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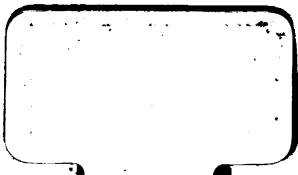
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SAM

THE  
**WORKS**  
OF  
**SAMUEL JOHNSON, LL.D.**

~~~~~  
*A NEW EDITION.*

◆  
IN TEN VOLUMES.

◆  
VOL. I.

~~~~~  
POEMS  
AND PHILOLOGICAL TRACTS.

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LONDON:

PRINTED FOR G. OFFOR, TOWER-HILL; J. REID, BERWICK;  
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1818.





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# LONDON :

A POEM :

## IN IMITATION OF THE THIRD SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

Written in 1738.

~~~~~  
—Quis ineptæ  
Tam patiens urbis, tam ferreus ut teneat se? JUV.

~~~~~  
<sup>1</sup>Tho' grief and fondness in my breast rebel,  
When injur'd THALES\* bids the town farewell,  
Yet still my calmer thoughts his choice commend,  
I praise the hermit, but regret the friend,  
Resolv'd at length, from vice and LONDON far,  
To breathe in distant fields a purer air,  
And, fix'd on Cambria's solitary shore,  
Give to St. David one true Briton more.

<sup>2</sup>For who would leave, unbrib'd, Hibernia's land,  
Or change the rocks of Scotland for the Strand?  
There none are swept by sudden fate away,  
But all, whom hunger spares, with age decay:  
Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,  
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;  
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,  
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;

~~~~~  
JUV. Sat. III.

1 *Quamvis digressu veteris confusis amici ;  
Laudo, tamen, vacuis quod sedem figere Cumis  
Destinet, atque unum civem donare Sibyllæ.*

2 — *Ego vel Prochytam præpono Suburræ,  
Nam quid tam miserum, tam solum vidimus, ut non  
Deterius credas horrere incendia, lapsus  
Tectorum assiduos, & mille pericula sæva  
Urbis, & Augusto recitantes mense poetas ?*

\* *Sir John Hawkins says, that by Thales we are here to understand Savage.*

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B

Here falling houses thunder on your head,  
And here a female Atheist talks you dead.

<sup>3</sup> While THALES waits the wherry that contains  
Of dissipated wealth the small remains,  
On Thames's banks, in silent thought we stood  
Where Greenwich smiles upon the silver flood ;  
Struck with the seat that gave ELIZA\* birth,  
We kneel, and kiss the consecrated earth ;  
In pleasing dreams the blissful age renew,  
And call Britannia's glories back to view ;  
Behold her cross triumphant on the main,  
The guard of commerce, and the dread of Spain,  
Ere masquerades debauch'd, excise oppress'd,  
Or English honour grew a standing jest.

A transient calm the happy scenes bestow,  
And for a moment lull the sense of woe.  
At length awaking, with contemptuous frown,  
Indignant THALES eyes the neighbouring town.

<sup>4</sup> Since worth, he cries, in these degenerate days  
Wants ev'n the cheap reward of empty praise ;  
In those curs'd walls, devote to vice and gain,  
Since unrewarded science toils in vain ;  
Since hope but soothes to double my distress,  
And every moment leaves my little less ;  
While yet my steady steps no<sup>5</sup> staff sustains,  
And life still vig'rous revels in my veins ;  
Grant me, kind Heaven, to find some happier place,  
Where honesty and sense are no disgrace ;  
Some pleasing bank where verdant osiers play,  
Some peaceful vale with Nature's paintings gay ;

<sup>3</sup> Sed, dum tota domus rheda componitur una,  
Substitit ad veteris arcus.—

<sup>4</sup> Hic tunc Umbritius ; Quando artibus, inquit, honestis  
Nullus in urbe locus, nulla emolumenta laborum,  
Res hodie minor est, heri quam fuit, atque eadem cras  
Deteret exiguis aliquid : proponimus illuc  
Ire, fatigatis ubi Dædalus exiit alas ;  
Dum nova canities.—

<sup>5</sup> ——— et pedibus me  
Porto meis, nullo dextram subeunte bacillo.

\* *Queen Elizabeth, born at Greenwich.*

Where once the harass'd Briton found repose,  
 And safe in poverty defy'd his foes ;  
 Some secret cell, ye Pow'r's, indulgent give,  
 6 Let ----- live here, for ----- has learn'd to live.  
 Here let those reign, whom pensions can incite  
 To vote a patriot black, a courtier white ;  
 Explain their country's dear-bought rights away,  
 And plead for \* pirates in the face of day ;  
 With slavish tenets taint our poison'd youth,  
 And lend a lie the confidence of truth.

7 Let such raise palaces, and manors buy,  
 Collect a tax, or farm a lottery ;  
 With warbling eunuchs fill our † silenc'd stage,  
 And lull to servitude a thoughtless age.

Heroes, proceed ! what bounds your pride shall hold ?  
 What check restrain your thirst of pow'r and gold ?  
 Behold rebellious virtue quite o'erthrown,  
 Behold our fame, our wealth, our lives, your own.

To such, the plunder of a land is giv'n,  
 When public crimes inflame the wrath of Heav'n :  
 8 But what, my friend, what hope remains for me,  
 Who start at theft, and blush at perjury ?  
 Who scarce forbear, tho' BRITAIN'S court he sing,  
 To pluck a titled poet's borrow'd wing ;  
 A statesman's logic unconvinc'd can hear,  
 • And dare to slumber o'er the ‡ Gazetteer ;  
 Despise a fool in half his pension dress'd,  
 And strive in vain to laugh at Clodio's jest.

9 Others with softer smiles, and subtler art,  
 Can sap the principles, or taint the heart ;

6 Cedamus patria : vivant Arturius istic  
 Et Catullus : maneat qui nigra in candida vertunt.

7 Queis facile est sedem conducere, flumina, portus,  
 Siccandem eluviem, portandum ad busta cadaver.—  
 Munera nunc edunt.

8 Quid Romæ faciam ? mentiri nescio : librum,  
 Si malus est, nequeo laudare & poscere.—

9 — Ferre ad nuptam quæ mittit adulter,  
 Quæ mandat norint alii ; me nemo ministro  
 Fur erit, atque ideo nulli comes exeo.

\* *The invasions of the Spaniards were defended in the houses of parliament.*

† *The licensing act was then lately made.*

‡ *The paper which at that time contained apologies for the court.*

With more address a lover's note convey,  
 Or bribe a virgin's innocence away.  
 Well may they rise, while I, whose rustic tongue  
 Ne'er knew to puzzle right, or varnish wrong,  
 Spurn'd as a beggar, dreaded as a spy,  
 Live unregarded, unlamented die.

10 For what but social guilt the friend endears?  
 Who shares Orgilio's crimes, his fortune shares.

11 But thou, should tempting villainy present  
 All Marlborough hoarded, or all Villiers spent,  
 Turn from the glittering bribe thy scornful eye,  
 Nor sell for gold, what gold could never buy,  
 The peaceful slumber, self-approving day,  
 Unsullied fame, and conscience ever gay.

12 The cheated nation's happy favourites, see!  
 Mark whom the great caress, who frown on me!  
 LONDON! the needy villain's general home,  
 The common-sewer of Paris and of Rome!  
 With eager thirst, by folly or by fate,  
 Sucks in the dregs of each corrupted state.  
 Forgive my transports on a theme like this,  
 13 I cannot bear a French metropolis.

14 Illustrious EDWARD! from the realms of day,  
 The land of heroes and of saints survey;  
 Nor hope the British lineaments to trace,  
 The rustick grandeur, or the surly grace;  
 But, lost in thoughtless ease and empty show,  
 Behold the warrior dwindled to a beau;  
 Sense, freedom, piety, refin'd away,  
 Of France the mimick, and of Spain the prey.

All that at home no more can beg or steal,  
 Or like a gibbet better than a wheel;

10 Quis nunc diligitur nisi conscius? ———  
 Carus erit Verri, qui Verrem tempore, quo vult,  
 Accusare potest. ———

11 ——— Tanti tibi non sit opaci  
 Omnis arena Tagi, quodque in mare volvitur aurum,  
 Ut somno careas. ———

12 Quæ nunc divitibus gens acceptissima nostris,  
 Et quos præcipue fugiam properabo fateri.

13 ——— Non possum ferre, Quirites,  
 Græcam urbem. ———

14 Rusticus ille tuus sumit trechedipna, Quirise,  
 Et ceromatico fert nicetaria collo.

Hiss'd from the stage, or hooted from the court,  
 Their air, their dress, their politicks, import ;  
 15 Obsequious, artful, voluble, and gay,  
 On Britain's fond credulity they prey.  
 No gainful trade their industry can 'scape,  
 16 They sing, they dance, clean shoes, or cure a clap ;  
 All sciences a fasting Monsieur knows,  
 And, bid him go to hell, to hell he goes.

17 Ah ! what avails it, that, from slav'ry far,  
 I drew the breath of life in English air ;  
 Was early taught a Briton's right to prize,  
 And lisp the tale of HENRY'S victories ;  
 If the gull'd conqueror receives the chain,  
 And flattery prevails when arms are vain ?

18 Studious to please, and ready to submit,  
 The supple Gaul was born a parasite.  
 Still to his int'rest true, where'er he goes ;  
 Wit, brav'ry, worth, his lavish tongue bestows ;  
 In ev'ry face a thousand graces shine,  
 From ev'ry tongue flows harmony divine.

19 These arts in vain our rugged natives try, }  
 Strain out with fault'ring diffidence a lie, }  
 And get a kick for aukward flattery. }

Besides, with justice, this discerning age  
 Admires their wond'rous talents for the stage :  
 20 Well may they venture on the mimick's art,  
 Who play from morn to night a borrow'd part ;  
 Practis'd their master's notions to embrace,  
 Repeat his maxims, and reflect his face ;  
 With ev'ry wild absurdity comply,  
 And view each object with another's eye ;

15 Ingenium velox, audacia perdita, fermo  
 Promptus. —————

16 Augur, schœnobates, medicus, magus : omnia novit,  
 Græculus esuriens, in cœlum, jusseris, ibit.

17 Usque adeo nihil est, quod nostra infantia cœlum  
 Hausit Aventini ? —————

18 Quid ? quod adulandi gens prudentissima, laudat  
 Sermonem indocti faciem deformis amici ?

19 Hæc eadem licet & nobis laudare : sed illis  
 Creditur. —————

20 Natio comœda est. Rides ? majore cachinno  
 Concutitur, &c.

To shake with laughter ere the jest they hear,  
 To pour at will the counterfeited tear ;  
 And, as their patron hints the cold or heat,  
 To shake in dog-days, in December sweat.

21 How, when competitors like these contend,  
 Can surly virtue hope to fix a friend?  
 Slaves that with serious impudence beguile,  
 And lie without a blush, without a smile ;  
 Exalt each trifle, ev'ry vice adore,  
 Your taste in snuff, your judgment in a whore ;  
 Can Balbo's eloquence applaud, and swear  
 He gropes his breeches with a Monarch's air.

For arts like these preferr'd, admir'd, caress'd,  
 They first invade your table, then your breast ;

22 Explore your secrets with insidious art,  
 Watch the weak hour, and ransack all the heart ;  
 Then soon your ill-plac'd confidence repay,  
 Commence your lords, and govern or betray.

23 By numbers here from shame or censure free,  
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty.

This, only this, the rigid law pursues,  
 This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.  
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak

Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke ;  
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,  
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.

24 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,  
 Sure a most bitter is a scornful jest ;  
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,  
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.

25 Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,  
 No pathless waste, or undiscover'd shore ?

21 Non sumus ergo pares : melior, qui semper & omni  
 Nocte dieque potest alienum sumere vultum.

A facie jactare manus : laudare paratus,  
 Si bene ructavit, si rectum minxit amicus. ———

22 Scire volunt secreta domus, atque inde timeri.

23 ——— Materiam præbet causaque jocorum  
 Omnibus hic idem ? si foeda & scissa lacerna, &c.

24 Nil habet infelix paupertas durius in se,  
 Quam quod ridiculos homines facit.

25 ——— Agmine facto,  
 Debuerant olim tenues migrasse Quirites.



No secret island in the boundless main?  
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd\* by Spain?  
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,  
 And bear Oppression's insolence no more.  
 This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,  
 26 SLOW RISES WORTH, BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:  
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,  
 Where looks are merchandise and smiles are sold:  
 Where, won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,  
 The groom retails the favours of his lord.

But hark! th' affrighted crowd's tumultuous cries  
 Roll through the streets, and thunder to the skies:  
 Rais'd from some pleasing dream of wealth and pow'r,  
 Some pompous palace, or some blissful bow'r,  
 Aghast you start, and scarce with aching sight  
 Sustain th' approaching fire's tremendous light;  
 Swift from pursuing horrors take your way,  
 And leave your little ALL to flames a prey;  
 27 Then thro' the world a wretched vagrant roam,  
 For where can starving merit find a home?  
 In vain your mournful narrative disclose,  
 While all neglect, and most insult your woes.  
 28 Should Heav'n's just bolts Orgilio's wealth confound,  
 And spread his flaming palace on the ground,  
 Swift o'er the land the dismal rumour flies,  
 And public mournings pacify the skies;  
 The laureat tribe in venal verse relate,  
 How virtue wars with persecuting fate;

---

26 Haud facile emergunt, quorum Virtutibus obstat  
 Res angusta domi, sed Romæ durior illis  
 Conatus. ———

——— Omnia Romæ

Cum pretio. ———

Cogimur, et cultis augare peculia servis.

27 ——— Ultimus autem

Ærumnæ cumulus, quod nudum & frustra rogantem

Nemo cibo, nemo hospitio, tectoque juvabit.

28 Si magna Asturici cecidit domus, horrida mater,  
 Pullati proceres. ———

\* *The Spaniards at this time were said to make claim to some of our American provinces.*

29 With well-feign'd gratitude the pension'd band  
 Refund the plunder of the beggar'd land.  
 See! while he builds, the gaudy vassals come,  
 And crowd with sudden wealth the rising dome;  
 The price of Boroughs and of souls restore;  
 And raise his treasures higher than before:  
 Now bless'd with all the baubles of the great,  
 The polish'd marble and the shining plate,  
 30 Orgilio sees the golden pile aspire,  
 And hopes from angry Heav'n another fire.

31 Could'st thou resign the park and play content,  
 For the fair banks of Severn or of Trent;  
 There might'st thou find some elegant retreat,  
 Some hireling Senator's deserted seat;  
 And stretch thy prospects o'er the smiling land,  
 For less than rent the dungeons of the strand:  
 There prune thy walks, support thy drooping flowers,  
 Direct thy rivulets, and twine thy bowers;  
 And, while thy grounds a cheap repast afford,  
 Despise the dainties of a venal lord:  
 There ev'ry bush with Nature's musick rings,  
 There ev'ry breeze bears health upon its wings;  
 On all thy hours security shall smile,  
 And bless thine evening walk and morning toil.

32 Prepare for death if here at night you roam,  
 And sign your will before you sup from home.

33 Some fiery fop, with new commission vain,  
 Who sleeps on brambles till he kills his man;

29 — Jam accurrat, qui marinora donet,  
 Conferat impensas: hic, &c.  
 Hic modium argenti. —

30 — Meliora, ac plura reponit  
 Persicus orborum lautissimus. —

31 Si potes avelli Circensibus, optima Soræ,  
 Aut Fabrateriæ domus, aut Fusinone paratur,  
 Quanti nunc tenebras unum conducis in annum,  
 Hortulus hic. —

Vive bidentis amans & culti, villicus horti,  
 Unde epulum possis centum dare Pythagoræis.

32 — Possis ignavus haberi,  
 Et subiti casus improvidus, ad cœnam si  
 Intestatus eas. —

33 Ebrius, ac petularis, qui nullum forte cecidit,

Some frolick drunkard, reeling from a feast,  
Provokes a broil, and stabs you for a jest.  
34 Yet ev'n these heroes, mischievously gay,  
Lords of the street, and terrors of the way;  
Flush'd as they are, with folly, youth, and wine,  
Their prudent insults to the poor confine:  
Afar they mark the flambeau's bright approach,  
And shun the shining train, and golden coach.

35 In vain these dangers past, your doors you close,  
And hope the balmy blessings of repose;  
Cruel with guilt, and daring with despair,  
The midnight murd'rer bursts the faithless bar;  
Invades the sacred hour of silent rest,  
And leaves, unseén, a dagger in your breast.

36 Scarce can our fields, such crowds at Tyburn die,  
With hemp the gallows and the fleet supply.  
Propose your schemes, ye senatorian band,  
Whose \* ways and means support the sinking land;  
Lest ropes be wanting in the tempting spring,  
To rig another convoy for the king †.

37 A single gaol, in ALFRED's golden reign,  
Could half the nation's criminals contain;  
Fair Justice, then, without constraint ador'd,  
Held high the steady scale, but sheath'd the sword;  
No spies were paid, no special juries known;  
Blest age! but ah! how diff'rent from our own!

Dat poenas, noctem patitur lugentis amicum  
Peleidæ.—

34 —Sed, quamvis improbus annis,  
Atque mero fervens, cavet hunc, quem coccina læna  
Vitari jubet, & comitum longissimus ordo,  
Multum præterea flammæ, atque ænea lampas.

35 Nec tamen hoc tantum metuas: nam qui spoliæ te  
Non deerit; clausis domibus, &c.

36 Maximus in vinclis ferri mollus; ut timeas, ne  
Vomer deficiat, ne marræ & sarcula desint.

37 Felices proavorum atavos, felicia dicas  
Secula, quæ quondam sub regibus atque tribunis  
Viderunt una contentam carcere Romam.

\* A cant term in the House of Commons for methods of raising money.

† The nation was discontented at the visits made by the King to Hanover.

38 Much could I add,— But see the boat at hand,  
 The tide, retiring, calls me from the land :  
 39 Farewell!-- When youth, and health, and fortune spent,  
 Thou fly'st for refuge to the Wilds of Kent ;  
 And, tis'd, like me, with follies and with crimes,  
 In angry numbers warn'st succeeding times ;  
 Then shall thy friend, nor thou refuse his aid,  
 Still foe to vice, forsake his Cambrian shade ;  
 In virtue's cause once more exert his rage,  
 Thy satire point, and animate thy page.

---

38 His alias poteram, & pluries subnectere causas :  
 Sed jumenta vocant.——

39 ——Ergo vale nostri memor : & quoties te  
 Roma tuo refici properantem reddet Aquino,  
 Me quoque ad Elvinam Cererem, vestramque Dianem  
 Convelle a Cumis : satirarum ego, ni pudet illas.  
 Adjutor gelidos veniam calligatus in agros.

THE  
VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES,  
IN IMITATION OF THE  
TENTH SATIRE OF JUVENAL.

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LET \*Observation, with extensive view,  
Survey mankind from China to Peru ;  
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,  
And watch the busy scenes of crowded life ;  
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,  
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,  
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride,  
To chase the dreary paths without a guide,  
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,  
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ;  
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,  
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice ;  
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,  
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.  
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,  
Each gift of nature, and each grace of art ;  
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,  
With fatal sweetness elocution flows ;  
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,  
And restless fire precipitates on death.

† But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold  
Fall in the general massacre of gold ;  
Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfi'd,  
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind :  
For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,  
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;  
Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,  
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let Hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,  
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,

---

When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,  
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;  
 Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of power,  
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,  
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,  
 Tho' Confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,  
 Walks the wild heath, and sings his toil away.  
 Does envy seize thee? crush th' upbraiding joy ;  
 Increase his riches, and his peace destroy ;  
 Now fears in dire vicissitude invade,  
 The rust'ling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade ;  
 Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,  
 One shews the plunder, and one hides the thief.  
 Yet \* still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,  
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;  
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,  
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.  
 Once † more, Democritus, arise on earth,  
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,  
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,  
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :  
 Thou who could'st laugh where want enchain'd caprice,  
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;  
 Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd ;  
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;  
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,  
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;  
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,  
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;  
 How would'st thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,  
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe ?  
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,  
 And pierce each scene with philosophick eye,  
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,  
 The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :  
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,  
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,  
 Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind ;

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\* Ver. 23—27. † Ver. 28—55.

How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,  
Search ev'ry state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

\* Unnumber'd suppliants crowd preferment's gate,  
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;  
Delusive fortune hears th' incessant call,  
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.  
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,  
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.  
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door  
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ;  
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,  
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;  
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,  
That hung the bright palladium of the place ;  
And, smook'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,  
To better features yields the frame of gold ;  
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line  
Heroic worth, benevolence divine :  
The form distorted, justifies the fall,  
And detestation rids th' indignant wall.

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,  
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal?  
Thro' freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,  
Degrading nobles and controuling kings ;  
Our supple tribes repress their patriot threats,  
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;  
With weekly libels and septennial ale,  
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity, see Wolsey stand,  
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand :  
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,  
Through him the rays of regal bounty shine,  
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,  
His smile alone security bestows :  
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,  
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;  
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,  
And rights submitted left him none to seize.  
At length his sov'reign frowns—the train of state  
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.

\* Ver. 56.—107.

Where-e'er he turns, he meets a stranger's eye,  
 His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly;  
 Now drops at once the pride of awful state,  
 The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,  
 The regal palace, the luxurious board,  
 The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.  
 With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,  
 He seeks the refuge of monastic rest.  
 Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,  
 And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings.

Speak thou, whose thoughts at humble peace repine,  
 Shall Wolsey's wealth, with Wolsey's end, be thine?  
 Or liv'st thou now, with safer pride content,  
 The wisest justice on the banks of Trent?  
 For, why did Wolsey, near the steeps of fate,  
 On weak foundations raise th' enormous weight?  
 Why but to sink beneath misfortune's blow,  
 With louder ruin to the gulphs below?

\*What gave great Villiers to the assassin's knife,  
 And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life?  
 What murder'd Wentworth, and what exil'd Hyde,  
 By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?  
 What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,  
 And pow'r too great to keep, or to resign?

†When first the college rolls receive his name,  
 The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame;  
 Resistless burns the fever of renown,  
 Caught from the strong contagion of the gown:  
 O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,  
 And †Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head.  
 Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,  
 And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth!  
 Yet, should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat  
 Till captive Science yields her last retreat;  
 Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,  
 And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;

\* 108.—113.

† Ver. 114.—132.

‡ There is a tradition, that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident it was pulled down many years since.



Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,  
 Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;  
 Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,  
 And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain;  
 Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,  
 Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;  
 Should no disease thy torpid veins invade,  
 Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade;  
 Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,  
 Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:  
 Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,  
 And pause awhile from Letters, to be wise;  
 There mark what ills the scholar's life assail,  
 Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the gaol.  
 See nations, slowly wise and meanly just,  
 To buried merit raise the tardy bust.  
 If dreams yet flatter, once again attend,  
 Hear Lydiat's life, and Galileo's end\*.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,  
 The glittering eminence exempt from foes;  
 See, when the vulgar 'scapes, despis'd or aw'd,  
 Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud.  
 From meaner minds, though smaller fines content,  
 The plunder'd palace, or sequester'd rent;  
 Mark'd out by dang'rous parts, he meets the shock,  
 And fatal Learning leads him to the block:  
 Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,  
 But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

† The festal blazes, the triumphal show,  
 The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,  
 The senate's thanks, the Gazette's pompous tale,  
 With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.  
 Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd,  
 For such the steady Romans shook the world;  
 For such in distant lands the Britons shine,  
 And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine;  
 This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm  
 Till fame supplies the universal charm.

\* See Gent. Mag. vol. LXVIII. p. 951. 1027.

† Ver. 133.—146.

Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,  
 Where wasted nations raise a single name;  
 And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,  
 From age to age in everlasting debt;  
 Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey  
 To rust on medals, or on stones decay.

\* On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,  
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide;  
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,  
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire;  
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,  
 Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;  
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,  
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;  
 Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,  
 And one capitulate, and one resign;  
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;  
 "Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till nought remain,  
 "On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,  
 "And all be mine beneath the polar sky."  
 The march begins in military state,  
 And nations on his eye suspended wait;  
 Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,  
 And Winter barricades the realms of Frost;  
 He comes, nor want nor cold his course delay;---  
 Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day:  
 The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,  
 And shews his miseries in distant lands;  
 Condemn'd a needy supplicant to wait,  
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.  
 But did not Chance at length her error mend?  
 Did no subverted empire mark his end?  
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?  
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground?  
 His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,  
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;  
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,  
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

† All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,  
 From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.

\* Ver. 147.—167.

† Ver. 168.—187.

In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,  
 With half mankind embattled at his side,  
 Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,  
 And starves exhausted regions in his way;  
 Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,  
 Till counted myriads sooth his pride no more;  
 Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,  
 The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind,  
 New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still bestow'd,  
 Till rude resistance lops the spreading god;  
 The daring Greeks deride the martial show,  
 And heap their valleys with the gaudy foe;  
 Th' insulted sea with humbler thought he gains,  
 A single skiff to speed his flight remains;  
 Th' incumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast,  
 Through purple billows and a floating host.

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,  
 Tries the dread summits of Cæsarian pow'r;  
 With unexpected legions bursts away,  
 And sees defenceless realms receive his sway;  
 Short sway! fair Austria spreads her mournful charms,  
 The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;  
 From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze  
 Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;  
 The fierce Croatian, and the wild Hussar,  
 With all the sons of ravage crowd the war;  
 The baffled prince, in honour's flatt'ring bloom  
 Of hasty greatness, finds the fatal doom;  
 His foes derision, and his subjects blame,  
 And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

\* Enlarge my life with multitude of days!  
 In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays:  
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,  
 That life protracted is protracted woe.  
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,  
 And shuts up all the passages of joy:  
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,  
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flow'r;  
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,  
 He views, and wonders that they please no more:

Now pall the tasteless meats, and joyless wines,  
 And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.  
 Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,  
 Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :  
 No sound, alas ! would touch th' impervious ear,  
 Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near ;  
 Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'r attend,  
 Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend ;  
 But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,  
 Perversely grave, or positively wrong.  
 The still returning tale, and ling'ring jest,  
 Perplex the fawning niece and pamper'd guest,  
 While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,  
 And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;  
 The watchful guests still hint the last offence ;  
 The daughter's petulance, the son's expence,  
 Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,  
 And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,  
 Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;  
 But unextinguish'd Avrice still remains,  
 And dreaded losses aggravate his pains ;  
 He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,  
 His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;  
 Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,  
 Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime  
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime ;  
 An age that melts with unperceiv'd decay,  
 And glides in modest innocence away ;  
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,  
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers ;  
 The gen'ral fav'rite as the gen'ral friend :  
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,  
 To press the weary minute's flagging wings ;  
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,  
 A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.  
 Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,  
 Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear ;  
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,  
 Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;

New forms arise, and different views engage,  
 Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,  
 Till pitying Nature signs the last release,  
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.

But few there are whom hours like these await,  
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.  
 From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,  
 By Solon caution'd to regard his end,  
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprize,  
 Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise!  
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,  
 And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

\* The teeming mother, anxious for her race,  
 Begs for each birth the fortune of a face;  
 Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;  
 And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.  
 Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,  
 Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;  
 Whom joys with soft varieties invite,  
 By day the frolic, and the dance by night;  
 Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,  
 And ask the latest fashion of the heart;  
 What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,  
 Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave?  
 Against your fame with fondness hate combines,  
 The rival batters, and the lover mines.  
 With distant voice neglected Virtue calls,  
 Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls;  
 Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,  
 And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.  
 In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,  
 The harmless freedom, and the private friend.  
 The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd:  
 To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flatt'ry, Pride.  
 Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,  
 And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

† Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?  
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind?  
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,  
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?

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\* Ver. 289.—345.

† Ver. 346.—366.

Must no dialike alarm, no wishes rise,  
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?  
Enquirer, cease; petitions yet remain  
Which Heav'n may hear, nor deem Religion vain.  
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,  
But leave to Heav'n the measure and the choice.  
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar  
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r;  
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,  
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.  
Yet, when the sense of sacred presence fires,  
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,  
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,  
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd;  
For love, which scarce collective man can fill;  
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill;  
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,  
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat:  
These goods for man the laws of Heav'n ordain,  
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain;  
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,  
And makes the happiness she does not find.

# PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK,

AT THE OPENING OF THE THEATRE ROYAL,

DRURY-LANE, 1747.

WHEN Learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes  
First rear'd the stage, immortal Shakspeare rose ;  
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,  
Exhausted worlds, and then imagin'd new :  
Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,  
And panting time toil'd after him in vain.  
His pow'rful strokes presiding Truth impress'd,  
And unresisted Passion storm'd the breast.

Then Jonson came, instructed from the school,  
To please in method, and invent by rule ;  
His studious patience and laborious art,  
By regular approach assail'd the heart :  
Cold Approbation gave the ling'ring bays,  
For those, who durst not censure, scarce could praise.  
A mortal born, he met the gen'ral doom,  
But left, like Egypt's kings, a lasting tomb.

The wits of Charles found easier ways to fame,  
Nor wish'd for Jonson's art, or Shakspeare's flame,  
Themselves they studied, as they felt they writ ;  
Intrigue was plot, obscenity was wit.  
Vice always found a sympathetic friend ;  
They pleas'd their age, and did not aim to mend.  
Yet bards like these aspir'd to lasting praise,  
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future days.  
Their cause was gen'ral, their supports were strong,  
Their slaves were willing, and their reign was long :  
Till Shame regain'd the post that Sense betray'd,  
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her aid.

Then, crush'd by rules, and weaken'd as refin'd,  
For years the pow'r of Tragedy declin'd :  
From bard to bard the frigid caution crept,  
Till Declamation roar'd, whilst Passion slept ;  
Yet still did Virtue deign the stage to tread,  
Philosophy remain'd, though Nature fled.

But forc'd, at length, her ancient reign to quit,  
 She saw great Faustus lay the ghost of Wit ;  
 Exulting Folly hail'd the joyful day,  
 And Pantomime and Song confirm'd her sway.

But who the coming changes can presage,  
 And mark the future periods of the Stage?  
 Perhaps, if skill could distant times explore,  
 New Behns, new Durfeys, yet remain in store ;  
 Perhaps where Lear has rav'd, and Hamlet dy'd,  
 On flying cars new sorcerers may ride :  
 Perhaps (for who can guess th' effects of chance?)  
 Here Hunt may box, or Mahomet\* may dance.

Hard is his lot that, here by Fortune plac'd,  
 Must watch the wild vicissitudes of taste ;  
 With ev'ry meteor of caprice must play,  
 And chase the new-blown bubbles of the day.  
 Ah! let not Censure term our fate our choice,  
 The stage but echoes back the publick voice ;  
 The drama's laws, the drama's patrons give.  
 For we that live to please, must please to live.

Then prompt no more the follies you decry,  
 As tyrants doom their tools of guilt to die ;  
 'Tis Yours, this night, to bid the reign commence  
 Of rescued Nature and reviving Sense ;  
 To chase the charms of Sound, the pomp of Show,  
 For useful Mirth and salutary Woe ;  
 Bid scenic Virtue form the rising age,  
 And Truth diffuse her radiance from the stage.

---

\* Hunt, a famous boxer on the stage; Mahomet, a rope-dancer, who had exhibited at Covent-Garden Theatre the winter before, said to be a Turk.





***I R E N E ;***

▲

**TRAGEDY.**





## PROLOGUE.

YE glitt'ring train, whom lace and velvet bless,  
Suspend the soft solitudes of dress!  
From grov'ling business and superfluous care,  
Ye sons of Avarice, a moment spare!  
Vot'ries of Fame, and worshippers of Power,  
Dismiss the pleasing phantoms for an hour!  
Our daring bard, with spirit unconfin'd,  
Spreads wide the mighty moral for mankind.  
Learn here how Heav'n supports the virtuous mind,  
Daring, though calm; and vig'rous, though resign'd.  
Learn here what anguish racks the guilty breast,  
In pow'r dependent, in success depress'd.  
Learn here that Peace from Innocence must flow;  
All else is empty sound and idle show.

If truths like these with pleasing language join;  
Ennobled, yet unchang'd, if Nature shine;  
If no wild draught depart from Reason's rules,  
Nor gods his heroes, nor his lovers fools:  
Intriguing Wits! his artless plot forgive;  
And spare him, Beauties! though his lovers live.

Be this at least his praise, be this his pride;  
To force applause no modern arts are try'd.  
Should partial cat-calls all his hopes confound,  
He bids no trumpet quell the fatal sound.  
Should welcome sleep relieve the weary wit,  
He rolls no thunders o'er the drowsy pit.  
No snares to captivate the judgment spreads,  
Nor bribes your eyes to prejudice your heads.  
Unmov'd though Witlings sneer and Rivals rail;  
Studious to please, yet not asham'd to fail.  
He scorns the meek address, the suppliant strain,  
With merit needless, and without it vain.  
In Reason, Nature, Truth, he dares to trust:  
Ye Fops, be silent: and ye Wits, be just!

## PERSONS OF THE DRAMA.

### MEN.

MAHOMET,	Emp. of the Turks,	<i>Mr. Barry.</i>
CALI BASSA,	First Visier,	<i>Mr. Berry.</i>
MUSTAPHA,	A Turkish Aga,	<i>Mr. Sowden.</i>
ABDALLA,	An Officer,	<i>Mr. Havard.</i>
HASAN,	} Turkish Captains,	{ <i>Mr. Usher.</i>
CARAZA,		
DEMETRIUS,	} Greek Noblemen,	{ <i>Mr. Garrick.</i>
LEONTIUS,		
MURZA,	An Eunuch,	<i>Mr. King.</i>

### WOMEN.

ASPASIA,	} Greek Ladies,	{ <i>Mrs. Cibber.</i>
IRENE,		

Attendants on Irene.

# IRENE;

## A TRAGEDY.

### ACT I.

#### SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS *and* LEONTIUS, *in Turkish Habits.*

LEONTIUS.

AND is it thus Demetrius meets his friend,  
Hid in the mean disguise of Turkish robes,  
With servile secrecy to lurk in shades,  
And vent our sufferings in clandestine groans?

DEMETRIUS.

Till breathless fury rested from destruction,  
These groans were fatal, these disguises vain;  
But now our Turkish conquerors have quench'd  
Their rage, and pall'd their appetite of murder;  
No more the glutted sabre thirsts for blood,  
And weary cruelty remits her tortures.

LEONTIUS.

Yet Greece enjoys no gleam of transient hope,  
No soothing interval of peaceful sorrow;  
The lust of gold succeeds the rage of conquest,  
The lust of gold, unfeeling and remorseless,  
The last corruption of degenerate man!  
Urg'd by the imperious soldier's fierce command,  
The groaning Greeks break up their golden caverns  
Pregnant with stores that India's mines might envy,  
Th' accumulated wealth of toiling ages.

DEMETRIUS.

That wealth, too sacred for their country's use!  
That wealth too pleasing to be lost for freedom!  
That wealth, which, granted to their weeping prince,  
Had rang'd embattled nations at our gates!  
But, thus reserv'd to lure the wolves of Turkey,  
Adds shame to grief, and infamy to ruin.  
Lamenting Avarice now too late discovers  
Her own neglected in the publick safety.

D 2

LEONTIUS.

Reproach not misery.—The sons of Greece,  
 Ill-fated race! so oft besieg'd in vain,  
 With false security beheld invasion.  
 Why should they fear?—That pow'r that kindly spreads  
 The clouds, a signal of impending show'rs,  
 To warn the wand'ring linnet to the shade,  
 Beheld without concern expiring Greece,  
 And not one prodigy foretold our fate.

DEMETRIUS.

A thousand horrid prodigies foretold it.  
 A feeble government, eluded laws,  
 A factious populace, luxurious nobles,  
 And all the maladies of sinking states.  
 When publick Villainy, too strong for justice,  
 Shews his bold front, the harbinger of ruin,  
 Can brave Leontius call for airy wonders,  
 Which cheats interpret, and which fools regard?  
 When some neglected fabrick nods beneath  
 The weight of years, and totters to the tempest,  
 Must Heav'n dispatch the messengers of light,  
 Or wake the dead, to warn us of its fall?

LEONTIUS.

Well might the weakness of our empire sink  
 Before such foes of more than human force ;  
 Some Pow'r invisible, from Heav'n or Hell,  
 Conducts their armies, and asserts their cause.

DEMETRIUS.

And yet, my friend, what miracles were wrought  
 Beyond the pow'r of constancy and courage?  
 Did unresisted lightning aid their cannon?  
 Did roaring whirlwinds sweep us from the ramparts?  
 'Twas vice that shook our nerves, 'twas vice, Leontius,  
 That froze our veins, and wither'd all our pow'rs.

LEONTIUS.

Whate'er our crimes, our woes demand compassion.  
 Each night, protected by the friendly darkness,  
 Quitting by close retreat, I range the city,  
 And, weeping, kiss the venerable ruins:  
 With silent pangs I view the tow'ring domes,  
 Sacred to pray'r ; and wander through the streets,

Where commerce lavish'd unexhausted plenty,  
And jollity maintain'd eternal revels.—

DEMETRIUS.

—How chang'd, alas!—Now ghastly Desolation  
In triumph sits upon our shatter'd spires;  
Now superstition, ignorance, and error,  
Usurp our temples, and profane our altars.

LEONTIUS.

From ev'ry palace bursts a mingled clamour,  
The dreadful dissonance of barb'rous triumph,  
Shrieks of affright and wailings of distress.  
Oft when the cries of violated beauty  
Arose to Heav'n, and pierc'd my bleeding breast,  
I felt thy pains, and trembled for Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

Aspasia! spare that lov'd, that mournful name:  
Dear hapless maid—tempestuous grief o'erbears  
My reasoning pow'rs—Dear, hapless, lost Aspasia!

LEONTIUS.

Suspend the thought.

DEMETRIUS.

All thought on her is madness;  
Yet let me think—I see the helpless maid,  
Behold the monsters gaze with savage rapture,  
Behold how lust and rapine struggle round her!

LEONTIUS.

Awake, Demetrius, from this dismal dream,  
Sink not beneath imaginary sorrows;  
Call to your aid your courage and your wisdom;  
Think on the sudden change of human scenes;  
Think on the various accidents of war;  
Think on the mighty power of awful virtue;  
Think on that Providence that guards the good.

DEMETRIUS.

O Providence! extend thy care to me,  
For Courage droops unequal to the combat,  
And weak Philosophy denies her succours.  
Sure some kind sabre in the heat of battle,  
Ere yet the foe found leisure to be cruel,  
Dismiss'd her to the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Some virgin-martyr,

D 3

Perhaps, enamour'd of resembling virtue,  
 With gentle hand restrain'd the streams of life,  
 And snatch'd her timely from her country's fate.

DEMETRIUS.

From those bright regions of eternal day,  
 Where now thou shin'st among thy fellow-saints,  
 Array'd in purer light, look down on me :  
 In pleasing visions and assuasive dreams,  
 O! sooth my soul, and teach me how to lose thee.

LEONTIUS.

Enough of unavailing tears, Demetrius :  
 I came obedient to thy friendly summons,  
 And hop'd to share thy counsels, not thy sorrows :  
 While thus we mourn the fortune of Aspasia,  
 To what are we reserv'd ?

DEMETRIUS.

To what I know not :  
 But hope, yet hope, to happiness and honour ;  
 If happiness can be without Aspasia.

LEONTIUS.

But whence this new-sprung hope ?

DEMETRIUS.

From Cali Bassa,  
 The chief, whose wisdom guides the Turkish counsels.  
 He, tir'd of slavery, though the highest slave,  
 Projects at once our freedom and his own ;  
 And bids us thus disguis'd await him here.

LEONTIUS.

Can he restore the state he could not save ?  
 In vain, when Turkey's troops assail'd our walls,  
 His kind intelligence betray'd their measures ;  
 Their arms prevail'd, though Cali was our friend.

DEMETRIUS.

When the tenth sun had set upon our sorrows,  
 At midnight's private hour, a voice unknown  
 Sounds in my sleeping ear, ' Awake, Demetrius,  
 ' Awake, and follow me to better fortunes.'  
 Surpris'd I start, and bless the happy dream ;  
 Then, rousing, know the fiery chief Abdalla,  
 Whose quick impatience seiz'd my doubtful hand,  
 And led me to the shore where Cali stood,  
 Pensive and list'ning to the beating surge.



There, in soft hints and in ambiguous phrase,  
 With all the diffidence of long experience,  
 That oft had practis'd fraud, and oft detected,  
 The vet'ran courtier half reveal'd his project.  
 By his command, equipp'd for speedy flight,  
 Deep in a winding creek a galley lies,  
 Mann'd with the bravest of our fellow-captives,  
 Selected by my care, a hardy band,  
 That long to hail thee chief.

LEONTIUS.

But what avails  
 So small a force? or why should Cali fly?  
 Or how can Cali's flight restore our country?

DEMETRIUS.

Reserve these questions for a safer hour;  
 Or hear himself, for see the Bassa comes.

## SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, CALI BASSA.

CALI.

Now summon all thy soul, illustrious Christian!  
 Awake each faculty that sleeps within thee,  
 The courtier's policy, the sage's firmness,  
 The warrior's ardour, and the patriot's zeal:  
 If, chasing past events with vain pursuit,  
 Or wand'ring in the wilds of future being,  
 A single thought now rove, recall it home.  
 But can thy friend sustain the glorious cause,  
 The cause of liberty, the cause of nations?

DEMETRIUS.

Observe him closely with a statesman's eye,  
 Thou that hast long perus'd the draughts of Nature,  
 And know'st the characters of vice and virtue,  
 Left by the hand of Heav'n on human clay.

CALI.

His mien is lofty, his demeanour great;  
 Nor sprightly folly wantons in his air,  
 Nor dull serenity becalms his eyes.  
 Such had I trusted once as soon as seen,  
 But cautious age suspects the flatt'ring form,

And only credits what experience tells.  
 Has silence press'd her seal upon his lips?  
 Does adamantine faith invest his heart?  
 Will he not bend beneath a tyrant's frown?  
 Will he not melt before ambition's fire?  
 Will he not soften in a friend's embrace?  
 Or flow dissolving in a woman's tears?

DEMETRIUS.

Sooner the trembling leaves shall find a voice,  
 And tell the secrets of their conscious walks ;  
 Sooner the breeze shall catch the flying sounds,  
 And shock the tyrant with a tale of treason.  
 Your slaughter'd multitudes, that swell the shore  
 With monuments of death, proclaim his courage ;  
 Virtue and liberty engross his soul,  
 And leave no place for perfidy or fear.

LEONTIUS.

I scorn a trust unwillingly repos'd ;  
 Demetrius will not lead me to dishonour ;  
 Consult in private, call me when your scheme  
 Is ripe for action, and demands the sword. [Going.

DEMETRIUS.

Leontius, stay.

CALI.

Forgive an old man's weakness,  
 And share the deepest secrets of my soul,  
 My wrongs, my fears, my motives, my designs.—  
 When unsuccessful wars, and civil factions,  
 Embroil'd the Turkish state, our Sultan's father,  
 Great Amurath, at my request, forsook  
 The cloister's easé, resum'd the tott'ring throne,  
 And snatch'd the reins of abdicated pow'r  
 From giddy Mahomet's unskilful hand.  
 This fir'd the youthful king's ambitious breast :  
 He murmurs vengeance at the name of Cali,  
 And dooms my rash fidelity to ruin.

DEMETRIUS.

Unhappy lot of all that shine in courts,  
 For forc'd compliance, or for zealous virtue,  
 Still odious to the monarch or the people.

CALI.

Such are the woes when arbitrary pow'r,

And lawless passion, hold the sword of justice.  
 If there be any land, as fame reports,  
 Where common laws restrain the prince and subject,  
 A happy land, where circulating pow'r  
 Flows through each member of th' embodied state;  
 Sure, not unconscious of the mighty blessing,  
 Her grateful sons shine bright with every virtue;  
 Untainted with the lust of innovation,  
 Sure all unite to hold her league of rule  
 Unbroken as the sacred chain of nature,  
 That links the jarring elements in peace.

LEONTIUS.

But say, great Bassa, why the Sultan's anger,  
 Burning in vain, delays the stroke of death?

CALI.

Young, and unsettled in his father's kingdoms,  
 Fierce as he was, he dreaded to destroy  
 The empire's darling, and the soldier's boast;  
 But now confirm'd, and swelling with his conquests,  
 Secure he tramples my declining fame,  
 Frowns unrestrain'd, and dooms me with his eyes.

DEMETRIUS.

What can reverse thy doom?

CALI.

The tyrant's death.

DEMETRIUS.

But Greece is still forgot.

CALI.

On Asia's coast,  
 Which lately bless'd my gentle government,  
 Soon as the Sultan's unexpected fate  
 Fills all th' astonish'd empire with confusion,  
 My policy shall raise an easy throne;  
 The Turkish pow'rs from Europe shall retreat,  
 And harass Greece no more with wasteful war.  
 A galley mann'd with Greeks, thy charge, Leontius,  
 Attends to waft us to repose and safety.

DEMETRIUS.

That vessel, if observ'd, alarms the court,  
 And gives a thousand fatal questions birth:  
 Why stor'd for flight? and why prepar'd by Cali?

CALL.

This hour I'll beg, with unsuspecting face,  
 Leave to perform my pilgrimage to Mecca :  
 Which granted, hides my purpose from the world,  
 And, though refus'd, conceals it from the Sultan.

LEONTIUS.

How can a single hand attempt a life  
 Which armies guard, and citadels enclose ?

CALL.

Forgetful of command, with captive beauties,  
 Far from his troops, he toys his hours away.  
 A roving soldier seiz'd, in Sophia's temple,  
 A virgin shining with distinguish'd charms,  
 And brought his beauteous plunder to the Sultan.

DEMETRIUS.

In Sophia's temple !—What alarm !—Proceed.

CALL.

The Sultan gaz'd, he wonder'd, and he lov'd :  
 In passion lost, he bade the conqu'ring fair  
 Renounce her faith, and be the Queen of Turkey.  
 The pious maid, with modest indignation,  
 Threw back the glitt'ring bribe.

DEMETRIUS.

Celestial goodness !

It must, it must be she ; her name ?

CALL.

Aspasia.

DEMETRIUS.

What hopes, what terrors, rush upon my soul !  
 O lead me quickly to the scene of fate ;  
 Break through the politician's tedious forms :  
 Aspasia calls me, let me fly to save her.

LEONTIUS.

Did Mahomet reproach or praise her virtue ?

CALL.

His offers oft repeated, still refus'd,  
 At length rekindled his accustom'd fury,  
 And chang'd th' endearing smile and am'rous whisper  
 To threats of torture, death, and violation.

DEMETRIUS.

These tedious narratives of frozen age  
 Distract my soul ; dispatch thy ling'ring tale ;

Say, did a voice from Heav'n restrain the tyrant?  
Did interposing angels guard her from him?

CALI.

Just in the moment of impending fate,  
Another plund'rer brought the bright Irene;  
Of equal beauty, but of softer mien,  
Fear in her eye, submission on her tongue,  
Her mournful charms attracted his regards,  
Disarm'd his rage, and in repeated visits  
Gain'd all his heart; at length his eager love  
To her transferr'd the offer of a crown.

LEONTIUS.

Nor found again the bright temptation fail?

CALI.

Trembling to grant, nor daring to refuse,  
While Heav'n and Mahomet divide her fears,  
With coy caresses and with pleasing wiles  
She feeds his hopes, and soothes him to delay.  
For her, repose is banish'd from the night,  
And business from the day. In her apartments  
He lives——

LEONTIUS.

And there must fall.

CALI.

But yet th' attempt

Is hazardous.

LEONTIUS.

Forbear to speak of hazards;

What has the wretch that has surviv'd his country,  
His friends, his liberty, to hazard?

CALI.

Life.

DEMETRIUS.

Th' inestimable privilege of breathing!  
Important hazard! What's that airy bubble,  
When weigh'd with Greece, with Virtue, with Aspasia?  
A floating atom, dust that falls unheeded  
Into the adverse scale, nor shakes the balance.

CALI.

At least this day be calm—If we succeed,  
Aspasia's thine, and all thy life is rapture.—  
See! Mustapha, the tyrant's minion, comes;

Invest Leontius with his new command ;  
 And wait Abdalla's unsuspected visits :  
 Remember Freedom, Glory, Greece, and Love.

[*Exeunt Demetrius and Leontius.*]

SCENE III.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

MUSTAPHA.

By what enchantment does this lovely Greek  
 Hold in her chains the captivated Sultan ?  
 He tires his fav'rites with Irene's praise,  
 And seeks the shades to muse upon Irene ;  
 Irene steels unheeded from his tongue,  
 And mingles unperceiv'd with ev'ry thought.

CALI.

Why should the Sultan shun the joys of beauty,  
 Or arm his breast against the force of love ?  
 Love, that with sweet vicissitude relieves  
 The warrior's labours and the monarch's cares.  
 But will she yet receive the faith of Mecca ?

MUSTAPHA.

Those pow'rful tyrants of the female breast,  
 Fear and Ambition, urge her to compliance ;  
 Dress'd in each charm of gay magnificence,  
 Alluring grandeur courts her to his arms,  
 Religion calls her from the wish'd embrace,  
 Paints future joys, and points to distant glories.

CALI.

Soon will th' unequal contest be decided.  
 Prospects, obscur'd by distance, faintly strike ;  
 Each pleasure brightens at its near approach,  
 And ev'ry danger shocks with double horror.

MUSTAPHA.

How shall I scorn the beautiful apostate ;  
 How will the bright Aspasia shine above her !

CALI.

Should she, for proselytes are always zealous,  
 With pious warmth receive our prophet's law—

MUSTAPHA.

Heav'n will condemn the mercenary fervour,  
 Which love of greatness, not of truth, inflames.

CALI.

Cease, cease thy censures ; for the Sultan comes  
Alone, with am'rous haste to seek his love.

## SCENE IV.

MAHOMET, CALI BASSA, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

Hail ! terror of the monarchs of the world,  
Unshaken be thy throne as earth's firm base,  
Live till the sun forgets to dart his beams,  
And weary planets loiter in their courses !

MAHOMET.

But, Cali, let Irene share thy prayers ;  
For what is length of days without Irene ?  
I come from empty noise, and tasteless pomp,  
From crowds that hide a monarch from himself,  
To prove the sweets of privacy and friendship,  
And dwell upon the beauties of Irene.

CALI.

O may her beauties last unchang'd by time,  
As those that bless the mansions of the good !

MAHOMET.

Each realm where beauty turns the graceful shape,  
Swells the fair breast, or animates the glance,  
Adorns my palace with its brightest virgins ;  
Yet, unacquainted with these soft emotions,  
I walk'd superior through the blaze of charms,  
Prais'd without rapture, left without regret.  
Why rove I now, when absent from my fair,  
From solitude to crowds, from crowds to solitude,  
Still restless, till I clasp the lovely maid,  
And ease my loaded soul upon her bosom ?

MUSTAPHA.

Forgive, great Sultan, that intrusive duty  
Enquires the final doom of Menedorus,  
The Grecian counsellor.

MAHOMET.

Go see him die ;  
His martial rhet'rick taught the Greeks resistance ;  
Had they prevail'd, I ne'er had known Irene.

[Exit Mustapha.]

## SCENE V.

MAHOMET, CALI.

MAHOMET.

Remote from tumult, in th' adjoining palace,  
 Thy care shall guard this treasure of my soul:  
 There let Aspasia, since my Fair entreats it,  
 With converse chase the melancholy moments.  
 Sure, chill'd with sixty winter camps, thy blood  
 At sight of female charms will glow no more.

CALI.

These years, unconquer'd Mahomet, demand  
 Desires more pure, and other cares than Love.  
 Long have I wish'd, before our prophet's tomb,  
 To pour my pray'rs for thy successful reign,  
 To quit the tumults of the noisy camp,  
 And sink into the silent grave in peace.

MAHOMET.

What! think of peace while haughty Scanderbeg,  
 Elate with conquest, in his native mountains,  
 Prowls o'er the wealthy spoils of bleeding Turkey!  
 While fair Hungaria's unexhausted valleys  
 Pour forth their legions, and the roaring Danube  
 Rolls half his floods unheard through shouting camps!  
 Nor could'st thou more support a life of sloth  
 Than Amurath---

CALI.

Still full of Amurath!

[*Aside.*]

MAHOMET.

Than Amurath, accustom'd to command,  
 Could bear his son upon the Turkish throne.

CALI.

This pilgrimage our lawgiver ordain'd---

MAHOMET.

For those who could not please by nobler service.---  
 Our warlike Prophet loves an active faith,  
 The holy flame of enterprising virtue,  
 Mocks the dull vows of solitude and penance,  
 And scorns the lazy hermit's cheap devotion.  
 Shine thou, distinguish'd by superior merit,  
 With wonted zeal pursue the task of war,



Till ev'ry nation reverence the Koran,  
And ev'ry suppliant lift his eyes to Mecca,

CALI.

This regal confidence, this pious ardour,  
Let prudence moderate, though not suppress.  
Is not each realm that smiles with kinder suns,  
Or boasts a happier soil, already thine?  
Extended empire, like expanded gold,  
Exchanges solid strength for feeble splendour.

MAHOMET.

Preach thy dull politicks to vulgar kings,  
Thou know'st not yet thy master's future greatness,  
His vast designs, his plans of boundless pow'r.

When ev'ry storm in my domain shall roar,  
When ev'ry wave shall beat a Turkish shore;  
Then, Cali, shall the toils of battle cease,  
Then dream of pray'r, and pilgrimage, and peace.

[*Exeunt.*]

ACT II.

SCENE I.

ASPASIA, IRENE.

IRENE.

ASPASIA, yet pursue the sacred theme;  
Exhaust the stores of pious eloquence,  
And teach me to repel the Sultan's passion.  
Still at Aspasia's voice a sudden rapture  
Exalts my soul, and fortifies my heart.  
The glitt'ring vanities of empty greatness,  
The hopes and fears, the joys and pains of life,  
Dissolve in air, and vanish into nothing.

ASPASIA.

Let nobler hopes and juster fears succeed,  
And bar the passes of Irene's mind  
Against returning guilt.

IRENE.

When thou art absent,  
Death rises to my view, with all his terrors;  
Then visions, horrid as a murd'rer's dreams,

E 2

Chill my resolves, and blast my blooming virtue :  
Stern Torture shakes his bloody scourge before me,  
And Anguish gnashes on the fatal wheel.

ASPASIA.

Since fear predominates in ev'ry thought,  
And sways thy breast with absolute dominion,  
Think on th' insulting scorn, the conscious pangs,  
The future mis'ries that wait th' apostate ;  
So shall Timidity assist thy reason,  
And wisdom into virtue turn thy frailty.

IRENE.

Will not that Pow'r that form'd the heart of woman,  
And wove the feeble texture of her nerves,  
Forgive those fears that shake the tender frame ?

ASPASIA.

The weakness we lament, ourselves create ;  
Instructed from our infant years to court,  
With counterfeited fears, the aid of man,  
We learn to shudder at the rustling breeze,  
Start at the light, and tremble in the dark ;  
Till, affectation ripening to belief,  
And Folly frighted at her own chimeras,  
Habitual cowardice usurps the soul.

IRENE.

Not all like thee can brave the shocks of fate.  
Thy soul, by nature great, enlarg'd by knowledge,  
Soars unincumber'd with our idle cares,  
And all Aspasia, but her beauty, 's man.

ASPASIA.

Each generous sentiment is thine, Demetrius,  
Whose soul, perhaps, yet mindful of Aspasia,  
Now hovers o'er this melancholy shade,  
Well pleas'd to find thy precepts not forgotten.  
O ! could the grave restore the pious hero,  
Soon would his art or valour set us free,  
And bear us far from servitude and crimes.

IRENE.

He yet may live.

ASPASIA.

Alas ! delusive dream !  
Too well I know him ; his immoderate courage,  
Th' impetuous sallies of excessive virtue,

Too strong for love, have hurried him on death.

## SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, CALI, ABDALLA.

CALI to ABDALLA, *as they advance.*

Behold our future Sultanness, Abdalla ;—  
Let artful flatt'ry now, to lull suspicion,  
Glide through Irene to the Sultan's ear.  
Would'st thou subdue th' obdurate cannibal  
To tender friendship, praise him to his mistress.

[To IRENE.]

Well may those eyes that view these heav'nly charms  
Reject the daughters of contending kings ;  
For what are pompous titles, proud alliance,  
Empire or wealth, to excellence like thine ?

ABDALLA.

Receive th' impatient Sultan to thy arms ;  
And may a long posterity of monarchs,  
The pride and terror of succeeding days,  
Rise from the happy bed ; and future queens  
Diffuse Irene's beauty through the world !

IRENE.

Can Mahomet's imperial hand descend  
To clasp a slave ? or can a soul like mine,  
Unus'd to pow'r, and form'd for humbler scenes,  
Support the splendid miseries of greatness ?

CALI.

No regal pageant deck'd with casual honours,  
Scorn'd by his subjects, trampled by his foes,  
No feeble tyrant of a petty state,  
Courts thee to shake on a dependant throne ;  
Born to command, as thou to charm mankind,  
The Sultan from himself derives his greatness.  
Observe, bright maid, as his resistless voice  
Drives on the tempest of destructive war,  
How nation after nation falls before him.

ABDALLA.

At his dread name the distant mountains shake  
Their cloudy summits, and the sons of fierceness,

E 3

That range uncivilized from rock to rock,  
Distrust th' eternal fortresses of Nature,  
And wish their gloomy caverns more obscure.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this lavish pomp of dreadful praise ;  
The horrid images of war and slaughter  
Renew our sorrows, and awake our fears.

ABDALLA.

Cali, methinks yon waving trees afford  
A doubtful glimpse of our approaching friends ;  
Just as I mark'd them they forsook the shore,  
And turn'd their hasty steps towards the garden.

CALI.

Conduct these queens, Abdalla, to the palace :  
Such heav'nly beauty, form'd for adoration,  
The pride of monarchs, the reward of conquests !  
Such beauty must not shine to vulgar eyes.

### SCENE III.

CALI, *solus*.

How Heav'n, in scorn of human arrogance,  
Commits to trivial chance the fate of nations !  
While with incessant, thought laborious man  
Extends his mighty schemes of wealth and pow'r,  
And towers and triumphs in ideal greatness ;  
Some accidental gust of opposition  
Blasts all the beauties of his new creation,  
O'erturns the fabrick of presumptuous reason,  
And whelms the swelling architect beneath it.  
Had not the breeze untwin'd the meeting boughs,  
And through the parted shade disclos'd the Greeks,  
Th' important hour had pass'd unheeded by,  
In all the sweet oblivion of delight,  
In all the fopperies of meeting lovers ;  
In sighs and tears, in transports and embraces,  
In soft complaints, and idle protestations.

### SCENE IV.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS.

CALI.

Could omens fright the resolute and wise,  
Well might we fear impending disappointments.

LEONTIUS.

Your artful suit, your monarch's fierce denial,  
The cruel doom of hapless Menodorus.—

DEMETRIUS.

And your new charge, that dear, that heav'nly maid.—

LEONTIUS.

All this we know already from Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Such slight defeats but animate the brave  
To stronger efforts and maturer counsels.

CALL.

My doom confirm'd, establishes my purpose.  
Calmly he heard till Amurath's resumption  
Rose to his thought, and set his soul on fire:  
When from his lips the fatal name burst out,  
A sudden pause th' imperfect sense suspended,  
Like the dread stillness of condensing storms.

DEMETRIUS.

The loudest cries of Nature urge us forward;  
Despotic rage pursues the life of Cali;  
His groaning country claims Leontius' aid;  
And yet another voice, forgive me, Greece,  
The pow'rful voice of Love inflames Demetrius,  
Each ling'ring hour alarms me for Aspasia.

CALI.

What passions reign among thy crew, Leontius?  
Does cheerless diffidence oppress their hearts?  
Or sprightly hope exalt their kindling spirits?  
Do they with pain repress the struggling shout,  
And listen eager to the rising wind?

LEONTIUS.

All there is hope, and gaiety, and courage,  
No cloudy doubts, or languishing delays;  
Ere I could range them on the crowded deck,  
At once an hundred voices thunder'd round me,  
And ev'ry voice was Liberty and Greece.

DEMETRIUS.

Swift let us rush upon the careless tyrant,  
Nor give him leisure for another crime.

LEONTIUS.

Then let us now resolve, nor idly waste  
Another hour in dull deliberation.

CALI.

But see, where, destin'd to protract our counsels,  
Comes Mustapha.—Your Turkish robes conceal you.  
Retire with speed, while I prepare to meet him  
With artificial smiles, and seeming friendship,

## SCENE V.

CALI, MUSTAPHA.

CALI.

I see the gloom that low'rs upon thy brow ;  
These days of love and pleasure charm not thee ;  
Too slow these gentle constellations roll :  
Thou long'st for stars that frown on human kind,  
And scatter discord from their baleful beams.

MUSTAPHA.

How blest art thou, still jocund and serene,  
Beneath the load of business, and of years !

CALI.

Sure, by some wond'rous sympathy of souls,  
My heart still beats responsive to the Sultan's ;  
I share, by secret instinct, all his joys,  
And feel no sorrow while my sov'reign smiles.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan comes, impatient for his love ;  
Conduct her hither : let no rude intrusion  
Molest these private walks, or care invade  
These hours assign'd to Pleasure and Irene.

## SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Now, Mustapha, pursue thy tale of horror.  
Has treason's dire infection reach'd my palace?  
Can Cali dare the stroke of heav'nly justice  
In the dark precincts of the gaping grave,  
And load with perjuries his parting soul?  
Was it for this, that, sick'ning in Epirus,  
My father call'd me to his couch of death,

Join'd Cali's hand to mine, and falt'ring cry'd,  
 Restrain the fervour of impetuous youth  
 With venerable Cali's faithful counsels?  
 Are these the counsels, this the faith of Cali?  
 Were all our favours lavish'd on a villain?  
 Confest?—

MUSTAPHA.

Confest by dying Menodorus.

In his last agonies the gasping coward,  
 Amidst the tortures of the burning steel,  
 Still fond of life, groan'd out the dreadful secret,  
 Held forth this fatal scroll, then sunk to nothing.

MAHOMET, *examining the Paper.*

His correspondence with our foes of Greece!  
 His hand! his seal! The secrets of my soul  
 Conceal'd from all but him! All, all conspire  
 To banish doubt, and brand him for a villain!  
 Our schemes for ever cross'd, our minds discover'd,  
 Betray'd some traitor lurking near my bosom.  
 Oft have I rag'd, when their wide-wasting cannon  
 Lay pointed at our batt'ries yet unform'd,  
 And broke the meditated lines of war.  
 Detested Cali too, with artful wonder,  
 Would shake his wily head, and closely whisper,  
 Beware of Mustapha, beware of treason.

MUSTAPHA.

The faith of Mustapha disdains suspicion;  
 But yet, great Emperor, beware of treason;  
 Th' insidious Basse, fir'd by disappointment—

MAHOMET.

Shall feel the vengeance of an injur'd king.  
 Go, seize him, load him with reproachful chains;  
 Before the assembled troops proclaim his crimes;  
 Then leave him stretch'd upon the ling'ring rack,  
 Amidst the camp to howl his life away.

MUSTAPHA.

Should we before the troops proclaim his crimes,  
 I dread his arts of seeming innocence,  
 His bland address, and sorcery of tongue;  
 And, should he fall unheard by sudden justice,  
 Th' adoring soldiers would revenge their idol.

MAHOMET.

Cali, this day, with hypocritic zeal,  
 Implor'd my leave to visit Mecca's temple ;  
 Struck with the wonder of a statesman's goodness,  
 I rais'd his thoughts to more sublime devotion.  
 Now let him go, pursu'd by silent wrath,  
 Meet unexpected daggers in his way,  
 And in some distant land obscurely die.

MUSTAPHA.

There will his boundless wealth, the spoil of Asia,  
 Heap'd by your father's ill-plac'd bounties on him,  
 Disperse rebellion through the Eastern world ;  
 Bribe to his cause, and list beneath his banners,  
 Arabia's roving troops, the sons of swiftmess,  
 And arm the Persian heretick against thee ;  
 There shall he waste thy frontiers, check thy conquests,  
 And, though at length subdu'd, elude thy vengeance.

MAHOMET.

Elude my vengeance ! No—My troops shall range  
 Th' eternal snows that freeze beyond Mæotis,  
 And Africk's torrid sands, in search of Cali.  
 Should the fierce North upon his frozen wings  
 Bear him almost above the wond'ring clouds,  
 And seat him in the Pleiads' golden chariots,  
 Thence shall my fury drag him down to tortures :  
 Wherever guilt can fly, revenge can follow.

MUSTAPHA.

Wilt thou dismiss the savage from the toils,  
 Only to hunt him round the ravag'd world ?

MAHOMET.

Suspend his sentence—Empire and Irene  
 Claim my divided soul. This wretch, unworthy  
 To mix with nobler cares, I'll throw aside  
 For idle hours, and crush him at my leisure.

MUSTAPHA.

Let not th' unbounded greatness of his mind  
 Betray my king to negligence of danger.  
 Perhaps the clouds of dark conspiracy  
 Now roll full fraught with thunder o'er your head.  
 Twice since the morning rose I saw the Bassa,  
 Like a fell adder swelling in a brake,  
 Beneath the covert of this verdant arch  
 In private conference ; beside him stood



Two men unknown, the partners of his bosom ;  
 I mark'd them well, and trac'd in either face .  
 The gloomy resolution, horrid greatness,  
 And stern composure, of despairing heroes ;  
 And, to confirm my thoughts, at sight of me,  
 As blasted by my presence, they withdrew  
 With all the speed of terror and of guilt.

MAHOMET.

The strong emotions of my troubled soul  
 Allow no pause for art or for contrivance ;  
 And dark perplexity distracts my counsels.  
 Do thou resolve: for see Irene comes !  
 At her approach each ruder gust of thought  
 Sinks like the sighing of a tempest spent,  
 And gales of softer passion fan my bosom.

[Cali enters with Irene, and exit with Mustapha.]

## SCENE VII.

MAHOMET, IRENE.

MAHOMET.

Wilt thou descend, fair daughter of perfection,  
 To hear my vows, and give mankind a queen ?  
 Ah ! cease, Irene, cease those flowing sorrows,  
 That melt a heart impregnable till now,  
 And turn thy thoughts henceforth to love and empire.  
 How will the matchless beauties of Irene,  
 Thus bright in tears, thus amiable in ruin,  
 With all the graceful pride of greatness heighten'd,  
 Amidst the blaze of jewels and of gold,  
 Adorn a throne, and dignify dominion !

IRENE.

Why all this glare of splendid eloquence,  
 To paint the pageantries of guilty state ?  
 Must I for these renounce the hope of Heav'n,  
 Immortal crowns, and fulness of enjoyment ?

MAHOMET.

Vain raptures all—For your inferior natures,  
 Form'd to delight, and happy by delighting,  
 Heav'n has reserv'd no future paradise,  
 But bids you rove the paths of bliss, secure

Of total death, and careless of hereafter ;  
 While Heaven's high minister, whose awful volume  
 Records each act, each thought of sov'reign man,  
 Surveys your plays with inattentive glance,  
 And leaves the lovely trifler unregarded.

IRENE.

Why then has Nature's vain munificence  
 Profusely pour'd her bounties upon woman?  
 Whence then those charms thy tongue has deign'd to  
 That air resistless, and enchanting blush, [flatter,  
 Unless the beauteous fabrick was design'd  
 A habitation for a fairer soul?

MAHOMET.

Too high, bright maid, thou rat'st exterior grace :  
 Not always do the fairest flow'rs diffuse  
 The richest odours, nor the speckled shells  
 Conceal the gem ; let female arrogance  
 Observe the feather'd wand'ers of the sky ;  
 With purple varied and bedropp'd with gold,  
 They prune the wing, and spread the glossy plumes,  
 Ordain'd, like you, to flutter and to shine,  
 And cheer the weary passenger with musick.

IRENE.

Mean as we are, this tyrant of the world  
 Implores our smiles, and trembles at our feet.  
 Whence flow the hopes and fears, despair and rapture,  
 Whence all the bliss and agonies of love?

MAHOMET.

Why, when the balm of sleep descends on man,  
 Do gay delusions, wand'ring o'er the brain, in  
 Sooth the delighted soul with empty bliss?  
 To want give affluence ? and to slav'ry freedom ?  
 Such are love's joys, the lenitives of life,  
 A fancy'd treasure and a waking dream.

IRENE.

Then let me once, in honour of our sex,  
 Assume the boastful arrogance of man.  
 Th' attractive softness, and th' endearing smile,  
 And pow'rful glance, 'tis granted are our own ;  
 Nor has impartial Nature's frugal hand  
 Exhausted all her nobler gifts on you.  
 Do not we share the comprehensive thought,

Th' enlivening wit, the penetrating reason?  
Beats not the female breast with gen'rous passions,  
The thirst of empire, and the love of glory?

MAHOMET.

Illustrious maid, new wonders fix me thine,  
Thy soul completes the triumphs of thy face.  
I thought (forgive, my Fair,) the noblest aim,  
The strongest effort of a female soul,  
Was but to choose the graces of the day,  
To tune the tongue, to teach the eye to roll,  
Dispose the colours of the flowing robe,  
And add new roses to the faded cheek.  
Will it not charm a mind like thine exalted,  
To shine the goddess of applauding nations,  
To scatter happiness and plenty round thee,  
To bid the prostrate captive rise and live,  
To see new cities tow'r at thy command,  
And blasted kingdoms flourish at thy smile?

IRENE.

Charm'd with the thought of blessing human kind,  
Too calm I listen to the flatt'ring sounds.

MAHOMET.

O seize the power to bless—Irene's nod  
Shall break the fetters of the groaning Christian;  
Greece, in her lovely patroness secure,  
Shall mourn no more her plunder'd palaces.

IRENE.

Forbear—O do not urge me to my ruin!

MAHOMET.

To state and pow'r I court thee, not to ruin:  
Smile on my wishes, and command the globe.  
Security shall spread her shield before thee,  
And Love infold thee with his downy wings.

If greatness please thee, mount th' imperial seat;  
If pleasure charm thee, view this soft retreat;  
Here ev'ry warbler of the sky shall sing;  
Here ev'ry fragrance breathe of ev'ry spring:  
To deck these bow'rs each region shall combine,  
And e'en our Prophet's gardens envy thine:  
Empire and love shall share the blissful day,  
And varied life steal unperceiv'd away.

[*Exeunt.*]

## A C T III.

## SCENE I.

CALI, ABDALLA.

[CALI enters with a discontented Air; to him enters  
ABDALLA.]

CALI.

Is this the fierce conspirator, Abdalla?  
Is this the restless diligence of treason?  
Where hast thou linger'd while th' incumber'd hours  
Fly lab'ring with the fate of future nations,  
And hungry slaughter scents imperial blood?

ABDALLA.

Important cares detain'd me from your counsels.

CALI.

Some petty passion! some domestic trifle!  
Some vain amusement of a vacant soul!  
A weeping wife, perhaps, or dying friend,  
Hung on your neck, and hinder'd your departure.  
Is this a time for softness or for sorrow?  
Unprofitable, peaceful, female virtues!  
When eager vengeance shews a naked foe,  
And kind ambition points the way to greatness.

ABDALLA.

Must then ambition's votaries infringe  
The laws of kindness, break the bonds of nature,  
And quit the names of brother, friend, and father?

CALI.

This sov'reign passion, scornful of restraint,  
E'en from the birth affects supreme command,  
Swells in the breast, and with resistless force  
O'erbears each gentler motion of the mind.  
As when a deluge overspreads the plains,  
The wand'ring rivulet, and silver lake,  
Mix undistinguish'd in the gen'ral roar.

ABDALLA.

Yet can ambition in Abdalla's breast  
Claim but the second place: there mighty Love

Has fix'd his hopes, inquietudes, and fears,  
His glowing wishes, and his jealous pangs.

CALI.

Love is indeed the privilege of youth ;  
Yet on a day like this, when expectation  
Pants for the dread event—But let us reason—

ABDALLA.

Hast thou grown old amidst the crowd of courts,  
And turn'd th' instructive page of human life,  
To cant, at last, of reason to a lover ?  
Such ill-tim'd gravity, such serious folly,  
Might well befit the solitary student,  
Th' unpractis'd dervise, or sequester'd faquir.  
Know'st thou not yet, when Love invades the soul,  
That all her faculties receive his chains ?  
That Reason gives her sceptre to his hand,  
Or only struggles to be more enslav'd ?  
Aspasia, who can look upon thy beauties ?  
Who hear thee speak, and not abandon reason ?  
Reason ! the hoary dotard's dull directress,  
That loses all because she hazards nothing !  
Reason ! the tim'rous pilot, that, to shun  
The rocks of life, for ever flies the port !

CALI.

But why this sudden warmth ?

ABDALLA.

Because I love :

Because my slighted passion burns in vain !  
Why roars the lioness distress'd by hunger ?  
Why foams the swelling wave when tempests rise ?  
Why shakes the ground when subterraneous fires  
Fierce through the bursting caverns rend their way ?

CALI.

Not till this day thou saw'st this fatal fair ;  
Did ever passion make so swift a progress ?  
Once more reflect, suppress this infant folly.

ABDALLA.

Gross fires, enkindled by a mortal hand,  
Spread by degrees, and dread th' oppressing stream :  
The subtler flames emitted from the sky  
Flash out at once, with strength above resistance.

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CALI.

How did Aspasia welcome your address?  
 Did you proclaim this unexpected conquest?  
 Or pay with speaking eyes a lover's homage?

ABDALLA.

Confounded, aw'd, and lost in admiration,  
 I gaz'd, I trembled; but I could not speak;  
 When e'en as love was breaking off from wonder,  
 And tender accents quiver'd on my lips,  
 She mark'd my sparkling eyes, and heaving breast,  
 And smiling, conscious of her charms, withdrew.

[Enter Demetrius and Leontius.

CALI.

Now be some moments master of thyself;  
 Nor let Demetrius know thee for a rival.  
 Hence! or be calm—To disagree is ruin.

## SCENE II.

CALI, DEMETRIUS, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

DEMETRIUS.

When will occasion smile upon our wishes,  
 And give the tortures of suspense a period?  
 Still must we linger in uncertain hope?  
 Still languish in our chains, and dream of freedom,  
 Like thirsty sailors gazing on the clouds,  
 Till burning death shoots through their wither'd limbs?

CALI.

Deliverance is at hand; for Turkey's tyrant,  
 Sunk in his pleasures, confident and gay,  
 With all the hero's dull security,  
 Trusts to my care his mistress and his life,  
 And laughs and wantons in the jaws of death.

LEONTIUS.

So weak is man when destin'd to destruction!—  
 The watchful slumber, and the crafty trust.

CALI.

At my command yon iron gates unfold;  
 At my command the sentinels retire;  
 With all the licence of authority,  
 Through bowing slaves, I range the private rooms,  
 And of to-morrow's action fix the scene.

DEMETRIUS.

To-morrow's action! Can that hoary wisdom,  
 Born down with years, still doat upon to-morrow!  
 That fatal mistress of the young, the lazy,  
 The coward, and the fool, condemn'd to lose  
 An useless life in waiting for to-morrow,  
 To gaze with longing eyes upon to-morrow,  
 Till interposing death destroys the prospect!  
 Strange! that this gen'ral fraud from day to day  
 Should fill the world with wretches undetected.  
 The soldier, lab'ring through a winter's march,  
 Still sees to-morrow drest in robes of triumph;  
 Still to the-lover's long-expecting arms  
 To-morrow brings the visionary bride.  
 But thou, too old to bear another cheat,  
 Learn, that the present hour alone is man's.

LEONTIUS.

The present hour with open arms invites;  
 Seize the kind fair, and press her to thy bosom.

DEMETRIUS.

Who knows, ere this important morrow rise,  
 But fear or mutiny may taint the Greeks?  
 Who knows, if Mahomet's awaking anger  
 May spare the fatal bow-string till to morrow?

ABDALLA.

Had our first Asian foes but known this ardour,  
 We still had wander'd on Tartarian hills.  
 Rouse, Cali; shall the sons of conquer'd Greece  
 Lead us to danger, and abash their victors?  
 This night with all her conscious stars be witness,  
 Who merits most, Demetrius or Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS:

Who merits most!—I knew not we were rivals.

CALI.

Young man, forbear—the heat of youth, no more—  
 Well,—'tis decreed—This night shall fix our fate.  
 Soon as the veil of evening clouds the sky,  
 With cautious secrecy, Leontius, steer  
 Th' appointed vessel to yon shaded bay,  
 Form'd by this garden jutting on the deep;  
 There, with your soldiers arm'd, and sails expanded,  
 Await our coming, equally prepar'd

F 3

For speedy flight, or obstinate defence.

[Exit Leontius.

### SCENE III.

CALI, ABDALLA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

Now pause, great Bassa, from the thoughts of blood,  
And kindly grant an ear to gentler sounds.  
If e'er thy youth has known the pangs of absence,  
Or felt th' impatience of obstructed love,  
Give me, before th' approaching hour of fate,  
Once to behold the charms of bright Aspasia,  
And draw new virtue from her heav'nly tongue.

CALI.

Let prudence, ere the suit be farther urg'd,  
Impartial weigh the pleasure with the danger.  
A little longer, and she's thine for ever.

DEMETRIUS.

Prudence and love conspire in this request,  
Lest, unacquainted with our bold attempt,  
Surprise o'erwhelm her, and retard our flight.

CALI.

What I can grant, you cannot ask in vain—

DEMETRIUS.

I go to wait thy call ; this kind consent  
Completes the gift of freedom and of life. [Exit Dem.

### SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

And this is my reward—to burn, to languish,  
To rave unheeded ; while the happy Greek,  
The refuse of our swords, the dross of conquest,  
Throws his fond arms about Aspasia's neck,  
Dwells on her lips, and sighs upon her breast.  
Is't not enough he lives by our indulgence,  
But he must live to make his masters wretched ?



CALI.

What claim hast thou to plead?

ABDALLA.

The claim of pow'r,  
The unquestion'd claim of conquerors and kings!

CALI.

Yet in the use of pow'r remember justice.

ABDALLA.

Can then th' assassin lift his treach'rous hand  
Against his king, and cry, remember justice?  
Justice demands the forfeit life of Cali;  
Justice demands that I reveal your crimes;  
Justice demands—but see th' approaching Sultan!  
Oppose my wishes, and—remember justice.

CALI.

Disorder sits upon thy face—retire.

[*Exit Abdalla, enter Mahomet.*]

## SCENE V.

CALI, MAHOMET.

CALI.

Long be the Sultan bless'd with happy love!  
My zeal marks gladness dawning on thy cheek,  
With raptures such as fire the Pagan crowds,  
When, pale and anxious for their years to come,  
They see the sun surmount the dark eclipse,  
And hail unanimous their conqu'ring god.

MAHOMET.

My vows, 'tis true, she hears with less aversion;  
She sighs, she blushes, but she still denies.

CALI.

With warmer courtship press the yielding fair:  
Call to your aid, with boundless promises,  
Each rebel wish, each traitor inclination,  
That raises tumults in the female breast,  
The love of pow'r, of pleasure, and of show.

MAHOMET.

These arts I try'd, and, to inflame her more,  
By hateful business hurried from her sight,  
I bade a hundred virgins wait around her,

Sooth her with all the pleasures of command,  
 Applaud her charms, and court her to be great.  
 [*Exit Mahomet.*]

## SCENE VI.

CALI, *solus.*

He's gone—Here rest, my soul, thy fainting wing,  
 Here recollect thy dissipated pow'rs —  
 Our distant int'rests, and our diff'rent passions,  
 Now haste to mingle in one common centre,  
 And fate lies crowded in a narrow space.  
 Yet in that narrow space what dangers rise!—  
 Far more I dread Abdalla's fiery folly,  
 Than all the wisdom of the grave divan.  
 Reason with reason fights on equal terms;  
 The raging madman's unconnected schemes  
 We cannot obviate, for we cannot guess.  
 Deep in my breast be treasur'd this resolve,  
 When Cali mounts the throne, Abdalla dies,  
 Too fierce, too faithless, for neglect or trust.

[*Enter Irene with Attendants.*]

## SCENE VII.

CALI, IRENE, ASPASIA, &amp;c.

CALI.

Amidst the splendour of encircling beauty,  
 Superior majesty proclaims thee queen,  
 And nature justifies our monarch's choice.

IRENE.

Reserve this homage for some other fair ;  
 Urge me not on to glitt'ring guilt, nor pour  
 In my weak ear th' intoxicating sounds.

CALI.

Make haste, bright maid, to rule the willing world ;  
 Aw'd by the rigour of the Sultan's justice,  
 We court thy gentleness.

ASPASIA.

Can Cali's voice  
 Concur to press a hapless captive's ruin ?

CALI.

Long would my zeal for Mahomet and thee  
 Detain me here. But nations call upon me,  
 And duty bids me choose a distant walk,  
 Nor taint with care the privacies of love.

## SCENE VIII.

IRENE, ASPASIA, *Attendants.*

ASPASIA.

If yet this shining pomp, these sudden honours,  
 Swell not thy soul beyond advice or friendship,  
 Nor yet inspire the follies of a queen,  
 Or tune thine ear to soothing adulation,  
 Suspend awhile the privilege of pow'r,  
 To hear the voice of Truth; dismiss thy train,  
 Shake off th' incumbrances of state a moment,  
 And lay the tow'ring sultaness aside,

[*Irene signs to her attendants to retire.*

While I foretell thy fate; that office done,—  
 No more I boast th' ambitious name of friend,  
 But sink among thy slaves without a murmur.

IRENE.

Did regal diadems invest my brow,  
 Yet should my soul, still faithful to her choice,  
 Esteem Aspasia's breast the noblest kingdom.

ASPASIA.

The soul, once tainted with so foul a crime,  
 No more shall glow with friendship's hallow'd ardour:  
 Those holy Beings, whose superior care  
 Guides erring mortals to the paths of virtue,  
 Affrighted at impiety like thine,  
 Resign their charge to baseness and to ruin.

IRENE.

Upbraid me not with fancied wickedness;  
 I am not yet a queen or an apostate.  
 But should I sin beyond the hope of mercy,  
 If, when religion prompts me to refuse,  
 The dread of instant death restrains my tongue?

ASPASIA.

Reflect that life and death, affecting sounds!

Are only varied modes of endless being ;  
 Reflect that life, like ev'ry other blessing,  
 Derives its value from its use alone ;  
 Not for itself, but for a nobler end,  
 Th' Eternal gave it, and that end is virtue.  
 When inconsistent with a greater good,  
 Reason commands to cast the less away ;  
 Thus life, with loss of wealth is well preserv'd,  
 And virtue cheaply sav'd with loss of life.

IRENE.

If built on settled thought, this constancy  
 Not idly flutters on a boastful tongue,  
 Why, when destruction rag'd around our walls,  
 Why fled this haughty heroine from the battle ?  
 Why then did not this warlike Amazon  
 Mix in the war, and shine among the heroes ?

ASPASIA.

Heav'n, when its hand pour'd softness on our limbs,  
 Unfit for toil, and polish'd into weakness,  
 Made passive fortitude the praise of woman :  
 Our only arms are innocence and meekness.  
 Not then with raving cries I fill'd the city ;  
 But, while Demetrius, dear lamented name !  
 Pour'd storms of fire upon our fierce invaders,  
 Implor'd th' Eternal Pow'r to shield my country,  
 With silent sorrows, and with calm devotion.

IRENE.

O ! did Irene shine the queen of Turkey,  
 No more should Greece lament those pray'rs rejected ;  
 Again should golden splendour grace her cities,  
 Again her prostrate palaces should rise,  
 Again her temples sound with holy musick :  
 No more should danger fright, or want distress  
 The smiling widows, and protected orphans.

ASPASIA.

Be virtuous ends pursu'd by virtuous means,  
 Nor think th' intention sanctifies the deed :  
 That maxim, publish'd in an impious age,  
 Would loose the wild enthusiast to destroy,  
 And fix the fierce usurper's bloody title ;  
 Then Bigotry might send her slaves to war,  
 And bid success become the test of truth :

Unpitying massacre might waste the world,  
And persecution boast the call of Heav'n.

IRENE.

Shall I not wish to cheer afflicted kings,  
And plan the happiness of mourning millions?

ASPASIA.

Dream not of pow'r thou never canst attain:  
When social laws first harmonis'd the world,  
Superior man possess'd the charge of rule,  
The scale of justice, and the sword of power,  
Nor left us aught but flattery and state.

IRENE.

To me my lover's fondness will restore  
Whate'er man's pride has ravish'd from our sex.

ASPASIA.

When soft security shall prompt the Sultan,  
Freed from the tumults of unsettled conquest,  
To fix his court, and regulate his pleasures,  
Soon shall the dire seraglio's horrid gates  
Close like th' eternal bars of death upon thee.  
Immur'd, and buried in perpetual sloth,  
That gloomy slumber of the stagnant soul.  
There shalt thou view from far the quiet cottage,  
And sigh for cheerful poverty in vain;  
There wear the tedious hours of life away,  
Beneath each curse of unrelenting Heav'n,  
Despair and slav'ry, solitude and guilt.

IRENE.

There shall we find the yet untasted bliss  
Of grandeur and tranquillity combin'd.

ASPASIA.

Tranquillity and guilt, disjoin'd by Heaven,  
Still stretch in vain their longing arms afar;  
Nor dare to pass th' insuperable bound.  
Ah! let me rather seek the convent's cell;  
There when my thoughts, at interval of pray'r,  
Descend to range these mansions of misfortune,  
Oft shall I dwell on our disastrous friendship,  
And shed the pitying tear for lost Irene.

IRENE.

Go, languish on in dull obscurity;

Thy dazzled soul, with all its boasted greatness,  
 Shrinks at th' o'erpow'ring gleams of regal state,  
 Stoops from the blaze like a degenerate eagle,  
 And flies for shelter to the shades of life.

ASPASIA.

On me should Providence, without a crime,  
 The weighty charge of royalty confer ;  
 Call me to civilize the Russian wilds,  
 Or bid soft science polish Britain's heroes :  
 Soon should'st thou see, how false thy weak reproach.  
 My bosom feels, enkindled from the sky,  
 The lambent flames of mild benevolence,  
 Untouch'd by fierce ambition's raging fires.

IRENE.

Ambition is the stamp impress'd by Heav'n  
 To mark the noblest minds ; with active heat  
 Inform'd, they mount the precipice of pow'r,  
 Grasp at command, and tow'r in quest of empire ;  
 While vulgar souls compassionate their cares,  
 Gaze at their height, and tremble at their danger :  
 Thus meaner spirits with amazement mark  
 The varying seasons, and revolving skies,  
 And ask, what guilty Pow'r's rebellious hand  
 Rolls with eternal toil the pond'rous orbs ;  
 While some archangel, nearer to perfection,  
 In easy state presides o'er all their motions,  
 Directs the planets with a careless nod,  
 Conducts the sun, and regulates the spheres.

ASPASIA.

Well may'st thou hide in labyrinths of sound  
 The cause that shrinks from Reason's pow'ful voice.  
 Stoop from thy flight, trace back th' entangled  
 thought,  
 And set the glitt'ring fallacy to view.  
 Not pow'r I blame, but pow'r obtain'd by crime ;  
 Angelick greatness is angelick virtue.  
 Amidst the glare of courts, the shout of armies,  
 Will not the apostate feel the pangs of guilt,  
 And wish, too late, for innocence and peace,  
 Curst as the tyrant of th' infernal realms,  
 With gloomy state and agonizing pomp ?

## SCENE IX.

IRENE, ASPASIA, MAID.

MAID.

A Turkish stranger, of majestick mien,  
Asks at the gate admission to Aspasia,  
Commission'd, as he says, by Cali Bassa.

IRENE.

Whoe'er thou art, or whatsoe'er thy message, [*Aside.*  
Thanks for this kind relief—With speed admit him.

ASPASIA.

He comes, perhaps, to separate us for ever;  
When I am gone, remember, O! remember,  
That none are great, or happy, but the virtuous.

[*Exit Irene; enter Demetrius.*

## SCENE X.

ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis she—my hope, my happiness, my love!  
Aspasia! do I once again behold thee?  
Still, still the same—unclouded by misfortune!  
Let my blest eyes for ever gaze—

ASPASIA.

Demetrius!

DEMETRIUS.

Why does the blood forsake thy lovely cheek?  
Why shoots this chillness through thy shaking nerves?  
Why does thy soul retire into herself?  
Recline upon my breast thy sinking beauties:  
Revive—Revive to freedom and to love.

ASPASIA.

What well-known voice pronounc'd the grateful sounds  
Freedom and love! Alas? I'm all confusion,  
A sudden mist o'ercasts my darken'd soul;  
The present, past, and future, swim before me,  
Lost in a wild perplexity of joy.

DEMETRIUS.

Such ecstasy of love, such pure affection,  
What worth can merit? or what faith reward?

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ASPASIA.

A thousand thoughts, imperfect and distracted,  
Demand a voice, and struggle into birth ;  
A thousand questions press upon my tongue,  
But all give way to rapture and Demetrius.

DEMETRIUS.

O say, bright Being, in this age of absence,  
What fears, what griefs, what dangers, hast thou known ?  
Say, how the tyrant threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd !  
Say, how he threaten'd, flatter'd, sigh'd in vain !  
Say, how the hand of Violence was rais'd !  
Say, how thou call'dst in tears upon Demetrius !

ASPASIA.

Inform me rather how thy happy courage  
Stemm'd in the breach the deluge of destruction,  
And pass'd uninjur'd through the walks of death ?  
Did savage anger and licentious conquest  
Behold the hero with Aspasia's eyes ?  
And, thus protected in the gen'ral ruin,  
O say, what guardian pow'r convey'd thee hither ?

DEMETRIUS.

Such strange events, such unexpected chances,  
Beyond my warmest hope, or wildest wishes,  
Concurr'd to give me to Aspasia's arms,  
I stand amaz'd, and ask, if yet I clasp thee.

ASPASIA.

Sure Heav'n (for wonders are not wrought in vain !)  
That joins us thus, will never part us more.

## SCENE XI.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

It parts you now—The hasty Sultan sign'd  
The laws unread, and flies to his Irene.

DEMETRIUS.

Fix'd and intent on his Irene's charms,  
He envies none the converse of Aspasia.

ABDALLA.

Aspasia's absence will inflame suspicion ;  
She cannot, must not, shall not, linger here ;



Prudence and Friendship bid me force her from you.

DEMETRIUS.

Force her! profane her with a touch, and die!

ABDALLA.

'Tis Greece, 'tis Freedom, calls Aspasia hence;  
Your careless love betrays your country's cause.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part——

ASPASIA.

No! let us die together.

DEMETRIUS.

If we must part——

ABDALLA.

Dispatch; th' encreasing danger  
Will not admit a lover's long farewell,  
The long-drawn intercourse of sighs and kisses.

DEMETRIUS.

Then—O my fair, I cannot bid thee go.  
Receive her, and protect her, gracious Heav'n!  
Yet let me watch her dear departing steps,  
If Fate pursues me, let it find me here.

Reproach not, Greece, a lover's fond delays,  
Nor think thy cause neglected while I gaze;  
New force, new courage, from each glance I gain,  
And find our passions not infus'd in vain. [*Exeunt.*]

## ACT IV.

### SCENE I.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, *enter as talking.*

ASPASIA.

ENOUGH—resistless Reason calms my soul—  
Approving Justice smiles upon your cause,  
And Nature's rights entreat th' asserting sword.  
Yet, when your hand is lifted to destroy,  
Think, but excuse a woman's needless caution,—  
Purge well thy mind from ev'ry private passion,  
Drive int'rest, love, and vengeance, from thy thoughts,  
Fill all thy ardent breast with Greece and Virtue,  
Then strike secure, and Heav'n assist the blow!

G 2

DEMETRIUS.

Thou kind assistant of my better angel,  
Propitious guide of my bewilder'd soul,  
Calm of my cares, and guardian of my virtue!

ASPASIA.

My soul, first kindled by thy bright example  
To noble thought, and gen'rous emulation,  
Now but reflects those beams that flow'd from thee.

DEMETRIUS.

With native lustre and unborrow'd greatness,  
Thou shin'st, bright maid, superior to distress ;  
Unlike the trifling race of vulgar beauties,  
Those glitt'ring dew-drops of a vernal morn,  
That spread their colours to the genial beam,  
And sparkling quiver to the breath of May ;  
But, when the tempest with sonorous wing  
Sweeps o'er the grove, forsake the lab'ring bough,  
Dispers'd in air, or mingled with the dust.

ASPASIA.

Forbear this triumph—still new conflicts wait us,  
Foes unforeseen, and dangers unsuspected.  
Oft when the fierce besiegers' eager host  
Beholds the fainting garrison retire,  
And rushes joyful to the naked wall,  
Destruction flashes from th' insidious mine,  
And sweeps th' exulting conqueror away.  
Perhaps in vain the Sultan's anger spar'd me,  
To find a meaner fate from treach'rous friendship—  
Abdalla!————

DEMETRIUS.

Can Abdalla then dissemble ?  
That fiery chief, renown'd for gen'rous freedom,  
For zeal unguarded, undissembled hate,  
For daring truth, and turbulence of honour!

ASPASIA.

This open friend, this undesigning hero,  
With noisy falsehoods forc'd me from your arms,  
To shock my virtue with a tale of love.

DEMETRIUS.

Did not the cause of Greece restrain my sword,  
Aspasia should not fear a second insult.

ASPASIA.

His pride and love by turns inspir'd his tongue,  
 And intermix'd my praises with his own;  
 His wealth, his rank, his honours, he recounted,  
 Till, in the midst of arrogance and fondness,  
 Th' approaching Sultan forc'd me from the palace;  
 Then, while he gaz'd upon his yielding mistress,  
 I stole unheeded from their ravish'd eyes,  
 And sought this happy grove in quest of thee.

DEMETRIUS.

Soon may the final stroke decide our fate,  
 Lest baleful discord crush our infant scheme,  
 And strangled freedom perish in the birth!

ASPASIA.

My bosom, harass'd with alternatè passions,  
 Now hopes, now fears—

DEMETRIUS.

Th' anxieties of love.

ASPASIA.

Think how the Sov'reign Arbiter of kingdoms  
 Detests thy false associates' black designs,  
 And frowns on perjury, revenge, and murder.  
 Embark'd with treason on the seas of fate,  
 When Heaven shall bid the swelling billows rage,  
 And point vindictive light'nings at rebellion,  
 Will not the patriot share the traitor's danger?  
 Oh could thy hand unaided free thy country,  
 Nor mingled guilt pollute the sacred cause!

DEMETRIUS.

Permitted oft, though not inspir'd by Heaven,  
 Successful treasons punish impious kings.

ASPASIA.

Nor end my terrors with the Sultan's death;  
 Far as futurity's untravell'd waste  
 Lies open to conjecture's dubious ken,  
 On ev'ry side confusion, rage, and death,  
 Perhaps the phantoms of a woman's fear,  
 Beset the treacherous way with fatal ambush;  
 Each Turkish bosom burns for thy destruction,  
 Ambitious Cali dreads the statesman's arts,  
 And hot Abdalla hates the happy lover.

G 3

DEMETRIUS.

Capricious man ! to good and ill inconstant,  
 Too much to fear or trust is equal weakness.  
 Sometimes the wretch, unaw'd by Heaven or Hell,  
 With mad devotion idolizes honour.  
 The Bassa, reeking with his master's murder,  
 Perhaps may start at violated friendship.

ASPASIA.

How soon, alas ! will int'rest, fear, or envy,  
 O'erthrow such weak, such accidental, virtue,  
 Nor built on faith, nor fortified by conscience ?

DEMETRIUS.

When desp'rate ills demand a speedy cure,  
 Distrust is cowardice, and prudence folly.

ASPASIA.

Yet think a moment, ere you court destruction :  
 What hand, when death has snatch'd away Demetrius,  
 Shall guard Aspasia from triumphant lust.

DEMETRIUS.

Dismiss these needless fears—a troop of Greeks,  
 Well known, long try'd, expect us on the shore.  
 Born on the surface of the smiling deep,  
 Soon shalt thou scorn, in safety's arms repos'd,  
 Abdalla's rage and Cali's stratagems.

ASPASIA.

Still, still, distrust sits heavy on my heart.  
 Will e'er an happier hour revisit Greece ?

DEMETRIUS.

Should Heav'n, yet unappeas'd, refuse its aid,  
 Disperse our hopes, and frustrate our designs,  
 Yet shall the conscience of the great attempt  
 Diffuse a brightness o'er our future days ;  
 Nor will his country's groans reproach Demetrius.  
 But how canst thou support the woes of exile ?  
 Canst thou forget hereditary splendours,  
 To live obscure upon a foreign coast,  
 Content with science, innocence, and love ?

ASPASIA.

Nor wealth, nor titles, make Aspasia's bliss.  
 O'erwhelm'd and lost amidst the public ruins,  
 Unmov'd I saw the glitt'ring trifles perish,  
 And thought the petty dross beneath a sigh.

Cheerful I follow to the rural cell ;  
Love be my wealth, and my distinction virtue

DEMETRIUS.

Submissive, and prepar'd for each event,  
Now let us wait the last award of Heav'n,  
Secure of happiness from flight or conquest,  
Nor fear the fair and learn'd can want protection.  
The mighty Tuscan courts the banish'd arts  
To kind Italia's hospitable shades ;  
There shall soft leisure wing th' excursive soul,  
And Peace propitious smile on fond desire ;  
There shall despotic Eloquence resume  
Her ancient empire o'er the yielding heart ;  
There Poetry shall tune her sacred voice,  
And wake from ignorance the Western world.

## SCENE II.

DEMETRIUS, ASPASIA, CALI.

CALI.

At length th' unwilling sun resigns the world  
To silence and to rest. The hours of darkness,  
Propitious hours to stratagem and death,  
Pursue the last remains of ling'ring light.

DEMETRIUS.

Count not these hours as part of vulgar time,  
Think them a sacred treasure lent by Heaven,  
Which, squander'd by neglect, or fear, or folly,  
No prayer recalls, no diligence redeems.  
To-morrow's dawn shall see the Turkish king  
Stretch'd in the dust, or tow'ring on the throne ;  
To-morrow's dawn shall see the mighty Cali  
The sport of tyranny, or lord of nations.

CALI.

Then waste no longer these important moments  
In soft endearments and in gentle murmurs ;  
Nor lose in love the patriot and the hero.

DEMETRIUS.

'Tis love, combin'd with guilt alone, that melts  
The soften'd soul to cowardice and sloth ;  
But virtuous passion prompts the great resolve,

And fans the slumbering spark of heavenly fire.  
Retire, my Fair ; that Pow'r that smiles on goodness  
Guide all thy steps, calm ev'ry stormy thought,  
And still thy bosom with the voice of peace !

ASPASIA.

Soon may we meet again, secure and free,  
To feel no more the pangs of separation !

[*Exit.*

DEMETRIUS, CALI.

DEMETRIUS.

This night alone is ours—Our mighty foe,  
No longer lost in am'rous solitude,  
Will now remount the slighted seat of empire,  
And shew Irene to the shouting people :  
Aspasia left her sighing in his arms,  
And list'ning to the pleasing tale of pow'r ;  
With soften'd voice she dropp'd the faint refusal,  
Smiling consent she sat, and blushing love.

CALI.

Now, tyrant, with satiety of beauty  
Now feast thine eyes, thine eyes that ne'er hereafter  
Shall dart their am'rous glances at the fair,  
Or glare on Cali with malignant beams.

### SCENE III.

DEMETRIUS, CALI, LEONTIUS, ABDALLA.

LEONTIUS.

Our bark unseen has reach'd th' appointed bay,  
And where yon trees wave o'er the foaming surge,  
Reclines against the shore ; our Grecian troop  
Extends its lines along the sandy beach,  
Elate with hope, and panting for a foe.

ABDALLA.

The fav'ring winds assist the great design,  
Sport in our sails, and murmur o'er the deep.

CALI.

'Tis well—A single blow completes our wishes ;  
Return with speed, Leontius, to your charge ;  
The Greeks, disorder'd by their leader's absence,  
May droop dismay'd, or kindle into madness.

LEONTIUS.

Suspected still!—What villain's pois'nous tongue  
Dare join Leontius' name with fear or falsehood?  
Have I for this preserv'd my guiltless bosom,  
Pure as the thoughts of infant innocence?  
Have I for this defy'd the chiefs of Turkey,  
Intrepid in the flaming front of war?

CALI.

Hast thou not search'd my soul's profoundest thoughts?  
Is not the fate of Greece and Cali thine?

LEONTIUS.

Why has thy choice then pointed out Leontius,  
Unfit to share this night's illustrious toils?  
To wait remote from action and from honour,  
An idle list'ner to the distant cries  
Of slaughter'd infidels, and clash of swords?  
Tell me the cause, that while thy name, Demetrius,  
Shall soar triumphant on the wings of Glory,  
Despis'd and curs'd, Leontius must descend  
Through hissing ages, a proverbial coward,  
The tale of women, and the scorn of fools?

DEMETRIUS.

Can brave Leontius be the slave of Glory?  
Glory, the casual gift of thoughtless crowds!  
Glory, the bribe of avaricious virtue!  
Be but my country free, be thine the praise;  
I ask no witness, but attesting conscience,  
No records, but the records of the sky.

LEONTIUS.

Wilt thou then head the troop upon the shore,  
While I destroy th' oppressor of mankind?

DEMETRIUS.

What canst thou boast superior to Demetrius?  
Ask to whose sword the Greeks will trust their cause,  
My name shall echo through the shouting field:  
Demand whose force yon Turkish heroes dread,  
The shudd'ring camp shall murmur out Demetrius.

CALI.

Must Greece, still wretched by her children's folly,  
For ever mourn their avarice or factions?  
Demetrius justly pleads a double title;  
The lover's int'rest aids the patriot's claim.

LEONTIUS.

My pride shall ne'er protract my country's woes ;  
Succeed, my friend, unenvied by Leontius.

DEMETRIUS.

I feel new spirit shoot along my nerves,  
My soul expands to meet approaching freedom.  
Now hover o'er us with propitious wings,  
Ye sacred shades of patriots and of martyrs !  
All ye, whose blood tyrannick rage effus'd,  
Or persecution drank, attend our call ;  
And from the mansions of perpetual peace  
Descend, to sweeten labours once your own !

CALI.

Go then, and with united eloquence  
Confirm your troops ; and when the moon's fair beam  
Plays on the quiv'ring waves, to guide our flight,  
Return, Demetrius, and be free for ever.

[*Exeunt Dem. and Leon.*]

## SCENE IV.

CALI, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

How the new monarch, swell'd with airy rule,  
Looks down, contemptuous, from his fancy'd height,  
And utters fate, unmindful of Abdalla !

CALI.

Far be such black ingratitude from Cali !  
When Asia's nations own me for their lord,  
Wealth, and command, and grandeur, shall be thine.

ABDALLA.

Is this the recompence reserv'd for me ?  
Dar'st thou thus dally with Abdalla's passion ?  
Henceforward hope no more my slighted friendship,  
Wake from thy dream of power to death and tortures,  
And bid thy visionary throne farwell.

CALI.

Name, and enjoy thy wish—

ABDALLA.

I need not name it ;  
Aspasia's lovers know but one desire,



Nor hope, nor wish, nor live, but for *Aspasia*.

CALI.

That fatal beauty, plighted to *Demetrius*,  
Heaven makes not mine to give.

ABDALLA.

Nor to deny.

CALI.

Obtain her, and possess ; thou know'st thy rival.

ABDALLA.

Too well I know him, since on *Thracia's* plains  
I felt the force of his tempestuous arm,  
And saw my scatter'd squadrons fly before him.  
Nor will I trust th' uncertain chance of combat ;  
The rights of princes let the sword decide,  
The petty claims of empire and of honour :  
Revenge and subtle jealousy shall teach  
A surer passage to his hated heart.

CALI.

O spare the gallant Greek, in him we lose  
The politician's arts, and hero's flame.

ABDALLA.

When next we meet before we storm the palace,  
The bowl shall circle to confirm our league ;  
Then shall these juices taint *Demetrius' draught*,  
*Shewing a phial.*  
And stream destructive through his freezing veins :  
Thus shall he live to strike th' important blow,  
And perish ere he taste the joys of conquest.

## SCENE V.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, CALI, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Henceforth for ever happy be this day,  
Sacred to love, to pleasure, and *Irene* !  
The matchless fair has bless'd me with compliance ;  
Let every tongue resound *Irene's* praise,  
And spread the general transport through mankind.

CALI.

Blest prince, for whom indulgent Heav'n ordains  
At once the joys of paradise and empire,

Now join thy people's and thy Cali's prayers ;  
Suspend thy passage to the seats of bliss,  
Nor wish for Houries in Irene's arms.

MAHOMET.

Forbear—I know the long-try'd faith of Cali.

CALI.

O ! could the eyes of kings, like those of Heav'n,  
Search to the dark recesses of the soul,  
Oft would they find ingratitude and treason,  
By smiles, and oaths, and praises, ill disguis'd.  
How rarely would they meet, in crowded courts,  
Fidelity so firm, so pure, as mine.

MUSTAPHA.

Yet, ere we give our loosen'd thoughts to rapture,  
Let prudence obviate an impending danger :  
Tainted by sloth, the parent of sedition,  
The hungry Janizary burns for plunder,  
And growls in private o'er his idle sabre.

MAHOMET.

To still their murmurs, ere the twentieth sun  
Shall shed his beams upon the bridal bed,  
I rouze to war, and conquer for Irene.  
Then shall the Rhodian mourn his sinking tow'rs,  
And Buda fall, and proud Vienna tremble :  
Then shall Venetia feel the Turkish pow'r,  
And subject seas roar round their queen in vain.

ABDALLA.

Then seize fair Italy's delightful coast,  
To fix your standard in imperial Rome.

MAHOMET.

Her sons malicious clemency shall spare,  
To form new legends, sanctify new crimes,  
To canonize the slaves of superstition,  
And fill the world with follies and impostures,  
Till angry Heav'n shall mark them out for ruin,  
And war o'erwhelm them in their dream of vice.  
O, could her fabled saints and boasted prayers  
Call forth her ancient heroes to the field,  
How should I joy, 'midst the fierce shock of nations,  
To cross the tow'rings of an equal soul,  
And bid the master genius rule the world !  
Abdalla, Cali, go—proclaim my purpose.

[*Exeunt Cali and Abdalla.*]

## SCENE VI.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA.

MAHOMET.

Still Cali lives: and must he live to-morrow?  
That fawning villain's forc'd congratulations  
Will cloud my triumphs, and pollute the day.

MUSTAPHA.

With cautious vigilance, at my command,  
Two faithful captains, Hasan and Caraza,  
Pursue him through his labyrinths of treason,  
And wait your summons to report his conduct.

MAHOMET.

Call them—but let them not prolong their tale,  
Nor press too much upon a lover's patience.

[Exit MUSTAPHA.]

## SCENE VII.

Mahomet, *solus*.

Whome'er the hope, still blasted, still renew'd,  
Of happiness lures on from toil to toil,  
Remember Mahomet, and cease thy labour.  
Behold him here, in love, in war, successful,  
Behold him wretched in his double triumph!  
His fav'rite faithless, and his mistress base.  
Ambition only gave her to my arms,  
By reason not convinc'd, nor won by love.  
Ambition was her crime; but meaner folly  
Dooms me to loath at once, and doat on falsehood,  
And idolize th' apostate I contemn.  
If thou art more than the gay dream of fancy,  
More than a pleasing sound without a meaning,  
O happiness! sure thou art all Aspasia's.

## SCENE VIII.

MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, HASAN, CARAZA.

MAHOMET.

Caraza, speak—have ye remark'd the Bassa?

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CARAZA.

Close, as we might unseen, we watch'd his steps ;  
 His hair disorder'd, and his gait unequal,  
 Betray'd the wild emotions of his mind.  
 Sudden he stops, and inward turns his eyes,  
 Absorb'd in thought ; then, starting from his trance,  
 Constrains a sullen smile, and shoots away.  
 With him Abdalla we beheld—

MUSTAPHA.

Abdalla !

MAHOMET.

He wears of late resentment on his brow,  
 Deny'd the government of Servia's province.

CARAZA.

We mark'd him storming in excess of fury,  
 And heard, within the thicket that conceal'd us,  
 An undistinguish'd sound of threat'ning rage.

MUSTAPHA.

How guilt, once harbour'd in the conscious breast,  
 Intimidates the brave, degrades the great ;  
 See Cali, dread of kings, and pride of armies,  
 By treason level'd with the dregs of men !  
 Ere guilty fear depress'd the hoary chief,  
 An angry murmur, a rebellious frown,  
 Had stretch'd the fiery boaster in the grave.

MAHOMET.

Shall monarchs fear to draw the sword of justice,  
 Aw'd by the crowd, and by their slaves restrain'd ?  
 Seize him this night, and through the private passage  
 Convey him to the prison's inmost depths,  
 Reserv'd to all the pangs of tedious death.

[*Exeunt Mahomet and Mustapha.*]

## SCENE IX.

HASAN, CARAZA.

HASAN.

Shall then the Greeks, unpunish'd and conceal'd,  
 Contrive perhaps the ruin of our empire,  
 League with our chiefs, and prepagate sedition ?

CARAZA.

Whate'er their scheme, the Bassa's death defeats it,  
And gratitude's strong ties restrain my tongue.

HASAN.

What ties to slaves? what gratitude to foes?

CARAZA.

In that black day when slaughter'd thousands fell  
Around these fatal walls, the tide of war  
Bore me victorious onward, where Demetrius  
Tore unresisted from the giant hand  
Of stern Sebalias the triumphant crescent,  
And dash'd the might of Asam from the ramparts.  
There I became, nor blush to make it known,  
The captive of his sword. The coward Greeks,  
Enrag'd by wrongs, exulting with success,  
Doom'd me to die with all the Turkish captains;  
But brave Demetrius scorn'd the mean revenge,  
And gave me life.—

HASAN.

Do thou repay the gift,  
Lest unrewarded mercy lose its charms.  
Profuse of wealth, or bounteous of success,  
When heav'n bestows the privilege to bless;  
Let no weak doubt the gen'rous hand restrain,  
For when was pow'r beneficent in vain?

[*Exeunt.*]

## ACT V.

## SCENE I.

ASPASIA, *sola.*

IN these dark moments of suspended fate,  
While yet the future fortune of my country  
Lies in the womb of Providence conceal'd,  
And anxious angels wait the mighty birth;  
O grant thy sacred influence, pow'rful Virtue!  
Attentive rise, survey the fair creation,  
Till, conscious of th' encircling deity,  
Beyond the mists of care thy pinion tow'rs.  
This calm, these joys, dear Innocence! are thine:

H 2

Joys ill exchang'd for gold, and pride, and empire.

[Enter Irene and Attendants.

SCENE II.

ASPASIA, IRENE, and Attendants.

IRENE.

See how the Moon through all the unclouded sky  
Spreads her mild radiance, and descending dews  
Revive the languid flow'rs ; thus Nature shone  
New from the Maker's hand, and fair array'd  
In the bright colours of primæval spring ;  
When purity, while fraud was yet unknown,  
Play'd fearless in th' inviolated shades.  
This elemental joy, this gen'ral calm,  
Is sure the smile of unoffended Heav'n.  
Yet! why—

MAID.

Behold, within th' embow'ring grove  
Aspasia stands—

IRENE.

With melancholy mien,  
Pensive, and envious of Irene's greatness  
Steal unperceived upon her meditations—  
But see, the lofty maid, at our approach,  
Resumes th' imperious air of haughty Virtue.  
Are these th' unceasing joys, th' unmingled pleasures  
[To Aspasia.

For which Aspasia scorn'd the Turkish crown?  
Is this th' unshaken confidence in Heav'n?  
Is this the boasted bliss of conscious Virtue?  
When did Content sigh out her cares in secret?  
When did Felicity repine in deserts?

ASPASIA.

Ill suits with guilt the gaities of triumph ;  
When daring Vice insults eternal Justice,  
The ministers of wrath forget compassion,  
And snatch the flaming bolt with hasty hand.

IRENE.

Forbear thy threats, proud Prophetess of ill,  
Vers'd in the secret counsels of the sky.

ASPASIA.

Forbear!—But thou art sunk beneath reproach;  
 In vain affected raptures flush the cheek,  
 And songs of pleasure warble from the tongue,  
 When fear and anguish labour in the breast,  
 And all within is darkness and confusion.  
 Thus on deceitful Etna's flow'ry side  
 Unfading verdure glads the roving eye;  
 While secret flames, with unextinguish'd rage,  
 Insatiate on her wasted entrails prey,  
 And melt her treach'rous beauties into ruin.

[Enter Demetrius.]

## SCENE III.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS..

DEMETRIUS.

Fly, fly, my Love! destruction rushes on us,  
 The rack expects us, and the sword pursues.

ASPASIA.

Is Greece deliver'd? is the tyrant fall'n?

DEMETRIUS.

Greece is no more; the prosperous tyrant lives,  
 Reserv'd for other lands, the scourge of Heav'n.

ASPASIA.

Say by what fraud, what force, were you defeated?  
 Betray'd by falsehood, or by crowds o'erborne?

DEMETRIUS.

The pressing exigence forbids relation.  
 Abdalla——

ASPASIA.

Hated name! his jealous rage  
 Broke out in perfidy—Oh curs'd Aspasia,  
 Born to complete the ruin of her country!  
 Hide me, oh hide me from upbraiding Greece;  
 Oh, hide me from myself!

DEMETRIUS.

Be fruitless grief  
 The doom of guilt alone, nor dare to seize

H 3

The breast where Virtue guards the throne of Peace.  
Devolve, dear maid, thy sorrows on the wretch,  
Whose fear, or rage, or treachery, betray us!

IRENE, *aside*.

A private station may discover more ;  
Then let me rid them of Irene's presence :  
Proceed, and give a loose to love and treason.

[*Withdraws*.

ASPASIA.

Yet tell.

DEMETRIUS.

To tell or hear were waste of life.

ASPASIA.

The life, which only this design supported,  
Were now well lost in hearing how you fail'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Or meanly fraudulent or madly gay,  
Abdalla, while we waited near the palace,  
With ill-tim'd mirth propos'd the bowl of love.  
Just as it reach'd my lips, a sudden cry  
Urg'd me to dash it to the ground untouch'd,  
And seize my sword with disincumber'd hand.

ASPASIA.

What cry? The stratagem? Did then Abdalla—

DEMETRIUS.

At once a thousand passions fir'd his cheek!  
Then all is past, he cry'd—and darted from us ;  
Nor at the call of Cali deign'd to turn.

ASPASIA.

Why did you stay, deserted and betray'd?  
What more could force attempt, or art contrive?

DEMETRIUS.

Amazement seiz'd us, and the hoary Bassa  
Stood torpid in suspense ; but soon Abdalla  
Return'd with force that made resistance vain,  
And bade his new confederates seize the traitors.  
Cali, disarm'd, was borne away to death ;  
Myself escap'd, or favour'd, or neglected.

ASPASIA.

O Greece! renown'd for science and for wealth,  
Behold thy boasted honours snatch'd away.



DEMETRIUS.

Though disappointment blast our general scheme,  
Yet much remains to hope. I shall not call  
The day disastrous that secures our fight;  
Nor think that effort lost which rescues thee.

[Enter Abdalla.

SCENE IV.

RENE, ASPASIA, DEMETRIUS, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA.

At length the prize is mine—The haughty maid  
That bears the fate of empires in her air,  
Henceforth shall live for me; for me alone  
Shall plume her charms, and, with attentive watch;  
Steal from Abdalla's eye the sign to smile.

DEMETRIUS.

Cease this wild roar of savage exultation;  
Advance, and perish in the frantic boast.

ASPASIA.

Forbear, Demetrius, 'tis Aspasia calls thee;  
Thy love, Aspasia, calls: restrain thy sword;  
Nor rush on useless wounds with idle courage.

DEMETRIUS.

What now remains?

ASPASIA.

It now remains to fly!

DEMETRIUS.

Shall then the savage live, to boast his insult;  
Tell how Demetrius shun'd his single hand,  
And stole his life and mistress from his sabre?

ABDALLA.

Infatuate loiterer, has Fate in vain  
Unclasp'd his iron gripe to set thee free?  
Still dost thou flutter in the jaws of death;  
Snar'd with thy fears, and maz'd in stupefaction?

DEMETRIUS.

Forgive, my Fair; 'tis life, 'tis nature calls:  
Now, traitor, feel the fear that chills my hand.

ASPASIA.

'Tis madness to provoke superfluous danger,

And cowardice to dread the boast of folly.

ABDALLA.

Fly, wretch, while yet my pity grants thee flight ;  
The pow'r of Turkey waits upon my call.  
Leave but this maid, resign a hopeless claim,  
And drag away thy life in scorn and safety,  
Thy life, too mean a prey to lure Abdalla.

DEMETRIUS.

Once more I dare thy sword ; behold the prize,  
Behold I quit her to the chance of battle.

[*Quitting Aspasia.*]

ABDALLA.

Well may'st thou call thy master to the combat,  
And try the hazard, that hast nought to stake ;  
Alike my death or thine is gain to thee ;  
But soon thou shalt repent : another moment  
Shall throw th' attending Janizaries round thee.

[*Exit hastily Abdalla.*]

## SCENE V.

ASPASIA, IRENE, DEMETRIUS.

IRENE.

Abdalla fails ; now, Fortune, all is mine. [*Aside.*]  
Haste, Murza, to the palace, let the Sultan

[*To one of her Attendants.*]

Dispatch his guards to stop the flying traitors,  
While I protract their stay. Be swift and faithful.

[*Exit Murza.*]

This lucky stratagem shall charm the Sultan, [*Aside.*]  
Secure his confidence, and fix his love.

DEMETRIUS.

Behold a boaster's worth ! Now snatch, my fair,  
The happy moment ; hasten to the shore,  
Ere he return with thousands at his side.

ASPASIA.

In vain I listen to th' inviting call  
Of freedom and of love ; my trembling joints,  
Relax'd with fear, refuse to bear me forward.  
Depart, Demetrius, lest my fate involve thee ;

Forsake a wretch abandon'd to despair,  
To share the miseries herself has caus'd.

DEMETRIUS.

Let us not struggle with th' eternal will,  
Nor languish o'er irreparable ruins;  
Come, haste and live—Thy innocence and truth  
Shall bless our wand'rings, and propitiate Heav'n.

IRENE.

Press not her flight, while yet her feeble nerves  
Refuse their office, and uncertain life.  
Still labours with imaginary woe;  
Here let me tend her with officious care,  
Watch each unquiet flutter of the breast,  
And joy to feel the vital warmth return,  
To see the cloud forsake her kindling cheek,  
And hail the rosy dawn of rising health.

ASPASIA.

Oh! rather, scornful of flagitious greatness,  
Resolve to share our dangers and our toils,  
Companion of our flight, illustrious exile,  
Leave slavery, guilt, and infamy behind.

IRENE.

My soul attends thy voice, and banish'd Virtue  
Strives to regain her empire of the mind:  
Assist her efforts with thy strong persuasion;  
Sure 'tis the happy hour ordain'd above,  
When vanquish'd Vice shall tyrannize no more.

DEMETRIUS.

Remember peace and anguish are before thee,  
And honour and reproach, and Heav'n and Hell.

ASPASIA.

Content with freedom, and precarious greatness.

DEMETRIUS.

Now make thy choice, while yet the pow'r of choice  
Kind Heav'n affords thee, and inviting Mercy  
Holds out her hand to lead thee back to truth.

IRENE.

Stay—in this dubious twilight of conviction,  
The gleams of reason, and the clouds of passion,  
Irradiate and obscure my breast by turns:  
Stay but a moment, and prevailing truth  
Will spread resistless light upon my soul.

DEMETRIUS.

But since none knows the danger of a moment,  
And Heav'n forbids to lavish life away,  
Let kind compulsion terminate the contest.

[*Seizing her hand.*]

Ye Christian captives, follow me to freedom:  
A galley waits us, and the winds invite.

• IRENE.

Whence is this violence?

DEMETRIUS.

Your calmer thought  
Will teach a gentler term.

IRENE.

Forbear this rudeness,  
And learn the rev'rence due to Turkey's Queen:  
Fly, slaves, and call the Sultan to my rescue.

DEMETRIUS.

Farewell, unhappy maid: may every joy  
Be thine, that wealth can give, or guilt receive!

ASPASIA.

And when, contemptuous of imperial pow'r,  
Disease shall chase the phantoms of ambition,  
May penitence attend thy mournful bed,  
And wing thy latest prayer to pitying Heav'n.

[*Exeunt Dem. Asp. with part of the attendants.*]

## SCENE VI.

[*IRENE walks at a distance from her Attendants.*]

*After a pause.*

Against the head which innocence secures,  
Insidious Malice aims her darts in vain,  
Turn'd backwards by the pow'rful breath of Heav'n.  
Perhaps even now the lovers unpursu'd  
Bound o'er the sparkling waves. Go, happy bark,  
Thy sacred freight shall still the raging main.  
To guide thy passage shall th' aerial spirits  
Fill all the starry lamps with double blaze;  
Th' applauding sky shall pour forth all its beams,  
To grace the triumph of victorious virtue;  
While I, not yet familiar to my crimes,

Recoil from thought, and shudder at myself.  
 How am I chang'd! How lately did Irene  
 Fly from the busy pleasures of her sex,  
 Well pleas'd to search the treasures of remembrance,  
 And live her guiltless moments o'er anew!  
 Come, let us seek new pleasures in the palace,  
 [To her attendants, going off.]  
 Till soft fatigue invite us to repose.

## SCENE VII.

[Enter MUSTAPHA, meeting and stopping her.]

MUSTAPHA.

Fair Falsehood, stay.

IRENE.

What dream of sudden power  
 Has taught my slave the language of command!  
 Henceforth be wise, nor hope a second pardon.

MUSTAPHA.

Who calls for pardon from a wretch condemn'd?

IRENE.

Thy look, thy speech, thy action, all is wildness—  
 Who charges guilt on me?

MUSTAPHA.

Who charges guilt!  
 Ask of thy heart; attend the voice of Conscience—  
 Who charges guilt! lay by this proud resentment  
 That fires thy cheek, and elevates thy mien,  
 Nor thus usurp the dignity of virtue.  
 Review this day.

IRENE.

Whate'er thy accusation,  
 The Sultan is my judge.

MUSTAPHA.

That hope is past;  
 Hard was the strife of justice and of love;  
 But now 'tis o'er, and justice has prevail'd.  
 Know'st thou not Cali? know'st thou not Demetrius?

IRENE.

Bold slave, I know them both—I know them traitors.

MUSTAPHA.

Perfidious!—yes—too well thou know'st them traitors.

IRENE.

Their treason throws no stain upon Irene.  
This day has prov'd my fondness for the Sultan:  
He knew Irene's truth.

MUSTAPHA.

The Sultan knows it,  
He knows how near apostacy to treason—  
But 'tis not mine to judge—I scorn and leave thee.  
I go, least vengeance urge my hand to blood,  
To blood too mean to stain a soldier's sabre.

[Exit Mustapha.]

IRENE, to her attendants.

Go, blust'ring slave—He has not heard of Murza.  
That dextrous message frees me from suspicion.

## SCENE VIII.

*Enter HASAN, CARAZA, with Mutes who throw the black robe upon IRENE, and sign to her attendants to withdraw.*

HASAN.

Forgive, fair Excellence, th' unwilling tongue,  
The tongue, that, forc'd by strong necessity,  
Bids beauty, such as thine, prepare to die.

IRENE.

What wild mistake is this! Take hence with speed  
Your robe of mourning, and your dogs of death.  
Quick from my sight, you inauspicious monsters,  
Nor dare henceforth to shock Irene's walks.

HASAN.

Alas! they come commanded by the Sultan,  
Th' unpitying ministers of Turkish justice,  
Nor dare to spare the life his frown condemns.

IRENE.

Are these the rapid thunderbolts of war,  
That pour with sudden violence on kingdoms,  
And spread their flames resistless o'er the world?  
What sleepy charms benumb these active heroes,  
Depress their spirits, and retard their speed?

Beyond the fear of ling'ring punishment,  
 Aspasia now, within her lover's arms,  
 Securely sleeps, and in delightful dreams  
 Smiles at the threat'nings of defeated rage.

CARAZA.

We come, bright Virgin, though relenting Nature  
 Shrinks at the hated task, for thy destruction ;  
 When summon'd by the Sultan's clam'rous fury,  
 We ask'd with tim'rous tongue th' offender's name,  
 He struck his tortur'd breast, and roar'd, Irene !  
 We started at the sound, again enquir'd ;  
 Again his thund'ring voice return'd, Irene !

IRENE.

Whence is this rage? what barb'rous tongue has  
 wrong'd me?  
 What fraud misleads him? or what crimes incense?

HASAN.

Expiring Cali nam'd Irene's chamber,  
 The place appointed for his master's death.

IRENE.

Irene's chamber! from my faithful bosom  
 Far be the thought—But hear my protestation.

CARAZA.

'Tis ours, alas! to punish, not to judge,  
 Not call'd to try the cause, we heard the sentence,  
 Ordain'd the mournful messengers of death.

IRENE.

Some ill-designing statesman's base intrigue!  
 Some cruel stratagem of jealous beauty!  
 Perhaps yourselves the villains that defame me,  
 Now haste to murder, ere returning thought  
 Recall the extorted doom.—It must be so:  
 Confess your crime, or lead me to the Sultan;  
 There dauntless truth shall blast the vile accuser;  
 Then shall you feel what language cannot utter,  
 Each piercing torture, ev'ry change of pain,  
 That vengeance can invent, or pow'r inflict.

[Enter Abdalla: he stops short and listens.

## SCENE IX.

IRENE, HASAN, CARAZA, ABDALLA.

ABDALLA, *aside*.

All is not lost, Abdalla; see the queen,  
See the last witness of thy guilt and fear  
Enrob'd in death—Dispatch her, and be great.

CARAZA.

Unhappy fair! compassion calls upon me  
To check this torrent of imperious rage;  
While unavailing anger crowds thy tongue  
With idle threats and fruitless exclamation,  
The fraudulent moments ply their silent wings,  
And steal thy life away. Death's horrid angel  
Already shakes his bloody sabre o'er thee.  
The raging Sultan burns till our return,  
Curses the dull delays of ling'ring mercy,  
And thinks his fatal mandates ill obey'd.

ABDALLA.

Is then your sov'reign's life so cheaply rated,  
That thus you parly with detected treason?  
Should she prevail to gain the Sultan's presence,  
Soon might her tears engage a lover's credit;  
Perhaps her malice might transfer the charge;  
Perhaps her pois'nous tongue might blast Abdalla.

IRENE.

O let me but be heard, nor fear from me  
Or flights of pow'r, or projects of ambition.  
My hopes, my wishes, terminate in life,  
A little life, for grief, and for repentance.

ABDALLA.

I mark'd her wily messenger afar,  
And saw him skulking in the closest walks:  
I guess'd her dark designs, and warn'd the Sultan,  
And bring her former sentence new confirm'd.

HASAN.

Then call it not our cruelty, nor crime;  
Deem us not deaf to woe, nor blind to beauty,  
That thus constrain'd we speed the stroke of death.

[*Beckons the Mutes.*]



IRENE.

O, name not death! Distraction and amazement;  
 Horror and agony, are in that sound!  
 Let me but live, heap woes on woes upon me,  
 Hide me with murd'ers in the dungeon's gloom,  
 Send me to wander on some pathless shore,  
 Let shame and hooting infamy pursue me,  
 Let slav'ry harass, and let hunger gripe.

CARAZA.

Could we reverse the sentence of the Sultan,  
 Our bleeding bosoms plead Irene's cause.  
 But cries and tears are vain; prepare with patience  
 To meet that fate we can delay no longer.

[*The Mutes at the sign lay hold of her.*

ABDALLA.

Dispatch, ye ling'ring slaves; or nimbler hands,  
 Quick at my call, shall execute your charge;  
 Dispatch, and learn a fitter time for pity.

IRENE.

Grant me one hour, O grant me but a moment,  
 And bounteous Heav'n repay the mighty mercy  
 With peaceful death, and happiness eternal.

CARAZA.

The prayer I cannot grant—I dare not hear.  
 Short be thy pains. [*Signs again to the Mutes.*

IRENE.

Unutterable anguish!

Guilt and Despair, pale spectres! grin around me,  
 And stun me with the yellings of damnation!  
 O, hear my pray'rs! accept, all-pitying Heav'n,  
 These tears, these pangs, these last remains of life;  
 Nor let the crimes of this detested day  
 Be charg'd upon my soul. O, mercy! mercy!  
 [*Mutes force her out.*

## SCENE X.

ABDALLA, HASAN, CARAZA.

ABDALLA, *aside.*

Safe in her death, and in Demetrius' flight,  
 Abdalla, bid thy troubled breast be calm.

I 2

Now shalt thou shine the darling of the Sultan;  
The plot all Cali's, the detection thine.

HASAN to CARAZA.

Does not thy bosom (for I know thee tender,  
A stranger to th' oppressor's savage joy,)  
Melt at Irene's fate, and share her woes?

CARAZA.

Her piercing cries yet fill the loaded air,  
Dwell on my ear, and sadden all my soul.  
But let us try to clear our clouded brows,  
And tell the horrid tale with cheerful face;  
The stormy Sultan rages at our stay.

ABDALLA.

Frame your report with circumspective art:  
Inflame her crimes, exalt your own obedience;  
But let no thoughtless hint involve Abdalla.

CARAZA.

What need of caution to report the fate  
Of her the Sultan's voice condemn'd to die?  
Or why should he, whose violence of duty  
Has serv'd his prince so well, demand our silence?

ABDALLA.

Perhaps my zeal, too fierce, betray'd my prudence;  
Perhaps my warmth exceeded my commission;  
Perhaps—I will not stoop to plead my cause,  
Or argue with the slave that sav'd Demetrius.

CARAZA.

From his escape learn thou the pow'r of virtue;  
Nor hope his fortune, while thou want'st his worth.

HASAN.

The Sultan comes, still gloomy, still enrag'd.

## SCENE XI.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, ABDALLA.

MAHOMET.

Where's this fair trait'ress? Where's this smiling mis-  
chief,  
Whom neither vows could fix, nor favours bind?

HASAN.

Thine orders, mighty Sultan! are perform'd,

And all Irene now is breathless clay.

MAHOMET.

Your hasty zeal defrauds the claim of justice,  
 And disappointed vengeance burns in vain.  
 I came to heighten tortures by reproach,  
 And add new terrors to the face of death.  
 Was this the maid whose love I bought with empire?  
 True, she was fair; the smile of innocence  
 Play'd on her cheek—So shone the first apostate—  
 Irene's chamber! Did not roaring Cali,  
 Just as the rack forc'd out his struggling soul,  
 Name for the scene of death, Irene's chamber?

MUSTAPHA.

His breath prolong'd but to detect her treason,  
 Then in short sighs forsook his broken frame.

MAHOMET.

Decreed to perish in Irene's chamber!  
 There had she lull'd me with endearing falsehoods  
 Clasp'd in her arms, or slumb'ring on her breast,  
 And bar'd my bosom to the ruffian's dagger.

## SCENE XII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MAHOMET, MUSTAPHA, MURZA,  
 ABDALLA.

MURZA.

Forgive, great Sultan! that, by fate prevented,  
 I bring a tardy message from Irene.

MAHOMET.

Some artful wile of counterfeited love!  
 Some soft decoy to lure me to destruction!  
 And thou, the curst accomplice of her treason,  
 Declare thy message, and expect thy doom.

MURZA.

The queen requested that a chosen troop  
 Might intercept the traitor Greek, Demetrius,  
 Then ling'ring with his captive mistress here.

MUSTAPHA.

The Greek Demetrius! whom th' expiring Bassa  
 Declar'd the chief associate of his guilt!

MAHOMET.

A chosen troop—to intercept—Demetrius—  
 The queen requested—Wretch, repeat the message ;  
 And, if one varied accent prove thy falsehood,  
 Or but one moment's pause betray confusion,  
 Those trembling limbs—Speak out, thou shiv'ring  
 traitor.

MURZA.

The queen requested—

MAHOMET.

Who? the dead Irene?

Was she then guiltless! has my thoughtless rage  
 Destroy'd the fairest workmanship of Heav'n!  
 Doom'd her to death unpity'd and unheard,  
 Amidst her kind solitudes for me!  
 Ye slaves of cruelty, ye tools of rage, [To Has. and  
 Ye blind officious ministers of folly, [Car.  
 Could not her charms repress your zeal for murder?  
 Could not her pray'rs, her innocence, her tears,  
 Suspend the dreadful sentence for an hour?  
 One hour had freed me from the fatal error!  
 One hour had sav'd me from despair and madness.

CARAZA.

Your fierce impatience forc'd us from your presence,  
 Urg'd us to speed, and bade us banish pity,  
 Nor trust our passions with her fatal charms.

MAHOMET.

What hadst thou lost by slighting those commands?  
 Thy life, perhaps—Were but Irene spar'd,  
 Well if a thousand lives like thine had perish'd ;  
 Such beauty, sweetness, love, were cheaply bought  
 With half the grov'ling slaves that load the globe.

MUSTAPHA.

Great is thy woe! But think, illustrious Sultan,  
 Such ills are sent for souls like thine to conquer.  
 Shake off this weight of unavailing grief,  
 Rush to the war, display thy dreadful banners,  
 And lead thy troops victorious round the world.

MAHOMET.

Robb'd of the maid with whom I wish'd to triumph,  
 No more I burn for fame, or for dominion ;  
 Success and conquest now are empty sounds,

Remorse and anguish seize on all my breast ;  
 Those groves, whose shades embower'd the dear Irene,  
 Heard her last cries, and fann'd her dying beauties,  
 Shall hide me from the tasteless world for ever.

[Mahomet goes back, and returns.

Yet, ere I quit the sceptre of dominion,  
 Let one just act conclude the hateful day.  
 Hew down, ye guards, those vassals of destruction,

[Pointing to Hasan and Caraza.

Those hounds of blood, that catch the hint to kill ;  
 Bear off with eager haste th' unfinish'd sentence,  
 And speed the stroke, lest mercy should o'ertake them.

CARAZA.

Then hear, great Mahomet, the voice of truth.

MAHOMET.

Hear ! shall I hear thee ! didst thou hear Irene ?

CARAZA.

Hear but a moment.

MAHOMET.

Hadst thou heard a moment,  
 Thou might'st have liv'd, for thou hadst spar'd Irene.

CARAZA.

I heard her, pitied her, and wish'd to save her.

MAHOMET.

And wish'd—be still thy fate to wish in vain.

CARAZA.

I heard, and soften'd, till Abdalla brought  
 Her final doom, and hurried her destruction.

MAHOMET.

Abdalla brought her doom ! Abdalla brought it !  
 The wretch, whose guilt, declar'd by tortur'd Cali,  
 My rage and grief had hid from my remembrance :  
 Abdalla brought her doom !

HASAN.

Abdalla brought it,  
 While yet she begg'd to plead her cause before thee.

MAHOMET.

O seize me, Madness—Did she call on me !  
 I feel, I see the ruffian's barb'rous rage.  
 He seiz'd her melting in the fond appeal,  
 And stopp'd the heav'nly voice that call'd on me.  
 My spirits fail ; awhile support me, Vengeance—

Be just, ye slaves ; and, to be just, be cruel ;  
 Contrive new racks, imbitter ev'ry pang,  
 Inflict whatever treason can deserve,  
 Which murder'd innocence that call'd on me.

[*Exit Mahomet ; Abdalla is dragged off.*]

### SCENE XIII.

HASAN, CARAZA, MUSTAPHA, MURZA.

MUSTAPHA to MURZA.

What plagues, what tortures, are in store for thee,  
 Thou sluggish idler, dilatory slave !  
 Behold the model of consummate beauty,  
 Torn from the mourning earth by thy neglect.

MURZA.

Such was the will of Heav'n—A band of Greeks,  
 That mark'd my course, suspicious of my purpose,  
 Rush'd out and seiz'd me, thoughtless and unarm'd,  
 Breathless, amaz'd, and on the guarded beach  
 Detain'd me, till Demetrius set me free.

MUSTAPHA.

So sure the fall of greatness rais'd on crimes !  
 So fix'd the justice of all-conscious Heav'n !  
 When haughty guilt exults with impious joy,  
 Mistake shall blast, or accident destroy ;  
 Weak man with erring rage may throw the dart,  
 But Heav'n shall guide it to the guilty heart.

## EPILOGUE,

BY SIR WILLIAM YONGE.

MARRY a Turk! a haughty, tyrant king!  
 Who thinks us women born to dress and sing  
 To please his fancy! see no other man!  
 Let him persuade me to it—if he can:  
 Besides, he has fifty wives, and who can bear  
 To have the fiftieth part her paltry share?

'Tis true, the fellow's handsome, straight, and tall,  
 But how the devil should he please us all!  
 My swain is little—true—but, be it known,  
 My pride's to have that little all my own.  
 Men will be ever to their errors blind,  
 Where woman's not allow'd to speak her mind.  
 I swear this Eastern pageantry is nonsense,  
 And for one man—one wife's enough of conscience.

In vain proud man usurps what's woman's due;  
 For us alone, they honour's paths pursue:  
 Inspir'd by us, they glory's heights ascend;  
 Woman the source, the object, and the end.  
 Though wealth, and pow'r, and glory, they receive,  
 These are all trifles to what we can give.  
 For us the statesman labours, hero fights,  
 Bears toilsome days, and wakes long tedious nights;  
 And, when blest peace has silenc'd war's alarms,  
 Receives his full reward in Beauties arms.

# MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

## PROLOGUE,

SPOKEN BY MR. GARRICK, APRIL 5th, 1759,  
BEFORE THE MASQUE OF COMUS.

*Acted at Drury-Lane Theatre, for the Benefit of  
Milton's Grand-daughter.*

YE patriot crowds, who burn for England's fame,  
Ye nymphs, whose bosoms beat at Milton's name,  
Whose gen'rous zeal, unbought by flatt'ring rhymes,  
Shames the mean pensions of Augustan-times,  
Immortal patrons of succeeding days,  
Attend this prelude of perpetual praise ;  
Let wit, condemn'd the feeble war to wage  
With close malevolence, or publick rage,  
Let study, worn with virtue's fruitless lore,  
Behold this theatre, and grieve no more.  
This night, distinguish'd by your smiles, shall tell  
That never Britain can in vain excel ;  
The slighted arts futurity shall trust,  
And rising ages hasten to be just.

At length our mighty bard's victorious lays  
Fill the loud voice of universal praise ;  
And baffled spite, with hopeless anguish dumb,  
Yields to renown the centuries to come ;  
With ardent haste each candidate of fame,  
Ambitious, catches at his tow'ring name ;  
He sees, and pitying sees, vain wealth bestow  
Those pageant honours which he scorn'd below,



While crowds aloft the laureat bust behold,  
 Or trace his form on circulating gold,  
 Unknown, unheeded, long his offspring lay,  
 And want hung threat'ning o'er her slow decay.  
 What though she shine with no Miltonian fire,  
 No fav'ring muse her morning dreams inspire;  
 Yet softer claims the melting heart engage,  
 Her youth laborious, and her blameless age;  
 Hers the mild merits of domestick life,  
 The patient sufferer, and the faithful wife.  
 Thus, grac'd with humble virtue's native charms,  
 Her grandsire leaves her in Britannia's arms;  
 Secure with peace, with competence, to dwell,  
 While tutelary nations guard her cell.  
 Your's is the charge, ye fair, ye wise, ye brave!  
 'Tis your's to crown desert—beyond the grave.

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## PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

THE GOOD-NATUR'D MAN, 1769.

**P**REST by the load of life, the weary mind  
 Surveys the gen'ral toil of human kind,  
 With cool submission joins the lab'ring train,  
 And social sorrow loses half its pain:  
 Our anxious bard without complaint may share  
 This bustling season's epidemick care;  
 Like Cæsar's pilot dignify'd by Fate,  
 Tost in one common storm with all the great;  
 Distrest alike the statesman and the wit,  
 When one a Borough courts, and one the Pit.  
 The busy candidates for pow'r and fame  
 Have hopes, and fears, and wishes, just the same;  
 Disabled both to combat or to fly,  
 Must hear all taunts, and hear without reply.  
 Uncheck'd on both loud rabbles vent their rage,  
 As mongrels bay the lion in a cage.

Th' offended burgess hoards his angry tale,  
 For that blest year when all that vote may rail;  
 Their schemes of spite the poet's foes dismiss,  
 Till that glad night when all that hate may hiss.  
 "This day the powder'd curls and golden coat,"  
 Says swelling Crispin, "beg'd a cobler's vote."  
 "This night our wit," the pert apprentice cries,  
 "Lies at my feet; I hiss him, and he dies."  
 The great, 'tis true, can charm th' electing tribe;  
 The bard may supplicate, but cannot bribe.  
 Yet, judg'd by those whose voices ne'er were sold,  
 He feels no want of ill-persuading gold;  
 But, confident of praise, if praise be due,  
 Trusts without fear to merit and to you.

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## PROLOGUE

TO THE COMEDY OF

### A WORD TO THE WISE.\*

SPOKEN BY MR. HULL.

THIS night presents a play which public rage,  
 Or right or wrong, once hooted from the stage.†  
 From zeal or malice, now no more we dread,  
 For English vengeance wars not with the dead.  
 A gen'rous foe regards with pitying eye  
 The man whom fate has laid where all must lie.  
 To wit reviving from its author's dust  
 Be kind, ye judges, or at least be just.  
 For no renew'd hostilities invade  
 Th' oblivious grave's inviolable shade.

\* Performed at Covent-Garden theatre in 1777, for the benefit of Mrs. Kelly, a widow of Hugh Kelly, Esq. (the author of the play) and her children.

† Upon the first representation of this play, 1770, a party assembled to damn it, and succeeded.

Let one great payment ev'ry claim appease,  
 And him, who cannot hurt, allow to please ;  
 To please by scenes unconscious of offence,  
 By harmless merriment, or useful sense.  
 Where aught of bright or fair the piece displays,  
 Approve it only—'tis too late to praise.  
 If want of skill or want of care appear,  
 Forbear to hiss—the poet cannot hear.  
 By all like him must praise and blame be found,  
 At best a fleeting gleam, or empty sound.  
 Yet then shall calm reflection bless the night,  
 When liberal pity dignify'd delight ;  
 When Pleasure fir'd her torch at Virtue's flame,  
 And Mirth was Bounty with an humbler name.

~~~~~

## S P R I N G,

### AN ODE.

STERN Winter now, by Spring repress'd,  
 Forbears the long continued strife ;  
 And Nature on her naked breast  
 Delights to catch the gales of life.  
 Now o'er the rural kingdom roves  
 Soft pleasure with the laughing train,  
 Love warbles in the vocal groves,  
 And vegetation plants the plain.  
 Unhappy ! whom to beds of pain,  
 Arthritic \* tyranny consigns ;  
 Whom smiling nature courts in vain,  
 Though rapture sings and beauty shines.  
 Yet though my limbs disease invades,  
 Her wings Imagination tries,  
 And bears me to the peaceful shades,  
 Where——'s humble turrets rise.  
 Here stop, my soul, thy rapid flight,  
 Nor from the pleasing groves depart,

\* The author being ill of the gout.

Where first great nature charm'd my sight,  
 Where wisdom first inform'd my heart.  
 Here let me through the vales pursue  
 A guide—a father—and a friend,  
 Once more great Nature's works renew,  
 Once more on Wisdom's voice attend.  
 From false caresses, causeless strife,  
 Wild hope, vain fear, alike remov'd ;  
 Here let me learn the use of life,  
 When best enjoy'd—when most improv'd.  
 Teach me, thou venerable bower,  
 Cool meditation's quiet seat,  
 The gen'rous scorn of venal power,  
 The silent grandeur of retreat.  
 When pride by guilt to greatness climbs,  
 Or raging factions rush to war,  
 Here let me learn to shun the crimes  
 I can't prevent, and will not share.  
 But lest I fall by subtler foes,  
 Bright Wisdom, teach me Curio's art,  
 The swelling passions to compose,  
 And quell the rebels of the heart.

~~~~~

### MIDSUMMER,

AN ODE.

O PHŒBUS! down the western sky,  
 Far hence diffuse thy burning ray,  
 Thy light to distant worlds supply,  
 And wake them to the cares of day.  
 Come, gentle Eve, the friend of care,  
 Come, Cynthia, lovely queen of night !  
 Refresh me with a cooling air,  
 And cheer me with a lambent light.  
 Lay me, where o'er the verdant ground  
 Her living carpet Nature spreads ;  
 Where the green bower, with roses crown'd,  
 In showers its fragrant foliage sheds ;

Improve the peaceful hour with wine,  
 Let musick die along the grove ;  
 Around the bowl let myrtles twine,  
 And ev'ry strain be tun'd to love.  
 Come, Stella, queen of all my heart !  
 Come, born to fill its vast desires !  
 Thy looks perpetual joys impart,  
 Thy voice perpetual love inspires.  
 Whilst all my wish and thine complete,  
 By turns we languish and we burn,  
 Let sighing gales our sighs repeat,  
 Our murmurs—murmuring brooks return.  
 Let me when nature calls to rest,  
 And blushing skies the morn foretell,  
 Sink on the down of Stella's breast,  
 And bid the waking world farewell.

~~~~~

## A U T U M N,

AN ODE.

ALAS! with swift and silent pace,  
 Impatient time rolls on the year ;  
 The seasons change, and nature's face  
 Now sweetly smiles, now frowns severe.  
 'Twas Spring, 'twas Summer, all was gay,  
 Now Autumn bends a cloudy brow ;  
 The flowers of Spring are swept away,  
 And Summer-fruits desert the bough.  
 The verdant leaves that play'd on high,  
 And wanton'd on the western breeze,  
 Now trod in dust neglected lie,  
 As Boreas strips the bending trees.  
 The fields that wav'd with golden grain,  
 As russet heaths, are wild and bare ;  
 Not moist with dew, but drench'd with rain,  
 Nor health, nor pleasure, wanders there.  
 No more, while through the midnight shade,  
 Beneath the moon's pale orb I stray,

K 2

Soft pleasing woes my heart invade,  
 As Progne pours the melting lay.  
 From this capricious clime she soars,  
 Oh! would some god but wings supply!  
 To where each morn the Spring restores,  
 Companion of her flight I'd fly.  
 Vain wish! me fate compels to bear  
 The downward season's iron reign,  
 Compels to breathe polluted air,  
 And shiver on a blasted plain.  
 What bliss to life can Autumn yield,  
 If glooms, and showers, and storms prevail;  
 And Ceres flies the naked field,  
 And flowers, and fruits, and Phœbus fail?  
 Oh! what remains, what lingers yet,  
 To cheer me in the darkening hour!  
 The grape remains! the friend of wit,  
 In love, and mirth, of mighty power.  
 Haste—press the clusters, fill the bowl;  
 Apollo! shoot thy parting ray:  
 This gives the sunshine of the soul,  
 This god of health, and verse, and day.  
 Still—still the jocund strain shall flow,  
 The pulse with vigorous rapture beat;  
 My Stella with new charms shall glow,  
 And ev'ry bliss in wine shall meet.

~~~~~

W I N T E R,

AN ODE.

No more the morn, with tepid rays,  
 Unfolds the flower of various hue;  
 Noon spreads no more the genial blaze,  
 Nor gentle eve distils the dew.  
 The ling'ring hours prolong the night,  
 Usurping Darkness shares the day;  
 Her mists restrain the force of light,  
 And Phœbus holds a doubtful sway.

By gloomy twilight half reveal'd,  
 With sighs we view the hoary hill,  
 The leafless wood, the naked field,  
 The snow-topt cot, the frozen rill.  
 No musick warbles through the grove,  
 No vivid colours paint the plain ;  
 No more with devious steps I rove  
 Through verdant paths, now sought in vain.  
 Aloud the driving tempest roars,  
 Congeal'd, impetuous showers descend ;  
 Haste, close the window, bar the doors,  
 Fate leaves me Stella, and a friend.  
 In nature's aid let art supply  
 With light and heat my little sphere ;  
 Rouze, rouze the fire, and pile it high,  
 Light up a constellation here.  
 Let musick sound the voice of joy,  
 Or mirth repeat the jocund tale ;  
 Let Love his wanton wiles employ,  
 And o'er the season wine prevail.  
 Yet time life's dreary winter brings,  
 When Mirth's gay tale shall please no more ;  
 Nor musick charm—though Stella sings ;  
 Nor love, nor wine, the spring restore.  
 Catch, then, Oh ! catch the transient hour,  
 Improve each moment as it flies ;  
 Life's a short summer—man a flower :  
 He dies—alas ! how soon he dies !



### THE WINTER'S WALK.

BEHOLD, my fair, where'er we rove,  
 What dreary prospects round us rise ;  
 The naked hill, the leafless grove,  
 The hoary ground, the frowning skies !  
 Nor only through the wasted plain,  
 Stern Winter ! is thy force confess'd ;  
 Still wider spreads thy horrid reign,  
 I feel thy power usurp my breast.

K 3

Enlivening hope, and fond desire,  
 Resign the heart to spleen and care ;  
 Scarce frightened Love maintains her fire,  
 And rapture saddens to despair.  
 In groundless hope, and causeless fear,  
 Unhappy man ! behold thy doom ;  
 Still changing with the changeful year,  
 The slave of sunshine and of gloom.  
 Tir'd with vain joys, and false alarms,  
 With mental and corporeal strife,  
 Snatch me, my Stella, to thy arms,  
 And screen me from the ills of life.

~~~~~  
 TO MISS \*\*\*\*\*

*On her giving the Author a Gold and Silk Net-Work  
 Purse of her own Weaving\*.*

THOUGH gold and silk their charms unite  
 To make thy curious web delight,  
 In vain the varied work would shine,  
 If wrought by any hand but thine ;  
 Thy hand that knows the subtler art  
 To weave those nets that catch the heart.  
 Spread out by me, the roving coin  
 Thy nets may catch, but not confine ;  
 Nor can I hope thy silken chain  
 The glitt'ring vagrants shall restrain.  
 Why, Stella, was it then decreed  
 The heart once caught should ne'er be freed ?

~~~~~  
 TO MISS \*\*\*\*\*

*On her playing upon the Harpsichord in a Room hung  
 with Flower-Pieces of her own Painting†.*

WHEN Stella strikes the tuneful string  
 In scenes of imitated Spring,

\* Printed among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies.  
 † Ibid.



Where Beauty lavishes her powers  
 On beds of never-fading flowers,  
 And pleasure propagates around  
 Each charm of modulated sound ;  
 Ah ! think not, in the dangerous hour,  
 The Nymph fictitious as the flow'r ;  
 But shun, rash youth, the gay alcove,  
 Nor tempt the snares of wily love.

When charms thus press on ev'ry sense,  
 What thought of flight, or of defence ?  
 Deceitful hope, and vain desire,  
 For ever flutter o'er her lyre,  
 Delighting as the youth draws nigh,  
 To point the glances of her eye,  
 And forming with unerring art  
 New chains to hold the captive heart.

But on those regions of delight  
 Might truth intrude with daring flight,  
 Could Stella, sprightly, fair, and young,  
 One moment hear the moral song,  
 Instruction with her flowers might spring,  
 And wisdom warble from her string.

Mark, when from thousand mingled dyes  
 Thou seest one pleasing form arise,  
 How active light, and thoughtful shade,  
 In greater scenes each other aid ;  
 Mark, when the different notes agree  
 In friendly contrariety,  
 How passion's well-accorded strife  
 Gives all the harmony of life ;  
 Thy pictures shall thy conduct frame,  
 Consistent still, though not the same ;  
 Thy music teach thy nobler art,  
 To tune the regulated heart.

~~~~~  
 EVENING: AN ODE.

TO STELLA.

EVENING now from purple wings  
 Sheds the grateful gifts she brings ;

Brilliant drops bedeck the mead,  
 Cooling breezes shake the reed ;  
 Shake the reed, and curl the stream  
 Silver'd o'er with Cynthia's beam ;  
 Near the chequer'd, lonely grove,  
 Hears, and keeps thy secrets, Love.  
 Stella, thither let us stray,  
 Lightly o'er the dewy way.  
 Phœbus drives his burning car  
 Hence, my lovely Stella, far ;  
 In his stead, the Queen of Night  
 Round us pours a lambent light ;  
 Light that seems but just to show  
 Breasts that beat, and cheeks that glow.  
 Let us now, in whisper'd joy,  
 Evening's silent hours employ,  
 Silence best, and conscious shades,  
 Please the hearts that love invades,  
 Other pleasures give them pain,  
 Lovers all but love disdain.

~~~~~

TO THE SAME.

WHETHER Stella's eyes are found  
 Fix'd on earth, or glancing round,  
 If her face with pleasure glow,  
 If she sigh at others woe,  
 If her easy air express  
 Conscious worth, or soft distress,  
 Stella's eyes, and air, and face,  
 Charm with undiminish'd grace.  
 If on her we see display'd  
 Pendant gems, and rich brocade,  
 If her chintz with less expence  
 Flows in easy negligence ;  
 Still she lights the conscious flame,  
 Still her charms appear the same ;  
 If she strikes the vocal strings,  
 If she's silent, speaks, or sings,

If she sit, or if she move,  
Still we love and still approve.

Vain the casual, transient glance,  
Which alone can please by chance,  
Beauty, which depends on art,  
Changing with the changing heart,  
Which demands the toilet's aid,  
Pendant gems and rich brocade.  
I those charms alone can prize  
Which from constant nature rise,  
Which nor circumstance nor dress,  
E'er can make, or more, or less.

~~~~~

TO A FRIEND.

No more thus brooding o'er yon heap,  
With Avarice painful vigils keep;  
Still unenjoy'd the present store,  
Still endless sighs are breath'd for more.  
Oh! quit the shadow, catch the prize,  
Which not all India's treasure buys!  
To purchase Heaven has gold the power?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour?  
In life can love be bought with gold?  
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?  
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,  
Fair virtue gives unbrib'd, unbought,  
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
Let nobler views engage thy mind.

With science tread the wond'rous way,  
Or learn the Muses' moral lay;  
In social hours indulge thy soul,  
Where mirth and temperance mix the bowl;  
To virtuous love resign thy breast,  
And be, by blessing beauty—blest.

Thus taste the feast by nature spread,  
Ere youth and all its joys are fled;  
Come taste with me the balm of life,  
Secure from pomp, and wealth, and strife.

I boast whate'er for man was meant,  
 In health, and Stella, and content ;  
 And scorn ! oh ! let that scorn be thine !  
 Mere things of clay that dig the mine.

~~~~~

STELLA IN MOURNING.

WHEN lately Stella's form display'd  
 The beauties of the gay brocade,  
 The nymphs, who found their power decline,  
 Proclaim'd her not so fair as fine.  
 " Fate ! snatch away the bright disguise,  
 " And let the goddess trust her eyes."  
 Thus blindly pray'd the Fretful Fair,  
 And Fate malicious heard the pray'r ;  
 But, brighten'd by the sable dress,  
 As virtue rises in distress,  
 Since Stella still extends her reign,  
 Ah ! how shall envy sooth her pain ?  
 Th' adoring Youth and envious Fair,  
 Henceforth shall form one common prayer ;  
 And love and hate alike implore  
 The skies—" That Stella mourn no more."

~~~~~

TO STELLA.

Nor the soft sighs of vernal gales,  
 The fragrance of the flowery vales,  
 The murmurs of the crystal rill,  
 The vocal grove, the verdant hill ;  
 Not all their charms, though all unite,  
 Can touch my bosom with delight.

Not all the gems on India's shore,  
 Not all Peru's unbounded store,

Not all the power, nor all the fame,  
 That heroes, kings, or poets, claim ;  
 Nor knowledge, which the learn'd approve ;  
 To form one wish my soul can move.

Yet nature's charms allure my eyes,  
 And knowledge, wealth, and fame, I prize ;  
 Fame, wealth, and knowledge, I obtain,  
 Nor seek I nature's charms in vain ;  
 In lovely Stella all combine ;  
 And, lovely Stella ! thou art mine.

~~~~~

VERSES,

*Written at the Request of a Gentleman to whom a  
 Lady had given a Sprig of Myrtle\*.*

WHAT hopes, what terrors, does thy gift create ?  
 Ambiguous emblem of uncertain fate !  
 The myrtle (ensign of supreme command,  
 Consign'd by Venus to Melissa's hand)  
 Not less capricious than a reigning fair,  
 Oft favours, oft rejects, a lover's pray'r.  
 In myrtle shades oft sings the happy swain,  
 In myrtle shades despairing ghosts complain.  
 The myrtle crowns the happy lovers' heads,  
 Th' unhappy lovers' graves the myrtle spreads.  
 Oh ! then, the meaning of thy gift impart,  
 And ease the throbbings of an anxious heart.  
 Soon must this sprig, as you shall fix its doom,  
 Adorn Philander's head, or grace his tomb.\*

\* These verses were first printed in the Gentleman's Magazine for 1768, p. 439, but were written many years earlier. Elegant as they are, they were composed in the short space of five minutes.

## TO LADY FIREBRACE\*,

AT BURY ASSIZES.

AT length must Suffolk beauties shine in vain,  
 So long renown'd in B——n's deathless strain ;  
 Thy charms at least, fair Firebrace, might inspire  
 Some zealous bard to wake the sleeping lyre ;  
 For, such thy beauteous mind and lovely face,  
 Thou seem'st at once, bright nymph, a *Muse* and *Grace*.



## TO LYCE, AN ELDERLY LADY.

YE nymphs whom starry rays invest,  
 By flatt'ring poets given,  
 Who shine, by lavish lovers drest,  
 In all the pomp of Heaven ;

Engross not all the beams on high,  
 Which gild a lover's lays,  
 But, as your sister of the sky,  
 Let Lyce share the praise.

Her silver locks display the moon,  
 Her brows a cloudy show,  
 Strip'd rainbows round her eyes are seen,  
 And show'rs from either flow.

Her teeth the night with darkness dyes,  
 She's starr'd with pimples o'er ;  
 Her tongue like nimble lightning plies,  
 And can with thunder roar.

\* This lady was Bridget, third daughter of Philip Bacon, Esq. of Ipswich, and relict of Philip Evers, Esq. of that town. She became the second wife of Sir Cordell Firebrace, the last Baronet of that name (to whom she brought a fortune of 25,000L.) July 26, 1737. Being again left a widow in 1759, she was a third time married, April 7, 1762. to William Campbell, Esq. uncle to the present Duke of Argyle, and died July 3, 1792.

But some Zelinda, while I sing,  
Denies my Lyce shines ;  
And all the pens of Cupid's wing  
Attack my gentle lines.

Yet, spite of fair Zelinda's eye,  
And all her bards express,  
My Lyce makes as good a sky,  
And I but flatter less.

ON THE DEATH OF

MR. ROBERT LEVET,

*A Practiser in Physic.*

CONDEMN'D to Hope's delusive mine,  
As on we toil from day to day,  
By sudden blasts, or slow decline,  
Our social comforts drop away.

Well try'd through many a varying year,  
See Levett to the grave descend,  
Officious, innocent, sincere,  
Of ev'ry friendless name the friend.

Yet still he fills Affection's eye,  
Obscurely wise, and coarsely kind ;  
Nor, letter'd Arrogance, deny  
Thy praise to merit unrefin'd.

When fainting nature call'd for aid,  
And hov'ring death prepar'd the blow,  
His vig'rous remedy display'd  
The pow'r of art without the show.

In misery's darkest cavern known,  
His useful care was ever nigh,

Where hopeless anguish pour'd his groan,  
And lonely want retir'd to die.

No summons mock'd by chill delay,  
No petty gain disdain'd by pride,  
The modest wants of ev'ry day  
The toil of ev'ry day supply'd.

His virtues walk'd their narrow round,  
Nor made a pause, nor left a void ;  
And sure th' Eternal Master found  
The single talent well employ'd.

The busy day—the peaceful night,  
Unfelt, uncounted, glided by ;  
His frame was firm—his powers were bright,  
Though now his *eightieth* year was nigh.

Then, with no fiery throbbing pain,  
No cold gradations of decay,  
Death broke at once the vital chain,  
And freed his soul the nearest way.

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### EPITAPH ON CLAUDE PHILLIPS,

AN ITINERANT MUSICIAN\*.

PHILLIPS ! whose touch harmonious could remove  
The pangs of guilty pow'r, and hapless love,  
Rest here, distrest by poverty no more,  
Find here that calm thou gav'st so oft before ;  
Sleep undisturb'd within this peaceful shrine,  
Till angels wake thee with a note like thine.

\* These lines are among Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies: they are nevertheless recognised as Johnson's in a memorandum of his hand-writing, and were probably written at her request. Phillips was a travelling fiddler up and down Wales, and was greatly celebrated for his performance.



## EPITAPHIUM\*

IN

THOMAM HANMER, BARONETTUM.

Honorabilis admodum THOMAS HANMER,  
 Baronettus,  
 Wilhelmi Hanmer armigeri, e Peregrina Henrici  
 North  
 De Mildenhall in Com. Suffolciæ Baronetti sorore<sup>d</sup>  
 et hærede,  
 Filius;  
 Johannis Hanmer de Hanmer Baronetti  
 Hæres patruelis  
 Antiquo gentis suæ et titulo et patrimonio successit.  
 Duas uxores fortitus est;  
 Alteram Isabellam, honore a patre derivato, de  
 Arlington comitissam,  
 Deinde celsissimi principis ducis de Grafton viduam  
 dotariam:  
 Alteram Elizabetham Thomæ Foulkes de Barton in  
 Com. Suff. armigeri  
 Filiam et hæredem.

Inter humanitates studia feliciter enutritus,  
 Omnes liberalium artium disciplinas avide arripuit,  
 Quas morum suavitate haud leviter ornavit.  
 Postquam excessit ex ephebis,  
 Continuo inter populares suos fama eminens,  
 Et comitatus sui legatus ad Parliamentum missus,  
 Ad ardua regni negotia per annos prope triginta<sup>d</sup>  
 se accinxit:

Cumque apud illos amplissimorum virorum ordines  
 Solent nihil temere effutire,  
 Sed probe perpensa disserte expromere,  
 Orator gravis et pressus;  
 Non minus integritatis quam eloquentiæ laude  
 commendatus,

\* At Hanmer church, in Flintshire.

Æque omnium, utcunque inter se alioqui dissidentium,  
 Aures atque animos attraxit.  
 Annoque demum M.DCC.XIII. regnante Anna,  
 Felicissimæ florentissimæque memoriæ regina,  
 Ad Prolocutoris cathedram  
 Communi Senatus universi voce designatus est :  
 Quod munus,  
 Cum nullo tempore non difficile,  
 Tum illo certe, negotiis  
 Et variis et lubricis et implicatis difficillimum,  
 Cum dignitate sustinuit.  
 Honores alios, et omnia quæ sibi in lucrum cederent  
 munera,  
 Sedulo detrectavit,  
 Ut rei totus inserviret publicæ ;  
 Justi rectique tenax,  
 Et fide in patriam incorrupta notus.  
 Ubi omnibus, quæ virum civemque bonum decent,  
 officiis satisfacisset,  
 Paulatim se a publicis consiliis in otium recipiens,  
 Inter literarum amœnitates,  
 Inter ante-actæ vitæ haud insuaves recordationes,  
 Inter amicorum convictus et amplexus,  
 Honorifice consenuit ;  
 Et bonis omnibus, quibus charissimus vixit,  
 Desideratissimus obiit.  
 Hic, juxta cineres avi, suos condi voluit, et curavit  
 Gulielmus Bunbury Bittus nepos et hæres.

~~~~~

PARAPHRASE OF THE ABOVE EPITAPH,

BY DR. JOHNSON\*.

THOU who survey'st these walls with curious eye,  
 Pause at the tomb where HANMER'S ashes lie ;

\* This Paraphrase is inserted in Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies. The Latin is there said to be written by Dr. Freind. Of the person whose memory it celebrates, a copious account may be seen in the Appendix to the Supplement to the Biographia Britannica.

His various worth through varied life attend,  
And learn his virtues while thou mourn'st his end.

His force of genius burn'd in early youth,  
With thirst of knowledge, and with love of truth ;  
His learning, join'd with each endearing art,  
Charm'd ev'ry ear, and gain'd on ev'ry heart.

Thus early wise, th' endanger'd realm to aid,  
His country call'd him from the studious shade ;  
In life's first bloom his publick toils began,  
At once commenc'd the senator and man.

In business dex'trous, weighty in debate,  
Thrice ten long years he labour'd for the State :  
In ev'ry speech persuasive wisdom flow'd,  
In ev'ry act refulgent virtue glow'd :  
Suspended faction ceas'd from rage and strife,  
To hear his eloquence, and praise his life.

Resistless merit fix'd the Senate's choice,  
Who hail'd him Speaker with united voice.  
Illustrious age ! how bright thy glories shone,  
When HANMER fill'd the chair—and ANNE the throne !

Then when dark arts obscur'd each fierce debate,  
When mutual frauds perplex'd the maze of state,  
The moderator firmly mild appear'd—  
Beheld with love—with veneration heard.

This task perform'd—he sought no gainful post,  
Nor wish'd to glitter at his country's cost ;  
Strict on the right he fix'd his steadfast eye,  
With temperate zeal and wise anxiety ;  
Nor e'er from Virtue's paths was lur'd aside,  
To pluck the flow'rs of pleasure, or of pride.  
Her gifts despis'd, Corruption blush'd and fled,  
And Fame pursu'd him where Conviction led.

Age call'd, at length, his active mind to rest,  
With honour sated, and with cares opprest ;  
To letter'd ease retir'd, and honest mirth,  
To rural grandeur and domestic worth :  
Delighted still to please mankind, or mend,  
The patriot's fire yet sparkled in the friend.

Calm Conscience, then, his former life survey'd,  
And recollected toils endear'd the shade,  
Till Nature call'd him to the gen'ral doom,  
And Virtue's sorrow dignified his tomb.

## TO MISS HICKMAN,\*

## PLAYING ON THE SPINET.

BRIGHT Stella, form'd for universal reign,  
 Too well you know to keep the slaves you gain :  
 When in your eyes resistless lightnings play,  
 Aw'd into love our conquer'd hearts obey,  
 And yield reluctant to despotic sway :  
 But when your musick soothes the raging pain,  
 We bid propitious Heav'n prolong your reign,  
 We bless the tyrant, and we hug the chain.

When old Timotheus struck the vocal string,  
 Ambition's fury fir'd the Grecian king :  
 Unbounded projects lab'ring in his mind,  
 He pants for room, in one poor world confin'd.  
 Thus wak'd to rage, by musick's dreadful pow'r,  
 He bids the sword destroy, the flame devour.  
 Had Stella's gentle touches mov'd the lyre,  
 Soon had the monarch felt a nobler fire ;  
 No more delighted with destructive war,  
 Ambitious only now to please the fair ;  
 Resign'd his thirst of empire to her charms,  
 And found a thousand worlds in Stella's arms.

## PARAPHRASE OF PROVERBS, CHAP. VI.

Verses 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11.

*" Go to the Ant, thou Sluggard†."*

TURN on the prudent ant thy heedful eyes,  
 Observe her labours, sluggard, and be wise :

\* These lines, which have been communicated by Dr. Turton, son to Mrs. Turton, the Lady to whom they are addressed by her maiden name of Hickman, must have been written at least as early as the year 1734, as that was the year of her marriage: at how much earlier a period of Dr. Johnson's life they may have been written, is not known.

† In Mrs. Williams's Miscellanies, but now printed from the original in Dr. Johnson's own hand-writing.

No stern command, no monitory voice,  
 Prescribes her duties, or directs her choice ;  
 Yet, timely provident, she hastes away,  
 To snatch the blessings of the plenteous day ;  
 When fruitful summer loads the teeming plain,  
 She crops the harvest, and she stores the grain.

How long shall sloth usurp thy useless hours,  
 Unnerve thy vigour, and enchain thy pow'rs ;  
 While artful shades thy downy couch inclose,  
 And soft solicitation courts repose ?  
 Amidst the drowsy charms of dull delight,  
 Year chases year with unremitted flight,  
 Till want now following, fraudulent and slow,  
 Shall spring to seize thee like an ambush'd foe.

~~~~~

HORACE, LIB. IV. ODE VII. TRANSLATED.

THE snow, dissolv'd, no more is seen,  
 The fields and woods, behold ! are green ;  
 The changing year renews the plain,  
 The rivers know their banks again ;  
 The sprightly nymph and naked grace  
 The mazy dance together trace ;  
 The changing year's successive plan  
 Proclaims mortality to man ;  
 Rough winter's blasts to spring give way,  
 Spring yields to summer's sov'reign ray ;  
 Then summer sinks in autumn's reign,  
 And winter chills the world again ;  
 Her losses soon the moon supplies,  
 But wretched man, when once he lies  
 Where Priam and his sons are laid,  
 Is nought but ashes and a shade.  
 Who knows if Jove, who counts our score,  
 Will toss us in a morning more ?  
 What with your friend you nobly share  
 At least you rescue from your heir.  
 Not you, Torquatus, boast of Rome,  
 When Minos once has fix'd your doom,

Or eloquence, or splendid birth,  
 Or virtue, shall restore to earth.  
 Hippolytus, unjustly slain,  
 Diana calls to life in vain ;  
 Nor can the might of Theseus rend  
 The chains of Hell that hold his friend.

Nov. 1784.

☞ *The following* TRANSLATIONS, PARODIES, and BUR-  
 LESQUE VERSES, *most of them extempore, are taken*  
*from ANECDOTES of Dr. JOHNSON ; published by*  
*Mrs. Piozzi.*

ANACREON, ODE IX.

LOVELY courier of the sky,  
 Whence and whither dost thou fly ?  
 Scatt'ring, as thy pinions play,  
 Liquid fragrance all the way :  
 Is it business ? is it love ?  
 Tell me, tell me, gentle dove.  
 Soft Anacreon's vows I bear,  
 Vows to Myrtale the fair ;  
 Grac'd with all that charms the heart,  
 Blushing nature, smiling art.  
 Venus, courted by an ode,  
 On the bard her dove bestow'd :  
 Vested with a master's right,  
 Now Anacreon rules my flight ;  
 His the letters that you see,  
 Weighty charge consign'd to me :  
 Think not yet my service hard,  
 Joyless task without reward ;  
 Smiling at my master's gates,  
 Freedom my return awaits ;  
 But the lib'ral grant in vain  
 Tempts me to be wild again.

Can a prudent dove decline  
 Blissful bondage such as mine?  
 Over hills and fields to roam,  
 Fortune's guest without a home;  
 Under leaves to hide one's head,  
 Slightly shelter'd, coarsely fed:  
 Now my better lot bestows  
 Sweet repast, and soft repose;  
 Now the gen'rous bowl I sip  
 As it leaves Anacreon's lip:  
 Void of care, and free from dread,  
 From his fingers snatch his bread;  
 Then, with luscious plenty gay,  
 Round his chamber dance and play;  
 Or from wine, as courage springs,  
 O'er his face extend my wings;  
 And when feast and frolic tire,  
 Drop asleep upon his lyre.  
 This is all, be quick and go,  
 More than all thou canst not know;  
 Let me now my pinions ply,  
 I have chatter'd like a pye.

~~~~~

L I N E S

*Written in ridicule of certain Poems published in 1777.*

WHERESOEVER I turn my view,  
 All is strange, yet nothing new;  
 Endless labour all along,  
 Endless labour to be wrong;  
 Phrase that time hath flung away,  
 Uncouth words in disarray,  
 Trick'd in antique ruff and bonnet,  
 Ode, and elegy, and sonnet.

~~~~~

PARODY OF A TRANSLATION

*From the MEDEA of EURIPIDES.*

ERR shall they not, who resolute explore  
 Times gloomy backward with judicious eyes;

And, scanning right the practices of yore,  
Shall deem our hoar progenitors unwise.

They to the dome where Smoke, with curling play,  
Announc'd the dinner to the regions round,  
Summon'd the singer blithe, and harper gay,  
And aided wine with dulcet-streaming sound.

The better use of notes, or sweet or shrill,  
By quiv'ring string or modulated wind;  
Trumpet or lyre—to their harsh bosoms chill  
Admission ne'er had sought, or could not find.

Oh! send them to the sullen mansions dun,  
Her baleful eyes where Sorrow rolls around;  
Where gloom-enamour'd Mischief loves to dwell;  
And Murder, all blood-bolter'd, schemes the wound.

When cates luxuriant pile the spacious dish,  
And purple nectar glads the festive-hour;  
The guest, without a want, without a wish,  
Can yield no room to musick's soothing pow'r.

---

#### TRANSLATION

*Of the Two First Stanzas of the Song "Rio verde, Rio verde," printed in Bishop PERCY'S Reliques of Ancient English Poetry. An IMPROMPTU.*

GLASSY water, glassy water,  
Down whose current, clear and strong,  
Chiefs confus'd in mutual slaughter,  
Moor and Christian roll along.

---

#### IMITATION of the Style of\*\*\*\*.

HERMIT hoar, in solemn cell  
Wearing out life's evening grey,



Strike thy bosom, sage, and tell  
What is bliss, and which the way.

Thus I spoke, and speaking sigh'd,  
Scarce repress'd the starting tear,  
When the hoary sage reply'd,  
Come, my lad, and drink some beer.

~~~~~

### BURLESQUE

*Of the following Lines of LOPEZ DE VEGA.*

*An IMPROMPTU.*

SE acquien los leones vence  
Vence una muger hermosa  
O el de flaco averguence  
O ella di fer mas furiosa.

If the man who turnips cries,  
Cry not when his father dies,  
'Tis a proof that he had rather  
Have a turnip than his father.

~~~~~

### TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines at the End of BARETTI'S EASY*

*PHRASEOLOGY. An IMPROMPTU.*

VIVA viva la padrona !  
Tutta bella, e tutta buona,  
La padrona e un angiolella  
Tutta buona e tutta bella ;  
Tutta bella e tutta buona ;  
Viva ! viva la padrona !

LONG may live my lovely Hetty !  
Always young, and always pretty ;

Always pretty, always young,  
 Live, my lovely Hetty, long!  
 Always young, and always pretty,  
 Long may live my lovely Hetty!

~~~~~

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Distich on the Duke of Modena's returning away from the Comet in 1742 or 1743.*

SE al venir vostro i principi se n' vanno  
 Deh venga ogni di — durate un anno.

IF at your coming princes disappear,  
 Comets! come ev'ry day — and stay a year.

~~~~~

IMPROVISO TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines of M. BENSERADE a son Lit.*

THEATRE des ris, et des pleurs,  
 Lit! ou je nais, et ou je meurs,  
 Tu nous fais voir comment voisins,  
 Sont nos plaisirs, et nos chagrins.

IN bed we laugh, in bed we cry,  
 And born in bed, in bed we die;  
 The near approach a bed may show  
 Of human bliss to human woe.

~~~~~

EPITAPH FOR MR. HOGARTH.

THE hand of him here torpid lies,  
 That drew th' essential form of grace;  
 Here clos'd in death th' attentive eyes,  
 That saw the manners in the face.

## TRANSLATION

*Of the following Lines written under a Print representing Persons skating.*

Sur un mince chrystal l'hyver conduit leurs pas,  
 Le precipice est sous la glace :  
 Telle est de nos plaisirs la legere surface :  
 Glissez, mortels ; n'appuyez pas.

O'ER ice the rapid skater flies,  
 With sport above, and death below ;  
 Where mischief lurks in gay disguise,  
 Thus lightly touch and quickly go.

## IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

OF THE SAME.

O'ER crackling ice, o'er gulphs profound,  
 With nimble glide the skaters play ;  
 O'er treach'rous Pleasure's flow'ry ground  
 Thus lightly skim and haste away.

## TO MRS. THRALE,

*On her completing her thirty-fifth Year.*

AN IMPROMPTU.

OFF in danger, yet alive,  
 We are come to thirty-five ;  
 Long may better years arrive,  
 Better years than thirty-five !  
 Could philosophers contrive  
 Life to stop at thirty-five,  
 Time his hours should never drive  
 O'er the bounds of thirty-five.

High to soar, and deep to dive,  
 Nature gives at thirty-five.  
 Ladies, stock and tend your hive,  
 Trifle not at thirty-five;  
 For, howe'er we boast and strive,  
 Life declines from thirty-five.  
 He that ever hopes to thrive  
 Must begin by thirty-five;  
 And all who wisely wish to wive  
 Must look on Thrale at thirty-five.

~~~~~

### IMPROMPTU TRANSLATION

*Of an AIR in the CLEMENZA DE TITO of METASTASIO,  
 beginning, " Deh se piacermi vuoi."*

WOULD you hope to gain my heart,  
 Bid your teasing doubts depart;  
 He, who blindly trusts, will find  
 Faith from ev'ry gen'rous mind:  
 He, who still expects deceit,  
 Only teaches how to cheat.

~~~~~

### TRANSLATION

*Of the SPEECH of AQUILEIO in the ADRIANO of METAS-  
 TASIO, beginning " Tu che in Corte invecchiasti."*

GROWN old in courts, thou surely art not one  
 Who keeps the rigid rules of antient honour;  
 Well skill'd to sooth a foe with looks of kindness,  
 To sink the fatal precipice before him,  
 And then lament his fall with seeming friendship;  
 Open to all, true only to thyself,  
 Thou know'st those arts which blast with envious praise,  
 Which aggravate a fault with feign'd excuses,  
 And drive discountenanc'd virtue from the throne;  
 That leave the blame of rigour to the prince,  
 And of his ev'ry gift usurp the merit;  
 That hide in seeming zeal a wicked purpose,  
 And only build upon another's ruin.

# POEMATA.

## MESSIA\*.

Ex alieno ingenio poeta, ex suo tantum versificator.

SCALIG. Poet.

TOLLITE concentum, Solymææ tollite nymphæ  
Nil mortale loquor ; cœlum mihi carminis alta  
Materies ; poscunt gravius cœlestia plectrum.  
Muscosi fontes, sylvestria tecta valet,  
Aonidesque Deæ, et mendacis somnia Pindi :  
Tu, mihi, qui flamma movisti pectora sancti  
Siderea Isaïæ, dignos accende furores !

Immatura calens rapitur per secula vates  
Sic orsus—Qualis rerum mihi nascitur ordo !  
Virgo ! virgo parit ! felix radicibus arbor  
Jessæis surgit, mulcentesque æthera flores  
Cœlestes lambunt animæ, ramisque columba,  
Nuncia sacra Dei, plaudentibus insidet alis.  
Nectareos rores, alimenta que mitia cœlum  
Præbeat, et tacite fœcundos irriget imbres.  
Huc, fœdat quos lepra, urit quos febris, adeste,  
Dia salutare spirant medicamina rami ;  
Hic requies fessis : non sacra sævit in umbra  
Vis Boreæ gelida, aut rapidi violentia solis.  
Irrita vanescent prisca vestigia fraudis  
Justitiæque manus pretio intemerata bilancem  
Attollet reducis ; bellis prætendet olivas  
Compositis pax alma suas, terrasque revisens  
Sedatas niveo virtus lucebit amictu :

\* This translation has been severely criticised by Dr. Warton, in his edition of Pope, vol. i. p. 105. 8vo. 1797. It certainly contains some expressions that are not classical. Let it be remembered, however, that it was a college-exercise, performed with great rapidity, and was at first praised beyond all suspicion of defect.

Volvantur celeres anni! lux purpuret ortum  
 Expectata diu! naturæ claustra refringens,  
 Nascere, magne puer! tibi primas, ecce, corollas  
 Deproperat tellus, fundit tibi munera, quicquid  
 Carpit Arabs, hortis quicquid frondescit Eois.  
 Altius, en! Lebanon gaudentia culmina tollit,  
 En! summo exultant nutantes vertice sylvæ.  
 Mittit aromaticas vallis Saronica nubes,  
 Et juga Carmeli recreant fragrantia cœlum.  
 Deserti læta mollescunt aspera voce  
 Auditor Deus! ecce Deus! reboantia circum  
 Saxa sonant, Deus! ecce Deus! deflectitur æther,  
 Demissumque Deum tellus capit; ardua cedrus,  
 Gloria sylvarum, dominum inclinata salutet.  
 Surgite convalles, tumidi subsidite montes!  
 Sternite saxa viam, rapidi discedite fluctus;  
 En! quem turba diu eccinerunt enthea, vates  
 En! salvator adest; vultus agnoscite cæci  
 Divinos, surdos sacra vox permulceat aures.  
 Ille cutim spissam visus hebetare vetabit,  
 Reclusisque oculis infundet amabile lumen;  
 Obstrictasque diu linguas in carmina solvet  
 Ille vias vocis pandet, flexusque liquentis  
 Harmoniæ purgata novos mirabitur auris.  
 Accrescunt teneris tactu nova robora nervis:  
 Consuetus fulcro innixus reptare bacilli  
 Nunc saltu capreas, nunc cursu provocat euros.  
 Non planctus, non mœsta sonant suspiria; pectus  
 Singultans mulcet, lachrymantes tergit ocellos.  
 Vincla coercebunt luctantem adamantina mortem  
 Æternoque Orci dominator vulnere languens  
 Invalidi raptos sceptri plorabit honores.  
 Ut qua dulce strepent scatebræ, quo lata virescunt  
 Pascua, qua blandum spirat purissimus aer,  
 Pastor agit pecudes, teneros modo suscipit agnos  
 Et gremio fotis selectas porrigit herbas,  
 Amissas modo quærit oves, revocatque vagantes;  
 Fidus adest custos, seu nox furat horrida nimbis,  
 Sive dies medius morientia torreat arva.  
 Postera sic pastor divinus secla beabit,  
 Et curas felix patrias testabitur orbis.  
 Non ultra infestis concurrent agmina signis,

Hostiles oculis flammas jaculantia torvis ;  
 Non litui accendent bellum, non campus ahenis .  
 Triste coruscabit radiis ; dabit hasta recusa  
 Vomerem, et in falcem rigidus curvabitur ensis.  
 Atria, pacis opus, surgent, finemque caduci  
 Natus ad optatum perducet cæpta parentis.  
 Qui duxit sulcos, illi teret area messum,  
 Et seræ textent vites umbracula proli.  
 Attoniti dumæta vident inculto coloni  
 Suave rubere rosis, sitientesque inter arenas  
 Garrula mirantur salientis murmura rivi.  
 Per saxa, ignivomi nuper spelææ draconis,  
 Canna viret, juncique tremit variabilis umbra.  
 Horruiat implexo qua vallis sente, figuræ  
 Surgit amans abies teretis, buxique sequaces  
 Artificis frondent dextræ ; palmisque rubeta  
 Aspera, odoratæ cedunt mala gramina myrto.  
 Per valles sociata lupo lasciviet agna,  
 Cumque leone petet tutus præsepe juvenus.  
 Florea mansuetæ petulantes vincula tigris  
 Per ludum pueri injicient, et fessa colubri  
 Membra viatoris recrebunt frigore linguæ.  
 Serpentes teneris nil jam lethale micantes  
 Tractabit palmis infans, motusque trisulcæ  
 Ridebit linguæ innocuos, squamasque virentes  
 Aureaque admirans rutilantis fulgura cristæ.  
 Indue reginam, turritæ frontis honores  
 Tolle Salema sacros, quam circum gloria pennas  
 Explicat, incinctam radiate luce tiaræ !  
 En ! formosa tibi spasiosa per atria, proles  
 Ordinibus surgit densis, vitamque requirit  
 Impatiens, lenteque fluentes increpat annos.  
 Ecce peregrinis fervent tua limina turbis ;  
 Barbarus en ! clarum divino lumine templum  
 Ingreditur, cultuque tuo mansuescere gaudet.  
 Cinnameos cumulos, Nabathæi munera veris,  
 Ecce cremant genibus tritæ regalibus aræ !  
 Solis Ophyræis crudum tibi montibus aurum  
 Maturant radii ; tibi balsama sudat Idume.  
 Ætheris en portas sacro fulgore micantes  
 Cœlicolæ pandunt, torrentis aurea lucis  
 Flumina prorompunt ; non posthac sole rubesce

India nascenti, placidæve argentea noctis  
 Luna vices revehet ; radios pater ipse diei  
 Proferet archetypos ; cœlestis gaudia lucis  
 Ipso fonte bibes, quæ circumfusa beatam  
 Regiam inundabit, nullis cessura tenebris.  
 Littora deficiens arenitia deseret æquor ;  
 Sidera fumabunt, diro labefacta tremore  
 Saxa cadent, solidique liquescent robora montis :  
 Tu segura tamen confusa elementa videbis,  
 Lætaque Messia semper dominabere rege,  
 Pollicitis firmata Dei stabilita ruinis.

[Jan, 20, 21, 1773.]

VITÆ qui varias vices  
 Rerum perpetuus temperat Arbiter,  
 Læto cedere lumini  
 Noctis tristitiam qui gelidæ jubet,  
 Acri sanguine turgidos,  
 Obductosque oculos nubibus humidis  
 Sanari voluit meos.  
 Et me, cuncta beans cui nocuit dies,  
 Luci reddidit et mihi.  
 Qua te laude, Deus qua prece prosequar ?  
 Sacri discipulis libri  
 Te semper studiis utilibus colam :  
 Grates, summe Pater, tuis  
 Recte qui fruitur muneribus, dedit.

[Dec. 25, 1779.]

NUNC dies Christo memoranda nato  
 Fulsit, in pectus mihi fonte purum  
 Gaudium sacro fluat, et benigni  
 Gratia Cœli !  
 Christe da tutam trepido quietem,  
 Christe, spem præsta stabilem timenti ;  
 Da fidem certam, precibusque fidis  
 Annue, Christe.



[In Lecto. die Passionis. Apr. 13, 1761.]

SUMME Deus, qui semper amas quodcunque creasti ;  
 Judice quo, scelerum est pœnituisse salus :  
 Da veteras noxas animo sic flere novato,  
 Per Christum ut veniam sit reperire mihi.

[In Lecto, Dec. 25, 1762.]

SPE non inani confugis,  
 Peccator, ad latus meum ;  
 Quod poscis, haud unquam tibi  
 Negabitur solatium.

[Nocte, inter 16 et 17 Junii, 1783\*.]

SUMME Pater, quodcunque tuum † de corpore Numen‡  
 Hoc statuat ||, precibus § Christus adesse velit :  
 Ingenio parcas, nec sit mihi culpa rogasse ¶,  
 Qua solum potero parte, placere \*\* tibi.

[Cal. Jan. in lecto, ante lucem. 1784.]

SUMME dator vitæ, naturæ æternæ magister,  
 Causarum series quo moderante fluit,  
 Respice quem subiget senium, morbique seniles.  
 Quem terret vitæ metâ propinqua suæ,  
 Respice inutiliter lapsi quem pœnitet ævi ;  
 Recte ut pœniteat, respice, magne parens.

\* The night above referred to by Dr. Johnson was that in which a paralytic stroke had deprived him of his voice ; and in the anxiety he felt lest it should likewise have impaired his understanding, he composed the above Lines, and said, concerning them, that he knew at the time that they were not good, but then that he deemed his discerning this to be sufficient for the quieting the anxiety before mentioned, as it shewed him that his power of judging was not diminished.

† Al. tuæ.  
 § Al. votis.

‡ Al. leges.  
 ¶ Al. precari.

|| Al. statuant.  
 \*\* Al. litare.

PATER benigne, summa semper lenitas,  
 Crimine gravatam plurimo mentem leva :  
 Concede veram pœnitentiam, precor,  
 Concede agendam legibus vitam tuis.  
 Sacri vagantes luminis gressus face  
 Rege, et tuere, quæ nocent pellens procul ;  
 Veniam petenti, summe da veniam, pater ;  
 Veniæque sancta pacis adde gaudia :  
 Sceleris ut expers omni, et vacuus metu,  
 Te, mente pura, mente tranquilla colam :  
 Mihi dona morte hæc impetret Christus sua.

[Jan. 18, 1784.]

SUMME Pater, puro collustra lumine pectus,  
 Anxietas noceat ne tenebrossa mihi.  
 In me sparsa manu virtutum semina larga  
 Sic ale, proveniat messis ut ampla boni.  
 Noctes atque dies animo spes læta recurset,  
 Certa mihi sancto flagret amore fides.  
 Certa vetat dubitare fides, spes læta timere,  
 Velle vetet cuiquam non bene sanctus amor.  
 Da, ne sint permissa, pater, mihi præmia frustra,  
 Et colere, et leges semper amare tuas.  
 Hæc mihi, quo gentes, quo secula, Christe, piasti,  
 Sanguine, precanti promerere tuo !

[Feb. 27, 1784.]

MENS mea quid quereris ? veniet tibi mollior hora,  
 In summo ut videas numine læta patrem ;  
 Divinam insontes iram placavit Jesus ;  
 Nunc est pro pœna pœnituisse reis.

### CHRISTIANUS PERFECTUS.

QUI cupit in sanctos Christo cogente referri,  
 Abstergat mundi labem, nec gaudia carnis

Captans, nec fastu tumidus, semperque futuro  
Instet, et evellens terroris spicula corde,  
Suspiciat tandem clementem in numine patrem.

Huic quoque, nec genti nec sectæ noxius ulli,  
Sit sacer orbis amor, miseris qui semper adesse  
Gestiat, et, nullo pietatis limite clausus,  
Cunctorum ignoscat vitiis, pietate fruatur.  
Ardeat huic toto sacer ignis pectore, possit  
Ut vitam, poscat si res, impendere vero.

Cura placere Deo sit prima, sit ultima, sanctæ  
Irruptum vitæ cupiat servare tenorem ;  
Et sibi, delirans quanquam et peccator in horas  
Displiceat, servet tutum sub pectore rectum :  
Nec natet, et nunc has partes, nunc eligat illas,  
Nec dubitet quem dicat herum, sed, totus in uno,  
Se fidum addicat Christo, mortalia temnens.

Sed timeat semper, caveatque ante omnia, turbæ  
Ne stolidæ similis, leges sibi segreget audax  
Quas servare velit, leges quas lentus omittat,  
Plenum opus effugiens, aptans juga mollia collo  
Sponte sua demens ; nihilum decedere summæ  
Vult Deus, at qui cuncta debet tibi, cuncta reposit.  
Denique perpetuo contendit in ardua nisu,  
Auxilioque Dei fretus, jam mente serena  
Pergit, et imperiis sentit se dulcibus actum.  
Paulatim mores, animum, vitamque refingit,  
Effigiemque Dei, quantum servare licebit,  
Induit, et, terris major, cœlestia spirat.

~~~~~

ÆTERNE ferum conditor,  
Salutis æternæ dator ;  
Felicitationis sedibus  
Qui nec scelestos exigis,  
Quoscumque scelerum pœnitet ;  
Da, Christe, pœnitentiam,  
Veniamque, Christe, da mihi ;  
Ægrum trahenti spiritum  
Succurre præsens corpori,  
Multo gravatum crimine  
Mentem benignus alleva



Non ulla Musis pagina gratior,  
 Quam quæ severis ludicra jungere  
 Novit, fatigatamque nugis  
 Utilibus recreare mentem.

Texente nymphis sarta Lycoride,  
 Rosæ ruborem sic viola adjuvat  
 Immista, sic Iris refulget  
 Æthereis variata fucis.

~~~~~

IN RIVUM MOLA STOANA LICHFELDÆ  
 DIFFLUENTEM.

ERRAT adhuc vitreus per prata virentia rivus,  
 Quo toties lavi membra tenella puer ;  
 Hic delusa rudi frustabar brachia motu,  
 Dum docuit blanda voce natare pater.  
 Fecerunt rami latebras, tenebrisque diurnis  
 Pendula secretas abdidit arbor aquas.  
 Nunc veteres duris periere securibus umbræ,  
 Longinquisque oculis nuda lavacra patent.  
 Lympha tamen cursus agit indefessa perennis,  
 Tecta que qua fluxit, nunc et aperta fluit.  
 Quid ferit externi velox, quid deterat ætas,  
 Tu quoque securus res age, Nise, tuas.

~~~~~

ΓΝΩΘΙ ΣΕ ΑΥΤΟΝ.

[Post Lexicon Anglicanum auctum et emendatum.]

LEXICON ad finem longo luctomine tandem  
 Scaliger ut dixit, tenuis pertæsus opellæ,  
 Vile indignatus studium, nugasque molestas,  
 Ingemit exosus, scribendaque lexica mandat  
 Damnatis, pœnam pro pœnis omnibus unam.  
 Ille quidem recte, sublimis, doctus et acer,  
 Quem decuit majora sequi, majoribus aptum,  
 Qui veterem modo facta ducum, modo carmina vatum,

Gesserat et quicquid virtus, sapientia quicquid,  
Dixerat, imperiique vices, cœlique meatus,  
Ingentemque animo seclorum volveret orbem.

Fallimur exemplis ; temere sibi turba scholarum  
Ima tuas credit permitti Scaliger iras.

Quisque suum norit modulum ; tibi prime, virorum  
Ut studiis sperem, aut ausim par esse querelis,  
Non mihi sorte datum ; lenti seu sanguinis obsint  
Frigora, seu nimium longa jacuisse veterno,  
Sive mihi mentem dederit natura minorem.

Te sterili functum cura, vocumque salebris  
Tuto eluctatum spatiis sapientia dia

Excipit æthereis, ars omnis plaudit amico,  
Linguarumque omni terra discordia concors  
Multiplici reducem circum sonatore magistrum.

Me, pensi immunis cum jam mihi reddor, inertis  
Desidæ sors dura manet, graviorque labore  
Tristis et atra quies, et tardæ tædia vita.

Nascuntur curis curæ, vexatque dolorum  
Importuna cohors, vacuæ, mala somnia mentis,  
Nunc clamosa juvant nocturnæ gaudia mensæ,  
Nunc loca sola placent ; frustra te, Somne recumbens  
Alme voco, impatiens noctis metuensque diei.

Omnia percurro trepidus, circum omnia lustro,  
Si qua usquam pateat melioris semita vitæ,  
Nec quid agam invenio, meditatæ grandia, cogo :

Notior ipse mihi fieri, incultumque fateri  
Pectus, et ingenium vano se robore jactans.

Ingenium nisi materiem doctrina ministrat.  
Cessat inops rerum, ut torpet, si marmoris absit  
Copia, Phidiaci fœcunda potentia cœli.

Quicquid agam, quocunque ferar, conatibus obstat  
Res angusta domi, et macræ penuria mentis.

Non rationis opes animus, nunc parta recensens  
Conspicit aggestas, et se miratur in illis,  
Nec sibi de gaza præsens quod postulat usus  
Summus adesse jubet celsa dominator ab arce ;  
Non, operum serie seriem dum computat ævi,  
Præteritis fruitur, lætos aut summit honores  
Ipse sui iudex, actæ bene munera vitæ ;  
Sed sua regna videns, loca noctæ silentia late  
Horret, uba vanæ species, umbræqua fugaces,

Et rerum volitant raræ per inane figuræ.

Quid faciam? tenebrisne pigram damnare senectam

Restat? an accingar studiis gravioribus audax?

Aut, hoc si nimium est, tandem nova lexica poscam?

AD THOMAM LAURENCE,

MEDICUM DOCTISSIMUM,

Cum filium peregre agentem desiderio nimis tristi prosequeretur.

FATERIS ergo, quod populus solet

Crepare vœcors, nil sapientiam

Prodesse vitæ, literasque;

In dubiis dare terga rebus.

Tu, quis laborat sors hominum, mala,

Nec vincis acer, nec pateris pius,

Te mille succorum potentem

Destituit medicina mentis.

Per cæca noctis tædia turbidæ,

Pigræ per horas lucis inutiles,

Torpesque, languescisque, curis

Solicitus nimis heu! paternis.

Tandem dolori plus satis est datum,

Exurge fortis, nunc animis opus,

Te, docta, Laurenti; vetustas,

Te medici revocant labores.

Permitte summo quicquid habes patri,

Permitte fidens, et muliebribus,

Amice, majorem querebis

Redde tuis, tibi redde, mentem.

IN THEATRO, MARCH 8, 1771.

TERTII versu quater orbe lustris,

Quid theatrales tibi, Crispe, pompæ?

VOL. I.

N

Quam decet canos male litteratos  
Sera voluptas!

Tene mulceri fidibus canoris?  
Tene cantorum modulis stupere?  
Tene per pictas oculo elegante  
Currere formas?

Inter æquales, sine felle liber,  
Godices, veri studiosus, inter  
Rectius vives. Sua quisque carpat  
Gaudia gratus.

Lusibus gaudet puer otiosis,  
Luxus oblectat juvenem theatri,  
At seni fluxo sapienter uti  
Tempore restat.

~~~~~

### INSULA KENNETHI, INTER HEBRIDAS.

PARVA quidem regio, sed religione priorum  
Clara Caledonias panditur inter aquas.  
Voce ubi Cennethus populos domuisse feroces  
Dicitur, et vānos dedocuisse deos.  
Huc ego delatus placido per cærule cursu,  
Scire locus volui quid daret iste novi.  
Illic Leniades humili regnabat in aula,  
Leniades, magnis nobilitatus avis.  
Una duas cepit casa cum genitore puellas,  
Quas Amor undarum crederet esse deas.  
Nec tamen inculti gelidia latuere sub antris,  
Accola Danubii qualia sævus habet.  
Mollia non desunt vacuæ solatia vitæ  
Sive libros poscant otia, sive lyram.  
Fulserat illa dies, legis qua docta supernæ  
Spes hominum et curas gens procul esse jubet.  
Ut precibus justas avertat numinis iras  
Et summi accendat pectus amore boni.  
Ponte inter strepitus non sacri munera cultus  
Cessarunt, pietas hic quoque cura fuit.



Nil opus est æris sacra de turre sonantis  
 Admonitu, ipsa suas nunciat hora vices.  
 Quid, quod sacrifici versavit foemina libros?  
 Sint pro legitimis pura labella sacris.  
 Quo vagor ulterius? quod ubique requiritur hic est,  
 Hic segura quies, hic et honestus amor.

S K I A.

PONTI profundis clausa recessibus,  
 Strepens procellis, rupibus obsita,  
 Quam grata defesso virentem,  
 Skia, sinum nebulosa pandis!

His, cura, credo, sedibus exulat;  
 His blanda certe pax habitat locis;  
 Non ira, non mœror quietis  
 Insidias meditatur horis.

At non cavata rupe latescere,  
 Menti nec ægræ montibus aviis  
 Prodest vagari, nec frementes  
 In specula numerare fluctus.

Humana virtus non sibi sufficit;  
 Datur nec æquum cuique animum sibi  
 Parare posse, utcunque jactet  
 Grandiloquus nimis alta Zeno.

Exæstuantis pectoris impetum  
 Rex summe, solus tu regis, arbiter;  
 Mentisque, te tollente, fluctus;  
 Te, resident, moderante fluctus.

ODE DE SKIA INSULA.

PERMEO terras ubi nuda rupes  
 Saxeas miscet nebulis ruinas,

N 2

Torva ubi rident steriles coloni  
Rura labores.

Pervagor gentes hominum ferorum,  
Vita ubi nullo decorata cultu  
Squallet informis, tigurique fumis  
Fœda latescit.

Inter erroris salebrosa longi,  
Inter ignotæ, strepitus loquelæ,  
Quot modis, mecum, quid agat, requiro,  
Thralia dulcis?

Seu viri curas, pia nupta mulcet,  
Seu fovet mater sobolem benigna,  
Sive cum libris novitate pascit  
Sedula mentem.

Sit memor nostri, fideique solvat  
Fida mercedem, meritoque blandum  
Thraliæ discant resonare nomen  
Littora Skisæ.



S P E S.

Apr. 16, 1783.

HORA sic peragit citata cursum ;  
Sic diem sequitur dies sagacem !  
Spes novas nova lux parit, secunda  
Spondens omnia credulis homullis ;  
Spes ludit stolidas, metaque cæco  
Lux angit, miseros ludens homullos.



VERSUS, COLLARI CAPRÆ DOMINI BANKS  
INSCRIBENDI.

PERPETUI, ambita bis terra premia lactis  
Hæc habet, altrici capra secunda Jovis.

AD FŒMINAM, QUANDAM GENEROSAM QUÆ LIBERTATIS  
CAUSÆ IN SERMONE PATROCINATA FUERAT.

LIBER ut esse velim suasisti, pulchra Maria :  
Ut maneam liber, pulchra Maria, vale.

JACTURA TEMPORIS.

HORA perit furtim lætis, mens temporis ægra  
Pigritiam incusat, nec minus hora perit.

QUAS navis recipit, quantum sit pondus aquarum,  
Dimidium tanti ponderis intret onus.

QUOT vox missa pedes abit horæ parte secunda  
Undecies centum denos quater adde duosque.

Eis BIPXION\*.

Εἶδεν Ἀληθείη πρόφην χαιρόνσα γράφοντα  
Ἡρώων τε βίους Βίρχιον, ἠδὲ σοφῶν,  
Καὶ βίον, εἶπεν, ὅταν ῥίψης θανάτοιο βέλεσσι,  
Σοῦ ποτε γραψόμενον Βίρχιον ἄλλον ἔχοις.

Eis τὸ τῆς ἙΛΙΣΣΗΣ περὶ τῶν Ὀνείρων Ἀινιγματῶν,

Τῆ κάλλως δυνάμει τὶ τέλο; Ζεὺς πάντα δεδώκεν  
Κύπριδι, μὴδ' αὐτῷ σκῆπτρα μέμηλε Θεῶν.

\* The Rev. Dr. Thomas Birch, author of the History of the Royal Society, and other works of note.

† The lady on whom these verses, and the Latin ones that immediately follow, were written, is the celebrated Mrs. Elizabeth Carter, who translated the works of Epictetus from the Greek.

Ἐκ Διὸς ἐστὶν Ὀναρ, θεὸς ποτ' ἔγραψεν Ὅμηρος,  
 Ἄλλὰ τόδ' εἰς θνητὰς Κύνρις ἐπέμψεν Ὀναρ.  
 Ζεὺς μὲν φλογόεντι πόλεις ἔκπερσε κεραυνῶ,  
 Ὅμμασι λαμπρὰ Διὸς Κύνρις ὀϊστὰ φέρει.

IN ELIZÆ ENIGMA.

Quis formæ modus imperio? Venus arrogat audax  
 Omnia, nec curæ sunt sua sceptrâ Jovi.  
 Ab Jove Mæonides decendere somnia narrat:  
 Hæc veniunt Cypriæ somnia missa Deæ  
 Jupiter unus erat, qui stravit fulmine gentes;  
 Nunc armant Veneris lumina tela Jovisi.

\* O qui benignus crimina ignoscis, pater  
 Facilisque semper confitenti ades reo,  
 Aurem faventem precibus O præbe meis;  
 Scelerum catena me laborantem grave  
 Æterna tandem liberet clementia,  
 Ut summa laus sit, summa Christo gloria.

PER vitæ tenebras rerumque incerta vagantem  
 Numine præsentî me tueare pater!  
 Me ducat lux sancta, Deus, lux sancta sequatur;  
 Usque regat gressus, gratia fida meos.  
 Sic peragam tua jussa libens, accintus ad omne  
 Mandatum, vivam, sic moriarque tibi.

ME, pater omnipotens, de puro respice cœlo,  
 Quem mœstum et timidum crimina dira gravant;

\* This and the three following articles are metrical versions of collects in the Liturgy; the first, of that, beginning, "O God, whose nature and property;" the 2d and 3d, of the collects for the 17th and 21st Sundays after Trinity; and the 4th, of the 1st collect in the communion service.

Da veniam pacemque mihi, da mente serena,  
 Ut tibi quæ placeant, omnia promptus agam.  
 Solvi, quo Christus cunctis delicta redemit,  
 Et pro me pretium, tu patiare, pater.

[Dec. 5, 1784\*.]

SUMME DEUS, cui cæca patent penetralia cordis ;!  
 Quem nulla anxietas, nulla cupido fugit ;  
 Quem nil vafrities peccantium subdola celat ;  
 Omnia qui spectans, omnia ubique regis ;  
 Mentibus afflatu terrenas ejice sordes  
 Divino, sanctus regnet ut intus amor :  
 Eloquiumque potens linguis torpentibus affer,  
 Ut tibi laus omni semper ab ore sonet :  
 Sanguine quo gentes, quo secula cuncta piavit,  
 Hæc nobis Christus promeruisse velit !

PSALMUS CXVII.]

ANNI qua volucris ducitur orbita,  
 Patrem cœlicolum perpetuo colunt  
 Quovis sanguine cretæ  
 Gentes undique carmine.  
 Patrem, cujus amor blandior in dies  
 Mortales miseros servat, alit, fovet,  
 Omnes undique gentes,  
 Sancto dicite carmine.

†SEU te sæva, levitas sive improba fecit,  
 Musca, meæ comitem, participemque dapis,  
 Pone metum, rostrum, fidens immitte culullo,  
 Nam licet, et toto prolue læta mero.

\* The day on which he received the sacrament for the last time ;  
 and eight days before his decease.

† The above is a version of the song, " Busy, curious, thirsty  
 " fly."

Tu, quamcunque tibi velox indulserit annus,  
 Carpe diem, fugit, heu, non revocanda dies!  
 Quæ nos blando comes, quæ nos perducit eodem,  
 Volvitur hora mihi, volvitur hora tibi!  
 Una quidem, sic fata volunt, tibi vivitur ætas,  
 Eheu quid decies plus mihi sexta dedit!  
 Olim præteritæ numeranti tempora vitæ,  
 Sexaginta annis non minor unus erit.

\* HABEO, dedi quod alteri;  
 Habuique, quod dedi mihi;  
 Sed quod reliqui, perdidit.

† E WALTONI PISCATORE PERFECTO  
 EXCERPTUM.

NUNC, per gramina fusi,  
 Densa fronde salicti,

\* These lines are a version of three sentences that are said in the manuscript to be "On the monument of John of Doncaster;" and which are as follow:

What I gave that I have;  
 What I spent that I had;  
 What I left that I lost.

† These Lines are a Translation of part of a Song in the Complete Angler of Isaac Walton, written by John Chalkhill, a friend of Spenser, and a good poet in his time. They are but part of the last stanza, which, that the reader may have it entire, is here given at length.

If the sun's excessive heat  
 Make our bodies swelter,  
 To an osier hedge we get  
 For a friendly shelter;  
 Where in a dike,  
 Pearch or pike,  
 Roach or dace,  
 We do chase,  
 Bleak or gudgeon,  
 Without grudging,  
 We are still contented.

Dum defenditur imber,  
 Molles ducimus horas.  
 Hic, dum, debita morti  
 Paulum vita moratur,  
 Nunc rescire priora,  
 Nunc instare futuris,  
 Nunc summi prece sancta  
 Patris numen adire est.  
 Quicquid quæritur ultra,  
 Cæco ducit amore,  
 Vel spe ludit inani,  
 Luctus mox pariturum.

\* **QUISQUIS** iter tendis, vitreas qua lucidus undas  
 Speluncæ late Thamesis præ tendit opacæ ;  
 Marmorea trepidant quæ lentæ in fornice guttæ,  
 Crystallisque latex fractus scintillat acutis ;  
 Gemmaque, luxuriæ nondum famulata nitenti  
 Splendit, et incoquitur tectum sine fraude metallum ;  
 Ingredere O ! rerum pura cole mente parentem ;  
 Auriferaque auri metuens scrutare cavernas.  
 Ingredere ! Egeriæ sacrum en tibi panditur antrum !  
 Hic, in se totum, longe per opaca futuri  
 Temporis, Henricum rapuit vis vivida mentis :  
 Hic pia Vindamius traxit suspirat, in ipsa  
 Morte memor patriæ ; hic, Marmonti pectore prima  
 Cœlestis fido caluerunt semina flammæ.

Or we sometimes pass an hour  
 Under a green willow,  
 That defends us from a shower,  
 Making earth our pillow ;  
 Where we may  
 Think and pray,  
 Before death  
 Stops our breath ;  
 Other joys  
 Are but toys,  
 And to be lamented.

\* The above Lines are a version of Pope's verses on his own grotto, which begin, "Thou who shalt stop where Thames' translucent wave."

Temnere opes, pretium sceleris, patriamque tueri  
Fortis, ades ; tibi sponte patet venerabile limen.

GRÆCORUM EPIGRAMMATUM VERSIONES  
METRICÆ.

Pag. 2. Brodæi edit. Bas. Ann. 1549.

NON Argos pugilem, non me Messana creavit ;  
Patria Sparta mihi esti, patria clara virum.  
Arte valent isti, mihi robo revivere solo est,  
Convenit ut natis, inclyta Sparta, tuis.

Br. 2.

QUANDOQUIDEM passim nulla ratione feruntur,  
Cuncta sinis, cuncta et ludicra, cuncta nihil.

Br. 5.

PECTORE qui duro, crudos de vite racemos  
Venturi exsecuit, vascula prima meri,  
Labraque constrictus, semesos, jamque terendos  
Sub pedibus, populo prætereunte, jacit.  
Supplicium huic, quoniam crescentia gaudia læsit,  
Det Bacchus, dederat quale, Lycurge, tibi.  
Hæ poterant uvæ læto convivio cantu,  
Mulcere, aut pectus triste levare malis.

Br. 8.

FERT humeris claudum validis per compita cæcus,  
Hic oculos socio commodat, ille pedes.

Br. 10.

QUI, mutare vias ausus terræque marisque,  
Trajecit montes nauta, fretumque pedes,  
Xerxi, tercentum Spartæ Mars obstitit acris  
Militibus ; terris sit pelagoque pudor!



Br. 11.

SIT tibi, Calliope, Parnassum, cura, tenenti,  
Alter ut adsit Homerus, adest etenim alter Achilles.



Br. 18.

AD Musas Venus hæc ; Veneri parete puellæ,  
In vos ne missus spicula tendat amor.  
Hæc Musæ ad Venerem ; sic Marti, diva, mineris,  
Huc nunquam volitat debilis iste puer.



Br. 19.

PROSPERA sors nec te strepitoso turbine tollat,  
Nec menti injiciat sordida cura jugum ;  
Nam vita incertis incerta impellitur auris,  
Omnesque in partes tracta, retracta fluit ;  
Firma manet virtus ; virtuti innitere, tutus  
Per fluctus vitæ sic tibi cursus erit.



Br. 24.

HORA bonis quasi nunc instet suprema fruaris,  
Plura ut victurus secula, parce bonis :  
Divitiis, utrinque cavens, qui tempore parcit,  
Tempore divitiis utitur, ille sapit.



Br. 24.

NUNQUAM jugera messibus onusta, aut  
Quos Gyges cumulos habebat auri ;  
Quod vitæ satis est, peto, Macrine,  
Mi, nequid nimis, est nimis probatum.



Br. 24.

NON opta aut precibus posco ditescere, paucis  
Sit contenta mihi vita dolore carens.



Br. 24.

RECTA ad pauperiem tendit, cui corpora cordi est  
Multa alere, et multas ædificare domos.

Br. 24.

TU neque dulce putes alienæ accumbere mensæ,  
 Nec probosa avidæ grata sit offa gulæ;  
 Nec ficto fletu, fictis solvare cachinnis,  
 Arridens domino, collacrymansque tuo.  
 Lætior haud tecum, tecum neque tristior unquam,  
 Sed Miliaë ridens, atque dolens Miliaë.

Br. 26.

NIL non mortale est mortalibus; omne quod est hic  
 Prætereunt, aut hos præterit omne bonum.

Br. 26.

DEMOCRITE, invisas homines majore cachinno,  
 Plus tibi ridendum secula nostra dabunt.  
 Heraclite, fluat lacrymarum crebrior imber;  
 Vita hominum nunc plus quod misereris habet.  
 Interea dubito: tecum me causa nec ulla  
 Ridere, aut tecum me lacrimare jubet.

Br. 26.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut possis: rixisque dolisque  
 Perstrepat omne forum; cura molesta domi est.  
 Rura labor lassat; mare mille pericula terrent;  
 Verte solum, fiet causa timoris opes;  
 Paupertas misera est; multæ cum conjuge lites  
 Tecta ineunt; cælebs omnia solus ages.  
 Proles aucta gravat, rapta orbat, cæca juventæ est  
 Virtus, canities cauta vigore caret.  
 Ergo optent homines, aut nunquam in luminis oras  
 Venisse, aut visa luce repente mori.

ELIGE iter vitæ ut mavis, prudentia lausque  
 Permeat omne forum; vita quieta domi est.  
 Rus ornat natura; levat maris aspera Lucrum,  
 Verte solum, donet plena crumena decus;  
 Pauperies latitat, cum conjuge gaudia multa

Tecta ineunt, cœlebs impediere minus ;  
 Mulcet amor prolis, sopor est sine prole profundus ;  
 Præcellit juvenis vi, pietate senex.  
 Nemo optet nunquam venisse in luminis oras,  
 Aut perisse, scatet vita benigna bonis.



Br. 27.

VITA omnis scena est ludusque, aut ludere disce  
 Seria seponens, aut mala dura pati.



Br. 27.

QUÆ sine morte fuga est vitæ, quam turba malorum  
 Non vitanda gravem, non toleranda facit ?  
 Dulcia dat natura quidem, mare, sidera terras,  
 Lunaque quas et sol itque reditque vias.  
 Terror inest aliis, mœrorque, et siquid habebis  
 Forte boni, ultrices experiere vices.



Br. 27.

TERRAM adii nudus, de terra nudus abibo.  
 Quid labor efficiet ? non nisi nudus ero.



Br. 27.

NATUS eram lacrymans, lacrymans e luce recedo :  
 Sunt quibus a lacrymis vix vacat ulla dies.  
 Tale hominum genus est, infirmum, triste, misellum,  
 Quod mors in cineres solvit, et abdit humo.



Br. 29.

QUISQUIS adit lectos elata uxore secundos,  
 Naufragus iratas ille retentat aquas.



Br. 30.

FÆLIX ante alios nullius debitor æris,  
 Hunc sequitur cœlebs ; tertius, orbe, venis.

VOL. I.

O

Nec male res cessit, subito si funere sponsam  
 Ditatus magna dote, recondis humo.  
 His sapiens lectis, Epicurum quærere frustra  
 Quales sint monades, qua fit inane, sinas.

Br. 31.

OPTARIT quicumque senex sibi longius ævum,  
 Dignus qui multa in lustra senescat, erit.  
 Cum procul est, optat, cum venit, quisque senectam,  
 Incusat, semper spe meliora videt.

Br. 46.

OMNIS vita nimis brevis est felicibus, una  
 Nox miseris longi temporis instar habet.

Br. 55.

GRATIA ter grata est velox, sin forte moretur,  
 Gratia vix restat nomine digna suo.

Br. 56.

SEU prece poscatur, seu non, da Jupiter omne,  
 Magne, bonum, omne malum, et poscentibus abnue  
 nobis.

Br. 60.

ME, cane vitato, canis excipit alter; eodem  
 In me animo tellus gignit et unda feras,  
 Nec mirum; restat lepori conscendere cœlum,  
 Sidereus tamen hic territat, ecce canis!

Br. 70.

TELLURI, arboribus vix frondens, sidera cœlo  
 Græciæ et urbs, urbi est ista propago, decus.

Br. 75.

IMPIA facta patrans, homines fortasse latebis,  
 Non poteris, meditans prava, latere Deos.

Br. 75.

ANTIOPE satyrum, Danae aurum, Europa juvencum,  
Et cynnum fecit, Leda petita Jovem.



Br. 92.

ÆVI sat novi quam sim brevis; astra tuenti,  
Per certas stabili lege voluta vices,  
Tangitur haud pedibus tellus: conviva Deorum  
Expleor ambrosiis exhilarorque cibis.



Br. 96.

QUOD nimium est sit ineptum, hinc, ut dixere priores,  
Et melli nimis fellis amaror inest.



Br. 103.

PUPPE gubernatrix sedisti, audacia, prima  
Divitiis acuens aspera corda virum;  
Sola rates struis infidas, et dulcis amorem  
Lucri ulciscendum mox nece sola doces.  
Aurea secla hominum, quorum spectandus ocellis  
E longinquo itidem pontus et orcus erat.



Br. 126.

DITESCIS, credo, quid restat? quicquid habebis  
In tumulum tecum, morte jubente, trahes?  
Divitias cumulas, pereuntes negligis horas,  
Incrementa ævi non cumulare potes.



Br. 126.

MATER adulantum, prolesque pecunia curæ,  
Teque frui timor est, teque carere dolor.



Br. 126.

Mæ miserum sors omnis habet; florentibus annis  
Pauper eram, nummis diffluit arca senis;  
Queis uti poteram quondam Fortuna negavit,  
Queis uti nequeo, nunc mihi præbet opes.

Br. 127.

MNEMOSYNE, ut Sappho mellita voce canentem,  
Audiit, irata est ne nova Musa foret.



Br. 152.

CUM tacet indoctus, sapientior esse videtur,  
Et morbus tegitur, dum premit ora pudor.



Br. 155

Nunc huic, nunc aliis cedens, cui farra Menippus  
Credidit, Achæmenidæ nuper agellus eram.  
Quod nulli proprium versat Fortuna, putabat  
Ille suum stolidus, nunc putat ille suum.



Br. 156.

NON Fortuna sibi te gratum tollit in altum;  
At docet, exemplo, vis sibi quanta, tuo.



Br. 162.

HIC, aurum ut reperit, laqueum abjicit, alter ut aurum  
Non reperit, nectit quem reperit, laqueum.



Br. 167.

VIVE tuo ex animo, vario rumore loquetur  
De te plebs audax, hic bene, et ille male.



Br. 168.

VITÆ rosa brevis est, properans si carpere nolis.  
Quærenti obveniet mox sine flore rubus.



Br. 170.

PULICIBUS morsus, restincta lampade, stultus  
Exclamat; nuuc me cernere definitis.

Br. 202.

MENODOTUM pinxit Diodorus, et exit imago,  
Præter Menodotum, nullius absimilis.



Br. 205

HAUD lavit Phido, haud tetigit, mihi febre calenti  
In mentem ut venit nominis, interii.



Br. 210

NYCTICORAX cantat lethale, sed ipsa canenti  
Demophilo auscultans Nycticorax moritur.



Br. 212.

HERMEM Deorum nuncium, pennis levem,  
Quo rege gaudent Arcades, furem bouum,  
Hujus palestræ qui vigil custos stetit,  
Clam nocte tollit Aulus, et ridens ait;  
Præstat magistro sæpe discipulus suo.



Br. 223.

QUI jacet hic, servus vixit, nunc, lumine cassus,  
Dario magno non minus ille potest.



Br. 227.

FUNUS Alexandri mentitur fama; fidesque  
Si Phæbo, victor nescit obire diem.



Br. 241.

NAUTA, quis hoc jaceat ne percontere sepulchro,  
Eveniat tantum mitior unda tibi!



Br. 256.

CUR opulentus egēs? tua cuncta in fœnore ponis.  
Sic aliis dives, tu tibi pauper agis.

QUI pascit barbam si crescit mente, Platoni,  
Hirce, parem nitido tua barba facit.

Br. 262.

~~~~~

CLARUS Joannes, reginæ affinis, ab alto  
Sanguine Anastasii ; cuncta sepulta jacent :  
Et pius, et recti cultor : non illa jacere  
Dicam ; stat virtus non subigenda neci.

Br. 266.

~~~~~

CUNCTIPARENS tellus salve, levis esto pusillo  
Lysigeni, fuerat non gravis ille tibi.

Br. 267.

~~~~~

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo ; contra, jacet ecce colonus !  
Idem orcus terræ, sic, pelagoque subest.

Br. 285.

~~~~~

QUID salvere jubes me, pessime ? Corripe Gressus ;  
Est mihi quod non te rideo, plena salus.

Br. 301.

~~~~~

ET ferus est Timon sub terris ; janitor orci,  
Cerberè, te morsu ne, petat ille, cave.

Br. 304.

~~~~~

VITAM a terdecimo sextus mihi finiet annus,  
Astra mathematicos si modo vera docent.  
Sufficit hoc votis, flos hic pulcherrimus ævi est,  
Et senium triplex Nestoris urna capit.

Br. 307.

~~~~~

ZOSIMA, quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,  
Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.

Br. 322.



Br. 326.

EXIGUUM en! Priami monumentum; haud ille meretur  
Quale, sed hostiles, quale dedere manus.



Br. 326.

HECTOR dat gladium Ajaci, dat Balteum et Ajax  
Hectori, et exitio munus utrique fuit.



Br. 344.

UT vis, ponte minax; modo tres discesseris ulnas,  
Ingemina fluctus, ingeminaque sonum.



Br. 344.

NAUFRAGUS hic jaceo; fidens tamen utere velis,  
Tutum aliis æquor, me pereunte, fuit.



Br. 398.

HERACLITUS ego; indoctæ ne lædite linguæ  
Subtile ingenium quæro, capaxque mei,  
Unus homo mihi pro sexcentis, turba popelli  
Pro nullo, clamo nunc tumulatus idem.



Br, 399.

AMBRACIOTA, vale lux alma, Cleombrotus infit,  
Et saltu e muro ditis opaca petit:  
Triste nihil passus, animi at de sorte Platonis  
Scripta legens, sola vivere mente cupit.



Br. 399.

SERVUS, Epictetus, mutilato corpore, vixi,  
Pauperieque Irus, curaque summa Deum.



Br. 445

UNDE hic Praxiteles? nudam vidistis. Adoni,  
Et Pari, et Anchisa, non alius, Venerem.

Br. 451.

SUFFLATO accendis quisquis carbone lucernam,  
Corde meo accendans; ardeo totus ego.



Br. 486.

JUPITER hoc templum, ut, siquando relinquit Olympum,  
Atthide non alius desit Olympus, habet.



Br. 487.

CIVIS et externus grati; domus hospita nescit  
Quærere, quis, cujus, quis pater, unde venis.



## POMPEII.

Br. 487.

CUM fugere haud possit, fractis Victoria pennis,  
Te manet imperii, Roma, perenne decus.



Br. 488.

LATRONES alibi locupletum quærite tecta,  
Assidet huic custos strenua pauperies.



FORTUNÆ malim adversæ tolerare procellas,  
Quam domini ingentis ferre supercilium.



EN, Sexto, Sexti meditatur imago, silente,  
Orator statua est, statuæque orator imago.



PULCHRA est virginitas intacta, at vita periret,  
Omnes si vellent virginitate frui;  
Nequitiam fugiens, servata contrahe lege  
Conjugium, ut pro te des hominem patriæ.

**FERT** humeris, venerabile onus, Cythereius heros  
 Per Trojæ flammæ, densaque tela, patrem.  
**Clamat** et Argivis, vetuli, ne tangite, vita  
 Exiguum est Marti, sed mihi grande lucrum.

**FORMA** animos hominum capit, at, si gratia desit,  
 Non tenet; esca natat pulchra, sed hamus abest.

**COGITAT** aut loquitur nil vir, nil cogitat uxor,  
 Felici thalamo non, puto, rixa strepit.

**BUCCINA** disjecit Thebarum mœnia, struxit  
 Quæ lyra, quam sibi non concinit harmonia!

**MENTE** senes olim juvenis, Faustine, premebas,  
 Nunc juvenum. terres robore corda senex.  
**Lævum** at utrumque decus, juveni quod præbuit olim  
 Turba senum, juvenes nunc tribuere seni.

**EXCEPTÆ** hospitio musæ, tribuere libellos  
 Herodoto hospitii præmia, quæque suum.

**STELLA** mea, observans stellas, Dii me æthera faxint  
 Multis ut te oculis sim potis aspicere.

**CLARA** Cheronæ soboles, Plutarche, dicavit  
 Hanc statuam ingenio, Roma benigna, tuo.

Das bene collatos, quos Roma et Græcia jactat,  
 Ad Divos paribus passibus ire duces ;  
 Sed similem, Plutarche, tuæ describere vitam  
 Non poteras, regio non tulit ulla parem.



DAT tibi Pythagoram pictor ; quod ni ipse tacere  
 Pythagoras mallet, vocem habuisset opus.



PROLEM Hippi et sua qua meliorem secula nullum  
 Videre, Archidicen hæc tumulavit humus ;  
 Quam, regum sobolem, nuptam, matrem, atque sororem  
 Fecerunt nulli sors titulique gravem.



CECROPIDIS gravis hic ponor, Martique dicatus,  
 Quo tua signantur gesta, Philippe, lapis.  
 Spreta jacet Marathon, jacet et Salamina laurus,  
 Omnia dum Macedum gloria et arma premunt.  
 Sint Demosthenica ut jurata cadavera voce,  
 Stabo illis qui sunt, quique fuere, gravis.



FLORIBUS in pratis, legi quos ipse, coronam  
 Contextam variis, do, Rhodoclea, tibi :  
 Hic anemone humet, confert narcissus odores  
 Cum violis ; spirant lilia mista rosis.  
 His redimita comas, mores depone superbos,  
 Hæc peritura nitent ; tu peritura nites !



MUREM Asclepiades sub tecto ut vidit avarus,  
 Quid tibi, mus, mecum, dixit, amice, tibi ?  
 Mus blandum ridens, respondit, pelle timorem ;  
 Hic, bone vir, sedem, non alimenta, peto.

SEPE tuum in tumulum lacrymarum decidit imber  
 Quem fundit blando junctus amore dolor ;  
 Charus enim cunctis, tanquam, dum vita manebat,  
 Cuique esses natus, cuique sodalis, eras.  
 Heu quam dura preces sprevit, quam surda querelas  
 Parca, juventutem non miserata tuam !

ARTI ignis lucem tribui, tamen artis et ignis  
 Nunc ope, supplicii vivit imago mei.  
 Gratia nulla hominum mentes tenet, ista Promethei  
 Munera muneribus, si retulere fabri.

ILLA triumphatrix Graium consueta procorum  
 Ante suas agmen Lais habere fores,  
 Hoc Veneri speculum ; nolo me cernere qualis  
 Sum nunc, nec possum cernere qualis eram.

CRETHIDA fabellas dulces garrere peritam  
 Prosequitur lacrymis filia mœsta Sami :  
 Blandam lanifici sociam sine fine loquacem,  
 Quam tenet hic, cunctas quæ manet, alta quies.

DICITE, Causidici, gelido nunc marmore magni  
 Mugitum tumulus comprimit Amphiloci.

SI forsam tumulum quo conditur Eumarus aufers  
 Nil lucri facies ; ossa habet et cinerem.

#### EPICTETI.

ME, rex deorum, tuque, duc, necessitas,  
 Quo, lege, vestra, vita me feret mea.

Sequar libenter, sin reluctari velim,  
Fiam scelestus, nec tamen minus sequar.

~~~~~

E. THEOCRITO.

POETA, lector, hic quiescit Hipponax,  
Si sis scelestus, præteri, procul, marmor :  
At te bonum si noris, et bonis natum,  
Tutum hic sedile, et si placet, sopor tutus.

~~~~~

EUR. MED. 193—203.

NON immerito culpanda venit  
Proavum vœcors insipientia,  
Qui convivias lautasque dapes  
Hilarare suis jussere modis  
Cantum, vitæ dulce levamen.  
At nemo feras iras hominum,  
Domibus clavis exitiales,  
Voce aut fidibus pellere docuit  
Queis tamen aptam ferre medelam  
Utile cunctis hoc opus esset ;  
Namque, ubi mensas onerant epulæ,  
Quorsum dulcis luxuria soni ?  
Sat lætitia sine subsidiis,  
Pectora molli mulcet dubiæ  
Copia cœnæ.

~~~~~

\* Τοῖος Ἄρης βροτολοιογὸς ἐνὶ πολέμοισι μέυηνε  
Και τοῖος, Παφίην πλήξιν ἐρωτι Θεάν.

\* The above is a version of a Latin Epigram on the famous John Duke of Marlborough, by the Abbe Salvini, which is as follows :

Haud alio vultu, fremuit Mars acer in armis :  
Haud alio, Cypriam percurit ore Deam.

The Duke was, it seems, remarkably handsome in his person, to which the second line has reference.

## SEPTEM ÆTATES.

PRIMA parit terras ætas, siccatque secunda,  
 Evocat Abramum dein tertia; quarta relinquit  
 Ægyptum; templo Solomonis quinta supersit;  
 Cyrum sexta timet; lætatur septima Christo.

\* HIS Templemanni numeris descripseris orbem  
 1 Cum sex ~~centuriis~~ Judæo millia septem.  
 Myrias 2 Ægypto cessit bis septima pingui.  
 Myrias adsciscit sibi nonagesima septem  
 Imperium qua Turca 3 ferox exercet iniquum.  
 Undecies binas decadas et millia septem.  
 Sortitur 4 Pelopis tellus quæ nomine gaudet.  
 Myriadas decies septem numerare jubebit  
 Pastor 4 Arabs: decies octo sibi Persa 4 requirit.  
 Myriades sibi pulchra duas, duo millia poscit  
 Parthenope 4. 5 Novies vult tellus mille Sicana.  
 6 Papa suo regit imperio ter millia quinque.  
 Cum sex centuriis numerat sex millia Tuscus 7.

\* To the above Lines (which are unfinished, and can therefore be only offered as a fragment), in the Doctor's manuscript, are prefixed the words, "Geographia Metrica." As we are referred, in the first of the verses, to Templeman, for having furnished the numerical computations that are the subject of them, his work has been accordingly consulted, the title of which is, "A new Survey of the Globe," and which professes to give an accurate mensuration of all the empires, kingdoms, and other divisions thereof, in the square miles that they respectively contain. On comparison of the several numbers in these verses with those set down by Templeman, it appears that nearly half of them are precisely the same; the rest are not quite so exactly done.—For the convenience of the Reader, it has been thought right to subjoin each number, as it stands in Templeman's works, to that in Dr. Johnson's verses which refers to it.

1 In this first article that is versified, there is an accurate conformity in Dr. Johnson's number to Templeman's; who sets down the square miles of Palestine at 7,600.

2 The square miles of Ægypt are, in Templeman, 140,700.

3 The whole Turkish empire, in Templeman, is computed at 960,057 square miles.

4 In the four following articles, the numbers, in Templeman and in Johnson's verses are alike.—We find, accordingly, the Morea, in Templeman, to be set down at 7,220 square miles.—Arabia, at 700,000.—Persia, at 800,000.—and Naples, at 22,000.

5 Sicily, in Templeman, is put down at 9,400.

6 The Pope's dominions, at 14,868.

7 Tuscany, at 6,640.

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P

Centuria Ligures 8 augeat duo millia quarta.  
Centuriæ octavam decadem addit Lucca 9 secundæ.

Ut dicas, spatiis quam latis imperet orbi  
10 Russia, myriadas ter denas adde trecentis:  
11 Sardiniam cum sexcentis sex millia complent.

Cum sexagenis, dum plura recluserit ætas,  
Myriadas ter mille homini dat terra 12 colendas.

Vult sibi vicens millesima myriads addi,  
Vicens quinas, Asiam 13 metata celebrem.

Se quinquagenis octingentesima jungit  
Myriads, ut menti pateat tota Africa 14 doctæ.

Myriadas septem decies Europa 15 ducentis  
Et quadragenis quoque ter tria millia jungit.

Myriadas denas dat, quinque et millia, sexque  
Centurias et tres decadas Europa Britannis 16.

Ter tria myriadi conjungit millia quartæ,  
Centuriæ quartæ decades quinque 17 Anglia nectit

Millia myriadi septem fœcunda secundæ  
Et quadragenis decades quinque addit Ierne 18,

Quingentis quadragenis socialis adauget  
Millia Belga 19 novem.

Ter sex centurias Hollandia 19 jactat opima  
Undecimum Camber 19 vult septem millibus addi.

8 Genoa, in Templeman, as in Johnson likewise, is set down at 2,400.

9 Lucca, at 286.

10 The Russian Empire, in the 29th plate of Templeman, is set down at 3,303,485 square miles.

11 Sardinia, in Templeman, as likewise in Johnson, 6,600.

12 The habitable world, in Templeman, is computed, in square miles, at 30,666,806 square miles.

13 Asia, at 10,257,487.

14 Africa, at 8,506,208.

15 Europe, at 2,749,349.

16 The British dominions, at 105,634.


17 England, as likewise in Johnson's expression of the number, at 49,450.

18 Ireland, at 27,457.

19 In the three remaining instances, which make the whole that Dr. Johnson appears to have rendered into Latin verse, we find the numbers exactly agreeing with those of Templeman; who makes the square miles of the United Provinces, 9540—of the province of Holland, 1800—and of Wales, 7011.

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**PHILOLOGICAL  
TRACTS.**



P 2



THE  
P L A N  
OF AN  
ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

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To the Right Honourable  
PHILIP DORMER, EARL of CHESTERFIELD,  
One of his Majesty's Principal Secretaries of State.

MY LORD,

WHEN first I undertook to write an *English* Dictionary, I had no expectation of any higher patronage than that of the proprietors of the copy, nor prospect of any other advantage than the price of my labour. I knew that the work in which I engaged is generally considered as drudgery for the blind, as the proper toil of artless industry; a task that requires neither the light of learning, nor the activity of genius, but may be successfully performed without any higher quality than that of bearing burthens with dull patience, and beating the tract of the alphabet with sluggish resolution.

Whether this opinion, so long transmitted, and so widely propagated, had its beginning from truth and nature, or from accident and prejudice; whether it be decreed by the authority of reason, or the tyranny of ignorance, that of all the candidates for literary praise, the unhappy lexicographer holds the lowest place, neither vanity nor interest incited me to inquire. It appeared that the province allotted me was, of all the regions of learning, generally confessed to be the least delightful; that it was believed to produce neither fruits nor flowers; and that, after a long and laborious cultivation, not even the barren laurel had been found upon it.

Yet on this province, my Lord, I entered, with the pleasing hope, that, as it was low, it likewise would be safe. I was drawn forward with the prospect of employ-

ment, which, though not splendid, would be useful; and which, though it could not make my life envied, would keep it innocent; which would awaken no passion, engage me in no contention, nor throw in my way any temptation to disturb the quiet of others by censure, or my own by flattery.

I had read indeed of times, in which princes and statesmen thought it part of their honour to promote the improvement of their native tongues; and in which dictionaries were written under the protection of greatness. To the patrons of such undertakings I willingly paid the homage of believing that they, who were thus solicitous for the perpetuity of their language, had reason to expect that their actions would be celebrated by posterity, and that the eloquence which they promoted would be employed in their praise. But I considered such acts of beneficence as prodigies, recorded rather to raise wonder than expectation; and content with the terms that I had stipulated, had not suffered my imagination to flatter me with any other encouragement, when I found that my design had been thought by your Lordship of importance sufficient to attract your favour.

How far this unexpected distinction can be rated among the happy incidents of life, I am not yet able to determine. Its first effect has been to make me anxious, lest it should fix the attention of the public too much upon me, and as it once happened to an epic poet of France, by raising the reputation of the attempt, obstruct the reception of the work. I imagine what the world will expect from a scheme, prosecuted under your Lordship's influence; and I know that expectation, when once her wings are expanded, easily reaches heights which performance never will attain: and when she has mounted the summit of perfection, derides her follower, who dies in the pursuit.

Not therefore to raise expectation, but to repress it, I here lay before your Lordship the plan of my undertaking, that more may not be demanded than I intend; and that, before it is too far advanced to be thrown into a new method, I may be advertised of its defects or superfluities. Such informations I may justly hope, from the emulation with which those, who desire the praise

of elegance or discernment, must contend in the promotion of a design that you, my Lord, have not thought unworthy to share your attention with treaties and with wars.

In the first attempt to methodise my ideas, I found a difficulty, which extended itself to the whole work. It was not easy to determine by what rule of distinction the words of this Dictionary were to be chosen. The chief intent of it is to preserve the purity, and ascertain the meaning of the *English* idiom; and this seems to require nothing more than that our language be considered, so far as it is our own; that the words and phrases used in the general intercourse of life, or found in the works of those whom we commonly style polite writers, be selected, without including the terms of particular professions; since, with the arts to which they relate, they are generally derived from other nations, and are very often the same in all the languages of this part of the world. This is, perhaps, the exact and pure idea of a grammatical dictionary; but in lexicography, as in other arts, naked science is too delicate for the purposes of life. The value of a work must be estimated by its use: it is not enough that a dictionary delights the critick, unless, at the same time, it instructs the learner; as it is to little purpose that an engine amuses the philosopher by the subtilty of its mechanism, if it requires so much knowledge in its application as to be of no advantage to the common workman.

The title which I prefix to my work has long conveyed a very miscellaneous idea, and they that take a dictionary into their hands, have been accustomed to expect from it a solution of almost every difficulty.—If foreign words therefore were rejected, it could be little regarded, except by criticks, or those who aspire to criticism; and however it might enlighten those that write, would be all darkness to them that only read. The unlearned much oftener consult their dictionaries for the meaning of words, than for their structures or formations; and the words that most want explanation, are generally terms of art; which, therefore, experience has taught my predecessors to spread, with a kind of pompous luxuriance, over their productions.

\* The academicians of *France*, indeed, rejected terms of science in their first essay, but found afterwards a necessity of relaxing the rigour of their determination; and, though they would not naturalize them at once by a single act, permitted them by degrees to settle themselves among the natives with little opposition; and it would surely be no proof of judgment to imitate them in an error which they have now retracted, and deprive the book of its chief use by scrupulous distinctions.

Of such words, however, all are not equally to be considered as parts of our language; for some of them are naturalized and incorporated; but others still continue aliens, and are rather auxiliaries than subjects. This naturalization is produced either by an admission into common speech, in some metaphorical signification, which is the acquisition of a kind of property among us; as we say the *zenith* of advancement, the *meridian* of life, the *cynosure*\* of neighbouring eyes; or it is the consequence of long intermixture and frequent use, by which the ear is accustomed to the sound of words till their original is forgotten, as in *equator*, *satellites*; or of the change of a foreign to an *English* termination, and a conformity to the laws of the speech into which they are adopted, as in *category*, *cachexy*, *peripneumony*.

Of those which still continue in the state of aliens, and have made no approaches towards assimilation, some seem necessary to be retained, because the purchasers of the Dictionary will expect to find them. Such are many words in the common law, as *capias*, *habeas corpus*, *præmunire*, *nisi prius*: such are some terms of controversial divinity, as *hypostasis*; and of physick, as the names of diseases; and in general, all terms which can be found in books not written professedly upon particular arts, or can be supposed necessary to those who do not regularly study them. Thus, when a reader not skilled in physick happens in *Milton* upon this line—

———pining atrophy,

Marasmus, and wide-wasting pestilence,

he will, with equal expectation, look into his dictionary for the word *marasmus*, as for *atrophy*, or *pestilence*; and will have reason to complain if he does not find it.

\* Milton.

It seems necessary to the completion of a dictionary designed not merely for criticks, but for popular use, that it should comprise, in some degree, the peculiar words of every profession; that the terms of war and navigation should be inserted, so far as they can be required by readers of travels and of history; and those of law, merchandise, and mechanical trades, so far as they can be supposed useful in the occurrences of common life.

But there ought, however, to be some distinction made between the different classes of words; and therefore it will be proper to print those which are incorporated into the language in the usual character, and those which are still to be considered as foreign, in the *Ita-lick* letter.

Another question may arise with regard to appellatives, or the names of species. It seems of no great use to set down the words *horse, dog, cat, willow, alder, daisy, rose*, and a thousand others, of which it will be hard to give an explanation, not more obscure than the word itself. Yet it is to be considered, that if the names of animals be inserted, we must admit those which are more known, as well as those with which we are, by accident, less acquainted; and if they are all rejected, how will the reader be relieved from difficulties produced by allusions to the crocodile, the chameleon, the ichneumon, and the hyæna? If no plants are to be mentioned, the most pleasing part of nature will be excluded, and many beautiful epithets be unexplained. If only those which are less known are to be mentioned, who shall fix the limits of the reader's learning? The importance of such explications appears from the mistakes which the want of them has occasioned. Had *Shakespeare* had a dictionary of this kind, he had not made the *woodbine* entwine the *honey-suckle*; nor would *Milton*, with such assistance, have disposed so improperly of his *ellops* and his *scorpion*.

Besides, as such words, like others, require that their accents should be settled, their sounds ascertained, and their etymologies deduced, they cannot be properly omitted in the dictionary. And though the explanations of some may be censured as trivial, because they are almost universally understood; and those of others as un-

necessary, because they will seldom occur; yet it seems not proper to omit them, since it is rather to be wished that many readers should find more than they expect, than that one should miss what he might hope to find.

When all the words are selected and arranged, the first part of the work to be considered, is the orthography, which was long vague and uncertain; which at last, when its fluctuation ceased, was in many cases settled but by accident; and in which, according to your Lordship's observation, there is still great uncertainty among the best critics: nor is it easy to state a rule by which we may decide between custom and reason, or between the equiponderant authorities of writers alike eminent for judgment and accuracy.

The great orthographical contest has long subsisted between etymology and pronunciation. It has been demanded, on one hand, that men should write as they speak; but as it has been shewn that this conformity never was attained in any language, and that it is not more easy to persuade men to agree exactly in speaking than in writing, it may be asked with equal propriety, why men do not rather speak as they write. In *France*, where this controversy was at its greatest height, neither party, however ardent, durst adhere steadily to their own rule; the etymologist was often forced to spell with the people; and the advocate for the authority of pronunciation found it sometimes deviating so capriciously from the received use of writing, that he was constrained to comply with the rule of his adversaries, lest he should lose the end by the means, and be left alone by following the crowd.

When a question of orthography is dubious, that practice has, in my opinion, a claim to preference which preserves the greatest number of radical letters, or seems most to comply with the general custom of our language. But the chief rule which I propose to follow is, to make no innovation, without a reason sufficient to balance the inconvenience of change; and such reasons I do not expect often to find. All change is of itself an evil, which ought not to be hazarded but for evident advantage; and as inconstancy is in every case a mark of weakness, it will add nothing to the reputation of our tongue.



There are, indeed, some who despise the inconveniences of confusion, who seem to take pleasure in departing from custom, and to think alteration desirable for its own sake; and the reformation of our orthography, which these writers have attempted, should not pass without its due honours, but that I suppose they hold singularity its own reward, or may dread the fascination of lavish praise.

The present usage of spelling, where the present usage can be distinguished, will therefore, in this work, be generally followed; yet there will be often occasion to observe, that it is in itself inaccurate, and tolerated rather than chosen; particularly when, by the change of one letter or more, the meaning of a word is obscured, as in *farrier*, for *ferrier*, as it was formerly written, from *ferrum*, or *fer*; in *gibberish*, for *gebrish*, the jargon of Geber and his chymical followers, understood by none but their own tribe. It will be likewise sometimes proper to trace back the orthography of different ages, and shew by what gradations the word departed from its original.

Closely connected with orthography is pronunciation, the stability of which is of great importance to the duration of a language, because the first change will naturally begin by corruptions in the living speech. The want of certain rules for the pronunciation of former ages, has made us wholly ignorant of the metrical art of our ancient poets; and since those who study their sentiments regret the loss of their numbers, it is surely time to provide that the harmony of the moderns may be more permanent.

A new pronunciation will make almost a new speech; and therefore, since one great end of this undertaking is to fix the *English* language, care will be taken to determine the accentuation of all polysyllables by proper authorities, as it is one of those capricious phenomena which cannot be easily reduced to rules. Thus there is no antecedent reason for difference of accent in the two words *dolorous* and *sonorous*; yet of the one *Milton* gives the sound in this line,

He pass'd o'er many a region *dolorous*;  
and that of the other in this,

*Sonorous* metal blowing martial sounds.

It may be likewise proper to remark metrical licences, such as contractions, *generous*, *gen'rous*; *reverend*, *rev'rend*; and coalitions, as *region*, *question*.

But still it is more necessary to fix the pronunciation of monosyllables, by placing with them words of correspondent sound, that one may guard the other against the danger of that variation which, to some of the most common, has already happened; so that the words *wound*, and *wind*, as they are now frequently pronounced, will not rhyme to *sound*, and *mind*. It is to be remarked, that many words written alike are differently pronounced, as *flow* and *brow*, which may be thus registered, *flow*, *woe*; *brow*, *now*; or of which the exemplification may be generally given by a distich: thus the words *tear*, or lacerate, and *tear*, the water of the eye, have the same letters, but may be distinguished thus, *tear*, *dare*; *tear*, *peer*.

Some words have two sounds, which may be equally admitted, as being equally defensible by authority. Thus *great* is differently used:

For *Swift* and him despis'd the farce of state,  
The sober follies of the wise and *great*.

POPE.

As if misfortune made the throne her seat,  
And none could be unhappy but the *great*.

ROWE.

The care of such minute particulars may be censured as trifling; but these particulars have not been thought unworthy of attention in more polished languages.

The accuracy of the *French*, in stating the sounds of their letters, is well known; and among the *Italians*, *Crescembeni* has not thought it unnecessary to inform his countrymen of the words which, in compliance with different rhymes, are allowed to be differently spelt, and of which the number is now so fixed, that no modern poet is suffered to increase it.

When the orthography and pronunciation are adjusted, the etymology, or derivation, is next to be considered, and the words are to be distinguished according to the different classes, whether simple, as *day*, *light*; or compound, as *day-light*; whether primitive, as, to *act*, or derivative, as *action*, *actionable*; *active*, *activity*. This

will much facilitate the attainment of our language, which now stands in our dictionaries a confused heap of words without dependence, and without relation.

When this part of the work is performed, it will be necessary to inquire how our primitives are to be deduced from foreign languages, which may be often very successfully performed by the assistance of our own etymologists. This search will give occasion to many curious disquisitions, and sometimes perhaps to conjectures, which to readers unacquainted with this kind of study, cannot but appear improbable and capricious. But it may be reasonably imagined, that what is so much in the power of men as language, will very often be capriciously conducted. Nor are these disquisitions and conjectures to be considered altogether as wanton sports of wit, or vain shows of learning: our language is well known not to be primitive or self-originated, but to have adopted words of every generation, and, either for the supply of its necessities, or the increase of its copiousness, to have received additions from very distant regions; so that in search of the progenitors of our speech we may wander from the tropick to the frozen zone, and find some in the vallies of *Pales-tine*, and some upon the rocks of *Norway*.

Beside the derivation of particular words, there is likewise an etymology of phrases. Expressions are often taken from other languages; some apparently, as to *run a risque, courir un risque*; and some even when we do not seem to borrow their words; thus, to *bring about* or *accomplish*, appears an *English* phrase, but in reality our native word *about* has no such import, and is only a *French* expression, of which we have an example in the common phrase *venir a bout d'une affaire*.

In exhibiting the descent of our language, our etymologists seem to have been too lavish of their learning, having traced almost every word through various tongues, only to shew what was shewn sufficiently by the first derivation. This practice is of great use in synoptical lexicons, where mutilated and doubtful languages are explained by their affinity to others more certain and extensive, but is generally superfluous in *English* etymologies. When the word is easily deduced from a

*Saxon* original, I shall not often inquire further, since we know not the parent of the *Saxon* dialect; but when it is borrowed from the *French* I shall shew whence the *French* is apparently derived. Where a *Saxon* root cannot be found, the defect may be supplied from kindred languages, which will be generally furnished with much liberality by the writers of our glossaries; writers who deserve often the highest praise, both of judgment and industry, and may expect at least to be mentioned with honour by me, whom they have freed from the greatest part of a very laborious work, and on whom they have imposed, at worst, only the easy task of rejecting superfluities.

By tracing in this manner every word to its original, and not admitting, but with great caution, any of which no original can be found, we shall secure our language from being over-run with *cant*, from being crowded with low terms, the spawn of folly or effectation, which arise from no just principles of speech, and of which therefore no legitimate derivation can be shewn.

When the etymology is thus adjusted, the analogy of our language is next to be considered; when we have discovered whence our words are derived, we are to examine by what rules they are governed, and how they are inflected through their various terminations. The terminations of the *English* are few, but those few have hitherto remained unregarded by the writers of our dictionaries. Our substantives are declined only by the plural termination, our adjectives admit no variation but in the degrees of comparison, and our verbs are conjugated by auxiliary words, and are only changed in the preter tense.

To our language may be with great justness applied the observation of *Quintilian*, that speech was not formed by an analogy sent from heaven. It did not descend to us in a state of uniformity and perfection, but was produced by necessity, and enlarged by accident, and is therefore composed of dissimilar parts, thrown together by negligence, by affectation, by learning, or by ignorance.

Our inflections therefore are by no means constant, but admit of numberless irregularities, which in this Dictionary will be diligently noted. Thus *fox* makes in the plural *foxes*, but *ox* makes *oxen*. *Sheep* is the same in

both numbers. Adjectives are sometimes compared by changing the last syllable, as *proud, prouder, proudest*; and sometimes by particles prefixed, as, *ambitious, more ambitious, most ambitious*. The forms of our verbs are subject to great variety; some end their preter tense in *ed*, as *I love, I loved, I have loved*; which may be called the regular form, and is followed by most of our verbs of southern original. But many depart from this rule, without agreeing in any other; as *I shake, I shook, I have shaken, or shook*, as it is sometimes written in poetry: *I make, I made, I have made*; *I bring, I brought*; *I wring, I wrung*; and many others, which, as they cannot be reduced to rules, must be learned from the dictionary rather than the grammar.

The verbs are likewise to be distinguished according to their qualities, as actives from neuters; the neglect of which has already introduced some barbarities in our conversation, which, if not obviated by just animadversions, may in time creep into our writings.

Thus, my Lord, will our language be laid down, distinct in its minutest subdivisions, and resolved into its elemental principles. And who upon this survey can forbear to wish, that these fundamental atoms of our speech might obtain the firmness and immutability of the primogenial and constituent particles of matter, that they might retain their substance while they alter their appearance, and be varied and compounded, yet not destroyed.

But this is a privilege which words are scarcely to expect; for, like their author, when they are not gaining strength, they are generally losing it. Though art may sometimes prolong their duration, it will rarely give them perpetuity; and their changes will be almost always informing us, that language is the work of man, of a being from whom permanence and stability cannot be derived.

Words having been hitherto considered as separate and unconnected, are now to be likewise examined as they are ranged in their various relations]to others by the rules of syntax or construction, to which I do not know that any regard has been yet shewn in *English dictionaries*, and in which the grammarians can give

little assistance. The syntax of this language is too inconstant to be reduced to rules, and can be only learned by the distinct consideration of particular words as they are used by the best authors. Thus we say, according to the present modes of speech, the soldier died *of* his wounds, and the sailor perished *with* hunger: and every man acquainted with our language would be offended with a change of these particles, which yet seem originally assigned by chance, there being no reason to be drawn from grammar why a man may not, with equal propriety, be said to die *with* a wound, or perish *of* hunger.

Our syntax therefore is not to be taught by general rules, but by special precedents; and in examining whether *Addison* has been with justice accused of a solecism in this passage,

The poor inhabitant——  
 Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,  
 And in the loaden vineyard *dies for thirst*——

it is not in our power to have recourse to any established laws of speech, but we must remark how the writers of former ages have used the same word, and consider whether he can be acquitted of impropriety, upon the testimony of *Davies*, given in his favour by a similiar passage:

She loaths the wat'ry glass wherein she gaz'd,  
 And shuns it still, although *for thirst she die*.

When the construction of a word is explained, it is necessary to pursue it through its train of phraseology, through those forms where it is used in a manner peculiar to our language, or in senses not to be comprised in the general explanations; as from the verb *make* arise these phrases, to *make love*, to *make an end*, to *make way*; as, he *made way* for his followers, the ship *made way* before the wind; to *make a bed*, to *make merry*, to *make a mock*, to *make presents*, to *make a doubt*, to *make out an assertion*, to *make good* a breach, to *make good* a cause, to *make nothing* of an attempt, to *make lamentation*, to *make a merit*, and many others which will occur in reading with that view, and which only their frequency hinders from being generally remarked.

The great labour is yet to come, the labour of interpreting these words and phrases with brevity, fulness,

and perspicuity; a task of which the extent and intricacy is sufficiently shewn by the miscarriage of those who have generally attempted it. This difficulty is increased by the necessity of explaining the words in the same language; for there is often only one word for one idea; and though it be easy to translate the words *bright, sweet, salt, bitter*, into another language, it is not easy to explain them.

With regard to the interpretation, many other questions have required consideration. It was some time doubted whether it be necessary to explain the things implied by particular words; as under the term *baronet*, whether, instead of this explanation, *a title of honour next in degree to that of baron*, it would be better to mention more particularly the creation, privileges, and ranks of baronets; and whether, under the word *barometer*, instead of being satisfied with observing that it is *an instrument to discover the weight of the air*, it would be fit to spend a few lines upon its invention, construction, and principles. It is not to be expected, that with the explanation of the one the herald should be satisfied, or the philosopher with that of the other; but since it will be required by common readers, that the explications should be sufficient for common use; and since, without some attention to such demands, the Dictionary cannot become generally valuable, I have determined to consult the best writers for explanations real as well as verbal; and perhaps I may at last have reason to say, after one of the augmenters of *Furetiere*, that my book is more learned than its author.

In explaining the general and popular language, it seems necessary to sort the several senses of each word, and to exhibit first its natural and primitive signification: as,

To *arrive*, to reach the shore in a voyage: he *arrived* at a safe harbour.

Then to give its consequential meaning, to *arrive*, to reach any place, whether by land or sea; as, he *arrived* at his country seat.

Then its metaphorical sense, to obtain any thing desired; as, he *arrived* at a peerage.

Then to mention any observation that arises from the comparison of one meaning with another ; as, it may be remarked of the word *arrive*, that, in consequence of its original and etymological sense, it cannot be properly applied but to words signifying something desirable : thus we say, a man *arrived* at happiness ; but cannot say, without a mixture of irony, he *arrived* at misery.

*Ground*, the earth, generally as opposed to the air, or water. He swam till he reached *ground*. The bird fell to the *ground*.

Then follows the accidental or consequential signification, in which *ground* implies any thing that lies under another ; as, he laid colours upon a rough *ground*. The silk had blue flowers on a red *ground*.

Then the remoter or metaphorical signification ; as, the *ground* of his opinion was a false computation. The *ground* of his work was his father's manuscript.

After having gone through the natural and figurative senses, it will be proper to subjoin the poetical sense of each word, where it differs from that which is in common use ; as, *wanton*, applied to any thing of which the motion is irregular without terror ; as,

In *wanton* ringlets curl'd her hair.

To the poetical sense may succeed the familiar ; as of *toast*, used to imply the person whose health is drank :

The wise man's passion, and the vain man's *toast*. POPE.

The familiar may be followed by the burlesque ; as of *mellow*, applied to good fellowship :

In all thy humours, whether grave or *mellow*. ADDISON.

Or of *bite*, used for *cheat* :

———More a dupe than wit,  
*Sappho* can tell you how this man was *bit*. POPE.

And lastly, may be produced the peculiar sense in which a word is found in any great author : as *faculties*, in *Shakespeare*, signifies the powers of authority :

———This *Duncan*  
Has born his *faculties* so meek, has been  
So clear in his great office, that, &c.

The signification of adjectives may be often ascertained by uniting them to substantives ; as, *simple swain*, *simple sheep*. Sometimes the sense of a substantive



may be elucidated by the epithets annexed to it in good authors; as, the *boundless ocean*, the *open lawns*: and where such advantage can be gained by a short quotation, it is not to be omitted.

The difference of signification in words generally accounted synonymous, ought to be carefully observed; as in *pride*, *haughtiness*, *arrogance*: and the strict and critical meaning ought to be distinguished from that which is loose and popular; as in the word *perfection*, which, though in its philosophical and exact sense it can be of little use among human beings, is often so much degraded from its original signification, that the academicians have inserted in their work, the *perfection of a language*, and, with a little more licentiousness, might have prevailed on themselves to have added *the perfection of a dictionary*.

There are many other characters of words which it will be of use to mention. Some have both an active and passive signification; as *fearful*, that which gives or which feels terror; a *fearful prodigy*, a *fearful hare*. Some have a personal, some a real meaning; as in opposition to *old*, we use the adjective *young*, of animated beings, and *new* of other things. Some are restrained to the sense of praise, and others to that of disapprobation; so commonly, though not always, we *exhort* to good actions, we *instigate* to ill; we *animate*, *incite*, and *encourage* indifferently to good or bad. So we usually *ascribe* good, but *impute* evil; yet neither the use of these words, nor perhaps of any other in our licentious language, is so established as not to be often reversed by the correctest writers. I shall therefore, since the rules of style, like those of law, arise from precedents often repeated, collect the testimonies on both sides, and endeavour to discover and promulgate the degrees of custom, who has so long possessed, whether by right or by usurpation, the sovereignty of words.

It is necessary likewise to explain many words by their opposition to others; for contraries are best seen when they stand together. Thus the verb *stand* has one sense as opposed to *fall*, and another as opposed to *fly*; for want of attending to which distinction, obvious as it is, the learned Dr. *Bentley* has squandered his criticism to no purpose, on these lines of *Paradise Lost*:

—————In heaps

Chariot and charioteer lay overturn'd,  
 And fiery foaming steeds. What *stood*, *recoil'd*,  
 O'erwearied, through the faint satanic host,  
 Defensive scarce, or with pale fear surpris'd,  
*Fled* ignominious ———

'Here,' says the critic, 'as the sentence is now read, we find that what *stood*, *fled*:' and therefore he proposes an alteration, which he might have spared if he had consulted a dictionary, and found that nothing more was affirmed than that those *fled* who did *not fall*.

In explaining such meanings as seem accidental and adventitious, I shall endeavour to give an account of the means by which they were introduced. Thus, to *eke out* any thing, signifies to lengthen it beyond its just dimensions by some low artifice; because the word *eke* was the usual refuge of our old writers when they wanted a syllable. And *buxom*, which means only *obedient*, is now made, in familiar phrases, to stand for *wanton*; because in an ancient form of marriage, before the Reformation, the bride promised complaisance and obedience in these terms: 'I will be bonair and *buxom* in bed and at board.'

I know well, my Lord, how trifling many of these remarks will appear, separately considered, and how easily they may give occasion to the contemptuous merriment of sportive idleness, and the gloomy censures of arrogant stupidity; but dullness it is easy to despise, and laughter it is easy to repay. I shall not be solicitous what is thought of my work by such as know not the difficulty or importance of philological studies; nor shall think those that have done nothing, qualified to condemn me for doing little. It may not, however, be improper to remind them, that no terrestrial greatness is more than an aggregate of little things; and to inculcate, after the *Arabian* proverb, that drops added to drops constitute the ocean.

There remains yet to be considered, the distribution of words into their proper classes, or that part of lexicography which is strictly critical.

The popular part of the language, which includes all words not appropriated to particular sciences, admits of many distinctions and subdivisions; as, into words of general use; words employed chiefly in poetry; words ob-

solete; words which are admitted only by particular writers, yet not in themselves improper; words used only in burlesque writing; and words impure and barbarous.

Words of general use will be known by having no sign of particularity, and their various senses will be supported by authorities of all ages.

The words appropriated to poetry will be distinguished by some mark prefixed, or will be known by having no authorities but those of poets.

Of antiquated or obsolete words, none will be inserted but such as are to be found in authors who wrote since the accession of *Elizabeth*, from which we date the golden age of our language; and of these many might be omitted, but that the reader may require, with an appearance of reason, that no difficulty should be left unresolved in books which he finds himself invited to read, as confessed and established models of style. These will be likewise pointed out by some note of exclusion, but not of disgrace.

The words which are found only in particular books, will be known by the single name of him that has used them; but such will be omitted, unless either their propriety, elegance, or force, or the reputation of their authors, affords some extraordinary reason for their reception.

Words used in burlesque and familiar compositions, will be likewise mentioned with their proper authorities; such as *dudgeon*, from *Butler*, and *leasing*, from *Prior*; and will be diligently characterised by marks of distinction.

Barbarous, or impure words and expressions, may be branded with some note of infamy, as they are carefully to be eradicated wherever they are found; and they occur too frequently, even in the best writers: as in *Pope*,

— in endless error hur'd.

'Tis these that early taint the female soul.

In *Addison*:

Attend to what a *lesser* muse indites,

And in *Dryden*,

A dreadful quiet felt, and *worser* far

Than arms —

If this part of the Work can be well performed, it will be equivalent to the proposal made by *Boileau* to the Academicians, that they should review all their polite writers, and correct such impurities as might be found in them, that their authority might not contribute, at any distant time, to the depravation of the language.

With regard to questions of purity or propriety, I was once in doubt whether I should not attribute too much to myself, in attempting to decide them, and whether my province was to extend beyond the proposition of the question, and the display of the suffrages on each side; but I have been since determined, by your Lordship's opinion, to interpose my own judgment, and shall therefore endeavour to support what appears to me most consonant to grammar and reason. *Ausonius* thought that modesty forbade him to plead inability for a task to which *Cæsar* had judged him equal.

*Cur me posse negem posse quod ille putat ?*

And I may hope, my Lord, that since you, whose authority in our language is so generally acknowledged, have commissioned me to declare my own opinion, I shall be considered as exercising a kind of vicarious jurisdiction, and that the power which might have been denied to my own claim, will be readily allowed me as the delegate of your Lordship.

In citing authorities, on which the credit of every part of this Work must depend, it will be proper to observe some obvious rules; such as of preferring writers of the first reputation to those of an inferior rank; of noting the quotations with accuracy; and of selecting, when it can be conveniently done, such sentences, as, besides their immediate use, may give pleasure or instruction, by conveying some elegance of language, or some precept of prudence, or piety.

It has been asked, on some occasions, who shall judge the judges? And since, with regard to this design, a question may arise by what authority the authorities are selected, it is necessary to obviate it, by declaring that many of the writers whose testimonies will be alledged, were selected by Mr Pope; of whom I may be justified in affirming, that were he still alive, solicitous as he was

for the success of this work, he would not be displeas'd that I have undertaken it.

It will be proper that the quotations be ranged according to the ages of their authors; and it will afford an agreeable amusement, if to the words and phrases which are not of our own growth, the name of the writer who first introduced them can be affix'd; and if to words which are now antiquated, the authority be subjoin'd of him who last admitted them. Thus, for *scath* and *buxom*, now obselete, *Milton* may be cited:—

———— The mountain oak  
Stands *scath'd* to heaven ————  
———— He with broad sails  
Winnow'd the *buxom* air ————

By this method every word will have its history, and the reader will be inform'd of the gradual changes of the language, and have before his eyes the rise of some words, and the fall of others. But observations so minute and accurate are to be desired, rather than expect'd; and if use be carefully supplied, curiosity must sometimes bear its disappointments.

This, my Lord, is my idea of an *English Dictionary*; a dictionary by which the pronunciation of our language may be fix'd, and its attainment facilitated; by which its purity may be preserv'd, its use ascertain'd, and its duration lengthen'd. And though, perhaps, to correct the language of nations by books of grammar, and amend their manners by discourses of morality, may be tasks equally difficult; yet, as it is unavoidable to wish, it is natural likewise to hope, that your Lordship's patronage may not be wholly lost; that it may contribute to the preservation of ancient, and the improvement of modern writers; that it may promote the reformation of those translators, who, for want of understanding the characteristical difference of tongues, have form'd a chaotic dialect of heterogeneous phrases; and awaken to the care of purer diction some men of genius, whose attention to argument makes them negligent of style, or whose rapid imagination, like the *Peruvian* torrent, when it brings down gold, mingles it with sand.

When I survey the Plan which I have laid before you, I cannot, my Lord, but confess, that I am frighted

at its extent, and, like the soldiers of *Cæsar*, look on *Britain* as a new world, which it is almost madness to invade. But I hope, that though I should not complete the conquest, I shall at least discover the coast, civilize part of the inhabitants, and make it easy for some other adventurer to proceed farther, to reduce them wholly to subjection, and settle them under laws.

We are taught by the great *Roman* orator, that every man should propose to himself the highest degree of excellence, but that he may stop with honour at the second or third: though therefore my performance should fall below the excellence of other dictionaries, I may obtain, at least, the praise of having endeavoured well; nor shall I think it any reproach to my diligence, that I have retired, without a triumph, from a contest with united academies, and long successions of learned compilers. I cannot hope, in the warmest moments, to preserve so much caution through so long a work, as not often to sink into negligence; or to obtain so much knowledge of all its parts, as not frequently to fail by ignorance. I expect that sometimes the desire of accuracy will urge me to superfluities, and sometimes the fear of prolixity betray me to omissions: that in the extent of such variety I shall be often bewildered; and in the mazes of such intricacy be frequently entangled: that in one part refinement will be subtilised beyond exactness, and evidence dilated in another beyond perspicuity. Yet I do not despair of approbation from those who, knowing the uncertainty of conjecture, the scantiness of knowledge, the fallibility of memory, and the unsteadiness of attention, can compare the causes of error with the means of avoiding it, and the extent of art with the capacity of man; and whatever be the event of my endeavours, I shall not easily regret an attempt which has procured me the honour of appearing thus publickly,

MY LORD,

Your Lordship's most obedient,  
and most humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

# P R E F A C E

TO THE

## ENGLISH DICTIONARY.

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IT is the fate of those who toil at the lower employments of life, to be rather driven by the fear of evil, than attracted by the prospect of good ; to be exposed to censure, without hope of praise ; to be disgraced by miscarriage, or punished for neglect, where success would have been without applause, and diligence without reward.

Among these unhappy mortals is the writer of dictionaries ; whom mankind have considered, not as the pupil, but the slave of science, the pioneer of literature, doomed only to remove rubbish and clear obstructions from the paths through which Learning and Genius press forward to conquest and glory, without bestowing a smile on the humble drudge that facilitates their progress. Every other author may aspire to praise ; the lexicographer can only hope to escape reproach, and even this negative recompence has been yet granted to very few.

I have, notwithstanding this discouragement, attempted a Dictionary of the *English* language, which, while it was employed in the cultivation of every species of literature, has itself been hitherto neglected ; suffered to spread, under the direction of chance, into wild exuberance ; resigned to the tyranny of time and fashion ; and exposed to the corruptions of ignorance, and caprices of innovation.

When I took the first survey of my undertaking, I found our speech copious without order, and energetic without rule : wherever I turned my view, there was perplexity to be disentangled, and confusion to be regulated ; choice was to be made out of boundless variety, without any established principle of selection ; adultera-

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tions were to be detected, without a settled test of purity; and modes of expression to be rejected or received, without the suffrages of any writers of classical reputation or acknowledged authority.

Having, therefore, no assistance but from general grammar, I applied myself to the perusal of our writers; and noting whatever might be of use to ascertain or illustrate any word or phrase, accumulated in time the materials of a dictionary, which, by degrees, I reduced to method, establishing to myself, in the progress of the work, such rules as experience and analogy suggested to me; experience, which practice and observation were continually increasing; and analogy, which, though in some words obscure, was evident in others.

In adjusting the *Orthography*, which has been to this time unsettled and fortuitous, I found it necessary to distinguish those irregularities that are inherent in our tongue, and perhaps coeval with it, from others which the ignorance or negligence of later writers has produced. Every language has its anomalies, which, though inconvenient, and in themselves once unnecessary, must be tolerated among the imperfections of human things, and which require only to be registered, that they may not be increased, and ascertained, that they may not be confounded: but every language has likewise its improprieties and absurdities, which it is the duty of the lexicographer to correct or proscribe.

As language was at its beginning merely oral, all words of necessary or common use were spoken before they were written; and while they were unfixed by any visible signs, must have been spoken with great diversity, as we now observe those who cannot read, to catch sounds imperfectly, and utter them negligently. When this wild and barbarous jargon was first reduced to an alphabet, every penman endeavoured to express, as he could, the sounds which he was accustomed to pronounce or to receive, and vitiated in writing such words as were already vitiated in speech. The powers of the letters, when they were applied to a new language, must have been vague and unsettled, and therefore different hands would exhibit the same sound by different combinations.



From this uncertain pronunciation arise in great part the various dialects of the same country, which will always be observed to grow fewer, and less different, as books are multiplied; and from this arbitrary representation of sounds by letters, proceeds that diversity of spelling observable in the *Saxon* remains, and I suppose in the first books of every nation; which perplexes or destroys analogy, and produces anomalous formations, that, being once incorporated, can never be afterward dismissed or reformed.

Of this kind are the derivatives *length* from *long*, *strength* from *strong*, *darling* from *dear*, *breadth* from *broad*, from *dry*, *drought*, and from *high*, *height*, which *Milton*, in zeal for analogy, writes *highth*: *Quid te exempta juvat spinis de pluribus una?* to change all would be too much, and to change one is nothing.

This uncertainty is most frequent in the vowels, which are so capriciously pronounced, and so differently modified, by accident or affectation, not only in every province, but in every mouth, that to them, as is well known to etymologists, little regard is to be shewn in the deduction of one language from another.

Such defects are not errors in orthography, but spots of barbarity impressed so deep in the *English* language, that criticism can never wash them away: these, therefore, must be permitted to remain untouched; but many words have likewise been altered by accident, or depraved by ignorance, as the pronunciation of the vulgar has been weakly followed; and some still continue to be variously written, as authors differ in their care or skill: of these it was proper to inquire the true orthography, which I have always considered as depending on their derivation, and have therefore referred them to their original languages: thus I write *enchant*, *enchantment*, *enchanter*, after the *French*, and *incantation* after the *Latin*; thus *entire* is chosen rather than *intire*, because it passed to us not from the *Latin integer*, but from the *French entier*.

Of many words it is difficult to say whether they were immediately received from the *Latin* or the *French*, since, at the time when we had dominions in *France*, we had *Latin* service in our churches. It is, however, my

opinion, that the *French* generally supplied us; for we have few *Latin* words, among the terms of domestic use, which are not *French*; but many *French*, which are very remote from *Latin*.

Even in words of which the derivation is apparent, I have been often obliged to sacrifice uniformity to custom; thus I write, in compliance with a numberless majority, *convey* and *inveigh*, *deceit* and *receipt*, *fancy* and *phantom*; sometimes the derivative varies from the primitive, as *explain* and *explanation*, *repeat* and *repetition*.

Some combinations of letters having the same power, and used indifferently without any discoverable reason or choice, as in *choak*, *choke*; *soap*, *sope*; *fewel*, *fuel*, and many others; which I have sometimes inserted twice, that those who search for them under either form, may not search in vain.

In examining the orthography of any doubtful word, the mode of spelling by which it is inserted in the series of the dictionary, is to be considered as that to which I give, perhaps not often rashly, the preference. I have left, in the examples, to every author his own practice unmolested, that the reader may balance suffrages, and judge between us: but this question is not always to be determined by reputed or by real learning; some men, intent upon greater things, have thought little on sounds and derivations; some, knowing in the ancient tongues, have neglected those in which our words are commonly to be sought. Thus *Hammond* writes *feibleness* for *feasibleness*, because I suppose he imagined it derived immediately from the *Latin*; and some words, such as *dependant*, *dependent*; *dependance*, *dependence*, vary their final syllable, as one or another language is present to the writer.

In this part of the work, where caprice has long wanted without control, and vanity sought praise by petty reformation, I have endeavoured to proceed with a scholar's reverence for antiquity, and a grammarian's regard to the genius of our tongue. I have attempted few alterations, and among those few, perhaps the greater part is from the modern to the ancient practice; and I hope I may be allowed to recommend to those, whose thoughts

have been perhaps employed too anxiously on verbal singularities, not to disturb, upon narrow views, or for minute propriety, the orthography of their fathers. It has been asserted, that for the law to be *known*, is of more importance than to be *right*. 'Change,' says *Hooker*, 'is not made without inconvenience, even from worse to better.' There is in constancy and stability a general and lasting advantage, which will always overbalance the slow improvements of gradual correction. Much less ought our written language to comply with the corruptions of oral utterance, or copy that which every variation of time or place makes different from itself, and imitate those changes, which will again be changed, while imitation is employed in observing them.

This recommendation of steadiness and uniformity does not proceed from an opinion, that particular combinations of letters have much influence on human happiness; or that truth may not be successfully taught by modes of spelling fanciful and erroneous: I am not yet so lost in lexicography as to forget that *words are the daughters of earth, and that things are the sons of heaven*. Language is only the instrument of science, and words are but the signs of ideas: I wish, however, that the instrument might be less apt to decay, and that signs might be permanent, like the things which they denote.

In settling the orthography, I have not wholly neglected the pronunciation, which I have directed, by printing an accent upon the acute or elevated syllable. It will sometimes be found, that the accent is placed by the author quoted, on a different syllable from that marked in the alphabetical series: it is then to be understood, that custom has varied, or that the author has, in my opinion, pronounced wrong. Short directions are sometimes given where the sound of letters is irregular; and if they are sometimes omitted, defect in such minute observations will be more easily excused than superfluity.

In the investigation both of the orthography and signification of words, their *Etymology* was necessarily to be considered, and they were therefore to be divided into primitives and derivatives. A primitive word, is that which can be traced no further to any *English* root; thus *circumspect, circumvent, circumstance, delude, concave,*

and *complicate*, though compounds in the *Latin*, are to us primitives. Derivatives, are all those that can be referred to any word in *English* of greater simplicity.

The derivatives I have referred to their primitives, with an accuracy sometimes needless; for who does not see that *remoteness* comes from *remote*, *lovely* from *love*, *concavity* from *concave*, and *demonstrative* from *demonstrate*? But this grammatical exuberance the scheme of my work did not allow me to repress. It is of no great importance, in examining the general fabric of a language, to trace one word from another, by noting the usual modes of derivation and inflection; and uniformity must be preserved in systematical works, though sometimes at the expence of particular propriety.

Among other derivatives, I have been careful to insert and elucidate the anomalous plurals of nouns and preterites of verbs, which in the *Teutonic* dialects are very frequent, and, though familiar to those who have always used them, interrupt and embarrass the learners of our language.

The two languages from which our primitives have been derived are the Roman and Teutonic: under the Roman I comprehend the French and provincial tongues; and under the Teutonic range the Saxon, German, and all their kindred dialects. Most of our polysyllables are Roman, and our words of one syllable are very often Teutonic.

In assigning the Roman original, it has perhaps sometimes happened that I have mentioned only the *Latin*, when the word was borrowed from the *French*; and considering myself as employed only in the illustration of my own language, I have not been very careful to observe whether the Latin word be pure or barbarous, or the French elegant or obsolete.

For the *Teutonic* etymologies, I am commonly indebted to *Junius* and *Skinner*, the only names which I have forborne to quote when I copied their books; not that I might appropriate their labours or usurp their honours, but that I might spare a perpetual repetition by one general acknowledgment. Of these, whom I ought not to mention but with reverence due to instructors and benefactors, *Junius* appears to have excelled in

extent of learning, and *Skinner* in rectitude of understanding. *Junius* was accurately skilled in all the northern languages, *Skinner* probably examined the ancient and remoter dialects only by occasional inspection into dictionaries; but the learning of *Junius* is often of no other use than to show him a track by which he may deviate from his purpose, to which *Skinner* always presses forward by the shortest way. *Skinner* is often ignorant, but never ridiculous: *Junius* is always full of knowledge; but his variety distracts his judgment, and his learning is very frequently disgraced by his absurdities.

The votaries of the northern muses will not perhaps easily restrain their indignation, when they find the name of *Junius* thus degraded by a disadvantageous comparison; but whatever reverence is due to his diligence, or his attainments, it can be no criminal degree of censoriousness to charge that etymologist with want of judgment, who can seriously derive *dream* from *drama*, because *life is a drama, and a drama is a dream*; and who declares, with a tone of defiance, that no man can fail to derive *moan* from *μόνος, monos, single or solitary*, who considers that grief naturally loves to be alone\*.

\* That I may not appear to have spoken too irreverently of *Junius*, I have here subjoined a few specimens of his etymological extravagance:

**BANISH**, *relegare, ex banno vel territorio exigere, in exilium agere.* G. *bannir.* It. *bandire, bandeggiare.* H. *bandir.* B. *bannen.* Ævi mediæ scriptores *bannire* dicebant. V. Spelm. in *Bannum* & in *Banleuga.* Quoniam vero regionum urbiumq; limites arduis plerumq; montibus, altis fluminibus, longis deniq; flexuosisq; angustissimarum viarum amfractibus includebantur, fieri potest id genus limites *ban* dici ab eo quod *Βανάται* & *Βάνατροι* Tarentinis olim, sicuti tradit Hesychius, vocabantur *αἱ λοφαὶ καὶ μὴ ἰδρυμένης ἰδοῦ*, “obliquæ ac minime in rectum tendentes viæ.” Ac fortasse quoque huc facit quod *Βωδός*, eodem Hesychio teste, dicebant *ὄρη εὐαγγύλη*, montes arduos.

**EMPTY**, *emtic, vacuus, inanis.* A. S. *Æmbig.* Nescio an sint ab *ἐμῆώ* vel *εμῆλω*. Vomo, evomo, vomitu evacuo. Videtur interim etymologiam hanc non obscure firmare codex Rush. Mat. xii. 22. ubi antique scriptum invenimus *γεμοεεθ* *hite emetig.* “Invenit eam vacantem.”

**HILL**, *mons collis.* A. S. *hyll.* Quod videri potest abscissum ex *κολώνη* vel *κολωνός*. Collis, tumulus, locus in plano editor. Homer. II. b. v. 811. *ἔς δὲ τις προπάροιθε πύλεος ἀπτεῖα κολώνη.* Ubi auctori brevium scholiorum *κολώνη* exp. *τόπος εἰς ὃς ἀνίσταται, γυάλοφος ἕξοχή.*

Our knowledge of the northern literature is so scanty, that of words undoubtedly *Teutonick*, the original is not always to be found in any ancient language; and I have therefore inserted *Dutch* or *German* substitutes, which I consider not as radical; but parallel, not as the parents, but sisters of the *English*.

The words which are represented as thus related by descent or cognation, do not always agree in sense; for it is incident to words, as to their authors, to degenerate from their ancestors, and to change their manners when they change their country. It is sufficient, in etymological inquiries, if the senses of kindred words be found such as may easily pass into each other, or such as may both be referred to one general idea.

The etymology, so far as it is yet known, was easily found in the volumes where it is particularly and professedly delivered; and by proper attention to the rules of derivation, the orthography was soon adjusted. But to COLLECT the WORDS of our language was a task of greater difficulty: the deficiency of dictionaries was immediately apparent; and when they were exhausted, what was yet wanting must be sought by fortuitous and unguided excursions into books, and gleaned as industry should find, or chance should offer it, in the boundless chaos of a living speech. My search, however, has been either skilful or lucky; for I have much augmented the vocabulary.

As my design was a dictionary, common or appellative, I have omitted all words which have relation to proper names; such as *Arian*, *Socinian*, *Calvinist*, *Benedictine*, *Mahometan*; but have retained those of a more general nature, as *Heathen*, *Pagan*.

Of the terms of art I have received such as could be found either in books of science, or technical dictiona-

NAP, to take a nap. *Dormire*, *condormiscere*. Cym. heppian. A. S. hnæppan. Quod postremum videri potest desumptum ex κνίφα, obscuritas, tenebræ: nihil enim æque solet conciliare somnum, quam caliginosa profundæ noctis obscuritas.

STAMMERER, Balbus, blæsus. Goth. STAMMS A. S. pta-mep, pzamup, D. stam. B. stameler. Su. stamma. Isl. stamr. Sunt a σωμυλειν vel σωμύλλειν, nimia loquacitate alios offendere: quod impedit loquentes libentissime garrire sciant; vel quod aliis nimii semper videantur, etiam parcissime loquentes.

res; and have often inserted, from philosophical writers, words which are supported perhaps only by a single authority, and which, being not admitted into general use, stand yet as candidates or probationers, and must depend for their adoption on the suffrage of futurity.

The words which our authors have introduced by their knowledge of foreign languages, or ignorance of their own, by vanity or wantonness, by compliance with fashion or lust of innovation, I have registered as they occurred, though commonly only to censure them, and warn others against the folly of naturalizing useless foreigners, to the injury of the natives.

I have not rejected any by design, merely because they were unnecessary or exuberant; but have received those which by different writers have been differently formed, as *viscid*, and *viscidly*, *viscous*, and *viscosity*.

Compounded or double words I have seldom noted, except when they obtain a signification different from that which the components have in their simple state. Thus *highwayman*, *woodman*, and *horsecourser*, require an explanation; but of *thieflike*, or *coachdriver*, no notice was needed, because the primitives contain the meaning of their compounds.

Words arbitrarily formed by a constant and settled analogy, like diminutive adjectives in *ish*, as *greenish*, *bluish*; adverbs in *ly*, as *dully*, *openly*; substantives in *ness*, as *vileness*, *faultiness*; were less diligently sought, and sometimes have been omitted, when I had no authority that invited me to insert them; not that they are not genuine and regular offsprings of *English* roots; but because their relation to the primitive being always the same, their signification cannot be mistaken.

The verbal nouns in *ing*, such as the *keeping* of the *castle*, the *leading* of the *army*, are always neglected, or placed only to illustrate the sense of the verb, except when they signify things as well as actions, and have therefore a plural number, as *dwelling*, *living*; or have an absolute and abstract signification, as *colouring*, *painting*, *learning*.

The participles are likewise omitted, unless, by signifying rather habit or quality than action, they take the nature of adjectives; as a *thinking* man, a man of pru-

dence; a *pacing* horse, a horse that can pace: these I have ventured to call *participial adjectives*. But neither are these always inserted, because they are commonly to be understood without any danger of mistake, by consulting the verb.

Obsolete words are admitted when they are found in authors not obsolete, or when they have any force or beauty that may deserve revival.

As composition is one of the chief characteristics of a language, I have endeavoured to make some reparation for the universal negligence of my predecessors, by inserting great numbers of compounded words, as may be found under *after*, *fore*, *new*, *night*, *fair*, and many more. These, numerous as they are, might be multiplied, but that use and curiosity are here satisfied, and the frame of our language, and modes of our combination, amply discovered.

Of some forms of composition, such as that by which *re* is prefixed to note *repetition*, and *un* to signify *contrariety* or *privation*, all the examples cannot be accumulated, because the use of these particles, if not wholly arbitrary, is so little limited, that they are hourly affixed to new words as occasion requires, or is imagined to require them.

There is another kind of composition more frequent in our language than perhaps in any other, from which arises to foreigners the greatest difficulty. We modify the signification of many verbs by a particle subjoined; as to *come off*, to escape by a fetch; to *fall on*, to attack; to *fall off*, to apostatize; to *break off*, to stop abruptly; to *bear out*, to justify; to *fall in*, to comply; to *give over*, to cease; to *set off*, to embellish; to *set in*, to begin a continual tenour; to *set out*, to begin a course or journey; to *take off*, to copy; with innumerable expressions of the same kind, of which some appear wildly irregular, being so far distant from the sense of the simple words, that no sagacity will be able to trace the steps by which they arrived at the present use. These I have noted with great care; and though I cannot flatter myself that the collection is complete, I believe I have so far assisted the students of our language, that this kind of phraseology will be no longer insuperable; and the combina-



tions of verbs and particles, by chance omitted, will be easily explained by comparison with those that may be found.

Many words yet stand supported only by the name of *Bailey*, *Ainsworth*, *Philips*, or the contracted *Dict.* for *Dictionaries* subjoined; of these I am not always certain that they are read in any book but the works of lexicographers. Of such I have omitted many, because I had never read them; and many I have inserted, because they may perhaps exist, though they have escaped my notice: they are, however, to be yet considered as resting only upon the credit of former dictionaries. Others, which I considered as useful, or know to be proper, though I could not at present support them by authorities, I have suffered to stand upon my own attestation, claiming the same privilege with my predecessors, of being sometimes credited without proof.

The words, thus selected and disposed, are grammatically considered; they are referred to the different parts of speech; traced, when they are irregularly inflected, through their various terminations; and illustrated by observations, not indeed of great or striking importance, separately considered, but necessary to the elucidation of our language, and hitherto neglected or forgotten by *English* grammarians.

That part of my work on which I expect malignity most frequently to fasten, is the *explanation*; in which I cannot hope to satisfy those, who are perhaps not inclined to be pleased, since I have not always been able to satisfy myself. To interpret a language by itself is very difficult; many words cannot be explained by synonyms, because the idea signified by them has not more than one appellation; nor by paraphrase, because simple ideas cannot be described. When the nature of things is unknown, or the notion unsettled and indefinite, and various in various minds, the words by which such notions are conveyed, or such things denoted, will be ambiguous and perplexed. And such is the fate of hapless lexicography, that not only darkness, but light, impedes and distresses it; things may be not only too little, but too much known, to be happily illustrated. To explain, requires the use of terms less abstruse than that

which is to be explained, and such terms cannot always be found; for as nothing can be proved but by supposing something intuitively known, and evident without proof, so nothing can be defined but by the use of words too plain to admit a definition.

Other words there are, of which the sense is too subtle and evanescent to be fixed in a paraphrase; such are all those which are by the grammarians termed *expletives*, and, in dead languages, are suffered to pass for empty sounds, of no other use than to fill a verse, or to modulate a period, but which are easily perceived in living tongues to have power and emphasis, though it be sometimes such as no other form of expression can convey.

My labour has likewise been much increased by a class of verbs too frequent in the *English* language, of which the signification is so loose and general, the use so vague and indeterminate, and the senses detorted so widely from the first idea, that it is hard to trace them through the maze of variation, to catch them on the brink of utter inanity, to circumscribe them by any limitations, or interpret them by any words of distinct and settled meaning; such are *bear, break, come, cast, full, get, give, do, put, set, go, run, make, take, turn, throw*. If of these the whole power is not accurately delivered, it must be remembered, that while our language is yet living, and variable by the caprice of every one that speaks it, these words are hourly shifting their relations, and can no more be ascertained in a dictionary, than a grove, in the agitation of a storm, can be accurately delineated from its picture in the water.

The particles are, among all nations, applied with so great latitude, that they are not easily reducible under any regular scheme of explication: this difficulty is not less, nor perhaps greater, in *English*, than in other languages. I have laboured them with diligence, I hope with success; such at least as can be expected in a task, which no man, however learned or sagacious, has yet been able to perform.

Some words there are which I cannot explain, because I do not understand them; these might have been omitted, very often with little inconvenience, but I

would not so far indulge my vanity as to decline this confession: for when *Tully* owns himself ignorant whether *lessus*, in the twelve tables, means a *funeral song*, or *mourning garment*; and *Aristotle* doubts whether *ὄζειν* in the *Iliad*, signifies a *mule*, or *muleteer*, I may surely, without shame, leave some obscurities to happier industry, or future information.

The rigour of interpretative lexicography requires that the explanation, and the word explained, should be always reciprocal; this I have always endeavoured, but could not always attain. Words are seldom exactly synonymous; a new term was not introduced, but because the former was thought inadequate: names, therefore, have often many ideas, but few ideas have many names. It was then necessary to use the proximate word, for the deficiency of single terms can very seldom be supplied by circumlocution; nor is the inconvenience great of such mutilated interpretations, because the sense may easily be collected entire from the examples.

In every word of extensive use, it was requisite to mark the progress of its meaning, and shew by what gradations of intermediate sense it has passed from its primitive to its remote and accidental signification; so that every foregoing explanation should tend to that which follows, and the series be regularly concatenated from the first notion to the last.

This is specious, but not always practicable; kindred senses may be so interwoven, that the perplexity cannot be disentangled, nor any reason be assigned why one should be ranged before the other. When the radical idea branches out into parallel ramifications, how can a consecutive series be formed of senses in their nature collateral? The shades of meaning sometimes pass imperceptibly into each other, so that though on one side they apparently differ, yet it is impossible to mark the point of contact. Ideas of the same race, though not exactly alike, are sometimes so little different, that no words can express the dissimilitude, though the mind easily perceives it when they are exhibited together; and sometimes there is such a confusion of acceptations, that discernment is wearied, and distinction puzzled,

and perseverance herself hurries to an end, by crowding together what she cannot separate.

These complaints of difficulty will, by those that have never considered words beyond their popular use, be thought only the jargon of a man willing to magnify his labours, and procure veneration to his studies by involution and obscurity. But every art is obscure to those who have not learned it: this uncertainty of terms and commixture of ideas, is well known to those who have joined philosophy with grammar; and if I have not expressed them very clearly, it must be remembered that I am speaking of that which words are insufficient to explain.

The original sense of words is often driven out of use by their metaphorical acceptations, yet must be inserted for the sake of a regular origination. Thus I know not whether *ardour* is used for *material heat*, or whether *flagrant*, in *English*, ever signifies the same with *burning*; yet such are the primitive ideas of these words, which are therefore set first, though without examples, that the figurative senses may be commodiously deduced.

Such is the exuberance of signification which many words have obtained, that it was scarcely possible to collect all their senses; sometimes the meaning of derivatives must be sought in the mother term, and sometimes deficient explanations of the primitive may be supplied in the train of derivation. In any case of doubt or difficulty, it will be always proper to examine all the words of the same race; for some words are slightly passed over to avoid repetition, some admitted easier and clearer explanation than others, and all will be better understood, as they are considered in a greater variety of structures and relations.

All the interpretations of words are not written with the same skill, or the same happiness: things equally easy in themselves, are not all equally easy to any single mind. Every writer of a long work commits errors, where there appears neither ambiguity to mislead, nor obscurity to confound him; and in a search like this, many felicities of expression will be casually overlooked, many convenient parallels will be forgotten, and many particulars will admit improvement from a mind utterly unequal to the whole performance.

But many seeming faults are to be imputed rather to the nature of the undertaking, than the negligence of the performer. Thus some explanations are unavoidably reciprocal or circular, as *hind, the female of the stag; stag, the male of the hind*: sometimes easier words are changed into harder, as *burial* into *sepulture* or *interment*, *drier* into *desiccative*, *dryness* into *siccity* or *aridity*, *fit* into *paroxysm*; for the easiest word, whatever it be, can never be translated into one more easy. But easiness and difficulty are merely relative; and if the present prevalence of our language should invite foreigners to this Dictionary, many will be assisted by those words which now seem only to increase or produce obscurity. For this reason I have endeavoured frequently to join a *Teutonick* and *Roman* interpretation, as to *cheer, gladden, or exhilarate*, that every learner of *English* may be assisted by his own tongue.

The solution of all difficulties, and the supply of all defects, must be sought in the examples subjoined to the various senses of each word, and ranged according to the time of their authors.

When I first collected these authorities, I was desirous that every quotation should be useful to some other end than the illustration of a word; I therefore extracted from philosophers principles of science; from historians remarkable facts; from chymists complete processes; from divines striking exhortations; and from poets beautiful descriptions. Such is design, while it is yet at a distance from execution. When the time called upon me to range this accumulation of elegance and wisdom into an alphabetical series, I soon discovered that the bulk of my volumes would fright away the student, and was forced to depart from my scheme of including all that was pleasing or useful in *English* literature, and reduce my transcripts very often to clusters of words, in which scarcely any meaning is retained: thus to the weariness of copying, I was condemned to add the vexation of expunging. Some passages I have yet spared, which may relieve the labour of verbal researches, and intersperse with verdure and flowers the dusty deserts of barren philology.

The examples, thus mutilated, are no longer to be considered as conveying the sentiments or doctrine of their authors; the word for the sake of which they are inserted, with all its appendant clauses, has been carefully preserved; but it may sometimes happen, by hasty detraction, that the general tendency of the sentence may be changed: the divine may desert his tenets, or the philosopher his system.

Some of the examples have been taken from writers who were never mentioned as masters of elegance, or models of style; but words must be sought where they are used; and in what pages, eminent for purity, can terms of manufacture or agriculture to be found? Many quotations serve no other purpose than that of proving the bare existence of words, and are therefore selected with less scrupulousness than those which are to teach their structures and relations.

My purpose was to admit no testimony of living authors, that I might not be misled by partiality, and that none of my contemporaries might have reason to complain; nor have I departed from this resolution, but when some performance of uncommon excellence excited my veneration, when my memory supplied me from late books, with an example that was wanting, or when my heart, in the tenderness of friendship, solicited admission for a favourite name.

So far have I been from any care to grace my pages with modern decorations, that I have studiously endeavoured to collect examples and authorities from the writers before the restoration, whose works I regard as *the wells of English undefiled*, as the pure sources of genuine diction. Our language, for almost a century, has, by the concurrence of many causes, been gradually departing from its original *Teutonic* character, and deviating towards a *Gallick* structure and phraseology, from which it ought to be our endeavour to recal it, by making our ancient volumes the ground work of style, admitting among the additions of later times, only such as may supply real deficiencies, such as are readily adopted by the genius of our tongue, and incorporate easily with our native idioms.

But as every language has a time of rudeness antecedent to perfection, as well as of false refinement and declension, I have been cautious lest my zeal for antiquity might drive me into times too remote, and crowd my book with words now no longer understood. I have fixed *Sidney's* works for the boundary, beyond which I make few excursions. From the authors which rose in the time of *Elizabeth*, a speech might be formed adequate to all the purposes of use and elegance. If the language of theology were extracted from *Hooker* and the translation of the Bible; the terms of natural knowledge from *Bacon*; the phrases of policy, war, and navigation from *Raleigh*; the dialect of poetry and fiction from *Spenser* and *Sidney*; and the diction of common life from *Shakespeare*, few ideas would be lost to mankind, for want of *English* words, in which they might be expressed.

It is not sufficient that a word is found, unless it be so combined as that its meaning is apparently determined by the tract and tenour of the sentence; such passages I have therefore chosen, and when it happened that any author gave a definition of a term, or such an explanation as is equivalent to a definition, I have placed his authority as a supplement to my own, without regard to the chronological order, which is otherwise observed.

Some words, indeed, stand unsupported by any authority, but they are commonly derivative nouns or adverbs, formed from their primitives by regular and constant analogy, or names of things seldom occurring in books, or words of which I have reason to doubt the existence.

There is more danger of censure from the multiplicity than paucity of examples; authorities will sometimes seem to have accumulated without necessity or use, and perhaps some will be found, which might, without loss, have been omitted. But a work of this kind is not hastily to be charged with superfluities; those quotations, which to careless or unskillful perusers appear only to repeat the same sense, will often exhibit, to a more accurate examiner, diversities of signification, or, at least, afford different shades of the same meaning: one will shew the word applied to persons, another to things;

one will express an ill, another a good, and a third a neutral sense; one will prove the expression genuine from an ancient author; another will shew it elegant from a modern: a doubtful authority is corroborated by another of more credit; an ambiguous sentence is ascertained by a passage clear and determinate: the word, how often soever repeated, appears with new associates and in different combinations, and every quotation contributes something to the stability or enlargement of the language.

When words are used equivocally, I receive them in either sense; when they are metaphorical, I adopt them in their primitive acceptation.

I have sometimes, though rarely, yielded to the temptation of exhibiting a genealogy of sentiments, by shewing how one author copied the thoughts and diction of another: such quotations are indeed little more than repetitions, which might justly be censured, did they not gratify the mind, by affording a kind of intellectual history.

The various syntactical structures occurring in the examples have been carefully noted; the licence or negligence with which many words have been hitherto used, has made our style capricious and indeterminate: when the different combinations of the same word are exhibited together, the preference is readily given to propriety, and I have often endeavoured to direct the choice.

Thus have I laboured by settling the orthography, displaying the analogy, regulating the structures, and ascertaining the signification of *English* words, to perform all the parts of a faithful lexicographer: but I have not always executed my own scheme, or satisfied my own expectations. The work, whatever proofs of diligence and attention it may exhibit, is yet capable of many improvements: the orthography which I recommend is still controvertible; the etymology which I adopt is uncertain, and perhaps frequently erroneous; the explanations are sometimes too much contracted, and sometimes too much diffused, the significations are distinguished rather with subtlety than skill, and the attention is harassed with unnecessary minuteness.

The examples are too often injudiciously truncated, and perhaps sometimes, I hope very rarely, alleged in



a mistaken sense; for in making this collection, I trusted more to memory, than, in a state of disquiet and embarrassment, memory can contain, and purposed to supply at the review what was left incomplete in the first transcription.

Many terms appropriated to particular occupations, though necessary and significant, are undoubtedly omitted; and of the words most studiously considered and exemplified, many senses have escaped observation.

Yet these failures, however frequent, may admit extenuation and apology. To have attempted much is always laudable, even when the enterprize is above the strength that undertakes it: To rest below his own aim is incident to every one whose fancy is active, and whose views are comprehensive; nor is any man satisfied with himself because he has done much, but because he can conceive little. When first I engaged in this work, I resolved to leave neither words nor things unexamined, and pleased myself with a prospect of the hours which I should revel away in feasts of literature, the obscure recesses of northern learning which I should enter and ransack, the treasures with which I expected every search into those neglected mines to reward my labour, and the triumph with which I should display my acquisitions to mankind. When I had thus enquired into the original of words, I resolved to shew likewise my attention to things; to pierce deep into every science, to enquire the nature of every substance of which I inserted the name, to limit every idea by a definition strictly logical, and exhibit every production of art or nature in an accurate description, that my book might be in place of all other dictionaries, whether appellative or technical. But these were the dreams of a poet doomed at last to wake a lexicographer. I soon found that it is too late to look for instruments, when the work calls for execution, and that whatever abilities I had brought to my task, with those I must finally perform it. To deliberate whenever I doubted, to enquire whenever I was ignorant, would have protracted the undertaking without end, and, perhaps, without much improvement; for I did not find by my first experiments, that what I had not of my own was easily to be

obtained: I saw that one enquiry only gave occasion to another, that book referred to book, that to search was not always to find, and to find was not always to be informed; and that thus to pursue perfection, was, like the first inhabitants of Arcadia, to chase the sun, which, when they had reached the hill where he seemed to rest, was still beheld at the same distance from them.

I then contracted my design, determining to confide in myself, and no longer to solicit auxiliaries, which produced more incumbrance than assistance; by this I obtained at least one advantage, that I set limits to my work, which would in time be ended, though not completed.

Despondency has never so far prevailed as to depress me to negligence; some faults will at last appear to be the effects of anxious diligence and persevering activity. The nice and subtle ramifications of meaning were not easily avoided by a mind intent upon accuracy, and convinced of the necessity of disentangling combinations, and separating similitudes. Many of the distinctions which to common readers appear useless and idle, will be found real and important by men versed in the school of philosophy, without which no dictionary can ever be accurately compiled, or skilfully examined.

Some senses however there are, which, though not the same, are yet so nearly allied, that they are often confounded. Most men think indistinctly, and therefore cannot speak with exactness; and consequently some examples might be indifferently put to either signification: this uncertainty is not to be imputed to me, who do not form, but register the language; who do not teach men how they should think, but relate how they have hitherto expressed their thoughts.

The imperfect sense of some examples I lamented, but could not remedy, and hope they will be compensated by innumerable passages selected with propriety, and preserved with exactness; some shining with sparks of imagination, and some replete with treasures of wisdom.

The orthography and etymology, though imperfect, are not imperfect for want of care, but because care will not always be successful, and recollection or information come too late for use.

That many terms of art and manufacture are omitted, must be frankly acknowledged; but for this defect I may boldly allege that it was unavoidable; I could not visit caverns to learn the miner's language, nor take a voyage to perfect my skill in the dialect of navigation, nor visit the warehouses of merchants, and shops of artificers, to gain the names of wares, tools, and operations, of which no mention is found in books; what favourable accident, or easy enquiry, brought within my reach, has not been neglected; but it had been a hopeless labour to glean up words, by courting living information, and contesting with the sullenness of one, and the roughness of another.

To furnish the acadamecians *della Crusca* with words of this kind, a series of comedies called *la Fiera*, or *the Fair*, was professedly written by *Buonaroti*; but I had no such assistant, and therefore was content to want what they must have wanted likewise, had they not luckily been so supplied.

Nor are all words which are not found in the vocabulary, to be lamented as omissions. Of the laborious and mercantile part of the people, the diction is in a great measure casual and mutable; many of their terms are formed for some temporary or local convenience, and though current at certain times and places, are in others utterly unknown. This fugitive cant, which is always in a state of increase or decay, cannot be regarded as any part of the durable materials of a language, and therefore must be suffered to perish with other things unworthy of preservation.

Care will sometimes betray to the appearance of negligence. He that is catching opportunities which seldom occur, will suffer those to pass by unregarded, which he expects hourly to return; he that is searching for rare and remote things, will neglect those that are obvious and familiar; thus many of the most common and cursory words have been inserted with little illustration, because in gathering the authorities, I forbore to copy those which I thought likely to occur whenever they were wanted. It is remarkable that, in reviewing my collection, I found the word *sea* unexemplified.

Thus it happens, that in things difficult there is danger from ignorance, and in things easy from confidence;

the mind, afraid of greatness, and disdainful of littleness, hastily withdraws herself from painful searches, and passes with scornful rapidity over tasks not adequate to her powers, sometimes too secure for caution, and again too anxious for vigorous effort; sometimes idle in a plain path, and sometimes distracted in labyrinths, and dissipated by different intentions.

A large work is difficult because it is large, even though all its parts might singly be performed with facility; where there are many things to be done, each must be allowed its share of time and labour, in the proportion only which it bears to the whole; nor can it be expected, that the stones which form the dome of a temple should be squared and polished like the diamond of a ring.

Of the event of this work, for which, having laboured it with so much application, I cannot but have some degree of parental fondness, it is natural to form conjectures. Those who have been persuaded to think well of my design, will require that it should fix our language, and put a stop to those alterations which time and chance have hitherto been suffered to make in it without opposition. With this consequence I will confess that I flattered myself for a while; but now begin to fear that I have indulged expectation which neither reason nor experience can justify. When we see men grow old and die at a certain time one after another, from century to century, we laugh at the elixir that promises to prolong life to a thousand years; and with equal justice may the lexicographer be derided, who being able to produce no example of a nation that has preserved their words and phrases from mutability, shall imagine that his dictionary can embalm his language, and secure it from corruption and decay, that it is in his power to change sublunary nature, and clear the world at once from folly, vanity, and affectation.

With this hope, however, academies have been instituted, to guard the avenues of their languages, to retain fugitives, and repulse intruders; but their vigilance and activity have hitherto been vain; sounds are too volatile and subtle for legal restraints; to enchain syllables, and to lash the wind, are equally the undertak-

ings of pride, unwilling to measure its desires by its strength. The *French* language has visibly changed under the inspection of the academy; the style of *Amelet's* translation of father *Paul* is observed by *Le Courayer* to be *un peu passe*; and no *Italian* will maintain, that the diction of any modern writer is not perceptibly different from that of *Boccace*, *Machiavel*, or *Caro*.

Total and sudden transformations of a language seldom happen; conquests and migrations are now very rare: but there are other causes of change, which, though slow in their operation, and invisible in their progress, are perhaps as much superior to human resistance, as the revolutions of the sky, or intumescence of the tide. Commerce, however necessary, however lucrative, as it depraves the manners, corrupts the language; they that have frequent intercourse with strangers, to whom they endeavour to accommodate themselves, must in time learn a mingled dialect, like the jargon which serves the traffickers on the *Mediterranean* and *Indian* coasts. This will not always be confined to the exchange, the warehouse, or the port, but will be communicated by degrees to other ranks of the people, and be at last incorporated with the current speech.

There are likewise internal causes, equally forcible. The language most likely to continue long without alteration, would be that of a nation raised a little, and but a little, above barbarity, secluded from strangers, and totally employed in procuring the conveniencies of life; either without books, or, like some of the *Mahometan* countries, with very few: men thus busied and unlearned, having only such words as common use requires, would perhaps long continue to express the same notions by the same signs. But no such constancy can be expected in a people polished by arts, and classed by subordination, where one part of the community is sustained and accommodated by the labour of the other. Those who have much leisure to think, will always be enlarging the stock of ideas; and every increase of knowledge, whether real or fancied, will produce new words, or combination of words. When the mind is unchained from necessity, it will range after

convenience ; when it is left at large in the field of speculation, it will shift opinions ; as any custom is disused, the words that expressed it must perish with it ; as any opinion grows popular, it will innovate speech in the same proportion as it alters practice.

As by the cultivation of various sciences, a language is amplified, it will be more furnished with words deflected from their original sense ; the geometrician will talk of a courtier's zenith, or the eccentric virtue of a wild hero, and the physician of sanguine expectations, and phlegmatic delays. Copiousness of speech will give opportunities to capricious choice ; by which some words will be preferred, and others degraded ; vicissitudes of fashion will enforce the use of new, or extend the signification of known terms. The tropes of poetry will make hourly encroachments, and the metaphorical will become the current sense : pronunciation will be varied by levity or ignorance, and the pen must at length comply with the tongue ; illiterate writers will, at one time or other, by public infatuation, rise into renown, who not knowing the original import of words, will use them with colloquial licentiousness, confound distinction, and forget propriety. As politeness increases, some expressions will be considered as too gross and vulgar for the delicate, others as too formal and ceremonious for the gay and airy ; new phrases are therefore adopted, which must, for the same reasons, be in time dismissed. *Swift*, in his petty treatise on the *English* language, allows that new words must sometimes be introduced, but proposes that none should be suffered to become obsolete. But what makes a word obsolete, more than general agreement to forbear it ? and how shall it be continued, when it conveys an offensive idea, or recalled again into the mouths of mankind, when it has once become unfamiliar by disuse, and unpleasing by unfamiliarity ?

There is another cause of alteration more prevalent than any other, which yet in the present state of the world cannot be obviated. A mixture of two languages will produce a third distinct from both, and they will always be mixed, where the chief parts of education, and the most conspicuous accomplishment, is skill in ancient or in foreign tongues. He that has long

cultivated another language, will find its words and combinations crowd upon his memory; and haste and negligence, refinement and affectation, will obtrude borrowed terms and exotic expressions.

The great pest of speech is frequency of translation. No book was ever turned from one language into another, without imparting something of its native idiom; this is the most mischievous and comprehensive innovation; single words may enter by thousands, and the fabric of the tongue continue the same; but new phraseology changes much at once; it alters not the single stones of the building, but the order of the columns. If an academy should be established for the cultivation of our style, which I, who can never wish to see dependence multiplied, hope the spirit of *English* liberty will hinder or destroy, let them, instead of compiling grammars and dictionaries, endeavour, with all their influence, to stop the licence of translators, whose idleness and ignorance, if it be suffered to proceed, will reduce us to babble a dialect of *France*.

If the changes that we fear be thus irresistible, what remains but to acquiesce with silence, as in the other insurmountable distresses of humanity? It remains that we retard what we cannot repel, that we palliate what we cannot cure. Life may be lengthened by care, though death cannot be ultimately defeated: tongues, like governments, have a natural tendency to degeneration; we have long preserved our constitution, let us make some struggles for our language.

In hope of giving longevity to that which its own nature forbids to be immortal, I have devoted this book, the labour of years, to the honour of my country, that we may no longer yield the palm of philology, without a contest, to the nations of the continent. The chief glory of every people arises from its authors: whether I shall add any thing by my own writings to the reputation of *English* literature, must be left to time: much of my life has been lost under the pressures of disease; much has been trifled away; and much has always been spent in provision for the day that was passing over me; but I shall not think my employment useless or ignoble, if, by my assistance, foreign nations, and

distant ages, gain access to the propagators of knowledge, and understand the teachers of truth; if my labours afford light to the repositories of science, and add celebrity to *Bacon*, to *Hooker*, to *Milton*, and to *Boyle*.

When I am animated by this wish, I look with pleasure on my book, however defective, and deliver it to the world with the spirit of a man that has endeavoured well. That it will immediately become popular I have not promised to myself: a few wild blunders, and risible absurdities, from which no work of such multiplicity was ever free, may for a time furnish foily with laughter, and harden ignorance into contempt; but useful diligence will at last prevail, and there never can be wanting some who distinguish desert; who will consider that no dictionary of a living tongue ever can be perfect, since, while it is hastening to publication, some words are budding, and some falling away; that a whole life cannot be spent upon syntax and etymology, and that even a whole life would not be sufficient; that he, whose design includes whatever language can express, must often speak of what he does not understand; that a writer will sometimes be hurried by eagerness to the end, and sometimes faint with weariness under a task, which *Scaliger* compares to the labours of the anvil and the mine; that what is obvious is not always known, and what is known is not always present; that sudden fits of inadvertency will surprise vigilance, slight avocations will seduce attention, and casual eclipses of the mind will darken learning; and that the writer shall often in vain trace his memory at the moment of need, for that which yesterday he knew with intuitive readiness, and which will come uncalled into his thoughts to-morrow.

In this work, when it shall be found that much is omitted, let it not be forgotten that much likewise is performed; and though no book was ever spared out of tenderness to the author, and the world is little solicitous to know whence proceeded the faults of that which it condemns; yet it may gratify curiosity to inform it, that the *English Dictionary* was written with little assistance of the learned, and without any patronage of the great; not in the soft obscurities of retire-



ment, or under the shelter of academick bowers, but amidst inconvenience and distraction, in sickness and in sorrow. It may repress the triumph of malignant eriticism to observe, that if our language is not here fully displayed, I have only failed in an attempt which no human powers have hitherto completed. If the lexicons of ancient tongues, now immutably fixed, and comprized in a few volumes, be yet, after the toil of successive ages, inadequate and delusive; if the aggregated knowledge, and co-operating diligence of the *Italian* academicians, did not secure them from the censure of *Beni*; if the embodied criticks of *France*, when fifty years had been spent upon their work, were obliged to change its oeconomy, and give their second edition another form, I may surely be contented without the praise of perfection, which, if I could obtain, in this gloom of solitude, what would it avail me? I have protracted my work till most of those whom I wished to please have sunk into the grave, and success and miscarriage are empty sounds. I therefore dismiss it with frigid tranquility, having little to fear or hope from censure or from praise\*.

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\*Dr. Johnson's Dictionary was published on the fifteenth day of April, 1755, in two vols. folio, price *L. 4. 10s. bound.* The booksellers who engaged in this national work were the Knaptons, Longman, Hitch & Co. Millar, and Dodsley.

PROPOSALS  
FOR PRINTING THE  
DRAMATICK WORKS  
OF  
WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE.

Printed in the Year 1756.

WHEN the works of *Shakespeare* are, after so many editions, again offered to the Publick, it will doubtless be inquired, why *Shakespeare* stands in more need of critical assistance than any other of the *English* writers, and what are the deficiencies of the late attempts, which another editor may hope to supply?

The business of him that republishes an ancient book is, to correct what is corrupt, and to explain what is obscure. To have a text corrupt in many places, and in many doubtful, is, among the authors that have written since the use of types, almost peculiar to *Shakespeare*. Most writers, by publishing their own works, prevent all various readings, and preclude all conjectural criticism. Books indeed are sometimes published after the death of him who produced them; but they are better secured from corruption than these unfortunate compositions. They subsist in a single copy, written or revised by the author; and the faults of the printed volume can be only faults of one descent.

But of the works of *Shakespeare* the condition has been far different: he sold them, not to be printed, but to be played. They were immediately copied for the actors, and multiplied by transcript after transcript, vitiated by the blunders of the penman, or changed by the affectation of the player; perhaps enlarged to introduce a jest, or mutilated to shorten the representation; and printed at last without the concurrence of the author, without the consent of the proprietor, from

compilations made by chance or by stealth out of the separate parts written for the theatre; and thus thrust into the world surreptitiously and hastily, they suffered another depravation from the ignorance and negligence of the printers, as every man who knows the state of the press in that age will readily conceive.

It is not easy for invention to bring together so many causes concurring to vitiate the text. No other author ever gave up his works to fortune and time with so little care: no books could be left in hands so likely to injure them, as plays frequently acted, yet continued in manuscript: no other transcribers were likely to be so little qualified for their task as those who copied for the stage, at a time when the lower ranks of the people were universally illiterate: no other editions were made from fragments so minutely broken, and so fortuitously re-united; and in no other age was the art of printing in such unskilful hands.

With the causes of corruption that make the revision of *Shakespeare's* dramattick pieces necessary, may be enumerated the causes of obscurity, which may be partly imputed to his age, and partly to himself.

When a writer outlives his contemporaries, and remains almost the only unforgotten name of a distant time, he is necessarily obscure. Every age has its modes of speech, and its cast of thought; which, though easily explained when there are many books to be compared with each other, becomes sometimes unintelligible and always difficult, when there are no parallel passages that may conduce to their illustration. *Shakespeare* is the first considerable author of sublime or familiar dialogue in our language. Of the books which he read, and from which he formed his style, some perhaps have perished, and the rest are neglected. His imitations are therefore unnoted, his allusions are undiscovered, and many beauties, both of pleasantry and greatness, are lost with the objects to which they were united, as the figures vanish when the canvass has decayed.

It is the great excellence of *Shakespeare*, that he drew his scenes from nature, and from life. He copied the manners of the world then passing before him, and has

more allusions than other poets to the traditions and superstition of the vulgar; which must therefore be traced before he can be understood.

He wrote at a time when our poetical language was yet unformed, when the meaning of our phrases was yet in fluctuation, when words were adopted at pleasure from the neighbouring languages, and while the *Saxon* was still visibly mingled in our diction. The reader is therefore embarrassed at once with dead and with foreign languages, with obsolescence and innovation. In that age, as in all others, fashion produced phraseology, which succeeding fashion swept away before its meaning was generally known, or sufficiently authorised: and in that age, above all others, experiments were made upon our language, which distorted its combinations, and disturbed its uniformity.

If *Shakespeare* has difficulties above other writers, it is to be imputed to the nature of his work, which required the use of the common colloquial language, and consequently admitted many phrases allusive, elliptical, and proverbial, such as we speak and hear every hour without observing them; and of which, being now familiar, we do not suspect that they can ever grow uncouth, or that, being now obvious, they can ever seem remote.

These are the principal causes of the obscurity of *Shakespeare*; to which might be added the fulness of idea, which might sometimes load his words with more sentiments than they could conveniently convey, and that rapidity of imagination which might hurry him to a second thought before he had fully explained the first. But my opinion is, that very few of his lines were difficult to his audience, and that he used such expressions as were then common, though the paucity of contemporary writers makes them now seem peculiar.

Authors are often praised for improvement, or blamed for innovation, with very little justice, by those who read few other books of the same age. *Addison* himself has been so unsuccessful in enumerating the words with which *Milton* has enriched our language, as perhaps not to have named one of which *Milton* was the author; and *Bentley* has yet more unhappily praised him as the

introducer of those elisions into *English* poetry, which had been used from the first essays of versification among us, and which *Milton* was indeed the last that practised.

Another impediment, not the least vexatious to the commentator, is the exactness with which *Shakespeare* followed his authors. Instead of dilating his thoughts into generalities, and expressing incidents with poetical latitude, he often combines circumstances unnecessary to his main design, only because he happened to find them together. Such passages can be illustrated only by him who has read the same story in the very book which *Shakespeare* consulted.

He that undertakes an edition of *Shakespeare*, has all these difficulties to encounter, and all these obstructions to remove.

The corruptions of the text will be corrected by a careful collation of the oldest copies, by which it is hoped that many restorations may yet be made: at least it will be necessary to collect and note the variation as materials for future criticks; for it very often happens that a wrong reading has affinity to the right.

In this part all the present editions are apparently and intentionally defective. The criticks did not so much as wish to facilitate the labour of those that followed them. The same books are still to be compared; the work that has been done, is to be done again; and no single edition will supply the reader with a text on which he can rely as the best copy of the works of *Shakespeare*.

The edition now proposed will at least have this advantage over others. It will exhibit all the observable varieties of all the copies that can be found; that if the reader is not satisfied with the editor's determination, he may have the means of choosing better for himself.

Where all the books are evidently vitiated, and collation can give no assistance, then begins the task of critical sagacity: and some changes may well be admitted in a text never settled by the author, and so long exposed to caprice and ignorance. But nothing shall be imposed, as in the *Oxford* edition, without notice of the alteration; nor shall conjecture be wantonly or unnecessarily indulged.

It has been long found, that very specious emendations do not equally strike all minds with conviction, nor even the same mind at different times ; and therefore, though perhaps many alterations may be proposed as eligible, very few will be obtruded as certain. In a language so ungrammatical as the *English*, and so licentious as that of *Shakespeare*, emendatory criticism is always hazardous ; nor can it be allowed to any man who is not particularly versed in the writings of that age, and particularly studious of his author's diction. There is danger lest peculiarities should be mistaken for corruptions, and passages rejected as unintelligible, which a narrow mind happens not to understand.

All the former criticks have been so much employed on the correction of the text, that they have not sufficiently attended to the elucidation of passages obscured by accident or time. The editor will endeavour to read the books which the author read, to trace his knowledge to its source, and compare his copies with their originals. If, in this part of his design, he hopes to attain any degree of superiority to his predecessors, it must be considered, that he has the advantage of their labours ; that part of the work being already done, more care is naturally bestowed on the other part ; and that, to declare the truth, Mr. *Rome* and Mr. *Pope*, were very ignorant of the ancient *English* literature ; Dr. *Warburton* was detained by more important studies ; and Mr. *Theobald*, if fame be just to his memory, considered learning only as an instrument of gain, and made no further inquiry after his author's meaning, when once he had notes sufficient to embellish his page with the expected decorations.

With regard to obsolete or peculiar diction, the editor may perhaps claim some degree of confidence, having had more motives to consider the whole extent of our language than any other man from its first formation. He hopes that, by comparing the works of *Shakespeare* with those of writers who lived at the same time, immediately preceded, or immediately followed him, he shall be able to ascertain his ambiguities, disentangle his intricacies, and recover the meaning of words now lost in the darkness of antiquity.

When therefore any obscurity arises from an allusion to some other book, the passage will be quoted. When the diction is entangled, it will be cleared by a paraphrase or interpretation. When the sense is broken by the suppression of part of the sentiment in pleasantry or passion, the connexion will be supplied. When any forgotten custom is hinted, care will be taken to retrieve and explain it. The meaning assigned to doubtful words will be supported by the authorities of other writers, or by parallel passages of *Shakespeare* himself.

The observation of faults and beauties is one of the duties of an annotator, which some of *Shakespeare's* editors have attempted, and some have neglected.— For this part of his task, and for this only, was Mr. *Pope* eminently and indisputably qualified; nor has Dr. *Warburton* followed him with less diligence or less success. But I have never observed that mankind was much delighted or improved by their asterisks, commas, or double commas; of which the only effect is, that they preclude the pleasure of judging for ourselves; teach the young and ignorant to decide without principles; defeat curiosity and discernment, by leaving them less to discover; and at last show the opinion of the critick, without the reasons on which it was founded, and without affording any light by which it may be examined.

The editor, though he may less delight his own vanity, will probably please his reader more, by supposing him equally able with himself to judge of beauties and faults, which require no previous acquisition of remote knowledge. A description of the obvious scenes of nature, a representation of general life, a sentiment of reflection or experience, a deduction of conclusive arguments, a forcible eruption of effervescent passion, are to be considered as proportionate to common apprehension, unassisted by critical officiousness; since, to convince them, nothing more is requisite than acquaintance with the general state of the world, and those faculties which he must almost bring with him who would read *Shakespeare*.

But when the beauty arises from some adaptation of the sentiment to customs worn out of use, to opinions

not universally prevalent, or to any accidental or minute particularity, which cannot be supplied by common understanding, or common observation, it is the duty of a commentator to lend his assistance.

The notice of beauties and faults thus limited, will make no distinct part of the design, being reducible to the explanation of some obscure passages.

The editor does not however intend to preclude himself from the comparison of *Shakespeare's* sentiments or expression with those of ancient or modern authors, or from the display of any beauties not obvious to the students of poetry; for as he hopes to leave his author better understood, he wishes likewise to procure him more rational approbation.

The former editors have effected to slight their predecessors; but in this edition all that is valuable will be adopted from every commentator, that posterity may consider it as including all the rest, and exhibiting whatever is hitherto known of the great father of the *English* drama.



PREFACE  
TO  
SHAKESPEARE.

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Published in the Year 1765.

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THAT praises are without reason lavished on the dead, and that the honours due only to excellence are paid to antiquity, is a complaint likely to be always continued by those, who, being able to add nothing to truth, hope for eminence from the heresies of paradox; or those, who, being forced by disappointment upon consolatory expedients, are willing to hope from posterity what the present age refuses, and flatter themselves that the regard, which is yet denied by envy, will be at last bestowed by time.

Antiquity, like every other quality that attracts the notice of mankind, has undoubtedly votaries that reverence it, not from reason, but from prejudice. Some seem to admire indiscriminately whatever has been long preserved, without considering that time has sometimes co-operated with chance; all perhaps are more willing to honour past than present excellence; and the mind contemplates genius through the shades of age, as the eye surveys the sun through artificial opacity. The great contention of criticism is to find the faults of the moderns and the beauties of the ancients. While an author is yet living, we estimate his powers by his worst performance, and when he is dead, we rate them by his best.

To works, however, of which the excellence is not absolute and definite, but gradual and comparative; to works not raised upon principles demonstrative and scientifick, but appealing wholly to observation and experience, no other test can be applied than length of duration and continuance of esteem. What mankind have long possessed, they have often examined and

compared ; and if they persist to value the possession, it is because frequent comparisons have confirmed opinion in its favour. As among the works of nature, no man can properly call a river deep, or a mountain high, without the knowledge of many mountains, and many rivers ; so, in the productions of genius, nothing can be styled excellent till it has been compared with other works of the same kind. Demonstration immediately displays its power, and has nothing to hope or fear from the flux of years ; but works tentative and experimental must be estimated by their proportion to the general and collective ability of man, as it is discovered in a long succession of endeavours. Of the first building that was raised, it might be with certainty determined that it was round or square ; but whether it was spacious or lofty must have been referred to time. The *Pythagorean* scale of numbers was at once discovered to be perfect ; but the poems of *Homer* we yet know not to transcend the common limits of human intelligence, but by remarking, that nation after nation, and century after century, has been able to do little more than transpose his incidents, new-name his characters, and paraphrase his sentiments.

The reverence due to writings that have long subsisted arises, therefore, not from any credulous confidence in the superior wisdom of past ages, or gloomy persuasion of the degeneracy of mankind, but is the consequence of acknowledged and indubitable positions, that what has been longest known has been most considered, and what is most considered is best understood.

The poet, of whose works I have undertaken the revision, may now begin to assume the dignity of an ancient, and claim the privilege of established fame and prescriptive veneration. He has long outlived his century, the term commonly fixed as the test of literary merit. Whatever advantages he might once derive from personal allusions, local customs, or temporary opinions, have for many years been lost ; and every topic of merriment, or motive of sorrow, which the modes of artificial life afforded him, now only obscure the scenes which they once illuminated. The effects of favour and competition are at an end ; the tradition of

his friendships and his enmities has perished; his works support no opinion with arguments, nor supply any faction with invectives; they can neither indulge vanity, nor gratify malignity; but are read without any other reason than the desire of pleasure, and are therefore praised only as pleasure is obtained; yet, thus unassisted by interest or passion, they have passed through variations of taste and changes of manners, and, as they devolved from one generation to another, have received new honours at every transmission.

But because human judgment, though it be gradually gaining upon certainty, never becomes infallible; and approbation, though long continued, may yet be only the approbation of prejudice or fashion; it is proper to inquire, by what peculiarities of excellence *Shakespeare* has gained and kept the favour of his countrymen.

Nothing can please many, and please long, but just representations of general nature. Particular manners can be known to few, and therefore few only can judge how nearly they are copied. The irregular combinations of fanciful invention may delight a while, by that novelty of which the common satiety of life sends us all in quest; but the pleasures of sudden wonder are soon exhausted, and the mind can only repose on the stability of truth.

*Shakespeare* is, above all writers, at least above all modern writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets, a character is too often an individual: in those of *Shakespeare*, it is commonly a species.

It is from this wide extension of design that so much instruction is derived. It is this which fills the plays of *Shakespeare* with practical axioms and domestic wisdom. It was said of *Euripides*, that every verse was a precept; and it may be said of *Shakespeare*, that from his works may be collected a system of civil and economical prudence. Yet his real power is not shewn in the splendour of particular passages, but by the progress of his fable, and the tenour of his dialogue: and he that tries to recommend him by select quotations, will succeed like the pedant in *Hierocles*, who, when he offered his house to sale, carried a brick in his pocket as a specimen.

It will not easily be imagined how much *Shakespeare* excels in accommodating his sentiments to real life, but by comparing him with other authors. It was observed of the ancient schools of declamation, that the more diligently they were frequented, the more was the student disqualified for the world, because he found nothing there which he should ever meet in any other place. The same remark may be applied to every stage but that of *Shakespeare*. The theatre, when it is under any other direction, is peopled by such characters as were never seen, conversing in a language which was never heard, upon topics which will never arise in the commerce of mankind. But the dialogue of this author is often so evidently determined by the incident which produces it, and is pursued with so much ease and simplicity, that it seems scarcely to claim the merit of fiction, but to have been gleaned by diligent selection out of common conversation, and common occurrences.

Upon every other stage the universal agent is love, by whose power all good and evil is distributed, and every action quickened or retarded. To bring a lover, a lady, and a rival into the fable; to entangle them in contradictory obligations, perplex them with oppositions of interest, and harass them with violence of desires inconsistent with each other; to make them meet in rapture, and part in agony; to fill their mouths with hyperbolical joy and outrageous sorrow; to distress them as nothing human ever was distressed; to deliver them as nothing human ever was delivered; is

the business of a modern dramatist. For this, probability is violated, life is misrepresented, and language is depraved. But love is only one of many passions; and as it has no great influence upon the sum of life, it has little operation in the dramas of a poet, who caught his ideas from the living world, and exhibited only what he saw before him. He knew that any other passion, as it was regular or exorbitant, was a cause of happiness or calamity.

Characters thus ample and general were not easily discriminated and preserved, yet perhaps no poet ever kept his personages more distinct from each other. I will not say with *Pope*, that every speech may be assigned to the proper speaker, because many speeches there are which have nothing characteristic; but, perhaps, though some may be equally adapted to every person, it will be difficult to find that any can be properly transferred from the present possessor to another claimant. The choice is right, when there is reason for choice.

Other dramatists can only gain attention by hyperbolic or aggravated characters, by fabulous and unexampled excellence or depravity, as the writers of barbarous romances invigorated the reader by a giant and a dwarf; and he that should form his expectations of human affairs from the play, or from the tale, would be equally deceived. *Shakespeare* has no heroes; his scenes are occupied only by men, who act and speak as the reader thinks that he should himself have spoken or acted on the same occasion: even where the agency is supernatural, the dialogue is level with life. Other writers disguise the most natural passions and most frequent incidents; so that he who contemplates them in the book will not know them in the world: *Shakespeare* approximates the remote, and familiarizes the wonderful: the event which he represents will not happen, but, if it were possible, its effects would probably be such as he has assigned\*; and it may be said, that he

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\* "Quærit quod nusquam est gentium, reperit tamen,

"Facit illud verisimile quod mendacium est."

Plauti *Pseudolus*, Act. I. Sc. iv.

has not only shown human nature as it acts, in real exigencies, but as it would be found in trials, to which it cannot be exposed.

This therefore is the praise of *Shakespeare*, that his drama is the mirror of life; that he who has mazed his imagination, in following the phantoms which others raise up before him, may here be cured of his delirious ecstasies, by reading human sentiments in human language, by scenes from which a hermit may estimate the transactions of the world, and a confessor predict the progress of the passions.

His adherence to general nature has exposed him to the censure of criticks, who form their judgments upon narrower principles. *Dennis* and *Rymer* think his *Romans* not sufficiently *Roman*; and *Voltaire* censures his kings as not completely royal. *Dennis* is offended, that *Menenius*, a senator of *Rome*, should play the buffoon; and *Voltaire* perhaps thinks decency violated when the *Danish* usurper is represented as a drunkard. But *Shakespeare* always makes nature predominate over accident; and, if he preserves the essential character, is not very careful of distinctions superinduced and adventitious. His story requires *Romans* or kings, but he thinks only on men. He knew that *Rome*, like every other city, had men of all dispositions; and wanting a buffoon, he went into the senate-house for that which the senate-house would certainly have afforded him. He was inclined to show an usurper and a murderer, not only odious, but despicable; he therefore added drunkenness to his other qualities, knowing that kings love wine like other men, and that wine exerts its natural power upon kings. These are the petty cavils of petty minds; a poet overlooks the casual distinction of country and condition, as a painter, satisfied with the figure, neglects the drapery.

The censure which he has incurred by mixing comick and tragick scenes, as it extends to all his works, deserves more consideration. Let the fact be first stated, and then examined.

*Shakespeare's* plays are not, in the rigorous and critical sense, either tragedies or comedies, but compositions of a distinct kind; exhibiting the real state of sublunary

nature, which partakes of good and evil, joy and sorrow, mingled with endless variety of proportion and innumerable modes of combination; and expressing the course of the world, in which the loss of one is the gain of another; in which, at the same time, the reveler is hasting to his wine, and the mourner burying his friend; in which the malignity of one is sometimes defeated by the frolick of another; and many mischiefs and many benefits are done and hindered without design.

Out of this chaos of mingled purposes and casualties, the ancient poets, according to the laws which custom had prescribed, selected some the crimes of men, and some their absurdities; some the momentous vicissitudes of life, and some the lighter occurrences; some the terrors of distress, and some the gaieties of prosperity. Thus rose the two modes of imitation, known by the names of *tragedy* and *comedy*, compositions intended to promote different ends by contrary means, and considered as so little allied, that I do not recollect among the *Greeks* or *Romans* a single writer who attempted both.

*Shakespeare* has united the powers of exciting laughter and sorrow, not only in one mind, but in one composition. Almost all his plays are divided between serious and ludicrous characters, and, in the successive evolutions of the design, sometimes produce seriousness and sorrow, and sometimes levity and laughter.

That this is a practice contrary to the rules of criticism will be readily allowed; but there is always an appeal open from criticism to nature. The end of writing is to instruct; the end of poetry is to instruct by pleasing. That the mingled drama may convey all the instruction of tragedy or comedy cannot be denied, because it includes both in its alterations of exhibition, and approaches nearer than either to the appearance of life, by shewing how great machinations and slender designs may promote or obviate one another, and the high and the low co-operate in the general system by unavoidable concatenation.

It is objected, that by this change of scenes the passions are interrupted in their progression, and that the principal event, being not advanced by a due gradation

of preparatory incidents, wants at last the power to move, which constitutes the perfection of dramatick poetry. This reasoning is so specious, that it is received as true even by those who in daily experience feel it to be false. The interchanges of mingled scenes seldom fail to produce the intended vicissitudes of passion. Fiction cannot move so much but that the attention may be easily transferred; and though it must be allowed that pleasing melancholy be sometimes interrupted by unwelcome levity, yet let it be considered likewise, that melancholy is often not pleasing, and that the disturbance of one man may be the relief of another; that different auditors have different habitudes; and that, upon the whole, all pleasure consists in variety.

The players, who in their edition divided our author's works into comedies, histories, and tragedies, seem not to have distinguished the three kinds by any very exact or definite ideas.

An action which ended happily to the principal persons, however serious or distressful through its intermediate incidents, in their opinion, constituted a comedy. This idea of a comedy continued long amongst us; and plays were written, which, by changing the catastrophe, were tragedies to-day, and comedies to-morrow.

Tragedy was not in those times a poem of more general dignity or elevation than comedy; it required only a calamitous conclusion, with which the common criticism of that age was satisfied, whatever lighter pleasure it afforded in its progress.

History was a series of actions, with no other than chronological succession, independent on each other, and without any tendency to introduce or regulate the conclusion. It is not always very nicely distinguished from tragedy. There is not much nearer approach to unity of action in the tragedy of *Anthony and Cleopatra*, than in the history of *Richard the Second*. But a history might be continued through many plays; as it had no plan, it had no limits.

Through all these denominations of the drama, *Shakespeare's* mode of composition is the same; an interchange of seriousness and merriment, by which the



mind is softened at one time, and exhilarated at another. But whatever be his purpose, whether to gladden or depress, or to conduct the story, without vehemence or emotion, through tracts of easy and familiar dialogue, he never fails to attain his purpose; as he commands us we laugh or mourn, or sit silent with quiet expectation, in tranquillity without indifference.

When *Shakespeare's* plan is understood, most of the criticisms of *Rymer* and *Voltaire* vanish away. The play of *Hamlet* is opened, without impropriety, by two sentinels; *Iago* bellows at *Brabantio's* window, without injury to the scheme of the play, though in terms which a modern audience would not easily endure; the character of *Polonius* is seasonable and useful; and the grave-diggers themselves may be heard with applause.

*Shakespeare* engaged in dramattick poetry with the world open before him; the rules, of the ancients were yet known to few; the publick judgment was unformed; he had no example of such fame as might force him upon imitation, nor criticks of such authority as might restrain his extravagance: he therefore indulged his natural disposition; and his disposition, as *Rymer* has remarked, led him to comedy. In tragedy he often writes, with great appearance of toil and study, what is written at last with little felicity; but, in his comick scenes, he seems to produce, without labour, what no labour can improve. In tragedy he is always struggling after some occasion to be comick; but in comedy he seems to repose, or to luxuriate, as in a mode of thinking congenial to his nature. In his tragick scenes there is always something wanting, but his comedy often surpasses expectation or desire. His comedy pleases by the thoughts and the language, and his tragedy for the greater part by incident and action. His tragedy seems to be skill, his comedy to be instinct.

The force of his comick scenes has suffered little diminution from the changes made by a century and a half, in manners or in words. As his personages act upon principles arising from genuine passion, very little modified by particular forms, their pleasures and vexations are communicable to all times and to all places; they are natural, and therefore durable: the adventi-

tious peculiarities of personal habits are only superficial dyes, bright and pleasing for a little while, yet soon fading to a dim tinct, without any remains of former lustre; but the discriminations of true passion are the colours of nature: they pervade the whole mass, and can only perish with the body that exhibits them. The accidental compositions of heterogeneous modes are dissolved by the chance which combined them; but the uniform simplicity of primitive qualities neither admits increase, nor suffers decay. The sand heaped by one flood is scattered by another, but the rock always continues in its place. The stream of time, which is continually washing the dissoluble fabrics of other poets, passes without injury by the adamant of *Shakespeare*.

If there be, what I believe there is, in every nation, a style which never becomes obsolete, a certain mode of phraseology so consonant and congenial to the analogy and principles of its respective language, as to remain settled and unaltered; this style is probably to be sought in the common intercourse of life, among those who speak only to be understood, without ambition of elegance. The polite are always catching modish innovations, and the learned depart from established forms of speech, in hope of finding or making better; those who wish for distinction forsake the vulgar, when the vulgar is right; but there is a conversation above grossness, and below refinement, where propriety resides, and where this poet seems to have gathered his comick dialogue. He is therefore more agreeable to the ears of the present age than any other author equally remote, and among his other excellencies deserves to be studied as one of the original masters of our language.

These observations are to be considered not as unexceptionably constant, but as containing general and predominant truth. *Shakespeare's* familiar dialogue is affirmed to be smooth and clear, yet not wholly without ruggedness or difficulty; as a country may be eminently fruitful, though it has spots unfit for cultivation: his characters are praised as natural, though their sentiments are sometimes forced, and their actions improbable; as the earth upon the whole is spherical, though its surface is varied with protuberances and cavities.

*Shakespeare* with his excellencies has likewise faults, and faults sufficient to obscure and overwhelm any other merit. I shall show them in the proportion in which they appear to me, without envious malignity or superstitious veneration. No question can be more innocently discussed than a dead poet's pretensions to renown; and little regard is due to that bigotry which sets candour higher than truth.

His first defect is that to which may be imputed most of the evil in books or in men. He sacrifices virtue to convenience, and is so much more careful to please than to instruct, that he seems to write without any moral purpose. From his writings indeed a system of social duty may be selected, for he that thinks reasonably must think morally; but his precepts and axioms drop casually from him; he makes no just distribution of good or evil, nor is always careful to show in the virtuous a disapprobation of the wicked; he carries his persons indifferently through right and wrong, and at the close dismisses them without further care, and leaves their examples to operate by chance. This fault the barbarity of his age cannot extenuate; for it is always a writer's duty to make the world better, and justice is a virtue independent on time or place.

The plots are often so loosely formed, that a very slight consideration may improve them, and so carelessly pursued, that he seems not always fully to comprehend his own design. He omits opportunities of instructing or delighting, which the train of his story seems to force upon him, and apparently rejects those exhibitions which would be more affecting, for the sake of those which are more easy.

It may be observed, that in many of his plays the latter part is evidently neglected. When he found himself near the end of his work, and in view of his reward, he shortened the labour to snatch the profit. He therefore remits his efforts where he should most vigorously exert them, and his catastrophe is improbably produced or imperfectly represented.

He had no regard to distinction of time or place, but gives to one age or nation, without scruple, the customs, institutions, and opinions of another, at the expence

not only of likelihood, but of possibility. These faults *Pope* has endeavoured, with more zeal than judgment, to transfer to his imagined interpolators. We need not wonder to find *Hector* quoting *Aristotle*, when we see the loves of *Theseus* and *Hippolyta* combined with the gothick mythology of fairies. *Shakespeare*, indeed, was not the only violator of chronology, for in the same age *Sidney*, who wanted not the advantages of learning, has, in his *Arcadia*, confounded the pastoral with the feudal times, the days of innocence, quiet, and security, with those of turbulence, violence, and adventure.

In his comic scenes he is seldom very successful, when he engages his characters in reciprocations of smartness and contests of sarcasm; their jests are commonly gross, and their pleasantry licentious; neither his gentlemen nor his ladies have much delicacy, nor are sufficiently distinguished from his clowns by any appearance of refined manners. Whether he represented the real conversation of his time is not easy to determine: the reign of *Elizabeth* is commonly supposed to have been a time of stateliness, formality, and reserve: yet perhaps the relaxations of that severity were not very elegant. There must, however, have been always some modes of gaiety preferable to others, and a writer ought to chuse the best.

In tragedy his performance seems constantly to be worse, as his labour is more. The effusions of passion, which exigence forces out, are for the most part striking and energetick; but whenever he solicits his invention, or strains his faculties, the offspring of his throes is tumour, meanness, tediousness, and obscurity.

In narration he affects a disproportionate pomp of diction, and a wearisome train of circumlocution, and tells the incident imperfectly in many words, which might have been more plainly delivered in few. Narration in dramattick poetry is naturally tedious, as it is unanimated and inactive, and obstructs the progress of the action; it should therefore always be rapid, and enlivened by frequent interruption. *Shakespeare* found it an incumbrance, and instead of lightening it by brevity, endeavoured to recommend it by dignity and splendour.

His declamations or set speeches are commonly cold and weak, for his power was the power of nature; when he endeavoured, like other tragic writers, to catch opportunities of amplification, and instead of inquiring what the occasion demanded, to show how much his stores of knowledge could supply, he seldom escapes without the pity or resentment of his reader.

It is incident to him to be now and then entangled with an unwieldy sentiment, which he cannot well express, and will not reject; he struggles with it a while, and, if it continues stubborn, comprises it in words such as occur, and leaves it to be disentangled and evolved by those who have more leisure to bestow upon it.

Not that always where the language is intricate the thought is subtle, or the image always great where the line is bulky; the equality of words to things is very often neglected, and trivial sentiments and vulgar ideas disappoint the attention, to which they are recommended by sonorous epithets and swelling figures.

But the admirers of this great poet have most reason to complain when he approaches nearest to his highest excellence, and seems fully resolved to sink them in dejection, and mollify them with tender emotions by the fall of greatness, the danger of innocence, or the crosses of love. What he does best, he soon ceases to do. He is not soft and pathetick without some idle conceit, or contemptible equivocation. He no sooner begins to move, than he counteracts himself; and terrour and pity, as they are rising in the mind, are checked and blasted by sudden frigidity.

A quibble is to *Shakespeare*, what luminous vapours are to the traveller: he follows it at all adventures; it is sure to lead him out of his way, and sure to engulf him in the mire. It has some malignant power over his mind, and its fascinations are irresistible. Whatever be the dignity or profundity of his disquisition, whether he be enlarging knowledge or exalting affection, whether he be amusing attention with incidents, or enchain- ing it in suspense, let but a quibble spring up before him, and he leaves his work unfinished. A quibble is the golden apple for which he will always turn aside from his career, or stoop from his elevation. A quibble,

poor and barren as it is, gave him such delight, that he was content to purchase it, by the sacrifice of reason, propriety, and truth. A quibble was to him the fatal *Cleopatra* for which he lost the world, and was content to lose it.

It will be thought strange, that, in enumerating the defects of this writer, I have not yet mentioned his neglect of the unities; his violation of those laws which have been instituted and established by the joint authority of poets and critics.

For his other deviations from the art of writing, I resign him to critical justice, without making any other demand in his favour, than that which must be indulged to all human excellence: that his virtues be rated with his failings: but from the censure which this irregularity may bring upon him, I shall, with due reverence to that learning which I must oppose, adventure to try how I can defend him.

His histories, being neither tragedies nor comedies, are not subject to any of their laws; nothing more is necessary to all the praise which they expect, than that the changes of action be so prepared as to be understood; that the incidents be various and affecting, and the characters consistent, natural, and distinct. No other unity is intended, and therefore none is to be sought.

In his other works he has well enough preserved the unity of action. He has not, indeed, an intrigue regularly perplexed and regularly unravelled: he does not endeavour to hide his design only to discover it, for this is seldom the order of real events, and *Shakespeare* is the poet of nature: but his plan has commonly, what *Aristotle* requires, a beginning, a middle, and an end; one event is concatenated with another, and the conclusion follows by easy consequence. There are perhaps some incidents that might be spared, as in other poets there is much talk that only fills up time upon the stage; but the general system makes gradual advances, and the end of the play is the end of expectation.

To the unities of time and place he has shewn no regard; and perhaps a nearer view of the principles on which they stand will diminish their value, and withdraw from them the veneration which, from the time

of *Cornelle*, they have very generally received, by discovering that they have given more trouble to the poet, than pleasure to the auditor.

The necessity of observing the unities of time and place arises from the supposed necessity of making the drama credible. The criticks hold it impossible that an action of months or years can be possibly believed to pass in three hours; or that the spectator can suppose himself to sit in the theatre, while ambassadors go and return between distant kings, while armies are levied and towns besieged, while an exile wanders and returns, or till he whom they saw courting his mistress, shall lament the untimely fall of his son. The mind revolts from evident falsehood, and fiction loses its force when it departs from the resemblance of reality.

From the narrow limitation of time necessarily arises the contraction of place. The spectator, who knows that he saw the first act at *Alexandria*, cannot suppose that he sees the next at *Rome*, at a distance to which not the dragons of *Medea* could, in so short a time, have transported him; he knows with certainty that he has not changed his place; and he knows that place cannot change itself; that what was a house cannot become a plain; that what was *Thebes* can never be *Persepolis*.

Such is the triumphant language with which a critick exults over the misery of an irregular poet, and exults commonly without resistance or reply. It is time, therefore, to tell him, by the authority of *Shakespeare*, that he assumes, as an unquestionable principle, a position, which, while his breath is forming it into words, his understanding pronounces to be false. It is false, that any representation is mistaken for reality; that any dramatick fable in its materiality was ever credible, or, for a single moment, was ever credited.

The objection arising from the impossibility of passing the first hour at *Alexandria*, and the next at *Rome*, supposes, that when the play opens, the spectator really imagines himself at *Alexandria*, and believes that his walk to the theatre has been a voyage to *Egypt*, and that he lives in the days of *Anthony* and *Cleopatra*. Surely he that imagines this may imagine more. He that can

take the stage at one time for the palace of the *Ptolémies*, may take it in half an hour for the promontory of *Actium*. Delusion, if delusion be admitted, has no certain limitation; if the spectator can be once persuaded, that his old acquaintance are *Alexander* and *Cæsar*, that a room illuminated with candles is the plain of *Pharsalia*, or the bank of *Granicus*, he is in a state of elevation above the reach of reason, or of the truth, and from the heights of empyrean poetry, may despise the circumscriptions of terrestrial nature. There is no reason why a mind thus wandering in ecstasy should count the clock, or why an hour should not be a century in that calenture of the brain that can make the stage a field.

The truth is, that the spectators are always in their senses, and know, from the first act to the last, that the stage is only a stage, and that the players are only players. They came to hear a certain number of lines recited with just gesture and elegant modulation. The lines relate to some action, and an action must be in some place; but the different actions that complete a story may be in places very remote from each other; and where is the absurdity of allowing that space to represent first *Athens*, and then *Sicily*, which was always known to be neither *Sicily* nor *Athens*, but a modern theatre?

By supposition, as place is introduced, time may be extended; the time required by the fable elapses for the most part between the acts; for, of so much of the action as is represented, the real and poetical duration is the same. If, in the first act, preparations for war against *Mithridates* are represented to be made in *Rome*, the event of the war may, without absurdity, be represented, in the catastrophe, as happening in *Pontus*: we know that there is neither war, nor preparation for war; we know that we are neither in *Rome* nor *Pontus*; that neither *Mithridates* nor *Lucullus* are before us. The drama exhibits successive imitations of successive actions; and why may not the second imitation represent an action that happened years after the first, if it be so connected with it, that nothing but time can be supposed to intervene? Time is, of all modes of existence, most obsequious to the imagination; a lapse of years is as easily conceived as a passage of hours. In contem-



plation we easily contract the time of real actions, and therefore willingly permit it to be contracted when we only see their imitation.

It will be asked, how the drama moves, if it is not credited. It is credited with all the credit due to a drama. It is credited, whenever it moves, as a just picture of a real original; as representing to the auditor what he would himself feel, if he were to do or suffer what is there feigned to be suffered or to be done. The reflection that strikes the heart is not, that the evils before us are real evils, but that they are evils to which we ourselves may be exposed. If there be any fallacy, it is not that we fancy the players, but that we fancy ourselves unhappy for a moment; but we rather lament the possibility than suppose the presence of misery, as a mother weeps over her babe, when she remembers that death may take it from her. The delight of tragedy proceeds from our consciousness of fiction; if we thought murders and treasons real, they would please no more.

Imitations produce pain or pleasure, not because they are mistaken for realities, but because they bring realities to mind. When the imagination is recreated by a painted landscape, the trees are not supposed capable to give us shade, or the fountains coolness; but we consider how we should be pleased with such fountains playing beside us, and such woods waving over us. We are agitated in reading the history of *Henry the Fifth*, yet no man takes his book for the field of *Agincourt*. A dramattick exhibition is a book recited with concomitants that increase or diminish its effect. Familiar comedy is often more powerful on the theatre, than in the page; imperial tragedy is always less. The humour of *Petruchio* may be heightened by grimace; but what voice or what gesture can hope to add dignity or force to the soliloquy of *Cato*?

A play read affects the mind like a play acted. It is therefore evident, that the action is not supposed to be read; and it follows, that between the acts a longer or shorter time may be allowed to pass, and that no more account of space or duration is to be taken by the

auditor of a drama, than by the reader of a narrative, before whom may pass in an hour the life of a hero, or the revolutions of an empire.

Whether *Shakespeare* knew the unities, and rejected them by design, or deviated from them by happy ignorance, it is, I think, impossible to decide, and useless to inquire. We may reasonably suppose, that, when he rose to notice, he did not want the counsels and admonitions of scholars and criticks, and that he at last deliberately persisted in a practice, which he might have begun by chance. As nothing is essential to the fable but unity of action, and as the unities of time and place arise evidently from false assumptions, and, by circumscribing the extent of the drama, lessen its variety, I cannot think it much to be lamented, that they were not known by him, or not observed: nor, if such another poet could arise, should I very vehemently reproach him, that his first act passed at *Venice*, and his next in *Cyprus*. Such violations of rules merely positive become the comprehensive genius of *Shakespeare*, and such censures are suitable to the minute and slender criticism of *Voltaire*.

*Non usque adeo permiscuit imis  
Longus sustinenda dies, ut non, et voce Metallii  
Serventur leges, malint a Cesare tolli.*

Yet when I speak thus slightly of dramattick rules, I cannot but recollect how much wit and learning may be produced against me; before such authorities I am afraid to stand, not that I think the present question one of those that are to be decided by mere authority, but because it is to be suspected, that these precepts have not been so easily received, but for better reasons than I have yet been able to find. The result of my inquiries, in which it would be ludicrous to boast of impartiality, is, that the unities of time and place are not essential to a just drama, that though they may sometimes conduce to pleasure, they are always to be sacrificed to the nobler beauties of variety and instruction; and that a play written with nice observation of critical rules, is to be contemplated as an elaborate cu-

riosity, as the product of superfluous and ostentatious art, by which is shown, rather what is possible, than what is necessary.

He that, without diminution of any other excellence, shall preserve all the unities unbroken, deserves the like applause with the architect, who shall display all the orders of architecture in a citadel, without any deduction from its strength: but the principal beauty of a citadel is to exclude the enemy; and the greatest graces of a play are to copy nature, and instruct life.

Perhaps, what I have here not dogmatically but deliberately written, may recal the principles of the drama to a new examination. I am almost frightened at my own temerity; and when I estimate the fame and the strength of those that maintain the contrary opinion, am ready to sink down in reverential silence; as *Aeneas* withdrew from the defence of *Troy*, when he saw *Neptune* shaking the wall, and *Juno* heading the besiegers.

Those whom my arguments cannot persuade to give their approbation to the judgment of *Shakespeare*, will easily, if they consider the condition of his life, make some allowance for his ignorance.

Every man's performances, to be rightly estimated, must be compared with the state of the age in which he lived, and with his own particular opportunities; and though to the reader a book be not worse or better for the circumstances of the author, yet as there is always a silent reference of human works to human abilities, and as the inquiry, how far man may extend his designs, or how high he may rate his native force, is of far greater dignity than in what rank we shall place any particular performance, curiosity is always busy to discover the instruments, as well as to survey the workmanship, to know how much is to be ascribed to original powers, and how much to casual and adventitious help. The palaces of *Peru* or *Mexico* were certainly mean and incommodious habitations, if compared to the houses of *European* monarchs; yet who could forbear to view them with astonishment, who remembered that they were built without the use of iron?

The *English* nation, in the time of *Shakespeare*, was yet struggling to emerge from barbarity. The philolo-

gy of *Italy* had been transplanted hither in the reign of *Henry the Eighth*; and the learned languages had been successfully cultivated by *Lilly, Linacre, and More*; by *Pole, Cheke, and Gardiner*; and afterwards by *Smith, Clark, Haddon, and Ascham*. *Greek* was now taught to boys in the principal schools; and those who united elegance with learning, read, with great diligence, the *Italian and Spanish* poets. But literature was yet confined to professed scholars, or to men and women of high rank. The publick was gross and dark; and to be able to read and write, was an accomplishment still valued for its rarity.

Nations, like individuals, have their infancy. A people newly awakened to literary curiosity, being yet unacquainted with the true state of things, knows not how to judge of that which is proposed as its resemblance. Whatever is remote from common appearances is always welcome to vulgar, as to childish credulity; and of a country unenlightened by learning, the whole people is the vulgar. The study of those who then aspired to plebeian learning was laid out upon adventures, giants, dragons, and enchantments. *The Death of Arthur* was the favourite volume.

The mind, which has feasted on the luxurious wonders of fiction, has no taste of the insipidity of truth. A play, which imitated only the common occurrences of the world, would, upon the admirers of *Palmerin and Guy of Warwick*, have made little impression; he that wrote for such an audience was under the necessity of looking round for strange events and fabulous transactions; and that incredibility, by which maturer knowledge is offended, was the chief recommendation of writings, to unskilful curiosity.

Our author's plots are generally borrowed from novels; and it is reasonable to suppose, that he chose the most popular, such as were read by many, and related by more; for his audience could not have followed him through the intricacies of the drama, had they not held the thread of the story in their hands.

The stories, which we now find only in remoter authors, were in his time accessible and familiar. The fable of *As you like it*, which is supposed to be copied

from *Chaucer's Gamelyn*, was a little pamphlet of those times; and old Mr. *Cibber* remembered the tale of *Hamlet* in plain *English* prose, which the criticks have now to seek in *Saxo Grammaticus*.

His *English* histories he took from *English* chronicles and *English* ballads; and as the ancient writers were made known to his countrymen by versions, they supplied him with new subjects; he dilated some of *Plutarch's* lives into plays, when they had been translated by *North*.

His plots, whether historical or fabulous, are always crowded with incidents, by which the attention of a rude people was more easily caught than by sentiment or argumentation; and such is the power of the marvellous, even over those who despise it, that every man finds his mind more strongly seized by the tragedies of *Shakespeare* than of any other writer: others please us by particular speeches; but he always makes us anxious for the event, and has perhaps excelled all but *Homer* in securing the first purpose of a writer, by exciting restless and unquenchable curiosity, and compelling him that reads his work to read it through.

The shows and bustle with which his plays abound have the same original. As knowledge advances, pleasure passes from the eye to the ear, but returns, as it declines, from the ear to the eye. Those to whom our author's labours were exhibited had more skill in pomps or processions than in poetical language, and perhaps wanted some visible and discriminated events, as comments on the dialogue. He knew how he should most please; and whether his practice is more agreeable to nature, or whether his example has prejudiced the nation, we still find that on our stage something must be done as well as said, and inactive declamation is very coldly heard, however musical or elegant, passionate or sublime.

*Voltaire* expresses his wonder, that our author's extravagances are endured by a nation, which has seen the tragedy of *Cato*. Let him be answered, that *Addison* speaks the language of poets; and *Shakespeare*, of men. We find in *Cato* innumerable beauties which enamour us of its author, but we see nothing that acquaints us

with human sentiments or human actions; we place it with the fairest and the noblest progeny which judgment propagates by conjunction with learning; but *Othello* is the vigorous and vivacious offspring of observation impregnated by genius. *Cato* affords a splendid exhibition of artificial and fictitious manners, and delivers just and noble sentiments, in diction easy, elevated, and harmonious, but its hopes and fears communicate no vibration to the heart; the composition refers us only to the writer: we pronounce the name of *Cato*, but we think on Addison.

The work of a correct and regular writer is a garden accurately formed and diligently planted, varied with shades, and scented with flowers: the composition of *Shakespeare* is a forest, in which oaks extend their branches, and pines tower in the air, interspersed sometimes with weeds and brambles, and sometimes giving shelter to myrtles and to roses; filling the eye with awful pomp, and gratifying the mind with endless diversity. Other poets display cabinets of precious rarities, minutely finished, wrought into shape, and polished into brightness. *Shakespeare* opens a mine which contains gold and diamonds in unexhaustible plenty, though clouded by incrustations, debased by impurities, and mingled with a mass of meaner minerals.

It has been much disputed, whether *Shakespeare* owed his excellence to his own native force, or whether he had the common helps of scholastick education, the precepts of critical science, and the examples of ancient authors.

There has always prevailed a tradition, that *Shakespeare* wanted learning, that he had no regular education, nor much skill in the dead languages. Jonson, his friend, affirms, that *he had small Latin, and less Greek*; who, besides that he had no imaginable temptation to falsehood, wrote at a time when the character and acquisitions of *Shakespeare* were known to multitudes. His evidence ought therefore to decide the controversy, unless some testimony of equal force could be opposed.

Some have imagined, that they have discovered deep learning in many imitations of old writers; but the examples which I have known urged were drawn from

books translated in his time ; or were such easy coincidences of thought, as will happen to all who consider the same subjects ; or such remarks on life or axioms of morality as float in conversation, and are transmitted through the world in proverbial sentences.

I have found it remarked, that, in this important sentence, *Go before, I'll follow*, we read a translation of *I præ, sequar*. I have been told, that when Caliban, after a pleasing dream, says, *I cry'd to sleep again*, the author imitates Anacreon, who had, like every other man, the same wish on the same occasion.

There are a few passages which may pass for imitations, but so few, that the exception only confirms the rule ; he obtained them from accidental quotations, or by oral communication, and as he used what he had, would have used more if he had obtained it.

The *Comedy of Errors* is confessedly taken from the *Menaechmi* of *Plautus* ; from the only play of *Plautus* which was then in *English*. What can be more probable, than that he who copied that would have copied more ; but that those which were not translated were inaccessible ?

Whether he knew the modern languages is uncertain. That his plays have some *French* scenes proves but little ; he might easily procure them to be written, and probably, even though he had known the language in the common degree, he could not have written it without assistance. In the story of *Romeo and Juliet* he is observed to have followed the *English* translation, where it deviates from the *Italian* : but this on the other part proves nothing against his knowledge of the original. He was to copy, not what he knew himself, but what was known to his audience.

It is most likely that he had learned *Latin* sufficiently to make him acquainted with construction, but that he never advanced to an easy perusal of the *Roman* authors. Concerning his skill in modern languages, I can find no sufficient ground of determination ; but as no imitations of *French* or *Italian* authors have been discovered, though the *Italian* poetry was then high in esteem, I am inclined to believe, that he read little more

than *English*, and chose for his fables only such tales as he found translated.

That much knowledge is scattered over his works is very justly observed by *Pope*; but it is often such knowledge as books did not supply. He that will understand *Shakespeare*, must not be content to study him in the closet, he must look for his meaning sometimes among the sports of the field, and sometimes among the manufactures of the shop.

There is, however, proof enough that he was a very diligent reader, nor was our language then so indigent of books, but that he might very liberally indulge his curiosity without excursion into foreign literature. Many of the *Roman* authors were translated, and some of the *Greek*; the Reformation had filled the kingdom with theological learning; most of the topicks of human disquisition had found *English* writers; and poetry had been cultivated, not only with diligence, but success. This was a stock of knowledge sufficient for a mind so capable of appropriating and improving it.

But the greater part of his excellence was the product of his own genius. He found the *English* stage in a state of the utmost rudeness; no essays either in tragedy or comedy had appeared, from which it could be discovered to what degree of delight either one or other might be carried. Neither character nor dialogue were yet understood. *Shakespeare* may be truly said to have introduced them both amongst us, and in some of his happier scenes to have carried them both to the utmost height.

By what gradations of improvement he proceeded, is not easily known; for the chronology of his works is yet unsettled. *Rowe* is of opinion, that *perhaps we are not to look for his beginning, like those of other writers, in his least perfect works; art had so little, and nature so large a share in what he did; that for aught I know, says he, the performances of his youth, as they were the most vigorous, were the best.* But the power of nature is only the power of using to any certain purpose the materials which diligence procures, or opportunity supplies. Nature gives no man knowledge, and, when images are collected by study and experience, can only



assist in combining or applying them. *Shakespeare*, however favoured by nature, could impart only what he had learned; and as he must increase his ideas, like other mortals, by gradual acquisition, he, like them, grew wiser as he grew older, could display life better, as he knew it more, and instruct with more efficacy, as he was himself more amply instructed.

There is a vigilance of observation and accuracy of distinction which books and precepts cannot confer; from this almost all original and native excellence proceeds. *Shakespeare* must have looked upon mankind with perspicacity, in the highest degree curious and attentive. Other writers borrow their characters from preceding writers, and diversify them only by the accidental appendages of present manners; the dress is a little varied, but the body is the same. Our author had both matter and form to provide; for except the characters of *Chaucer*, to whom I think he is not much indebted, there were no writers in *English*, and perhaps not many in other modern languages, which shewed life in its native colours.

The contest about the original benevolence or malignity of man had not yet commenced. Speculation had not yet attempted to analyze the mind, to trace the passions to their sources, to unfold the seminal principles of vice and virtue, or sound the depths of the heart for the motives of action. All those enquiries, which from that time that human nature became the fashionable study, have been made sometimes with nice discernment, but often with idle subtilty, were yet unattempted. The tales, with which the infancy of learning was satisfied, exhibited only the superficial appearances of action, related the events, but omitted the causes, and were formed for such as delighted in wonders rather than in truth. Mankind was not then to be studied in the closet; he that would know the world, was under the necessity of gleaning his own remarks, by mingling as he could in its business and amusements.

*Boyle* congratulated himself upon his high birth, because it favoured his curiosity, by facilitating his access. *Shakespeare* had no such advantage; he came to Lon-

*do* a needy adventurer, and lived for a time by very mean employments. Many works of genius and learning have been performed in states of life that appear very little favourable to thought or to inquiry; so many, that he who considers them is inclined to think that he sees enterprize and perseverance predominating over all external agency, and bidding help and hinderance vanish before them. The genius of *Shakespeare* was not to be depressed by the weight of poverty, nor limited by the narrow conversation to which men in want are inevitably condemned; the incumbrances of his fortune were shaken from his mind, *as dew drops from a lion's mane*.

Though he had so many difficulties to encounter, and so little assistance to surmount them, he has been able to obtain an exact knowledge of many modes of life, and many casts of native dispositions; to vary them with great multiplicity; to mark them by nice distinctions; and to shew them in full view by proper combinations. In this part of his performances he had none to imitate, but has been himself imitated by all succeeding writers; and it may be doubted, whether from all his successors more maxims of theoretical knowledge, or more rules of practical prudence, can be collected, than he alone has given to his country.

Nor was his attention confined to the actions of men; he was an exact surveyor of the inanimate world; his descriptions have always some peculiarities, gathered by contemplating things as they really exist. It may be observed that the oldest poets of many nations preserve their reputation, and that the following generations of wit, after a short celebrity, sink into oblivion. The first, whoever they be, must take their sentiments and descriptions immediately from knowledge; the resemblance is therefore just, their descriptions are verified by every eye, and their sentiments acknowledged by every breast. Those whom their fame invites to the same studies, copy partly them, and partly nature, till the books of one age gain such authority, as to stand in the place of nature to another; and imitation, always deviating a little, becomes at last capri-

scious and casual. *Shakespeare*, whether life or nature be his subject, shews plainly that he has seen with his own eyes; he gives the image which he receives, not weakened or distorted by the intervention of any other mind; the ignorant feel his representations to be just, and the learned see that they are complete.

Perhaps it would not be easy to find any author, except *Homer*, who invented so much as *Shakespeare*, who so much advanced the studies which he cultivated, or effused so much novelty upon his age or country. The form, the characters, the language, and the shows of the *English drama* are his. *He seems*, says Dennis, *to have been the very original of our English tragical harmony, that is, the harmony of blank verse, diversified often by dissyllable and trissyllable terminations. For the diversity distinguishes it from heroick harmony, and by bringing it nearer to common use makes it more proper to gain attention, and more fit for action and dialogue. Such verse we make when we are writing prose; we make such verse in common conversation.*

I know not whether this praise is rigorously just. The dissyllable termination, which the critick rightly appropriates to the drama, is to be found, though, I think, not in *Gorboduck*, which is confessedly before our author; yet in *Hieronymo*\*, of which the date is not certain, but which there is reason to believe at least as old as his earliest plays. This however is certain, that he is the first who taught either tragedy or comedy to please, there being no theatrical piece of any older writer, of which the name is known, except to antiquaries and collectors of books, which are sought because they are scarce, and would not have been scarce had they been much esteemed.

To him we must ascribe the praise, unless *Spenser* may divide it with him, of having first discovered to how much smoothness and harmony the *English language* could be softened. He has speeches, perhaps sometimes scenes, which have all the delicacy of *Rowe*,

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\* It appears, from the induction of Ben Jonson's *Bartholomew Fair*, to have been acted before the year 1590. STEVENS.

without his effeminacy. He endeavours indeed commonly to strike by the force and vigour of his dialogue, but he never executes his purpose better, than when he tries to sooth by softness.

Yet it must be at last confessed, that as we owe every thing to him, he owes something to us; that, if much of his praise is paid by perception and judgment, much is likewise given by custom and veneration. We fix our eyes upon his graces, and turn them from his deformities, and endure in him what we should in another loathe or despise. If we endured without praising, respect for the father of our drama might excuse us; but I have seen, in the book of some modern critick, a collection of anomalies, which shew that he has corrupted language by every mode of depravation, but which his admirer has accumulated as a monument of honour.

He has scenes of undoubted and perpetual excellence; but perhaps not one play, which, if it were now exhibited as the work of a contemporary writer, would be heard to the conclusion. I am indeed far from thinking, that his works were wrought to his own ideas of perfection; when they were such as would satisfy the audience, they satisfied the writer. It is seldom that authors, though more studious of fame than *Shakespeare*, rise much above the standard of their own age; to add a little to what is best will always be sufficient for present praise, and those who find themselves exalted into fame, are willing to credit their encomiasts, and to spare the labour of contending with themselves.

It does not appear, that *Shakespeare* thought his works worthy of posterity, that he levied any ideal tribute upon future times, or had any further prospect, than of present popularity and present profit. When his plays had been acted, his hope was at an end; he solicited no addition of honour from the reader. He therefore made no scruple to repeat the same jests in many dialogues, or to entangle different plots by the same knot, of perplexity; which may be at least forgiven him, by those who recollect, that of *Congreve's* four comedies, two are concluded by a marriage in a mask, by a deception, which perhaps never happened, and which, whether likely or not, he did not invent.

So careless was this great poet of future fame, that, though he retired to ease and plenty, while he was yet little *declined into the vale of years*, before he could be disgusted with fatigue, or disabled by infirmity, he made no collection of his works, nor desired to rescue those that had been already published from the depravations that obscured them, or secure to the rest a better destiny, by giving them to the world in their genuine state.

Of the plays which bear the name of *Shakespeare* in the late editions, the greater part were not published till about seven years after his death; and the few which appeared in his life are apparently thrust into the world without the care of the author, and therefore probably without his knowledge.

Of all the publishers, clandestine or professed, the negligence and unskilfulness has by the late revisers been sufficiently shewn. The faults of all are indeed numerous and gross, and have not only corrupted many passages perhaps beyond recovery, but have brought others into suspicion, which are only obscured by obsolete phraseology, or by the writer's unskilfulness and affectation. To alter is more easy than to explain, and temerity is a more common quality than diligence. Those who saw that they must employ conjecture to a certain degree, were willing to indulge it a little further. Had the author published his own works, we should have sat quietly down to disentangle his intricacies, and clear his obscurities; but now we tear what we cannot loose, and eject what we happen not to understand.

The faults are more than could have happened without the concurrence of many causes. The style of *Shakespeare* was in itself ungrammatical, perplexed, and obscure; his works were transcribed for the players by those who may be supposed to have seldom understood them; they were transmitted by copiers equally unskilful, who still multiplied errors; they were perhaps sometimes mutilated by the actors, for the sake of shortening the speeches; and were at last printed without correction of the press.

In this state they remained, not as Dr. *Warburton* supposes, because they were unregarded, but because the editor's art was not yet applied to modern languages,

and our ancestors were accustomed to so much negligence of *English* printers, that they could very patiently endure it. At last an edition was undertaken by *Rowe*; not because a poet was to be published by a poet, for *Rowe* seems to have thought very little on correction or explanation; but that our author's works might appear like those of his fraternity, with the appendages of a life and recommendatory preface. *Rowe* has been clamorously blamed for not performing what he did not undertake; and it is time that justice be done him, by confessing, that though he seems to have had no thought of corruption beyond the printer's errors, yet he has made many emendations, if they were not made before, which his successors have received without acknowledgement, and which, if they had produced them, would have filled pages and pages with censures of the stupidity by which the faults were committed, with displays of the absurdities which they involved, with ostentatious exposition of the new reading, and self congratulations on the happiness of discovering.

As of the other editors I have preserved the prefaces, I have likewise borrowed the author's life from *Rowe*, though not written with much elegance or spirit; it relates however what is now to be known, and therefore deserves to pass through all succeeding publications.

The nation had been for many years content enough with *Mr. Rowe's* performance, when *Mr. Pope* made them acquainted with the true state of *Shakespeare's* text, shewed that it was extremely corrupt, and gave reason to hope that there were means of reforming it. He collated the old copies, which none had thought to examine before, and restored many lines to their integrity; but, by a very compendious criticism, he rejected whatever he disliked, and thought more of amputation than of cure.

I know not why he is commended by *Dr. Warburton* for distinguishing the genuine from the spurious plays. In this choice he exerted no judgment of his own; the plays which he received, were given by *Hemings* and *Condell*, the first editors; and those which he rejected, though, according to the licentiousness of the press in

those times, they were printed during *Shakespeare's* life, with his name, had been omitted by his friends, and were never added to his works before the edition of 1664, from which they were copied by the later printers.

This is a work which *Pope* seems to have thought unworthy of his abilities, being not able to suppress his contempt of *the dull duty of an editor*. He understood but half his undertaking. The duty of a collator is indeed dull, yet, like other tedious tasks, is very necessary: but an emendatory critick would ill discharge his duty, without qualities very different from dulness. In perusing a corrupted piece, he must have before him all possibilities of meaning, with all possibilities of expression. Such must be his comprehension of thought, and such his copiousness of language. Out of many readings possible, he must be able to select that which best suits with the state, opinions, and modes of language prevailing in every age, and with his author's particular cast of thought and turn of expression. Such must be his knowledge, and such his taste. Conjectural criticism demands more than humanity possesses, and he that exercises it with most praise, has very frequent need of indulgence. Let us now be told no more of the dull duty of an editor.

Confidence is the common consequence of success. They whose excellence of any kind has been loudly celebrated, are ready to conclude, that their powers are universal. *Pope's* edition fell below his own expectations, and he was so much offended when he was found to have left any thing for others to do, that he passed the latter part of his life in a state of hostility with verbal criticism.

I have retained all his notes, that no fragment of so great a writer may be lost; his preface, valuable alike for elegance of composition and justness of remark, and containing a general criticism on his author, so extensive that little can be added, and so exact that little can be disputed, every editor has an interest to suppress, but that every reader would demand its insertion.

*Pope* was succeeded by *Theobald*, a man of narrow comprehension, and small acquisitions, with no native

and intrinsic splendour of genius, with little of the artificial light of learning, but zealous for minute accuracy, and not negligent in pursuing it. He collated the ancient copies, and rectified many errors. A man so anxiously scrupulous might have been expected to do more, but what little he did was commonly right.

In his reports of copies and editions he is not to be trusted without examination. He speaks sometimes indefinitely of copies, when he has only one. In his enumeration of editions, he mentions the two first folios as of high, and the third folio as of middle authority; but the truth is, that the first is equivalent to all others, and that the rest only deviate from it by the printer's negligence. Whoever has any of the folios has all, excepting those diversities which mere reiteration of editions will produce. I collated them all at the beginning, but afterwards used only the first.

Of his notes I have generally retained those which he retained himself in his second edition, except when they were confuted by subsequent annotators, or were too minute to merit preservation. I have sometimes adopted his restoration of a comma, without inserting the panegyrick in which he celebrated himself for his achievement. The exuberant excrescence of his diction I have often lopped, his triumphant exultations over *Pope* and *Rowe* I have sometimes suppressed, and his contemptible ostentation I have frequently concealed; but I have in some places shewn him, as he would have shewn himself, for the reader's diversion, that the inflated emptiness of some notes may justify or excuse the contraction of the rest.

*Theobald*, thus weak and ignorant, thus mean and faithless, thus petulant and ostentatious, by the good luck of having *Pope* for his enemy, has escaped, and escaped alone, with reputation, from this undertaking. So willingly does the world support those who solicit favour, against those who command reverence; and so easily is he praised, whom no man can envy.

Our author fell then into the hands of Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, the *Oxford* editor, a man, in my opinion, eminently qualified by nature for such studies. He had, what is the first requisite to emendatory criticism, that



intuition by which the poet's intention is immediately discovered, and that dexterity of intellect which dispatches its work by the easiest means. He had undoubtedly read much; his acquaintance with customs, opinions, and traditions, seems to have been large; and he is often learned without shew. He seldom passes what he does not understand, without an attempt to find or to make a meaning, and sometimes hastily makes what a little more attention would have found. He is solicitous to reduce to grammar what he could not be sure that his author intended to be grammatical. *Shakespeare* regarded more the series of ideas, than of words; and his language, not being designed for the reader's desk, was all that he desired it to be, if it convey'd his meaning to the audience.

*Hanmer's* care of the metre has been too violently censured. He found the measure reformed in so many passages by the silent labours of some editors, with the silent acquiescence of the rest, that he thought himself allowed to extend a little further the licence, which had already been carried so far without reprehension; and of his corrections in general, it must be confessed, that they are often just, and made commonly with the least possible violation of the text.

But, by inserting his emendations, whether invented or borrowed, into the page, without any notice of varying copies, he has appropriated the labour of his predecessors, and made his own edition of little authority. His confidence indeed, both in himself and others, was too great; he supposes all to be right that was done by *Pope* and *Theobald*; he seems not to suspect a critick of fallibility; and it was but reasonable that he should claim what he so liberally granted.

As he never writes without careful enquiry and diligent consideration, I have received all his notes, and believe that every reader will wish for more.

Of the last editor it is more difficult to speak. Respect is due to high place, tenderness to living reputation, and veneration to genius and learning; but he cannot be justly offended at that liberty of which he has himself so frequently given an example, nor very solicitous what is thought of notes, which he ought never

to have considered as part of his serious employments, and which, I suppose, since the ardour of composition is remitted, he no longer numbers among his happy effusions.

The original and predominant error of his commentary, is acquiescence in his first thoughts; that precipitation which is produced by consciousness of quick discernment; and that confidence which presumes to do, by surveying the surface, what labour only can perform, by penetrating the bottom. His notes exhibit sometimes perverse interpretations, and sometimes improbable conjectures; he at one time gives the author more profundity of meaning than the sentence admits, and at another discovers absurdities, where the sense is plain to every other reader. But his emendations are likewise often happy and just; and his interpretation of obscure passages learned and sagacious.

Of his notes, I have commonly rejected those against which the general voice of the publick has exclaimed, or which their own incongruity immediately condemns, and which, I suppose, the author himself would desire to be forgotten. Of the rest, to part I have given the highest approbation, by inserting the offered reading in the text; part I have left to the judgment of the reader, as doubtful, though specious; and part I have censured without reserve, but I am sure without bitterness of malice, and, I hope, without wantonness of insult.

It is no pleasure to me, in revising my volumes, to observe how much paper is wasted in confutation. Whoever considers the revolutions of learning, and the various questions of greater or less importance, upon which wit and reason have exercised their powers, must lament the unsuccessfulness of enquiry, and the slow advances of truth, when he reflects that great part of the labour of every writer is only the destruction of those that went before him. The first care of the builder of a new system, is to demolish the fabricks which are standing. The chief desire of him that comments an author, is to shew how much other commentators have corrupted and obscured him. The opinions prevalent in one age, as truths above the reach of controversy, are confuted and rejected in another, and rise again to re-

caption in remoter times. Thus the human mind is kept in motion without progress. Thus sometimes truth and error, and sometimes contrarieties of error, take each other's place by reciprocal invasion. The tide of seeming knowledge, which is poured over one generation, retires and leaves another naked and barren; the sudden meteors of intelligence, which for awhile appear to shoot their beams into the regions of obscurity, on a sudden withdraw their lustre, and leave mortals again to grope their way.

These elevations and depressions of renown, and the contradictions to which all improvers of knowledge must for ever be exposed, since they are not escaped by the highest and brightest of mankind, may surely be endured with patience by criticks and annotators, who can rank themselves but as the satellites of their authors. How canst thou beg for life, says *Homer's* hero to his captive, when thou knowest that thou art now to suffer only what must another day be suffered by *Achilles*?

Dr. *Warburton* had a name sufficient to confer celebrity to those who could exalt themselves into antagonists, and his notes have raised a clamour too loud to be distinct. His chief assailants are the authors of *The Cannons of Criticism*, and of *The Revision of Shakespeare's Text*; of whom one ridicules his errors with airy petulance, suitable enough to the levity of the controversy; the other attacks them with gloomy malignity, as if he were dragging to justice an assassin or incendiary. The one stings like a fly, sucks a little blood, takes a gay flutter, and returns for more; the other bites like a viper, and would be glad to leave inflammations and gangrene behind him. When I think on one, with his confederates, I remember the danger of *Coriolanus*, who was afraid that *girls with spits, and boys with stones, should slay him in puny battle*: when the other crosses my imagination, I remember the prodigy in *Macbeth*:

*A falcon, tow'ring in his pride of place,  
Was by a musing owl hawk'd at and kill'd.*

Let me however do them justice. One is a wit, and

one a scholar\*. They have both shewn acuteness sufficient in the discovery of faults, and have both advanced some probable interpretations of obscure passages; but when they aspire to conjecture and emendation, it appears how falsely we all estimate our own abilities, and the little which they have been able to perform might have taught them more candour to the endeavours of others.

Before Dr. Warburton's edition, *Critical Observations on Shakespeare* had been published by Mr. Upton, a man skilled in languages, and acquainted with books, but who seems to have had no great vigour of genius, or nicety of taste. Many of his explanations are curious and useful, but he likewise, though he professed to oppose the licentious confidence of editors, and adhere to the old copies, is unable to restrain the rage of emendation, though his ardour is ill seconded by his skill. Every cold empirick, when his heart is expanded by a successful experiment, swells into a theorist, and the laborious collator, at some unlucky moment, frolicks in conjecture.

*Critical, historical, and explanatory notes* have been likewise published upon *Shakespeare* by Dr. Grey, whose diligent perusal of the old *English* writers has enabled him to make some useful observations. What he undertook he has well enough performed; but as he neither attempts judicial or emendatory criticism, he employs rather his memory than his sagacity. It were to be wished that all would endeavour to imitate his modesty, who have not been able to surpass his knowledge.

I can say with great sincerity of all my predecessors, what I hope will hereafter be said of me, that not one

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\* It is extraordinary that this gentleman should attempt so voluminous a work, as the *Revisal of Shakespeare's text*, when he tells us in his preface, "he was not so fortunate as to be furnished with either of the folio editions, much less any of the ancient quartos: and even Sir Thomas Hanmer's performance was known to him only by Dr. Warburton's representation." FARMER.

† Republished by him in 1748, after Dr. Warburton's edition, with alterations, &c. STEVENS.

has left *Shakespeare* without improvement; nor is there one to whom I have not been indebted for assistance and information. Whatever I have taken from them; it was my intention to refer to its original author, and it is certain, that what I have not given to another, I believed when I wrote it to be my own. In some perhaps I have been anticipated; but if I am ever found to encroach upon the remarks of any other commentator, I am willing that the honour, be it more or less, should be transferred to the first claimant, for his right, and his alone, stands above dispute; the second can prove his pretensions only to himself, nor can himself always distinguish invention, with sufficient certainty, from recollection.

They have all been treated by me with candour, which they have not been careful of observing to one another. It is not easy to discover from what cause the acrimony of a scholiast can naturally proceed. The subjects to be discussed by him are of very small importance; they involve neither property nor liberty; nor favour the interest of sect or party. The various readings of copies, and different interpretations of a passage, seem to be questions that might exercise the wit, without engaging the passions. But whether it be, that *small things make mean men proud*, and vanity catches small occasions; or that all contrariety of opinion, even in those that can defend it no longer, makes proud men angry; there is often found in commentators a spontaneous strain of invective and contempt, more eager and venomous than is vented by the most furious controvertist in politicks against those whom he is hired to defame.

Perhaps the lightness of the matter may conduce to the vehemence of the agency; when the truth to be investigated is so near to inexistence, as to escape attention, its bulk is to be enlarged by rage and exclamation: that to which all would be indifferent in its original state, may attract notice when the fate of a name is appended to it. A commentator has indeed great temptations to supply by turbulence what he wants of dignity, to beat his little gold to a spacious surface, to work that to foam which no art or diligence can exalt to spirit.

The notes which I have borrowed or written are either illustrative, by which difficulties are explained; or judicial, by which faults and beauties are remarked; or emendatory, by which depravations are corrected.

The explanations transcribed from others, if I do not subjoin any other interpretation, I suppose commonly to be right, at least I intend by acquiescence to confess, that I have nothing better to propose.

After the labours of all the editors, I found many passages which appeared to me likely to obstruct the greater number of readers, and thought it my duty to facilitate their passage. It is impossible for an expositor not to write too little for some, and too much for others. He can only judge what is necessary by his own experience; and how long soever he may deliberate, will at last explain many lines which the learned will think impossible to be mistaken, and omit many for which the ignorant will want his help. These are censures merely relative, and must be quietly endured. I have endeavoured to be neither superfluously copious, nor scrupulously reserved, and hope that I have made my author's meaning accessible to many, who before were frightened from perusing him, and contributed something to the publick, by diffusing innocent and rational pleasure.

The complete explanation of an author not systematick and consequential, but desultory and vagrant, abounding in casual allusions and light hints, is not to be expected from any single scholiast. All personal reflections, when names are suppressed, must be in a few years irrecoverably obliterated; and customs, too minute to attract the notice of law, such as modes of dress, formalities of conversation, rules of visits, disposition of furniture, and practices of ceremony, which naturally find places in familiar dialogue, are so fugitive and unsubstantial, that they are not easily retained or recovered. What can be known will be collected by chance, from the recesses of obscure and obsolete papers, perused commonly with some other view. Of this knowledge every man has some, and none has much; but when an author has engaged the publick attention, those who can add any thing to his illustration, communicate their discoveries, and time produces what had eluded diligence.

To time I have been obliged to resign many passages, which, though I did not understand them, will perhaps hereafter be explained; having, I hope, illustrated some, which others have neglected or mistaken, sometimes by short remarks, or marginal directions, such as every editor has added at his will, and often by comments more laborious than the matter will seem to deserve; but that which is most difficult is not always most important, and to an editor nothing is a trifle by which his author is obscured.

The poetical beauties or defects I have not been very diligent to observe. Some plays have more, and some fewer judicial observations, not in proportion to their difference of merit, but because I gave this part of my design to chance and to caprice. The reader, I believe, is seldom pleased to find his opinion anticipated; it is natural to delight more in what we find or make, than in what we receive. Judgment, like other faculties, is improved by practice, and its advancement is hindered by submission to dictatorial decisions, as the memory grows torpid by the use of a table-book. Some initiation is however necessary; of all skill, part is infused by precept, and part is obtained by habit; I have therefore shewn so much as may enable the candidate of criticism to discover the rest.

To the end of most plays I have added short strictures, containing a general censure of faults, or praise of excellence; in which I know not how much I have concurred with the current opinion; but I have not, by any affectation of singularity, deviated from it. Nothing is minutely and particularly examined, and therefore it is to be supposed, that in the plays which are condemned there is much to be praised, and in those which are praised much to be condemned.

The part of criticism in which the whole succession of editors has laboured with the greatest diligence, which has occasioned the most arrogant ostentation, and excited the keenest acrimony, is the emendation of corrupted passages, to which the publick attention having been first drawn by the violence of the contention between *Pope* and *Theobald*, has been continued by the persecution, which, with a kind of conspiracy,

has been since raised against all the publishers of *Shakespeare*.

That many passages have passed in a state of depravation through all the editions, is indubitably certain; of these the restoration is only to be attempted by collation of copies, or sagacity of conjecture. The collator's province is safe and easy, the conjecturer's perilous and difficult. Yet as the greater part of the plays are extant only in one copy, the peril must not be avoided, nor the difficulty refused.

Of the readings which this emulation of amendment has hitherto produced, some from the labours of every publisher I have advanced into the text; those are to be considered as in my opinion sufficiently supported; some I have rejected without mention, as evidently erroneous; some I have left in the notes without censure or approbation, as resting in equipoise between objection and defence; and some, which seemed specious but not right, I have inserted with a subsequent animadversion.

Having classed the observations of others, I was at last to try what I could substitute for their mistakes, and how I could supply their omissions. I collated such copies as I could procure, and wished for more, but have not found the collectors of these rarities very communicative. Of the editions which chance or kindness put into my hands I have given an enumeration, that I may not be blamed for neglecting what I had not the power to do.

By examining the old copies, I soon found that the later publishers, with all their boasts of diligence, suffered many passages to stand unauthorised, and contented themselves with *Rome's* regulation of the text, even where they knew it to be arbitrary, and with a little consideration might have found it to be wrong. Some of these alterations are only the ejection of a word for one that appeared to him more elegant or more intelligible. These corruptions I have often silently rectified; for the history of our language, and the true force of our words, can only be preserved, by keeping the text of authors free from adulteration. Others, and those very frequent, smoothed the cadence,



or regulated the measure: on these I have not exercised the same rigour; if only a word was transposed, or a particle inserted or omitted, I have sometimes suffered the line to stand; for the inconstancy of the copies is such, as that some liberties may be easily permitted. But this practice I have not suffered to proceed far, having restored the primitive diction wherever it could for any reason be preferred.

The emendations, which comparison of copies supplied, I have inserted in the text: sometimes, where the improvement was slight, without notice, and sometimes with an account of the reasons of the change.

Conjecture, though it be sometimes unavoidable, I have not wantonly nor licentiously indulged. It has been my settled principle, that the reading of the ancient books is probably true, and therefore is not to be disturbed for the sake of elegance, perspicuity, or mere improvement of the sense. For though much credit is not due to the fidelity, nor any to the judgment of the first publishers, yet they who had the copy before their eyes were more likely to read it right, than we who read it only by imagination. But it is evident that they have often made strange mistakes by ignorance or negligence, and that therefore something may be properly attempted by criticism, keeping the middle way between presumption and timidity.

Such criticism I have attempted to practise, and where any passage appeared inextricably perplexed, have endeavoured to discover how it may be recalled to sense, with least violence. But my first labour is always to turn the old text on every side, and try if there be any interstice, through which light can find its way; nor would *Huetius* himself condemn me, as refusing the trouble of research, for the ambition of alteration. In this modest industry I have not been unsuccessful. I have rescued many lines from the violations of temerity, and secured many scenes from the inroads of correction. I have adopted the *Roman* sentiment, that it is more honourable to save a citizen, than to kill an enemy, and have been more careful to protect than to attack.

I have preserved the common distribution of the plays into acts, though I believe it to be in almost all

the plays void of authority. Some of those which are divided in the later editions have no division in the first folio, and some that are divided in the folio have no division in the preceding copies. The settled mode of the theatre requires four intervals in the play; but few, if any, of our author's compositions can be properly distributed in that manner. An act is so much of the drama as passes without intervention of time, or change of place. A pause makes a new act. In every real, and therefore in every imitative action, the intervals may be more or fewer, the restriction of five acts being accidental and arbitrary. This *Shakespeare* knew, and this he practised; his plays were written, and at first printed in one unbroken continuity, and ought now to be exhibited with short pauses, interposed as often as the scene is changed, or any considerable time is required to pass. This method would at once quell a thousand absurdities.

In restoring the author's works to their integrity, I have considered the punctuation as wholly in my power; for what could be their care of colons and commas, who corrupted words and sentences? Whatever could be done by adjusting points, is therefore silently performed, in some plays with much diligence, in others with less; it is hard to keep a busy eye steadily fixed upon evanescent atoms, or a discursive mind upon evanescent truth.

The same liberty has been taken with a few particles, or other words of slight effect. I have sometimes inserted or omitted them without notice. I have done that sometimes, which the other editors have done always, and which indeed the state of the text may sufficiently justify.

The greater part of readers, instead of blaming us for passing trifles, will wonder that on mere trifles so much labour is expended, with such importance of debate, and such solemnity of diction. To these I answer with confidence, that they are judging of an art which they do not understand; yet cannot much reproach them with their ignorance, nor promise that they would become in general, by learning criticism, more useful, happier, or wiser.

As I practised conjecture more, I learned to trust it less; and after I had printed a few plays, resolved to insert none of my own readings in the text. Upon this caution I now congratulate myself, for every day increases my doubt of my emendations.

Since I have confined my imagination to the margin, it must not be considered as very reprehensible, if I have suffered it to play some freaks in its own dominion. There is no danger in conjecture, if it be proposed as conjecture; and while the text remains uninjured, those changes may be safely offered, which are not considered even by him that offers them as necessary or safe.

If my readings are of little value, they have not been ostentatiously displayed, or importunately obtruded. I could have written longer notes, for the art of writing notes is not of difficult attainment. The work is performed, first by railing at the stupidity, negligence, ignorance, and asinine tastelessness of the former editors, and shewing, from all that goes before and all that follows, the inelegance and absurdity of the old reading; then by proposing something, which to superficial readers would seem specious, but which the editor rejects with indignation; then by producing the true reading, with a long paraphrase, and concluding with loud acclamations on the discovery, and a sober wish for the advancement and prosperity of genuine criticism.

All this may be done, and perhaps done sometimes without impropriety. But I have always suspected that the reading is right, which requires many words to prove it wrong; and the emendation wrong, that cannot without so much labour appear to be right. The justness of a happy restoration strikes at once, and the moral precept may be well applied to criticism, *quod dubitas ne feceris*.

To dread the shore which he sees spread with wrecks, is natural to the sailor. I had before my eye so many critical adventures ended in miscarriage, that caution was forced upon me. I encountered in every page wit struggling with its own sophistry, and learning confused by the multiplicity of its views. I was forced to censure those whom I admired, and could not but reflect, while I was dispossessing their emendations, how

soon the same fate might happen to my own, and how many of the readings which I have corrected may be by some other editor defended and established.

Criticks I saw, that others' names efface,  
And fix their own, with labour, in the place;  
Their own, like others, soon their place resign,  
Or disappear'd, and left the first behind.

POPE.

That a conjectural critick should often be mistaken, cannot be wonderful, either to others or himself, if it can be considered, that in his art there is no system, no principal and axiomatical truth that regulates subordinate positions. His chance of error is renewed at every attempt; an oblique view of the passage, a slight misapprehension of a phrase, a casual inattention to the parts connected, is sufficient to make him not only fail, but fail ridiculously; and when he succeeds best, he produces perhaps but one reading of many probable, and he that suggests another will always be able to dispute his claims.

It is an unhappy state, in which danger is hid under pleasure. The allurements of emendation are scarcely resistible. Conjecture has all the joy and all the pride of invention, and he that has once started a happy change, is too much delighted to consider what objections may rise against it.

Yet conjectural criticism has been of great use in the learned world; nor is it my intention to depreciate a study, that has exercised so many mighty minds, from the revival of learning to our own age, from the bishop of *Aleria* to *English Bentley*. The criticks on ancient authors have, in the exercise of their sagacity, many assistances, which the editor of *Shakespeare* is condemned to want. They are employed upon grammatical and settled languages, whose construction contributes so much to perspicuity, that *Homer* has fewer passages unintelligible than *Chaucer*. The words have not only a known regimen, but invariable quantities, which direct and confine the choice. There are commonly more manuscripts than one; and they do not often conspire in the same mistakes. Yet *Scaliger* could confess to

*Salmassius* how little satisfaction his emendations gave him. *Illudunt nobis conjecturæ nostræ, quarum nos pudet, posteaquam in maiores codices incidimus.* And *Lipsius* could complain, that critics were making faults by trying to remove them. *Ut olim vitiis, ita nunc remediis laboratur.* And, indeed, where mere conjecture is to be used, the emendations of *Scaliger* and *Lipsius*, notwithstanding their wonderful sagacity and erudition, are often vague and disputable, like mine or *Theobald's*.

Perhaps I may not be more censured for doing wrong, than for doing little; for raising in the publick, expectations which at last I have not answered. The expectation of ignorance is indefinite, and that of knowledge is often tyrannical. It is hard to satisfy those who know not what to demand, or those who demand by design what they think impossible to be done. I have indeed disappointed no opinion more than my own; yet I have endeavoured to perform my task with no slight solicitude. Not a single passage in the whole work has appeared to me corrupt, which I have not attempted to restore; or obscure, which I have not endeavoured to illustrate. In many I have failed, like others; and from many, after all my efforts, I have retreated, and confessed the repulse. I have not passed over with affected superiority, what is equally difficult to the reader and to myself; but, where I could not instruct him, have owned my ignorance. I might easily have accumulated a mass of seeming learning upon easy scenes; but it ought not to be imputed to negligence, that, where nothing was necessary, nothing has been done, or that, where others have said enough, I have said no more.

Notes are often necessary, but they are necessary evils. Let him, that is yet unacquainted with the powers of *Shakespeare*, and who desires to feel the highest pleasure that the drama can give, read every play, from the first scene to the last, with utter negligence of all his commentators. When his fancy is once on the wing, let it not stoop at correction or explanation. When his attention is strongly engaged, let it disdain alike to turn aside to the name of *Theobald* and of *Pope*. Let him read on through brightness and obscurity, through in-

tegrity and corruption ; let him preserve his comprehension of the dialogue and his interest in the fable. And when the pleasures of novelty have ceased, let him attempt exactness, and read the commentators.

Particular passages are cleared by notes, but the general effect of the work is weakened. The mind is refrigerated by interruption ; the thoughts are diverted from the principal subject ; the reader is weary, he suspects not why ; and at last throws away the book which he has too diligently studied.

Parts are not to be examined till the whole has been surveyed ; there is a kind of intellectual remoteness necessary for the comprehension of any great work in its full design, and in its true proportions ; a close approach shows the smaller niceties, but the beauty of the whole is discerned no longer.

It is not very grateful to consider how little the succession of editors has added to this author's power of pleasing. He was read, admired, studied, and imitated, while he was yet deformed with all the improprieties which ignorance and neglect could accumulate upon him ; while the reading was yet not rectified, nor his allusions understood ; yet then did *Dryden* pronounce, that *Shakespeare* was the "man, who, of all modern  
"and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most  
"comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were  
"still present to him, and he drew them not laboriously,  
"but luckily : when he describes any thing, you  
"more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse  
"him to have wanted learning, give him the greater  
"commendation : he was naturally learned : he needed  
"not the spectacles of books to read nature ; he looked  
"inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is  
"every where alike ; were he so I should do him injury  
"to compare him with the greatest of mankind.  
"He is many times flat and insipid ; his comick wit  
"degenerating into clenches, his serious swelling into  
"bombast. But he is always great when some great  
"occasion is presented to him : no man can say, he  
"ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then  
"raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

"*Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.*"

It is to be lamented, that such a writer should want a commentary ; that his language should become obsolete, or his sentiments obscure. But it is vain to carry wishes beyond the condition of human things ; that which must happen to all, has happened to *Shakespeare*, by accident and time ; and more than has been suffered by any other writer since the use of types, has been suffered by him through his own negligence of fame, or perhaps by that superiority of mind, which despised its own performances, when it compared them with its powers, and judged those works unworthy to be preserved, which the criticks of following ages were to contend for the fame of restoring and explaining.

Among these candidates of inferior fame, I am now to stand the judgment of the Publick ; and wish that I could confidently produce my commentary as equal to the encouragement which I have had the honour of receiving. Every work of this kind is by its nature deficient, and I should feel little solicitude about the sentence, were it to be pronounced only by the skilful and the learned.

# GENERAL OBSERVATIONS

ON THE

## PLAYS OF SHAKESPEARE.

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### TEMPEST.

It is observed of *The Tempest*, that its plan is regular: this the author of *The Revisal*\* thinks, what I think too, an accidental effect of the story, not intended or regarded by our author. But whatever might be *Shakespeare's* intention in forming or adopting the plot, he has made it instrumental to the production of many characters diversified with boundless invention, and preserved with profound skill in nature, extensive knowledge of opinions, and accurate observation of life. In a single drama are here exhibited princes, courtiers, and sailors, all speaking in their real characters. There is the agency of airy spirits, and of an earthly goblin; the operations of magick, the tumults of a storm, the adventures of a desert island, the native effusion of untaught affection, the punishment of guilt, and the final happiness of the pair for whom our passions and reason are equally interested.

### TWO GENTLEMEN OF VERONA.

In this play there is a strange mixture of knowledge and ignorance, of care and negligence. The versification is often excellent, the allusions are learned and just; but the author conveys his heroes by sea from one in-

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\* Mr. *Heath*, who wrote a revisal of *Shakespeare's* text, published in 8vo. circa 1760.



land town to another in the same country; he places the emperor at *Milan*, and sends his young men to attend him, but never mentions him more; he makes *Protheus*, after an interview with *Silvia*, say he has only seen her picture; and, if we may credit the old copies, he has, by mistaking places, left his scenery inextricable. The reason of all this confusion seems to be, that he took his story from a novel, which he sometimes followed, and sometimes forsook, sometimes remembered, and sometimes forgot.

That this play is rightly attributed to *Shakespeare*, I have little doubt. If it be taken from him, to whom shall it be given? This question may be asked of all the disputed plays, except *Titus Andronicus*; and it will be found more credible, that *Shakespeare* might sometimes sink below his highest flights, than that any other should rise up to his lowest.

### MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Of this play there is a tradition preserved by *Mr. Rowe*, that it was written at the command of queen *Elizabeth*, who was so delighted with the character of *Falstaff*, that she wished it to be diffused through more plays; but suspecting that it might pall by continued uniformity, directed the poet to diversify his manner, by showing him in love. No task is harder than that of writing to the ideas of another. *Shakespeare* knew what the queen, if the story be true, seems not to have known, that by any real passion of tenderness, the selfish craft, the careless jollity, and the lazy luxury of *Falstaff* must have suffered so much abatement, that little of his former cast would have remained. *Falstaff* could not love, but by ceasing to be *Falstaff*. He could only counterfeit love, and his professions could be prompted, not by the hope of pleasure, but of money. Thus the poet approached as near as he could to the work enjoined him; yet having perhaps in the former plays completed his own idea, seems not to have been able to give *Falstaff* all his former power of entertainment.

This comedy is remarkable for the variety and number of the personages, who exhibit more characters

appropriated and discriminated, than perhaps can be found in any other play.

Whether *Shakespeare* was the first that produced upon the *English* stage the effect of language distorted and depraved by provincial or foreign pronunciation, I cannot certainly decide. This mode of forming ridiculous characters can confer praise only on him who originally discovered it, for it requires not much of either wit or judgment: its success must be derived almost wholly from the player, but its power in a skilful mouth, even he that despises it, is unable to resist.

The conduct of this drama is deficient; the action begins and ends often before the conclusion, and the different parts might change places without inconvenience; but its general power, that power by which all works of genius shall finally be tried, is such, that perhaps it never yet had reader or spectator, who did not think it too soon at an end.

### MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

There is perhaps not one of *Shakespeare's* plays more darkened than this, by the peculiarities of its author, and the unskilfulness of its editors, by distortions of phrase, or negligence of transcription.

The novel of *Giraldi Cynthio*, from which *Shakespeare* is supposed to have borrowed this fable, may be read in *Shakespeare illustrated*, elegantly translated, with remarks, which will assist the enquirer to discover how much absurdity *Shakespeare* has admitted or avoided.

I cannot but suspect that some other had new-modelled the novel of *Cynthio*, or written a story which in some particulars resembled it, and that *Cynthio* was not the author whom *Shakespeare* immediately followed. The emperor in *Cynthio* is named *Maximine*; the duke, in *Shakespeare's* enumeration of the persons of the drama, is called *Vincenzio*. This appears a very slight remark; but since the duke has no name in the play, nor is ever mentioned but by his title, why should he be called *Vincenzio* among the persons, but because the name was copied from the story, and placed superfluously at the head of the list by the mere habit or

transcription? It is therefore likely that there was then a story of *Vincenzio* duke of *Vienna*, different from that of *Maximian* emperor of the *Romans*.

Of this play the light or comick part is very natural and pleasing, but the grave scenes, if a few passages be excepted, have more labour than elegance. The plot is rather intricate than artful. The time of the action is indefinite; some time, we know not how much, must have elapsed between the recess of the duke and the imprisonment of *Claudio*; for he must have learned the story of *Mariana* in his disguise, or he delegated his power to a man already known to be corrupted. The unities of action and place are sufficiently preserved.

### LOVE'S LABOURS LOST.

In this play, which all the editors have concurred to censure, and some have rejected as unworthy of our poet, it must be confessed that there are many passages mean, childish, and vulgar; and some which ought not to have been exhibited, as we are told they were, to a maiden queen. But there are scattered through the whole many sparks of genius; nor is there any play that has more evident marks of the hand of *Shakespeare*.

### MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Wild and fantastical as this play is, all the parts in their various modes are well written, and give the kind of pleasure which the author designed. Fairies in his time were much in fashion; common tradition had made them familiar, and *Spenser's* poem had made them great.

### MERCHANT OF VENICE.

It has been lately discovered, that this fable is taken from a story in the *Pecorone* of *Giovanni Fiorentino*, a novelist, who wrote in 1378. The story has been published in *English*, and I have epitomized the translation. The translator is of opinion, that the choice of the caskets is borrowed from a tale of *Boccace*, which I

have likewise abridged, though I believe that *Shakespeare* must have had some other novel in view.

Of the *MERCHANT OF VENICE* the style is even and easy, with few peculiarities of diction, or anomalies of construction. The comick part raises laughter, and the serious fixes expectation. The probability of either one or the other story cannot be maintained. The union of two actions in one event is in this drama eminently happy. *Dryden* was much pleased with his own address in connecting the two plots of his *Spanish Friar*, which yet, I believe, the critick will find excelled by this play.

### AS YOU LIKE IT.

Of this play the fable is wild and pleasing. I know not how the ladies will approve the facility with which both *Rosalind* and *Celia* give away their hearts. To *Celia* much may be forgiven for the heroism of her friendship. The character of *Jaques* is natural and well preserved. The comick dialogue is very sprightly, with less mixture of low buffoonery than in some other plays: and the graver part is elegant and harmonious. By hastening to the end of his work, *Shakespeare* suppressed the dialogue between the usurper and the hermit, and lost an opportunity of exhibiting a moral lesson in which he might have found matter worthy of his highest powers.

### TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Of this play the two plots are so well united, that they can hardly be called two without injury to the art with which they are interwoven. The attention is entertained with all the variety of a double plot, yet is not distracted by unconnected incidents.

The part between *Katharine* and *Petruchio* is eminently sprightly and diverting. At the marriage of *Bianca*, the arrival of the real father, perhaps, produces more perplexity than pleasure. The whole play is very popular and diverting.

## ALL'S WELL THAT ENDS WELL.

This play has many delightful scenes, though not sufficiently probable, and some happy characters, though not new, nor produced by any deep knowledge of human nature. *Parolles* is a boaster and a coward, such as has always been the sport of the stage, but perhaps never raised more laughter or contempt than in the hands of *Shakespeare*.

I cannot reconcile my heart to *Bertram*; a man noble without generosity, and young without truth; who marries *Helen* as a coward, and leaves her as a profligate: when she is dead by his unkindness, sneaks home to a second marriage, is accused by a woman whom he has wronged, defends himself by falsehood, and is dismissed to happiness.

The story of *Bertram* and *Diana* had been told before of *Mariana* and *Angelo*, and, to confess the truth, scarcely merited to be heard a second time.

## TWELFTH-NIGHT.

This play is, in the graver part, elegant and easy, and in some of the lighter scenes exquisitely humorous. *Ague-cheek* is drawn with great propriety, but his character is, in a great measure, that of natural fatuity, and is therefore not the proper prey of a satirist. The soliloquy of *Malvolio* is truly comick: he is betrayed to ridicule merely by his pride. The marriage of *Olivia*, and the succeeding perplexity, though well enough contrived to divert on the stage, wants credibility, and fails to produce the proper instruction required in the drama, as it exhibits no just picture of life.

## WINTER'S TALE.

The story of this play is taken from the pleasant *History of Dorastus and Fawnia*, written by *Robert Greene*.

This play, as Dr. *Warburton* justly observes, is, with all its absurdities, very entertaining. The character of *Autolycus* is very naturally conceived, and strongly represented.

### MACBETH.

This play is deservedly celebrated for the propriety of its fictions, and solemnity, grandeur, and variety of its action, but it has no nice discriminations of character; the events are too great to admit the influence of particular dispositions, and the course of the action necessarily determines the conduct of the agents.

The danger of ambition is well described; and I know not whether it may not be said, in defence of some parts which now seem improbable, that, in *Shakespeare's* time it was necessary to warn credulity against vain and illusive predictions.

The passions are directed to their true end. *Lady Macbeth* is merely detested; and though the courage of *Macbeth* preserves some esteem, yet every reader rejoices at his fall.

### KING JOHN.

The tragedy of *King John* though not written with the utmost power of *Shakespeare*, is varied with a very pleasing interchange of incidents and characters. The lady's grief is very affecting; and the character of the bastard contains that mixture of greatness and levity which this author delighted to exhibit.

### KING RICHARD II.

This play is extracted from the *Chronicle of Holingshed*, in which many passages may be found which *Shakespeare* has, with very little alteration, transplanted into his scenes; particularly a speech of the bishop of *Carlisle* in defence of king *Richard's* unalienable right, and immunity from human jurisdiction.

*Jonson*, who, in his *Catiline* and *Sejanus*, has inserted many speeches from the *Roman* historians, was perhaps

induced to that practice by the example of *Shakespeare*, who had condescended sometimes to copy more ignoble writers. But *Shakespeare* had more of his own than *Jonson*, and if he sometimes was willing to spare his labour, showed by what he performed at other times, that his extracts were made by choice or idleness rather than necessity.

This play is one of those which *Shakespeare* has apparently revised; but as success in works of invention is not always proportionate to labour, it is not finished at last with the happy force of some other of his tragedies, nor can be said much to affect the passions, or enlarge the understanding.

#### KING HENRY IV.—PART II.

I fancy every reader, when he ends this play, cries out with *Desdemona*, "O most lame and impotent conclusion!" As this play was not, to our knowledge, divided into acts by the author, I could be content to conclude it with the death of *Henry the Fourth*.

In that Jerusalem shall Harry die.

These scenes, which now make the fifth act of *Henry the Fourth*, might then be the first of *Henry the Fifth*; but the truth is, that they do unite very commodiously to either play. When these plays were represented, I believe they ended as they are now ended in the books; but *Shakespeare* seems to have designed the whole series of action from the beginning of *Richard the Second*, to the end of *Henry the Fifth*, should be considered by the reader as one work, upon one plan, only broken into parts by the necessity of exhibition.

None of *Shakespeare's* plays are more read than the *First and Second Parts of Henry the Fourth*. Perhaps no author has ever in two plays afforded so much delight. The great events are interesting, for the fate of kingdoms depends upon them; the slighter occurrences are diverting, and, except one or two, sufficiently probable; the incidents are multiplied with wonderful fertility of invention, and the characters diversified with

the utmost nicety of discernment, and the profoundest skill in the nature of man.

The prince, who is the hero both of the comick and tragick part, is a young man of great abilities and violent passions, whose sentiments are right, though his actions are wrong; whose virtues are obscured by negligence, and whose understanding is dissipated by levity. In his idle hours he is rather loose than wicked; and when the occasion forces out his latent qualities, he is great without effort, and brave without tumult. The trifer is roused into a hero, and the hero again reposes in the trifer. This character is great, original, and just.

*Percy* is a rugged soldier, choleric, and quarrelsome, and has only the soldier's virtues, generosity and courage.

But *Falstaff*, unimitated, unimitable *Falstaff*, how shall I describe thee? Thou compound of sense and vice; of sense which may be admired, but not esteemed; of vice which may be despised, but hardly detested. *Falstaff* is a character loaded with faults, and with those faults which naturally produce contempt. He is a thief and a glutton, a coward and a boaster; always ready to cheat the weak and prey upon the poor; to terrify the timorous, and insult the defenceless. At once obsequious and malignant, he satirizes in their absence those with whom he lives by flattering. He is familiar with the prince only as an agent of vice, but of this familiarity he is so proud, as not only to be supercilious and haughty with common men, but to think his interest of importance to the duke of *Lancaster*. Yet the man thus corrupt, thus despicable, makes himself necessary to the prince that despises him, by the most pleasing of all qualities, perpetual gaiety, by an unfailling power of exciting laughter, which is the more freely indulged, as his wit is not of the splendid or ambitious kind, but consists in easy scapes and sallies of levity, which make sport, but raise no envy. It must be observed, that he is stained with no enormous or sanguinary crimes, so that his licentiousness is not so offensive but that it may be borne for his mirth.

The moral to be drawn from this representation is, that no man is more dangerous than he that, with a will



to corrupt, hath the power to please; and that neither wit nor honesty ought to think themselves safe with such a companion, when they see *Henry* seduced by *Falstaff*.

### KING HENRY V.

This play has many scenes of high dignity, and many of easy merriment. The character of the king is well supported, except in his courtship, where he has neither the vivacity of *Hal*, nor the grandeur of *Henry*. The humour of *Pistol* is very happily continued: his character has perhaps been the model of all the bullies that have yet appeared on the *English* stage.

The lines given to the chorus have many admirers; but the truth is, that in them a little may be praised, and much must be forgiven: nor can it be easily discovered why the intelligence given by the Chorus is more necessary in this play than in many others where it is omitted. The great defect of this play is the emptiness and narrowness of the last act, which a very little diligence might have easily avoided.

### KING HENRY VI.—PART I.

Of this play there is no copy earlier than that of the folio in 1623, though the two succeeding parts are extant in two editions in quarto. That the second and third parts were published without the first, may be admitted as no weak proof that the copies were surreptitiously obtained, and that the printers of that time gave the publick those plays, not such as the author designed, but such as they could get them. That this play was written before the two others is indubitably collected from the series of events; that it was written and played before *Henry the Fifth* is apparent, because in the epilogue there is mention made of this play, and not of the other parts:

Henry the Sixth in swaddling bands crown'd king,  
Whose state so many had the managing  
That they lost France, and made his England bleed,  
Which oft our stage hath shewn.

*France* is lost in this play. The two following contain, as the old title imports, the contention of the houses of *York* and *Lancaster*.

The second and third parts of *Henry VI.* were printed in 1600. When *Henry V.* was written, we know not, but it was printed likewise in 1600, and therefore before the publication of the first part: the first part of *Henry VI.* had been often shewn on the stage, and would certainly have appeared in its place had the author been the publisher.

### KING HENRY VI.—PART III.

The three parts of *Henry VI.* are suspected, by Mr. *Theobald*, of being supposititious, and are declared, by Dr. *Warburton*, to be certainly not *Shakespeare's*. Mr. *Theobald's* suspicion arises from some obsolete words; but the phraseology is like the rest of our author's style, and single words, of which however I do not observe more than two, can conclude little.

Dr. *Warburton* gives no reason, but I suppose him to judge upon deeper principles and more comprehensive views, and to draw his opinion from the general effect and spirit of the composition, which he thinks inferior to the other historical plays.

From mere inferiority nothing can be inferred; in the productions of wit there will be inequality. Sometimes judgment will err, and sometimes the matter itself will defeat the artist. Of every author's works one will be the best, and one will be the worst. The colours are not equally pleasing, nor the attitudes equally graceful, in all the pictures of *Titian* or *Reynolds*.

Dissimilitudes of style, and heterogeneousness of sentiment, may sufficiently show that a work does not really belong to the reputed author. But in these plays no such marks of spuriousness are found. The diction, the versification, and the figures, are *Shakespeare's*. These plays, considered, without regard to characters and incidents, merely as narratives in verse, are more happily conceived, and more accurately finished than

those of *King John*, *Richard II.* or the tragick scenes of *Henry IV.* and *V.* If we take these plays from *Shakespeare*, to whom shall they be given? What author of that age had the same easiness of expression and fluency of numbers?

Having considered the evidence given by the plays themselves, and found it in their favour, let us now enquire what corroboration can be gained from other testimony. They are ascribed to *Shakespeare* by the first editors, whose attestation may be received in questions of fact, however unskilfully they superintended their edition. They seem to be declared genuine by the voice of *Shakespeare* himself, who refers to the second play in his epilogue to *Henry V.* and apparently connects the first act of *Richard III.* with the last of the third part of *Henry VI.* If it be objected that the plays were popular, and that therefore he alluded to them as well known; it may be answered, with equal probability, that the natural passions of a poet would have disposed him to separate his own works from those of an inferior hand. And, indeed, if an author's own testimony is to be overthrown by speculative criticism, no man can be any longer secure of literary reputation.

Of these three plays I think the second the best. The truth is, that they have not sufficient variety of action, for the incidents are too often of the same kind; yet many of the characters are well discriminated. King *Henry* and his queen, king *Edward*, the duke of *Gloucester*, and the Earl of *Warwick*, are very strongly and distinctly painted.

The old copies of the two latter parts of *Henry VI.* and of *Henry V.* are so apparently imperfect and mutilated, that there is no reason for supposing them the first draughts of *Shakespeare*. I am inclined to believe them copies taken by some auditor who wrote down, during the representation, what the time would permit, then perhaps filled up some of his omissions at a second or third hearing, and when he had by this method formed something like a play, sent it to the printer.

## KING RICHARD III.

This is one of the most celebrated of our author's performances; yet I know not whether it has not happened to him as to others, to be praised most, when praise is not most deserved. That this play has scenes noble in themselves, and very well contrived to strike in the exhibition, cannot be denied. But some parts are trifling, others shocking, and some improbable.

I have nothing to add to the observations of the learned criticks, but that some traces of this antiquated exhibition are still retained in the rustic puppet-plays, in which I have seen the Devil very lustily belaboured by Punch, whom I hold to be the legitimate successor of the old Vice.

## KING HENRY VIII.

The play of *Henry the Eighth* is one of those which still keeps possession of the stage by the splendour of its pageantry. The coronation about forty years ago, drew the people together in multitudes for a great part of the winter. Yet pomp is not the only merit of this play. The meek sorrows and virtuous distress of *Katharine* have furnished some scenes, which may be justly numbered among the greatest efforts of tragedy. But the genius of *Shakespeare* comes in and goes out with *Katharine*. Every other part may be easily conceived, and easily written.

The historical dramas are now concluded, of which the two parts of *Henry the Fourth*, and *Henry the Fifth*, are among the happiest of our author's compositions; and *King John*, *Richard the Third*, and *Henry the Eighth*, deservedly stand in the second class. Those whose curiosity would refer the historical scenes to their original, may consult *Holingshed*, and sometimes *Hall*: from *Holingshed*, *Shakespeare* has often inserted whole speeches with no more alteration than was necessary to the numbers of his verse. To transcribe them into the margin was unnecessary, because the

original is easily examined, and they are seldom less perspicuous in the poet than in the historian.

To play histories, or to exhibit a succession of events by action and dialogue, was a common entertainment among our rude ancestors upon great festivities. The parish clerks once performed at *Clerkenwell* a play which lasted three days, containing *The History of the World*.

### CORIOLANUS.

The tragedy of *Coriolanus* is one of the most amusing of our author's performances. The old man's merriment in *Menenius*; the lofty lady's dignity in *Volumnia*; the bridal modesty in *Virgilia*; the patrician and military haughtiness in *Coriolanus*; the plebeian malignity, and tribunitian insolence in *Brutus* and *Sicinius*, make a very pleasing and interesting variety: and the various revolutions of the hero's fortune fill the mind with anxious curiosity. There is, perhaps, too much bustle in the first act, and too little in the last.

### JULIUS CÆSAR.

Of this tragedy many particular passages deserve regard, and the contention and reconciliation of *Brutus* and *Cassius* is universally celebrated; but I have never been strongly agitated in perusing it, and think it somewhat cold and unaffecting, compared with some other of *Shakespeare's* plays; his adherence to the real story, and to *Roman* manners, seems to have impeded the natural vigour of his genius.

### ANTONY AND CLEOPATRA.

This play keeps curiosity always busy, and the passions always interested. The continual hurry of the action, the variety of incidents, and the quick succession of one personage to another, call the mind forward without intermission from the first act to the last. But the power of delighting is derived principally from the frequent changes of the scene; for except the feminine

arts, some of which are too low, which distinguish *Cleopatra*, no character is very strongly discriminated. *Upton*, who did not easily miss what he desired to find, has discovered that the language of *Antony* is, with great skill and learning, made pompous and superb, according to his real practice. But I think his diction not distinguishable from that of others: the most timid speech in the play is that which *Cesar* makes to *Octavia*.

The events, of which the principal are described according to history, are produced without any art of connection or care of disposition.

### TIMON OF ATHENS.

The play of *Timon* is a domestick tragedy, and therefore strongly fastens on the attention of the reader. In the plan there is not much art, but the incidents are natural, and the characters various and exact. The catastrophe affords a very powerful warning against that ostentatious liberality, which scatters bounty, but confers no benefits, and buys flattery, but not friendship.

In this tragedy, are many passages perplexed, obscure, and probably corrupt, which I have endeavoured to rectify, or explain, with due diligence; but having only one copy, cannot promise myself that my endeavours shall be much applauded.

### TITUS ANDRONICUS.

All the editors and criticks agree with *Mr. Theobald* in supposing this play spurious. I see no reason for differing from them; for the colour of the style is wholly different from that of the other plays, and there is an attempt at regular versification, and artificial closes, not always inelegant, yet seldom pleasing. The barbarity of the spectacles, and the general massacre, which are here exhibited, can scarcely be conceived tolerable to any audience; yet we are told by *Jonson*, that they were not only borne, but praised. That *Shakespeare* wrote any part, though *Theobald* declares it incontestible, I see no reason for believing.

The testimony produced at the beginning of this play, by which it is ascribed to *Shakespeare*, is by no means equal to the argument against its authenticity, arising from the total difference of conduct, language, and sentiments, by which it stands apart from all the rest. *Meres* had probably no other evidence, than that of a title-page, which, though in our time it be sufficient, was then of no great authority; for all the plays which were rejected by the first collectors of *Shakespeare's* works, and admitted in later editions, and again rejected by the critical editors, had *Shakespeare's* name on the title, as we must suppose, by the fraudulence of the printers, who, while there were yet no gazettes, nor advertisements, nor any means of circulating literary intelligence, could usurp at pleasure any celebrated name. Nor had *Shakespeare* any interest in detecting the imposture, as none of his fame or profit was produced by the press.

The chronology of this play does not prove it not to be *Shakespeare's*. If it had been written twenty-five years in 1614, it might have been written when *Shakespeare* was twenty-five years old. When he left *Warwickshire* I know not; but at the age of twenty-five it was rather too late to fly for deer-stealing.

*Ravenscroft*, who, in the reign of *Charles II.* revised this play, and restored it to the stage, tells us, in his preface, from a theatrical tradition, I suppose, which in his time might be of sufficient authority, that this play was touched in different parts by *Shakespeare*, but written by some other poet. I do not find *Shakespeare's* touches very discernible.

## TROILUS AND CRESSIDA.

This play is more correctly written than most of *Shakespeare's* compositions, but it is not one of those in which either the extent of his views or elevation of his fancy is fully displayed. As the story abounded with materials, he has exerted little invention; but he has diversified his characters with great variety, and preserved them with great exactness. His vicious characters sometimes disgust, but cannot corrupt, for both

*Cressida* and *Pandarus* are detested and contemned. The comick characters seem to have been the favourites of the writer; they are of the superficial kind, and exhibit more of manners than nature; but they are copiously filled, and powerfully impressed.

*Shakespeare* has in his story followed for the greater part the old book of *Caxton*, which was then very popular; but the character of *Thersites*, of which it makes no mention, is a proof that this play was written after *Chapman* had published his version of *Homer*.

### CYMBELINE.

This play has many just sentiments, some natural dialogues, and some pleasing scenes, but they are obtained at the expence of much incongruity. To remark the folly of the fiction, the absurdity of the conduct, the confusion of the names, and manners of different times, and the impossibility of the events in any system of life, were to waste criticism upon unresisting imbecility, upon faults too evident for detection, and too gross for aggravation.

### KING LEAR.

The tragedy of *Lear* is deservedly celebrated among the dramas of *Shakespeare*. There is perhaps no play which keeps the attention so strongly fixed, which so much agitates our passions, and interests our curiosity. The artful involutions of distinct interests, the striking opposition of contrary characters, the sudden changes of fortune, and the quick succession of events, fill the mind with a perpetual tumult of indignation, pity, and hope. There is no scene which does not contribute to the aggravation of the distress or conduct of the action, and scarce a line which does not conduce to the progress of the scene. So powerful is the current of the poet's imagination, that the mind, which once ventures within it, is hurried irresistibly along.

On the seeming improbability of *Lear's* conduct, it may be observed, that he is represented according to histories at that time vulgarly received as true. And,



perhaps, if we turn our thoughts upon the barbarity and ignorance of the age to which this story is referred, it will appear not so unlikely as while we estimate *Lear's* manners by our own. Such preference of one daughter to another, or resignation of dominion on such conditions, would be yet credible, if told of a petty prince of *Guinea* or *Madagascar*. *Shakespeare*, indeed, by the mention of his earls and dukes, has given us the idea of times more civilized, and of life regulated by softer manners; and the truth is, that though he so nicely discriminates, and so minutely describes the characters of men, he commonly neglects and confounds the characters of ages, by mingling customs ancient and modern, *English* and foreign.

My learned friend Mr. *Warton*, who has in the *Advertiser* very minutely criticised this play, remarks, that the instances of cruelty are too savage and shocking, and that the intervention of *Edmund* destroys the simplicity of the story. These objections may, I think, be answered, by repeating, that the cruelty of the daughters is an historical fact, to which the poet has added little, having only drawn it into a series by dialogue and action. But I am not able to apologize with equal plausibility for the extrusion of *Gloster's* eyes, which seems an act too horrid to be endured in dramatick exhibition, and such as must always compel the mind to relieve its distress by incredulity. Yet let it be remembered that our author well knew what would please the audience for which he wrote.

The injury done by *Edmund* to the simplicity of the action is abundantly recompensed by the addition of variety, by the art with which he is made to co-operate with the chief design, and the opportunity which he gives the poet of combining perfidy with perfidy, and connecting the wicked son with the wicked daughters to impress this important moral, that villainy is never at a stop, that crimes lead to crimes, and at last terminate in ruin.

But though this moral be incidentally enforced, *Shakespeare* has suffered the virtue of *Cordelia* to perish in a just cause, contrary to the natural ideas of justice, to the hope of the reader, and, what is yet more strange,

to the faith of chronicles. Yet this conduct is justified by *The Spectator*, who blames *Tate* for giving *Cordelia* success and happiness in his alteration, and declares, that in his opinion *the tragedy has lost half its beauty*. *Dennis* has remarked, whether justly or not, that, to secure the favourable reception of *Cato*, *the town was poisoned with much false and abominable criticism*, and that endeavours had been used to discredit and decry poetical justice. A play in which the wicked prosper, and the virtuous miscarry, may doubtless be good, because it is a just representation of the common events of human life: but since all reasonable beings naturally love justice, I cannot easily be persuaded, that the observation of justice makes a play worse; or, that if other excellencies are equal, the audience will not always rise better pleased from the final triumph of persecuted virtue.

In the present case the public has decided. *Cordelia*, from the time of *Tate*, has always retired with victory and felicity. And, if my sensations could add any thing to the general suffrage, I might relate, I was many years ago so shocked by *Cordelia's* death, that I know not whether I ever endured to read again the last scenes of the play till I undertook to revise them as an editor.

There is another controversy among the criticks concerning this play. It is disputed whether the predominant image in *Lear's* disordered mind be the loss of his kingdom or the cruelty of his daughters. *Mr. Murphy*, a very judicious critick, has evinced by induction of particular passages, that the cruelty of his daughters is the primary source of his distress, and that the loss of royalty affects him only as a secondary and subordinate evil. He observes, with great justness, that *Lear* would move our compassion but little, did we not rather consider the injured father than the degraded king.

The story of this play, except the episode of *Edmund*, which is derived, I think, from *Sidney*, is taken originally from *Geoffry of Monmouth*, whom *Holingshed* generally copied; but perhaps immediately from an old historical ballad. My reason for believing that the play was posterior to the ballad, rather than the ballad to the play, is, that the ballad has nothing of *Shakespeare's*

nocturnal tempest, which is too striking to have been omitted, and that it follows the chronicle; it has the rudiments of the play, but none of its amplifications: it first hinted *Lear's* madness, but did not array it in circumstances. The writer of the ballad added something to the history, which is a proof that he would have added more, if more had occurred to his mind, and more must have occurred if he had seen *Shakespeare*.

## ROMEO AND JULIET.

This play is one of the most pleasing of our author's performances. The scenes are busy and various, the incidents numerous and important, the catastrophe irresistibly affecting, and the process of the action carried on with such probability, at least with such congruity to popular opinions, as tragedy requires.

Here is one of the few attempts of *Shakespeare* to exhibit the conversation of gentlemen, to represent the airy sprightliness of juvenile elegance. Mr *Dryden* mentions a tradition, which might easily reach his time, of a declaration made by *Shakespeare*, that he was obliged to kill *Mercutio* in the third act, lest he should have been killed by him. Yet he thinks him no such formidable person but that he might have lived through the play, and died in his bed, without danger to a poet. *Dryden* well knew, had he been in quest of truth, that, in a pointed sentence, more regard is commonly had to the words than the thought, and that it is very seldom to be rigorously understood. *Mercutio's* wit, gaiety, and courage, will always procure him friends that wish him a longer life; but his death is not precipitated, he has lived out the time allotted him in the construction of the play; nor do I doubt the ability of *Shakespeare* to have continued his existence, though some of his sallies are perhaps out of the reach of *Dryden*; whose genius was not very fertile of merriment, nor ductile to humour, but acute, argumentative, comprehensive, and sublime.

The *Nurse* is one of the characters in which the author delighted; he has, with great subtlety of distinction, drawn her at once loquacious and secret, obsequious and insolent, trusty and dishonest.

B b 3

His comick scenes are happily wrought, but his pathetic strains are always polluted with some unexpected depravations. His persons, however distressed, *have a conceit left them in their misery, a miserable conceit.*

### HAMLET.

If the dramas of *Shakespeare* were to be characterized, each by the particular excellence which distinguishes it from the rest, we must allow to the tragedy of *Hamlet* the praise of variety. The incidents are so numerous, that the argument of the play would make a long tale. The scenes are interchangeably diversified with merriment and solemnity; with merriment, that includes judicious and instructive observations; and solemnity, not strained by poetical violence above the natural sentiments of man. New characters appear from time to time in continual succession, exhibiting various forms of life and particular modes of conversation. The pretended madness of *Hamlet* causes much mirth, the mournful distraction of *Ophelia* fills the heart with tenderness, and every personage produces the effect intended, from the apparition that in the first act chills the blood with horror, to the fop in the last, that exposes affectation to just contempt.

The conduct is perhaps not wholly secure against objections. The action is indeed for the most part in continual progression, but there are some scenes which neither forward nor retard it. Of the feigned madness of *Hamlet* there appears no adequate cause, for he does nothing which he might not have done with the reputation of sanity. He plays the madman most, when he treats *Ophelia* with so much rudeness, which seems to be useless and wanton cruelty.

*Hamlet* is, through the whole piece, rather an instrument than an agent. After he has, by the stratagem of the play, convicted the king, he makes no attempt to punish him; and his death is at last effected by an incident which *Hamlet* had no part in producing.

The catastrophe is not very happily produced; the exchange of weapons is rather an expedient of necessity, than a stroke of art. A scheme might easily have

been formed to kill *Hamlet* with the dagger, and *Læertes* with the bowl.

The poet is accused of having shown little regard to poetical justice, and may be charged with equal neglect of poetical probability. The apparition left the regions of the dead to little purpose; the revenge which he demands is not obtained, but by the death of him that was required to take it; and the gratification, which would arise from the destruction of an usurper and a murderer, is abated by the untimely death of *Ophelia*, the young, the beautiful, the harmless, and the pious.

### OTHELLO.

The beauties of this play impress themselves so strongly upon the attention of the reader, that they can draw no aid from critical illustration. The fiery openness of *Othello*, magnanimous, artless, and credulous, boundless in his confidence, ardent in his affection, inflexible in his resolution, and obdurate in his revenge; the cool malignity of *Iago*, silent in his resentment, subtle in his designs, and studious at once of his interest and his vengeance; the soft simplicity of *Desdemona*, confident of merit, and conscious of innocence, her artless perseverance in her suit, and her slowness to suspect that she can be suspected, are such proofs of *Shakespeare's* skill in human nature, as, I suppose, it is vain to seek in any modern writer. The gradual progress which *Iago* makes in the *Moor's* conviction, and the circumstances which he employs to inflame him, are so artfully natural, that, though it will perhaps not be said of him as he says of himself, that he is *a man not easily jealous*, yet we cannot but pity him, when at last we find him *perplexed in the extreme*.

There is always danger, lest wickedness, conjoined with abilities, should steal upon esteem, though it misuses of approbation; but the character of *Iago* is so conducted, that he is from the first scene to the last hated and despised.

Even the inferior characters of this play would be very conspicuous in any other piece, not only for their

justness, but their strength. *Cassio* is brave, benevolent, and honest, ruined only by his want of stubbornness to resist an insidious invitation. *Roderigo's* suspicious credulity, and impatient submission to the cheats which he sees practised upon him, and which by persuasion he suffers to be repeated, exhibit a strong picture of a weak mind betrayed by unlawful desires to a false friend; and the virtue of *Emilia* is such as we often find worn loosely, but not cast off, easy to commit small crimes, but quickened and alarmed at atrocious villainies.

The scenes from the beginning to the end are busy, varied by happy interchanges, and regularly promoting the progression of the story; and the narrative in the end, though it tells but what is known already, yet is necessary to produce the death of *Othello*.

Had the scene opened in *Cyprus*, and the preceding incidents been occasionally related, there had been little wanting to a drama of the most exact and scrupulous regularity.

MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS  
ON THE  
TRAGEDY OF MACBETH:  
WITH  
*REMARKS*

On Sir THOMAS HANMER's Edition of SHAKESPEARE.

~~~~~  
First printed in the Year MDCCXLV.  
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“—As to all those things which have been published under the titles of *Essays, Remarks, Observations, &c.* on *Shakespeare*, (if you except some critical notes on *Macbeth*, given as a specimen of a projected edition, and written as appears by a man of parts and genius) the rest are absolutely below a serious notice.”

*Warburton's Preface to Shakespeare.*

—O—  
NOTE I.

ACT I. SCENE I.

*Enter three Witches.*

IN order to make a true estimate of the abilities and merits of a writer, it is always necessary to examine the genius of his age, and the opinions of his contemporaries. A poet who should now make the whole action of his tragedy depend upon enchantment, and produce the chief events by the assistance of supernatural agents, would be censured as transgressing the bounds of probability, he would be banished from the theatre to the nursery, and condemned to write Fairy Tales instead of Tragedies; but a survey of the notions that prevailed

at the time when this play was written, will prove that *Shakespeare* was in no danger of such censures, since he only turned the system that was then universally admitted to his advantage, and was far from overburthening the credulity of his audience.

The reality of witchcraft or enchantment, which, though not strictly the same, are confounded in this play, has in all ages and countries been credited by the common people, and in most by the learned themselves. These phantoms have indeed appeared more frequently, in proportion as the darkness of ignorance has been more gross; but it cannot be shown, that the brightest gleams of knowledge have at any time been sufficient to drive them out of the world. The time in which this kind of credulity was at its height, seems to have been that of the holy war, in which the Christians imputed all their defeats to enchantment or diabolical opposition, as they ascribe their success to the assistance of their military saints; and the learned Mr. *Warburton* appears to believe (*Suppl. to the Introduction to Don Quixote*) that the first accounts of enchantments were brought into this part of the world, by those who returned from their eastern expeditions. But there is always some distance between the birth and maturity of folly as of wickedness: this opinion had long existed, though perhaps the application of it had in no foregoing age been so frequent, nor the reception so general. *Olympiodorus*, in *Photius's* Extracts, tells us of one *Libanius*, who practised this kind of military magick, and having promised *χωρίς ὀπλιτῶν κατὰ Βαρβάρων ἐνεργεῖν*, to perform great things against the Barbarians without soldiers, was, at the instance of the empress *Placidia*, put to death, when he was about to have given proofs of his abilities. The empress shewed some kindness in her anger by cutting him off at a time so convenient for his reputation.

But a more remarkable proof of the antiquity of this notion may be found in *St. Chrysostom's* book *de Sacerdotio*, which exhibits a scene of enchantments not exceeded by any romance of the middle age; he supposes a spectator overlooking a field of battle, attended by one that points out all the various objects of horror,



the engines of destruction, and the arts of slaughter. *Δεσφύρα δὲ ἐπι παρὰ τοῖς ἐναντίοις ἡ νερούμενος ἰππὸς διὰ τῶν μαγικῶν, ἡ ὄπληται δι' αἰθέρος φερομένης, ἡ ἄσπερ γούρεται δύναντιν ἡ ἰδία.* Let him then proceed to show him in the opposite armies horses flying by enchantment, armed men transported through the air, and every power and form of magick. Whether St. Chrysostom believed that such performances were really to be seen in a day of battle, or only endeavoured to enliven his description, by adopting the notions of the vulgar, it is equally certain, that such notions were in his time received, and that therefore they were not imported from the *Saracens* in a later age; the wars with the *Saracens*, however, gave occasion to their propagation, not only as bigotry naturally discovers prodigies, but as the scene of action was removed to a greater distance, and distance either of time or place is sufficient to reconcile weak minds to wonderful relations.

The reformation did not immediately arrive at its meridian, and though day was gradually increasing upon us, the goblins of witchcraft still continued to hover in the twilight. In the time of *Queen Elizabeth* was the remarkable trial of the witches of *Warbois*, whose conviction is still commemorated in an annual Sermon at *Huntingdon*. But in the reign of *King James*, in which this tragedy was written, many circumstances concurred to propagate and confirm this opinion. The king, who was much celebrated for his knowledge, had, before his arrival in *England*, not only examined in person a woman accused of witchcraft, but had given a very formal account of the practices and illusions of evil spirits, the compacts of witches, the ceremonies used by them, the manner of detecting them, and the justice of punishing them, in his dialogues of *Demonologie*, written in the *Scottish* dialect; and published at *Edinburgh*. This book was, soon after his accession, reprinted at *London*; and as the ready way to gain *King James's* favour was to flatter his speculations, the system of *Demonologie* was immediately adopted by all who desired either to gain preferment or not to lose it. Thus the doctrine of witchcraft was very powerfully

inculcated, and as the greatest part of mankind have no other reason for their opinions than that they are in fashion, it cannot be doubted but this persuasion made a rapid progress, since vanity and credulity co-operated in its favour, and it had a tendency to free cowardice from reproach. The irfection soon reached the parliament, who, in the first year of King *James*, made a law, by which it was enacted, *ch. xii.* That "if any person shall use any invocation or conjuration of any evil or wicked spirit; 2. Or shall consult, covenant with, entertain, employ, feed, or reward any evil or cursed spirit to or for any intent or purpose; 3. Or take up any dead man, woman, or child out of the grave,— or the skin, bone, or any part of the dead person, to be employed or used in any manner of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 4. Or shall use, practise, or exercise any sort of witchcraft, sorcery, charm, or enchantment; 5. Whereby any person shall be destroyed, killed, wasted, consumed, pined, or lamed in any part of the body; 6. That every such person, being convicted, shall suffer death."

Thus, in the time of *Shakespeare*, was the doctrine of witchcraft at once established by law and by the fashion, and it became not only unpolite, but criminal, to doubt it; and as prodigies are always seen in proportion as they are expected, witches were every day discovered, and multiplied so fast in some places, that bishop *Hall* mentions a village in *Lancashire*, where their number was greater than that of the houses. The Jesuits and Sectaries took advantage of this universal error, and endeavoured to promote the interest of their parties by pretended cures of persons afflicted by evil spirits, but they were detected and exposed by the clergy of the established church.

Upon this general infatuation, *Shakespeare* might be easily allowed to found a play, especially since he has followed with great exactness such histories as were then thought true; nor can it be doubted that the scenes of enchantment, however they may now be ridiculed, were both by himself and his audience thought awful and affecting.

## NOTE II.

## SCENE II.

—THE merciless *Macdonel*,—from the Western Isles  
Of *Kerns* and *Gallow-glasses* was supply'd,  
And fortune on his damned *quarry* smiling;  
Shew'd like a rebel's whore.

*Kerns* are light-armed, and *Gallow-glasses* heavy-armed soldiers. The word *quarry* has no sense that is properly applicable in this place, and therefore it is necessary to read,

*And fortune on his damned quarrel smiling.*

*Quarrel* was formerly used for *cause*, or for the occasion of a quarrel, and is to be found in that sense in *Hollingshed's* account of the story of *Macbeth*, who, upon the creation of the prince of *Cumberland*, thought, says the historian, that he had a *just quarrel* to endeavour after the crown. The sense therefore is *fortune smiling on his execrable cause*, &c.

## NOTE III.

If I say sooth, I must report they were  
As cannons overcharg'd with double cracks,  
So they redoubled strokes upon the foe.

Mr. *Theobald* has endeavoured to improve the sense of this passage by altering the punctuation thus:

————They were  
As cannons overcharg'd, with double cracks  
So they redoubled strokes————

He declares, with some degree of exultation, that he has no idea of a *cannon charged with double cracks*; but surely the great author will not gain much by an alteration which makes him say of a hero, that he *redoubles*

*strokes with double cracks*, an expression not more loudly to be applauded, or more easily pardoned, than that which is rejected in its favour. That *a cannon is charged with thunder*, or *with double thunders*, may be written, not only without nonsense, but with elegance; and nothing else is here meant by *cracks*, which, in the time of this writer, was a word of such emphasis and dignity, that in this play he terms the general dissolution of nature the *crack of doom*.

There are among Mr. *Theobald's* alterations others which I do not approve, though I do not always censure them; for some of his amendments are so excellent, that, even when he has failed, he ought to be treated with indulgence and respect.

## NOTE IV.

*King.* But who comes here?

*Mal.* The worthy *Thane* of *Rosse*.

*Lenox.* What haste looks through his eyes?

So should he look that *seems* to speak things strange.

The meaning of this passage as it now stands is, *so should he look, that looks as if he told things strange*. But *Rosse* neither yet told strange things, nor could look as if he told them; *Lenox* only conjectured from his air that he had strange things to tell, and therefore undoubtedly said,

—What haste looks through his eyes?

So should he look, that *seems* to speak things strange.

*He looks like one that is big with something of importance*, a metaphor so natural, that it is every day used in common discourse.

## NOTE V.

## SCENE III.

*Thunder.* Enter the three *Witches*.

1st *Witch.* WHERE hast thou been, sister?

2d *Witch.* Killing swine.

3d *Witch*. Sister, Where thou?

1st *Witch*. A sailor's wife had chesnuts in her lap,  
And mounch't, and mounch't and mounch't. Give me,  
quoth I.

(1) Aroint thee, witch, the rump-fed ronyon cries.  
Her husband's to *Aleppo* gone, master o' th' *Tiger* :  
But in a sieve I'll thither sail,  
And, like a rat without a tail,  
I'll do—I'll do—and I'll do.

2d *Witch*. I'll give thee a wind.

1st *Witch*. Thou art kind.

3d *Witch*. And I another.

1st *Witch*, I myself have all the other,  
And the (2) very points they blow,  
All the quarters that they know,  
I' th' Ship-man's card——  
I will drain him dry as hay ;  
Sleep shall neither night nor day  
Hang upon his pent-house lid ;  
He shall live a man (3) forbid ;  
Weary sev'n-nights nine times nine,  
Shall he dwindle, peak and pine :  
Tho' his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest-tost.  
Look what I have.

2d *Witch*. shew me, shew me.

(1) Aroint thee, witch,——

In one of the folio editions the reading is *anooint thee*, in a sense very consistent with the common accounts of witches, who are related to perform many supernatural acts by the means of unguents, and particularly to fly through the air to the place where they meet at their hellish festivals. In this sense *anooint thee, witch*, will mean, *away, witch, to your infernal assembly*. This reading I was inclined to favour, because I had met with the word *arooint* in no other place; till looking into *Hearne's Collections*, I found it in a very old drawing, that he has published, in which St. *Patrick* is represented visiting hell, and putting the devils into great confusion by his presence, of whom one that is

driving the damned before him with a prong, has a label issuing out from his mouth with these words, *out out arongi*, of which the last is evidently the same with *aroint*, and used in the same sense as in this passage.

(2) And the very points they blow.

As the word *very* is here of no other use than to fill up the verse, it is likely that *Shakespeare* wrote *various*, which might be easily mistaken for *very*, being either negligently read, hastily pronounced, or imperfectly heard.

(3) He shall live a man *forbid*.

Mr. *Theobald* has very justly explained *forbid* by *accursed*, but without giving any reason of his interpretation. To *bid* is originally *to pray*, as in this *Saxon* fragment.

De is *ƿis* þæt he is *boze*. &c.

He is wise that *prays* & improves.

As to *forbid* therefore implies *prohibit*, in opposition to the word *bid* in its present sense, it signifies by the same kind of opposition *curse*, when it is derived from the same word in its primitive meaning.

## NOTE VI.

### SCENE V.

The incongruity of all the passages in which the *Thane of Cawdor* is mentioned is very remarkable; in the second scene the *Thanes of Rosse* and *Angus* bring the king an account of the battle, and inform him that *Norway*,

Assisted by that most disloyal traitor  
The *Thane of Cawdor*, 'gan a dismal conflict.

It appears that *Cawdor* was taken prisoner, for the king says, in the same scene,

—Go, pronounce his death,  
And with his former title greet *Macbeth*.

Yet though *Cawdor* was thus taken by *Macbeth*, in arms against his king, when *Macbeth* is saluted, in the fourth scene, *Thane of Cawdor*, by the weird Sisters, he asks,

How of *Cawdor*? the *Thane of Cawdor* lives,  
A prosp'rous gentleman.—

And in the next line considers the promises, that he should be *Cawdor* and *King*, as equally unlikely to be accomplished. How can *Macbeth* be ignorant of the state of the *Thane of Cawdor*, whom he has just defeated and taken prisoner, or call him a *prosperous Gentleman*, who has forfeited his title and life by open rebellion? Or why should he wonder that the title of the rebel whom he has overthrown should be conferred upon him? He cannot be supposed to dissemble his knowledge of the condition of *Cawdor*, because he enquires with all the ardour of curiosity, and the vehemence of sudden astonishment; and because nobody is present but *Banquo*, who had an equal part in the battle, and was equally acquainted with *Cawdor's* treason. However, in the next scene, his ignorance still continues; and when *Rosse* and *Angus* present him from the king with his new title, he cries out.

—The *Thane of Cawdor* lives,  
Why do you dress me in his borrowed robes?

*Rosse* and *Angus*, who were the messengers that in the second scene informed the king of the assistance given by *Cawdor* to the invader, having lost, as well as *Macbeth*, all memory of what they had so lately seen and related, make this answer—

—Whether he was  
Combin'd with *Norway*, or did line the rebels  
With hidden help and vantage, or with both  
He labour'd in his country's wreck, I know not.

Neither *Rosse* knew what he had just reported, nor *Macbeth* what he had just done. This seems not to be one of the faults that are to be imputed to the transcribers, since, though the inconsistency of *Rosse* and *Angus* might be removed, by supposing that their names are erroneously inserted, and that only *Rosse* brought the account of the battle, and only *Angus* was sent to compliment *Macbeth*, yet the forgetfulness of *Macbeth* cannot be palliated, since what he says could not have been spoken by any other.

## NOTE VII.

THE thought, whose murder yet is but fantastical,  
Shakes on my single state of man,——

The *single state of man* seems to be used by *Shakespeare* for an *individual*, in opposition to a *commonwealth*, or *conjunct body* of men.

## NOTE VIII.

*Macbeth*.—COME what come may,  
*Time and the hour* runs thro' the roughest day.

I suppose every reader is disgusted at the tautology in this passage, *time and the hour*, and will therefore willingly believe that *Shakespeare* wrote it thus,

——Come what come may,  
*Time! on!*—the hour runs thro' the roughest day.

*Macbeth* is deliberating upon the events which are to befall him; but finding no satisfaction from his own thoughts, he grows impatient of reflection, and resolves to wait the close without harassing himself with conjectures,

——Come what come may.

But to shorten the pain of suspense, he calls upon time in the usual style of ardent desire, to quicken his motion,



Time! on!—

He then comforts himself with the reflection that all his perplexity must have an end,

—The hour runs thro' the roughest day.

This conjecture is supported by the passage in the letter to his lady, in which he says, *They referr'd me to the coming on of time with Hail King that shall be.*

### NOTE IX.

#### SCENE VI.

*Malcolm.*—NOTHING in his life  
Became him like the leaving it. He died,  
As one that had been studied in his death,  
To throw away the dearest thing he ow'd,  
As 'twere a careless trifle.

As the word *ow'd* affords here no sense but such as is forc'd and unnatural, it cannot be doubted that it was originally written, *The dearest thing he own'd*; a reading which needs neither defence nor explication.

### NOTE X.

*King.*—THERE'S NO art,  
To find the mind's construction in the face.

The *construction of the mind* is, I believe, a phrase peculiar to *Shakespeare*; it implies the *frame or disposition* of the mind, by which it is determined to good or ill.

### NOTE XI.

*Macbeth.*—THE service, and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your highness' part  
Is to receive our duties, and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, in doing *every thing*  
*Safe tow'rds your love and honour.*

Of the last line of this speech, which is certainly, as it is now read, unintelligible, an emendation has been attempted, which Mr. *Warburton* and Mr. *Theobald* have admitted as the true reading.

—Our duties

Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, in doing every thing,  
*Fiefs* to your love and honour.

My esteem of these criticks, inclines me to believe, that they cannot be much pleased with the expressions *Fiefs to love*, or *Fiefs to honour*; and that they have proposed this alteration rather because no other occurred to them, than because they approved it. I shall therefore propose a bolder change, perhaps with no better success, but *sua cuique placent*. I read thus,

—Our duties

Are to your throne and state, children and servants,  
Which do but what they should, in doing *nothing*,  
*Save* tow'rds your love and honour.

We but perform our duty when we contract all our views to your service, when we act with *no other* principle than regard to *your love and honour*.

It is probable that this passage was first corrupted by writing *safe* for *save*, and the lines then stood thus,

—Doing nothing

Safe tow'rd your love and honour.

Which the next transcriber observing to be wrong, and yet not being able to discover the real fault, altered to the present reading.

NOTE XII.

SCENE VII.

—THOU'DST have, great *Glamis*,  
That which cries, "thus thou must do if thou have it,  
"And that," &c.

As the object of *Macbeth's* desire is here introduced speaking of itself, it is necessary to read,

—Thou'd'st have, great *Glamis*,  
That which cries, " thus thou must do if thou have  
*me.*"

## NOTE XIII.

—Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valour of my tongue  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
That fate and metaphysical aid do seem  
To have thee crown'd withal.

For *seem* the sense evidently directs us to read *seek*.  
The crown to which fate destines thee, and which pre-  
ternatural agents *endeavour* to bestow upon thee. The  
*golden round* is the *diadem*.

## NOTE XIV.

*Lady Macbeth.*—Come all you spirits  
That tend on *mortal thoughts*, unsex me here,  
And fill me from the crown to th' toe, top-full  
Of direst cruelty; make thick my blood,  
Stop up th' access and passage to remorse,  
That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor *keep peace* between  
Th' effect and it.

*Mortal thoughts.*

This expression signifies not *the thoughts of mortals*,  
but *murtherous, deadly, or destructive designs*. So in act 5th.

Held fast the *mortal sword*.

And in another place,

With twenty *mortal* murders.

—Nor keep pace between  
Th' effect and it.

The intent of Lady *Macbeth*, evidently is to wish that no womanish tenderness, or conscientious remorse may hinder her purpose from proceeding to effect, but neither this nor indeed any other sense is expressed by the present reading, and therefore it cannot be doubted that *Shakespeare* wrote differently, perhaps thus :

That no compunctious visitings of nature  
Shake my fell purpose, nor *keep pace* between  
Th' effect and it.

To *keep pace* between, may signify to *pass between*, or *intervene*. *Pace* is on many occasions a favourite of *Shakespeare*. This phrase is indeed not usual in this sense, but it was not its novelty that gave occasion to the present corruption.

#### NOTE XV.

#### SCENE VIII.

*King*. THIS castle hath a pleasant *seat* ; the air  
Nimbly and sweetly recommends itself  
Unto our gentle senses.

*Banquo*. This guest of summer,  
The temple-haunting Martlet, does approve,  
By his lov'd mansionary, that heavn's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,  
Buttrice, nor coigne of vantage, but this bird  
Hath made his pendent bed, and procreant cradle :  
Where they most breed and haunt, I have observ'd  
The air is delicate.

In this short scene, I propose a slight alteration to be made, by substituting *site* for *seat*, as the ancient word for *situation* ; and *sense* for *senses*, as more agreeable to the measure ; for which reason likewise I have endeavoured to adjust this passage,

—————Heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly here. No jutting frieze,

By changing the punctuation and adding a syllable thus,

—————Heaven's breath  
Smells wooingly. Here is no jutting frieze.

Those who have perused books printed at the time of the first editions of *Shakespeare*, know that greater alterations than these are necessary almost in every page, even where it is not to be doubted that the copy was correct.

## NOTE XVI.

## SCENE X.

THE arguments by which Lady *Macbeth* persuades her husband to commit the murder, afford a proof of *Shakespeare's* knowledge of human nature. She urges the excellence and dignity of courage, a glittering idea which has dazzled mankind from age to age, and animated sometimes the housebreaker, and sometimes the conqueror: but this sophism *Macbeth* has for ever destroyed, by distinguishing true from false fortitude, in a line and a half; of which it may almost be said, that they ought to bestow immortality on the author, though all his other productions had been lost.

I dare do all that may become a man,  
Who dares do more is none.

This topick, which has been always employed with too much success, is used in this scene with peculiar propriety, to a soldier by a woman. Courage is the distinguishing virtue of a soldier, and the reproach of cowardice cannot be borne by any man from a woman, without great impatience.

She then urges the oaths by which he had bound himself to murder *Duncan*, another art of sophistry by which men have sometimes deluded their consciences, and persuaded themselves that what would be criminal in others is virtuous in them; this argument *Shakespeare*, whose plan obliged him to make *Macbeth* yield,

has not confuted, though he might easily have shown that a former obligation could not be vacated by a latter.

## NOTE XVII.

LETTING *I dare not, wait upon I would,*  
Like the poor cat i' th' adage.

The adage alluded to is, *The cat loves fish, but dares not wet her foot.*

*Catus amat pisces, sed non vult tingere plantas*

## NOTE XVIII.

WILL I with wine and wassel so convince.

To convince is in *Shakespeare* to overpower or subdue, as in this play,

——— Their malady convinces  
The great assay of art.

## NOTE XIX.

——— Who shall bear the guilt  
Of our great quell.

*Quell* is murder, *manquellers* being in the old language the term for which *murderers* is now used.

## NOTE XX.

## ACT II.—SCENE II.

——— Now o'er one half the world  
(1) *Nature seems dead, and wicked dreams abuse*  
The curtain'd sleep; now witchcraft celebrates  
Pale *Hecate's* offerings: and wither'd murder,  
(Alarum'd by his sentinel, the wolf,  
Whose howl's his watch) thus with his stealthy pace,  
With (2) *Tarquin's ravishing sides, tow'rds his design*

Moves like a ghost—Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
And (3) take the present horror from the time,  
That now suits with it.—

(1)——Now o'er one half the world  
Nature seems dead.

That is, *over our hemisphere all action and motion seem to have ceased.* This image, which is perhaps the most striking that poetry can produce, has been adopted by *Dryden* in his *Conquest of Mexico*.

All things are hush'd as nature's self lay dead,  
The mountains seem to nod their drowsy head;  
The little birds in dreams their songs repeat,  
And sleeping flow'rs beneath the night-dews sweat,  
Even lust and envy sleep!

These lines, though so well known, I have transcribed, that the contrast between them and this passage of *Shakespeare* may be more accurately observed.

Night is described by two great poets, but one describes a night of quiet, the other of perturbation. In the night of *Dryden*, all the disturbers of the world are laid asleep; in that of *Shakespeare*, nothing but sorcery, lust, and murder is awake. He that reads *Dryden*, finds himself lulled with serenity, and disposed to solitude and contemplation. He that peruses *Shakespeare*, looks round alarmed, and starts to find himself alone. One is the night of a lover, the other that of a murderer.

(2)——*Wither'd murder,*  
——*Thus with his stealthy pace,*  
*With Tarquin's ravishing sides tow'rd his design,*  
*Moves like a ghost.*——

This was the reading of this passage in all the editions before that of *Mr. Pope*, who for *sides*, inserted in the text *strides*; which *Mr. Theobald* has tacitly copied

from him, though a more proper alteration might perhaps have been made. A *ravishing stride* is an action of violence, impetuosity, and tumult, like that of a savage rushing on his prey; whereas the poet is here attempting to exhibit an image of secrecy and caution, of anxious circumspection and guilty timidity, the *stealthy pace* of a *ravisher* creeping into the chamber of a virgin, and of an assassin approaching the bed of him whom he proposes to murder, without awaking him; these he describes as *moving like ghosts*, whose progression is so different from *strides*, that it has been in all ages represented to be, as *Milton* expresses it,

Smooth sliding without step.

This hemistick will afford the true reading of this place, which is, I think, to be corrected thus:

——And wither'd murder,  
——Thus with his stealthy pace,  
With *Tarquin* ravishing, slides tow'rd his design,  
Moves like a ghost.

*Tarquin* is in this place the general name of a ravisher; and the sense is, Now is the time in which every one is asleep, but those who are employed in wickedness, the witch who is sacrificing to *Hecate*, and the ravisher and the murderer, who, like me, are stealing upon their prey.

When the reading is thus adjusted, he wishes with great propriety, in the following lines, that the earth may not *hear his steps*.

(3) And take the present horror from the time  
That now suits with it.

I believe every one that has attentively read this dreadful soliloquy is disappointed at the conclusion, which, if not wholly unintelligible, is, at least, obscure, nor can be explained into any sense worthy of the author. I shall therefore propose a slight alteration.



—Thou sound and firm-set earth,  
 Hear not my steps, which way they walk, for fear  
 Thy very stones prate of my where-about,  
 And *talk*—the present horror of the time!—  
*That now suits with it*—

*Macbeth* has, in the foregoing lines, disturbed his imagination by enumerating all the terrors of the night; at length he is wrought up to a degree of frenzy, that makes him afraid of some supernatural discovery of his design, and calls out to the stones not to betray him, not to declare where he walks, nor to *talk*.—As he is going to say of what, he discovers the absurdity of his suspicion and pauses, but is again o'erwhelmed by his guilt, and concludes, that such are the horrors of the present night, that the stones may be expected to cry out against him.

*That now suits with it.*

He observes in a subsequent passage, that on such occasions *stones have been known to move*. It is now a very just and strong picture of a man about to commit a deliberate murder under the strongest convictions of the wickedness of his design.

#### NOTE XXI.

##### SCENE IV.

*Lenox*. THE night has been unruly; where we lay  
 Our chimnies were blown down. And, as they say,  
 Lamentings heard i' th'air, strange screams of death,  
 And prophecying with accents terrible  
 Of dire combustions, and confused events,  
*New hatch'd to the woful time.*  
 The obscure bird clamour'd the live-long night,  
 Some say the earth was fev'rous and did shake.

These lines I think should be rather regulated thus:  
 —Prophecying with accents terrible,  
 Of dire combustions and confused events.

New-hatch'd to th' woful time, the obscure bird  
 Clamour'd the live-long night. Some say the earth was  
 fev'rous and did shake.

A prophecy of an event *new-hatch'd*, seems to be a prophecy of an event *past*. The term *new-hatch'd* is properly applicable to a *bird*, and that birds of ill omen should be *new-hatch'd to the woful time* is very consistent with the rest of the prodigies here mentioned, and with the universal disorder into which nature is described as thrown, by the perpetration of this horrid murder.

## NOTE XXII.

—Up! Up! and see

The great doom's image *Malcolm, Banquo*,  
 As from your graves rise up.—

The second line might have been so easily completed, that it cannot be supposed to have been left imperfect by the author, who probably wrote,

*Malcolm! Banquo! rise!*  
 As from your graves rise up.—

Many other emendations of the same kind might be made, without any greater deviation from the printed copies, than is found in each of them from the rest.

## NOTE XXIII.

*Macbeth*.—HERE lay *Dunoon*,  
 His silver skin laced with his golden blood,  
 And his gash'd stabs look'd like a breach in nature,  
 For ruin's wasteful entrance; there the murderers  
 Steep'd in the colours of their trade, their daggers  
*Unmannerly breech'd with gore*—

An *unmannerly dagger* and a *dagger breeched*, or as in some editions *breech'd with gore*, are expressions not easily to be understood, nor can it be imagined that *Shakespeare* would reproach the murderer of his king only with *want of manners*. There are undoubtedly two

faults in this passage, which I have endeavoured to take away by reading,

—Daggers

*Unmanly drench'd with gore.*—

*I saw drench'd with the king's blood the fatal daggers, not only instruments of murder, but evidences of cowardice.*

Each of these words might easily be confounded with that which I have substituted for it by a hand not exact, a casual blot, or a negligent inspection.

Mr. Pope has endeavoured to improve one of these lines by substituting *goary blood* for *golden blood*, but it may easily be admitted, that he who could on such an occasion talk of *lacing the silver skin* would *lace it with golden blood*. No amendment can be made to this line, of which every word is equally faulty, but by a general blot.

It is not improbable, that *Shakespeare* put these forced and unnatural metaphors into the mouth of *Macbeth*, as a mark of artifice and dissimulation, to show the difference between the studied language of hypocrisy, and the natural outcries of sudden passion. This whole speech, considered in this light, is a remarkable instance of judgment, as it consists entirely of antitheses and metaphors.

#### NOTE XXIV.

##### ACT III.—SCENE II.

*Macbeth*.—OUR fears in *Banquo*  
Stick deep, and in his royalty of nature  
Reigns that which would be fear'd. 'Tis much he dares,  
And to that dauntless temper of his mind,  
He hath a wisdom that doth guide his valour  
To act in safety. There is none but he,  
Whose being I do fear: and under him,  
My genius is rebuk'd; (1) *as it is said*  
*Anthony's was by Cæsar*. He chid the sisters,  
When first they put the name of king upon me,

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And bade them speak to him; then, prophet-like,  
 They hail'd him father to a line of kings.  
 Upon my head they plac'd a fruitless crown,  
 And put a barren sceptre in my gripe,  
 Thence to be wrench'd with an unlineal hand,  
 No son of mine succeeding. If 'tis so,  
 For *Banquo's* issue have I 'fil'd my mind,  
 For them the gracious *Duncan* have I marther'd,  
 Put rancours in the vessel of my peace  
 Only for them, and mine eternal jewel  
 Given to the (2) common enemy of man,  
 To make them kings,—the seed of *Banquo* kings.  
 Rather than so, come fate into the list,  
 (3) And champion me to the utterance——

(1)——As it is said,  
*Anthony's* was by *Cæsar*.

Though I would not often assume the critick's privilege, of being confident where certainty cannot be obtained, nor indulge myself too far in departing from the established reading; yet I cannot but propose the rejection of this passage, which I believe was an insertion of some player, that having so much learning as to discover to what *Shakespeare* alluded, was not willing that his audience should be less knowing than himself; and has therefore weakened the author's sense by the intrusion of a remote and useless image into a speech bursting from a man wholly possessed with his own present condition, and therefore not at leisure to explain his own allusions to himself. If these words are taken away, by which not only the thought but the numbers are injured, the lines of *Shakespeare* close together, without any traces of a breach.

My genius is rebuk'd. He chid the sisters.

(2)——The common enemy of man.

It is always an entertainment to an inquisitive reader, to trace a sentiment to its original source, and therefore, though the term *enemy of man* applied to the devil

is in itself natural and obvious, yet some may be pleased with being informed, that *Shakespeare* probably borrowed it from the first lines of the *Destruction of Troy*, a book which he is known to have read.

That this remark may not appear too trivial, I shall take occasion from it to point out a beautiful passage of *Milton*, evidently copied from a book of no greater authority: in describing the gates of hell, book ii. v. 879, he says,

——— On a sudden open fly,  
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound,  
Th' infernal doors, and on their hinges grate  
Harsh thunder.

In the history of *Don Bellianis*, when one of the knights approaches, as I remember, the castle of *Brandezar*, the gates are said to open *grating harsh thunder upon their brazen hinges*.

(3) —— Come fate into the list,  
And champion me to the utterance.——

This passage will be best explained by translating it into the language from whence the only word of difficulty in it is borrowed. *Que la destinee se rende en lice, et qu'elle me donne un defi* a *Poutrance*. A challenge or a combat a *l'outrance*, to extremity, was a fixed term in the law of arms, used when the combatants engaged with an *odium internecinum*, an intention to destroy each other, in opposition to trials of skill at festivals, or on other occasions, where the contest was only for reputation or a prize. The sense therefore is, *Let fate, that has fore-doom'd the exaltation of the sons of Banquo, enter the lists against me, with the utmost animosity, in defence of its own decrees, which I will endeavour to invalidate, whatever be the danger.*

## NOTE XXV.

*Macbeth*. Av, in the catalogue, ye go for men,  
As hounds, and grey-hounds, mungrels, spaniels, curs,

Shoughs, water-ruggs, and demy-wolves, are clept  
All by the name of dogs.

Though this is not the most sparkling passage in the play, and though the name of a dog is of no great importance, yet it may not be improper to remark, that there is no such species of dogs as *shoughs* mentioned by *Caius de Canibus Britannicis*, or any other writer that has fallen into my hands, nor is the word to be found in any dictionary which I have examined. I therefore imagined that it is falsely printed for *slouths*, a kind of slow hound bred in the southern parts of *England*, but was informed by a lady, that it is more probably used, either by mistake, or according to the orthography of that time, for *shocks*.

#### NOTE XXVI.

*Macbeth*.—IN this hour at most,  
I will advise you where to plant yourselves,  
Acquaint you with the perfect spy o' th' time,  
The moment on't, for't must be done to night,  
And something from the palace:—

What is meant by *the spy of the time*, it will be found difficult to explain; and therefore sense will be cheaply gained by a slight alteration. *Macbeth* is assuring the assassins that they shall not want directions to find *Banquo*, and therefore says,

*I will* ———

*Acquaint you with a perfect spy o' th' time.*

Accordingly a third murderer joins them afterwards at the place of action.

*Perfect* is *well instructed*, or *well informed*, as in this play,

Though in your state of honour I am *perfect*.

Though I am well acquainted with your quality and rank.

## NOTE XXVII.

## SCENE IV.

*2d Murderer.* He needs not to mistrust, since he  
delivers

Our offices and what we have to do,  
To the direction just.

Mr. *Theobald* has endeavoured unsuccessfully to amend this passage, in which nothing is faulty but the punctuation. The meaning of this abrupt dialogue is this: The *perfect spy*, mentioned by *Macbeth* in the foregoing scene has, before they enter upon the stage, given them the directions which were promised at the time of their agreement; and therefore one of the murderers observes, that, since *he has given them such exact information, he needs not doubt of their performance.* Then by way of exhortation to his associates he cries out

————— To the direction just.

*Now nothing remains but that we conform exactly to Macbeth's directions.*

## NOTE XXVIII.

## SCENE V.

*Macbeth.* You know your own degrees, sit down:  
At first and last the hearty welcome.

As this passage stands, not only the numbers are very imperfect, but the sense, if any can be found, weak and contemptible. The numbers will be improved by reading

————— Sit down at first,  
And last a hearty welcome.

But for *last* should then be written *next*. I believe the true reading is

You know your own degrees, sit down.—To first  
And last the hearty welcome.

*All of whatever degree, from the highest to the lowest, may be assured that their visit is well received.*

## NOTE XXIX.

*Macbeth*.—THERE'S blood upon thy face.  
[To the murderer aside at the door.  
*Murderer*. 'Tis Banquo's then.  
*Macbeth*. 'Tis better thee without, than he within.

The sense apparently requires that this passage should be read thus:

'Tis better thee without, than him within.

That is, *I am more pleased that the blood of Banquo should be on thy face, than in his body.*

## NOTE XXX.

*Lady Macbeth*. PROPER stuff!  
This is the very painting of your fear:

[Aside to Macbeth.  
This is the air-drawn dagger which you said  
Led you to *Duncan*. Oh, these flaws and starts,  
*Impostures to true fear*, would well become  
A woman's story at a winter's fire,  
Authoriz'd by her grandam. Shame itself!  
Why do you make such faces? When all's done  
You look but on a stool.

As *starts* can neither with propriety nor sense be called *impostures to true fear*, something else was undoubtedly intended by the author, who perhaps wrote

—————Those flaws and starts,  
*Impostures true to fear*, would well become  
A woman's story—————



These symptoms of terror and amazement might better become *impositors true only to fear, might become a coward at the recital of such falsehoods as no man could credit whose understanding was not weakened by his terrors; tales told by a woman over a fire on the authority of her grandam.*

## NOTE XXXI.

*Macbeth.*—LOVE and health to all!  
Then I'll sit down: give me some wine, fill full—  
I drink to th' general joy of the whole table,  
And to our dear friend *Banquo* whom we miss,  
Would he were here! to all, and him, we thirst,  
*And all to all*——

Though this passage is, as it now stands, capable of more meanings than one, none of them are very satisfactory; and therefore I am inclined to read it thus:

——To all, and him, we thirst,  
And hail to all.

*Macbeth*, being about to salute his company with a bumper, declares that he includes *Banquo*, though absent, in this act of kindness, and wishes *health* to all. *Hail* or *heil* for *health* was in such continual use among the good-fellows of ancient times, that a drinker was called a *was-heiler*, or a *wisher of health*, and the liquor was termed *was-heil*, because *health* was so often *wished* over it. Thus in the lines of *Hanvil* the Monk,

*Jamque vagante scypho, discincto gutture was-heil*  
*Ingeminant was-heil: labor est plus perdere vini,*  
*Quam sitis.*——

These words were afterwards corrupted into *wassail* and *wassailer*.

## NOTE XXXII.

*Macbeth.*—CAN such things be,  
And overcome us like a summer's cloud

Without our special wonder? You make me strange  
 Even to the disposition that I owe,  
 When now I think you can behold such sights,  
 And keep the natural ruby of your cheek,  
 When mine is blanched with fear.

This passage, as it now stands, is unintelligible, but may be restored to sense by a very slight alteration,

—————You make me strange  
 Ev'n to the disposition that I know.

*Though I had before seen many instances of your courage, yet it now appears in a degree altogether new. So that my long acquaintance with your disposition does not hinder me from that astonishment which novelty produces.*

#### NOTE XXXIII.

It will have blood, they say blood will have blood,  
 Stones have been known to move, and trees to speak,  
 Augurs, that understood relations, have  
 By magpies, and by choughs, and rooks brought forth  
 The secret'st man of blood.——

In this passage the first line loses much of its force by the present punctuation. *Macbeth* having considered the prodigy which has just appeared, infers justly from it, that the death of *Duncan* cannot pass unpunished,

*It will have blood,——*

Then after a short pause, declares it as the general observation of mankind, that murderers cannot escape.

——*They say, blood will have blood.*

Murderers, when they have practised all human means of security, are detected by supernatural directions.

Augurs, that understand relations, &c.

By the word *relation* is understood the connection of effects with causes; to understand relations as an augur

is to know how those things relate to each other which have no visible combination or dependence.

## NOTE XXXIV.

## SCENE VII.

*Enter Lenox and another Lord.*

As this tragedy, like the rest of *Shakespeare's*, is perhaps overstocked with personages, it is not easy to assign a reason, why a nameless character should be introduced here, since nothing is said that might not with equal propriety have been put into the mouth of any other disaffected man. I believe, therefore, that in the original copy, it was written with a very common form of contraction, *Lenox* and *An.* for which the transcriber, instead of *Lenox* and *Angus*, set down *Lenox* and *another Lord*. The author had indeed been more indebted to the transcriber's fidelity and diligence, had he committed no errors of greater importance.

## NOTE XXXV.

## ACT IV.—SCENE I.

As this is the chief scene of enchantment in the play, it is proper in this place to observe, with how much judgment *Shakespeare* has selected all the circumstances of his infernal ceremonies, and how exactly he has conformed to common opinions and traditions.

Thrice the brinded cat hath mew'd.

The usual form in which familiar spirits are reported to converse with witches, is that of a cat. A witch, who was tried about half a century before the time of *Shakespeare*, had a cat named *Rutterkin*, as the spirit of one of those witches was *Grimalkin*; and when any mischief was to be done, she used to bid *Rutterkin go and fly*; but once when she would have sent *Rutterkin* to torment a daughter of the countess of *Rutland*, instead of *going* or *flying*, he only cried *mew*, from which she discovered that the lady was out of his power, the

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power of witches being not universal, but limited, as *Shakespeare* has taken care to inculcate.

Though his bark cannot be lost,  
Yet it shall be tempest tost.

The common afflictions which the malice of witches produced were melancholy, fits, and loss of flesh, which are threatened by one of *Shakespeare's* witches.

Weary sev'nights nine times nine  
Shall he dwindle, peak, and pine.

It was likewise their practice to destroy the cattle of their neighbours, and the farmers have to this day many ceremonies to secure their cows and other cattle from witchcraft; but they seem to have been most suspected of malice against swine. *Shakespeare* has accordingly made one of his witches declare that she has been *kill-ling swine*; and *Dr. Harsenet* observes, that about that time, *a sow could not be ill of the measles, nor a girl of the sullens, but some old woman was charged with witchcraft.*

Toad, that under the cold stone  
Days and nights has forty-one  
Swelter'd venom sleeping got,  
Boil thou first i' the charmed pot.

Toads have likewise long lain under the reproach of being by some means accessory to witchcraft, for which reason *Shakespeare*, in the first scene of this play, calls one of the spirits *paddocke* or *toad*, and now takes care to put a toad first into the pot. When *Vaninus* was seized at *Thoulouse*, there was found at his lodgings *ingens bafe vitro inclusus, a great toad shut in a vial*, upon which those that prosecuted him *veneficium exprobrabant, charged him, I suppose, with witchcraft.*

Fillet of a fenny snake  
In the cauldron boil and bake;  
Eye of neut, and toe of frog;—  
For a charm, &c.

The propriety of these ingredients may be known, by consulting the books *de Viribus Animalium* and *de*

*Mirabilibus Mundi*, ascribed to *Albertus Magnus*, in which the reader, who has time and credulity, may discover very wonderful secrets.

Finger of birth-strangled babe,  
Ditch-deliver'd by a drab ;—

It has been already mentioned in the law against witches, that they are supposed to take up dead bodies to use in enchantments, which was confessed by the woman whom King *James* examined, and who had of a dead body, that was divided in one of their assemblies, two fingers for her share. It is observable that *Shakespeare*, on this great occasion, which involves the fate of a king, multiplies all the circumstances of horror. The babe whose finger is used, must be strangled in its birth, the grease must not only be human, but must have dropped from a gibbet, the gibbet of a murderer, and even the sow whose blood is used must have offended nature by devouring her own farrow. These are touches of judgment and genius.

And now about the cauldron sing—

Blue spirits and white,  
Black spirits and grey,  
Mingle, mingle, mingle,  
You that mingle may.

And in a former part,

Weird sisters hand in hand—  
Thus do go about, about,  
Thrice to mine, and thrice to thine,  
And thrice again to make up nine.

These two passages I have brought together, because they both seem subject to the objection of too much levity for the solemnity of enchantment, and may both be shewn, by one quotation from *Camden's* account of *Ireland*, to be founded upon a practice really observed by the uncivilized natives of that country. "When any one gets a fall, says the informer of *Camden*, he starts up, and turning three times to the right, digs a hole in the earth; for they imagine that there is a spirit in

“ the ground ; and if he falls sick in two or three days, “ they send one of their women that is skilled in that “ way to the place, where she says, I call thee from the “ east, west, north, and south, from the groves, the “ woods, the rivers, and the fens, from the *fairies, red, “ black, white.*” There was likewise a book written before the time of *Shakespeare*, describing, amongst other properties, the *colours* of spirits.

Many other circumstances might be particularized, in which *Shakespeare* has shown his judgment and his knowledge.

## NOTE XXXVI.

## SCENE II.

*Macbeth.* Thou art too like the spirit of *Banquo*, down, Thy crown does (1) sear my eye-balls, and thy (2) *hair*, Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first, A third is like the former.—

(1) The expression of *Macbeth*, that the *crown sears his eye-balls*, is taken from the method commonly practised of destroying the sight of *oppressed competitors*, by holding a burning bason before the eye, which dried up its humidity.

(2) As *Macbeth* expected to see a train of kings, and was only enquiring from what race they would proceed, he could not be surprised that the *hair* of the second was *bound with gold* like that of the first ; he was offended only that the second resembled the first, as the first resembled *Banquo*, and therefore said,

—And thy *air*,  
Thou other gold-bound brow, is like the first.

## NOTE XXXVII.

I WILL—give to the edge o' th' sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace him in his line—no boasting like a fool,  
This deed I'll do before my purpose cool.

Both the sense and measure of the third line, which as it rhymes, ought, according to the practice of this author, to be regular, are at present injured by two superfluous syllables, which may easily be removed by reading

—souls

That trace his line—no boasting like a fool.

### NOTE XXXVIII.

#### SCENE III.

Rosse. DEAREST COUSIN

I pray you school yourself; but for your husband,  
He's noble, wise, judicious, and best knows  
The fits o' th' time; I dare not speak much farther,  
But cruel are the times when we are traitors,  
And do not know't ourselves: when we (1) *hold rumour*  
*From what we fear*, yet know not what we fear,  
But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and (2) *move*. I'll take my leave of you;  
Shall not be long but I'll be here again:  
Things at the worst will cease, or else climb upwards  
To what they were before: my pretty cousin,  
Blessing upon you.

(1)———when we hold rumour  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.

The present reading seems to afford no sense; and therefore some critical experiments may be properly tried upon it, though, the verses being without any connection, there is room for suspicion, that some intermediate lines are lost, and that the passage is therefore irretrievable. If it be supposed that the fault arises only from the corruption of some words, and that the traces of the true reading are still to be found, the passage may be changed thus:

———When we *bode ruin*  
From what we fear, yet know not what we fear.

Or in a sense very applicable to the occasion of the conference,

—When the *bold running*  
From what they fear, yet know not what they fear.

(2) But float upon a wild and violent sea  
Each way, and move.

That he who *floats* upon a *rough sea* must *move* is evident, too evident for *Shakespeare* so emphatically to assert. The line therefore is to be written thus:

Each way, and move—I'll take my leave of you.

*Rosse* is about to proceed, but finding himself overpowered by his tenderness, breaks off abruptly, for which he makes a short apology and retires.

#### NOTE XXXIX.

##### SCENE IV.

*Malcolm.* LET US seek out some désolate shade,  
and there  
Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macduff.* Let us rather  
Hold fast the mortal sword; and like good men,  
Bestride our *downfal birth-doom*: each new morn,  
New widows howl, new orphans cry, new sorrows  
Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds  
As if it felt with *Scotland*, and yell'd out  
Like syllables of dolour.

He who can discover what is meant by him that earnestly exhorts him to *bestride his downfal birth-doom*, is at liberty to adhere to the present text; but those who are willing to confess that such counsel would to them be unintelligible, must endeavour to discover some reading less obscure. It is probable that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—Like good men,  
Bestride our *downfal'n birthdom*—

The allusion is to a man from whom something valuable is about to be taken by violence, and who, that he may defend it without encumbrance, lays it on the



ground, and stands over it with his weapon in his hand. Our birthdom, or birthright, says he, lies on the ground, let us, like men who are to fight for what is dearest to them, not abandon it, but stand over it and defend it. This is a strong picture of obstinate resolution.

*Birthdom* for *birthright* is formed by the same analogy with *masterdom* in this play, signifying the *privileges* or *rights* of a *master*.

Perhaps it might be *birth-dame* for *mother*; let us stand over our mother that lies bleeding on the ground.

## NOTE XL.

*Malcolm*. Now we'll together, and the *chance of goodness*  
Be like our warranted quarrel.

The *chance of goodness*, as it is commonly read, conveys no sense. If there be not some more important error in the passage, it should at least be pointed thus:

—And the chance, of goodness,  
Be like our warranted quarrel,

That is, May the event be, of the goodness of heaven [*pro justitia divina*] answerable to the cause.

But I am inclined to believe that *Shakespeare* wrote,

—And the chance, O goodness,  
Be like our warranted quarrel.

This some of his transcribers wrote with a small *o*, which another imagined to mean *of*. If we adopt this reading, the sense will be, *and O thou sovereign goodness to whom we now appeal, may our fortune answer to our cause.*

## NOTE XLI.

## ACT V.—SCENE III.

*Macbeth*. BRING me no more reports, let them fly all,  
'Till *Birnam* wood remove to *Dunsinane*,  
I cannot taint with fear. What's the boy *Malcolm*?

Was he not born of woman?—  
 ——Fly false *Thanes*,  
 And mingle with the *English* epicures.

In the first line of this speech, the proper pauses are not observed in the present editions.

Bring me no more reports—let them fly all—  
 Tell me not any more of desertions—Let all my subjects  
 leave me—I am safe till, &c.

The reproach of epicurism, on which Mr. *Theobald* has bestowed a note, is nothing more than a natural invective uttered by an inhabitant of a barren country, against those who have more opportunities of luxury.

#### NOTE XLII.

*Macbeth*. I HAVE liv'd long enough: my way of life  
 Is fall'n into the sear, the yellow leaf.

As there is no relation between the way of life, and fallen into the sear, I am inclined to think, that the *W* is only an *M* inverted, and that it was originally written, My *May* of life.

*I am now passed from the spring to the autumn of my days, but I am without those comforts that should succeed the sprightliness of bloom, and support me in this melancholy season.*

#### NOTE XLIII.

##### SCENE IV.

*Malcolm*. 'Tis his main hope:  
 For where there is advantage to be given,  
 Both more or less have given him the revolt;  
 And none serve with him but constrained things,  
 Whose hearts are absent too.

The impropriety of the expression *advantage to be given*, instead of *advantage given*, and the disagreeable repetition of the word *given* in the next line, incline me to read,

—Where there is a *vantage* to be gone,  
Both more or less have given him the revolt.

*Advantage* or *vantage* in the time of *Shakespeare* signified *opportunity*.

*More and less* is the same with *greater and less*. So in the interpolated *Mandeville*, a book of that age, there is a chapter of *India the more and the less*.

## NOTE XLIV.

## SCENE V.

*Macbeth*.—WHEREFORE was that cry?

*Seyton*. The queen is dead.

*Macbeth*. She should (1) have died hereafter;  
There would have been a time for such a *word*.  
To-morrow, and to-morrow, and to-morrow,  
Creeps in this petty pace from day to day,  
To the last syllable of (2) recorded time;  
And all our yesterdays have lighted fools  
The way to dusty death. Out, out, brief candle!  
Life's but a walking shadow.—

She should have died hereafter,  
There would have been a time for such a *word*.

This passage has very justly been suspected of being corrupt. It is not apparent for what *word* there would have been a *time*; and that there would or would not be a *time* for any *word*, seems not a consideration of importance sufficient to transport *Macbeth* into the following exclamation. I read therefore,

(1) She should have died hereafter,  
There would have been a time for—such a *world*!—  
To-morrow, &c.

It is a broken speech, in which only part of the thought is expressed, and may be paraphrased thus:

*The queen is dead. Macbeth. Her death should have been deferred to some more peaceful hour; had she lived longer, there would at length have been a time for the*

honours due to her as a queen, and that respect which I owe her for her fidelity and love. Such is the world—such is the condition of human life, that we always think to-morrow will be happier than to-day; but to-morrow and to-morrow steals over us unenjoyed and unregarded, and we still linger in the same expectation to the moment appointed for our end. All these days, which have thus passed away, have sent multitudes of fools to the grave, who were engrossed by the same dream of future felicity, and, when life was departing from them, were, like me, reckoning on to-morrow.

(2) To the last syllable of recorded time.

*Recorded time* seems to signify the time fixed in the decrees of heaven for the period of life. The *record of futurity* is indeed no accurate expression, but as we only know transactions past or present, the language of men affords no term for the volumes of prescience, in which future events may be supposed to be written.

#### NOTE XLV.

*Macbeth.* If thou speak'st false,  
 Upon the next tree shalt thou hang alive,  
 Till famine cling thee: if thy speech be sooth,  
 I care not if thou dost for me as much——  
 I *pull* in resolution, and begin  
 To doubt th' equivocation of the fiend,  
 That lies like truth. "Fear not till *Birnam* wood  
 Do come to *Dunsinane*," and now a wood  
 Comes towards *Dunsinane*.

I *pull* in resolution——

Though this is the reading of all the editions, yet as it is a phrase without either example, elegance, or propriety, it is surely better to read

I *pull* in resolution——

*I languish in my constancy, my confidence begins to forsake me.* It is scarcely necessary to observe how easily *pull* might be changed into *pull* by a negligent writer, or mistaken for it by an unskilful printer.

## NOTE XLVI.

## SCENE VII.

*Seyward.* HAD I as many sons as I have hairs,  
I would not wish them to a fairer death :  
And so his knell is knoll'd.

This incident is thus related from *Henry of Huntingdon* by *Camden* in his *Remains*, from which our author probably copied it.

When *Seyward*, the martial Earl of *Northumberland*, understood that his son, whom he had sent in service against the *Scotchmen*, was slain, he demanded whether his wound were in the fore part or hinder part of his body. When it was answered in the fore part, he replied, "I am right glad; neither wish I any other death to me or mine."

AFTER the foregoing pages were printed, the late edition of *Shakespeare*, ascribed to Sir *Thomas Hanmer*, fell into my hands; and it was therefore convenient for me to delay the publication of my remarks, till I had examined whether they were not anticipated by similar observations, or precluded by better. I therefore read over this tragedy, but found that the editor's apprehension is of a cast so different from mine, that he appears to find no difficulty in most of those passages which I have represented as unintelligible, and has therefore passed smoothly over them, without any attempt to alter or explain them.

Some of the lines with which I had been perplexed, have been indeed so fortunate as to attract his regard; and it is not without all the satisfaction which it is usual to express on such occasions, that I find an entire agreement between us in substituting {see Note II.} *quarrel* for *quarry*, and in explaining the adage of the *ost*. [Note XVII.] But this pleasure is, like most others, known only to be regretted; for I have the unhappiness to find no such conformity with regard to any other passage.

The line which I have endeavoured to amend, Note XI, is likewise attempted by the new editor, and is perhaps the only passage in the play in which he has not submissively admitted the emendations of foregoing critics. Instead of the common reading,

—Doing every thing

*Safe* towards your love and honour,

he has published,

—Doing every thing

*Shap'* towards your love and honour.

This alteration, which, like all the rest attempted by him, the reader is expected to admit, without any reason alleged in its defence, is in my opinion, more plausible than that of Mr. *Theobald*; whether it is right, I am not to determine.

In the passage which I have altered in Note XL. an emendation is likewise attempted in the late edition, where, for

—And the chance of goodness  
Be like our warranted quarrel,

is substituted—And the chance in goodness—whether with more or less elegance, dignity, and propriety, than the reading which I have offered, I must again decline the province of deciding.

Most of the other emendations which he has endeavoured, whether with good or bad fortune, are too trivial to deserve mention. For surely the weapons of criticism ought not to be blunted against an editor, who can imagine that he is restoring poetry, while he is amusing himself with alterations like these :

For — *This is the serjeant,  
Who like a good and hardy soldier fought ;*

— *This is the serjeant, who  
Like a right good and hardy soldier fought.*

For — *Dismay'd not this  
Our captains Macbeth and Banquo ?—Yes ;*

— *Dismay'd not this  
Our captains brave Macbeth and Banquo ?—Yes.*

Such harmless industry may, surely, be forgiven, if it cannot be praised : may he therefore never want a monosyllable, who can use it with such wonderful dexterity.

*Rumpatur quisquis rumpitur invidia !*

The rest of this edition I have not read, but, from the little that I have seen, think it not dangerous to declare, that, in my opinion, its pomp recommends it more than its accuracy. There is no distinction made between the ancient reading, and the innovations of the editor ; there is no reason given for any of the alterations which are made ; the emendations of former critics are adopted without any acknowledgment, and few of the difficulties are removed which have hitherto embarrassed the readers of *Shakespeare*.

I would not, however, be thought to insult the editor, nor to censure him with too much petulance, for having failed in little things, of whom I have been told, that he excels in greater. But I may, without indecency, observe, that no man should attempt to teach others what he has never learned himself ; and that those who, like *Themistocles*, have studied the arts of policy, and can teach a small state how to grow great, should, like him, disdain to labour in trifles, and consider petty accomplishments as below their ambition

AN  
ESSAY  
ON  
EPITAPHS.\*

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THOUGH criticism has been cultivated in every age of learning, by men of great abilities and extensive knowledge, till the rules of writing are become rather burdensome than instructive to the mind; though almost every species of composition has been the subject of particular treatises, and given birth to definitions, distinctions, precepts and illustrations; yet no critick of note that has fallen within my observation, has hitherto thought *sepulchral inscriptions* worthy of a minute examination; or pointed out with proper accuracy their beauties and defects.

The reasons of this neglect it is useless to inquire, and perhaps impossible to discover; it might be justly expected that this kind of writing would have been the favourite topick of criticism, and that self-love might have produced some regard for it, in those authors that have crowded libraries with elaborate dissertations upon *Homer*; since to afford a subject for heroic poems is the privilege of very few, but every man may expect to be recorded in an epitaph, and therefore finds some interest in providing that his memory may not suffer by an unskilful panegyrick.

If our prejudices in favour of antiquity deserve to have any part in the regulation of our studies, EPITAPHS seem entitled to more than common regard, as they are probably of the same age with the art of writing. The most ancient structures in the world, the Pyramids, are supposed to be sepulchral monuments, which either pride or gratitude erected; and the same passions which incited men to such laborious and expensive methods of

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\* This was one of the numerous small pieces Dr. Johnson wrote for the Gentleman's Magazine, and appeared there in 1746.

preserving their own memory, or that of their benefactors, would doubtless incline them not to neglect any easier means by which the same ends might be obtained. Nature and reason have dictated to every nation, that to preserve good actions from oblivion, is both the interest and duty of mankind: and therefore we find no people acquainted with the use of letters, that omitted to grace the tombs of their heroes and wise men with panegyrical inscriptions.

To examine, therefore, in what the perfection of EPITAPHS consists, and what rules are to be observed in composing them, will be at least of as much use as other critical inquiries; and for assigning a few hours to such disquisitions, great examples at least, if not strong reasons, may be pleaded.

AN EPITAPH, as the word itself implies, is an *inscription on the tomb*, and in its most extensive import may admit indiscriminately satire or praise. But as malice has seldom produced monuments of defamation, and the tombs hitherto raised have been the work of friendship and benevolence, custom has contracted the original latitude of the *word*, so that it signifies in the general acceptance, an *inscription engraven on a tomb in honour of the person deceased*.

As honours are paid to the dead in order to incite others to the imitation of their excellencies, the principal intention of EPITAPHS is to perpetuate the examples of virtue, that the tomb of a good man may supply the want of his presence, and veneration for his memory produce the same effect as the observation of his life. Those EPITAPHS are, therefore, the most perfect, which set virtue in the strongest light, and are best adapted to exalt the reader's ideas and rouse his emulation.

To this end it is not always necessary to recount the actions of a hero, or enumerate the writings of a philosopher; to imagine such informations necessary, is to detract from their characters, or to suppose their works mortal, or their achievements in danger of being forgotten. The bare name of such men answers every purpose of a long inscription.

Had only the name of Sir ISAAC NEWTON been subjoined to the design upon his monument, instead of a



long detail of his discoveries, which no philosopher can want, and which none but a philosopher can understand, these, by whose direction it was raised, had done more honour both to him and to themselves.

This indeed is a commendation which it requires no genius to bestow, but which can never become vulgar or contemptible, if bestowed with judgment; because no single age produces many men of merit superiour to panegyrick. None but the first names can stand unassisted against the attacks of time; and if men raised to reputation by accident or caprice, have nothing but their names engraven on their tombs, there is danger lest in a few years the inscription require an interpreter. Thus have their expectations been disappointed who honoured *Picus of Mirandola* with this pompous epitaph:

*Hic situs est PICUS MIRANDOLA, cætera nount  
Et Tagus et Ganges, forsan et Antipodes.*

His name, then celebrated in the remotest corners of the earth, is now almost forgotten; and his works, then studied, admired, and applauded, are now mouldering in obscurity.

Next in dignity to the bare name is a short character, simple and unadorned, without exaggeration, superlatives, or rhetoric. Such were the inscriptions in use among the Romans, in which the victories gained by their emperors were commemorated by a single epithet; as *Cæsar Germanicus, Cæsar Dacicus, Germanicus, Illyricus*. Such would be this epitaph, *ISAACUS NEWTONUS, naturæ legibus investigatis, hic quiescit.*

But to far the greatest part of mankind a longer encomium is necessary for the publication of their virtues, and the preservation of their memories; and in the composition of these it is that art is principally required, and precepts therefore may be useful.

In writing EPITAPHS, one circumstance is to be considered, which affects no other composition; the place in which they are now commonly found restrains them to a particular air of solemnity, and debars them from the admission of all lighter or gayer ornaments. In this it is that the style of an EPITAPH necessarily differs from that of an ELEGY. The custom of burying our

dead either in or near our churches, perhaps originally founded on a rational design of fitting the mind for religious exercises, by laying before it the most affecting proof of the uncertainty of life, makes it proper to exclude from our EPITAPHS all such allusions as are contrary to the doctrines for the propagation of which the churches are erected, and to the end for which those who peruse the monuments must be supposed to come thither. Nothing is, therefore, more ridiculous than to copy the *Roman* inscriptions, which were engraven on stones by the high way, and composed by those who generally reflected on mortality only to excite in themselves and others a quicker relish of pleasure, and a more luxurious enjoyment of life, and whose regard for the dead extended no farther than a wish that *earth might be light upon them*.

All allusions to the heathen mythology are therefore absurd, and all regard for the senseless remains of a dead man impertinent and superstitious. One of the first distinctions of the primitive christians, was their neglect of bestowing garlands on the dead, in which they are very rationally defended by their apologist in *Minutius Felix*. "We lavish no flowers nor odours on the dead," says he, "because they have no sense of fragrance or of beauty." We profess to reverence the dead, not for their sake, but for our own. It is therefore always with indignation or contempt that I read the epitaph on *Cowley*, a man, whose learning and poetry were his lowest merits :

*Aurea dum late volitant tua scripta per orbem,  
Et fama cernuum vivis, divine Poeta,  
Hic placida jaceas requie, custodiat urnam  
Cana Fides, vigilantque perenni lampade Musæ !  
Sit sacer ille locus, nec quis temerarius ausit  
Sacrilega turbare manu venerabile bustum.  
Intacti maneant, maneant per sæcula dulces  
COWLEII cineres, serventque immobile saxum.*

To pray that the ashes of a friend may lie undisturbed, and that the divinities that favoured him in his life, may watch for ever round him to preserve his tomb from violation, and drive sacrilege away, is only rational in him who believes the soul interested in the repose of the

body, and the powers which he invokes for its protection able to preserve it. To censure such expressions as contrary to religion, or as remains of heathen superstition, would be too great a degree of severity. I condemn them only as un instructive and unaffecting, as too ludicrous for reverence or grief, for christianity and a temple.

That the designs and decorations of monuments ought likewise to be formed with the same regard to the solemnity of the place, cannot be denied: it is an established principle, that all ornaments owe their beauty to their propriety. The same glitter of dress that adds graces to gaiety and youth, would make age and dignity contemptible. *Charon*, with his boat, is far from heightening the awful grandeur of the universal judgment, though drawn by *Angelo* himself; nor is it easy to imagine a greater absurdity than that of gracing the walls of a christian temple with the figure of *Mars* leading a hero to battle, or *Cupid* sporting round a virgin. The pope who defaced the statues of the deities at the tomb of *Sannazarius* is, in my opinion, more easily to be defended, than he that erected them.

It is for the same reason improper to address the EPITAPH to the passenger, a custom which an injudicious veneration for antiquity introduced again at the revival of letters, and which, among many others, *Pascratius* suffered to mislead him in his EPITAPH upon the heart of *Henry* King of *France*, who was stabbed by *Clement* the monk, which yet deserves to be inserted, for the sake of showing how beautiful even improprieties may become, in the hands of a good writer:

*Adsta, viator, et dolo regum vices.*  
*Cor Regis isto conditur sub marmore,*  
*Qui jura Gallis, jura Sarmatis dedit.*  
*Tectus cucullo hunc sustulit sicarius.*  
*Abi, viator, et dolo regum vices.*

In the monkish ages, however ignorant and unpolished, the EPITAPHS were drawn up with far greater propriety than can be shown in those which more enlightened times have produced.

*Orate pro Anima—miserrimi Peccatoris,*

F f 3

was an address to the last degree striking and solemn, as it flowed naturally from the religion then believed, and awakened in the reader sentiments of benevolence for the deceased, and of concern for his own happiness. There was nothing trifling or ludicrous, nothing that did not tend to the noblest end, the propagation of piety, and the increase of devotion.

It may seem very superfluous to lay it down as the first rule for writing EPITAPHS, that the name of the deceased is not to be omitted; nor should I have thought such a precept necessary, had not the practice of the greatest writers shown, that it has not been sufficiently regarded. In most of the poetical EPITAPHS, the names for whom they were composed, may be sought to no purpose, being only prefixed on the monument. To expose the absurdity of this omission, it is only necessary to ask how the EPITAPHS, which have outlived the stories on which they were inscribed, would have contributed to the information of posterity, had they wanted the names of those whom they celebrated.

In drawing the character of the deceased, there are no rules to be observed which do not equally relate to other compositions. The praise ought not to be general, because the mind is lost in the extent of any indefinite idea; and cannot be affected with what it cannot comprehend. When we hear only of a good or great man, we know not in what class to place him, nor have any notion of his character, distinct from that of a thousand others; his example can have no effect upon our conduct, as we have nothing remarkable or eminent to propose to our imitation. The EPITAPH composed by *Ennius* for his own tomb, has both the faults last mentioned :

*Nemo me decorét lacrumis, nec funera, actu  
Favit. Cur? volito vivu' per ora virum.*

The reader of this EPITAPH receives scarce any idea from it; he neither conceives any veneration for the man to whom it belongs, nor is instructed by what methods this boasted reputation is to be obtained.

Though a sepulchral inscription is professedly a panegyrick, and, therefore, not confined to historical impartiality, yet it ought always to be written with regard to

truth. No man ought to be commended for virtues which he never possessed, but whoever is curious to know his faults must inquire after them in other places: the monuments of the dead are not intended to perpetuate the memory of crimes, but to exhibit patterns of virtue. On the tomb of *Mæcenas* his luxury is not to be mentioned with his munificence, nor is the proscription to find a place on the monument of *Augustus*.

The best subject for EPITAPHS is private virtue; virtue exerted in the same circumstances in which the bulk of mankind are placed, and which, therefore, may admit of many imitators. He that has delivered his country from oppression, or freed the world from ignorance and errors, can excite the emulation of a very small number; but he that has repelled the temptations of poverty, and disdained to free himself from distress at the expense of his virtue, may animate multitudes, by his example, to the same firmness of heart and steadiness of resolution.

Of this kind I cannot forbear the mention of two Greek inscriptions; one upon a man whose writings are well known, the other upon a person whose memory is preserved only in her EPITAPH, who both lived in slavery, the most calamitous estate in human life:

Ζωσιμα ἢ πρὶν εἶτα μόνῃ τῷ σωματι δούλη,  
καὶ τῷ σωματι νῦν εὐρὴν ἐλευθέρην

ZOSIMA, *quæ solo fuit olim corpore serva,*  
*Corpore nunc etiam libera facta fuit.*

“ZOSIMA, who in her life could only have her body enslaved, now finds her body likewise set at liberty.”

It is impossible to read this EPITAPH without being animated to bear the evils of life with constancy, and to support the dignity of human nature under the most pressing afflictions, both by the example of the heroine, whose grave we behold, and the prospect of that state in which, to use the language of the inspired writers, “The poor cease from their labours, and the weary be at rest.”——

The other is upon *Epictetus*, the *Stoick* philosopher:

Δαδὸς Ἐπίκτετος ἄνομος, καὶ σωματ' ἀνομιμῶς;  
 Καὶ πτωχὸν ἰσθῶς, καὶ φιδὸς Ἀθηνάοις.

*Servus EPICLETUS, mutilatis corpore usi  
 Pauperisque Irus, curaque prima Deum.*

“ EPICLETUS, who lies here, was a slave and a cripple, poor as the beggar in the proverb, and the favourite of Heaven.”

In this distich is comprised the noblest panegyrick, and the most important instruction. We may learn from it, that virtue is impracticable in no condition, since *Epictetus* could recommend himself to the regard of Heaven, amidst the temptations of poverty and slavery: slavery, which has always been found so destructive to virtue, that in many languages a slave and a thief are expressed by the same word. And we may be likewise admonished by it, not to lay any stress on a man's outward circumstances, in making an estimate of his real value, since *Epictetus* the beggar, the cripple, and the slave, was the favourite of Heaven.

AN  
ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
HARLEIAN LIBRARY.

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[First published in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1742, and in the following year prefixed to Osborne's "Catalogus Bibliothecæ Harleianæ."]

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To solicit a subscription for a Catalogue of Books exposed to sale, is an attempt for which some apology cannot but be necessary; for few would willingly contribute to the expense of volumes, by which neither instruction nor entertainment could be afforded, from which only the bookseller could expect advantage, and of which the only use must cease, at the dispersion of the library.

Nor could the reasonableness of an universal rejection of our proposal be denied, if this catalogue were to be compiled with no other view than that of promoting the sale of the books which it enumerates, and drawn up with that inaccuracy and confusion which may be found in those that are daily published.

But our design, like our proposal, is uncommon, and to be prosecuted at a very uncommon expense: it being intended, that the books shall be distributed into their distinct classes, and every class ranged with some regard to the age of the writers; that every book shall be accurately described; that the peculiarities of editions shall be remarked, and observations from the authors of literary history occasionally interspersed; that, by this catalogue, we may inform posterity of the excellence and value of this great collection, and promote the knowledge of scarce books and elegant editions. For this purpose men of letters are engaged, who cannot even be supplied with amanuenses, but at an expense above that of a common catalogue.

To show that this collection deserves a particular degree of regard from the learned and the studious, that it excels any library that was ever yet offered to public sale in the value, as well as number, of the volumes which it contains; and that therefore this catalogue will not be of less use to men of letters, than those of the *Thuanian*, *Heinsian*, or *Barbermian* libraries, it may not be improper to exhibit a general account of the different classes, as they are naturally divided by the several sciences.

By this method we can indeed exhibit only a general idea, at once magnificent and confused; an idea of the writings of many nations, collected from distant parts of the world, discovered sometimes by chance, and sometimes by curiosity, amidst the rubbish of forsaken monasteries, and the repositories of ancient families, and brought hither from every part, as to the universal receptacle of learning.

It will be no displeasing effect of this account, if those that shall happen to peruse it, should be inclined by it to reflect on the character of the late proprietors, and to pay some tribute of veneration to their ardour for literature, to that generous and exalted curiosity which they gratified with incessant searches and immense expense, and to which they dedicated that time, and that superfluity of fortune, which many others of their rank employ in the pursuit of contemptible amusements, or the gratification of guilty passions. And, surely, every man, who considers learning as ornamental and advantageous to the community, must allow them the honour of public benefactors, who have introduced amongst us authors not hitherto well known, and added to the literary treasures of their native country.

That our catalogue will excite any other man to emulate the collectors of this library, to prefer books and manuscripts to equipage and luxury, and to forsake noise and diversion for the conversation of the learned, and the satisfaction of extensive knowledge, we are very far from presuming to hope; but shall make no scruple to assert, that, if any man should happen to be seized with such laudable ambition, he may find in this catalogue hints and informations, which are not easily to be met with; he will discover, that the boasted *Bodleian*



library is very far from a perfect model, and that even the learned *Fabricius* cannot completely instruct him in the early editions of the classick writers.

But the collectors of libraries cannot be numerous; and therefore, catalogues cannot very properly be recommended to the publick, if they had not a more general and frequent use, an use which every student has experienced, or neglected to his loss. By the means of catalogues only can it be known, what has been written on every part of learning, and the hazard avoided of encountering difficulties which have already been cleared, discussing questions which have already been decided, and digging in mines of literature which former ages have exhausted.

How often this has been the fate of students, every man of letters can declare; and, perhaps there are very few who have not sometimes valued as new discoveries, made by themselves, those observations, which have long since been published, and of which the world therefore will refuse them the praise; nor can the refusal be censured as any enormous violation of justice; for, why should they not forfeit by their ignorance, what they might claim by their sagacity?

To illustrate this remark, by the mention of obscure names, would not much confirm it; and to vilify for this purpose the memory of men truly great, would be to deny them the reverence which they may justly claim from those whom their writings have instructed. May the shade at least, of one great *English* critick rest without disturbance; and may no man presume to insult his memory, who wants his learning, his reason, or his wit.

From the vexatious disappointment of meeting reproach, where praise is expected, every man will certainly desire to be secured; and therefore that book will have some claim to his regard, from which he may receive information of the labours of his predecessors, such as a catalogue of the *Harleian* Library will copiously afford him.

Nor is the use of catalogues of less importance to those whom curiosity has engaged in the study of literary history, and who think the intellectual revolutions of the world more worthy of their attention, than the ravages

of tyrants, the desolation of kingdoms, the rout of armies, and the fall of empires. Those who are pleased with observing the first birth of new opinions, their struggles against opposition, their silent progress under persecution, their general reception, and their gradual decline, or sudden extinction; those that amuse themselves with remarking the different periods of human knowledge, and observe how darkness and light succeed each other; by what accident the most gloomy nights of ignorance have given way in the dawn of science, and how learning has languished and decayed for want of patronage and regard, or been overborne by the prevalence of fashionable ignorance, or lost amidst the tumults of invasion, and the storms of violence. All those who desire any knowledge of the literary transactions of past ages, may find in catalogues, like this at least, such an account as is given by annalists, and chronologers of civil history.

How the knowledge of the sacred writings has been diffused, will be observed from the catalogue of the various editions of the bible, from the first impression by *Fust*, in 1462, to the present time; in which will be contained the polyglot editions of *Spain*, *France*, and *England*, those of the original *Hebrew*, the *Greek Septuagint*, and the *Latin Vulgate*; with the versions which are now used in the remotest parts of *Europe*, in the country of the *Grisons*, in *Lithuania*, *Bohemia*, *Finland*, and *Iceland*.

With regard to the attempts of the same kind made in our own country, there are few whose expectations will not be exceeded by the number of *English* bibles, of which not one is forgotten, whether valuable for the pomp and beauty of the impression, or for the notes with which the text is accompanied, or for any controversy or persecution that it produced, or for the peculiarity of any single passage. With the same care have the various editions of the book of common-prayer been selected, from which all the alterations which have been made in it may be easily remarked.

Amongst a great number of *Roman* missals and breviaries, remarkable for the beauty of their cuts and illuminations, will be found the *Mosorabic* missal and bre-

viary, that raised such commotions in the kingdom of *Spain*.

The controversial treatises written in *England*, about the time of the Reformation, have been diligently collected, with a multitude of remarkable tracts, single sermons, and small treatises ; which, however worthy to be preserved, are, perhaps, to be found in no other place.

The regard which was always paid, by the collectors of this library, to that remarkable period of time in which the art of printing was invented, determined them to accumulate the ancient impressions of the fathers of the church ; to which the later editions are added, lest antiquity should have seemed more worthy of esteem than accuracy.

History has been considered with the regard due to that study by which the manners are most easily formed, and from which the most efficacious instruction is received ; nor will the most extensive curiosity fail of gratification in this library ; from which no writers have been excluded, that relate either to the religious or civil affairs of any nation.

Not only those authors of ecclesiastical history have been procured, that treat of the state of religion in general, or deliver accounts of sects or nations, but those likewise who have confined themselves to particular orders of men in every church ; who have related the original, and the rules of every society, or recounted the lives of its founder and its members ; those who have deduced in every country the succession of bishops, and those who have employed their abilities in celebrating the piety of particular saints, or martyrs, or monks, or nuns.

The civil history of all nations has been amassed together ; nor is it easy to determine which has been thought most worthy of curiosity.

Of *France*, not only the general histories and ancient chronicles, the accounts of celebrated reigns, and narratives of remarkable events, but even the memorials of single families, the lives of private men, the antiquities of particular cities, churches, and monasteries, the topography of provinces, and the accounts of laws, customs, and prescriptions, are here to be found.

The several states of *Italy* have, in this treasury, their particular historians, whose accounts are, perhaps, gene-

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rally more exact, by being less extensive; and more interesting, by being more particular.

Nor has less regard been paid to the different nations of the Germanic empire, of which neither the *Bohemians*; nor *Hungarians*, nor *Austrians*, nor *Bavarians*, have been neglected; nor have their antiquities, however generally disregarded, been less studiously searched, than their present state.

The northern nations have supplied this collection, not only with history, but poetry, with Gothic antiquities, and Runic inscriptions; which at least have this claim to veneration, above the remains of the *Roman* magnificence, that they are the works of those heroes by whom the *Roman* empire was destroyed; and which may plead, at least in this nation, that they ought not to be neglected by those that owe to the men whose memories they preserve, their constitution, their properties, and their liberties.

The curiosity of these collectors extends equally to all parts of the world; nor did they forget to add to the northern the southern writers, or to adorn their collection with chronicles of *Spain*; and the conquest of *Mexico*.

Even of those nations with which we have less intercourse, whose customs are less accurately known, and whose history is less distinctly recounted, there are in this library repositèd such accounts as the *Europeans* have been hitherto able to obtain; nor are the *Mogul*, the *Tatar*, the *Turk*, and the *Saracen*; without their historians.

That persons so inquisitive with regard to the transactions of other nations, should enquire yet more ardently after the history of their own, may be naturally expected; and, indeed, this part of the library is no exception instance of diligence and accuracy. Here are to be found, with the ancient chronicles, and larger histories of *Britain*, the narratives of single reigns, and the accounts of remarkable revolutions, the topographical histories of counties, the pedigrees of families, the antiquities, of churches and cities, the proceedings of parliaments, the records of monasteries, and the lives of particular men, whether eminent in the church or the state, or remarkable in private life; whether exemplary for their virtues, or detestable for their crimes; whether persecuted for religion, or executed for rebellion.

That memorable period of the *English* history, which

begins with the reign of king *Charles the First*, and ends with the Restoration, will almost furnish a library alone. such is the number of volumes, pamphlets, and papers, which were published by either party; and such is the care with which they have been preserved.

Nor is history without the necessary preparatives and attendants, geography and chronology: of geography, the best writers and delineators have been procured, and pomp and accuracy have both been regarded: the student of chronology may here find likewise those authors who searched the records of time, and fixed the periods of history.

With the historians and Geographers may be ranked the writers of voyages and travels, which may be read here in the *Latin, English, Dutch, German, French, Italian, and Spanish* languages.

The laws of different countries, as they are in themselves equally worthy of curiosity with their history, have in this collection, been justly regarded; and the rules by which the various communities of the world are governed, may be here examined and compared. Here are the ancient editions of the papal decretals, and the commentaries on the civil law, the edicts of *Spain*, and the statutes of *Venice*.

But with particular industry have the various writers on the laws of our own country been collected, from the most ancient to the present time, from the bodies of the statutes to the minutest treatise: not only the reports, precedents, and readings of our own courts, but even the laws of our *West-Indian* colonies, will be exhibited in our catalogue.

But neither history nor law have been so far able to engross this library, as to exclude physic, philosophy, or criticism. Those have been thought, with justice, worthy of a place, who have examined the different species of animals, delineated their forms, or described their properties and instincts, or who have penetrated the bowels of the earth, treated on its different strata, and analysed its metals; or who have amused themselves with less laborious speculations, and planted trees, or cultivated flowers.

Those that have exalted their thoughts above the mi-

nuter parts of the creation, who have observed the motions of the heavenly bodies, and attempted systems of the universe, have not been denied the honour which they deserved by so great an attempt, whatever has been their success. Nor have those mathematicians been rejected, who have applied their science to the common purposes of life; or those that have deviated into the kindred arts, of tactics, architecture, and fortification.

Even arts of far less importance have found their authors, nor have these authors been despised by the boundless curiosity of the proprietors of the *Harclean Library*. The writers on horsemanship and fencing are more numerous, and more bulky, than could be expected by those who reflect how seldom those excel in either, whom their education has qualified to compose books.

The admirer of *Greek* and *Roman* literature will meet, in this collection, with editions little known to the most inquisitive critics, and which have escaped the observation of those whose great employment has been the collation of copies; nor will he find only the most ancient editions of *Faustus*, *Jenson*, *Spira*, *Sweynheim*, and *Pannartz*, but the most accurate likewise and beautiful of *Colinaeus*, the *Juntæ*, *Plantin*, *Aldus*, the *Stephens*, and *Elzevir*, with the commentaries and observations of the most learned editors.

Nor are they accompanied only with the illustrations of those who have confined their attempts to particular writers, but of those likewise who have treated on any part of the *Greek* or *Roman* antiquities, their laws, their customs, their dress, their buildings, their wars, their revenues, or the rites and ceremonies of their worship, and those that have endeavoured to explain any of their authors from their statues or their coins.

Next to the ancients, those writers deserve to be mentioned, who, at the restoration of literature, imitated their language and their style with so great success, or who laboured with so much industry to make them understood: such were *Philephus* and *Politian*, *Scaliger* and *Buchanan*, and the poets of the age of *Leo the Tenth*; these are likewise to be found in this library, together with the *Deliciae*, or collections of all nations.

Painting is so nearly allied to poetry, that it cannot be wondered that those who have so much esteemed the

one, have paid an equal regard to the other; and therefore it may be easily imagined, that the collection of prints is numerous in an uncommon degree; but surely, the expectation of every man will be exceeded, when he is informed that there are more than forty thousand engraven from *Raphael*, *Titian*, *Guido*, the *Carraches*, and a thousand others, by *Nanteuil*, *Hollar*, *Collet*, *Ede-  
linck*, and *Dorigny*, and other engravers of equal reputation.

There is also a great collection of original drawings, of which three seem to deserve a particular mention; the first exhibits a representation of the inside of *St. Peter's* church at *Rome*; the second, of that of *St. John Lateran*; and the third, of the high altar of *St. Ignatius*; all painted with the utmost accuracy, in their proper colours.

As the value of this great collection may be conceived from this account, however imperfect, as the variety of subjects must engage the curiosity of men of different studies, inclinations, and employments, it may be thought of very little use to mention any slighter advantages, or to dwell on the decorations and embellishments which the generosity of the proprietors has bestowed upon it; yet, since the compiler of the *Thuanian* catalogue thought not even that species of elegance below his observation, it may not be improper to observe that the *Harleian* Library, perhaps, excels all others, not more in the number and excellence, than in the splendour of its volumes.

We may now surely be allowed to hope, that our catalogue will not be thought unworthy of the publick curiosity; that it will be purchased as a record of this great collection, and preserved as one of the memorials of learning.

The patrons of literature will forgive the purchaser of this library, if he presumes to assert some claim to their protection and encouragement, as he may have been instrumental in continuing to this nation the advantage of it. The sale of *Vossius's* collection into a foreign country, is, to this day, regretted by men of letters; and if this effort for the prevention of another loss of the same kind should be disadvantageous to him, no man will hereafter willingly risk his fortune in the cause of learning.

AN  
E S S A Y  
ON THE  
ORIGIN AND IMPORTANCE  
OF  
*SMALL TRACTS AND FUGITIVE PIECES,*  
Written for the INTRODUCTION to the  
HARLEIAN MISCELLANY.

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THOUGH the scheme of the following Miscellany is so obvious, that the title alone is sufficient to explain it; and though several collections have been formerly attempted upon plans, as to the method, very little, but, as to the capacity and execution, very different from ours; we, being possessed of the greatest variety for such a work, hope for a more general reception than those confined schemes had the fortune to meet with; and, therefore, think it not wholly unnecessary to explain our intentions, to display the treasure of materials out of which this Miscellany is to be compiled, and to exhibit a general idea of the pieces which we intend to insert in it.

There is, perhaps, no nation in which it is so necessary, as in our own, to assemble, from time to time, the small tracts and fugitive pieces, which are occasionally published; for, besides the general subjects of enquiry, which are cultivated by us, in common with every other learned nation, our constitution in church and state naturally gives birth to a multitude of performances, which would either not have been written, or could not have been made publick in any other place.

The form of our government, which gives every man, that has leisure, or curiosity, or vanity, the right of enquiring into the propriety of publick measures, and, by consequence, obliges those who are intrusted with the administration of national affairs, to give an account of their conduct to almost every man who demands it, may be reasonably imagined to have occasioned innumerable pamphlets, which would never have appeared under



arbitrary governments, where every man lulls himself in indolence under calamities, of which he cannot promote the redress, or thinks it prudent to conceal the uneasiness, of which he cannot complain without danger.

The multiplicity of religious sects tolerated among us, of which every one has found opponents and vindicators, is another source of unexhaustible publication, almost peculiar to ourselves; for controversies cannot be long continued, nor frequently revived, where an inquisitor has a right to shut up the disputants in dungeons; or where silence can be imposed on either party, by the refusal of a licence.

Not that it should be inferred from hence, that political or religious controversies are the only products of the liberty of the *British press*; the mind once let loose to inquiry, and suffered to operate without restraint, necessarily deviates into peculiar opinions, and wanders in new tracts, where she is indeed sometimes lost in a labyrinth, from which though she cannot return, and scarce knows how to proceed; yet, sometimes, makes useful discoveries, or finds out nearer paths to knowledge.

The boundless liberty with which every man may write his own thoughts, and the opportunity of conveying new sentiments to the publick, without danger of suffering either ridicule or censure, which every man may enjoy, whose vanity does not incite him too hastily to own his performances, naturally invites those who employ themselves in speculation, to try how their notions will be received by a nation, which exempts caution from fear, and modesty from shame; and it is no wonder, that where reputation may be gained, but needs not be lost, multitudes are willing to try their fortune, and thrust their opinions into the light; sometimes with unsuccessful haste, and sometimes with happy temerity.

It is observed, that, among the natives of *England*, is to be found a greater variety of humour, than in any other country; and, doubtless, where every man has a full liberty to propagate his conceptions, variety of humour must produce variety of writers; and, where the number of authors is so great, there cannot but be some worthy of distinction.

All these, and many other causes, too tedious to be enumerated, have contributed to make pamphlets and small tracts a very important part of an *English* library; nor are there any pieces, upon which those who aspire to the reputation of judicious collectors of books, bestow more attention, or greater expense; because many advantages may be expected from the perusal of these small productions, which are scarcely to be found in that of larger works.

If we regard history, it is well known, that most political treatises have for a long time appeared in this form, and that the first relations of transactions, while they are yet the subject of conversation, divide the opinions, and employ the conjectures of mankind, are delivered by these petty writers, who have opportunities of collecting the different sentiments of disputants, of enquiring the truth from living witnesses, and of copying their representations from the life; and, therefore they preserve a multitude of particular incidents, which are forgotten in a short time, or omitted in formal relations, and which are yet to be considered as sparks of truth, which, when united, may afford light in some of the darkest scenes of state, as we doubt not, will be sufficiently proved in the course of this Miscellany; and which it is, therefore, the interest of the publick to preserve unextinguished.

The same observation may be extended to subjects of yet more importance. In controversies that relate to the truths of religion, the first essays of reformation are generally timorous; and those, who have opinions to offer, which they expect to be opposed, produce their sentiments by degrees, and, for the most part, in small tracts: by degrees; that they may not shock their readers with too many novelties at once; and in small tracts, that they may be easily dispersed, or privately printed: almost every controversy, therefore, has been, for a time, carried on in pamphlets, nor has swelled into larger volumes, till the first ardour of the disputants has subsided, and they have recollected their notions with coolness enough to digest them into order, consolidate them into systems, and fortify them with authorities.

From pamphlets, consequently, are to be learned the progress of every debate; the various state to which the questions have been changed; the artifices and fallacies which have been used, and the subterfuges by which reason has been eluded: in such writings may be seen how the mind has been opened by degrees, how one truth has led to another, how error has been disentangled, and hints improved to demonstration, which pleasure, and many others, are lost by him that only reads the larger writers, by whom these scattered sentiments are collected, who will see none of the changes of fortune which every opinion has passed through, will have no opportunity of remarking, the transient advantages which error may sometimes obtain, by the artifices of its patron, or the successful rallies by which truth regains the day, after a repulse; but will be to him, who traces the dispute through into particular gradations, as he that hears of a victory, to him that sees the battle.

Since the advantages of preserving these small tracts are so numerous, our attempt to unite them in volumes cannot be thought either useless or unseasonable; for there is no other method of securing them from accidents; and they have already been so long neglected; that this design cannot be delayed, without hazarding the loss of many pieces, which deserve to be transmitted to another age.

The practice of publishing pamphlets on the most important subjects, has now prevailed more than two centuries among us; and therefore it cannot be doubted, but that, as no large collections have been yet made, many curious tracts must have perished; but it is too late to lament that loss; nor ought we to reflect upon it, with any other view, than that of quickening our endeavours for the preservation of those that yet remain; of which we have now a greater number, than was, perhaps, ever amassed by any one person.

The first appearance of pamphlets among us, is generally thought to be at the new opposition raised against the errors and corruptions of the church of Rome. Those who were first convinced of the reasonableness of the new learning, as it was then called, propagated their opinions in small pieces, which were cheaply print-

ed; and, what was then of great importance, easily concealed. These treatises were generally printed in foreign countries, and are not, therefore, always very correct. There was not then that opportunity of printing in private; for the number of printers were small, and the presses were easily overlooked by the clergy, who spared no labour or vigilance for the suppression of heresy. There is, however, reason to suspect, that some attempts were made to carry on the propagation of truth by a secret press; for one of the first treatises in favour of the Reformation, is said, at the end, to be printed at *Greenwich*, by the permission of the Lord of *Herts*.

In the time of king *Edward the Sixth*, the presses were employed in favour of the reformed religion, and small tracts were dispersed over the nation, to reconcile them to the new forms of worship. In this reign, likewise, political pamphlets may be said to have been begun, by the address of the rebels of *Devonshire*; all which means of propagating the sentiments of the people so disturbed the court, that no sooner was queen *Mary* resolved to reduce her subjects to the *Romish* superstition, but she artfully, by a charter\*, granted to certain freemen of *London*, in whose fidelity, no doubt, she confided, intirely prohibited all presses, but what should be licensed by them; which charter is that by which the corporation of Stationers in *London* is at this time incorporated.

Under the reign of queen *Elizabeth*, when liberty again began to flourish, the practice of writing pamphlets became more general; presses were multiplied, and books were dispersed; and, I believe, it may properly be said, that the trade of writing began at that time, and that it has ever since gradually increased in the number, though, perhaps, not in the style of these that followed it.

In this reign was erected the first secret press against the church as now established, of which I have found any certain account. It was employed by the *Paritians*, and conveyed from one part of the nation to another,

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\* Which begins thus, 'Know ye, that We, considering and manifestly perceiving, that several peditious and heretical books or tracts—against the faith and sound catholick doctrine of holy mother, the church, &c.

by them, as they found themselves in danger of discovery. From this press issued most of the pamphlets against *Whitgift* and his associates, in the ecclesiastical government; and, when it was at last seized at *Manchester*, it was employed upon a pamphlet called *More Work for a Cooper*.

In the peaceable reign of king *James*, those minds which might, perhaps, with less disturbance of the world, have been engrossed by war, were employed in controversy; and writings of all kinds were multiplied among us. The press, however, was not wholly engaged in polemical performances, for more innocent subjects were sometimes treated; and it deserves to be remarked, because it is not generally known, that the treatises of *Husbandry* and *Agriculture*, which were published about that time, are so numerous, that it can scarcely be imagined by whom they were written, or to whom they were sold.

The next reign is too well known to have been a time of confusion, and disturbance, and disputes of every kind; and the writings which were produced, bear a natural proportion to the number of questions that were discussed at that time; each party had its authors and its presses, and no endeavours were omitted to gain proselytes to every opinion. I know not whether this may not properly be called, *The Age of Pamphlets*; for, though they, perhaps, may not arise to such multitudes as *Mr. Rawlinson* imagined, they were, undoubtedly, more numerous than can be conceived by any who have not had an opportunity of examining them.

After the restoration, the same differences, in religious opinions, are well known to have subsisted, and the same political struggles to have been frequently renewed; and, therefore a great number of pens were employed, on different occasions, till, at length, all other disputes were absorbed in the popish controversy.

From the pamphlets which these different periods of time produced, it is proposed, that this Miscellany shall be compiled; for which it cannot be supposed that materials will be wanting; and, therefore, the only difficulty will be in what manner to dispose them.

Those who have gone before us, in undertakings of this kind, have ranged the pamphlets, which chance

threw into their hands, without any regard either to the subject on which they treated, or the time in which they were written; a practice in no wise to be imitated by us, who want for no materials; of which we shall choose those we think best for the particular circumstances of times and things, and most instructing and entertaining to the reader.

Of the different methods which present themselves, upon the first view of the great heaps of pamphlets which the *Harleian* Library exhibits, the two which merit most attention are, to distribute the treatises according to their subjects, or their dates; but neither of these ways can be conveniently followed. By ranging our collection in order of time, we must necessarily publish those pieces first, which least engage the curiosity of the bulk of mankind; and our design must fall to the ground, for want of encouragement, before it can be so far advanced as to obtain general regard: by confining ourselves for any long time to any single subject, we shall reduce our readers to one class; and as we shall lose all the grace of variety, shall disgust all those who read chiefly to be diverted. There is likewise one objection of equal force, against both these methods, that we shall preclude ourselves from the advantage of any future discoveries; and we cannot hope to assemble at once all the pamphlets which have been written in any age, or on any subject.

It may be added, in vindication of our intended practice, that it is the same with that of *Photius*, whose collections are no less miscellaneous than ours; and who declares, that he leaves it to his reader, to reduce his extracts under their proper heads.

Most of the pieces which shall be offered in this collection to the publick, will be introduced by short prefaces, in which will be given some account of the reasons for which they are inserted; notes will be sometimes adjoined, for the explanation of obscure passages, or obsolete expressions; and care will be taken to mingle use and pleasure through the whole collection. Notwithstanding every subject may not be relished by every reader; yet the buyer may be assured that each number will repay his generous subscription.

# A VIEW OF THE CONTROVERSY

BETWEEN

*Mons. CROUSAZ and Mr. WARBURTON,*

ON THE SUBJECT OF MR. POPES'S ESSAYS ON MAN.

*In a Letter to the Editor of the Gentleman's Magazine,  
Vol. XIII. 1743.*

MR. URBAN,

IT would not be found useless in the learned world, if in written controversies, as in oral disputations, a moderator could be selected, who might in some degree superintend the debate, restrain all needless excursions, repress all personal reflections, and at last recapitulate the arguments on each side; and who, though he should not assume the province of deciding the question, might at least exhibit it in its true state.

This reflection arose in my mind upon the consideration of Mr. Crousaz's Commentary on the Essay on Man, and Mr. Warburton's Answer to it. The importance of the subject, the reputation and abilities of the controversialists, and perhaps the ardour with which each has endeavoured to support his cause, have made an attempt of this kind necessary for the information of the greatest number of Mr. Pope's readers.

Among the duties of a moderator, I have mentioned that of recalling the disputants to the subject, and cutting off the excrescences of a debate, which Mr. Crousaz will not suffer to be long unemployed, and the repression of personal invectives which have not been very carefully avoided on either part; and are less excusable, because it has not been proved, that either the poet, or his commentator, wrote with any other design than that of promoting happiness by cultivating reason and piety.

Mr. Warburton has indeed so much depressed the character of his adversary, that before I consider the controversy between them, I think it necessary to exhibit some specimens of Mr. Crousaz's sentiments, by which it will probably be shewn, that he is far from deserving either indignation or contempt; that his notions are just, though they are sometimes introduced without necessity, and defended when they are not opposed; and that his abilities and parts are such as may entitle him to reverence from those who think his criticisms superfluous.

VOL. I.

H h

In page 85 of the *English* translation, he exhibits an observation which every writer ought to impress upon his mind, and which may afford a sufficient apology for his commentary.

On the notion of a ruling passion he offers this remark :  
 ‘ Nothing so much hinders men from obtaining a complete victory over their ruling passion, as that all the advantages gained in their days of retreat, by just and sober reflections, whether struck out by their own minds, or borrowed from good books, or from the conversation of men of merit, are destroyed in a few moments by a free intercourse and acquaintance with libertines ; and thus the work is always to be begun anew. A gamester resolves to leave off play, by which he finds his health impaired, his family ruined, and his passions inflamed ; in this resolution he persists a few days, but soon yields to an invitation, which will give his prevailing inclination an opportunity of reviving in all its force. The case is the same with other men : but is reason to be charged with these calamities and follies, or rather the man who refuses to listen to its voice in opposition to impertinent solicitations ?’

On the means recommended for the attainment of happiness, he observes, ‘ that the abilities which our Maker has given us, and the internal and external advantages with which he has invested us, are of two very different kinds ; those of one kind are bestowed in common upon us and the brute creation, but the other exalt us far above other animals. To disregard any of these gifts would be ingratitude ; but to neglect those of greater excellence, to go no farther than the gross satisfactions of sense, and the functions of mere animal life, would be a far greater crime. We are formed by our Creator capable of acquiring knowledge, and regulating our conduct by reasonable rules ; it is therefore our duty to cultivate our understandings and exalt our virtues. We need but make the experiment to find, that the greatest pleasures will arise from such endeavours.

‘ It is trifling to allege, in opposition to this truth, that knowledge cannot be acquired, nor virtue pursued, without toil and efforts, and that all efforts produce fatigue. God requires nothing disproportioned to the powers he has given, and in the exercise of those powers consists the highest satisfaction.



‘Toil and weariness are the effects of vanity: when a man has formed a design of excelling others in merit, he is disquieted by their advances, and leaves nothing unattempted, that he may step before them: this occasions a thousand unreasonable emotions, which justly bring their punishment along with them.’

‘But let a man study and labour to cultivate and improve his abilities in the eye of his Maker, and with the prospect of his approbation; let him attentively reflect on the infinite value of that approbation, and the highest encomiums that men can bestow will vanish into nothing at the comparison. When we live in this manner, we find that we live for a great and glorious end.’

‘When this is our frame of mind, we find it no longer difficult to restrain ourselves in the gratifications of eating and drinking, the most gross enjoyments of sense. We take what is necessary to preserve health and vigour, but are not to give ourselves up to pleasures that weaken the attention, and dull the understanding.’

And the true sense of Mr. *Pope's* assertion, that *Whatever is, is right*, and I believe the sense in which it was written, is thus explained:—‘A sacred and adorable order is established in the government of mankind. These are certain and unvaried truths: he that seeks God, and makes it his happiness to live in obedience to him, shall obtain what he endeavours after, in a degree far above his present comprehension. He that turns his back upon his Creator, neglects to obey him, and perseveres in his disobedience, shall obtain no other happiness than he can receive from enjoyments of his own procuring; void of satisfaction, weary of life, wasted by empty cares and remorse equally harassing and just, he will experience the certain consequences of his own choice. Thus will justice and goodness resume their empire, and that order be restored which men have broken.’

I am afraid of wearying you or your readers with more quotations, but if you shall inform me that a continuation of my correspondence will be well received, I shall descend to particular passages, show how Mr. *Pope* gave sometimes occasion to mistakes, and how Mr. *Crousaz* was misled by his suspicion of the system of fatality.

I am, SIR, your's, &c.

THE  
PREFACE  
TO THE  
PRECEPTOR :\*  
CONTAINING  
A GENERAL PLAN OF EDUCATION.

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THE importance of Education is a point so generally understood and confessed, that it would be of little use to attempt any new proof or illustration of its necessity and advantages.

At a time when so many schemes of education have been projected, so many proposals offered to the Publick, so many schools opened for general knowledge, and so many lectures in particular sciences attended ; at a time when mankind seems intent rather upon familiarising than enlarging the several arts ; and every age, sex, and profession, is invited to an acquaintance with those studies, which were formerly supposed accessible only to such as had devoted themselves to literary leisure, and dedicated their powers to philosophical inquiries ; it seems rather requisite that an apology should be made for any further attempt to smooth a path so frequently beaten, or to recommend attainments so ardently pursued, and so officiously directed.

That this general desire may not be frustrated, our schools seem yet to want some book, which may excite curiosity by its variety, encourage diligence by its facility, and reward application by its usefulness. In examining the treatises hitherto offered to the youth of this nation, there appeared none that did not fail in one or other of these essential qualities ; none that were not either unpleasing, or abstruse, or crowded with learning, very rarely applicable to the purposes of common life.

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\* Published in 1748, by *Dodstey*.

Every man, who has been engaged in teaching, knows with how much difficulty youthful minds are confined to close application, and how readily they deviate to any thing, rather than attend to that which is imposed as a task. That this disposition, when it becomes inconsistent with the forms of education, is to be checked, will be readily granted; but since, though it may be in some degree obviated, it cannot wholly be suppressed, it is surely rational to turn it to advantage, by taking care that the mind shall never want objects on which its faculties may be usefully employed. It is not impossible, that this restless desire of novelty, which gives so much trouble to the teacher, may be often the struggle of the understanding starting from that to which it is not by nature adapted, and travelling in search of something on which it may fix with greater satisfaction. For without supposing each man particularly marked out by his genius for particular performances, it may be easily conceived, that when a numerous class of boys is confined indiscriminately to the same forms of composition, the repetition of the same words, or the explication of the same sentiments, the employment must, either by nature or accident, be less suitable to some than others; that the ideas to be contemplated may be too difficult for the apprehension of one, and too obvious for that of another; they may be such as some understandings cannot reach, though others look down upon them as below their regard. Every mind in its progress through the different stages of scholastick learning, must be often in one of these conditions, must either flag with the labour, or grow wanton with the facility of the work assigned; and in either state it naturally turns aside from the track before it. Weariness looks out for relief, and leisure for employment, and surely it is rational to indulge the wanderings of both. For the faculties which are too lightly burthened with the business of the day, may with great propriety add to it some other inquiry: and he that finds himself overwearied by a task, which, perhaps, with all his efforts, he is not able to perform, is undoubtedly to be justified in addicting himself rather to easier studies, and endeavouring to quit that which is

above his attainment, for that which nature has not made him incapable of pursuing with advantage.

That therefore this roving curiosity may not be unsatisfied, it seems necessary to scatter in its way such allurements as may withhold it from an useless and unbounded dissipation; such as may regulate it without violence, and direct it without restraint; such as may suit every inclination, and fit every capacity; may employ the stronger genius, by operations of reason, and engage the less active or forcible mind, by supplying it with easy knowledge, and obviating that despondence, which quickly prevails, when nothing appears but a succession of difficulties, and one labour only ceases that another may be imposed.

A book intended thus to correspond with all dispositions, and afford entertainment for minds of different powers, is necessarily to contain treatises on different subjects. As it is designed for schools, though for the higher classes, it is confined wholly to such parts of knowledge as young minds may comprehend; and as it is drawn up for readers yet unexperienced in life, and unable to distinguish the useful from the ostentatious or unnecessary parts of science, it is requisite that a very nice distinction should be made, that nothing unprofitable should be admitted for the sake of pleasure, nor any arts of attraction neglected, that might fix the attention upon more important studies.

These considerations produced the book which is here offered to the Publick, as better adapted to the great design of pleasing by instruction, than any which has hitherto been admitted into our seminaries of literature. There are not indeed wanting in the world compendiums of science, but many were written at a time when philosophy was imperfect, as that of *G. Valla*; many contain only naked schemes, or synoptical tables, as that of *Stierius*; and others are too large and voluminous, as that of *Alstedius*; and, what is not to be considered as the least objection, they are generally in a language, which, to boys, is more difficult than the subject; and it is too hard a task to be condemned to learn a new science in an unknown tongue. As in life, so in study, it is dangerous to do more things than one at a time;

and the mind is not to be harassed with unnecessary obstructions, in a way, of which the natural and unavoidable asperity is such as too frequently produces despair.

If the language however had been the only objection to any of the volumes already extant, the schools might have been supplied at a small expense by a translation; but none could be found that was not so defective, redundant, or erroneous, as to be of more danger than use. It was necessary then to examine, whether upon every single science there was not some treatise written for the use of scholars, which might be adapted to this design, so that a collection might be made from different authors, without the necessity of writing new systems. This search was not wholly without success; for two authors were found, whose performances might be admitted with little alteration. But so widely does this plan differ from all others, so much has the state of many kinds of learning been changed, or so unfortunately have they hitherto been cultivated, that none of the other subjects were explained in such a manner as was now required; and therefore neither care nor expense has been spared to obtain new lights, and procure to this book the merit of an original.

With what judgment the design has been formed, and with what skill it has been executed, the learned world is now to determine. But before sentence shall pass, it is proper to explain more fully what has been intended, that censure may not be incurred by the omission of that which the original plan did not comprehend; to declare more particularly who they are to whose instructions these treatises pretend, that a charge of arrogance and presumption may be obviated; to lay down the reasons which directed the choice of the several subjects; and to explain more minutely the manner in which each particular part of these volumes is to be used.

The title has already declared, that these volumes are particularly intended for the use of schools, and therefore it has been the care of the authors to explain the several sciences, of which they have treated, in the most familiar manner; for the mind used only to common expressions, and inaccurate ideas, does not suddenly conform itself to scholastick modes of reasoning, or conceive

the nice distinctions of a subtle philosophy, and may be properly initiated in speculative studies by an introduction like this, in which the grossness of vulgar conception is avoided, without the observation of metaphysical exactness. It is observed, that in the course of the natural world no change is instantaneous, but all its vicissitudes are gradual and slow; the motions of intellect proceed in the like imperceptible progression, and proper degrees of transition from one study to another are therefore necessary; but let it not be charged upon the writers of this book, that they intended to exhibit more than the dayn of knowledge, or pretended to raise in the mind any nobler product than the blossoms of science, which more powerful institutions may ripen into fruit.

For this reason it must not be expected, that in the following pages should be found a complete circle of the sciences; or that any authors, now deservedly esteemed, should be rejected to make way for what is here offered. It was intended by the means of these precepts, not to deck the mind with ornaments, but to protect it from nakedness; not to enrich it with affluence, but to supply it with necessaries. The *inquiry* therefore was not what degrees of knowledge are desirable, but what are in most stations of life indispensably required; and the *choice* was determined not by the splendour of any part of literature, but by the extent of its use, and the inconvenience which its neglect was likely to produce.

I. The prevalence of this consideration appears in the first part, which is appropriated to the humble purposes of teaching to *read*, and *speak*, and *write letters*; an attempt of little magnificence, but in which no man needs to blush for having employed his time, if honour be estimated by use. For precepts of this kind, however neglected, extend their importance as far as men are found who communicate their thoughts one to another; they are equally useful to the highest and the lowest; they may often contribute to make ignorance less inelegant; and may it not be observed, that they are frequently wanted for the embellishment even of learning?

In order to shew the proper use of this part, which consists of various exemplifications of such differences

of style as require correspondent diversities of pronunciation, it will be proper to inform the scholar, that there are in general three forms of style, each of which demands its particular mode of elocution: the *familiar*, the *solemn*, and the *pathetick*. That in the *familiar*, he that reads is only to talk with a paper in his hand, and to indulge himself in all the lighter liberties of voice, as when he reads the common articles of a news-paper, or a cursory letter of intelligence or business. That the *solemn* style, such as that of a serious narrative, exacts an uniform steadiness of speech, equal, clear, and calm. That for the *pathetick*, such as an animated oration, it is necessary the voice be regulated by the sense, varying and rising with the passions. These rules, which are the most general, admit a great number of subordinate observations, which must be particularly adapted to every scholar; for it is observable, that though very few read well, yet every man errs in a different way. But let one remark never be omitted: inculcate strongly to every scholar the danger of copying the voice of another; an attempt which, though it has been often repeated, is always unsuccessful.

The importance of writing letters with propriety justly claims to be considered with care, since, next to the power of pleasing with his presence, every man would wish to be able to give delight at a distance. This great art should be diligently taught, the rather, because of those letters which are most useful, and by which the general business of life is transacted, there are no *examples* easily to be found. It seems the general fault of those who undertake this part of education, that they propose, for the exercise of their scholars, occasions which rarely happen; such as congratulations and condolences, and neglect those without which life cannot proceed. It is possible to pass many years without the necessity of writing panegyrics or epithalamiums; but every man has frequent occasion to state a contract, or demand a debt, or make a narrative of some minute incidents of common life. On these subjects, therefore, young persons should be taught to think justly, and write clearly, neatly, and succinctly, lest they come from school into the world without any acquaintance

with common affairs, and stand idle spectators of mankind, in expectation that some great event will give them an opportunity to exert their rhetorick.

II. The second place is assigned to *geometry*; on the usefulness of which it is unnecessary to expatiate in an age when mathematical studies have so much engaged the attention of all classes of men. This treatise is one of those which have been borrowed, being a translation from the work of Mr. *Le Clerc*; and is not intended as more than the first initiation. In delivering the fundamental principles of *geometry*, it is necessary to proceed by slow steps, that each proposition may be fully understood before another is attempted. For which purpose it is not sufficient, that when a question is asked in the words of the book, the scholar likewise can in the words of the book return the proper answer; for this may be only an act of memory, not of understanding: it is always proper to vary the words of the question, to place the proposition in different points of view, and to require of the learner an explanation in his own terms, informing him however when they are improper. By this method the scholar will become cautious and attentive, and the master will know with certainty the degree of his proficiency. Yet, though this rule is generally right, I cannot but recommend a precept of *Pardie's*, that when the student cannot be made to comprehend some particular part, it should be, for that time, laid aside, till new light shall arise from subsequent observation.

When this compendium is completely understood, the scholar may proceed to the perusal of *Tacquet*, afterwards of *Euclid* himself, and then of the modern improvers of *geometry*, such as *Barrow*, *Keil*, and Sir *Isaac Newton*.

III. The necessity of some acquaintance with *geography* and *astronomy* will not be disputed. If the pupil is born to the ease of a large fortune, no part of learning is more necessary to him than the knowledge of the situation of nations, on which their interest generally depend; if he is dedicated to any of the learned professions, it is scarcely possible that he will not be obliged to apply himself in some part of his life to these studies,



as no other branch of literature can be fully comprehended without them ; if he is designed for the arts of commerce or agriculture, some general acquaintance with these sciences will be found extremely useful to him ; in a word, no studies afford more extensive, more wonderful, or more pleasing scenes ; and therefore there can be no ideas impressed upon the soul, which can more conduce to its future entertainment.

In the pursuit of these sciences, it will be proper to proceed with the same gradation and caution as in *geometry*. And it is always of use to decorate the nakedness of science, by interspersing such observations and narratives as may amuse the mind and excite curiosity. Thus, in explaining the state of the polar regions, it might be fit to read the narrative of the *Englishmen* that wintered in *Greenland*; which will make young minds sufficiently curious after the cause of such a length of night, and intenseness of cold ; and many stratagems of the same kind might be practised to interest them in all parts of their studies, and call in their passions to animate their inquiries. When they have read this treatise, it will be proper to recommend to them *Varenius's Geography*, and *Gregory's Astronomy*.

IV. The study of *chronology* and *history* seems to be one of the most natural delights of the human mind. It is not easy to live without enquiring by what means every thing was brought into the state in which we now behold it, or without finding in the mind some desire of being informed concerning the generations of mankind that have been in possession of the world before us, whether they were better or worse than ourselves ; or what good or evil has been derived to us from their schemes, practices, and institutions. These are inquiries which *history* alone can satisfy ; and *history* can only be made intelligible by some knowledge of *chronology*, the science by which events are ranged in their order, and the periods of computation are settled ; and which therefore assists the memory by method, and enlightens the judgment by shewing the dependence of one transaction to another. Accordingly it should be diligently inculcated to the scholar, that unless he fixes in his mind some idea of the time in which each man of emi-

nence lived, and each action was performed, with some part of the contemporary history of the rest of the world, he will consume his life in useless reading, and darken his mind with a crowd of unconnected events; his memory will be perplexed with distant transactions resembling one another, and his reflections be like a dream in a fever, busy and turbulent, but confused and indistinct.

The technical part of chronology, or the art of computing and adjusting time, as it is very difficult, so it is not of absolute necessity, but should however be taught, so far as it can be learned without the loss of those hours which are required for attainments of nearer concern. The student may join with this treatise *Le Clerc's Compendium of History*; and afterwards may, for the historical part of *chronology*, procure *Helvicus's* and *Isaacson's Tables*; and, if he is desirous of attaining the technical part, may first peruse *Holder's Account of Time*, *Hearné's Ductor Historicus*, *Strauchius*, the first part of *Petavius's Rationarium Temporum*; and at length *Scaliger de Emendatione Temporum*. And for instruction in the method of his historical studies, he may consult *Hearné's Ductor Historicus*, *Wheare's Lectures*, *Rawlinson's Directions for the Study of History*, and for ecclesiastical history, *Cave* and *Dupin*, *Baronius* and *Fleury*.

V. *Rhetorick* and *poetry* supply life with its highest intellectual pleasures; and in the hands of virtue are of great use for the impression of just sentiments, and recommendation of illustrious examples. In the practice of these great arts, so much more is the effect of nature than the effect of education, that nothing is attempted here but to teach the mind some general heads of observation, to which the beautiful passages of the best writers may commonly be reduced. In the use of this it is not proper that the teacher should confine himself to the examples before him; for by that method he will never enable his pupils to make just application of the rules; but, having inculcated the true meaning of each figure, he should require them to exemplify it by their own observations, pointing to them the poem, or, in longer works, the book or canto in which an example

may be found, and leaving them to discover the particular passage by the light of the rules which they have lately learned.

For a farther progress in these studies, they may consult *Quintilian* and *Vossius's Rhetorick*; the art of poetry will be best learned from *Boessu* and *Bohours* in *French*; together with *Dryden's Essays* and *Prefaces*, the critical Papers of *Addison*, *Spence on Pope's Odyssey*, and *Trapp's Prælectiones Poeticæ*; but a more accurate and philosophical account is expected from a commentary upon *Aristotle's Art of Poetry*, with which the literature of this nation will be in a short time augmented.

VI. With regard to the practice of *drawing*, it is not necessary to give any directions, the use of the treatise being only to teach the proper method of imitating the figures which are annexed. It will be proper to incite the scholars to industry, by shewing in other books the use of the art, and informing them how much it assists the apprehension, and relieves the memory; and if they are obliged sometimes to *write* descriptions of engines, utensils, or any complex pieces of workmanship, they will more fully apprehend the necessity of an expedient which so happily supplies the defects of language, and enables the eye to conceive what cannot be conveyed to the mind any other way. When they have read this treatise, and practised upon these figures, their theory may be improved by the *Jesuit's Perspective*, and their manual operations by other figures which may be easily procured.

VII. *Logick*, or the art of arranging and connecting ideas, of forming and examining arguments, is universally allowed to be an attainment in the utmost degree worthy the ambition of that being whose highest honour is to be endued with reason; but it is doubted whether that ambition has yet been gratified; and whether the powers of ratiocination have been much improved by any systems of art, or methodical institutions. The *logick* which for so many ages kept possession of the schools, has at last been condemned as a mere art of wrangling, of very little use in the pursuit of truth; and later writers have contented themselves with giving an

account of the operations of the mind, marking the various stages of her progress, and giving some general rules for the regulation of her conduct. The method of these writers is here followed; but without a servile adherence to any, and with endeavours to make improvements upon all. This work, however laborious, has yet been fruitless, if there be truth in an observation very frequently made, that logicians out of the school do not reason better than men unassisted by those lights which their science is supposed to bestow. It is not to be doubted but that logicians may be sometimes overborn by their passions, or blinded by their prejudices; and that a man may reason ill, as he may act ill, not because he does not know what is right, but because he does not regard it; yet it is no more the fault of his art that it does not direct him when his attention is withdrawn from it, than it is the defect of his sight that he misses his way when he shuts his eyes. Against this cause of error, there is no provision to be made, otherwise than by inculcating the value of truth, and the necessity of conquering the passions. But *logick* may likewise fail to produce its effects upon common occasions, for want of being frequently and familiarly applied, till its precepts may direct the mind imperceptibly, as the fingers of a musician are regulated by his knowledge of the tune. This readiness of recollection is only to be procured by frequent impression; and therefore it will be proper, when *logick* has been once learned, the teacher take frequent occasion, in the most easy and familiar conversation, to observe when its rules are preserved, and when they are broken; and that afterwards he read no authors, without exacting of his pupil an account of every remarkable exemplification, or breach of the laws of reasoning.

When this system has been digested, if it be thought necessary to proceed farther in the study of method, it will be proper to recommend *Crousaz*, *Watts*, *Le Clerc*, *Wolfius*, and *Locke's Essay on Human Understanding*; and if there be imagined any necessity of adding the peripatetick *logick*, which has been, perhaps, condemned without a candid trial, it will be convenient to proceed to *Sanderson*, *Wallis*, *Crackanthorp*, and *Aristotle*.

VIII. To excite a curiosity after the works of God, is the chief design of the small specimen of *natural history* inserted in this collection; which, however, may be sufficient to put the mind in motion, and in some measure to direct its steps; but its effects may easily be improved by a philosophick master, who will every day find a thousand opportunities of turning the attention of his scholars to the contemplation of the objects that surround them, of laying open the wonderful art with which every part of the universe is formed, and the providence which governs the vegetable and animal creation. He may lay before them the *Religious Philosopher*, *Ray*, *Derham's Physico-Theology*, together with the *Spectacle de la Nature*; and in time recommend to their perusal *Rondoletius* and *Aldrovandus*.

IX. But how much soever the reason may be strengthened by *logick*, or the conceptions of the mind enlarged by the study of nature, it is necessary the man be not suffered to dwell upon them so long as to neglect the study of himself, the knowledge of his own station in the ranks of being, and his various relations to the innumerable multitudes which surround him, and with which his Maker has ordained him to be united for the reception and communication of happiness. To consider these aright is of the greatest importance, since from these arise duties which he cannot neglect. *Ethics*, or *morality*, therefore, is one of the studies which ought to begin with the first glimpse of reason, and only end with life itself. Other acquisitions are merely temporary benefits, except as they contribute to illustrate the knowledge, and confirm the practice of morality and piety, which extend their influence beyond the grave, and increase our happiness through endless duration.

This great science, therefore, must be inculcated with care and assiduity, such as its importance ought to incite in reasonable minds; and for the prosecution of this design, fit opportunities are always at hand. As the importance of *logick* is to be shown by detecting false arguments; the excellence of morality is to be displayed by proving the deformity, the reproach, and the misery of all deviations from it. Yet it is to be remembered,

that the laws of mere morality are no coercive power; and, however they may, by conviction of their fitness, please the reasoner in the shade, when the passions stagnate without impulse, and the appetites are secluded from their objects, they will be of little force against the ardour of desire, or vehemence of rage, amidst the pleasures and tumults of the world. To counteract the power of temptations, hope must be excited by the prospect of rewards, and fear by the expectation of punishment; and virtue may owe her panegyrics to morality, but must derive her authority from religion.

When therefore the obligations of morality are taught, let the sanctions of christianity never be forgotten; by which it will be shewn that they give strength and lustre to each other; religion will appear to be the voice of reason, and morality the will of God. Under this article must be recommended *Tully's Offices*, *Grotius*, *Puffendorf*, *Cumberland's Laws of Nature*, and the excellent *Mr. Addison's Moral and Religious Essays*.

X. Thus far the work is composed for the use of scholars, merely as they are men. But it was thought necessary to introduce something that might be particularly adapted to that country for which it is designed; and therefore a discourse has been added upon *trade and commerce*, of which it becomes every man of this nation to understand at least the general principles, as it is impossible that any should be high or low enough not to be in some degree affected by their declension or prosperity. It is therefore necessary that it should be universally known among us, what changes of property are advantageous, or when the balance of trade is on our side; what are the products or manufactures of other countries; and how far one nation may in any species of traffick obtain or preserve superiority over another. The theory of trade is yet but little understood, and therefore the practice is often without real advantage to the publick; but it might be carried on with more general success, if its principles were better considered: and to excite that attention is our chief design. To the perusal of this book may succeed that of *Moss upon Foreign Trade*, *Sir Josiah Child*, *Locke upon Coins*, *Duncan*

ant's Treatises, the *British Merchant*, *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, and, for an abstract or compendium, *Ges*, and an improvement that may hereafter be made upon his plan.

XI. The principles of *laws* and *government* come next to be considered; by which men are taught to whom obedience is due, for what it is paid, and in what degree it may be justly required. This knowledge, by peculiar necessity, constitutes a part of the education of an *Englishman*, who professes to obey his prince, according to the law, and who is himself a secondary legislator, as he gives his consent, by his representative, to all the laws by which he is bound, and has a right to petition the great council of the nation, whenever he thinks they are deliberating upon an act detrimental to the interest of the community. This is therefore a subject to which the thoughts of a young man ought to be directed; and that he may obtain such knowledge as may qualify him to act and judge as one of a free people, let him be directed to add to this introduction; *Fortescue's Treatises*, *N. Bacon's Historical Discourse on the Laws and Government of England*, *Temple's Introduction*, *Locke on Government*, *Zouch's Elementa Juris Civilis*, *Plato Redivivus*, *Gurdon's History of Parliament*, and *Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*.

XII. Having thus supplied the young student with knowledge, it remains now that he learns its application; and that thus qualified to act his part, he be at last taught to choose it. For this purpose a section is added upon *human life and manners*; in which he is cautioned against the danger of indulging his *passions*, of vitiating his *habits*, and depraving his *sentiments*. He is instructed in these points by three fables, two of which were of the highest authority in the ancient *Pagan* world. But at this he is not to rest; for if he expects to be wise and happy, he must diligently study the *SCRIPTURES* of *GOD*.

Such is the book now proposed, as the first initiation into the knowledge of things, which has been thought by many to be too long delayed in the present forms of education. Whether the complaints be not often ill-grounded, may perhaps be disputed; but it is at least

reasonable to believe, that greater proficiency might sometimes be made ; that real knowledge might be more early communicated ; and that children might be allowed, without injury to health, to spend many of those hours upon useful employments, which are generally lost in idleness and play ; therefore the publick will surely encourage an experiment, by which, if it fails, nobody is hurt ; and if it succeeds, all the future ages of the world may find advantage ; which may eradicate or prevent vice, by turning to a better use those moments in which it is learned or indulged ; and in some sense lengthen life, by teaching posterity to enjoy those years which have hitherto been lost. The success, and even the trial of this experiment, will depend upon those to whom the care of our youth is committed ; and a due sense of the importance of their trust will easily prevail upon them to encourage a work which pursues the design of improving education. If any part of the following performance shall upon trial be found capable of amendment ; if any thing can be added or altered, so as to render the attainment of knowledge more easy ; the Editor will be extremely obliged to any gentleman, particularly those who are engaged in the business of teaching, for such hints or observations as may tend towards the improvement of this book, and will spare neither expense nor trouble in making the best use of their information.



P R E F A C E  
TO  
ROLT'S DICTIONARY.\*

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No expectation is more fallacious than that which authors form of the reception which their labours will find among mankind. Scarcely any man publishes a book, whatever it be, without believing that he has caught the moment when the publick attention is vacant to his call, and the world is disposed in a particular manner to learn the art which he undertakes to teach.

The writers of this volume are not so far exempt from epidemical prejudices, but that they likewise please themselves with imagining, that they have reserved their labours to a propitious conjuncture, and that this is the proper time for the publication of a Dictionary of Commerce.

The predictions of an author are very far from infallibility ; but in justification of some degree of confidence it may be properly observed, that there was never from the earliest ages a time in which trade so much engaged the attention of mankind, or commercial gain was sought with such general emulation. Nations which have hitherto cultivated no art but that of war, nor conceived any means of increasing riches but by plunder, are awakened to more inoffensive industry. Those whom the possession of subterraneous treasures have long disposed to accommodate themselves by foreign industry, are at last convinced that idleness never will be rich. The merchant is now invited to every port, manufactures are established in all cities, and princes who just can view the sea from some single corner of their dominions, are enlarging harbours, erecting mercantile companies, and preparing to traffick in the remotest countries.

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\* A new Dictionary of Trade and Commerce, compiled from the Information of the most eminent Merchants, and from the Works of the best Writers on Commercial Subjects in all Languages, by Mr. Rolt. Folio, 1757.

Nor is the form of this work less popular than the subject. It has lately been the practice of the learned to range knowledge by the alphabet, and publish dictionaries of every kind of literature. This practice has perhaps been carried too far by the force of fashion. Sciences, in themselves systematical and coherent, are not very properly broken into such fortuitous distributions. A dictionary of arithmetick or geometry can serve only to confound: but commerce, considered in its whole extent, seems to refuse any other method of arrangement, as it comprises innumerable particulars unconnected with each other, among which there is no reason why any should be first or last, better than is furnished by the letters that compose their names.

We cannot indeed boast ourselves the inventors of a scheme so commodious and comprehensive. The *French*, among innumerable projects for the promotion of traffick, have taken care to supply their merchants with a *Dictionnaire de Commerce*, collected with great industry and exactness, but too large for common use, and adapted to their own trade. This book, as well as others, has been carefully consulted, that our merchants may not be ignorant of any thing known by their enemies or rivals.

Such, indeed, is the extent of our undertaking, that it was necessary to solicit every information, to consult the living and the dead. The great qualification of him that attempts a work thus general, is diligence of inquiry. No man has opportunity or ability to acquaint himself with all the subjects of a commercial dictionary, so as to describe from his own knowledge, or assert on his own experience. He must therefore often depend upon the veracity of others, as every man depends in common life, and have no other skill to boast than that of selecting judiciously, and arranging properly.

But to him who considers the extent of our subject, limited only by the bounds of nature and of art, the task of selection and method will appear sufficient to overburden industry, and distract attention. Many branches of commerce are subdivided into smaller and smaller parts, till at last they become so minute as not easily to be noted by observation. Many interests are so woven among each other as not to be disentangled without long

inquiry; many arts are industriously kept secret, and many practices necessary to be known, are carried on in parts too remote for intelligence.

But the knowledge of trade is of so much importance to a maritime nation, that no labour can be thought great by which information may be obtained; and therefore we hope the reader will not have reason to complain, that, of what he might justly expect to find, any thing is omitted.

To give a detail or analysis of our work is very difficult; a volume intended to contain whatever is requisite to be known by every trader, necessarily becomes so miscellaneous and unconnected as not to be easily reducible to heads; yet, since we pretend in some measure to treat of traffick as a science, and to make that regular and systematical which has hitherto been to a great degree fortuitous and conjectural, and has often succeeded by chance rather than by conduct, it will be proper to show that a distribution of parts has been attempted, which, though rude and inadequate, will at least preserve some order, and enable the mind to take a methodical and successive view of this design.

In the dictionary which we here offer to the publick, we propose to exhibit the *materiale*, the *places*, and the *means* of traffick.

The *materiale* or subjects of traffick are *whatever is bought and sold*, and include therefore every manufacture of art, and almost every production of nature.

In giving an account of the commodities of nature, whether those which are to be used in their original state, as drugs and spices, or those which become useful when they receive a new form from human art, as flax, cotton, and metals, we shall show the places of their production, the manner in which they grow, the art of cultivating or collecting them, their discriminations and varieties, by which the best sorts are known from the worse, and genuine from fictitious, the arts by which they are counterfeited, the casualties by which they are impaired, and the practices by which the damage is palliated or concealed. We shall likewise show their virtues and uses, and trace them through all the changes which they undergo.

The history of manufactures is likewise delivered. Of every artificial commodity, the manner in which it is made is in some measure described, though it must be remembered, that manual operations are scarce to be conveyed by any words to him that has not seen them. Some general notions may however be afforded: it is easy to comprehend, that plates of iron are formed by the pressure of rollers, and bars by the strokes of a hammer; that a cannon is cast, and that an anvil is forged. But as it is to most traders of more use to know when their goods are well wrought, than by what means, care has been taken to name the places where every manufacture has been carried furthest, and the marks by which its excellency may be ascertained.

By the *places of Trade* are understood all ports, cities, or towns, where staples are established, manufactures are wrought, or any commodities are bought and sold advantageously. This part of our work includes an enumeration of almost all the remarkable places in the world, with such an account of their situation, customs, and products, as the merchant would require, who being to begin a new trade in any foreign country, was yet ignorant of the commodities of the place, and the manners of the inhabitants.

But the chief attention of the merchant, and consequently of the author who writes for merchants, ought to be employed upon the *means* of trade, which include all the knowledge and practice necessary to the skillful and successful conduct of commerce.

The first of the means of trade is proper education, which may confer a competent skill in numbers; to be afterwards completed in the counting-house, by observation of the manner of stating accounts, and regulating books, which is one of the few arts which having been studied in proportion to its importance, is carried as far as use can require. The counting-house of an accomplished merchant is a school of method, where the great science may be learned of ranging particulars under generals, of bringing the different parts of a transaction together, and of showing at one view a long series of dealing and exchange. Let no man venture into large business while he is ignorant of the method of regulating

books; never let him imagine that any degree of natural abilities will enable him to supply this deficiency, or preserve multiplicity of affairs from inextricable confusion.

This is the study, without which all other studies will be of little avail; but this alone is not sufficient. It will be necessary to learn many other things, which however may be easily included in the preparatory institutions, such as an exact knowledge of the *weights* and *measures* of different countries, and some skill in geography and navigation, with which this book may perhaps sufficiently supply him.

In navigation, considered as part of the skill of a merchant, is included not so much the art of steering a ship, as the knowledge of the sea-coast, and of the different parts to which his cargoes are sent; the customs to be paid; the passes, permissions, or certificates to be procured; the hazards of every voyage, and the true rate of insurance. To this must be added, an acquaintance with the policies and arts of other nations, as well those to whom the commodities are sold, as of those who carry goods of the same kind to the same market; and who are therefore to be watched as rivals endeavouring to take advantage of every error, miscarriage, or debate.

The chief of the *means* of trade is *money*, of which our late refinements in traffick have made the knowledge extremely difficult. The merchant must not only inform himself of the various denominations and value of foreign coins, together with their method of counting and reducing; such as the millrees of *Portugal*, and the livres of *France*; but he must learn what is of more difficult attainment; the discount of exchanges, the nature of current paper, the principles upon which the several banks of *Europe* are established, the real value of funds, the true credit of trading companies, with all the sources of profit, and possibilities of loss.

All this he must learn merely as a private dealer, attentive only to his own advantage; but as every man ought to consider himself as part of the community to which he belongs, and while he prosecutes his own interest to promote likewise that of his country, it is ne-

cessary for the trader to look abroad upon mankind, and study many questions which are perhaps more properly political than mercantile.

He ought therefore to consider very accurately the balance of trade, or the proportion between things exported and imported; to examine what kinds of commerce are unlawful, either as being expressly prohibited, because detrimental to the manufactures or other interest of his country, as the exportation of silver to the *East Indies*, and the introduction of *French* commodities; or unlawful in itself, as the traffick for negroes. He ought to be able to state with accuracy the benefits and mischiefs of monopolies, and exclusive companies; to inquire into the arts which have been practised by them to make themselves necessary, or by their opponents to make them odious. He should inform himself what trades are declining, and what are improveable; when the advantage is on our side, and when on that of our rivals.

The state of our *colonies* is always to be diligently surveyed, that no advantage may be lost which they can afford, and that every opportunity may be improved of increasing their wealth and power, or of making them useful to their mother country.

There is no knowledge of more frequent use than that of duties and impost, whether customs paid at the ports, or excises levied upon the manufacturer. Much of the prosperity of a trading nation depends upon duties properly apportioned; so that what is necessary may continue cheap, and what is of use only to luxury may in some measure atone to the publick for the mischief done to individuals. Duties may often be so regulated as to become useful even to those that pay them; and they may be likewise so unequally imposed as to discourage honesty, and depress industry, and give temptation to fraud and unlawful practices.

To teach all this is the design of the Commercial Dictionary; which, though immediately and primarily written for the merchants, will be of use to every man of business or curiosity. There is no man who is not in some degree a merchant, who has not something to buy and something to sell, and who does not therefore want

such instructions as may teach him the true value of possessions or commodities.

The descriptions of the productions of the earth and water, which this volume will contain, may be equally pleasing and useful to the speculatist with any other natural history; and the accounts of various manufactures will constitute no contemptible body of experimental philosophy. The descriptions of ports and cities may instruct the geographer as well as if they were found in books appropriated only to his own science; and the doctrines of funds, insurances, currency, monopolies, exchanges, and duties, is so necessary to the politician, that without it he can be of no use either in the council or the senate, nor can speak or think justly either on war or trade.

We therefore hope that we shall not repent the labour of compiling this work; nor flatter ourselves unreasonably, in predicting a favourable reception to a book which no condition of life can render useless, which may contribute to the advantage of all that make or receive laws, of all that buy or sell, of all that wish to keep or improve their possessions, of all that desire to be rich, and all that desire to be wise.\*

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\* Of this preface, Mr. *Boswell* informs us that Dr. *Johnson* said he never saw *Rollt*, and never read the book. "The Booksellers wanted a preface to a Dictionary of Trade and Commerce. I knew very well what such a Dictionary should be, and I wrote a preface accordingly." This may be believed; but the book is a most wretched farrago of articles plundered without acknowledgment, or judgment, which, indeed, was the case with most of *Rollt's* compilations. C.

PREFACE TO THE TRANSLATION  
OF  
FATHER LOBO'S VOYAGE  
TO ABYSSINIA.

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THE following relation is so curious and entertaining, and the dissertations that accompany it so judicious and instructive, that the translator is confident his attempt stands in need of no apology, whatever censures may fall on the performance.

The *Portuguese* traveller, contrary to the general vein of his countrymen, has amused his reader with no romantick absurdities or incredible fictions: whatever he relates, whether true or not, is at least probable; and he who tells nothing exceeding the bounds of probability, has a right to demand that they should believe him who cannot contradict him.

He appears by his modest and unaffected narration, to have described things as he saw them, to have copied nature from the life, and to have consulted his senses, not his imagination. He meets with no basilisks that destroy with their eyes; his crocodiles devour their prey without tears; and his cataracts fall from the rock without deafening the neighbouring inhabitants.

The reader will here find no regions cursed with irremediable barrenness, or blest with spontaneous fecundity; no perpetual gloom or unceasing sunshine; nor are the nations here described either devoid of all sense of humanity, or consummate in all private and social virtues; here are no *Hottentots* without religion, polity, or articulate language; no *Chinese* perfectly polite, and completely skilled in all sciences: he will discover what will always be discovered by a diligent and impartial inquirer, that wherever human nature is to be found, there is a mixture of vice and virtue, a contest of passion and reason; and that the Creator doth not appear partial in his distributions, but has balanced in most



countries their particular inconveniencies by particular favours.

In his account of the mission, where his veracity is most to be suspected, he neither exaggerates overmuch the merits of the Jesuits, if we consider the partial regard paid by the *Portuguese* to their countrymen, by the Jesuits to their society, and by the papists to their church, nor aggravates the vices of the *Abyssinians*; but if the reader will not be satisfied with a popish account of a popish mission, he may have recourse to the History of the Church of *Abyssinia*, written by Dr. *Geddes*, in which he will find the actions and sufferings of the missionaries placed in a different light, though the same in which Mr. *Le Grand*, with all his zeal for the *Roman* church, appears to have seen them.

This learned dissertator, however valuable for his industry and erudition, is yet more to be esteemed for having dared so freely in the midst of *France*, to declare his disapprobation of the patriarch *Oviedo's* sanguinary zeal, who was continually importuning the *Portuguese* to beat up their drums for missionaries who might preach the gospel with swords in their hands, and propagate by desolation and slaughter the true worship of the God of peace.

It is not easy to forbear reflecting with how little reason these men profess themselves the followers of JESUS, who left this great characteristic to his disciples, that they should be known by loving one another, by universal and unbounded charity and benevolence.

Let us suppose an inhabitant of some remote and superior region, yet unskilled in the ways of men, having read and considered the precepts of the gospel, and the example of our Saviour, to come down in search of the true church; if he would not inquire after it among the cruel, the insolent, and the oppressive; among those who are continually grasping at dominion over souls as well as bodies; among those who are employed in procuring to themselves impunity for the most enormous villanies, and studying methods of destroying their fellow-creatures, not for their crimes but their errors; if he would not expect to meet benevolence engage in massacres, or to find mercy in a court of inquisition—

he would not look for the *true church* in the church of *Rome*.

Mr. *Le Grand* has given in one dissertation an example of great moderation, in deviating from the temper of his religion; but in the others has left proofs, that learning and honesty are often too weak to oppose prejudice. He has made no scruple of preferring the testimony of father *Du Bernat* to the writings of all the *Portuguese* Jesuits, to whom he allows great zeal, but little learning, without giving any other reason than that his favourite was a *Frenchman*. This is writing only to *Frenchmen* and to papists: a protestant would be desirous to know, why he must imagine that father *Du Bernat* had a cooler head or more knowledge, and why one man, whose account is singular, is not more likely to be mistaken than many agreeing in the same account.

If the *Portuguese* were biassed by any particular views, another bias equally powerful may have deflected the *Frenchman* from the truth; for they evidently write with contrary designs: the *Portuguese*, to make their mission seem more necessary, endeavoured to place in the strongest light the differences between the *Abysinian* and *Roman* church; but the great *Ludolfus*, laying hold on the advantage, reduced these later writers to prove their conformity.

Upon the whole, the controversy seems of no great importance to those who believe the Holy Scriptures sufficient to teach the way of salvation; but, of whatever moment it may be thought, there are no proofs sufficient to decide it.

His discourses on indifferent subjects will divert as well as instruct; and if either in these, or in the relation of father *Lobo*, any argument shall appear unconvincing, or description obscure, they are defects incident to all mankind, which however are not rashly to be imputed to the authors, being sometimes perhaps more justly chargeable on the translator.

In this translation (if it may be so called) great liberties have been taken, which, whether justifiable or not, shall be fairly confessed, and let the judicious part of mankind pardon or condemn them.

In the first part the greatest freedom has been used, in reducing the narration into a narrow compass; so that it

is by no means a translation, but an epitome, in which, whether every thing either useful or entertaining be comprised, the compiler is least qualified to determine.

In the account of *Abyssinia*, and the continuation, the authors have been followed with more exactness; and as few passages appeared, either insignificant or tedious, few have been either shortened or omitted.

The dissertations are the only part in which an exact translation has been attempted; and even in those, abstracts are sometimes given instead of literal quotations, particularly in the first; and sometimes other parts have been contracted.

Several memorials and letters, which are printed at the end of the dissertations, to secure the credit of the foregoing narrative, are entirely left out.

It is hoped that after this confession, whoever shall compare this attempt with the original, if he shall find no proofs of fraud or partiality, will candidly overlook any failure of judgment.

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## PRELIMINARY DISCOURSE

TO THE

# LONDON CHRONICLE,

JANUARY 1, 1757.\*

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It has always been lamented, that of the little time allotted to man, much must be spent upon superfluities. Every prospect has its obstructions, which we must break to enlarge our view: every step of our progress

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\* Dr. Johnson received the humble reward of a guinea from Mr. Dodsley for this composition. C.

finds impediments, which, however eager to go forward, we must stop to remove. Even those who profess to teach the way to happiness, have multiplied our encumbrances, and the author of almost every book retards his instructions by a preface.

The writers of the Chronicle hope to be easily forgiven, though they should not be free from an infection that has seized the whole fraternity, and instead of falling immediately to their subjects, should detain the Reader for a time with an account of the importance of their design, the extent of their plan, and the accuracy of the method which they intend to prosecute. Such premonitions, though not always necessary when the Reader has the book complete in his hand, and may find by his own eyes whatever can be found in it, yet may be more easily allowed to works published gradually in successive parts, of which the scheme can only be so far known as the author shall think fit to discover it.

The Paper which we now invite the Publick to add to the Papers with which it is already rather wearied than satisfied, consists of many parts; some of which it has in common with other periodical sheets, and some peculiar to itself.

The first demand made by the reader of a journal is, that he should find an accurate account of foreign transactions and domestick incidents. This is always expected, but this is very rarely performed. Of those writers who have taken upon themselves the task of intelligence, some have given and others have sold their abilities, whether small or great, to one or other of the parties that divide us; and without a wish for truth or thought of decency, without care of any other reputation than that of a stubborn adherence to their abettors, carry on the same tenour of representation through all the vicissitudes of right and wrong, neither depressed by detection, nor abashed by confutation, proud of the hourly increase of infamy, and ready to boast of all the contumelies that falsehood and slander may bring upon them, as new proofs of their zeal and fidelity.

With these heroes we have no ambition to be numbered; we leave to the confessors of faction the merit of

their sufferings, and are desirous to shelter ourselves under the protection of truth. That all our facts will be authentick, or all our remarks just, we dare not venture to promise: we can relate but what we hear, we can point out but what we see. Of remote transactions, the first accounts are always confused, and commonly exaggerated: and in domestick affairs, if the power to conceal is less, the interest to misrepresent is often greater; and what is sufficiently vexatious, truth seems to fly from curiosity, and as many enquiries produce many narratives, whatever engages the public attention is immediately disguised by the embellishments of fiction. We pretend to no peculiar power of disentangling contradiction or denuding forgery; we have no settled correspondence with the Antipodes, nor maintain any spies in the cabinets of princes. But as we shall always be conscious that our mistakes are involuntary, we shall watch the gradual discoveries of time, and retract whatever we have hastily and erroneously advanced.

In the narratives of the daily writers every reader perceives somewhat of neatness and purity wanting, which at the first view it seems easy to supply; but it must be considered, that those passages must be written in haste, and that there is often no other choice but that they must want either novelty or accuracy; and that as life is very uniform, the affairs of one week are so like those of another, that by any attempt after variety of expression, invention would soon be wearied, and language exhausted. Some improvements however we hope to make; and for the rest, we think that when we commit only common faults, we shall not be excluded from common indulgence.

The accounts of prices of corn and stocks are to most of our Readers of more importance than narratives of greater sound; and as exactness is here within the reach of diligence, our readers may justly require it from us.

Memorials of a private and personal kind, which relate deaths, marriages, and preferments, must always be imperfect by omission, and often erroneous by misinformation; but even in these there shall not be wanting care to avoid mistakes, or to rectify them whenever they shall be found.

That part of our work, by which it is distinguished from all others, is the literary journal, or account of the labours and productions of the learned. This was for a long time among the deficiencies of *English* literature; but as the caprice of man is always starting from too little to too much, we have now amongst other disturbers of human quiet, a numerous body of reviewers and remarkers.

Every art is improved by the emulation of competitors; those who make no advances towards excellence, may stand as warnings against faults. We shall endeavour to avoid that petulance which treats with contempt whatever has hitherto been reputed sacred. We shall repress that elation of malignity, which wantons in the cruelties of criticism, and not only murders reputation, but murders it by torture. Whenever we feel ourselves ignorant, we shall at least be modest. Our intention is not to preoccupy judgment by praise or censure, but to gratify curiosity by early intelligence, and to tell rather what our authors have attempted, than what they have performed. The titles of books are necessarily short, and therefore disclose but imperfectly the contents; they are sometimes fraudulent and intended to raise false expectations. In our account this brevity will be extended, and these frauds, whenever they are detected, will be exposed; for though we write without intention to injure, we shall not suffer ourselves to be made parties to deceit.

If any author shall transmit a summary of his work, we shall willingly receive it; if any literary anecdote, or curious observation, shall be communicated to us, we will carefully insert it. Many facts are known and forgotten, many observations are made and suppressed; and entertainment and instruction are frequently lost, for want of a repository in which they may be conveniently preserved.

No man can modestly promise what he cannot ascertain: we hope for the praise of knowledge and discernment, but we claim only that of diligence and candour.

# INTRODUCTION

TO THE

## WORLD DISPLAYED.\*

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NAVIGATION, like other arts has been perfected by degrees. It is not easy to conceive that any age or nation was without some vessel, in which rivers might be passed by travellers, or lakes frequented by fishermen; but we have no knowledge of any ship that could endure the violence of the ocean before the ark of *Noah*.

As the tradition of the deluge has been transmitted to almost all the nations of the earth; it must be supposed that the memory of the means by which *Noah* and his family were preserved, would be continued long among their descendants, and that the possibility of passing the seas could never be doubted.

What men know to be practicable, a thousand motives will incite them to try; and there is reason to believe, that from the time that the generations of the postdiluvian spread to the sea shores, there were always navigators that ventured upon the sea, though, perhaps, not willingly beyond the sight of land.

Of the ancient voyages little certain is known, and it is not necessary to lay before the Reader such conjectures as learned men have offered to the world. The *Romans* by conquering *Carthage*, put a stop to great part of the trade of distant nations with one another, and because they thought only on war and conquest, as their empire increased, commerce was discouraged; till under the latter emperors, ships seem to have been of little other use than to transport soldiers.

Navigation could not be carried to any great degree of certainty without the compass, which was unknown

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\* A collection of Voyages and Travels, selected from the writers of all nations, in twenty small pocket volumes, and published by *Newbery*; to oblige whom, it is conjectured that *Johnson* drew up this curious and learned paper, which appeared in the first vol. 1759.

to the ancients. The wonderful quality by which a needle or small bar of steel, touched with a loadstone or magnet, and turning freely by equilibration on a point, always preserves the meridian, and directs its two ends north and south, was discovered, according to common opinion, in 1299, by *John Gola*, of *Amalfi*, in *Italy*.

From this time it is reasonable to suppose that navigation made continual, though slow improvements, which the confusion and barbarity of the times, and the want of communication between orders of men so distant as sailors and monks, hindered from being distinctly and successively recorded.

It seems, however, that the sailors still wanted either knowledge or courage, for they continued for two centuries to creep along the coast, and considered every headland as unpassable which ran far into the sea, and against which the waves broke with uncommon agitation.

The first who is known to have formed the design of new discoveries, or the first who had power to execute his purposes, was *Don Henry* the fifth, son of *John*, the first king of *Portugal*, and *Philippina*, sister of *Henry* the fourth of *England*. *Don Henry* having attended his father to the conquest of *Ceuta*; obtained by conversation with the inhabitants of the continent, some accounts of the interior kingdoms and southern coast of *Africa*; which, though rude and indistinct, were sufficient to raise his curiosity, and convince him, that there were countries yet unknown and worthy of discovery.

He therefore equipped some small vessels, and commanded that they should pass as far as they could along that coast of *Africa* which looked upon the great *Atlantic* ocean, the immensity of which struck the gross and unskilful navigators of those times with terror and amazement. He was not able to communicate his own ardour to his seamen, who proceeded very slowly in the new attempt; each was afraid to venture much farther than he that went before him, and ten years were spent before they had advanced beyond cape *Bajador*, so called from its progression into the ocean, and the circuit by which it must be doubled. The opposition of this promontory to the course of the sea, produced a violent current and high waves, into which they durst not venture, and



which they had not yet knowledge enough to avoid by standing off from the land into the open sea.

The prince was desirous to know something of the countries that lay beyond this formidable cape, and sent two commanders, named *John Gonzales Zarco*, and *Tristan Vaz*, in 1418, to pass beyond *Bajador*, and survey the coast behind it. They were caught by a tempest, which drove them out into the unknown ocean, where they expected to perish by the violence of the wind, or perhaps to wander for ever in the boundless deep. At last, in the midst of their despair, they found a small island, where they sheltered themselves, and which the sense of their deliverance disposed them to call *Puerto Santo*, or the *Holy Haven*.

When they returned with an account of this new island, *Henry* performed a publick act of thanksgiving, and sent them again with seeds and cattle; and we are told by the *Spanish* historian, that they set two rabbits on shore, which increased so much in a few years, that they drove away the inhabitants, by destroying their corn and plants, and were suffered to enjoy the island without opposition.

In the second or third voyage to *Puerto Santo* (for authors do not agree which); a third captain, called *Pello*, was joined to the two former. As they looked round the island upon the ocean, they saw at a distance something which they took for a cloud, till they perceived that it did not change its place. They directed their course towards it, and, in 1419, discovered another island covered with trees, which they therefore called *Madera*, or the *Isle of Wood*.

*Madera* was given to *Vaz* or *Zarco*, who set fire to the woods, which are reported by *Souza* to have burnt for seven years together, and to have been wasted, till want of wood was the greatest inconveniency of the place. But green wood is not very apt to burn, and the heavy rains which fall in these countries must surely have extinguished the conflagration, were it ever so violent.

There was yet little progress made upon the southern coast, and *Henry's* project was treated as chimerical by many of his countrymen. At last *Gilanes*, in 1488, passed the dreadful cape, to which he gave the name of *Bajador*, and came back to the wonder of the nation.

In two voyages more, made in the two following years, they passed forty-two leagues farther, and in the latter, two men with horses being set on shore, wandered over the country, and found nineteen men, whom, according to the savage manners of that age, they attacked, the natives having javelins, wounded one of the *Portuguese*, and received some wounds from them. At the mouth of a river they found sea-wolves in great numbers, and brought home many of their skins, which were much esteemed.

*Antonio Gonzales*, who had been one of the associates of *Gilianes*, was sent again in 1440, to bring back a cargo of the skins of sea-wolves. He was followed in another ship by *Nunno Tristam*. They were now of strength sufficient to venture upon violence; they therefore landed, and without either right or provocation, made all whom they seized their prisoners, and brought them to *Portugal*, with great commendations both from the prince and the nation.

*Henry* now began to please himself with the success of his projects, and as one of his purposes was the conversion of infidels, he thought it necessary to impart his undertaking to the Pope, and to obtain the sanction of ecclesiastical authority. To this end *Fernando Lopez d'Azevedo* was dispatched to *Rome*, who related to the Pope and cardinals the great designs of *Henry*, and magnified his zeal for the propagation of religion. The pope was pleased with the narrative, and by a formal bull, conferred upon the crown of *Portugal* all the countries which should be discovered as far as *India*, together with *India* itself, and granted several privileges and indulgencies to the churches which *Henry* had built in his new regions, and to the men engaged in the navigation for discovery. By this bull all other princes were forbidden to encroach upon the conquests of the *Portuguese*, on pain of the censures incurred by the crime of usurpation.

The approbation of the Pope, the sight of men whose manners and appearance were so different from those of *Europeans*, and the hope of gain from golden regions, which has been always the great incentive to hazard and discovery, now began to operate with full force. The desire of riches and of dominion, which is yet more

pleasing to the fancy, filled the courts of the *Portuguese* prince with innumerable adventurers from very distant parts of *Europe*. Some wanted to be employed in the search after new countries, and some to be settled in those which had been already found.

Communities now began to be animated by the spirit of enterprise, and many associations were formed for the equipment of ships, and the acquisition of the riches of distant regions, which perhaps were always supposed to be more wealthy, as more remote. These undertakers agreed to pay the prince a fifth part of the profit, sometimes a greater share, and sent out the armament at their own expense.

The city of *Lagos* was the first that carried on this design by contribution. The inhabitants fitted out six vessels, under the command of *Lucarot*, one of the prince's household, and soon after fourteen more were furnished for the same purpose, under the same commander; to those were added many belonging to private men, so that in a short time twenty-six ships put to sea in quest of whatever fortune should present.

The ships of *Lagos* were soon separated by foul weather, and the rest, taking each its own course, stopped at different parts of the *African* coast, from *Cape Blanco* to *Cape Verd*. Some of them, in 1444, anchored at *Gomera*, one of the *Canaries*, where they were kindly treated by the inhabitants, who took them into their service against the people of the isle of *Palma*, with whom they were at war; but the *Portuguese* at their return to *Gomera*, not being made so rich as they expected, fell upon their friends, in contempt of all the laws of hospitality and stipulations of alliance, and, making several of them prisoners and slaves, set sail for *Lisbon*.

The *Canaries* are supposed to have been known, however imperfectly, to the ancients; but in the confusion of the subsequent ages they were lost and forgotten, till about the year 1340, the *Biscayners* found *Lucarot*, and invading it (for to find a new country and invade it has always been the same), brought away seventy captives, and some commodities of the place. *Louis de la Cerda*, count of *Clermont*, of the blood royal both of *France* and *Spain*, nephew of *John de la Cerda*, who called himself

the Prince of Fortune, had once a mind to settle in those islands, and applying himself first to the king of *Arragon*, and then to *Clement VI.* was by the pope crowned at *Avignon*, king of the *Canaries*, on condition that he should reduce them to the true religion; but the prince altered his mind, and went into *France* to serve against the *English*. The kings both of *Castile* and *Portugal*, though they did not oppose the papal grant, yet complained of it, as made without their knowledge, and in contravention of their rights.

The first settlement in the *Canaries* was made by *John de Betancour*, a *French* gentleman, for whom his kinsman, *Robin de Braquemont*, admiral of *France*, begged them, with the title of King, from *Henry* the magnificent of *Castile*, to whom he had done eminent services. *John* made himself master of some of the isles, but could never conquer the grand *Canary*; and having spent all that he had, went back to *Europe*, leaving his nephew, *Massiot de Betancour*, to take care of his new dominion. *Massiot* had a quarrel with the vicar-general, and was likewise disgusted by the long absence of his uncle, whom the *French* king detained in his service, and being able to keep his ground no longer, he transferred his rights to *Don Henry*, in exchange for some districts in the *Madera*, where he settled his family.

*Don Henry*, when he had purchased those islands, sent thither in 1424, two thousand five hundred foot, and an hundred and twenty horse; but the army was too numerous to be maintained by the country. The king of *Castile* afterwards claimed them, as conquered by his subjects under *Betancour*, and held under the crown of *Castile* by fealty and homage; his claim was allowed, and the *Canaries* were resigned.

It was the constant practice of *Henry's* navigators, when they stopped at a desert island, to land cattle upon it, and leave them to breed, where, neither wanting room nor food, they multiplied very fast, and furnished a very commodious supply to those who came afterwards to the same place. This was imitated in some degree by *Anson*, at the isle of *Juan Fernandez*.

The islands of *Madera*, he not only filled with inhabitants, assisted by artificers of every kind, but procured

such plants as seemed likely to flourish in that climate, and introduced sugar canes and vines, which afterwards produced a very large revenue.

The trade of *Africa* now began to be profitable, but a great part of the gain arose from the sale of slaves, who were annually brought into *Portugal*, by hundreds, as *Lafites* relates, and without any appearance of indignation or compassion; they likewise imported gold dust in such quantities, that *Alphonsus V.* coined it into a new species of money, called *Crusades*, which is still continued in *Portugal*.

In time they made their way along the south coast of *Africa*, eastward to the country of the negroes, whom they found living in tents, without any political institutions, supporting life with very little labour, by the milk of their kine, and millet, to which those who inhabited the coast added fish dried in the sun. Having never seen the natives or heard of the arts of *Europe*, they gazed with astonishment on the ships when they approached their coasts, sometimes thinking them birds, and sometimes fishes, according as their sails were spread or lowered; and sometimes conceiving them to be only phantoms which played to and fro in the ocean. Such is the account given by the historian, perhaps with too much prejudice against a negro's understanding; who, though he might well wonder at the bulk and swiftness of the first ship, would scarcely conceive it to be either a bird or a fish; but having seen many bodies floating in the water, would think it what it really is, a large boat; and if he had no knowledge of any means by which separate pieces of timber may be joined together, would form very wild notions concerning its construction, or perhaps suppose it to be a hollow trunk of a tree from some country where trees grow to a much greater height and thickness than in his own.

When the *Portuguese* came to land, they increased the astonishment of the poor inhabitants, who saw men clad in iron, with thunder and lightning in their hands. They did not understand each other, and signs are a very imperfect mode of communication, even to men of some knowledge than the negroes, so that they could not easily negotiate or traffick: at last the *Portuguese* laid hands

on some of them to carry them home for a sample ; and their dread and amazement was raised, says *La Fitau*, to the highest pitch, when the *Europeans* fired their cannons and muskets among them, and they saw their companions fall dead at their feet, without any enemy at hand, or any visible cause of their destruction.

On what occasion, or for what purpose, cannons and muskets were discharged among a people harmless and secure, by strangers who without any right visited their coast, it is not thought necessary to inform us. The *Portuguese* could fear nothing from them, and had therefore no adequate provocation ; nor is there any reason to believe but that they murdered the negroes in wanton merriment, perhaps only to try how many a volley would destroy, or what would be the consternation of those that should escape. We are openly told, that they had the less scruple concerning their treatment of the savage people, because they scarcely considered them as distinct from beast ; and indeed the practices of all the *European* nations, and among others of the *English* barbarians that cultivate the southern islands of *America*, proves, that this opinion, however absurd and foolish, however wicked and injurious, still continues to prevail. Interest and pride harden the heart, and it is in vain to dispute against avarice and power.

By these practices the first discoverers alienated the natives from them ; and whenever a ship appeared, every one that could fly betook himself to the mountains and the woods, so that nothing was to be got more than they could steal : they sometimes surprised a few fishers, and made them slaves, and did what they could to offend the negroes, and enrich themselves. This practice of robbery continued till some of the negroes who had been enslaved learned the language of *Portugal*, so as to be able to interpret for their countrymen, and one *John Fernandez* applied himself to the negro tongue.

From this time began something like a regular traffick, such as can subsist between nations where all the power is on one side ; and a factory was settled in the isle of *Arguin*, under the protection of a fort. The profit of this new trade was assigned for a certain term to

*Ferdinando Gomez*; which seems to be the common method of establishing a trade that is yet too small to engage the care of a nation, and can only be enlarged by that attention which is bestowed by private men upon private advantage. *Gomez* continued the discoveries to *Cape Catharine*, two degrees and a half beyond the line.

In the latter part of the reign of *Alphonso V.* the ardour of discovery was somewhat intermitted, and all commercial enterprises were interrupted by the wars in which he was engaged with various success. But *John II.* who succeeded, being fully convinced both of the honour and advantage of extending his dominions in countries hitherto unknown, prosecuted the designs of prince *Henry* with the utmost vigour, and in a short time added to his other titles, that of king of *Guinea* and of the coast of *Africa*.

In 1463, in the third year of the reign of *John II.* died prince *Henry*, the first encourager of remote navigation, by whose incitement, patronage, and example, distant nations have been made acquainted with each other, unknown countries have been brought into general view, and the power of *Europe* has been extended to the remotest parts of the world. What mankind has lost and gained by the genius and designs of this prince, it would be long to compare, and very difficult to estimate. Much knowledge has been acquired, and much cruelty been committed; the belief of religion has been very little propagated, and its laws have been outrageously and enormously violated. The *Europeans* have scarcely visited any coast, but to gratify avarice, and extend corruption; to arrogate dominion without right, and practice cruelty without incentive. Happy had it then been for the oppressed, if the designs of *Henry* had slept in his bosom, and surely more happy for the oppressors. But there is reason to hope that out of so much evil good may sometimes be produced; and that the light of the gospel will at last illuminate the sands of *Africa*, and the deserts of *America*, though its progress cannot but be slow, when it is so much obstructed by the lives of christians.

The death of *Henry* did not interrupt the progress of king *John*, who was very strict in his injunctions, not only to make discoveries, but to secure possession of the countries that were found. The practice of the first navigators was only to raise a cross upon the coast, and to carve upon trees the device of *Don Henry*, the name which they thought it proper to give to the new coast, and any other information, for those that might happen to follow them; but now they began to erect piles of stone with a cross on the top, and engraved on the stone the arms of *Portugal*, the name of the king, and of the commander of the ship, with the day and year of the discovery. This was accounted sufficient to prove their claim to the new lands; which might be pleaded with justice enough against any other *Europeans*, and the rights of the original inhabitants were never taken into notice. Of these stone records, nine more were erected in the reign of king *John*, along the coast of *Africa*, as far as the *Cape of Good Hope*.

The fortress in the isle of *Arguis* was finished, and it was found necessary to build another at *St. Georgio de la Mina*, a few degrees north of the line, to secure the trade of gold dust, which was chiefly carried on at that place. For this purpose a fleet was fitted out of ten large and three smaller vessels, freighted with materials for building the fort, and with provisions and ammunition for six hundred men, of whom one hundred were workmen and labourers. Father *Lafitau* relates, in very particular terms, that these ships carried hewn stones, bricks, and timber, for the fort, so that nothing remained but barely to erect it. He does not seem to consider how small a fort could be made out of the lading of ten ships.

The command of this fleet was given to *Don Diego d'Azambue*, who set sail *December 11, 1481*, and reaching *La Mina, January 19, 1482*, gave immediate notice of his arrival to *Caramansa*, a petty prince of that part of the country, whom he very earnestly invited to an immediate conference.

Having received a message of civility from the negro chief, he landed, and chose a rising ground, proper for his intended fortress, on which he planted a banner with



the arms of *Portugal*, and took possession in the name of his master. He then raised an altar at the foot of a great tree, on which mass was celebrated, the whole assembly, says *Laftas*, breaking out into tears of devotion at the prospect of inviting these barbarous nations to the profession of the true faith. Being secure of the goodness of the end, they had no scruple about the means, nor ever considered how differently from the primitive martyrs and apostles they were attempting to make proselytes. The first propagators of christianity recommended their doctrines by their sufferings and virtues; they entered no defenceless territories with swords in their hands; they built no forts upon ground to which they had no right, nor polluted the purity of religion with the avarice of trade, or insolence of power.

What may still raise higher the indignation of a christian mind, this purpose of propagating truth appears never to have been seriously pursued by any *European* nation; no means, whether lawful or unlawful, have been practised with diligence and perseverance for the conversion of savages. When a fort is built, and a factory established, there remains no other care than to grow rich. It is soon found that ignorance is most easily kept in subjection, and that by enlightening the mind with truth, fraud and usurpation would be made less practicable and less secure.

In a few days an interview was appointed between *Caramansa* and *Azambue*. The *Portuguese* uttered by his enterpreter a pompous speech, in which he made the negroe prince large offers of his master's friendship, exhorting him to embrace the religion of his new ally; and told him, that as they came to form a league of friendship with him, it was necessary that they should build a fort, which might serve as a retreat from their common enemies, and in which the *Portuguese* might be always at hand to lend him assistance.

The negroe, who seemed very well to understand what the admiral intended, after a short pause, returned an answer full of respect to the king of *Portugal*, but appeared a little doubtful what to determine with relation to the fort. The commander saw his diffidence, and used all his art of persuasion to overcome it. *Cara-*

masses, either induced by hope, or constrained by fear, either desirous to make them friends, or not daring to make them enemies, consented, with a show of joy, to that which it was not in his power to refuse; and the new comers began the next day to break the ground for a foundation of a fort.

Within the limit of their intended fortification were some spots appropriated to superstitious practices, which the negroes no sooner perceived in danger of violation by the spade and pickaxe, than they ran to arms, and began to interrupt the work. The *Portuguese* persisted in their purpose, and there had soon been tumult and bloodshed, had not the admiral, who was at a distance to superintend the unloading the materials for the edifice, been informed of the danger. He was told at the same time, that the support of their superstition was only a pretence, and that all their rage might be appeased by the presents which the prince expected, the delay of which had greatly offended him.

The *Portuguese* admiral immediately ran to his men, prohibited all violence, and stopped the commotion; he then brought out the presents, and spread them with great pomp before the prince; if they were of no great value, they were rare, for the negroes had never seen such wonders before; they were therefore received with ecstasy, and perhaps the *Portuguese* derided them for their fondness of trifles, without considering how many things derive their value only from their scarcity; and that gold and rubies would be trifles, if nature had scattered them with less frugality.

The work was now peaceably continued, and such was the diligence with which the strangers hastened to secure the possession of the country, that in twenty days they had sufficiently fortified themselves against the hostility of the negroes. They then proceeded to complete their design. A church was built in the place where the first altar had been raised, on which a mass was established to be celebrated for ever, once a day, for the repose of the soul of *Henry*, the first mover of these discoveries.

In this fort the admiral remained with sixty soldiers, and sent back the rest in the ships, with gold, slaves,

and other commodities. It may be observed that slaves were never forgotten, and that wherever they went, they gratified their pride, if not their avarice, and brought some of the natives, when it happened that they brought nothing else.

The *Portuguese* endeavoured to extend their dominions still farther. They had gained some knowledge of the *Jaloffs*, a nation inhabiting the coast of *Guinea*, between the *Gambia* and *Senegal*. The king of the *Jaloffs* being vicious and luxurious, committed the care of the government to *Bemoïn*, his brother by the mother's side, in preference to two other brothers by his father. *Bemoïn*, who wanted neither bravery nor prudence, knew that his station was invidious and dangerous, and therefore made an alliance with the *Portuguese*, and retained them in his defence by liberality and kindness. At last the king was killed by the contrivance of his brothers, and *Bemoïn* was to lose his power, or maintain it by war.

He had recourse in this exigence to his great ally the king of *Portugal*, who promised to support him, on condition that he should become a christian, and sent an ambassador, accompanied with missionaries. *Bemoïn* promised all that was required, objecting only that the time of a civil war was not a proper season for a change of religion, which would alienate his adherents; but said, that when he was once peaceably established, he would not only embrace the true religion himself, but would endeavour the conversion of the kingdom.

This excuse was admitted, and *Bemoïn* delayed his conversion for a year, renewing his promise from time to time. But the war was unsuccessful, trade was at a stand, and *Bemoïn* was not able to pay the money which he had borrowed of the *Portuguese* merchants, who sent intelligence to *Lisbon* of his delays, and received an order from the king, commanding them, under severe penalties, to return home.

*Bemoïn* here saw his ruin approaching, and hoping that money would pacify all resentment, borrowed of his friends a sum sufficient to discharge his debts; and finding that even this enticement would not delay the departure of the *Portuguese*, he embarked his nephew in

their ships, with an hundred slaves, whom he presented to the king of *Portugal*, to solicit his assistance. The effect of this embassy he could not stay to know; for being soon after deposed, he sought shelter in the fortress of *Arguin*, whence he took shipping for *Portugal* with twenty-five of his principal followers.

The king of *Portugal* pleased his own vanity and that of his subjects, by receiving him with great state and magnificence, as a mighty monarch who had fled to an ally for succour in misfortune. All the lords and ladies of the court were assembled, and *Bemois* was conducted with a splendid attendance into the hall of audience, where the king rose from his throne to welcome him. *Bemois* then made a speech with great ease and dignity, representing his unhappy state, and imploring the favour of his powerful ally. The king was touched with his affliction, and struck by his wisdom.

The conversion of *Bemois* was much desired by the king; and it was therefore immediately proposed to him that he should become a christian. Ecclesiasticks were sent to instruct him; and having now no more obstacles from interest, he was easily persuaded to declare himself whatever would please those on whom he now depended. He was baptized on the third day of *December* 1489, in the palace of the queen, with great magnificence, and named *John* after the king.

Some time was spent in feasts and sports on this great occasion, and the negroes signalised themselves by many feats of agility, far surpassing the power of *Europeans*, who having more helps of art, are less diligent to cultivate the qualities of nature. In the mean time twenty large ships were fitted out, well manned, stored with ammunition, and laden with materials necessary for the erection of a fort. With this powerful armament were sent a great number of missionaries under the direction of *Alvarez* the king's confessor. The command of this force, which filled the coast of *Africa* with terour, was given to *Pedro Vaz d'Acugna*, surnamed *Bisagu*; who, soon after they had landed, not being well pleased with his expedition, put an end to its inconvenience by stabbing *Bemois* suddenly to the heart. The king heard of this outrage with great sorrow, but did not attempt to punish the murderer.

The king's concern for the restoration of *Bemoin* was not the mere effect of kindness, he hoped by his help to facilitate greater designs. He now began to form hopes of finding a way to the *East Indies*, and of enriching his country by that gainful commerce; this he was encouraged to believe practicable, by a map which the *Moors* had given to prince *Henry*, and which subsequent discoveries have shown to be sufficiently near to exactness, where a passage round the south-east part of *Africa* was evidently described.

The king had another scheme yet more likely to engage curiosity, and not irreconcilable with his interest. The world had for some time been filled with the report of a powerful christian prince called *Prester John*, whose country was unknown, and whom some, after *Paulus Venetus*, supposed to reign in the midst of *Asia*, and others in the depths of *Ethiopia*, between the ocean and Red Sea. The account of the *African* christians was confirmed by some *Abyssinians* who had travelled into *Spain*; and by some friars that had visited the holy land; and the king was extremely desirous of their correspondence and alliance.

Some obscure intelligence had been obtained, which made it seem probable that a way might be found from the countries lately discovered, to those of this far-famed monarch. In 1486, an ambassador came from the king of *Bemin*, to desire that preachers might be sent to instruct him and his subjects in the true religion. He related that in the inland country, three hundred and fifty leagues eastward from *Bemin*, was a mighty monarch called *Ogane*, who had jurisdiction both spiritual and temporal over other kings; that the king of *Bemin* and his neighbours, at their accession, sent ambassadors to him with rich presents, and received from him the investiture of their dominions, and the marks of sovereignty, which were a kind of sceptre, a helmet, and a latten cross, without which they could not be considered as lawful kings; that this great prince was never seen but on the day of audience, and then held out one of his feet to the ambassador, who kissed it with great reverence, and who at his departure had a cross of latten hung on his neck, which ennobled him thenceforward, and exempted him from all servile offices.

*Bemois* had likewise told the king, that to the east of the kingdom of *Tombut*, there was among other princes, one that was neither Mahometan nor idolater, but who seemed to profess a religion nearly resembling the christian. These informations compared with each other, and with the current accounts of *Prester John*, induced the king to an opinion, which, though formed somewhat at hazard, is still believed to be right, that by passing up the river *Senegal* his dominions would be found. It was therefore ordered that when the fortress was finished, an attempt should be made to pass upward to the source of the river. The design failed then, and has never yet succeeded.

Other ways likewise were tried of penetrating to the kingdom of *Prester John*; for the king resolved to leave neither land nor sea unsearched till he should be found. The two messengers who were sent first on this design, went to *Jerusalem*, and then returned, being persuaded that, for want of understanding the language of the country, it would be vain or impossible to travel farther. Two more were then dispatched, one of whom was *Pedro de Covillan*, the other *Alphonso de Pavia*. They passed from *Naples* to *Alexandria*, and then travelled to *Cairo*, from whence they went to *Aden*, a town of *Arabia*, on the Red Sea, near its mouth. From *Aden*, *Pavia* set sail for *Ethiopia*, and *Covillan* for the *Indies*. *Covillan* visited *Canavar*, *Calicut*, and *Goa* in the *Indies*, and *Sosula* in the eastern *Africa*, thence he returned to *Aden*, and then to *Cairo*, where he had agreed to meet *Pavia*. At *Cairo* he was informed that *Pavia* was dead, but he met with two *Portuguese* Jews, one of whom had given the king an account of the situation and trade of *Ormus*: they brought orders to *Covillan*, that he should send one of them home with the journal of his travels, and go to *Ormus* with the other.

*Covillan* obeyed the orders, sending an exact account of his adventures to *Lisbon*, and proceeding with the other messenger to *Ormus*; where having made sufficient enquiry, he sent his companion homewards with the caravans that were going to *Aleppo*, and embarking once more on the Red Sea, arrived in time at *Abysinia*, and found the prince whom he had sought so long, and with such danger.

Two ships were sent out upon the same search, of which *Bartholomew Diaz* had the chief command; they were attended by a smaller vessel laden with provisions, that they might not return upon pretence of want either felt or feared.

Navigation was now brought nearer to perfection. The *Portuguese* claim the honour of many inventions by which the sailor is assisted, and which enable him to leave sight of land, and commit himself to the boundless ocean. *Diaz* had orders to proceed beyond the river *Zaire*, where *Diego Can* had stopped, to build monuments of his discoveries, and to leave upon the coasts negroe men and women well instructed, who might inquire after *Prester John*, and fill the natives with reverence for the *Portuguese*.

*Diaz*, with much opposition from his crew, whose mutinies he repressed, partly by softness and partly by steadiness, sailed on till he reached the utmost point of *Africa*, which from the bad weather that he met there, he called *Caba Tormentoso*, or the Cape of Storms. He would have gone forward, but his crew forced him to return. In his way back he met the *Victualler*, from which he had been parted nine months before; of the nine men which were in it at the separation, six had been killed by the negroes, and of the three remaining, one died for joy at the sight of his friends. *Diaz* returned to *Lisbon* in *December 1487*, and gave an account of his voyage to the king, who ordered the Cape of Storms to be called thenceforward *Cabo de Buena Esperanza*, or the *Cape of Good Hope*.

Sometime before the expedition of *Diaz*, the river *Zaire* and the kingdom of *Congo* had been discovered by *Diego Can*, who found a nation of negroes who spoke a language which those that were in his ships could not understand. He landed, and the natives, whom he expected to fly like the other inhabitants of the coast, met them with confidence, and treated them with kindness; but *Diego* finding that they could not understand each other, seized some of their chiefs, and carried them to *Portugal*, leaving some of his own people in their rooms to learn the language of *Congo*.

The negroes were soon pacified, and the *Portuguese* left to their mercy were well treated; and as they by degrees grew able to make themselves understood, recommended themselves, their nation, and their religion. The king of *Portugal* sent *Diego* back in a very short time with the negroes whom he had forced away; and when they were set safe on shore, the king of *Congo* conceived so much esteem for *Diego*, that he sent one of those who had returned, back again in the ship to *Lisbon*, with two young men dispatched as ambassadors, to desire instructors to be sent for the conversion of his kingdom.

The ambassadors were honourably received, and baptized with great pomp, and a fleet was immediately fitted out for *Congo*, under the command of *Gonsalvo Soreza*, who dying in his passage, was succeeded in authority by his nephew *Roderigo*.

When they came to land, the king's uncle, who commanded the province, immediately requested to be solemnly initiated into the christian religion, which was granted to him and his young son; on *Easter* day 1491. The father was named *Manuel*, and the son *Antonio*. Soon afterwards the king, queen, and eldest prince, received at the font the names of *John*, *Eleanor*, and *Alphonso*; and a war breaking out, the whole army was admitted to the rites of christianity, and then sent against the enemy. They returned victorious, but soon forgot their faith, and formed a conspiracy to restore paganism; a powerful opposition was raised by infidels and apostates, headed by one of the king's younger sons; and the missionaries had been destroyed had not *Alphonso* pleaded for them and for christianity.

The enemies of religion now became the enemies of *Alphonso*, whom they accused to his father of disloyalty. His mother, queen *Eleanor*, gained time by one artifice after another, till the king was calmed; he then heard the cause again, declared his son innocent, and punished his accusers with death.

The king died soon after, and the throne was disputed by *Alphonso*, supported by the christians, and *Aquitimo* his brother, followed by the infidels. A battle was



fought, *Aquitimo* was taken and put to death, and christianity was for a time established in *Congo*; but the nation has relapsed into its former follies.

Such was the state of the *Portuguese* navigation, when, in 1492, *Columbus* made the daring and prosperous voyage, which gave a new world to *European* curiosity and *European* cruelty. He had offered his proposal, and declared his expectations to king *John* of *Portugal*, who had slighted him as a fanciful and rash projector, that promised what he had not reasonable hopes to perform. *Columbus* had solicited other princes, and had been repulsed with the same indignity; at last *Isabella* of *Arragon* furnished him with ships, and having found *America*, he entered the mouth of the *Tagus* in his return, and showed the natives of the new country. When he was admitted to the king's presence, he acted and talked with so much haughtiness, and reflected on the neglect which he had undergone with so much acrimony, that the courtiers, who saw their prince insulted, offered to destroy him; but the king, who knew that he deserved the reproaches that had been used, and who now sincerely regretted his incredulity, would suffer no violence to be offered him, but dismissed him with presents and with honours.

The *Portuguese* and *Spaniards* became now jealous of each other's claim to countries which neither had yet seen; and the Pope, to whom they appealed, divided the new world between them by a line drawn from north to south, a hundred leagues westward from *Cape Verd* and the *Azores*, giving all that lies west from that line to the *Spaniards*, and all that lies east to the *Portuguese*. This was no satisfactory division, for the east and west must meet at last, but that time was then at a great distance.

According to this grant, the *Portuguese* continued their discoveries eastward, and became masters of much of the coast both of *Africa* and the *Indies*; but they seized much more than they could occupy, and while they were under the dominion of *Spain*, lost the greater part of their *Indian* territories.

SOME ACCOUNT OF A BOOK  
CALLED  
THE LIFE  
OF  
BENVENUTO CELLINI.

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THE origin of this celebrated performance lay in manuscript above a century and a half. Though it was read with the greatest pleasure by the learned of *Italy*, no man was hardy enough, during so long a period, to introduce to the world a book in which the successors of *St. Peter* were handled so roughly: a narrative, where artists and sovereign princes, cardinals and courtezans, ministers of state and mechanics, are treated with equal impartiality.

At length, in the year 1730, an enterprising *Neapolitan*, encouraged by *Dr. Antonio Cocchi*, one of the politest scholars in *Europe*, published this so-much desired work, in one volume quarto. The Doctor gave the editor an excellent preface, which, with very slight alteration, is judiciously preserved by the translator, *Dr. Nugent*: the book is, notwithstanding, very scarce in *Italy*: the clergy of *Naples* are very powerful; and though the editor very prudently put *Colonia* instead of *Neapoli* in the title-page, the sale of *Cellini* was prohibited; the court of *Rome* has actually made it an article in their *Index Expurgatorius*, and prevented the importation of the book into any country where the power of the Holy See prevails.

The life of *Benvenuto Cellini* is certainly a phenomenon in biography, whether we consider it with respect to the artist himself, or the great variety of historical facts which relate to others: it is indeed a very good supplement to the history of *Europe*, during the greatest part of the sixteenth century, more especially in what relates to painting, sculpture, and architecture, and the

most eminent masters in those elegant arts, whose works *Cellini* praises or censures with peculiar freedom and energy.

As to the man himself, there is not perhaps a more singular character among the race of *Adam*: the admired Lord *Herbert* of *Cherbury* scarce equals *Cellini* in the number of peculiar qualities which separate him from the rest of the human species.

He is at once a man of pleasure, and a slave to superstition; a despiser of vulgar notions, and a believer in magical incantations; a fighter of duels, and a composer of divine sonnets; an ardent lover of truth, and a retailer of visionary fancies; an admirer of papal power, and a hater of popes; an offender against the laws, with a strong reliance on divine providence. If I may be allowed the expression, *Cellini* is one striking feature added to the human form—a prodigy to be wondered at, not an example to be imitated.

Though *Cellini* was so blind to his own imperfections as to commit the most unjustifiable actions, with a full persuasion of the goodness of his cause, and the rectitude of his intention, yet no man was a keener and more accurate observer of the blemishes of others; hence his book abounds with sarcastick wit and satirical expression. Yet though his portraits are sometimes grotesque and over-charged, from misinformation, from melancholy, from infirmity, and from peculiarity of humour; in general it must be allowed that they are drawn from the life, and conformable to the ideas given by contemporary writers. His characters of pope *Clement* the seventh, *Paul* the third, and his bastard son *Pier Luigi*; *Francis* the first and his favourite mistress madam *d'Estampes*; *Cosmo* duke of *Florence*, and his duchess, with many others, are touched by the hand of a master.

General history cannot descend to minute details of the domestick life and private transactions, the passions and foibles of great personages; but these give truer representations of their characters than all the elegant and laboured compositions of poets and historians.

To some, a register of the actions of a statuary may seem a heap of uninteresting occurrences; but the dis-

earning will not disdain the efforts of a powerful mind, because the writer is not ennobled by birth, or dignified by station.

The man who raises himself by consummate merit in his profession to the notice of princes, who converses with them in a language dictated by honest freedom, who scruples not to tell them those truths which they must despair to hear from courtiers and favourites, from minions and parasites, is a bold leveller of distinctions in the courts of powerful monarchs. Genius is the parent of truth and courage; and these united dread no opposition.

The *Tuscan* language is greatly admired for its elegance, and the meanest inhabitants of *Florence* speak a dialect which the rest of *Italy* are proud to imitate. The style of *Cellini*, though plain and familiar, is vigorous and energetick. He possesses, to an uncommon degree, strength of expression, and rapidity of fancy. Dr. *Nugent* seems to have carefully studied his author, and to have translated him with ease and freedom, as well as truth and fidelity.\*

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\* Dr. *Nugent's* Translation was published in 1771, 2 vols. 8vo. by *T. Davies*. This article, which was first inserted in Dr. *Johnson's* works by Sir *John Hawkins*, I am unwilling to disturb, although it has very little of the Doctor's manner. It is not noticed by Mr. *Boswell* in his "Chronological Catalogue," of Dr. *Johnson's* Prose Works.

