friend of Pope. He was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose for-

tunes he followed in France. He was the author of a comedy and several translations.

18 and 19. **the slipper knocked, etc.** Belinda thus calls for her maid, then presses her repeater to know the time.

20. **sylph.** Pope borrows his metaphysical system of guardian angels from the Rosicrucians—of course, in mockery. The Rosicrucians were a sect of mystics, into whose history we need not enter, though it is an interesting subject. According to them (according to Pope), the four elements are inhabited: the air by Sylphs, the earth by Gnomes, the water by Nymphs, and the fire by Salamanders. The Sylphs are guardian spirits who protect the virtuous.

23. **birth-night beau.** Maidens were supposed to see by various incantations upon their birth-night a vision of their future husbands.

32. **the circled green** is the fairy ring on the grass.

39. **wits** here means clever people.

44. **the box** at the theatre or opera; **the ring** where ladies rode in the park.

46. **a chair,** here a sedan-chair, then in full vogue.

56. **ombre,** of which there is a great deal in this poem, was a card game introduced from Spain (*hombre* is the Spanish for 'man') in the seventeenth century. Waller has a poem, *On a Card torn at Ombre by the Queen,* presumably Henrietta Maria. Piquet was the favourite game among men, Ombre among women.

59. **termagants,** shrews, scolds.

62. **tea.** You see that it rhymes with 'away,' which was the fashionable pronunciation (*cf.* line 296), as it is now pronounced on the Continent. Our modern pronunciation is, however, found in some authors of this date—

> 'Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go and see
> Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets tea.'
> M. Prior.

Tea was then new and in high fashion. Pepys tells us in his *Diary* how he first tasted tea—'a China drink.'

99. **sword-knots,** the tassels on a sword; here stands for the military profession.

108. **main** = sea.

113. **Shock** is the name of her lapdog. It is the same word as in shock-headed = rough or shaggy; spelt 'shough' in *Macbeth.*

122. **cosmetic powers,** the deities who preside over the toilet of a fine lady.

125. **inferior priestess** is Betty the maid.

171. **springes,** traps.

184. **French romances.** The ponderous and interminable romances of France, such as Mademoiselle de Scudéry's *Grand Cyrus,* were much read in England. The fame of a much greater French novelist, Balzac, had not yet, I believe, reached our shores.

191. **the powers gave ear, etc.** Adapted from Vergil, *Æneid,* xi. 794.

219. **sylphids,** little Sylphs.

246. **furbelow,** almost the same as 'flounce.'

251. **Diana's law,** of remaining unmarried.

277. **styptic,** now called in medicine 'astringent.'

279. **Ixion**, for an offence against Hera, was punished by being fastened to an ever-revolving wheel. The **mill** is probably a coffee or chocolate machine.
285. **thrid**, another form of 'thread.'
291. Hampton Court is meant.
296. **and sometimes tea**. This is an excellent example of the rhetorical figure called *zeugma*: the association of two dissimilar ideas in one construction.
306. **and all that** was printed in italics by Pope. It is an intentional example of another comical figure of rhetoric—*bathos*: the sudden descent to the ridiculous.
310. This admirable satirical epigram is appropriated from Congreve, though much improved in form.
318. **the sacred nine**, the Muses. In the language of prose it appears that three persons, Belinda and two gentlemen, sit down to a game of cards. They have nine cards each.
321. **matadore**, the three principal trumps. 'Matadore' is the title of a bull-fighter in Spain.
327. **queens whose hands, etc.** The queen in our packs of cards still carries a flower, the king a sword, and the knave a kind of rattle; but old packs show the knave full-length, with his short doublet (*garb succinct*) and halberd.
337. **Spadillio**, 'the ace of spades, the first trump at Ombre' (Dr. A. W. Ward in the Globe Edition of Pope).
339. **Manillio**, 'the deuce of trumps when trumps are black, the seven when they are red' (A. W. W.).
341. **Basto**, 'the ace of clubs.'
349. **Pam**, the knave of clubs.
350. **loo**, another card game, not yet forgotten. In it 'Pam' is the highest card.
380. **codille**. 'When those who defend the pool make more tricks than those who defend the game, they are said to "win the codille"' (A. W. W.).
388. **canals**. Hampton Court is surrounded with artificial water.
394. **berries crackle**—that is, they proceed to roast the coffee and grind it in a mill.
410. **Scylla**, according to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (viii.) cut off by treachery the purple lock from the head of her father, Nisus. This she did to gain the love of Minos, who knew that the kingdom of Megara depended on the possession of the miraculous hair. Nisus was changed into a sparrow-hawk and Scylla into a bird called *ciris*. It was another Scylla altogether whom we know in connection with Charybdis.
415. **Clarissa** seems to have been a lady friend, possibly a sister of Lord Petre.
434. **forfex** is the Latin for a pair of scissors.
440. **airy substance, etc.** Pope refers us to Book vi. of *Paradise Lost*, where Satan is wounded by Michael.
453. **Atalantis**, a worthless popular work full of court scandal, by Mrs. Manley, a shameless writer of the day.
457. **assignations**, appointments for a meeting.
474. **Cynthia.** Merely a typical name for a young lady of fashion.

482. **Spleen,** a fashionable complaint in those days, probably including ennui and bad temper.

490. **Megrim,** a similar complaint among young ladies. It is derived, says Dr. Ward, from French *migraine* and Greek *μικρανία*. It is really a headache.

496. **lampoons,** skits, satirical verses. One might have thought this poem an elaborated lampoon were it not that we are told the lady liked it.

512. **angels in machines.** Probably borrowed from the ancient theatrical term *Deus ex machina*.

517. **pipkin,** a small vessel. **Homer's tripod**—*i.e.*, on legs; tripods were often given as prizes in Homer. These are topical illusions.

520. **spleenwort** is a kind of fern, *asplenium*, supposed to cure the 'spleen.'

523. **vapours,** another mysterious female complaint of former times. Jane Austen's heroines are much addicted to it.

533. **citron-waters.** The fashion of drinking lemonade to excess is alluded to elsewhere by Pope.

540. **Ulysses.** Æolus, god of the winds, kept them all tied up in a bag in his cave, and to favour Ulysses (the hero of Homer's *Odyssey*) gave them to him, but his sailors unfortunately let them loose.

547. **Thalestris** was Mrs. Morley, a friend of Arabella Fermor.

559. **fillets,** bands or ribbons.

560. **loads of lead.** This contrivance explains some of the miraculous *coiffures* seen in eighteenth-century portraits.

567. **degraded toast.** Every man of fashion at this period had 'his toast,' to whom he raised his glass after dinner.

575. **Hyde Park Circus,** Rotten Row (*route au roi*).

576. **sound of Bow,** within sound of Bow Bells—that is, in the City. It was comparatively recently that fashion had deserted the City for the West End, and the fashionable plays of the period are full of sneers at the City merchants.

579. **Sir Plume,** Sir George Brown, Mrs. Morley's brother, who, we are told, was the only one of the party to resent Pope's immortalization. As Warburton remarks, 'one could not well blame him.'

584. **the snuff-box . . . then the case.** Another clever example of zeugma.

585. **thus broke out.** His speech is an admirable travesty of the fashionable style among the *beaux*.

614. **Bohea,** a kind of China tea.

639. **the Trojan,** Æneas, who withstood the entreaties to remain of Queen Dido and her sister Anna in *Æneid*, iv. 330.

648. **side-box,** seats at the theatre.

687. **sconce,** a candle-bracket.

739. **fierce Othello** in Shakespeare's play of that name was moved to fatal jealousy because he supposed his wife Desdemona to have given away a certain handkerchief.

748. **since all things lost.** Pope refers us to *Ariosto*, Canto xxxiv.

754. **tomes of casuistry.** Volumes of argumentative theology are included among the vain things lost.

758. **Proculus.** Livy (Book i.) tells us how Romulus, after his death, appeared to a man of this name, and commanded him to tell the Romans that he was now a god.

761. **Berenice**, Queen of Egypt, wife of Ptolemy Euergetes. Her beautiful hair became a constellation, *Coma Berenices*.
765. **the Mall**, on the north side of St. James's Park, was the place where fashion promenaded on fine evenings, as we learn from one of Swift's letters to Stella. **Rosamonda's lake** was the ornamental water in the park.
769. **Partridge**, a poor fellow who combined the trades of astrology and shoemaking. Swift overwhelmed him with satires, predicted his death, and solemnly announced it as having happened on the day appointed, with a complete account of his last hours.
770. **Galileo's eyes**, the telescope, called so after the famous Italian martyr to science, Galileo Galilei of Pisa.
772. **Louis**, the French King Louis XIV., whose death had been annually predicted by Partridge.

VIII.—ALEXANDER POPE.

Essay on Criticism.

This poem was chiefly inspired by the *Ars Poetica* of Horace and the *Art Poétique* of Boileau. Criticism was then a comparatively new art in England, though one may mention Sidney's *Apologie for Poetrie*, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatick Poesy*, and perhaps Jeremy Collier's *Short View of the English Stage*. Doubtless one motive of this *Essay* was a personal grudge against John Dennis, an able critic of the time, who was said to have spoken ill of Pope's *Pastorals* in coffee-house conversation. It must not be forgotten that at the time of its composition (1709) the poet was but twenty-one years old.

1. It appears from this beginning that our author is opening an attack.
23. The bracket here indicates a triple rhyme, commonly called a triplet—a speciality of Dryden's verse, but, on the whole, no improvement to the heroic couplet.
34. **Maevius**, type of a bad poet. Nothing is known of him except Vergil's playful curse (*Ecl.* iii. 90): *Qui Bavium non odit amet tua carmina Maevi* ('Who hates not Bavius, may he like thy verse, O Maevius').

in Apollo's spite, without the sanction of the God of Poetry. Horace has '*invita Minerva*.'

41. **insects on the banks of Nile**. There was a tradition that frogs and crocodiles (insects!) and serpents were generated by the action of the sun on the mud of the Nile. Elwin shows that Pope is here quoting from Dryden's Dedication to his Vergil.
94. **Parnassus**, the home of the Muses, a mountain in Bœotia.
109. **bills** seem to mean what we call 'prescriptions.'
115. **receipts**. The confusion between this word and *recipes* is too deeply settled to be corrected. The latter, which is the correct term for instructions in cookery, is the Latin word *recipe* (three syllables), and arose from the fact that such instructions commonly began with the word *recipe* (*e.g.*, *Take* a pound of beef). The origin of the confusion was doubtless a mispronunciation (still very common) of the word *recipe* as a dissyllable.

125. **Read them by day, etc.** Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 268 : *Vos exemplaria Græca nocturna versate manu, versate diurna.*

129, etc. **Mantuan muse**. Vergil was born near Mantua. Thus Vergil is to be the critic's commentator for the study of Homer. **Maro** is the cognomen of Vergil. Servius, the ancient commentator, tells us that Vergil first intended to write an epic on Rome's origin from Alba Longa, but finding the task too much for him, took to imitating Theocritus in his *Eclogues*, and finally Homer in his *Æneid*.

138. **the Stagirite.** Aristotle, whose *Poetics* laid the foundation of criticism. He was a native of Stagirus, in Macedonia. The shortening of the second syllable is a fault.

150. **Pegasus**, the winged horse on which Bellerophon slew the Chimæra. It stands for the poet's art.

152, 153. This couplet was placed after the triplet (line 160) by Pope in a later edition, but it is obviously required here by the sense.

154. **with brave disorder**, a phrase borrowed from Roscommon on Dryden.

180. **Homer nods**, an answer to Horace *Ars Poetica : Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*

206. **recruits**, fresh supplies.

215. **a little learning**, constantly and nonsensically misquoted as 'a little *knowledge* is a dangerous thing.'

216. **Pierian spring.** The Muses had their home at Pieria, in Thessaly. It thus means 'the fountain of culture.'

247. **some well-proportioned dome.** Warburton supposes this to mean the Pantheon or St. Peter's at Rome ; but surely this misses the point. Pope means St. Paul's Cathedral, then recently finished, and declares that '*even* Rome wonders at it.'

251. **appear** is a grammatical error.

267. **La Mancha's knight** is Don Quixote. The reference is not to the original of Cervantes, but to a continuation of it by Avellanada, or perhaps taken by Pope from Le Sage, the author of *Gil Blas*.

270. **Dennis**, John Dennis, the famous critic alluded to above. In his *Impartial Critic* (1693) he ridiculed Rymer's proposal to revive the Greek tragedy with Aristotle's unities (next note) on the English stage.

276. **the unities**. Aristotle in his *Poetics* is supposed to lay down the rule that the drama must observe three unities—of time, place, and subject ; that is, the action of the play must proceed without violent breaks. In the Greek drama the only change of scene allowed is from the outside to the inside of a building, or *vice versa*. The French classical dramatists Racine and Corneille, understanding Aristotle in too strict a sense, observed these unities with such fidelity as seriously to hamper their work. The whole theory is founded on a misunderstanding of Aristotle. Shakespeare, of course, freely disregards the unities of time and place.

289. **conceit** means a verbal trick like a pun. The later Elizabethans and the minor poets of the Restoration, like Cowley, were much addicted to conceits.

293. **Poets like painters, etc.** Horace, *Ars Poetica : Ut pictura poesis.*

308. **take upon content**, take on trust.

324. **by old words.** Spenser's language is thus 'archaistic,' but it is not to be supposed that Pope is referring to him.

328. **Fungoso in the play**, a character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour;* he is a poor student who apes the manners of fashion.

337. Observe throughout this section how skilfully Pope emphasizes his precepts by examples.

345. Here 'though oft,' 'the ear,' and 'the open' are examples of the open vowels.

346. **expletives,** as here in *do* join. An expletive is a thing to fill up. Now the word is confined to oaths. This precept should be taken to heart by budding poets of the present day, though there are few poets indeed who have not used 'do' and does' to fill up their lines. Pope himself had many of them in the earlier editions of this poem, but corrected them later. Observe the rhyme between 'join' and 'line' here. The explanation is that the 'oi' sound was then pronounced as 'i,' a pronunciation now considered vulgar and rustic.

357. **Alexandrine.** The next line is an example of the Alexandrine measure. It is a line of twelve syllables, or one foot more than the ordinary heroic. It is the standard line of French heroic verse, and is used at the end of the Spenserian stanza. It should have a pause or *cæsura* in the middle. See Thomson's *Castle of Indolence.*

361. **Denham and Waller.** For Sir John Denham, author of *Cooper's Hill,* and Edmund Waller, see *The Dryden Epoch.* Both were Royalist poets of the Restoration. The epithets employed here are those of Dryden in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesy:* 'I know nothing so even, sweet and flowing, as Mr. Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct as Sir John Denham.'

367. Pope intends this line to represent smoothness. It is true that 'oo' and 'o' are the softest of sounds, but he disregards the harsh consonants which spoil his effect.

372. **Camilla,** the warrior maiden of Vergil's *Seventh Æneid.* Vergil, who was a master of this art, 'onomatopœia' (the representation of the sense by the sound, in which Pope is but an amateur), describes her in these lovely lines:

> *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret*
> *Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas,*
> *Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumenti,*
> *Ferret iter, celeres nec tingueret æthere plantas.*

The Alexandrine in which Pope tries to represent her course suggests rather the rattle of a railway train.

374. **Timotheus' varied lays,** referring to Dryden's ode—*Alexander's Feast*—written for musical performance on St. Cecilia's Day. Pope closely imitated this in his own *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day.*

376. **the son of Libyan Jove,** Alexander the Great, who claimed to be a son of Ammon, the Libyan Jove.

383. **Timotheus** was the musician in Dryden's poem who produced the varying effects by the power of his music. See *The Dryden Epoch.*

441. **sentences,** opinions—in the sense of Latin *sententia.*

441. **Scotists and Thomists,** the followers of Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas. These two leaders divided the theological schoolmen of the Middle Ages into two hostile camps. Duns Scotus gave us the word 'dunce.'

445. **Duck Lane,** a place in Smithfield where secondhand books were sold. The trade still continues in what is now Farringdon Street.

459. **parsons, critics, beaux.** Jeremy Collier, a parson, attacked the immorality of Dryden's plays in his *Short View of the Immorality of the English Stage,* an attack so unanswerable that Dryden had to plead guilty. Of the 'beaux' the Duke of Buckingham ridiculed him in *The Rehearsal,* and the Earl of Rochester hired a gang of ruffians to assault him.

463. **Blackmore.** Sir Richard Blackmore was among the critics who assailed Dryden; and the Rev. Luke **Milbourne,** among the parsons, criticised his translation of Vergil.

465. **Zoilus** was an Alexandrian critic, known as 'Homeromastix,' the 'Scourge of Homer,' from his attacks. His works are not now extant.

521. **sacred.** The only justification of this word here is Vergil's well-known phrase, *Auri sacra fames,* where *sacra* has the sense of 'accursed.'

529. **flagitious,** wicked.

534. **the fat age,** the Restoration—an excellent description of that period. **Never in a war** means that Charles II. never took part personally in a war.

538. **statesmen farces writ,** such as Buckingham's *Rehearsal.*

541. **a mask.** It was the custom in the days of Charles II. for ladies to wear masks, not only at the theatre.

544. **a foreign reign,** that of William III.

545. **Socinus,** an Italian schismatic of the sixteenth century, argued against the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity. His followers were called Socinians. In these lines Pope is expressing the Roman Catholic point of view.

585. **Appius.** Undoubtedly these lines were meant to refer to John Dennis (see above). In fact, the word 'tremendous' in line 586 fixes the allusion, as Pope had already fastened this title upon him in a play *Three Hours after Marriage.* In the first edition of this poem, line 586 was written 'And stares, tremendous.' It is, therefore absurd to say that Dennis went out of his way to take offence at these lines.

617. **Dryden's fables** were translations from Chaucer and Boccaccio. **Durfey's tales.** Tom Durfey was a contemporary writer of dull but fashionable romances.

619. **Garth.** Dr. Samuel Garth, a famous physician, wrote a mock heroic poem called *The Dispensary,* in which the apothecaries do battle with the physicians. Garth was slanderously accused of plagiarism.

623. **Paul's Church.** I take the meaning to be that the preachers at the Cathedral are as tiresome as the writers of books sold in St. Paul's Churchyard, which then, as now, was a centre of the publishing trade

645. **Stagirite.** See note on line 138. Pope reviews here the history of criticism.

648. **Mæonian star,** Homer, whose native place was supposed to be Mæonia in Asia Minor.

664. **by wits, than critics,** an awkward construction, owing to extreme condensation, but the sense is clear.

665. **Dionysius** of Halicarnassus wrote about 30 B.C. a treatise, *De Compositione Verborum.*

667. **Petronius,** *arbiter elegantiarum* to the court of Nero, and an unspeakably evil writer. It seems impossible that Pope can have been acquainted with his *Satyricon.*

669. **grave Quintilian,** a great teacher of rhetoric under Vespasian. His admirable *Institutiones Oratoriæ* are well known.

675 and 680. **Longinus on the Sublime,** one of the finest critical works, written about 250 B.C. in Greek.

686. Observe that Rome rhymes with 'doom,' as it was then pronounced. So Shakespeare puns in *Julius Cæsar:* 'Now is it Rome indeed and room enough.'

693. **Erasmus,** Desiderius Erasmus, the great Dutch scholar of the Renaissance, who brought Greek to Oxford and Cambridge. In this sense he was the 'glory of the priesthood,' but by his bitter taunts and his breaking of monastic vows he seems to Pope, with his Roman Catholic education, its 'shame' also.

697. **in Leo's golden days.** Pope Leo X., one of the Medicis, assembled a brilliant court of writers and artists.

704. **Vida** (1480 to 1566) was an exquisite writer of Latin verse. He lived at Cremona, which was a neighbouring town to Vergil's birthplace, Mantua.

709. **Latium**—*i.e.*, Italy, the country of the Latins.

714. **Boileau.** See the note at the beginning of this poem.

723. **Such was the muse,** a reference to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and formerly Lord Mulgrave, a considerable poet and critic of the Restoration, who died in 1737. The quotation here is the second line of his *Essay on Poetry.* He was a patron of Dryden.

725. **Roscommon.** Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, wrote an essay on Translated Verse and an admirable translation of Horace's *Ars Poetica.*

729. **William Walsh,** a man of wealth and fashion, encouraged the youthful efforts of Pope, who thus expresses his gratitude. He died in the year before this poem was published—1708.

IX.—ALEXANDER POPE.

(i.) On a Certain Lady at Court.

The lady was Mrs. Howard. The Earl of Suffolk apparently was of Pope's opinion, for she became his Countess. This style of verse is an epigram, and is a good specimen of Pope's sharp wit, though the last stanza is poor.

(ii.) To Lady Mary Wortley Montague.

For this accomplished lady, see the notes to her letter. This was, of course, written before they quarrelled.

10. Pope was himself born and educated a Papist.

(iii.) Ode on Solitude.

Incredible as it may seem, this very mature little poem was written when our author was only twelve years of age. It is closely modelled in form and sentiment on the *Odes* of Horace.

(iv.) The Dying Christian to His Soul.

This beautiful hymn was written in 1712. It has been set to music. It is the cry of a man of weak health and deformed body, who was constantly in pain.

6. **languish into life**. The unexpected turn of this is characteristic of Pope; an ordinary man would have written 'death,' but he insists upon the Christian paradox, 'Death is Life.'

X.—JOHN GAY.

For an account of this writer, see the Introduction.

XI.—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, born 1689, was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston. In her childhood she was let to run wild in her father's well-stored library. She grew up handsome, headstrong, witty, and extremely well-read, especially in Latin. Very early in life she attracted the admiration of clever men, among them Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, a rising politician. There was no objection to their marriage, but Wortley and Lady Mary's father quarrelled about the settlement, and the Duke (or Marquis of Dorchester, as he then was) chose another husband for her, which had the effect of making her elope with Edward Wortley. They were married in 1712. Four years later Mr. Wortley Montague was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and the most interesting part of Lady Mary's correspondence was written during the perilous journey thither and their residence in Turkey. As travellers in Turkey were then rarities and Lady Mary had the importance of an ambassador's wife, she was welcomed everywhere, even within the sacred precincts of the harem. One of her greatest achievements was the introduction of inoculation against the small-pox, which she learnt in Turkey, practised on her own children, and introduced to the fashionable world of London. In 1718 she returned to England owing to ill-health, and for some time resided at Twickenham, near her friend Pope, whose friendship and quarrel with her are alluded to in the Introduction. With him and the other wits she exchanged epigrams and witticisms. Pope called her Sappho. For the latter part of her life she lived abroad, or at any rate travelled constantly. Her only son was a great trial to his parents; her daughter became Countess of Bute.

To Mr. Pope, written from Adrianople, a city in Roumelia, on the River Maritza, formerly the Hebrus. The letters O.S. stand for Old

Style. The New Style of reckoning, by which eleven days were dropped, was introduced in 1752. The Old Style still prevails in Russia, where Christmas is a fortnight later than in England.

9. **The musical head of Orpheus.** The story told in these lines (Vergil, *Georgic* iv. 517) is that the wonderful musician Orpheus, returning to his Thracian home disconsolate at having failed to recover his beloved wife Eurydice from the shades below, declined to wed again, and was torn in pieces by the Thracian women. His head was thrown into the Hebrus.

'While Thracian Hebrus, bearing the head torn from the neck, rolled it down in mid-stream, the very voice and tongue, cold in death, cried, "Eurydice! ah, poor Eurydice!" with fleeting breath, and all along the river the banks answered. "Eurydice!"'

48. **fistula.** The ancient *fistula* was very much like the 'pan-pipes' which the modern world connects with Punch and Judy—that is to say, a series of short cane pipes fastened together with thread or wax.
51. **Mr. Addison** wrote an account of his travels in Italy, which was widely read and admired, but is now difficult to procure.
74. **Theocritus,** a Greek writer of charming idylls or 'little pictures' of shepherd life in Sicily, who lived at Alexandria about the second century B.C. In spite of Lady Mary's opinion, Theocritus was not a natural rustic writer, but a court poet, though he has a wonderful gift of realism.
82. **butter unheard of.** Nor was butter in our sense known to the ancients, although the word is of Greek derivation, meaning 'cow-cheese.'
84. **your Homer.** Pope's translation of the *Iliad* appeared in 1715.
108. **Eurotas,** the river of Sparta.
189. **Monsieur Boileau.** See note to VIII.
195. **the same thing in Homer.** A favourite epithet with Homer is 'ox-eyed.'

XII.—JAMES THOMSON.

For an account of the author, see the Introduction.

Angling.

This piece is taken from *Spring*, one of the four books which are together called *The Seasons*. The reader will observe the truth of its detail, the power of description, and the love of Nature throughout. He may also judge whether Hazlitt is right in saying that Thomson has no ear.

8. It is the line that is 'snatched from the hoary steed'; in other words, where we use gut, they used grey horsehair—which must have required dexterous playing. Izaak Walton confirms this use.
13. **chief,** especially, like the *principio* of Lucretius.
19. **Naiads,** water-nymphs.
69. **culver,** wood-pigeon.
72. **Mantuan swan,** Vergil, who was born near Mantua. 'Swan' is a title applied to poets because the ancients fabled the swan to have a gift of singing, so we call Shakespeare 'The Swan of Avon.'

XIII.—JAMES THOMSON.

The Castle of Indolence.

This poem is in two cantos, of which these are the introductory stanzas. The first canto paints the delicious sloth and luxury of the Castle of Indolence, hinting, towards the end, at some of the evils which ensue from it. The second shows us :

> 'The knight of Arts and Industry,
> And his achievements fair ;
> That by this castle's overthrow,
> Secur'd and crownèd were.'

The whole scheme of the poem, from the four-lined summary at the beginning, the archaic words, and the nine-lined stanza, with its elaborate rhyme system, are imitated from Spenser. Spenserian words and phrases are marked (S.), and their etymology should be sought in glossaries to Spenser.

The critics have generally failed to perceive the vein of humour which runs through the whole poem. Indeed, this poem is from beginning to end a sly burlesque, playfully caricaturing Lord Lyttelton's house-parties at Hagley Park. James Thomson was—on Dr. Johnson's evidence—a lazy and genial person ; so was Johnny Gay ; so was Shenstone, the poet and landscape gardener, whose place adjoined Hagley. Thomson, humorously conscious that indolence was his besetting sin, drags in all his own friends to the Castle of Indolence, and touches them off with the sly Scottish humour to which the Scot himself applies the mysterious epithet 'pawky.' How the friends liked it we have no evidence.

1. **hight**, called (S.).
8. **emmet**, ant. **Moil** = toil (Latin *molior*).
9. **certes**, certainly (S.).
12. **withouten** (S.). The *-en* is an old adverb termination. **bale** = grief or plague (S.).
18. **ween**, think (S.).
20. **prankt**, decorated (S.).
22. **ne** is in Spenser equivalent to 'nor' ; an earlier use is as an anticipatory negative, like the *ne* in the French *ne . . . pas*.
25. **kest** = cast (S.).
30. **bicker'd**, a Spenserian word for 'quarrel' or 'fight' ; it is used by Milton of smoke (see *The Milton Epoch*), and by Tennyson in *The Brook :* 'and bicker down the valley.'
32. **purling** is onomatopœic—that is, the word is formed from the sound it represents.
35. **vacant**, idle, as Latin *vacuus*.
36. **Philomel**, the nightingale.
37. **plain**, complain or lament (S.).
39. **coil**, noise or commotion : found in Shakespeare.
40. **yblent**. The prefix *y* is the mark of the old past participle. In Anglo-Saxon, as in modern German, it was *ge-*.
44. **Idlesse**, idleness (S.).
50. **drowsy-head**, -head = -hood (S.). He also has forms like 'drerihead,' for 'dreariness.'

57. **noyance**, annoyance (S.).
59. **landskip**. I cannot find that this form occurs in Spenser.

XV.—EDWARD YOUNG.

Unable to omit entirely a work which has been so popular as the *Night Thoughts*, and unwilling to weary the modern reader, I have selected this short piece as favourably typical of the whole, and embodying a maxim dear to the copy-book.

15. **reversion**. A reversion is an estate which will accrue to a person some day by will. The metaphor is that of a person borrowing money on the strength of such a reversion. People in their pride are content with an immediate praise (their own if they can't get anyone else's) on the strength of what they are going to do some day. The compression and obscurity of the lines are typical of this writer.
18. **vails**, an old word for a 'tip' or 'pourboire.' The sense is: The present they give to folly; they mean to be wise in the future, and what they feel bound to profess they content themselves by putting off. Even a fool cannot help despising folly.
29. This epigram has been assigned at various times to all the wits.

XVI.—JOHN DYER.

Grongar Hill.

For an account of the author of this poem, see the Introduction. There is, perhaps, no better example in English of this pretty octosyllabic metre.

1. The **nymph** is the nymph of the mountain. Grongar Hill is in South Wales, near the River Towy, which flows into the Bristol Channel at Carmarthen Bay.
64. **Phyllis** is the poet's mistress.

XVII.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

Ode to Evening.

This is a Horatian Ode, somewhat after the manner of a doubled epode-metre. Marvell has used this same measure in his *Horatian Ode*, but with rhymes. Campion had used unrhymed measures. Others, such as Dr. Watts, had written Sapphics, but this metre is Collins's own invention. It is a daring and, I think, successful experiment. But of its success let the reader judge. Let him read it aloud, and if the ear does not miss the rhymes, then the metre is successful. It is a quatrain formed of a couplet of five, followed by a couplet of three, iambi.

1. **oaten stop** is equivalent to 'pastoral song.' Vergil's shepherds were supposed to play upon oaten pipes. **Stop** is used as in the organ.
7. **brede** = braid.
21. **folding**, a reminiscence of the song in Milton's *Comus*, 'The star that bids the shepherd fold,' *i.e.*, drive his sheep to the sheep-fold.
41. **wont**, is accustomed to do.

XVIII.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

The Passions.

This is closely modelled on Dryden's *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*, as it was probably written for a similar purpose. Odes of this kind are supposed to be Pindaric, but the supposition is due to a misunderstanding of Pindar's rhythms. For this reason some critics have condemned this style of writing, but it is amply justified by its successes in the hands of Milton and Dryden.

3. **shell.** The original lyre invented by the god Hermes was made of a tortoise-shell.
11. **supporting myrtles,** the myrtles on which they were hung.
72. **buskins,** high boots worn by hunters and the huntress goddess Diana. From their use by tragic actors, the buskin often stands for tragedy.
74. **Faun and Dryad.** The Faun was a male woodland spirit and the Dryad a tree-nymph.
78. **Exercise** is ill placed among the passions.
86. **Tempe's vale,** a valley in Thessaly, famous for its beauty.
106. **energic,** a fine word of Greek origin, meaning 'productive.'
108. **recording sister's page,** Clio, muse of history.
114. **Cecilia** was the saint who invented the organ.

The ode ends rather weakly.

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