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CYCLOPÆDIA

ENGLISH LITERATURE.

CYCLOPÆDIA

OF

ENGLISH LITERATURE;

A HISTORY, CRITICAL AND BIOGRAPHICAL, OF BRITISH AUTHORS,

FROM THE EARLIEST TO THE PRESENT TIMES.

EDITED BY

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

WILLIAM AND ROBERT CHAMBERS,

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PREFACE.

THIS work originated in a desire, on the part of the Publishers, to supply what they considered a deficiency in the Literature addressed at the present time to the great body of the People. In the late efforts for the improvement of the popular mind, the removal of mere ignorance has been the chief object held in view: attention has been mainly given to what might be expected to impart technical knowledge; and in the cultivation of what is certainly but a branch of the intellectual powers, it has been thought that the great end was gained. It is not necessary here to present arguments establishing that there are faculties for cognising the beautiful in art, thought, and feeling, as well as for perceiving and enjoying the truths of physical science and of fact. Nor is it needful to show how elegant and reflective literature, especially, tends to moralise, to soften, and to adorn the soul and life of man. Assuming this as granted, we were anxious to take the aid of the press—or rather of the Printing Machine, for by it alone could the object be accomplished—to bring the belles lettres into the list of those agencies which are now operating for the mental advancement of the middle and humbler portions of society.

It appeared that, for a first effort, nothing could be more suitable than a systematised series of extracts from our national authors; "a concentration"—to quote the language of the prospectus—"of the best productions of English intellect, from Anglo-Saxon to the present times, in the various departments headed by Chaucer, Shakspeare, Milton—by More, Bacon, Locke—by Hooker, Taylor, Barrow—by Addison, Johnson, Goldsmith—by Hume, Robertson, Gibbon—*set* in a biographical and critical history of the literature itself." By this a double end might, it seemed, be served; as the idea of the work included the embodiment of a distinct and valuable portion of knowledge, as well as that mass of polite literature which was looked to for the effect above described. In the knowledge of what has been done by English literary genius in all ages, it cannot be doubted that we have a branch of the national history, not only in itself important, as well as interesting, but which reflects a light upon other departments of history—for is not the Elizabethan Drama, for example, an exponent, to some extent, of the state of the national mind at the time, and is it not equally one of the influences which may be presumed to have modified that mind in the age which followed? Nor is it to be overlooked, how important an end is to be attained by training the entire people to venerate the thoughtful and eloquent of past and present times. These gifted beings may be said to have endeared our language and institutions—our national character, and the very scenery and artificial objects which mark our soil—to all who are acquainted with, and can appreciate their writings. A regard for our national authors enters into and forms part of the most sacred feelings of every educated man, and it would not be easy to estimate in what degree it is to this sentiment that we are indebted for all of good and great that centres in the name of England. Assuredly, in our common reverence for a Shakspeare, a Milton, a Scott, we have a social and uniting sentiment, which not only contains in itself part of our happiness as a people, but much that counteracts influences that tend to set us in division.

A more special utility is contemplated for this work, in its serving to introduce the young to the Pantheon of English authors. The "Elegant Extracts" of Dr Knox, after long enjoying popularity as a selection of polite literature for youths between school and college, has of late years sunk out of notice, in consequence of a change in public taste. It was almost exclusively devoted to the rhetorical literature, elegant but artificial, which flourished during the earlier half of the eighteenth century, overlooking even the great names of Chaucer and Spenser, as well as nearly the whole range of rich, though not faultless productions extending between the times of Shakspeare and Dryden. The time seemed to have come for a substitute work, in which at once the revived taste for our early literature should be gratified, and due attention be given to the authors who have lived since the time of Knox. Such a work it has been the humble aim of the editor to produce in that which is now laid before the public.

He takes this opportunity of acknowledging that very important assistance has been rendered throughout the Cyclopædia of English Literature, and particularly in the poetical department, by Mr Robert Carruthers of Inverness.

EDINBURGH, *August* 15, 1848.

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CYCLOPÆDIA OF ENGLISH LITERATURE.

First Period.

FROM THE EARLIEST TIMES TO 1400.

ANGLO-SAXON WRITERS.

THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE is essentially a branch of the Teutonic, the language spoken by the inhabitants of central Europe immediately before the dawn of history, and which constitutes the foundation of the modern German, Danish, and Dutch. Introduced by the Anglo-Saxons in the fifth century, it gradually spread, with the people who spoke it, over nearly the whole of England; the Celtic, which had been the language of the aboriginal people, shrinking before it into Wales, Cornwall, and other remote parts of the island, as the Indian tongues are now retiring before the advance of the British settlers in North America.*

From its first establishment, the Anglo-Saxon tongue experienced little change for five centuries, the chief accessions which it received being Latin terms introduced by Christian missionaries. During this period, literature flourished to a much greater extent than might be expected, when we consider the generally rude condition of the people. It was chiefly cultivated by individuals of the religious orders, a few of whom can easily be discerned, through their obscure biography, to have been men of no mean genius. During the eighth century, books were multiplied immensely by the labours of these men, and through their efforts learning descended into the upper classes of lay society. This age presents us with historical chronicles, theological treatises, religious, political, and narrative poetry, in great abundance, written both in Latin and in the native tongue.*

The earliest name in the list of Anglo-Saxon writers is that of Gildas, generally described as a missionary of British parentage, living in the first half of the sixth century, and the author of a Latin tract on early British history. Owing to the obscurity of this portion of our annals, it has been the somewhat extraordinary fate of Gildas to be represented, first as flourishing at two periods more than a century distant from each other; then as two different men of the same name, living at different times; and finally as no man at all, for his very existence is now doubted. Nennius is another name of this age, which, after being long connected with a small historical work, written, like that of Gildas, in Latin, has latterly been pronounced suppositious. The first unquestionably real author of distinction is ST COLUMBANUS, a native of Ireland, and a man of vigorous ability, who contributed greatly to the advancement of Christianity in various parts of Western Europe, and died in 615. He wrote religious treatises and Latin poetry. As yet, no educated writer composed in his vernacular tongue: it was generally despised by the literary class, as was the case at some later periods of our history, and Latin was held to be the only language fit for regular composition.

The first Anglo-Saxon writer of note, who composed in his own language, and of whom there are any remains, is CÆDMON, a monk of Whitby, who died about 680. Cædmon was a genius of the class headed by Burns, a poet of nature's making, sprung from the bosom of the common people, and little indebted to education. It appears that he at one time acted in the capacity of a cow-herd. The circumstances under which his talents were first developed, are narrated by Bede with a strong cast of the marvellous, under which it is possible, however, to trace a basis of natural truth. 'We are told that he was so much less instructed than most of his equals, that he had not even learnt any poetry; so that he was frequently obliged to retire, in order to hide his shame, when the harp was moved towards him in the hall, where at supper it was customary for each person to sing in turn. On one of these

* It is now believed that the British language was not so immediately or entirely extinguished by the Saxons as was generally stated by our historians down to the last age. But certainly it is true in the main, that the Saxon succeeded the British language in all parts of England, except Wales, Cornwall, and some other districts of less note.

* Biographia Britannica Literaria: Anglo-Saxon Period. By Thomas Wright, M.A.

occasions, it happened to be Cædmon's turn to keep guard at the stable during the night, and, overcome with vexation, he quitted the table and retired to his post of duty, where, laying himself down, he fell into a sound slumber. In the midst of his sleep, a stranger appeared to him, and, saluting him by his name, said, "Cædmon, sing me something." Cædmon answered, "I know nothing to sing; for my incapacity in this respect was the cause of my leaving the hall to come hither." "Nay," said the stranger, "but thou hast something to sing." "What must I sing?" said Cædmon. "Sing the Creation," was the reply, and thereupon Cædmon began to sing verses "which he had never heard before," and which are said to have been as follows:—

Nu we sceolan herian*	Now we shall praise
heofon-ríces weard,	the guardian of heaven,
metodes mihte,	the might of the creator,
and his mod-ge-thonc,	and his counsel,
wera wuldor fæder!	the glory-father of men!
swa he wundra ge-hwæs,	how he of all wonders,
ece dryhten,	the eternal lord,
oord onstealde.	formed the beginning.
He ærest ge-scéop	He first created
ylda bearnum	for the children of men
heofon to hrófe,	heaven as a roof,
halig scyppend!	the holy creator!
tha middan-geard	then the world
mon-cynnes weard,	the guardian of mankind,
ece dryhten,	the eternal lord,
æfter teode,	produced afterwards,
firum foldan,	the earth for men,
frea ælmihtig!	the almighty master!

Cædmon then awoke; and he was not only able to repeat the lines which he had made in his sleep, but he continued them in a strain of admirable versification. In the morning, he hastened to the town-reeve, or bailiff, of Whitby, who carried him before the Abbess Hilda; and there, in the presence of some of the learned men of the place, he told his story, and they were all of opinion that he had received the gift of song from heaven. They then expounded to him in his mother tongue a portion of Scripture, which he was required to repeat in verse. Cædmon went home with his task, and the next morning he produced a poem which excelled in beauty all that they were accustomed to hear. He afterwards yielded to the earnest solicitations of the Abbess Hilda, and became a monk of her house; and she ordered him to transfer into verse the whole of the sacred history. We are told that he was continually occupied in repeating to himself what he heard, and, "like a clean animal, ruminating it, he turned it into most sweet verse."† Cædmon thus composed many poems on the Bible histories, and on miscellaneous religious subjects, and some of these have been preserved. His account of the Fall of Man is somewhat like that given in *Paradise Lost*, and one passage in it might almost be supposed to have been the foundation of a corresponding one in Milton's sublime epic. It is that in which Satan is described as reviving from the consternation of his overthrow. A modern translation into English follows:—

[*Satan's Speech.*]

Boiled within him
his thought about his heart;
Hot was without him
his dire punishment.
Then spake he words:
'This narrow place is most unlike
that other that we formerly knew,
high in heaven's kingdom,
which my master bestowed on me,
though we it, for the All-powerful,
may not possess.
We must cede our realm;
yet hath he not done rightly,
that he hath struck us down
to the fiery abyss
of the hot hell,
bereft us of heaven's kingdom,
hath decreed
to people it
with mankind.
That is to me of sorrows the greatest,
that Adam,
who was wrought of earth,
shall possess
my strong seat;
that it shall be to him in delight,
and we endure this torment,
misery in this hell.
Oh! had I the power of my hands * *
then with this host I——
But around me lie
iron bonds;
presseth this cord of chain;
I am powerless!
me have so hard
the clasps of hell
so firmly grasped!
Here is a vast fire
above and underneath;
never did I see
a loathlier landskip;
the flame abateth not,
hot over hell.
Me hath the clasping of these rings,
this hard polished band,
impeded in my course,
debarred me from my way.
My feet are bound,
my hands manacled;
of these hell doors are
the ways obstructed;
so that with aught I cannot
from these limb-bonds escape.
About me lie
huge gratings
of hard iron,
forged with heat,
with which me God
hath fastened by the neck.
Thus perceive I that he knoweth my mind,
and that he knew also,
the Lord of hosts,
that should us through Adam
evil befall,
about the realm of heaven,
where I had power of my hands.'*

The specimen of Cædmon above given in the original language may serve as a general one of Anglo-Saxon poetry. It will be observed that it is neither in measured feet, like Latin verse, nor rhymed, but that the sole peculiarity which distinguishes it from prose is what Mr Wright calls a very regular *alliteration*, so arranged, that in every couplet there should be two principal words in the line beginning with the same letter, which letter must also be the initial of the first word on which the stress of the voice falls in the second line.

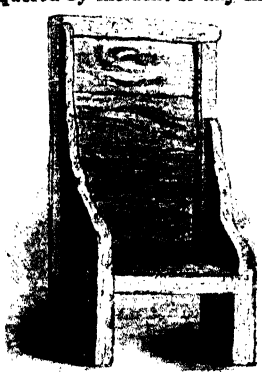
A few names of inferior note—Aldhelm, abbot of

* In our specimens of the Anglo-Saxon, modern letters are substituted for those peculiar characters employed in that language to express *th*, *dh*, and *w*.

† Wright.

* Thorpe's edition of Cædmon, 1832.

Malmsbury, Ceolfrid, abbot of Wearmouth, and Felix of Croyland—bring down the list of Anglo-Saxon writers to BEDE, usually called the Venerable Bede, who may be allowed to stand at the head of the class. He seems to have spent a modest studious life, unchequered by incident of any kind, at the monastery of Wearmouth, where he died in 735. His works, consisting of Scriptural translations and commentaries, religious treatises, biographies, and an ecclesiastical history of the Anglo-Saxons, which is the only one useful in the present age, were *forty-four* in number; and it is related that he dictated to his amanuensis, and completed a book, on the very day of his death. Almost all the writings of these men were in Latin, which renders it less necessary to speak particularly of them in this place. Our subsequent literary history is formed of comparatively obscure names, until it presents to us the enlightened and amiable King ALFRED (848-901),* in whom learning and authorship graced the royal state, without interfering with its proper duties. He translated the historical works of Orosius and Bede, and some religious and moral treatises, perhaps also *Æsop's Fables* and the *Psalms of David*, into the Anglo-Saxon tongue, designing thereby to extend their utility among his people. No original compositions certainly his have been preserved, excepting the reflections of his own, which he takes leave here and there to introduce into his translations. The character of this monarch, embracing so much gentleness, along with manly vigour and dignity, and displaying pure tastes, calculated to be beneficial to others as well as himself, seems as if it would have graced the most civilised age nearly as much as it did one of the rudest.



Chair of Bede.

After Alfred, the next important name is that of ALFRIC, archbishop of Canterbury, who died in 1006. This learned prelate was a voluminous writer, and, like Alfred, entertained a strong wish to enlighten the people; he wrote much in his native tongue, particularly a collection of homilies, a translation of the first seven books of the Bible, and some religious treatises. He was also the author of a grammar of the Latin tongue, which has given him the sub-name of 'the Grammarian.' Alfric himself declares that he wrote in Anglo-Saxon, and in that avoided the use of all obscure words, in order that he might be understood by unlettered people. As he was really successful in writing simply, we select a specimen of Anglo-Saxon prose from his Paschal homily, adding an interlinear translation:—

Hæthen cild bith ge-fullod, ac hit ne brút na
(*A*) *heathen child is christened, yet he alterth not*
his hiw with-utan, dheah dhe hit beo with-innan
his shape without, though he be within
awend. Hit bith ge-broht synfull dhurh Adames
changed. He is brought sinful through Adam's
forgegednysse to tham fant fate. Ac hit bith athwogen
disobedience to the font-vessel. But he is washed
fram eallum synnum with-innan, dheah dhe hit with-
from all sins inwardly, though he [illegible] *out-*
utan his hiw ne awende. Eac swylce tha halige
wardly his shape not change. Even so the holy
fant wæter, dhe is ge-haten lifes wyl-spring, is ge-lic
font water, which is called life's fountain, is like
on hiwe odhrum wæterum, & is under dheod bros-
in shape (to) other waters, and is subject to cor-
nunge; ac dhæs halgan gastes miht
ruption; but the Holy Ghost's might
ge-nealæcth tham brosnigendlicum wætere, dhurh
comes (to) the corruptible water through
sacerda bletsunge, & hit mæg sythan
(the) priests' blessing, and it may afterwards
lichaman & sawle athwean fram eallum synnum,
body and soul wash from all sin,
dhurh gastlice mihte.
through ghostly might.

* Where double dates are thus given, it will be understood that the first is the year of the birth, and the second the year of the death, of the individual mentioned.

Cynewulf, bishop of Winchester, Wulfstan, archbishop of York, and some others, bring down the list of Anglo-Saxon authors to the Conquest, giving to this portion of our literature a duration of nearly five hundred years, or about the space between Chaucer and our own day. During this time, there were many seats of learning in England, many writers, and many books; although, in the main, these have now become matter of curiosity to the antiquary only. The literature may be said to have had a kind of protracted existence till the breaking up of the language in the latter part of the twelfth century; but it was graced by no names of distinction. We are here called upon to advert to the historical production usually called the *Anglo-Saxon Chronicle*, which consists of a view of early English history, written, it is believed, by a series of authors, commencing soon after the time of Alfred, and continued till the reign of Henry II. Altogether, considering the general state of Western Europe in the middle ages, the literature of our Anglo-Saxon forefathers may be regarded as a creditable feature of our national history, and as something of which we might justly be proud, if we did not allow ourselves to remain in such ignorance of it.

INTRODUCTION OF NORMAN FRENCH.

The Conquest, by which a Norman government and nobility were imposed upon Saxon England, led to a great change in the language. Norman French, one of the modifications of Latin which arose in the middle ages, was now the language of education, of the law courts, and of the upper classes generally, while Saxon shared the degradation which the people at large experienced under their conquerors. Though depressed, yet, as the speech of the great body of the people, it could not be extinguished. Having numbers on its side, it maintained its ground as the substance of the popular language, the Norman infusing only about one word for every three of the more vulgar tongue. But it was destined, in the course of the twelfth century, to undergo great grammatical changes. Its sounds were greatly altered, syllables were cut short in the pronunciation, and the terminations and inflections of words were softened down until they were entirely lost. Dr Johnson expresses his opinion, that the Normans affected the Anglo-Saxon more in this manner than by the introduction of new words. So great was the change, that the original Anglo-Saxon must have become, in the first half of the thirteenth century, more difficult to be understood than the diction of Chaucer is to us. The language which resulted was the commencement of the present English. Its origin will afterwards be traced more minutely.

THE NORMAN POETS OF ENGLAND.

The first literary productions which call for attention after the Conquest, are a class which may be considered as in a great measure foreign to the country and its language. Before the invasion of England by William, poetical literature had begun to be cultivated in France with considerable marks of spirit and taste. The language, which from its origin was named *Romane* (*lingua Romana*),* was separated into two great divisions, that of the south, which is represented popularly by the Provençal, and that of the north, which was subdivided into French and Anglo-Norman, the latter dialect being that chiefly confined to our island. The poets of the south were called in their dialect *trobadores*, or *troubadours*, and those of the north were distinguished by the same title, written in their language *trouveres*. In Provençe, there arose a series of elegant versifiers, who employed their talents in composing romantic and complimentary poems, full of warlike and amatory sentiment, which many of them made a business of reciting before assemblages of the great. Norman poets, writing with more plainness and simplicity, were celebrated even before those of Provençe; and one, named *Taillefer*, was the first man to break the English ranks at the battle of Hastings. From the preference of the Norman kings of England for the poets of their own country, and the general depression of Anglo-Saxon, it results that the distinguished literary names of the first two centuries after the Conquest are those of NORMAN POETS, men who were as frequently natives of France as of England. Philippe de Thaun, author of treatises on popular science in verse; Thorold, who wrote the fine romance of Roland; Samson de Nanteuil, who translated the proverbs of Solomon into French verse; Geoffroi Gaimar, author of a chronicle of the Anglo-Saxon kings; and David, a trouveere of considerable eminence, whose works are lost, were the most noted predecessors of one of much greater celebrity, named *Maistre* WACE, a native of Jersey. About 1160, Wace wrote, in his native French, a narrative poem entitled *Le Brut D'Angleterre* (Brutus of England). The chief hero was an imaginary son of Æneas of Troy, who was represented as having founded the state of Britain many centuries before the Christian era. This was no creation of the fancy of the Norman poet. He only translated a serious history, written a few years before in Latin by a monk named GEOFFREY OF MONMOUTH, in which the affairs of Britain were traced with all possible gravity through a series of imaginary kings, beginning with Brutus of Troy, and ending with Cadwallader, who was said to have lived in the year 689 of the Christian era.

This history is a very remarkable work, on account of its origin, and its effects on subsequent literature. The Britons, settled in Wales, Cornwall, and Bretagne, were distinguished at this time on account of the numberless fanciful and fabulous legends which they possessed—a traditionary kind of literature resembling that which has since been found amongst the kindred people of the Scottish Highlands. For centuries past, Europe had been supplied with tale and fable from the teeming fountain of Bretagne, as it now is with music from Italy, and metaphysics from Germany. Walter Calenius, archdean of Oxford, collected some of these of a professedly historical kind relating to England, and communicated them to Geoffrey, by whom they were put into the form of a regular historical work, and introduced for the first time to the learned world, as far as a learned world then existed. As little else than a bundle of incredible stories, some of which may be slightly founded on fact, this production is of small worth; but it supplied a ground for Wace's poem, and proved an unfailing resource for the writers of romantic narrative for the ensuing two centuries; nor even in a later age was its influence exhausted; for from it Shakspeare drew the story of Lear, and Sackville that of Ferrex and Porrex, while Drayton reproduces much of it in his Polyolbion, and it has given occasion to many allusions in the poems of Milton and others.*

Maistre Wace also composed a *History of the Normans*, under the title of the *Roman de Rou*, that is, the Romance of Rollo, first Duke of Normandy, and some other works. Henry II., from admiration of his writings, bestowed upon him a canonry in the cathedral of Bayeux. Benoit, a contemporary of Wace, and author of a *History of the Dukes of Normandy*; and Guernes, an ecclesiastic of Pont St Maxence, in Picardy, who wrote a metrical life of Thomas à Becket, are the other two Norman poets of most eminence whose genius or whose writings can be connected with the history of English literature. These writers composed most frequently in rhymed couplets, each line containing eight syllables.†

COMMENCEMENT OF THE PRESENT FORM OF ENGLISH.

Of the century following the Conquest, the only other compositions that have come down to us as the production of individuals living in, or connected

* Any book written in this tongue was cited as the *livre Romans* (*liber Romanus*), and most frequently as simply the *Romans*: as a great portion of these were works of fiction, the term has since given rise to the word now in general use, *romance*.

* Ellis's Metrical Romances.

† Ellis's Specimens, i., 35-59. A short passage from Wace's description of the ceremonies and sports presumed to have taken place at King Arthur's coronation, will give an idea of the writings of the Norman poets. It is extracted from Mr Ellis's work, with his notes:—

'Quant li rois leva del mangier,
Alé sunt tuit *esbanoier*,[1]
De la cité es champs issirent;
A plusors gieux se despartirent.
Li uns alerent *behorder*,[2]
Et les *ineaus*[3] chevalx monstrer:
Li autre alerent e cremir,
Ou pierres getier, ou *saillir*.[4]
Tielx i avoit qui dars lancoent,
Et tielx i avoit qui lutoent;
Chascun del gieu s'entremetoit,
Qui entremetre se savoit.
Cil qui son compaignon vainquoit,
Et qui d'aucun gieu pris avoit,
Estoit sempres au roi mené,
Et à tous les autres monstré;
Et li rois del sien li donoit,
Tant donc cil liez s'en aloit.
Les dames sor les murs aloent,
Por esgarder ceulx qui joient.
Qui ami avoit en la place,
Tost li tornost l'oil ou la face.
Trois jorz dura la feiste ainsi;
Quand vint au quart, au mercredi,
Li rois les bacheliers *feufa*[5]
Enors deliverez devisa,[6]
Lor servise a celx rendi,
Qui por terre l'orent servi:
Bois dona, et chasteleries,
Et evesquiez, et abbaiez.
A ceulx qui d'autres terres estoient,
Qui par amor au roi venoent,
Dona coupes, dona destriers,
Dona de ses avers plus chers. &c.'

[1] To amuse themselves. [2] To just. [3] Fleet (*isnel*). [4] To leap. [5] *Fieffa*, gave fiefs. [6] He gave them livries of lands.

with, England, are works written in Latin by learned ecclesiastics, the principal of whom were John of Salisbury, Peter of Blois, Joseph of Exeter, and GEOFFREY of MONMOUTH, the last being the author of the History of England just alluded to, which is supposed to have been written about the year 1138. About 1154, according to Dr Johnson, 'the Saxon began to take a form in which the beginning of the present English may plainly be discovered.' It does not, as already hinted, contain many Norman words, but its grammatical structure is considerably altered. There is a metrical Saxon or English translation, by one LAYAMON, a priest of Ernely, on the Severn, from the *Brut d'Angleterre* of Wace. Its date is not ascertained; but if it be, as surmised by some writers, a composition of the latter part of the twelfth century, we must consider it as throwing a valuable light on the history of our language at perhaps the most important period of its existence. A specimen, in which the passage already given from Wace is translated, is presented in the sequel. With reference to a larger extract given by Mr Ellis, of which the other is a portion, that gentleman remarks—'As it does not contain any word which we are under the necessity of referring to a French origin, we cannot but consider it as simple and unmixed, though very barbarous, Saxon. At the same time,' he continues, 'the orthography of this manuscript, in which we see, for the first time, the admission of the soft *g*, together with the Saxon ȝ, as well as some other peculiarities, seems to prove that the pronunciation of our language had already undergone a considerable change. Indeed, the whole style of this composition, which is broken into a series of short unconnected sentences, and in which the construction is as plain and artless as possible, and perfectly free from inversions, appears to indicate that little more than the substitution of a few French for the present Saxon words was now necessary to produce a resemblance to that Anglo-Norman, or English, of which we possess a few specimens, supposed to have been written in the early part of the thirteenth century. Layamon's versification is also no less remarkable than his language. Sometimes he seems anxious to imitate the rhymes, and to adopt the regular number of syllables, which he had observed in his original; at other times he disregards both, either because he did not consider the laws of metre, or the consonance of final sounds, as essential to the gratification of his readers; or because he was unable to adapt them throughout so long a work, from the want of models in his native language on which to form his style. The latter is perhaps the most probable supposition; but, at all events, it is apparent that the recurrence of his rhymes is much too frequent to be the result of chance; so that, upon the whole, it seems reasonable to infer, that Layamon's work was composed at, or very near, the period when the Saxons and Normans in this country began to unite into one nation, and to adopt a common language.'

SPECIMENS OF ANGLO-SAXON AND ENGLISH PREVIOUS TO 1300.

We have already seen short specimens of the Anglo-Saxon prose and verse of the period prior to the Conquest. Perhaps the best means of making clear the transition of the language into its present form, is to present a continuation of these specimens, extending between the time of the Conquest and the reign of Edward I. It is not to be expected that these specimens will be of much use to the reader, on account of the ideas which they convey; but, considered merely as objects, or as pictures, they will not be without their effect in illustrating the history of our literature.

[Extract from the Saxon Chronicle, 1154.]

On this yær wærd the King Stephen ded, and bebyried there his wif and his sune wæron bebyried æt Tauresfeld. That ministre hi makiden. Tha the king was ded, tha was the eorl beionde sæ. And ne durste nan man don other bute god for the micel eie of him. Tha he to Engleland come, tha was he underfangen mid micel wortscipe; and to king bletcæd in Lundine, on the Sunnen dæi beforen mid-winter-dæi.

Literally translated thus:—'A. D. 1154. In this year was the King Stephen dead, and buried where his wife and his son were buried, at Touresfield. That minister they made. When the king was dead, then was the earl beyond sea. And not durst no man do other but good for the great awe of him. When he to England came, then was he received with great worship; and to king consecrated in London, on the Sunday before mid-winter-day (Christmas day).'

[Extract from the account of the Proceedings at Arthur's Coronation, given by Layamon, in his translation of Wace, executed about 1180.] *

Tha the king† *igeten*[1] hafde
And al his *num-weorede*,[2]
Tha *bugan*[3] out of burhge
Theines swithen balde.
Alle tha kinges,
And heore *here-thringes*.[4]
Alle tha biscopes,
And alle tha clarckes,
Alle the eorles,
And alle tha beornes.
Alle tha theines,
Alle the sweines,
Feire iscrudde,[5]
Helde geond felde.[6]
Summe heo *gunnen* æruen,[8]
Summe heo gunnen *urnen*,[9]
Summe heo gunnen lepen,
Summe heo gunnen *sceoten*,[10]
Summe heo wræstleden
And *wither-game makeden*,[11]
Summe heo *on relde*
Pleouweden under scelde,[12]
Summe heo driven balles
Wide *geond* the feldes.
Moni ane kunnes *gomen*
Ther heo gunnen *drinen*.[13]
And wha swa mihte iweinne
Wurthscipe of his *gomene*,[14]
Hine me[15] ladde mide songe
At foren than leod kinge;
And the king, for his *gomene*,
Gaf him *geren*[16] gode.

* The notes are by Mr Ellis, with corrections.

† The original of this passage, by Wace, is given in an earlier page.

[1] Eaten. [2] Multitude of attendants. *Sax.*
[3] Fled.—Then fled out of the town the people very quickly.
[4] Their throngs of servants. [5] Fairly dressed.
[6] Held (their way) through the fields.
[7] Began. [8] To discharge arrows. [9] To run.
[10] To shoot or throw darts.
[11] Made, or played at, *wither-games*, Sax. (games of emulation), that is, justed.
[12] Some they on field played under shield; that is, with swords.
[13] 'Many a kind of game there they gan urge.' (Dutch), is to urge, press, or drive.
[14] And whoso might win worship by his gaming.
[15] 'Him they led with song before the people's king.' Me, a word synonymous with the French *on*.
[16] Gave him givings, gifts.

Alle tha *quene*[1]
The icumen weoren there,
And alle tha lafdies,
Leoneden *geond* walles,
To bihalden tha *duge* then,
And that folc plæie.
This *ilæste threo dæges*,[2]
Swulc gomes and swulc plæghs,
Tha, *at than veorthe dæis*
The king gon to *spekene*[3]
And agaf his gode cnihten
All *heore rihten*;[4]
He gef seolver, he gæf gold,
He gef hors, he gef lond,
Castles, and clæthes eke;
His monnen he *iquende*.[5]

[*Extract from a Charter of Henry III., A. D. 1258, in the common language of the time.*]

Henry, thurg Godes fultome, King on Engleneloande, Lhoaverd on Yrloand, Duk on Norman, on Acquitain, Earl on Anjou, send I greting, to alle hise holde, ilærde and ilewede on Huntindonnschiere. Thæt witen ge wel alle, thæt we willen and unnen, thæt ure rædesmen alle other the moare del of heom, thæt beoth ichosen thurg us and thurg thæt loandes-folk on ure kineriche, habbith idon, and schullen don in the worthnes of God, and ure treowthe, for the freme of the loande, thurg the besigte of than toforen iseide rædesmen, &c.

Literal translation:—'Henry, through God's support, King of England, Lord of Ireland, Duke of Normandy, of Acquitain, Earl of Anjou, sends greeting to all his subjects, learned and unlearned, of Huntingdonshire. This know ye well all, that we will and grant, what our counsellors all, or the more part of them, that be chosen through us and through the land-folk of our kingdom, have done, and shall do, to the honour of God, and our allegiance, for the good of the land, through the determination of the before-said counsellors,' &c.

THE RHYMING CHRONICLERS.

Layamon may be regarded as the first of a series of writers who, about the end of the thirteenth century, began to be conspicuous in our literary history, which usually recognises them under the general appellation of the RHYMING CHRONICLERS. The first, at a considerable interval after Layamon, was a monk of Gloucester Abbey, usually called from that circumstance ROBERT OF GLOUCESTER, and who lived during the reigns of Henry III. and Edward I. He wrote, in long rhymed lines (Alexandrines), a history of England from the imaginary Brutus to his own time, using chiefly as his authority the Latin history by Geoffrey of Monmouth, of which Wace and Layamon had already given Norman French and Saxon versions.* The work is described by Mr Warton as destitute of art and imagination, and giving to the fabulous history, in many parts, a less poetical air than it bears in Geoffrey's prose. The language is full of Saxon peculiarities, which might partly be the result of his living in so remote a province as Gloucestershire. Another critic acknowledges that, though cold and prosaic, Robert is not deficient in the valuable talent of arresting the attention. 'The orations with which he occasionally diversifies the thread of his story, are, in general, appropriate and dramatic, and not only prove his good sense, but exhibit no unfavourable specimens of his eloquence. In his description of the first crusade, he seems to change his usual character, and becomes not only entertaining, but even animated.'*

Of the language of Robert's Chronicle, the following is a specimen, in its original spelling:—

Engelond ys a wel god lond, ich wene of eche lond best,
Y-set in the ende of the world, as al in the west.
The see goth hym al about, he stont as an yle.
Here fon heo durre the lasse doute, but hit be thorw gyle
Of folc of the selve lond, as me hath y-seyo wyle.
From south to north he ys long eighte hondred myle.

This is, of course, nearly unintelligible to all except antiquarian readers, and it is therefore judged proper, in other specimens, to adopt, as far as possible, a modern orthography.

[*The Muster for the First Crusade.*]

A good pope was thilk time at Rome, that hecht[1] Urban,
That preached of the creyserie, and creysed mony man.
Therefore he send preachers thorough all Christendom,
And himself a-this-side the mounts[2] and to France come;
And preached so fast, and with so great wisdom,
That about in each lond the cross fast me nome.[3]
In the year of grace a thousand and sixteen,
This great creyserie began, that long was i-seen.
Of so much folk nyme[4] the cross, ne to the holy land go,
Me ne see no time before, ne suth natheno.[5]
For self women ne beleved,[6] that they ne wend thither fast,
Ne young folk [that] feeble were, the while the voyage y-last.
So that Robert Curthose thitherward his heart cast,
And, among other good knights, ne thought not be the last.
He wends here to Englond for the creyserie,
And laid William his brother to wed[7] Normandy,
And borrowed of him thereon an hundred thousand mark,
To wend with to the holy lond, and that was somedeal stark. * *
The Earl Robert of Flanders mid[8] him wend also,
And Eustace Earl of Boulogne, and mony good knight thereto.
There wend the Duke Geoffrey, and the Earl Baldwin there,
And the other Baldwin also, that noble men were,
And kings syth all three of the holy lond.
The Earl Stephen de Blois wend eke, that great power had on hond,
And Robert's sister Curthose espoused had to wive.
There wend yet other knights, the best that were alive;
As the Earl of St Giles, the good Raymond,
And Niel the king's brother of France, and the Earl Beaumond,
And Tancred his nephew, and the bishop also
Of Podys, and Sir Hugh the great earl thereto;
And folk also without tale,[9] of all this west end
Of Englond and of France, thitherward gan wend,
Of Normandy, of Denmark, of Norway, of Britain,
Of Wales and of Ireland, of Gascony and of Spain,
Of Provence and of Saxony, and of Alemain,
Of Scotlond and of Greece, of Rome and Aquitain. * *

[1] 'All the queens who were come to the festival, and all the ladies, leaned over the walls to behold the nobles there, and that folk play.'

[2] This lasted three days, such games and such plays.

[3] Then, on the fourth day, the king went to *council*?

[4] And gave his good knights all their rights or rewards.

[5] He satisfied.

* Robert's Chronicle, from a particular allusion, is supposed to have been written, at least in part, after 1297.

* Ellis.

[1] Was called. [2] Passed the mountains—namely, the Alps. [3] Was quickly taken up. [4] Take. [5] Since never more. [6] Even women did not remain. [7] *To wed*, in pledge, in pawn. [8] With. [9] Beyond reckoning.

[*The Siege of Antioch.*]

Tho wend forth this company, with mony a noble man,
And won Tars with strength, and syth Toxan.
And to yrene brig from thannen[1] they wend,
And our lord at last to Antioch them send,
That in the beginning of the lond of Syrie is.
Anon, upon St Lucus' day, hither they come, i wiss,
And besieged the city, and assailed fast,
And they within again' them stalwartly cast.
So that after Christmas the Saracens rede nome,[2]
And the folk of Jerusalem and of Damas come,
Of Aleph, and of other londs, mid great power enow,
And to succoury Antioch fast hitherward drew.
So that the Earl of Flanders and Beaumond at last
Mid twenty thousand of men again them wend fast,
And smite an battle with them, and the shrewen[3] overcome;
And the Christian wend again, mid the prey that they nome.
In the month of Feverer the Saracens eftsoon
Yarked them a great host (as they were y-wont to done),
And went toward Antioch, to help their kind blood,
The company of Christian men this well understood.
To besiege this castle their footmen they lete,
And the knights wend forth, the Saracens to meet; * *
I-armed and a-horse well, and in sixty party,[4]
Ere they went too far, they dealt their company.
Of the first Robert Curthose they chose to chiefentain,
And of the other the noble Duke Humphrey of Almain;
Of the thrid the good Raymond; the forth the good man
The Earl of Flanders they betook; and the fifth than
They betook the bishop of Pody; and the sixth, tho
The good Tancred and Beaumond, tho ner there name.[5]
These twae had the maist host, that as standard was there,
For to help their fellows, whan they were were.[6]
This Christian and this Saracens to-gather them soon met,
And as stalwart men to-gather fast set,
And slew to ground here and there, ac the heathen side
Wax ever wersh[7] and wersh of folk that come wide.
So that this Christianmen were all ground ney.
Tho Beaumond with his host this great sorrow y-sey,
He and Tancred and their men, that all wersh were,
Smite forth as noble men into the battle there,
And stirred them so nobly, that joy it was to see;
So that their fellows that were in point to flee,
Nome to them good heart, and fought fast enow.
Robert first Curthose his good sword adrew,
And smote ane up the helm, and such a stroke him gave,
That the skull, and teeth, and the neck, and the shouldren he to-clave.
The Duke Godfrey all so good on the shouldren smote one,
And forclave him all that body to the saddle anon.
The one half fell adown anon, the other beleved still
In the saddle, theigh it wonder were, as it was God's will:
This horse bear forth this half man among his fellows each one,
And they, for the wonder case, in dread fell anon.
What for dread thereof, and for strength of their fon,[8]
More joy than there was, nas never i-see none.
In beginning of Lent this battle was y-do,
And yet soon thereafter another there come also.
For the Saracens in Paynim yarked folk enow,
And that folk, tho it gare was,[9] to Antioch drew.
Tho the Christians it underget, again they wend fast,
So that they met them, and smit an battle at last.

[1] Took counsel. [2] Shrews, cursed men.
[3] Six parties. [4] Then were there no more. [5] Weary.
[6] Fresh. [7] Foes. [8] So soon as they were prepared.

Ac the Christians cried all on God, and good earnest nome,
And, thorough the grace of Jesus Christ, the Pa[illegible] they overcome,
And slew to ground here and there, and the other flew anon,
So that at a narrow brig there adrent[1] mony one. * * * * * * twelve princes there were dead,
That me cleped amirals, a fair case it was one
The Christians had of them of armour great won,
Of gold and of silver eke, and thereafter they nome
The headen of the hext masters, and to Antioch come,
And laid them in engines, and into the city them cast:
Tho they within i-see this, sore were they aghast;
That their masters were aslaw, they 'gun dread sore,
And held it little worth the town to wardy more. * *
A master that was within, send to the Earl Beaumond,
To yielden up his ward, and ben whole and sound.
Ere his fellows were aware, he yeld him up there
The towers of the city that in his ward were.
Tho Beaumond therein was, his banner anon he let rear;
Tho the Saracens it i-see, they were some deal in fear,
And held them all overcome. The Christians anon come,
And this town up this luther[2] men as for nought nome,
And slew all that they found, but which so might flee,
And astored them of their treasure, as me might i-see.
Thus was the thrid day of June Antioch i-nome,
And, as all in thilk side, the Saracens overcome.

[*Description of Robert Curthose.*]

He was William's son bastard, as I have i-said ere i-lome,[3]
And well i-wox[4] ere his father to Englond come.
Thick man he was enow, but he nas well long,
Quarry[5] he was and well i-made for to be strong.
Therefore his father in a time i-see his sturdy deed,[6]
The while he was young, and byhuld, and these words said,
'By the uprising of God, Robelin, me shall i-see,
Curthose my young son stalward knight shall be.'
For he was some deal short, he cleped him Curthose,
And he ne might never eft afterward thilk name lose.
Other lack had he nought, but he was not well long;
He was quaint of counsel and of speech, and of body strong.
Never yet man ne might, in Christendom, ne in Paynim,
In battle him bring adown of his horse none time.

In the list of Rhyming Chroniclers, Robert of Gloucester is succeeded by ROBERT MANNING, a Gilbertine canon in the monastery of Brunne or Bourne, in Lincolnshire (therefore usually called *Robert de Brunne*), who flourished in the latter part of the reign of Edward I., and throughout that of Edward II. He translated, under the name of a *Handling of Sins*, a French book, entitled Manuel des Pêches, the composition of William de Wadington, in which the seven deadly sins are illustrated by legendary stories. He afterwards translated a French chronicle of England, which had been written by Peter de Langtoft, a contemporary of his own, and an Augustine canon of Bridlington in Yorkshire. Manning has been characterised as an industrious, and, for the time, an elegant writer, possessing, in particular, a great command of rhymes. The verse adopted in his chronicle is shorter than that of the Gloucester monk, making an approach to the octosyllabic stanza of modern times. The following is one of the most spirited passages, in reduced spelling:—

[1] Were drowned. [2] Wicked. [3] Frequently before.
[4] Grown. [5] a. [6] Seeing his sturdy doings.

[*The interview of Vortigern with Rowen, the beautiful Daughter of Hengist.*]

Hengist that day did his might,
That all were glad, king and knight.
And as they were best in glading,
And well cup-shotten,[1] knight and king,
Of chamber Rowenen so gent,
Before the king in hall she went.
A cup with wine she had in hand,
And her attire was well farand.[2]
Before the king on knee set,
And in her language she him gret[3]
'Laverd[4] king, wassail!' said she.
The king asked, What should be.
On that language the king ne couth[5]
A knight her language lerid in youth,
Bregh hight that knight, born Breton,
That lerid the language of Saxon.
This Bregh was the latimer,[6]
What she said told Vortiger.
'Sir,' Bregh said, 'Rowen you greets,
And king calls and lord you leets.[7]
This is their custom and their gest,
When they are at the ale or feast,
Ilk man that loves where him think,
Shall say, *Wassail!* and to him drink.
He that bids shall say, Wassail!
The tother shall say again, *Drinkhail!*
That says Wassail drinks of the cup,
Kissing his fellow he gives it up.
Drinkhail he says, and drinks thereof,
Kissing him in bourd and skof.'
The king said, as the knight gan ken,[8]
'Drinkhail,' smiling on Rowenen.
Rowen drank as her list,[9]
And gave the king, syne him kissed.
There was the first wassail in dede,
And that first of fame gaed.[10]
Of that wassail men told great tale,
And wassail when they were at ale,
And drinkhail to them that drank,
Thus was wassail ta'en to thank.
Fell sithes[11] that maiden ying
Wassailed and kissed the king.
Of body she was right avenant,
Of fair colour with sweet semblant.
Her attire full well it seemed,
Mervelik the king she queemed.[12]
Of our measure was he glad,
For of that maiden he wax all mad.
Drunkenness the fiend wrought,
Of that paen[13] was all his thought.
A mischance that time him led,
He asked that paen for to wed.
Hengist would not draw o lite,
Bot granted him all so tite.
And Hors his brother consented soon,
Her friends said, it were to done.
They asked the king to give her Kent,
In dowery to take of rent.
Upon that maiden his heart was cast;
That they asked the king made fast.
I ween the king took her that day,
And wedded her on paen's lay.[14]

[*Fabulous Account of the first Highways in England.*]

Belin well held his honour,
And wisely was good governor.
He loved peace at his might;
Peaceable men he held to right.
His lond Britain he yode[1] throughout,
And ilk country beheld about,
Beheld the woods, water, and fen,
No passage was maked for men,
No high street through countrie
Ne to borough ne city.
Through muris, hills, and vallies,
He made brigs and causeways,
High street for common passage,
Brigs o'er waters did he stage.
The first he made he called it Fosse;
Throughout the land it goes to Scoss.
It begins at Tottenness,
And ends unto Catheness.
Another street ordained he,
And goes to Wales to Saint Davy. * *
Two causeways o'er the lond o-bread,[2]
That men o'er-thort in passage yede.
When they were made as he chese,
He commanded till all have peace;
All should have peace and freedame,
That in his streets yede or came.
And if were any of his
That fordid[3] his franchise,
Forfeited should be all his thing,
His body taken to the king.

[*Praise of Good Women.*]

(From the Handling of Sins.)

Nothing is to man so dear
As woman's love in good manner.
A good woman is man's bliss,
Where her love right and stedfast is.
There is no solace under heaven,
Of all that a man may neven,[4]
That should a man so much glew,[5]
As a good woman that loveth true:
Ne dearer is none in God's hurd,[6]
Than a chaste woman with lovely wurd.

1 Well advanced in convivialities.
2 Of good appearance. This phrase is still used in Scotland.
3 Greeted. 4 Lord. 5 Had no knowledge.
6 Interpreter. 7 Esteems. 8 Taught him.
9 As pleased her. 10 Went. 11 Many times.
12 Pleased. 13 Pagan. 14 According to Pagan law.

ENGLISH METRICAL ROMANCES.

THE rise of Romantic Fiction in Europe has been traced to the most opposite quarters; namely, to the Arabians and to the Scandinavians. It has also been disputed, whether a politer kind of poetical literature was first cultivated in Normandy or in Provence. Without entering into these perplexing questions, it may be enough to state, that romantic fiction appears to have been cultivated from the eleventh century downwards, both by the troubadours of Provence and by the Norman poets, of whom some account has already been given. As also already hinted, a class of persons had arisen, named *Joculators*, *Jongleurs*, or *Minstrels*, whose business it was to wander about from one mansion to another, reciting either their own compositions, or those of other persons, with the accompaniment of the harp. The histories and chronicles, already spoken of, partook largely of the character of these romantic tales, and were hawked about in the same manner. Brutus, the supposed son of Æneas of Troy, and who is described in those histories as the founder of the English state, was as much a hero of romance

1 Went. 2 Breadthways. 3 Broke, destroyed.
4 Know. 5 Delight. 6 Family.

as of history. Even where a really historical person was adopted as a subject, such as Rollo of Normandy, or Charlemagne, his life was so amplified with romantic adventure, that it became properly a work of fiction. This, it must be remembered, was an age remarkable for a fantastic military spirit: it was the age of chivalry and of the crusades, when men saw such deeds of heroism and self-devotion daily performed before their eyes, that nothing which could be imagined of the past was too extravagant to appear destitute of the feasibility demanded in fiction. As might be expected from the ignorance of the age, no attempt was made to surround the heroes with the circumstances proper to their time or country. Alexander the Great, Arthur, and Roland, were all alike depicted as knights of the time of the poet himself. The basis of many of these metrical tales is supposed to have been certain collections of stories and histories compiled by the monks of the middle ages. 'Materials for the superstructure were readily found in an age when anecdotes and apologues were thought very necessary even to discourses from the pulpit, and when all the fables that could be gleaned from ancient writings, or from the relations of travellers, were collected into story books, and preserved by the learned for that purpose.' *

It was not till the English language had risen into some consideration, that it became a vehicle for romantic metrical tales. One composition of the kind, entitled *Sir Tristrem*, published by Sir Walter Scott in 1804, was believed by him, upon what he thought tolerable evidence, to be the composition of Thomas of Ercildoun, identical with a person noted in Scottish tradition under the appellation of Thomas the Rhymer, who lived at Earlston in Berwickshire, and died shortly before 1299. If this had been the case, Sir Tristrem must have been considered a production of the middle or latter part of the thirteenth century. But the soundness of Sir Walter's theory is now generally denied. Another English romance, the *Life of Alexander the Great*, was attributed by Mr Warton to Adam Davie, marshall of Stratford-le-Bow, who lived about 1312; but this, also, has been controverted. One only, *King Horn*, can be assigned with certainty to the latter part of the thirteenth century. Mr Warton has placed some others under that period, but by conjecture alone; and in fact dates and the names of authors are alike wanting at the beginning of the history of this class of compositions. As far as probability goes, the reign of Edward II. (1307-27) may be set down as the era of the earlier English metrical romances, or rather of the earlier English versions of such works from the French, for they were, almost without exception, of that nature.

Sir Guy, the Squire of Low Degree, Sir Degore, King Robert of Sicily, the King of Tars, Impomedon, and *La Mort Artur*, are the names of some from which Mr Warton gives copious extracts. Others, probably of later date, or which at least were long after popular, are entitled *Sir Thopas, Sir Isenbras, Gawan and Gologras*, and *Sir Bevis*. In an Essay on the Ancient Metrical Romances, in the second volume of Dr Percy's Reliques of Ancient English Poetry, the names of many more, with an account of some of them, and a prose abstract of one entitled *Sir Libius*, are given. Mr Ellis has also, in his Metrical Romances, given prose abstracts of many, with some of the more agreeable passages. The metrical romances flourished till the close of the fifteenth century, and their spirit affected English literature till a still later period. Many of the ballads handed down amongst the common people are supposed to have been derived from them.

* Ellis.

[*Extract from the King of Tars.*]

[The Soudan of Damascus, having asked the daughter of the king of Tarsus in marriage, receives a refusal. The extract describes his conduct on the return of the messengers with this intelligence, and some of the subsequent transactions. The language of this romance greatly resembles that of Robert of Gloucester, and it may therefore be safely referred to the beginning of the fourteenth century.]

The Soudan sat at his dess,[1]
Y-served of the first mess;
They comen into the hall
To-fore the prince proud in press,
Their tale they tolden withouten lees,
And on their knees 'gan fall;

And said, 'Sire, the king of Tars
Of wicked words is not scarce,
Heathen hound he doth thee call;
And ere his daughter he give thee till
Thine heart-blood he will spill,
And thy barons all!'

When the Soudan this y-heard,
As a wood[2] man he fared,[3]
His robe he rent adown;
He tare the hair of head and beard,
And said he would her win with swerd,
By his lord St Mahoun.

The table adown right he smote,
Into the floor foot hot,[4]
He looked as a wild lion.
All that he hit he smote downright,
Both sergeant and knight,
Earl and eke baron.

So he fared forsooth aplight,
All a day and all a night,
That no man might him chast:[5]
A-morron, when it was daylight,
He sent his messengers full right,
After his barons in haste,

That they comen to his parliament,
For to hearen his judgment,
Both least and maist.[6]
When the parliament was playner,
Thus bespake the Soudan fier',[7]
And said to 'em in haste:

'Lordings,' he said, 'what to rede?[8]
Me is done a great misdeed,
Of Tars the Christian king;
I bade him both lond and lede,
To have his doughter in worthy weed,
And spouse her with my ring.

And he said, withouten fail,
Erst[9] he would me slay in batail,
And mony a great lording.
Ac certes[10] he shall be forswore,
Or to wroth-hail that he was bore,[11]
But he it thereto bring.

Therefore, lordings, I have after you sent,
For to come to my parliament,
To wit of you counsail.'
And all answered with good intent,
They would be at his commandement
Withouten any fail.

And when they were all at his hest,[12]
The Soudan made a well-great feast,
For love of his batail.

[1] High seat at table. [2] Mad. [3] Became.
[4] Did hit. He struck the floor with his foot.
[5] Chasten or check. [6] Both little and great.
[7] Proud. [8] What do you advise. [9] First.
[10] But assuredly. [11] It shall be ill-fortune to him that he
[12] Order.

The Soudan gathered a host unride,[1]
With Saracens of muckle pride,
The king of Tars to assail.

When the king it heard that tide,
He sent about on each a-side,
All that he might of send;
Great war then began to wrack,
For the marriage ne most be take,
Of that maiden hend.[2]

Battle they set upon a day,
Within the third day of May,
Ne longer nold they lend.
The Soudan come with great powér,
With helm bright, and fair bannér,
Upon that king to wend.

The Soudan led an huge host,
And came with much pride and cost,
With the king of Tars to fight;
With him mony a Saracen fier',
All the fields far and near
Of helms leamed light.[3]

The king of Tars came also,
The Soudan battle for to do,
With mony a Christian knight.
Either host gan other assail,
There began a strong batail,
That grisly was of sight,

Three heathen again two Christian men,
And felled them down in the fen,
With weapons stiff and good.
The stern Saracens in that fight,
Slew our Christian men downright,
They fought as they were wood.

When the king of Tars saw that sight,
Wood he was for wrath aplight,
In hand he hent[4] a spear,
And to the Soudan he rode full right,
With a dunt[5] of much might,
Adown he 'gan him bear.

The Soudan nigh he had y-slaw,
But thirty thousand of heathen law,
Comen him for to weir;[6]
And brought him again upon his steed,
And holp him well in that need,
That no man might him der.[7]

When he was brought upon his steed,
He sprung as sparkle doth of gleed,[8]
For wrath and for envy.
And all that he hit he made 'em bleed,
He fared as he wold a weed,
'Mahoun help!' he 'gan cry.

Mony a helm there was unweaved,
And mony a bassinet to-cleaved,
And saddles mony empty
Men might see upon the field,
Mony a knight dead under shield,
Of the Christian company.

When the king of Tars saw him so ride,
No longer there he wold abide,
But fleeth to his own city.
The Saracens, that ilk tide,
Slew adown by each side,
Our Christian men so free.

The Saracens that time, sans fail,
Slew our Christians in batail,
That ruth it was to see;
And on the morrow for their sake,
Truce they gan together take
A month and days three.
As the king of Tars sat in his hall,
He made full great dool withal,
For the folk that he had i-lore.[1]
His doughter came in rich pall,
On knees she 'gan before him fall,
And said, with sighing sore:
'Father,' she said, 'let me be his wife,
That there be no more strife,' &c.

[1] Unreckoned. [2] That gentle maid.
[3] Gleamed with light. [4] Took.
[5] Blow. [6] Defend. [7] Hurt. [8] Red coal.

[*Extract from the Squire of Low Degree.*]

[The daughter of the king of Hungary having fallen into melancholy, in consequence of the loss of her lover, the squire of low degree, her father thus endeavours to console her. The passage is valuable, 'because,' says Warton, 'it delineates, in lively colours, the fashionable diversions and usages of ancient times.']

To-morrow ye shall in hunting fare;[2]
And yede,[3] my doughter, in a chair;
It shall be covered with velvet red,
And cloths of fine gold all about your head,
With damask white and azure blue,
Well diapered[4] with lilies new.
Your pommels shall be ended with gold,
Your chains enamelled many a fold,
Your mantle of rich degree,
Purple pall and ermine free.
Jennets of Spain, that ben so wight,
Trapped to the ground with velvet bright.
Ye shall have harp, sautry, and song,
And other mirths you among.
Ye shall have Rumney and Malespine,
Both Hippocras and Vernage wine;
Montrese and wine of Greek,
Both Algrade and despice[5] eke,
Antioch and Bastard,
Pyment[6] also and garnard;
Wine of Greek and Muscadel,
Both claré, pyment, and Rochelle,
The reed your stomach to defy,
And pots of Osy set you by.
You shall have venison y-bake,
The best wild fowl that may be take;
A leish of harehound with you to streck,[7]
And hart, and hind, and other like.
Ye shall be set at such a tryst,
That hart and hynd shall come to your fist,
Your disease to drive you fro,
To hear the bugles there y-blow.
Homeward thus shall ye ride,
On-hawking by the river's side,
With gosshawk and with gentle falcón,
With bugle horn and merliónn.
When you come home your menzie[8] among,
Ye shall have revel, dances, and song;
Little children, great and small,
Shall sing as does the nightingale.
Then shall ye go to your even song,
With tenors and trebles among.
Threescore of copes of damask bright,
Full of pearls they shall be pight.[9] * *
Your censors shall be of gold,
Indent with azure many a fold.
Your quire nor organ song shall want,
With contre-note and descant.
The other half on organs playing,
With young children full fain singing.
Then shall ye go to your suppér,
And sit in tents in green arbér,

[1] Lost. [2] Go a hunting. [3] Go. [4] Figured.
[5] Spiced wine. [6] A drink of wine, honey, and spices.
[7] Course. [8] Household. [9] Set.

With cloth of arras pight to the ground,
With sapphires set of diamond. * *
A hundred knights, truly told,
Shall play with bowls in alleys cold,
Your disease to drive away;
To see the fishes in pools play,
To a drawbridge then shall ye,
Th' one half of stone, th' other of tree;
A barge shall meet you full right,
With twenty-four oars full bright,
With trumpets and with clarion,
The fresh water to row up and down. * *
Forty torches burning bright,
At your bridges to bring you light.
Into your chamber they shall you bring,
With much mirth and more liking.
Your blankets shall be of fustian,
Your sheets shall be of cloth of Rennes.
Your head sheet shall be of pery pight,[1]
With diamonds set and rubies bright.
When you are laid in bed so soft,
A cage of gold shall hang aloft,
With long paper fair burning,
And cloves that be sweet smelling.
Frankincense and olibanum,
That when ye sleep the taste may come;
And if ye no rest can take,
All night minstrels for you shall wake.

IMMEDIATE PREDECESSORS OF CHAUCER.

Hitherto, we have seen English poetry only in the forms of the chronicle and the romance: of its many other forms, so familiar now, in which it is employed to point a moral lesson, to describe natural scenery, to convey satiric reflections, and give expression to refined sentiment, not a trace has as yet engaged our attention. The dawn of miscellaneous poetry, as these forms may be comprehensively called, is to be faintly discovered about the middle of the thirteenth century, when Henry III. sat on the English throne, and Alexander II. on that of Scotland. A considerable variety of examples will be found in the volumes of which the titles are given below.* The earliest that can be said to possess literary merit is an elegy on the death of Edward I. (1307), written in musical and energetic stanzas, of which one is subjoined:—

Jerusalem, thou hast i-lore[2]
The flour of all chivalerie,
Nou Kyng Edward liveth na more,
Alas! that he yet shulde deye!
He wolde ha rered up ful heyge[3]
Our baners that bueth broht to grounde;
Wel longe we mowe clepe[4] and crie,
Er we such a kyng han y-founde!

The first name that occurs in this department of our literature is that of LAWRENCE MINOT, who, about 1350, composed a series of short poems on the victories of Edward III., beginning with the battle of Halidon Hill, and ending with the siege of Guines Castle. His works were in a great measure unknown until the beginning of the present century, when they were published by Ritson, who praised them for the ease, variety, and harmony of the versification. About the same time flourished RICHARD ROLLE, a hermit of the order of St Augustine, and doctor of divinity, who lived a solitary life near the nunnery of Hampole, four miles from Doncaster. He wrote metrical paraphrases of certain parts of Scripture, and an original poem of a moral and religious nature, entitled *The Pricke of Conscience*; but of the latter work it is not certainly known that he composed it in English, there being some reason for believing that, in its present form, it is a translation from a Latin original written by him. One agreeable passage (in the original spelling) of this generally dull work is subjoined:—

[*What is in Heaven.*]

Ther is lyf withoute ony deth,
And ther is youthe without ony elde;[1]
And ther is alle manner welthe to welde:
And ther is rest without ony travaille;
And ther is pees without ony strife,
And ther is alle manner lykinge of lyf:—
And ther is bright somer ever to se,
And ther is nevere wynter in that countrie:—
And ther is more worshipe and honour,
Then evere hade kynge other emperour.
And ther is grete melodie of aungeles songe,
And ther is preysing hem amonge.
And ther is alle manner frendshipe that may be,
And ther is evere perfect love and charite;
And ther is wisdom without folye,
And ther is honeste without vileneye.
Al these a man may joyes of hevene call:
Ac yutte the most sovereyn joye of alle
Is the sighte of Goddes bright face,
In wham resteth alle mannere grace.

ROBERT LANGLAND.

The *Vision of Pierce Ploughman*, a satirical poem of the same period, ascribed to ROBERT LONGLANDE, a secular priest, also shows very expressively the progress which was made, about the middle of the fourteenth century, towards a literary style. This poem, in many points of view, is one of the most important works that appeared in England previous to the invention of printing. It is the popular representative of the doctrines which were silently bringing about the Reformation, and it is a peculiarly national poem, not only as being a much purer specimen of the English language than Chaucer, but as exhibiting the revival of the same system of alliteration which characterised the Anglo-Saxon poetry. It is, in fact, both in this peculiarity and in its political character, characteristic of a great literary and political revolution, in which the language as well as the independence of the Anglo-Saxons had at last gained the ascendency over those of the Normans.* Pierce is represented as falling asleep on the Malvern hills, and as seeing, in his sleep, a series of visions; in describing these, he exposes the corruptions of society, but particularly the dissolute lives of the religious orders, with much bitterness.

[*Extracts from Pierce Plowman.*]

[Mercy and Truth are thus allegorised.]

Out of the west coast, a wench, as me thought,
Came walking in the way, to hell-ward she looked;
Mercy hight that maid, a meek thing withal,
A full benign burd,[2] and buxom of speech;
Her sister, as it seemed, came soothly walking,
Even out of the east, and westward she looked,

[1] Inlaid with pearls.
[2] Edward had intended to go on a crusade to the Holy Land.
[3] High. [4] Call.
* Mr Thomas Wright's *Political Songs and Specimens of Lyric Poetry composed in England in the reign of Edward I. Reliquiæ Antiquæ*, 2 vols.

[1] Age. [2] Burd, *i. e.* a maiden.
* A popular edition of this poem has been recently published by Mr Wright. The lines are there divided, as we believe in strictness they ought to be, in the middle, where a pause is naturally made.

A full comely creature, truth she hight,
For the virtue that her followed afeard was she never.
When these maidens mette, Mercy and Truth,
Either axed other of this great wonder,
Of the din and of the darkness, &c.

[Covetousness is thus personified.]

And then came Covetise, can I him not descrive,
So hungrily and hollow Sir Hervey him looked;
He was beetle-browed, and babberlipped also,
With two bleared een as a blind hag,
And as a leathern purse lolled his cheeks,
Well syder than his chin,[1] they shriveled for eld:
And as a bondman of his bacon his beard was bedrivelled,[2]
With an hood on his head and a lousy hat above.
And in a tawny tabard of twelve winter age,
Al so-torn and baudy, and full of lice creeping;
But if that a louse could have loupen the better,
She should not have walked on the welt, it was so threadbare.

[The existing condition of the religious orders is delineated in the following allegorical fashion. It might be supposed that the final lines, in which the Reformation is predicted, was an interpolation after that event; but this has been ascertained not to have been the case.]

Ac now is Religion a rider, a roamer about,
A leader of lovedays,[3] and a lond-buyer,
A pricker on a palfrey from manor to manor.
An heap of hounds [behind him] as he a lord were:
And but if his knave[4] kneel that shall his cope bring,
He loured on him, and asketh him who taught him courtesy?
Little had lords to done to give lond from her heirs
To religious, that have no ruth though it rain on her altars.
In many places there they be parsons by hemself at ease;
Of the poor have they no pity: and that is her charity!
And they letten hem as lords, her lands lie so broad.
Ac there shall come a King and confess you, Religious,
And beat you, as the Bible telleth, for breaking of your rule,
And amend monials,[5] monks, and canons,
And put hem to her penance—
* * * * *
And then shall the Abbot of Abingdon, and all his issue for ever
Have a knock of a King, and incurable the wound.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

With these imperfect models as his only native guides, arose our first great author, GEOFFREY CHAUCER, distinctively known as the Father of English poetry. Though our language had risen into importance with the rise of the Commons in the time of Edward I., the French long kept possession of the court and higher circles, and it required a genius like that of Chaucer—familiar with different modes of life both at home and abroad, and openly patronised by his sovereign—to give literary permanence and consistency to the language and poetry of England. Henceforward his native style, which Spenser terms 'the pure well of English undefiled,' formed a standard of composition, though the national distractions which followed, and the paucity of any striking poetical genius for at least a century and a half after his death, too truly exemplify the fine simile of Warton, that Chaucer was like a genial day in an English spring, when a brilliant sun enlivens the face of nature with unusual warmth and lustre, but is succeeded by the redoubled horrors of winter, 'and those tender buds and early blossoms which were called forth by the transient gleam of a temporary sunshine, are nipped by frosts and torn by tempests.'

Chaucer.

Chaucer was a man of the world as well as a student; a soldier and courtier, employed in public affairs of delicacy and importance, and equally acquainted with the splendour of the warlike and magnificent reign of Edward III., and with the bitter revenges of fortune which accompanied the subsequent troubles and convulsions. He had partaken freely in all; and was peculiarly qualified to excel in that department of literature which alone can be universally popular, the portraiture of real life and genuine emotion. His genius was not, indeed, fully developed till he was advanced in years. His early pieces have much of the frigid conceit and pedantry of his age, when the passion of love was erected into a sort of court, governed by statutes, and a system of chivalrous mythology (such as the poetical worship of the rose and the daisy) supplanted the stateliness of the old romance. In time he threw off these conceits—

He stoop'd to truth, and moralized his song.

When about sixty, in the calm evening of a busy life, he composed his *Canterbury Tales*, simple and varied as nature itself, imbued with the results of extensive experience and close observation, and coloured with the genial lights of a happy temperament, that had looked on the world without austerity, and passed through its changing scenes without losing the freshness and vivacity of youthful feeling and imagination. The poet tells us himself (in his *Testament of Love*) that he was born in London, and the year 1328 is assigned, by the only authority we possess on the subject, namely, the inscription on his tomb, as the date of his birth. One of his poems

[1] Hanging wider than his chin.

[2] As the mouth of a bondman or rural labourer is with the bacon he eats, so was his beard beslabbered—an image still familiar in England.

[3] Loveday is a day appointed for the amicable settlement of differences.

[4] A male servant. [5] Nuns.

is signed 'Philogenet of Cambridge, Clerk,' and hence he is supposed to have attended the University there; but Warton and other Oxonians claim him for the rival university. It is certain that he accompanied the army with which Edward III. invaded France, and was made prisoner about the year 1359, at the siege of Retters. At this time the poet was honoured with the steady and effective patronage of John of Gaunt, whose marriage with Blanche, heiress of Lancaster, he commemorates in his poem of the *Dream*. Chaucer and 'time-honoured Gaunt' became closely connected. The former married Philippa Pyckard, or De Rouet, daughter of a knight of Hainault, and maid of honour to the queen, and a sister of this lady, Catherine Swinford (widow of Sir John Swinford) became the mistress, and ultimately the wife, of John of Gaunt. The fortunes of the poet rose and fell with those of the prince, his patron. In 1367, he received from the crown a grant of twenty marks, equal to about £200 of our present money. In 1372, he was a joint envoy on a mission to the Duke of Genoa; and it has been conjectured that on this occasion he made a tour of the northern states of Italy, and visited Petrarch at Padua. The only proof of this, however, is a casual allusion in the *Canterbury Tales*, where the clerk of Oxford says of his tale—

> Learned at Padua of a worthy clerk—
> Francis Petrarch, the laureat poet
> Hight this clerk, whose rhetoric sweet
> Enlumined all Italy of poetry.

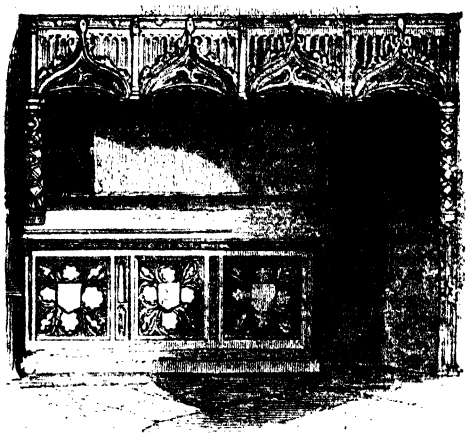
The tale thus learned is the pathetic story of Patient Grisilde, which, in fact, was written by Boccaccio, and only translated into Latin by Petrarch. 'Why,' asks Mr Godwin, 'did Chaucer choose to confess his obligation for it to Petrarch rather than to Boccaccio, from whose volume Petrarch confessedly translated it? For this very natural reason—because he was eager to commemorate his interview with this venerable patriarch of Italian letters, and to record the pleasure he had reaped from his society.' We fear this is mere special pleading; but it would be a pity that so pleasing an illusion should be dispelled. Whether or not the two poets ever met, the Italian journey of Chaucer, and the fame of Petrarch, must have kindled his poetical ambition and refined his taste. The *Divine Comedy* of Dante had shed a glory over the literature of Italy; Petrarch received his crown of laurel in the Capitol of Rome only five years before Chaucer first appeared as a poet (his *Court of Love* was written about the year 1346); and Boccaccio (more poetical in his prose than his verse) had composed that inimitable century of tales, his *Decameron*, in which the charms of romance are clothed in all the pure and sparkling graces of composition. These illustrious examples must have inspired the English traveller; but the rude northern speech with which he had to deal, formed a chilling contrast to the musical language of Italy! Edward III. continued his patronage to the poet. He was made comptroller of the customs of wine and wool in the port of London, and had a pitcher of wine daily from the royal table, which was afterwards commuted into a pension of twenty marks. He was appointed a joint envoy to France to treat of a marriage between the Prince of Wales and Mary, the daughter of the French king. At home, he is supposed to have resided in a house granted by the king, near the royal manor at Woodstock, where, according to the description in his *Dream*, he was surrounded with every mark of luxury and distinction. The scenery of Woodstock Park has been described in the *Dream* with some graphic and picturesque touches:—

> And right anon as I the day espied,
> No longer would I in my bed abide,
> I went forth myself alone and boldely,
> And held the way down by a brook side,
> Till I came to a land of white and green,
> So fair a one had I never in been.
> The ground was green y-powdered with daisy,
> The flowers and the groves alike high,
> All green and white was nothing else seen.

The destruction of the Royal Manor at Woodstock, and the subsequent erection of Blenheim, have changed the appearance of this classic ground; but the poet's morning walk may still be traced, and some venerable oaks that may have waved over him, lend poetic and historical interest to the spot.' The opening of the reign of Richard II. was unpropitious to Chaucer. He became involved in the civil and religious troubles of the times, and joined with the party of John of Northampton, who was attached to the doctrines of Wickliffe, in resisting the measures of the court. The poet fled to Hainault (the country of his wife's relations), and afterwards to Holland. He ventured to return in 1386, but was thrown into the Tower, and deprived of his comptrollership. In May 1388, he obtained leave to dispose of his two patents of twenty marks each; a measure prompted, no doubt, by necessity. He obtained his release by impeaching his previous associates, and confessing to his misdemeanours, offering also to prove the truth of his information by entering the lists of combat with the accused parties. How far this transaction involves the character of the poet, we cannot now ascertain. He has painted his suffering and distress, the odium which he incurred, and his indignation at the bad conduct of his former confederates, in powerful and affecting language in his prose work, the *Testament of Love*. The sunshine of royal favour was not long withheld after this humiliating submission. In 1389, Chaucer is registered as clerk of the works at Westminster; and next year he was appointed to the same office at Windsor. These were only temporary situations, held about twenty months; but he afterwards received a grant of £20, and a tun of wine, per annum. The name of the poet does not occur again for some years, and he is supposed to have retired to Woodstock, and there composed his *Canterbury Tales*. In 1398, a patent of protection was granted to him by the crown; but, from the terms of the deed, it is difficult to say whether it is an amnesty for political offences, or a safeguard from creditors. In the following year, still brighter prospects opened on the aged poet. Henry of Bolingbroke, the son of his brother-in-law, John of Gaunt, ascended the throne: Chaucer's annuity was continued, and forty marks additional were granted. Thomas Chaucer, whom Mr Godwin seems to prove to have been the poet's son, was made chief butler, and elected Speaker of the House of Commons. The last time that the poet's name occurs in any public document, is in a lease made to him by the abbot, prior and convent of Westminster, of a tenement situate in the garden of the chapel, at the yearly rent of 53s. 4d. This is dated on the 24th of December 1399; and on the 25th of October 1400, the poet died in London, most probably in the house he had just leased, which stood on the site of Henry VII.'s chapel. He was buried in Westminster Abbey—the first of that illustrious file of poets whose ashes rest in the sacred edifice.

The character of Chaucer may be seen in his works. He was the counterpart of Shakspeare in cheerfulness and benignity of disposition—no enemy to mirth and joviality, yet delighting in his books

and studious in the midst of an active life. He was an enemy to superstition and priestly abuse, but playful in his satire, with a keen sense of the ludicrous, and the richest vein of comic narrative and delineation of character. He retained through life a strong love of the country, and of its inspiring and invigorating influences. No poet has dwelt more fondly on the charms of a spring or summer morning; and the month of May seems to have been always a carnival in his heart and fancy. His retirement at Woodstock, where he had indulged the poetical reveries of his youth, and where he was crowned with the latest treasures of his genius, was exactly such an old age as could have been desired for the venerable founder of our national poetry.



Chaucer's Tomb.

The principal of Chaucer's minor poems are the *Flower and Leaf*, a spirited and graceful allegorical poem, with some fine description; and *Troilus and Cresseide*, partly translated, but enriched with many marks of his original genius. Sir Philip Sidney admired this pathetic poem, and it was long popular. Warton and every subsequent critic have quoted with just admiration the passage in which Cresseide makes an avowal of her love:—

> And as the new-abashed nightingale,
> That stinteth first when she beginneth sing,
> When that she heareth any herdes tale,
> Or in the hedges any wight stirring,
> And after, sicker, doth her voice outring;
> Right so Cresseide, when that her dread stent,
> Opened her heart, and told him her intent.

The *House of Fame*, afterwards so richly paraphrased by Pope, contains some bold imagery, and the romantic machinery of Gothic fable. It is, however, very unequal in execution, and extravagant in conception. Warton has pointed out many anachronisms in these poems. We can readily believe that the unities of time and place were little regarded by the old poet. They were as much defied by Shakspeare; but in both we have the higher qualities of true feeling, passion, and excitement, which blind us to mere scholastic blemishes and defects.

The *Canterbury Tales* form the best and most durable monument of Chaucer's genius. Boccaccio, in his *Decameron*, supposes ten persons to have retired from Florence during the plague of 1348, and there, in a sequestered villa, amused themselves by relating tales after dinner. Ten days formed the period of their sojourn; and we have thus a hundred stories, lively, humorous, or tender, and full of characteristic painting in choice Italian. Chaucer seems to have copied this design, as well as part of the Florentine's freedom and licentiousness of detail; but he greatly improved upon the plan. There is something repulsive and unnatural in a party of ladies and gentlemen meeting to tell loose tales of successful love and licentious monks while the plague is desolating the country around them. The tales of Chaucer have a more pleasing origin. A company of pilgrims, consisting of twenty-nine 'sundry folk,' meet together in fellowship at the Tabard Inn, Southwark,* all being bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket at Canterbury. These pilgrimages were scenes of much enjoyment, and even mirth; for, satisfied with thwarting the Evil One by the object of their mission, the devotees did not consider it necessary to preserve any religious

Tabard Inn, Southwark.

strictness or restraint by the way. The poet himself is one of the party at the Tabard. They all sup together in the large room of the hostelrie; and after great cheer, the landlord proposes that they shall travel together to Canterbury; and, to shorten their way, that each shall tell a tale, both in going and returning, and whoever told the best, should have a supper at the expense of the rest. The company assent, and 'mine host' (who was both 'bold of his speech, and wise and well taught') is appointed to be judge and reporter of the stories. The characters composing this social party are inimitably drawn and discriminated. We have a knight, a mirror of chivalry, who had fought against the Heathenesse in Palestine; his son, a gallant young squire with curled locks, 'laid in presse' and all manner of *debonair* accomplishments; a nun, or prioress, beautifully drawn in her arch simplicity and coy reserve; and a jolly monk, who boasted a dainty, well-caparisoned horse—

> And when he rode men might his bridle hear
> Gingling in a whistling wind as clear,
> And eke as loud as doth the chapel bell.

* 'The house is supposed still to exist, or an inn built upon the site of it, from which the personages of the *Canterbury Tales* set out upon their pilgrimage. The sign has been converted by a confusion of speech from the Tabard—"a sleeveless coat worn in times past by noblemen in the wars," but now only by heralds (*Speght's Glossary*)—to the Talbot, a species of hound; and the following inscription is to be found on the spot:—"This is the inn where Geoffrey Chaucer and nine-and-twenty pilgrims lodged on their journey to Canterbury in 1383." The inscription is truly observed by Mr Tyrrwhit to be modern, and of little authority.'—*Godwin's Life of Chaucer.*

A wanton friar is also of the party—full of sly and solemn mirth, and well beloved for his accommodating disposition—

> Full sweetly heard he confession,
> And pleasant was his absolution.

We have a Pardoner from Rome, with some sacred relics (as part of the Virgin Mary's veil, and part of the sail of St Peter's ship), and who is also 'brimful of pardons come from Rome all hot.' In satirical contrast to these merry and interested churchmen, we have a poor parson of a town, 'rich in holy thought and work,' and a clerk of Oxford, who was skilled in logic—

> Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
> *And gladly would he learn and gladly teach.*

Yet, with all his learning, the clerk's coat was threadbare, and his horse was 'lean as is a rake.' Among the other *dramatis personæ* are, a doctor of physic, a great astronomer and student, 'whose study was but little on the Bible;' a purse-proud merchant; a sergeant of law, who was always busy, yet seemed busier than he was; and a jolly Franklin, or freeholder, who had been a lord of sessions, and was fond of good eating—

> Withouten baked meat never was his house,
> Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous;
> *It snowed in his house of meat and drink.*

This character is a fine picture of the wealthy rural Englishman, and it shows how much of enjoyment and hospitality was even then associated with this station of life. The *Wife of Bath* is another lively national portrait: she is shrewd and witty, has abundant means, and is always first with her offering at church. Among the humbler characters are, a 'stout carl' of a miller, a reve or bailiff, and a sompnour or church apparitor, who summoned offenders before the archdeacon's court, but whose fire-red face and licentious habits contrast curiously with the nature of his duties. A shipman, cook, haberdasher, &c., make up the goodly company—the whole forming such a genuine Hogarthian picture, that we may exclaim, in the eloquent language of Campbell, 'What an intimate scene of English life in the fourteenth century do we enjoy in these tales, beyond what history displays by glimpses through the stormy atmosphere of her scenes, or the antiquary can discover by the cold light of his researches!' Chaucer's contemporaries and their successors were justly proud of this national work. Many copies existed in manuscript, and when the art of printing came to England, one of the first duties of Caxton's press was to issue an impression of those tales which first gave literary permanence and consistency to the language and poetry of England.

All the pilgrims in the *Canterbury Tales* do not relate stories. Chaucer had not, like Boccaccio, finished his design; for he evidently intended to have given a second series on the return of the company from Canterbury, as well as an account of the transactions in the city when they reached the sacred shrine. The concluding supper at the Tabard, when the successful competitor was to be declared, would have afforded a rich display for the poet's peculiar humour. The parties who do not relate tales (as the poem has reached us) are the yeoman, the ploughman, and the five city mechanics. The squire's tale is the most chivalrous and romantic, and that of the clerk, containing the popular legend of Patient Grisilde, is deeply affecting for its pathos and simplicity. The 'Cock and the Fox,' related by the nun's priest, and 'January and May,' the merchant's tale, have some minute painting of natural objects and scenery, in Chaucer's clear and simple style. The tales of the miller and reve are coarse, but richly humorous. Dryden and Pope have honoured the Father of British verse by paraphrasing some of these popular productions, and stripping them equally of their antiquated style and the more gross of their expressions, but with the sacrifice of most that is characteristic in the elder bard. In a volume edited by Mr R. H. Horne, under the title of *Chaucer Modernised*, there are specimens of the poems, altered with a much more tender regard to the original, and in some instances with considerable success; but the book by which ordinary readers of the present day, who are willing to take a little trouble, may best become acquainted with this great light of the fourteenth century, is one entitled the *Riches of Chaucer*, by C. C. Clarke (two volumes, 1835), in which the best pieces are given, with only the spelling modernised. An edition of the *Canterbury Tales* was published, with a learned commentary, by Thomas Tyrwhitt, Esq. (5 vols. 1778).

The verse of Chaucer is, almost without exception, in ten-syllabled couplets, the verse in which by far the largest portion of our poetry since that time has been written, and which, as Mr Southey has remarked, may be judged from that circumstance to be best adapted to the character of our speech. The accentuation, by a license since abandoned, is different in many instances from that of common speech: the poet, wherever it suits his convenience, or his pleasure, makes accented syllables short, and short syllables emphatic. This has been not only a difficulty with ordinary readers, but a subject of perplexity amongst commentators; but the principle has latterly been concluded upon as of the simple kind here stated. Another peculiarity is the making silent *e*'s at the end of words tell in the metre, as in French lyrical poetry to this day; for example—

> Full well she sangé the service divine.

Here 'sangé' is two syllables, while service furnishes an example of a transposed accent. In pursuance of the same principle, a monosyllabic noun, as *beam*, becomes the dissyllable *beamés* in the plural. When these peculiarities are carefully attended to, much of the difficulty of reading Chaucer, even in the original spelling, vanishes.

In the extracts which follow, we present, first, a specimen in the original spelling; then various specimens in the reduced spelling adopted by Mr Clarke, but without his marks of accents and extra syllables, except in a few instances; and, finally, one specimen (the Good Parson), in which, by a few slight changes, the verse is accommodated to the present fashion.

[*Select characters from the Canterbury Pilgrimage.*]

A Knight ther was, and that a worthy man,
That fro the time that he first began
To riden out, he loved chevalrie,
Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie.
Ful worthy was he in his lordes werre;
And, therto, hadde he ridden, none more ferre,
As wel in Cristendom as in Hethenesse,
And ever honoured for his worthinesse. * *
—— Though that he was worthy he was wise;
And of his port, as meke as is a mayde:
He never yet no vilainie ne sayde,
In all his lif, unto no manere wight,
He was a veray parfit gentil knight.
But, for to tellen you of his arnie,—
His hors was good, but he ne was not gaie.
Of fustian he wered a gipon[1]
Alle besmatred with his habergeon,

[1] A short cassock.

For he was late ycome fro his viage,
And wente for to don his pilgrimage.
With him, ther was his sone, a yonge Squier,
A lover, and a lusty bacheler;
With lockes crull as they were laide in presse.
Of twenty yere of age he was, I gesse.
Of his stature he was of even lengthe;
And wonderly deliver, and grete of strengthe,
And he hadde be, somtime, in chevachie[1]
In Flaundres, in Artois, and in Picardie,
And borne him wel, as of so litel space,
In hope to standen in his ladies grace.
Embrouded was he, as it were a mede
All full of freshe floures, white and rede.
Singing he was, or floyting all the day:
He was as freshe as is the moneth of May.
Short was his goune, with sleves long and wide.
Wel coude he sitte on hors, and fayre ride,
He coude songes make, and wel endite;
Juste and eke dance; and wel pourtraie and write:
So hote he loved, that by nightertale[2]
He slep no more than doth the nightingale:
Curteis he was, lowly and servisable;
And carf before his fader at the table.
A Yeman hadde he; and servantes no mo
At that time; for him luste to ride so:
And he was cladde in cote and hode of grene;
A shefe of peacock arwes bright and kene
Under his belt he bare ful thriftily;
Wel coude he dresse his takel yemanly:
His arwes drouped not with fetheres lowe,
And in his hand he bare a mighty bowe.
A not-hed[3] hadde he with a broun visage,
Of wood-craft coude he wel alle the usage.
Upon his arme, he bare a gaie bracer;[4]
And by his side, a swerd and a bokeler;
And on that other side, a gaie daggere,
Harneised wel, and sharpe as point of spere:
A Cristofre on his brest of silver shene.
An horne he bare, the baudrik was of grene.
A forster was he, sothely, as I gesse.
Ther was also a Nonne, a Prioresse,
That of hire smiling was full simple and coy;
Hire gretest othe n'as but by Seint Eloy;
And she was cleped[5] Madame Eglentine.
Ful wel she sange the service devine,
Entuned in hire nose ful swetely;
And Frenche she spake ful fayre and fetisly,[6]
After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
For Frenche of Paris was to hire unknowe.
At mete was she wele ytaughte withalle;
She lette no morsel from her lippes falle,
Ne wette hire fingres in hire sauce depe.
Wel coude she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
Thatte no drope ne fell upon hire brest.
In curtesie was sette ful moche hire lest.[7]
Hire over-lippe wiped she so clene,
That in hire cuppe was no ferthing[8] sene
Of grese, whan she dronken hadde hire draught.
Ful semely after hire mete she raught.[9]
And sikerly she was of grete disport,
And ful plesant, and amiable of port,
And peined[10] hire to contrefeten[11] chere
Of court, and ben estatelich of manere,
And to ben holden digne[12] of reverence.
But for to speken of hire conscience,
She was so charitable and so pitous,
She wolde wepe if that she saw a mous
Caughte in a trappe, if it were ded or bledde.
Of smale houndes hadde she, that she fedde
With rosted flesh, and milk, and wastel brede.
But sore wept she if on of hem were dede,
Or if men smote it with a yerde[1] smerte:[2]
And all was conscience and tendre herte.
Ful semely hire wimple ypinched was;
Hire nose tretis;[3] hire eyen grey as glas;
Hire mouth ful smale, and thereto soft and red;
But sikerly she hadde a fayre forehed.
It was almost a spanne brode I trowe;
For hardily she was not undergrowe.[4]
Ful fetise[5] was hire cloke, as I was ware.
Of smale corall aboute hire arm she bare
A pair of bedes, gauded all with grene;
And thereon heng a broche of gold ful shene,
On whiche was first ywriten a crouned A,
And after, *Amor vincit omnia.*
Another Nonne also with hire hadde she,
That was hire chapelleine, and Preestes thre.
A Monk ther was, a fayre for the maistrie,
An out-rider, that loved venerie;[6]
A manly man, to ben an abbot able.
Ful many a deinte hors hadde he in stable;
And when he rode, men mighte his bridel here
Gingeling, in a whistling wind, as clere
And eke as loude as doth the chapell belle,
Ther as this lord was keper of the celle.
The reule of Seint Maure and of Seint Beneit,
Because that it was olde and somdele streit,
This ilke monk lette olde thinges pace,
And held after the newe world the trace.
He yave not of the text a pulled hen,
That saith that *hunters ben not holy men;*
Ne that a monk, whan he is rekkeles,
Is like to a fish that is waterles;
(This is to say, a *monk out of his cloistre*);
This ilke text he held not worth an oistre.
Therfore he was a prikasoure[7] a right:
Greihoundes he hadde as swift as foul of flight:
Of pricking, and of hunting for the hare
Was all his lust; for no cost wolde he spare.
I saw his sleves purfiled at the hond
With gris,[8] and that the finest of the lond,
And, for to fasten his hood, under his chinne
He hadde, of gold ywrought, a curious pinne,—
A love-knotte in the greter ende ther was.
His hed was balled, and shone as any glas,
And eke his face, as it hadde ben anoint.
He was a lord ful fat and in good point.
His eyen stepe, and rolling in his hed,
That stemed as a furneis of a led;
His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat;
Now certainly he was a fayre prelat.
He was not pale as a forpined gost.
A fat swan loved he best of any rost.
His palfrey was as broun as is a bery.

A Marchant was ther with a forked berd,
In mottelee, and highe on hors he sat,
Upon his hed a Flaundrish bever hat,
His bootes clapsed fayre and fetisly,
His resons spake he ful solempnely,
Souning alway the encrese of his winning.
He wold the see were kept, for any thing,
Betwixen Middleburgh and Orewell.
Wel coud he in eschanges sheldes[9] selle.
This worthy man ful wel his wit besette;
Ther wiste no wight that he was in dette,
So stedfastly didde he in his governance,
With his bargeines, and with his chevisance.[10]
Forsothe he was a worthy man withalle.
But soth to sayn, I no't how men him calle.

[1] On an expedition.
[2] In the night-time.
[3] A head like a bullock's.
[4] Armour for the arm.
[5] Called.
[6] Neatly.
[7] Her pleasure.
[8] Smallest spot.
[9] Rose.
[10] Took pains.
[11] To imitate.
[12] Worthy.

[1] Rod.
[2] Smartly, *adv.*
[3] Straight.
[4] Of low stature.
[5] Neat.
[6] Hunting.
[7] A hard rider.
[8] Fur.
[9] French crowns.
[10] An agreement for borrowing money.

A Clerk ther was of Oxenforde also,
That unto logike hadde long ygo.
As lene was his hors as is a rake,
And he was not right fat I undertake;
But looked holwe, and thereto soberly.
Ful thredbare was his overest courtepy,
For he hadde geten him yet no benefice,
He was nought worldly to have an office.
For him was lever han, at his beddes hed,
Twenty bokes clothed in black or red,
Of Aristotle and his philosophie,
Than robes riche, or fidel, or sautrie:
But all be that he was a philosophre,
Yet hadde he but litel gold in cofre;
But all that he might of his frendes hente,[1]
On bokes and on lerning he it spente;
And besily gan for the soules praie
Of hem that yave him wherwith to scolaie.
Of studie toke he most cure and hede.
Not a word spake he more than was nede;
And that was said in forme and reverence,
And short and quike, and full of high sentence:
Souning in moral vertue was his speche;
And gladly wolde he lerne, and gladly teche.

A Frankelein was in this compagnie;
White was his berd as is the dayesie.
Of his complexion he was sanguin.
Wel loved he by the morwe[2] a sop in win.
To liven in delit was ever his wone,[3]
For he was Epicures owen sone,
That held opinion, that plein delit
Was verraily felicite parfite.
An housholder, and that a grete was he;
Seint Julian he was in his contree.
His bred, his ale, was alway after on;
A better envyned man was no wher non.
Withouten bake mete never was his hous,
Of fish and flesh, and that so plenteous,
It snewed in his hous of mete and drinke,
Of alle deintees that men coud of thinke.
After the sondry sesons of the yere,
So changed he his mete and his soupere.
Ful many a fat partrich hadde he in mewe;
And many a breme, and many a luce, in stewe.
Wo was his cok but if his sauce were
Poinant and sharpe, and redy all his gere.
His table, dormant[4] in his halle, alway
Stode redy covered alle the longe day.

At sessions ther was he lord and sire;
Ful often time he was knight of the shire.
An anelace[5] and a gipciere[6] all of silk
Heng at his girdel, white as morwe milk.
A shereve hadde he ben and a countour.
Was no wher swiche a worthy vavasour.[7]

An Haberdasher, and a Carpenter,
A Webbe, a Deyer, and a Tapiser,
Were alle yclothed in o[8] livere
Of a solempne and grete fraternite.
Ful freshe and newe hir gere ypiked was
Hir knives were ychaped not with bras,
But all with silver wrought full clene and wel,
Hir girdeles and hir pouches, every del.
Wel semed eche of hem a fayre burgeis,
To sitten in a gild halle, on the deis.
Everich, for the wisdom that he can,
Was shapelich for to ben an alderman.
For catel hadden they ynough, and rent.
And, eke, hir wives wolde it wel assent,
And elles certainly they were to blame,
It is full fayre to ben ycleped Madame—
And for to gon to vigiles all before,
And have a mantel reallich ybore.

A good Wif was ther of beside Bathe;
But she was som del defe, and that was scathe.
Of cloth making she hadde swiche an haunt,
She passed hem of Ipres, and of Gaunt.
In all the parish, wif ne was ther non
That to the offring before hire shulde gon—
And if ther did, certain so wroth was she,
That she was out of alle charitee.
Hire coverchiefs weren ful fine of ground,
(I dorste swere they weyeden a pound),
That on the Sonday were upon hire hede:
Hire hosen weren of fine scarlet rede,
Ful streite yteyed, and shoon ful moist and newe.
Bold was hire face, and fayre and rede of hew.
She was a worthy woman all hire live:
Housbondes, at the chirche dore, had she had five,
Withouten other compagnie in youthe,
But thereof nedeth not to speke as nouthe.
And thries hadde she ben at Jerusaleme;
She had passed many a strange streme:
At Rome she hadde ben, and at Boloigne,
In Galice at Seint James, and at Coloine:
She coude moche of wandring by the way,
Gat-tothed was she, sothly for to say.
Upon an ambler esily she sat,
Ywimpled wel; and on hire hede an hat
As brode as is a bokeler, or a targe;
A fore-mantel about hire hippes large;
And on hire fete a pair of sporres sharpe.
In felawship, wel coude she laughe and carpe
Of remedies of love she knew perchance;
For, of that arte, she coude the olde dance.

Ther was also a Reve and a Millere,
A Sompnour, and a Pardoner also,
A Manciple, and myself; ther n'ere no mo.

The Miller was a stout carl for the nonce,
Ful bigge he was of braun, and eke of bones;
That proved wel; for over all ther he came,
At wrastling he wold bere away the ram.
He was short shuldered, brode, a thikke gnarre,[1]
Ther n'as no dore, that he n'olde heve of barre,
Or breke it at a renning with his hede.
His berd as any sowe or fox was rede,
And therto brode, as though it were a spade:
Upon the cop right of his nose he hade
A wert, and theron stode a tufte of heres,
Rede as the bristles of a sowes eres:
His nose-thirles blacke were and wide.
A sword and bokeler bare he by his side.
His mouth as wide was as a forneis:
He was a jangler, and a goliardeis,[2]
And that was most of sinne and harlotries.
Wel coude he stelen corne and tollen thries.
And yet he had a thomb of gold parde.
A white cote and a blew hode wered he.
A baggepipe wel coude he blowe and soune,
And therwithall he brought us out of toune.

The Reve was a slendre colerike man;
His berd was shave as neighe as ever he can:
His here was by his eres round yshorne;
His top was docked like a preest beforne:
Ful longe were his legges, and ful lene,
Ylike a staff, ther was no calf ysene.
Wel coude he kepe a garner and a binne;
Ther was non auditour coude on him winne.
Wel wiste he, by the drought and by the rain,
The yelding of his seed and of his grain.
His lordes shepe, his nete,[3] and his deirie,[4]
His swine, his hors, his store, and his pultrie,
Were holly in this Reves governing;
And by his covenant yave he rekening,
Sin that his lord were twenty yere of age;
Ther coude no man bring him in arerage.

[1] Obtain.
[2] Morning.
[3] Wont, custom.
[4] Fixed.
[5] Dagger.
[6] —
[7] One.

[1] A knot in a tree.
[2] A man of jollity.
[3] Dairy.

Ther n'as baillif, ne
That he ne knew his sleight and his covine :[1]
They were adradde of him as of the deth.
His wonning was ful fayre upon an heth ;
With greene trees yshadewed was his place.
He coude better than his lord pourchace :
Ful riche he was ystored privily.
His lord wel coude he plesen, subtilly
To yeve and lene[2] him of his owen good,
And have a thank, and yet a cote and hood.
In youth he lerned hadde a good mistere ;
He was a wel good wright, a carpentere.
The Reve sate upon a right good stot
That was all pomelee grey, and highte Scot.
A long surcote of perse upon he hade,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this Reve of which I tell,
Beside a toun men clepen Baldeswell.
Tucked he was, as is a frere, aboute ;
And ever he rode the hinderest of the route.

A Sompnour was ther with us in that place,
That hadde a fire-red cherubinnes face,
With scalled browes blake, and pilled berd :
Of his visage children were sore aferd.
Ther n'as quicksilver, litarge, ne brimston,
Boras, ceruse, ne oile of tartre non,
Ne ointement, that wolde clense or bite,
That him might helpen of his whelkes white,
Ne of the knobbes sitting on his chekes.
Wel loved he garlike, onions, and lekes,
And for to drinke strong win as rede as blood ;
Than wold he speke and crie as he were wood ;
And when that he wel dronken had the win,
Than wold he speken no word but Latin.
A fewe termes coude he, two or three,
That he had lerned out of som decree ;
No wonder is, he herd it all the day :
And eke ye knowen wel how that a jay
Can clepen *watte* as well as can the pope :
But who so wolde in other thing him grope—
Than hadde he spent all his philosophie ;
Ay *Questio quid juris !* wolde he crie.

He was a gentil harlot, and a kind ;
A better felaw shulde a man not find.
And if he found o where a good felawe,
He wolde techen him, to have non awe,
In swiche a cas, of the archedekenes curse :
But if a mannes soule were in his purse,
For in his purse he shulde ypunished be.
Purse is the archedekenes hell, said he.
But, wel I wote, he lied right in dede :
Of cursing ought eche gilty man him drede ;
For curse wol sle, right as assoiling saveth,
And also ware him of a *significavit*.
In danger hadde he, at his owen gise,
The yonge girles of the diocise ;
And knew hir conseil and was of hir rede.
A girlond hadde he sette upon his hede,
As gret as it were for an alestake ;[3]
A bokeler hadde he made him of a cake.

With him there rode a gentil Pardonere
Of Rouncevall, his frend and his compere,
That streit was comen from the court of Rome,
Ful loude he sang *Come hither, love ! to me :*
This Sompnour bare to him a stiff burdoun,
Was never trompe of half so gret a soun.
This Pardoner had here as yelwe as wax,
Ful smothe it heng, as doth a strike of flax :
By unces heng his lokkes that he hadde,
And therwith he his shulders overspradde :
Ful thinne it lay, by culpons on and on.
But hode, for jolite, ne wered he non,
For it was trusged up in his wallet.
Him thought he rode al of the newe get ;[4]
Dishevele, sauf his cappe, he rode all bare.
Swiche glaring eyen hadde he as an hare.
A vernicle[1] hadde he sewed upon his cappe.
His wallet lay beforne him, in his lappe,
Bret-ful of pardon come from Rome al hote.
A vois he hadde, as smale as hath a gote :
No berd hadde he, ne never non shulde have ;
As smothe it was as it were newe shave.

But of his craft, fro Berwike unto Ware,
Ne was ther swiche an other Pardonere ;—
For in his male[2] he hadde a pilwebere,
Which, as he saide, was our Ladies veil :
He saide he hadde a gobbet of the seyl
Thatte Seint Peter had, whan that he went
Upon the see till Jesu Crist him hent :
He had a crois of laton ful of stones ;
And in a glas he hadde pigges bones.
But with these relikes, whanne that he fond
A poure persone dwelling upon lond,
Upon a day he gat him more monie
Than that the persone gat in monethes twcie ;
And thus with fained flattering and japes,
He made the persone, and the peple, his apes.

But trewely to tellen atte last,
He was in chirche a noble ecclesiast ;
Wel coude he rede a lesson or a storie,
But alderbest[3] he sang an offertorie ;
For wel he wiste, whan that song was songe,
He muste preche and wel afile his tonge,
To winne silver, as he right wel coude ;
Therfore he sang the merier and loude.

[*Description of a Poor Country Widow.*]

A poore widow, somedeal stoop'n in age,
Was whilom dwelling in a narwé cottage
Beside a grove standing in a dale.
This widow, which I tell you of my Tale,
Since thilke day that she was last a wife,
In patience led a full simple life,
For little was her cattle and her rent ;
By husbandry[4] of such as God her sent,
She found herself and eke her daughters two.
Three large sowes had she, and no mo,
Three kine, and eke a sheep that highte[5] Mall :
Full sooty was her bower and eke her hall,
In which she ate many a slender meal ;
Of poignant sauce ne knew she never a deal ;[6]
No dainty morsel passed through her throat ;
Her diet was accordant to her cote :[7]
Repletion ne made her never sick ;
Attemper[8] diet was all her physic,
And exercise, and heartes suffisance :
The goute let[9] her nothing for to dance,
Ne apoplexy shente[10] not her head ;
No wine ne drank she neither white nor red ;
Her board was served most with white and black,
Milk and brown bread, in which she found no lack,
Scindel[11] bacon, and sometime an egg or tway,
For she was as it were a manner dey.[12]

[*The Death of Arcite.*]

Swelleth the breast of Arcite, and the sore
Encreaseth at his hearte more and more.
The clottered blood for any leche-craft[13]
Corrupteth, and is in his bouk[14] ylaft,
That neither veine-blood ne ventousing,[15]
Ne drink of herbes may be his helping.

[1] Secret contrivances. [2] Give and lend.
[3] The sign of an alehouse. [4] Fashion.

[1] A copy of the miraculous handkerchief.
[2] Trunk. [3] Best of all.
[4] Thrift, economy. [5] Called. [6] Not a bit. [7] Cot, cottage.
[8] Temperate. [9] Prevented. [10] Injured. [11] Singed.
[12] Mr Tyrwhitt supposes the word 'dey' to refer to the management of a dairy; and that it originally signified a hind. 'Manner dey' may therefore be interpreted 'a species of hired, or day-labourer.' [13] Medical skill. [14] Body. [15] Ventousing (Fr.)—cupping; hence the term '*breathing* a vein.'

The virtue expulsive or animal,
From thilke virtue cleped[1] natural,
Ne may the venom voiden ne expell;
The pipes of his lunges 'gan to swell,
And every lacert[2] in his breast adown
Is shent[3] with venom and corruption.
He gaineth neither,[4] for to get his life,
Vomit upward ne downward laxative:
All is to-bursten thilke region;
Nature hath now no domination:
And certainly where nature will not werche,[5]
Farewell physic; go bear the man to church.
This is all and some, that Arcite muste die;
For which he sendeth after Emily,
And Palamon, that was his cousin dear;
Then said he thus, as ye shall after hear:

Nought may the woful spirit in mine heart
Declare one point of all my sorrows' smart
To you my lady, that I love most,
But I bequeath the service of my ghost
To you aboven every creature,
Since that my life ne may no longer dure.

'Alas the woe! alas the paines strong,
That I for you have suffered, and so long!
Alas the death! alas mine Emily!
Alas departing of our company!
Alas mine hearte's queen! alas my wife!
Mine hearte's lady, ender of my life!
What is this world?—what asken men to have?
Now with his love, now in his colde grave—
Alone—withouten any company.
Farewell my sweet—farewell mine Emily!
And softe take me in your armes tway
For love of God, and hearkeneth what I say.

'I have here with my cousin Palamon
Had strife and rancour many a day agone
For love of you, and for my jealousy;
And Jupiter so wis[6] my soule gie,[7]
To speaken of a servant properly,
With alle circumstances truely;
That is to say, truth, honour, and knighthead,
Wisdom, humbless, estate, and high kindred,
Freedom, and all that 'longeth to that art,
So Jupiter have of my soule part,
As in this world right now ne know I none
So worthy to be loved as Palamon,
That serveth you, and will do all his life;
And if that ever ye shall be a wife,
Forget not Palamon, the gentle man.'

And with that word his speeche fail began;
For from his feet up to his breast was come
The cold of death that had him overnome;[8]
And yet, moreover, in his armes two,
The vital strength is lost and all ago;[9]
Only the intellect, withouten more,
That dwelled in his hearte sick and sore,
'Gan faillen when the hearte felte death;
Dusked his eyen two, and fail'd his breath:
But on his lady yet cast he his eye;
His laste word was, 'Mercy, Emily!'

[*Departure of Custance.*]

[Custance is banished from her husband, Alla, king of Northumberland, in consequence of the treachery of the king's mother. Her behaviour in embarking at sea, in a rudderless ship, is thus described.]

Weepen both young and old in all that place
When that the king this cursed letter sent:
And Custance with a deadly pale face
The fourthe day toward the ship she went;
But natheless[10] she tak'th in good intent

The will of Christ, and knéeling on the stronde,
She saide, 'Lord, aye welcome be thy sonde.[1]
'He that me kepte from the false blame,
While I was in the land amonges you,
He can me keep from harm and eke from shame
In the salt sea, although I see not how:
As strong as ever he was, he is yet now:
In him trust I, and in his mother dear,
That is to me my sail and eke my steer.'[2]

Her little child lay weeping in her arm;
And kneeling piteously, to him she said—
'Peace, little son, I will do thee no harm:'
With that her kerchief off her head she braid,[3]
And over his little eyen she it laid,
And in her arm she lulleth it full fast,
And into th' heaven her eyen up she cast.

'Mother, quod she, and maiden bright, Mary!
Soth is, that through womannes eggement,[4]
Mankind was lorn,[5] and damned aye to die,
For which thy child was on a cross yrent:[6]
Thy blissful eyen saw all his torment;
Then is there no comparison between
Thy woe and any woe man may sustain.

'Thou saw'st thy child yslain before thine eyen,
And yet now liveth my little child parfay:[7]
Now, lady bright! to whom all woful crien,
Thou glory of womanhood, thou faire May!
Thou haven of refute,[8] bright star of day!
Rue[9] on my child, that of thy gentleness
Ruest on every rueful in distress.

'O little child, alas! what is thy guilt,
That never wroughtest sin as yet, pardie!
Why will thine harde father have thee spilt?[10]
O mercy, deare Constable! (quod she)
As let my little child dwell here with thee;
And if thou dar'st not saven him from blame,
So kiss him ones in his father's name.'

Therewith she looketh backward to the land,
And saide, 'Farewell, husband rutheless!'[11]
And up she rose, and walketh down the strand
Toward the ship; her followeth all the press:[12]
And ever she prayeth her child to hold his peace,
And tak'th her leave, and with a holy' intent
She blesseth her, and into the ship she went.

Victailled was the ship, it is no drede,[13]
Abundantly for her a full long space;
And other necessaries that should need
She had enow, heried[14] be Goddes grace:
For wind and weather, Almighty God purchase,[15]
And bring her home, I can no better say,
But in the sea she driveth forth her way.

[*The Pardoner's Tale.*]

In Flanders whilom was a company
Of youngé folk that haunteden folly,
As hazard, riot, stewés, and taverns,
Whereas with harpés, lutés, and gitterns,[16]
They dance and play at dice both day and night,
And eat also and drinken o'er their might,
Through which they do the devil sacrifice,
Within the devil's temple', in curséd wise,
By superfluity abominable.
Their oathes been so great and so damnable
That it is grisly[17] for to hear them swear.
Our blissful Lordés body they to-tear;
Them thought the Jewés rent him not enough;
And each of them at other's sinné laugh.

And right anon in comen tombesteres[18]
Fetis[19] and small, and youngé fruitesteres,[20]

[1] Message. [2] Guide, helm. [3] Took. [4] Incitement.
[5] Undone. [6] Torn. [7] By my faith. [8] Refuge.
[9] Have pity. [10] Destroyed. [11] Pitiless. [12] Crowd.
[13] Doubt. [14] Praised. [15] Procure, provide.
[16] Guitars. [17] Dreadful. [18] Female dancers.
[19] Well made, neat. [20] Female fruiterers.

[1] Muscle. [2] Ruined, destroyed.
[4] He is able for. [5] Work. [6] Surely. [7] Guide.
[8] Overtaken. [9] Agone. [10] Nevertheless.

Singers with harpés, baudés,[1] waferers,[2]
Which be the very devil's officers,
To kindle and blow the fire of 'luxury,'
That is annexéd unto gluttony.
The holy writ take I to my witness
That luxury' is in wine and drunkenness.
O ! wist a man how many maladies
Followen of excesse and of gluttonies,
He wouldé be the moré measuráble
Of his diete, sitting at his table.
Alas ! the shorté throat, the tender mouth,
Maketh that east and west, and north and south,
In earth, in air, in water, men to swink[3]
To get a glutton dainty meat and drink.
A 'likerous' thing is wine, and drunkenness
Is full of striving and of wretchedness.
O drunken man ! disfigur'd is thy face,
Sour is thy breath, foul art thou to embrace ;
And through thy drunken nose seemeth the soun
As though thou saidést aye Sampsoun ! Sampsoun !
And yet, Got wot, Sampsoun drunk ne'er no wine :
Thou fallest as it were a stickéd swine ;
Thy tongue is lost, and all thine honest cure,[4]
For drunkenness is very sépulture
Of mannés wit and his discretión.
In whom that drink hath domination
He can no counsel keep, it is no drede.[5]
Now keep you from the white and from the rede,[6]
And namely from the whité wine of Lepe,[7]
That is to sell in Fish Street and in Cheap.
This wine of Spain creepeth subtlely
In other winés growing fasté by,
Of which there riseth such fumosity,[8]
That when a man hath drunken draughtés three,
And weeneth[9] that he be at home in Cheap,
He is in Spain, right at the town of Lepe,
Not at the Róchelle, or at Bordeaux town,
And thenné will he say Sampsoun ! Sampsoun !
And now that I have spoke of gluttony,
Now will I you defenden[10] hazardry.[11]
Hazard is very mother of léasings,
And of deceits and curséd forswearings,
Blaspheming of Christ, manslaughter', and waste also
Of cattle, and of time ; and furthermo
It is reproof, and contrary' of honóur
For to be held a common hazardour,
And ever the higher he is of estate
The moré he is holden desolate.
If that a princé useth hazardry,
In allé governance and policy
He is, as by common opinión,
Yhold the less in reputatión.
Now will I speak of oathés false and great
A word or two, as oldé bookés treat.
Great swearing is a thing abominable,
And false swearing is yet more reprovable.
The highé God forbade swearing at all,
Witness on Mathew ; but in special
Of swearing saith the holy Jeremie,
Thou shalt swear soth[12] thine oathés and not lie,
And swear in doom,[13] and eke in righteousness,
But idle swearing is a cursedness.
These riotourés three of which I tell,
Long erst[14] ere primé rung of any bell,
Were set them in a tavern for to drink,
And as they sat they heard a bellé clink
Before a corpse was carried to his grave ;
That one of them 'gan callen to his knave ;[15]
'Go bet,'[16] quod he, 'and aské readily
What corpse is this that passeth here forth by,
And look that thou report his namé well.'
'Sir,' quod this boy, 'it needeth never a deal ;[1]
It was me told ere ye came here two hours ;
He was pardé an old felláw of yours,
And suddenly he was yslain to-night,
Fordrunk as he sat on his bench upright ;
There came a privy thief men clepen Death,
That in this country all the people slay'th,
And with his spear he smote his heart atwo,
And went his way withouten wordés mo.
He hath a thousand slain this pestilénce ;
And, master, ere ye come in his presénce,
Me thinketh that it were full necessary
For to beware of such an adversary:
Be ready for to meet him evermore ;
Thus taughté me my dame ; I say no more.'
'By Sainté Mary,' said this tavernere,
'The child saith soth,[2] for he hath slain this year,
Hence over a mile, within a great villáge,
Both man and woman, child, and hind and page ;
I trow his habitatión be there :
To be aviséd[3] great wisdóm it were
Ere that he did a man a dishonóur.'
'Yea, Goddés armés !' quod this rioter,
'Is it such peril with him for to meet !
I shall him seek by stile and eke by street,
I make a vow by Goddés digné[4] bones.
Hearkeneth, fellaws, we three been allé ones ;[5]
Let each of us hold up his hand to other,
And each of us becomen other's brother,
And we will slay this falsé traitour Death :
He shall be slain, he that so many slay'th,
By Goddés dignity, ere it be night.'
Together have these three their truthés plight
To live and dien each of them for other,
As though he were his owen boren[6] brother.
And up they start all drunken in this rage,
And forth they gone towardés that villáge
Of which the taverner had spoke beforen
And many a grisly[7] oath then have they sworn,
And Christés blessed body they to-rent,[8]
'Death shall be dead, if that we may him hent.'[9]
When they had gone not fully half a mile,
Right as they would have trodden o'er a stile,
An old man and a pooré with them met :
This oldé man full meekely them gret,[10]
And saidé thus : 'Now, Lordés, God you see !'[11]
The proudest of these riotourés three
Answér'd again : 'What ? churl, with sorry grace,
Why art thou all forwrappéd save thy face !
Why livest thou so long in so great age !'
This oldé man 'gan look in his viságe,
And saidé thus : 'For I ne cannot find
A man, though that I walkéd into Ind,
Neither in city nor in no villáge,
That wouldé change his youthé for mine age ;
And therefore must I have mine agé still
As longé time as it is Goddés will.
Ne Death, alas ! ne will not have my life :
Thus walk I, like a restéless caitiff,[12]
And on the ground, which is my mother's gate,
I knocké with my staff early and late,
And say to her, 'Levé[13] mother, let me in.
Lo, how I vanish, flesh, and blood, and skin.
Alas ! when shall my bonés be at rest !
Mother, with you would I change my chest,
That in my chamber longé time hath be,
Yea, for an hairy clout to wrap in me.'
But yet to me she will not do that grace,
For which full pale and welked[14] is my face.

[1] Mirthful, joyous. [2] Sellers of wafer-cakes. [3] Labour. [4] Care. [5] Fear. [6] Red. [7] A place in Spain. [8] Fumes from drinking. [9] Thinketh, imagineth. [10] Forbid. [11] Gaming. [12] True. [13] Judgment. [14] Before. [15] Servant lad. [16] Better go.

[1] Not a whit. [2] Truth. [3] Watchful, prepared. [4] Worthy. [5] All one, or, in unity. [6] Born. [7] Fearful. [8] Dofaced. [9] Catch. [10] Greeted. [11] That is, 'God preserve you in his sight.' [12] Wretch. [13] Dear. [14] Wrinkled.

'But, Sirs, to you it is no courtesy
To speak unto an old man villainy,
But he[1] trespáss in word or else in deed.
In holy writ ye may yourselven read;
"Against an old man, hoar upon his hede,
Ye should arise:" therefore I give you rede[2]
Ne do'th unto an old man none harm now,
No more than that ye would a man did you
In age, if that ye may so long abide;
And God be with you whe'r[3] ye go or ride:
I must go thither as I have to go.'

'Nay, oldé churl, by God thou shalt not so,'
Saidé this other hazardour[4] anon;
'Thou partest not so lightly, by Saint John.
Thou spake right now of thilkè[5] traitour Death,
That in this country all our friendés slay'th;
Have here my truth, as thou art his espy,
Tell where he is, or thou shalt it aby,[6]
By God and by the holy sacrament,
For sothly thou art one of his assent
To slay us youngé folk, thou falsé thief.'

'Now, Sirs,' quod he, 'if it be you so lief[7]
To finden Death, turn up this crooked way;
For in that grove I left him, by my fay,
Under a tree, and there he will abide,
Nor for your boast he will him nothing hide.
See ye that oak? right there ye shall him find.
God savé you that bought again mankind,
And you amend!' Thus said this oldé man.

And evereach of these riotourés ran
Till they came to the tree, and there they found
Of florins fine of gold ycoinéd round
Well nigh an eighté bushels, as them thought;
No longer then after Death they sought,
But each of them so glad was of the sight,
For that the florins been so fair and bright,
That down they set them by the precious hoard:
The worst of them he spake the firsté word.

'Brethren,' quod he, 'take keep what I shall say;
My wit is great, though that I bourde[8] and play.
This treasure hath Fortúne unto us given,
In mirth and jollity our life to liven,
And lightly as it com'th so will we spend,
Ey! Goddés precious dignity! who ween'd[9]
To-day that we should have so fair a grace?
But might this gold be carried from this place
Home to my house, or ellés unto yours,
(For well I wot that all this gold is ours)
Thennè were we in high felicity;
But truély by day it may not be;—
Men woulden say that we were thievés strong,
And for our owen treasure done us hong.[10]
This treasure must yearried be by night
As wisely and as slyly as it might;
Wherefore I rede[11] that cut[12] among us all
We draw, and let see where the cut will fall;
And he that hath the cut, with hearté blithe,
Shall runnen to the town, and that full swith,[13]
And bring us bread and wine full privily;
And two of us shall keepen subtlely
This treasure well; and if he will not tarrien,
When it is night we will this treasure carrien
By one assent where as us thinketh best.'

That one of them the cut brought in his fist,
And bade them draw, and look where it would fall,
And it fell on the youngest of them all;
And forth toward the town he went anon:
And all so soon as that he was agone,
That one of them spake thus unto that other;
'Thou wottest well thou art my sworen brother,
Thy profit will I tell thee right anon.
Thou wott'st well that our fellow is agone;
And here is gold, and that full great plenty,
That shall departed be among us three;
But nathéless, if I can shape it so
That it departed were among us two,
Had I not done a friendés turn to thee?'

That other answer'd: 'I n'ot[1] how that may be:
He wot well that the gold is with us tway.
What shall we do? what shall we to him say?'

'Shall it be counsel?' said the firsté shrew,[2]
'And I shall tellen thee in wordés few
What shall we do, and bring it well about.'

'I granté,' quod that other, 'out of doubt,
That by my truth I will thee not betray.'

'Now,' quod the first, 'thou wott'st well we be tway;
And tway of us shall stronger be than one.
Look, when that he is set, thou right anon
Arise, as though thou wouldest with him play,
And I shall rive him through the sidés tway:
While that thou strugglest with him as in game;
And with thy dagger look thou do the same;
And then shall all this gold departed be,
My dearé friend! betwixen thee and me;
Then may we both our lustés all fulfil,
And play at dice right at our owen will.'
And thus accorded been these shrewés tway
To slay the third, as ye have heard me say.

This youngest, which that wenté to the town,
Full oft in heart he rolleth up and down
The beauty of these florins new and bright.
'O Lord!' quod he, 'if so were, that I might
Have all this treasure to myself alone,
There is no man that liv'th undér the throne
Of God that shouldé live so merry' as I.'
And at the last, the fiend, our enemy,
Put in his thought that he should poison buy
With which he mighté slay his fellows tway:
For why! the fiend found him in such living,
That he had leve[3] to sorrow him to bring;
For this was utterly his full intent,
To slay them both and never to repent.
And forth he go'th, no longer would he tarry,
Into the town unto a 'pothecary,
And prayéd him that he him wouldé sell
Some poison, that he might his ratouns[4] quell;
And eke there was a polecat in his haw[5]
That, as he said, his capons had yslaw;[6]
And fain he would him wreaken[7] if he might,
Of vermin that destroyéd them by night.

The 'pothecary answer'd: 'Thou shalt have
A thing, as wisly[8] God my soulé save,
In all this world there n'is no creature
That eat or drunk hath of this confecture
Not but the mountance[9] of a corn of wheat,
That he ne shall his life anon forlet,[10]
Yea, starve[11] he shall, and that in lesse while
Than thou wilt go a pace not but a mile;
This poison is so strong and violent.'

This cursed man hath in his hand yhent[12]
This poison in a box, and swith[13] he ran
Into the nexté street unto a man,
And borrowed of him largé bottles three,
And in the two the poison poured he;
The third he keptè cleané for his drink,
For all the night he shope him for to swink[14]
In carrying of the gold out of that place.

And when this rioter with sorry grace[15]
Hath filled with wine his greaté bottles three,
To his fellows again repaireth he.

[1] Unless he, &c. [2] Advice. [3] Whether. [4] Gamester.
[5] This same. [6] Suffer for. [7] Pleasant. [8] Joke.
[9] Guessed. [10] Have us hanged. [11] Advise.
[12] Lot. [13] Quickly.

[1] Know not. [2] A cursed man. [3] Inclination.
[4] Rats. [5] Farm-yard. [6] Slain.
[7] Revenge himself if he could. [8] Certainly.
[9] Amounting. [10] Give over. [11] Die. [12] Taken.
[13] Immediately. [14] Labour, work. [15] Evil, or misfortune.

What needeth it thereof to sermon more!
For right as they had cast his death before,
Right so they have him slain, and that anon.
And when that this was done thus spake that one:
'Now let us sit and drink, and make us merry,
And afterward we will his body bury.'
And with that word it happen'd him *par cas*[1]
To take the bottle where the poison was,
And drank, and gave his fellow drink also,
For which anon they storven[2] bothé two.
But certés I suppose that Avicenne
Wrote never in no canon ne' in no fenne[3]
More wonder signés of empoisoning
Than had these wretches two, or their ending.
Thus ended been these homicidés two,
And eke the false empoisoner also. * *

[*The Good Parson.*]

A true good man there was there of religion,
Pious and poor—the parson of a town.
But rich he was in holy thought and work;
And thereto a right learned man; a clerk
That Christ's pure gospel would sincerely preach,
And his parishioners devoutly teach.
Benign he was, and wondrous diligent,
And in adversity full patient,
As proven oft; to all who lack'd a friend.
Loth for his tithes to ban or to contend,
At every need much rather was he found
Unto his poor parishioners around
Of his own substance and his dues to give:
Content on little, for himself, to live.
Wide was his cure, the houses far asunder,
Yet never fail'd he, or for rain or thunder,
Whenever sickness or mischance might call,
The most remote to visit, great or small,
And, staff in hand, on foot, the storm to brave.
This noble ensample to his flock he gave,
That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
The word of life he from the gospel caught;
And well this comment added he thereto,
If that gold rusteth what should iron do?
And if the priest be foul on whom we trust,
What wonder if the unletter'd layman lust?
And shame it were in him the flock should keep,
To see a sullied shepherd, and clean sheep.
For sure a priest the sample ought to give
By his own cleanness how his sheep should live.
He never set his benefice to hire,
Leaving his flock acomber'd in the mire,
And ran to London cogging at St Poul's,
To seek himself a chauntery for souls,
Or with a brotherhood to be enroll'd;
But dwelt at home, and guarded well his fold,
So that it should not by the wolf miscarry.
He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
Tho holy in himself, and virtuous,
He still to sinful men was mild and piteous:
Not of reproach imperious or malign;
But in his teaching soothing and benign.
To draw them on to heaven, by reason fair
And good example, was his daily care.
But were there one perverse and obstinate,
Were he of lofty or of low estate,
Him would he sharply with reproof astound.
A better priest is no where to be found.
He waited not on pomp or reverence,
Nor made himself a spiced conscience.
The lore of Christ and his apostles twelve
He taught: but, first, he followed it himselve.

[1] By accident.
[2] Storven (perfect tense of starve)—died.
[3] The title of one of the sections in Avicenne's great work, entitled *Canun*.

[*An Ironical Ballad on the Duplicity of Women.*]

This world is full of variance
In everything, who taketh heed,
That faith and trust, and all constance,
Exiléd be, this is no drede,[1]
And save only in womanhead,
I can ysee no sikerness;[2]
But for all that yet, as I read,
Beware alway of doubleness.

Also that the fresh summer flowers,
The white and red, the blue and green,
Be suddenly with winter showers,
Made faint and fade, withouten ween,[3]
That trust is none, as ye may seen,
In no thing, nor no steadfastness,
Except in women, thus I mean;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The crooked moon, (this is no tale),
Some while isheen[4] and bright of hue,
And after that full dark and pale,
And every moneth changeth new,
That who the very sothé[5] knew
All thing is built on brittleness,
Save that women alway be true;
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

The lusty[6] freshé summer's day,
And Phœbus with his beamés clear,
Towardés night they draw away,
And no longer list t' appear,
That in this present life now here
Nothing abideth in his fairness,
Save women aye be found entere,[7]
And devoid of all doubleness.

The sea eke with his sterné wawes[8]
Each day yfloweth new again,
And by the concourse of his lawes
The elbe floweth in certáin;
After great drought there cometh rain;
That farewell here all stableness,
Save that women be whole and plein;[9]
Yet aye beware of doubleness.

Fortunés wheel go'th round about
A thousand timés day and night,
Whose course standeth ever in doubt
For to transmue[10] she is so light,
For which adverteth in your sight
Th' untrust of worldly fickleness,
Save women, which of kindly right[11]
Ne hath no touch of doubleness.

What man ymay the wind restrain,
Or holden a snake by the tail?
Who may a slipper eel constrain
That it will void withouten fail?
Or who can driven so a nail
To maké sure newfangleness,[12]
Save women, that can gie[13] their sail
To row their boat with doubleness?

At every haven they can arrive
Whereas they wot is good passáge;
Of innocence they cannot strive
With wawés, nor no rockés rage;
So happy is their lodemanage[14]
With needle' and stone their course to dress,[15]
That Solomon was not so sage
To find in them no doubleness:

[1] Fear. [2] Surety, steadfastness. [3] Doubtless.
[4] Shining. [5] Truth. [6] Pleasant. [7] Entire, whole, sound.
[8] Waves. [9] Complete. [10] Change.
Natural right. [12] Novelty, inconstancy. [13] Guide.
[14] Steering, pilotage. [15] Manage.

Therefore whoso doth them accuse
Of any double intention,
To speaké rown, other to muse,[1]
To pinch at[2] their condition,
All is but false collusión,
I dare right well the soth express,
They have no better protection,
But shroud them under doubleness.

So well fortunéd is their chance,
The dice to-turnen up so down,
With sice and cinque they can advance,
And then by revolution
They set a fell conclusión
Of lombés,[3] as in sothfastness,
Though clerkés maken mention
Their kind is fret with doubleness.

Sampson yhad experience
That women were full true yfound;
When Dalila of innocence
With shearés 'gan his hair to round;[4]
To speak also of Rosamond,
And Cleopatra's faithfulness,
The stories plainly will confound
Men that apeach[5] their doubleness.

Single thing is not ypraiséd,
Nor of old is of no renown,
In balance when they be ypesed,[6]
For lack of weight they be borne down,
And for this cause of just reason
These women all of rightwisness[7]
Of choice and free election
Most love exchange and doubleness.

L'Envoye.

O ye women! which be inclinéd
By influence of your natúre
To be as pure as gold yfinéd,
And in your truth for to endure,
Armeth yourself in strong armúre,
(Lest men assail your sikerness),[8]
Set on your breast, yourself t' assure,
A mighty shield of doubleness.

[*Last Verses of Chaucer, written on his Deathbed.*]

Fly from the press,[9] and dwell with sothfastness;[10]
Suffice unto thy good[11] though it be small;
For hoard hath hate, and climbing tickleness,
Press[12] hath envy, and weal is blent[13] o'er all;
Savour[14] no more than thee behoven shall;
Rede[15] well thyself, that otherfolk can'st rede,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.[16]

Pain thee not each crooked to redress
In trust of her that turneth as a ball;
Great rest standeth in little business;
Beware also to spurn against a nalle;[17]
Strive not as doth a crocké[18] with a wall;
Deemeth[19] thyself that deemest other's deed,
And truth thee shall deliver 't is no drede.

That[20] thee is sent receive in buxomness;[21]
The wrestling of this world asketh a fall;
Here is no home, here is but wilderness;
Forth, pilgrim, forth, O beast out of thy stall;
Look up on high, and thank thy God of all;
Waiveth thy lust
And truth thee shall deliver

[1] Either in whispering or musing. [2] To find a flaw in.
[3] 'Though clerks, or scholars, represent women to be like lambs for their truth and sincerity, yet they are all fraught, or filled with doubleness, or falsehood.'—*Urry.*
[4] To round off, to cut round. [5] Impeach.
[6] Ypesed, Fr. *pesé*—weighed. [7] Justice. [8] Security.
[9] Crowd. [10] Truth. [11] Be satisfied with thy wealth.
[12] Striving. [13] Prosperity has ceased. [14] Taste.
[15] Counsel. [16] Without fear. [17] Nail. [18] Earthen pitcher.
[19] Judge. [20] That (which). [21] Humility, obedience.

However far the genius of Chaucer transcended that of all preceding writers, he was not the solitary light of his age. The national mind and the national language appear, indeed, to have now arrived at a certain degree of ripeness, favourable for the production of able writers in both prose and verse.* Heretofore, Norman-French had been the language of education, of the court, and of legal documents; and when the Normanised Anglo-Saxon was employed by literary men, it was for the special purpose, as they were usually very careful to mention, of conveying instruction to the common people. But now the distinction between the conquering Normans and subjected Anglo-Saxons was nearly lost in a new and fraternal national feeling, which recognised the country under the sole name of *England*, and the people and language under the single appellation of *English*. Edward III. substituted the use of English for that of French in the public acts and judicial proceedings; and the schoolmasters, for the first time, in the same reign, caused their pupils to construe the classical tongues into the vernacular.† The consequence of this ripening of the national mind and language was, that, while English heroism was gaining the victories of Cressy and Poitiers, English genius was achieving milder and more beneficial triumphs, in the productions of Chaucer, of Gower, and of Wickliffe.

JOHN GOWER.

JOHN GOWER is supposed to have been born some time about the year 1325, and to have consequently been a few years older than Chaucer. He was a gentleman, possessing a considerable amount of property in land, in the counties of Nottingham and Suffolk. In his latter years, he appears, like Chaucer, to have been a retainer of the Lancaster branch of the royal family, which subsequently ascended the throne; and his death took place in 1408, before which period he had become blind. Gower wrote a poetical work in three parts, which were respectively entitled *Speculum Meditantis*, *Vox Clamantis*, and *Confessio Amantis*; the last, which is a grave discussion of the morals and metaphysics of love, being the only part written in English. The solemn sententiousness of this work caused Chaucer, and sub-

[1] Spirit.

* It is always to be kept in mind that the language employed in literary composition is apt to be different from that used by the bulk of the people in ordinary discourse. The literary language of these early times was probably much more refined than the colloquial. During the fourteenth century, various dialects of English were spoken in different parts of the country, and the mode of pronunciation also was very far from being uniform. Trevisa, a historian who wrote about 1380, remarks that, 'Hit semeth a grete wonder that Englyssmen have so grete dyversyte in their owin langage in sowne and in spekyn of it, which is all in one ilonde.' The prevalent harshness of pronunciation is thus described by the same writer: 'Some use straunge wlaffing, chytryng, harring, garrying, and grysbyting. The langage of the Northumbres, and specyally at Yorke, is so sharpe, slytting, frotyng, and unshape, that we sothern men maye unneth understande that langage.' Even in the reign of Elizabeth, as we learn from Holinshed's *Chronicle*, the dialects spoken in different parts of the country were exceedingly various.

† Mr Hallam mentions, on the authority of Mr Stevenson, sub-commissioner of public records, that in England, all letters, even of a private nature, were written in Latin till the beginning of the reign of Edward I., soon after 1270, when a sudden change brought in the use of French.—*Hallam's Introduction to the Literature of Europe in the fifteenth, sixteenth, and [illegible] series*, i. 63.

sequently Lyndsay, to denominate its author "the moral Gower;" he is, however, considerably inferior to the author of the *Canterbury Tales*, in almost all the qualifications of a true poet.

Mr Warton has happily selected a few passages from Gower, which convey a lively expression of natural feeling, and give a favourable impression of the author. Speaking of the gratification which his passion receives from the sense of hearing, he says, that to hear his lady speak is more delicious than to feast on all the dainties that could be compounded by a cook of Lombardy. These are not so restorative

As bin the wordes of hir mouth ;
For as the wyndes of the south
Ben most of all debonnaire,
So when her list[1] to speak faire
The vertue of her goodly speche
Is verily myne hartes leche.[2]

He adds (reduced spelling)—

Full oft time it falleth so
My ear with a good pittance[3]
Is fed, with reading of romance
Of Isodyne and Amadas,
That whilom were in my case ;
And eke of other many a score,
That loved long ere I was bore :
For when I of their loves read,
Mine ear with the tale I feed ;
And with the lust of their histoire
Sometime I draw into memoire,
How sorrow may not ever last,
And so hope cometh in at last.
* * *
That when her list on nights wake,[4]
In chamber, as to carol and dance,
Methink I may me more avance,
If I may gone upon her hond,
Than if I win a king's lond.
For when I may her hand beclip,
With such gladness I dance and skip,
Methinketh I touch not the floor ;
The roe which runneth on the moor,
Is then nought so light as I.

[1] When she chooses. [2] Physician. [3] A dainty dish.
[4] When she chooses to have a merry-making at night.

[Episode of Rosiphele.]

[Rosiphele, princess of Armenia, a lady of surpassing beauty, but insensible to the power of love, is represented by the poet as reduced to an obedience to Cupid, by a vision which befell her on a May-day ramble. The opening of this episode is as follows:—]

When come was the month of May,
She would walk upon a day,
And that was ere the sun arist,
Of women but a few it wist ;[1]
And forth she went privily,
Unto a park was fast by,
All soft walkand on the grass,
Till she came there the land was,
Through which ran a great river,
It thought her fair ; and said, here
I will abide under the shaw ;[2]
And bade her women to withdraw :
And there she stood alone still,
To think what was in her will,
She saw the sweet flowers spring,
She heard glad fowls sing,
She saw beasts in their kind,
The buck, the doe, the hart, the hind,
The males go with the female ;
And so began there a quarrel
Between love and her own heart,
Fro which she could not astart.
And as she cast her eye about,
She saw clad in one suit, a rout
Of ladies, where they comen ride
Along under the woode side ;
On fair ambuland horse they set,
That were all white, fair, and great ;
And everich one ride on side.
The saddles were of such a pride,
So rich saw she never none ;
With pearls and gold so well begone,
In kirtles and in copes rich
They were clothed all alich,
Departed even of white and blue,
With all lusts that she knew,
They were embroidered over all :
Their bodies weren long and small,
The beauty of their fair face
There may none earthly thing deface :
Crowns on their heads they bare,
As each of them a queen were ;
That all the gold of Crœsus' hall
The least coronal of all
Might not have bought, after the worth :
Thus comen they ridand forth.

[In the rear of this splendid troop of ladies, the princess beheld one, mounted on a miserable steed, wretchedly adorned in everything excepting the bridle. On questioning this straggler why she was so unlike her companions, the visionary lady replied that the latter were receiving the bright reward of having loved faithfully, and that she herself was suffering punishment for cruelty to her admirers. The reason that the bridle alone resembled those of her companions was, that for the last fortnight she had been sincerely in love, and a change for the better was in consequence beginning to show itself in her accoutrements. The parting words of the dame are—]

Now have ye heard mine answer ;
To God, madam, I you betake,
And warneth all for my sake,
Of love that they be not idle.
And bid them think of my bridle.

[It is scarcely necessary to remark, that the hard heart of the princess of Armenia is duly impressed by this lesson.]

[1] Few of her women knew of it. [2] A grove.

[*The Envious Man and the Miser.*]

Of Jupiter thus I find y-writ,
How whilom that he would wit,
Upon the plaints which he heard
Among the men, how it fared,
As of the wrong condition
To do justification;
And for that cause down he sent
An angel, that about went,
That he the sooth know may.

So it befel upon a day,
This angel which him should inform
Was clothed in a man's form,
And overtook, I understand,
Two men that wenten over lond;
Through which he thought to aspy
His cause, and go'th in company.

This angel with his words wise
Opposeth them in sundry wise;
Now loud words and now soft,
That made them to disputen oft;
And each his reason had,
And thus with tales he them led,
With good examination,
Till he knew the condition,
What men they were both two;
And saw well at last tho,[1]
That one of them was covetous,
And his fellow was envious.
And thus when he hath knowledging,
Anon he feigned departing,
And said he mote algate wend;
But hearken now what fell at end!
For than he made them understond,
That he was there of God's sond,
And said them for the kindship,
He would do them some grace again,
And bade that one of them should sain,[2]
What thing is him levest to crave,[3]
And he it shall of gift have.
And over that ke forth with all
He saith, that other have shall
The double of that his fellow axeth;
And thus to them his grace he taxeth.

The Covetous was wonder glad;
And to that other man he bade,
And saith, that he first ax should;
For he supposeth that he would
Make his axing of world's good;
For then he knew well how it stood;
If that himself by double weight
Shall after take, and thus by sleight
Because that he would win,
He bade his fellow first begin.
This Envious, though it be late,
When that he saw he mote, algate,
Make his axing first, he thought,
If he his worship and profit sought
It shall be double to his fere,
That he would chuse in no manner.
But then he showeth what he was
Toward envy, and in this case,
Unto this angel thus he said,
And for his gift thus he prayed,
To make him blind on his one ee,
So that his fellow nothing see.

This word was not so soon spoke,
That his one ee anon was loke:
And his fellow forthwith also
Was blind on both his eyes two.

Tho was that other glad enough:
That one wept, and that other lough.
He set his one ee at no cost,
Whereof that other two hath lost.

[1] Then. [2] Say.
[3] What thing he was most disposed to crave.

The language at this time used in the lowland districts of Scotland was based, like that of England, in the Teutonic, and it had, like the contemporary English, a Norman admixture. To account for these circumstances, some have supposed that the language of England, in its various shades of improvement, reached the north through the settlers who are known to have flocked thither from England during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Others suggest that the great body of the Scottish people, apart from the Highlanders, must have been of Teutonic origin, and they point to the very probable theory as to the Picts having been a German race. They further suggest, that a Norman admixture might readily come to the national tongue, through the large intercourse between the two countries during the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. Thus, it is presumed, 'our common language was *separately* formed in the two countries, and owed its identity to its being constructed of similar materials, by similar gradations, and by nations in the same state of society.'* Whatever might be the cause, there can be no doubt that the language used by the first Scottish vernacular writers in the fourteenth century, greatly resembles that used contemporaneously in England.

JOHN BARBOUR.

The first of these writers was JOHN BARBOUR, archdeacon of Aberdeen. The date of his birth is unknown; but he is found exercising the duties of

Cathedral of Aberdeen.

that office in 1357. Little is known of his personal history: we may presume that he was a man of political talent, from his being chosen by the bishop of Aberdeen to act as his commissioner at Edinburgh when the ransom of David II. was debated; and of learning, from his having several times accompanied men of rank to study at Oxford. Barbour probably formed his taste upon the romance writers who flourished before him in England. A lost work of his, entitled *The Brute*, probably another in addition to the many versions of the story of Brutus of Troy, first made popular by Geoffrey of Monmouth, suggests the idea of an imitation of the romances; and

* Ellis.

his sole remaining work, *The Bruce*, is altogether of that character. It is not unlikely that, in *The Brute*, Barbour adopted all the fables he could find: in writing *The Bruce*, he would, in like manner, adopt every tradition respecting his hero, besides searching for more authoritative materials. We must not be surprised that, while the first would be valueless as a history, the second is a most important document. There would be the same wish for truth, and the same inability to distinguish it, in both cases; but, in the latter, it chanced that the events were of recent occurrence, and therefore came to our metrical historian comparatively undistorted. *The Bruce*, in reality, is a complete history of the memorable transactions by which King Robert I. asserted the independency of Scotland, and obtained its crown for his family. At the same time, it is far from being destitute of poetical spirit or rhythmical sweetness and harmony. It contains many vividly descriptive passages, and abounds in dignified and even in pathetic sentiment. This poem, which was completed in 1375, is in octo-syllabic lines, forming rhymed couplets, of which there are seven thousand. Barbour died at an advanced age in 1396.

[*Apostrophe to Freedom.*]

[Barbour, contemplating the enslaved condition of his country, breaks out into the following animated lines on the blessings of liberty.—*Ellis.*]

A! fredome is a nobill thing!
Fredome mayse man to haiff liking!
Fredome all solace to man giffis:
He levys at ese that frely levys!
A noble hart may haiff nane ese,
Na ellys nocht that may him plese,
Gyff fredome failythe: for fre liking
Is yearnyt our all othir thing
Na he, that ay base levyt fre,
May nocht knaw weill the propyrte,
The angyr, na the wrechyt dome,
That is cowplyt to foule thyrldome.
Bot gyff he had assayit it,
Than all perquer he suld it wyt;
And suld think fredome mar to pryse
Than all the gold in warld that is.

[*Death of Sir Henry De Bohun.*]

[This incident took place on the eve of the Battle of Bannockburn.]

And when the king wist that they were *
In hale battle, comand sae near,
His battle gart[1] he weel array.
He rade upon a little palfrey,
Lawcht and joly arrayand
His battle, with an ax in hand.
And on his bassinet he bare
An hat of tyre aboon ay where;
And, thereupon, into takin,
Ane high crown, that he was king.
And when Gloster and Hereford were
With their battle approachand near,
Before them all there came ridand,
With helm on heid and spear in hand,
Sir Henry the Boon, the worthy,
That was a wicht knicht, and a hardy,
And to the Earl of Hereford cousin;
Armed in arms gude and fine;
Came on a steed a bowshot near,
Before all other that there were:
And knew the king, for that he saw
Him sae range his men on raw,
And by the crown that was set
Also upon his bassinet.
And toward him he went in hy.[1]
And the king sae apertly[2]
Saw him come, forouth all his fears,
In hy till him the horse he steers.
And when Sir Henry saw the king
Come on, foroutin abasing,
Till him he rode in great hy.
He thought that he should weel lichtly
Win him, and have him at his will,
Sin' he him horsit saw sae ill.
Sprent they samen intill a lyng;[3]
Sir Henry missed the noble king;
And he that in his stirrups stude,
With the ax, that was hard and gude,
With sae great main, raucht[4] him a dint,
That nouther hat nor helm micht stint
The heavy dush, that he him gave,
That near the head till the harns clave.
The hand-ax shaft frushit in tway;
And he down to the yird[5] gan gae
All flatlings, for him failit micht.
This was the first straik of the ficht,
That was performit douchtily.
And when the king's men sae stoutly
Saw him, richt at the first meeting,
Forouten doubt or abasing,
Have slain a knicht sae at a straik,
Sic hard'ment thereat gan they tak,
That they come on richt hardily.
When Englishmen saw them sae stoutly
Come on, they had great abasing;
And specially for that the king
Sae smartly that gude knicht has slain,
That they withdrew them everilk ane,
And durst not ane abide to ficht:
Sae dreid they for the king's micht. * *
When that the king repairit was,
That gart his men all leave the chase,
The lordis of his company
Blamed him, as they durst, greatumly,
That he him put in aventure,
To meet sae stith a knicht, and stour,
In sic point as he then was seen.
For they said weel, it micht have been
Cause of their tynsal[6] everilk ane.
The king answer has made them nane,
But mainit[7] his hand-ax shaft sae
Was with the straik broken in tway.

[*The Battle of Bannockburn.*]

When this was said ———
The Scottismen commonally
Kneelit all doun, to God to pray.
And a short prayer there made they
To God, to help them in that ficht.
And when the English king had sicht
Of them kneeland, he said, in hy,
'Yon folk kneel to ask mercy.'
Sir Ingram[8] said, 'Ye say sooth now—
They ask mercy, but not of you;
For their trespass to God they cry:
I tell you a thing sickerly,
That yon men will all win or die;
For doubt of deid[9] they sall not flee.'
'Now be it sae then!' said the king.
And then, but langer delaying,
They gart trump till the assembly.
On either side men micht then see

[1] Caused, ordered.

[1] Haste. [2] Openly, clearly.
[3] They sprang forward at once, against each other, in a line.

Mony a wicht man and worthy,
Ready to do chivalry.
Thus were they bound on either side;
And Englishmen, with mickle pride,
That were intill their avaward,[1]
To the battle that Sir Edward[2]
Governt and led, held straight their way.
The horse with spurs hastened they,
And prickit upon them sturdily;
And they met them richt hardily.
Sae that, at their assembly there,
Sic a frushing of spears were,
That far away men micht it hear,
That at that meeting forouten[3] were.
Were steeds stickit mony ane;
And mony gude man borne doun and slain; * *
They dang on other with wappins sair,
Some of the horse, that stickit were,
Rushit and reelit richt rudely. * *
The gude earl[4] thither took the way,
With his battle, in gude array,
And assemblit sae hardily,
That men micht hear had they been by,
A great frush of the spears that brast. * *
There micht men see a hard battle,
And some defend and some assail; * *
While through the harness burst the bleed,
That till earth down steaming gaed.
The Earl of Murray and his men,
Sae stoutly them conteinit then,
That they wan place ay mair and mair
On their faes; where they were,
Ay ten for ane, or mair, perfay;
Sae that it seemit weel that they
Were tint, amang sae great *menyie*,[5]
As they were plungit in the sea.
And when the Englishmen has seen
The earl and all his men, bedeen,
Faucht sae stoutly, but effrayving,
Richt as they had nae abasing;
Them pressit they with all their micht.
And they, with spears and swerds bricht,
And axes, that richt sharply share
I'mids the visage, met them there.
There men micht see a stalwart stour,
And mony men of great valour,
With spears, maces, and knives,
And other wappins, wisslit[6] their lives:
Sae that mony fell doun all deid.
The grass waxed with the blude all red. * *
The Stewart, Walter that then was,
And the gude lord, als, of Douglas,
In a battle when that they saw
The earl, forouten dreid or awe,
Assemble with his company,
On all that folk, sae sturdily,
For till help them they held their way.
And their battle in gude array,
They assembled sae hardily,
Beside the earl, a little by,
That their faes felt their coming weel.
For, with wappins stalwart of steel,
They dang upon, with all their micht.
Their faes receivit weel, Ik hicht,[7]
With swerds, spears, and with mace.
The battle there sae fellon[8] was,
And sae richt great spilling of blude,
That on the earth the sluices stude. * *
That time thir three battles were
All side by side, fechting weel near,

[1] The van of the English army. [2] Edward Bruce.
[3] That were *without* or out of the battle.
[4] The Earl of Murray.
[5] Lost amidst so great a multitude.
[6] Exchanged. [7] I promise you. [8] Cruel.

There micht men hear mony a dint,
And wappins upon armours stint.
And see tumble knichts and steeds,
And mony rich and royal weeds
Defoullit foully under feet.
Some held on loft; some tint the seat.
A lang time thus fechting they were;
That men nae noise micht hear there;
Men heard noucht but granes and dints,
That flew fire, as men flays on flints.
They foucht ilk ane sae eagerly,
That they made nae noise nor cry,
But dang on other at their micht,
With wappins that were burnist bricht. * *
All four their battles with that were
Fechting in a front halily.
Almighty God! how douchtily
Sir Edward the Bruce and his men
Amang their faes conteinit them than!
Fechting in sae gude covine,[1]
Sae hardy, worthy, and sae fine,
That their vaward frushit was. * *
Almighty God! wha then micht see
That Stewart Walter, and his rout,
And the gude Douglas, that was sae stout,
Fechting into that stalwart stour;
He sould say that till all honour
They were worthy. * * *
There micht men see mony a steed
Flying astray, that lord had nane. * *
There micht men hear ensenzies cry:
And Scottismen cry hardily,
'On them! On them! On them! They fail!'
With that sae hard they gan assail,
And slew all that they micht o'erta'.
And the Scots archers alsua[2]
Shot amang them sae deliverly,
Engrieving them sae greatumly,
That what for them, that with them faucht,
That sae great routs to them raucht,
And pressit them full eagerly;
And what for arrows, that fellonly
Mony great wounds gan them ma',
And slew fast off their horse alsua,
That they vandist[3] a little wee.
* * * *

[The appearance of a mock host, composed of the servants of the Scottish camp, completes the panic of the English army; the king flies, and Sir Giles D'Argentine is slain. The narrative then proceeds.]

They were, to say sooth, sae aghast,
And fled sae fast, richt effrayitly,
That of them a full great party
Fled to the water of Forth, and there
The maist part of them drownit were.
And Bannockburn, betwixt the braes,
Of men, of horse, sae steekit[4] was,
That, upon drownit horse and men,
Men micht pass dry out-ower it then.
And lads, swains, and rangle,[5]
When they saw vanquished the battle,
Ran amang them; and sae gan slay,
As folk that nae defence micht ma'.
* * * *

On ane side, they their faes had,
That slew them down, without mercy:
And they had, on the tother party,
Bannockburn, that sae cumbersome was,
For slike[6] and deepness for to pass,
That they micht nane out-ower it ride:
Them worthies, maugre theirs, abide;
Sae that some slain, some drownit were:
Micht nane escape that ever came there.

[1] Company. [2] Also. [3] Failed, gave way.
[4] Shut up. [5] Rabble. [6] Slime, mud.

ANDREW WYNTOUN.

About the year 1420, ANDREW WYNTOUN, or, as he describes himself, Androwe of Wyntoune, prior of St Serf's Monastery in Lochleven, completed, in

Lochleven.

eight-syllabled metre, an *Orygynale Cronykil of Scotland*, including much universal history, and extending down to his own time: it may be considered as a Scottish member of the class of rhymed chronicles. The genius of this author is inferior to that of Barbour; but at least his versification is easy, his language pure, and his style often animated. His chronicle is valuable as a picture of ancient manners, as a repository of historical anecdotes, and as a specimen of the literary attainments of our ancestors.* It contains a considerable number of fabulous legends, such as we may suppose to have been told beside the parlour fire of a monastery of those days, and which convey a curious idea of the credulity of the age. Some of these are included in the following specimens, the first of which alone is in the original spelling:—

[*St Serf's*† *Ram.*]

This holy man had a ram,
That he had fed up of a lam,
And oysit him til folow ay,
Quherevir he passit in his way.
A theyf this scheppe in Achren stal,
And et hym up in pecis smalle.
Quhen Sanct Serf his ram had myst,
Quha that it stal was few that wist:
On presumpcion nevirtheles
He that it stal arestyt was;
And til Sanct Serf syne was he brought;
That scheippe he said that he stal noucht,
And tharfor for to swer ane athe,
He said that he walde nocht be laythe.
Bot sone he worthit rede for schayme;
The scheype thar bletyt in his wayme!
Swa was he taynctyt schamfully,
And at Sanct Serf askyt mercy.

[*Interview of St Serf with Sathanas.*]

While St Serf, intil a stead,
Lay after matins in his bed,
The devil came, in foul intent
For til found him with argument,
And said, 'St Serf, by thy werk
I ken thou art a cunning clerk.'
St Serf said, 'Gif I sae be,
Foul wretch, what is that for thee?'
The devil said, 'This questiòn
I ask in our collatiòn—
Say where was God, wit ye oucht,
Before that heaven and erd was wroucht?'
St Serf said, 'In himself steadless
His Godhead hampered never was.'
The devil then askit, 'What cause he had
To make the creatures that he made?'
To that St Serf answered there,
'Of creatures made he was makèr.
A maker micht he never be,
But gif creatures made had he.'
The devil askit him, 'Why God of noucht
His werkis all full gude had wroucht.'
St Serf answered, 'That Goddis will
Was never to make his werkis ill,
And as envious he had been seen,
Gif nought but he full gude had been.'
St Serf the devil askit than,
'Where God made Adam, the first man?'
'In Ebron Adam formit was,'
St Serf said. And til him Sathanas,
'Where was he, eft that, for his vice,
He was put out of Paradise?'
St Serf said, 'Where he was made.'
The devil askit, 'How lang he bade
In Paradise, after his sin.'
'Seven hours,' Serf said, 'bade he therein.'
'When was Eve made?' said Sathanas.
'In Paradise,' Serf said, 'she was.' * *
The devil askit, 'Why that ye
Men, are quite delivered free,
Through Christ's passion precious boucht,
And we devils sae are noucht?'
St Serf said, 'For that ye
Fell through your awn iniquity;
And through ourselves we never fell,
But through your fellon false counsell.' * *
Then saw the devil that he could noucht,
With all the wiles that he wrought,
Overcome St Serf. He said than
He kenned him for a wise man.
Forthy there he gave him quit,
For he wan at him na profit.
St Serf said, 'Thou wretch, gae
Frae this stead, and 'noy nae mae
Into this stead, I bid ye.'
Suddenly then passed he;
Frae that stead he held his way,
And never was seen there to this day.

[*The Return of David II. from Captivity.*]

[David II., taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Durham, in 1346, was at length redeemed by his country in 1357. The following passage from Wyntoun is curious, as illustrating the feelings of men in that age. The morning after his return, when the people who had given so much for their sovereign, were pressing to see or to greet him, he is guilty of a gross outrage against them—which the poet, strange to say, justifies.]

Yet in prison was King Davy.
And when a lang time was gane by,
Frae prison and perplexitie
To Berwick Castle brought was he,
With the Earl of Northamptoun,
For to treat there of his ransoun.
Some lords of Scotland come there,
And als prelates, that wisest were.
Four days or five there treated they,
But they accorded by nae way;
For English folk all angry were,
And ay spak rudely mair and mair,
While at the last the Scots party,
That dred their faes' fellony,

* Dr Irving.

† St Serf lived in the sixth century, and was the founder of the monastery of which the author was prior.

All privily went hame their way;
At that time there nae mair did they.
The king to London then was had,
That there a lang time after bade.
After syne, with mediatioun
Of messengers, of his ransoun
Was treated, while a set day
Till Berwick him again brought they.
And there was treated sae, that he
Should of prison delivered be,
And freely till his lands found,
To pay ane hundred thousand pound
Of silver, until fourteen year
And [while] the payment [payit] were,
To make sae lang truce took they,
And affirmed with seal and fay.
Great hostage there leved[1] he,
That on their awn dispense should be.
Therefore, while they hostage were,
Expense but number made they there.
The king was then delivered free,
And held his way till his countrie.
With him of English brought he nane,
Without a chamber-boy alane.
The whether, upon the morn, when he
Should wend till his counsel privy,
The folk, as they were wont to do,
Pressed right rudely in thereto:
But he right suddenly can arrace[2]
Out of a macer's hand a mace,
And said rudely, 'How do we now!
Stand still, or the proudest of you
Shall on the head have with this mace!'
Then there was nane in all this place,
But all they gave him room in hy;
Durst nane press further than were by;
His council door might open stand,
That nane durst till it be pressand.
Radure[3] in prince is a gude thing;
For, but radure,[4] all governing
Shall all time but despised be:
And where that men may radure see,
They shall dread to trespass, and sae
Peaceable a king his land may ma'.
Thus radure dred that gart him be.
Of Ingland but a page brought he,
And by his sturdy 'ginning
He gart them all have sic dreading,*
That there was nane, durst nigh him near,
But wha by name that called were.
He led with radure sae his land,
In all time that he was regnand,
That nane durst well withstand his will,
All winning bowsome to be him till.

Wyntoun has been included in this section of our literary history, because, although writing after 1400, his work is one of a class, all the rest of which belong to the preceding period. Some other Scottish writers who were probably or for certain of the fifteenth century, may, for similar reasons, be here introduced. Of one named HUTCHEON, and designed 'of the Awle Ryall'—that is, of the Hall Royal or Palace—it is only known that he wrote a metrical romance entitled the *Gest of Arthur*. Another, called CLERK, 'of Tranent,' was the author of a romance entitled *The Adventures of Sir Gawain*, of which two cantos have been preserved. They are written in stanzas of thirteen lines, with alternate rhymes, and much alliteration; and in a language so very obsolete, as to be often quite unintelligible. There is, however, a sort of wildness in the narrative, which is very striking.* *The Howdate*, an allegorical satirical poem, by a poet named HOLLAND, of whom nothing else is known, may be classed with the *Prick of Conscience* and Pierce Plowman's *Vision*, English compositions of the immediately preceding age. Thus, it appears as if literary tastes and modes travelled northward, as more frivolous fashions do at this day, and were always predominant in Scotland about the time when they were declining or becoming extinct in England.

[1] Left. [2] Reached. [3] Rigour. [4] Without rigour.
* Ellis.

The last of the romantic or minstrel class of compositions in Scotland was *The Adventures of Sir William Wallace*, written about 1460, by a wandering poet usually called

BLIND HARRY.

Of the author nothing is known but that he was blind from his infancy; that he wrote this poem, and made a living by reciting it, or parts of it, before company. It is said by himself to be founded on a narrative of the life of Wallace, written in Latin by one Blair, chaplain to the Scottish hero, and which, if it ever existed, is now lost. The chief materials, however, have evidently been the traditionary stories told respecting Wallace in the minstrel's own time, which was a century and a half subsequent to that of the hero. In this respect, *The Wallace* resembles *The Bruce*; but the longer time which had elapsed, the unlettered character of the author, and the comparative humility of the class from whom he would chiefly derive his facts, made it inevitable that the work should be much less of a historical document than that of the learned archdeacon of Aberdeen. It is, in reality, such an account of Wallace as might be expected of Montrose or Dundee from some unlettered but ingenious poet of the present day, who should consult only Highland tradition for his authority. It abounds in marvellous stories respecting the prowess of its hero, and in one or two places grossly outrages real history; yet its value has on this account been perhaps understated. Within a very few years past, several of the transactions attributed by the blind minstrel to Wallace, and heretofore supposed to be fictitious—as, for example, his expedition to France—have been confirmed by the discovery of authentic evidence. That the author meant only to state real facts, must be concluded alike from the simple unaffectedness of the narration, and from the rarity of deliberate imposture, in comparison with credulity, as a fault of the literary men of the period. The poem is in ten-syllable lines, the epic verse of a later age, and it is not deficient in poetical effect or elevated sentiment. A paraphrase of it into modern Scotch, by William Hamilton of Gilbertfield, has long been a favourite volume amongst the Scottish peasantry: it was the study of this book which had so great an effect in kindling the genius of Robert Burns.*

[*Adventure of Wallace while Fishing in Irvine Water.*]

[Wallace, near the commencement of his career, is living in hiding with his uncle, Sir Ranald Wallace of Riccarton, near Kilmarnock. To amuse himself, he goes to fish in the river Irvine, when the following adventure takes place:—]

So on a time he desired to play.†
In Aperil the three-and-twenty day,

* See his Life by Dr Currie.
† A few couplets in the original spelling are subjoined:—
So on a tym he desyrit to play.
In Aperill the three-and-twenty day,
Till Erewyn wattir fyschc to tak he went,
Sic fantasye fell in his entent.
To leide his net a child furth with him yeid;
But he, or nowne, was in a fellowne dreid.
His sword he left, so did he neuir agayne;
It dide him gud, suppose he gifferyt payne

Till Irvine water fish to tak he went,
Sic fantasy fell in his intent.
To lead his net a child furth with him yede,[1]
But he, or[2] noon, was in a fellon dread.
His swerd he left, so did he never again ;
It did him gude, suppose he suffered pain.
Of that labour as than he was not slie,
Happy he was, took fish abundantly.
Or of the day ten hours o'er couth pass.
Ridand there came, near by where Wallace was,
The Lord Percy, was captain than of Ayr ;
Frae then' he turned, and couth to Glasgow fare.[3]
Part of the court had Wallace' labour seen,
Till him rade five, clad into ganand green,
And said soon, 'Scot, Martin's fish we wald have!'
Wallace meckly again answer him gave.
'It were reason, methink, ye should have part,
Waith[4] should be dealt, in all place, with free heart.'
He bade his child, 'Give them of our waithing.'
The Southron said, 'As now of thy dealing
We will not tak ; thou wald give us o'er small.'
He lighted down and frae the child took all.
Wallace said then, 'Gentlemen gif ye be,
Leave us some part, we pray for charity.
Ane aged knight serves our lady to-day :
Gude friend, leave part, and tak not all away.'
'Thou shall have leave to fish, and tak thee mae,
All this forsooth shall in our flitting gae.
We serve a lord ; this fish shall till him gang.'
Wallace answered, said, 'Thou art in the wrang.'
'Wham thous thou, Scot? in faith thou 'serves a blaw.'
Till him he ran, and out a swerd can draw.
William was wae he had nae wappins there
But the poutstaff, the whilk in hand he bare.
Wallace with it fast on the cheek him took,
With sae gude will, while of his feet he shook.
The swerd flew frae him a fur-breid on the land.
Wallace was glad, and hint it soon in hand ;
And with the swerd awkward he him gave
Under the hat, his craig[5] in sunder drave.
By that the lave[6] lighted about Wallace,
He had no help, only but God's grace.
On either side full fast on him they dang,
Great peril was gif they had lasted lang.
Upon the head in great ire he strak ane ;
The shearand swerd glade to the collar bane.
Ane other on the arm he hit so hardily,
While hand and swerd baith in the field can lie.
The tother twa fled to their horse again ;
He stickit him was last upon the plain.
Three slew he there, twa fled with all their might
After their lord ; but he was out of sight,
Takand the muir, or he and they couth twine.
Till him they rade anon, or they wald blin,[7]
And cryit, 'Lord, abide ; your men are martyred down
Right cruelly, here in this false region.
Five of our court here at the water bade,[8]
Fish for to bring, though it nae profit made.
We are scaped, but in field slain are three.'
The lord speirit,[9] 'How mony might they be?'
'We saw but ane that has discomfist us all.'
Then leugh[10] he loud, and said, 'Foul mot you fall!
Sin' ane you all has put to confusion.
Wha meins it maist the devil of hell him drown!
This day for me, in faith, he bees not sought.'
When Wallace thus this worthy wark had wrought,
Their horse he took, and gear that left was there,
Gave ower that craft, he yede to fish nae mair.
Went till his eme, and tald him of this deed,
And he for woe well near worthit to weid,[11]

[1] Went. [2] Ere.
[3] He was on his way from Ayr to Glasgow.
[4] Spoil taken in sport. [5] Neck. [6] Rest. [7] Ere they would stop. [8] Tarried. [9] Inquired. [10] Laughed. [11] Nearly went mad.

And said, 'Son, thir tidings sits me sore,
And, be it known, thou may tak scaith therefore.'
'Uncle,' he said, 'I will no langer bide,
Thir southland horse let see gif I can ride.'
Then but a child, him service for to mak,
His eme's sons he wald not with him tak.
This gude knight said, 'Dear cousin, pray I thee,
When thou wants gude, come fetch eneuch frae me.'
Silver and gold he gart on him give,
Wallace inclines, and gudely took his leave.

[*Escape of Wallace from Perth.*]

[Wallace, betrayed by a woman in Perth, escapes to Elcho Park, in the neighbourhood, killing two Englishmen by the way. The English garrison of the town, under Sir John Butler, commence a search and pursuit of the fugitive hero, by means of a bloodhound. Wallace, with sixteen men, makes his way out of the park, and hastens to the banks of the Earn.]

As they were best arrayand Butler's route,
Betwixt parties than Wallace ischet out ;
Sixteen with him they graithit them to gae,
Of all his men he had leavit no mae.
The Englishmen has missit him, in hy[1]
The hound they took, and followed hastily.
At the Gask Wood full fain he wald have been ;
But this sloth-brach, whilk sicker was and keen,
On Wallace foot followed so fellon fast,
While in their sicht they 'proachit at the last.
Their horse were wicht, had sojourned weel and lang ;
To the next wood, twa mile they had to gang,
Of upwith yird ;[2] they yede with all their micht,
Gude hope they had, for it was near the nicht.
Fawdon tirit, and said he micht not gang.
Wallace was wae to leave him in that thrang.
He bade him gae, and said the strength was near,
But he therefore wald not faster him steir.
Wallace, in ire, on the craig can him ta',
With his gude swerd, and strak the head him frae.
Dreidless to ground derfly he dushit deid.
Frae him he lap, and left him in that stede.
Some deemis it to ill ; and other some to gude ;
And I say here, into thir termis rude,
Better it was he did, as thinkis me ;
First to the hound it micht great stoppin be ;
Als', Fawdon was halden at suspicion,
For he was of bruckil complexion[3]—
Richt stark he was, and had but little gane.
Thus Wallace wist : had he been left alane,
An he were false, to enemies he wald gae ;
Gif he were true, the southron wald him slay.
Micht he do oucht but tyne him as it was?
Frae this question now shortly will I pass.
Deem as ye list, ye that best can and may,
I but rehearse, as my autoúr will say.
Sternis, by than, began for till appear,
The Englishmen were comand wonder near ;
Five hundred hail was in their chivalry.
To the next strength than Wallace couth him hy.
Stephen of Ireland, unwitting of Wallace,
And gude Kerly, bade still near hand that place,
At the muir-side, intill a scroggy slaid,
By east Dupplin, where they this tarry made.
Fawdon was left beside them on the land ;
The power came, and suddenly him fand ;
For their sloth-hound the straight gait till him yede
Of other trade she took as than no heed.
The sloth stoppit, at Fawdon still she stude,
Nor further she wald, frae time she fand the blude.
Englishmen deemit, for als they could not tell,
But that the Scots had fouchten amang themsell.
Richt wae they were that losit was their scent.
Wallace twa men amang the host in went,

[1] Haste. [2] Ascending ground. [3] Broken reputation.

Dissemblit weel, that no man sould them ken,
Richt in effeir, as they were Englishmen.
Kerly beheld on to the bauld Heroun,
Upon Fawdon as he was lookand down,
A subtle straik upward him took that tide,
Under the cheeks the grounden sword gart glide,
By the gude mail, baith halse and his craig bane
In sunder strak; thus endit that Chieftain.
To ground he fell, feil folk about him thrang,
Treason! they cried, traitors was them amang!
Kerly, with that, fled out soon at a side,
His fallow Stephen than thoucht no time to bide.
The fray was great, and fast away they yede,
Laigh[1] toward Earn; thus scapit they of dreid.
Butler for woe of weeping micht not stint,
Thus recklessly this gude knickt they tynt.
They deemit all that it was Wallace men,
Or else himself, though they could not him ken.
'He is richt near, we shall him have but[2] fail,
This feeble wood may him little avail.'
Forty were passed again to Sanct-Johnstoun,
With this dead corse, to burying made it boune.
Parted their men, syne diverse wayis raid;
A great power at Dupplin still there baid.
Till Dareoch the Butler passed but let;
At sundry fuirds, the gait they unbeset;
To keep the wood till it was day they thoucht.
As Wallace thus in the thick forest soucht,
For his twa men in mind he had great pain,
He wist not weel if they were ta'en or slain,
Or scapit hail by ony jeopardy:
Threttеen were left him; no mae had he.
In the Gask hall their lodging have they ta'en;
Fire gat they soon, but meat than had they nane.
Twa sheep they took beside them aff a fauld,
Ordained to sup into that seemly hauld,
Graithit in haste some food for them to dicht:
So heard they blaw rude hornis upon heicht.
Twa sent he forth to look what it micht be;
They baid richt lang, and no tidings heard he,
But boustous noise so brimly blew and fast,
So other twa into the wood furth passed.
Nane come again, but boustously can blaw;
Into great ire he sent them furth on raw.
When that alane Wallace was leavit there,
The awful blast aboundit mickle mair.
Than trowit he weel they had his lodging seen;
His sword he drew, of noble metal keen;
Syne furth he went where that he heard the horn.
Without the door Fawdon was him before,
As till his sicht, his awn heid in his hand:
A cross he made when he saw him so stand.
At Wallace in the heid he swakit there,[3]
And he in haste soon hynt[4] it by the hair,
Syne out at him again he couth it cast—
Intill his heart he was greatly aghast.
Richt weel he trowit that was nae spreit of man,
It was some devil, at sic malice began.
He wist no weel there langer for to bide;
Up through the Hall thus wicht Wallace can glide
Till a close stair, the buirdis rave in twyne,
Fifteen foot large he lap out of that inn.
Up the water, suddenly he couth fare,
Again he blent what 'pearance he saw there,
He thoucht he saw Fawdoun, that ugly sir,
That hail hall he had set in a fire;
A great rafter he had intill his hand.
Wallace as than no langer wald he stand,
Of his gude men full great marvel had he,
How they were tint through his feil fantasy.
Traists richt weel all this was sooth indeed,
Suppose that it no point be of the creed.
Power they had with Lucifer that fell,
The time when he parted frae heaven to hell.

By sic mischief gif his men micht be lost,
Drownit or slain amang the English host;
Or what it was in likeness of Fawdoun,
Whilk broucht his men to sudden confusion;
Or gif the man ended in evil intent,
Some wicked spreit again for him present,
I can not speak of sic divinity;
To clerks I will let all sic matters be.
But of Wallace furth I will you tell,
When he was went of that peril fell,
Richt glad was he that he had scapit sae,
But for his men great murning can he ma.
Flayt by himsell to the Maker of love,
Why he sufferit he sould sic painis prove.
He wist not weel if it was Goddis will,
Richt or wrang his fortune to fulfil.
Had he pleased God, he trowit it micht not be,
He sould him thole in sic perplexity.[1]
But great courage in his mind ever drave
Of Englishmen thinkand amends to have.
As he was thus walkald by him alane,
Upon Earn-side, makand a piteous mane,
Sir John Butler, to watch the fuirdis right,
Out frae his men of Wallace had a sight.
The mist was went to the mountains again;
Till him he rade, where that he made his mane.
On loud he speirt, 'What art you walks this gait?'
'A true man, sir, though my voyage be late;
Errands I pass frae Doune unto my lord;
Sir John Stewart, the richt for to record,
In Doune is now, new comand frae the king.'
Than Butler said, 'This is a selcouth thing,
You lee'd all out, you have been with Wallace,
I shall you knaw, or you come off this place.'
Till him he stert the courser wonder wicht,
Drew out a sword, so made him for to licht.
Aboon the knee gude Wallace has him ta'en
Through thie and brawn, in sunder strak the bane,
Derfly to deid the knicht fell on the land.
Wallace the horse soon seizit in his hand;
Ane backward straik syne took him, in that steid,
His craig in twa; thus was the Butler deid.
Ane Englishman saw their chieftain was slain
A spear in rest he cast with all his main,
On Wallace drave, frae the horse him to beir;
Warly he wroucht, as worthy man in weir;
The spear he wan, withouten mair abaid,
On horse he lap, and through a great rout raid
To Dareoch; he knew the fords full weel;
Before him came feil[2] stuffit in fine steel;
He strak the first but baid in the blasoun,[3]
While horse and man baith flet the water doun.
Ane other syne doun frae his horse he bare,
Stampit to ground, and drounit withouten mair.
The third he hit in his harness of steel
Through out the cost, the spear it brak some deal.
The great power than after him can ride,
He saw na weel nae langer there to bide.
His burnist brand bravely in hand he bare;
Wham he hit richt they followit him nae mair.
To stuff the chase feil frekis followit fast,
But Wallace made the gayest aye aghast.
The muir he took, and through their power yede.

[*The Death of Wallace.*]

On Wednesday the false Southron furth brocht
To martyr him, as they before had wrocht.[4]
Of men in arms led him a full great rout.
With a bauld sprite guid Wallace blent about:
A priest he asked, for God that died on tree.
King Edward then commanded his clergy,
And said, 'I charge you, upon loss of life,
Nane be sae bauld yon tyrant for to shrive.

[1] Low. [2] Without. [3] Threw. [4] Caught.

[1] That God should allow him to be in such perplexity.
[2] Many. [3] Without sword. [4] Contrived.

reigned long in contrar my highness.'
i bishop soon, present in that place ;
nterbury he then was righteous lord ;
Again' the king he made this richt record,
And said, 'Myself shall hear his confession,
If I have micht in contrar of thy crown.
An thou through force will stop me of this thing,
I vow to God, who is my righteous king,
That all England I shall her interdite,
And make it known thou art a heretic.
The sacrament of kirk I shall him give :
Syne take thy choice, to starve [1] or let him live.
It were mair weil, in worship of thy crown,
To keep sic ane in life in thy bandoun,
Than all the land and good that thou hast reived,
But cowardice thee ay fra honour dreived.
Thou has thy life rougin [2] in wrangeous deed ;
That shall be seen on thee or on thy seed.'
The king gart [3] charge they should the bishop ta,
But sad lords counsellit to let him ga.
All Englishmen said that his desire was richt.
To Wallace then he rakit in their sicht
And sadly heard his confession till ane end :
Humbly to God his sprite he there commend
Lowly him served with hearty devotion
Upon his knees and said ane orison. * *
A psalter-book Wallace had on him ever
Fra his childheid—fra it wald nocht dissever ;
Better he trowit in wyage [4] for to speed.
But then he was dispalyed of his weed.[5]
This grace he asked at Lord Clifford, that knicht,
To let him have his psalter-book in sicht.
He gart a priest it open before him hald,
While they till him had done all that they wald.
Stedfast he read for ought they did him there ;
Feil [6] Southrons said that Wallace felt na sair.
Guid devotion, sae, was his beginning,
Conteined therewith, and fair was his ending.
While speech and sprite at anis all can fare
To lasting bliss, we trow, for evermair.

PROSE WRITERS OF THE FOURTEENTH CENTURY.

In the general history of literature, poetry takes precedence of prose. At first, when the memory was the chief means of preserving literature, men seem to have found it necessary that composition should take a form different from ordinary discourse —a form involving certain measures, breaks, and pauses—not only as appropriate to its being something higher and finer than common speech, but in order that it might be the more easily remembered. Hence, while we cannot trace poetry to its origin, we know that the first prose dates from the sixth century before the Christian era, when it was assumed, in Greece, as the form of certain narratives differing from poetry in scarcely any other respect. In England, as in all other countries, prose was a form of composition scarcely practised for several centuries, during which poetry was comparatively much cultivated. The first specimens of it, entitled to any consideration, date from the reign of Edward III.

SIR JOHN MANDEVILLE.

Sir John Mandeville is usually held as the first English prose writer. He was born at St Albans in the year 1300, and received the liberal education requisite for the profession of medicine. During the thirty-four years previous to 1356, he travelled in eastern countries, and on his return to England, wrote an account of all he had seen, mixed up with innumerable fables, derived from preceding historians and romancers, as well as from hearsay. His book was originally written in Latin, then translated into French, and finally into English, 'that every man of my nacioun may undirstonde it.' It is of little use as a description of foreign climes, but valuable as a monument of the language, and of the imperfect learning and reason, and homely ideas, of the age which produced it. The name of the author has become identified with our idea of a mendacious babbler ; but this is in a great measure an injustice. Mandeville, with the credulity of the age, embodied in his work every wild grandam tale and monkish fiction which came in his way ; but it has been found, that where he quotes preceding authors, or writes from his own observation, he makes no effort at either embellishment or exaggeration. Hence it is not uncommon to find him in one page giving a sensible account of something which he saw, and in the next repeating with equal seriousness the story of Gog and Magog, the tale of men with tails, or the account of the Madagascar bird which could carry elephants through the air. He gives, upon the whole, a pleasing and interesting account of the Mohamedan nations amongst whom he sojourned. Considering the exasperation which was likely to have been occasioned by the recent crusades, those nations appear to have treated the Christian traveller with surprising liberality and kindness. He is himself of a much more liberal spirit than many pious persons of more recent times, and dwells with pleasure upon the numerous Christian sects who lived peaceably under the Saracen dominion. 'And ye shall understand,' says he, 'that of all these countries, and of all these isles, and of all these diverse folk, that I have spoken of before, and of diverse laws and of diverse beliefs that they han [have] ; yet there is none of them all but that they han some reason within them and understanding, but gif it be the fewer ; and that they han certain articles of our faith and some good points of our belief ; and that they believen in God, that formed all things and made the world, and clepen him God of Nature. * * But yet they can not speken perfeytly (for there is no man to techen them) ; but only that they can devise by their natural wit.' Further, in reference to the superior moral conduct of the Mohamedan nations, he relates a conversation with the Sultan of Egypt, which may be here given, not only as a specimen of his language, but with the view of turning this writer of the fourteenth century to some account in instructing the nineteenth :—

[*A Mohamedan's Lecture on Christian Vices.*]

[*Original Spelling.*—And therfore I shalle telle you what the Soudan tolde me upon a day, in his chambre. He leet voyden out of his chambre alle maner of men, lordes and othere ; for he wolde spake with me in conscille. And there he asked me, how the Cristene men governed hem in oure contree. And I seyde him, righte wel, thonked be God. And he seyde, treulyche nay ; for ye Cristene men ne reethen righte noghte how untrewly to serve God. Ye scholde geven ensample, &c.]

And therefore I shall tell you what the Soudan told me upon a day, in his chamber. He let voiden out of his chamber all manner of men, lords, and other ; for he would speak with me in counsel. And there he asked me how the Christian men governed 'em in our country. And I said [to] him, 'Right well, thonked be God.' And he said [to] me, 'Truly nay, for ye Christian men ne reckon right not how untruly to serve God. Ye should given ensample to the lewed

[1] The r[illegible]s of an interdict.
[2] Spent. [3] Caused.
[4] Expedition—his journey to the other world.
[5] Clothes. [6] Many.

people for to do well, and ye given 'em ensample to don evil. For the commons, upon festival days, when they shouldren go to church to serve God, then gon they to taverns, and ben there in gluttony all the day and all night, and eaten and drinken, as beasts that have no reason, and wit not when they have enow. And therewithal they ben so proud, that they knowen not how to ben clothed; now long, now short, now strait, now large, now sworded, now daggered, and in all manner guises. They shouldren ben simple, meek, and true, and full of alms-deed, as Jesu was, in whom they trow; but they ben all the contrary, and ever inclined to the evil, and to don evil. And they ben so covetous, that for a little silver they sellen 'eir daughters, 'eir sisters, and 'eir own wives, to putten 'em to lechery. And one withdraweth the wife of another; and none of 'em holdeth faith to another, but they defoulen 'eir law, that Jesu Christ betook 'em keep for 'eir salvation. And thus for 'eir sins, han [have] they lost all this lond that we holden. For 'eir sins here, hath God taken 'em in our hands, not only by strength of ourself, but for 'eir sins. For we knowen well in very sooth, that when ye serve God, God will help you; and when he is with you, no man may be against you. And that know we well by our prophecies, that Christian men shall winnen this lond again out of our hands, when they serven God more devoutly. But as long as they ben of foul and unclean living (as they ben now), we have no dread of 'em in no kind; for here God will not helpen 'em in no wise.'

And then I asked him how he knew the state of Christian men. And he answered me, that he knew all the state of the commons also by his messengers, that he sent to all lands, in manner as they were merchants of precious stones, of cloths of gold, and of other things, for to knowen the manner of every country amongs Christian men. And then he let [illegible] in all the [illegible] that he made voiden first out of his chamber; and there he showed me four that were great lords in the country, that tolden me of my country, and of many other Christian countries, as well as if they had been of the same country; and they spak French right well, and the Soudan also, whereof I had great marvel. Alas, that it is great slander to our faith and to our laws, when folk that ben without law shall reproven us, and undernemen[1] us of our sins. And they that shouldren ben converted to Christ and to the law of Jesu, by our good example and by our acceptable life to God, ben through our wickedness and evil living, far fro us; and strangers fro the holy and very[2] belief shall thus appellen us and holden us for wicked levirs and cursed. And truly they say sooth. For the Saracens ben good and faithful. For they keepen entirely the commandment of the holy book Alcoran, that God sent 'em by his messager Mahomet; to the which, as they sayen, St Gabriel, the angel, oftentime told the will of God.

[*The Devil's Head in the Valley Perilous.*]

Beside that isle of Mistorak, upon the left side, nigh to the river Phison, is a marvellous thing. There is a vale between the mountains, that dureth nigh a four mile. And some clepen[4] it the Vale Enchanted, some clepen it the Vale of Devils, and some clepen it the Vale Perilous; in that vale hearen[5] men oftentime great tempests and thunders, and great murmurs and noises, all day and nights; and great noise as it were sound of tabors and of nakeres[6] and trumps, as though it were of a great feast. This vale is all full of devils, and hath been always. And men say there, that it is one of the entries of hell. In that vale is plenty of gold and silver; wherefore many misbelieving men, and many Christian men also, gon[1] in often time, for to have of the treasure that there is, but few comen again; and namely, of the misbelieving men, ne of the Christian men nouther;[2] for they ben anon strangled of devils. And in mid place of that vale, under a rock, is an head of the visage of a devil bodily, full horrible and dreadful to see; and it showeth not but the head, to the shoulders. But there is no man in the world so hardy, Christian man ne other, but that he would ben adrad[3] for to behold it; and that it would seemen him to die for dread; so is it hideous for to behold. For he beholdeth every man so sharply with dreadful eyen[4] that ben evermore moving and sparkling as fire, and changeth and steereth so often in divers manner, with so horrible countenance, that no man dare not nighen[5] towards him. And fro[6] him cometh smoke and stink, and fire, and so much abomination, that unethe[7] no man may there endure. But the good Christian men, that ben stable in the faith, entren well withouten peril: for they will first shriven 'em,[8] and marken hem with the token of the Holy Cross; so that the fiends ne han no[9] power over 'em. But albeit that they ben withouten peril, zit natheles[10] ne ben they not withouten dread, when that they seen the devils visibly and bodily all about 'em, that maken full many divers assauts[11] and menaces in air and in earth, and agasten[12] 'em with strokes of thunder-blasts and of tempests. And the most dread is, that God will taken vengeance then, of that men han misdone again[13] his will. And ye should understand, that when my fellows and I weren in that vale, we weren in great thought whether that we dursten putten our bodies in aventure, to gon in or non, in the protection of God. And some of our fellows accorded[14] to enter, and some nogh.[15] So there were with us two worthy men, friars minors that were of Lombardy, that said, that if any man would enter, they would go in with us. And when they had said so, upon the gracious trust of God and of 'em,[16] we let sing mass; and I made every man to be shriven and houseld;[17] and then we entered fourteen persons; but at our going out, we were but nine. And so we wisten[18] never, whether that our fellows were lost, or elles[19] turned again for dread; but we ne saw them never after; and tho[20] were two men of Greece and three of Spain; and our other fellows that would not go in with us, they went by another coast to ben before us, and so they were. And thus we passed that perilous vale, and found therein gold and silver, and precious stones, and rich jewels great plenty, both here and there, as us seemed; but whether that it was, as us seemed, I wot nere;[21] for I touched none, because that the devils be so subtle to make a thing to seem otherwise than it is, for to deceive mankind; and therefore I touched none; and also because that I would not be put out of my devotion: for I was more devout than ever I was before or after, and all for the dread of fiends, that I saw in divers figures; and also for the great multitude of dead bodies that I saw there lying by the way, by all the vale, as though there had been a battle between two kings, and the mightiest of the country, and that the greater part had been discomfitted and slain. And I trow[22] that unethe should any country have so much people within him, as lay slain in that vale, as us thought; the which was an hideous sight to seen.[23] And I marvelled much, that there

[1] Call. [2] Remind. [3] True. [4] Call. [5] Hear. [6] Nakeres—Nacara (Du Cange), a kind of brazen drum used in the cavalry.

[1] Go. [2] Neither. [3] Afraid. [4] Eyes. [5] Approach. [6] From. [7] Scarcely. [8] Confess themselves. [9] Have no. [10] Yet nevertheless. [11] Assaults. [12] Terrify. [13] Against. [14] Agreed. [15] Not. [16] Themselves. [17] To be confessed, and to have the Lord's Supper administered to him. [18] Knew. [19] Else. [20] They. [21] I never knew. [22] Believe. [23] See.

were so many, and the bodies all whole withouten rotting. But I trow that fiends made them seem to be so whole, withouten rotting. But that might not be to my avys,[1] that so many should have entered so newly, ne so many newly slain, without stinking and rotting. And many of them were in habit of Christian men; but I trowe well, that it were of such that went in for covetyse[2] of the treasure that was there, and had overmuch feebleness in faith; so that their hearts ne might not endure in the belief for dread. And therefore were we the more devout a great deal; and yet we were cast down, and beaten down many times to the hard earth, by winds and thunders, and tempests; but evermore, God, of his grace, helped us. And so we passed that perilous vale, without peril, and without incumbrance. Thanked be Almighty God.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER.

CHAUCER, though eminent chiefly as a poet, deserves to be mentioned also as a prose writer. His longest unversified production is an allegorical and meditative work called *The Testament of Love*, written chiefly for the purpose of defending his character against certain imputations which had been cast upon it. Two of the *Canterbury Tales* are in prose; and from the first, entitled the *Tale of Melibeus*, is extracted the following passage, not less remarkable for the great amount of ancient wisdom which it contains, than for the clearness and simplicity of the diction:—

[*On Riches.*]

When Prudence had heard her husband avaunt himself of his riches and of his money, dispreising the power of his adversaries, she spake and said in this wise: Certes, dear sir, I grant you that ye ben rich and mighty, and that riches ben good to 'em that han well ygetten 'em, and that well can usen 'em; for, right as the body of a man may not liven withouten soul, no more may it liven withouten temporal goods, and by riches may a man get him great friends; and therefore saith Pamphilus, If a neatherd's daughter be rich, she may chese of a thousand men which she wol take to her husband; for of a thousand men one wol not forsaken her ne refusen her. And this Pamphilus saith also, If thou be right happy, that is to sayn, if thou be right rich, thou shalt find a great number of fellows and friends; and if thy fortune change, that thou wax poor, farewell friendship and fellowship, for thou shalt be all alone withouten any company, but if[3] it be the company of poor folk. And yet saith this Pamphilus, moreover, that they that ben bond and thrall of liniage shuln be made worthy and noble by riches. And right so as by riches there comen many goods, right so by poverty come there many harms and evils; and therefore clepeth Cassiodore, poverty the mother of ruin, that is to sayn, the mother of overthrowing or falling down; and therefore saith Piers Alfonse, One of the greatest adversities of the world is when a free man by kind, or of birth, is constrained by poverty to eaten the alms of his enemy. And the same saith Innocent in one of his books; he saith that sorrowful and mishappy is the condition of a poor beggar, for if he ax not his meat he dieth of hunger, and if he ax he dieth for shame; and algates necessity constraineth him to ax; and therefore saith Solomon, That better it is to die than for to have such poverty; and, as the same Solomon saith, Better it is to die of bitter death, than for to liven in such wise. By these reasons that I have said unto you, and by many other reasons that I could say, I grant you that riches ben good to 'em that well geten 'em, and to him that well usen tho' riches; and therefore wol I show you how ye shulen behave you in gathering of your riches, and in what manner ye shulen usen 'em.

First, ye shulen geten 'em withouten great desire, by good leisure, sokingly, and not over hastily, for a man that is too desiring to get riches abandoneth him first to theft and to all other evils; and therefore saith Solomon, He that hasteth him too busily to wax rich, he shall be non innocent: he saith also, that the riches that hastily cometh to a man, soon and lightly goeth and passeth from a man, but that riches that cometh little and little, waxeth alway and multiplieth. And, sir, ye shulen get riches by your wit and by your travail, unto your profit, and that withouten wrong or harm doing to any other person; for the law saith, There maketh no man himself rich, if he do harm to another wight; that is to say, that Nature defendeth and forbiddeth by right, that no man make himself rich unto the harm of another person. And Tullius saith, That no sorrow, ne no dread of death, ne nothing that may fall unto a man, is so muckle agains nature as a man to increase his own profit to harm of another man. And though the great men and the mighty men geten riches more lightly than thou, yet shalt thou not ben idle ne slow to do thy profit, for thou shalt in all wise flee idleness; for Solomon saith, That idleness teacheth a man to do many evils; and the same Solomon saith, That he that travaileth and busieth himself to tillen his lond, shall eat bread, but he that is idle, and casteth him to no business ne occupation, shall fall into poverty, and die for hunger. And he that is idle and slow can never find convenable time for to do his profit; for there is a versifier saith, that the idle man excuseth him in winter because of the great cold, and in summer then by encheson of the heat. For these causes, saith Caton, waketh and inclineth you not over muckle to sleep, for over muckle rest nourisheth and causeth many ices; and therefore saith St Jerome, Doeth some good deeds, that the devil, which is our enemy, ne find you not unoccupied, for the devil he taketh not lightly unto his werking such as he findeth occupied n good works.

Then thus in getting riches ye musten flee idleness; nd afterward ye shulen usen the riches which ye han geten by your wit and by your travail, in such manner, than men hold you not too scarce, ne too sparing, ne fool-large, that is to say, over large a spender; for right as men blamen an avaritious man because of his scarcity and chinchery, in the same wise he is to blame that spendeth over largely; and therefore saith Caton, use (he saith) the riches that thou hast ygeten in such manner, that men have no matter ne cause to call thee nother wretch ne chinch, for it is a great shame o a man to have a poor heart and a rich purse: he saith also, The goods that thou hast ygeten, use 'em by measure, that is to sayen, spend measureably, for they that solily wasten and despenden the goods that they han, when they han no more proper of 'eir own, hat they shapen 'em to take the goods of another nan. I say, then, that ye shulen flee avarice, using our riches in such manner, that men sayen not that your riches ben yburied, but that ye have 'em in your might and in your wielding; for a wise man reproveth the avaritious man, and saith thus in two verse, Whereto and why burieth a man his goods by his great avarice, and knoweth well that needs must he die, for death is the end of every man as in this present life? And for what cause or encheson joineth e him, or knitteth he him so fast unto his goods, that ll his wits mowen not disseveren him or departen im fro his goods, and knoweth well, or ought to know, hat when he is dead he shall nothing bear with him out of this world? and therefore saith St Augustine, that the avaritious man is likened unto hell, that the more it swalloweth the more desire it hath to swallow and devour. And as well as ye wold eschew to be

[1] Advice, understanding. [2] Covetous [3] Except.

called an avaritious man or an chinch, as well should ye keep you and govern you in such wise, that men call you not fool-large; therefore, saith Tullius, The goods of thine house ne should not ben hid ne kept so close, but that they might ben opened by pity and debonnairety, that is to sayen, to give 'em part that han great need; ne they goods shoulden not ben so open to be every man's goods.

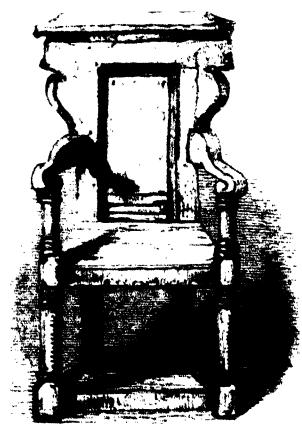
Afterward, in getting of your riches, and in using of 'em, ye shulen alway have three things in your heart, that is to say, our Lord God, conscience, and good name. First ye shulen have God in your heart, and for no riches ye shulen do nothing which may in any manner displease God that is your creator and maker; for, after the word of Solomon, it is better to have a little good, with love of God, than to have muckle good and lese the love of his Lord God; and the prophet saith, that better it is to ben a good man and have little good and treasure, than to be holden a shrew and have great riches. And yet I say furthermore, that ye shulden always do your business to get your riches, so that ye get 'em with a good conscience. And the apostle saith, that there nis thing in this world, of which we shulden have so great joy, as when our conscience beareth us good witness; and the wise man saith, The substance of a man is full good when sin is not in a man's conscience. Afterward, in getting of your riches and in using of 'em, ye must have great business and great diligence that your good name be alway kept and conserved; for Solomon saith, that better it is and more it availeth a man to have a good name than for to have great riches; and therefore he saith in another place, Do great diligence (saith he) in keeping of thy friends and of thy good name, for it shall longer abide with thee than any treasure, be it never so precious; and certainly he should not be called a gentleman that, after God and good conscience all things left, ne doth his diligence and business to keepen his good name; and Cassiodore saith, that it is a sign of a gentle heart, when a man loveth and desireth to have a good name. * * And he that trusteth him so muckle in his good conscience, that he despiseth or setteth at nought his good name or los, and recketh not though he kept not his good name, nis but a cruel churl.

JOHN WICKLIFFE.

JOHN WICKLIFFE [1324-1384] was a learned ecclesiastic and professor of theology in Baliol College, Oxford, where, soon after the year 1372, he began to challenge certain doctrines and practices of the Romish church, which for ages had held unquestioned sway in England. The mental capacity and vigour requisite for this purpose, must have been of a very uncommon kind; and Wickliffe will ever, accordingly, be considered as one of the greatest names in our history. In contending against the Romish doctrines and the papal power, and in defending himself against the vengeance of the ecclesiastical courts, he produced many controversial works, some of which were in English. But his greatest work, and that which was qualified to be most effectual in reforming the faith of his countrymen, was a translation of the Old and New Testaments, which he executed in his latter years, with the assistance of a few friends, and which, though taken from the Latin medium, instead of the original Hebrew and Greek, and though performed in a timid spirit with regard to idioms, is a valuable relic of the age, both in a literary and theological view.* Wickliffe was several times cited for heresy, and brought into great personal danger; but, partly through accidental circumstances, and partly through

Wickliffe.

the friendship of the Duke of Lancaster (the friend of Chaucer, and probably also of Gower), he escaped every danger, and at last died in a quiet country rectory, though not before he had been compelled



Chair of Wickliffe.

to retract some of his reputed heresies. Upwards of forty years after his death, in consequence of a de-

* Wickliffe's translation of the New Testament has been twice printed, by Mr Lewis in 1731, and Mr Baber in 1810. His version of the Old Testament still remains in manuscript; but the announcement has been made, that Mr Forshall and Mr Madden, both of the British Museum, are now engaged in preparing an edition, which is to issue from the University press of Oxford. Mr Baber, after much research, has come to the conclusion, that no English translation of the entire Bible preceded that of Wickliffe. (See 'Historical Account of the Saxon and English versions of the Scriptures previous to the opening of the fifteenth century,' prefixed by Mr Baber to his edition of the New Testament, p. lxviii.) Portions of it had, however, been translated at various times.

cree of the Council of Constance, his bones were disinterred and burnt, and the ashes thrown into a brook. 'This brook,' says Fuller, the church historian, in a passage which brings quaintness to the borders of sublimity, 'hath conveyed his ashes into Avon, Avon into Severn, Severn into the narrow seas, they into the main ocean: and thus the ashes of Wickliffe are the emblem of his doctrine, which is now dispersed all the world over.'

As a specimen of the language of Wickliffe, his translation of that portion of Scripture which contains the *Magnificat*, may be presented—

[*The Magnificat.*]

And Marye seyde, My soul magnifieth the Lord.
And my spiryt hath gladid in God myn helthe.

For he hath behulden the mekenesse of his handmayden: for lo for this alle generationns schulen seye that I am blessid.

For he that is mighti hath don to me grete thingis, and his name is holy.

And his mercy is fro kyndrede into kyndredis to men that dreden him.

He hath made myght in his arm, he scatteride proude men with the thoughte of his herte.

He sette doun myghty men fro seete, and enhaunside meke men. He hath fulfillid hungry men with goodis, and he has left riche men voide.

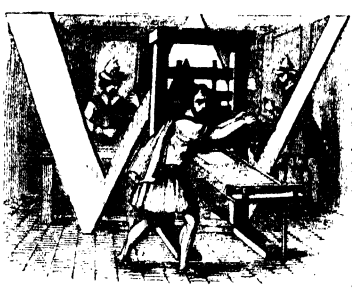
He heuynge mynde of his mercy took up Israel his child.

As he hath spokun to oure fadris, to Abraham, and to his seed into worlds.

Second Period.

FROM 1400 TO 1558.

POETS.



WHILE such minds as Chaucer's take shape, in some measure, from the state of learning and civilisation which may prevail in their time, it is very clear that they are never altogether created or brought into exercise by such circumstances. The rise of such men is the accident of nature, and whole ages may pass without producing them. From the death of Chaucer in 1400, nearly two hundred years elapsed in England, before any poet comparable to him arose, and yet those two centuries were more enlightened than the times of Chaucer. This long period, however, produced several poets not destitute of merit.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND.

Among these was JAMES I. of Scotland, whose mind and its productions, notwithstanding his being a native of that country, must be considered as of English growth. James had been taken prisoner in his boyhood by Henry IV. of England, and spent the nineteen years preceding 1424 in that country, where he was instructed in all the learning and polite accomplishments of the age, and appears, in particular, to have carefully studied the writings of Chaucer. The only certain production of this young sovereign is a long poem, called *The King's Quhair*, or Book, in which he describes the circumstances of an attachment which he formed, while a prisoner in Windsor Castle, to a young English princess whom he saw walking in the adjacent garden. This lady, a daughter of the Earl of Somerset, was afterwards married to the young king, whom she accompanied to Scotland. While in possession of his kingdom, he is said to have written several poems descriptive of humorous rustic scenes; but these cannot be certainly traced to him. He was assassinated at Perth in the year 1437, aged forty-two.

James I. of Scotland.

The *King's Quhair* contains poetry superior to

any besides that of Chaucer, produced in England before the reign of Elizabeth—as will be testified by the following verses:—

[*James I., a Prisoner in Windsor, first sees Lady Jane Beaufort, who afterwards was his Queen.*]

Bewailing in my chamber, thus alone,
Despaired of all joy and remedy,
For-tired of my thought, and wee-begone,
And to the window gan I walk in hy[1]
To see the world and folk that went forbye,[2]
As, for the time, though I of mirthis food
Might have no more, to look it did me good.

Now was there made, fast by the towris wall,
A garden fair; and in the corners set
Ane arbour green, with wandis long and small
Railed about, and so with trees set
Was all the place, and hawthorn hedges knet,
That lyf was none walking there forbye,
That might within scarce any wight espy.

So thick the boughis and the leavis green
Beshaded all the alleys that there were,
And mids of every arbour might be seen
The sharpe greene sweete juniper,
Growing so fair with branches here and there,
That as it seemed to a lyf without,
The boughis spread the arbour all about.

And on the smalle greene twistis[3] sat,
The little sweete nightingale, and sung
So loud and clear, the hymnis consecrat
Of lovis use, now soft, now loud among,
That all the gardens and the wallis rung
Right of their song. * *

own mine eyes again,
Where as I saw, walking under the tower,
Full secretly, new comen here to plain,
The fairist or the freshest younge flower
That ever I saw, methought, before that hour,
For which sudden abate, anon astart,[4]
The blood of all my body to my heart.

And though I stood abasit tho a lite,[5]
No wonder was; for why? my wittis all
Were so overcome with pleasance and delight,
Only through letting of my eyen fall,
That suddenly my heart became her thrall,
For ever of free will, for of menace
There was no token in her sweete face.

And in my head I drew right hastily,
And eftesoons I leant it out again,
And saw her walk that very womanly,
With no wight mo', but only women twain.
Then gan I study in myself, and sayn,[6]
'Ah, sweet! are ye a worldly creature,
Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature?

Or are ye god Cupidis own princess,
And comin are to loose me out of band?
Or *are ye very Nature the goddess,*
That have depainted with your heavenly hand,
This garden full of flowers as they stand?
What shall I think, alas! what reverence
Shall I mister[7] unto your excellence?

If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
To do me pain, I may it not astart:[8]
If ye be warldly wight, that doth me sike,[9]
Why list[10] God make you so, my dearest heart,
To do a seely[11] prisoner this smart,
That loves you all, and wot of nought but wo?
And therefore mercy, sweet! sin' it is so.' * *

Of her array the form if I shall write,
Towards her golden hair and rich attire,
In fretwise couchit[1] with pearlis white
And great balas[2] leaming[3] as the fire,
With mony ane emeraut and fair sapphire;
And on her head a chaplet fresh of hue,
Of plumis parted red, and white, and blue.

Full of quaking spangis bright as gold,
Forged of shape like to the amorets,
So new, so fresh, so pleasant to behold,
The plumis eke like to the flower jonets,[4]
And other of shape, like to the flower jonets;
And above all this, there was, well I wot,
Beauty enough to make a world to doat.

About her neck, white as the fire amail,[5]
A goodly chain of small orfevory,[6]
Whereby there hung a ruby, without fail,
Like to ane heart shapen verily,
That as a spark of low,[7] so wantonly
Seemed burning upon her white throat.
Now if there was good party,[8] God it wot.

And for to walk that fresh May's morrow,
Ane hook she had upon her tissue white,
That goodlier had not been seen to-forow,[9]
As I suppose; and girt she was alite.[10]
Thus halflings loose for haste, to such delight
It was to see her youth in goodlihede,
That for rudeness to speak thereof I dread.

In her was youth, beauty, with humble aport,
Bounty, richess, and womanly feature,
God better wot than my pen can report:
Wisdom, largess, estate, and cunning[11] sure,
In every point so guided her measure,
In word, in deed, in shape, in countenance,
That nature might no more her child avance!
* * *

And when she walked had a little thraw
Under the sweete greene boughis bent,
Her fair fresh face, as white as any snaw,
She turned has, and furth her wayis went;
But tho began mine aches and torment,
To see her part and follow I na might;
Methought the day was turned into night.

[1] Haste. [2] Past. [3] Twigs. [4] Went and came.
[5] Confounded for a little while. [6] Say. [7] Minister.
[8] Fly. [9] Makes me sigh. [10] Pleased. [11] Wretched.

[1] Inlaid like fretwork. [2] A kind of precious stone.
[3] Glittering. [4] A kind of lily. It is conjectured that the royal poet may here allude covertly to the name of his mistress, which, in the diminutive, was Janet or Jonet.—*Thomson's Edition of King's Quhair. Ayr*, 1824.
[5] Enamel. [6] Gold work. [7] Flame. [8] Match.
[9] Before. [10] Slightly. [11] Knowledge.

JOHN LYDGATE.

JOHN THE CHAPLAIN, THOMAS OCCLEVE, a lawyer, and JOHN LYDGATE, were the chief immediate followers of Chaucer and Gower. The performances of the two first are of little account. Lydgate, who was a monk of Bury, flourished about the year 1430. His poetical compositions range over a great variety of styles. 'His muse,' says Warton, 'was of universal access; and he was not only the poet of the monastery, but of the world in general. If a disguising was intended by the company of goldsmiths, a mask before his majesty at Eltham, a Maygame for the sheriffs and aldermen of London, a mumming before the Lord Mayor, a procession of pageants from the Creation for the festival of *Corpus Christi*, or a carol for the Coronation, Lydgate was consulted, and gave the poetry.' The principal works of this versatile writer are entitled, *The History of Thebes*, *The Fall of Princes*, and *The Destruction of Troy*. He had travelled in France and Italy, and studied the poetry of those countries; and though his own writ-

ings contain only a few good passages, he is allowed to have improved the poetical language of the country. He at one time kept a school in his monastery, for the instruction of young persons of the upper ranks in the art of versification; a fact which proves that poetry had become a favourite study among the few who acquired any tincture of letters in that age.

In the words of Mr Warton, "there is great softness and facility" in the following passage of Lydgate's *Destruction of Troy*:—

[*Description of a Sylvan Retreat.*]

Till at the last, among the bowes glade,
Of adventure, I caught a pleasant shade;
Full smooth, and plain, and lusty for to seen,
And soft as velvet was the yonge green:
Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
And on the bow aloft his reine cast.
So faint and mate of weariness I was,
That I me laid adown upon the grass,
Upon a brinke, shortly for to tell,
Beside the river of a crystal well;
And the water, as I reherse can,
Like quicke silver in his streams y-ran,
Of which the gravel and the brighte stone,
As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

A fugitive poem of Lydgate, called the *London Lyckpenny*, is curious for the particulars it gives respecting the city of London in the early part of the fifteenth century. The poet has come to town in search of legal redress for some wrong, and visits, in succession, the King's Bench, the Court of Common Pleas, the Court of Chancery, and Westminster Hall.

The London Lyckpenny.

Within the hall, neither rich, nor yet poor
Would do for me ought, although I should die:
Which seeing, I gat me out of the door,
Where Flemings began on me for to cry,
'Master, what will you copen[1] or buy?
Fine felt hats? or spectacles to read?
Lay down your silver, and here you may speed.'

Then to Westminster gate I presently went,
When the sun was at high prime:
Cooks to me they took good intent,[2]
And proffered me bread, with ale, and wine,
Ribs of beef, both fat and full fine;
A fair cloth they gan for to spread,
But, wanting money, I might not be sped.

Then unto London I did me hie,
Of all the land it beareth the price;
'Hot peascods!' one began to cry,
'Strawberry ripe, and cherries in the rise!'[3]
One bade me come near and buy some spice;
Pepper, and saffron they gan me bede;[4]
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then to the Cheap I gan me drawn,
Where much people I saw for to stand;
One offered me velvet, silk, and lawn,
Another he taketh me by the hand,
'Here is Paris thread, the finest in the land!'
I never was used to such things, indeed;
And, wanting money, I might not speed.

Then went I forth by London Stone,[5]
Throughout all Canwick Street:
Drapers much cloth me offered anon;
Then comes me one cried 'hot sheep's feet;'
One cried mackerel, rushes green, another gan greet,[6]
One bade me buy a hood to cover my head;
But, for want of money, I might not be sped.

Then I hied me unto East-Cheap,
One cries ribs of beef, and many a pie;
Pewter pots they clattered on a heap;
There was harp, pipe, and minstrelsy;
'Yea by cock! nay by cock!' some began cry;
Some sung of Jenkin and Julian for their meed;
But, for lack of money, I might not speed.

Then into Cornhill anon I yode,
Where was much stolen gear among;
I saw where hung mine owne hood,
That I had lost among the throng;
To buy my own hood I thought it wrong:
I knew it well, as I did my creed;
But, for lack of money, I could not speed.

The taverner took me by the sleeve,
'Sir,' saith he, 'will you our wine assay?'
I answered, 'That can not much me grieve,
A penny can do no more than it may;'
I drank a pint, and for it did pay;
Yet, sore a-hungered from thence I yede,
And, wanting money, I could not speed, &c.

The reigns of Edward IV., Richard III., and Henry VII., extending between the years 1461 and 1509, were barren of true poetry, though there was no lack of obscure versifiers. It is remarkable, that this period produced in Scotland a race of genuine poets, who, in the words of Mr Warton, 'displayed a degree of sentiment and spirit, a command of phraseology, and a fertility of imagination, not to be found in any English poet since Chaucer and Lydgate.' Perhaps the explanation of this seeming mystery is, that the influences which operated upon Chaucer a century before, were only now coming with their full force upon the less favourably situated nation which dwelt north of the Tweed. Overlooking some obscurer names, those of Henryson, Dunbar, and Douglas, are to be mentioned with peculiar respect.

ROBERT HENRYSON.

Of this poet there are no personal memorials, except that he was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline, and died some time before 1508. His principal poem is *The Testament of Cresseid*, being a sequel to Chaucer's romantic poem, *Troylus and Cresseide*. He wrote a series of fables, thirteen in number, and some miscellaneous poems, chiefly of a moral character. One of his fables is the common story of the *Town Mouse and Country Mouse*, which he treats with much humour and characteristic description, and concludes with a beautifully expressed moral.

[*Dinner given by the Town Mouse to the Country Mouse.*]

* * their harbourie was tane
Intill a spence, where victual was plenty,
Baith cheese and butter on lang shelves richt hie,
With fish and flesh enough, baith fresh and salt,
And pockis full of groats, baith meal and malt.

After, when they dispositi were to dine,
Withouten grace they wuish[1] and went to meat,
On every dish that cooknen can divine,
Mutton and beef stricken out in telyies grit;
Ane lordis fare thus can they counterfeit,
Except ane thing—they drank the water clear
Instead of wine, but yet they made gude cheer.

With blyth upcast and merry countenance,
The elder sister then spier'd at her guest,
Gif that sho thoucht by reason difference
Betwixt that chalmer and her sairy[2] nest.
'Yea, dame,' quoth sho, 'but how lang will this last?'

[1] Koopen, (Flem.) is to buy. [2] Took notice; paid attention. [3] On the twig. [4] Offer. [5] A fragment of London stone is still preserved in Cannon Street, formerly called Canwick, or Candlewick Street. [6] Cry.

[1] Washed. [2] Sorry.

'For evermair, I wait,[1] and langer too;'
'Gif that be true, ye are at ease,' quoth sho.

To eik the cheer, in plenty furth they broucht
A plate of groatis and a dish of meal,
A threif[2] of cakes, I trow sho spared them noucht,
Abundantly about her for to deal.
Furmage full fine sho broucht instead of jeil,
A white candle out of a coffer staw,
Instead of spice, to creish their teeth witha'.

Thus made they merry, while they micht nae mair,
And, 'Hail Yule, hail!' they cryit up on hie;
But after joy aftentimes comes care,
And trouble after grit prosperity.
Thus as they sat in all their solity,
The Spenser cam with keyis in his hand,
Opened the door, and them at dinner fand.

They tarried not to wash, as I suppose,
But on to gae, wha micht the foremost win;
The burgess had a hole and in sho goes,
Her sister had nae place to hide her in;
To see that silly mouse it was great sin,
Sae desolate and wild of all gude rede,
For very fear sho fell in swoon, near dead.

Then as God wald it fell in happy case,
The Spenser had nae leisure for to bide,
Nowther to force, to seek, nor scare, nor chase,
But on he went and cast the door up-wide.
This burgess mouse his passage weel has spied.
Out of her hole sho cam and cried on hie,
'How, fair sister, cry peep, where'er thou be.'

The rural mouse lay flatlings on the ground,
And for the deid sho was full dreadand,[3]
For till her heart strake mony waeful stound,
As in a fever trembling foot and hand;
And when her sister in sic plight her fand,
For very pity sho began to greet,
Syne comfort gave, with words as honey sweet.

Why lie ye thus? Rise up, my sister dear,
Come to your meat, this peril is o'erpast.'
The other answered with a heavy cheer,
I may nought eat, sae sair I am aghast.
Lever[4] I had this forty dayis fast,
With water kail, and green beans and peas.
Then all your feast with this dread and disease.

With fair 'treaty, yet gart she her rise;
To board they went, and on together sat,
But scantly had they drunken anes or twice,
When in cam Gib Hunter, our jolly cat,
And bade God speed. The burgess up then gat,
And till her hole she fled as fire of flint;
Bawdrons the other by the back has hent.

Frae foot to foot he cast her to and frae,
While up, while down, as cant as only kid;
While wald he let her run under the strae
While wald he wink and play with her buik-hid;
Thus to the silly mouse great harm he did;
While at the last, through fair fortune and hap,
Betwixt the dresser and the wall she crap.

Syne up in haste behind the paneling,
Sae hie sho clam, that Gilbert might not get her,
And by the cluiks craftily can hing,
Till he was gane, her cheer was all the better:
Syne down sho lap, when there was nane to let her;
Then on the burgess mouth loud couth sho cry,
'Fareweel sister, here I thy feast defy.

Thy mangery is minget[5] all with care,
Thy guise is gude, thy gane-full sour as gall;
The fashion of thy feris is but fair,
So shall thou find hereafterward may fall.
I thank yon curtain, and yon parpane wall,
Of my defence now frae yon cruel beast;
Almighty God, keep me fra sic a feast!

Were I into the place that I cam frae,
For weel nor wae I should ne'er come again.'
With that sho took her leave, and forth can gae,
While through the corn, while through the plain.
When she was furth and free she was right fain,
And merrily linkit unto the muir,
I cannot tell how afterward sho fure.

But I heard syne she passit to her den,
As warm as woo', suppose it was not grit,
Full beinly stuffit was baith butt and ben,
With peas and nuts, and beans, and rye and wheat;
Whene'er sho liked, sho had enough of meat,
In quiet and ease, withouten [ony] dread,
But till her sister's feast nae mair sho gaed.

[*From the Moral.*]

Blissed be simple life, withouten dreid;
Blissed be sober feast in quieté;
Wha has eneuch of no more has he neid,
Though it be little into quantity.
Grit abundance, and blind prosperity,
Oft timis make ane evil conclusion;
The sweetest life, theirfor, in this country,
Is of sickerness, with small possession.

The Garment of Good Ladies.

Would my good lady love me best,
And work after my will,
I should a garment goodliest
Gar make her body till.[1]

Of high honour should be her hood,
Upon her head to wear,
Garnish'd with governance, so good
Na deeming should her deir.[2]

Her sark[3] should be her body next,
Of chastity so white:
With shame and dread together mixt,
The same should be perfyte.[4]

Her kirtle should be of clean constance,
Lacit with lesum[5] love;
The mailies[6] of continuance,
For never to remove.

Her gown should be of goodliness,
Well ribbon'd with renown;
Purfill'd[7] with pleasure in ilk[8] place,
Furrit with fine fashioun.

Her belt should be of benignity,
About her middle meet;
Her mantle of humility,
To thole[9] both wind and weit.[10]

Her hat should be of fair having,
And her tippet of truth;
Her patelet of good pansing,[11]
Her hals-ribbon of ruth.[12]

Her sleeves should be of esperance,
To keep her fra despair:
Her glovis of good governance,
To hide her fingers fair.

Her shoen should be of sickerness,
In sign that she not slide;
Her hose of honesty, I guess,
I should for her provide.

[1] Suppose. [2] A set of twenty-four. [3] She was in fear of immediate death. [4] Rather. [5] Mixed.

[1] Cause to be made to her shape. [2] No opinion should injure her. [3] Shift. [4] Perfect. [5] Lawful. [6] Eyelet-holes for lacing her kirtle. [7] *Parfilé* (French), fringed, or bordered. [8] Each. [9] Endure. [10] Wet. [11] Thinking. [12] Her neck-ribbon of pity.

Would she put on this garment gay,
I durst swear by my seill,[1]
That she wore never green nor gray
That set[2] her half so weel.

WILLIAM DUNBAR.

WILLIAM DUNBAR, 'a poet,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'unrivalled by any that Scotland has ever produced,' flourished at the court of James IV. at the end of the fifteenth and beginning of the sixteenth centuries. His works, with the exception of one or two pieces, were confined, for above two centuries, to an obscure manuscript, from which they were only rescued when their language had become so antiquated, as to render the world insensible in a great measure to their many excellencies. To no other circumstance can we attribute the little justice that is done by popular fame to this highly-gifted poet, who was alike master of every kind of verse, the solemn, the descriptive, the sublime, the comic, and the satirical. Having received his education at the university of St Andrews, where, in 1479, he took the degree of master of arts, Dunbar became a friar of the Franciscan order (Grey Friars), in which capacity he travelled for some years not only in Scotland, but also in England and France, preaching, as was the custom of the order, and living by the alms of the pious, a mode of life which he himself acknowledges to have involved a constant exercise of falsehood, deceit, and flattery. In time, he had the grace, or was enabled by circumstances, to renounce this sordid profession. It is supposed, from various allusions in his writings, that, from about the year 1491 to 1500, he was occasionally employed by the king (James IV.) in some subordinate, but not unimportant capacity, in connexion with various foreign embassies, and that he thus visited Germany, Italy, Spain, and France, besides England and Ireland. He could not, in such a life, fail to acquire much of that knowledge of mankind which forms so important a part of the education of the poet. In 1500, he received from the king a pension of ten pounds, afterwards increased to twenty, and finally to eighty. He is supposed to have been employed by James in some of the negotiations preparatory to his marriage with the Princess Margaret, daughter of Henry VII., which took place in 1503. For some years ensuing, he seems to have lived at court, regaling his royal master with his poetical compositions, and probably also his conversation, the charms of which, judging from his writings, must have been very great. It is sad to relate of one who possessed so buoyant and mirthful a spirit, that his life was not, as far as we can judge, a happy one. He appears to have repined greatly at the servile court-life which he was condemned to lead, and to have longed anxiously for some independent source of income. Amongst his poems, are many containing nothing but expressions of solicitude on this subject. He survived the year 1517, and is supposed to have died about 1520, at the age of sixty; but whether he ultimately succeeded in obtaining preferment, is not known. His writings, with scarcely any exception, remained in the obscurity of manuscript till the beginning of the last century; but his fame has been gradually rising since then, and it was at length, in 1834, so great as to justify a complete edition of his works, by Mr David Laing.

The poems of Dunbar may be said to be of three classes, the Allegorical, the Moral, and the Comic; besides which there is a vast number of productions composed on occasions affecting himself, and which may therefore be called personal poems. His chief allegorical poems are the *Thistle* and the *Rose* (a triumphant nuptial song for the union of James and the Princess Margaret), the *Dance*, and the *Golden Terge*; but allegory abounds in many others, which do not strictly fall within this class. Perhaps the most remarkable of all his poems is one of those here enumerated, the *Dance*. It describes a procession of the seven deadly sins in the infernal regions, and for strength and vividness of painting, would stand a comparison with any poem in the language. The most solemn and impressive of the more exclusively moral poems of Dunbar, is one in which he represents a thrush and nightingale taking opposite sides in a debate on earthly and spiritual affections, the thrush ending every speech or stanza with a recommendation of 'a lusty life in Love's service,' and the nightingale with the more melodious declaration, 'All Love is lost but upon God alone.' There is, however, something more touching to common feelings in the less laboured verses in which he moralises on the brevity of existence, the shortness and uncertainty of all ordinary enjoyments, and the wickedness and woes of mankind.

This wavering warld's wretchedness
The failing and fruitless business,
The misspent time, the service vain,
For to consider is ane pain.

Sliding joy, the gladness short,
Feigned love, the false comfort,
Swelr abade,[1] the slightful train,[2]
For to consider is ane pain.

The suggared mouths, with minds therefra,
The figured speech, with faces tway;
The pleasing tongues, with hearts unplain,
For to consider is ane pain.

Or, in another poem—

Evermair unto this warld's joy
As nearest heir, succeeds anne
Therefore when joy may not a
His very heir, succee

He is, at the same time, by no means disposed habitually to take gloomy or desponding views of life. He has one poem, of which each stanza ends with 'For to be blyth methink it best.' In another, he advises, since life is so uncertain, that the good things of this world should be rationally enjoyed while it is yet possible. 'Thine awn gude spend,' says he, 'while thou has space.' There is yet another, in which these Horatian maxims are still more pointedly enforced, and from this we shall select a few stanzas:—

Be merry, man, and tak not sair in mind
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow;
To God be humble, to thy friend be kind,
And with thy neighbours gladly lend and borrow;
His chance to-night, it may be thine to-morrow;
Be blyth in hearte for my aventure,
For oft with wise men it has been said aforow,
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

Make thee gude cheer of it that God thee sends,
For warld's wrak but welfare[3] nought avails;
Nae gude is thine save only that thou spends,
Remanant all thou bruikes but with bails;[4]
Seek to solace when sadness thee assails;
In dolour lang thy life may not endure,
Wherefore of comfort set up all thy sails;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

[1] Salvation. [2] Became.

[1] Delay. [2] Snare. [3] World's trash without health. [4] Injuries.

Follow on pity, flee trouble and debate,
With famous folkis hald thy company;
Be charitable and hum'le in thine estate,
For warldly honour lastes but a cry.
For trouble in earth tak no melancholy;
Be rich in patience, if thou in gudes be poor;
Who lives merrily he lives mightily;
Without Gladness availes no Treasure.

The philosophy of these lines is excellent.

Dunbar was as great in the comic as in the solemn strain, but not so pure. His *Twa Married Women and the Widow* is a conversational piece, in which three gay ladies discuss, in no very delicate terms, the merits of their husbands, and the means by which wives may best advance their own interests. *The Friars of Berwick* (not certainly his) is a clever but licentious tale. There is one piece of peculiar humour, descriptive of an imaginary tournament between a tailor and a shoemaker, in the same low region where he places the dance of the seven deadly sins. It is in a style of the broadest farce, and full of very offensive language, yet as droll as anything in Scarron or Smollett.

The Merle and Nightingale.

In May, as that Aurora did upspring,
With crystal een chasing the cluddes sable,
I heard a Merle with merry notis sing
A sang of love, with voice right comfortable,
Again' the orient beamis, amiable,
Upon a blissful branch of laurel green;
This was her sentence, sweet and delectable,
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Under this branch ran down a river bright,
Of balmy liquor, crystalline of hue,
Again' the heavenly azure skyis light,
Where did upon the tother side pursue
A Nightingale, with sugared notis new,
Whose angel feathers as the peacock shone;
This was her song, and of a sentence true,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

With notis glad, and glorious harmony,
This joyful merle, so salust she the day,
While rung the woodis of her melody,
Saying, Awake, ye lovers of this May;
Lo, fresh Flora has flourished every spray,
As nature has her taught, the noble queen,
The field been clothit in a new array;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

Ne'er sweeter noise was heard with living man,
Na made this merry gentle nightingale;
Her sound went with the river as it ran,
Out through the fresh and flourished lusty vale;
O Merle! quoth she, O fool! stint of thy tale,
For in thy song good sentence is there none,
For both is tint, the time and the travail
Of every love but upon God alone.

Cease, quoth the Merle, thy preaching, Nightingale:
Shall folk their youth spend into holiness?
Of young sanctis, grows auld feindis, but fable;
Fye, hypocrite, in yeiris tenderness,
Again' the law of kind thou goes express,
That crookit age makes one with youth serene,
Whom nature of conditions made diverse:
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Fool, remember thee,
That both in youth and eild,[1] and every hour,
The love of God most dear to man suld be;
That him, of nought, wrought like his own figour,
And died himself, fro' dead him to succour;
O, whether was kythit[1] there true love or none?
He is most true and stedfast paramour,
And love is lost but upon him alone.

The Merle said, Why put God so great beauty
In ladies, with sic womanly having,
But gif he would that they suld lovit be?
To love eke nature gave them inclining,
And He of nature that worker was and king,
Would nothing frustir put, nor let be seen,
Into his creature of his own making;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Not to that behoof
Put God sic beauty in a lady's face,
That she suld have the thank therefor or luve,
But He, the worker, that put in her sic grace;
Of beauty, bounty, riches, time, or space,
And every gudeness that been to come or gone
The thank redounds to him in every place:
All love is lost, but upon God alone.

O Nightingale! it were a story nice,
That love suld not depend on charity;
And, gif that virtue contrar be to vice,
Then love maun be a virtue, as thinks me;
For, aye, to love envy maun contrar be:
God bade eke love thy neighbour fro the spleen;[2]
And who than ladies sweeter neighbours be?
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, Bird, why does thou rave?
Man may take in his lady sic delight,
Him to forget that her sic virtue gave,
And for his heaven receive her colour white:
Her golden tressit hairis redomite,[3]
Like to Apollo's beamis tho' they shone,
Suld not him blind fro' love that is perfite;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

The Merle said, Love is cause of honour aye,
Love makis cowards manhood to purchase,
Love makis knichtis hardy at essay,
Love makis wretches full of largeness,
Love makis sweir[4] folks full of business,
Love makis sluggards fresh and well be seen,
Love changes vice in virtuous nobleness;
A lusty life in Lovis service been.

The Nightingale said, True is the contrary;
Sic frustis love it blindis men so far,
Into their minds it makis them to vary;
In false vain glory they so drunken are,
Their wit is went, of woe they are not waur,
While that all worship away be fro' them gone,
Fame, goods, and strength; wherefore well say I daur,
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then said the Merle, Mine error I confess:
This frustis love is all but vanity:
Blind ignorance me gave sic hardiness,
To argue so again' the verity;
Wherefore I counsel every man that he
With love not in the feindis net be tone,[5]
But love the love that did for his love die:
All love is lost but upon God alone.

Then sang they both with voices loud and clear,
The Merle sang, Man, love God that has thee wrought.
The Nightingale sang, Man, love the Lord most dear,
That thee and all this world made of nought.
The Merle said, Love him that thy love has sought
Fro' heaven to earth, and here took flesh and bone.
The Nightingale sang, And with his dead thee bought:
All love is lost, but upon him alone.

[1] Age.

[1] Shown. [2] Equivalent to the modern phrase, *from the heart*. [3] Bound, encircled. [4] Slothful. [5] Ta'en; taken.

Then flew thir birdis o'er the boughis sheen,
Singing of love amang the leavis small ;
Whose eidant plead yet made my thoughtis grein,[1]
Both sleeping, waking, in rest and in travail :
Me to recomfort most it does avail,
Again for love, when love I can find none,
To think how sung this Merle and Nightingale ;
All love is lost but upon God alone.

*The Dance.**

Of Februar the fifteenth nicht,
Full lang before the dayis licht,
I lay intill a trance ;
And then I saw baith heaven and hell :
Methocht amangs the fiendis fell,
Mahoun[2] gart cry ane Dance
Of shrewis that were never shriven,[3]
Agains the fast of Fastern's Even,[4]
To mak their observance
He bade gallands gae graith a guise,[5]
And cast up gamonds[6] in the skies,
As varlots does in France.

Heillie[7] harlots, haughten-wise,[8]
Came in with mony sundry guise,
But yet leuch never Mahoun ;
While preests came in with bare shaven necks,
Then all the fiends leuch and made gecks,
Black-belly and Bausy-broun.[9]
* * *
Let see, quoth he, who now begins.
With that the foul Seven Deadly Sins
Begoud to leap at anes.
And first in all the Dance was PRIDE,
With hair wiled back, and bonnet on side,
Like to mak vaistie wanes ;[10]
And round about him, as a wheel,
Hang all in rumples[11] to the heel
His kethat[12] for the nanes.[13]
Mony proud trumpour with him trippit ;
Through scaldand fire aye as they skippit,
They grinned with hideous granes.

Then IRE came in with sturt and strife ;
His hand was aye upon his knife,
He brandished like a bear ;
Boasters, braggarts, and bargainers,
After him, passit in to pairs,
All boden in 'feir of weir,[14]
In jacks, and scrips, and bonnets of steel ;
Their legs were chained down to the heel ;
Froward was their effeir :
Some upon other with brands beft,[15]
Some jaggit others, to the heft,
With knives that sharp could shear.

Next in the Dance followed ENVY,
Filled full of feid and felony,
Hid malice and despite :
For privy hatred that traitor trembled ;
Him followed mony freik[1] dissembled,
With feigned wordis white :
And flatterers into men's faces ;
And backbiters in secret places,
To lee that had delight ;
And rouners of fals lesings,
Alas ! that courts of noble kings,
Of them can never be quit.
* * *
Next him in Dance came COVETICE,
Root of all evil and grund of vice,
That never could be content :
Caitiffs, wretches, and ockerars,[2]
Hood-pykes,[3] hoarders, and gatherers,
All with that warlock went :
Out of their throats they shot on other
Het molten gold, methought, a fother,[4]
As fire-flaught maist fervent ;
Ay as they toomit them of shot,
Fiends filled them new up to the throat
With gold of all kind prent.[5]

Syne SWEIRNESS,[6] at the second bidding,
Came like a sow out of a midden,
Full sleepy was his grunyie ;[7]
Mony sweir bumbard belly-huddron,[8]
Mony slute daw, and sleepy duddron,[9]
Him servit ay with sunyie.[10]
He drew them furth intill a chenyie,
And Belial with a bridle reinyie
Ever lashed them on the lunyie :[11]
In dance they were sae slaw of feet,
They gave them in the fire a heat,
And made them quicker of counyie.[12]
* * *
Then the foul monster GLUTTONY,
Of wame insatiable and greedy,
To dance he did him dress :
Him followed mony foul drunkart,
With can and collop, caup and quart,
In surfeit and excess ;
Full mony a waistful wally-drag,
With wames unweildable, did forth wag,
In creish that did incress.
Drink ! ay they cried, with mony a gape ;
The Fiends gave them het lead to lap,
Their levery[13] was nae less.
* * *
Nae menstrals playit to them, but doubt,
For gleemen there were halden out,
By day and eke by nicht ;[14]
Except a menstral that slew a man,
Sae till his heritage he wan,
And entered by brief of richt.

Then cried Mahoun for a Hieland padian ;[15]
Syne ran a fiend to fetch Macfadyan,
Far northward in a nook :
By he the coronach had done shout,
Erschemen so gathered him about,
In hell great room they took :
Thae termagants, with tag and tatter,
Full loud in Ersche begond to clatter,
And roop like raven and rook.

[1] Whose close disputation yet moved my thoughts.
[2] The Devil. [3] Accursed men, who had never been absolved in the other world. [4] The eve of Lent.
[5] Prepare a masque. [6] Gambols. [7] Proud.
[8] Haughtily. [9] The names of popular spirits in Scotland.
[10] Something touching puffed up manners appears to be hinted at in this obscure line. [11] Large folds. [12] Robe.
[13] For the occasion. [14] Arrayed in the accoutrements of war.
[15] Gave blows.

* 'Dunbar is a poet of a high order. * * His Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins, though it would be absurd to compare it with the beauty and refinement of the celebrated Ode on the Passions, has yet an animated picturesqueness not unlike that of Collins. The effect of both pieces shows how much more potent allegorical figures become, by being made to fleet suddenly before the imagination, than by being detained in its view by prolonged description. Dunbar conjures up the personified sins, as Collins does the passions, to rise, to strike, to disappear. "They come like shadows, so depart." '—CAMPBELL.

[1] Many contentious persons. [2] Usurers.
[3] Misers. [4] Great quantity. [5] Every coinage.
[6] Laziness. [7] Visage. [8] Dirty, lazy tipplers.
[9] Slow and sleepy drabs. [10] Excuse. [11] Loins.
[12] Circulation, as of coin. [13] Reward.
[14] A compliment, obviously, to the poetical profession.
[15] Pageant. In this stanza Dunbar satirises the outlandish habits and language of the Highlanders.

The Devil sae deavit was with their yell,
That in the deepest pot of hell,
He smoorit them with smook.

Tidings fra the Session.

[A conversation between two rustics, designed to satirise the proceedings in the supreme civil law court of Scotland.]

Ane muirland man, of upland mak,
At hame thus to his neighbour spak,
What tidings, gossip, pence or weir?
The tother rounit[1] in his ear,
I tell you under this confession,
But lately lichtit off my meare,
I come of Edinburgh fra the Session.

What tidings heard you there, I pray you?
The tother answerit, I sall say you:
Keep well this secret, gentle brother;
Is na man there that trusts another:
Ane common doer of transgression,
Of innocent folk prevevens a futher:[2]
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some with his fallow rouns him to please,
That wald for envy bite aff his nese;[3]
His fa' some by the oxter[4] leads;
Some patters with his mouth on beads,
That has his mind all on oppression;
Some Lecks full law and shaws bare heads,
Wad look full heigh were not the Session.

Some, lydand the law, lays land in wed;[5]
Some, super-expended, goes to bed;
Some speeds, for he in court has means;
Some of partiality complenes,
How feid[6] and favour flemis[7] discretion;
Some speaks full fair, and falsely feignes:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some castis summons, and some excepts;
Some stand beside and skailed law kepps;
Some is continued; some wins; some tynes;
Some maks him merry at the wines;
Some is put out of his possession;
Some herried, and on credence dines:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Some swears, and some forsakes God,
Some in ane lamb-skin is ane tod;[8]
Some in his tongue his kindness turses;[9]
Some cuts throats, and some pykes purses;
Some goes to gallows with procession;
Some sains the seat, and some them curses:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Religious men of diverse places
Comes there to woo and see fair faces;
* * * *
And are unmindful of their profession,
The younger at the elder leers:
Sic tidings heard I at the Session.

Of Discretion in Giving.

To speak of gifts and almos deeds:
Some gives for merit, and some for meeds;
Some, wardly honour to uphie;
Some gives to them that nothing needs;
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for pride and glory vain;
Some gives with grudging and with pain;
Some gives on prattick for supplie;
Some gives for twice as gude again:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives for thank, and some for threat;
Some gives money, and some gives meat;
Some givis wordis fair and slie;
And gifts fra some may na man treit:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some is for gift sae lang required,
While that the craver be so tired,
That ere the gift delivered be,
The thank is frustrate and expired:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives so little full wretchedly,
That all his gifts are not set by,[1]
And for a hood-pick halden is he,
That all the warld cries on him, Fye!
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some in his giving is so large,
That all o'er-laden is his barge;
Then vice and prodigalitie,
There of his honour does discharge:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some to the rich gives his gear,
That might his gifts weel forbear;
And, though the poor for fault[2] sould die,
His cry not enters in his ear:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to strangers with faces new,
That yesterday fra Flanders flew;[3]
And to auld servants list not see,
Were they never of sae great virtue:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to them can ask and pleinyie,[4]
Some gives to them can flatter and feignie;
Some gives to men of honestie,
And halds all janglers at disdenyie:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gettis gifts and rich arrays,
To swear all that his master says,
Though all the contrair weel knaws he;
Are mony sic now in thir days:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some gives to gude men for their thews;
Some gives to trumpours and to shrews;
Some gives to knaw his authoritie,
But in their office gude fund in few is:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Some givis parochines full wide,
Kirks of St Bernard and St Bride,
The people to teach and to o'ersee,
Though he nae wit has them to guide:
In Giving sould Discretion be.

Of Discretion in Taking.

After Giving I speak of Taking,
But little of ony gude forsaking;
Some takes o'er little authoritie,
And some o'er mickle, and that is glaiking:[5]
In Taking sould Discretion be.

The clerks takes benefices with brawls,
Some of St Peter and some of St Paul's;
Tak he the rents, no care has he,
Suppose the devil tak all their sauls:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Barons taks fra the tenants puir
All fruit that growis on the fur,
In mails and gersoums[6] raisit o'er hie;
And gars them beg fra door to door:
In Taking sould Discretion be.

[1] Whispered. [2] Is advanced before a great number. [3] Nose. [4] Armpit. [5] Pledge. [6] Hostility. [7] Banishes. [8] Fox. [9] Carries.

[1] Appreciated. [2] Starvation. [3] A large proportion of the strangers who visited Scotland at this early period were probably from Flanders. [4] Complain. [5] Foolish. [6] Rents and fines of entry.

Some merchands taks unleesome[1] wine,
Whilk maks their packs oft time full thin,
By their succession, as ye may see,
That ill-won gear 'riches not the kin
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks other mennis tacks,[2]
And on the puir oppression maks,
And never remembers that he maun die,
Till that the gallows gars him rax :[3]
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some taks by sea, and some by land,
And never fra taking can hald their hand,
Till he be tyit up to ane tree ;
And syne they gar him understand,
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all his neighbour's gear ;
Had he of man as little fear
As he has dread that God him see ;
To tak then sould he never forbear :
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Some wald tak all this warld on breid ;[4]
And yet not satisfied of their need,
Through heart unsatiable and greedie ;
Some wald tak little, and can not speed :
In Taking sould Discretion be.

Great men for taking and oppression,
Are set full famous at the Session,[5]
And puir takers are hangit hie,
Shawit for ever, and their succession :
In Taking sould Discretion be.

GAVIN DOUGLAS.

GAVIN DOUGLAS, born about the year 1474, younger son of Archibald, fifth Earl of Angus, w

Dunkeld Cathedral.

educated for the church, and rose through a variety of inferior offices to be bishop of Dunkeld. After occupying a prominent place in the history of his country, he died of the plague in London in the year 1522. Douglas shines as an allegorical and descriptive poet. He wants the vigorous sense, and also the graphic force, of Dunbar; while the latter is always close and nervous, Douglas is soft and verbose. The genius of Dunbar is so powerful, that manner sinks beneath it; that of Douglas is so much matter of culture, that manner is its most striking peculiarity. This manner is essentially scholarly. He employs an immense number of words derived from the Latin, as yet comparatively a novelty in English composition. And even his descriptions of nature involve many ideas, very beautiful in themselves, and very beautifully expressed, but inappropriate to the situation, and obviously introduced merely in accordance with literary fashion.

The principal original composition of Douglas is a long poem, entitled *The Palace of Honour*. It was designed as an apologue for the conduct of a king and therefore addressed to James IV. The poet represents himself as seeing, in a vision, a large company travelling towards the Palace of Honour. He joins them, and narrates the particulars of the pilgrimage. The well-known *Pilgrim's Progress* bears so strong a resemblance to this poem, that Bunyan could scarcely have been ignorant of it. *King Hart*, the only other long poem of Douglas, presents a metaphorical view of human life. But the most remarkable production of this author was a translation of Virgil's *Æneid* into Scottish verse, which he executed in the year 1513, being the first version of a Latin classic into any British tongue. It is generally allowed to be a masterly performance, though in too obsolete a language ever to regain its popularity. The original poems, styled *prologues*, which the translator affixes to each book, are esteemed amongst his happiest pieces.

[*Apostrophe to Honour.*]

Original Spelling.

O hie honour, sweit heuinlie flour digest,
Gem vertenous, maist precious, gudliest,
For hie honour thou art guerdoun couding,[1]
Of worschip kend the glorious end and rest,
But whome in richt na worthie wicht may lest,
Thy greit puissance may maist auance all thing,
And poueral to meikall auail sone bring,
I the require sen thow but peir[2] art best,
That eftir this in thy hie blis we ring.

[*Morning in May.**]

As fresh Aurore, to mighty Tithon spouse,
Ished of[3] her saffron bed and ivor house,
In cram'sy clad and grained violate,
With sanguine cape, and selvage purpurate,
Unshet[4] the windows of her large hall,
Spread all with roses, and full of balm royal,
And eke the heavenly portis chrystalline
Unwarps braid, the warld till illumine ;
The twinkling streamers of the orient
Shed purpour sprainges, with gold and azure ment;[5]
Eous, the steed, with ruby harness red,
Above the seas liftis furth his head,
Of colour sore,[6] and somedeal brown as berry,
For to alichten and glad our emispery;
The flame out-bursten at the neisthirls,[7]
So fast Phaeton with the whip him whirls. *
While shortly, with the bleezand torch of day,
Abulyit in his lemand[8] fresh array,

[1] Unlawful. [2] Leases. [3] Till the gallows stretches him. [4] In its whole breadth. [5] Get high places in the supreme court of law.

[1] Worthy reward. [2] Without equal. [3] Issued from. [4] Opened. [5] Purple streaks mingled with gold and azure. [6] Yellowish brown. [7] Nostrils. [8] Glittering.
* Part of the prologue to the 12th book of the Æneid.

Furth of his palace royal ishit Phœbus,
With golden crown and visage glorious,
Crisp hairs, bricht as chrysolite or topaz;
For whase hue micht nane behald his face. * *
The auriate vanes of his throne soverane
With glitterand glance o'erspread the oceane;[1]
The largé fludes, lemand all of licht,
But with ane blink of his supernal sicht.
For to behald, it was ane glore to see
The stabled windis, and the calmed sea,
The soft season, the firmament serene,
The loune illuminate air and firth amene. * *
And lusty Flora did her bloomis spread
Under the feet of Phœbus' sulyart[2] steed;
The swarded soil embrode with selcouth[3] hues,
Wood and forest, obnumbrate with bews.[4] * *
Towers, turrets, kirnals,[5] and pinnacles hie,
Of kirks, castles, and ilk fair citie,
Stude painted, every fane, phiol,[6] and stage,[7]
Upon the plain ground by their awn umbrage.
Of Eolus' north blasts havand no dreid,
The soil spread her braid bosom on-breid;
The corn crops and the beir new-braird
With gladsome garment revesting the yerd. * *
The prai[8] besprent with springand sprouts dispers
For caller humours[10] on the dewy nicht
Rendering some place the gerse-piles their licht;
As far as cattle the lang summer's day
Had in their pasture eat and nip away;
And blissful blossoms in the bloomed yerd,
Submits their heids to the young sun's safeguard.
Ivy leaves rank o'erspread the bartukin wall;
The bloomed hawthorn clad his pikis all;
Furth of fresh bourgeons[11] the wine grapes ying[12]
Endland the trellis did on twistis hing;
The loukit buttons on the gemmed trees
O'erspreadand leaves of nature's tapestries;
Soft grassy verdure after balmy shouirs,
On curland stalkis smiland to their flouirs. * *
The daisy did on-breid her crownal small,
And every flouer unlappit in the dale. * *
Sere dowis small on dentilion sprang,
The young green bloomed strawberry leaves amang;
Jimp jeryflouirs thereon leaves unshet,
Fresh primrose and the purpour violet; * *
Heavenly lillies, with lockerand toppis white,
Opened and shew their crestis redemite. * *
Ane paradise it seemed to draw near
Thir galyard gardens and each green herbere
Maist amiable wax the emeraut meads;
Swarmis souchis through out the respand roods,
Over the lochis and the fludis gray,
Searchand by kind ane place where they should lay.
Phœbus' red fowl,[13] his cural crest can stoer,
Oft strekand furth his heckle, crawand cleer,
Amid the wortis and the rutis gent
Pickand his meat in alleys where he went,
His wivis Toppa and Partolet him by—
A bird all-time that hauntis bigamy.
The painted pownel[14] pacand with plumes gyre,
Kest up his tail ane proud plesand wheel-rim,
Ishrouded in his feathering bright and sheen,
Shapand the prent of Argus' hundred een.
Amang the bowis of the olive twists,
Sere small fowls, workand crafty nests,
Endlang the hedges thick, and on rank aiks
Ilk bird rejoicand with their mirthful makes.
In corners and clear fenestres of glass,
Full busily Arachne weavand was,
To knit her nettis and her wobbis slie,
Therewith to catch the little midge or flie.

[1] Ocean. [2] Sultry. [3] Uncommon. [4] Boughs.
[5] Battlements. [6] Cupola. [7] Storey.
[8] Earth. [9] Meadow. [10] Cool vapours. [11] Sprouts.
[12] Young. [13] The cock. [14] The peacock.

So dusty powder upatours[1] in every street,
While corby gaspit for the fervent heat.
Under the bowis bene in lufely vales,
Within fermance and parkis close of pales,
The bustevous buckis rakis furth on raw,
Herdis of hertis through the thick wood-shaw.
The young fawns followand the dun dams,
Kids, skippand through, runnis after raes.
In leisurs and on leyis, little lambs
Full tait and trig socht bletand to their dams.
On salt streams wolk[2] Doridis and Thetis,
By rinnand strandis, Nymphis and Naiadis,
Sic as we clepe wenches and damysels,
In gersy graves[3] wanderand by spring wells:
Of bloomed branches and flowers white and red,
Plettand their lusty chaplets for their head.
Some sang ring-songes, dances, leids,[4] and rounds.
With voices shrill, while all the dale resounds.
Whereso they walk into their caroling,
For amorous lays does all the rockis ring.
Ane sang, 'The ship sails over the salt faem,
Will bring the merchants and my leman hame.'[5]
Some other sings, 'I will be blythe and licht,
My heart is lent upon so goodly wicht.'[5]
And thoughtful lovers rounis[6] to and fro,
To lei[7] their pain, and plein their jolly woe.
After their guise, now singand, now in sorrow,
With heartis pensive the lang summer's morrow.
Some ballads list indite of his lady;
Some livis in hope; and some all utterly
Despairit is, and sae quite out of grace,
His purgatory he finds in every place. * *
Dame Nature's menstral, on that other part,
Their blissful lay intoning every art, * *
And all small fowlis singis on the spray,
Welcome the lord of licht, and lampe of day,
Welcome fosterer of tender herbis green,
Welcome quickener of flourist flouirs sheen,
Welcome support of every rute and vein,
Welcome comfort of all kind fruit and grain,
Welcome the birdis beild[8] upon the brier,
Welcome master and ruler of the year,
Welcome weelfare of husbands at the plews,
Welcome repairer of woods, trees, and bews,
Welcome depainter of the bloomit meads,
Welcome the life of every thing that spreads
Welcome storer of all kind bestial,
Welcome be thy bricht beamis, gladdand all. * *

[1] Rises in clouds. [2] Walked. [3] Grassy groves. [4] Lays.
[5] Songs then popular. [6] Whisper. [7] Relieve. [8] Shelter.

JOHN SKELTON.

JOHN SKELTON flourished as a poet in the earlier part of the reign of Henry VIII. He was rector of Dysse, in Norfolk, and chiefly wrote satires upon his own order, for which he was at one time compelled to fly from his charge. The pasquils of Skelton are copious and careless effusions of coarse humour, displaying a certain share of imagination, and much rancour: but he could also assume a more amiable and poetical manner, as in the following canzonet:—

To Mistress Margaret Hussey.

Merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower;
With solace and gladness,
Much mirth and no madness,
All good and no badness;
So joyously,
So maidenly,
So womanly,
Her demeaning,

In everything,
Far, far passing
That I can indite,
Or suffice to write,
Of merry Margaret,
As midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon
Or hawk of the tower;
As patient and as still,
And as full of goodwill,
As fair Isiphil,
Coliander,
Sweet Pomander,
Good Cassander;
Stedfast of thought,
Well made, well wrought
Far may be sought,
Ere you can find
So courteous, so kind,
As merry Margaret,
This midsummer flower,
Gentle as falcon,
Or hawk of the tower.

EARL OF SURREY.

From Chaucer, or at least from James I., the writers of verse in England had displayed little of the grace and elevation of true poetry. At length a worthy successor of those poets appeared in Thomas Howard, eldest son of the Duke of Norfolk and usually denominated the EARL OF SURREY. This nobleman was born in 1516. He was educated at Windsor, in company with a natural son of the king, and in early life became accomplished, not only in the learning of the time, but in all kinds of courtly and chivalrous exercises. Having travelled into Italy, he became a devoted student of the poets of that country—Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, and Ariosto—and formed his own poetical style upon theirs. His poetry is chiefly amorous, and, notwithstanding his having been married in early life, much of it consists of the praises of a lady whom he names Geraldine, supposed to have been a daughter of the Earl of Kildare. Surrey was a gallant soldier as well as a poet, and conducted an important expedition, in 1542, for the devastation of the Scottish borders. He finally fell under the displeasure of Henry VIII., and was beheaded on Tower Hill in 1547. The poetry of Surrey is remarkable for a flowing melody, correctness of style, and purity of expression; he was the first to introduce the *sonnet* and *blank verse* into English poetry. The gentle and melancholy pathos of his style is well exemplified in the verses which he wrote during his captivity in Windsor Castle, when about to yield his life a sacrifice to tyrannical caprice:—

Howard, Earl of Surrey.

Prisoner in Windsor, he recounteth his Pleasure there passed.

So cruel prison how could betide, alas!
As proud Windsor! where I, in lust and joy,
With a king's son, my childish years did pass,
In greater feast than Priam's son of Troy:

Where each sweet place returns a taste full sour!
The large green courts where we were wont to hove,[1]
With eyes cast up into the Maiden Tower,
And easy sighs such as folk draw in love.

The stately seats, the ladies bright of hue;
The dances short, long tales of great delight,
With words and looks that tigers could but rue,
Where each of us did plead the other's right.

The palm-play, where, despoiled for the game;
With dazed eyes oft we by gleams of love,
Have missed the ball and got sight of our dame,
To bait her eyes, which kept the leads above.

The gravel ground, with sleeves tied on the helm
Of foaming horse,[2] with swords and friendly hearts;
With cheer, as though one should another whelm,
Where we have fought, and chased oft with darts;

With silver drops the mead yet spread for ruth,
In active games of nimbleness and strength,
Where we did strain, trained with swarms of youth,
Our tender limbs that yet shot up in length:

The secret groves which oft we made resound,
Of pleasant plaint, and of our ladies' praise,
Recording oft what grace each one had found,
What hope of speed what dread of long delays:

The wild forest, the clothed holts with green,
With reins availed[3] and swift ybreathed horse;
With cry of hounds and merry blasts between,
Where we did chase the fearful hart of force.

The wide vales, eke, that harboured us each night,
Wherewith, alas, reviveth in my breast,
The sweet accord such sleeps as yet delight,
The pleasant dreams, the quiet bed of rest:

The secret thoughts imparted with such trust,
The wanton talk, the divers change of play,
The friendship sworn, each promise kept so just;
Wherewith we passed the winter night away.

And with this thought, the blood forsakes the face,
The tears berain my cheeks of deadly hue,
The which, as soon as sobbing sighs, alas,
Upsupped have, thus I my plaint renew:

O place of bliss! renewer of my woes,
Give me accounts, where is my noble fere;[4]
Whom in thy walls thou dost each night enclose;
To other leef,[5] but unto me most dear:

Echo, alas! that doth my sorrow rue,
Returns thereto a hollow sound of plaint.
Thus I alone, where all my freedom grew,
In prison pine with bondage and restraint,

And with remembrance of the greater grief
To banish the less, I find my chief relief.

[1] Hover; loiter.
[2] A lover tied the sleeve of his mistress on the head of his horse. [3] Reins dropped. [4] Companion. [5] Agreeable.

Description and Praise of his Love Geraldine.

From Tuscan' came my lady's worthy race;
Fair Florence was some time their ancient seat;
The western isle, whose pleasant shore doth face
Wild Camber's cliffs, did give her lively heat:

Fostered she was with milk of Irish breast;
Her sire, an earl; her dame of princes' blood:
From tender years, in Britain she doth rest
With king's child, where she tasteth costly food.

Hunsdon did first present her to mine een:
Bright is her hue, and Geraldine she hight:
Hampton me taught to wish her first for mine:
And Windsor, alas, doth chase me from her sight.

Her beauty of kind, her virtues from above;
Happy is he that can obtain her love!

How no age is content with his own estate, and how the age of children is the happiest, if they had skill to understand it.

Laid in my quiet bed,
In study as I were,
I saw within my troubled head,
A heap of thoughts appear.

And every thought did show
So lively in mine eyes,
That now I sighed, and then I smiled,
As cause of thoughts did rise.

I saw the little boy,
In thought how oft that he
Did wish of God, to scape the rod,
A tall young man to be.

The young man eke that feels
His bones with pains oppress,
How he would be a rich old man,
To live and lie at rest:

The rich old man that sees
His end draw on so sore,
How he would be a boy again,
To live so much the more.

Whereat full oft I smiled,
To see how all these three,
From boy to man, from man to boy,
Would chop and change degree:

And musing thus, I think,
The case is very strange,
That man from wealth, to live in woe,
Doth ever seek to change.

Thus thoughtful as I lay,
I saw my withered skin,
How it doth show my dented thws,
The flesh was worn so thin;

And eke my toothless chaps,
The gates of my right way,
That opes and shuts as I do speak,
Do thus unto me say:

The white and hoarish hairs,
The messengers of age,
That show, like lines of true belief,
That this life doth assuage;

Bids thee lay hand, and feel
Them hanging on my chin.
The which do write two ages past,
The third now coming in.

Hang up, therefore, the bit
Of thy young wanton time;
And thou that therein beaten art,
The happiest life define:

Whereat I sighed, and said,
Farewell my wonted joy,
Truss up thy pack, and trudge from me,
To every little boy;

And tell them thus from me,
Their time most happy is,
If to their time they reason had;
To know the truth of this.

The Means to attain Happy Life.

Martial, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find,
The riches left, not got with pain;
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,

The equal friend; no grudge, no strife;
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life;
The household of continuance:

The mean diet, no delicate fare;
True wisedom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care;
Where wine the wit may not oppress.

The faithful wife, without debate;
Such sleeps as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Ne wish for death, ne fear his might.

SIR THOMAS WYATT.

In amorous poetry, which may be said to have taken its rise in this age, Surrey had a fellow-labourer in SIR THOMAS WYATT (1503–1541), another distinguished figure in the court of Henry VIII. Wyatt was a man highly educated for his age, a great traveller, and generally accomplished. He died of a fever caught by riding too fast on a hot day from Falmouth, while engaged on a mission to conduct the ambassador of the emperor, Charles V., to court. The songs and sonnets of this author, in praise of his mistress, and expressive of the various feelings he experienced while under the influence of the tender passion, though conceited, are not without refinement, and some share of poetical feeling.

The lover's lute cannot be blamed, though it sing of his lady's unkindness.

Blame not my Lute! for he must sound
Of this or that as liketh me;
For lack of wit the Lute is bound
To give such tunes as pleaseth me;
Though my songs be somewhat strange,
And speak such words as touch my change,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute, alas! doth not offend,
Though that per force he must agree
To sound such tunes as I intend,
To sing to them that heareth me;
Then though my songs be somewhat plain,
And toucheth some that use to feign,
Blame not my Lute!

My Lute and strings may not deny,
But as I strike they must obey;
Break not them then so wrongfully,
But wreak thyself some other way;
And though the songs which I indite,
Do quit thy change with rightful spite,
Blame not my Lute!

Spite asketh spite, and changing change,
And falsed faith, must needs be known;
The faults so great, the case so strange;
Of right it must abroad be blown:
Then since that by thine own desert
My songs do tell how true thou art,
Blame not my Lute!

Blame but thyself that hast misdone,
And well deserved to have blame;
Change thou thy way, so evil begone,
And then my Lute shall sound that same;
But if till then my fingers play,
By thy desert their wonted way,
Blame not my Lute!

Farewell! unknown; for though thou break
My strings in spite with great disdain,
Yet have I found out for thy sake,
Strings for to string my Lute again:
And if perchance this silly rhyme,
Do make thee blush at any time,
Blame not my Lute.

The re-cured Lover exulteth in his Freedom, and voweth to remain free until Death.

I am as I am, and so will I be;
But how that I am none knoweth truly.
Be it ill, be it well, be I bond, be I free,
I am as I am, and so will I be.

I lead my life indifferently;
I mean nothing but honesty:
And though folks judge full diversely,
I am as I am, and so will I die.

I do not rejoice, nor yet complain,
Both mirth and sadness I do refrain,
And use the means since folks will feign;
Yet I am as I am, be it pleasant or pain.

Divers do judge as they do trow,
Some of pleasure and some of woe,
Yet for all that nothing they know;
But I am as I am, wheresoever I go.

But since judgers do thus decay,
Let every man his judgment say;
I will it take in sport and play,
For I am as I am, whosoever say nay.

Who judgeth well, well God them send;
Who judgeth evil, God them amend;
To judge the best therefore intend,
For I am as I am, and so will I end.

Yet some there be that take delight,
To judge folk's thought for envy and spite;
But whether they judge me wrong or right,
I am as I am, and so do I write.

Praying you all that this do read,
To trust it as you do your creed;
And not to think I change my weed,
For I am as I am, however I speed.

But how that is I leave to you;
Judge as ye list, false or true,
Ye know no more than afore ye knew,
Yet I am as I am, whatever ensue.

And from this mind I will not flee,
But to you all that misjudge me,
I do protest, as ye may see,
That I am as I am, and so will be.

That Pleasure is mixed with every Pain.

Venomous thorns that are so sharp and keen
Bear flowers, we see, full fresh and fair of hue,
Poison is also put in medicine,
And unto man his health doth oft renew.
The fire that all things eke consumeth clean,
May hurt and heal: then if that this be true,
I trust some time my harm may be my health,
Since every woe is joined with some wealth.

The Courtier's Life.

In court to serve decked with fresh array,
Of sugared meats feeling the sweet repast,
The life in banquets and sundry kinds of play;
Amid the press the worldly looks to waste;
Hath with it joined oft times such bitter taste,
That whoso joys such kind of life to hold,
In prison joys, fettered with chains of gold.

Of the Mean and Sure Estate.

Stand whoso lists upon the slipper' wheel,
Of high estate, and let me here rejoice,
And use my life in quietness each deal,
Unknown in court that hath the wanton joys.
In hidden place my time shall slowly pass,
And when my years be passed without annoy,
Let me die old after the common trace,
For grips of death do he too hardly pass
That known is to all, but to himself, alas!
He dieth unknown, dased with dreadful face.

THOMAS TUSSER.

Amongst the poets dating towards the conclusion of the present period, may be ranked THOMAS TUSSER, author of the first didactic poem in the language. He was born about 1523, of an ancient family; had a good education; and commenced life at court, under the patronage of Lord Paget. Afterwards he practised farming successively at Ratwood in Sussex, Ipswich, Fairsted in Essex, Norwich, and other places; but not succeeding in that walk, he betook himself to other occupations, amongst which were those of a chorister, and, it is said, a fiddler. As might be expected of one so inconstant, he did not prosper in the world, but died poor in London, in 1580.

Tusser's poem, entitled a *Hundreth Good Points of Husbandrie*, which was first published in 1557, is a series of practical directions for farming, expressed in simple and inelegant, but not always dull verse. It was afterwards expanded by other writers, and published under the title of *Five Hundreth Points of Good Husbandrie*: the last of a considerable number of editions appeared in 1710.

[*Directions for Cultivating a Hop-Garden.*]

Whom fancy persuadeth, among other crops,
To have for his spending sufficient of hops,
Must willingly follow, of choices to choose,
Such lessons approved, as skilful do use.

Ground gravelly, sandy, and mixed with clay,
Is naughty for hops, any manner of way.
Or if it be mingled with rubbish and stone,
For dryness and barrenness let it alone.

Choose soil for the hop of the rottenest mould,
Well dunged and wrought, as a garden-plot should;
Not far from the water, but not overflown,
This lesson, well noted, is meet to be known.

The sun in the south, or else southly and west,
Is joy to the hop, as a welcomed guest;
But wind in the north, or else northerly cast,
To the hop is as ill as a fay in a feast.

Meet plot for a hop-yard once found as is told,
Make thereof account, as of jewel of gold;
Now dig it, and leave it, the sun for to burn,
And afterwards fence it, to serve for that turn.

The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt;
And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast.

[*Housewifely Physic.*]

Good huswife provides, ere a sickness do come,
Of sundry good things in her house to have some.
Good *aqua composita*, and vinegar tart,
Rose-water, and treacle, to comfort thine heart.
Cold herbs in her garden, for agues that burn,
That over-strong heat to good temper may turn.
White endive, and succory, with spinach enow;
All such with good pot-herbs, should follow the plough.
Get water of fumitory, liver to cool,
And others the like, or else lie like a fool.
Conserves of barbary, quinces, and such,
With sirops, that easeth the sickly so much.
Ask *Medicus'* counsel, ere medicine ye take,
And honour that man for necessity's sake.
Though thousands hate physic, because of the cost,
Yet thousands it helpeth, that else should be lost.
Good broth, and good keeping, do much now and than:
Good diet, with wisdom, best comforteth man.
In health, to be stirring shall profit thee best;
In sickness, hate trouble; seek quiet and rest.
Remember thy soul; let no fancy prevail;
Make ready to God-ward; let faith never quail:
The sooner thyself thou submittest to God,
The sooner he ceaseth to scourge with his rod.

[*Moral Reflections on the Wind.*]

Though winds do rage, as winds were wood,[1]
And cause spring-tides to raise great flood;
And lofty ships leave anchor in mud,
Bereaving many of life and of blood;
Yet, true it is, as cow chews cud,
And trees, at spring, doth yield forth bud,
Except wind stands as never it stood,
It is an ill wind turns none to good.

SIR DAVID LYNDSAY.

While Surrey and Wyatt were imparting fresh beauties to English poetry, Dunbar and his contemporaries were succeeded in Scotland by several poets of considerable talent, whose improvements, however, fell far short of those effected in the literature of their southern neighbours. The most eminent of these writers was Sir David Lyndsay, born about 1490, who, after serving King James V., when that monarch was a boy, as sewer, carver, cup-bearer, purse-master, chief cubicular; in short, everything—bearing him as an infant upon his back, and dancing antics for his amusement as a boy—was appointed to the important office of Lord Lyon King at Arms, and died about the year 1555. He chiefly shone as a satirical and humorous writer, and his great fault is an entire absence of that spirit of refinement which graced the contemporary literature of England. The principal objects of Lyndsay's vituperations were the clergy, whose habits at this period (just before the Reformation) were such as to afford unusually ample scope for the pen of the satirist. Our poet, also, although a state officer, and long a servant to the king, uses little delicacy in exposing the abuses of the court. His chief poems are placed in the following succession by his editor, Mr George Chalmers:—*The Dreme*, written about 1528; *The Complaynt*, 1529; *The Complaynt of the King's Papingo* (Peacock), 1530; *The Play* (or Satire) *of the Three Estates*, 1535; *Kitteis Confession*, 1541; *The History of Squire Meldrum*, 1550; *The Monarchie*, 1553. The three first of these poems are moralisings upon the state and government of the kingdom, during two of its dismal minorities. The Play is an extraordinary performance, a satire upon the whole of the three political orders—monarch, barons, and clergy—full of humour and grossness, and curiously illustrative of the taste of the times. Notwithstanding its satiric pungency, and, what is apt to be now more surprising, notwithstanding the introduction of indecencies not fit to be described, the Satire of the *Three Estates* was acted in presence of the court, both at Cupar and Edinburgh, the stage being in the open air. *Kitteis Confession* is a satire on one of the practices of Roman Catholics. By his various burlesques of that party, he is said to have largely contributed to the progress of the Reformation in Scotland. *The History of Squire Meldrum* is perhaps the most pleasing of all this author's works. It is considered the last poem that in any degree partakes of the character of the metrical romance.

Sir David Lyndsay.

Of the dexterity with which Lyndsay could point a satirical remark on an error of state policy, we may judge from the following very brief passage of his *Complaynt*, which relates to the too early committal of the government to James V. It is given in the original spelling.

Imprudently, like witles fules,
Thay tuke the young prince from the scules,
Quhere he, under obedience,
Was learnand vertew and science,
And hastilie pat in his hand
The governance of all Scotland:
As quha wald, in ane stormie blast,
Quhen marinaris been all agast,
Throw danger of the seis rage,
Wald tak ane child of tender age,
Quhilk never had bin on the sey,
And gar his bidding all obey,
Geving him hail the governall,
To ship, marchand, and marinall,
For dreid of rockis and foir land,
To put the ruthir in his hand. * *
I give them to —— ——,
Quhilk first devisit that counsell;
I will nocht say that it was tressoun,
But I dar sweir it was na ressoun.
I pray God lat me never see ring
Into this realme sa young ane king.

[1] Mad.

[*A Carman's Account of a Law-suit.*]

Marry, I lent my gossip my mare, to fetch hame coals,
And he her drounit into the quarry holes;
And I ran to the consistory, for to pleinyie,
And there I happenit amang ane greedie meinyie.[1]
They gave me first ane thing they call *citandum;*
Within aucht days I gat but *libellandum;*
Within ane month I gat *ad opponendum;*
In half ane year I gat *inter-loquendum,*
And syne I gat—how call ye it?—*ad replicandum;*
Bot I could never ane word yet understand him:
And then they gart me cast out mony placks,
And gart me pay for four-and-twenty acts.
Bot or they came half gate to *concludendum,*
The fiend ane plack was left for to defend him.
Thus they postponed me twa year with their train,
Syne, *hodie ad octo,* bade me come again:
And then thir rooks they rowpit wonder fast
For sentence, silver, they cryit at the last.
Of *pronunciandum* they made me wonder fain,
Bot I gat never my gude grey mare again.

Supplication in Contemption of Side Tails.[2]
(1538.)

Sovereign, I mean[3] of thir side tails,
Whilk through the dust and dubs trails,
Three quarters lang behind their heels,
Express again' all commonweals.
Though bishops, in their pontificals,
Have men for to bear up their tails,
For dignity of their office;
Richt so ane queen or ane emprice;
Howbeit they use sic gravity,
Conformand to their majesty,
Though their robe-royals be upborne,
I think it is ane very scorn,
That every lady of the land
Should have her tail so side trailand;
Howbeit they been of high estate,
The queen they should not counterfeit.

Wherever they go it may be seen
How kirk and causay they soop clean.
The images into the kirk
May think of their side tails irk;[4]
For when the weather been maist fair,
The dust flies highest into the air,
And all their faces does begary,
Gif they could speak, they wald them wary. * *
But I have maist into despite
Poor claggocks[5] clad in Raploch white,
Whilk has scant twa merks for their fees,
Will have twa ells beneath their knees.
Kittock that cleckit[6] was yestreen,
The morn, will counterfeit the queen. * *
In barn nor byre she will not bide,
Without her kirtle tail be side.
In burghs, wanton burgess wives
Wha may have sidest tails strives,
Weel bordered with velvet fine,
But followand them it is ane pyne:
In summer, when the streets dries,
They raise the dust aboon the skies;
Nane may gae near them at their ease,
Without they cover mouth and neese. * *
I think maist pane after ane rain,
To see them tuckit up again;
Then when they step furth through the street,
Their fauldings flaps about their feet;
They waste mair claith, within few years,
Nor wald cleid fifty score of freirs. * *

[1] Company. [2] The over-long skirts of the ladies' dresses of those days. [3] Complain. [4] May feel annoyed. [5] Draggle-tails. [6] Born.

Of tails I will no more indite,
For dread some duddron[1] me despite:
Notwithstanding, I will conclude,
That of side tails can come nae gude,
Sider nor may their ankles hide,
The remanent proceeds of pride,
And pride proceeds of the devil,
Thus alway they proceed of evil.

Ane other fault, Sir, may be seen,
They hide their face all bot the een;
When gentlemen bid them gude day,
Without reverence they slide away. * *
Without their faults be soon amended,
My flyting,[2] Sir, shall never be ended;
But wald your grace my counsel tak,
Ane proclamation ye should mak,
Baith through the land and burrowstouns,
To shaw their face and cut their gowns.
Women will say, this is nae bourds,[3]
To write sic vile and filthy words;
But wald they clenge their filthy tails,
Whilk over the mires and middings trails,
Then should my writing clengit be,
None other meinds they get of me.

Quoth Lindsay, in contempt of the side tails,
That duddrons and duntibours through the dubs trails.

[*The Building of the Tower of Babel, and Confusion of Tongues.*]

(From the Monarchie.)

Their great fortress then did they found,
And cast till they gat sure ground.
All fell to work both man and child,
Some howkit clay, some burnt the tyld.
Nimron, that curious champion,
Deviser was of that dungeon.
Nathing they spared their labours,
Like busy bees upon the flowers,
Or emmets travelling into June;
Some under wrocht, and some aboon,
With strang ingenious masonry,
Upward their wark did fortify; * *
The land about was fair and plain,
And it rase like ane heich montane.
Those fulish people did intend,
That till the heaven it should ascend:
Sae great ane strength was never seen
Into the warld with men's een.
The wallis of that wark they made,
Twa and fifty fathom braid:
Ane fathom then, as some men says,
Micht been twa fathom in our days;
Ane man was then of mair stature
Nor twa be now, of this be sure.

The translator of Orosius
Intil his chronicle writes thus;
That when the sun is at the hicht,
At noon, when it doth shine maist bricht,
The shadow of that hideous strength
Sax mile and mair it is of length:
Thus may ye judge into your thocht,
Gif Babylon be heich, or nocht.

Then the great God omnipotent,
To whom all things been present, * *
He secand the ambition,
And the prideful presumption,
How thir proud people did pretend,
Up through the heavens till ascend, * *
Sic languages on them he laid,
That nane wist what ane other said;
Where was but ane language afore,
God send them languages three score;

[1] Scut. [2] Scolding. [3] Jest.

Afore that time all spak Hebrew,
Then some began for to speak Grew,
Some Dutch, some language Saracen,
And some began to speak Latin.
The maister men gan to ga wild,
Cryand for trees, they brocht them tyld.
Some said, Bring mortar here at ance,
Then brocht they to them stocks and stanes;
And Nimrod, their great champion,
Ran ragand like ane wild lion,
Menacing them with words rude,
But never ane word they understood. * *
——— for final conclusion,
Constrained were they for till depart,
Ilk company in ane sundry airt. * *

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF THE PERIOD 1400-1558.

A few pieces of the reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI., some of which are by uncertain authors, may be added, as further illustrative of the literary history of that period. The first two are amongst the earliest verses in which the metaphysical refinements, so notable in the subsequent period, are observable.

A Praise of his (the Poet's) Lady.

Give place, you ladies, and be gone.
Boast not yourselves at all!
For here at hand approcheth one,
Whose face will stain you all!

The virtue of her lively looks
Excels the precious stone:
I wish to have none other books
To read or look upon.

In each of her two crystal eyes
Smileth a naked boy:
It would you all in heart suffice
To see that lamp of joy.

I think Nature hath lost the mould,
Where she her shape did take;
Or else I doubt if Nature could
So fair a creature make.

She may be well compared
Unto the phœnix kind,
Whose like was never seen nor heard,
That any man can find.

In life she is Diana chaste,
In truth Penelope,
In word and eke in deed steadfast:
What will you more we say?
* * * *

Her rosèal colour comes and goes
With such a comely grace,
More ruddier too than doth the rose,
Within her lively face.

At Bacchus' feast none shall her meet,
Ne at no wanton play;
Nor gazing in an open street,
Nor gadding as a stray.

The modest mirth that she doth use
Is mix'd with shamefac'dness;
All vice she doth wholly refuse,
And hateth idleness.

O Lord, it is a world to see
How virtue can repair,
And deck in her such honesty
Whom Nature made so fair!

Truly she doth as far exceed
Our women now-a-days,
As doth the gilly flower a weed,
And more a thousand ways.

How might I do to get a graff
Of this unspotted tree!
For all the rest are plain but chaff
Which seem good corn to be.

This gift alone I shall her give:
When Death doth what he can,
Her honest fame shall ever live
Within the mouth of man.

Amantium Iræ amoris redintegratio est.

[By Richard Edwards, a court musician and poet, 1523-1566.]

In going to my naked bed, as one that would have slept,
I heard a wife sing to her child, that long before had wept.
She sighed sore, and sang full sweet, to bring the babe to rest.
That would not cease, but cried still, in sucking at her breast.
She was full weary of her watch, and grieved with her child,
She rocked it, and rated it, until on her it smil'd;
Then did she say, 'Now have I found the proverb true to prove,
The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

Then took I paper, pen, and ink, this proverb for to write,
In register for to remain of such a worthy wight.
As she proceeded thus in song unto her little brat,
Much matter utter'd she of weight in place whereas she sat;
And proved plain, there was no beast, nor creature bearing life,
Could well be known to live in love without discord and strife:
Then kissed she her little babe, and sware by God above,
'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

* * * * *

'I marvel much, pardie,' quoth she, 'for to behold the rout,
To see man, woman, boy, and beast, to toss the world about;
Some kneel, some crouch, some beck, some check, and some can smoothly smile,
And some embrace others in arms, and there think many a wile.
Some stand aloof at cap and knee, some humble, and some stout,
Yet are they never friends indeed until they once fall out.'
Thus ended she her song, and said, before she did remove,
'The falling out of faithful friends renewing is of love.'

[*Characteristic of an Englishman.*]

[By Andrew Bourd, physician to Henry VIII. The lines form an inscription under the picture of an Englishman, naked, with a roll of cloth in one hand, and a pair of scissors in the other.]

I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here,
Musing in my mind what garment I shall wear,
For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that,
Now I will wear I cannot tell what:
All new fashions be pleasant to me,
I will have them whether I thrive or thee:
Now I am a fisher, all men on me look
What should I do but set cock on the hoop?
What do I care if all the world me fail,
I will have a garment reach to my tail.

Then I am a minion, for I wear the new guise,
The next year after I hope to be wise—
Not only in wearing my gorgeous array,
For I will go to learning a whole summer's day;
I will learn Latin, Hebrew, Greek, and French,
And I will learn Dutch sitting on my bench.
I do fear no man, each man feareth me;
I overcome my adversaries by land and by sea:
I had no peer if to myself I were true;
Because I am not so diverse times do I rue:
Yet I lack nothing, I have all things at will,
If I were wise and would hold myself still,
And meddle with no matters but to me pertaining,
But ever to be true to God and my king.
But I have such matters rolling in my pate,
That I will and do—I cannot tell what.
No man shall let me, but I will have my mind,
And to father, mother, and friend, I'll be unkind.
I will follow mine own mind and mine old trade:
Who shall let me? The devil's nails are unpared.
Yet above all things new fashions I love well,
And to wear them my thrift I will sell.
In all this world I shall have but a time:
Hold the cup, good fellow, here is thine and mine!

The Nut-Brown Maid.

[Regarding the date and author of this piece no certainty exists. Prior, who founded his *Henry and Emma* upon it, fixes its date about 1400; but others, judging from the comparatively modern language of it, suppose it to have been composed subsequently to the time of Surrey. The poem opens with a declaration of the author, that the faith of woman is stronger than is generally alleged, in proof of which he proposes to relate the trial to which the 'Not-Browne Mayde' was exposed by her lover. What follows consists of a dialogue between the pair.]

He.—It standeth so; a deed is do',
Whereof great harm shall grow:
My destiny is for to die
A shameful death, I trow;
Or else to flee: the one must be,
None other way I know,
But to withdraw as an outlaw,
And take me to my bow.
Wherefore adieu, my own heart true!
None other rede I can:
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—O Lord, what is this world's bliss,
That changeth as the moon!
My summer's day in lusty May
Is darked before the noon.
I hear you say, Farewell: Nay, nay,
We depart not so soon.
Why say ye so? whither will ye go?
Alas! what have ye done?
All my welfare to sorrow and care
Should change if ye were gone;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—I can believe, it shall you grieve,
And somewhat you distrain:
But afterward, your paines hard
Within a day or twain
Shall soon aslake; and ye shall take
Comfort to you again.
Why should ye ought, for to make thought?
Your labour were in vain.
And thus I do, and pray to you,
As heartily as I can;
For I must to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—Now sith that ye have showed to me
The secret of your mind,
I shall be plain to you again,
Like as ye shall me find.
Sith it is so that ye will go,
I will not live behind;
Shall never be said, the Nut-Brown Maid
Was to her love unkind:
Make you ready, for so am I,
Although it were anon;
For in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—I counsel you, remember how
It is no maiden's law
Nothing to doubt, but to run out
To wood with an outlaw;
For ye must there in your hand bear
A bow, ready to draw;
And as a thief, thus must you live,
Ever in dread and awe.
Whereby to you great harm might grow:
Yet had I lever than,
That I had to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—I think not nay, but, as ye say,
It is no maiden's lore:
But love may make me for your sake,
As I have said before,
To come on foot, to hunt and shoot
To get us meat in store;
For so that I your company
May have, I ask no more:
From which to part it makes my heart
As cold as any stone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—Yet take good heed, for ever I dread
That ye could not sustain
The thorny ways, the deep valleys,
The snow, the frost, the rain,
The cold, the heat; for, dry or wet,
We must lodge on the plain;
And us above, none other roof
But a brake bush or twain:
Which, soon should grieve you, I believe,
And ye would gladly than
That I had to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

She.—Sith I have here been partiner
With you of joy and bliss,
I must also part of your wo
Endure, as reason is.
Yet I am sure of one pleasure,
And, shortly, it is this,
That, where ye be, me seemeth, pardie,
I could not fare amiss.
Without more speech, I you beseech
That ye were soon agone,
For, to my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

He.—If ye go thither, ye must consider,
When ye have list to dine,
There shall no meat be for you gete,
Nor drink, beer, ale, nor wine,
No sheetes clean, to lie between,
Made of thread and twine;
None other house but leaves and boughs,
To cover your head and mine.
Oh mine heart sweet, this evil diet,
Should make you pale and wan;
Wherefore I will to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Among the wild deer, such an archér,
As men say that ye be,
Ye may not fail of good vittail,
Where is so great plentie.
And water clear of the rivér,
Shall be full sweet to me.
With which in heal, I shall right weel
Endure, as ye shall see;
And, ere we go, a bed or two
I can provide anone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Lo yet before, ye must do more,
If ye will go with me;
As cut your hair up by your ear,
Your kirtle to the knee;
With bow in hand, for to withstand
Your enemies, if need be;
And this same night, before day-light,
To wood-ward will I flee.
If that ye will all this fulfill,
Do't shortly as ye can:
Else will I to the green wood go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—I shall, as now, do more for you,
Than 'longeth to womanheed,
To short my hair, a bow to bear,
To shoot in time of need.
Oh, my sweet mother, before all other
For you I have most dread;
But now adieu! I must ensue
Where fortune doth me lead.
All this make ye: Now let us flee;
The day comes fast upon:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Nay, nay, not so; ye shall not go,
And I shall tell you why:
Your appetite[1] is to be light
Of love, I weel espy:
For like as ye have said to me,
In like wise, hardily,
Ye would answér whoever it were,
In way of company.
It is said of old, soon hot, soon cold;
And so is a woman,
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—If ye take heed, it is no need
Such words to say by me;
For oft ye prayed and me assayed,
Ere I loved you, pardie:
And though that I, of ancestry,
A baron's daughter be,
Yet have you proved how I you loved,
A squire of low degree;
And ever shall, whatso befal;
To die therefore anon;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—A baron's child to be beguiled,
It were a cursed deed!
To be fellàw with an outlaw,
Almighty God forbid!
It better were, the poor squièr
Alone to forest yede,
Than I should say, another day,
That, by my cursed deed,
We were betrayed: wherefore, good maid,
The best rede that I can,
Is, that I to the greenwood go,
Alone, a banished man.

[1] Disposition.

SHE.—Whatever befall, I never shall,
Of this thing you upbraid;
But, if ye go, and leave me so,
Than have ye me betrayed.
Remember weel, how that you deal;
For if ye, as ye said,
Be so unkind to leave behind,
Your love, the Nut-Brown Maid,
Trust me truly, that I shall die
Soon after ye be gone;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—If that ye went, ye should repent:
For in the forest now
I have purveyed me of a maid,
Whom I love more than you;
Another fairer than ever ye were,
I dare it weel avow,
And of you both each should be wroth
With other, as I trow:
It were mine ease to live in peace;
So will I, if I can;
Wherefore I to the wood will go,
Alone, a banished man.

SHE.—Though in the wood I understood
Ye had a paramour,
All this may not remove my thought,
But that I will be your.
And she shall find me soft and kind
And courteous every hour;
Glad to fulfill all that she will
Command me to my power.
For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
Of them I would be one;
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Mine own dear love, I see thee prove
That ye be kind and true;
Of maid and wife, in all my life,
The best that ever I knew.
Be merry and glad; no more be sad;
The case is changed now;
For it were ruth, that, for your truth,
Ye should have cause to rue.
Be not dismayed; whatever I said
To you, when I began;
I will not to the greenwood go,
I am no banished man.

SHE.—These tidings be more glad to me,
Than to be made a queen,
If I were sure they would endure:
But it is often seen,
When men will break promise, they speak
The wordes on the spleen.
Ye shape some wile me to beguile,
And steal from me, I ween:
Than were the case worse than it was,
And I more woe-begone:
For, in my mind, of all mankind
I love but you alone.

HE.—Ye shall not need further to dread:
I will not disparàge,
You (God defend!) sith ye descend
Of so great a lineàge.
Now understand; to Westmoreland,
Which is mine heritage,
I will you bring; and with a ring,
By way of marriàge,
I will you take, and lady make,
As shortly as I can:
Thus have you won an earl's son,
And not a banished man.

PROSE WRITERS.

SIR JOHN FORTESCUE.

Not long after the time of Lydgate, our attention is called to a prose writer of eminence, the first since the time of Chaucer and Wickliffe. This was Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of the King's Bench under Henry VI., and a constant adherent of the fortunes of that monarch. He flourished between the years 1430 and 1470. Besides several Latin tracts, Chief Justice Fortescue wrote one in the common language, entitled, *The Difference between an Absolute and Limited Monarchy, as it more particularly regards the English Constitution*, in which he draws a striking, though perhaps exaggerated, contrast between the condition of the French under an arbitrary monarch, and that of his own countrymen, who even then possessed considerable privileges as subjects. The following extracts convey at once an idea of the literary style, and of the manner of thinking, of that age.

[*English Courage.*]

[*Original spelling.*—It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage, that kepith the Frenchmen from rysyng, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man. It hath ben often seen in Englond that iij or iv theves, for povertie, hath sett upon vij or viij true men, and robbyd them all. But it hath not ben seen in Fraunce, that vij or viij theves have ben hardy to robbe iij or iv true men. Wherfor it is right seld[1] that French men be hangyd for robberye, for that thay have no hertys to do so terryble an acte. There be therfor mo men hangyd in Englond, in a yere, for robberye and manslaughter, than ther be hangid in Fraunce for suci cause of crime in vij yers, &c.]

It is cowardice and lack of hearts and courage, that keepeth the Frenchmen from rising; and not poverty; which courage no French man hath like to the English man. It hath been often seen in England that three or four thieves, for poverty, hath set upon seven or eight true men, and robbed them all. But it hath not been seen in France, that seven or eight thieves have been hardy to rob three or four true men. Wherefore it is right seld[1] that Frenchmen be hanged for robbery, for that they have no hearts to do so terrible an act. There be therefore mo men hanged in England, in a year, for robbery and manslaughter, than there be hanged in France for such cause of crime in seven years. There is no man hanged in Scotland in seven years together for robbery, and yet they be often times hanged for larceny, and stealing of goods in the absence of the owner thereof; but their hearts serve them not to take a man's goods while he is present and will defend it; which manner of taking is called robbery. But the English man be of another courage; for if he be poor, and see another man having riches which may be taken from him by might, he wol not spare to do so, but if[2] that poor man be right true. Wherefore it is not poverty, but it is lack of heart and cowardice, that keepeth the French men from rising.

What harm would come to England if the Commons thereof were Poor.

Some men have said that it were good for the king that the commons of England were made poor, as be the commons of France. For then they would not rebel, as now they done often times, which the commons of France do not, nor may do; for they have no weapon, nor armour, nor good to buy it withall. To these manner of men may be said, with the philosopher, *Ad parva respicientes, de facili enunciant*; that is to say, they that seen few things woll soon say their advice. Forsooth those folks consideren little the good of the realm, whereof the might most stondeth upon archers, which be no rich men. And if they were made poorer than they be, they should not have wherewith to buy them bows, arrows, jacks, or any other armour of defence, whereby they might be able to resist our enemies when they list to come upon us, which they may do on every side, considering that we be an island; and, as it is said before, we may not have soon succours of any other realm. Wherefore we should be a prey to all other enemies, but if we be mighty of ourself, which might stondeth most upon our poor archers; and therefore they needen not only to have such habiliments as now is spoken of, but also they needen to be much exercised in shooting, which may not be done without right great expenses, as every man expert therein knoweth right well. Wherefore the making poor of the commons, which is the making poor of our archers, should be the destruction of the greatest might of our realm. Item, if poor men may not lightly rise, as is the opinion of those men, which for that cause would have the commons poor; how then, if a mighty man made a rising, should he be repressed, when all the commons be so poor, that after such opinion they may not fight, and by that reason not help the king with fighting? And why maketh the king the commons to be every year mustered, sithen it was good they had no harness, nor were able to fight? Oh, how unwise is the opinion of these men; for it may not be maintained by any reason! Item, when any rising hath been made in this land, before these days by commons, the poorest men thereof hath been the greatest causers and doers therein. And thrifty men have been loth thereto, for dread of losing of their goods, yet often times they have gone with them through menaces, or else the same poor men would have taken their goods; wherein it seemeth that poverty hath been the whole and chief cause of all such rising. The poor man hath been stirred thereto by occasion of his poverty for to get good; and the rich men have gone with them because they wold not be poor by losing of their goods. What then would fall, if all the commons were poor?

[1] Seldom. [2] But if—unless.

WILLIAM CAXTON.

The next writer of note was William Caxton, the celebrated printer; a man of plain understanding, but great enthusiasm in the cause of literature. While acting as an agent for English merchants in Holland, he made himself master of the art of printing, then recently introduced on the Continent; and, having translated a French book styled, *The Recuyell of the Histories of Troye*, he printed it at Ghent, in 1471, being the first book in the English language ever put to the press.* Afterwards he established a printing-office at Westminster, and in 1474, produced *The Game of Chess*, which was the first book printed in Britain. Caxton translated or wrote about sixty different books, all of which went through his own press before his death in 1491. As a specimen of his manner of writing, and of the literary language of this age, a passage is here extracted, in modern

* In a note to this publication, Caxton says—'Forasmuch as age creepeth on me daily, and feebleth all the bodie, and also because I have promised divers gentlemen, and to my friends, to address to them, as hastily as I might, this said book, therefore I have practised and learned, at my great charge and dispence, to ordain this said book in print, after the manner and form as ye may here see, and is not written with pen and ink, as other books ben, to the end that all men may have them at once, for all the books of this story, named The Recule of the Historeys of Troyes, thus emprinted, as ye here see, were begun in one day, and also finished in one day.'

spelling, from the conclusion of his translation of *The Golden Legend*.

William Caxton.

[*Legend of St Francis.*]

Francis, servant and friend of Almighty God, was born in the city of Assyse, and was made a merchant unto the 25th year of his age, and wasted his time by living vainly, whom our Lord corrected by the scourge of sickness, and suddenly changed him into another man; so that he began to shine by the spirit of prophecy. For on a time, he, with other men of Perusc, was taken prisoner, and were put in a cruel prison, where all the other wailed and sorrowed, and he only was glad and enjoyed. And when they had repreved[1] him thereof, he answered, 'Know ye,' said he, 'that I am joyful: for I shall be worshipped as a saint throughout all the world.' * * *

On a time as this holy man was in prayer, the devil called him thrice by his own name. And when the holy man had answered him, he said, none in this world is so great a sinner, but if he convert him, our Lord would pardon him; but who that sleeth himself with hard penance, shall never find mercy. And anon, this holy man knew by revelation the fallacy and deceit of the fiend, how he would have withdrawn him fro to do well. And when the devil saw that he might not prevail against him, he tempted him by grievous temptation of the flesh. And when this holy servant of God felt that, he despoiled[2] his cloaths, and beat himself right hard with an hard cord, saying, 'Thus, brother ass, it behoveth thee to remain and to be beaten.' And when the temptation departed not, he went out and plunged himself in the snow, all naked, and made seven great balls of snow, and purposed to have taken them into[3] his body, and said, 'This greatest is thy wife; and these four, two ben thy daughters, and two thy sons; and the other twain, that one thy chambrere, and that other thy varlet or yeman; haste and clothe them: for they all die for cold. And if thy business that thou hast about them, grieve ye sore, then serve our Lord perfectly.' And anon, the devil departed from him all confused; and St Francis returned again unto his cell glorifying God. * * *

He was enobled in his life by many miracles * * and the very death, which is to all men horrible and hateful, he admonished them to praise it. And also he warned and admonished death to come to him, and said 'Death, my sister, welcome be you.' And when he came at the last hour, he slept in our Lord; of whom a friar saw the soul, in manner of a star, like to the moon in quantity, and the sun in clearness.

Prose history may be said to have taken its rise in the reigns of Henry VII. and VIII.; but its first examples are of a very homely character. ROBERT FABIAN and EDWARD HALL may be regarded as the first writers in this department of our national literature. They aimed at no literary excellence, nor at any arrangement calculated to make their writings more useful. Their sole object was to narrate minutely, and as far as their opportunities allowed, faithfully, the events of the history of their country. Written in a dull and tedious manner, without any exercise of taste or judgment, with an absolute want of discrimination as to the comparative importance of facts, and no attempt to penetrate the motives of the actors, or to describe more than the external features of even the greatest of transactions, the Chronicles, as they are called, form masses of matter which only a modern reader of a peculiar taste, curiosity, or a writer in quest of materials, would now willingly peruse. Yet it must be admitted, that to their minuteness and indiscrimination we are indebted for the preservation of many curious facts and illustrations of manners, which would have otherwise been lost.

Fabian, who was an alderman and sheriff of London, and died in 1512, wrote a general chronicle of English history, which he called *The Concordance of Stories*, and which has been several times printed, the last time in 1811, under the care of Sir Henry Ellis. It is particularly minute with regard to what would probably appear the most important of all things to the worthy alderman, the succession of officers of all kinds serving in the city of London; and amongst other events of the reign of Henry V., the author does not omit to note that a new weathercock was placed on the top of St Paul's steeple. Fabian repeats all the fabulous stories of early English history, which had first been circulated by Geoffrey of Monmouth.

[*The Deposition of King Vortigern.*]

[Vortigern had lost much of the affections of his people by marriage with Queen Rowena.] Over that, an heresy, called Arian's heresy, began then to spring up in Britain. For the which, two holy bishops, named Germanus and Lupus, as of Gaufryde is witnessed, came into Britain to reform the king, and all other that erred from the way of truth.

Of this holy man, St Germain, Vincent Historial saith, that upon an evening when the weather was passing cold, and the snow fell very fast, he axed lodging of the king of Britain, for him and his compeers, which was denied. Then he, after sitting under a bush in the field, the king's herdman passed by, and seeing this bishop with his company sitting in the weather, desired him to his house to take there such poor lodging as he had. Whereof the bishop being glad and fain, yode[4] unto the house of the said herdman, the which received him with glad cheer. And for him and his company, willed his wife to kill his only calf, and to dress it for his guest's supper; the which was also done. When the holy man had supped, he called to him his hostess, willing and desiring her, that she should diligently gather together all the bones of the dead calf; and them so gathered, to wrap together within the skin of the said calf. And then it lay in the stall before the rack near unto the dame. Which done according to the commandment of the holy man, shortly after the calf was restored

[1] Reproved. [2] Took off. [3] Unto. [4] Went.

to life; and forthwith ate hay with the dam at the rack. At which marvel all the house was greatly astonished, and yielded thanking unto Almighty God, and to that holy bishop.

Upon the morrow, this holy bishop took with him the herdman, and yode unto the presence of the king, and axed of him in sharp wise, why that over-night he had denied to him lodging. Wherewith the king was so abashed, that he had no power to give unto the holy man answer. Then, St Germain said to him: I charge thee, in the name of the Lord God, that thou and thine depart from this palace, and resign it and the rule of thy land to him that is more worthy this room than thou art. The which all thing by power divine was observed and done; and the said herdman, by the holy bishop's authority, was set into the same dignity; of whom after descended all the kings of Britain.

[*Jack Cade's Insurrection.*]

[*Original Spelling.* And in the moneth of Juny this yere, the comons of Kent assemblyd them in grete multytude, and chase to them a capitayne, and named hym Mortymer, and cosyn to the Duke of Yorke; but of moste he was named Jack Cade. This kepte the people wondrouslie togader, and made such ordenaunces amonge theym, that he brought a grete nombre of people of theym vnto the Blak Heth, where he deuysed a bylle of petycions to the kynge and his counsayll, &c.]

And in the month of June this year (1450), the commons of Kent assembled them in great multitude, and chase to them a Captain, and named him Mortimer, and cousin to the Duke of York; but of most he was named Jack Cade. This kept the people wondrously together, and made such ordinances among them, that he brought a great number of people of them unto the Black Heath, where he devised a bill of petitions to the king and his council, and showed therein what injuries and oppressions the poor commons suffered by such as were about the king, a few persons in number, and all under colour to come to his above. The king's council, seeing this bill, disallowed it, and counselled the king, which by the 7th day of June had gathered to him a strong host of people, to go again' his rebels, and to give unto them battle. Then the king, after the said rebels had holden their field upon Black Heath seven days, made toward them. Whereof hearing, the Captain drew back with his people to a village called Sevenoaks, and there embattled.

Then it was agreed by the king's council, that Sir Humphrey Stafford, knight, with William his brother, and other certain gentlemen should follow the chase, and the king with his lords should return unto Greenwich, weening to them that the rebels were fled and gone. But, as before I have showed, when Sir Humphrey with his company drew near unto Sevenoaks, he was warned of the Captain, that there abode with his people. And when he had counselled with the other gentlemen, he, like a manful knight, set upon the rebels and fought with them long; but in the end the Captain slew him and his brother, with many other, and caused the rest to give back. All which season, the king's host lay still upon Black Heath, being among them sundry opinions; so that some and many favoured the Captain. But, finally, when word came of the overthrow of the Staffords, they said plainly and boldly, that, except the Lord Saye and other before rehearsed were committed to ward, they would take the Captain's party. For the appeasing of which rumour the Lord Saye was put into the Tower; but that other as then were not at hand. Then the king having knowledge of the scomfiture of his men and also of the rumour of his hosting people, removed from Greenwich to London, and there with his host rested him a while.

And so soon as Jack Cade had thus overcome the Staffords, he anon apparelled him with the knight's apparel, and did on him his bryganders set with gilt nails, and his salet and gilt spurs; and after he had refreshed his people, he returned again to Black Heath, and there pight[1] again his field, as heretofore done and lay there from the 29th day of being St Peter's day, till the first day of In which season came unto him the Archbishop of Canterbury, and the Duke of Buckingham, with whom they had long communication, and found him right discreet in his answers: how be it they could not cause him to lay down his people, and to submit him unto the king's grace.

In this while, the king and the queen, hearing of the increasing of his rebels, and also the lords fearing their own servants, lest they would take the Captain's party, removed from London to Killingworth, leaving the city without aid, except only the Lord Scales, which was left to keep the Tower, and with him a manly and warly man named Matthew Gowth. Then the Captain of Kent thus hoving[2] at Blackheath, to the end to blind the more the people, and to bring him in fame that he kept good justice, beheaded there a petty Captain of his, named Paris, for so much as he had offended again' such ordinance as he had stablished in his host. And hearing that the king and all his lords were thus departed, drew him near unto the city, so that upon the first day of July he entered the burgh of Southwark, being then Wednesday, and lodged him there that night, for he might not be suffered to enter that city.

And upon the same day the commons of Essex, in great number, pight them a field upon the plain at Miles End. Upon the second day of the said month, the mayor called a common council at the Guildhall, for to purvey the withstanding of these rebels, and other matters, in which assembled were divers opinions, so that some thought good that the said rebels should be received into the city, and some otherwise; among the which, Robert Horne, stock-fishmonger, then being an alderman, spake sore again' them that would have them enter. For the which sayings, the commons were so amoved again' him, that they ceased not till they had him committed to ward.

And the same afternoon, about five of the clock, the Captain with his people entered by the bridge; and when he came upon the drawbridge, he hewed the ropes that drew the bridge in sunder with his sword, and so passed into the city, and made in sundry places thereof proclamations in the king's name, that no man, upon pain of death, should rob or take anything per force without paying therefor. By reason whereof he won many hearts of the commons of the city; but all was done to beguile the people, as after shall evidently appear. He rode through divers streets of the city, and as he came by London Stone, he strake it with his sword and said, 'Now is Mortimer lord of this city.' And when he had thus showed himself in divers places of the city, and showed his mind to the mayor for the ordering of his people, he returned into Southwark, and there abode as he before had done, his people coming and going at lawful hours when they would. Then upon the morn, being the third day of July and Friday, the said Captain entered again the city, and caused the Lord Saye to be fette[3] from the Tower, and led into the Guildhall, where he was arraigned before the mayor and other of the king's justices. In which pastime he intended to have brought before the said justices the foresaid Robert Horne; but his wife and friends made to him such instant labour, that finally, for five hundred marks, he

[1] Pitched. [2] Hovering. [3] Fetched.

was set at his liberty. Then the Lord Saye, being as before is said, at Guildhall, desired that he might be judged by his peers. Whereof hearing, the Captain sent a company of his unto the hall, the which per force took him from his officers, and so brought him unto the standard in Cheap, where, or[1] he were half shriven, they strake off his head; and that done, pight it upon a long pole, and so bare it about with them.

In this time and season had the Captain caused a gentleman to be taken, named William Crowmer, which before had been sheriff of Kent, and used, as they said, some extortions. For which cause, or for he had favoured the Lord Saye, by reason that he had married his daughter, he was hurried to Miles End, and there, in the Captain's presence, beheaded. And the same time was there also beheaded another man, called Baillie, the cause of whose death was this, as I have heard some men report. This Baillie was of the familiar and old acquaintance of Jack Cade, wherefore, so soon as he espied him coming to him-ward, he cast in his mind that he would discover his living and old manners, and show off his vile kin and lineage. Wherefore, knowing that the said Baillie used to bear scrows,[2] and prophesy about him, showing to his company that he was an enchanter and of ill disposition, and that they should well know by such books as he bare upon him, and bade them search, and if they found not as he said, that then they should put him to death, which all was done according to his commandment.

When they had thus beheaded these two men, they took the head of Crowmer and pight it upon a pole, and so entered again the city with the heads of the Lords Saye and of Crowmer; and as they passed the streets, joined the poles together, and caused either dead mouth to kiss other diverse and many times.

And the Captain the self-same day went unto the house of Philip Malpas, draper and alderman, and robbed and spoiled his house, and took thence a great substance; but he was before warned, and thereby conveyed much of his money and plate, or else he had been undone. At which spoiling were present many poor men of the city, which at such times been ever ready in all places to do harm, when such riots been done.

Then toward night he returned into Southwark, and upon the morn re-entered the city, and dined that day at a place in St Margaret Patyn parish, called Gherstis House; and when he had dined, like an uncurteous guest, robbed him, as the day before he had Malpas. For which two robberies, albeit that the porail and needy people drew unto him, and were partners of that ill, the honest and thrifty commoners cast in their minds the sequel of this matter, and feared lest they should be dealt with in like manner, by means whereof he lost the people's favour and hearts. For it was to be thought, if he had not executed that robbery, he might have gone fair and brought his purpose to good effect, if he had intended well; but it is to deem and presuppose that the intent of him was not good, wherefore it might not come to any good conclusion. Then the mayor and aldermen, with assistance of the worshipful commoners, seeing this misdemeanour of the Captain, in safeguarding of themself and of the city, took their counsels, how they might drive the Captain and his adherents from the city, wherein their fear was the more, for so much as the king and his lords with their powers were far from them. But yet in avoiding of apparent peril, they condescended that they would withstand his any more entry into the city. For the performance whereof, the mayor sent unto the Lord Scales and Matthew Gowth, then having the Tower in guiding, and had of them assent to perform the same.

[1] Ere. [2] Scrolls of paper.

Then upon the 5th day of July, the Captain being in Southwark, caused a man to be beheaded, for cause of displeasure to him done, as the fame went; and so he kept him in Southwark all that day; how be it he might have entered the city if he had wold.

And when night was coming, the mayor and citizens, with Matthew Gowth, like to their former appointment, kept the passage of the bridge, being Sunday, and defended the Kentishmen, which made great force to re-enter the city. Then the Captain, seeing this bickering begun, yode to harness, and called his people about him, and set so fiercely upon the citizens, that he drave them back from the stulpes in Southwark, or bridge foot, unto the drawbridge. Then the Kentishmen set fire upon the drawbridge. In defending whereof many a man was drowned and slain, among the which, of men of name was John Sutton, alderman, Matthew Gowth, gentleman, and Roger Heysand, citizen. And thus continued this skirmish all night, till 9 of the clock upon the morn; so that sometime the citizens had the better, and thus soon the Kentishmen were upon the better side; but ever they kept them upon the bridge, so that the citizens passed never much the bulwark at the bridge foot, nor the Kentishmen much farther than the drawbridge. Thus continuing this cruel fight, to the destruction of much people on both sides; lastly, after the Kentishmen were put to the worse, a trewe[1] was agreed for certain hours; during the which trew, the Archbishop of Canterbury, then chancellor of England, sent a general pardon to the Captain for himself, and another for his people: by reason whereof he and his company departed the same night out of Southwark, and so returned every man to his own.

But it was not long after that the Captain with his company was thus departed, that proclamations were made in divers places of Kent, of Sussex, and Sowtherey, that who might take the foresaid Jack Cade, either alive or dead, should have a thousand mark for his travail. After which proclamation thus published, a gentleman of Kent, named Alexander Iden, awaited so his time, that he took him in a garden in Sussex, where in the taking of him the said Jack was slain: and so being dead, was brought into Southwark the day of the month of September, and then left in the King's Bench for that night. And upon the morrow the dead corpse was drawn through the high streets of the city unto Newgate, and there headed and quartered, whose head was then sent to London Bridge, and his four quarters were sent to four sundry towns of Kent.

And this done, the king sent his commissions into Kent, and rode after himself, and caused enquiry to be made of this riot in Canterbury; wherefore the same eight men were judged and put to death; and in other good towns of Kent and Sussex, divers other were put in execution for the same riot.

Hall, who was a lawyer and a judge in the sheriff's court of London, and died at an advanced age in 1547, compiled a copious chronicle of English history during the reigns of the houses of Lancaster and York, and those of Henry VII. and Henry VIII., which was first printed by Grafton in 1548, under the title of *The Union of the two Noble and Illustre Families of Lancastre and Yorke, with all the Actes done in both the tymes of the Princes both of the one linage and the other*, &c. Hall is very minute in his notices of the fashions of the time: altogether, his work is of a superior character to that of Fabian, as might perhaps be expected from his better education and condition in life. Considered as the only compilations of English history at the command of the wits of Elizabeth's reign, and as furnishing the foundations of many scenes and even whole plays by one of the

[1] Truce.

most illustrious of these, the Chronicles have a value in our eyes beyond that which properly belongs to them. In the following extract, the matter of a remarkable scene in Richard III. is found, and it is worthy of notice, how well the prose narration reads beside the poetical one.

[*Scene in the Council-Room of the Protector Gloucester.*]

The Lord Protector caused a council to be set at the Tower, on Friday the thirteen day of June, where there was much communing for the honourable solemnity of the coronation, of the which the time appointed approached so near, that the pageants were a making day and night at Westminster, and victual killed, which afterward was cast away.

These lords thus sitting, communing of this matter, the Protector came in among them, about nine of the clock, saluting them courteously, excusing himself that he had been from them so long, saying merrily that he had been a sleeper that day. And after a little talking with him, he said to the Bishop of Ely, 'My Lord, you have very good strawberries in your garden at Holborn; I require you let us have a mess of them.' 'Gladly, my Lord,' quoth he; 'I would I had some better thing, as ready to your pleasure as that;' and with that in all haste he his servant for a dish of strawberries. The Protector set the lords fast in communing, and thereupon prayed them to spare him a little; and so he departed, and came again between ten and eleven of the clock in to the chamber, all changed, with a sour angry countenance, knitting the brows, frowning and fretting, and gnawing on his lips; and so set him down in his place. All the lords were dismayed, and sore marvelled of this manner and sudden change, and what thing should him ail. When he had sitten a while, thus he began: 'What were they worthy to have, that compass and imagine the destruction of me, being so near of blood to the king, and protector of this his royal realm?' At which question, all the lords sat sore astonished, musing much by whom the question should be meant, of which every man knew himself clear.

Then the Lord Hastings, as he that, for the familiarity that was between them, thought he might be boldest with him, answered and said, that they were worthy to be punished as heinous traitors, whatsoever they were; and all the other affirmed the same. 'That is,' quoth he, 'yonder sorceress, my brother's wife, and other with her;' meaning the queen. Many of the lords were sore abashed which favoured her; but the Lord Hastings was better content in his mind, that it was moved by her than by any other that he loved better; albeit his heart grudged that he was not afore made of counsel of this matter, as well as he was of the taking of her kindred, and of their putting to death, which were by his assent before devised to be beheaded at Pomfret, this self same day; in the which he was not ware, that it was by other devised that he himself should the same day be beheaded at London. 'Then,' said the Protector, 'in what wise that sorceress and other of her counsel, as Shore's wife, with her affinity, have by their sorcery and witchcraft thus wasted my body!' and therewith plucked up his doublet sleeve to his elbow, on his left arm, where he showed a very withered arm, and small, as it was never other.' And thereupon every man's mind misgave them, well perceiving that this matter was but a quarrel; for well they wist that the queen was both too wise to go about any such folly, and also, if she would, yet would she of all folk make Shore's wife least of her counsel, whom of all women she most hated, as that concubine whom the king, her husband, most loved.

Also, there was no man there, but knew that his arm was ever such, sith the day of his birth. Nevertheless, the Lord Hastings, which from the death of King Edward kept Shore's wife, his heart somewhat grudged to have her whom he loved so highly accused, and that as he knew well untruly; therefore he answered and said, 'Certainly, my Lord, if they have so done, they be worthy of heinous punishment.' 'What!' quoth the Protector, 'thou servest me, I ween, with if and with and; I tell thee, they have done it, and that will I make good on thy body, traitor!' And therewith, as in a great anger, he clapped his fist on the board a great rap, at which token given, one cried treason without the chamber, and therewith a door clapped, and in came rushing men in harness, as many as the chamber could hold. And anon the Protector said to the Lord Hastings, 'I arrest thee, traitor!' 'What! me! my Lord,' quoth he. 'Yea, the traitor,' quoth the Protector. And one let fly at the Lord Stanley, which shrunk at the stroke, and fell under the table, or else his head had been cleft to the teeth; for as shortly as he shrunk, yet ran the blood about his ears. Then was the Archbishop of York, and Doctor Morton, Bishop of Ely, and the Lord Stanley taken, and divers others which were bestowed in divers chambers, save the Lord Hastings, whom the Protector commanded to speed and shrive him apace. 'For, by Saint Poule,' quoth he, 'I will not dine I thy head off.' It booted him not to ask why, but heavily he took a priest at a venture, and made a short shrift, for a longer would not be suffered, the Protector made so much haste to his dinner, which might not go to it till this murder were done, for saving of his ungracious oath. So was he brought forth into the green, beside the chapel within the Tower, and his head laid down on a log of timber, that lay there for building of the chapel, and there tyrannously stricken off, and after his body and head were interred at Windsor, by his master, King Edward the Fourth; whose souls Jesu pardon. Amen.

SIR THOMAS MORE.

Passing over Fortescue, the first prose-writer who mingled just and striking thought with his language, and was entitled to the appellation of a man of genius, was unquestionably the celebrated chancellor of Henry VIII., Sir Thomas More (1480-1535). Born the son of a judge of the King's Bench, and educated at Oxford, More entered life with all external advantages, and soon reached a distinguished situation in the law and in state employments. He was appointed Lord Chancellor in 1529, being the first layman who ever held the office. At all periods of his life, he was a zealous professor of the Catholic faith, insomuch that he was at one time with difficulty restrained from becoming a monk. When Henry wished to divorce Catherine, he was opposed by the conscientious More, who accordingly incurred his displeasure, and perished on the scaffold. The cheerful, or rather mirthful, disposition of the learned chancellor forsook him not at the last, and he jested even when about to lay his head upon the block. The character of More was most benignant, as the letter to his wife, who was ill-tempered, written after the burning of some of his property, expressively shows, at the same time that it is a good specimen of his English prose. The domestic circle at his house in Chelsea, where the profoundly learned statesman at once paid reverence to his parents and sported with his children, has been made the subject of an interesting picture by the great artist of that age, Holbein.

The literary productions of More are partly in Latin and partly in English: he adopted the former language probably from taste, the latter for the pur-

pose of reaching the commonalty.* Besides some epistles and other minor writings, he wrote, in Latin,

a curious philosophical work under the title of *Utopia*, which, describing an imaginary pattern country and people, has added a word to the English language, every scheme of national improvement founded on theoretical views being since then termed *Utopian*. The most of the English writings of More are pamphlets on the religious controversies of his day, and the only one which is now of value is *A History of Edward V., and of his Brother, and of Richard III.*, which Mr Hallam considers as the first English prose work free of vulgarisms and pedantry.

The intention of Sir Thomas More in his *Utopia* is to set forth his idea of those social arrangements whereby the happiness and improvement of the people may be secured to the utmost extent of which human nature is susceptible; though, probably, he has pictured more than he really conceived it possible to effect. Experience proves that many of his suggestions are indeed Utopian. In his imaginary island, for instance, all are contented with the necessaries of life; all are employed in useful labour; no man desires, in clothing, any other quality besides durability; and since wants are few, and every individual engages in labour, there is no need for working more than six hours a-day. Neither laziness nor avarice finds a place in this happy region; for why should the people be indolent when they have so little toil, or greedy when they know that there is abundance for each? All this, it is evident, is incompatible with qualities inherent in human nature: man requires the stimulus of self-interest to render him industrious and persevering; he loves not utility merely, but ornament; he possesses a spirit of emulation which makes him endeavour to outstrip his fellows, and a desire to accumulate property even for its own sake. With much that is Utopian, however, the work contains many sound suggestions. Thus, instead of severe punishment of theft, the author would improve the morals and condition of the people, so as to take away the temptation to crime; for, says he, 'if you suffer your people to be ill-educated, and their manners to be corrupted from their infancy, and then punish them for those crimes to which their first education disposed them, what else is to be concluded from this, but that you first make thieves, and then punish them?' In Utopia, we are told, war is never entered on but for some gross injury done to themselves, or, more especially, to their allies; and the glory of a general is in proportion, not to the number, but to the fewness of the enemies, whom he slays in gaining a victory. Criminals are generally punished with slavery, even for the greatest misdeeds, since servitude is no less terrible than death itself; and, by making slaves of malefactors, not only does the public get the benefit of their labour, but the continual sight of their misery is more effectual than their death to deter other men from crime. It is one of the oldest laws of the Utopians, that no man ought to be punished for his religion; 'it being a fundamental opinion among them, that a man cannot make himself believe anything he pleases; nor do they drive any to dissemble their thoughts by threatenings, so that men are not tempted to lie or disguise their opinions among them; which, being a sort of fraud, is abhorred by the Utopians.' Every man may endeavour to convert others to his views by the force of amicable and modest argument, without bitterness against those of other opinions; but whoever adds reproach and violence to persuasion, is to be condemned to banishment or slavery. Such tolerant views were extremely rare in the days of Sir Thomas More, and in later life were lamentably departed from by himself in practice; for in persecuting the Protestants, he displayed a degree of intolerance and severity which were strangely at variance both with the opinions of his youth and the general mildness of his disposition.

* The following is a specimen of Sir Thomas More's juvenile poetry:—

He that hath lefte the losse
And falleth to makyng slo
The smyth that shall to pai
His thrift is well nigh done
A black draper with whyte p
To roe to writing scole,
An old butler become a cutle
I wene shall prove a fole.
And an old troe, that can Gio
Nothing but kyss the cup,
With her physicke will kepe one sick
Till she hath soused hym up.
A man of law that never sawe
The wayes to buy and sell
Wenyng to ryse by merchandyse,
I pray God spede him well!
A merchaunt eke, that will go seke
By all the meanes he may,
To fall in sute till he dispute
His money cleane away;
Pletyng the lawe for every stray
Shall prove a thrifty man,
With hate and strife, but by my life
I cannot tell you whan.
Whan an hatter will smatter
In philosophy,
Or a pedlar waxe a medlar
In theology, &c.

[*Letter to Lady More.*]

[Returning from the negotiations at Cambray, Sir Thomas More heard that his barns and some of those of his neighbours had been burnt down; he consequently wrote the following letter to his wife. Its gentleness to a sour-tempered woman, and the benevolent feelings expressed about the property of his neighbours, have been much admired.]

Mistress Alice, in my most heartywise I recommend me to you. And whereas I am informed by my son Heron of the loss of our barns and our neighbours' also, with all the corn that was therein; albeit (saving God's pleasure) it is great pity of so much good corn lost; yet since it has liked him to send us such a chance, we must and are bounden, not only to be content, but also to be glad of his visitation. He sent us all that we have lost; and since he hath by such a chance taken it away again, his pleasure be fulfilled! Let us never grudge thereat, but take it in good worth, and heartily thank him, as well for adversity as for prosperity. And peradventure we have more cause to thank him for our loss than for our winning, for his wisdom better seeth what is good for us than we do ourselves. Therefore, I pray you be of good cheer, and take all the household with you to church, and there thank God, both for that he has given us, and for that he has taken from us, and for that he hath left us; which, if it please him, he can increase when he will, and if it please him to leave us yet less, at his pleasure be it!

I pray you to make some good onsearch what my poor neighbours have lost, and bid them take no thought therefore; for, if I should not leave myself a spoon, there shall no poor neighbour of mine bear no loss by my chance, happened in my house. I pray you be, with my children and your household, merry in God; and devise somewhat with your friends what way were best to take, for provision to be made for corn for our household, and for seed this year coming, if we think it good that we keep the ground still in our hands. And whether we think it good that we so shall do or not, yet I think it were not best suddenly thus to leave it all up, and to put away our folk from our farm, till we have somewhat advised us thereon. Howbeit, if we have more now than ye shall need, and which can get them other masters, ye may then discharge us of them. But I would not that any man were suddenly sent away, he wot not whither.

At my coming hither, I perceived none other but that I should tarry still with the king's grace. But now I shall, I think, because of this chance, get leave this next week to come home and see you, and then shall we farther devise together upon all things, what order shall be best to take.

And thus as heartily fare you well, with all our children, as ye can wish. At Woodstock, the third day of September, by the hand of THOMAS MORE.

[*Character of Richard III.*]

[Sir Thomas's account of Richard III. has been followed by Shakspeare.]

Richard, the third son, of whom we now entreat, was in wit and courage egal[1] with either of them; in body and prowess, far under them both; little of stature, ill-featured of limbs, crook-backed, his left shoulder much higher than his right, hard-favoured of visage. He was malicious, wrathful, envious, and from afore his birth ever froward. It is for truth reported, that the duchess his mother had so much ado in her travail, that she could not be delivered of him uncut; and that he came into the world with the feet forward, as men be borne outward; and (as the fame runneth) also not untoothed (whether men of hatred report above the truth, or else that nature changed her course in his beginning, which, in the course of his life, many things unnaturally committed.)

None evil captain was he in the war, as to which his disposition was more meetly than for peace. Sundry victories had he, and sometime overthrows, but never in default for his own person, either of hardiness or politic order. Free was he called of dispense, and somewhat above his power liberal. With large gifts he get him unsteadfast friendship, for which he was fain to pil and spoil in other places, and get him stedfast hatred. He was close and secret; a deep dissimuler, lowly of countenance, arrogant of heart; outwardly compinable where he inwardly hated, not letting to kiss whom he thought to kill; dispitious and cruel, not for evil will alway, but oftener for ambition, and either for the surety and increase of his estate. Friend and foe was indifferent, where his advantage grew; he spared no man's death whose life withstood his purpose. He slew with his own hands king Henry VI., being prisoner in the Tower.

[1] Equal.

[*The Utopian Idea of Pleasure.*]

(From Bishop Burnet's translation of the Utopia.)

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul, for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, gives the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it had restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures.

There are many things that in themselves have nothing that is truly delighting: on the contrary, they have a good deal of bitterness in them; and yet by our perverse appetites after forbidden objects, are not only ranked among the pleasures, but are made even the greatest designs of life. Among those who pursue these sophisticated pleasures, they reckon those whom I mentioned before, who think themselves

really the better for having fine clothes, in which they think they are doubly mistaken, both in the opinion that they have of their clothes, and in the opinion that they have of themselves; for if you consider the use of clothes, why should a fine thread be thought better than a coarse one? And yet that sort of men, as if they had some real advantages beyond others, and did not owe it wholly to their mistakes, look big, and seem to fancy themselves to be the more valuable on that account, and imagine that a respect is due to them for the sake of a rich garment, to which they would not have pretended if they had been meanly clothed; and they resent it as an affront, if that respect is not paid them. It is also a great folly to be taken with these outward marks of respect, which signify nothing; for what true or real pleasure can one find in this, that another man stands bare, or makes legs to him? Will the bending another man's thighs give you any ease? And will his head's being bare cure the madness of yours? And yet it is wonderful to see how this false notion of pleasure bewitches many, who delight themselves with the fancy of their nobility, and are pleased with this conceit, that they are descended from ancestors who have been held for some successions rich, and that they have had great possessions; for this is all that makes nobility at present; yet they do not think themselves a whit the less noble, though their immediate parents have left none of this wealth to them; or though they themselves have squandered it all away. The Utopians have no better opinion of those who are much taken with gems and precious stones, and who account it a degree of happiness next to a divine one, if they can purchase one that is very extraordinary, especially if it be of that sort of stones that is then in greatest request; for the same sort is not at all times of the same value with all sorts of people; nor will men buy it, unless it be dismounted and taken out of the gold. And then the jeweller is made to give good security, and required solemnly to swear that the stone is true, that by such an exact caution, a false one may not be bought instead of a true; whereas if you were to examine it, your eye could find no difference between that which is counterfeit and that which is true; so that they are all one to you, as much as if you were blind. And can it be thought that they who heap up an useless mass of wealth, not for any use that it is to bring them, but merely to please themselves with the contemplation of it, enjoy any true pleasure in it? The delight they find is only a false shadow of joy. Those are no better whose error is somewhat different from the former, and who hide it, out of the fear of losing it; for what other name can fit the hiding it in the earth, or rather the restoring it to it again, it being thus cut off from being useful, either to its owner or to the rest of mankind? And yet the owner having hid it carefully, is glad, because he thinks he is now sure of it. And in case one should come to steal it, the owner, though he might live perhaps ten years after that, would all that while after the theft, of which he knew nothing, find no difference between his having it or losing it, for both ways it was equally useless to him.

Among those foolish pursuers of pleasure, they reckon all those that delight in hunting, or birding or gaming: of whose madness they have ly heard, for they have no such things among them. * *

Thus though the rabble of mankind looks upon these, and all other things of this kind which are indeed innumerable, as pleasures; the Utopians, on the contrary, observing that there is nothing in the nature of them that is truly pleasant, conclude that they are not to be reckoned among pleasures. For though these things may create some tickling in the senses (which seems to be a true notion of pleasure), yet they reckon that this does not arise from the thing itself, but from a depraved custom, which may so vitiate a man's taste, that bitter things may pass for sweet; as pregnant women think pitch or tallow tastes sweeter than honey; but as a man's sense when corrupted, either by a disease or some ill habit, does not change the nature of other things, so neither can it change the nature of pleasure.

They reckon up several sorts of these pleasures, which they call true ones; some belong to the body, and others to the mind. The pleasures of the mind lie in knowledge, and in that delight which the contemplation of truth carries with it; to which they add the joyful reflections on a well-spent life, and the assured hopes of a future happiness. They divide the pleasures of the body into two sorts; the one is that which gives our senses some real delight, and is performed, either by the recruiting of nature, and supplying those parts on which the internal heat of life feeds; and that is done by eating or drinking: Or when nature is eased of any surcharge that oppresses it. There is another kind of this sort of pleasure, that neither gives us anything that our bodies require, nor frees us from anything with which we are overcharged; and yet it excites our senses by a secret unseen virtue, and by a generous impression, it so tickles and affects them, that it turns them inwardly upon themselves; and this is the pleasure begot by music.

Another sort of bodily pleasure is, that which consists in a quiet and good constitution of body, by which there is an entire healthiness spread over all the parts of the body not allayed with any disease. This, when it is free from all mixture of pain, gives an inward pleasure of itself, even though it should not be excited by any external and delighting object; and although this pleasure does not so vigorously affect the sense, nor act so strongly upon it, yet, as it is the greatest of all pleasures, so almost all the Utopians reckon it the foundation and basis of all the other joys of life; since this alone makes one's state of life to be easy and desirable; and when this is wanting, a man is really capable of no other pleasure. They look upon indolence and freedom from pain, if it does not rise from a perfect health, to be a state of stupidity rather than of pleasure. There has been a controversy in this matter very narrowly canvassed among them; whether a firm and entire health could be called a pleasure or not? Some have thought that there was no pleasure but that which was excited by some sensible motion in the body. But this opinion has been long ago run down among them, so that now they do almost all agree in this, That health is the greatest of all bodily pleasures; and that, as there is a pain in sickness, which is as opposite in its nature to pleasure, as sickness itself is to health, so they hold that health carries a pleasure along with it. And if any should say that sickness is not really a pain, but that it only carries a pain along with, they look upon that as a fetch of subtility that does not much alter the matter. So they think it is all one, whether it be said, that health is in itself a pleasure, or that it begets a pleasure, as fire gives heat; so it be granted, that all those whose health is entire have a true pleasure in it: and they reason thus. What is the pleasure of eating, but that a man's health which had been weakened, does, with the assistance of food, drive away hunger, and so recruiting itself, recovers its former vigour? And being thus refreshed, it finds a pleasure in that conflict. And if the conflict is pleasure, the victory must yet breed a greater pleasure, except we will fancy that it becomes stupid as soon as it has obtained that which it pursued, and so does neither know nor rejoice in its own welfare. If it is said that health cannot be felt, they absolutely deny that; for what man is in health that does not perceive it when he is awake? Is there any man that is so dull and

stupid, as not to acknowledge that he feels a delight in health? And what is delight but another name for pleasure?

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to prevent diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease, but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs, as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

They do also entertain themselves with the other delights that they let in at their eyes, their ears, and their nostrils, as the pleasant relishes and seasonings of life, which nature seems to have marked out peculiarly for man; since no other sort of animals contemplates the figure and beauty of the universe, nor is delighted with smells, but as they distinguish meats by them; nor do they apprehend the concords or discords of sounds; yet in all pleasures whatsoever, they observe this temper, that a lesser joy may not hinder a greater, and that pleasure may never breed pain, which they think does always follow dishonest pleasures. But they think it a madness for a man to wear out the beauty of his face, or the force of his natural strength, and to corrupt the sprightliness of his body by sloth and laziness, or to waste his body by fasting, and so to weaken the strength of his constitution, and reject the other delights of life; unless, by renouncing his own satisfaction, he can either serve the public, or promote the happiness of others, for which he expects a greater recompense from God; so that they look on such a course of life, as a mark of a mind that is both cruel to itself, and ingrateful to the author of nature, as if we would not be beholden to him for his favours, and therefore would reject all his blessings, and should afflict himself for the empty shadow of virtue; or for no better end than to render himself capable to bear those misfortunes which possibly will never happen.

Contemporary with Sir Thomas More, though infinitely beneath him in intellect, was ALEXANDER BARCLAY, a clergyman of England, but supposed to have been a native of Scotland. Besides a curious work in prose and verse, entitled, *The Ship of Fooles*, (1509), in which is described a great variety of human absurdities, he translated many Latin and other books, including Sallust's History of the Jugurthine war, which was among the earliest English versions of classical authors produced in England.

JOHN FISCHER.

FISCHER, BISHOP OF ROCHESTER, (1459–1535), was chiefly distinguished in his lifetime by pamphlets in Latin against the Lutheran doctrines: these have long been in oblivion, but his name still calls for a place in our literary history, as one of the fathers of English prose. He was a steadfast adherent of the church of Rome, and his name is tarnished with some severities to the reforming party; but we have the testimony of Erasmus, confirmed by the acts of his life, that he possessed many of the best points of human character. He steadily refused translation to a more valuable bishopric, and he finally laid down his life, along with Sir Thomas More, in a conscientious adherence to the principle of the validity of the nuptials of Queen Catherine. While in the Tower on account of that assumed offence, the pope acknowledged his worth and consistency by the gift of a cardinal's hat: which drew from Henry the brutal remark, 'Well, let the pope send him a hat when he will; mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on!' The English writings of Bishop Fischer consist of sermons and a few small tracts on pious subjects, printed in one volume at Wurzburg in 1595. One of the sermons was a funeral one, preached in 1509, in honour of the Countess of Richmond (mother of Henry VII.), whose chaplain he had been. In it he presents a remarkable portraiture of a pious lady of rank of that age, with a curious detail of the habits then thought essential to a religious gentlewoman.

[In allusion to Martha, the subject of the text,] First, I say, the comparison of them two may be made in four things; in nobleness of person; in discipline of their bodies; in ordering of their souls to God; in hospitalities keeping and charitable dealing to their neighbours. In which four, the noble woman Martha (as say the doctors, entreating this gospel and her life) [illegible] ded and [illegible] ere-fore let us consider likewise, whether in noble countess may any thing like be found.

First, the blessed Martha was a woman of noble blood, to whom by inheritance belonged the castle of Bethany; and this nobleness of blood they have which descended of noble lineage. Beside this, there is a nobleness of manners, withouten which the nobleness of blood is much defaced; for as Boethius saith, If ought be good in the nobleness of blood, it is for that thereby the noble men and women should be ashamed to go out of kind, from the virtuous manners of their ancestry before. Yet also there is another nobleness which ariseth in every person, by the goodness of nature, whereby full often such as come of right poor and unnoble father and mother, have great abilities of nature to noble deeds. Above all the same there is a four manner of nobleness, which may be called an encreased nobleness; as, by marriage and affinity of more noble persons, such as were of less condition may increase in higher degree of nobleness.

In every of these I suppose this countess was noble.

First, she came of noble blood, lineally descending of King Edward III. within the four degree of the same. Her father was John, Duke of Somerset; her mother was called Margaret, right noble as well in manners as in blood, to whom she was a very daughter in all noble manners: for she was bounteous and liberal to every person of her knowledge or acquaintance. Avarice and covetyse she most hated, and sorrowed it full much in all persons, but specially in any that belonged unto her. She was also of singular easiness to be spoken unto, and full courteous answer she would make to all that came unto her. Of marvellous gentleness she was unto all folks, but specially unto her own, whom she trusted and loved right tenderly. Unkind she would not be unto no creature, ne forgetful of any kindness or service done to her before; which is no little part of very nobleness. She was not vengeable ne cruel, but ready anon to forget and to forgive injuries done unto her, at the least desire or motion made unto her for the same. Merciful also and piteous she was unto such as was grieved and wrongfully troubled, and to them that were in poverty or sickness, or any other misery.

To God and to the church full obedient and tractable, searching his honour and pleasure full busily. A wareness of herself she had alway to eschew every thing that might dishonest any noblewoman, or distain her honour in any condition. Frivolous things that were little to be regarded, she would let pass by, but the other that were of weight and substance, wherein she might profit, she would not let,[1] for any pain or labour, to take upon hand. These and many other such noble conditions, left unto her by her ancestors, she kept and increased therein with a great diligence.

The third nobleness also she wanted not, which I said was the nobleness of nature. She had in a manner all that was praisable in a woman, either in soul or body. First, she was of singular wisdom, far passing the common rate of women. She was good in remembrance and of holding memory; a ready wit she had also to conceive all things, albeit they were right dark. Right studious she was in books, which she had in great number, both in English and in French; and for her exercise and for the profit of others, she did translate divers matters of devotion, out of the French into English. Full often she complained that in her youth she had not given her to the understanding of Latin, wherein she had a little perceiving, specially of the *Rubrysshe* of the *Ordinal*, for the saying of her service, which she did well understand. Hereunto in favour, in words, in gesture, in every demeanour of herself, so great nobleness did appear, that what she spake or did, it marvellously became her.

The four nobleness, which we named a nobleness gotten or increased, she had also. For albeit she of her lineage were right noble, yet nevertheless by marriage adjoining of other blood, it took some encreasement. For in her tender age, she being endued with so great towardness of nature and likelihood of inheritance, many sued to have had her to marriage. The Duke of Suffolk, which then was a man of great experience, most diligently procured to have had her for his son and heir. Of the contrary part, King Henry VI. did make means for Edmund his brother, then the Earl of Richmond. She, which as then was not fully nine years old, doubtful in her mind what she were best to do, asked counsel of an old gentlewoman, whom she much loved and trusted, which did advise her to commend herself to St Nicholas, the patron and helper of all true maidens, and to beseech him to put in her mind what she were best to do! This counsel she followed, and made her prayer so full often, but specially that night, when she should the morrow after make answer of her mind determinately. A marvellous thing!—the same night, as I have heard her tell many a time, as she lay in prayer, calling upon St Nicholas, whether sleeping or waking she could not assure, but about four of the clock in the morning, one appeared unto her, arrayed like a bishop, and naming unto her Edmund, bade take him unto her husband. And so by this means she did incline her mind unto Edmund, the king's brother, and Earl of Richmond, by whom she was made mother of the king that dead is (whose soul God pardon), and grand-dame to our sovereign lord King Henry VIII., which now, by the grace of God, governeth the realm. So what by lineage, what by affinity, she had thirty kings and queens within the four degree of marriage unto her, besides earls, marquisses, dukes, and princes. And thus much we have spoken of her nobleness. * *

Her sober temperance in meats and drinks was known to all them that were conversant with her, wherein she lay in as great weight of herself as any person might, keeping alway her strait measure, and offending as little as any creature might: eschewing banquets, rere-suppers,[1] juiceries betwixt meals. As for fasting, for age, and feebleness, albeit she were not bound, yet those days that by the church were appointed, she kept them diligently and seriously, and in especial the holy Lent throughout, that she restrained her appetite, till one meal of fish on the day; besides her other peculiar fasts of devotion, as St Anthony, St Mary Magdalene, St Catharine, with other; and thereweout all the year, the Friday and Saturday she full truly observed. As to hard clothes wearing, she had her shirts and girdles of hair, which, when she was in health, every week she failed not certain days to wear, sometime the one, sometime the other, that full often her skin, as I heard her say, was pierced therewith. * *

In prayer, every day at her uprising, which commonly was not long after five of the clock, she began certain devotions, and so after them, with one of her gentlewomen, the matins of our lady, which kept her to— then she came into her closet, where then with her chaplain, she said also matins of the day; and after that daily heard four or five masses upon her knees; so continuing in her prayers and devotions unto the hour of dinner, which of the eating day, was ten of the clock, and upon the fasting day eleven. After dinner full truly she would go her stations to three altars daily; daily her dirges and commendations she would say, and her even songs before supper, both of the day and of our lady, beside many other prayers and psalters of David throughout the year; and at night before she went to bed, she failed not to resort unto her chapel, and there a large quarter of an hour to occupy her devotions. No marvel, though all this long time her kneeling was to her painful, and so painful that many times it caused in her back pain and disease. And yet nevertheless, daily when she was in health, she failed not to say the crown of our lady, which after the manner of Rome, containeth sixty and three aves, and at every ave, to make a kneeling. As for meditation, she had divers books in French, wherewith she would occupy herself when she was weary of prayer. Wherefore divers she did translate out of the French into English. Her marvellous weeping they can bear witness of, which here before have heard her confession, which be divers and many, and at many seasons in the year, lightly every third day. Can also record the same tho that were present at any time when she was houshilde,[2] which

[1] Refrain.

[1] Second suppers. When supper took place at four or five o'clock, it was not uncommon, on festive occasions, to have a second served up at a later hour.

[2] There is an omission here.

[3] Received the sacrament of the Lord's supper.

was full nigh a dozen times every year, what floods of tears there issued forth of her eyes!

SIR THOMAS ELYOT.

Sir Thomas Elyot, an eminent physician of the reign of Henry VIII., by whom he was employed in several embassies, was the author of a popular professional work, entitled *The Castle of Health*, in which many sound precepts are delivered with respect to diet and regimen. Of his other productions, it is unnecessary to mention any but that entitled *The Governor*, devoted chiefly to the subject of education. He recommends, as Montaigne and Locke have subsequently done, that children be taught to speak Latin from their infancy; and he deprecates 'cruel and yrous[1] schoolmasters, by whom the wits of children be dulled, whereof we need no better author to witness than daily experience.' Mr Hallam observes, in reference to this passage, that 'all testimonies concur to this savage ill-treatment of boys in the schools of this period. The fierceness of the Tudor government, the religious intolerance, the polemical brutality, the rigorous justice, when justice it was, of our laws, seem to have engendered a hardness of character, which displayed itself in severity of discipline, when it did not even reach the point of arbitrary or malignant cruelty.'* Sir Thomas Elyot lived on terms of intimacy with Leland, the antiquary, and Sir Thomas More. He died in 1546.

The following passage in *The Castle of Health* indicates the great attention which was paid to the strengthening of the body by exercise, before the use of fire-arms had become universal in war:—

[*Different Kinds of Exercise.*]

The quality of exercise is the diversity thereof, for as much as therein be many differences in moving, and also some exercise moveth more one part of the body, some another. In difference of moving, some is slow or soft, some is swift or fast, some is strong or violent, some be mixed with strength and swiftness. Strong or violent exercises be these; delving (specially in tough clay and heavy), bearing or sustaining of heavy burdens, climbing or walking against a steep upright hill, holding a rope and climbing up thereby, hanging by the hands on any thing above a man's reach, that his feet touch not the ground, standing and holding up or spreading the arms, with the hands fast closed, and abiding so a long time. Also to hold the arms stedfast, causing another man to essay to pull them out, and notwithstanding he keepeth his arm stedfast, enforcing thereunto the sinews and muscles. Wrestling also with the arms and legs, if the persons be equal in strength, it doth exercise the one and the other; if the one be stronger, then is [it] to the weaker a more violent exercise. All these kinds of exercises and other like them do augment strength, and therefore they serve only for young men which be inclined or be apt to the wars. Swift exercise without violence is running, playing with weapons, tennis or throwing of the ball, trotting a space of ground forward and backward, going on the toes and holding up the hands; also, stirring up and down his arms without plummets. Vehement exercise is compound of violent exercise and swift, when they are joined together at one time, as dancing or galiards, throwing of the ball and running after it; foot-ball play may be in the number thereof, throwing of the long dart and continuing it many times, running in harness, and other like. The moderate exercise is long walking or going a journey. The parts of the body have sundry exercises appropried unto them; as running and going is the most proper for the legs; moving of the arms up and down, or stretching them out and playing with weapons, serveth most for the arms and shoulders; stooping and rising often times, or lifting great weights, taking up plummets or other like poises on the ends of staves, and in likewise lifting up in every hand a spear or morrispike by the ends, specially crossing the hands, and to lay them down again in their places; these do exercise the back and loins. Of the bulk [chest] and lungs, the proper exercise is moving of the breath in singing or crying. The entrails, which be underneath the midriff, be exercised by blowing either by constraint or playing on shalms or sackbuts, or other like instruments which do require much wind. The muscles are best exercised with holding of the breath in a long time, so that he which doth exercise hath well digested his meat, and is not troubled with much wind in his body. Finally, loud reading, counterfeit battle, tennis or throwing the ball, running, walking, adde[d] to shooting, which, in mine opinion, exceeds all the other, do exercise the body commodiously. Alway remember that the end of violent exercise is difficulty in fetching of the breath; of moderate exercise alteration of breath only, or the beginning of sweat. Moreover, in winter, running and wrestling is convenient; in summer, wrestling a little, but not running; in very cold weather, much walking; in hot weather rest is more expedient. They which seem to have moist bodies, and live in idleness, they have need of violent exercise. They which are lean and choleric must walk softly, and exercise themself very temperately. The plummets, called of Galen *altera*, which are now much used with great men, being of equal weight and according to the strength of him that exerciseth, are very good to be used.

HUGH LATIMER.

At this period Hugh Latimer distinguished himself as a zealous reformer, not less than Sir Thomas More did on the opposite side. He was educated in the Romish faith, but afterwards becoming acquainted with Thomas Bilney, a celebrated defender of the doctrines of Luther, he saw reason to alter his opinions, and boldly maintained in the pulpit the views of the Protestant party. His preaching at Cambridge gave great offence to the Catholic clergy, at whose instigation Cardinal Wolsey instituted a court of bishops and deacons to execute the laws against heretics. Before this court Bilney and Latimer were summoned, when the recantation of the former, who was considered the principal man, caused both to be set at liberty. Bilney afterwards disclaimed his abjuration, and was burnt. This, however, nowise abated the boldness of Latimer, who continued to preach openly, and even wrote a letter to Henry VIII., remonstrating against the prohibition of the use of the Bible in English. This, although it failed to produce the desired result, seems to have given no offence to Henry, who soon afterwards presented Latimer to a living in Wiltshire, and in 1535 appointed him bishop of Worcester. After the fall of Anne Boleyn, the passing in parliament of the six articles establishing the doctrines of popery, induced him to resign his bishopric. During the latter part of Henry's reign, he suffered imprisonment; but being liberated after the accession of Edward VI., he became popular at court as a preacher, but never could be prevailed on to resume his episcopal functions. In Mary's reign, when measures were taken for the restoration of

[1] Irascible.

* Introduction to the Literature of the Fifteenth, Sixteenth, and Seventeenth Centuries, i. 554.

popery, Latimer was summoned before the council, and, though allowed an opportunity of escape, readily obeyed the citation, exclaiming, as he passed through Smithfield, 'This place has long groaned for me.' After a tedious imprisonment, he persisted in refusing to subscribe certain articles which were submitted to him, and suffered at the stake in 1555, exclaiming to his fellow-martyr, Bishop Ridley, 'Be of good comfort, Doctor Ridley, and play the man: we shall this day light such a candle, by God's grace, in England, as I trust shall never be put out.' His sermons, a collection of which was published in 1570, are remarkable for a familiarity and drollery of style, which, though it would now be reckoned very singular in the pulpit, was highly popular in his own time, and produced a wonderful impression on his hearers. Cranmer and he were instrumental in effecting a great improvement in the quality of clerical discourses, by substituting topics connected with moral duties for what was then the common subject-matter of sermons; namely, incredible and often ridiculous legendary tales of saints and martyrs, and accounts of miracles wrought for the confirmation of doctrines of the Catholic church. The following extracts from Latimer's sermons will give an idea of his style and peculiar manner:—

[*A Yeoman's Son of Henry VII.*]

My father was a yeoman, and had no lands of his own, only he had a farm of £3 or £4 by year at the uttermost, and hereupon he tilled so much as kept half a dozen men. He had walk for an hundred sheep, and my mother milked thirty kine. He was able, and did find the king a harness, with himself and his horse, while he came to the place that he should receive the king's wages. I can remember that I buckled his harness when he went to Blackheath field. He kept me to school, or else I had not been able to have preached before the king's majesty now. He married my sisters with £5 or 20 nobles a-piece, so that he brought them up in godliness and fear of God. He kept hospitality for his poor neighbours. And some alms he gave to the poor, and all this did he of the said farm. Where he that now hath it, payeth £16 by the year, or more, and is not able to do any thing for his prince, for himself, nor for his children, or give a cup of drink to the poor.

In my time my poor father was as diligent to teach me to shoot, as to learn me any other thing, and so I think other men did their children: he taught me how to draw, how to lay my body in my bow, and not to draw with strength of arms as divers other nations do, but with strength of the body. I had my bows bought me according to my age and strength; as I increased in them, so my bows were made bigger and bigger, for men shall never shoot well, except they be brought up in it: it is a worthy game, a wholesome kind of exercise, and much commended in physic.

[*Hasty Judgment.*]

Here I have occasion to tell you a story which happened at Cambridge. Master Bilney, or rather Saint Bilney, that suffered death for God's word's sake, the same Bilney was the instrument whereby God called me to knowledge, for I may thank him, next to God, for that knowledge that I have in the word of God. For I was as obstinate a papist as any was in England, insomuch that, when I should be made Bachelor of Divinity, my whole oration went against Philip Melancthon and against his opinions. Bilney heard me at that time, and perceived that I was zealous without knowledge; he came to me afterward in my study, and desired me for God's sake to hear his confession; I did so; and, to say the very truth, by his confession I learned more than before in many years; so from that time forward I began to smell the word of God, and forsook the school-doctors and such fooleries.

Now after I had been acquainted with him, I went with him to visit the prisoners in the tower at Cambridge, for he was ever visiting prisoners and sick folk. So we went together, and exhorted them as well as we were able to do; minding them to patience, and to acknowledge their fa[illegible] Among other prisoners, there was a woman which was accused that she had killed her child, which act she plainly and steadfastly denied, and could not be brought to confess the act; which denying gave us occasion to search for the matter, and so we did; and at length we found that her husband loved her not, and therefore he sought means to make her out of the way. The matter was thus:—

A child of hers had been sick by the space of a year, and so decayed, as it were, in a consumption. At length it died in harvest time; she went to her neighbours and other friends to desire their help to prepare the child for burial; but there was nobody at home, every man was in the field. The woman, in a heaviness and trouble of spirit, went, and being herself alone, prepared the child for burial. Her husband coming home, not having great love towards her, accused her of the murder, and so she was taken and brought to Cambridge. But as far forth as I could learn, through earnest inquisition, I thought in my conscience the woman was not guilty, all the circumstances well considered.

Immediately after this, I was called to preach before the king, which was my first sermon that I made before his majesty, and it was done at Windsor; where his majesty, after the sermon was done, did most familiarly talk with me in a gallery. Now, when I saw my time, I kneeled down before his majesty, opening the whole matter, and afterwards most humbly desired his majesty to pardon that woman. For I thought in my conscience she was not guilty, or else I would not for all the world sue for a murderer. The king most graciously heard my humble request, insomuch that I had a pardon ready for her at my returning homeward. In the mean season, that woman was delivered of a child in the tower of Cambridge, whose godfather I was, and Mistress Cheek was godmother. But all that time I hid my pardon, and told her nothing of it, only exhorting her to confess the truth. At length the time came when she looked to suffer; I came as I was wont to do, to instruct her; she made great moan to me. So we travailed with this woman till we brought her to a good opinion; and at length showed her the king's pardon, and let her go.

This tale I told you by this occasion, that though some women be very unnatural, and forget their children, yet when we hear any body so report, we should not be too hasty in believing the tale, but rather suspend our judgments till we know the truth.

[*Cause and Effect.*]

Here now I remember an argument of Master More's, which he bringeth in book that he made against Bilney, and here, by the way, I will tell you a merry toy. Master More was once sent in commission into Kent, to help to try out, if it might be, what was the cause of Goodwin sands and the shelf that stopped up Sandwich haven. Thither cometh Master More, and calleth the country before him, such as were thought to be men of experience, and men that could of likelihood best certify him of that matter concerning the stopping of Sandwich haven. Among others came in before him an old man with a white head, and one that was thought to be little less than a hundred years old. When Master More saw

this aged man, he thought it expedient to hear him say his mind in this matter, for, being so old a man, it was likely that he knew most of any man in that presence and company. So Master More called this old aged man unto him, and said, father, tell me, if ye can, what is the cause of this great rising of the sands and shelves here about this haven, the which stop it up, so that no ships can arrive here? Ye are the eldest man that I can espy in all this company, so that if any man can tell any cause of it, ye of likelihood can say most of it, or, at leastwise, more than any man here assembled. Yea, forsooth, good master, quoth this old man, for I am well nigh a hundred years old, and no man here in this company anything near unto my age. Well, then, quoth Master More, how say you in this matter? What think ye to be the cause of these shelves and flats that stop up Sandwich haven? Forsooth, Sir, quoth he, I am an old man; I think that Tenderden-steeple is the cause of Goodwin sands; for I am an old man, Sir, quoth he, and I may remember the building of Tenderden-steeple, and I may remember when there was no steeple at all there. And before that Tenderden-steeple was in building, there was no manner of speaking of any flats or sands that stopped the haven, and therefore I think that Tenderden-steeple is the cause of the destroying and decay of Sandwich haven. And so, to my purpose, preaching of God's word is the cause of rebellion, as Tenderden-steeple was the cause that Sandwich haven is decayed.

[*The Shepherds of Bethlehem.*

I pray you to whom was the nativity of Christ first opened? To the bishops or great lords which were at that time at Bethlehem? Or to those jolly damsels with their fardingales, with their round-abouts, or with their bracelets? No, no, they had too many lets to trim and dress themselves, so that they could have no time to hear of the nativity of Christ; their minds were so occupied otherwise, that they were not allowed to hear of him. But his nativity was revealed first to the shepherds, and it was revealed unto them in the night-time, when every body was at rest; then they heard this joyful tidings of the saviour of the world for these shepherds were keeping their sheep in the night season from the wolf and other beasts, and from the fox; for the sheep in that country do lamb two times in the year, and therefore it was needful for the sheep to have a shepherd to keep them. And here note the diligence of these shepherds; for whether the sheep were their own, or whether they were servants, I cannot tell, for it is not expressed in the book: but it is most like they were servants, and their masters had put them in trust to keep their sheep. Now, if these shepherds had been deceitful fellows, that when their masters had put them in trust to keep their sheep they had been drinking in the alehouse all night, as some of our servants do now-a-days, surely the angel had not appeared unto them to have told them this great joy and good tidings. And here all servants may learn by these shepherds, to serve truly and diligently unto their masters; in what business soever they are set to do, let them be painful and diligent, like as Jacob was unto his master Laban. O what a painful, faithful, and trusty man was he! He was day and night at his work, keeping his sheep truly, as he was put in trust to do; and when any chance happened that any thing was lost, he made it good and restored it again of his own. So likewise was Eleazarus a painful man, a faithful and trusty servant. Such a servant was Joseph in Egypt to his master Potiphar. So likewise was Daniel unto his master the king. But I pray you where are these servants now-a-days? Indeed, I fear me there be but very few of such faithful servants.

Now these shepherds, I say, they watch the whole night, they attend upon their vocation, they do according to their calling, they keep their sheep, they run not hither and thither, spending the time in vain, and neglecting their office and calling. No, they did not so. Here by these shepherds men may learn to attend upon their offices, and callings: I would wish that clergymen, the curates, parsons, and vicars, the bishops and all other spiritual persons, would learn this lesson by these poor shepherds; which is this, to abide by their flocks, and by their sheep, to tarry amongst them, to be careful over them, not to run hither and thither after their own pleasure, but to tarry by their benefices and feed their sheep with the food of God's word and to keep hospitality, and so to feed them both soul and body. For I tell you, these poor unlearned shepherds shall condemn many a stout and great learned clerk; for these shepherds had but the care and charge over brute beasts, and yet were diligent to keep them, and to feed them, and the other have the cure over God's lambs which he bought with the death of his son, and yet they are so careless, so negligent, so slothful over them; yea, and the most part intendeth not to feed the sheep, but they long to be fed of the sheep they seek only their own pastimes, the care for no more. But what said Christ to Peter? What said he? *Peter, amas me?* (*Peter, lovest thou me?*) Peter made answer, yes. *Then feed my sheep.* And so the third time he commanded Peter to feed his sheep. But our clergymen do declare plainly that they love not Christ, because they feed not his flock. If they had earnest love to Christ, no doubt they would they would feed his sheep. * *

'And the shepherds returned laud[illegible] and praising God, for all the things that they had h[illegible]rd and seen,' &c. They were not r[illegible]ade religious men, but returned again to their busine[illegible] and to their occupation. Here we learn every man t[illegible] follow his occupation and vocation, and not to l[illegible]ve the same, except God call him from it to another, for God would have every man to live in that order that he hath ordained for him. And no doubt the man that plieth his occupation truly, without any fraud or deceit, the same is acceptable to God, and he shall have everlasting

We read a pretty story of St Anthony, which being in the wilderness, led there a very hard and strait life, in so much as none at that time did the like; to whom came a voice from heaven saying Anthony, thou art not so perfect as is a cobbler that dwelleth at Alexandria. Anthony, hearing this, rose up forthwith, and took his staff and went till he came to Alexandria, where he found the cobbler. The cobbler was astonished to see so reverend a father come to his house. Then Anthony said unto him, come and tell me thy whole conversation, and how thou spendest thy time? Sir, said the cobbler, as for me, good works have I none; for my life is but simple and slender. I am but a poor cobbler; in the morning, when I rise, I pray for the whole city wherein I dwell, specially for all such neighbours and poor friends as I have. After, I set me at my labour, when I spend the whole day in getting my living, and I keep me from all falsehood, for I hate nothing so much as I do deceitfulness: wherefore, when I make to any man a promise, I keep it, and perform it truly, and thus I spend my time poorly, with my wife and children, whom I teach and instruct, as far as my wit will serve me, to fear and dread God. And this is the sum of my simple life.

In this story, you see how God loveth those that follow their vocation and live uprightly, without any falsehood in their dealing. This Anthony was a great holy man, yet this cobbler was as much esteemed before God as he.

JOHN FOX.

JOHN FOX, another of the theologians of this time, whose adoption of the reformed opinions brought them into trouble, was born at Boston in 1517. He studied at Oxford, where he applied himself with extreme industry and ardour to the study of divinity, and in particular to the investigation of those controverted points which were then engaging so much of the public attention. So close was his application to his studies, that he entirely withdrew from company, and often sat up during the greater part of the night. Becoming convinced of the errors of popery, he avowed his conversion when examined on a charge of heresy in 1545, and was, in consequence, expelled from his college. After this, being deserted by his friends, he was reduced to great poverty, till a Warwickshire knight engaged him as tutor to his family. Towards the end of the reign of Henry VIII., he went to London, where he might have perished for want, had not relief been administered to him by some unknown person, who seems to have been struck with his wretched appearance when sitting in St Paul's Cathedral. Soon after, he was fortunate enough to obtain employment as tutor in the Duchess of Richmond's family at Ryegate, in Surrey, where he continued till the persecutions of Mary's reign made him flee for safety to the continent. Proceeding through Antwerp and Strasburg to Basle, he there supported himself by correcting the press for Oporinus, a celebrated printer. At the accession of Queen Elizabeth, he returned to England, and was kindly received and provided for by the Duke of Norfolk, who had been his pupil at Ryegate. Through other powerful friends, he might now have obtained considerable preferment; but, entertaining conscientious scruples as to the articles which it was necessary to subscribe, and disapproving of some of the ceremonies of the church, he declined the offers made to him, except that of a prebend in the church of Salisbury, which he accepted with some reluctance. He died in 1587, much respected for the piety, modesty, humanity, and conscientiousness of his character, as well as his extensive acquirements in ecclesiastical antiquities, and other branches of learning. Fox was the author of a number of Latin treatises, chiefly on theological subjects; but the work on which his fame rests, is his *History of the Acts and Monuments of the Church*, popularly denominated Fox's Book of Martyrs. This celebrated production, on which the author laboured for eleven years, was published in 1563, under the title of 'Acts and Monuments of these latter perilous Days, touching matters of the Church, wherein are comprehended and described the great Persecutions and horrible Troubles that have been wrought and practised by the Romish Prelates, specially in this Realm of England and Scotland, from the year of our Lord a thousand, unto the Time now present,' &c. It was received with great favour by the Protestants, but, of course, occasioned much exasperation among the opposite party, who did all in their power to undermine its credit. That the author has frequently erred, and, like other controversial writers of the time, sometimes lost his temper, and sullied his pages with coarse language, cannot be denied; but that mistakes have been wilfully or malignantly committed, no one has been able to prove. As to what he derived from written documents, Bishop Burnet, in the preface to his History of the Reformation, bears strong testimony in his favour, by declaring that, 'having compared those Acts and Monuments with the records, he had never been able to discover any errors or prevarications in them, but the utmost fidelity and exactness.

[*The Invention of Printing.*]

What man soever was the instrument [whereby this invention was made], without all doubt God himself was the ordainer and disposer thereof, no otherwise than he was of the gift of *tongues*, and that for a similar purpose. And well may this gift of printing be resembled to the gift of tongues: for like as God then spake with many tongues, and yet all that would not turn the Jews; so now, when the Holy Ghost speaketh to the adversaries in innumerable sorts of books, yet they will not be converted, nor turn to the gospel.

Now to consider to what end and purpose the Lord hath given this gift of printing to the earth, and to what great utility and necessity it serveth, it is not hard to judge, who so wisely perpendeth both the time of the sending, and the sequel which thereof ensueth.

And first, touching the time of this faculty given to the use of man, this is to be marked: that when as the bishop of Rome with all and full the consent of the cardinals, patriarchs, archbishops, bishops, abbots, priors, lawyers, doctors, provosts, deans, archdeacons, assembled together in the Council of Constance, had condemned poor John Huss and Hierome of Prague to death for heresy, notwithstanding they were no heretics; and after they had subdued the Bohemians, and all the whole world under the supreme authority of the Romish see; and had made all Christian people tributaries and vassals unto the same, having (as one would say) all the world at their will, so that the matter now was past not only the power of all men, but the hope also of any man to be recovered: in this very time so dangerous and desperate, when man's power could do no more, there the blessed wisdom and omnipotent power of the Lord began to work for his church, not with sword and target to subdue his exalted adversary, but with printing, writing, and reading to convince darkness by light, error by truth, ignorance by learning. So that by this means of printing, the secret operation of God hath heaped upon that proud kingdom a double confusion. For whereas the bishop of Rome had burned John Huss before, and Hierome of Prague, who neither denied his transubstantiation, nor his supremacy, nor yet his popish mass, but said mass, and heard mass themselves; neither spake against his purgatory, nor any other great matter of his popish doctrine, but only exclaimed against his excessive and pompous pride, his unchristian or rather antichristian abomination of life: thus while he could not abide his wickedness only of life to be touched, but made it heresy, or at least matter of death, whatsoever was spoken against his detestable conversation and manners, God of his secret judgment, seeing time to help his church, hath found a way by this faculty of printing, not only to confound his life and conversation, which before he could not abide to be touched, but also to cast down the foundation of his standing, that is, to examine, confute, and detect his doctrine, laws, and institutions most detestable, in such sort, that though his life were never so pure, yet his doctrine standing as it doth, no man is so blind but may see, that either the pope is antichrist, or else that antichrist is near cousin to the pope: and all this doth, and will hereafter more and more, appear by printing.

The reason whereof is this: for that hereby tongues are known, knowledge groweth, judgment encreaseth, books are dispersed, the scripture is seen, the doctors be read, stories be opened, times compared, truth discerned, falsehood detected, and with finger pointed, and all (as I said) through the benefit of printing. Wherefore I suppose, that either the pope must abolish printing, or he must seek a new world to reign over: for else, as the world standeth, printing doubtless will

abolish him. But the pope, and all his college of cardinals, must this understand, that through the light of printing, the world beginneth now to have eyes to see, and heads to judge. He cannot walk so invisible in a net, but he will be spied. And although, through might, he stopped the mouth of John Huss before, and of Hierome, that they might not preach, thinking to make his kingdom sure; yet, in stead of John Huss and other, God hath opened the press to preach, whose voice the pope is never able to stop with all the puissance of his triple crown. By this printing, as by the gift of tongues, and as by the singular organ of the Holy Ghost, the doctrine of the gospel soundeth to all nations and countries under heaven: and what God revealeth to one man, is dispersed to many; and what is known in one nation, is opened to all.

[*The Death of Queen Anne Bolegn.*]

In certain records thus we find, that the king being in his justs at Greenwich, suddenly, with a few persons, departed to Westminster, and the next day after Queen Anne his wife was had to the Tower, with the Lord Rochford, her brother, and certain other; and the nineteenth day after was beheaded. The words of this worthy and Christian lady at her death were these: 'Good Christian people, I am come hither to die; for, according to the law, and by the law, I am judged to death, and therefore I will speak nothing against it. I am come hither to accuse no man, nor to speak any thing of that whereof I am accused and condemned to die; but I pray God save the king, and send him long to reign over you, for a gentler, or a more merciful prince was there never; and to me he was a very good, a gentle, and a sovereign lord. And if any person will meddle of my cause, I require them to judge the best. And thus I take my leave of the world, and of you all, and I heartily desire you all to pray for me. The Lord have mercy on me; to God I recommend my soul.' And so she kneeled down, saying, 'to Christ I commend my soul; Jesus, receive my soul;' repeating the same divers times, till at length the stroke was given, and her head was stricken off.

And this was the end of that godly lady and queen. Godly I call her, for sundry respects, whatsoever the cause was, or quarrel objected against her. First, her last words spoken at her death declared no less, her sincere faith and trust in Christ, than did her quiet modesty utter forth the goodness of the cause and matter, whatsoever it was. Besides that, to such as wisely can judge upon cases occurrent, this also may seem to give a great clearing unto her, that the king, the third day after, was married in his whites unto another. Certain this was, that for the rare and singular gifts of her mind, so well instructed, and given toward God, with such a fervent desire unto the truth, and setting forth of sincere religion, joined with like gentleness, modesty, and pity toward all men, there have not many such queens before her borne the crown of England. Principally, this one commendation she left behind her, that during her life, the religion of Christ most happily flourished, and had a right prosperous course.

Many things might be written more of the manifold virtues, and the quiet moderation of her mild nature; how lowly she would bear, not only to be admonished, but also of her own accord, would require her chaplains, plainly and freely to tell whatsoever they saw in her amiss. Also, how bountiful she was to the poor, passing not only the poor example of other queens, but also the revenues almost of her estate: insomuch, that the alms which she gave in three quarters of a year, in distribution, is summed to the number of fourteen or fifteen thousand pounds; besides the great piece of money, which her Grace intended to impart into four sundry quarters of the realm, as for a stock, there to be employed to the behoof of poor artificers and occupiers. Again, what a zealous defender she was of Christ's gospel, all the world doth know, and her acts do and will declare to the world's end. Amongst which other her acts, this is one, that she placed Master Hugh Latimer in the bishopric of Worcester, and also preferred Doctor Sharton to his bishopric, being then accounted a good man. Furthermore, what a true faith she bore unto the Lord, this one example may stand for many: for that, when King Henry was with her at Woodstock, and there being afraid of an old blind prophecy, for the which, neither he nor other kings before him, durst hunt in the said park of Woodstock, nor enter into the town of Oxford, at last, through the Christian, and faithful counsel of that queen, he was so armed against all infidelity, that both he hunted in the foresaid park, and also entered into the town of Oxford, and had no harm. But, because touching the memorable virtues of this worthy queen, partly we have said something before, partly because more also is promised to be declared of her virtuous life (the Lord so permitting), by other who then were about her, I will cease in this matter further to proceed.

A notable History of William Hunter, a young man of 19 years, pursued to death by Justice Brooke for the Gospel's sake, worthy of all young men and persons to be read.

[In the first year of Queen Mary, William Hunter, apprentice to a silk weaver in London, was discharged from his master's employment, in consequence of his refusing to attend mass. Having returned to the house of his father at Brantwood, he attracted the attention of the spiritual authorities by his reading a copy of the Scriptures. He was finally condemned to die for heresy.]

In the mean time William's father and mother came to him, and desired heartily of God that he might continue to the end, in that good way which he had begun, and his mother said to him, that she was glad that ever she was so happy to bear such a child, which could find in his heart to lose his life for Christ's name's sake.

Then William said to his mother, 'For my little pain which I shall suffer, which is but a short braid, Christ hath promised me, mother (said he), a crown of joy: may you not be glad of that, mother?' With that his mother kneeled down on her knees, saying, 'I pray God strengthen thee, my son, to the end: yea, I think thee as well-bestowed as any child that ever I bare.'

At the which words, Master Higbed took her in his arms, saying, 'I rejoice (and so said the others) to see you in this mind, and you have a good cause to rejoice.' And his father and mother both said, that they were never of other mind, but prayed for him, that, as he had begun to confess Christ before men, he likewise might so continue to the end. William's father said, 'I was afraid of nothing, but that my son should have been killed in the prison for hunger and cold, the bishop was so hard to him.' But William confessed, after a month that his father was charged with his board, that he lacked nothing, but had meat and clothing enough, yea, even out of the court, both money, meat, clothes, wood, and coals, and all things necessary.

Thus they continued in their inn, being the Swan in Bruntwood, in a parlour, whither resorted many people of the country to see those good men which were there; and many of William's acquaintance came to him, and reasoned with him, and he with them, exhorting them to come away from the abomination of Popish superstition and idolatry.

Thus passing away Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, on Monday at night it happened, that William had a dream about two of the clock in the morning, which

was this: how that he was at the place where the stake was pight, where he should be burned, which (as he thought in his dream) was at the town's end where the butts[1] stood, which was so indeed; and also he dreamed that he met with his father, as he went to the stake, and also that there was a priest at the stake, which went about to have him recant. To whom he said (as he thought in his dream), how that he bade him away false prophet, and how that he exhorted the people to beware of him and such as he was, which things came to pass indeed. It happened that William made a noise to himself in his dream, which caused M. Higbed and the others to awake him out of his sleep, to know what he lacked. When he awaked, he told them his dream in order as is said.

Now when it was day, the sheriff, M. Brocket called on to set forward to the burning of William Hunter. Then came the sheriff's son to William Hunter, and embraced him in his right arm, saying, 'William, be not afraid of these men, which are here present with bows, bills, and weapons, ready prepared to bring you to the place, where you shall be burned.' To whom William answered, 'I thank God I am not afraid for I have cast my count, what it will cost me, already.' Then the sheriff's son could speak no more to him for weeping.

Then William Hunter plucked up his gown, stepped over the [illegible] ditch, and went cheerfully, the sheriff's servant taking him by the arm, and his brother; and thus as they went the way, he met with his father according to the dream, and he spake to his son, weeping, and saying, 'God be with thee, son William;' and William said, 'God be with you, good father, and be of good comfort, for I hope we shall meet again, when we shall be merry.' His father said, 'I hope so, William,' and so departed. So William went to the place where the stake stood, even according to his dream, whereas all things were very unready. Then William took a wet broom faggot, and kneeled down thereon, and read the 51st psalm, till he came to these words, 'The sacrifice of God is a contrite spirit; a contrite and a broken heart, O God, thou wilt not despise.'

Then said Master Tyrell of the Bristoles, called William Tyrell, 'Thou liest,' said he; 'thou readest false, for the words are, "an humble spirit."' But William said, 'The translation saith "a contrite heart."' 'Yea,' quoth Mr Tyrell, 'the translation is false; ye translate books as ye list yourselves, like heretics.' 'Well,' quoth William, 'there is no great difference in those words.' Then said the sheriff, 'Here is a letter from the queen: if thou wilt recant, thou shalt live; if not, thou shalt be burned.' 'No,' quoth William, 'I will not recant, God willing.' William rose, and went to the stake, and stood right to it. Then came one Richard Pond, a bailiff, and made fast the chain about William.

Then said Master Brown, 'Here is not wood enough to burn a leg of him.' Then said William, 'Good people, pray for me: and make speed, and dispatch quickly; and pray for me while ye see me alive, good people, and I will pray for you likewise.' 'How!' quoth Master Brown, 'pray for thee! I will pray no more for thee than I will pray for a dog.' To whom William answered, 'Master Brown, now you have that which you sought for, and I pray God it be not laid to your charge in the last day; howbeit, I forgive you.' Then said Master Brown, 'I ask no forgiveness of thee.' 'Well,' said William, 'if God forgive you not, I shall require my blood at your hands.'

Then said William, 'Son of God, shine upon me!' and immediately the sun in the element shone out of a dark cloud so full in his face, that he was constrained to look another way, whereat the people mused, because it was so dark a little time afore. Then William took up a faggot of broom and embraced it in his arms.

Then this priest which William dreamed of, came to his brother Robert with a popish book to carry to William, that he might recant, which book his brother would not meddle withal. Then William, seeing the priest, and perceiving how he would have showed him the book, said, 'Away, thou false prophet! Beware of them, good people, and come away from their abominations, lest that you be partakers of their plagues.' Then, quoth the priest, 'Look how thou burnest here, so shalt thou burn in hell.' William answered, 'Thou liest, thou false prophet! Away, thou false prophet! away!'

Then there was a gentleman which said, 'I pray God have mercy upon his soul.' The people said, 'Amen, Amen.'

Immediately fire was made. Then William cast his psalter right into his brother's hand, who said, 'William, think on the holy passion of Christ, and be not afraid of death.' And William answered, 'I am not afraid.' Then lift he up his hands to heaven, and said, 'Lord, Lord, Lord, receive my spirit!' And casting down his head again into the smothering smoke, he yielded up his life for the truth, sealing it with his blood to the praise of God.

[1] Archery butts.

JOHN LELAND.

In this age arose the first English antiquarian writer, in the person of JOHN LELAND. He was born in London, and received his education at St Paul's school in his native city, at Cambridge and

John Leland.

Oxford, completing it by a residence of considerable duration at Paris, where he enjoyed the friendship of many learned men. Leland was one of the earliest Greek scholars in England, was acquainted with French, Italian, and Spanish, and studied, what few then gave any attention to, the Welsh and Saxon. Henry VIII. made him one of his chaplains, and bestowed sundry benefices upon him. Having a strong natural bent to antiquities, he obtained from the king a commission to inspect records, wherever placed, and, armed with this, he proceeded upon a tour of the whole kingdom, at once to visit the remains of ancient buildings, tumuli, and other objects surviv-

ing from an early age, and to make researches in the libraries of colleges, abbeys, and cathedrals. In six years, he collected an immense mass of valuable matters, some of which he deposited in the king's library. The writings which he subsequently composed, with reference to his favourite pursuits, convey a most respectful impression of his diligence, and of the value of his labours; but they present little attraction, except to readers of peculiar taste. Some are in Latin;* but the most important is in English, namely his *Itinerary*,—an account of his travels, and of the ancient remains which he visited, together with a catalogue of English writers. Leland was for the two last years of his life insane, probably from enthusiastic application to his favourite study, and died in London in 1552.

GEORGE CAVENDISH.

At this time lived GEORGE CAVENDISH, gentleman-usher to Cardinal Wolsey, and afterwards employed in the same capacity by Henry VIII. To the former he was strongly attached, and after the prelate's fall, he continued to serve him faithfully till his death. Cavendish himself died in 1557, leaving, in manuscript, a *Life of Cardinal Wolsey*, in which, while he admits the arrogant disposition of his old master, he highly extols his general character.† Mr S. W. Singer has printed, for the first time, *Metrical Visions* by Cavendish, concerning the fortunes and fall of some of the most eminent persons of his time. Respecting the Life of Wolsey he observes:—'There is a sincere and impartial adherence to truth, a reality, in Cavendish's narrative, which bespeaks the confidence of his reader, and very much increases his pleasure. It is a work without pretension, but full of natural eloquence, devoid of the formality of a set rhetorical composition, unspoiled by the affectation of that *classical manner* in which all biography and history of old time was prescribed to be written, and which often divests such records of the attraction to be found in the conversational style of Cavendish. * * Our great poet has literally followed him in several passages of his King Henry VIII., merely putting his language into verse. Add to this the historical importance of the work, as the only sure and authentic source of information upon many of the most interesting events of that reign; and from which all historians have largely drawn (through the secondary medium of Holinshed and Stow, who adopted Cavendish's narrative), and its intrinsic value need not be more fully expressed.'

[*King Henry's Visits to Wolsey's House.*]

And when it pleased the king's majesty, for his recreation, to repair unto the cardinal's house, as he did divers times in the year, at which time there wanted no preparations, or goodly furniture, with viands of the finest sort that might be provided for money or friendship; such pleasures were then devised for the king's comfort and consolation, as might be invented, or by man's wit imagined. The banquets were set forth with masks and mummeries, in so gorgeous a sort and costly manner, that it was a heaven to behold. There wanted no dames or damsels, meet or apt to dance with the maskers, or to garnish the place for the time with other goodly disports. Then was there all kind of music and harmony set forth, with excellent voices both of men and children. I have seen the king suddenly come in thither in a mask, with a dozen of other maskers, all in garments like shepherds, made of fine cloth of gold, and fine crimson satin paned, and caps of the same, with visors of good proportion of visnomy; their hairs, and beards, either of fine gold wire, or else of silver, and some being of black silk; having sixteen torch bearers, besides their drums, and other persons attending upon them, with visors, and clothed all in satin, of the same colours. And at his coming, and before he came into the hall, ye shall understand that he came by water to the watergate, without any noise, where, against his coming, were laid charged many chambers,[1] and at his landing they were all shot off, which made such a rumble in the air, that it was like thunder. It made all the noblemen, ladies, and gentlewomen, to muse what it should mean coming so suddenly, they sitting quietly at a solemn banquet. * * * Then, immediately after this great shot of guns, the cardinal desired the lord chamberlain and comptroller to look what this sudden shot should mean, as though he knew nothing of the matter. They thereupon looking out of the windows into Thames, returned again, and showed him, that it seemed to them there should be some noblemen and strangers arrived at his bridge, as ambassadors from some foreign prince. * * * Then quoth the cardinal to my lord chamberlain, 'I pray you,' quoth he, 'show them that it seemeth me that there should be among them some noblemen, whom I suppose to be much more worthy of honour to sit and occupy this room and place than I; to whom I would most gladly, if I knew him, surrender my place according to my duty.' Then spake my lord chamberlain unto them in French, declaring my lord cardinal's mind; and they rounding[2] him again in the ear, my lord chamberlain said to my lord cardinal, 'Sir, they confess,' quoth he, 'that among them there is such a noble personage, whom, if your Grace can appoint him from the other, he is contented to disclose himself, and to accept your place most worthily.' With that the cardinal, taking a good advisement among them, at the last, quoth he, 'Me seemeth the gentleman with the black beard should be even he.' And with that he arose out of his chair, and offered the same to the gentleman in the black beard, with his cap in his hand. The person to whom he offered then his chair was Sir Edward Neville, a comely knight of a goodly personage, that much more resembled the king's person in that mask than any other. The king, hearing and perceiving the cardinal so deceived in his estimation and choice, could not forbear laughing; but plucked down his visor, and Master Neville's also, and dashed out with such a pleasant countenance and cheer, that all noble estates[3] there assembled, seeing the king to be there amongst them, rejoiced very much. The cardinal eftsoons[4] desired his highness to take the place of estate, to whom the king answered, that he would go first and shift his apparel; and so departed, and went straight into my

* 1. *Assertio Inclytissimi Arturii, Regis Britanniæ.* London: 1543. 4to.
2. *Commentarii de Scriptoribus Britannicis.* Oxford: 1709.
3. *De Rebus Britannicis Collectanea.* Oxford: 1715.

† This work did not appear in print till 1641, when it was published under the title of 'The Negociations of Thomas Wolsey;' but as the chief object of sending it forth was to reconcile the nation to the death of Archbishop Laud, by drawing a parallel between the two prelates, the manuscript, before it went to the press, was greatly mutilated by abridgment and interpolation. A correct copy was, however, published in 1810 by Dr Wordsworth, in the first volume of his 'Ecclesiastical Biography;' and it has since been reprinted separately in 1825, by Mr Samuel Weller Singer, along with a dissertation by the Rev. Joseph Hunter, proving the author to have been George Cavendish, and not his brother Sir William, as stated in the Biographia Britannica, and later publications.

[1] Short guns, or cannon, without carriages; chiefly used for festive occasions.
[2] Whispering. [3] Persons of rank. [4] Immediately.

lord's bedchamber, where was a great fire made and prepared for him, and there new apparelled him with rich and princely garments. And in the time of the king's absence, the dishes of the banquet were clean taken up, and the table spread again with new and sweet perfumed cloths; every man sitting still until the king and his maskers came in among them again, every man being newly apparelled. Then the king took his seat under the cloth of estate, commanding no man to remove, but sit still, as they did before. Then in came a new banquet before the king's majesty, and to all the rest through the tables, wherein, I suppose, were served two hundred dishes, or above, of wondrous costly meats and devices, subtilly devised. Thus passed they forth the whole night with banquetting, dancing, and other triumphant devices, to the great comfort of the king, and pleasant regard of the nobility there assembled.

LORD BERNERS.

Lord Berners, another favourite of Henry VIII., under whom he was chancellor of the exchequer, and governor of Calais, is known chiefly as the author of a translation of the French chronicler, Froissart. His version of that fascinating narrative of contemporary events in England, France, Flanders, Scotland, and other countries,* was executed by the king's command, and appeared in 1523. It is an excellent sample of the English language of that period, being remarkable for the purity and nervousness of its style.† Lord Berners wrote also *The History of the Most Noble and Valiant Knight, Arthur of Little Britain*, and other works, translated from the French and Spanish: he was likewise the author of a book on *The Duties of the Inhabitants of Calais*. From his translation of Froissart (which was reprinted in 1812), we extract the following passages:—

[*Battle of Cressy.*]

When the French king saw the Englishmen, his blood changed, and (he) said to his marshalls, 'Make the Genoese go on before, and begin the battle in the name of God and St Denis.' There were of the Genoese crossbows about a fifteen thousand, but they were so weary of going a-foot that day, a six leagues, armed with their crossbows, that they said to their constables, 'We be not well ordered to fight this day, for we be not in the case to do any great deed of arms: we have more need of rest.' These words came to the Earl of Alençon, who said, 'A man is well at ease to be charged with such a sort of rascals, to be faint and fail now at most need.' Also, the same season, there fell a great rain and an eclipse, with a terrible thunder; and before the rain, there came flying over the battles a great number of crows for fear of the tempest coming. Then anon the air began to wax clear, and the sun to shine fair and bright, the which was right in the Frenchmens' eyen, and on the Englishmens' back. When the Genoese were assembled together, and began to approach, they made a great leap and cry, to abash the Englishmen; but they stood still, and stirred not for all that. Then the Genoese again the second time made another leap and a fell cry, and stepped forward a little; and the Englishmen removed not one foot. Thirdly again, they leaped and cried, and went forth till they came within shot; then they shot fiercely with their cross-bows. Then the English archers stepped forth one pace, and let fly their arrows so wholly and thick that it seemed snow. When the Genoese felt the arrows piercing through heads and arms and breasts, many of them cast down their cross-bows, and did cut their strings, and returned discomfited. When the French king saw them flee away, he said, 'Slay these rascals, for they shall let and trouble us without reason.' Then ye should have seen the men-at-arms dash in among them, and killed a great number of them, and ever still the Englishmen shot whereas they saw the thickest press; the sharp arrows ran into the men-at-arms and into their horses; and many fell horse and men among the Genoese; and when they were down, they could not relieve again; the press was so thick that one overthrew another. And also, among the Englishmen, there were certain rascals that went on foot with great knives, and they went in among the men-at-arms, and murdered many as they lay on the ground, both earls, barons, knights, and squires, whereof the King of England was after displeased, for he had rather they had been taken prisoners.

JOHN BELLENDEN.

Contemporary with Lord Berners was John Bellenden, archdean of Moray, a favourite of James V. of Scotland, and one of the lords of session in the reign of Queen Mary. Besides writing a topography of Scotland, epistles to James V., and some poems, he translated, by the king's command, Hector Boece's History of Scotland, and the first five books of Livy. The translation of Boece was published in 1536, and constitutes the earliest existing specimen of Scottish literary prose. The first original work in that language was one entitled *The Complaynt of Scotland*, which was published at St Andrews in 1548, by an unknown author, and consists of a meditation on the distracted state of the kingdom. The difference between the language of these works and that employed by the English writers of the preceding century is not great. Bellenden's translation of Boece is rather a free one, and additions are sometimes made by the translator.* Another translation, published by Holinshed, an English Chronicler, in the reign of Elizabeth, was the source from which Shakspeare derived the historical materials of his tragedy of Macbeth. Two extracts from Bellenden's version, in the original spelling, are here subjoined:

[*Part of the Story of Macbeth.*]

Nocht lang eftir, hapnit ane uncouth and wounderfull thing, be quhilk followit, sone, ane gret alteration in the realme. Be aventure, Makbeth and Banquho wer passand to Fores, quhair King Duncane hapnit to be for the time, and met be the gait thre wemen, clothit in elrage and uncouth weid. Thay wer jugit, be the pepill, to be weird sisteris. The first of thaim said to Makbeth, 'Hale, Thane of Glammis!' the second said, 'Hale, Thane of Cawder!' and the third said, 'Hale, King of Scotland!' Than said Banquho, 'Quhat wemen be ye, sa unmercifull to me, and sa favorable to my companyeon? For ye gaif to him nocht onlie landis and gret rentis, bot gret lordschippis and kingdomes; and gevis me nocht.' To this, answerit the first of thir weird sisteris, 'We schaw more felicite apparing to thee than to him; for

* Froissart resided in England as secretary to the queen of Edward III., from 1361 to 1366, and again visited that country in 1395. On the former occasion, he paid a visit to Scotland, where he was entertained by the Earl of Douglas. His history, which extends from 1326 to 1400, is valued chiefly for the view which it gives of the manners of the times, and the state of the countries and their inhabitants.

† There is a translation of Froissart in modern English—the work of Mr Johnes of Hafod; but that of Lord Berners is deemed its superior, not only in vigorous characteristic expression, but, what is more surprising, in correctness.

* An excellent reprint of it, along with an edition of the translation of Livy, appeared in Edinburgh in 1821.

thoucht he happin to be ane king, his empire sall end unhappelie, and nane of his blude sall eftir him succeid; be contrar, thow sall nevir be king, bot of the sal cum mony kingis, quhilkis, with lang progressioun, sall rejose the croun of Scotland.' Als sone as thir wourdis wer said, thay suddanlie evanist out of sicht. This prophecy and divinatioun wes haldin mony dayis in derision to Banquho and Makbeth. For sum time, Banquho wald call Makbeth, King of Scottis, for derisioun; and he, on the samin maner, wald call Banquho the fader of mony kingis. Yit, becaus al thingis succedit as thir wemen devinit, the pepill traistit and jugit thaim to be weird sisteris. Not lang eftir, it hapnit that the Thane of Cawder wes disherist and forfaltit of his landis, for certane crimes of lese majeste; and his landis wer gevin be King Duncane to Makbeth. It hapnit in the next nicht, that Banquho and Makbeth wer sportand togiddir at thair supper. Than said Banquho, 'Thow hes gottin all that the first two weird sisteris hecht. Restis nocht bot the croun, quhilk wes hecht be the thrid sister.' Makbeth, revolving all thingis as thay wer said be thir weird sisteris, began to covat the croun; and yit he concludit to abide quhil he saw the time ganand thairto, fermelie beleving that the thrid weird suld cum, as the first two did afore.

In the mene time, King Duncane maid his son Malcolme Prince of Cumbir, to signify that he suld regne eftir him. Quhilk wes gret displeseir to Makbeth; for it maid plane derogatioun to the thrid weird, promittit afore to him be thir weird sisteris. Nochtheles, he thocht, gif Duncane wer slane, he had maist richt to the croun, becaus he wes nerest of blud thairto, be tennour of the auld lawis maid eftir the deith of King Fergus, 'Quhen young children wer unabil to govern the croun, the nerrest of thair blude sall regne.' Als, the respons of thir weird sisteris put him in beleif, that the thrid weird suld cum als weill as the first two. Attour, his wife, impacient of lang tary, as all wemen ar, specially quhare thay ar desirus of ony purpos, gaif him gret artation to persew the thrid weird, that scho micht be ane quene; calland him, oft timis, febil cowart, and nocht desirus of honouris; sen he durst not assailye the thing with manheid and curage, quhilk is offerit to him be benivolence of fortoun; howbeit sindry otherishes assailyeit sic thingis afore, with maist terribil jeopardyis, quhen thay had not sic sickernes to succeid in the end of thair laubouris as he had.

Makbeth, be persuasion of his wife, gaderit his freindis to ane counsall at Innernes, quhare King Duncane happinit to be for the time. And because he fand sufficient oportunite, be support of Banquho and otheris his freindis, he slew King Duncane, the vii yeir of his regne. His body was buryit in Elgin, and eftir tane up and brocht to Colmekill, quhare it remanis yit, amang the sepulturis of uthir kingis; fra our redemption, MXLVI yeris.

The New Maneris and the Auld, of Scottis.

Our eldaris howbeit thay war richt virtewis baith in weir and peace, war maist exercit with temperance; for it is the fontane of all virtew. Thay disjunit[1] airly in the morning with smal refectioun, and sustenit thair liffis thairwith quhil[2] the time of sowper; throw quhilk thair stomok was nevir surfetly chargit, to empesche thaim of uthir besines. At the sowpar thay war mair large; howbeit thay had bot ane cours. Thay eit, for common, flesche half raw; for the saup is maist nurisand in that maner. All dronkatis, glutonis, and consumers of vittalis, mair nor was necessar to the sustentation of men, war tane, and first commandit to swelly thair fowth[3] of quhat drink thay plesit, and incontinent thairefter was drownit in ane fresche rever. * * Now I belief nane hes sic eloquence, nor fouth of langage, that can sufficientlie declare, how far we, in thir present dayis, ar different fra the virtew and temperance of our eldaris. For quhare our eldaris had sobriete, we have ebriete and dronkines; quhare thay had plente with sufficence, we have immoderat cursis [courses] with superfluite; as he war maist noble and honest, that culd devore and swelly maist; and, be extreme diligence, serchis sa mony deligat coursis, that thay provoke the stomok to ressave mair than it may sufficientlie degest. And nocht allenarlie[4] may surfet dennar and sowper suffice us, above the temperance of oure eldaris, bot als to continew our schamefull and immoderit voracite with dubble dennaris and sowparis. Na fishe in the se, nor foul in the aire, nor best in the wod, may have rest, but socht heir and thair, to satisfy the hungry appetit of glutonis. Nocht allenarly ar winis socht in France, bot in Spainye, Italy, and Grece; and, sumtime, baith Aphrik and Asia socht, for new delicius metis and winis, to the samin effect. Thus is the warld sa utterly socht, that all maner of droggis and electuaris, that may nuris the lust and insolence of pepill, ar brocht in Scotland, with maist sumptuus price, to na les dammage than perdition of the pepill thereof: for, throw the immoderat gluttony, our wit and reason ar sa blindit within the presoun of the body, that it may have no knawledge of hevinly thingis; for the body is involvit with sic clowdis of fatnes, that, howbeit it be of gud complexioun be nature, it is sa oppreist with superfluu metis and drinkis, that it may na thir weild, nor yit ouir[5] the self; bot, confessand the self vincust, gevis place to all infirmiteis, quhil it be miserably destroyit.

[*Extract from the Complaynt of Scotland.*]

There eftir I heard the rumour of rammasche[3] foulis and of beystis that made grite beir,[3] quhilk past beside burnis and boggis on green bankis to seek their sustentation. Their brutal sound did redound to the high skyis, quhil the deephoul[6] cauernis of cleuchis[6] and roteche craggis ansuert vitht ane high note of that samyn sound as thay beystis hed blanen. It aperit be presumyng and presuposing, that blaberand eccho had been hid in ane hou hole, eryand hyr half ansueir, quhen Narcissus rycht sorry socht for his saruandis, quhen he was in ane forrest, far fra ony folkis, and there efter for love of eccho he drounit in ane drau vel. Nou to tel treutht of the beystis that maid sic beir, and of the dyn that the foulis did, ther syndry soundis hed nothir temperance nor tune. For fyrst furtht on the fresche fieldis the nolt maid noyis vitht mony loud lou. Baytht horse and meyris did fast nee, and the folis neckyr. The bullis began to bullir, quhen the scheip began to blait, because the calfis began till mo, quhen the doggis berkit. Than the suyne began to quhryne quhen thai herd the asse rair, quhilk gart[7] the hennis kekkyl quhen the cokis creu. The chekyns began to peu when the gled quhissillit. The fox followit the fed geise and gart them cry elaik. The gayslingis cryit quhilk quhilk, and the dukis cryit quaik. The ropeen of the rauynis gart the cras crope. The huddit crauis cryit varrok varrok, quhen the suannis murnit, because the gray goul mau pronosticat ane storme. The turtil began for to greit, quhen the cuschet zoulit. The titlene followit the goilk,[8] and gart hyr sing guk guk. The dou[9] croutit hyr sad sang that soundit lyik sorrou. Robeen and

[1] Breakfasted. [2] Until. [3] Full quantity, or fill.

[1] Not only. [2] Oversee, rule.
[3] Singing, (Fr. ramage).
[4] A shrill noise. [5] Hollow. [6] Cloughs, deep valleys or ravines in the hills. [7] Forced, caused. [8] Cuckoo. [9] Dove.

the litil oran var hamely in vyntir. The jargolyne of the swallow gart the jay angil,[1] than the meveis[2] maid myrthi, for to mok the merle. The laverok maid melody up hie in the skyis. The nychtingal al the nycht sang sueit notis. The tuechitis[3] cryit theuis nek, quhen the piettis clattrit. The garruling of the stirlene gart the sparrou cheip. The lyntquhit sang counterpoint quhen the oszil zelpit. The grene serene sang sueit, quhen the gold spynk chantit. The rede schank[4] cryit my fut my fut, and the oxee[5] cryit tueit. The herrons gaif ane vvild skrech as the kyl hed bene in fyir, quhilk gart the quhapis for flevitnes fle far fra hame.

BALE, BISHOP OF OSSORY IN *Ireland* (1495-1563), must be esteemed as one of the most notable prose writers of this era. He was the author of many severe and intemperate tracts against Popery, both in Latin and English; but his most celebrated production is a Latin *Account of the Lives of Eminent Writers of Great Britain*, extending, as the title expresses it, from Japhet, one of the sons of Noah, to the year 1557. Bale left also many curious metrical productions in the English language, including several dramatic pieces on sacred subjects, which, to a modern taste, appear utterly burlesque. Among these are plays on John the Baptist's preaching; on the childhood, temptation, passion, and resurrection of Christ; on the Lord's Supper, and washing the disciples' feet, &c. All these pieces were doubtless performed in a grave and devout spirit; for Bale himself mentions that the first of [illegible] may be seen in the Harleian Miscellany; the tragedy of *God's Promises*, were acted [illegible] at the market-cross of Kilkenny upon [illegible]. In 1544, he published *A Brefe Chronycle concerninge the Examinacyon and Death of the Blessed Martyr of Christ, Sir Johan Oldecastell the Lorde Cobham*, from which we extract the account of Cobham's death. He suffered in 1417, for supporting the doctrines of Wickliffe, and was the first martyr among the English nobility.

Upon the [illegible] day [illegible] ol, he was brought out of [illegible] er with his [illegible] s bound behind him, having [illegible] ry cheerful [illegible] tenance. Then was he laid [illegible] on [illegible] hurdle, as [illegible] ugh he had been a most traitor to the [illegible] crown, and so drawn forth into Saint Giles' Field, where [illegible] s the [illegible] t set up a new pair of gallows. As he was coming to the place of [illegible] n, and was taken from the hurdle, he fell down devoutly upon his knees, desiring Almighty God to forgive his enemies. Then stood he up and beheld the multitude, exhorting them in most godly manner to follow the law of God written in the scriptures, and in any wise to beware of such teachers as they see contrary to Christ in their conversation and living, with many other special counsels. Then he was hanged up there by the middle in chains of iron, and so consumed alive in the fire, praising the name of God, so long as his life lasted. In the end he commended his soul into the hand of God, and so departed hence most Christenly, his body resolved into ashes.

WILLIAM TYNDALE.

The Reformation caused the publication of several versions of the Bible, which were perhaps the most important literary efforts of the reign of Henry VIII. The first part of the Scriptures printed in an English form was the New Testament, of which a translation was published in 1525 by WILLIAM TYNDALE, born in

William Tyndale

Gloucestershire, about the year 1477, a clergyman of great piety, learning, and gentleness of disposition. In the course of his labours he endured such persecution, that, in 1523, he found it necessary to quit England, and retire into Germany. He there visited Luther, who encouraged him in his laborious and hazardous undertaking. Wittemburg was the place where Tyndale's translation of the New Testament was first printed. It was speedily circulated, and eagerly perused in England, notwithstanding the severe persecution to which its possessors were exposed. Sir Thomas More distinguished himself as a most virulent opponent of Tyndale, against whom he published seven volumes of controversy, where such violent language as the following is employed:—'Our Saviour will say to Tyndale, Thou art accursed, Tyndale, the son of the devil; for neither flesh nor blood hath taught thee these heresies, but thine own father, the devil, that is in hell.'—'There should have been more burned by a great many than there have been within this seven year last past. The lack whereof, I fear me, will make more [be] burned within this seven year next coming, than else should have needed to have been burned in seven score. Ah, blasphemous beast, to whose roaring and lowing no good Christian man can without heaviness of heart give ear!' Tyndale translated also the first five books of the Old Testament, the publication of which was completed in 1530. Efforts were made by King Henry, Wolsey, and More, to allure him back to England, where they hoped to destroy him; but he was too cautious to trust himself there. His friend, John Frith, who had assisted him in translating, was more credulous of their promises of safety, and returning to London, was apprehended and burnt. Tyndale remained at Antwerp, till entrapped by an agent of Henry, who procured at Brussels a warrant to apprehend him for heresy. After some further proceedings, he was strangled and burnt for that crime at Vilvoord, near Antwerp, in September 1536, exclaiming at the stake, 'Lord, open the king of England's eyes!'

Tyndale's translation of the New Testament is, on the whole, admirable both for style and accuracy; and indeed our present authorised version has,

[1] Jangle. [2] Thrush. [3] Lapwing.
[4] Fieldfare. [5] Small hedge sparrow.

throughout, very closely followed it. To use the words of a profound modern scholar, 'It is astonishing how little obsolete the language of it is, even at this day; and, in point of perspicuity and noble simplicity, propriety of idiom, and purity of style, no English version has yet surpassed it.'* A beautiful edition of it has lately been published.† The following are Tyndale's translations of the Magnificat and Lord's Prayer, in the spelling of the original edition:—

And Mary sayde, My soule magnifieth the Lorde, and my sprete reioyseth in God my Savioure.

For he hath loked on the povre degre off his bonde mayden. Beholde nowe from hens forthe shall all generacions call me blessed.

For he that is myghty hath done to me greate thinges, and blessed ys his name:

And hys mercy is always on them that feare him thorow oute all generacions.

He hath shewed strengthe with his arme; he hath scattered them that are proude in the ymaginacion of their hertes.

He hath putt doune the myghty from their seates, and hath exalted them of lowe degre.

He hath filled the hongry with goode thinges, and hath sent away the ryche empty.

He hath remembred mercy, and hath holpen his servaunt Israhel.

Even as he promised to oure fathers, Abraham and to his seed for ever.

Oure Father which arte in heven, halowed be thy name. Let thy kingdom come. Thy wyll be fulfilled, as well in erth, as hit ys in heven. Geve vs this daye oure dayly breade. And forgeve vs oure treaspases, even as we forgeve them which treaspas vs. Leede vs not into temptacion, but delyvre vs from yvell. Amen.

MILES COVERDALE.

In translating the Pentateuch, Tyndale was assisted by MILES COVERDALE, who, in 1535, published the first English translation of the whole Scriptures, with this title: *Biblia, the Bible; That is, the Holy Scripture of the Olde and New Testament, faithfully and newly translated out of the Douteche and Latyn into English.* Coverdale was made bishop of Exeter in 1551, but retired to the Continent during the reign of Mary. When Elizabeth ascended the throne, he returned to England, and remained there till his death. His translation of the Bible has lately been reprinted in London. The extent of its variation from that of Tyndale will appear by contrasting the following verse, as rendered by each translator:

[*Tyndale's Version.*]

When the Lorde sawe that Lea was despised, he made her frutefull, but Rahel was baren. And Lea conceaved and bare a sonne and called his name Ruben, for she sayde: the Lorde hath lokeed upon my tribulation. And now my husbonde will love me.

[*Coverdale's Version.*]

But when the Lorde sawe that Lea was nothinge regarded, he made her fruteful and Rachel barren. And Lea conceaved and bare a sonne whom she called Ruben, and sayde: the Lorde hath loked upon mine adversitie. Now wyll my husbande love me.—*Gen.* xxix. 32.

* Dr Geddes's Prospectus to a New Translation of the Scriptures, p. 89.

† Edited by Mr George Offor. London: 1836.

These translations were speedily followed by others, so that the desire of the people for scriptural knowledge was amply gratified. The dissemination of so many copies of the sacred volume, where neither the Bible nor any considerable number of other books had formerly been in use, produced very remarkable effects. The versions first used, having been formed in some measure from the Latin translation, called the *Vulgate*, contained many words from that language, which had hardly before been considered as English; such as perdition, consolation, reconciliation, sanctification, immortality, frustrate, inexcusable, transfigure, and many others requisite for the expression of compound and abstract ideas, which had never occurred to our Saxon ancestors, and therefore were not represented by any terms in that language. These words, in the course of time, became part of ordinary discourse, and thus the language was enriched. In the Book of Common Prayer, compiled in the subsequent reign of Edward VI., and which affords many beautiful specimens of the English of that time, the efforts of the learned to make such words familiar, are perceptible in many places; where a Latin term is often given with a Saxon word of the same or nearly the same meaning following it, as 'humble and lowly,' 'assemble and meet together.' Another effect proceeded from the freedom with which the people were allowed to judge of the doctrines, and canvass the texts, of the sacred writings. The keen interest with which they now perused the Bible, hitherto a closed book to the most of them, is allowed to have given the first impulse to the practice of reading in both parts of the island, and to have been one of the causes of the flourishing literary era which followed.

Among the great men of this age, a high place is due to SIR JOHN CHEKE, (1514-1557), professor of Greek at Cambridge, and one of the preceptors of

Sir John Cheke.

the prince, afterwards Edward VI. He is chiefly distinguished for his exertions in introducing the study of the Greek language and literature into England. Having dictated to his pupils an improved mode of pronouncing Greek words, he was violently assailed on that account by Bishop Gardiner, then

chancellor of the university; but, notwithstanding the fulminations of this severe prelate, the system of Cheke prevailed, and still prevails. At his death, which was supposed to be occasioned by remorse for recanting Protestantism under the terror of the Marian persecution, he left several works in manuscript, amongst which was a translation of Matthew's Gospel, intended to exemplify a plan which he had conceived of reforming the English language by eradicating all words except those derived from Saxon roots. He also contemplated a reform in the spelling of English, an idea which has occurred to several learned men, but seems to be amongst the most hopeless ever entertained by the learned. The only original work of Cheke in English is a pamphlet, published in 1549, under the title of *The Hurt of Sedition, how grievous it is to a Commonwealth*, being designed to admonish the people who had risen under Ket the tanner. Of this, a specimen is subjoined.

[*Remonstrance with Levellers.*]

Ye pretend to a commonwealth. How amend ye it by killing of gentlemen, by spoiling of gentlemen, by imprisoning of gentlemen? A marvellous tanned[1] commonwealth. Why should ye hate them for their riches, or for their rule? Rule, they never took so much in hand as ye do now. They never resisted the king, never withstood his council, be faithful at this day, when ye be faithless, not only to the king, whose subjects ye be, but also to your lords, whose tenants ye be. Is this your true duty, in some of homage, in most of fealty, in all of allegiance, to leave your duties, go back from your promises, fall from your faith, and contrary to law and truth, to make unlawful assemblies, ungodly companies, wicked and detestable camps, to disobey your betters, and to obey your tanners, to change your obedience from a king to a Ket, to submit yourselves to traitors, and break your faith to your true king and lords? * * *

If riches offend you, because ye would have the like, then think that to be no commonwealth, but envy to the commonwealth. Envy it is to appair[2] another man's estate, without the amendment of your own; and to have no gentlemen, because ye be none yourselves, is to bring down an estate, and to mend none. Would ye have all alike rich? What is the overthrow of all labour, and utter decay of work in this realm. For, who will labour more, if, when he hath gotten more, the idle shall by lust, without right, take what him list from him, under pretence of equality with him? This is the bringing in of idleness, which destroyeth the commonwealth, and not the amendment of labour, which maintaineth the commonwealth. If there should be such equality, then ye take all hope away from yours, to come to any better estate than you now leave them. And as many mean men's children come honestly up, and are great succour to all their stock, so should none be hereafter holpen by you. But because you seek equality, whereby all cannot be rich, ye would that belike, whereby every man should be poor. And think beside, that riches and inheritance be God's providence, and given to whom of his wisdom he thinketh good.

[1] Alluding to the profession of the ringleader. [2] Impair.

THOMAS WILSON.

THOMAS WILSON, originally a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and who rose to be Dean of Durham, and to various high state employments under Elizabeth, may be considered as the first critical writer upon the English language.* He published, in 1553, a *System of Rhetoric and of Logic*, in which the principles of eloquence and composition are laid down with considerable ability. He strongly advocates, in this treatise, simplicity of language, and condemns those writers who disturb the natural arrangement of their words, and reject familiar and appropriate phrases for the sake of others more refined and curious. So great and dangerous an innovation were his doctrines considered, that, happening to visit Rome, he was imprisoned as a heretic. Amongst other false styles censured by Wilson is that of alliteration, of which he gives the following caricatured example:—'Pitiful poverty prayeth for a penny, but puffed presumption passeth not a point, pampering his paunch with pestilent pleasure, procuring his passport to post it to hell-pit, there to be punished with pains perpetual.' Wilson died in 1581. There is much good sense in the following passages of his *Art of Rhetoric*:—

* Burnett. Specimens of English Prose Writers.

[*Simplicity of Style Recommended.*]

Among other lessons, this should first be learned, that we never affect any strange inkhorn terms, but to speak as is commonly received; neither seeking to be over fine, nor yet living over careless; using our speech as most men do, and ordering our wits as the wisest have done. Some seek so far for outlandish English, that they forget altogether their mother's language. And I dare swear this, if some of their mothers were alive, they were not able to tell what they say, and yet these fine English clerks will say they speak in their mother tongue, if a man should charge them with counterfeiting the king's English. Some far journied gentlemen, at their return home, like as they love to go in foreign apparel, so they will ponder their talk with oversea language. He that cometh lately out of France will talk French English, and never blush at the matter. Another chops in with English Italianated, and applieth the Italian phrase to our English speaking; the which is, as if an oration that professeth to utter his mind in plain Latin, would needs speak poetry, and far-fetched colours of strange antiquity. The lawyer will store his stomach with the prating of pedlars. The auditor in making his account and reckoning, cometh in with *sin soulde, of the shore*, for 6s. and 4d. The fine courtier will talk nothing but Chaucer. The mystical wise men, and poetical clerks, will speak nothing but quaint proverbs and blind allegories; delighting much in their own darkness, especially when none can tell what they do say. The unlearned or foolish fantastical, that smells but of learning (such fellows as have seen learned men in their days), will so Latin their tongues, that the simple cannot but wonder at their talk, and think surely they speak by some revelation. I know them, that think rhetoric to stand wholly upon dark words; and he that can catch an inkhorn term by the tail, him they count to be a fine Englishman and a good rhetorician.

[*Moral Aim of Poetry.*]

The saying of poets, and all their fables, are not to be forgotten. For by them we may talk at large, and win men by persuasion, if we declare beforehand, that these tales were not feigned of such wise men without cause, neither yet continued until this time and kept in memory, without good consideration; and thereupon declare the true meaning of all such writing. For undoubtedly, there is no one tale among all the poets, but under the same is comprehended something that pertaineth either to the amendment of manners, to the knowledge of truth, to the setting forth nature's work, or else to the understanding of some notable

thing doen. For what other is the painful travail of Ulysses, described so largely by Homer, but a lively picture of man's misery in this life? And as Plutarch saith, and likewise Basilius Magnus, in the Iliads are described strength and valiantness of body: in Odyssea is set forth a lively pattern of the mind. The poets are wise men, and wished in heart the redress of things; the which when for fear they durst not openly rebuke, they did in colours paint them out, and told men by shadows what they should do in good sothe: or else, because the wicked were unworthy to hear the truth, they spake so that none might understand but those unto whom they please to utter their meaning, and knew them to be of honest conversation.

ROGER ASCHAM.

A still more distinguished instructive writer of this age was ROGER ASCHAM, university orator at Cambridge, at one time preceptor, and ultimately Latin secretary, to Queen Elizabeth. He must be

considered as the first writer on education in our language, and it is remarkable that many of his views on this subject accord with the most enlightened of modern times. His writings themselves furnished an improved example of style, and they abound in sound sense and excellent instructions. We are the more called on to admire them, when we reflect on the tendency of learned men in that age to waste their talents and acquirements on profitless controversy—which was so strong a passion, that, whenever Sir John Cheke was temporarily absent from Cambridge, his associates immediately forsook the elegant studies to which he had tempted them, and fell into disputes about predestination, original sin, &c. Ascham died in 1568, and Elizabeth did him the honour to remark, that she would rather have given ten thousand pounds than lost him. His principal work, *The Schoolmaster*, printed by his widow, contains, besides the good general views of education above alluded to, what Johnson has acknowledged to be 'perhaps the best advice that ever was given for the study of languages.' It also presents judicious characters of ancient authors. Another work, entitled *Toxophilus*, published in 1544, is a dialogue on the art of Archery, designed to promote an elegant and useful mode of recreation among those who, like himself, gave most of their time to study, and also to exemplify a style of composition more purely English, than what was generally practised. Ascham also wrote a discourse on the affairs of Germany, where he had spent three years in attendance on the English ambassador during the reign of Edward VI. The following extracts from Ascham's writings show generally an intellect much in advance of his age:—

[*Study should be Relieved by Amusement.*]

[The following is from the opening of the *Toxophilus*. It may be remarked, that what was good sense and sound philosophy in Ascham's time is so still, and at the present time the lesson is not less required than it was then.]

* * *Philologus.*—How much in this matter is to be given to the authority of Aristotle or Tully, I cannot tell, seeing sad men may well enough speak merrily for a mere matter; this I am sure, which thing this fair wheat (God save it) maketh me remember, that those husbandmen which rise earliest, and come latest home, and are content to have their dinner and other drinkings brought into the field to them, for fear of losing of time, have fatter barns in the harvest, than they which will either sleep at noontime of the day, or else make merry with their neighbours at the ale. And so a scholar, that purposeth to be a good husband, and desireth to reap and enjoy much fruit of learning, must till and sow thereafter. Our best seed time, which be scholars, as it is very timely, and when we be young; so it endureth not over long, and therefore it may not be let slip one hour; our ground is very hard and full of weeds, our horse wherewith we be drawn very wild, as Plato saith. And infinite other mo lets, which will make a thrifty scholar take heed how he spendeth his time in sport and play. *Toxophilus.*—That Aristotle and Tully spake earnestly, and as they thought, the earnest matter which they entreat upon, doth plainly prove. And as for your husbandry, it was more probably told with apt words, proper to the thing, than thoroughly proved with reasons belonging to our matter. For, contrarywise, I heard myself a good husband at his book once say, that to omit study for some time of the day, and some time of the year, made as much for the increase of learning, as to let the land lie some time fallow, maketh for the better increase of corn. This we see, if the land be ploughed every year, the corn cometh thin up; the ear is short, the grain is small, and when it is brought into the barn and threshed, giveth very evil faule. So those which never leave poring on their books, have oftentimes as thin invention, as other poor men have, and as small wit and weight in it as in other men's. And thus your husbandry, methink, is more like the life of a covetous snudge, that oft very evil proves, than the labour of a good husband, that knoweth well what he doth. And surely the best wits to learning must needs have much recreation, and easing from their book, or else they mar themselves: when base and dunpish wits can never be hurt with continual study; as ye see in luting, that a treble minikin string must always be let down, but at such time as when a man must needs play, when the base and dull string needeth never to be moved out of his place. The same reason I find true in two bows that I have, whereof the one is quick of cast, trig and trim, both for pleasure and profit; the other is a lugge slow of cast, following the string, more sure for to last than pleasant for to use. Now, Sir, it chanced this other night, one in my chamber would needs bend them to prove their strength, but (I cannot tell how) they were both left bent till the next day after dinner; and when I came to them, purposing to have gone on shooting, I found my good bow clean cast on the one side, and as weak as water, that surely, if I were a rich man, I had rather have spent a crown; and as for my lugge, it was not one whit the worse, but shot by and by as well and as far as ever it did. And even so, I am sure that good wits, except they be let down like a treble string, and unbent like a good casting bow, they will never last and be able to continue in study. And I know where I speak this, Philologe, for I would not say thus much afore young men, for they will take soon occasion to study little enough. But I say it, therefore, because I know, as little study getteth little learning, or none at all, so the most study getteth not the most learning of all. For a man's wit, fore-occupied in earnest study, must be as well recreated with some honest pastime, as the body, fore-laboured, must be refreshed with sleep and quietness, or else it cannot endure very long, as the noble poet saith:—

'What thing wants quiet and merry rest, endures but a small while.'

[*The Blowing of the Wind.*]

[In the *Toxophilus*, Ascham has occasion to treat very minutely the difficulties which the archer experiences from the blowing of the wind. His own experience of these difficulties in the course of his sport, seems to have made him a natural philosopher to that extent, before the proper time.]

To see the wind with a man's eyes, it is impossible, the nature of it is so fine and subtle; yet this experience of the wind had I once myself, and that was in the great snow which fell four years ago. I rode in the high way betwixt Topcliff upon Swale and Boroughbridge, the way being somewhat trodden afore by wayfaring men; the fields on both sides were plain, and lay almost yard deep with snow; the night before had been a little frost, so that the snow was hard and crusted above; that morning the sun shone bright and clear, the wind was whistling aloft, and sharp, according to the time of the year; the snow in the highway lay loose and trodden with horse feet; so as the wind blew, it took the loose snow with it, and made it so slide upon the snow in the field, which was hard and crusted by reason of the frost overnight, that thereby I might see very well the whole nature of the wind as it blew that day. And I had a great delight and pleasure to mark it, which maketh me now far better to remember it. Sometime the wind would be not past two yards broad, and so it would carry the snow as far as I could see. Another time the snow would blow over half the field at once. Sometime the snow would tumble softly, bye and bye it would fly wonderful fast. And this I perceived also, that the wind goeth by streams and not whole together. For I should see one stream within a score on me, then the space of two score, no snow would stir, but, after so much quantity of ground, another stream of snow, at the same very time, should be carried likewise, but not equally; for the one would stand still, when the other flew apace, and so continue sometime swifther, sometime slower, sometime broader, sometime narrower, as far as I could see. Nor it flew not straight, but sometime it crooked this way, sometime that way, and sometime it ran round about in a compass. And sometime the snow would be lift clean from the ground up to the air, and bye and bye it would be all clapt to the ground, as though there had been no wind at all; straightway it would arise and fly again. And that which was the most marvel of all, at one time two drifts of snow flew, the one out of the west into the east, the other out of the north into the east. And I saw two winds, by reason of the snow, the one cross over the other, as it had been two highways. And again, I should hear the wind blow in the air, when nothing was stirred at the ground. And when all was still where I rode, not very far from me the snow should be lifted wonderfully. This experience made me more marvel at the nature of the wind, than it made me cunning in the knowledge of the wind; but yet thereby I learned perfectly that it is no marvel at all, though men in wind lose their length in shooting, seeing so many ways the wind is so variable in blowing.

[*Occupations should be chosen suitable to the Natural Faculties.*]

If men would go about matters which they should do, and be fit for, and not such things which wilfully they desire, and yet be unfit for, verily greater matters in the commonwealth than shooting should be in better case than they be. This ignorance in men which know not for what time, and to what thing they be fit, causeth some wish to be rich, for whom it were better a great deal to be poor; other to be meddling in every man's matter, for whom it were more honesty to be quiet and still; some to desire to be in the court, which be born and be fitter rather for the cart; some to be masters and rule other, which never yet began to rule themselves; some always to jangle and talk, which rather should hear and keep silence; some to teach, which rather should learn; some to be priests, which were fitter to be clerks. And this perverse judgment of the world, when men measure themselves amiss, bringeth much disorder and great unseemliness to the whole body of the commonwealth, as if a man should wear his hose upon his head, or a woman go with a sword and a buckler, every man would take it as a great uncomeliness, although it be but a trifle in respect of the other.

This perverse judgement of men hindereth nothing so much as learning, because commonly those that be unfittest for learning, be chiefly set to learning. As if a man now-a-days have two sons, the one impotent, weak, sickly, lisping, stuttering, and stammering, or having any mis-shape in his body; what doth the father of such one commonly say? This boy is fit for nothing else, but to set to learning and make a priest of, as who would say, the outcasts of the world, having neither countenance, tongue, nor wit (for of a perverse body cometh commonly a perverse mind), be good enough to make those men of, which shall be appointed to preach God's holy word, and minister his blessed sacraments, besides other most weighty matters in the commonwealth; put oft times, and worthily, to learned men's discretion and charge; when rather such an office so high in dignity, so goodly in administration, should be committed to no man, which should not have a countenance full of comeliness, to allure good men, a body full of manly authority to fear ill men, a wit apt for all learning, with tongue and voice able to persuade all men. And although few such men as these can be found in a commonwealth, yet surely a goodly disposed man will both in his mind think fit, and with all his study labour to get such men as I speak of, or rather better, if better can be gotten, for such an high administration, which is most properly appointed to God's own matters and businesses.

This perverse judgment of fathers, as concerning the fitness and unfitness of their children, causeth the commonwealth have many unfit ministers; and seeing that ministers be, as a man would say, instruments wherewith the commonwealth doth work all her matters withal, I marvel how it chanceth that a poor shoemaker hath so much wit, that he will prepare no instrument for his science, neither knife nor awl, nor nothing else, which is not very fit for him. The commonwealth can be content to take at a fond father's hand the riffraff of the world, to make those instruments of wherewithal she should work the highest matters under heaven. And surely an awl of lead is not so unprofitable in a shoemaker's shop, as an unfit minister made of gross metal is unseemly in the commonwealth. Fathers in old time, among the noble Persians, might not do with their children as they thought good, but as the judgment of the commonwealth always thought best. This fault of fathers bringeth many a blot with it, to the great deformity of the commonwealth: and here surely I can praise gentlewomen, which have always at hand their glasses, to see if any thing be amiss, and so will amend it; yet the commonwealth, having the glass of knowledge in every man's hand, doth see such uncomeliness in it, and yet winketh at it. This fault, and many such like, might be soon wiped away, if fathers would bestow their children always on that thing, whereunto nature hath ordained them most apt and fit. For if youth be grafted straight and not awry, the whole commonwealth will flourish thereafter. When this is done, then must every man begin to be more ready to amend himself, than to check another, measuring their matters with that wise proverb of Apollo, Know

thyself: that is to say, learn to know what thou art able, fit, and apt unto, and follow that.

[*Detached Observations from the Schoolmaster.*]

It is pity that commonly more care is had, and that among very wise men, to find out rather a cunning man for their horse, than a cunning man for their children. To the one they will gladly give a stipend of 200 crowns by the year, and loth to offer the other 200 shillings. God, that sitteth in heaven, laugheth their choice to scorn, and rewardeth their liberality as it should; for he suffereth them to have tame and well ordered horse, but wild and unfortunate children.

One example, whether love or fear doth work more in a child for virtue and learning, I will gladly report; which may be heard with some pleasure, and followed with more profit. Before I went into Germany, I came to Broadgate, in Leicestershire, to take my leave of that noble Lady Jane Grey, to whom I was exceeding much beholden. Her parents, the duke and the duchess, with all the household, gentlemen and gentlewomen, were hunting in the park. I found her in her chamber, reading Phœdon Platonis in Greek, and that with as much delight, as some gentlemen would read a merry tale in Bocace. After salutation and duty done, with some other talk, I asked her, why she would lose such pastime in the park? Smiling, she answered me, 'I wiss, all their sport in the park is but a shadow to that pleasure that I find in Plato. Alas! good folk, they never felt what true pleasure meant.' 'And how came you, Madam,' quoth I, 'to this deep knowledge of pleasure? And what did chiefly allure you unto it, seeing not many women, but very few men, have attained thereunto?' 'I will tell you,' quoth she, 'and tell you a truth which, perchance, ye will marvel at. One of the greatest benefits that ever God gave me, is, that he sent me so sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster. For when I am in presence either of father or mother, whether I speak, keep silence, sit, stand, or go, eat, drink, be merry or sad, be sewing, playing, dancing, or doing anything else, I must do it, as it were, in such weight, measure, and number, even so perfectly as God made the world, or else I am so sharply taunted, so cruelly threatened, yea, presently, sometimes with pinches, nips, and bobs, and other ways, which I will not name for the honour I bear them, so without measure misordered, that I think myself in hell, till time come that I must go to Mr Elmer; who teacheth me so gently, so pleasantly, with such fair allurements to learning, that I think all the time nothing, whiles I am with him. And when I am called from him, I fall on weeping, because, whatever I do else, but learning, is full of grief, trouble, fear, and whole misliking unto me. And thus my book hath been so much my pleasure, and bringeth daily to me more pleasure and more, that, in respect of it, all other pleasures, in very deed, be but trifles and troubles unto me.'

Learning teacheth more in one year than experience in twenty; and learning teacheth safely when experience maketh mo miserable than wise. He hazardeth sore that waxeth wise by experience. An unhappy master he is, that is made cunning by many shipwrecks; a miserable merchant, that is neither rich nor wise but after some bankrouts. It is costly wisdom that is bought by experience. We know by experience itself, that it is a marvelous pain, to find out but a short way by long wandering. And surely, he that would prove wise by experience, he may be witty indeed, but even like a swift runner, that runneth fast out of his way, and upon the night, he knoweth not whither. And verily they be fewest in number that be happy or wise by unlearned experience. And look well upon the former life of those few, whether your example be old or young, who without learning have gathered, by long experience a little wisdom, and some happiness; and when you do consider what mischief they have committed, what dangers they have escaped (and yet twenty for one do perish in the adventure), then think well with yourself, whether ye would that your own son should come to wisdom and happiness by the way of such experience or no.

It is a notable tale, that old Sir Roger Chamloe, sometime chief justice would tell of himself. When he was Ancient in inn of court certain young gentlemen were brought before him to be corrected for certain misorders; and one of the lustiest said, 'Sir, we be young gentlemen; and wise men before us have proved all fashions, and yet those have done full well.' This they said, because it was well known, Sir Roger had been a good fellow in his youth. But he answered them very wisely. 'Indeed,' saith he, 'in youth I was as you are now: and I had twelve fellows like unto myself, but not one of them came to a good end. And therefore, follow not my example in youth, but follow my counsel in age, if ever ye think to come to this place, or to these years, that I am come unto; less ye meet either with poverty or Tyburn in the way.'

Thus, experience of all fashions in youth, being in proof always dangerous, in issue seldom lucky, is a way indeed to overmuch knowledge; yet used commonly of such men, which be either carried by some curious affection of mind, or driven by some hard necessity of life, to hazard the trial of overmany perilous adventures.

[In favour of the learning of more languages than one]—I have been a looker on in the cockpit of learning these many years; and one cock only have I known, which, with one wing, even at this day, doth pass all other, in mine opinion, that ever I saw in any pit in England, though they had two wings. Yet nevertheless, to fly well with one wing, to run fast with one leg, be rather rare masteries, much to be marvelled at, than sure examples, safely to be followed. A bishop that now liveth a good man, whose judgment in religion I better like, than his opinion in perfectness in other learning, said once unto me; 'We have no need now of the Greek tongue, when all things be translated into Latin.' But the good man understood not, that even the best translation, is for mere necessity but an evil imped wing to fly withal, or a heavy stump leg of wood to go withal. Such, the higher they fly, the sooner they falter and fail: the faster they run the ofter they stumble and sorer they fall. Such as will needs so fly, may fly at a pye and catch a daw: and such runners, as commonly they, shove and shoulder, to stand foremost, yet in the end they come behind others, and deserve but the hopshackles, if the masters of the game be right judgers.

[With reference to what took place at the universities on the accession of Mary]—And what good could chance then to the universities, when some of the greatest, though not of the wisest, nor best learned, nor best men neither of that side, did labour to persuade, 'that ignorance was better than knowledge,' which they meant, not for the laity only, but also for the greatest rabble of their spirituality, what other pretence openly soever they made. And therefore did some of them at Cambridge (whom I will not name openly) cause hedge priests fette[1] out of the country, to be made fellows in the university; saying in their talk privily, and declaring by their deeds openly, 'that he was fellow good enough for their time, if he could wear a gown and a tippet comely, and have his crown shorn fair and roundly; and could

[1] Fetched.

turn his porteus and pie[1] readily.' Which I speak not to reprove any order either of apparel, or other duty, that may be well and indifferently used; but to note the misery of that time, when the benefits provided for learning were so foully misused.

And what was the fruit of this seed? Verily, judgment in doctrine was wholly altered; order in discipline very sore changed; the love of good learning began suddenly to wax cold; the knowledge of the tongues (in spite of some that therein had flourished) was manifestly contemned: and so, the way of right study purposely perverted; the choice of good authors, of malice confounded; old sophistry, I say not well, not old, but that new rotten sophistry, began to beard, and shoulder logic in her own tongue: yea, I know that heads were cast together, and counsel devised, that Duns, with all the rabble of barbarous questionists, should have dispossessed of their place and room, Aristotle, Plato, Tully, and Demosthenes, whom good M. Redman, and those two worthy stars of that university, M. Cheke and M. Smith, with their scholars, had brought to flourish as notably in Cambridge, as ever they did in Greece and in Italy; and for the doctrine of those four, the four pillars of learning, Cambridge then giving no place to no university, neither in France, Spain, Germany, nor Italy. Also, in outward behaviour, then began simplicity in apparel to be laid aside, courtly gallantness to be taken up; frugality in diet was privately misliked, town going to good cheer openly used; honest pastimes, joined with labour, left off in the fields; unthrifty and idle games haunted corners, and occupied the nights: contention in youth nowhere for learning; factions in the elders everywhere for trifles.

All which miseries at length, by God's providence, had their end 16th November 1558.* Since which time, the young spring hath shot up so fair as now there be in Cambridge again many good plants.

[*Qualifications of an Historian.*]

[From the Discourse on the Affairs of Germany. The writer is addressing his friend John Astely.]

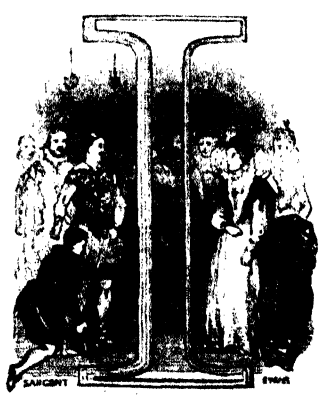
When you and I read Livy together (if you do remember), after some reasoning we concluded both what was in our opinion to be looked for at his hand, that would well and advisedly write an history. First point was, to write nothing false; next, to be bold to say any truth: whereby is avoided two great faults—flattery and hatred. For which two points, Cæsar is read to his great praise; and Jovius the Italian to his just reproach. Then to mark diligently the causes, counsels, acts, and issues, in all great attempts: and in causes, what is just or unjust; in counsels, what is purposed wisely or rashly; in acts, what is done courageously or faintly; and of every issue, to note some general lesson of wisdom and wariness for like matters in time to come, wherein Polybius in Greek, and Philip Comines in French, have done the duties of wise and worthy writers. Diligence also must be used in keeping truly the order of time, and describing lively both the site of places and nature of persons, not only for the outward shape of the body, but also for the inward disposition of the mind, as Thucydides doth in many places very trimly; and Homer everywhere, and that always most excellently; which observation is chiefly to be marked in him. And our Chaucer doth the same, very praiseworthily: mark him well, and confer him with any other that writeth in our time in their proudest tongue, whosoever list. The style must be always plain and open; yet some time higher and lower, as matters do rise and fall. For if proper and natural words, in well-joined sentences, do lively express the matter, be it troublesome, quiet, angry, or pleasant, a man shall think not to be reading, but present in doing of the same. And herein Livy of all other in any tongue, by mine opinion, carrieth away the praise.

After the publication of Ascham's works, it became more usual for learned men to compose in English, more particularly when they aimed at influencing public opinion. But as religious controversy was what then chiefly agitated the minds of men, it follows that the great bulk of the English works of that age are now of little interest.

Third Period.

THE REIGNS OF ELIZABETH, JAMES I., AND CHARLES I. [1558 TO 1649.]

POETS.



In the preceding sections, the history of English literature is brought to a period when its infancy may be said to cease, and its manhood to commence. In the earlier half of the sixteenth century, it was sensibly affected by a variety of influences, which, for an age before, had operated powerfully in expanding the intellect of European nations. The study of classical literature, the invention of printing, the freedom with which religion was discussed, together with the general substitution of the philosophy of Plato for that of Aristotle, had everywhere given activity and strength to the minds of men. The immediate effects of these novelties upon English literature, were the enrichment of the language, as already mentioned, by a great variety of words from the classic tongues, the establishment of better models of thought and style, and the allowance of greater freedom to the fancy and powers of observation in the exercise of the literary calling. Not only the Greek and Roman writers, but those of modern Italy and France, where letters experienced an earlier revival, were now translated into English, and being liberally diffused by the press, served to excite a taste for elegant reading in lower branches of society than had ever before felt the genial influence of letters. The dissemination of the Scriptures in the vulgar tongue, while it greatly affected the language and ideas of the people, was also of no small avail in giving new direction to the

[1] Breviary. * The date of the accession of Queen Elizabeth.

of literary men, to whom these antique Oriental compositions presented numberless incidents, images, and sentiments, unknown before, and of the richest and most interesting kind.

Among other circumstances favourable to literature at this period, must be reckoned the encouragement given to it by Queen Elizabeth, who was herself very learned and addicted to poetical composition, and had the art of filling her court with men qualified to shine in almost every department of intellectual exertion. Her successors, James and Charles, resembled her in some of these respects, and during their reigns, the impulse which she had given to literature experienced rather an increase than a decline. There was, indeed, something in the policy, as well as in the personal character of all these sovereigns, which proved favourable to literature. The study of the belles lettres was in some measure identified with the courtly and arbitrary principles of the time, not perhaps so much from any enlightened spirit in those who supported such principles, as from a desire of opposing the puritans, and other malcontents, whose religious doctrines taught them to despise some departments of elegant literature, and utterly to condemn others. There can be no doubt that the drama, for instance, chiefly owed that encouragement which it received under Elizabeth and her successors, to a spirit of hostility to the puritans, who, not unjustly, repudiated it for its immorality. We must at the same time allow much to the influence which such a court as that of England, during these three reigns, was calculated to have among men of literary tendencies. Almost all the poets, and many of the other writers, were either courtiers themselves, or under the immediate protection of courtiers, and were constantly experiencing the smiles, and occasionally the solid benefactions, of royalty. Whatever, then, was refined, or gay, or sentimental, in this country and at this time, came with its full influence upon literature.

The works brought forth under these circumstances have been very aptly compared to the productions of a soil for the first time broken up, when 'all indigenous plants spring up at once with a rank and irrepressible fertility, and display whatever is peculiar and excellent in their nature, on a scale the most conspicuous and magnificent.'* The ability to write having been, as it were, suddenly created, the whole world of character, imagery, and sentiment, as well as of information and philosophy, lay ready for the use of those who possessed the gift, and was appropriated accordingly. As might be expected, where there was less rule of art than opulence of materials, the productions of these writers are often deficient in taste, and contain much that is totally aside from the purpose. To pursue the simile above quoted, the crops are not so clean as if they had been reared under systematic cultivation. On this account, the refined taste of the eighteenth century condemned most of the productions of the sixteenth and seventeenth to oblivion, and it is only of late that they have once more obtained their deserved reputation. After every proper deduction has been made, enough remains to fix this era as 'by far the mightiest in the history of English literature, or indeed of human intellect and capacity. There never was anything,' says the writer above quoted, 'like the sixty or seventy years that elapsed from the middle of Elizabeth's reign, to the period of the Restoration. In point of real force and originality of genius, neither the age of Pericles, nor the age of Augustus, nor the times of Leo X., nor of Louis XIV., can come at all into comparison; for in that short period, we shall find the names of almost all the very great men that this nation has ever produced, the names of Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Spenser, and Sydney, and Hooker, and Taylor, and Barrow, and Raleigh, and Napier, and Hobbes, and many others; men, all of them, not merely of great talents and accomplishments, but of vast compass and reach of understanding, and of minds truly creative and original; not perfecting art by the delicacy of their taste, or digesting knowledge by the justness of their reasonings, but making vast and substantial additions to the materials upon which taste and reason must hereafter be employed, and enlarging to an incredible and unparalleled extent both the stores and the resources of the human faculties.'

* Edinburgh Review, xviii. 275.

THOMAS SACKVILLE.

In the reign of Elizabeth, some poetical names of importance precede that of Spenser. The first is THOMAS SACKVILLE (1536-1608), ultimately Earl

Thomas Sackville.

of Dorset and Lord High Treasurer of England, and who will again come before us in the character of a dramatic writer. In 1557, Sackville formed the design of a poem, entitled *The Mirrour for Magistrates*, of which he wrote only the 'Induction,' and one legend on the life of Henry Stafford, Duke of Buckingham. In imitation of Dante and some other of his predecessors, he lays the scene of his poem in the infernal regions, to which he descends under the guidance of an allegorical personage named SORROW. It was his object to make all the great persons of English history, from the Conquest downwards, pass here in review, and each tell his own story, as a warning to existing statesmen; but other duties compelled the poet, after he had written what has been stated, to break off, and commit the completion of the work to two poets of inferior note, Richard Baldwyne and George Ferrers. The whole poem is one of a very remarkable kind for the age, and the part executed by Sackville exhibits in some parts a strength of description and a power of drawing allegorical characters, scarcely inferior to Spenser.

[*Allegorical characters from the Mirrour for Magistrates.*]

And first, within the porch and jaws of hell,
Sat deep Remorse of Conscience, all besprent
With tears; and to herself oft would she tell
Her wretchedness, and, cursing, never stent
To sob and sigh, but ever thus lament

With thoughtful care; as she that, all in vain,
Would wear and waste continually in pain:

Her eyes unstedfast, rolling here and there,
Whirl'd on each place, as place that vengeance
So was her mind continually in fear, [brought,
Tost and tormented with the tedious thought
Of those detested crimes which she had wrought;
With dreadful cheer, and looks thrown to the sky,
Wishing for death, and yet she could not die.

Next, saw we Dread, all trembling how he shook,
With foot uncertain, profer'd here and there;
Benumb'd with speech; and, with a ghastly look,
Searched every place, all pale and dead for fear,
His cap born up with staring of his hair;
'Stoin'd and amazed at his own shade for dread,
And fearing greater dangers than was need.

And, next, within the entry of this lake,
Sat fell Revenge, gnashing her teeth for ire;
Devising means how she may vengeance take;
Never in rest, 'till she have her desire;
But frets within so far forth with the fire
Of wreaking flames, that now determines she
To die by death, or 'veng'd by death to be.

When fell Revenge, with bloody foul pretence,
Had show'd herself, as next in order set,
With trembling limbs we softly parted thence,
'Till in our eyes another sight we met;
When fro my heart a sigh forthwith I fet,
Ruing, alas, upon the woeful plight
Of Misery, that next appear'd in sight:

His face was lean, and some-deal pin'd away,
And eke his hands consumed to the bone;
But, what his body was, I cannot say,
For on his carcase raiment had he none,
Save clouts and patches pieced one by one;
With staff in hand, and scrip on shoulders cast,
His chief defence against the winter's blast:

His food, for most, was wild fruits of the tree,
Unless sometime some crumbs fell to his share,
Which in his wallet long, God wot, kept he,
As on the which full daint'ly would he fare;
His drink, the running stream, his cup, the bare
Of his palm closed; his bed, the hard cold ground:
To this poor life was Misery ybound.

Whose wretched state when we had well beheld,
With tender ruth on him, and on his feers,
In thoughtful cares forth then our pace we held;
And, by and by, another shape appears
Of greedy Care, still brushing up the briers;
His knuckles knob'd, his flesh deep dinted in,
With tawed hands, and hard ytanned skin:

The morrow grey no sooner hath begun
To spread his light e'en peeping in our eyes,
But he is up, and to his work yrun;
But let the night's black misty mantles rise,
And with foul dark never so much disguise
The fair bright day, yet ceaseth he no while,
But hath his candles to prolong his toil.

By him lay heavy Sleep, the cousin of Death,
Flat on the ground, and still as any stone,
A very corpse, save yielding forth a breath;
Small keep took he, whom fortune frowned on,
Or whom she lifted up into the throne
Of high renown, but, as a living death,
So dead alive, of life he drew the breath:

The body's rest, the quiet of the heart,
The travel's ease, the still night's feer was he,
And of our life in earth the better part;
Riever of sight, and yet in whom we see
Things oft that [tyde] and oft that never be;
Without respect, esteem[ing] equally
King Croesus' pomp and Irus' poverty.

And next in order sad, Old-Age we found:
His beard all hoar, his eyes hollow and blind;
With drooping cheer still poring on the ground,
As on the place where nature him assign'd
To rest, when that the sisters had untwin'd
His vital thread, and ended with their knife
The fleeting course of fast declining life:

There heard we him with broke and hollow plaint
Rue with himself his end approaching fast,
And all for nought his wretched mind torment
With sweet remembrance of his pleasures past.
And fresh delights of lusty youth forewaste;
Recounting which, how would he sob and shriek,
And to be young again of Jove beseek!

But, an the cruel fates so fixed be
That time forepast cannot return again,
This one request of Jove yet prayed he,—
That, in such wither'd plight, and wretched pain,
As eld, accompany'd with her loathsome train,
Had brought on him, all were it woe and grief
He might a while yet linger forth his life,

And not so soon descend into the pit;
Where Death, when he the mortal corpse hath slain,
With reckless hand in grave doth cover it:
Thereafter never to enjoy again
The gladsome light, but, in the ground ylain,
In depth of darkness waste and wear to nought,
As he had ne'er into the world been brought:

But who had seen him sobbing how he stood
Unto himself, and how he would bemoan
His youth forepast—as though it wrought him good
To talk of youth, all were his youth foregone—
He would have mused, and marvel'd much whereon
This wretched Age should life desire so fain,
And knows full well life doth but length his pain:

Crook-back'd he was, tooth-shaken, and blear-eyed;
Went on three feet, and sometime crept on four;
With old lame bones, that rattled by his side;
His scalp all pil'd, and he with eld forelore,
His wither'd fist still knocking at death's door;
Fumbling, and driveling, as he draws his breath;
For brief, the shape and messenger of Death.

And fast by him pale Malady was placed:
Sore sick in bed, her colour all foregone;
Bereft of stomach, savour, and of taste,
Ne could she brook no meat but broths alone;
Her breath corrupt; her keepers every one
Abhorring her; her sickness past recure,
Detesting physic, and all physic's cure.

But, oh, the doleful sight that then we see!
We turn'd our look, and on the other side
A grisly shape of Famine mought we see:
With greedy looks, and gaping mouth, that cried
And roar'd for meat, as she should there have died;
Her body thin and bare as any bone,
Whereto was left nought but the case alone.

And that, alas, was gnawen every where,
All full of holes; that I ne mought refrain
From tears, to see how she her arms could tear,
And with her teeth gnash on the bones in vain,
When, all for nought, she fain would so sustain
Her starven corpse, that rather seem'd a shade
Than any substance of a creature made:

Great was her force, whom stone-wall could not stay:
Her tearing nails snatching at all she saw;
With gaping jaws, that by no means ymay
Be satisfy'd from hunger of her maw,
But eats herself as she that hath no law;
Gnawing, alas, her carcase all in vain,
Where you may count each sinew, bone, and vein.

On her while we thus firmly fix'd our eyes,
That bled for ruth of such a dreary sight,
Lo, suddenly she shriek'd in so huge wise
As made hell gates to shiver with the might;
Wherewith, a dart we saw, how it did light
Right on her breast, and, therewithal, pale Death
Enthirling it, to rieve her of her breath:

And, by and by, a dumb dead corpse we saw,
Heavy, and cold, the shape of Death aright,
That daunts all earthly creatures to his law,
Against whose force in vain it is to fight;
Ne peers, ne princes, nor no mortal wight,
No towns, ne realms, cities, ne strongest tower,
But all, perforce, must yield unto his power:

His dart, anon, out of the corpse he took,
And in his hand (a dreadful sight to see)
With great triumph eftsoons the same he shook,
That most of all my fears affrayed me;
His body dight with nought but bones, pardy;
The naked shape of man there saw I plain,
All save the flesh, the sinew, and the vein.

Lastly, stood War, in glittering arms yclad,
With visage grim, stern look, and blackly hued:
In his right hand a naked sword he had,
That to the hilts was all with blood imbrued;
And in his left (that kings and kingdoms rued)
Famine and fire he held, and therewithal
He razed towns and threw down towers and all:

Cities he sack'd, and realms (that whilom flower'd
In honour, glory, and rule, above the rest)
He overwhelm'd, and all their fame devour'd,
Consum'd, destroy'd, wasted, and never ceas'd,
'Till he their wealth, their name, and all oppress'd:
His face forehew'd with wounds; and by his side
There hung his targe, with gashes deep and wide.

[*Henry Duke of Buckingham in the Infernal Regions.*]

[The description of the Duke of Buckingham—the Buckingham, it must be recollected, of Richard III.—has been much admired, as an impersonation of extreme wretchedness.]

Then first came Henry Duke of Buckingham,
His cloak of black all piled, and quite forlorn,
Wringing his hands, and Fortune oft doth blame,
Which of a duke had made him now her scorn;
With ghastly looks, as one in manner lorn,
Oft spread his arms, stretched hands he joins as fast,
With rueful cheer, and vapoured eyes upcast.

His cloak he rent, his manly breast he beat;
His hair all torn, about the place it lain:
My heart so molt to see his grief so great,
As feelingly, methought, it dropped away:
His eyes they whirled about withouten stay:
With stormy sighs the place did so complain,
As if his heart at each had burst in twain.

Thrice he began to tell his doleful tale,
And thrice the sighs did swallow up his voice;
At each of which he shrieked so withal,
As though the heavens ryved with the noise;
Till at the last, recovering of his voice,
Supping the tears that all his breast berained,
On cruel Fortune weeping thus he plained.

JOHN HARRINGTON.

Some pleasing amatory verses (exhibiting a remarkable polish for the time in which they were written) by JOHN HARRINGTON (1534—1582) have been published in the *Nugæ Antiquæ*. This poet was imprisoned in the Tower by Queen Mary for holding correspondence with Elizabeth, and the latter, on her accession to the throne, rewarded him with many favours. He must have been a man of taste and refined feelings, as the following specimen of his poetry will suffice to show:—

Sonnet made on Isabella Markham, when I first thought her fair, as she stood at the princess's window, in goodly attire, and talked to divers in the court-yard. 1564.

Whence comes my love? Oh heart, disclose;
It was from cheeks that shamed the rose,
From lips that spoil the ruby's praise,
From eyes that mock the diamond's blaze:
Whence comes my woe? as freely own;
Ah me! 'twas from a heart like stone.

The blushing cheek speaks modest mind,
The lips befitting words most kind,
The eye does tempt to love's desire,
And seems to say 'tis Cupid's fire;
Yet all so fair but speak my moan,
Sith nought doth say the heart of stone.

Why thus, my love, so kind bespeak
Sweet eye, sweet lip, sweet blushing cheek—
Yet not a heart to save my pain;
Oh Venus, take thy gifts again!
Make not so fair to cause our moan,
Or make a heart that's like our own.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY (1554-1586) takes his rank in English literary history rather as a prose writer than as a poet. His poetry, indeed, has long been laid aside on account of the cold and affected style in which he wrote. It has been justly remarked, that, 'if he had looked into his own noble heart, and written directly from that, instead of from his somewhat too metaphysico-philosophical head, his poetry would have been excellent.' Yet in some pieces he has fortunately failed in extinguishing the natural sentiment which inspired him. The following are admired specimens of his sonnets:—

[*Sonnets of Sir Philip Sidney.*]

Because I oft in dark abstracted guise
Seem most alone in greatest company,
With dearth of words, or answers quite awry
To them that would make speech of speech arise,
They deem, and of their doom the rumour flies,
That poison foul of bubbling Pride doth lie
So in my swelling breast, that only I
Fawn on myself, and others do despise.
Yet Pride, I think, doth not my soul possess,
Which looks too oft in his unflattering glass:
But one worse fault Ambition I confess,
That makes me oft my best friends overpass,
Unseen, unheard, while thought to highest place
Bends all his powers, even unto Stella's grace.

With how sad steps, O Moon! thou climb'st the skies,
How silently, and with how wan a face!
What may it be, that even in heavenly place
That busy Archer his sharp arrows tries?
Sure, if that long with love acquainted eyes
Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case;
I read it in thy looks, thy languish'd grace
To me that feel the like thy state descries.
Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit?
Are beauties there as proud as here they be?
Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess?
Do they call virtue there ungratefulness?

Come, Sleep, O Sleep, the certain knot of peace,
The baiting place of wit, the balm of woe,
The poor man's wealth, the prisoner's release,
The indifferent judge between the high and low.
With shield of proof shield me from out the prease[1]
Of those fierce darts, Despair at me doth throw;
O make in me those civil wars to cease:
I will good tribute pay, if thou do so.
Take thou of me smooth pillows, sweetest bed;
A chamber, deaf to noise, and blind to light;
A rosy garland, and a weary head.
And if these things, as being thine by right,
Move not thy heavy grace, thou shalt in me
Livelier than elsewhere Stella's image see.

Having this day my horse, my hand, my lance
Guided so well, that I obtain'd the prize,
Both by the judgment of the English eyes,
And of some sent from that sweet enemy France;
Horsemen my skill in horsemanship advance;
Townfolks my strength; a daintier judge applies
His praise to sleight which from good use doth rise;
Some lucky wits impute it but to chance;
Others, because of both sides I do take
My blood from them who did excel in this,
Think nature me a man of arms did make.
How far they shot awry! the true cause is,
Stella look'd on, and from her heavenly face
Sent forth the beams which made so fair my race.

In martial sports I had my cunning tried,
And yet to break more staves did me address;
While with the people's shouts, I must confess,
Youth, luck, and praise, even fill'd my veins with pride.
When Cupid, having me (his slave) descried
In Mars's livery, prancing in the press,
'What now, Sir Fool,' said he, 'I would no less.
Look here, I say.' I look'd, and Stella spied,
Who hard by made a window send forth light.
My heart then quaked, then dazzled were mine eyes;
One hand forgot to rule, th' other to fight;
Nor trumpet's sound I heard, nor friendly cries;
My foe came on, and beat the air for me,
Till that her blush taught me my shame to see.

Of all the kings that ever here did reign,
Edward named Fourth as first in praise I name;
Not for his fair outside, nor well-lined brain,
Although less gifts imp feathers oft on Fame:
Nor that he could, young-wise, wise-valiant, frame
His sire's revenge, join'd with a kingdom's gain,
And, gain'd by Mars, could yet mad Mars so tame,
That Balance weigh'd what Sword did late obtain:
Nor that he made the Flower-de-luce so fraid,
Though strongly hedg'd of bloody Lion's paws,
That witty Lewis to him a tribute paid.
Nor this, nor that, nor any such small cause—
But only for this worthy knight durst prove
To lose his crown, rather than fail his love.

O happy Thames, that didst my Stella bear!
I saw thee with full many a smiling line
Upon thy cheerful face joy's livery wear,
While those fair planets on thy streams did shine.
The boat for joy could not to dance forbear;
While wanton winds, with beauties so divine
Ravish'd, staid not, till in her golden hair
They did themselves (O sweetest prison) twine:
And fain those Œol's youth there would their stay
Have made; but, forced by Nature still to fly,
First did with puffing kiss those locks display.
She, so dishevell'd, blush'd. From window I,
With sight thereof, cried out, 'O fair disgrace;
Let Honour's self to thee grant highest place.'

[1] Press, throng.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH—TIMOTHY KENDAL—NICHOLAS BRETON—HENRY CONSTABLE.

Sir Walter Raleigh, to whose merits as a prose writer justice is done in the sequel, deserves to be ranked amongst the minor poets of Elizabeth's reign. Timothy Kendal is only known for having published, in 1577, a volume entitled *Hours of Epigrams*. Nicholas Breton (1555-1624) wrote some pastoral poems, and a volume called the *Works of a Young Wit*. Henry Constable was a popular writer of sonnets, though strangely conceited and unnatural in his style. In most of the works of these inferior poets, happy thoughts and imagery may be found, mixed up with affectations, forced analogies, and conceits. It is worthy of remark, that this was the age when collections of fugitive and miscellaneous poems first became common. Several volumes of this kind, published in the reign of Elizabeth, contain poetry of high merit, without any author's name.

The Country's Recreations.

[From a poem by Raleigh, bearing the above title, the following verses are extracted.]

Heart-tearing cares and quiv'ring fears,
Anxious sighs, untimely tears,
Fly, fly to courts,
Fly to fond worldling's sports;
Where strained sardonic smiles are glozing still,
And grief is forced to laugh against her will;
Where mirth's but mummery,
And sorrows only real be.
Fly, fly to our country pastimes, fly,
Sleep of human misery!
Come, serene looks,
Clear as the crystal brooks,
Or the pure azur'd heaven that smiles to see
The rich attendance of our poverty.
Peace and a secure mind,
Which all men seek, we only find.

Abused mortals, did you know
Where joy, heart's ease, and comforts grow,
You'd scorn proud towers,
And seek them in these bowers;
Where winds perhaps our woods may sometimes shake,
But blustering care could never tempest make,
Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
Saving of fountains that glide by us.

* * *

Blest silent groves! O may ye be
For ever mirth's best nursery!
May pure contents
For ever pitch their tents
Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
And peace still slumber by these purling fountains,
Which we may every year
Find when we come a-fishing here.

[*Farewell to Town, by Breton.*]

* * *

Thou gallant court, to thee farewell!
For froward fortune me denies
Now longer near to thee to dwell.
I must go live, I wot not where,
Nor how to live when I come there.

And next, adieu you gallant dames,
The chief of noble youth's delight!
Untoward Fortune now so frames,
That I am banish'd from your sight.
And, in your stead, against my will,
I must go live with country Jill.

Now next, my gallant youths, farewell;
My lads that oft have cheered my heart!
My grief of mind no tongue can tell,
To think that I must from you part.
I now must leave you all, alas,
And live with some old lobcock ass!

And now farewell thou gallant lute,
With instruments of music's sounds!
Recorder, citern, harp, and flute,
And heavenly descants on sweet grounds.
I now must leave you all, indeed,
And make some music on a reed!

And now, you stately stamping steeds,
And gallant geldings fair, adieu!
My heavy heart for sorrow bleeds,
To think that I must part with you:
And on a strawen pannel sit,
And ride some country carting tit!

And now farewell both spear and shield,
Caliver pistol, arquebuss,
See, see, what sighs my heart doth yield
To think that I must leave you thus;
And lay aside my rapier blade,
And take in hand a ditching spade!

And you farewell, all gallant games,
Primero, and *Imperial*,
Wherewith I us'd, with courtly dames,
To pass away the time withal:
I now must learn some country plays
For ale and cakes on holidays!

And now farewell each dainty dish,
With sundry sorts of sugar'd wine!
Farewell, I say, fine flesh and fish,
To please this dainty mouth of mine!
I now, alas, must leave all these,
And make good cheer with bread and cheese.

And now, all orders due, farewell!
My table laid when it was noon;
My heavy heart it irks to tell
My dainty dinners all are done:
With leeks and onions, whig and whey,
I must content me as I may.

And farewell all gay garments now,
With jewels rich, of rare device!
Like Robin Hood, I wot not how,
I must go range in woodman's wise;
Clad in a coat of green, or grey,
And glad to get it if I may.

What shall I say, but bid adieu
To every dream of sweet delight,
In place where pleasure never grew,
In dungeon deep of foul despite,
I must, ah me! wretch as I may,
Go sing the song of welaway!

[*Sonnet by Constable.*]

[From his 'Diana:' 1594.]

To live in hell, and heaven to behold,
To welcome life, and die a living death,
To sweat with heat, and yet be freezing cold,
To grasp at stars, and lie the earth beneath,
To tread a maze that never shall have end,
To burn in sighs, and starve in daily tears,
To climb a hill, and never to descend,
Giants to kill, and quake at childish fears,
To pine for food, and watch th' Hesperian tree,
To thirst for drink, and nectar still to draw,
To live accurs'd, whom men hold blest to be,
And weep these wrongs, which never creature saw;
If this be love, if love in these be founded,
My heart is love, for these in it are grounded.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW—JOSHUA SYLVESTER—RICHARD BARNFIELD.

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW, so highly eminent as a dramatic writer, would probably have been overlooked in the department of miscellaneous poetry, but for his beautiful piece, rendered familiar by its being transferred into Walton's 'Angler'—*The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.* JOSHUA SYLVESTER, who died in 1618, at the age of 55, and who was the author of a large volume of poems of very unequal merit, claims notice as the now generally received author of an impressive piece, long ascribed to Raleigh—*The Soul's Errand.* Another fugitive poem of great beauty, but in a different style, and which has often been attributed to Shakspeare, is now given to RICHARD BARNFIELD, author of several poetical volumes published between 1594 and 1598. These three remarkable poems are here subjoined:—

The Passionate Shepherd to his Love.

COME live with me, and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That vallies, groves, and hills and fields,
Woods or steepy mountains yields.

And we will sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies;
A cap of flowers and a kirtle,
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle:

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull;
Fair lined slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold:

A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs;
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight, each May-morning:
If these delights thy mind may move
Then live with me, and be my love.

[*The Nymph's Reply to the Passionate Shepherd. By Raleigh.*]

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move
To live with thee, and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold;
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complain of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields
To wayward winter reckoning yields;
A honey tongue—a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies,
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs;
All these in me no means can move
To come to thee and be thy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move
To live with thee and be thy love.

The Soul's Errand.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
Upon a thankless errand!
Fear not to touch the best,
The truth shall be thy warrant;
Go, since I needs must die,
And give the world the lie.

Go, tell the court it glows,
And shines like rotten wood;
Go, tell the church it shows
What's good, and doth no good:
If church and court reply,
Then give them both the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
Acting by others actions,
Not lov'd unless they give,
Not strong but by their factions.
If potentates reply,
Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell them that brave it most,
They beg for more by spending,
Who in their greatest cost,
Seek nothing but commending.
And if they make reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness:
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

Tell faith it's fled the city,
Tell how the country erreth,
Tell, manhood shakes off pity,
Tell, virtue least preferreth.
And if they do reply,
Spare not to give the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Commanded thee, done blabbing:
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

[*Address to the Nightingale.*]

As it fell upon a day,
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made;
Beasts did leap, and birds did sing,
Trees did grow, and plants did spring;
Everything did banish moan,
Save the nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn;
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty,
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry;
Teru, teru, by and by;
That, to hear her so complain,
Scarce I could from tears refrain;
For her griefs, so lively shown,
Made me think upon mine own.
Ah! (thought I) thou mourn'st in vain:
None takes pity on thy pain:
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless bears they will not cheer thee:
King Pandion he is dead;
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead;
All thy fellow-birds do sing,
Careless of thy sorrowing!
Whilst as fickle Fortune smil'd,
Thou and I were both beguil'd.
Every one that flatters thee
Is no friend in misery.
Words are easy, like the wind;
Faithful friends are hard to find.
Every man will be thy friend
Whilst thou hast wherewith to spend:
But, if store of crowns be scant,
No man will supply thy want.
If that one be prodigal,
Bountiful they will him call;
And with such-like flattering,
'Pity but he were a king.'
If he be addict to vice,
Quickly him they will entice;
But if fortune once do frown,
Then farewell his great renown:
They that fawn'd on him before
Use his company no more.
He that is thy friend indeed,
He will help thee in thy need;
If thou sorrow, he will weep,
If thou wake he cannot sleep:
Thus, of every grief in heart
He with thee doth bear a part.
These are certain signs to know
Faithful friend from flattering foe.

EDMUND SPENSER.

These writers bring us to EDMUND SPENSER, whose genius is one of the peculiar glories of the romantic reign of Elizabeth. 'It is easy,' says

Pope, 'to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden, are the great landmarks for it.' We can now add Cowper and Wordsworth; but, in Pope's generation, the list he has given was accurate and complete. Spenser was, like Chaucer, a native of London, and like him, also, he has recorded the circumstance in his poetry:—

Merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame.

Prothalamion.

He was born at East Smithfield, near the Tower,

Edmund Spenser.

about the year 1553. The rank of his parents, or the degree of his affinity with the ancient house of Spenser, is not known. Gibbon says truly, that the noble family of Spenser should consider the *Faery Queen* as the most precious jewel in their coronet.* The poet was entered a sizer (one of the humblest class of students) of Pembroke College, Cambridge, in May 1569, and continued to attend college for seven years, taking his degree of M.A. in June 1576. While Spenser was at Pembroke, Gabriel Harvey, the future astrologer, was at Christ's College, and an intimacy was formed between them, which lasted during the poet's life. Harvey was learned and pedantic, full of assumption and conceit, and in his 'Venetian velvet and pantofles of pride,' formed a peculiarly happy subject for the satire of Nash, who assailed him with every species of coarse and contemptuous ridicule. Harvey, however, was of service to Spenser. The latter, on retiring from the University, lived with some friends in the north of England; probably those Spensers of Hurstwood, to whose family he is said to have belonged. Harvey induced the poet to repair to London, and there he introduced him to Sir Philip Sidney, 'one of the very diamonds of her majesty's court.' In 1579, the poet published his *Shepherd's Calendar*, dedicated to Sidney, who afterwards patronised him, and recommended him to his uncle, the powerful Earl of Leicester. The Shepherd's Calendar is a pastoral poem, in twelve eclogues, one for each month, but without strict *keeping* as to natural description or rustic character, and deformed by a number of obsolete uncouth phrases (the Chaucerisms of Spenser, as Dryden designated them), yet containing traces of a superior original genius. The fable of the *Oak and Briar* is finely told; and in verses like the following, we see the germs of that tuneful harmony and pensive reflection in which Spenser excelled:—

You naked buds, whose shady leaves are lost,
Wherein the birds were wont to build their bower,
And now are clothed with moss and hoary frost,
Instead of blossoms wherewith your buds did flower:
I see your tears that from your boughs do rain,
Whose drops in dreary icicles remain.

All so my lustful life is dry and sere,
My timely buds with wailing all are wasted;
The blossom which my branch of youth did bear,
With breathed sighs is blown away and blasted,
And from mine eyes the drizzling tears descend,
As on your boughs the icicles depend.

These lines form part of the first eclogue, in which the shepherd boy (Colin Clout) laments the issue of his love for a 'country lass,' named Rosalind—a happy female name, which Thomas Lodge, and, following him, Shakspeare, subsequently connected with love and poetry. Spenser is here supposed to have depicted a real passion of his own for a lady in the north, who at last preferred a rival, though, as Gabriel Harvey says, 'the gentle Mistress Rosalind' once reported the rejected suitor 'to have all the intelligences at command, and another time christened him Signior Pegaso.' Spenser makes his shepherds discourse of polemics as well as love, and they draw characters of good and bad pastors, and institute comparisons between Popery and Protestantism. Some allusions to Archbishop Grindal ('Algrind' in the poem) and Bishop Aylmer are said to have given offence to Lord Burleigh; but the patronage of Leicester and Essex must have made Burleigh look with distaste on the new poet. For ten years we hear little of Spenser. He is found corresponding with Harvey on a literary innovation contemplated by that learned person, and even by Sir Philip Sidney. This was no less than banishing rhymes and introducing the Latin prosody into English verse. Spenser seems to have assented to it, 'fondly overcome with *Sidney's* charm;' he suspended the Faery Queen, which he had then begun, and tried English hexameters, forgetting, to use the witty words of Nash, that 'the hexameter, though a gentleman of an ancient house, was not likely to thrive in this clime of ours, the soil being too craggy for him to set his plough in.' Fortunately, he did not persevere in the conceit; he could not have gained over his contemporaries to it (for there were then too many poets, and too much real poetry in the land), and if he had made the attempt, Shakspeare would soon have blown the whole away. As a dependent on Leicester, and a suitor for court favour, Spenser is supposed to have experienced many reverses. The following lines in *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, though not printed till 1581, seem to belong to this period of his life:—

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!

* It was lately announced, that the family to which the poet's father belonged has been ascertained as one settled at Hurstwood, near Burnley, in Lancashire, where it flourished till 1690.

Strong feeling has here banished all antique and affected expression: there is no fancy in this gloomy painting. It appears, from recently-discovered documents, that Spenser was sometimes employed in inferior state missions, a task then often devolved on poets and dramatists. At length an important appointment came. Lord Grey of Wilton was sent to Ireland as lord-deputy, and Spenser accompanied him in the capacity of secretary. They remained there two years, when the deputy was recalled, and the poet also returned to England. In June 1586, Spenser obtained from the crown a grant of 3028 acres in the county of Cork, out of the forfeited lands of the Earl of Desmond, of which Sir Walter Raleigh had previously, for his military services in Ireland, obtained 12,000 acres. The poet was obliged to reside on his estate, as this was one of the conditions of the grant, and he accordingly repaired to Ireland, and took up his abode in Kilcolman Castle, near Doneraile, which had been one of the ancient strongholds or appanages of the Earls of Desmond. The poet's castle stood in the midst of a large plain, by the side of a lake; the river Mulla ran through his grounds, and a chain of mountains at a distance

Kilcolman Castle.

seemed to bulwark in the romantic retreat. Here he wrote most of the Faery Queen, and received the visits of Raleigh, whom he fancifully styled 'the Shepherd of the Ocean;' and here he brought home his wife, the 'Elizabeth' of his sonnets, welcoming her with that noble strain of pure and fervent passion, which he has styled the *Epithalamium*, and which forms the most magnificent 'spousal verse' in the language. Kilcolman Castle is now a ruin; its towers almost level with the ground; but the spot must ever be dear to the lovers of genius. Raleigh's visit was made in 1589, and, according to the figurative language of Spenser, the two illustrious friends, while reading the manuscript of the Faery Queen, sat

> 'Amongst the coolly shade
> Of the green alders, by the Mulla's shore.'

We may conceive the transports of delight with which Raleigh perused or listened to those strains of chivalry and gorgeous description, which revealed to him a land still brighter than any he had seen in his distant wanderings, or could have been present even to his romantic imagination! The guest warmly approved of his friend's poem; and he persuaded Spenser, when he had completed the three first books, to accompany him to England, and arrange for their publication. The Faery Queen appeared in January 1589–90, dedicated to her majesty, in that strain of adulation which was then the fashion of the age. To the volume was appended a letter to Raleigh, explaining the nature of the work, which the author said was 'a continued allegory, or dark conceit.' He states his object to be to fashion a gentleman, or noble person, in virtuous and gentle discipline, and that he had chosen Prince Arthur for his hero. He conceives that prince to have beheld the Faery Queen in a dream, and been so enamoured of the vision, that, on awaking, he resolved to set forth and seek her in Faery Land. The poet further 'devises' that the Faery Queen shall keep her annual feast twelve days, twelve several adventures happening in that time, and each of them being undertaken by a knight. The adventures were also to express the same number of moral virtues. The first is that of the Redcross Knight, expressing Holiness; the second Sir Guyon, or Temperance; and the third, Britomartis, 'a lady knight,' representing Chastity. There was thus a blending of chivalry and religion in the design of the Faery Queen. Spenser had imbibed (probably from Sidney) a portion of the Platonic doctrine, which overflows in Milton's *Comus*, and he looked on chivalry as a sage and serious thing.* Besides his personification of the abstract virtues, the poet made his allegorical personages and their adventures represent historical characters and events. The queen, Gloriana, and the huntress Belphœbe, are both symbolical of Queen Elizabeth; the adventures of the Redcross Knight shadow forth the history of the Church of England; the distressed knight is Henry IV.; and Envy is intended to glance at the unfortunate Mary, Queen of Scots. The stanza of Spenser is the Italian *ottava rima*, now familiar in English poetry; but he added an Alexandrine, or long line, which gives a full and sweeping close to the verse. The poet's diction is rich and abundant. He introduced, however, a number of obsolete expressions, 'new grafts of old and withered words,' for which he was censured by his contemporaries and their successors, and in which he was certainly not copied by Shakspeare. His 'Gothic subject

* The Platonism of Spenser is more clearly seen in his hymns on *Love* and *Beauty*, which are among the most passionate and exquisite of his productions. His account of the spirit of love is not unlike Ovid's description of the creation of man: the soul, just severed from the sky, retains part of its heavenly power—

> 'And frames her house, in which she will be placed,
> Fit for herself.'

But he speculates further—

> 'So every spirit, as it is most pure,
> And hath in it the more of heavenly light,
> So it the fairer body doth procure
> To habit in, and it more fairly dight
> With cheerful grace and amiable sight;
> For of the soul the body form doth take;
> For soul is form, and doth the body make.'

Spenser afterwards wrote two religious hymns, to counteract the effect of those on love and beauty, but though he spiritualises his passion, he does not abandon his early belief, that the fairest body encloses the fairest mind: he still says—

> 'For all that's good is beautiful and fair.'

The Grecian philosophy was curiously united with Puritanism in both Spenser and Milton. Our poet took the fable of his great poem from the style of the Gothic romance, but the deep sense of beauty which pervades it is of classical origin, elevated and purified by strong religious feeling.

story' had probably, as Mr Campbell conjectures, 'made him lean towards words of the olden time,' and his antiquated expression, as the same critic finely remarks, 'is beautiful in its antiquity, like the moss and ivy on some majestic building, covers the fabric of his language with romantic and venerable associations.' The Faery Queen was enthusiastically received. It could scarcely, indeed, be otherwise, considering how well it was adapted to the court and times of the Virgin Queen, where gallantry and chivalry were so strangely mingled with the religious gravity and earnestness induced by the Reformation, and considering the intrinsic beauty and excellence of the poem. The few first stanzas, descriptive of Una, were of themselves sufficient to place Spenser above the whole hundred poets that then offered incense to Elizabeth.

The queen settled a pension of £50 per annum on Spenser, and he returned to Ireland. His smaller poems were next published—*The Tears of the Muses*, *Mother Hubbard*, &c., in 1591; *Daphnaida*, 1592; and *Amoretti* and the *Epithalamium* (relating his courtship and marriage) in 1595. His *Elegy of Astrophel*, on the death of the lamented Sidney, appeared about this time. In 1596, Spenser was again in London to publish the fourth, fifth, and sixth books of the Faery Queen. These contain the legend of Cambel and Triamond, or Friendship; Artegal, or Justice; and Sir Caledore, or Courtesy. The double allegory is continued in these cantos as in the previous ones: Artegal is the poet's friend and patron, Lord Grey; and various historical events are related in the knight's adventures. Half of the original design was thus finished; six of the twelve adventures and moral virtues were produced; but unfortunately the world saw only some fragments more of the work. It has been said that the remaining half was lost, through the 'disorder and abuse' of a servant sent forward with it to England. This is highly improbable. Spenser, who came to London himself with each of the former portions, would not have ventured the largest part with a careless servant. But he had not time to complete his poetical and moral gallery. There was an interval of six years between his two publications, and he lived only three years after the second. During that period, too, Ireland was convulsed with rebellion. The English settlers, or 'undertakers,' of the crown lands, were unpopular with the conquered natives of Ireland. They were often harsh and oppressive; and even Spenser is accused, on the authority of existing legal documents, of having sought unjustly to add to his possessions. He was also in office over the Irish (clerk of the council of Munster); he had been recommended by the queen (1598) for the office of sheriff of Cork; and he was a strenuous advocate for arbitrary power, as is proved by a political treatise on the state of Ireland, written by him in 1596 for the government of Elizabeth, but not printed till the reign of Charles I. The poet was, therefore, a conspicuous object for the fury of the irritated and barbarous natives, with whom 'revenge was virtue.' The storm soon burst forth. In October 1598, an insurrection was organised in Munster, following Tyrone's rebellion, which had raged for some years in the province of Ulster. The insurgents attacked Kilcolman, and having robbed and plundered, set fire to the castle. Spenser and his wife escaped; but either in the confusion incidental to such a calamity, or from inability to render assistance, an infant child of the poet ('new-born,' according to Ben Jonson) was left behind, and perished in the flames. The poet, impoverished and broken-hearted, reached London, and died in about three months, in King Street, Westminster, on the 16th January 1599. He was buried near the tomb of Chaucer in Westminster Abbey, the Earl of Essex defraying the expense of the funeral, and his hearse attended (as Camden relates) by his brother poets, who threw 'mournful elegies' into his grave. A monument was erected over his remains thirty years afterwards by Anne, countess of Dorset. His widow, the fair Elizabeth, whose bridal bower at Kilcolman he had decked with such 'gay garlands' of song, probably remained in Ireland, where two sons of the unfortunate poet long resided.

Spenser is the most luxuriant and melodious of all our descriptive poets. His creation of scenes and objects is infinite, and in free and sonorous versification he has not yet been surpassed. His 'lofty rhyme' has a swell and cadence, and a continuous sweetness, that we can find nowhere else. In richness of fancy and invention he can scarcely be ranked below Shakspeare, and he is fully as original. His obligations to the Italian poets (Ariosto supplying a wild Gothic and chivalrous model for the Faery Queen, and Tasso furnishing the texture of some of its most delicious embellishments) still leave him the merit of his great moral design—the conception of his allegorical characters—his exuberance of language and illustration—and that original structure of verse, powerful and harmonious, which he was the first to adopt, and which must ever bear his name. His faults arose out of the fulness of his riches. His inexhaustible powers of circumstantial description betrayed him into a tedious minuteness, which sometimes, in the delineation of his personified passions, becomes repulsive, and in the painting of natural objects led him to group together trees and plants, and assemble sounds and instruments, which were never seen or heard in unison out of Faery Land. The ingenuity and subtlety of his intellect tempted him to sow dark meanings and obscure allusions across the bright and obvious path of his allegory. This peculiarity of his genius was early displayed in his Shepherd's Calendar; and if Burleigh's displeasure could have cured the poet of the habit, the statesman might be half forgiven his illiberality. His command of musical language led him to protract his narrative to too great a length, till the attention becomes exhausted, even with its very melody, and indifference succeeds to languor. Had Spenser lived to finish his poem, it is doubtful whether he would not have diminished the number of his readers. His own fancy had evidently begun to give way, for the last three books have not the same rich unity of design, or plenitude of imagination, which fills the earlier cantos with so many interesting, lofty, and ethereal conceptions, and steeps them in such a flood of ideal and poetical beauty. The two first books (of *Holiness and Temperance*) are, like the two first of Paradise Lost, works of consummate taste and genius, and superior to all the others. We agree with Mr Hazlitt, that the allegory of Spenser is in reality no bar to the enjoyment of the poem. The reader may safely disregard the symbolical applications. We may allow the poet, like his own Archimago, to divide his characters into 'double parts,' while one only is visible at a time. While we see Una, with her heavenly looks,

> That made a sunshine in the shady place,

or Belphœbe flying through the woods, or Britomart seated amidst the young warriors, we need not stop to recollect that the first is designed to represent the true church, the second Queen Elizabeth, or the third an abstract personification of Chastity. They are exquisite representations of female loveliness and truth, unmatched save in the dramas of Shakspeare. The allegory of Spenser leaves his wild enchantments,

his picturesque situations, his shady groves and lofty trees,

(Not pierceable by power of any star),

his Masque of Cupid, and Bower of Bliss, and all the witcheries of his gardens and wildernesses, without the slightest ambiguity or indistinctness. There is no haze over his finest pictures. We seem to walk in the green alleys of his broad forests, to hear the stream tinkle and the fountain fall, to enter his caves of Mammon and Despair, to gaze on his knights and ladies, or to join in his fierce combats and crowded allegorical processions. There is no perplexity, no intercepted lights, in those fine images and personifications. They may be sometimes fantastic, but they are always brilliant and distinct. When Spenser fails to interest, it is when our coarser taste becomes palled with his sweetness, and when we feel that his scenes want the support of common probability and human passions. We surrender ourselves up for a time to the power of the enchanter, and witness with wonder and delight his marvellous achievements; but we wish to return again to the world, and to mingle with our fellow-mortals in its busy and passionate pursuits. It is here that Shakspeare eclipses Spenser; here that he builds upon his beautiful groundwork of fancy—the high and durable structure of conscious dramatic truth and living reality. Spenser's mind was as purely poetical, and embraced a vast range of imaginary creation. The interest of real life alone is wanting. Spenser's is an ideal world, remote and abstract, yet affording, in its multiplied scenes, scope for those nobler feelings and heroic virtues which we love to see even in transient connexion with human nature. The romantic character of his poetry is its most essential and permanent feature. We may tire of his allegory and 'dark conceit,' but the general impression remains; we never think of the Faery Queen without recalling its wondrous scenes of enchantment and beauty, and feeling ourselves lulled, as it were, by the recollected music of the poet's verse, and the endless flow and profusion of his fancy.

[*Una and the Redcross Knight.*]

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Ycladd in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seem'd, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead (as living) ever him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
(That greatest glorious queen of fairy lond,)
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low,
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourn'd: so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expell'd:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compell'd.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seem'd in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seem'd in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing Pine, the Cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop Elm, the Poplar never dry,
The builder Oak, sole king of forests all,
The Aspin good for staves, the Cypress funeral.

The Laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the Fir that weepeth still,
The Willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The Yew obedient to the bender's will,
The Birch for shafts, the Sallow for the mill,
The Myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike Beech, the Ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful Olive, and the Plantain round,
The carver Holme, the Maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shown,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

[*Adventure of Una with the Lion.*]

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's preasse, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
To seek her knight; who, subtily betrayed

Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned ; she of nought afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought ;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight ;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside : her angel's face,
As the great eye of Heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood :
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse :
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue ;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong !
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate :
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life ? why hath he me abhorred ?'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood ;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood :
With pity calm'd down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heav'nly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard :
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared ;
From her fair eyes he took commandément,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

[*The Bower of Bliss.*]

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others happiness envy ;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by ;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art, which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have thought (so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine)
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine ;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify ;
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine :
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see ;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seem'd with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
While others did embaye themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue :
For, the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advis'd it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true :
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seem'd for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seem'd to be ;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All pav'd beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seem'd the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed might offend.
* * *
Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be :
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet ;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet ;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall :
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call :
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chaunt this lovely lay ;
'Ah see, whoso fair thing thou dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day ;
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may ;
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display ;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away !

So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour ;

Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower:
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst loved be with equal crime.'

[*The Squire and the Dove.*]

Well said the wise man, now prov'd true by this,
Which to this gentle squire did happen late;
That the displeasure of the mighty is
Than death itself more dread and desperate:
For nought the same may calm, nor mitigate,
Till time the tempest do thereof allay
With sufferance soft, which rigour can abate,
And have the stern remembrance wip'd away
Of bitter thoughts, which deep therein infixed lay.

Like as it fell to this unhappy boy,
Whose tender heart the fair Belphœbe had
With one stern look so daunted, that no joy
In all his life, which afterwards he lad,
He ever tasted; but with penance sad,
And pensive sorrow, pin'd and wore away,
Nor ever laugh'd, nor once show'd countenance glad;
But always wept and wailed night and day,
As blasted blossom, through heat, doth languish and decay;

Till on a day (as in his wonted wise
His dole he made) there chanc'd a turtle-dove
To come, where he his dolours did devise,
That likewise late had lost her dearest love;
Which loss her made like passion also prove.
Who seeing his sad plight, her tender heart
With dear compassion deeply did enmove,
That she gan moan his underserved smart,
And with her doleful accent, bear with him a part.

She, sitting by him, as on ground he lay,
Her mournful notes full pitcously did frame,
And thereof made a lamentable lay,
So sensibly compiled, that in the same
Him seemed oft he heard his own right name.
With that, he forth would pour so plenteous tears,
And beat his breast unworthy of such blame,
And knock his head, and rend his rugged hairs,
That could have pierc'd the hearts of tigers and of bears.

Thus long this gentle bird to him did use,
Withouten dread of peril to repair
Unto his wonne; and with her mournful muse
Him to recomfort in his greatest care,
That much did ease his mourning and misfare:
And every day, for guerdon of her song,
He part of his small feast to her would share;
That, at the last, of all his woe and wrong,
Companion she became, and so continued long.

Upon a day, as she him sate beside,
By chance he certain miniments forth drew,
Which yet with him as relics did abide
Of all the bounty which Belphœbe threw
On him, while goodly grace she did him shew:
Amongst the rest, a jewel rich he found,
That was a ruby of right perfect hue,
Shap'd like a heart, yet bleeding of the wound,
And with a little golden chain about it bound.

The same he took, and with a ribbon new
(In which his lady's colours were) did bind
About the turtle's neck, that with the view
Did greatly solace his engrieved mind.
All unawares the bird, when she did find
Herself so deck'd, her nimble wings display'd,
And flew away, as lightly as the wind:
Which sudden accident him much dismay'd,
And looking after long, did mark which way she stray'd.

But, when as long he looked had in vain,
Yet saw her forward still to make her flight,
His weary eye return'd to him again,
Full of discomfort and disquiet plight,
That both his jewel he had lost so light,
And eke his dear companion of his care.
But that sweet bird departing, flew forth right
Through the wide region of the wasteful air,
Until she came where wonned his Belphœbe fair.

There found she her (as then it did betide)
Sitting in covert shade of arbors sweet,
After late weary toil, which she had tried
In savage chace, to rest as seem'd her meet.
There she alighting, fell before her feet,
And gan to her, her mournful plaint to make,
As was her wont: thinking so let her weet
The great tormenting grief, that for her sake
Her gentle squire through her displeasure did partake.

She, her beholding with attentive eye,
At length did mark about her purple breast
That precious jewel, which she formerly
Had known right well, with colour'd ribbon drest;
Therewith she rose in haste, and her addrest
With ready hand it to have reft away.
But the swift bird obey'd not her behest,
But swerv'd aside, and there again did stay;
She follow'd her, and thought again it to assay.

And ever when she nigh approach'd, the dove
Would flit a little forward, and then stay
Till she drew near, and then again remove;
So tempting her still to pursue the prey,
And still from her escaping soft away:
Till that at length, into that forest wide
She drew her far, and led with slow delay.
In the end, she her unto that place did guide,
Whereas that woful man in languor did abide.

He her beholding, at her feet down fell,
And kiss'd the ground on which her sole did tread,
And wash'd the same with water, which did well
From his moist eyes, and like two streams proceed;
Yet spake no word, whereby she might aread
What mister wight he was, or what he meant;
But as one daunted with her presence dread,
Only few rueful looks unto her sent,
As messengers of his true meaning and intent.

Yet nathemore his meaning she ared,
But wondered much at his so uncouth case;
And by his person's secret semblihed
Well ween'd, that he had been some man of place,
Before misfortune did his hue deface:
That being moved with ruth she thus bespake.
Ah! woful man, what heaven's hard disgrace,
Or wrath of cruel wight on thee ywrake,
Or self-disliked life, doth thee thus wretched make?

If heaven, then none may it redress or blame,
Since to his power we all are subject born:
If wrathful wight, then foul rebuke and shame
Be theirs, that have so cruel thee forlorn;
But if through inward grief, or wilful scorn
Of life it be, then better do avise.
For, he whose days in wilful woe are worn,
The grace of his Creator doth despise,
That will not use his gifts for thankless niggardise.

When so he heard her say, eftsoons he brake
His sudden silence, which he long had pent,
And sighing inly deep, her thus bespake;
Then have they all themselves against me bent:
For heaven (first author of my languishment)
Envying my too great felicity,
Did closely with a cruel one consent,
To cloud my days in doleful misery,
And make me loath this life, still longing for to die.

Nor any but yourself, O dearest dread,
Hath done this wrong; to wreak on worthless wight
Your high displeasure, through misdeeming bred:
That when your pleasure is to deem aright,
Ye may redress, and me restore to light.
Which sorry words, her mighty heart did mate
With mild regard, to see his rueful plight,
That her in-burning wrath she gan abate,
And him received again to former favour's state.

[*Wedding of the Medway and the Thames.*]

[This piece is a remarkable specimen of the allegorical manner of the poet. Natural objects are here personified in an abundance, and with a facility which almost bewilders the reader.]

It fortun'd then a solemn feast was there,
To all the sea-gods and their fruitful seed,
In honour of the spousals which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
Long had the Thames (as we in records read)
Before that day her wooed to his bed,
But the proud nymph would for no wordly meed,
Nor no entreaty, to his love be led,
Till now at last relenting, she to him was wed.

So both agreed that this, their bridal feast,
Should for the gods in Proteus' house be made,
To which they all repair'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mighty ocean trade
As that in rivers swim, or brooks do wade;
All which not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouths, and voice of brass, I had.
And endless memory, that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well.

Help, therefore, O thou sacred imp of Jove!
The nursling of dame memory, his dear,
To whom those rolls, laid up in heaven above,
And records of antiquity appear,
To which no wit of man may comen near;
Help me to tell the names of all those floods,
And all those nymphs, which then assembled were
To that great banquet of the watery gods,
And all their sundry kinds, and all their hid abodes.

First came great Neptune, with his threeforkt mace,
That rules the seas, and makes them rise or fall;
His dewy locks did drop with brine apace
Under his diadem imperial;
And by his side his queen with coronal,
Fair Amphitrite, most divinely fair,
Whose ivory shoulders weren cover'd all,
As with a robe, with her own silver hair,
And deck'd with pearls which the Indian seas for her prepare.

These marched far afore the other crew,
And all the way before them, as they went,
Triton his trumpet shrill before them blew,
For goodly triumph and great jollyment,
That made the rocks to roar as they were rent;
And after them the royal issue came,
Which of them sprung by lineal descent;
First the sea-gods, which to themselves do claim
The power to rule the billows, and the waves to tame.

Next came the aged ocean and his dame,
Old Tethys, th' oldest two of all the rest,
For all the rest of those two parents came,
Which afterward both sea and land possest.
Of all which Nereus, th' eldest and the best,
Did first proceed, than which none more upright,
Ne more sincere in word and deed profest,
Most void of guile, most free from foul despite,
Doing himself, and teaching others to do right.

And after him the famous rivers came
Which do the earth enrich and beautify;
The fertile Nile, which creatures now doth frame;
Long Rhodanus, whose course springs from the sky;
Fair Ister, flowing from the mountains high;
Divine Scamander, purpled yet with blood
Of Greeks and Trojans, which therein did die;
Pactolus, glistering with his golden flood,
And Tigris fierce, whose streams of none may be withstood.

Great Ganges, and immortal Euphrates;
Deep Indus, and Meander intricate;
Slow Peneus, and tempestuous Phasides;
Swift Rhine and Alpheus still immaculate;
Ooraxes, feared for great Cyrus' fate;
Tybris, renowned for the Roman's fame;
Rich Oranochy, though but knowen late;
And that huge river which doth bear his name
Of warlike Amazons, which do possess the same.

Then was there heard a most celestial sound
Of dainty music, which did next ensue
Before the spouse, that was Arion crown'd,
Who playing on his harp, unto him drew
The ears and hearts of all that godly crew:
That even yet the dolphin which him bore
Through the Egean seas from pirate's view,
Stood still by him, astonish'd at his lore,
And all the raging seas for joy forgot to roar.

So went he playing on the watery plain;
Soon after whom the lovely bridegroom came,
The noble Thames, with all his goodly train;
But him before there went, as best became,
His ancient parents, namely th' ancient Thame;
But much more aged was his wife than he,
The Ouse, whom men do Isis rightly name;
Full weak, and crooked creature seemed she,
And almost blind through eld, that scarce her way could see.

Therefore on either side she was sustain'd
Of two small grooms, which by their names were hight
The Churn and Charwell, two small streams which
Themselves her footing to direct aright, [pain'd
Which failed oft through faint and feeble plight;
But Thame was stronger, and of better stay,
Yet seem'd full aged by his outward sight,
With head all hoary and his beard all gray,
Dewed with silver drops that trickled down alway:

And eke somewhat seemed to stoop afore
With bowed back, by reason of the load
And ancient heavy burden which he bore
Of that fair city, wherein make abode
So many learned imps, that shoot abroad,
And with their branches spread all Britany,
No less than do her elder sister's brood:
Joy to you both, ye double nursery
Of arts, but Oxford! thine doth Thame most glorify.

But he their son full fresh and jolly was,
All decked in a robe of watchet hue,
On which the waves, glittering like crystal glass,
So cunningly inwoven were, that few
Could weenen whether they were false or true;
And on his head like to a coronet
He wore, that seemed strange to common view,
In which were many towers and castles set,
That it encompass'd round as with a golden fret.

Like as the mother of the gods they say,
In her great iron chariot wonts to ride,
When to love's palace she doth take her way,
Old Cybele, array'd with pompous pride,
Wearing a diadem embattled wide
With hundred turrets, like a turribant;
With such an one was Thamis beautified,
That was to weet the famous Troynovant,
In which her kingdom's throne is chiefly resiant.

And round about him many a pretty page
Attended duly, ready to obey;
All little rivers which owe vassalage
To him, as to their lord, and tribute pay;
The chalky Kennet, and the Thetis gray;
The moorish Cole, and the soft-sliding Breane;
The wanton Lee, that oft doth lose his way,
And the still Darent in whose waters clean,
Ten thousand fishes play, and deck his pleasant stream.

Then came his neighbour floods which nigh him dwell,
And water all the English soil throughout;
They all on him this day attended well,
And with meet service waited him about,
Ne none disdained low to him to lout;
No, not the stately Severn grudg'd at all,
Ne storming Humber, though he looked stout,
But both him honor'd as their principal,
And let their swelling waters low before him fall.

There was the speedy Tamar, which divides
The Cornish and the Devonish confines,
Through both whose borders swiftly down it glides,
And meeting Plim, to Plymouth thence declines;
And Dart, nigh chok'd with sands of tinny mines;
But Avon marched in more stately path,
Proud of his adamants with which he shines
And glisters wide, as als' of wondrous Bath,
And Bristow fair, which on his waves he builded hath.

Next there came Tyne, along whose stony bank
That Roman monarch built a brazen wall,
Which mote the feebled Britons strongly flank
Against the Picts, that swarmed over all,
Which yet thereof Gualsever they do call;
And Tweed, the limit betwixt Logris' land
And Albany; and Eden, though but small,
Yet often stain'd with blood of many a band
Of Scots and English both, that tyned on his strand.

These after came the stony shallow Lone,
That to old Loncaster his name doth lend,
And following Dee, which Britons long ygone,
Did call divine, that doth by Chester tend;
And Conway, which out of his stream doth send
Plenty of pearls to deck his dames withal;
And Lindus, that his pikes doth most commend,
Of which the ancient Lincoln men do call:
All these together marched toward Proteus' hall.

Then came the bride, the lovely Medua came,
Clad in a vesture of unknowen gear,
And uncouth fashion, yet her well became,
That seem'd like silver sprinkled here and there,
With glittering spangs that did like stars appear,
And wav'd upon like water chamelot,
To hide the metal, which yet everywhere
Bewray'd itself, to let men plainly wot,
It was no mortal work, that seem'd and yet was not.

Her goodly locks adown her back did flow
Unto her waist, with flowers bescattered,
The which ambrosial odours forth did throw
To all about, and all her shoulders spread,
As a new spring; and likewise on her head
A chapelet of sundry flowers she wore,
From under which the dewy humour shed
Did trickle down her hair, like to the hoar
Congealed little drops, which do the morn adore.

On her two pretty handmaids did attend,
One call'd the Theise, the other call'd the Crane,
Which on her waited, things amiss to mend,
And both behind upheld her spreading train,
Under the which her feet appeared plain,
Her silver feet, fair wash'd against this day:
And her before there paced pages twain,
Both clad in colours like, and like array
The Doun and eke the Frith, both which prepared her way.

In the above extracts from the Faery Queen, we have, for the sake of perspicuity, modernised the spelling, without changing a word of the original. The following two highly poetical descriptions are given in the poet's own orthography:—

[*The House of Sleep.*]

He making speedy way through spersed ayre,
And through the world of waters wide and deepe,
To Morpheus' house doth hastily repaire.
Amid the bowels of the earth full steepe,
And low, where dawning day doth never peepe,
His dwelling is, there Tethys his wet bed
Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steepe,
In silver deaw, his ever drouping hed,
Whiles sad Night over him her mantle black doth spred.

Whose double gates he findeth locked fast,
The one fayre fram'd of burnisht yvory,
The other all with silver overcast;
And wakeful dogges before them farre doe lye,
Watching to banish Care their enimy,
Who oft is wont to trouble gentle sleepe.
By them the sprite doth passe in quietly,
And unto Morpheus comes, whom drowned deepe
In drowsie fit he findes; of nothing he takes keepe.

And more to lulle him in his slumber soft,
A trickling streame from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever-drizling raine upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowne
Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse, nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t' annoy the walled towne,
Might there be heard; but carelesse Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimyes.

[*Description of Belphebe.*]

In her faire eyes two living lamps did flame,
Kindled above at th' heavenly Maker's light,
And darted fyrie beames out of the same,
So passing persant, and so wondrous bright,
That quite bereav'd the rash beholders sight:
In them the blinded god his lustfull fyre
To kindle oft assayd, but had no might;
For, with dredd majestie and awfull yre,
She broke his wanton darts, and quenched base desyre.

Her yvorie forhead, full of bountie brave,
Like a broad table did itselfe dispred,
For Love his loftie triumphes to engrave,
And write the battailes of his great godhed:
All good and honour might therein be red;
For there their dwelling was. And, when she spake,
Sweete wordes, like dropping honey, she did shed;
And 'twixt the perles and rubins softly brake
A silver sound, that heavenly musicke seemd to make.

Upon her eyelids many Graces sate,
Under the shadow of her even browes,
Working belgardes and amorous retrate;
And everie one her with a grace endowes,
And everie one with meekenesse to her bowes:
So glorious mirrhour of celestiall grace,
And soveraine moniment of mortall vowes,
How shall frayle pen descrive her heavenly face,
For feare, through want of skill, her beauty to disgrace!

So faire, and thousand thousand times more faire,
She seemd, when she presented was to sight;
And was yclad, for heat of scorching aire,
All in a silken Camus lily white,
Purfled upon with many a folded plight,
Which all above besprinckled was throughout
With golden aygulets.

And in her hand a sharpe bore-speare she held,
And at her backe a bow, and quiver gay
Stuft with steel-headed dartes, wherewith she queld
The salvage beastes in her victorious play,
Knit with a golden bauldricke which forelay
Athwart her snowy brest, and did divide
Her daintie paps; which, like young fruit in May,
Now little gan to swell, and being tide
Through her thin weed their places only signifide.

Her yellow lockes, crisped like golden wyre,
About her shoulders weren loosely shed,
And, when the winde emongst them did inspyre,
They waved like a penon wyde despred,
And low behinde her backe were scattered:
And, whether art it were or heedlesse hap,
As through the flouring forrest rash she fled,
In her rude heares sweet flowres themselves did lap,
And flourishing fresh leaves and blossomes did enwrap.

[*Fable of the Oak and the Briar.*]

There grew an aged tree on the green,
A goodly Oak sometime had it been,
With arms full strong and largely display'd,
But of their leaves they were disaray'd:
The body big and mightily pight,
Throughly rooted, and of wondrous height;
Whilom had been the king of the field,
And mochel mast to the husband did yield,
And with his nuts larded many swine,
But now the gray moss marred his rine,
His bared boughs were beaten with storms,
His top was bald, and wasted with worms,
His honour decay'd, his branches sere.
Hard by his side grew a bragging Briere,
Which proudly thrust into th' element,
And seemed to threat the firmament:
It was embellisht with blossoms fair,
And thereto aye wonted to repair
The shepherd's daughters to gather flowres,
To paint their garlands with his colowres,
And in his small bushes used to shroud,
The sweet nightingale singing so loud,
Which made this foolish Briere wex so bold,
That on a time he cast him to scold,
And sneb the good Oak, for he was old.
Why stands there (quoth he) thou brutish block?
Nor for fruit nor for shadow serves thy stock;
Seest how fresh my flowres been spread,
Died in lily white and crimson red,
With leaves engrained in lusty green,
Colours meet to cloath a maiden queen?
Thy waste bigness but cumbers the ground,
And dirks the beauty of my blossoms round:
The mouldy moss, which thee accloyeth,
My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth:
Wherefore soon I rede thee hence remove,
Lest thou the price of my displeasure prove.
So spake this bold Briere with great disdain,
Little him answer'd the Oak again,
But yielded, with shame and grief adaw'd,
That of a weed he was over-craw'd.
It chanced after upon a day,
The husband-man's self to come that way,
Of custom to surview his ground,
And his trees of state in compass round:
Him when the spiteful Briere had espyed,
Causeless complained, and loudly cryed
Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:
O my liege Lord! the god of my life,
Please you ponder your suppliant's plaint,
Caused of wrong and cruel constraint,
Which I your poor vassal daily endure;
And but your goodness the same recure,
And like for desperate dole to die,
Through felonous force of mine enemy.

Greatly aghast with this piteous plea,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bade the Briere in his plaint proceed.
With painted words then gan this proud weed
(As most usen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloke.
Ah, my Sovereign! lord of creatures all,
Thou placer of plants both humble and tall,
Was not I planted of thine own hand,
To be the primrose of all thy land,
With flow'ring blossoms to furnish the prime,
And scarlet berries in sommer-time?
How falls it then that this faded Oak,
Whose body is sere, whose branches broke,
Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire,
Unto such tyranny doth aspire,
Hindring with his shade my lovely light,
And robbing me of the sweet sun's sight?
So beat his old boughs my tender side,
That oft the blood springeth from wounds wide,
Untimely my flowers forced to fall,
That been the honour of your coronal;
And oft he lets his canker-worms light
Upon my branches, to work me more spight;
And of his hoary locks down doth cast,
Wherewith my fresh flowrets been defast:
For this, and many more such outrage,
Craving your godlyhead to assuage
The rancorous rigour of his might;
Nought ask I but only to hold my right,
Submitting me to your good sufferance,
And praying to be guarded from grievance.
To this this Oak cast him to reply
Well as he couth; but his enemy
Had kindled such coals of displeasure,
That the good man nould stay his leisure,
But home him hasted with furious heat,
Encreasing his wrath with many a threat;
His harmful hatchet he hent in hand,
(Alas! that it so ready should stand!)
And to the field alone he speedeth,
(Aye little help to harm there needeth)
Anger nould let him speak to the tree,
Enaunter his rage might cooled be,
But to the root bent his sturdy stroke,
And made many wounds in the waste Oak.
The axe's edge did oft turn again,
As half unwilling to cut the grain,
Seemed the senseless iron did fear,
Or to wrong holy eld did forbear;
For it had been an ancient tree,
Sacred with many a mystery,
And often crost with the priests' crew,
And often hallowed with holy-water dew;
But like fancies weren foolery,
And broughten this Oak to this misery;
For nought might they quitten him from decay,
For fiercely the good man at him did lay.
The block oft groaned under his blow,
And sighed to see his near overthrow.
In fine, the steel had pierced his pith,
Then down to the ground he fell forthwith.
His wondrous weight made the ground to quake,
Th' earth shrunk under him, and seem'd to shake;
There lieth the Oak pitied of none.
Now stands the Briere like a lord alone,
Puff'd up with pride and vain pleasance;
But all this glee had no continuance:
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
The blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briere,
For now no succour was seen him near.
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
For naked left and disconsolate,
The biting frost nipt his stalk dead,
The watry wet weighed down his head,

And heap'd snow burdned him so sore,
That now upright he can stand no more;
And being down is trod in the dirt
Of cattle, and brouzed, and sorely hurt.
Such was th' end of this ambitious Briere,
For scorning eld.'——

[*From the Epithalamion.*]

Wake now, my love, awake; for it is time;
The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
All ready to her silver coach to climb;
And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.
Hark! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.
The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.
Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the birds' love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come:
Let all the virgins therefore well await;
And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
Set all your things in seemly good array,
Fit for so joyful day:
The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
Fair Sun! show forth thy favourable ray,
And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
Her beauty to disgrace.
O fairest Phœbus! father of the Muse!
If ever I did honour thee aright,
Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
But let this day, let this one day be mine;
Let all the rest be thine.
Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo! where she comes along with portly pace,
Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
Arising forth to run her mighty race,
Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
Some angel she had been.
Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
Do like a golden mantle her attire;
And being crowned with a garland green,
Seem like some maiden queen.
Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
So many gazers as on her do stare,
Upon the lowly ground affixed are;
Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
So far from being proud.
Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
So fair a creature in your town before?
So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store;
Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
Her forehead ivory white,
Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded.
Why stand ye still, ye virgins in amaze,
Upon her so to gaze,
Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing,
To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
The inward beauty of her lively sp'rit,
Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
And stand astonished like to those which read
Medusa's mazeful head.
There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty;
There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring.

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.
With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view:
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces:
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,
And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.

Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band!
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

ROBERT SOUTHWELL.

A distinguished place among the secondary poetical lights of the reign of Elizabeth is due to Robert Southwell, who is also remarkable as a victim of the religious contentions of the period. He was born in 1560, at St Faiths, Norfolk, of Roman Catholic parents, who sent him, when very young, to be educated at the English college at Douay, in Flanders, and from thence to Rome, where, at sixteen years of age, he entered the society of the Jesuits. In 1584, he returned to his native country, as a missionary, notwithstanding a law which threatened all members of his profession found in England with death. For eight years he appears to have ministered secretly but zealously to the scattered adherents of his creed, without, as far as is known, doing anything to disturb the peace of society, when, in 1592, he was apprehended in a gentleman's house at Uxenden in Middlesex, and committed to a dungeon in the Tower, so noisome and filthy, that, when he was brought out for examination, his clothes were covered with vermin. Upon this his father, a man of good family, presented a petition to Queen Elizabeth, begging, that if his son had committed anything for which, by the laws, he had deserved death, he might suffer death; if not, as he was a gentleman, he hoped her majesty would be pleased to order him to be treated as a gentleman. Southwell was, after this, somewhat better lodged, but an imprisonment of three years, with ten inflictions of the rack, wore out his patience, and he intreated to be brought to trial. Cecil is said to have made the brutal remark, that 'if he was in so much haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire.' Being at this trial found guilty, upon his own confession, of being a Romish priest, he was condemned to death, and executed at Tyburn accordingly, with all the horrible circumstances dictated by the old treason laws of England. Throughout all these scenes, he behaved with a mild fortitude which nothing but a highly regulated mind and satisfied conscience could have prompted.

The life of Southwell, though short, was full of grief. The prevailing tone of his poetry is therefore that of a religious resignation to severe evils. His two longest poems, *St Peter's Complaint*, and *Mary Magdalene's Funeral Tears*, were, like many other works of which the world has been proud, written in prison. It is remarkable that, though composed while suffering under persecution, no trace of angry feeling against any human being or any human institution, occurs in these poems. After experiencing great popularity in their own time, insomuch that eleven editions were printed between 1593 and 1600, the poems of Southwell fell, like most of the other productions of that age, into a long-enduring neglect. Their merits having been again acknowledged in our own day, a complete reprint of them appeared in 1818, under the editorial care of Mr W. Joseph Walter.

The Image of Death.

Before my face the picture hangs,
That daily should put me in mind
Of those cold names and bitter pangs
That shortly I am like to find;
But yet, alas! full little I
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;
I often view the hollow place
Where eyes and nose had sometime been;
I see the bones across that lie,
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,
That telleth me whereto I must;
I see the sentence too, that saith,
'Remember, man, thou art but dust.'
But yet, alas! how seldom I
Do think, indeed, that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell
That I ere morning may be dead,
Though now I feel myself full well;
But yet, alas! for all this, I
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am used to wear,
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;
And eke that old and ancient chair,
Which is my only usual seat;
All these do tell me I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turn'd to clay,
And many of my mates are gone;
My youngers daily drop away,
And can I think to 'scape alone?
No, no; I know that I must die,
And yet my life amend not I.

* * *

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart;
If rich and poor his beck obey;
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:
Then grant me grace, O God! that I
My life may mend, since I must die.

Times go by Turns.

The lopped tree in time may grow again,
Most naked plants renew both fruit and flower;
The sorriest wight may find release of pain,
The driest soil suck in some moistening shower:
Time goes by turns, and chances change by course,
From foul to fair, from better hap to worse.

The sea of Fortune doth not ever flow;
She draws her favours to the lowest ebb:
Her tides have equal times to come and go;
Her loom doth weave the fine and coarsest web:
No joy so great but runneth to an end,
No hap so hard but may in fine amend.

Not always fall of leaf, nor ever spring,
Not endless night, yet not eternal day:
The saddest birds a season find to sing,
The roughest storm a calm may soon allay.
Thus, with succeeding turns, God tempereth all,
That man may hope to rise, yet fear to fall.

A chance may win that by mischance was lost;
That net that holds no great, takes little fish;
In some things all, in all things none are crossed;
Few all they need, but none have all they wish.
Unmingled joys here to no man befall;
Who least, hath some; who most, hath never all.

Love's Servile Lot.

She shroudeth vice in virtue's veil,
Pretending good in ill;
She offereth joy, but bringeth grief;
A kiss—where she doth kill.

A honey shower rains from her lips,
Sweet lights shine in her face;
She hath the blush of virgin mind,
The mind of viper's race.

She makes thee seek, yet fear to find;
To find, but nought enjoy;
In many frowns, some passing smiles
She yields to more annoy.

She letteth fall some luring baits,
For fools to gather up;
Now sweet, now sour, for every taste
She tempereth her cup.

Her watery eyes have burning force,
Her floods and flames conspire;
Tears kindle sparks—sobs fuel are,
And sighs but fan the fire.

May never was the month of love,
For May is full of flowers;
But rather April, wet by kind,
For love is full of showers.

With soothing words enthralled souls
She chains in servile bands;
Her eye, in silence, hath a speech
Which eye best understands.

Her little sweet hath many sours;
Short hap immortal harms;
Her loving looks are murdering darts,
Her songs, bewitching charms.

Like winter rose and summer ice,
Her joys are still untimely;
Before her hope, behind remorse,
Fair first—in fine unkindly.

Plough not the seas, sow not the sands,
Leave off your idle pain;
Seek other mistress for your minds—
Love's service is in vain.

Scorn not the Least.

Where words are weak, and foes encount'ring strong,
Where mightier do assault than do defend,
The feebler part puts up enforced wrong,
And silent sees, that speech could not amend:
Yet higher powers must think, though they repine,
When sun is set the little stars will shine.

While pike doth range, the silly tench doth fly,
And crouch in privy creeks with smaller fish;
Yet pikes are caught when little fish go by,
These fleet afloat, while those do fill the dish;
There is a time even for the worms to creep,
And suck the dew while all their foes do sleep.

The merlin cannot ever soar on high,
Nor greedy greyhound still pursue the chase;
The tender lark will find a time to fly,
And fearful hare to run a quiet race.
He that high growth on cedars did bestow,
Gave also lowly mushrooms leave to grow.

In Haman's pomp poor Mardocheus wept,
Yet God did turn his fate upon his foe.
The Lazar pin'd, while Dives' feast was kept,
Yet he to heaven—to hell did Dives go.
We trample grass, and prize the flowers of May;
Yet grass is green, when flowers do fade away.

SAMUEL DANIEL.

SAMUEL DANIEL was the son of a music-master. He was born in 1562, near Taunton, in Somersetshire, and seems to have been educated under the patronage of the Pembroke family. In 1579, he was entered a commoner of Magdalen Hall, Oxford, where he chiefly devoted himself to the study of poetry and history; at the end of three years, he quitted the university, without taking a degree, and was appointed tutor to Anne Clifford, daughter of the Earl of Cumberland. After the death of Spenser, Daniel became what Mr Campbell calls 'voluntary laureate' to the court, but he was soon superseded by Ben Jonson. In the reign of James (1603), he was appointed Master of the Queen's Revel's, and inspector of the plays to be represented by the juvenile performers. He was also preferred to be a Gentleman-Extraordinary and Groom of the Chamber to Queen Anne. Towards the close of his life, he retired to a farm at Beckington, in Somersetshire, where he died in October 1619.

The works of Daniel fill two considerable volumes; but most of them are extremely dull. Of this nature is, in particular, his *History of the Civil War* (between the houses of York and Lancaster), which occupied him for several years, but is not in the least superior to the most sober of prose narratives. His *Complaint of Rosamond* is, in like manner, rather a piece of versified history than a poem. His two tragedies, *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, and two pastoral tragi-comedies, *Hymen's Triumph* and *The Queen's Arcadia*, are not less deficient in poetical effect. In all of these productions, the historical taste of the author seems to have altogether suppressed the poetical. It is only by virtue of his minor pieces and sonnets, that Daniel continues to maintain his place amongst the English poets. His *Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland* is a fine effusion of meditative thought.

[*From the Epistle to the Countess of Cumberland.*]

He that of such a height hath built his mind,
And reared the dwelling of his thoughts so strong,
As neither hope nor fear can shake the frame
Of his resolved powers; nor all the wind
Of vanity or malice pierce to wrong
His settled peace, or to disturb the same:
What a fair seat hath he, from whence he may
The boundless wastes and wilds of man survey!

And with how free an eye doth he look down
Upon these lower regions of turmoil,
Where all the storms of passions mainly beat
On flesh and blood! where honour, power, renown,
Are only gay afflictions, golden toil;
Where greatness stands upon as feeble feet
As frailty doth; and only great doth seem
To little minds who do it so esteem.

He looks upon the mightiest monarch's wars,
But only as on stately robberies;
Where evermore the fortune that prevails
Must be the right: the ill-succeeding mars
The fairest and the best-fac'd enterprise.
Great pirate Pompey lesser pirates quails:
Justice he sees, as if reduced, still
Conspires with power, whose cause must not be ill.

* * *

He sees the face of right t' appear as manifold
As are the passions of uncertain man;
Who puts it in all colours, all attires,
To serve his ends, and makes his courses hold.
He sees that, let deceit work what it can,
Plot and contrive base ways to high desires;
That the all-guiding Providence doth yet
All disappoint and mocks this smoke of wit.

* * *

[*Richard II., the Morning before his Murder in Pomfret Castle.*]

Whether the soul receives intelligence,
By her near genius, of the body's end,
And so imparts a sadness to the sense,
Foregoing ruin whereto it doth tend;
Or whether nature else hath conference
With profound sleep, and so doth warning send,
By prophetising dreams, what hurt is near,
And gives the heavy careful heart to fear:

However, so it is, the now sad king,
Toss'd here and there his quiet to confound,
Feels a strange weight of sorrows gathering
Upon his trembling heart, and sees no ground;
Feels sudden terror bring cold shivering;
Lists not to eat, still muses, sleeps unsound;
His senses droop, his steady eyes unquick,
And much he ails, and yet he is not sick.

The morning of that day which was his last,
After a weary rest, rising to pain,
Out at a little grate his eyes he cast
Upon those bordering hills and open plain,
Where other's liberty make him complain
The more his own, and grieves his soul the more,
Conferring captive crowns with freedom poor.

O happy man, saith he, that lo I see,
Grazing his cattle in those pleasant fields.
If he but knew his good. How blessed he
That feels not what affliction greatness yields!
Other than what he is he would not be,
Nor change his state with him that sceptre wields.
Thine, thine is that true life: that is to live,
To rest secure, and not rise up to grieve.

Thou sitt'st at home safe by thy quiet fire,
And hear'st of other's harms, but fearest none:
And there thou tell'st of kings, and who aspire,
Who fall, who rise, who triumph, who do moan.
Perhaps thou talk'st of me, and dost enquire
Of my restraint, why here I live alone,
And pitiest this my miserable fall;
For pity must have part—envy not all.

Thrice happy you that look as from the shore,
And have no venture in the wreck you see;
No interest, no occasion to deplore
Other men's travels, while yourselves sit free.
How much doth your sweet rest make us the more
To see our misery and what we be:
Whose blinded greatness, ever in turmoil,
Still seeking happy life, makes life a toil.

[*Early Love.*]

Ah, I remember well (and how can I
But evermore remember well) when first
Our flame began, when scarce we knew what was
The flame we felt; when as we sat and sigh'd
And look'd upon each other, and conceiv'd
Not what we ail'd, yet something we did ail,
And yet were well, and yet we were not well,
And what was our disease we could not tell.
Then would we kiss, then sigh, then look: and thus
In that first garden of our simpleness
We spent our childhood. But when years began
To reap the fruit of knowledge; ah, how then
Would she with sterner looks, with graver brow,
Check my presumption and my forwardness!
Yet still would give me flowers, still would show
What she would have me, yet not have me know.

[*Selections from Daniel's Sonnets.*]

I must not grieve, my love, whose eyes would read
Lines of delight, whereon her youth might smile;
Flowers have time before they come to seed,
And she is young, and now must sport the while.
And sport, sweet maid, in season of these years,
And learn to gather flowers before they wither;
And where the sweetest blossom first appears,
Let love and youth conduct thy pleasures thither,
Lighten forth smiles to clear the clouded air,
And calm the tempest which my sighs do raise:
Pity and smiles do best become the fair;
Pity and smiles must only yield thee praise.
Make me to say, when all my griefs are gone,
Happy the heart that sigh'd for such a one.

Fair is my love, and cruel as she's fair;
Her brow shades frown, altho' her eyes are sunny;
Her smiles are lightning, though her pride despair;
And her disdains are gall, her favours honey.
A modest maid, deck'd with a blush of honour,
Whose feet do tread green paths of youth and love;
The wonder of all eyes that look upon her:
Sacred on earth; design'd a saint above;
Chastity and Beauty, which are deadly foes,
Live reconciled friends within her brow;
And had she Pity to conjoin with those,
Then who had heard the plaints I utter now?
For had she not been fair, and thus unkind,
My muse had slept, and none had known my mind.

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my anguish, and restore the light,
With dark forgetting of my care, return.
And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-advised youth;
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torments of the night's untruth.
Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of to-morrow;
Never let the rising sun prove you liars,
To add more grief, to aggravate my sorrow.
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

MICHAEL DRAYTON.

MICHAEL DRAYTON, born, it is supposed, at Atherston, in Warwickshire, about the year 1563, and the son of a butcher, discovered in his earliest years such proofs of a superior mind, that, at the age of ten, he was made page to a person of quality—a situation which was not in that age thought too humble for the sons of gentlemen. He is said, upon dubious authority, to have been for some time a student at Oxford. It is certain that, in early life, he was highly esteemed and strongly patronised by several persons of consequence; particularly by Sir Henry Goodere, Sir Walter Aston, and the Countess of Bedford: to the first he was indebted for great part of his education, and for recommending him to the countess; the second supported him for several years. In 1593, Drayton published a collection of his pastorals, and soon after gave to the world his more elaborate poems of *The Baron's Wars* and *England's Heroical Epistles*. In these latter productions, as in the History of the Civil War by Daniel, we see symptoms of that taste for poetised history (as it may be called) which marked the age —which is first seen in Sackville's design of the Mirrour for Magistrates, and was now developing itself strongly in the historical plays of Shakspeare, Marlow, and others. On the accession of James I.

in 1603. Drayton acted as an esquire to his patron, Sir Walter Aston, in the ceremony of his installation as a Knight of the Bath. The poet expected some patronage from the new sovereign, but was disappointed. He published the first part of his most elaborate work, the *Polyolbion*, in 1612, and the second in 1622, the whole forming a poetical description of England, in thirty songs, or books.

Michael Drayton.

The Polyolbion is a work entirely unlike any other in English poetry, both in its subject and the manner in which it is written. It is full of topographical and antiquarian details, with innumerable allusions to remarkable events and persons, as connected with various localities; yet such is the poetical genius of the author, so happily does he idealise almost everything he touches on, and so lively is the flow of his verse, that we do not readily tire in perusing this vast mass of information. He seems to have followed the manner of Spenser in his unceasing personifications of natural objects, such as hills, rivers, and woods. The information contained in this work is in general so accurate, that it is quoted as an authority by Hearne and Wood.

In 1627, Drayton published a volume containing *The Battle of Agincourt*, *The Court of Faerie*, and other poems. Three years later appeared another volume, entitled *The Muses' Elysium*, from which it appears that he had found a final shelter in the family of the Earl of Dorset. On his death in 1631, he was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a monument, containing an inscription in letters of gold, was raised to his memory by the wife of that nobleman, the justly celebrated Lady Anne Clifford, subsequently Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery.

Drayton, throughout the whole of his writings, voluminous as they are, shows the fancy and feeling of the true poet. According to Mr Headley—'He possessed a very considerable fertility of mind, which enabled him to distinguish himself in almost every species of poetry, from a trifling sonnet to a long topographical poem. If he anywhere sinks below himself, it is in his attempts at satire. In a most pedantic era, he was unaffected, and seldom exhibits his learning at the expense of his judgment.'

[Morning in Warwickshire—Description of a Stag-Hunt.]

When Phœbus lifts his head out of the winter's wave,
No sooner doth the earth her flowery bosom brave,
At such time as the year brings on the pleasant spring,
But hunts-up to the morn the feath'red sylvans sing:
And in the lower grove, as on the rising knole,
Upon the highest spray of every mounting pole,
Those quiristers are perch't, with many a speckled breast,
Then from her burnisht gate the goodly glitt'ring east
Gilds every lofty top, which late the humorous night
Bespangled had with pearl, to please the morning's sight;
On which the mirthful quires, with their clear open throats,
Unto the joyful morn so strain their warbling notes,
That hills and vallies ring, and even the echoing air
Seems all composed of sounds, about them everywhere.
The throstle, with shrill sharps; as purposely he song
T' awake the listless sun; or chiding, that so long
He was in coming forth, that should the thickets thrill;
The ouzel near at hand, that hath a golden bill,
As nature him had markt of purpose, t' let us see
That from all other birds his tunes should different be:
For, with their vocal sounds, they sing to pleasant May;
Upon his dulcet pipe the merle[1] doth only play.
When in the lower brake, the nightingale hard by,
In such lamenting strains the joyful hours doth ply,
As though the other birds she to her tunes would draw.
And, but that nature (by her all-constraining law)
Each bird to her own kind this season doth invite,
They else, alone to hear that charmer of the night,
(The more to use their ears,) their voices sure would spare,
That moduleth her tunes so admirably rare,
As man to set in parts at first had learn'd of her.
To Philomel the next, the linnet we prefer;
And by that warbling bird, the wood-lark place we then,
The red-sparrow, the nope, the red-breast, and the wren.
The yellow-pate; which though she hurt the blooming tree,
Yet scarce hath any bird a finer pipe than she.
And of these chaunting fowls, the goldfinch not behind,
That hath so many sorts descending from her kind.
The tydy for her notes as delicate as they,
The laughing hecco, then the counterfeiting jay.
The softer with the shrill (some hid among the leaves,
Some in the taller trees, some in the lower greaves)
Thus sing away the morn, until the mounting sun,
Through thick exhaled fogs his golden head hath run,
And through the twisted tops of our close covert creeps
To kiss the gentle shade, this while that sweetly sleeps.
And near to these our thicks, the wild and frightful herds,
Not hearing other noise but this of chattering birds,
Feed fairly on the lawns; both sorts of seasoned deer:
Here walk the stately red, the freckled fallow there:
The bucks and lusty stags amongst the rascals strew'd,
As sometime gallant spirits amongst the multitude.
Of all the beasts which we for our venerial[2] name,
The hart among the rest, the hunter's noblest game:

[1] Of all birds, only the blackbird whistleth.
[2] Of hunting, or chase.

Of which most princely chase sith none did e'er report,
Or by description touch, t' express that wondrous sport
(Yet might have well beseem'd the ancients' nobler songs)
To our old Arden here, most fitly it belongs:
Yet shall she not invoke the muses to her aid;
But thee, Diana bright, a goddess and a maid:
In many a huge-grown wood, and many a shady grove,
Which oft hast borne thy bow, great huntress, used to rove
At many a cruel beast, and with thy darts to pierce
The lion, panther, ounce, the bear, and tiger fierce;
And following thy fleet game, chaste mighty forest's queen,
With thy dishevel'd nymphs attired in youthful green,
About the lawns hast scowr'd, and wastes both far and near,
Brave huntress; but no beast shall prove thy quarries here;
Save those the best of chase, the tall and lusty red,
The stag for goodly shape, and stateliness of head,
Is fitt'st to hunt at force. For whom, when with his hounds
The labouring hunter tufts the thick unbarbed grounds,
Where harbour'd is the hart; there often from his feed
The dogs of him do find; or thorough skilful heed,
The huntsman by his slot,[1] or breaking earth, perceives,
Or ent'ring of the thick by pressing of the greaves,
Where he had gone to lodge. Now when the hart doth hear
The often-bellowing hounds to vent his secret lair.
He rousing rusheth out, and through the brakes doth drive,
As though up by the roots the bushes he would rive,
And through the cumb'rous thicks, as fearfully he makes,
He with his branched head the tender saplings shakes,
That sprinkling their moist pearl do seem for him to weep;
When after goes the cry, with yellings loud and deep,
That all the forest rings, and every neighbouring place:
And there is not a hound but falleth to the chase.
Rechating[2] with his horn, which then the hunter cheers,
Whilst still the lusty stag his high-palm'd head upbears,
His body showing state, with unbent knees upright,
Expressing from all beasts, his courage in his flight.
But when th' approaching foes still following he perceives,
That he his speed must trust, his usual walk he leaves:
And o'er the champain flies; which when the assembly find,
Each follows, as his horse were footed with the wind.
But being then imbost, the noble stately deer
When he hath gotten ground (the kennel cast arrear)
Doth beat the brooks and ponds for sweet refreshing soil;
That serving not, then proves if he his scent can foil,
And makes amongst the herds, and flocks of shag-wool'd sheep,
Them frighting from the guard of those who had their keep.
But when as all his shifts his safety still denies,
Put quite out of his walk, the ways and fallows tries;
Whom when the ploughman meets, his teem he letteth stand,
T' assail him with his goad: so with his hook in hand,
The shepherd him pursues, and to his dog doth hallow:
When, with tempestuous speed, the hounds and huntsmen follow;
Until the noble deer, through toil bereav'd of strength,
His long and sinewy legs then failing him at length,
The villages attempts, enraged, not giving way
To anything he meets now at his sad decay.
The cruel ravenous hounds and bloody hunters near,
This noblest beast of chase, that vainly doth but fear,
Some bank or quick-set finds; to which his haunch opposed,
He turns upon his foes, that soon have him inclosed.
The churlish-throated hounds then holding him at bay,
And as their cruel fangs on his harsh skin they lay,
With his sharp-pointed head he dealeth deadly wounds.
The hunter, coming in to help his wearied hounds,
He desperately assails; until opprest by force,
He who the mourner is to his own dying corse,
Upon the ruthless earth his precious tears lets fall[1]
To forests that belongs. * * *

[1] The track of the foot.
[2] One of the measures in winding the horn.

[*Part of the Twenty-eighth Song of the Polyolbion.*]

But, Muse, return at last, attend the princely Trent,
Who straining on in state, the north's imperious flood,
The third of England call'd, with many a dainty wood,
Being crown'd to Burton comes, to Needwood where she shows
Herself in all her pomp; and as from thence she flows,
She takes into her train rich Dove, and Darwin clear,
Darwin, whose font and fall are both in Derbyshire;
And of those thirty floods, that wait the Trent upon,
Doth stand without compare, the very paragon.
Thus wand'ring at her will, as uncontroll'd she ranges,
Her often varying form, as variously and changes:
First Erwash, and then Lyne, sweet Sherwood sends her in;
Then looking wide, as one that newly wak'd had been,
Saluted from the north, with Nottingham's proud height,
So strongly is surpris'd, and taken with the sight,
That she from running wild, but hardly can refrain,
To view in how great state, as she along doth strain,
That brave exalted seat beholdeth her in pride,
As how the large-spread meads upon the other side,
All flourishing in flowers, and rich embroideries dress'd,
In which she sees herself above her neighbours bless'd.
As wrap'd with the delights, that her this prospect brings,
In her peculiar praise, lo thus the river sings:
'What should I care at all, from what my name I take,
That thirty doth import, that thirty rivers make;
My greatness what it is, or thirty abbeys great,
That on my fruitful banks, times formerly did seat;
Or thirty kinds of fish that in my streams do live,
To me this name of Trent, did from that number give?
What reck I? let great Thames, since by his fortune he
Is sovereign of us all that here in Britain be;
From Isis and old Tame his pedigree derive;
And for the second place, proud Severn that doth strive,
Fetch her descent from Wales, from that proud mountain sprung,
Plinillimon, whose praise is frequent them among,
As of that princely maid, whose name she boasts to bear,
Bright Sabrin, whom she holds as her undoubted heir,
Let these imperious floods draw down their long descent
From these so famous stocks, and only say of Trent,

[1] The hart weepeth at his dying; his tears are held to be precious in medicine.

That Moreland's barren earth me first to light did bring,
Which though she be but brown, my clear complexion'd spring
Gain'd with the nymphs such grace, that when I first did rise,
The Naiads on my brim danc'd wanton hydagies,
And on her spacious breast (with heaths that doth abound)
Encircled my fair fount with many a lusty round:
And of the British floods, though but the third I be,
Yet Thames and Severn both in this come short of me,
For that I am the mere of England, that divides
The north part from the south, on my so either sides,
That reckoning how these tracts in compass be extent,
Men bound them on the north, or on the south of Trent;
Their banks are barren sands, if but compar'd with mine,
Through my perspicuous breast, the pearly pebbles shine:
I throw my crystal arms along the flow'ry valleys,
Which lying sleek and smooth as any garden alleys,
Do give me leave to play, whilst they do court my stream,
And crown my winding banks with many an anadem;
My silver-scaled sculls about my streams do sweep,
Now in the shallow fords, now in the falling deep:
So that of every kind, the new spawn'd numerous fry
Seem in me as the sands that on my shore do lie.
The barbel, than which fish a braver doth not swim,
Nor greater for the ford within my spacious brim,
Nor (newly taken) more the curious taste doth please;
The grayling, whose great spawn is big as any pease;
The perch with pricking fins, against the pike prepar'd,
As nature had thereon bestow'd this stronger guard,
His daintiness to keep (each curious palate's proof)
From his vile ravenous foe: next him I name the ruff,
His very near ally, and both for scale and fin,
In taste, and for his bait (indeed) his next of kin,
The pretty slender dace, of many call'd the dace,
Within my liquid glass, when Phœbus looks his face,
Oft swiftly as he swims, his silver belly shows,
But with such nimble flight, that ere ye can disclose
His shape, out of your sight like lightning he is shot;
The trout by nature mark'd with many a crimson spot,
As though she curious were in him above the rest,
And of fresh-water fish, did note him for the best;
The roach whose common kind to every flood doth fall;
The chub (whose neater name which some a chevin call)
Food to the tyrant pike (most being in his power),
Who for their numerous store he most doth them devour;
The lusty salmon then, from Neptune's wat'ry realm,
When as his season serves, stemming my tideful stream,
Then being in his kind, in me his pleasure takes,
(For whom the fisher then all other game forsakes)
Which bending of himself to th' fashion of a ring,
Above the forced wears, himself doth nimbly fling,
And often when the net hath drag'd him safe to land,
Is seen by natural force to 'scape his murderer's hand;
Whose grain doth rise in flakes, with fatness interlarded,
Of many a liquorish lip, that highly is regarded.
And Humber, to whose waste I pay my wat'ry store,
Me of her sturgeons sends, that I thereby the more
Should have my beauties grac'd with something from him sent;
Not Ancum's silver'd eel excelleth that of Trent;
Though the sweet smelling smelt be more in Thames than me,
The lamprey, and his lesse, in Severn general be;
The flounder smooth and flat, in other rivers caught,
Perhaps in greater store, yet better are not thought:
The dainty gudgeon, loche, the minnow, and the bleak,
Since they but little are, I little need to speak
Of them, nor doth it fit me much of those to reck,
Which everywhere are found in every little beck;
Nor of the crayfish here, which creeps amongst my stones,
From all the rest alone, whose shell is all his bones:
For carp, the tench, and bream, my other store among,
To lakes and standing pools that chiefly do belong,
Here scouring in my fords, feed in my waters clear,
Are muddy fish in ponds to that which they are here.'

From Nottingham, near which this river first begun
This song, she the meanwhile, by Newark having run,
Receiving little Synte, from Bever's bat'ning grounds,
At Gainsborough goes out, where the Lincolnian bounds.
Yet Sherwood all this while, not satisfied to show
Her love to princely Trent, as downward she doth flow,
Her Meden and her Man, she down from Mansfield sends
To Iddle for her aid, by whom she recommends
Her love to that brave queen of waters, her to meet,
When she tow'rds Humber comes, do humbly kiss her feet,
And clip her till she grace great Humber with her fall.
When Sherwood somewhat back the forward Muse doth call;
For she was let to know, that Soare had in her song
So chanted Charnwood's worth, the rivers that along,
Amongst the neighbouring nymphs there was no other lays,
But those which seem'd to sound of Charnwood, and her praise:
Which Sherwood took to heart, and very much disdain'd,
(As one that had both long, and worthily maintain'd
The title of the great'st and bravest of her kind)
To fall so far below one wretchedly confined
Within a furlong's space, to her large skirts compared:
Wherefore she, as a nymph that neither fear'd nor cared
For ought to her might chance, by others love or hate,
With resolution arm'd against the power of fate,
All self-praise set apart, determineth to sing
That lusty Robin Hood, who long time like a king
Within her compass lived, and when he list to range
For some rich booty set, or else his air to change,
To Sherwood still retired, his only standing court,
Whose praise the Forest thus doth pleasantly report:
'The merry pranks he play'd, would ask an age to tell,
And the adventures strange that Robin Hood befel,
When Mansfield many a time for Robin hath been laid,
How he hath cousen'd them, that him would have betray'd;
How often he hath come to Nottingham disguised,
And cunningly escaped, being set to be surprised.
In this our spacious isle, I think there is not one,
But he hath heard some talk of him and Little John;
And to the end of time, the tales shall ne'er be done,
Of Scarlock, George-a-Green, and Much the miller's son,
Of Tuck the merry friar, which many a sermon made
In praise of Robin Hood, his outlaws, and their trade.
An hundred valiant men had this brave Robin Hood,
Still ready at his call, that bowman were right good,
All clad in Lincoln green, with caps of red and blue,
His fellow's winded horn, not one of them but knew,

When setting to their lips their little beugles shrill
The warbling echoes waked from every dale and hill:
Their bauldricks set with studs, athwart their shoulders cast,
To which under their arms their sheafs were buckled fast,
A short sword at their belt, a buckler scarce a span,
Who struck below the knee, not counted then a man:
All made of Spanish yew, their bows were wond'rous strong;
They not an arrow drew, but was a cloth yard long.
Of archery they had the very perfect craft,
With broad-arrow, or but, or prick, or roving shaft,
At marks full forty score, they used to prick, and rove,
Yet higher than the breast, for compass never strove;
Yet at the farthest mark a foot could hardly win:
At long-buts, short, and hoyles, each one could cleave the pin:
Their arrows finely pair'd, for timber, and for feather,
With birch and brazil pieced, to fly in any weather;
And shot they with the round, the square, or forked pile,
The loose gave such a twang, as might be heard a mile.
And of these archers brave, there was not any one,
But he could kill a deer his swiftest speed upon,
Which they did boil and roast, in many a mighty wood,
Sharp hunger the fine sauce to their more kingly food.
Then taking them to rest, his merry men and he
Slept many a summer's night under the greenwood tree.
From wealthy abbots' chests, and churls' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took, he shared amongst the poor:
No lordly bishop came in lusty Robin's way,
To him before he went, but for his pass must pay:
The widow in distress he graciously relieved,
And remedied the wrongs of many a virgin grieved:
He from the husband's bed no married woman wan,
But to his mistress dear, his loved Marian,
Was ever constant known, which wheresoe'er she came,
Was sovereign of the woods, chief lady of the game:
Her clothes tuck'd to the knee, and dainty braided hair,
With bow and quiver arm'd, she wander'd here and there
Amongst the forests wild; Diana never knew
Such pleasures, nor such harts as Mariana slew.' * *

[*David and Goliah.*]

And now before young David could come in,
The host of Israel somewhat doth begin
To rouse itself; some climb the nearest tree,
And some the tops of tents, whence they might see
How this unarmed youth himself would bear
Against the all-armed giant (which they fear):
Some get up to the fronts of easy hills;
That by their motion a vast murmur fills
The neighbouring valleys, that the enemy thought
Something would by the Israelites be wrought
They had not heard of, and they longed to see
What strange and warlike stratagem, 't should be.
When soon they saw a goodly youth descend,
Himself alone, none after to attend,
That at his need with arms might him supply,
As merely careless of his enemy:
His head uncovered, and his locks of hair
As he came on being played with by the air,
Tossed to and fro, did with such pleasure move,
As they had been provocatives for love:
His sleeves stript up above his elbows were,
And in his hand a stiff short staff did bear,
Which by the leather to it, and the string,
They easily might discern to be a sling.
Suiting to these he wore a shepherd's scrip,
Which from his side hung down upon his hip.
Those for a champion that did him disdain,
Cast with themselves what such a thing should mean;
Some seeing him so wonderously fair
(As in their eyes he stood beyond compare),
Their verdict gave that they had sent him sure
As a choice bait their champion to allure;
Others again, of judgment more precise,
Said they had sent him for a sacrifice.
And though he seemed thus to be very young,
Yet was he well proportioned and strong,
And with a comely and undaunted grace,
Holding a steady and most even pace,
This way nor that way, never stood to gaze;
But like a man that death could not amaze,
Came close up to Goliah, and so near
As he might easily reach him with his spear.
Which when Goliah saw, 'Why, boy,' quoth he,
'Thou desperate youth, thou tak'st me sure to be
Some dog, I think, and under thy command,
That thus art come to beat me with a wand:
The kites and ravens are not far away,
Nor beasts of ravine, that shall make a prey
Of a poor corpse, which they from me shall have,
And their foul bowels shall be all thy grave.'
'Uncircumcised slave,' quoth David then,
'That for thy shape, the monster art of men;
Thou thus in brass comest arm'd into the field,
And thy huge spear of brass, of brass thy shield:
I in the name of Israel's God alone,
That more than mighty, that eternal One,
Am come to meet thee, who bids not to fear,
Nor once respect the arms that thou dost bear,
Slave, mark the earth whereon thou now dost stand,
I'll make thy length to measure so much land,
As thou liest grov'ling, and within this hour
The birds and beasts thy carcass shall devour.'
In meantime David looking in his face,
Between his temples, saw how large a space
He was to hit, steps back a yard or two:
The giant wond'ring what the youth would do:
Whose nimble hand out of his scrip doth bring
A pebble-stone and puts it in his sling;
At which the giant openly doth jeer,
And as in scorn, stands leaning on his spear,
Which gives young David much content to see,
And to himself thus secretly saith he:
'Stand but one minute still, stand but so fast,
And have at all Philistia at a cast.'
Then with such sleight the shot away he sent,
That from his sling as 't had been lightning went;
And him so full upon the forehead smit,
Which gave a crack, when his thick scalp it hit,
As't had been thrown against some rock or post,
That the shrill clap was heard through either host.
Staggering awhile upon his spear he leant,
Till on a sudden he began to faint;
When down he came, like an old o'ergrown oak,
His huge root hewn up by the labourers' stroke,
That with his very weight he shook the ground;
His brazen armour gave a jarring sound
Like a crack'd bell, or vessel chanced to fall
From some high place, which did like death appal
The proud Philistines (hopeless that remain),
To see their champion, great Goliah, slain:
When such a shout the host of Israel gave,
As cleft the clouds; and like to men that rave
(O'ercome with comfort) cry, 'The boy, the boy!
O the brave David, Israel's only joy!
God's chosen champion! O most wondrous thing!
The great Goliah slain with a poor sling!'
Themselves encompass, nor can they contain;
Now are they silent, then they shout again.
Of which no notice David seems to take,
But towards the body of the dead doth make,

With a fair comely gait; nor doth he run,
As though he gloried in what he had done;
But treading on the uncircumcised dead,
With his foot strikes the helmet from his head;
Which with the sword ta'en from the giant's side,
He from the body quickly doth divide.
Now the Philistines, at this fearful sight,
Leaving their arms, betake themselves to flight,
Quitting their tents, nor dare a minute stay;
Time wants to carry any thing away,
Being strongly routed with a general fear;
Yet in pursuit Saul's army strikes the rear
To Ekron walls, and slew them as they fled,
That Sharam's plains lay cover'd with the dead:
And having put the Philistines to foil,
Back to the tents retire and take the spoil
Of what they left; and ransacking, they cry,
'A David, David, and the victory!'
When straightway Saul his general, Abner, sent
For valiant David, that incontinent
He should repair to court; at whose command
He comes along, and beareth in his hand
The giant's head, by the long hair of his crown,
Which by his active knee hung dangling down.
And through the army as he comes along,
To gaze upon him the glad soldiers throng:
Some do instyle him Israel's only light,
And other some the valiant Bethlemite.
With congees all salute him as he past,
And upon him their gracious glances cast:
He was thought base of him that did not boast,
Nothing but David, David, through the host.
The virgins to their timbrels frame their lays
Of him; till Saul grew jealous of his praise.

EDWARD FAIRFAX.

The celebrated translation of Tasso's Jerusalem, by EDWARD FAIRFAX, was made in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and dedicated to that princess, who was proud of patronising learning, but not very lavish in its support. The poetical beauty and freedom of Fairfax's version has been the theme of almost universal praise. Dryden ranked him with Spenser as a master of our language, and Waller said he derived from him the harmony of his numbers. Collins has finely alluded to his poetical and imaginative genius—

> Prevailing poet, whose undoubting mind
> Believed the magic wonders which he sung!

The date of Fairfax's birth is unknown. He was the natural son of Sir Thomas Fairfax of Denton, in Yorkshire, and spent his life at Fuystone, in the forest of Knaresborough, in the enjoyment of many blessings which rarely befall the poetical race—competence, ease, rural scenes, and an ample command of the means of study. He wrote a work on *Demonology*, which is still in manuscript, and in the preface to it he states, that in religion he was 'neither a fantastic Puritan, nor a superstitious Papist.' He also wrote a series of eclogues, one of which was published in 1741, in Cooper's Muses' Library, but it is puerile and absurd. Fairfax was living in 1631, but the time of his death has not been recorded.

[*Description of Armida and her Enchanted Girdle.*]

And with that word she smiled, and ne'ertheless
Her love-toys still she used, and pleasures bold:
Her hair (that done) she twisted up intress,
And looser locks in silken laces roll'd;
Her curls, garland-wise, she did up dress,
Wherein, like rich enamel laid on gold,
The twisted flow'rets smil'd, and her white breast
The lilies there that spring with roses drest.

The jolly peacock spreads not half so fair
The eyed feathers of his pompous train;
Nor golden Iris so bends in the air
Her twenty-coloured bow, through clouds of rain:
Yet all her ornaments, strange, rich, and rare,
Her girdle did in price and beauty stain;
Not that, with scorn, which Tuscan Guilla lost,
Nor Venus' cestus could match this for cost.

Of mild denays, of tender scorns, of sweet
Repulses, war, peace, hope, despair, joy, fear;
Of smiles, jests, mirth, woe, grief, and sad regret;
Sighs, sorrows, tears, embracements, kisses dear,
That, mixed first, by weight and measures meet;
Then, at an easy fire, attempered were;
This wondrous girdle did Armida frame,
And, when she would be loved, wore the same.

[*Rinaldo at Mount Olivet and the Enchanted Wood.*]

It was the time, when 'gainst the breaking day,
Rebellious night yet strove, and still repined,
For in the east appear'd the morning grey,
And yet some lamps in Jove's high palace shined,
When to Mount Olivet he took his way,
And saw, as round about his eyes he twined,
Night's shadows hence, from thence the morning's shine,
This bright, that dark; that earthly, this divine.

Thus to himself he thought: how many bright
And 'splendent lamps shine in heaven's temple high!
Day hath his golden sun, her moon the night,
Her fix'd and wand'ring stars the azure sky;
So framed all by their Creator's might,
That still they live and shine, and ne'er will die,
Till in a moment, with the last day's brand
They burn, and with them burn sea, air, and land.

Thus as he mused, to the top he went,
And there kneel'd down with reverence and fear;
His eyes upon heaven's eastern face he bent;
His thoughts above all heavens uplifted were—
The sins and errors which I now repent,
Of my unbridled youth, O Father dear,
Remember not, but let thy mercy fall
And purge my faults and my offences all.

Thus prayed he; with purple wings up-flew,
In golden weed, the morning's lusty queen,
Begilding with the radiant beams she threw,
His helm, the harness, and the mountain green:
Upon his breast and forehead gently blew
The air, that balm and nardus breath'd unseen;
And o'er his head, let down from clearest skies,
A cloud of pure and precious dew there flies.

The heavenly dew was on his garments spread,
To which compar'd, his clothes pale ashes seem,
And sprinkled so that all that paleness fled,
And thence of purest white bright rays outstream:
So cheered are the flowers, late withered,
With the sweet comfort of the morning beam;
And so return'd to youth, a serpent old
Adorns herself in new and native gold.

The lovely whiteness of his changed weed
The prince perceived well and long admired;
Toward the forest march'd he on with speed,
Resolv'd, as such adventures great required:
Thither he came, whence, shrinking back for dread
Of that strange desert's sight, the first retired;
But not to him fearful or loathsome made
That forest was, but sweet with pleasant shade.

Forward he pass'd, and in the grove before,
He heard a sound, that strange, sweet, pleasing was;
There roll'd a crystal brook with gentle roar,
There sigh'd the winds, as through the leaves they pass;
There sang the swan, and singing died, alas!
There lute, harp, cittern, human voice he heard,
And all these sounds one sound right well declared.

A dreadful thunder-clap at last he heard,
The aged trees and plants well nigh, that rent,
Yet heard the nymphs and syrens afterward,
Birds, winds, and waters sing with sweet consent;
Whereat amazed, he stay'd and well prepar'd
For his defence, heedful and slow forth-went,
Nor in his way his passage ought withstood,
Except a quiet, still, transparent flood:

On the green banks, which that fair stream inbound,
Flowers and odours sweetly smil'd and smell'd,
Which reaching out his stretched arms around,
All the large desert in his bosom held,
And through the grove one channel passage found;
This in the wood, that in the forest dwell'd:
Trees clad the streams, streams green those trees aye made,
And so exchang'd their moisture and their shade.

SIR JOHN HARRINGTON.

The first translator of *Ariosto* into English was SIR JOHN HARRINGTON, a courtier of the reign of Elizabeth, and also god-son of the queen. He was the son of John Harrington, Esq., the poet already noticed. Sir John wrote a collection of epigrams, and a *Brief View of the Church*, in which he reprobates the marriage of bishops. He is supposed to have died about the year 1612. The translation from Ariosto is poor and prosaic, but some of his epigrams are pointed.

Of Treason.

Treason doth never prosper; what's the reason?
For if it prosper none dare call it treason.

Of Fortune.

Fortune, men say, doth give too much to many,
But yet she never gave enough to any.

Against Writers that carp at other Men's Books.

The readers and the hearers like my books,
But yet some writers cannot them digest;
But what care I? for when I make a feast
I would my guests should praise it, not the cooks.

Of a Precise Tailor.

A tailor, thought a man of upright dealing—
True, but for lying—honest, but for stealing,
Did fall one day extremely sick by chance,
And on the sudden was in wondrous trance;
The fiends of hell mustering in fearful manner,
Of sundry colour'd silks display'd a banner
Which he had stolen, and wish'd, as they did tell,
That he might find it all one day in hell.
The man, affrighted with this apparition,
Upon recovery grew a great precisian:
He bought a bible of the best translation,
And in his life he show'd great reformation;
He walked mannerly, he talked meekly,
He heard three lectures and two sermons weekly;
He vow'd to shun all company unruly,
And in his speech he used no oath but truly;
And zealously to keep the Sabbath's rest,
His meat for that day on the eve was drest;
And lest the custom which he had to steal
Might cause him sometimes to forget his zeal,
He gives his journeyman a special charge,
That if the stuff, allowance being large,
He found his fingers were to filch inclined,
Bid him to have the banner in his mind.
This done (I scant can tell the rest for laughter)
A captain of a ship came three days after,
And brought three yards of velvet and three quarters,
To make Venetians down below the garters.
He, that precisely knew what was enough,
Soon slipt aside three quarters of the stuff;
His man, espying it, said in derision,
Master, remember how you saw the vision!
Peace, knave! quoth he, I did not see one rag
Of such a colour'd silk in all the flag.

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

SIR HENRY WOTTON, less famed as a poet than as a political character in the reigns of Elizabeth and James I., was born at Boctou Hall, the seat of his ancestors, in Kent, in 1568. After receiving his education at Winchester and Oxford, and travelling for some years on the continent, he attached himself

Sir Henry Wotton.

to the service of the Earl of Essex, the favourite of Elizabeth, but had the sagacity to foresee the fate of that nobleman, and to elude its consequences by withdrawing in time from the kingdom. Having afterwards gained the friendship of King James, by communicating the secret of a conspiracy formed against him, while yet only king of Scotland, he was employed by that monarch, when he ascended the English throne, as ambassador to Venice. A versatile and lively mind qualified Sir Henry in an eminent degree for this situation, of the duties of which we have his own idea in the well-known punning expression, in which he defines an ambassador to be 'an honest gentleman sent to *lie* abroad for the good of his country.' He ultimately took orders, to qualify himself to be provost of Eton, in which situation he died in 1639, in the seventy-second year of his age. His writings were published in 1651, under the title of *Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*; and a memoir of his very curious life has been published by Izaak Walton.

To his Mistress, the Queen of Bohemia.

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light!
You common people of the skies!
What are you, when the sun shall rise?

You curious chanters of the wood,
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your voices understood
By your weak accents! what's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known,
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own!
What are you, when the rose is blown?

So, when my mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind;
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen!
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind?

A Farewell to the Vanities of the World.

Farewell, ye gilded follies, pleasing troubles;
Farewell, ye honour'd rags, ye glorious bubbles!
Fame's but a hollow echo; gold pure clay;
Honour the darling but of one short day;
Beauty, th' eye's idol, but a damask'd skin;
State but a golden prison to live in,
And torture free-born minds; embroider'd trains
Merely but pageants for proud swelling veins;
And blood allied to greatness, is alone
Inherited, not purchased, nor our own:
Fame, honour, beauty, state, train, blood, and birth,
Are but the fading blossoms of the earth.

* * * *

Welcome, pure thoughts, welcome, ye silent groves,
These guests, these courts, my soul most dearly loves:
Now the wing'd people of the sky shall sing
My cheerful anthems to the gladsome spring:
A prayer-book now shall be my looking-glass,
In which I will adore sweet Virtue's face.
Here dwell no hateful looks, no palace cares,
No broken vows dwell here, nor pale-faced fears:
Then here I'll sigh, and sigh my hot love's folly,
And learn t' affect an holy melancholy;
And if Contentment be a stranger then,
I'll ne'er look for it, but in heaven again.

The Character of a Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
That serveth not another's will;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill!

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Untied unto the worldly care
Of public fame, or private breath;

Who envies none that chance doth raise,
Or vice; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given by praise;
Nor rules of state, but rules of good:

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat;
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great;

Who God doth late and early pray,
More of his grace than gifts to lend;
And entertains the harmless day
With a religious book or friend;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise, or fear to fall;
Lord of himself, though not of lands;
And having nothing, yet hath all.

SHAKSPEARE.

SHAKSPEARE, as a writer of miscellaneous poetry, claims now to be noticed, and, with the exception of the Faery Queen, there are no poems of the reign of Elizabeth equal to those productions to which the great dramatist affixed his name. In 1593, when the poet was in his twenty-ninth year, appeared his *Venus and Adonis*, and in the following year his *Rape of Lucrece*, both dedicated to Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton. 'I know not,' says the modest poet, in his first dedication, 'how I shall offend in dedicating my unpolished lines to your lordship, nor how the world will censure me for choosing so strong a prop to support so weak a burthen; only, if your honour seem but pleased, I account myself highly praised, and vow to take advantage *of all idle hours*, till I have honoured you with some graver labour. But if *the first heir of my invention* prove deformed, I shall be sorry it had so noble a godfather, and never after ear [till] so barren a land.' The allusion to 'idle hours' seems to point to the author's profession of an actor, in which capacity he had probably attracted the attention of the Earl of Southampton; but it is not so easy to understand how the Venus and Adonis was the 'first heir of his invention,' unless we believe that it had been written in early life, or that his dramatic labours had then been confined to the adaptation of old plays, not the writing of new ones, for the stage. There is a tradition, that the Earl of Southampton on one occasion presented Shakspeare with L.1000, to complete a purchase which he wished to make. The gift was munificent, but the sum has probably been exaggerated. The Venus and Adonis is a glowing and essentially dramatic version of the well-known mythological story, full of fine descriptive passages, but objectionable on the score of licentiousness. Warton has shown that it gave offence, at the time of its publication, on account of the excessive warmth of its colouring. The Rape of Lucrece is less animated, and is perhaps an inferior poem, though, from the boldness of its figurative expressions, and its tone of dignified pathos and reflection, it is more like the hasty sketch of a great poet.

The sonnets of Shakspeare were first printed in 1609, by Thomas Thorpe, a bookseller and publisher of the day, who prefixed to the volume the following enigmatical dedication:—'To the only begetter of these ensuing sonnets, Mr W. H., all happiness and that eternity promised by our ever-living poet, wisheth the well-wishing adventurer in setting forth, T. T.' The sonnets are 154 in number. They are, with the exception of twenty-eight, addressed to some male object, whom the poet addresses in a style of affection, love, and idolatry, remarkable, even in the reign of Elizabeth, for its extravagant and enthusiastic character. Though printed continuously, it is obvious that the sonnets were written at different times, with long intervals between the dates of composition; and we know that, previous to 1598, Shakspeare had tried this species of composition, for Meres in that year alludes to his 'sugared sonnets *among his private friends*.' We almost wish, with Mr Hallam, that Shakspeare had not written these sonnets, beautiful as many of them are in language and imagery. They represent him in a character foreign to that in which we love to regard him, as modest, virtuous, self-confiding, and independent. His excessive and elaborate praise of youthful beauty in a man seems derogatory to his genius, and savours of adulation; and when we find him excuse this friend for robbing him of his mistress—*a married female*—and subjecting his noble spirit to all the pangs of jealousy, of guilty love, and blind misplaced attachment, it is painful and difficult to believe that all this weakness and folly can be associated with the name of Shakspeare, and still more, that he should record it in verse which he believed would descend to future ages—

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, *shall outlive this powerful rhyme*,

Some of the sonnets may be written in a feigned character, and merely dramatic in expression; but

in others, the poet alludes to his profession of an actor, and all bear the impress of strong passion and deep sincerity. A feeling of premature age seems to have crept on Shakspeare—

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
As after sun-set fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

He laments his errors with deep and penitential sorrow, summoning up things past 'to the sessions of sweet silent thought,' and exhibiting the depths of a spirit 'solitary in the very vastness of its sympathies.' The 'W. H.' alluded to by Thorpe, the publisher, has been recently conjectured to be William Herbert, afterwards Earl of Pembroke, who (as appears from the dedication of the first folio of 1623) was one of Shakspeare's patrons. This conjecture has received the assent of Mr Hallam and others; and the author of an ingenious work on the sonnets, Mr C. Armitage Brown, has supported it with much plausibility. Herbert was in his eighteenth year, when Meres first notices the sonnets in 1598; he was learned, of literary taste, and gallant character, but of licentious life. The sonnets convey the idea, that the person to whom they were addressed was of high rank, as well as personal beauty and accomplishments. We know of only one objection to this theory—the improbability that the publisher would address William Herbert, then Earl of Pembroke, and a Knight of the Garter, as 'Mr W. H.' Herbert succeeded his father in the earldom in 1601, while the sonnets, as published by Thorpe, bear the date, as already stated, of 1609.

The composition of these mysterious productions evinces Shakspeare's great facility in versification of a difficult order, and they display more intense feeling and passion than either of his classical poems. They have the conceits and quaint turns of expression, then common, particularly in the sonnet; but they rise to far higher flights of genuine poetry than will be found in any other poet of the day, and they contain many traces of his philosophical and reflective spirit.

[*The Horse of Adonis.*]

Look, when a painter would surpass the life,
In limning out a well-proportion'd steed,
His art with Nature's workmanship at strife,
As if the dead the living should exceed:
So did this horse excel a common one
In shape, in courage, colour, pace, and bone.

Round-hoof'd, short-jointed, fetlocks shag and long,
Broad breast, full eye, small head, and nostril wide,
High crest, short ears, strait legs, and passing strong,
Thin mane, thick tail, broad buttock, tender hide:
Look what a horse should have, he did not lack,
Save a proud rider on so proud a back.

Sometimes he scuds far off, and there he stares;
Anon he starts at stirring of a feather.
To bid the wind a base[1] he now prepares,
And whe'r he run, or fly, they know not whether.

[1] *To bid the wind a base:* i.e. to challenge the wind to contend with him in speed: *base—prison-base*, or *prison-bars*, was a rustic game, consisting chiefly in running.

For through his mane and tail the high wind sings,
Fanning the hairs, who wave like feather'd wings.

[*Venus's Prophecy after the Death of Adonis.*]

Since thou art dead, lo! here I prophesy,
Sorrow on love hereafter shall attend;
It shall be waited on with jealousy,
Find sweet beginning, but unsavoury end,
Ne'er settled equally, but high or low:
That all love's pleasure shall not match his woe.

It shall be fickle, false, and full of fraud,
Bud and be blasted in a breathing while,
The bottom poison, and the top o'erstraw'd
With sweets that shall the truest sight beguile.
The strongest body shall it make most weak,
Strike the wise dumb, and teach the fool to speak.

It shall be sparing, and too full of riot,
Teaching decrepit age to tread the measures;
The staring ruffian shall it keep in quiet,
Pluck down the rich, enrich the poor with treasures;
It shall be raging mad, and silly mild,
Make the young old, the old become a child.

It shall suspect, where is no cause of fear;
It shall not fear, where it should most mistrust;
It shall be merciful, and too severe,
And most deceiving when it seems most just:
Perverse it shall be, when it seems most toward,
Put fear to valour, courage to the coward.

It shall be cause of war, and dire events,
And set dissension 'twixt the son and sire:
Subject and servile to all discontents,
As dry combustious matter is to fire.
Sith in his prime, death doth my love destroy,
They that love best, their love shall not enjoy.

[*Selections from Shakspeare's Sonnets.*]

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;
Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on thee— and then my state
(Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate;
For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

Alas, 'tis true, I have gone here and there,
And made myself a motley to the view,
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,
Made old offences of affections new.
Most true it is, that I have look'd on truth
Askance and strangely; but, by all above,
These blenches gave my heart another youth,
And worst essays prov'd thee my best of love.
Now all is done, save what shall have no end:
Mine appetite I never more will grind
On newer proof, to try an older friend,
A God in love, to whom I am confined.
Then give me welcome, next my heaven the best,
E'en to thy pure and most most loving breast.

O for my sake do thou with fortune chide,
The guilty goddess of my harmful deeds,
That did not better for my life provide,
Than public means, which public manners breeds.
Thence comes it that my name receives a brand,
And almost thence my nature is subdued
To what it works in, like the dyer's hand.
Pity me then, and wish I were renew'd;

Whilst, like a willing patient, I will drink
Potions of eysell,[1] 'gainst my strong infection;
No bitterness that I will bitter think,
Nor double penance to correct correction.
Pity me then, dear friend, and I assure ye,
E'en that your pity is enough to cure me.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste:
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.
Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before.
But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
By that sweet ornament which truth doth give!
The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
For that sweet odour which doth in it live.
The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
As the perfumed tincture of the roses,
Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
When summer's breath their masked buds discloses;
But, for their virtue only is their show,
They live unwoo'd and unrespected fade;
Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so;
Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made:
And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
When that shall fade, my verse distils your truth.

No longer mourn for me when I am dead,
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell!
Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot,
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
O if (I say) you look upon this verse,
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse;
But let your love even with my life decay:
Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

Then hate me when thou wilt; if ever, now;
Now while the world is bent my deeds to cross,
Join with the spite of fortune, make me bow,
And do not drop in for an after-loss;
Ah! do not, when my heart hath 'scaped this sorrow,
Come in the rearward of a conquer'd woe;
Give not a windy night a rainy morrow,
To linger out a purposed overthrow.
If thou wilt leave me, do not leave me last,
When other petty griefs have done their spite,
But in the onset come; so shall I taste
At first the very worst of Fortune's might;
And other strains of woe, which now seem woe,
Compared with loss of thee, will not seem so.

From you have I been absent in the spring,
When proud-pied April, dress'd in all his trim,
Hath put a spirit of youth in every thing,
That heavy Saturn laugh'd and leap'd with him.
Yet nor the lays of birds, nor the sweet smell
Of different flowers in odour and in hue,
Could make me any summer's story tell,
Or from their proud lap pluck them where they grew:

[1] Vinegar.

Nor did I wonder at the lilies white,
Nor praise the deep vermilion in the rose;
They were but sweet, but figures of delight,
Drawn after you, you pattern of all those.
Yet seem'd it winter still, and, you away,
As with your shadow I with these did play.

My love is strengthen'd, though more weak in seeming;
I love not less, though less the show appear:
That love is merchandized, whose rich esteeming
The owner's tongue doth publish everywhere.
Our love was new, and then but in the spring,
When I was wont to greet it with my lays;
As Philomel in summer's front doth sing,
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days:
Not that the summer is less pleasant now
Than when her mournful hymns did hush the night,
But that wild music burdens every bough,
And sweets grown common lose their dear delight.
Therefore, like her, I sometimes hold my tongue,
Because I would not dull you with my song.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove:
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom.
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

[*Selections from Shakspeare's Songs.*]

[From '*As you like it.*']

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind,
As man's ingratitude!
Thy tooth is not so keen,
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh, ho! sing heigh ho! unto the green holly,
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh, ho, the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot!
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh, ho! &c. &c.

[At the end of '*Love's Labour Lost.*']

When icicles hang by the wall,
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marion's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
Tu-whoo!
Tu-whit! tu-whoo! a merry note,
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

[In 'Much Ado about Nothing.']

Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more;
Men were deceivers ever;
One foot in sea, and one on shore,
To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,
But let them go,
And be you blithe and bonny;
Converting all your sounds of woe
Into, Hey nonny, nonny.

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;
The fraud of men was ever so,
Since summer first was leavy.
Then sigh not so, &c.

[In 'Cymbeline.']

Fear no more the heat o' th' sun,
Nor the furious winter's rages;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone, and ta'en thy wages:
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' th' great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke;
Care no more to clothe and eat,
To thee the reed is as the oak.
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash,
Nor th' all-dreaded thunder stone;
Fear not slander, censure rash,
Thou hast finished joy and moan.
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

No exorciser harm thee!
Nor no witchcraft charm thee!
Ghost unlaid forbear thee!
Nothing ill come near thee!
Quiet consummation have,
And renowned be thy grave!

[From 'As you Like it.']

Under the green-wood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun,
And loves to live i' the sun;
Seeking the food he eats,
And pleas'd with what he gets,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

SIR JOHN DAVIES.

Sir John Davies (1570-1626), an English barrister, at one time Speaker of the Irish House of Commons, was the author of a long philosophical poem, *On the Soul of Man and the Immortality thereof*, supposed to have been written in 1598, and one of the earliest poems of that kind in our language. Davies is a profound thinker and close reasoner: 'in the happier parts of his poem,' says Campbell, 'we come to logical truths so well illustrated by ingenious similes, that we know not whether to call the thoughts more poetically or philosophically just. The judgment and fancy are reconciled, and the imagery of the poem seems to start more vividly from the surrounding shades of abstraction.' The versification of the poem (long quatrains) was afterwards copied by Davenant and Dryden. Mr Southey has remarked that 'Sir John Davies and Sir William Davenant, avoiding equally the opposite faults of too artificial and too careless a style, wrote in numbers which, for precision, and clearness, and felicity, and strength, have never been surpassed.' The compact structure of Davies's verse is indeed remarkable for his times. In another production, entitled *Orchestra, or a Poem of Dancing, in a Dialogue between Penelope and One of her Wooers*, he is much more fanciful. He there represents Penelope as declining to dance with Antinous, and the latter as proceeding to lecture her upon the antiquity of that elegant exercise, the merits of which he describes in verses partaking, as has been justly remarked, of the flexibility and grace of the subject. The following is one of the most imaginative passages:—

[*The Dancing of the Air.*]

And now behold your tender nurse, the air,
And common neighbour, that aye runs around,
How many pictures and impressions fair
Within her empty regions are there found,
Which to your senses dancing do propound;
For what are breath, speech, echoes, music, winds,
But dancings of the air in sundry kinds?

For when you breathe, the air in order moves,
Now in, now out, in time and measure true;
And when you speak, so well she dancing loves,
That doubling oft, and oft redoubling new,
With thousand forms she doth herself endue:
For all the words that from your lips repair,
Are nought but tricks and turnings of the air.

Hence is her prattling daughter, Echo, born,
That dances to all voices she can hear;
There is no sound so harsh that she doth scorn,
Nor any time wherein she will forbear
The airy pavement with her feet to wear:
And yet her hearing sense is nothing quick,
For after time she endeth ev'ry trick.

And thou, sweet Music, dancing's only life,
The ear's sole happiness, the air's best speech,
Loadstone of fellowship, charming rod of strife,
The soft mind's paradise, the sick mind's leech,
With thine own tongue thou trees and stones can teach,
That when the air doth dance her finest measure,
Then art thou born, the gods' and men's sweet pleasure.

Lastly, where keep the Winds their revelry,
Their violent turnings, and wild whirling hays,
But in the air's translucent gallery?
Where she herself is turn'd a hundred ways,
While with those maskers wantonly she plays:
Yet in this misrule, they such rule embrace,
As two at once encumber not the place.

Afterwards, the poet alludes to the tidal influence of the moon, and the passage is highly poetical in expression:—

For lo, the sea that fleets about the land,
And like a girdle clips her solid waist,
Music and measure both doth understand:
For his great crystal eye is always cast
Up to the moon, and on her fixed fast:
And as she danceth in her pallid spheres
So danceth he about the centre here.

Sometimes his proud green waves in order set,
One after other flow into the shore,
Which when they have with many kisses wet,
They ebb away in order as before;
And to make known his courtly love the more,
He oft doth lay aside his three-fork'd mace,
And with his arms the timorous earth embrace.

The poem on Dancing is said to have been written in fifteen days. It was published in 1596. The *Nosce Teipsum*, or Poem on the Immortality of the Soul, bears the date (as appears from the dedication to the Queen) of 1602. The fame of these works introduced Sir John Davies to James I., who made him successively solicitor-general and attorney-general for Ireland. He was also a judge of assize, and was knighted by the king in 1607. The first Reports of Law Cases, published in Ireland, were made by this able and accomplished man, and his preface to the volume is considered 'the best that was ever prefixed to a law-book.'

[*Reasons for the Soul's Immortality.*]

Again, how can she but immortal be,
When, with the motions of both will and wit,
She still aspireth to eternity,
And never rests till she attain to it?

* * *

All moving things to other things do move
Of the same kind, which shows their nature such;
So earth falls down, and fire doth mount above,
Till both their proper elements do touch.

And as the moisture which the thirsty earth
Sucks from the sea to fill her empty veins,
From out her womb at last doth take a birth,
And runs a lymph along the grassy plains,

Long doth she stay, as loath to leave the land,
From whose soft side she first did issue make;
She tastes all places, turns to every hand,
Her flowery banks unwilling to forsake.

Yet nature so her streams doth lead and carry
As that her course doth make no final stay,
Till she herself unto the sea doth marry,
Within whose watry bosom first she lay.

E'en so the soul, which, in this earthly mould,
The spirit of God doth secretly infuse,
Because at first she doth the earth behold,
And only this material world she views.

At first her mother earth she holdeth dear,
And doth embrace the world and worldly things;
She flies close by the ground, and hovers here,
And mounts not up with her celestial wings:

Yet under heaven she cannot light on aught
That with her heavenly nature doth agree;
She cannot rest, she cannot fix her thought,
She cannot in this world contented be.

For who did ever yet, in honour, wealth,
Or pleasure of the sense, contentment find?
Who ever ceased to wish, when he had health,
Or, having wisdom, was not vex'd in mind?

Then, as a bee which among weeds doth fall,
Which seem sweet flow'rs, with lustre fresh and gay,
She lights on that, and this, and tasteth all,
But, pleased with none, doth rise and soar away.

So, when the soul finds here no true content,
And, like Noah's dove, can no sure footing take,
She doth return from whence she first was sent,
And flies to him that first her wings did make.

[*The Dignity of Man.*]

Oh! what is man, great Maker of mankind!
That thou to him so great respect dost bear;
That thou adorn'st him with so bright a mind,
Mak'st him a king, and even an angel's peer!

Oh! what a lively life, what heav'nly pow'r,
What spreading virtue, what a sparkling fire,
How great, how plentiful, how rich a dow'r
Dost thou within this dying flesh inspire!

Thou leav'st thy print in other works of thine,
But thy whole image thou in man hast writ;
There cannot be a creature more divine,
Except, like thee, it should be infinite:

But it exceeds man's thought, to think how high
God hath rais'd man, since God a man became;
The angels do admire this mystery,
And are astonish'd when they view the same:

Nor hath he given these blessings for a day,
Nor made them on the body's life depend;
The soul, though made in time, survives for aye;
And though it hath beginning, sees no end.

JOHN DONNE.

JOHN DONNE was born in London in 1573, of a Catholic family; through his mother he was related to Sir Thomas More and Heywood the epigrammatist. He was educated partly at Oxford and partly at Cambridge, and was designed for the law, but relinquished the study in his nineteenth year. About this period of his life, having carefully considered the controversies between the Catholics and Protestants, he became convinced that the latter were right, and became a member of the established church. The great abilities and amiable character of Donne were early distinguished. The Earl of Essex, the Lord Chancellor Egerton, and Sir Robert Drury, successively befriended and employed him; and a saying of the second of these eminent persons respecting him is recorded by his biographers—that he was fitter to serve a king than a subject. He fell, nevertheless, into trouble, in consequence of secretly marrying the daughter of Sir George Moore, lord lieutenant of the Tower. This step kept him for several years in poverty, and by the death of his wife, a few days after giving birth to her twelfth child, he was plunged into the greatest grief. At the age of forty-two, Donne became a clergyman, and soon attaining distinction as a preacher, he was preferred by James I. to the deanery of St Paul's; in which benefice he continued till his death in 1631, when he was buried honourably in Westminster Abbey.

The works of Donne consist of satires, elegies, religious poems, complimentary verses, and epigrams: they were first collected into one volume by Tonson in 1719. His reputation as a poet, great in his own day, low during the latter part of the seventeenth, and the whole of the eighteenth centuries, has latterly in some degree revived. In its days of abasement, critics spoke of his harsh and rugged versification, and his leaving nature for conceit: Dryden even hints at the necessity of translating him into numbers and English. It seems to be now acknowledged that, amidst much rubbish, there is much real poetry, and that of a high order, in Donne. He is described by a recent critic as 'imbued to saturation with the learning of his age,' endowed 'with a most active and piercing intellect—an imagination, if not grasping and comprehensive, most subtle and far-darting—a fancy, rich,

vivid, and picturesque—a mode of expression terse, simple, and condensed—and a wit admirable, as well for its caustic severity, as for its playful quickness—and as only wanting sufficient sensibility and taste to preserve him from the vices of style which seem

Monumental Effigy of Dr Donne.

to have beset him. Donne is usually considered as the first of a series of poets of the seventeenth century, who, under the name of the Metaphysical Poets, fill a conspicuous place in English literary history. The directness of thought, the naturalness of description, the rich abundance of genuine poetical feeling and imagery, which distinguish the poets of Elizabeth's reign, now begin to give way to cold and forced conceits, mere vain workings of the intellect, a kind of poetry as unlike the former as punning is unlike genuine wit. To give an idea of these conceits—Donne writes a poem on a familiar popular subject, a broken heart. Here he does not advert to the miseries or distractions which are presumed to be the causes of broken hearts, but starts off into a play of conceit upon the phrase. He entered a room, he says, where his mistress was present, and

> love, alas!
> At one first blow did shiver it [his heart] as glass.

Then, forcing on his mind to discover by what means the idea of a heart broken to pieces, like glass, can be turned to account in making out something that will gingle on the reader's imagination, he proceeds thus:

> Yet nothing can to nothing fall,
> Nor any place be empty quite,
> Therefore I think my breast hath all
> Those pieces still, though they do not unite:
> And now, as *broken glasses show*
> *A hundred lesser faces*, so
> My *rags of heart* can like, wish, and adore,
> But after one such love can love no more.

There is here, certainly, analogy, but then it is an analogy which altogether fails to please or move: it is a mere conceit. Perhaps we should not be far from the truth, if we were to represent this style as the natural symptoms of the decline of the brilliant school of Sackville, Spenser, and Shakspeare. All the recognised modes, subjects, and phrases of poetry, introduced by them and their contemporaries, were now in some degree exhausted, and it was necessary to seek for something new. This was found, not in a new vein of equally rich ore, but in a continuation of the workings through adjoining veins of spurious metal.

It is at the same time to be borne in mind, that the quality above described did not characterise the whole of the writings of Donne and his followers. These men are often direct, natural, and truly poetical—in spite, as it were, of themselves. Donne, it may be here stated, is usually considered as the first writer of that kind of satire which Pope and Churchill carried to such perfection. But his satires, to use the words of a writer already quoted, are rough and rugged as the unhewn stones that have just been blasted from the quarry.

The specimens which follow are designed only to exemplify the merits of Donne, not his defects:—

Address to Bishop Valentine, on the day of the marriage of the Elector Palatine to the Princess Elizabeth.

Hail Bishop Valentine! whose day this is,
All the air is thy diocese,
And all the chirping choristers
And other birds are thy parishioners:
Thou marryest, every year,
The lyric lark and the grave whispering dove;
The sparrow that neglects his life for love,
The household bird with his red stomacher;
Thou mak'st the blackbird speed as soon,
As doth the goldfinch or the halcyon;
This day more cheerfully than ever shine;
This day which might inflame thyself, old Valentine!

Valediction—Forbidding Mourning.

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go;
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
The breath goes now—and some say, no;

So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'Twere profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.

Moving of th' earth brings harms and fears,
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.

Dull, sublunary lover's love
(Whose soul is sense) cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which alimented it.

But we're by love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is;[1]
Inter-assured of the mind,
Careless eyes, lips, and hands to miss.

Our two souls, therefore (which are one)
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.

If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two;
Thy soul, the fix'd foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if th' other do.

[1] That is, absence.

And though it in the centre sit,
Yet when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect as that comes home.

Such wilt thou be to me, who must
Like th' other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circles just,
And makes me end where I begun.

The Will.

Before I sigh my last gasp, let me breathe,
Great Love, some legacies: I here bequeath
Mine eyes to Argus, if mine eyes can see;
If they be blind, then, Love, I give them thee;
My tongue to Fame; to ambassadors mine ears;
To women, or the sea, my tears;
Thou, Love, hast taught me heretofore,
By making me serve her who had twenty more,
That I should give to none but such as had too much before.

My constancy I to the planets give;
My truth to them who at the court do live;
Mine ingenuity and openness
To Jesuits; to Buffoons my pensiveness;
My silence to any who abroad have been;
My money to a Capuchin.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by appointing me
To love there, where no love received can be,
Only to give to such as have no good capacity.

My faith I give to Roman Catholics;
All my good works unto the schismatics
Of Amsterdam; my best civility
And courtship to an university;
My modesty I give to soldiers bare;
My patience let gamesters share;
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her that holds my love disparity,
Only to give to those that count my gifts indignity.

I give my reputation to those
Which were my friends; mine industry to foes;
To schoolmen I bequeath my doubtfulness;
My sickness to physicians, or excess;
To Nature all that I in rhyme have writ!
And to my company my wit:
Thou, Love, by making me adore
Her who begot this love in me before,
Taught'st me to make as though I gave, when I do but restore.

To him for whom the passing bell next tolls
I give my physic books; my written rolls
Of moral counsels I to Bedlam give;
My brazen medals, unto them which live
In want of bread; to them which pass among
All foreigners, my English tongue:
Thou, Love, by making me love one
Who thinks her friendship a fit portion
For younger lovers, dost my gifts thus disproportion.

Therefore I'll give no more, but I'll undo
The world by dying, because love dies too.
Then all your beauties will be no more worth
Than gold in mines, where none doth draw it forth,
And all your graces no more use shall have
Than a sun-dial in a grave.
Thou, Love, taught'st me, by making me
Love her who doth neglect both me and thee,
To invent and practise this one way to annihilate all three.

[*A Character from Donne's Satires.*]

——— Towards me did run
A thing more strange than on Nile's slime the sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's ark came;
A thing which would have posed Adam to name.
Stranger than seven antiquaries' studies—
Than Afric monsters—Guiana's rarities—
Stranger than strangers. One who for a Dane
In the Danes' massacre had sure been slain,
If he had lived then; and without help dies
When next the 'prentices 'gainst strangers rise.
One whom the watch at noon scarce lets go by;
One to whom th' examining justice sure would cry,
'Sir, by your priesthood, tell me what you are?'
His clothes were strange, though coarse—and black, though bare;
Sleeveless his jerkin was, and it had been
Velvet, but 'twas now (so much ground was seen)
Become tuff-taffety; and our children shall
See it plain rash awhile, then not at all.
The thing hath travell'd, and saith, speaks all tongues;
And only knoweth what to all states belongs.
Made of the accents and best phrase of these,
He speaks one language. If strange meats displease,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taste;
But pedants' motley tongue, soldiers' bombast,
Mountebanks' drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are strong enough preparatives to draw
Me to bear this. Yet I must be content
With his tongue, in *his* tongue called compliment.

* * *

He names me, and comes to me. I whisper, God!
How have I sinn'd, that thy wrath's furious rod,
(This fellow) chooseth me? He saith, 'Sir,
I love your judgment—whom do you prefer
For the best linguist?' And I sillily
Said, that I thought, *Calepine's Dictionary.*
'Nay, but of men, most sweet sir?'—Beza then,
Some Jesuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies, I named. Here
He stopt me, and said—'Nay, your apostles *were*
Pretty good linguists, and so Panurge was,
Yet a poor gentleman. All these may pass
By travel.' Then, as if he would have sold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and such wonders told,
That I was fain to say—'If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been interpreter
To Babel's bricklayers, sure the tower had stood.'
He adds, 'If of court-life you knew the good,
You would leave loneness.' I said, 'Not alone
My loneness is, but Spartans' fashion.
To teach by painting drunkards doth not last
Now; Aretine's pictures have made few chaste;
No more can prince's courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.'
He, like a high-stretch'd lutestring, squeak'd, 'O, Sir,
'Tis sweet to talk of kings!' 'At Westminster,
(Said I) the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And, for his price, doth, with whoever comes,
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From king to king, and all their kin can walk.
Your ears shall hear nought but kings—your eyes meet
Kings only—the way to it is *King* street?'
He smack'd and cry'd—'He's base, mechanic, coarse,
So are all your Englishmen in their discourse.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine!—as you see,
I have but one, Sir—look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloth'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your grogoram.'
'Not so, Sir. I have more.' Under this pitch
He would not fly. I chaf'd him. But as itch
Scratch'd into smart—and as blunt iron ground
Into an edge hurts worse—so I (fool!) found
Crossing hurt me. To fit my sullenness
He to another key his style doth dress,
And asks, What news? I tell him of new plays;
He takes my hands, and as a still which stays
A semibreve 'twixt each drop, he (niggardly,
As loath to enrich me so) tells many a lie—
More than ten Holinsheds, or Halls, or Stowes—
Of trivial household trash he knows. He knc

When the queen frown'd or smil'd, and he knows what
A subtle statesman may gather from that.
He knows who loves whom; and who by poison
Hastes to an office's reversion.
He knows who hath sold his land, and now doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, shoes, and egg-
Shells to transport. Shortly boys shall not play
At spancounter, or blow point, but shall pay
Toll to some courtier. And (wiser than all us)
He knows what lady is not painted.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, born at Bristow Park, in Leicestershire, in 1574, and who rose through various church preferments to be bishop of Norwich, is more distinguished as a prose writer than as a poet: he is, however, allowed to have been the first to write satirical verse with any degree of elegance. His satires, which were published under the title of *Virgidemiarum*, in 1597-9, refer to general objects, and present some just pictures of the more remarkable anomalies in human character: they are also written in a style of greater polish and volubility than most of the compositions of this age. Bishop Hall, of whom a more particular notice is given elsewhere, died in 1656, at the age of eighty-two.

[*Selections from Hall's Satires.*]

A gentle squire would gladly entertain
Into his house some trencher-chapelain:
Some willing man that might instruct his sons,
And that would stand to good conditions.
First that he lie upon the truckle-bed,
While his young master lieth o'er his head.
Second, that he do, on no default,
Ever presume to sit above the salt.
Third, that he never change his trencher twice.
Fourth, that he use all common courtesies;
Sit bare at meals, and one half rise and wait.
Last, that he never his young master beat,
But he must ask his mother to define,
How many jerks he would his breech should line.
All these observed, he could contented be,
To give five marks and winter livery.

Seest thou how gaily my young master goes,*
Vaunting himself upon his rising toes;
And pranks his hand upon his dagger's side;
And picks his glutted teeth since late noon-tide?
'Tis Ruffio: Trow'st thou where he dined to-day?
In sooth I saw him sit with Duke Humphrey.
Many good welcomes, and much gratis cheer,
Keeps he for every straggling cavalier;
An open house, haunted with great resort;
Long service mixt with musical disport.†
Many fair younker with a feather'd crest,
Chooses much rather be his shot-free guest,
To fare so freely with so little cost,
Than stake his twelvepence to a meaner host.
Hadst thou not told me, I should surely say
He touch'd no meat of all this live-long day.
For sure methought, yet that was but a guess,
His eyes seem'd sunk for very hollowness,
But could he have (as I did it mistake)
So little in his purse, so much upon his back?
So nothing in his maw? yet seemeth by his belt,
That his gaunt gut no too much stuffing felt.
Seest thou how side[1] it hangs beneath his hip?
Hunger and heavy iron makes girdles slip.
Yet for all that, how stiffly struts he by,
All trapped in the new-found bravery.
The nuns of new-won Calais his bonnet lent,
In lieu of their so kind a conquerment.
What needed he fetch that from farthest Spain,
His grandame could have lent with lesser pain?
Though he perhaps ne'er pass'd the English shore,
Yet fain would counted be a conqueror.
His hair, French-like, stares on his frighted head,
One lock amazon-like dishevelled,
As if he meant to wear a native cord,
If chance his fates should him that bane afford.
All British bare upon the bristled skin,
Close notched is his beard, both lip and chin;
His linen collar labyrinthian set,
Whose thousand double turnings never met:
His sleeves half hid with elbow pinionings,
As if he meant to fly with linen wings.
But when I look, and cast mine eyes below,
What monster meets mine eyes in human show?
So slender waist with such an abbot's loin,
Did never sober nature sure conjoin.
Lik'st a strawn scarecrow in the new-sown field,
Rear'd on some stick, the tender corn to shield,
Or, if that semblance suit not every deal,
Like a broad shake-fork with a slender steel.

BEN JONSON.

In 1616, BEN JONSON collected the plays he had then written, and published them in one volume, folio,* adding, at the same time, a book of epigrams, and a number of poems, which he entitled *The Forest*, and *The Underwood*. The whole were comprised in one folio volume, which Jonson dignified with the title of his *Works*, a circumstance which exposed him to the ridicule of some of his contemporaries.* It is only with the minor poetry of Jonson that we have to deal at present, as the dramatic productions of this stern old master of the manly school of English comedy will be afterwards described. There is much delicacy of fancy, fine feeling, and sentiment, in some of Jonson's lyrical and descriptive effusions. He grafted a classic grace and musical expression on parts of his masques and interludes, which could hardly have been expected from his massive and ponderous hand. In some of his songs he equals Carew and Herrick in picturesque images, and in portraying the fascinations of love. A taste for nature is strongly displayed in his fine lines on Penshurst, that ancient seat of the Sidneys. It has been justly remarked by one of his critics, that Jonson's dramas 'do not lead us to value highly enough his admirable taste and feeling in poetry; and when we consider how many other intellectual excellences distinguished him—wit, observation, judgment, memory, learning—we must acknowledge that the inscription on his tomb, "O rare Ben Jonson!" is not more pithy than it is true.'

* This is the portrait of a poor gallant of the days of Elizabeth. In St Paul's Cathedral, then an open public place, there was a tomb erroneously supposed to be that of Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, which was the resort of gentlemen upon town in that day, who had occasion to look out for a dinner. When successful in getting an invitation, they were said to dine with Duke Humphrey.

† Allusion to the church service to be heard near Duke Humphrey's tomb.

[1] Long, or low.

* An epigram addressed to him on the subject is as follows:

Pray tell us, Ben, where does the mystery lurk,
What others call a *play* you call a *work*?

On behalf of Jonson an answer was returned, which seems to glance at the labour which Jonson bestowed on all his productions—

The author's friend thus for the author says—
Ben's plays are works, while others' works are plays.

To Celia.

[From 'The Forest.']

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst, that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee,
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not wither'd be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

The Sweet Neglect.

[From 'The Silent Woman.']

Still to be neat, still to be drest,
As you were going to a feast;
Still to be powder'd, still perfum'd:
Lady, it is to be presum'd,
Though art's hid causes are not found,
All is not sweet, all is not sound.
Give me a look, give me a face,
That makes simplicity a grace;
Robes loosely flowing, hair as free;
Such sweet neglect more taketh me
Than all th' adulteries of art:
They strike mine eyes, but not my heart.

Hymn to Diana.

[From 'Cynthia's Revels.']

Queen and huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep;
Seated in thy silver chair,
State in wonted manner keep.
Hesperus intreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright!

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close;
Bless us then with wished sight,
Goddess excellently bright!

Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
And thy crystal shining quiver:
Give unto the flying hart,
Space to breathe, how short soever;
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright!

To Night.

[From 'The Vision of Delight.']

Break, Phantasy, from thy cave of cloud,
And spread thy purple wings;
Now all thy figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy forms a stream,
It must have blood, and nought of phlegm;
And though it be a waking dream,
Yet, let it like an odour rise
To all the senses here,
And fall like sleep upon their eyes,
Or music in their ear.

Song.

[From 'The Forest.']

Oh do not wanton with those eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;
Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
Lest shame destroy their being.

Oh be not angry with those fires,
For then their threats will kill me;
Nor look too kind on my desires,
For then my hopes will spill me.

Oh do not steep them in thy tears,
For so will sorrow slay me;
Nor spread them as distraught with fears;
Mine own enough betray me.

To Celia.

[From the same.]

Kiss me, sweet! the wary lover
Can your favours keep and cover,
When the common courting jay
All your bounties will betray.
Kiss again; no creature comes;
Kiss, and score up wealthy sums
On my lips, thus hardly sunder'd
While you breathe. First give a hundred,
Then a thousand, then another
Hundred, then unto the other
Add a thousand, and so more,
Till you equal with the store,
All the grass that Romney yields,
Or the sands in Chelsea fields,
Or the drops in silver Thames,
Or the stars that gild his streams
In the silent summer nights,
When youths ply their stol'n delights;
That the curious may not know
How to tell them as they flow,
And the envious when they find
What their number is, be pined.

Her Triumph

See the chariot at hand here of love,
Wherein my lady rideth!
Each that draws is a swan or a dove,
And well the car love guideth.
As she goes all hearts do duty
Unto her beauty;
And enamour'd do wish, so they might
But enjoy such a sight,
That they still were to run by her side,
Through swords, through seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her eyes, they do light
All that love's world compriseth!
Do but look on her, she is bright
As love's star when it riseth!
Do but mark, her forehead's smoother
Than words that soothe her!
And from her arch'd brows, such a grace
Sheds itself through the face,
As alone there triumphs to the life
All the gain, all the good of the elements' strife.

Have you seen but a bright lily grow,
Before rude hands have touch'd it?
Have you mark'd but the fall of the snow,
Before the soil hath smutch'd it?
Have you felt the wool of the beaver,
Or swan's down ever?
Or have smell'd of the bud o' the brier?
Or the 'nard in the fire?
Or have tasted the bag of the bee?
O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

Good Life, Long Life.

It is not growing like a tree
In bulk, doth make man better be,
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sear.
A lily of a day
Is fairer far, in May,
Although it fall and die that night,
It was the plant and flower of light!
In small proportions we just beauties see:
And in short measures life may perfect be.

Epitaph on the Countess of Pembroke.

Underneath this sable hearse
Lies the subject of all verse,
Sidney's sister, Pembroke's mother;
Death! ere thou hast slain another,
Learn'd and fair, and good as she,
Time shall throw a dart at thee.

Epitaph on Elizabeth, L. H.

Would'st thou hear what man say
In a little?—reader, stay.

Underneath this stone doth lie
As much beauty as could die;
Which in life did harbour give
To more virtue than doth live.

If at all she had a fault,
Leave it buried in this vault.
One name was Elizabeth,
The other let it sleep with death:
Fitter, where it died, to tell,
Than that it lived at all. Farewell!

On my First Daughter.

Here lies to each her parents ruth,
Mary, the daughter of their youth:
Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
It makes the father less to rue.
At six months' end she parted hence
With safety of her innocence;
Whose soul heaven's queen (whose name she bears)
In comfort of her mother's tears,
Hath placed among her virgin train:
Where, while that sever'd doth remain,
This grave partakes the fleshly birth,
Which cover lightly, gentle earth.

*To Penshurst.**

[From 'The Forest.']

Thou art not, Penshurst, built to envious show
Of touch or marble; nor canst boast a row
Of polish'd pillars, or a roof of gold:
Thou hast no lantern, whereof tales are told;
Or stair, or courts; but stand'st an ancient pile,
And these grudg'd at, are reverenced the while.
Thou joy'st in better marks of soil and air,
Of wood, of water; therein thou art fair.

Thou hast thy walks for health as well as sport;
Thy mount to which the dryads do resort,
Where Pan and Bacchus their high feasts have made
Beneath the broad beech, and the chestnut shade;
That taller tree which of a nut was set
At his great birth where all the Muses met.

There, in the writhed bark, are cut the names
Of many a Sylvan token with his flames.
And thence the ruddy Satyrs oft provoke
The lighter Fauns to reach thy Ladies' Oak.
Thy copse, too, named of Gamage, thou hast here
That never fails, to serve thee, season'd deer,
When thou would'st feast or exercise thy friends.
The lower land that to the river bends,
Thy sheep, thy bullocks, kine, and calves do feed:
The middle ground thy mares and horses breed.
Each bank doth yield thee conies, and the tops
Fertile of wood. Ashore, and Sidney's copse,
To crown thy open table doth provide
The purpled pheasant, with the speckled side:
The painted partridge lies in every field,
And, for thy mess, is willing to be kill'd.
And if the high-swollen Medway fail thy dish,
Thou hast thy ponds that pay thee tribute fish,
Fat, aged carps that run into thy net,
And pikes, now weary their own kind to eat,
As loath the second draught or cast to stay,
Officiously, at first, themselves betray.
Bright eels that emulate them, and leap on land,
Before the fisher, or into his hand.
Thou hast thy orchard fruit, thy garden flowers,
Fresh as the air, and new as are the hours.
The early cherry with the later plum,
Fig, grape, and quince, each in his time doth come:
The blushing apricot and woolly peach
Hang on thy walls that every child may reach.
And though thy walls be of the country stone,
They're rear'd with no man's ruin, no man's groan;
There's none that dwell about them wish them down;
But all come in, the farmer and the clown,
And no one empty handed, to salute
Thy lord and lady, though they have no suit.
Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
Some nuts, some apples; some that think they make

* Penshurst is situated in Kent, near Tunbridge, in a wide and rich valley. The grey walls and turrets of the old mansion; its high-peaked and red roofs, and the new buildings of fresh stone, mingled with the ancient fabric, present a very striking and venerable aspect. It is a fitting abode for the noble Sidneys. The park contains trees of enormous growth, and others to which past events and characters have given an 'everlasting interest; as Sir Philip Sidney's Oak, Saccharissa's Walk, Gamage's Bower, &c. The ancient massy oak tables remain; and from Jonson's description of the hospitality of the family, they must often have 'groaned with the weight of the feast.' Mr William Howitt has given an interesting account of Penshurst in his Visits to Remarkable Places, 1840.

The better cheeses, bring them, or else send
By their ripe daughters, whom they would commend
This way to husbands; and whose baskets bear
An emblem of themselves, in plum or pear.
But what can this (more than express their love)
Add to thy free provisions, far above
The need of such? whose liberal board doth flow
With all that hospitality doth know!
Where comes no guest but is allow'd to eat
Without his fear, and of thy lord's own meat:
Where the same beer, and bread, and self-same wine
That is his lordship's shall be also mine.
And I not fain to sit (as some this day
At great men's tables) and yet dine away.
Here no man tells my cups; nor, standing by,
A waiter doth my gluttony envy:
But gives me what I call, and lets me eat;
He knows below he shall find plenty of meat;
Thy tables hoard not up for the next day,
Nor, when I take my lodging, need I pray
For fire, or lights, or livery; all is there,
As if thou, then, wert mine, or I reign'd here.
There's nothing I can wish, for which I stay.
This found King James, when hunting late this way
With his brave son, the Prince; they saw thy fires
Shine bright on every hearth, as the desires
Of thy Penates had been set on flame
To entertain them; or the country came,
With all their zeal, to warm their welcome here.
What (great, I will not say, but) sudden cheer
Did'st thou then make them! and what praise was heap'd
On thy good lady then, who therein reap'd
The just reward of her high housewifery;
To have her linen, plate, and all things nigh,
When she was far; and not a room but drest
As if it had expected such a guest!
These, Penshurst, are thy praise, and yet not all;
Thy lady's noble, fruitful, chaste withal.
His children * * *
* * have been taught religion; thence
Their gentler spirits have suck'd innocence.
Each morn and even they are taught to pray,
With the whole household, and may, every day,
Read, in their virtuous parents' noble parts,
The mysteries of manners, arms, and arts.
Now, Penshurst, they that will proportion thee
With other edifices, when they see
Those proud ambitious heaps, and nothing else,
May say their lords have built, but thy lord dwells.

To the Memory of my beloved Master, William Shakspeare, and what he hath left us.

To draw no envy, Shakspeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise;
For silliest ignorance on these would light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urges all by chance;
Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seem'd to raise.
But thou art proof against them, and, indeed,
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause, delight, the wonder of our stage!
My Shakspeare, rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb,
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read, and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great but disproportion'd Muses:
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lyly outshine,
Or sporting Kyd or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou had small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honour thee I will not seek
For names; but call forth thund'ring Eschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us,
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordova dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage: or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all, that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain, thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime,
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury, to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joy'd to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.
Yet must I not give nature all; thy art,
My gentle Shakspeare, must enjoy a part.
For though the poet's matter nature be,
His art doth give the fashion; and, that he
Who casts to write a living line, must sweat
(Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
And himself with it, that he thinks to frame;
Or for the laurel, he may gain a scorn;
For a good poet's made as well as born.
And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
Lives in his issue, even so the race
Of Shakspeare's mind and manners brightly shines
In his well turned and true filed lines:
In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
As brandish'd at the eyes of ignorance.
Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
To see thee in our water yet appear,
And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
That so did take Eliza and our James!
But stay, I see thee in the hemisphere
Advanced, and made a constellation there!
Shine forth, thou Star of Poets, and with rage,
Or influence, chide, or cheer the drooping stage,
Which since thy flight from hence hath mourned like night,
And despairs day, but for thy volume's light!

On the Portrait of Shakspeare.

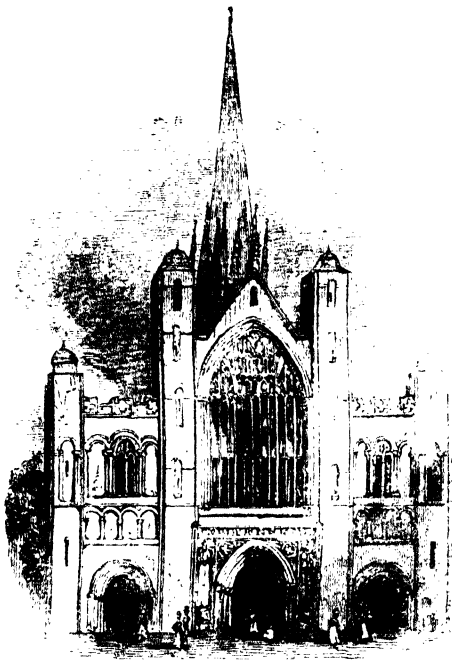
[Under the frontispiece to the first edition of his works: 1623.]

This figure that thou here seest put,
It was for gentle Shakspeare cut,
Wherein the graver had a strife
With nature, to outdo the life:
O could he but have drawn his wit,
As well in brass, as he hath hit
His face; the print would then surpass
All that was ever writ in brass:
But since he cannot, reader, look
Not on his picture but his book.*

* This attestation of Ben Jonson to the first engraved portrait of Shakspeare, seems to prove its fidelity as a likeness. The portrait corresponds with the monumental effigy at Stratford, but both represent a heavy and somewhat inelegant

RICHARD CORBET.

RICHARD CORBET (1582–1635) was the son of a man who, though only a gardener, must have possessed superior qualities, as he obtained the hearty commendations, in verse, of Ben Jonson. The son was educated at Westminster and Oxford, and having taken orders, he became successively bishop of Oxford and bishop of Norwich. The social qualities of witty Bishop Corbet, and his never-failing vivacity, joined to a moderate share of dislike to the Puritans, recommended him to the patronage of King James, by whom he was raised to the mitre. His habits were rather too convivial for the dignity of his office, if we may credit some of the anecdotes which have been related of him. Meeting a ballad-singer one market-day at Abingdon, and the man complaining that he could get no custom, the jolly doctor put off his gown, and arrayed himself in the leathern jacket of the itinerant vocalist, and being a handsome man, with a clear full voice, he presently vended the stock of ballads. One time, as he was confirming, the country people pressing in to see the ceremony, Corbet exclaimed—'Bear off there, or I'll confirm ye with my staff.' The bishop and his chaplain, Dr Lushington, it is said, would sometimes repair to the wine-cellar together, and Corbet used to put off his episcopal hood, saying, 'There lies the doctor;' then he put off his gown, saying, 'There lies the bishop;' then the toast went round, 'Here's to thee, Corbet;' 'Here's to thee, Lushington.' Jovialities like these seem more like those of the jolly Friar of Copmanhurst than the acts of a Protestant bishop, but Corbet had higher qualities; his toleration, solid sense, and lively talents, procured him deserved esteem and respect. His poems were first collected and published in 1647. They are of a miscellaneous character, the best known being a *Journey into France*, written in a light easy strain of descriptive humour. The *Farewell to the Fairies* is equally lively, and more poetical.



Norwich Cathedral.

figure. There is, however, a placid good humour in the expression of the features, and much sweetness in the mouth and lips. The upper part of the head is bald, and the lofty forehead is conspicuous in both, as in the Chandos and other pictures. The general resemblance we have no doubt is correct, but considerable allowance must be made for the defective state of English art at this period.

[*To Vincent Corbet, his Son.*]

What I shall leave thee none can tell,
But all shall say I wish thee well:
I wish thee, Vin, before all wealth,
Both bodily and ghostly health;
Nor too much wealth, nor wit come to thee,
So much of either may undo thee.
I wish thee learning not for show,
Enough for to instruct and know;
Not such as gentlemen require
To prate at table or at fire.
I wish thee all thy mother's graces,
Thy father's fortunes and his places.
I wish thee friends, and one at court
Not to build on, but support;
To keep thee not in doing many
Oppressions, but from suffering any.
I wish thee peace in all thy ways,
Nor lazy nor contentious days;
And, when thy soul and body part,
As innocent as now thou art.

[*Journey to*

I went from England into France,
Nor yet to learn to cringe nor dance,
Nor yet to ride nor fence:

But I to Paris rode along,
Much like John Dory* in the song,
Upon a holy tide.
I on an ambling nag did get,
(I trust he is not paid for yet),
And spurr'd him on each side.

And to Saint Dennis fast we came,
To see the sights of Notre Dame,
(The man that shows them snuffles),
Where who is apt for to believe,
May see our Lady's right-arm sleeve,
And eke her old pantofles;

Her breast, her milk, her very gown
That she did wear in Bethlehem town,
When in the inn she lay.
Yet all the world knows that's a fable,
For so good clothes ne'er lay in stable,
Upon a lock of hay.

There is one of the cross's nails,
Which, whoso sees, his bonnet vails,
And, if he will, may kneel.
Some say 'twas false, 'twas never so,
Yet, feeling it, thus much I know,
It is as true as steel.

* This alludes to one of the most celebrated of the old English ballads. It was the favourite performance of the English minstrels, as lately as the reign of Charles II., and Dryden alludes to it as to the most hackneied thing of the time—

But Sunderland, Godolphin, Lory,
These will appear such chits in story,
'Twill turn all politics to jests,
To be repeated like John Dory,
When fiddlers sing at feasts.

Ritson's Ancient Songs, p. 163.

There is a lanthorn which the Jews,
When Judas led them forth, did use,
It weighs my weight downright:
But, to believe it, you must think
The Jews did put a candle in't,
And then 'twas very light.

There's one saint there hath lost his nose:
Another 's head, but not his toes,
His elbow and his thumb.
But when that we had seen the rags,
We went to th' inn and took our nags,
And so away did come.

We came to Paris on the Seine,
'Tis wondrous fair, 'tis nothing clean,
'Tis Europe's greatest town.
How strong it is, I need not tell it,
For all the world may easily smell it,
That walk it up and down.

There many strange things are to see,
The palace and great gallery,
The Place Royal doth excel:
The new bridge, and the statues there,
At Notre Dame, Saint Q. Pater,
The steeple bears the bell.

For learning, th' University;
And, for old clothes, the Frippery:
The house the Queen did build.
Saint Innocents, whose earth devours
Dead corps in four-and-twenty hours,
And there the King was killed:

The Bastille, and Saint Dennis Street,
The Shatllenist, like London Fleet,
The arsenal no toy.
But if you'll see the prettiest thing,
Go to the court and see the king,
O, 'tis a hopeful boy.*

He is, of all his dukes and peers,
Reverenc'd for much wit at 's years,
Nor must you think it much:
For he with little switch doth play,
And make fine dirty pies of clay,
O never king made such!

Farewell to the Fairies.

Farewell rewards and fairies,
Good housewives now may say,
For now foul sluts in dairies
Do fare as well as they.
And though they sweep their hearths no less
Than maids were wont to do,
Yet who of late, for cleanliness,
Finds sixpence in her shoe?

Lament, lament, old Abbeys,
The fairies lost command;
They did but change priests' babies,
But some have changed your land;
And all your children sprung from thence
Are now grown Puritans;
Who live as changelings ever since,
For love of your domains.

At morning and at evening both,
You merry were and glad,
So little care of sleep or sloth
These pretty ladies had;
When Tom came home from labour,
Or Cis to milking rose,
Then merrily went their tabor,
And nimbly went their toes.

Witness those rings and roundelays
Of theirs, which yet remain,
Were footed in Queen Mary's days
On many a grassy plain;
But since of late Elizabeth,
And later, James came in,
They never dane'd on any heath
As when the time hath been.

By which we note the fairies
Were of the old profession,
Their songs were Ave-Maries,
Their dances were procession:
But now, alas! they all are dead,
Or gone beyond the seas;
Or farther for religion fled,
Or else they take their ease.

A tell-tale in their company
They never could endure,
And whoso kept not secretly
Their mirth, was punish'd sure;
It was a just and Christian deed,
To pinch such black and blue:
O how the commonwealth doth need
Such justices as you!

* Louis XIII.

SIR JOHN BEAUMONT—DR HENRY KING.

Among the numerous minor poets who flourished, or rather *composed*, in the reign of James, were Sir John Beaumont (1582-1628) and Dr Henry King, bishop of Chichester (1591-1669). The former was the elder brother of the celebrated dramatist. Enjoying the family estate of Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire, Sir John dedicated part of his leisure hours to the service of the Muses. He wrote a poem on Bosworth Field in the heroic couplet, which, though generally cold and unimpassioned, exhibits correct and forcible versification. As a specimen, we subjoin Richard's animated address to his troops on the eve of the decisive battle:—

My fellow soldiers! though your swords
Are sharp, and need not whetting by my words,
Yet call to mind the many glorious days
In which we treasured up immortal praise.
If, when I served, I ever fled from foe,
Fly ye from mine: let me be punish'd so!
But if my father, when at first he tried
How all his sons could shining blades abide,
Found me an eagle whose undazzled eyes
Affront the beams that from the steel arise;
And if I now in action teach the same,
Know, then, ye have but changed your general's name.
Be still yourselves! Ye fight against the dross
Of those who oft have run from you with loss.
How many Somersets (dissension's brands)
Have felt the force of our revengeful hands!
From whom this youth, as from a princely flood,
Derives his best but not untainted blood.
Have our assaults made Lancaster to droop?
And shall this Welshman with his ragged troop,
Subdue the Norman and the Saxon line,
That only Merlin may be thought divine?
See what a guide these fugitives have chose!
Who, bred among the French, our ancient foes,
Forgets the English language and the ground,
And knows not what our drums and trumpets sound!

Sir John Beaumont wrote the heroic couplet with great ease and correctness. In a poem to the memory of Ferdinando Pulton, Esq., are the following excellent verses:—

Why should vain sorrow follow him with tears,
Who shakes off burdens of declining years?

Whose thread exceeds the usual bounds of life,
And feels no stroke of any fatal knife?
The destinies enjoin their wheels to run,
Until the length of his whole course be spun.
No envious clouds obscure his struggling light,
Which sets contented at the point of night:
Yet this large time no greater profit brings,
Than every little moment whence it springs;
Unless employ'd in works deserving praise,
Must wear out many years and live few days.
Time flows from instants, and of these each one
Should be esteem'd as if it were alone
The shortest space, which we so lightly prize
When it is coming, and before our eyes:
Let it but slide into the eternal main,
No realms, no worlds, can purchase it again:
Remembrance only makes the footsteps last,
When winged time, which fixed the prints, is past.

Sir John also wrote an epitaph on his brother, the dramatist, but it is inferior to the following:—

On my dear Son, Gervase Beaumont.

Can I, who have for others oft compiled
The songs of death, forget my sweetest child,
Which like a flow'r crush'd with a blast, is dead,
And ere full time hangs down his smiling head,
Expecting with clear hope to live anew,
Among the angels fed with heavenly dew?
We have this sign of joy, that many days,
While on the earth his struggling spirit stays,
The name of Jesus in his mouth contains
His only food, his sleep, his ease from pains.
O may that sound be rooted in my mind,
Of which in him such strong effect I find!
Dear Lord, receive my son, whose winning love
To me was like a friendship, far above
The course of nature, or his tender age;
Whose looks could all my bitter griefs assuage:
Let his pure soul—ordain'd seven years to be
In that frail body, which was part of me—
Remain my pledge in heaven, as sent to show
How to this port at every step I go.

Dr Henry King, who was chaplain to James I., and did honour to the church preferment which was bestowed upon him, was best known as a religious poet. His language and imagery are chaste and refined. Of his lighter verse, the following song may suffice:—

Song.

Dry those fair, those crystal eyes,
Which, like growing fountains, rise,
To drown their banks: grief's sullen brooks
Would better flow in furrow'd looks;
Thy lovely face was never meant
To be the shore of discontent.

Then clear those waterish stars again,
Which else portend a lasting rain;
Lest the clouds which settle there,
Prolong my winter all the year,
And thy example others make
In love with sorrow for thy sake.

Sic Vita.

Like to the falling of a star,
Or as the flights of eagles are;
Or like the fresh spring's gaudy hue,
Or silver drops of morning dew;
Or like a wind that chafes the flood,
Or bubbles which on water stood:
Ev'n such is man, whose borrow'd light
Is straight call'd in, and paid to-night.
The wind blows out, the bubble dies;
The spring entomb'd in autumn lies;
The dew dries up, the star is shot;
The flight is past—and man forgot.

The Dirge.

What is the existence of man's life,
But open war, or slumber'd strife;
Where sickness to his sense presents
The combat of the elements;
And never feels a perfect peace
Till Death's cold hand signs his release?

It is a storm—where the hot blood
Outvies in rage the boiling flood;
And each loose passion of the mind
Is like a furious gust of wind,
Which beats his bark with many a wave,
Till he casts anchor in the grave.

It is a flower—which buds, and grows,
And withers as the leaves disclose;
Whose spring and fall faint seasons keep,
Like fits of waking before sleep;
Then shrinks into that fatal mould
Where its first being was enroll'd.

It is a dream—whose seeming truth
Is moralis'd in age and youth;
Where all the comforts he can share,
As wandering as his fancies are;
Till in a mist of dark decay,
The dreamer vanish quite away.

It is a dial—which points out
The sun-set, as it moves about;
And shadows out in lines of night
The subtle stages of Time's flight;
Till all-obscuring earth hath laid
His body in perpetual shade.

It is a weary interlude—
Which doth short joys, long woes, include;
The world the stage, the prologue tears,
The acts vain hopes and varied fears;
The scene shuts up with loss of breath,
And leaves no epilogue but death.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT.

Francis Beaumont (1585-1616), whose name is most conspicuous as a dramatist, in union with that of Fletcher, wrote a small number of miscellaneous pieces, which his brother published after his death. Some of these youthful effusions are witty and amusing; others possess a lyrical sweetness; and a few are grave and moralising. The most celebrated is the letter to Ben Jonson, which was originally published at the end of the play 'Nice Valour,' with the following title: 'Mr Francis Beaumont's letter to Ben Jonson, written before he and Master Fletcher came to London, with two of the precedent comedies then not finished, which deferred their merry meetings at the Mermaid.' Notwithstanding the admiration of Beaumont for 'Rare Ben,' he copied Shakspeare in the style of his dramas. Fletcher, however, was still more Shakspearian than his associate. Hazlitt says finely of the premature death of Beaumont and his more poetical friend—'The bees were said to have come and built their hive in the mouth of Plato when a child; and the fable might be transferred to the sweeter accents of Beaumont and Fletcher. Beaumont died at the age of five-and-twenty [thirty]. One of these writers makes Bellario, the page, say to Philaster, who threatens to take his life—

'Tis not a life,
'Tis but a piece of childhood thrown away.

But here was youth, genius, aspiring hope, growing reputation, cut off like a flower in its summer pride, or like "the lily on its stalk green," which makes us

repine at fortune, and almost at nature, that seem to set so little store by their greatest favourites. The life of poets is, or ought to be (judging of it from the light it lends to ours), a golden dream, full of brightness and sweetness, lapt in Elysium; and it gives one a reluctant pang to see the splendid vision, by which they are attended in their path of glory, fade like a vapour, and their sacred heads laid low in ashes, before the sand of common mortals has run out. Fletcher, too, was prematurely cut off by the plague."*

[*Letter to Ben Jonson.*]

The sun (which doth the greatest comfort bring
To absent friends, because the self-same thing
They know, they see, however absent) is
Here, our best haymaker (forgive me this,
It is our country's style) in this warm shine
I lie, and dream of your full Mermaid wine.
Oh, we have water mix'd with claret lees,
Drink apt to bring in drier heresies
Than beer, good only for the sonnet's strain,
With fustian metaphors to stuff the brain,
So mixed, that, given to the thirstiest one,
'Twill not prove alms, unless he have the stone.
I think, with one draught man's invention fades:
Two cups had quite spoil'd Homer's Iliades.
'Tis liquor that will find out Sutcliff's wit,
Lie where he will, and make him write worse yet;
Fill'd with such moisture in most grievous qualms,
Did Robert Wisdom write his singing psalms;
And so must I do this: And yet I think
It is a potion sent us down to drink,
By special Providence, keeps us from fights,
Makes us not laugh when we make legs to knights.
'Tis this that keeps our minds fit for our states,
A medicine to obey our magistrates:
For we do live more free than you; no hate,
No envy at one another's happy state,
Moves us; we are all equal: every whit
Of land that God gives men here is their wit,
If we consider fully, for our best
And gravest men will with his main house-jest
Scarce please you; we want subtilty to do
The city tricks, lie, hate, and flatter too:
Here are none that can bear a painted show,
Strike when you wink, and then lament the blow;
Who, like mills, set the right way for to grind,
Can make their gains alike with every wind;
Only some fellows with the subtlest pate,
Amongst us, may perchance equivocate
At selling of a horse, and that's the most.
Methinks the little wit I had is lost
Since I saw you; for wit is like a rest
Held up at tennis, which men do the best,
With the best gamesters: what things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid; heard words that have been
So nimble, and so full of subtle flame,
As if that every one from whence they came
Had meant to put his whole wit in a jest,
And had resolved to live a fool the rest
Of his dull life: then when there had been thrown
Wit able enough to justify the town
For three days past; wit that might warrant be
For the whole city to talk foolishly
Till that were cancelled; and when that was gone,
We left an air behind us, which alone
Was able to make the two next companies
Right witty; though but downright fools were wise.
When I remember this, * * * * * * I needs must cry;
I see my days of ballading grow nigh;
I can already riddle, and can sing
Catches, sell bargains, and I fear shall bring
Myself to speak the hardest words I find
Over as oft as any with one wind,
That takes no medicines, but thought of thee
Makes me remember all these things to be
The wit of our young men, fellows that show
No part of good, yet utter all they know,
Who, like trees of the garden, have growing souls.
Only strong Destiny, which all controls,
I hope hath left a better fate in store
For me, thy friend, than to live ever poor.
Banish'd unto this home: Fate once again
Bring me to thee, who canst make smooth and plain
The way of knowledge for me; and then I,
Who have no good but in thy company,
Protest it will my greatest comfort be,
To acknowledge all I have to flow from thee,
Ben; when these *scenes* are perfect, we'll taste wine;
I'll drink thy muse's health, thou shalt quaff mine.

On the Tombs in Westminster.

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a charge of flesh is here!
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heap of stones:
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands;
Where, from their pulpits seal'd with dust,
They preach—in greatness is no trust.
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest, royal'st seed,
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin:
Here the bones of birth have cried,
Though gods they were, as men they died:
Here are wands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings.
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

An Epitaph.

Here she lies, whose spotless fame
Invites a stone to learn her name:
The rigid Spartan that denied
An epitaph to all that died,

* Lectures on the Age of Elizabeth, &c., p. 227.

Unless for war, in charity
Would here vouchsafe an elegy.
She died a wife, but yet her mind,
Beyond virginity refined,
From lawless fire remain'd as free
As now from heat her ashes be:
Keep well this pawn, thou marble chest;
Till it be call'd for let it rest;
For while this jewel here is set,
The grave is like a cabinet.

THOMAS CAREW.

THOMAS CAREW (1589-1639) was the precursor and representative of a numerous class of poets—courtiers of a gay and gallant school, who to personal accomplishments, rank, and education, united a taste and talent for the conventional poetry then most popular and cultivated. Their influence may be seen even in Cowley and Dryden: Carew and Waller were perhaps the best of the class: Rochester was undoubtedly the most debased. Their visions of fame were in general bounded by the circle of the court and the nobility. To live in future generations, or to sound the depths of the human heart, seems not to have entered into their contemplations. A loyal panegyric was the *epic strain* of their ambition; a 'rosy cheek or coral lip' formed their ordinary theme. The court applauded; the lady was flattered or appeased by the compliment; and the poet was praised for his wit and gallantry; while all the time the *heart* had as little to do with the poetical homage thus tendered and accepted, as with the cold abstractions and 'rare poesies' on wax or ivory. A foul taint of immorality and irreligion often lurked under the flowery surface, and insidiously made itself known and felt. Carew sometimes went beyond this strain of heartless frivolity, and is graceful in sentiment as well as style—'piling up stones of lustre from the brook;' but he was capable of far higher things; and in him, as in Suckling and Sedley, we see only glimpses of a genius which might have been ripened into permanent and beneficial excellence. Carew was descended from an ancient Gloucestershire family. He was educated at Oxford, then travelled abroad, and on his return, obtained the notice and patronage of Charles I. He was appointed gentleman of the privy chamber, and sewer in ordinary to the king. His after life was that of a courtier—witty, affable, and accomplished—without reflection; and in a strain of loose revelry which, according to Clarendon, the poet deeply repented in his latter days. 'He died,' says the state historian, 'with the greatest remorse for that license, and with the greatest manifestation of Christianity, that his best friends could desire.'

The poems of Carew are short and occasional. His longest is a masque, written by command of the king, entitled *Cœlum Britannicum*. It is partly in prose; and the lyrical pieces were set to music by Dr Henry Lawes, the poetical musician of that age.* The short amatory pieces and songs of Carew were exceedingly popular, and are now the only productions of his which are read. They are often indelicate, but rich in expression. Thirty or forty years later, he would have fallen into the frigid style of the court poets after the Restoration; but at the time he wrote, the passionate and imaginative vein of the Elizabethan period was not wholly exhausted. The 'genial and warm tints' of the elder muse still coloured the landscape, and were reflected back in some measure by Carew. He abounded, however, in tasteless conceits, even on grave elegiac subjects. In his epitaph on the daughter of Sir Thomas Wentworth, he says—

And here the precious dust is laid,
Whose purely-tempered clay was made
So fine that it the guest betray'd.

Else the soul grew so fast within,
It broke the outward shell of sin,
And so was hatch'd a cherubin!

Song.

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauties, orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love heaven did prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste
The nightingale when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

Ask me no more if east or west
The Phœnix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies!

The Compliment.

I do not love thee for that fair
Rich fan of thy most curious hair;
Though the wires thereof be drawn
Finer than the threads of lawn,
And are softer than the leaves
On which the subtle spider weaves.

I do not love thee for those flowers
Growing on thy cheeks (love's bowers);
Though such cunning them hath spread,
None can paint them white and red:
Love's golden arrows thence are shot,
Yet for them I love thee not.

I do not love thee for those soft
Red coral lips I've kiss'd so oft;
Nor teeth of pearl, the double guard
To speech, whence music still is heard;
Though from those lips a kiss being taken,
Might tyrants melt, and death awaken.

I do not love thee, oh! my fairest,
For that richest, for that rarest
Silver pillar, which stands under
Thy sound head, that globe of wonder;
Tho' that neck be whiter far
Than towers of polish'd ivory are.

Song.

Would you know what's soft? I dare
Not bring you to the down or air;
Nor to stars to show what's bright,
Nor to snow to teach you white.

Nor, if you would music hear,
Call the orbs to take your ear;
Nor to please your sense bring forth
Bruised nard or what's more worth.

Or on food were your thoughts plac'd,
Bring you nectar, for a taste:
Would you have all these in one,
Name my mistress, and 'tis done.

* Of the peculiar composition called the masque, an account is given in the sequel.

A Pastoral Dialogue.

Shepherd, Nymph, Chorus.

Shep. This mossy bank they press'd. *Nymph.* That aged oak
Did canopy the happy pair
All night from the damp air.
Cho. Here let us sit and sing the words they spoke,
Till the day breaking, their embraces broke.

Shep. See, love, the blushes of the morn appear,
And now she hangs her pearly store,
(Robb'd from the eastern shore,)
I' th' cowslip's bell, and rose's ear:
Sweet, I must stay no longer here.

Nymph. Those streaks of doubtful light usher not day,
But show my sun must set; no morn
Shall shine till thou return;
The yellow planets, and the gray
Dawn, shall attend thee on thy way.

Shep. If thine eyes gild my paths, they may forbear
Their useless shine. *Nymph.* My tears will quite
Extinguish their faint light.
Shep. Those drops will make their beams more clear,
Love's flames will shine in ev'ry tear.

Cho. They kiss'd and wept; and from their lips and eyes,
In a mix'd dew of briny sweet,
Their joys and sorrows meet;
But she cries out. *Nymph.* Shepherd, arise,
The sun betrays us else to spies.

Cho. The winged hours fly fast, whilst we embrace;
But when we want their help to meet,
They move with leaden feet.
Nymph. Then let us pinion time, and chase
The day for ever from this place.

Shep. Hark! *Nymph.* Ay, me, stay! *Shep.* For ever.
Nymph. No, arise,
We must be gone. *Shep.* My nest of spice.
Nymph. My soul. *Shep.* My paradise.
Cho. Neither could say farewell, but through their eyes
Grief interrupted speech with tears' supplies.

Mediocrity in Love Rejected.

Give me more love, or more disdain;
The torrid or the frozen zone
Bring equal ease unto my pain,
The temperate affords me none;
Either extreme of love or hate
Is sweeter than a calm estate.

Give me a storm; if it be love,
Like Danae in that golden shower,
I swim in pleasure; if it prove
Disdain, that torrent will devour
My vulture hopes; and he's possess'd
Of heaven that's but from hell releas'd;
Then crown my joys or cure my pain;
Give me more love or more disdain.

Persuasions to Love.

Think not, 'cause men flatt'ring say,
Y'are fresh as April, sweet as May,
Bright as is the morning star,
That you are so; or, though you are,
Be not therefore proud, and deem
All men unworthy your esteem;
Nor let brittle beauty make
You your wiser thoughts forsake:
For that lovely face will fail;
Beauty's sweet, but beauty's frail!
'Tis sooner past, 'tis sooner done,
Than summer's rain or winter's sun;
Most fleeting when it is most dear;
'Tis gone while we but say—'tis here.
These curious locks, so aptly twin'd,
Whose every hair a soul doth bind,
Will change their auburn hue, and grow
White and cold as winter's snow.
That eye, which now is Cupid's nest,
Will prove his grave, and all the rest
Will follow; in the cheek, chin, nose,
Nor lily shall be found, nor rose;
And what will then become of all
Those whom now you servants call?
Like swallows, when your summer's done,
They'll fly, and seek some warmer sun.
Then wisely choose one to your friend
Whose love may (when your beauties end)
Remain still firm; be provident,
And think, before the summer's spent,
Of following winter; like the ant,
In plenty hoard for time of scant.
For when the storms of Time have moved
Waves on that cheek which was beloved;
When a fair lady's face is pined,
And yellow spread where red once shin'd;
When beauty, youth, and all sweets leave her,
Love may return, but lovers never:
And old folks say there are no pains
Like itch of love in aged veins.
O love me then, and now begin it,
Let us not lose this present minute;
For time and age will work that wrack
Which time or age shall ne'er call back.
The snake each year fresh skin resumes,
And eagles change their aged plumes;
The faded rose, each spring, receives
A fresh red tincture on her leaves:
But if your beauties once decay,
You never know a second May.
Oh, then, be wise, and whilst your season
Affords you days for sport, do reason;
Spend not in vain your life's short hour,
But crop in time your beauties' flower,
Which will away, and doth together
Both bud and fade, both blow and wither.

Disdain Returned.

He that loves a rosy cheek,
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires;
As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts and calm desires;
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires.
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes!

No tears, Celia, now shall win
My resolv'd heart to return;
I have search'd thy soul within,
And find nought but pride and scorn;
I have learn'd thy arts, and now
Can disdain as much as thou.
Some power, in my revenge, convey
That love to her I cast away.

[*Approach of Spring.*]

Now that the winter's gone, the earth hath lost
Her snow-white robes, and now no more the frost
Candies the grass, or calls an icy cream
Upon the silver lake, or crystal stream;

But the warm sun thaws the benumb'd earth,
And makes it tender; gives a sacred birth
To the dead swallow; wakes in hollow tree
The drowsy cuckoo, and the humble bee;
Now do a choir of chirping minstrels bring
In triumph to the world the youthful spring.
The valleys, hills, and woods, in rich array,
Welcome the coming of the long'd for May.
Now all things smile.

PHINEAS AND GILES FLETCHER.

These brother poets were sons of Dr Giles Fletcher, and cousins of Fletcher the dramatist; both were clergymen, whose lives afforded but little variety of incident. Phineas was born in 1584, educated at Eton and Cambridge, and became rector of Hilgay, in Norfolk, where he died in 1650. Giles was younger than his brother, but the date of his birth has not been ascertained. He was rector of Alderton, in Suffolk, where he died, it is supposed, some years before his brother.

The works of PHINEAS FLETCHER consist of the *Purple Island*, or the *Isle of Man*, *Piscatory Eclogues*, and miscellaneous poems. The Purple Island was published in 1633, but written much earlier, as appears from some allusions in it to the Earl of Essex. The name of the poem conjures up images of poetical and romantic beauty, such as we may suppose a youthful admirer and follower of Spenser to have drawn. A perusal of the work, however, dispels this illusion. The Purple Island of Fletcher is no sunny spot 'amid the melancholy main,' but is an elaborate and anatomical description of the body and mind of man. He begins with the veins, arteries, bones, and muscles of the human frame, picturing them as hills, dales, streams, and rivers, and describing with great minuteness their different meanderings, elevations, and appearances. It is admitted that the poet was well skilled in anatomy, and the first part of his work is a sort of lecture fitted for the dissecting room. Having in five cantos exhausted his physical phenomena, Fletcher proceeds to describe the complex nature and operations of the mind. Intellect is the prince of the Isle of Man, and he is furnished with eight counsellors, Fancy, Memory, the Common Sense, and five external senses. The Human Fortress, thus garrisoned, is assailed by the Vices, and a fierce contest ensues for the possession of the human soul. At length an angel interposes, and insures victory to the Virtues, the angel being King James I., on whom the poet condescended to heap this fulsome adulation. From this sketch of Fletcher's poem, it will be apparent that its worth must rest, not upon plot, but upon isolated passages and particular descriptions. Some of his stanzas have all the easy flow and mellifluous sweetness of Spenser's Faery Queen; but others are marred by affectation and quaintness, and by the tediousness inseparable from long-protracted allegory. His fancy was luxuriant, and, if better disciplined by taste and judgment, might have rivalled the softer scenes of Spenser.

GILES FLETCHER published only one poetical production of any length—a sacred poem, entitled *Christ's Victory and Triumph*. It appeared at Cambridge in 1610, and met with such indifferent success, that a second edition was not called for till twenty years afterwards. There is a massive grandeur and earnestness about 'Christ's Victory' which strikes the imagination. The materials of the poem are better *fused* together, and more harmoniously linked in connexion, than those of the Purple Island. 'Both of these brothers,' says Mr Hallam, 'are deserving of much praise; they were endowed with minds eminently poetical, and not inferior in imagination to any of their contemporaries. But an injudicious taste, and an excessive fondness for a style which the public was rapidly abandoning, that of allegorical personification, prevented their powers from being effectively displayed.' Mr Campbell remarks, 'They were both the disciples of Spenser, and, with his diction gently modernised, retained much of his melody and luxuriant expression. Giles, inferior as he is to Spenser and Milton, might be figured, in his happiest moments, as a link of connexion in our poetry between these congenial spirits, for he reminds us of both, and evidently gave hints to the latter in a poem on the same subject with Paradise Regained.' These hints are indeed very plain and obvious. The appearance of Satan as an aged sire 'slowly footing' in the silent wilderness, the temptation of our Saviour in the 'goodly garden,' and in the Bower of Vain Delight, are outlines which Milton adopted and filled up in his second epic, with a classic grace and force of style unknown to the Fletchers. To the latter, however, belong the merit of original invention, copiousness of fancy, melodious numbers, and language at times rich, ornate, and highly poetical. If Spenser had not previously written his Bower of Bliss, Giles Fletcher's Bower of Vain Delight would have been unequalled in the poetry of that day; but probably, like his master Spenser, he copied from Tasso.

Happiness of the Shepherd's Life.

[From the Purple Island.]

[illegible] life and state!
[illegible]

No Syrian worms he knows, that with their thre
Draw out their silken lives: nor silken pride;
His lambs' warm fleece well fits his little need,
Not in that proud Sidonian tincture dyed:
No empty hopes, no courtly fears him fright;
Nor begging wants his middle fortune bite:
But sweet content exiles both misery and spite.

Instead of music, and base flattering tongues,
Which wait to first salute my lord's uprise;
The cheerful lark wakes him with early songs,
And birds sweet whistling notes unlock his eyes:
In country plays is all the strife he uses;
Or sing, or dance unto the rural Muses;
And but in music's sports all difference refuses.

His certain life, that never can deceive him,
Is full of thousand sweets, and rich content:
The smooth-leaved beeches in the field receive him
With coolest shades, till noon-tide rage is spent;
His life is neither toss'd in boist'rous seas
Of troublous world, nor lost in slothful ease:
Pleas'd and full blest he lives, when he his God can please.

His bed of wool yields safe and quiet sleeps,
While by his side his faithful spouse hath place;
His little son into his bosom creeps,
The lively picture of his father's face:
Never his humble house nor state torment him:
Less he could like, if less his God had sent him;
And when he dies, green turfs, with grassy tomb, content him.

[*Decay of Human Greatness.*]

[From the same.]

Fond man, that looks on earth for happiness,
And here long seeks what here is never found!
For all our good we hold from heav'n by lease,
With many forfeits and conditions bound;
Nor can we pay the fine, and rentage due:
Though now but writ, and seal'd, and giv'n anew,
Yet daily we it break, then daily must renew.

Why shouldst thou here look for perpetual good,
At ev'ry loss 'gainst heaven's face repining?
Do but behold where glorious cities stood,
With gilded tops and silver turrets shining;
There now the hart fearless of greyhound feeds,
And loving pelican in fancy breeds:
There screeching satyrs fill the people's empty steeles.[1]

Where is the Assyrian lion's golden hide,
That all the east once grasp'd in lordly paw?
Where that great Persian bear, whose swelling pride
The lion's self tore out with rav'nous jaw?
Or he which 'twixt a lion and a pard,
Through all the world with nimble pinions far'd,
And to his greedy whelps his conquer'd kingdoms shared.

Hardly the place of such antiquity,
Or note of these great monarchies we find:
Only a fading verbal memory,
And empty name in writ is left behind:
But when this second life and glory fades,
And sinks at length in time's obscurer shades,
A second fall succeeds, and double death invades.

That monstrous beast, which, nurs'd in Tiber's fen,
Did all the world with hideous shape affray;
That fill'd with costly spoil his gaping den,
And trode down all the rest to dust and clay:
His batt'ring horns, pull'd out by civil hands
And iron teeth, lie scatter'd on the sands;
Back'd, bridled by a monk, with seven heads yoked stands.

And that black vulture,[2] which with deathful wing
O'ershadows half the earth, whose dismal sight
Frighten'd the Muses from their native spring,
Already stoops, and flags with weary flight:
Who then shall look for happiness beneath?
Where each new day proclaims chance, change and death,
And life itself 's as flit as is the air we breathe.

[*Description of Parthenia, or Chastity.*]

With her, her sister went, a warlike maid,
Parthenia, all in steel and gilded arms;
In needle's stead, a mighty spear she sway'd,
With which in bloody fields and fierce alarms,
The boldest champion she down would bear,
And like a thunderbolt wide passage tear,
Flinging all to the earth with her enchanted spear.

Her goodly armour seem'd a garden green,
Where thousand spotless lilies freshly blew;
And on her shield the lone bird might be seen,
Th' Arabian bird, shining in colours new;
Itself unto itself was only mate;
Ever the same, but new in newer date:
And underneath was writ 'Such is chaste single state.'

Thus hid in arms she seem'd a goodly knight,
And fit for any warlike exercise:
But when she list lay down her armour bright,
And back resume her peaceful maiden's guise;
The fairest maid she was, that ever yet
Prison'd her locks within a golden net,
Or let them waving hang, with roses fair beset.

[1] Places. [2] The Turk.

Choice nymph! the crown of chaste Diana's train,
Thou beauty's lily, set in heavenly earth;
Thy fairs, unpattern'd, all perfection stain:
Sure Heaven with curious pencil at thy birth
In thy rare face her own full picture drew:
It is a strong verse here to write, but true,
Hyperboles in others are but half thy due.

Upon her forehead Love his trophies fits,
A thousand spoils in silver arch displaying:
And in the midst himself full proudly sits,
Himself in awful majesty arraying:
Upon her brows lies his bent ebon bow,
And ready shafts; deadly those weapons show;
Yet sweet the death appear'd, lovely that deadly blow.

* * *

A bed of lilies flow'r upon her cheek,
And in the midst was set a circling rose;
Whose sweet aspect would force Narcissus seek
New liveries, and fresher colours choose
To deck his beauteous head in snowy 'tire;
But ah in vain: for who can hope t' aspire
To such a fair, which none attain, but all admire?

Her ruby lips lock up from gazing sight
A troop of pearls, which march in goodly row:
But when she deigns those precious bones undight,
Soon heavenly notes from those divisions flow,
And with rare music charm the ravish'd ears,
Daunting bold thoughts, but cheering modest fears:
The spheres so only sing, so only charm the spheres.

Yet all these stars which deck this beauteous sky
By force of th' inward sun both shine and move;
Thron'd in her heart sits love's high majesty;
In highest majesty the highest love.
As when a taper shines in glassy frame,
The sparkling crystal burns in glittering flame,
So does that brightest love brighten this lovely dame.

[*The Rainbow.*]

[From the 'Temptation and Victory of Christ.' By Giles Fletcher.]

High in the airy element there hung
Another cloudy sea, that did disdain,
As though his purer waves from heaven sprung,
To crawl on earth, as doth the sluggish main:
But it the earth would water with his rain,
That ebb'd and flow'd as wind and season would;
And oft the sun would cleave the limber mould
To alabaster rocks, that in the liquid roll'd.

Beneath those sunny banks a darker cloud,
Dropping with thicker dew, did melt apace,
And bent itself into a hollow shroud,
On which, if Mercy did but cast her face,
A thousand colours did the bow enchase,
That wonder was to see the silk distain'd
With the resplendence from her beauty gain'd,
And Iris paint her locks with beams so lively feign'd.

About her head a cypress heaven she wore,
Spread like a veil, upheld with silver wire,
In which the stars so burnt in golden ore,
As seem'd the azure web was all on fire:
But hastily, to quench their sparkling ire,
A flood of milk came rolling up the shore,
That on his curled wave swift Argus wore,
And the immortal swan, that did her life deplore.

Yet strange it was so many stars to see,
Without a sun to give their tapers light;
Yet strange it was not that it so should be;
For, where the sun centres himself by right,
Her face and locks did flame, that at the sight
The heavenly veil, that else should nimbly move,
Forgot his flight, and all incensed with love,
With wonder and amazement, did her beauty prove.

Over her hung a canopy of state,
Not of rich tissue nor of spangled gold,
But of a substance, though not animate,
Yet of a heavenly and spiritual mould,
That only eyes of spirits might behold:
Such light as from main rocks of diamond,
Shooting their sparks at Phœbus, would rebound,
And little angels, holding hands, danced all around.

[*The Sorceress of Vain Delight.*]

(From the same.)

The garden like a lady fair was cut,
That lay as if she slumber'd in delight,
And to the open skies her eyes did shut:
The azure fields of Heaven were 'sembled right
In a large round, set with the flowers of light:
The flowers-de-luce, and the round sparks of dew
That hung upon their azure leaves, did shew
Like twinkling stars, that sparkle in the evening blue.

Upon a hilly bank her head she cast,
On which the bower of Vain Delight was built.
White and red roses for her face were plac'd,
And for her tresses marigolds were spilt:
Them broadly she display'd, like flaming gilt,
Till in the ocean the glad day was drown'd:
Then up again her yellow locks she wound,
And with green fillets in their pretty cauls them bound.

What should I here depaint her lily hand,
Her veins of violets, her ermine breast,
Which there in orient colours living stand:
Or how her gown with silken leaves is drest,
Or how her watchman, arm'd with boughy crest,
A wall of prim hid in his bushes bears
Shaking at every wind their leafy spears,
While she supinely sleeps, nor to be waked fears.

Over the hedge depends the graping elm,
Whose greener head, empurpuled in wine,
Seemed to wonder at his bloody helm,
And half suspect the bunches of the vine,
Lest they, perhaps, his wit should undermine;
For well he knew such fruit he never bore:
But her weak arms embraced him the more,
And she with ruby grapes laugh'd at her paramour.

* * *

The roof thick clouds did paint, from which three boys,
Three gaping mermaids with their ew'rs did feed,
Whose breasts let fall the stream, with sleepy noise,
To lions' mouths, from whence it leap'd with speed;
And in the rosy laver seem'd to bleed;
The naked boys unto the water's fall
Their stony nightingales had taught to call,
When Zephyr breath'd into their watery interall.

And all about, embayed in soft sleep,
A herd of charmed beasts aground were spread,
Which the fair witch in golden chains did keep,
And them in willing bondage fettered:
Once men they liv'd, but now the men were dead,
And turn'd to beasts; so fabled Homer old,
That Circe with her potion, charm'd in gold,
Used manly souls in beastly bodies to immould.

Through this false Eden, to his leman's bower,
(Whom thousand souls devoutly idolise)
Our first destroyer led our Saviour;
There, in the lower room, in solemn wise,
They danc'd a round and pour'd their sacrifice
To plump Lyæus, and among the rest,
The jolly priest, in ivy garlands drest,
Chanted wild orgials, in honour of the feast.

High over all, Panglorie's blazing throne,
In her bright turret, all of crystal wrought,
Like Phœbus' lamp, in midst of heaven, shone:
Whose starry top, with pride infernal fraught,
Self-arching columns to uphold were taught,
In which her image still reflected was
By the smooth crystal, that, most like her glass
In beauty and in frailty did all others pass.

A silver wand the sorceress did sway,
And, for a crown of gold, her hair she wore;
Only a garland of rose-buds did play
About her locks, and in her hand she bore
A hollow globe of glass, that long before
She full of emptiness had bladdered,
And all the world therein depictured:
Whose colours, like the rainbow, ever vanished.

Such watery orbicles young boys do blow
Out from their sonpy shells, and much admire
The swimming world, which tenderly they row
With easy breath till it be raised higher;
But if they chance but roughly once aspire,
The painted bubble instantly doth fall.
Here when she came she 'gan for music call,
And sung this wooing song to welcome him withal:

'Love is the blossom where there blows
Everything that lives or grows:
Love doth make the heavens to move,
And the sun doth burn in love;
Like the strong and weak doth yoke,
And makes the ivy climb the oak;
Under whose shadows lions wild
Soften'd by love grow tame and mild:
Love no medicine can appease,
He burns the fishes in the seas;
Not all the skill his wounds can stench,[1]
Not all the sea his fire can quench:
Love did make the bloody spear
Once a leafy coat to wear,
While in his leaves there shrouded lay
Sweet birds, for love, that sing and play:
And of all love's joyful flame
I the bud and blossom am.
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.

'See, see, the flowers that below
Now as fresh as morning blow,
And of all the virgin rose,
That as bright Aurora shows:
How they all unleaved lie
Losing their virginity;
Like unto a summer shade,
But now born and now they fade.
Everything doth pass away,
There is danger in delay;
Come, come, gather then the rose,
Gather it, or it you lose.
All the sands of Tagus' shore
Into my bosom casts his ore:
All the valleys' swimming corn
To my house is yearly borne;
Every grape of every vine
Is gladly bruis'd to make me wine;
While ten thousand kings as proud
To carry up my train have bow'd,
And a world of ladies send me
In my chambers to attend me;
All the stars in heaven that shine,
And ten thousand more are mine:
Only bend thy knee to me,
Thy wooing shall thy winning be.'

[1] Staunch.

Thus sought the dire enchantress in his mind
Her guileful bait to have embosomed:
But he her charms dispersed into wind,
And her of insolence admonished,
And all her optic glasses shattered.
So with her sire to hell she took her flight
(The starting air flew from the damned sprite),
Where deeply both aggriev'd plunged themselves in night.

But to their Lord, now musing in his thought,
A heavenly volley of light angels flew,
And from his father him a banquet brought
Through the fine element, for well they knew,
After his Lenten fast, he hungry grew:
And as he fed, the holy choirs combine
To sing a hymn of the celestial Trine;
All thought to pass, and each was past all thought divine.

The birds' sweet notes, to sonnet out their joys,
Attemper'd to the lays angelical;
And to the birds the winds attune their noise;
And to the winds the waters hoarsely call,
And echo back again revoiced all;
That the whole valley rung with victory.
But now our Lord to rest doth homewards fly:
See how the night comes stealing from the mountains high.

GEORGE WITHER.

GEORGE WITHER (1588—1667) was a voluminous author, in the midst of disasters and sufferings that would have damped the spirit of any but the most adventurous and untiring enthusiast. Some of his happiest strains were composed in prison: his limbs were incarcerated within stone walls and iron bars, but his fancy was among the hills and plains, with shepherds hunting, or loitering with Poesy, by rustling boughs and murmuring springs. There is a freshness and natural vivacity in the poetry of Wither, that render his early works a 'perpetual feast.' We cannot say that it is a feast 'where no crude surfeit reigns,' for he is often harsh, obscure, and affected; but he has an endless diversity of style and subjects, and true poetical feeling and expression. Wither was a native of Hampshire, and received his education at Magdalen College, Oxford. He first appeared as an author in the year 1613, when he published a satire, entitled *Abuses Stript and Whipt*. For this he was thrown into the Marshalsea, where he composed his fine poem, *The Shepherds' Hunting*. When the abuses satirised by the poet had accumulated and brought on the civil war, Wither took the popular side, and sold his paternal estate to raise a troop of horse for the parliament. He rose to the rank of a major, and in 1642 was made governor of Farnham Castle, afterwards held by Denham. Wither was accused of deserting his appointment, and the castle was ceded the same year to Sir William Waller. During the struggles of that period, the poet was made prisoner by the royalists, and stood in danger of capital punishment, when Denham interfered for his brother bard, alleging, that as long as Wither lived, he (Denham) would not be considered the worst poet in England. The joke was a good one, if it saved Wither's life; but George was not frightened from the perilous contentions of the times. He was afterwards one of Cromwell's majors general, and kept watch and ward over the royalists of Surrey. From the sequestrated estates of these gentlemen, Wither obtained a considerable fortune; but the Restoration came, and he was stript of all his possessions. He remonstrated loudly and angrily; his remonstrances were voted libels, and the unlucky poet was again thrown into prison. He published various treatises, satires, and poems, during this period, though he was treated with great rigour. He was released, under bond for good behaviour, in 1663, and survived nearly four years afterwards, dying in London on the 2d of May 1667.

Wither's fame as a poet is derived chiefly from his early productions, written before he had imbibed the sectarian gloom of the Puritans, or become embroiled in the struggles of the civil war. A collection of his poems was published by himself in 1622, with the title, *Mistress of Philarete*; his Shepherds' Hunting, being certain Eclogues written during the time of the author's imprisonment in the Marshalsea, appeared in 1633. His *Collection of Emblems, ancient and modern, Quickened with Metrical Illustrations*, made their appearance in 1635. His satirical and controversial works were numerous, but are now forgotten. Some authors of our own day (Mr Southey in particular) have helped to popularise Wither, by frequent quotation and eulogy; but Mr Ellis, in his Specimens of Early English Poets, was the first to point out 'that playful fancy, pure taste, and artless delicacy of sentiment, which distinguish the poetry of his early youth.' His poem on Christmas affords a lively picture of the manners of the times. His *Address to Poetry*, the sole yet cheering companion of his prison solitude, is worthy of the theme, and superior to most of the effusions of that period. The pleasure with which he recounts the various charms and the 'divine skill' of his Muse, that had derived nourishment and delight from the 'meanest objects' of external nature—a daisy, a bush, or a tree; and which, when these picturesque and beloved scenes of the country were denied him, could gladden even the vaults and shades of a prison, is one of the richest offerings that has yet been made to the pure and hallowed shrine of poesy. The superiority of intellectual pursuits over the gratifications of sense, and all the malice of fortune, has never been more touchingly or finely illustrated.

[*The Companionship of the Muse.*]

(From the Shepherds' Hunting.)

See'st thou not, in clearest days,
Oft thick fogs cloud heaven's rays;
And the vapours that do breathe
From the earth's gross womb beneath,
Seem they not with their black steams
To pollute the sun's bright beams,
And yet vanish into air,
Leaving it, unblemish'd, fair?
So, my Willy, shall it be
With Detraction's breath and thee:
It shall never rise so high,
As to stain thy poesy.
As that sun doth oft exhale
Vapours from each rotten vale;
Poesy so sometime drains
Gross conceits from muddy brains;
Mists of envy, fogs of spite,
'Twixt men's judgments and her light:
But so much her power may do,
That she can dissolve them too.
If thy verse do bravely tower,
As she makes wing she gets power;
Yet the higher she doth soar,
She's affronted still the more:
Till she to the high'st hath past,
Then she rests with fame at last:
Let nought therefore thee affright,
But make forward in thy flight;

For, if I could match thy rhyme,
To the very stars I'd climb;
There begin again, and fly
Till I reach'd eternity.
But, alas! my muse is slow;
For thy page she flags too low:
Yea, the more's her hapless fate,
Her short wings were clipt of late:
And poor I, her fortune rueing,
Am myself put up a mewing:
But if I my cage can rid,
I'll fly where I never did:
And though for her sake I'm crost,
Though my best hopes I have lost,
And knew she would make my trouble
Ten times more than ten times double:
I should love and keep her too,
Spite of all the world could do.
For, though banish'd from my flocks,
And confin'd within these rocks,
Here I waste away the light,
And consume the sullen night,
She doth for my comfort stay,
And keeps many cares away.
Though I miss the flowery fields,
With those sweets the springtide yields,
Though I may not see those groves,
Where the shepherds chant their loves,
And the lasses more excel
Than the sweet-voiced Philomel.
Though of all those pleasures past,
Nothing now remains at last,
But Remembrance, poor relief,
That more makes than mends my grief:
She's my mind's companion still,
Maugre Envy's evil will.
(Whence she would be driven, too,
Were't in mortal's power to do.)
She doth tell me where to borrow
Comfort in the midst of sorrow:
Makes the desolatest place
To her presence be a grace;
And the blackest discontents
Be her fairest ornaments.
In my former days of bliss,
Her divine skill taught me this,
That from everything I saw,
I could some invention draw:
And raise pleasure to her height,
Through the meanest object's sight,
By the murmur of a spring,
Or the least bough's rustleing.
By a daisy, whose leaves spread,
Shut when Titan goes to bed;
Or a shady bush or tree,
She could more infuse in me,
Than all Nature's beauties can
In some other wiser man.
By her help I also now
Make this churlish place allow
Some things that may sweeten gladness,
In the very gall of sadness.
The dull loneness, the black shade,
That these hanging vaults have made;
The strange music of the waves,
Beating on these hollow caves;
This black den which rocks emboss,
Overgrown with eldest moss:
The rude portals that give light
More to terror than delight:
This my chamber of neglect,
Wall'd about with disrespect.
From all these, and this dull air,
A fit object for despair,
She hath taught me by her might
To draw comfort and delight.

Therefore, thou best earthly bliss,
I will cherish thee for this.
Poesy, thou sweet'st content
That e'er heaven to mortals lent:
Though they as a trifle leave thee,
Whose dull thoughts cannot conceive thee,
Though thou be to them a scorn,
That to nought but earth are born,
Let my life no longer be
Than I am in love with thee,
Though our wise ones call thee madness,
Let me never taste of gladness,
If I love not thy madd'st fits
Above all their greatest wits.
And though some, too seeming holy,
Do account thy raptures folly,
Thou dost teach me to contemn
What make knaves and fools of them.

Sonnet upon a Stolen Kiss.

Now gentle sleep hath closed up those eyes
Which, waking, kept my boldest thoughts in awe;
And free access unto that sweet lip lies,
From whence I long the rosy breath to draw.
Methinks no wrong it were, if I should steal
From those two melting rubies, one poor kiss;
None sees the theft that would the theft reveal,
Nor rob I her of ought what she can miss:
Nay should I twenty kisses take away,
There would be little sign I would do so;
Why then should I this robbery delay?
Oh! she may wake, and therewith angry grow!
Well, if she do, I'll back restore that one,
And twenty hundred thousand more for loan.

The Stedfast Shepherd.

Hence away, thou Syren, leave me,
Pish! unclasp these wanton arms;
Sugar'd words can ne'er deceive me,
(Though thou prove a thousand charms).
Fie, fie, forbear;
No common snare
Can ever my affection chain:
Thy painted baits,
And poor deceits,
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I'm no slave to such as you be;
Neither shall that snowy breast,
Rolling eye, and lip of ruby,
Ever rob me of my rest;
Go, go, display
Thy beauty's ray
To some more-soon enamour'd swain:
Those common wiles,
Of sighs and smiles,
Are all bestowed on me in vain.

I have elsewhere vow'd a duty;
Turn away thy tempting eye:
Show not me a painted beauty,
These impostures I defy:
My spirit loathes
Where gaudy clothes
And feigned oaths may love obtain:
I love her so
Whose look swears *no*,
That all your labours will be vain.

Can he prize the tainted posies,
Which on every breast are worn;
That may pluck the virgin roses
From their never-touched thorn?
I can go rest
On her sweet breast,

That is the pride of Cynthia's train ;
Then stay thy tongue ;
Thy mermaid song
Is all bestow'd on me in vain.

He's a fool, that basely dallies
Where each peasant mates with him :
Shall I haunt the thronged vallies,
Whilst there's noble hills to climb ?
No, no, though clowns
Are scar'd with frowns,
I know the best can but disdain :
And those I'll prove,
So will thy love
Be all bestow'd on me in vain.

I do scorn to vow a duty,
Where each lustful lad may woo ;
Give me her, whose sun-like beauty,
Buzzards dare not soar unto :
She, she, it is
Affords that bliss,
For which I would refuse no pain ;
But such as you,
Fond fools, adieu,
You seek to captive me in vain.

Leave me, then, thou Syren, leave me ;
Seek no more to work my harms ;
Crafty wiles cannot deceive me,
Who am proof against your charms :
You labour may
To lead astray
The heart, that constant shall remain ;
And I the while
Will sit and smile
To see you spend your time in vain.

Madrigal.

Amaryllis I did woo,
And I courted Phillis too ;
Daphne for her love I chose,
Chloris, for that damask rose
In her cheek, I held so dear,
Yea, a thousand lik'd well near ;
And, in love with all together,
Feared the enjoying either :
'Cause to be of one possess'd,
Barr'd the hope of all the rest.

So now is come our joyful'st feast ;
Let every man be jolly ;
Each room with ivy leaves is drest,
And every post with holly.
Though some churls at our mirth repine,
Round your foreheads garlands twine,
Drown sorrow in a cup of wine,
And let us all be merry.

Now all our neighbours' chimneys smoke,
And Christmas blocks are burning ;
Their ovens they with baked meat choke,
And all their spits are turning.
Without the door let sorrow lie ;
And if for cold it hap to die,
We'll bury't in a Christmas pie,
And evermore be merry.

Now every lad is wond'rous trim,
And no man minds his labour ;
Our lasses have provided them
A bagpipe and a tabor ;
Young men and maids, and girls and boys,
Give life to one another's joys ;
And you anon shall by their noise
Perceive that they are merry.

Rank misers now do sparing shun ;
Their hall of music soundeth ;
And dogs thence with whole shoulders run,
So all things there aboundeth.
The country folks, themselves advance,
With crowdy-muttons out of France ;
And Jack shall pipe and Gill shall dance,
And all the town be merry.

Ned Squash hath fetcht his bands from pawn,
And all his best apparel ;
Brisk Nell hath bought a ruff of lawn
With dropping of the barrel.
And those that hardly all the year
Had bread to eat, or rags to wear,
Will have both clothes and dainty fare,
And all the day be merry.

Now poor men to the justices
With capons make their errants ;
And if they hap to fail of these,
They plague them with their warrants :
But now they feed them with good cheer,
And what they want they take in beer,
For Christmas comes but once a year,
And then they shall be merry.

Good farmers in the country nurse
The poor, that else were undone ;
Some landlords spend their money worse,
On lust and pride at London.
There the roysters they do play,
Drab and dice their lands away,
Which may be ours another day,
And therefore let's be merry.

The client now his suit forbears,
The prisoner's heart is eased ;
The debtor drinks away his cares,
And for the time is pleased.
Though others' purses be more fat,
Why should we pine, or grieve at that ?
Hang sorrow ! care will kill a cat,
And therefore let's be merry.

Hark ! now the wags abroad do call,
Each other forth to rambling ;
Anon you'll see them in the hall,
For nuts and apples scrambling.
Hark ! how the roofs with laughter sound,
Anon they'll think the house goes round,
For they the cellar's depth have found,
And there they will be merry.

The wenches with their wassail bowls
About the streets are singing ;
The boys are come to catch the owls,
The wild mare in is bringing.
Our kitchen boy hath broke his box,
And to the dealing of the ox,
Our honest neighbours come by flocks,
And here they will be merry.

Now kings and queens poor sheepcotes have,
And mate with every body ;
The honest now may play the knave,
And wise men play the noddy.
Some youths will now a mumming go
Some others play at Rowland-bo,
And twenty other game boys mo,
Because they will be merry.

Then, wherefore, in these merry days,
Should we, I pray, be duller ?
No, let us sing some roundelays,
To make our mirth the fuller ;
And, while we thus inspired sing,
Let all the streets with echoes ring ;
Woods and hills, and everything,
Bear witness we are merry.

WILLIAM BROWNE.

WILLIAM BROWNE (1590-1645) was a pastoral and descriptive poet, who, like Phineas and Giles Fletcher, adopted Spenser for his model. He was a native of Tavistock, in Devonshire, and the beautiful scenery of his native county seems to have inspired his early strains. His descriptions are vivid and true to nature. Browne was tutor to the Earl of Carnarvon, and on the death of the latter at the battle of Newbury in 1643, he received the patronage and lived in the family of the Earl of Pembroke. In this situation he realised a competency, and, according to Wood, purchased an estate. He died at Ottery-St-Mary (the birth-place of Coleridge) in 1645. Browne's works consist of *Britannia's Pastorals*, the first part of which was published in 1613, the second part in 1616. He wrote, also, a pastoral poem of inferior merit, entitled, *The Shepherd's Pipe*. In 1620, a masque by Browne was produced at court, called *The Inner Temple Masque*; but it was not printed till a hundred and twenty years after the author's death, transcribed from a manuscript in the Bodleian Library. As all the poems of Browne were produced before he was thirty years of age, and the best when he was little more than twenty, we need not be surprised at their containing marks of juvenility, and frequent traces of resemblance to previous poets, especially Spenser, whom he warmly admired. His pastorals obtained the approbation of Selden, Drayton, Wither, and Ben Jonson. Britannia's Pastorals are written in the heroic couplet, and contain much beautiful descriptive poetry. Browne had great facility of expression, and an intimate acquaintance with the phenomena of inanimate nature, and the characteristic features of the English landscape. Why he has failed in maintaining his ground among his contemporaries, must be attributed to the want of vigour and condensation in his works, and the almost total absence of human interest. His shepherds and shepherdesses have nearly as little character as the 'silly sheep' they tend; whilst pure description, that 'takes the place of sense,' can never permanently interest any large number of readers. So completely had some of the poems of Browne vanished from the public view and recollection, that, had it not been for a single copy of them possessed by the Rev. Thomas Warton, and which that poetical student and antiquary lent to be transcribed, it is supposed there would have remained little of those works which their author fondly hoped would

> Keep his name enroll'd past his that shines
> In gilded marble, or in brazen leaves.

Warton cites the following lines of Browne, as containing an assemblage of the same images as the morning picture in the L'Allegro of Milton:-

> By this had chanticleer, the village cock,
> Bidden the goodwife for her maids to knock;
> And the swart ploughman for his breakfast stayed,
> That he might till those lands were fallow laid;
> The hills and valleys here and there resound
> With the re-echoes of the deep-mouth'd hound;
> Each shepherd's daughter with her cleanly pail
> Was come a-field to milk the morning's meal;
> And ere the sun had climb'd the eastern hills,
> To gild the muttering bourns and pretty rills,
> Before the labouring bee had left the hive,
> And nimble fishes, which in rivers dive,
> Began to leap and catch the drowned fly,
> I rose from rest, not infelicity.

Browne celebrated the death of a friend under the name of Philarete in a pastoral poem; and Milton is supposed to have copied his plan in Lycidas. There is also a faint similarity in some of the sentiments and images. Browne has a very fine illustration of a rose:—

> Look, as a sweet rose fairly budding forth
> Betrays her beauties to th' enamour'd morn,
> Until some keen blast from the envious north
> Kills the sweet bud that was but newly born;
> Or else her rarest smells, delighting,
> Make herself betray
> Some white and curious hand, inviting
> To pluck her thence away.

[*A Descriptive Sketch.*]

O what a rapture have I gotten now!
That age of gold, this of the lovely brow,
Have drawn me from my song! I onward run
Clean from the end to which I first begun),
But ye, the heavenly creatures of the West,
In whom the virtues and the graces rest,
Pardon! that I have run astray so lo
And grow so tedious in so rude a song.
If you yourselves should come to add one grace
Unto a pleasant grove or such like place,
Where, here, the curious cutting of a hedge,
There in a pond, the trimming of the sedge;
Here the fine setting of well-shaded trees,
The walks there mounting up by small degrees,
The gravel and the green so equal lie,
It, with the rest, draws on your ling'ring eye:
Here the sweet smells that do perfume the air,
Arising from the infinite repair
Of odoriferous buds, and herbs of price,
(As if it were another paradise),
So please the smelling sense, that you are fain
Where last you walk'd to turn and walk again.
There the small birds with their harmonious notes
Sing to a spring that smileth as she floats:
For in her face a many dimples show,
And often skips as it did dancing go:
Here further down an over-arched alley
That from a hill goes winding in a valley,
You spy at end thereof a standing lake,
Where some ingenious artist strives to make
The water (brought in turning pipes of lead
Through birds of earth most lively fashioned)
To counterfeit and mock the sylvans all
In singing well their own set madrigal.
This with no small delight retains your ear,
And makes you think none blest but who live there.
Then in another place the fruits that be
In gallant clusters decking each good tree
Invite your hand to crop them from the stem,
And liking one, taste every sort of them:
Then to the arbours walk, then to the bowers,
Thence to the walks again, thence to the flowers,
Then to the birds, and to the clear spring thence,
Now pleasing one, and then another sense:
Here one walks oft, and yet anew begin'th,
As if it were some hidden labyrinth.

[*Evening.*]

As in an evening, when the gentle air
Breathes to the sullen night a soft repair,
I oft have sat on Thames' sweet bank, to hear
My friend with his sweet touch to charm mine ear:
When he hath play'd (as well he can) some strain,
That likes me, straight I ask the same again,
And he, as gladly granting, strikes it o'er
With some sweet relish was forgot before:

I would have been content if he would play,
In that one strain, to pass the night away;
But, fearing much to do his patience wrong,
Unwillingly have ask'd some other song:
So, in this diff'ring key, though I could well
A many hours, but as few minutes tell,
Yet, lest mine own delight might injure you,
(Though loath so soon) I take my song anew.

[*Night.*]

The sable mantle of the silent night
Shut from the world the ever-joysome light.
Care fled away, and softest slumbers please
To leave the court for lowly cottages.
Wild beasts forsook their dens on woody hills,
And sleightful otters left the purling rills;
Rooks to their nests in high woods now were flung,
And with their spread wings shield their naked young.
When thieves from thickets to the cross-ways stir,
And terror frights the lonely passenger;
When nought was heard but now and then the howl
Of some vile cur, or whooping of the owl.

[*Pastoral Employments.*]

But since her stay was long: for fear the sun
Should find them idle, some of them begun
To leap and wrestle, others threw the bar,
Some from the company removed are
To meditate the songs they meant to play,
Or make a new round for next holiday;
Some, tales of love their love-sick fellows told;
Others were seeking stakes to pitch their fold.
This, all alone, was mending of his pipe;
That, for his lass, sought fruits, most sweet, most ripe.
Here (from the rest), a lovely shepherd's boy
Sits piping on a hill, as if his joy
Would still endure, or else that age's frost
Should never make him think what he had lost,
Yonder a shepherdess knits by the springs,
Her hands still keeping time to what she sings;
Or seeming, by her song, those fairest hands
Were comforted in working. Near the sands
Of some sweet river, sits a musing lad,
That moans the loss of what he sometime had,
His love by death bereft: when fast by him
An aged swain takes place, as near the brim
Of 's grave as of the river.

[*The Syren's Song.*]

(From the 'Inner Temple Masque.')

Steer hither, steer your winged pines,
All beaten mariners,
Here lie undiscover'd mines
A prey to passengers;
Perfumes far sweeter than the best
Which make the phœnix urn and nest;
Fear not your ships,
Nor any to oppose you save our lips;
But come on shore,
Where no joy dies till love hath gotten more.

For swelling waves our panting breasts,
Where never storms arise,
Exchange; and be awhile our guests;
For stars, gaze on our eyes.
The compass, love shall hourly sing,
And as he goes about the ring,
We will not miss
To tell each point he nameth with a kiss.

FRANCIS QUARLES.

The writings of FRANCIS QUARLES (1592–1644) are more like those of a divine, or contemplative recluse, than of a busy man of the world, who held various public situations, and died at the age of fifty-two. Quarles was a native of Essex, educated at Cambridge, and afterwards a student of Lincoln's Inn. He was successively cup-bearer to Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, secretary to Archbishop Usher, and chronologer to the city of London. He espoused the cause of Charles I., and was so harassed by the opposite party, who injured his property, and plundered him of his books and rare manuscripts, hat his death was attributed to the affliction and ill health caused by these disasters. Notwithstanding his loyalty, the works of Quarles have a tinge of Puritanism and ascetic piety that might have mollified the rage of his persecutors. His poems consist of various pieces—*Job Militant*, *Sion's Elegies*, *The History of Queen Esther*, *Argalus and Parthenia*, *The Morning Muse*, *The Feast of Worms*, and *The Divine Emblems*. The latter were published in 1645, and were so popular, that Phillips, Milton's nephew, styles Quarles 'the darling of our plebeian judgments.' The eulogium still holds good to some extent, for the Divine Emblems, with their quaint and grotesque illustrations, are still found in the cottages of our peasants. After the Restoration, when everything sacred and serious was either neglected or made the subject of ribald jests, Quarles seems to have been entirely lost to the public. Even Pope, who, had he read him, must have relished his lively fancy and poetical expression, notices only his bathos and absurdity. The better and more tolerant taste of modern times has admitted the divine emblemist into the 'laurelled fraternity of poets,' where, if he does not occupy a conspicuous place, he is at least sure of his due measure of homage and attention. Emblems, or the union of the graphic and poetic arts, to inculcate lessons of morality and religion, had been tried with success by Peacham and Wither. Quarles, however, made Herman Hugo, a Jesuit, his model, and from the 'Pia Desideria' of this author, copied a great part of his prints and mottoes. His style is that of his age—studded with conceits, often extravagant in conception, and presenting the most *outré* and ridiculous combinations. There is strength, however, amidst his contortions, and true wit mixed up with the false. His epigrammatic point, uniting wit and devotion, has been considered the precursor of Young's Night Thoughts.

Stanzas.

As when a lady, walking Flora's bower,
Picks here a pink, and there a gilly-flower,
Now plucks a violet from her purple bed,
And then a primrose, the year's maidenhead,
There nips the brier, here the lover's pansy,
Shifting her dainty pleasures with her fancy,
This on her arms, and that she lists to wear
Upon the borders of her curious hair;
At length a rose-bud (passing all the rest)
She plucks, and bosoms in her lily breast.

The Shortness of Life.

And what's a life?—a weary pilgrimage,
Whose glory in one day doth fill the stage
With childhood, manhood, and decrepit age.

And what's a life?—the flourishing array
Of the proud summer meadow, which to-day
Wears her green plush, and is to-morrow hay.

Read on this dial, how the shades devour
My short-lived winter's day! hour eats up hour;
Alas! the total's but from eight to four.

Behold these lilies, which thy hands have made,
Fair copies of my life, and open laid
To view, how soon they droop, how soon they fade!

Shade not that dial, night will blind too soon;
My non-aged day already points to noon;
How simple is my suit!—how small my boon!

Nor do I beg this slender inch to wile
The time away, or falsely to beguile
My thoughts with joy: here's nothing worth a smile.

Mors Tua.

Can he be fair, that withers at a blast?
Or he be strong, that airy breath can cast?
Can he be wise, that knows not how to live?
Or he be rich, that nothing hath to give?
Can he be young, that's feeble, weak, and wan?
So fair, strong, wise, so rich, so young is man.
So fair is man, that death (a parting blast)
Blasts his fair flower, and makes him earth at last;
So strong is man, that with a gasping breath
He totters, and bequeaths his strength to death;
So wise is man, that if with death he strive,
His wisdom cannot teach him how to live;
So rich is man, that (all his debts being paid)
His wealth's the winding-sheet wherein he's laid;
So young is man, that, broke with care and sorrow,
He's old enough to-day, to die to-morrow:
Why bragg'st thou then, thou worm of five feet long?
Thou'rt neither fair, nor strong, nor wise, nor rich, nor young.

The Vanity of the World.

False world, thou ly'st: thou canst not lend
The least delight:
Thy favours cannot gain a friend,
They are so slight:
Thy morning pleasures make an end
To please at night:
Poor are the wants that thou supply'st,
And yet thou vaunt'st, and yet thou vy'st
With heaven; fond earth, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy babbling tongue tells golden tales
Of endless treasure;
Thy bounty offers easy sales
Of lasting pleasure;
Thou ask'st the conscience what she ails,
And swear'st to ease her:
There's none can want where thou supply'st:
There's none can give where thou deny'st.
Alas! fond world, thou boasts; false world, thou ly'st.

What well-advised ear regards
What earth can say?
Thy words are gold, but thy rewards
Are painted clay:
Thy cunning can but pack the cards,
Thou canst not play:
Thy game at weakest, still thou vy'st;
If seen, and then revy'd, deny'st:
Thou art not what thou seem'st; false world, thou ly'st.

Thy tinsel bosom seems a mint
Of new-coin'd treasure;
A paradise, that has no stint,
No change, no measure;
A painted cask, but nothing in't,
Nor wealth, nor pleasure:
Vain earth! that falsely thus comply'st
With man; vain man! that thou rely'st
On earth; vain man, thou dot'st; vain earth, thou ly'st.

What mean dull souls, in this high measure,
To haberdash
In earth's base wares, whose greatest treasure
Is dross and trash?
The height of whose enchanting pleasure
Is but a flash?
Are these the goods that thou supply'st
Us mortals with? Are these the high'st?
Can these bring cordial peace? false world, thou ly'st.

Delight in God Only.

I love (and have some cause to love) the earth;
She is my Maker's creature; therefore good:
She is my mother, for she gave me birth;
She is my tender nurse—she gives me food;
But what's a creature, Lord, compared with thee!
Or what's my mother, or my nurse to me!

I love the air: her dainty sweets refresh
My drooping soul, and to new sweets invite me;
Her shrill-mouth'd quire sustains me with their flesh,
And with their polyphonian notes delight me:
But what's the air or all the sweets that she
Can bless my soul withal, compared to thee!

I love the sea: she is my fellow-creature,
My careful purveyor; she provides me store:
She walls me round; she makes my diet greater:
She wafts my treasure from a foreign shore:
But, Lord of oceans, when compared with thee,
What is the ocean, or her wealth to me?

To heaven's high city I direct my journey,
Whose spangled suburbs entertain mine eye;
Mine eye, by contemplation's great attorney,
Transcends the crystal pavement of the sky:
But what is heaven, great God, compared to thee?
Without thy presence heaven 's no heaven to me.

Without thy presence earth gives no refection;
Without thy presence sea affords no treasure;
Without thy presence air 's a rank infection;
Without thy presence heaven itself no pleasure:
If not possess'd, if not enjoy'd in thee,
What's earth, or sea, or air, or heaven to me?

The highest honours that the world can boast,
Are subjects far too low for my desire;
The brightest beams of glory are (at most)
But dying sparkles of thy living fire:
The loudest flames that earth can kindle, be
But nightly glow-worms, if compared to thee.

Without thy presence wealth is bags of cares;
Wisdom but folly; joy disquiet—sadness:
Friendship is treason, and delights are snares;
Pleasures but pain, and mirth but pleasing madness;
Without thee, Lord, things be not what they be,
Nor have they being, when compared with thee.

In having all things, and not thee, what have I?
Not having thee, what have my labours got?
Let me enjoy but thee, what further crave I?
And having thee alone, what have I not?
I wish nor sea nor land; nor would I be
Possess'd of heaven, heaven unpossess'd of thee.

Decay of Life.

The day grows old, the low-pitch'd lamp hath made
No less than treble shade,
And the descending damp doth now prepare
To uncurl bright Titan's hair;
Whose western wardrobe now begins to unfold
Her purples, fringed with gold,
To clothe his evening glory, when the alarms
Of rest shall call to rest in restless Thetis' arms.

Nature now calls to supper, to refresh
The spirits of all flesh;
The toiling ploughman drives his thirsty teams,
To taste the slipp'ry streams:
The droiling swineherd knocks away, and feasts
His hungry whining guests:
The boxbill ouzle, and the dappled thrush,
Like hungry rivals meet at their beloved bush.

And now the cold autumnal dews are seen
To cobweb every green;
And by the low-shorn rowans doth appear
The fast-declining year:
The sapless branches doff their summer suits
And wain their winter fruits;
And stormy blasts have forced the quaking trees
To wrap their trembling limbs in suits of mossy frieze.

Our wasted taper now hath brought her light
To the next door to night;
Her sprightless flame grown with great snuff, doth turn
Sad as her neighb'ring urn:
Her slender inch, that yet unspent remains,
Lights but to further pains,
And in a silent language bids her guest
Prepare his weary limbs to take eternal rest.

Now careful age hath pitch'd her painful plough
Upon the furrow'd brow;
And snowy blasts of discontented care
Have blanch'd the falling hair:
Suspicious envy mix'd with jealous spite
Disturbs his weary night:
He threatens youth with age; and now, alas!
He owns not what he is, but vaunts the man he was.

Grey hairs peruse thy days, and let thy past
Read lectures to thy last:
Those hasty wings that hurried them away
Will give these days no day:
The constant wheels of nature scorn to tire
Until her works expire:
That blast that nipp'd thy youth will ruin thee:
That hand that shook the branch will quickly strike the tree.

To Chastity.

Oh, Chastity!—the flower of the soul,
How is thy perfect fairness turn'd to foul!
How are thy blossoms blasted all to dust,
By sudden light'ning of untamed lust!
How hast thou thus defil'd thy ev'ry feet,
Thy sweetness that was once, how far from sweet!
Where are thy maiden smiles, thy blushing cheek—
Thy lamb-like countenance, so fair, so meek!
Where is that spotless flower, that while-ere
Within thy lily bosom thou did'st wear!
Has wanton Cupid snatched it! hath his dart
Sent courtly tokens to thy simple heart?
Where dost thou bide? the country half disclaims thee;
The city wonders when a body names thee:
Or have the rural woods engrost thee there,
And thus forestall'd our empty markets here?
Sure thou art not; or kept where no man shows thee;
Or chang'd so much scarce man or woman knows thee.

GEORGE HERBERT.

GEORGE HERBERT (1593-1632) was of noble birth, though chiefly known as a pious country clergyman—'holy George Herbert,' who

The lowliest duties on himself did lay.

His father was descended from the earls of Pembroke, and lived in Montgomery Castle, Wales, where the poet was born. His elder brother was the celebrated Lord Herbert of Cherbury. George was educated at Cambridge, and in the year 1619 was chosen orator for the university. Herbert was the intimate friend of Sir Henry Wotton and Dr Donne; and Lord Bacon is said to have entertained such a high regard for his learning and judgment, that he submitted his works to him before publication. The poet was also in favour with King James, who gave him a sinecure office worth £120 per annum, which Queen Elizabeth had formerly given to Sir Philip Sidney. 'With this,' says Izaak Walton, 'and his annuity, and the advantages of his college, and of his oratorship, he enjoyed his genteel humour for clothes and court-like company, and seldom looked towards Cambridge unless the king were there, but then he never failed.' The death of the king and of two powerful friends, the Duke of Richmond and Marquis of Hamilton, destroyed Herbert's court hopes, and he entered into sacred orders. He was first prebend of Layton Ecclesia (the church of which he rebuilt), and afterwards was made rector of Bemerton, in Wiltshire, where he passed the remainder of his life.* After describing the poet's marriage on the third day after his first interview with the lady, old Izaak Walton relates, with characteristic simplicity and minuteness, a matrimonial scene preparatory to their removal to Bemerton:—'The third day after he was made rector of Bemerton, and had changed his sword and silk clothes into a canonical habit (he had probably never done duty regularly at Layton Ecclesia), he returned so habited with his friend Mr Woodnot to Bainton; and immediately after he had seen and saluted his wife, he said to her, "You are now a minister's wife, and must now so far forget your father's house as not to claim a precedence of any of your parishioners; for you are to know that a priest's wife can challenge no precedence or place but that which she purchases by her obliging humility; and I am sure places so purchased do best become them. And let me tell you, I am so good a herald as to assure you that this is truth." And she was so meek a wife, as to assure him it was no vexing news to her, and that he should see her observe it with a cheerful willingness.'

George Herbert.

Herbert discharged his clerical duties with saint-

* The rectory of Bemerton is now held by another poet, the Rev. W. Lisle Bowles.

like zeal and purity, but his strength was not equal to his self-imposed tasks, and he died at the early age of thirty-nine. His principal production is entitled, *The Temple, or Sacred Poems and Private Ejaculations.* It was not printed till the year after his death, but was so well received, that Walton says twenty thousand copies were sold in a few years after the first impression. The lines on Virtue—

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,

are the best in the collection; but even in them we find, what mars all the poetry of Herbert, ridiculous conceits or coarse unpleasant similes. His taste was very inferior to his genius. The most sacred subject could not repress his love of fantastic imagery, or keep him for half a dozen verses in a serious and natural strain. Herbert was a musician, and sang his own hymns to the lute or viol; and indications of this may be found in his poems, which have sometimes a musical flow and harmonious cadence. It may be safely said, however, that Herbert's poetry alone would not have preserved his name, and that he is indebted for the reputation he enjoys, to his excellent and amiable character, embalmed in the pages of good old Walton, to his prose work, the *Country Parson*, and to the warm and fervent piety which gave a charm to his life and breathes through all his writings.

Virtue.

Sweet day! so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky;
The dews shall weep thy fall to-night;
For thou must die.

Sweet rose! whose hue, angry and brave,
Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye;
Thy root is ever in its grave;
And thou must die.

Sweet spring! full of sweet days and roses;
A box where sweets compacted lie;
Thy music shows ye have your closes;
And all must die.

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
Like season'd timber never gives;
But, though the whole world turn to coal,
Then chiefly lives.

Religion.

All may of thee partake;
Nothing can be so mean,
Which, with this tincture, for thy sake,
Will not grow bright and clean.

This is the famous stone
That turneth all to gold,
For that which God doth touch and own,
Cannot for less be told.

[*Stanzas.*]

(Oddly called by Herbert 'The Pulley.')

When God at first made man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by,
'Let us,' said he, 'pour on him all we can;
Let the world's riches, which dispersed lie,
Contract into a span.'

So strength first made away;
Then beauty flow'd; then wisdom, honour, pleasure;
When almost all was out, God made a stay;
Perceiving that alone, of all his treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

'For if I should,' said he,
'Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in nature, not the God of nature—
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest—
But keep them, with repining restlessness—
Let him be rich and weary; that, at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.'

Matin Hymn.

I cannot ope mine eyes
But thou art ready there to catch
My mourning soul and sacrifice,
Then we must needs for that day make a match.

My God, what is a heart?
Silver, or gold, or precious stone,
Or star, or rainbow, or a part
Of all these things, or all of them in one?

My God, what is a heart?
That thou should'st it so eye and woo,
Pouring upon it all thy art,
As if that thou hadst nothing else to do?

Indeed, man's whole estate
Amounts (and richly) to serve thee;
He did not heaven and earth create,
Yet studies them, not him by whom they be.

Teach me thy love to know;
That this new light which now I see
May both the work and workman show;
Then by a sunbeam I will climb to thee.

Sunday.

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this the next world's bud,
The indorsement of supreme delight,
Writ by a Friend, and with his blood;
The couch of time, care's balm and bay:
The week were dark, but for thy light;
Thy torch doth show the way.

The other days and thou
Make up one man; whose face *thou* art,
Knocking at heaven with thy brow:
The workydays are the back-part;
The burden of the week lies there,
Making the whole to stoop and bow,
Till thy release appear.

Man had straight forward gone
To endless death: but thou dost pull
And turn us round, to look on one,
Whom, if we were not very dull,
We could not choose but look on still;
Since there is no place so alone,
The which he doth not fill.

Sundays the pillars are,
On which heaven's palace arched lies:
The other days fill up the spare
And hollow room with vanities.
They are the fruitful beds and borders
In God's rich garden: that is bare,
Which parts their ranks and orders.

The Sundays of man's life,
Threaded together on Time's string,
Make bracelets to adorn the wife
Of the eternal glorious King.
On Sunday heaven's gate stands ope;
Blessings are plentiful and rife—
More plentiful than hope.

This day my Saviour rose,
And did enclose this light for his;
That, as each beast his manger knows,
Man might not of his fodder miss.
Christ hath took in this piece of ground,
And made a garden there for those
Who want herbs for their wound.

The rest of our creation
Our great Redeemer did remove
With the same shake, which at his passion
Did the earth and all things with it move.
As Sampson bore the doors away,
Christ's hands, though nail'd, wrought our salvation,
And did unhinge that day.

The brightness of that day
We sullied by our foul offence:
Wherefore that robe we cast away,
Having a new at his expense,
Whose drops of blood paid the full price,
That was required to make us gay,
And fit for paradise.

Thou art a day of mirth:
And where the week-days trail on ground,
Thy flight is higher, as thy birth:
O let me take thee at the bound,
Leaping with thee from seven to seven,
Till that we both, being toss'd from earth,
Fly hand in hand to heaven!

Mortification.

How soon doth man decay!
When clothes are taken from a chest of sweets
To swaddle infants, whose young breath
Scarce knows the way:
They are like little winding-sheets,
Which do consign and send them unto death.

When boys go first to bed,
They step into their voluntary graves;
Sleep binds them fast; only their breath
Makes them not dead:
Successive nights, like rolling waves,
Convey them quickly, who are bound for death.

When youth is frank and free,
And calls for music, while his veins do swell,
All day exchanging mirth and breath
In company;
That music summons to the knell,
Which shall befriend him at the house of death.

When man grows staid and wise,
Getting a house and home, where he may move
Within the circle of his breath,
Schooling his eyes;
That dumb enclosure maketh love
Unto the coffin, that attends his death.

When age grows low and weak,
Marking his grave, and thawing ev'ry year,
Till all do melt, and drown his breath
When he would speak;
A chair or litter shows the bier,
Which shall convey him to the house of death.

Man, ere he is aware,
Hath put together a solemnity,
And dress'd his hearse, while he hath breath
As yet to spare.
Yet, Lord, instruct us so to die,
That all these dyings may be life in death.

WILLIAM HABINGTON.

WILLIAM HABINGTON (1605–1654) had all the vices of the metaphysical school, excepting its occasional and frequently studied licentiousness. He tells us himself (in his preface) that, 'if the innocency of a chaste muse shall be more acceptable, and weigh heavier in the balance of esteem, than a fame begot in adultery of study, I doubt I shall leave no hope of competition.' And of a pure attachment, he says finely, that 'when love builds upon the rock of chastity, it may safely contemn the battery of the waves and threatenings of the wind; since time, that makes a mockery of the firmest structures, shall itself be ruinated before that be demolished.' Habington's life presents few incidents, though he came of a plotting family. His father was implicated in Babington's conspiracy; his uncle suffered death for his share in the same transaction. The poet's mother atoned, in some measure, for these disloyal intrigues; for she is said to have been the writer of the famous letter to Lord Monteagle, which averted the execution of the Gunpowder Plot. The poet was educated at St Omer's, but declined to become a Jesuit. He married Lucia, daughter of the first Lord Powis, whom he had celebrated under the name of Castara. Twenty years before his death, he published his poems, consisting of *The Mistress*, *The Wife*, and *The Holy Man*. These titles include each several copies of verses, and the same design was afterwards adopted by Cowley. The life of the poet seems to have glided quietly away, cheered by the society and affection of his Castara. He had no stormy passions to agitate him, and no unruly imagination to control or subdue. His poetry is of the same unruffled description—placid, tender, and often elegant—but studded with conceits to show his wit and fancy. When he talks of meadows wearing a 'green plush,' of the fire of mutual love being able to purify the air of an infected city, and of a luxurious feast being so rich that heaven must have rained showers of sweetmeats, as if

Heaven were
Blackfriars, and each star a confectioner—

we are astonished to find one who could ridicule the 'madness of quaint oaths,' and the 'fine rhetoric of clothes,' in the gallants of his day, and whose sentiments on love were so pure and noble, fall into such absurd and tasteless puerilities.

[*Epistle to a Friend.*]

(Addressed 'to his noblest friend, J. C., Esq.')

I hate the country's dirt and manners, yet
I love the silence; I embrace the wit
And courtship, flowing here in a full tide,
But loathe the expense, the vanity and pride.
No place each way is happy. Here I hold
Commerce with some, who to my care unfold
(After a due oath ministred) the height
And greatness of each star shines in the state,
The brightness, the eclipse, the influence.
With others I commune, who tell me whence
The torrent doth of foreign discord flow;
Relate each skirmish, battle, overthrow,
Soon as they happen; and by rote can tell
Those German towns, even puzzle me to spell.
The cross, or prosperous fate, of princes, they
Ascribe to rashness, cunning, or delay;
And on each action comment, with more skill
Than upon Livy did old Machiavel.
O busy folly! Why do I my brain
Perplex with the dull policies of Spain,

Or quick designs of France! Why not repair
To the pure innocence o' th' country air,
And neighbour thee, dear friend? who so dost give
Thy thoughts to worth and virtue, that to live
Blest, is to trace thy ways. There might not we
Arm against passion with philosophy;
And, by the aid of leisure, so control
Whate'er is earth in us, to grow all soul?
Knowledge doth ignorance engender, when
We study mysteries of other men,
And foreign plots. Do but in thy own shade
(Thy head upon some flow'ry pillow laid,
Kind nature's housewifery) contemplate all
His stratagems, who labours to enthral
The world to his great master, and you'll find
Ambition mocks itself, and grasps the wind.
Not conquest makes us great. Blood is too dear
A price for glory: Honour doth appear
To statesmen like a vision in the night,
And, juggler-like, works o' th' deluded sight.
Th' unbusied only wise: for no respect
Endangers them to error; they affect
Truth in her naked beauty, and behold
Man with an equal eye, not bright in gold
Or tall in title; so much him they weigh
As virtue raiseth him above his clay.
Thus let us value things: and since we find
Time bend us toward earth, let's in our mind
Create new youth; and arm against the rude
Assaults of age; that no dull solitude
O' th' country dead our thoughts, nor busy care
O' th' town make us to think, where now we are
And whither we are bound. Time ne'er forgot
His journey, though his steps we number'd not.

Description of Castara.

Like the violet which, alone,
Prospers in some happy shade,
My Castara lives unknown,
To no looser eye betray'd,
For she's to herself untrue,
Who delights i' th' public view.

Such is her beauty, as no arts
Have enrich'd with borrow'd grace;
Her high birth no pride imparts,
For she blushes in her place.
Folly boasts a glorious blood,
She is noblest, being good.

Cautious, she knew never yet
What a wanton courtship meant;
Nor speaks loud, to boast her wit;
In her silence eloquent:
Of herself survey she takes,
But 'tween men no difference makes.

She obeys with speedy will
Her grave parents' wise commands;
And so innocent, that ill
She nor acts, nor understands:
Women's feet run still astray,
If once to ill they know the way.

She sails by that rock, the court,
Where oft honour splits her mast;
And retir'dness thinks the port,
Where her fame may anchor cast:
Virtue safely cannot sit,
Where vice is enthron'd for wit.

She holds that day's pleasure best,
Where sin waits not on delight;
Without masque, or ball, or feast,
Sweetly spends a winter's night:
O'er that darkness, whence is thrust
Prayer and sleep, oft governs lust.

She her throne makes reason climb,
While wild passions captive lie:
And, each article of time,
Her pure thoughts to heaven fly:
All her vows religious be,
And her love she vows to me.

SIR JOHN SUCKLING.

Sir John Suckling (1608–1641) possessed such a natural liveliness of fancy, and exuberance of animal spirits, that he often broke through the artificial restraints imposed by the literary taste of his times, but he never rose into the poetry of passion and imagination. He is a delightful writer of what have been called 'occasional poems.' His polished wit, playful fancy, and knowledge of life and society, enabled him to give interest to trifles, and to clothe familiar thoughts in the garb of poetry. His own life seems to have been one summer-day—

Youth at the prow, and pleasure at the helm.

He dreamt of enjoyment, not of fame. The father of Suckling was secretary of state to James I., and comptroller of the household to Charles I. The poet was distinguished almost from his infancy; and at sixteen he had entered on public life! His first appearance was as a soldier under the celebrated Gustavus Adolphus, with whom he served one campaign. On his return, he entered warmly into the cause of Charles I., and raised a troop of horse in his support. He intrigued with his brother cavaliers to rescue the Earl of Strafford, and was impeached by the House of Commons. To evade a trial, he fled to France, but a fatal accident took place by the way. His servant having robbed him at an inn, Suckling, learning the circumstance, drew on his boots hurriedly, to pursue him; a rusty nail, or (according to another account) the blade of a knife, had been concealed in the boot, which wounded him, and produced mortification, of which he died. The works of Suckling consist of miscellaneous poems, five plays, and some private letters. His poems are all short, and the best of them are dedicated to love and gallantry. With the freedom of a cavalier, Suckling has greater purity of expression than most of his contemporaries. His sentiments are sometimes too voluptuous, but are rarely coarse; and there is so much elasticity and vivacity in his verses, that he never becomes tedious. His *Ballad upon a Wedding* is inimitable for witty levity and choice beauty of expression. It has touches of graphic description and liveliness equal to the pictures of Chaucer. One well-known verse has never been excelled—

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light;
But oh! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight!*

* Herrick, who had no occasion to steal, has taken this image from Suckling, and spoiled it in the theft—

Her pretty feet, *like snails*, did creep
A little out.

Like Sir Fretful Plagiary, Herrick had not skill to steal with taste. Wycherley also *purloined* Herrick's simile for one of his plays. The allusion to Easter-day is founded upon a beautiful old superstition of the English peasantry, that the sun dances upon that morning.

[SONG.—*'Tis now, since I sat down before.*]

'Tis now, since I sat down before
That foolish fort, a heart,
(Time strangely spent!) a year, and more;
And still I did my part,—

Made my approaches, from her hand
Unto her lip did rise;
And did already understand
The language of her eyes;

Proceeded on with no less art,
My tongue was engineer;
I thought to undermine the heart
By whispering in the ear.

When this did nothing, I brought down
Great cannon-oaths, and shot
A thousand thousand to the town,
And still it yielded not.

I then resolv'd to starve the place
By cutting off all kisses,
Praising and gazing on her face,
And all such little blisses.

To draw her out, and from her strength,
I drew all batteries in:
And brought myself to lie at length,
As if no siege had been.

When I had done what man could do,
And thought the place mine own,
The enemy lay quiet too,
And smil'd at all was done.

I sent to know from whence, and where,
These hopes, and this relief!
A spy inform'd, Honour was there,
And did command in chief.

March, march (quoth I); the word straight give,
Let's lose no time, but leave her;
That giant upon air will live,
And hold it out for ever.

To such a place our camp remove
As will no siege abide;
I hate a fool that starves for love,
Only to feed her pride.

A Ballad upon a Wedding.

I tell thee, Dick, where I have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen;
Oh, things without compare!
Such sights again cannot be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing Cross, hard by the way
Where we (thou know'st) do sell our hay,
There is a house with stairs;
And there did I see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Forty at least, in pairs.

Amongst the rest, one pest'lent fine,
(His beard no bigger, though, than thine)
Walk'd on before the rest:
Our landlord looks like nothing to him:
The king, God bless him, 'twould undo him,
Should he go still so dress.

* * *

But wot you what? the youth was going
To make an end of all his wooing;
The parson for him staid:
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid, and thereby hangs a tale,
For such a maid no Whitsun-ale[1]
Could ever yet produce:
No grape that's kindly ripe could be
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Would not stay on which they did bring;
It was too wide a peck:
And, to say truth (for out it must),
It look'd like the great collar (just)
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat,
Like little mice, stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light:
But oh! she dances such a way!
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

* * *

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison;
Who sees them is undone;
For streaks of red were mingled there,
Such as are on a Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red; and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly;
But, Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words did break,
That they might passage get:
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

* * *

Passion, oh me! how I run on!
There's that that would be thought upon,
I trow, besides the bride:
The bus'ness of the kitchen's great,
For it is fit that men should eat;
Nor was it there denied.

Just in the nick, the cook knock'd thrice,
And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train'd-band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife, or teeth, was able
To stay to be intreated!
And this the very reason was,
Before the parson could say grace,
The company were seated.

Now hats fly off, and youths carouse;
Healths first go round, and then the house,
The bride's came thick and thick;
And when 'twas nam'd another's health,
Perhaps he made it her's by stealth,
And who could help it, Dick!

O' th' sudden up they rise and dance;
Then sit again, and sigh, and glance:
Then dance again, and kiss.
Thus sev'ral ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

[1] Whitsun-ales were festive assemblies of the people of whole parishes at Whitsunday.

By this time all were stol'n aside
To counsel and undress the bride:
But that he must not know:
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd her mind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

Constancy.

Out upon it, I have lov'd
Three whole days together;
And am like to love three more,
If it prove fair weather.

Time shall moult away his wings,
Ere he shall discover
In the whole wide world again
Such a constant lover.

But the spite on't is, no praise
Is due at all to me;
Love with me had made no stays,
Had it any been but she.

Had it any been but she
And that very face,
There had been at least ere this
A dozen in her place.

Song.

I prithee send me back my heart,
Since I can not have thine,
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should'st thou have mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To find it were in vain;
For thou'st a thief in either eye
Would steal it back again.

Why should two hearts in one breast lie,
And yet not lodge together?
Oh love! where is thy sympathy,
If thus our breasts thou sever?

But love is such a mystery,
I cannot find it out;
For when I think I'm best resolv'd,
I then am in most doubt.

Then farewell care, and farewell woe,
I will no longer pine;
For I'll believe I have her heart
As much as she has mine.

Song.

Why so pale and wan, fond lover?
Prithee, why so pale?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail?
Prithee, why so pale?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner?
Prithee, why so mute?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't?
Prithee, why so mute?

Quit, quit for shame, this will not move,
This cannot take her;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her:
The devil take her.

The Careless Lover.

Never believe me if I love,
Or know what 'tis, or mean to prove;
And yet in faith I lie, I do,
And she's extremely handsome too;
She's fair, she's wond'rous fair,
But I care not who knows it,
E'er I'll die for love,
I fairly will forego it.

This heat of hope, or cold of fear,
My foolish heart could never bear:
One sigh imprison'd ruins more
Than earthquakes have done heretofore:
She's fair, &c.

When I am hungry I do eat,
And cut no fingers 'stead of meat;
Nor with much gazing on her face,
Do e'er rise hungry from the place:
She's fair, &c.

A gentle round fill'd to the brink,
To this and t'other friend I drink;
And if 'tis nam'd another's health,
I never make it her's by stealth:
She's fair, &c.

Blackfriars to me, and old Whitehall,
Is even as much as is the fall
Of fountains or a pathless grove,
And nourishes as much as love:
She's fair, &c.

I visit, talk, do business, play,
And for a need laugh out a day;
Who does not thus in Cupid's school,
He makes not love, but plays the fool:
She's fair, &c.

Song.

Hast thou seen the down in the air,
When wanton blasts have tost it?
Or the ship on the sea,
When ruder winds have crost it?
Hast thou mark'd the crocodiles weeping,
Or the foxes sleeping?
Or hast thou view'd the peacock in his pride,
Or the dove by his bride,
Oh! so fickle; oh! so vain; oh! so false, so false is she!

Detraction Execrated.

Thou vermin slander, bred in abject minds,
Of thoughts impure, by vile tongues animate,
Canker of conversation! could'st thou find
Nought but our love whereon to show thy hate!
Thou never wert, when we two were alone;
What canst thou witness then? thou, base dull aid,
Wast useless in our conversation,
Where each meant more than could by both be said.
Whence hadst thou thy intelligence—from earth?
That part of us ne'er knew that we did love:
Or, from the air? our gentle sighs had birth
From such sweet raptures as to joy did move;
Our thoughts, as pure as the chaste morning's breath,
When from the night's cold arms it creeps away,
Were clothed in words, and maiden's blush, that hath
More purity, more innocence than they.
Nor from the water could'st thou have this tale;
No briny tear has furrowed her smooth cheek;
And I was pleas'd: I pray what should he ail,
That had her love; for what else could he seek?
We shorten'd days to moments by love's art,
Whilst our two souls in amorous ecstacy
Perceiv'd no passing time, as if a part
Our love had been of still eternity.

Much less could'st have it from the purer fire ;
Our heat exhales no vapour from coarse sense,
Such as are hopes, or fears, or fond desire :
Our mutual love itself did recompense.
Thou hast no correspondence had in heaven,
And th' elemental world, thou see'st, is free.
Whence hadst thou, then, this, talking monster ? even
From hell, a harbour fit for it and thee.
Curst be th' officious tongue that did address
Thee to her ears, to ruin my content :
May it one minute taste such happiness,
Deserving lost unpitied it lament !
I must forbear her sight, and so repay
In grief, those hours' joy short'ned to a dream ;
Each minute I will lengthen to a day,
And in one year outlive Methusalem.

JOHN CHALKHILL.

A pastoral romance, entitled *Thealma and Clearchus*, was published by Izaak Walton in 1683, with a title-page stating it to have been 'written *long since* by JOHN CHALKHILL, Esq., an acquaintant and friend of Edmund Spenser.' Walton tells us of the author, 'that he was in his time a man generally known, and as well beloved; for he was humble and obliging in his behaviour; a gentleman, a scholar, very innocent and prudent; and, indeed, his whole life was useful, quiet, and virtuous.' 'Thealma and Clearchus' was reprinted by Mr Singer, who expressed an opinion that, as Walton had been silent upon the life of Chalkhill, he might be altogether a fictitious personage, and the poem be actually the composition of Walton himself. A critic in the Retrospective Review,* after investigating the circumstances, and comparing the Thealma with the acknowledged productions of Walton, comes to the same conclusion. Sir John Hawkins, the editor of Walton, seeks to overturn the hypothesis of Singer, by the following statement:- 'Unfortunately, John Chalkhill's tomb of black marble is still to be seen on the walls of Winchester cathedral, by which it appears he died in May 1679, at the age of eighty. Walton's preface speaks of him as dead in May 1678; but as the book was not published till 1683, when Walton was ninety years old, it is probably an error of memory.' The tomb in Winchester cannot be that of the author of Thealma, unless Walton committed a further error in styling Chalkhill an 'acquaintant and friend' of Spenser. Spenser died in 1599, the very year in which John Chalkhill, interred in Winchester cathedral, must have been born. We should be happy to think that the Thealma was the composition of Walton, thus adding another laurel to his venerable brow; but the internal evidence seems to us to be wholly against such a supposition. The poetry is of a cast far too high for the muse of Izaak, which dwelt only by the side of trouting streams, and among quiet meadows. The *nomme de guerre* of Chalkhill must also have been an old one with Walton, if he wrote Thealma; for, thirty years before its publication, he had inserted in his 'Complete Angler' two songs, signed 'Jo. Chalkhill.' The disguise is altogether very unlike Izaak Walton, then ninety years of age, and remarkable for his unassuming worth, probity, and piety. We have no doubt, therefore, that Thealma is a genuine poem of the days of Charles or James I. The scene of this pastoral is laid in Arcadia, and the author, like the ancient poets, describes the golden age and all its charms, which were succeeded by an age of iron, on the introduction of ambition, avarice, and tyranny.

* Retrospective Review, vol. iv., page 230. The article appears to have been written by Sir Egerton Brydges, who contributed largely to that work.

The plot is complicated and obscure, and the characters are deficient in individuality. It must be read, like the Faery Queen, for its romantic descriptions, and its occasional felicity of language. The versification is that of the heroic couplet, varied, like Milton's Lycidas, by breaks and pauses in the middle of the line.

[*The Witch's Cave.*]

Her cell was hewn out of the marble rock,
By more than human art; she need not knock ;
The door stood always open, large and wide,
Grown o'er with woolly moss on either side,
And interwove with ivy's flattering twines,
Through which the carbuncle and diamond shines,
Not set by Art, but there by Nature sown
At the world's birth, so star-like bright they shone.
They serv'd instead of tapers, to give light
To the dark entry, where perpetual night,
Friend to black deeds, and sire of ignorance,
Shuts out all knowledge, lest her eye by chance
Might bring to light her follies: in they went,
The ground was strew'd with flowers, whose sweet scent,
Mix'd with the choice perfumes from India brought,
Intoxicates his brain, and quickly caught
His credulous sense; the walls were gilt, and set
With precious stones, and all the roof was fret
With a gold vine, whose straggling branches spread
All o'er the arch; the swelling grapes were red;
This, Art had made of rubies, cluster'd so,
To the quick'st eye they more than seem'd to grow;
About the walls lascivious pictures hung,
Such as were of loose Ovid sometimes sung.
On either side a crew of dwarfish elves
Held waxen tapers, taller than themselves:
Yet so well-shap'd unto their little stature,
So angel-like in face, so sweet in feature;
Their rich attire so diff'ring; yet so well
Becoming her that wore it, none could tell
Which was the fairest, which the handsomest deck'd,
Or which of them desire would soon'st affect.
After a low salute, they all 'gan sing,
And circle in the stranger in a ring.
Orandra to her charms was stepp'd aside,
Leaving her guest half won and wanton-ey'd.
He had forgot his herb: cunning delight
Had so bewitch'd his ears, and blear'd his sight,
And captivated all his senses so,
That he was not himself: nor did he know
What place he was in, or how he came there,
But greedily he feeds his eye and ear
With what would ruin him.

* * *

Next unto his view
She represents a banquet, usher'd in
By such a shape, as she was sure would win
His appetite to taste; so like she was
To his Clarinda, both in shape and face.
So voic'd, so habited, of the same gait
And comely gesture; on her brow in state
Sat such a princely majesty, as he
Had noted in Clarinda; save that she
Had a more wanton eye, that here and there
Roll'd up and down, not settling any where.
Down on the ground she falls his hands to kiss,
And with her tears bedews it; cold as ice
He felt her lips, that yet inflam'd him so,
That he was all on fire the truth to know,
Whether she was the same she did appear,
Or whether some fantastic form it were,
Fashion'd in his imagination
By his still working thoughts; so fix'd upon
His lov'd Clarinda, that his fancy strove,
Even with her shadow, to express his love.

[*The Priestess of Diana.*]

Within a little silent grove hard by,
Upon a small ascent he might espy
A stately chapel, richly gilt without,
Beset with shady sycamores about:
And ever and anon he might well hear
A sound of music steal in at his ear
As the wind gave it being:—so sweet an air
Would strike a syren mute.
* * *
A hundred virgins there he might espy
Prostrate before a marble deity,
Which, by its portraiture, appear'd to be
The image of Diana:—on their knee
They tender'd their devotions: with sweet airs,
Off'ring the incense of their praise and prayers.
Their garments all alike; beneath their paps
Buckled together with a silver claps;
And cross their snowy silken robes, they wore
An azure scarf, with stars embroider'd o'er.
Their hair in curious tresses was knit up,
Crown'd with a silver crescent on the top.
A silver bow their left hand held; their right,
For their defence, held a sharp-headed flight,
Drawn from their 'broider'd quiver, neatly tied
In silken cords, and fasten'd to their side.
Under their vestments, something short before,
White buskins, lac'd with ribanding, they wore.
It was a catching sight for a young eye,
That love had fir'd before:—he might espy
One, whom the rest had sphere-like circled round,
Whose head was with a golden chaplet crown'd.
He could not see her face, only his ear
Was blest with the sweet words that came from her.

[*The Votaress of Diana.*]

——— Clarinda came at last
With all her train, who, as along she pass'd
Thorough the inward court, did make a lane,
Opening their ranks, and closing them again
As she went forward, with obsequious gesture,
Doing their reverence. Her upward vesture
Was of blue silk, glistering with stars of gold,
Girt to her waist by serpents, that enfold
And wrap themselves together, so well wrought
And fashion'd to the life, one would have thought
They had been real. Underneath she wore
A coat of silver tinsel, short before,
And fring'd about with gold: white buskins hide
The naked of her leg; they were loose tied
With azure ribands, on whose knots were seen
Most costly gems, fit only for a queen.
Her hair bound up like to a coronet,
With diamonds, rubies, and rich sapphires set;
And on the top a silver crescent plac'd,
And all the lustre by such beauty grac'd,
As her reflection made them seem more fair;
One would have thought Diana's self were there;
For in her hand a silver bow she held,
And at her back there hung a quiver fill'd
With turtle-feather'd arrows.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT.

WILLIAM CARTWRIGHT (1611–1643) was one of Ben Jonson's adopted sons of the muses, and of his works Jonson remarked—'My son Cartwright writes all like a man.' Cartwright was a favourite with his contemporaries, who loved him living, and deplored his early death. This poet was the son of an innkeeper at Cirencester, who had squandered away a patrimonial estate. In 1638, after completing his education at Oxford, Cartwright entered into holy orders. He was a zealous royalist, and was imprisoned by the parliamentary forces when they arrived in Oxford in 1642. In 1643, he was chosen junior proctor of the university, and was also reader in metaphysics. At this time, the poet is said to have studied sixteen hours a day! Towards the close of the same year, Cartwright caught a malignant fever, called the camp disease, then prevalent at Oxford, and died December 23, 1643. The king, who was then at Oxford, went into mourning for Cartwright's death; and when his works were published in 1651, no less than fifty copies of encomiastic verses were prefixed to them by the wits and scholars of the time. It is difficult to conceive, from the perusal of Cartwright's poems, why he should have obtained such extraordinary applause and reputation. His pieces are mostly short, occasional productions, addresses to ladies and noblemen, or to his brother poets, Fletcher and Jonson, or slight amatory effusions not distinguished for elegance or fancy. His youthful virtues, his learning, loyalty, and admiration of genius, seem to have mainly contributed to his popularity, and his premature death would renew and deepen the impression of his worth and talents. Cartwright must have cultivated poetry in his youth: he was only twenty-six when Ben Jonson died, and the compliment quoted above seems to prove that he had then been busy with his pen. He mourned the loss of his poetical father in one of his best effusions, in which he thus eulogises Jonson's dramatic powers:—

But thou still puts true passion on; dost write
With the same courage that tried captains fight;
Giv'st the right blush and colour unto things;
Low without creeping, high without loss of wings;
Smooth yet not weak, and, by a thorough care,
Big without swelling, without painting fair.

To a Lady Veiled.

So Love appear'd, when, breaking out his way
From the dark chaos, he first shed the day;
Newly awak'd out of the bud, so shows
The half seen, half hid glory of the rose,
As you do through your veils; and I may swear,
Viewing you so, that beauty doth bide there.
So Truth lay under fables, that the eye
Might reverence the mystery, not descry;
Light being so proportion'd, that no more
Was seen, but what might cause men to adore:
Thus is your dress so order'd, so contrived,
As 'tis but only poetry revived.
Such doubtful light had sacred groves, where rods
And twigs at last did shoot up into gods;
Where, then, a shade darkeneth the beauteous face,
May I not pay a reverence to the place?
So, under water, glimmering stars appear,
As those (but nearer stars) your eyes do here;
So deities darkened sit, that we may find
A better way to see them in our mind.
No bold Ixion, then, be here allow'd,
Where Juno dares herself be in the cloud.
Methinks the first age comes again, and we
See a retrieval of simplicity.
Thus looks the country virgin, whose brown hue
Hoods her, and makes her show even veil'd as you.
Blest mean, that checks our hope, and spurs our fear,
Whiles all doth not lie hid, nor all appear:
O fear ye no assaults from bolder men;
When they assail, be this your armour then.
A silken helmet may defend those parts,
Where softer kisses are the only darts!

A Valediction.

Bid me not go where neither suns nor showers
Do make or cherish;
Where discontented things in sadness lie,
And nature grieves as I;
When I am parted from those eyes
From which my better day doth rise.
Though some propitious power
Should plant me in a bower,
Where, amongst happy lovers, I might see
How showers and sunbeams bring
One everlasting spring;
Nor would those fall, nor these shine forth to me.
Nature herself to him is lost,
Who loseth her he honours most.
Then, fairest, to my parting view display
Your graces all in one full day;
Whose blessed shapes I'll snatch and keep, till when
I do return and view again:
So by this art, fancy shall fortune cross,
And lovers live by thinking on their loss.

To Chloe,

Who wished herself young enough for me.

Chloe, why wish you that your years
Would backwards run, till they met mine?
That perfect likeness, which endears
Things unto things, might us combine.
Our ages so in date agree,
That twins do differ more than we.

There are two births; the one when light
First strikes the new awakened sense;
The other when two souls unite;
And we must count our life from thence:
When you lov'd me, and I lov'd you,
Then both of us were born anew.

Love then to us did new souls give,
And in those souls did plant new pow'rs:
Since when another life we live,
The breath we breathe is his, not ours;
Love makes those young whom age doth chill,
And whom he finds young keeps young still.

Love, like that angel that shall call
Our bodies from the silent grave,
Unto one age doth raise us all;
None too much, none too little have;
Nay, that the difference may be none,
He makes two not alike, but one.

And now since you and I are such,
Tell me what's yours, and what is mine!
Our eyes, our ears, our taste, smell, touch,
Do, like our souls, in one combine;
So, by this, I as well may be
Too old for you, as you for me.

The Dream.

I dream'd I saw myself lie dead,
And that my bed my coffin grew,
Silence and sleep this strange sight bred,
But, waked, I found I liv'd anew.
Looking next morn on your bright face,
Mine eyes bequeath'd mine heart fresh pain;
A dart rush'd in with every grace,
And so I kill'd myself again:
O eyes, what shall distressed lovers do,
If open you can kill, if shut you view!

Love Inconcealable.

Who can hide fire? If't be uncover'd, light;
If cover'd, smoke betrays it to the sight:
Love is that fire, which still some sign affords;
If hid, they are sighs; if open, they are words.

To Cupid.

Thou, who didst never see the light,
Nor know'st the pleasure of the sight,
But always blinded, canst not say,
Now it is night, or now 'tis day;
So captivate her sense, so blind her eye,
That still she love me, yet she ne'er know why.

Thou who dost wound us with such art,
We see no blood drop from the heart,
And, subt'ly cruel, leav'st no sign
To tell the blow or hand was thine;
O gently, gently wound my fair, that she
May thence believe the wound did come from thee!

ROBERT HERRICK.

One of the most exquisite of our early lyrical poets was ROBERT HERRICK, born in Cheapside, London, in 1591. He studied at Cambridge, and having entered into holy orders, was presented by Charles I.,

Robert Herrick

in 1629, to the vicarage of Dean Prior in Devonshire. After about twenty years' residence in this rural parish, Herrick was ejected from his living by the storms of the civil war, which, as Jeremy Taylor says, 'dashed the vessel of the church and state all in pieces.' Whatever regret the poet may have felt on being turned adrift on the world, he could have experienced little on parting with his parishioners, for he describes them in much the same way as Crabbe portrayed the natives of Suffolk, among whom he was cast in early life, as a 'wild amphibious race,' rude 'almost as salvages,' and 'churlish

as the seas.' Herrick gives us a glimpse of his own character—

> Born I was to meet with age,
> And to walk life's pilgrimage:
> Much, I know, of time is spent;
> Tell I can't what's resident.
> Howsoever, cares adieu!
> I'll have nought to say to you;
> But I'll spend my coming hours
> Drinking wine and crown'd with flowers.

This light and genial temperament would enable the poet to ride out the storm in composure. About the time that he lost his vicarage, Herrick appears to have published his works. His *Noble Numbers*, or *Pious Pieces*, are dated 1647; his *Hesperides*, or the 'Works both Humane and Divine of Robert Herrick, Esquire,' in 1648. The clerical prefix to his name seems now to have been abandoned by the poet, and there are certainly many pieces in his second volume which would not become one ministering at the altar, or belonging to the sacred profession. Herrick lived in Westminster, and was supported or assisted by the wealthy royalists. He associated with the jovial spirits of the age. He 'quaffed the mighty bowl' with Ben Jonson, but could not, he tells us, 'thrive in frenzy,' like rare Ben, who seems to have excelled all his fellow-compotators in sallies of wild wit and high imaginations. The recollection of these 'brave translunary scenes' of the poets inspired the muse of Herrick in the following strain:—

> Ah Ben!
> Say how or when
> Shall we, thy guests,
> Meet at those lyric feasts
> Made at the Sun,
> The Dog, the Triple Tun;
> Where we such clusters had
> As made us nobly wild, not mad?
> And yet each verse of thine
> Outdid the meat, outdid the frolic wine.
>
> My Ben!
> Or come again,
> Or send to us
> Thy wit's great overplus,
> But teach us yet
> Wisely to husband it;
> Lest we that talent spend;
> And having once brought to an end
> That precious stock, the store
> Of such a wit, the world should have no more.

After the Restoration, Herrick was replaced in his Devonshire vicarage. How he was received by the 'rude salvages' of Dean Prior, or how he felt on quitting the gaieties of the metropolis, to resume his clerical duties and seclusion, is not recorded. He was now about seventy years of age, and was probably tired of canary sack and tavern jollities. He had an undoubted taste for the pleasures of a country life, if we may judge from his works, and the fondness with which he dwells on old English festivals and rural customs. Though his rhymes were sometimes wild, he says his life was chaste, and he repented of his errors:—

> For these my unbaptised rhymes,
> Writ in my wild unhallowed times,
> For every sentence, clause, and word,
> That's not inlaid with thee, O Lord!
> Forgive me, God, and blot each line
> Out of my book that is not thine;
> But if, 'mongst all thou findest one
> Worthy thy benediction,
> That one of all the rest shall be
> The glory of my work and me.

The poet should better have evinced the sincerity and depth of his contrition, by blotting out the unbaptised rhymes himself, or not reprinting them; but the vanity of the author probably triumphed over the penitence of the Christian. Gaiety was the natural element of Herrick. His muse was a goddess fair and free, that did not move happily in serious numbers. The time of the poet's death has not been ascertained, but he must have arrived at a ripe old age.

The poetical works of Herrick lay neglected for many years after his death. They are now again in esteem, especially his shorter lyrics, some of which have been set to music, and are sung and quoted by all lovers of song. His verses, *Cherry Ripe*, and *Gather the Rose-buds while ye may* (though the sentiment and many of the expressions of the latter are taken from Spenser), possess a delicious mixture of playful fancy and natural feeling. Those *To Blossoms*, *To Daffodils*, and *To Primroses*, have a tinge of pathos that wins its way to the heart. They abound, like all Herrick's poems, in lively imagery and conceits; but the pensive moral feeling predominates, and we feel that the poet's smiles might as well be tears. Shakspeare and Jonson had scattered such delicate fancies and snatches of lyrical melody among their plays and masques—Milton's *Comus* and the *Arcades* had also been published—Carew and Suckling were before him—Herrick was, therefore, not without models of the highest excellence in this species of composition. There is, however, in his songs and anacreontics, an unforced gaiety and natural tenderness, that show he wrote chiefly from the impulses of his own cheerful and happy nature. The select beauty and picturesqueness of Herrick's language, when he is in his happiest vein, is worthy of his fine conceptions; and his versification is harmony itself. His verses bound and flow like some exquisite lively melody, that echoes nature, by wood and dell, and presents new beauties at every turn and winding. The strain is short, and sometimes fantastic; but the notes long linger in the mind, and take their place for ever in the memory. One or two words, such as 'gather the rose-buds,' call up a summer landscape, with youth, beauty, flowers, and music. This is, and ever must be, true poetry.

To Blossoms.

> Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
> Why do you fall so fast?
> Your date is not so past,
> But you may stay yet here a while,
> To blush and gently smile,
> And go at last.
>
> What! were ye born to be
> An hour or half's delight,
> And so to bid good-night?
> 'Tis pity nature brought ye forth
> Merely to show your worth,
> And lose you quite.
>
> But you are lovely leaves, where we
> May read how soon things have
> Their end, though ne'er so brave:
> And after they have shown their pride,
> Like you a while, they glide
> Into the grave.

To Daffodils.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attain'd his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hast'ning day
Has run
But to the even-song;
And having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning dew
Ne'er to be found again.

The Kiss—a Dialogue.

. Among thy fancies tell me this:
What is the thing we call a kiss?—
. I shall resolve ye what it is:

It is a creature born, and bred
Between the lips, all cherry red;
By love and warm desires fed;
Chor. —And makes more soft the bridal bed:

. It is an active flame, that flies
First to the babies of the eyes,
And charms them there with lullabies;
Chor.— And stills the bride too when she cries:

. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
It frisks, and flies: now here, now there;
'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
Chor.— And here, and there, and everywhere.

. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
Part your join'd lips, then speaks your kiss;
Chor.— And this love's sweetest language is.

. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
With thousand rare encolourings;
And as it flies, it gently sings,
Chor.— Love honey yields, but never stings.

To the Virgins, to make much of their Time.

Gather the rose-buds, while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the Sun,
The higher he's a getting,
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But, being spent, the worse, and worst
Time shall succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For, having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

Twelfth Night, or King and Queen.

Now, now the mirth comes,[1]
With the cake full of plums,
Where bean's the king of the sport here;
Beside, we must know,
The pea also
Must revel as queen in the court here.

Begin then to choose,
This night, as ye use,
Who shall for the present delight here;
Be a king by the lot,
And who shall not
Be Twelfth-day queen for the night here.

Which known, let us make
Joy-sops with the cake;
And let not a man then be seen here,
Who unurged will not drink,
To the base from the brink,
A health to the king and the queen here.

Next crown the bowl full
With gentle lamb's-wool;[2]
Add sugar, nutmeg, and ginger,
With store of ale, too;
And thus ye must do
To make the wassail a swinger.

Give them to the king
And queen wassailing;
And though with ale ye be wet here;
Yet part ye from hence,
As free from offence,
As when ye innocent met here.

The Country Life.

Sweet country life, to such unknown,
Whose lives are others', not their own!
But, serving courts and cities, be
Less happy, less enjoying thee.
Thou never plough'd the ocean's foam,
To seek and bring rough pepper home;
Nor to the eastern Ind dost rove,
To bring from thence the scorched clove;
Nor, with the loss of thy lov'd rest,
Bring'st home the ingot from the west.
No; thy ambition's master-piece
Flies no thought higher than a fleece;
Or how to pay thy hinds,[3] and clear
All scores, and so to end the year;
But walk'st about thy own dear grounds,
Not craving others' larger bounds;
For well thou know'st 'tis not th' extent
Of land makes life, but sweet content.
When now the cock, the ploughman's horn,
Calls for the lily-wristed morn,
Then to thy corn-fields thou dost go,
Which, though well soil'd, yet thou dost know
That the best compost for the lands
Is the wise master's feet and hands.
There, at the plough, thou find'st thy team,
With a hind whistling there to them;
And cheer'st them up by singing how
The kingdom's portion is the plough.
This done, then to th' enamelled meads
Thou go'st; and, as thy foot there treads,
Thou scest a present godlike power
Imprinted in each herb and flower;

[1] Amongst the sports proper to Twelfth Night in England was the partition of a cake with a bean and pea in it: the individuals who got the bean and pea were respectively king and queen for the evening.

[2] A drink of warm ale, with roasted apples and spices in it. The term is a corruption from the Celtic.

[3] Farm-labourers. The term is still used in Scotland.

And smell'st the breath of great-eyed kine,
Sweet as the blossoms of the vine.
Here thou behold'st thy large, sleek neat,[1]
Unto the dewlaps up in meat;
And, as thou look'st, the wanton steer,
The heifer, cow, and ox, draw near,
To make a pleasing pastime there.
These seen, thou go'st to view thy flocks
Of sheep, safe from the wolf and fox;
And find'st their bellies there as full
Of short sweet grass, as backs with wool;
And leav'st them, as they feed and fill,
A shepherd piping on the hill.
For sports, for pageantry, and plays,
Thou hast thy eves and holy-days,
On which the young men and maids meet
To exercise their dancing feet;
Tripping the comely country round,[2]
With daffodils and daisies crowned.
Thy wakes, thy quintels, here thou hast,
Thy May-poles, too, with garland's graced;
Thy morris-dance, thy Whitsun ale,
Thy shearing feast, which never fail;
Thy harvest-home, thy wassail-bowl,
That's tost up after fox i' th' hole;
Thy mummeries, thy twelfth-night kings
And queens, thy Christmas revellings;
Thy nut-brown mirth, thy russet wit,
And no man pays too dear for it.
To these thou hast thy time to go,
And trace the hare in the treacherous snow:
Thy witty wiles to draw, and get
The lark into the trammel net;
Thou hast thy cock rood, and thy glade,
To take the precious pheasant made;
Thy lime-twigs, snares, and pitfalls, then,
To catch the pilfering birds, not men.
O happy life, if that their good
The husbandmen but understood!
Who all the day themselves do please,
And younglings, with such sports as these;
And, lying down, have nought t' affright
Sweet sleep, that makes more short the night.

Julia.

Some asked me where the rubies grew,
And nothing did I say,
But with my finger pointed to
The lips of Julia.

Some asked how pearls did grow, and where,
Then spake I to my girl,
To part her lips, and show me there
The quarelets of pearl.

One ask'd me where the roses grew,
I bade him not go seek;
But forthwith bade my Julia show
A bud in either cheek.

Upon Julia's Recovery.

Droop, droop no more, or hang the head,
Ye roses almost withered;
New strength and newer purple get
Each here declining violet;
Oh! primroses, let this day be
A resurrection unto ye;
And to all flowers ally'd in blood,
Or sworn to that sweet sisterhood.
For health on Julia's cheek hath shed
Claret and cream commingled;
And these her lips do now appear
As beams of coral, but more clear.

[1] Cattle. [2] A kind of dance.

The Bag of the Bee.

About the sweet bag of a bee,
Two Cupids fell at odds;
And whose the pretty prize should be,
They vowed to ask the gods.

Which Venus hearing, thither came,
And for their boldness stript them;
And taking thence from each his flame,
With rods of myrtle whipt them.

Which done, to still their wanton cries,
When quiet grown sh' ad seen them,
She kiss'd and wiped their dove-like eyes,
And gave the bag between them.

Upon a Child that Died.

Here she lies, a pretty bud,
Lately made of flesh and blood,
Who as soon fell fast asleep,
As her little eyes did peep.
Give her strewings, but not stir
The earth that lightly covers her!

Virgins promis'd, when I died,
That they would, each primrose-tide
Duly morn and evening come,
And with flowers dress my tomb:
Having promis'd, pay your debts,
Maids, and here strew violets.

A Thanksgiving for his House.

Lord, Thou hast given me a cell,
Wherein to dwell;
A little house, whose humble roof
Is weatherproof;
Under the spars of which I lie
Both soft and dry.
Where Thou, my chamber for to ward,
Hast set a guard
Of harmless thoughts, to watch and keep
Me while I sleep.
Low is my porch, as is my fate,
Both void of state;
And yet the threshold of my door
Is worn by the poor,
Who hither come, and freely get
Good words or meat.
Like as my parlour, so my hall,
And kitchen small;
A little buttery, and therein
A little bin,
Which keeps my little loaf of bread
Unchipt, unflead.
Some brittle sticks of thorn or brier
Make me a fire,
Close by whose living coal I sit,
And glow like it.
Lord, I confess, too, when I dine,
The pulse is Thine,
And all those other bits that be
There placed by Thee.
The worts, the purslain, and the mess
Of water cress,
Which of Thy kindness Thou hast sent:
And my content
Makes those, and my beloved beet,
To be more sweet.
'Tis Thou that crown'st my glittering hearth
With guiltless mirth;
And giv'st me wassail bowls to drink,
Spiced to the brink.

Lord, 'tis thy plenty-dropping hand
That sows my land :
All this, and better, dost Thou send
Me for this end :
That I should render for my part
A thankful heart,
Which, fir'd with incense, I resign
As wholly thine :
But the acceptance—that must be,
O Lord, by Thee.

To Primroses, filled with Morning Dew.

Why do ye weep, sweet babes ? Can tears
Speak grief in you,
Who were but born
Just as the modest morn
Teem'd her refreshing dew ?
Alas ! you have not known that shower
That mars a flower,
Nor felt the unkind
Breath of a blasting wind ;
Nor are ye worn with years,
Or warp'd as we,
Who think it strange to see
Such pretty flowers, like to orphans young,
Speaking by tears before ye have a tongue.

Speak, whimp'ring younglings, and make known
The reason why
Ye droop and weep ;
Is it for want of sleep,
Or childish lullaby ?
Or that ye have not seen as yet
The violet ?
Or brought a kiss
From that sweet heart to this ?
No, no ; this sorrow shown
By your tears shed,
Would have this lecture read—
'That things of greatest, so of meanest worth,
Conceived with grief are, and with tears brought forth.'

Delight in Disorder.

A sweet disorder in the dress,
[A happy kind of carelessness ;]
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction ;
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthralls the crimson stomacher ;
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribands that flow confusedly ;
A winning wave, deserving note
In the tempestuous petticoat ;
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility ;
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

To find God.

Weigh me the fire ; or canst thou find
A way to measure out the wind ;
Distinguish all those floods that are
Mixt in that watery theatre,
And taste thou them as saltless there,
As in their channel first they were.
Tell me the people that do keep
Within the kingdoms of the deep ;
Or fetch me back that cloud again,
Beshiver'd into seeds of rain.
Tell me the motes, dusts, sands, and spears
Of corn, when summer shakes his ears ;
Show me that world of stars, and whence
They noiseless spill their influence :
This if thou canst, then show me Him
That rides the glorious cherubim.

Cherry Ripe.

Cherry ripe, ripe, ripe, I cry,
Full and fair ones—come and buy;
If so be you ask me where
They do grow ?—I answer, There,
Where my Julia's lips do smile—
There's the land, or cherry-isle ;
Whose plantations fully show
All the year where cherries grow.

To Corinna, to go a Maying.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air ;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bow'd toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed ;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns : 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair ;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you ;
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night :
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best, when once we go a Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come ; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street,[1] each street a park
Made green, and trimm'd with trees ; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch : each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove ;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street,
And open fields, and we not see't ?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May :
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream ;
And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth :
Many a green gown has been given ;
Many a kiss, both odd and even ;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament ;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks pick'd ; yet w' are not a Maying.

[1] Herrick here alludes to the multitudes which were to be seen roaming in the fields on May morning ; he afterwards refers to the appearance of the towns and villages bedecked with evergreens.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drown'd with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a Maying.

RICHARD LOVELACE.

Of the same class as Herrick, less buoyant or vigorous in natural power, and much less fortunate in his destiny, was RICHARD LOVELACE (1618-1658). This cavalier poet was well descended, being the son of Sir William Lovelace, knight. He was educated at Oxford, and afterwards presented at court. Anthony Wood describes him at the age of sixteen, 'as the most amiable and beautiful person that eye ever beheld; a person also of innate modesty, virtue, and courtly deportment, which made him then, but especially after, when he retired to the great city, much admired and adored by the female sex.' Thus personally distinguished, and a royalist in principle, Lovelace was chosen by the county of Kent to deliver a petition to the House of Commons, praying that the king might be restored to his rights, and the government settled. The Long Parliament was then in the ascendant, and Lovelace was thrown into prison for his boldness. He was liberated on heavy bail, but spent his fortune in fruitless efforts to succour the royal cause. He afterwards served in the French army, and was wounded at Dunkirk. Returning in 1648, he was again imprisoned. To beguile the time of his confinement, he collected his poems, and published them in 1649, under the title of *Lucasta: Odes, Sonnets, Songs*, &c. &c. The general title was given them on account of the 'lady of his love,' Miss Lucy Sacheverell, whom he usually called *Lux Casta*. This was an unfortunate attachment; for the lady, hearing that Lovelace died of his wounds at Dunkirk, married another person. From this time the course of the poet was downward. The ascendant party did, indeed, release his person, when the death of the king had left them the less to fear from their opponents; but Lovelace was now penniless, and the reputation of a broken cavalier was no passport to better circumstances. It appears that, oppressed with want and melancholy, the gallant Lovelace fell into a consumption. Wood relates that he became 'very poor in body and purse, was the object of charity, went in ragged clothes, and mostly lodged in obscure and dirty places,' in one of which, situated in a miserable alley near Shoe Lane, he died in 1658. What a contrast to the gay and splendid scenes of his youth! Aubrey confirms the statement of Wood as to the reverse of fortune; but recent inquiries have rather tended to throw discredit on those pictures of the extreme misery of the poet. Destitute, however, he no doubt was, 'fallen from his high estate;' though not perhaps so low as to die an example of abject poverty and misery. The poetry of Lovelace, like his life, was very unequal. There is a spirit and nobleness in some of his verses and sentiments, that charms the reader, as much as his gallant bearing and fine person captivated the fair. In general, however, they are affected, obscure, and harsh. His taste was perverted by the fashion of the day—the affected wit, ridiculous gallantry, and boasted licentiousness of the cavaliers. That Lovelace knew how to appreciate true taste and nature, may be seen from his lines on Lely's portrait of Charles I:—

See, what an humble bravery doth shine,
And grief triumphant breaking through each line,
How it commands the face! So sweet a scorn
Never did happy misery adorn!
So sacred a contempt that others show
To this (o' the height of all the wheel) below;
That mightiest monarchs by this shaded book
May copy out their proudest, richest look.

Lord Byron has been censured for a line in his *Bride of Abydos*, in which he says of his heroine—

The mind, the *music* breathing from her face.

The noble poet vindicates the expression on the broad ground of its truth and appositeness. He does not seem to have been aware (as was pointed out by Sir Egerton Brydges) that Lovelace first employed the same illustration, in a song of Orpheus, lamenting the death of his wife:—

Oh, could you view the melody
Of every grace,
And *music of her face*,
You'd drop a tear;
Seeing more harmony
In her bright eye
Than now you hear.

Why should you swear I am forsworn,
Since thine I vow'd to be?
Lady, it is already morn,
And 'twas last night I swore to thee
That fond impossibility.

Have I not lov'd thee much and long,
A tedious twelve hours' space?
I must all other beauties wrong,
And rob thee of a new embrace,
Could I still dote upon thy face.

Not but all joy in thy brown hair
By others may be found;
But I must search the black and fair,
Like skilful mineralists that sound
For treasure in unplough'd-up ground.

Then, if when I have lov'd my round,
Thou prov'st the pleasant she;
With spoils of meaner beauties crown'd,
I laden will return to thee,
Even sated with variety.

The Rose.

Sweet, serene, sky-like flower,
Haste to adorn her bower:
From thy long cloudy bed
Shoot forth thy damask head.

Vermilion ball that's given
From lip to lip in heaven;
Love's couch's coverlid;
Haste, haste, to make her bed.

See! rosy is her bower,
Her floor is all thy flower;
Her bed a rosy nest,
By a bed of roses prest.

Song.

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
Oh, braid no more that shining hair!
Let it fly, as unconfin'd,
As its calm ravisher, the wind;

Who hath left his darling, th' east,
To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
Every tress must be confest,
But neatly tangled, at the best;
Like a clue of golden thread
Most excellently ravelled.
Do not, then, wind up that light
In ribands, and o'ercloud in night,
Like the sun's in early ray;
But shake your head, and scatter day!

To Lucasta, on going to the Wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you, too, shall adore;
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

To Althea, from Prison.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at my grates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd with her eye,
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free,
Fishes that tipple in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When, linnet-like confined, I
With shriller note shall sing
The mercy, sweetness, majesty,
And glories of my king;
When I shall voice aloud how good
He is, how great should be,
Th' enlarged winds, that curl the flood,
Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
Nor iron bars a cage;
Minds, innocent and quiet, take
That for an hermitage:
If I have freedom in my love,
And in my soul am free;
Angels alone, that soar above,
Enjoy such liberty.

THOMAS RANDOLPH.

THOMAS RANDOLPH (1605–1634) published a collection of miscellaneous poems, in addition to five dramatic pieces. He was born at Newnham, near Daventry, in Northamptonshire, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He was early distinguished for his talents, which procured him the friendship of Ben Jonson, and the other wits of the day. Ben enrolled him among his adopted sons; but Randolph fell into intemperate habits, and the fine promise of his genius was destroyed by his death

Birthplace of Randolph.

at the age of twenty-nine. A monument was erected to his memory by Sir Christopher Hatton.

To My Picture.

When age hath made me what I am not now,
And every wrinkle tells me where the plough
Of Time hath furrow'd, when an ice shall flow
Through every vein, and all my head be snow;
When Death displays his coldness in my cheek,
And I, myself, in my own picture seek,
Not finding what I am, but what I was;
In doubt which to believe, this or my glass:
Yet though I alter, this remains the same
As it was drawn, retains the primitive frame,
And first complexion; here will still be seen,
Blood on the cheek, and down upon the chin:
Here the smooth brow will stay, the lively eye,
The ruddy lip, and hair of youthful dye.
Behold what frailty we in man may see,
Whose shadow is less given to change than he.

To a Lady admiring herself in a Looking-glass.

Fair lady, when you see the grace
Of beauty in your looking-glass;
A stately forehead, smooth and high,
And full of princely majesty;
A sparkling eye no gem so fair,
Whose lustre dims the Cyprian star;
A glorious cheek, divinely sweet,
Wherein both roses kindly meet;
A cherry lip that would entice
Even gods to kiss at any price;
You think no beauty is so rare
That with your shadow might compare;
That your reflection is alone
The thing that men most dote upon.
Madam, alas! your glass doth lie,
And you are much deceived; for I
A beauty know of richer grace,
(Sweet, be not angry) 'tis your face.
Hence, then, O learn more mild to be,
And leave to lay your blame on me:
If me your real substance move,
When you so much your shadow love,
Wise nature would not let your eye
Look on her own bright majesty;
Which, had you once but gazed upon,
You could, except yourself, love none:
What then you cannot love, let me,
That face I can, you cannot see.

Now you have what to love, you'll say,
What then is left for me, I pray?
My face, sweet heart, if it please thee;
That which you can, I cannot see:
So either love shall gain his due,
Yours, sweet, in me, and mine in you.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT.

SIR WILLIAM DAVENANT, whose life occupies an important space in the history of the stage, preceding and after the Restoration, wrote a heroic poem entitled *Gondibert*, and some copies of miscellaneous verses. Davenant was born in 1605, and was the

Sir William Davenant.

son of a vintner at Oxford. There is a scandalous story, that he was the natural son of Shakspeare, who was in the habit of stopping at the Crown Tavern (kept by the elder Davenant) on his journeys between London and Stratford. This story was related to Pope by Betterton the player; but it seems to rest on no authority but idle tradition. Young Davenant must, however, have had a strong and precocious admiration of Shakspeare; for, when only ten years of age, he penned an ode, *In Remembrance of Master William Shakspeare*, which opens in the following strain:—

Beware, delighted poets, when you sing,
To welcome nature in the early spring,
Your numerous feet not tread
The banks of Avon, for each flower
(As it ne'er knew a sun or shower)
Hangs there the pensive head.

It is to be regretted (for the sake of Davenant, as well as of the world) that the great dramatist did not live to guide the taste and foster the genius of his youthful admirer, whose life presented some strange adventures. About the year 1628, Davenant began to write for the stage, and in 1638, on the death of Ben Jonson, he was appointed laureate. He was afterwards manager of Drury Lane, but, entering into the commotions and intrigues of the civil war, he was apprehended and confined in the Tower. He afterwards escaped to France. When the queen sent over to the Earl of Newcastle a quantity of military stores, Davenant resolved to return to England, and he distinguished himself so much in the cause of the royalists, that he was knighted for his skill and bravery. On the decline of the king's affairs, he returned to France, and wrote part of his *Gondibert*. His next step was to sail for Virginia as a colonial projector; but the vessel was captured by one of the parliamentary ships of war, and Davenant was lodged in prison at Cowes, in the Isle of Wight. In 1650, he was removed to the Tower, preparatory to his being tried by the High Commission Court. His life was considered in danger, but he was released after two years' imprisonment. Milton is said to have interposed in his behalf; and as Davenant is reported to have interfered in favour of Milton when the royalists were again in the ascendant, after the Restoration, we would gladly believe the statement to be true. Such incidents give a peculiar grace and relief to the sternness and bitterness of party conflicts. 'At Talavera, the English and French troops for a moment suspended their conflict, to drink of a stream which flowed between them. The shells were passed across, from enemy to enemy, without apprehension or molestation. We, in the same manner, would rather assist political adversaries to drink of that fountain of intellectual pleasure, which should be the common refreshment of both parties, than disturb and pollute it with the havoc of unseasonable hostilities.'* Milton and Davenant must have felt in this manner, when they waived their political differences in honour of genius and poesy. When the author of Gondibert obtained his enlargement, he set about establishing a theatre, and, to the surprise of all, succeeded in the attempt. After the Restoration, he again basked in royal favour, and continued to write and superintend the performance of plays till his death, April 7, 1668.

The poem of Gondibert, though regarded by Davenant's friends and admirers (Cowley and Waller being of the number) as a great and durable monument of genius, is now almost utterly forgotten. The plot is romantic, but defective in interest; and its extreme length (about six thousand lines), and the description of versification in which it is written (the long four-lined stanza, with alternate rhymes, copied by Dryden in his *Annus Mirabilis*), render the poem languid and tedious. The critics have been strangely at variance with each other as to its merits, but to general readers the poem may be said to be unknown. Davenant prefixed a long and elaborate preface to his poem, which is highly creditable to him for judgment, taste, and feeling, and may be considered the precursor of Dryden's admirable critical introductions to his plays. His worship of Shakspeare continued unabated to the last, though he was mainly instrumental, by his masques and scenery, in driving the elder bard from the stage. Dryden, in his preface to the Tempest, states, that he did not set any value on what he had written in that play, but out of gratitude to the memory of Sir William Davenant, 'who,' he adds, 'did me the honour to join me with him in the alteration of it. It was originally Shakspeare's—a poet for whom he had particularly a high veneration, and whom he first taught me to admire.'

To the Queen,

Entertained at night by the Countess of Anglesey.

Fair as unshaded light, or as the day
In its first birth, when all the year was May;
Sweet as the altar's smoke, or as the new
Unfolded bud, swell'd by the early dew;

* Edinburgh Review, vol. 47.

Smooth as the face of waters first appear'd,
Ere tides began to strive or winds were heard;
Kind as the willing saints, and calmer far
Than in their sleeps forgiven hermits are.
You that are more than our discreeter fear
Dares praise, with such full art, what make you here?
Here, where the summer is so little seen,
That leaves, her cheapest wealth, scarce reach at green;
You come, as if the silver planet were
Misled a while from her much injured sphere;
And, t' ease the travels of her beams to-night,
In this small lanthorn would contract her light.

Song.

The lark now leaves his watery nest,
And climbing shakes his dewy wings;
He takes his window for the east,
And to implore your light, he sings,
Awake, awake, the moon will never rise,
Till she can dress her beauty at your eyes.

The merchant bows unto the seaman's star,
The ploughman from the sun his season takes;
But still the lover wonders what they are,
Who look for day before his mistress wakes:
Awake, awake, break through your veils of lawn!
Then draw your curtains and begin the dawn.

To Astragon, heaven for succession gave
One only pledge, and Birtha was her name,
Whose mother slept where flowers grew on her grave,
And she succeeded her in face and fame.

Her beauty princes durst not hope to use,
Unless, like poets, for their morning theme:
And her mind's beauty they would rather choose,
Which did the light in beauty's lanthorn seem.

She ne'er saw courts, yet courts could have undone
With untaught looks, and an unpractised heart;
Her nets, the most prepar'd could never shun,
For nature spread them in the scorn of art.

She never had in busy cities been,
Ne'er warm'd with hopes, nor ere allay'd with fears;
Not seeing punishment, could guess no sin;
And sin not seeing, ne'er had use of tears.

But here her father's precepts gave her skill,
Which with incessant business fill'd the hours;
In spring she gather'd blossoms for the still;
In autumn, berries; and in summer, flowers.

And as kind nature, with calm diligence,
Her own free virtue silently employs,
Whilst she unheard, does ripening growth dispense,
So were her virtues busy without noise.

Whilst her great mistress, Nature, thus she tends,
The busy household waits no less on her;
By secret law, each to her beauty bends,
Though all her lowly mind to that prefer.

Gracious and free she breaks upon them all
With morning looks; and they, when she does rise,
Devoutly at her dawn in homage fall,
And droop like flowers when evening shuts her eyes.
* * *
Beneath a myrtle covert she does spend,
In maid's weak wishes, her whole stock of thought;
Fond maids! who love with mind's fine stuff would mend,
Which nature purposely of bodies wrought.

She fashions him she loved of angels' kind;
Such as in holy story were employ'd
To the first fathers from the Eternal Mind,
And in short vision only are enjoy'd.

As eagles, then, when nearest heaven they fly,
Of wild impossibles soon weary grow;
Feeling their bodies find no rest so high,
And therefore perch on earthly things below;

So now she yields; him she an angel deem'd
Shall be a man, the name which virgins fear;
Yet the most harmless to a maid he seem'd,
That ever yet that fatal name did bear.

Soon her opinion of his hurtless heart,
Affection turns to faith; and then love's fire
To heaven, though bashfully, she does impart,
And to her mother in the heavenly quire.

'If I do love,' said she, 'that love, O Heaven!
Your own disciple, Nature, bred in me;
Why should I hide the passion you have given,
Or blush to show effects which you decree!

'And you, my alter'd mother, grown above
Great Nature, which you read and reverenc'd here,
Chide not such kindness as you once call'd love,
When you as mortal as my father were.'

This said, her soul into her breast retires;
With love's vain diligence of heart she dreams
Herself into possession of desires,
And trusts unanchor'd hopes in fleeting streams.

She thinks of Eden-life; and no rough wind
In their pacific sea shall wrinkles make;
That still her lowliness shall keep him kind,
Her ears keep him asleep, her voice awake.

She thinks, if ever anger in him sway,
(The youthful warrior's most excus'd disease),
Such chance her tears shall calm, as showers allay
The accidental rage of winds and seas.

JOHN CLEVELAND.

JOHN CLEVELAND (1613-1658) was equally conspicuous for political loyalty and poetical conceit, and he carried both to the utmost verge. Cleveland's father was rector of a parish in Leicestershire. After completing his studies at Cambridge, the poet officiated as a college tutor, but joined the royal army when the civil war broke out. He was the loudest and most strenuous poet of the cause, and distinguished himself by a fierce satire on the Scots in 1647. Two lines of this truculent party tirade present a conceit at which our countrymen may now smile—

Had Cain been Scot, God would have changed his doom;
Not forced him wander, but confined him home.

In 1655, the poet was seized at Norwich, and put in prison, being 'a person of great abilities, and so able to do the greater disservice.' Cleveland petitioned the Protector, stating that he was induced to believe that, next to his adherence to the royal party, the cause of his confinement was the narrowness of his estate; for none stood committed whose estate could bail them. 'I am the only prisoner,' he says, 'who have no acres to be my hostage;' and he ingeniously argues that poverty, if it is a fault, is its own punishment. Cromwell released the poor poet, who died three years afterwards in London. Independently of his strong and biting satires, which were the cause of his popularity while living, and which Butler partly imitated in Hudibras, Cleveland wrote some love verses containing morsels of

genuine poetry, amidst a mass of affected metaphors and fancies. He carried gallantry to an extent bordering on the ludicrous, making all nature—sun and shade—do homage to his mistress.

On Phillis, Walking before Sunrise.

The sluggish morn as yet undress'd,
My Phillis brake from out her rest,
As if she'd made a match to run
With Venus, usher to the sun.
The trees (like yeomen of her guard
Serving more for pomp than ward,
Rank'd on each side with loyal duty),
Wave branches to enclose her beauty.
The plants, whose luxury was lopp'd,
Or age with crutches underpropp'd,
Whose wooden carcasses are grown
To be but coffins of their own,
Revive, and at her general dole,
Each receives his ancient soul.
The winged choristers began
To chirp their matins; and the fan
Of whistling winds, like organs play'd
Unto their voluntaries, made
The waken'd earth in odours rise
To be her morning sacrifice;
The flowers, call'd out of their beds,
Start and raise up their drowsy heads;
And he that for their colour seeks,
May find it vaulting in her cheeks,
Where roses mix; no civil war
Between her York and Lancaster.
The marigold, whose courtier's face
Echoes the sun, and doth unlace
Her at his rise, at his full stop
Packs and shuts up her gaudy shop,
Mistakes her cue, and doth display;
Thus Phillis antedates the day.
These miracles had cramp'd the sun,
Who, thinking that his kingdom's won,
Powders with light his frizzled locks,
To see what saint his lustre mocks.
The trembling leaves through which he play'd,
Dappling the walk with light and shade,
(Like lattice windows), give the spy
Room but to peep with half an eye,
Lest her full orb his sight should dim,
And bid us all good night in him:
Till she would spend a gentle ray,
To force us a new-fashion'd day.
But what new-fashioned palsy's this,
Which makes the boughs divest their bliss?
And that they might her footsteps straw,
Drop their leaves with shivering awe;
Phillis perceives, and (lest her stay
Should wed October unto May,
And as her beauty caus'd a spring,
Devotion might an autumn bring),
Withdrew her beams, yet made no night,
But left the sun her curate light.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

JAMES SHIRLEY, distinguished for his talents as a dramatist, published, in 1646, a volume of miscellaneous poems, which, without exhibiting any strongly-marked features or commanding intellect, are elegant and fanciful. His muse was not debased by the licentiousness of the age. The finest production of Shirley, *Death's Final Conquest*, occurs in one of his dramas. This piece is said to have been greatly admired by Charles II. The thoughts are elevated, and the expression highly poetical.

Death's Final Conquest.

The glories of our birth and state,
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate:
Death lays his icy hands on kings;
Sceptre and crown,
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield,
They tame but one another still;
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar, now,
See where the victor victim bleeds:
All heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

Upon his Mistress Sad.

Melancholy, hence, and get
Some piece of earth to be thy seat,
Here the air and nimble fire
Would shoot up to meet desire:
Sullen humour leave her blood,
Mix not with the purer flood,
But let pleasures swelling here,
Make a spring-tide all the year.

Love a thousand sweets distilling,
And with pleasure bosoms filling,
Charm all eyes that none may find us,
Be above, before, behind us;
And while we thy raptures taste,
Compel time itself to stay,
Or by forelock hold him fast,
Lest occasion slip away.

Echo and Narcissus.

[From Narcissus.]

Fair Echo, rise! sick-thoughted nymph, awake,
Leave thy green couch, and canopy of trees!
Long since the choristers of the wood did shake
Their wings, and sing to the bright sun's uprise:
Day hath wept o'er thy couch, and, progressed,
Blusheth to see fair Echo still in bed.

If not the birds, who 'bout the coverts fly,
And with their warbles charm the neighbouring air;
If not the sun, whose new embroidery
Makes rich the leaves that in thy arbours are,
Can make thee rise; yet, love-sick nymph, away,
The young Narcissus is abroad to-day.

Pursue him, timorous maid: he moves apace:
Favonius waits to play with thy loose hair,
And help thy flight; see how the drooping grass
Courts thy soft tread, thou child of sound and air
Attempt, and overtake him; though he be
Coy to all other nymphs, he'll stoop to thee.

If thy face move not, let thy eyes express
Some rhetoric of thy tears to make him stay;
He must be a rock that will not melt at these,
Dropping these native diamonds in his way;
Mistaken he may stoop at them, and this,
Who knows how soon? may help thee to a kiss.

If neither love, thy beauty, nor thy tears,
  Invent some other way to make him know
He need not hunt, that can have such a deer:
  The Queen of Love did once Adonis woo,
But, hard of soul, with no persuasions won,
He felt the curse of his disdain too soon.

In vain I counsel her to put on wing;
  Echo hath left her solitary grove;
And in the vale, the palace of the spring,
  Sits silently attending to her love;
But round about, to catch his voice with care,
In every shade and tree she hid a snare.

Now do the hunt-smen fill the air with noise,
  And their shrill horns chafe her delighted ear,
Which, with loud accents, give the woods a voice
  Proclaiming parley to the fearful deer:
She hears the jolly tunes; but every strain,
As high and musical, she returns again.

Rous'd is the game; pursuit doth put on wings;
  The sun doth shine, and gild them out their way;
The deer into an o'ergrown thicket springs,
  Through which he quaintly steals his shine away;
The hunters scatter; but the boy, o'erthrown
In a dark part of the wood, complains alone.

Him, Echo, led by her affections, found,
  Joy'd, you may guess, to reach him with her eye;
But more, to see him rise without a wound—
  Who yet obscures herself behind some tree;
He, vexed, exclaims, and asks me, 'Where am I?'
The unseen virgin answers, 'Here am I!'

'Some guide from hence! Will no man hear?' he cries:
  She answers, in her passion, 'Oh man, hear!'
'I die, I die,' say both; and thus she tries,
  With frequent answers, to entice his ear
And person to her court, more fit for love;
He tracks the sound, and finds her odorous grove.

The way he trod was paved with violets,
  Whose azure leaves do warm their naked stalks:
In their white double ruffs the daisies jet,
  And primroses are scattered in the walks,
Whose pretty mixture in the ground declares
Another galaxy embossed with stars.

Two rows of elms ran with proportioned grace,
  Like nature's arras, to adorn the sides;
The friendly vines their loved larks embrace,
  While folding-tops the chequered ground-work hides;
Here oft the tired sun himself would rest,
Riding his glorious circuit to the west.

From hence delight conveys him unawares
  Into a spacious green, whose either side
A hill did guard, whilst with his trees, like hairs,
  The clouds were busy binding up his head;
The flowers here smile upon him as he treads,
And, but when he looks up, hang down their heads.

Not far from hence, near an harmonious brook,
  Within an arbour of conspiring trees,
Whose wilder boughs into the stream did look,
  A place more suitable to her distress,
Echo, suspecting that her love was gone,
Herself had in a careless posture thrown.

But Time upon his wings had brought the boy
  To see this lodging of the airy queen,
Whom the dejected nymph espies with joy
  Through a small window of eglantine;
And that she might be worthy his embrace,
Forgets not to new-dress her blubber'd face.

With confidence she sometimes would go out,
  And boldly meet Narcissus in the way;
But then her fears present her with new doubt,
  And chide her over-rash resolve away.
Her heart with overcharge of love must break;
Great Juno will not let poor Echo speak.

RICHARD CRASHAW.

Richard Crashaw, a religious poet, whose devotional strains and 'lyric raptures' evince the highest genius, was the son of a preacher at the Temple church, London. The date of his birth is not known, but in 1644 he was a fellow of Peterhouse college, Cambridge. Crashaw was, at all periods of his life, of an enthusiastic disposition. He lived for the greater part of several years in St Mary's church, near Peterhouse, engaged chiefly in religious offices and writing devotional poetry; and, as the preface to his works informs us, 'like a primitive saint, offering more prayers by night, than others usually offer in the day.' He is said to have been an eloquent and powerful preacher. Being ejected from his fellowship for non-compliance with the rules of the parliamentary army, he removed to France, and became a proselyte to the Roman Catholic faith. Through the friendship of Cowley, Crashaw obtained the notice of Henrietta Maria, then at Paris, and was recommended by her majesty to the dignitaries of the church in Italy. He became secretary to one of the cardinals, and a canon of the church of Loretto. In this situation, Crashaw died about the year 1650. Cowley honoured his memory with

The meed of a melodious tear.

The poet was an accomplished scholar, and his translations from the Latin and Italian possess great freedom, force, and beauty. He translated part of the *Sospetto d'Herode*, from the Italian of Marino; and passages of Crashaw's version are not unworthy of Milton, who had evidently seen the work. He thus describes the abode of Satan:—

Below the bottom of the great abyss,
There, where o'er centre reconciles all things,
The world's profound heart pants; there placed is
Mischief's old master; close about him clings
A curl'd knot of embracing snakes, that kiss
His corresponding cheeks: these loathsome strings
Hold the perverse prince in eternal ties
Fast bound, since first he forfeited the skies.

* * *

Fain would he have forgot what fatal strings
Eternally bind each rebellious limb;
He shook himself, and spread his spacious wings,
Which like two bosom'd sails, embrace the dim
Air with a dismal shade, but all in vain;
Of sturdy adamant is his strong chain.

While thus Heaven's highest counsels, by the low
Footsteps of their effects, he trac'd too well,
He toss'd his troubled eyes—embers that glow
Now with new rage, and wax too hot for hell;
With his foul claws he fenc'd his furrow'd brow,
And gave a ghastly shriek, whose horrid yell
Ran trembling through the hollow vault of night.

While resident in Cambridge, Crashaw published a volume of Latin poems and epigrams, in one of which occurs the well-known conceit relative to the sacred miracle of water being turned into wine—

The conscious water saw its God and blush'd.

In 1646 appeared his English poems, *Steps to the Temple, The Delights of the Muses*, and *Carmen Deo Nostro*. The greater part of the volume consists of religious poetry, in which Crashaw occasionally addresses the Saviour, the Virgin Mary, and Mary Magdalen, with all the passionate earnestness and fer-

vour of a lover. He had an extravagant admiration of the mystic writings of St Theresa, founder of the Carmelites, which seems to have had a bad effect on his own taste, naturally prone, from his enthusiastic temperament, to carry any favourite object, feeling, or passion, to excess. In these flights into the third heavens, 'with all his garlands and singing robes about him,' Crashaw luxuriates among

An hundred thousand loves and graces,
And many a mystic thing
Which the divine embraces
Of the dear Spouse of Spirits with them will bring:
For which it is no shame
That dull mortality must not know a name.

Such seem to have been his daily contemplations, the heavenly manna on which his young spirit fed with delight. This mystical style of thought and fancy naturally led to exaggeration and to conceits. The latter pervaded all the poetry of the time, and Crashaw could hardly escape the infection, even if there had not been in his peculiar case strong predisposing causes. But, amidst all his abstractions, metaphors, and apostrophes, Crashaw is seldom tedious. His imagination was copious and various. He had, as Coleridge has remarked, a 'power and opulence of invention,' and his versification is sometimes highly musical. With more taste and judgment (which riper years might have produced), Crashaw would have outstripped most of his contemporaries, even Cowley. No poet of his day is so rich in 'barbaric pearl and gold,' the genuine ore of poetry. It is deeply to be regretted that his life had not been longer, more calm and fortunate—realising his own exquisite lines—

A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven, hath a summer's day.

Amidst his visions of angels ascending and descending, Crashaw had little time or relish for earthly love. He has, however, left a copy of verses entitled, *Wishes to a Supposed Mistress*, in which are some fine thoughts. He desires his fair one to possess

Sydneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old winter's head with flowers.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright,
Or give down to the wings of night.

We are tempted also to quote two similes, the first reminding us of a passage in Jeremy Taylor's Holy Dying, and the second of one of Shakspeare's best sonnets:—

I've seen, indeed, the hopeful bud
Of a ruddy rose, that stood,
Blushing to behold the ray
Of the new-saluted day;
His tender top not fully spread;
The sweet dash of a shower new shed,
Invited him no more to hide
Within himself the purple pride
Of his forward flower, when lo,
While he sweetly 'gan to show
His swelling glories, Auster spied him;
Cruel Auster thither hied him,
And with the rush of one rude blast
Sham'd not spitefully to waste
All his leaves so fresh and sweet,
And lay them trembling at his feet.
I've seen the morning's lovely ray
Hover o'er the new-born day,
With rosy wings, so richly bright,
As if he scorn'd to think of night,
When a ruddy storm, whose scowl
Made Heaven's radiant face look foul,
Call'd for an untimely night
To blot the newly-blossom'd light.

The felicity and copiousness of Crashaw's language are, however, best seen from his translations; and we subjoin, entire, his version of *Music's Duel*, from the Latin of Strada. It is seldom that so sweet and luxurious a strain of pure description and sentiment greets us in our poetical pilgrimage:—

Now westward Sol had spent the richest beams
Of noon's high glory, when, hard by the streams
Of Tiber, on the scene of a green plat,
Under protection of an oak, there sat
A sweet lute's-master; in whose gentle airs
He lost the day's heat, and his own hot cares.
Close in the covert of the leaves there stood
A nightingale, come from the neighbouring wood
(The sweet inhabitant of each glade)
Their muse, their syren, harmless
There stood she list'ning, and drew
The music's soft report; and mov
In her own murmurs; that whate
His curious fingers lent, her voice
The man perceiv'd his rival, and
Dispos'd to give the light-foot lad
Awakes his lute, and 'gainst the fight
Informs it in a sweet preludium
Of closer strains, and e'er the war begi
He lightly skirmishes on every string
Charged with a flying touch; and straightway she
Carves out her dainty voice as readily,
Into a thousand sweet distinguish'd tones,
And reckons up in soft divisions
Quick volumes of wild notes, to let him know,
By that shrill taste, she could do something too.
His nimble hand's instinct then taught each string
A cap'ring cheerfulness, and made them sing
To their own dance; now negligently rash
He throws his arm, and with a long-drawn dash
Blends all together; then distinctly trips
From this to that, then quick returning, skips
And snatches this again, and pauses there.
She measures every measure, everywhere
Meets art with art; sometimes, as if in doubt
Not perfect yet, and fearing to be out,
Trails her plain ditty in one long-spun note,
Through the sleek passage of her open throat,
A clear unwrinkled song; then doth she point it
With tender accents, and severely joint it
By short diminutives, that, being rear'd
In controverting warbles, evenly shar'd,
With her sweet self she wrangles; he amaz'd,
That from so small a channel should be rais'd
The torrent of a voice, whose melody
Could melt into such sweet variety,
Strains higher yet, that, tickled with rare art,
The tattling strings, each breathing in his part,
Most kindly do fall out; the grumbling base
In surly groans disdains the treble's grace;
The high-perch't treble chirps at this, and chides,
Until his finger (moderator) hides
And closes the sweet quarrel, rousing all
Hoarse, shrill at once; as when the trumpets call
Hot Mars to th' harvest of death's field, and woo
Men's hearts into their hands: this lesson too

She gives them back : her supple breast thrills out
Sharp airs, and staggers in a warbling doubt
Of dallying sweetness, hovers o'er her skill,
And folds in wav'd notes, with a trembling bill,
The pliant series of her slippery song ;
Then starts she suddenly into a throng
Of short thick sobs, whose thund'ring volleys float
And roll themselves over her lubric throat
In panting murmurs, still'd out of her breast ;
That ever-bubbling spring, the sugar'd nest
Of her delicious soul, that there does lie
Bathing in streams of liquid melody ;
Music's best seed-plot ; when in ripen'd airs
A golden-headed harvest fairly rears
His honey-dropping tops, plough'd by her breath
Which there reciprocally laboureth.
In that sweet soil it seems a holy quire,
Sounded to th' name of great Apollo's lyre ;
Whose silver roof rings with the sprightly notes
Of sweet-lipp'd angel-imps, that swill their throats
In cream of morning Helicon, and then
Prefer soft anthems to the ears of men,
To woo them from their beds, still murmuring
That men can sleep while they their matins sing
(Most divine service) : whose so early lay
Prevents the eyelids of the blushing day.
There might you hear her kindle her soft voice,
In the close murmur of a sparkling noise ;
And lay the ground-work of her hopeful song,
Still keeping in the forward stream so long,
Till a sweet whirlwind (striving to get out)
Heaves her soft bosom, wanders round about,
And makes a pretty earthquake in her breast,
Till the fledg'd notes at length forsake their nest,
Fluttering in wanton shoals, and to the sky,
Wing'd with their own wild echoes, prattling fly.
She opes the flood-gate, and lets loose a tide
Of streaming sweetness, which in state doth ride
On the wav'd back of every swelling strain,
Rising and falling in a pompous train,
And while she thus discharges a shrill peal
Of flashing airs, she qualifies their zeal
With the cool epode of a graver note ;
Thus high, thus low, as if her silver throat
Would reach the brazen voice of war's hoarse bird ;
Her little soul is ravish'd, and so pour'd
Into loose ecstacies, that she is plac'd
Above herself, music's enthusiast.
Shame now and anger mix'd a double stain
In the musician's face : 'yet, once again,
Mistress, I come : now reach a strain, my lute,
Above her mock, or be for ever mute.
Or tune a song of victory to me,
Or to thyself sing thine own obsequy.'
So said, his hands sprightly as fire he flings,
And with a quavering coyness tastes the strings :
The sweet-lipp'd sisters musically frighted,
Singing their fears, are fearfully delighted :
Trembling as when Apollo's golden hairs
Are fann'd and frizzled in the wanton airs
Of his own breath, which, married to his lyre,
Doth tune the spheres, and make heaven's self look higher ;
From this to that, from that to this he flies,
Feels music's pulse in all her arteries ;
Caught in a net which there Apollo spreads,
His fingers struggle with the vocal threads,
Following those little rills, he sinks into
A sea of Helicon ; his hand does go
Those parts of sweetness which with nectar drop,
Softer than that which pants in Hebe's cup :
The humorous strings expound his learned touch
By various glosses ; now they seem to grutch,
And murmur in a buzzing din, then gingle
In shrill-tongued accents, striving to be single ;
Every smooth turn, every delicious stroke
Gives life to some new grace ; thus doth he invoke
Sweetness by all her names : thus, bravely thus
(Fraught with a fury so harmonious)
The lute's light genius now does proudly rise,
Heav'd on the surges of swoll'n rhapsodies ;
Whose flourish (meteor-like) doth curl the air
With flash of high-born fancies, here and there
Dancing in lofty measures, and anon
Creeps on the soft touch of a tender tone,
Whose trembling murmurs, melting in wild airs,
Run to and fro, complaining his sweet cares ;
Because those precious mysteries that dwell
In music's ravish'd soul he dare not tell,
But whisper to the world : thus do they vary,
Each string his note, as if they meant to carry
Their master's blest soul (snatch'd out at his ears
By a strong ecstacy) through all the spheres
Of music's heaven ; and seat it there on high,
In th' empyreum of pure harmony.
At length (after so long, so loud a strife
Of all the strings, still breathing the best life
Of blest variety, attending on
His fingers' fairest revolution,
In many a sweet rise, many as sweet a fall)
A full-mouth'd diapason swallows all.
This done, he lists what she would say to this ;
And she, although her breath's late exercise
Had dealt too roughly with her tender throat,
Yet summons all her sweet powers for a note.
Alas ! in vain ! for while (sweet soul) she tries
To measure all those wild diversities
Of chatt'ring strings, by the small size of one
Poor simple voice, raised in a natural tone ;
She fails, and failing grieves, and grieving dies :
She dies, and leaves her life the victor's prize,
Falling upon his lute : Oh fit to have
(That lived so sweetly) dead, so sweet a grave !

Temperance, or the Cheap Physician.

Go, now, and with some daring drug
Bait thy disease ; and, whilst they tug,
Thou, to maintain their precious strife,
Spend the dear treasures of thy life.
Go, take physic, dote upon
Some big-named composition,
The oraculous doctors' mystic bills—
Certain hard words made into pills ;
And what at last shalt gain by these ?
Only a costlier disease.
That which makes us have no need
Of physic, that's physic indeed.
Hark, hither, reader ! wilt thou see
Nature her own physician be ?
Wilt see a man, all his own wealth,
His own music, his own health ;
A man whose sober soul can tell
How to wear her garments well ;
Her garments, that upon her sit,
As garments should do, close and fit ;
A well-cloth'd soul that's not oppress'd
Nor chok'd with what she should be dress'd ;
A soul sheath'd in a crystal shrine,
Through which all her bright features shine ;
As when a piece of wanton lawn,
A thin aërial veil, is drawn
O'er beauty's face, seeming to hide,
More sweetly shows the blushing bride ;
A soul, whose intellectual beams
No mists do mask, no lazy steams—
A happy soul, that all the way
To heaven, hath a summer's day !
Would'st see a man, whose well-warm'd blood
Bathes him in a genuine flood !

A man whose tuned humours be
A seat of rarest harmony?
Wouldst see blithe looks, fresh cheeks, beguile
Age? Wouldst see December smile?
Wouldst see nests of new roses grow
In a bed of reverend snow?
Warm thoughts, free spirits flattering
Winter's self into a spring?
In sum, wouldst see a man that can
Live to be old, and still a man?
Whose latest and most leaden hours
Fall with soft wings, stuck with soft flowers;
And when life's sweet fable ends,
Soul and body part like friends;
No quarrels, murmurs, no delay;
A kiss, a sigh, and so away?
This rare one, reader, wouldst thou see?
Hark, hither? and thyself be he.

Hymn to the Name of Jesus.

I sing the Name which none can say,
But touch'd with an interior ray;
The name of our new peace; our good;
Our bliss, and supernatural blood;
The name of all our lives and loves:
Hearken and help, ye holy doves!
The high-born brood of day; you bright
Candidates of blissful light,
The heirs elect of love; whose names belong
Unto the everlasting life of song;
All ye wise souls, who in the wealthy breast
Of this unbounded Name build your warm nest.
Awake, my glory! soul (if such thou be,
And that fair word at all refer to thee),
Awake and sing,
And be all wing!
Bring hither thy whole self; and let me see
What of thy parent heaven yet speaks in thee.
O thou art poor
Of noble powers, I see,
And full of nothing else but empty me;
Narrow and low, and infinitely less
Than this great morning's mighty business.
One little world or two,
Alas! will never do;
We must have store;
Go, soul, out of thyself, and seek for more;
Go and request
Great Nature for the key of her huge chest
Of heav'ns, the self-involving set of spheres,
Which dull mortality more feels than hears;
Then rouse the nest
Of nimble art, and traverse round
The airy shop of soul-appeasing sound:
And beat a summons in the same
All-sovereign name,
To warn each several kind
And shape of sweetness—be they such
As sigh with supple wind
Or answer artful touch—
That they convene and come away
To wait at the love-crowned doors of that illustrious day.

* * *

Come, lovely name! life of our hope!
Lo, we hold our hearts wide ope!
Unlock thy cabinet of day,
Dearest sweet, and come away.
Lo, how the thirsty lands
Gasp for thy golden show'rs, with long-stretch'd hands!
Lo, how the labouring earth,
That hopes to be
All heaven by thee,
Leaps at thy birth!
The attending world, to wait thy rise,
First turn'd to eyes;
And then, not knowing what to do,
Turn'd them to tears, and spent them too.
Come, royal name! and pay the expense
Of all this precious patience:
Oh, come away
And kill the death of this delay.
Oh see, so many worlds of barren years
Melted and measur'd out in seas of tears!
Oh, see the weary lids of wakeful hope
(Love's eastern windows) all wide ope
With curtains drawn,
To catch the daybreak of thy dawn!
Oh, dawn at last, long-look'd for day!
Take thine own wings and come away.
Lo, where aloft it comes! It comes, among
The conduct of adoring spirits, that throng
Like diligent bees, and swarm about it.
Oh, they are wise,
And know what sweets are suck'd from out it.
It is the hive
By which they thrive,
Where all their hoard of honey lies.
Lo, where it comes, upon the snowy dove's
Soft back, and brings a bosom big with loves.
Welcome to our dark world, thou womb of day!
Unfold thy fair conceptions; and display
The birth of our bright joys.
Oh, thou compacted
Body of blessings! spirit of souls extracted!
Oh, dissipate thy spicy powers,
Cloud of condensed sweets! and break upon us
In balmy showers!
Oh, fill our senses, and take from us
All force of so profane a fallacy,
To think aught sweet but that which smells of thee.
Fair flow'ry name! in none but thee,
And thy nectareal fragrancy,
Hourly there meet
An universal synod of all sweets;
By whom it is defined thus—
That no perfume
For ever shall presume
To pass for odoriferous,
But such alone whose sacred pedigree
Can prove itself some kin, sweet name! to thee.
Sweet name! in thy each syllable
A thousand blest Arabias dwell;
A thousand hills of frankincense;
Mountains of myrrh and beds of spices,
And ten thousand paradises,
The soul that tastes thee takes from thence.
How many unknown worlds there are
Of comforts, which thou hast in keeping!
How many thousand mercies there
In pity's soft lap lie a-sleeping!
Happy he who has the art
To awake them,
And to take them
Home, and lodge them in his heart.
Oh, that it were as it was wont to be,
When thy old friends, on fire all full of thee,
Fought against frowns with smiles; gave glorious chase
To persecutions; and against the face
Of death and fiercest dangers, durst with brave
And sober pace march on to meet a grave.
On their bold breasts about the world they bore thee,
And to the teeth of hell stood up to teach thee;
In centre of their inmost souls they wore thee,
Where racks and torments striv'd in vain to reach thee.
Little, alas! thought they
Who tore the fair breasts of thy friends,
Their fury but made way
For thee, and serv'd them in thy glorious ends.

What did their weapons, but with wider pores
Enlarge thy flaming-breasted lovers,
More freely to transpire
That impatient fire
The heart that hides thee hardly covers?
What did their weapons, but set wide the doors
For thee? fair purple doors, of love's devising;
The ruby windows which enrich'd the east
Of thy so oft-repeated rising.
Each wound of theirs was thy new morning,
And re-enthron'd thee in thy rosy nest,
With blush of thine own blood thy day adorning:
It was the wit of love o'erflow'd the bounds
Of wrath, and made the way through all these wounds.
Welcome, dear, all-adored name!
For sure there is no knee
That knows not thee;
Or if there be such sons of shame,
Alas! what will they do,
When stubborn rocks shall bow,
And hills hang down their heav'n-saluting heads
To seek for humble beds
Of dust, where, in the bashful shades of night,
Next to their own low nothing they may lie,
And couch before the dazzling light of thy dread Majesty.
They that by love's mild dictate now
Will not adore thee,
Shall then, with just confusion, bow
And break before thee.

SIR RICHARD FANSHAWE.

Sir Richard Fanshawe, knight, brother of Thomas Lord Fanshawe, was born in 1607. He joined the royalists, and was secretary at war to Prince Rupert. After the Restoration, he was appointed ambassador to Spain and Portugal, in which character he died at Madrid in 1666. Fanshawe translated the Lusiad of Camoens, and the Pastor Fido of Guarini. With the latter production, published in 1648, he gave to the world some miscellaneous poems, from which the following are selected:—

A Rose.

Thou blushing rose, within whose virgin leaves
The wanton wind to sport himself presumes,
Whilst from their rifled wardrobe he receives
For his wings purple, for his breath perfumes!

Blown in the morning, thou shalt fade ere noon:
What boots a life which in such haste forsakes thee?
Thou'rt wondrous frolic being to die so soon:
And passing proud a little colour makes thee.

If thee thy brittle beauty so deceives,
Know, then, the thing that swells thee is thy bane;
For the same beauty doth in bloody leaves
The sentence of thy early death contain.

Some clown's coarse lungs will poison thy sweet flower,
If by the careless plough thou shalt be torn:
And many Herods lie in wait each hour
To murder thee as soon as thou art born;
Nay, force thy bud to blow; their tyrant breath
Anticipating life, to hasten death.

A Rich Fool.

Thee, senseless stock, because thou'rt richly gilt,
The blinded people without cause admire,
And superstition impiously hath built
Altars to that which should have been the fire.

Where shall my tongue consent to worship thee,
Since all's not gold that glisters and is fair;
Carving but makes an image of a tree:
But gods of images are made by prayer.
Sabean incense in a fragrant cloud
Illustriously suspended o'er thy crown
Like a king's canopy, makes thee allow'd
For more than man. But let them take thee down,
And thy true value be once understood,
Thy dull idolaters will find thou'rt wood.

SONG.—*The Saint's Encouragement.*

[Written in 1643.]

Fight on, brave soldiers, for the cause;
Fear not the cavaliers;
Their threat'nings are as senseless, as
Our jealousies and fears.
'Tis you must perfect this great work,
And all malignants slay,
You must bring back the king again
The clean contrary way.

'Tis for Religion that you fight,
And for the kingdom's good,
By robbing churches, plundering men,
And shedding guiltless blood.
Down with the orthodoxal train,
All loyal subjects slay;
When these are gone, we shall be blest,
The clean contrary way.

When Charles we've bankrupt made like us,
Of crown and power bereft him,
And all his loyal subjects slain,
And none but rebels left him.
When we've beggar'd all the land,
And sent our trunks away,
We'll make him then a glorious prince,
The clean contrary way.

'Tis to preserve his majesty,
That we against him fight,
Nor are we ever beaten back,
Because our cause is right:
If any make a scruple on't,
Our declarations say,
Who fight for us, fight for the king
The clean contrary way.

At Keynton, Branford, Plymouth, York,
And divers places more,
What victories we saints obtain'd,
The like ne'er seen before!
How often we Prince Rupert kill'd,
And bravely won the day;
The wicked cavaliers did run
The clean contrary way.

The true religion we maintain,
The kingdom's peace and plenty;
The privilege of parliament
Not known to one of twenty;
The ancient fundamental laws;
And teach men to obey
Their lawful sovereign; and all these
The clean contrary way.

We subjects' liberties preserve,
By prisonments and plunder,
And do enrich ourselves and state
By keeping the wicked under.
We must preserve mechanics now,
To lecturise and pray;
By them the Gospel is advanced
The clean contrary way.

And though the king be much misled
By that malignant crew;
He'll find us honest, and at last
Give all of us our due.
For we do wisely plot, and plot,
Rebellion to destroy,
He sees we stand for peace and truth,
The clean contrary way.

The public faith shall save our souls,
And good out-works together;
And ships shall save our lives, that stay
Only for wind and weather.
But when our faith and works fall down,
And all our hopes decay,
Our acts will bear us up to heaven,
The clean contrary way.

SONG.—*The Royalist.*

[Written in 1646.]

Come, pass about the bowl to me;
A health to our distressed king!
Though we're in hold, let cups go free,
Birds in a cage do freely sing.
The ground does tipple healths apace,
When storms do fall, and shall not we?
A sorrow dares not show its face,
When we are ships and sack 's the sea.

Pox on this grief, hang wealth, let's sing,
Shall kill ourselves for fear of death!
We'll live by the air which songs doth bring,
Our sighing does but waste our breath:
Then let us not be discontent,
Nor drink a glass the less of wine;
In vain they'll think their plagues are spent,
When once they see we don't repine.

We do not suffer here alone,
Though we are beggar'd, so's the king;
'Tis sin t' have wealth, when he has none:
Tush! poverty's a royal thing!
When we are larded well with drink,
Our heads shall turn as round as theirs,
Our feet shall rise, our bodies sink
Clean down the wind, like cavaliers.

Fill this unnatural quart with sack,
Nature all vacuums doth decline,
Ourselves will be a zodiac,
And every month shall be a sign.
Methinks the travels of the glass
Are circular like Plato's year.
Where everything is as it was;
Let's tipple round; and so 'tis here.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW.

LADY ELIZABETH CAREW is believed to be the author of the tragedy of *Mariam, the Fair Queen of Jewry*, 1613. Though wanting in dramatic interest and spirit, there is a vein of fine sentiment and feeling in this forgotten drama. The following chorus, in Act the Fourth, possesses a generous and noble simplicity:—

[*Revenge of Injuries.*]

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie.
And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,
To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,
To yield to worth it must be nobly done;
But if of baser metal be his mind,
In base revenge there is no honour won.
Who would a worthy courage overthrow,
And who would wrestle with a worthless foe?

We say our hearts are great, and cannot yield;
Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor:
Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seld
The weakest lion will the loudest roar.
Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,
High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn.
To scorn to owe a duty overlong;
To scorn to be for benefits forborne;
To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.
To scorn to bear an injury in mind;
To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,
Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind;
Do we his body from our fury save,
And let our hate prevail against our mind?
What can 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,
Than make his foe more worthy far than he?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,
She would to Herod then have paid her love,
And not have been by sullen passion sway'd,
To fix her thoughts all injury above
Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,
Long famous life to her had been allow'd.

SCOTTISH POETS.

ALEXANDER SCOT.

While Sidney, Spenser, Marlow, and other poets, were illustrating the reign of Elizabeth, the muses were not wholly neglected in Scotland. There was, however, so little intercourse between the two nations, that the works of the English bards seem to have been comparatively unknown in the north, and to have had no Scottish imitators. The country was then in a rude and barbarous state, tyrannised over by the nobles, and torn by feuds and dissensions. In England, the Reformation had proceeded from the throne, and was accomplished with little violence or disorder. In Scotland, it uprooted the whole form of society, and was marked by fierce contentions and lawless turbulence. The absorbing influence of this ecclesiastical struggle was unfavourable to the cultivation of poetry. It shed a gloomy spirit over the nation, and almost proscribed the study of romantic literature. The drama, which in England was the nurse of so many fine thoughts, so much stirring passion, and beautiful imagery, was shunned as a leprosy, fatal to religion and morality. The very songs in Scotland partook of this religious character; and so widely was the polemical spirit diffused, that ALEXANDER SCOT, in his *New Year Gift to the Queen*, in 1562, says:—

That limmer lads and little lasses, lo,
Will argue baith with bishop, priest, and friar.

Scot wrote several short satires, and some miscellaneous poems, the prevailing amatory character of which has caused him to be called the *Scottish Anacreon*, though there are many points wanting to complete his resemblance to the Teian bard. As specimens of his talents, the two following pieces are presented:—

Rondel of Love.

Lo what it is to luve,
Learn ye that list to pruve,
By me, I say, that no ways may,
The ground of greif remuve.
But still decay, both nicht and day;
Lo what it is to luve!

Luve is ane fervent fire,
Kendillit without desire,
Short plesour, lang displesour;
Repentance is the hire;
Ane pure tressour, without messour;
Luve is ane fervent fire.

To luve and to be wise,
To rege with gude advise;
Now thus, now than, so goes the game,
Incertain is the dice;
There is no man, I say, that can
Both luve and to be wise.

Flee alwayis from the snare,
Learn at me to beware;
It is ane pain and dowble train
Of endless woe and care;
For to refrain that denger plain,
Flee always from the snare.

To his Heart.

Hence, heart, with her that must depart,
And haild thee with thy soverain,
For I had levir[1] want ane heart,
Nor have the heart that does me pain;
Therefore go with thy luve remain,
And let me live thus miserable;
See that thou come not back again,
But bide with her thou luvis best.

Sen she that I have servit lang,
Is to depart so suddenly,
Address thee now, for thou sall gang
And beir thy lady company.
Fra she be gone, heartless am I;
For why? thou art with her possest.
Therefore, my heart! go hence in hy,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

Though this be happit body here
Be bound to servitude and thrall,
My faithful heart is free intoir,
And mind to serve my lady at all.
Wald God that I were perigall[2]
Under that pelch at rest to rest!
Yet at the least, my heart, thou sall
Abide with her thou luvis best.

Sen in your garth the lily white
May not remain among the lave,[3]
Adieu the flower of haill delyte;
Adieu the succour that may save;
Adieu the fragrant balmy smell,
And lamp of ladies lustres!
My faithful heart she sall it have,
To bide with her it luvis best.

Deplore, ye ladies clear of hue,
Her absence, sen she must depart,
And specially ye lovers true,
That wounded be with luvis dart.
For ye sall want you of ane heart
As well as I, therefore at last
Do go with mine, with mind inwart,
And bide with her thou luvis best.

SIR RICHARD MAITLAND.

Sir Richard Maitland of Lethington (1496-1586), father of the Secretary Lethington, of Scottish history, relieved the duties of his situation as a judge and statesman in advanced life, by composing some moral and conversational pieces, and collecting, into the well-known manuscript which bears his name, the best productions of his contemporaries. These literary avocations were chiefly pursued in his elegant retirement at Lethington, East Lothian, where a

Lethington Castle.

daughter acted as amanuensis to the aged poet. His familiar style reminds us of that of Lyndsay.

Sat[ire] on the Town Ladies.

Some wifis of the borowstoun
Sae wonder vain are, and wantoun,
In warld they wait nocht[1] what to weir:
On claithis they ware[2] mony a croun;
And all for newfangleness of geir.[3]

And of fine silk their furrit clokis,
With hingan sleeves, like geil pokis;
Nae preaching will gar them forbeir
To weir all thing that sin provokis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their wilicoats maun weel be hewit,
Broudred richt braid, with pasments sewit.
I trow wha wald the matter speir,
That their gudemen had cause to rue it,
That evir their wifis wore sic geir.

Their woven hose of silk are shawin,
Barrit aboon with taisels drawin;
With gartens of ane new maneir,
To gar their courtliness be knawin;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Sometime they will beir up their gown,
To shaw their wilicoat hingan down;
And sometime baith they will upbeir,
To shaw their hose of black or brown;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their collars, carcats, and hause beidis![4]
With velvet hat heigh on their heidis,
Cordit with gold like ane younkeir.
Braidit about with golden threidis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

Their shoon of velvet, and their muilis!
In kirk they are not content of stuilis,
The sermon when they sit to heir,
But carries cusheons like vain fulis;
And all for newfangleness of geir.

And some will spend mair, I hear say,
In spice and drugis in ane day,
Nor wald their mothers in ane yeir.
Whilk will gar mony pack decay,
When they sae vainly waste their geir.

[1] Rather.
[2] Competent; had it in my power.
[3] Garden.
[4] Embrace.

[1] Wot, or know not.
[2] Spend.
[3] Attire.
[4] Beads for the throat.

Leave, burgess men, or all be lost,
On your wifis to mak sic cost,
Whilk may gar all your bairnis bleir.[1]
She that may not want wine and roast,
Is able for to waste some geir.

Between them, and nobles of blude,
Nae difference but ane velvet hude!
Their camrock curchies are as deir,
Their other claithis are as gude,
And they as costly in other geir.

Of burgess wifis though I speak plain,
Some landwart ladies are as vain,
As by their claithing may appeir,
Wearing gayer nor them may gain,
On ower vain claithis wasting geir.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY.

ALEXANDER MONTGOMERY was known as a poet in 1568; but his principal work, *The Cherry and the Slae*, was not published before 1597. The Cherry and the Slae is an allegorical poem, representing virtue and vice. The allegory is poorly managed; but some of Montgomery's descriptions are lively and vigorous; and the style of verse adopted in this poem was afterwards copied by Burns. Divested of some of the antique spelling, parts of the poem seem as modern, and as smoothly versified, as the Scottish poetry of a century and a-half later.

The cushat crouds, the corbie cries,
The cuckoo couks, the prattling pyes
To geck there they begin;
The jargon of the jangling jays,
The craiking craws and keckling kays,
They deave't me with their din.
The painted pawn with Argus eyes
Can on his May-cock call;
The turtle wails on wither'd trees,
And Echo answers all,
Repeating, with greeting,
How fair Narcissus fell,
By lying and spying
His shadow in the well.

I saw the hurcheon and the hare
In hidlings hirpling here and there,*
To make their morning mange.
The con, the cuning, and the cat,
Whose dainty downs with dew were wat,
With stiff mustachios strange.
The hart, the hind, the dae, the rae,
The fournart and false fox;
The bearded buck clamb up the brae
With birsy hairs and brocks;
Some feeding, some dreading
The hunter's subtle snares,
With skipping and tripping,
They play'd them all in pairs.

The air was sober, saft, and sweet,
Nae misty vapours, wind, nor weet,
But quiet, calm, and clear,
To foster Flora's fragrant flowers,
Whereon Apollo's paramours
Had trinkled mony a tear;
The which like silver shakers shined,
Embroidering Beauty's bed,
Wherewith their heavy heads declined
In May's colours clad.
Some knoping, some dropping
Of balmy liquor sweet,
Excelling and smelling
Through Phœbus' wholesome heat.

[1] Cry till their eyes become red.

* Burns, in describing the opening scene of his Holy Fair,

'The hares were hirpling down the furs.'

ALEXANDER HUME.

ALEXANDER HUME, who died, minister of Logie, in 1609, published a volume of *Hymns or Sacred Songs*, in the year 1599. He was of the Humes of Polwarth,

Logie Kirk.

and, previous to turning clergyman, had studied the law, and frequented the court; but in his latter years he was a stern and even gloomy Puritan. The most finished of his productions is a description of a summer's day, which he calls the *Day Estival*. The various objects of external nature, characteristic of a Scottish landscape, are painted with truth and clearness, and a calm devotional feeling is spread over the poem. It opens as follows:—

O perfect light, which shed away
The darkness from the light,
And set a ruler o'er the day,
Another o'er the night.

Thy glory, when the day forth flies,
More vively does appear,
Nor at mid-day unto our eyes
The shining sun is clear.

The shadow of the earth anon
Removes and drawis by,
Syne in the east, when it is gone,
Appears a clearer sky.

Whilk soon perceive the little larks,
The lapwing and the snipe;
And tune their song like Nature's clerks,
O'er meadow, muir, and stripe.

The summer day of the poet is one of unclouded splendour.

The time so tranquil is and clear,
That nowhere shall ye find,
Save on a high and barren hill,
An air of passing wind.

All trees and simples, great and small,
That balmy leaf do bear,
Than they were painted on a wall,
No more they move or steir.

The rivers fresh, the caller streams
O'er rocks can swiftly rin,
The water clear like crystal beams,
And makes a pleasant din.

The condition of the Scottish labourer would seem to have been then more comfortable than at present, and the climate of the country warmer, for Hume describes those working in the fields as stopping at mid-day, 'noon meat and sleep to take,' and refreshing themselves with 'caller wine' in a cave, and 'sallads steep'd in oil.' As the poet lived four years in France previous to his settling in Scotland, in mature life, we suspect he must have been drawing on his continental recollections for some of the features in this picture. At length 'the gloaming comes, the day is spent,' and the poet concludes in a strain of pious gratitude and delight:—

What pleasure, then, to walk and see
End-lang a river clear,
The perfect form of every tree
Within the deep appear.

The salmon out of cruives and creels,
Uphailed into scouts,
The bells and circles on the weills
Through leaping of the trouts.

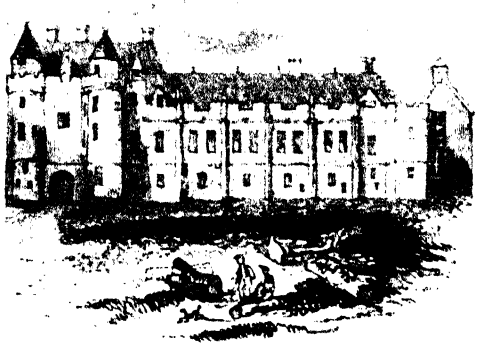
O sure it were a seemly thing,
While all is still and calm,
The praise of God to play and sing,
With trumpet and with shalm.

Through all the land great is the gild
Of rustic folks that cry;
Of bleating sheep tra they be kill'd,
Of calves and lowting kye.

All labourers draw hame at even,
And can to others say,
Thanks to the gracious God of heaven,
Whilk sent this summer day.

KING JAMES VI.

In 1584, the Scottish sovereign, KING JAMES VI., ventured into the magic circle of poesy himself, and



Falkland Palace,
The favourite early residence of King James VI.

published a volume entitled, *Essayes of a Prentice in the Divine art of Poesie, with the Rewlis and Cautelis to be pursued and avoided.* Kings are generally, as Milton has remarked, though strong in legions, but weak at arguments, and the 'rules and cautelis' of the royal author are puerile and ridiculous. His majesty's verses, considering that he was only in his eighteenth year, are more creditable to him, and we shall quote one from the volume alluded to.

Ane Schort Poeme of Tyme.

[Original Spelling.]

As I was pansing in a morning aire,
And could not sleip nor nawyis take me rest,
Furth for to walk, the morning was so faire,
Athort the fields, it seemed to me the best.
The East was cleare, whereby belyve I gest
That fyrie Titan cumming was in sight,
Obscuring chaste Diana by his light.

Who by his rising in the azure skyes,
Did dewlie helse all thame on earth do dwell.
The balmie dew through birning drouth he dryis,
Which made the soile to savour sweit and smell,
By dew that on the night before downe fell,
Which then was soukit up by the Delphienus heit
Up in the aire: it was so light and weit.

Whose hie ascending in his purpour chere
Provokit all from Morpheus to flee:
As beasts to feid, and birds to sing with heir,
Men to their labour, bissie as the bee:
Yet idle men dryssing did I see,
How for to drive the tyme that did them irk,
By sindrie pastymes, quhile that it grew mirk.

Then wondered I to see them seik a wyle,
So willingly the precious tyme to tine:
And how they did themselfis so farre begyle,
To tushe of tyme, which of itself is tyne.
Fra tyme be past to call it backwart syne
Is bot in vaine: therefore men sould be warr,
To sleuth the tyme that flees fra them so farr.

For what hath man bot tyme into this lyfe,
Which gives him dayis his God aright to know?
Wherefore then sould we be at sic a stryfe,
So spedelie our selfis for to withdraw
Exin from the tyme, which is on nowayes slaw
To flie from us, suppose we fled it noght?
More wyse we were, if we the tyme had soght.

But sen that tyme is sic a precious thing,
I wald we sould bestow it into that
Which were most pleasour to our heavenly King.
Flee ydilteth, which is the greatest lat;
Bot, sen that death to all is destinat,
Let us employ that tyme that God hath send us,
In doing weill, that good men may commend us.

EARL OF ANCRUM—EARL OF STIRLING.

Two Scottish noblemen of the court of James were devoted to letters, namely, the EARL OF ANCRUM (1578-1654) and the EARL OF STIRLING (1580-1640). The first was a younger son of Sir Andrew Ker of Fernichurst, and he enjoyed the favour of both James and Charles I. The following sonnet by the earl was addressed to Drummond the poet in 1624. It shows how much the union of the crowns under James had led to the cultivation of the English style and language:—

Sonnet in Praise of a Solitary Life.

Sweet solitary life! lovely, dumb joy,
That need'st no warnings how to grow more wise.
By other men's mishaps, nor the annoy
Which from sore wrongs done to one's self doth rise.

The morning's second mansion, truth's first friend,
Never acquainted with the world's vain broils,
When the whole day to our own use we spend,
And our dear time no fierce ambition spoils.
Most happy state, that never tak'st revenge
For injuries received, nor dost fear
The court's great earthquake, the griev'd truth of change,
Nor none of falsehood's savoury lies dost hear:
Nor knows hope's sweet disease that charms our sense,
Nor its sad cure—dear-bought experience!

The Earl of Stirling (William Alexander of Menstrie, created a peer by Charles I.) was a more prolific poet. In 1637, he published a complete edition of his works, in one volume folio, with the title of *Recreations with the Muses*, consisting of tragedies, a heroic poem, a poem addressed to Prince Henry (the favourite son of King James), another heroic poem entitled *Jonathan*, and a sacred poem, in twelve parts, on the *Day of Judgment*. One of the Earl of Stirling's tragedies is on the subject of Julius Cæsar. It was first published in 1606, and contains several passages resembling parts of Shakspeare's tragedy of the same name, but it has not been ascertained which was first published. The genius of Shakspeare did not disdain to gather hints and expressions from obscure authors—the lesser lights of the age—and a famous passage in the *Tempest* is supposed (though somewhat hypercritically) to be also derived from the Earl of Stirling. In the play of *Darius*, there occurs the following reflection—

Let Greatness of her glassy sceptres vaunt,
Not sceptres, no, but reeds, soon bruised, soon broken:
And let this worldly pomp our wits enchant,
All fades, and scarcely leaves behind a token.

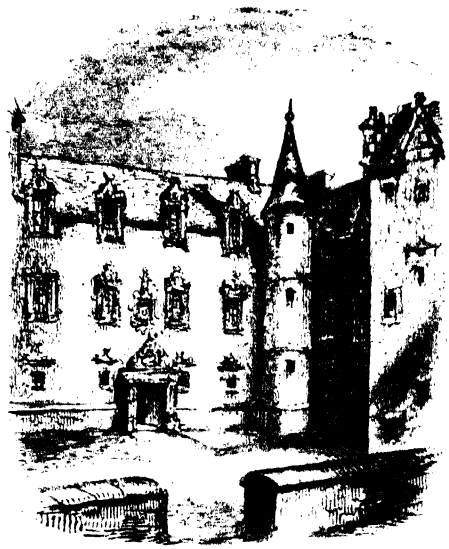
The lines of Shakspeare will instantly be recalled—

And like this insubstantial pageant, faded,
Leave not a wreck behind.

None of the productions of the Earl of Stirling touch the heart or entrance the imagination. He has not the humble but genuine inspiration of Alexander Hume. Yet we must allow him to have been a calm and elegant poet, with considerable fancy, and an ear for metrical harmony. The following is one of his best sonnets:—

I swear, Aurora, by thy starry eyes,
And by those golden locks, whose lock none slips,
And by the coral of thy rosy lips,
And by the naked snows which beauty dyes;
I swear by all the jewels of thy mind,
Whose like yet never worldly treasure bought,
Thy solid judgment, and thy generous thought,
Which in this darken'd age have clearly shin'd;
I swear by those, and by my spotless love,
And by my secret, yet most fervent fires,
That I have never nurst but chaste desires,
And such as modesty might well approve.
Then, since I love those virtuous parts in thee,
Should'st thou not love this virtuous mind in me?

The lady whom the poet celebrated under the name of Aurora, did not accept his hand, but he was married to a daughter of Sir William Erskine. The earl concocted an enlightened scheme for colonising Nova Scotia, which was patronised by the king, yet was abandoned from the difficulties attending its accomplishment. Stirling held the office of secretary of state for Scotland for fifteen years, from 1626 to 1641—a period of great difficulty and delicacy, when Charles attempted to establish episcopacy in the north. He realised an amount of wealth unusual for a poet, and employed part of it in building a hand-



House of the Earl of Stirling.

some mansion in Stirling, which still survives, a monument of a fortune so different from that of the ordinary children of the muse.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

A greater poet flourished in Scotland at the same time with Stirling, namely, WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden (1585-1649). Familiar with classic

Drummond of Hawthornden.

and English poetry, and imbued with true literary taste and feeling, Drummond soared above a mere local or provincial fame, and was associated in friendship and genius with his great English contemporaries. His father, Sir John Drummond, was gentleman usher to king James; and the poet seems to have inherited his reverence for royalty. No author

of any note, excepting, perhaps, Dryden, has been so lavish of adulation as Drummond. Having studied civil law for four years in France, the poet succeeded, in 1611, to an independent estate, and took up his residence at Hawthornden. If beautiful and romantic scenery could create or nurse the genius of a poet, Drummond was peculiarly blessed with means of inspiration. In all Scotland, there is no spot more finely varied—more rich, graceful, or luxuriant—than the cliffs, caves, and wooded banks of the river Esk, and the classic shades of Hawthornden. In the immediate neighbourhood is Roslin Castle, one of

Hawthornden, the seat of Drummond.

the most interesting of Gothic ruins; and the whole course of the stream and the narrow glen is like the ground-work of some fairy dream. The first publication of Drummond was a volume of occasional poems; to which succeeded a moral treatise in prose, entitled, the *Cypress Grove*, and another poetical work termed, the *Flowers of Zion*. The death of a lady, to whom he was betrothed, affected him deeply, and he sought relief in change of scene and the excitement of foreign travel. On his return, after an absence of some years, he happened to meet a young lady named Logan, who bore so strong a resemblance to the former object of his affections, that he solicited and obtained her hand in marriage. Drummond's feelings were so intense on the side of the royalists, that the execution of Charles is said to have hastened his death, which took place at the close of the same year, December 1649. Drummond was intimate with Ben Jonson and Drayton; and his acquaintance with the former has been rendered memorable by a visit paid to him at Hawthornden, by Jonson, in the spring of 1619. The Scottish poet kept notes of the opinions expressed by the great dramatist, and chronicled some of his personal failings. For this his memory has been keenly attacked and traduced. It should be remembered that his notes were private memoranda, never published by himself; and, while their truth has been partly confirmed from other sources, there seems no malignity or meanness in recording faithfully his impressions of one of his most distinguished contemporaries. The poetry of Drummond has singular sweetness and harmony of versification. He was of the school of Spenser, but less *ethereal* in thought and imagination. His *Tears on the Death of Moeliades* (Prince Henry, son of James I.) was written in 1612; his *Wandering Muses, or the River Forth Feasting* (a congratulatory poem to King James, on his revisiting Scotland), appeared in 1617, and placed him among the greatest poets of his age. His sonnets are of a still higher cast, have fewer conceits, and more natural feeling, elevation of sentiment, and grace of expression. Drummond wrote a number of madrigals, epigrams, and other short pieces, some of which are coarse and licentious. The general purity of his language, the harmony of his verse, and the play of fancy, in all his principal productions, are his distinguishing characteristics. With more energy and force of mind, he would have been a greater favourite with Ben Jonson—and with posterity.

The River of Forth Feasting.

What blustering noise now interrupts my sleeps?
What echoing shouts thus cleave my crystal deeps?
And seem to call me from my watery court!
What melody, what sounds of joy and sport,
Are convey'd hither from each night-born spring!
With what loud murmurs do the mountains ring,
Which in unusual pomp on tiptoes stand,
And, full of wonder, overlook the land!
Whence come these glittering throngs, these meteors bright,
This golden people glancing in my sight?
Whence doth this praise, applause, and love arise;
What load-star draweth us all eyes!
Am I awake, or have some dreams conspir'd
To mock my sense with what I most desir'd!
View I that living face, see I those looks,
Which with delight were wont t' amaze my brooks!
Do I behold that worth, that man divine,
This age's glory, by these banks of mine!
Then find I true what I long wish'd in vain;
My much-beloved prince is come again.
So unto them whose zenith is the pole,
When six black months are past, the sun does roll:
So after tempest to sea-tossed wights,
Fair Helen's brothers show their clearing lights:
So comes Arabia's wonder from her woods,
And far, far off is seen by Memphis' floods;
The feather'd sylvans, cloud-like, by her fly,
And with triumphing plaudits beat the sky;

Nile marvels, Serap's priests entranced rave,
And in Mygdonian stone her shape engrave ;
In lasting cedars they do mark the time
In which Apollo's bird came to their clime.
Let mother earth now deck'd with flowers be seen,
And sweet-breath'd zephyrs curl the meadows green :
Let heaven weep rubies in a crimson shower,
Such as on India's shores they use to pour :
Or with that golden storm the fields adorn
Which Jove rain'd when his blue-eyed maid was born.
May never hours the web of day outweave ;
May never night rise from her sable cave !
Swell proud my billows, faint not to declare
Your joys as ample as their causes are :
For murmurs hoarse sound like Arion's harp,
Now delicately flat, now sweetly sharp ;
And you, my nymphs, rise from your moist repair,
Strew all your springs and grots with lilies fair.
Some swiftest footed, get them hence, and pray
Our floods and lakes may keep this holiday ;
Whate'er beneath Albania's hills do run,
Which see the rising or the setting sun,
Which drink stern Grampus' mists, or Ochil's snows :
Stone-rolling Tay, Tyne, tortoise-like, that flows ;
The pearly Don, the Dees, the fertile Spey,
Wild Severn, which doth see our longest day ;
Ness, smoking sulphur, Leve, with mountains crown'd,
Strange Lomond for his floating isles renown'd ;
The Irish Rian, Ken, the silver Ayr,
The snaky Doon, the Orr with rushy hair,
The crystal-streaming Nith, loud-bellowing Clyde,
Tweed which no more our kingdoms shall divide ;
Rank-swelling Annan, Lid with curl'd streams,
The Esks, the Solway, where they lose their names ;
To every one proclaim our joys and feasts,
Our triumphs ; bid all come and be our guests ;
And as they meet in Neptune's azure hall,
Bid them bid sea-gods keep this festival ;
This day shall by our currents be renown'd ;
Our hills about shall still this day resound :
Nay, that our love more to this day appear,
Let us with it henceforth begin our year.
To virgins flowers, to sun-burnt earth the rain,
To mariners fair winds amidst the main ;
Cool shades to pilgrims, which hot glances burn,
Are not so pleasing as thy blest return,
That day, dear Prince.

[*Epitaph on Prince Henry.*]

Stay, passenger, see where enclosed lies
The paragon of Princes, fairest frame
Time, nature, place, could show to mortal eyes,
In worth, wit, virtue, miracle of fame :
At least that part the earth of him could claim
This marble holds (hard like the Destinies) :
For as to his brave spirit, and glorious name,
The one the world, the other fills the skies.
Th' immortal amaranthus, princely rose;
Sad violet, and that sweet flower that bears
In sanguine spots the tenor of our woes,*
Spread on this stone, and wash it with your tears ;
Then go and tell from Gades unto Ind
You saw where Earth's perfections were confin'd.

To his Lute.

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage[1] did on thee bestow.
Since that dear voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from earth to tune the spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe !
Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphan wailings to the fainting ear,
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear ;
For which be silent as in woods before :
Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

[*The Praise of a Solitary Life.*]

Thrice happy he who by some shady grove,
Far from the clamorous world, doth live his own.
Thou solitary, who is not alone,
But doth converse with that eternal love.
O how more sweet is bird's harmonious moan,
Or the hoarse sobbings of the widow'd dove,
Than those smooth whisperings near a prince's throne,
Which good make doubtful, do the evil approve !
O how more sweet is Zephyr's wholesome breath,
And sighs embalm'd which new-born flowers unfold,
Than that applause vain honour doth bequeath !
How sweet are streams to poison drank in gold !
The world is full of horror, troubles, slights :
Woods' harmless shades have only true delights.

[*To a Nightingale.*]

Sweet bird ! that sing'st away the early hours
Of winters past, or coming, void of care.
Well pleased with delights which present are,
Fair seasons, budding sprays, sweet-smelling flowers :
To rocks, to springs, to rills, from leafy bowers,
Thou thy Creator's goodness dost declare,
And what dear gifts on thee he did not spare,
A stain to human sense in sin that low'rs.
What soul can be so sick which by thy songs
(Attir'd in sweetness) sweetly is not driven
Quite to forget earth's turmoils, spites, and wrongs,
And lift a reverend eye and thought to heaven ?
Sweet artless songster ! thou my mind dost raise
To airs of spheres—yes, and to angels' lays.

[*Sonnets.*]

In Mind's pure glass when I myself behold,
And lively see how my best days are spent,
What clouds of care above my head are roll'd,
What coming ill, which I cannot prevent :
My course begun, I, wearied, do repent,
And would embrace what reason oft hath told ;
But scarce thus think I, when love hath controll'd
All the best reasons reason could invent.
Though sure I know my labour's end is grief,
The more I strive that I the more shall pine,
That only death shall be my last relief :
Yet when I think upon that face divine,
Like one with arrow shot, in laughter's place,
Maugre my heart, I joy in my disgrace.

I know that all beneath the moon decays,
And what by mortals in this world is brought
In Time's great periods, shall return to nought ;
The fairest states have fatal nights and days.
I know that all the Muse's heavenly lays
With toil of sprite which are so dearly bought,
As idle sounds, of few or none are sought,
That there is nothing lighter than vain praise.

* Milton has copied this image in his Lycidas—
'Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower, inscribed with woe.'

[1] Warbling: from *ramage*, French.

I know frail beauty like the purple flower,
To which one morn oft birth and death affords,
That love a jarring is of mind's accords,
Where sense and will bring under Reason's power:
Know what I list, all this cannot me move,
But that, alas! I both must write and love.

SIR ROBERT AYTON.

Sir Robert Ayton, a Scottish courtier and poet (1570-1638), enjoyed, like Drummond, the advantages of foreign travel and acquaintance with English poets. The few pieces of his composition are in pure English, and evince a smoothness and delicacy of fancy that have rarely been surpassed. The poet was a native of Fifeshire, son of Ayton of Kinaldie. James I. appointed him one of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, and private secretary to his queen, besides conferring upon him the honour of knighthood. Ben Jonson seemed proud of his friendship, for he told Drummond that Sir Robert loved him (Jonson) dearly.

[On Woman's Inconstancy.]

I lov'd thee once, I'll love no more,
Thine be the grief as is the blame;
Thou art not what thou was't before,
What reason I should be the same?
He that can love unlov'd again,
Hath better store of love than brain:
God send me love my debts to pay,
While unthrifts fool their love away.

Nothing could have my love o'erthrown,
If thou hadst still continued mine;
Yea, if thou hadst remain'd thy own,
I might perchance have yet been thine.
But thou thy freedom did recall,
That if thou might elsewhere inthral;
And then how could I but disdain
A captive's captive to remain?

When new desires had conquer'd thee,
And chang'd the object of thy will,
It had been lethargy in me,
Not constancy to love thee still.
Yea, it had been a sin to go
And prostitute affection so,
Since we are taught no prayers to say
To such as must to others pray.

Yet do thou glory in thy choice,
Thy choice of his good fortune boast;
I'll neither grieve nor yet rejoice,
To see him gain what I have lost;
The height of my disdain shall be,
To laugh at him, to blush for thee;
To love thee still, but go no more
A begging to a beggar's door.

[I do Confess Thou'rt Smooth and Fair.]

I do confess thou'rt smooth and fair,
And I might have gone near to love thee;
Had I not found the slightest prayer
That lips could speak had power to move thee:
But I can let thee now alone,
As worthy to be loved by none.

I do confess thou'rt sweet, yet find
Thee such an unthrift of thy sweets,
Thy favours are but like the wind,
That kisses every thing it meets.
And since thou can with more than one,
Thou'rt worthy to be kiss'd by none.

The morning rose, that untouch'd stands,
Arm'd with her briers, how sweetly smells!
But pluck'd and strain'd through ruder hands,
Her sweets no longer with her dwells;
But scent and beauty both are gone,
And leaves fall from her, one by one.

Such fate, ere long, will thee betide,
When thou hast handled been awhile,
Like sere flowers to be thrown aside;
And I will sigh, while some will smile,
To see thy love for more than one
Hath brought thee to be loved by none.*

GEORGE BUCHANAN—DR ARTHUR JOHNSTON.

Two Scottish authors of this period distinguished themselves by their critical excellence and poetical fancy in the Latin language. By early and intense study, they acquired all the freedom and fluency of natives in this learned tongue, and have become known to posterity as the Scottish Virgil and the Scottish Ovid. We allude to the celebrated George Buchanan and Dr Arthur Johnston. The former is noticed among our prose authors. His great work is his paraphrase of the Psalms, part of which was composed in a monastery in Portugal, to which he had been confined by the Inquisition about the year 1550. He afterwards pursued the sacred strain in France; and his task was finished in Scotland when Mary had assumed the duties of sovereignty. Buch-

G. Buchanan

* It is doubtful whether this beautiful song (which Burns destroyed by rendering into Scotch) was actually the composition of Ayton. It is printed anonymously in Lawes's *Ayres and Dialogues*, 1659. It is a suspicious circumstance, that in *Watson's Collection of Scottish Poems* (1706–11), where several poems by Sir Robert are printed, with his name, in a cluster, this is inserted at a different part of the work, without his name. But the internal evidence is strongly in favour of Sir Robert Ayton being the author, as, in purity of language, elegance, and tenderness, it resembles his undoubted lyrics. Aubrey, in praising Ayton, says, 'Mr John Dryden has seen verses of his, some of the best of that age, printed with some other verses.

anan superintended the studies of that unfortunate princess, and dedicated to her one of the most finished and beautiful of his productions, the *Epithalamium*, composed on her first nuptials. The character and works of Buchanan, who was equally distinguished as a jurist, a poet, and a historian, exhibit a rare union of philosophical dignity and research with the finer sensibilities and imagination of the poet. Arthur Johnston was born at Caskieben, near Aberdeen, in 1587. He studied medicine at Padua, and resided for about twenty years in France. On his return to Britain, he obtained the patronage of Archbishop Laud, and was appointed physician to Charles I. He died at Oxford in 1641. Johnston wrote a number of Latin elegies and epigrams, a paraphrase of the Song of Solomon, a collection of short poems (published in 1637), entitled, *Musæ Aulicæ*, and (his greatest work, as it was that of Buchanan) a complete version of the Psalms. He also edited and contributed largely to the *Deliciæ Poetarum Scotorum*, a collection of congratulatory poems by various authors, which reflected great honour on the taste and scholarship of the Scottish nation. Critics have been divided as to the relative merits of Buchanan and Johnston. We subjoin the opinions of a Scottish and an English scholar:—'If we look into Buchanan,' says Dr Beattie, 'what can we say, but that the learned author, with great command of Latin expression, has no true relish for the emphatic conciseness and unadorned simplicity of the inspired poets? Arthur Johnston is not so verbose, and has, of course, more vigour; but his choice of a couplet, which keeps the reader always in mind of the puerile epistles of Ovid, was singularly injudicious. As psalms may, in prose as easily as in verse, be adapted to music, why should we seek to force those divine strains into the measures of Roman or of modern song? He who transformed Livy into iambics, and Virgil into monkish rhyme, did not, in my opinion, act more absurdly. In fact, sentiments of devotion are rather depressed than elevated by the arts of the European versifier.'* The following is the testimony of Mr Hallam:—'The Scots certainly wrote Latin with a good ear and considerable elegance of phrase. A sort of critical controversy was carried on in the last century as to the versions of the Psalms by Buchanan and Johnston. Though the national honour may seem equally secure by the superiority of either, it has, I believe, been usual in Scotland to maintain the older poet against all the world. I am, nevertheless, inclined to think that Johnston's Psalms, all of which are in elegiac metre, do not fall short of those of Buchanan, either in elegance of style or correctness of Latinity. In the 137th, with which Buchanan has taken much pains, he may be allowed the preference, but not at a great interval, and he has attained this superiority by too much diffuseness.'

[*The 137th Psalm, by Buchanan.*]

Dum procul à patria mœsti Babylonis in oris,
Fluminis ad liquidas fortè sedemus aquas;
Illa animum subiit species miseranda Sionis,
Et nunquam patrii tecta videnda soli.
Flevimus, et gemitus luctantia verba repressit;
Inque sinus liquidæ decidit imber aquæ.
Muta super virides pendebant nablia ramos,
Et salices tacitas sustinuere lyras.
Ecce ferox dominus, Solymæ populator opimæ,
Exigit in mediis carmina læta malis:
Qui patriam exilio nobis mutavit acerbo,
Nos jubet ad patrios verba referre modos,
Quale canebamus, steterat dum celsa Sionis
Regia, finitimis invidiosa locis.
Siccine divinos Babylon irrideat hymnos?
Audiat et sanctos terra profana modos?
O Solymæ, ô adyta, & sacri penetralia templi,
Ullane vos animo deleat hora meo?
Comprecor, antè meæ capiant me oblivia dextræ,
Nec memor argutæ sit mea dextra lyræ:
Os mihi destituat vox, arescente palato,
Hæreat ad fauces aspera lingua meas:
Prima mihi vestræ nisi sint præconia laudis;
Hinc nisi lætitiæ surgat origo meæ.
At tu (quæ nostræ insultavit læta rapinæ)
Gentis Idumææ tu memor esto, pater.
Diripite, ex imis evertite fundamentis,
Æquaque (clamabant) reddite tecta solo.
Tu quoque crudeles Babylon dabis impia pœnas:
Et rerum instabiles experiere vices.
Felix qui nostris accedet cladibus ultor,
Reddet ad exemplum qui tibi damna tuum.
Felix qui tenero consperget saxa cerebro,
Eripiens gremio pignora cara tuo.

The First of May.

[Translated, as is the subsequent piece, from the Latin of Buchanan, by the late Mr Robert Hogg.]

All hail to thee, thou First of May,
Sacred to wonted sport and play,
To wine, and jest, and dance, and song,
And mirth that lasts the whole day long!
Hail! of the seasons honour bright,
Annual return of sweet delight;
Flower of reviving summer's reign,
That hastes to time's old age again!
When Spring's mild air at Nature's birth
First breath'd upon the new-form'd earth;
Or when the fabled age of gold,
Without fix'd law, spontaneous roll'd;
Such zephyrs, in continual gales,
Pass'd temperate along the vales,
And soften'd and refresh'd the soil,
Not broken yet by human toil;
Such fruitful warmths perpetual rest
On the fair islands of the blest—
Those plains where fell disease's moan
And frail old age are both unknown.
Such winds with gentle whispers spread
Among the dwellings of the dead,
And shake the cypresses that grow
Where Lethe murmurs soft and slow.
Perhaps when God at last in ire
Shall purify the world with fire,
And to mankind restore again
Times happy, void of sin and pain,
The beings of this earth beneath,
Such pure ethereal air shall breathe.
Hail! glory of the fleeting year!
Hail! day the fairest, happiest here!
Memorial of the time gone by,
And emblem of futurity!

On Neæra.

My wreck of mind, and all my woes,
And all my ills, that day arose,
When on the fair Neæra's eyes,
Like stars that shine,
At first, with hapless fond surprise,
I gazed with mine.

When my glance met her searching glance,
A shivering o'er my body burst,
As light leaves in the green woods dance
When western breezes stir them first;

* Beattie's Dissertations, Moral and Critical.

My heart forth from my breast to go,
And mix with her's already wanting,
Now beat, now trembled to and fro,
With eager fondness leaping, panting.

Just as a boy, whose nouriee woos him,
Folding his young limbs in her bosom,
Heeds not caresses from another,
But turns his eyes still to his mother,
When she may once regard him watches,
And forth his little fond arms stretches.
Just as a bird within the nest
That cannot fly, yet constant trying,
Its weak wings on its tender breast
Beats with the vain desire of flying.

Thou, wary mind, thyself preparing
To live at peace, from all ensnaring,
That thou might'st never mischief catch,
Plac'd'st you, unhappy eyes, to watch
With vigilance that knew no rest,
Beside the gateways of the breast.

But you, induc'd by dalliance deep,
Or guile, or overcome by sleep;
Or else have of your own accord
Consented to betray your lord;
Both heart and soul then fled and left
Me spiritless, of mind bereft.

Then cease to weep; use is there none
To think by weeping to atone;
Since heart and spirit from me fled,
You move not by the tears you shed;
But go to her, intreat, obtain;
If you do not intreat, and gain,
Then will I ever make you gaze
Upon her, till in dark amaze
You sightless in your sockets roll,
Extinguish'd by her eyes' bright blaze,
As I have been depriv'd of heart and soul.

DRAMATISTS.

Notwithstanding the greatness of the name of Spenser, it is not in general versification that the poetical strength of the age is found to be chiefly manifested. Towards the latter part of the reign of Elizabeth, the dramatic form of composition and representation, coinciding with that love of splendour, chivalrous feeling, and romantic adventures, which animated the court, rose with sudden and wonderful brilliancy, and attracted nearly all the poetical genius of England.

It would appear that, at the dawn of modern civilisation, most countries of Christian Europe possessed a rude kind of theatrical entertainment, consisting, not in those exhibitions of natural character and incident which constituted the plays of ancient Greece and Rome, but in representations of the principal supernatural events of the Old and New Testaments, and of the history of the saints, whence they were denominated *Miracles*, or *Miracle Plays*. Originally, they appear to have been acted by, and under the immediate management of, the clergy, who are understood to have deemed them favourable to the diffusion of religious feeling; though, from the traces of them which remain, they seem to have been profane and indecorous in the highest degree. A miracle play, upon the story of St Katherine, and in the French language, was acted at Dunstable in 1119, and how long such entertainments may have previously existed in England is not known. From the year 1268 to 1577, they were performed almost every year in Chester; and there were few large cities which were not then regaled in a similar manner; even in Scotland they were not unknown. The most sacred persons, not excluding the Deity, were introduced into them.

About the reign of Henry VI., persons representing sentiments and abstract ideas, such as Mercy, Justice, Truth, began to be introduced into the miracle plays, and led to the composition of an improved kind of drama, entirely or chiefly composed of such characters, and termed *Moral Plays*. These were certainly a great advance upon the miracles, in as far as they endeavoured to convey sound moral lessons, and at the same time gave occasion to some poetical and dramatic ingenuity, in imaging forth the characters, and assigning appropriate speeches to each. The only scriptural character retained in them was the devil, who, being represented in grotesque habiliments, and perpetually beaten by an attendant character, called the *Vice*, served to enliven what must have been at the best a sober, though well-meant entertainment. The *Cradle of Security*, *Hit the Nail on the Head*, *Impatient Poverty*, and the *Marriage of Wisdom and Wit*, are the names of moral plays which enjoyed popularity in the reign of Henry VIII. It was about that time that acting first became a distinct profession; both miracles and moral plays had previously been represented by clergymen, schoolboys, or the members of trading incorporations, and were only brought forward occasionally, as part of some public or private festivity.

As the introduction of allegorical characters had been an improvement upon those plays which consisted of scriptural persons only, so was the introduction of historical and actual characters an improvement upon those which employed only a set of impersonated ideas. It was soon found that a real human being, with a human name, was better calculated to awaken the sympathies, and keep alive the attention of an audience, and not less so to impress them with moral truths, than a being who only represented a notion of the mind. The substitution of these for the symbolical characters, gradually took place during the earlier part of the sixteenth century; and thus, with some aid from Greek dramatic literature, which now began to be studied, and from the improved theatres of Italy and Spain, the genuine English drama took its rise.

As specimens of something between the moral plays and the modern drama, the *Interludes* of JOHN HEYWOOD may be mentioned. Heywood was supported at the court of Henry VIII. partly as a musician, partly as a professed wit, and partly as a writer of plays. His dramatic compositions, part of which were produced before 1521, generally represented some ludicrous familiar incident, in a style of the broadest and coarsest farce, but yet with no small skill and talent. One, called the *Four P's*, turns upon a dispute between a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Pedlar (who are the only characters), as to which shall tell the grossest falsehood: an accidental assertion of the Palmer, that he never saw a woman out of patience in his life, takes the rest off their guard, all of whom declare it to be the greatest lie they ever heard, and the settlement of the question is thus brought about amidst much drollery. One of Heywood's chief objects seems to have been to satirise the manners of the clergy, and aid in the cause of the Reformers. There were some less distinguished writers of interludes, and Sir David Lyndsay's *Satire of the Three Estates*, acted in Scotland in 1539, was a play of this kind.

The regular drama, from its very commencement, was divided into comedy and tragedy, the elements of both being found quite distinct in the rude entertainments above described, not to speak of the pre-

cedents afforded by Greece and Rome. Of comedy, which was an improvement upon the interludes, and may be more remotely traced in the ludicrous parts of the moral plays, the earliest specimen that can now be found bears the uncouth title of *Ralph Royster Doyster*, and was the production of NICOLAS UDALL, master of Westminster school. It is supposed to have been written in the reign of Henry VIII., but certainly not later than 1551. The scene is in London, and the characters, thirteen in number, exhibit the manners of the middle orders of the people of that day. It is divided into five acts, and the plot is amusing and well constructed. Mr J. Payne Collier, who has devoted years of anxious study to the history and illustration of dramatic literature, has discovered four acts of a comedy, which he assigns to the year 1560. This play is entitled *Mesogonus*, and bears to be written by 'Thomas Rychardes.' The scene is laid in Italy, but the manners are English, and the character of the domestic fool, so important in the old comedy, is fully delineated. The next in point of time is *Gammer Gurton's Needle*, supposed to have been written about 1565 (or still earlier) by JOHN STILL, Master of Arts, and afterwards bishop of Bath and Wells. This is a piece of low rustic humour, the whole turning upon the loss and recovery of the needle with which Gammer Gurton was mending a piece of attire belonging to her man Hodge. But it is cleverly hit off, and contains a few well-sketched characters.

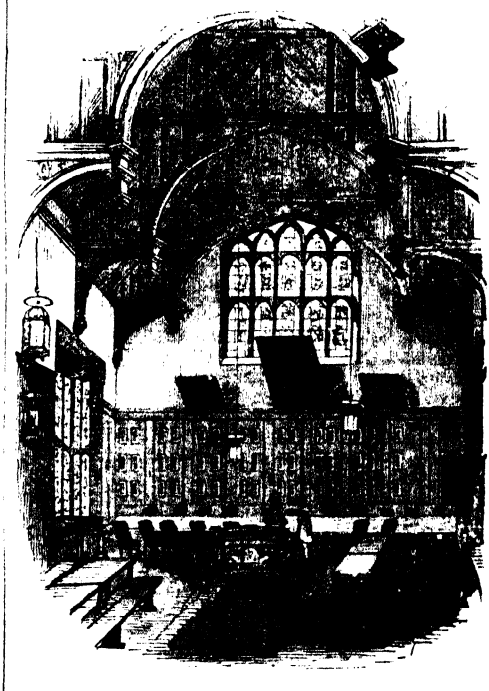
The language of Ralph Royster Doyster, and of Gammer Gurton's Needle, is in long and irregularly measured rhyme, of which a specimen may be given from a speech of Dame Custance in the former play, respecting the difficulty of preserving a good reputation :—

——— How necessary it is now a-days,
That each body live uprightly in all manner ways ;
For let never so little a gap be open,
And be sure of this, the worst will be spoken !

Tragedy, of later origin than comedy, came directly from the more elevated portions of the moral plays, and from the pure models of Greece and Rome. The earliest known specimen of this kind of composition is the *Tragedy of Ferrex and Porrex*, composed by Thomas Sackville, afterwards Earl of Dorset, and by Thomas Norton, and played before Queen Elizabeth at Whitehall, by the members of the Inner Temple, in January 1561. It is founded on a fabulous incident in early British history, and is full of slaughter and civil broils. It is written, however, in regular blank verse, consists of five acts, and observes some of the more useful rules of the classic drama of antiquity, to which it bears resemblance in the introduction of a chorus—that is, a group of persons whose sole business it is to intersperse the play with moral observations and inferences, expressed in lyrical stanzas. It may occasion some surprise, that the first English tragedy should contain lines like the following :—

Acastus. Your grace should now, in these grave years of yours,
Have found ere this the price of mortal joys ;
How short they be, how fading here in earth ;
How full of change, how little our estate,
Of nothing sure save only of the death,
To whom both man and all the world doth owe
Their end at last : neither should nature's power
In other sort against your heart prevail,
Than as the naked hand whose stroke assays
The armed breast where force doth light in vain.
Gorboduc. Many can yield right sage and grave advice
Of patient sprite to others wrapp'd in woe,
And can in speech both rule and conquer kind,
Who, if by proof they might feel nature's force,
Would show themselves men as they are indeed,
Which now will needs be gods.

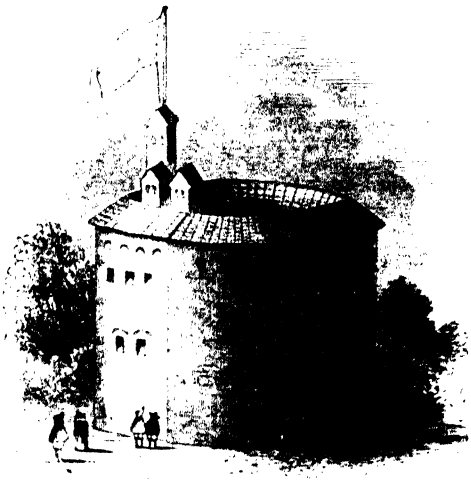
Not long after the appearance of Ferrex and Porrex, both tragedies and comedies had become not uncommon. *Damon and Pythias*, the first English tragedy upon a classical subject, was acted before the queen at Oxford, in 1566 ; it was the composition of RICHARD EDWARDS, a learned member of the university, but was inferior to Ferrex and Porrex, in so far as it carried an admixture of vulgar comedy, and was written in rhyme. In the same year, two plays respectively styled the *Supposes* and *Jocasta*, the one a comedy adapted from Ariosto, the other a tragedy from Euripides, were acted in Gray's Inn Hall.



Gray's Inn Hall.

A tragedy, called *Tancred and Gismunda*, composed by five members of the Inner Temple, and presented there before the queen in 1568, was the first English play taken from an Italian novel. Various dramatic pieces now followed, and between the years 1568 and 1580, no less than fifty-two dramas were acted at court under the superintendence of the Master of the Revels. Under the date of 1578, we have the play of *Promos and Cassandra*, by GEORGE WHETSONE, on which Shakspeare founded his *Measure for Measure*. Historical plays were also produced, and the *Troublesome Reign of King John*, the *Famous Victories of Henry V.*, and the *Chronicle History of Leir, King of England*, formed the quarry from which Shakspeare constructed his dramas on the same events. The first regularly licensed theatre in London was opened at Blackfriars in 1576 ; and in ten years, it is mentioned by Secretary Walsingham, that there were two hundred players in and near the metropolis. This was probably an exaggeration, but it is certain there were five public theatres open

about the commencement of Shakspeare's career, and several private or select establishments. Curiosity is naturally excited to learn something of the structure and appearance of the buildings in which his immortal dramas first saw the light, and where he unwillingly made himself a 'motley to the view,' in his character of actor. The theatres were constructed



Globe Theatre.

of wood, of a circular form, open to the weather, excepting over the stage, which was covered with a thatched roof. Outside, on the roof, a flag was hoisted during the time of performance, which commenced at three o'clock, at the third *sounding* or flourish of trumpets. The cavaliers and fair dames of the court of Elizabeth sat in boxes below the gallery, or were accommodated with stools on the stage, where some of the young gallants also threw themselves at length on the rush-strewn floor, while their pages handed them pipes and tobacco, then a fashionable and highly-prized luxury. The middle classes were crowded in the pit, or *yard*, which was not furnished with seats. Moveable scenery was first introduced by Davenant, after the Restoration,* but rude imitations of towers, woods, animals, or furniture, served to illustrate the scene. To point out the place of action, a board containing the name, painted or written in large letters, was hung out during the performance. Anciently, an allegorical exhibition, called the *Dumb Show*, was exhibited before every act, and gave an outline of the action or circumstances to follow. Shakspeare has preserved this peculiarity in the play acted before the king and queen in Hamlet; but he never employs it in his own dramas. Such machinery, indeed, would be incompatible with the increased action and business of the stage, when the miracle plays had given place to the 'pomp and circumstance' of historical dramas, and the bustling liveliness of comedy. The chorus was longer retained, and appears in Marlow's Faustus, and in Henry VI. Actresses were not seen on the stage till after the Restoration, and the female parts were played by boys, or delicate-looking young men. This may perhaps palliate the grossness of some of the language put into the mouths of females in the old plays, while it serves to point out still more clearly the depth of that innate sense of beauty and excellence which prompted the exquisite pictures of loveliness and perfection in Shakspeare's female characters. At the end of each performance, the clown, or buffoon actor of the company, recited or sung a rhyming medley called a *jig*, in which he often contrived to introduce satirical allusions to public men or events; and before dismissing the audience, the actors knelt in front of the stage, and offered up a prayer for the queen! Reviewing these rude arrangements of the old theatres, Mr Dyce happily remarks—'What a contrast between the almost total want of scenery in those days, and the splendid representations of external nature in our modern playhouses! Yet perhaps the decline of the drama may in a great measure be attributed to this improvement. The attention of an audience is now directed rather to the efforts of the painter than to those of the actor, who is lost amid the marvellous effects of light and shade on our gigantic stages.'*

The only information we possess as to the payment of dramatic authors at this time, is contained in the memoranda of Philip Henslowe, a theatrical manager, preserved in Dulwich college, and quoted by Malone and Collier. Before the year 1600, the price paid by Henslowe for a new play never exceeded £8; but after this date, perhaps in consequence of the exertions of rival companies, larger sums were given, and prices of £20 and £25 are mentioned. The proceeds of the second day's performance were afterwards added to the author's emoluments. Furnishing prologues for new plays, the prices of which varied from five to twenty shillings, was another source of gain: but the proverbial poverty of poets seems to have been exemplified in the old dramatists, even when they were actors as well as authors. The shareholders of the theatre derived considerable profits from the performances, and were occasionally paid for exhibitions in the houses of the nobility. In 1602, a sum of ten pounds was given to 'Burbidge's players' for performing Othello before Queen Elizabeth, at Harefield, the seat of Sir Thomas Egerton. Nearly all the dramatic authors preceding and contemporary with Shakspeare were men who had received a learned education at the university of Oxford or Cambridge. A profusion of classical imagery abounds in their plays, but they did not copy the severe and correct taste of the ancient models. They wrote to supply the popular demand for novelty and excitement—for broad farce or superlative tragedy—to introduce the coarse raillery or comic incidents of low life—to dramatise a murder, or embody the vulgar idea of oriental bloodshed and splendid extravagance. 'If we seek for a poetical image,' says a writer on our drama, 'a burst of passion, a beautiful sentiment, a trait of nature, we seek not in vain in the works of our very oldest dramatists. But none of the predecessors of Shakspeare must be thought of along with him, when he appears before us like Prometheus, moulding the figures of men, and breathing into them the animation and all the passions of life.'† Among the immediate predecessors of the great poet are some worthy of separate notice. A host of *playwrights* abounded, and nearly all of them have touches of that happy poetic diction, free, yet choice and select, which gives a permanent value and interest to these elder masters of English poetry.

* 'The air-blest castle, round whose wholesome crest
The martlet, guest of summer, chose her nest—
The forest-walks of Arden's fair domain,
Where Jnques fed his solitary vein;
No pencil's aid as yet had dar'd supply,
Seen only by th' intellectual eye.'—C. Lamb.

* Memoir of Shakspeare—Aldine Poets.

† Blackwood's Magazine, vol. ii., from Essays on the Old Drama, said to have been contributed by Henry Mackenzie, author of the 'Man of Feeling.'

JOHN LYLY.

JOHN LYLY, born in Kent in 1554, produced nine plays between the years 1579 and 1600. They were mostly written for court entertainments, and performed by the scholars of St Paul's. He was educated at Oxford, and many of his plays are on mythological subjects, as *Sappho and Phaon*, *Endymion*, the *Maid's Metamorphosis*, &c. His style is affected and unnatural, yet, like his own Niobe, in the Metamorphosis, 'oftentimes he had sweet thoughts, sometimes hard conceits; betwixt both a kind of yielding.' By his *Euphues*, or the *Anatomy of Wit*, Lyly exercised a powerful though injurious influence on the fashionable literature of his day, in prose composition as well as in discourse. His plays were not important enough to found a school. Hazlitt was a warm admirer of Lyly's Endymion, but evidently from the feelings and sentiments it awakened, rather than the poetry. 'I know few things more perfect in characteristic painting,' he remarks, 'than the exclamation of the Phrygian shepherds, who, afraid of betraying the secret of Midas's ears, fancy that "the very reeds bow down, as though they listened to their talk;" nor more affecting in sentiment, than the apostrophe addressed by his friend Eumenides to Endymion, on waking from his long sleep, "Behold the twig to which thou laidest down thy head is now become a tree."' There are finer things in the Metamorphosis, as where the prince laments Eurymene lost in the woods—

Adorned with the presence of my love,
The woods I fear such secret power shall prove,
As they'll shut up each path, hide every way,
Because they still would have her go astray,
And in that place would always have her seen,
Only because they would be ever green,
And keep the winged choristers still there,
To banish winter clean out of the year.

Or the song of the fairies—

By the moon we sport and play,
With the night begins our day:
As we dance the dew doth fall,
Trip it, little urchins all.
Lightly as the little bee,
Two by two, and three by three,
And about go we, and about go we.

The genius of Lyly was essentially lyrical. The songs in his plays seem to flow freely from nature. The following exquisite little pieces are in his drama of *Alexander and Campaspe*, written about 1583:—

Cupid and Campaspe.

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses; Cupid paid.
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves and team of sparrows;
Loses them too, and down he throws
The coral of his lip—the rose
Growing on's cheek, but none knows how;
With these the crystal on his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin;
All these did my Campaspe win:
At last he set her both his eyes;
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
Oh Love, hath she done this to thee?
What shall, alas, become of me!

Song.

What bird so sings, yet so does wail?
O 'tis the ravish'd nightingale
Jug, jug, jug, jug—tereu—she cries,
And still her woes at midnight rise.
Brave prick-song! who is't now we hear?
None but the lark so shrill and clear,
Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
The morn not waking till she sings.
Hark, hark! but what a pretty note,
Poor Robin red-breast tunes his throat;
Hark, how the jolly cuckoos sing
'Cuckoo!' to welcome in the spring.

GEORGE PEELE.

GEORGE PEELE held the situation of city poet and conductor of pageants for the court. He was also an actor and a shareholder with Shakspeare and others, in 1589, in the Blackfriars theatre. In 1584, his *Arraignment of Paris*, a court show, was represented before Elizabeth. The author was then a young man, who had recently left Christ-church, Oxford. In 1593, Peele gave an example of an English historical play in his *Edward I.* The style of this piece is turgid and monotonous; yet, in the following allusion to England, we see something of the high-sounding kingly speeches in Shakspeare's historical plays:—

Illustrious England, ancient seat of kings,
Whose chivalry hath royalis'd thy fame,
That, sounding bravely through terrestrial vale,
Proclaiming conquests, spoils, and victories,
Rings glorious echoes through the farthest world!
What warlike nation, train'd in feats of arms,
What barbarous people, stubborn, or untam'd,
What climate under the meridian signs,
Or frozen zone under his brumal stage,
Erst have not quak'd and trembled at the name
Of Britain and her mighty conquerors?
Her neighbour realms, as Scotland, Denmark, France,
Awed with their deeds, and jealous of her arms,
Have begg'd defensive and offensive leagues.
Thus Europe, rich and mighty in her kings,
Hath fear'd brave England, dreadful in her kings.
And now, to eternise Albion's champions,
Equivalent with Trojan's ancient fame,
Comes lovely Edward from Jerusalem,
Veering before the wind, ploughing the sea;
His stretched sails fill'd with the breath of men,
That through the world admire his manliness.
And lo, at last arrived in Dover road,
Longshank, your king, your glory, and our son,
With troops of conquering lords and warlike knights,
Like bloody-crested Mars, o'erlooks his host,
Higher than all his army by the head,
Marching along as bright as Phœbus' eyes!
And we, his mother, shall behold our son,
And England's peers shall see their sovereign.

Peele was also author of the *Old Wives' Tale*, a legendary story, part in prose, and part in blank verse, which afforded Milton a rude outline of his fable of Comus. The Old Wives' Tale was printed in 1595, as acted by 'the Queen's Majesty's Players.' The greatest work of Peele is his Scripture drama, the *Love of King David and Fair Bethsabe*, with the tragedy of *Absalom*, which Mr Campbell terms 'the earliest fountain of pathos and harmony that can be traced in our dramatic poetry.' The date of representation of this drama is not known; it was not printed till 1599, after Shakspeare had written some of his finest comedies, and opened up a fountain compared with which the feeble tricklings of Peele were wholly insignificant. It is not probable that Peele's play was written before 1590, as one passage in it is a direct plagiarism from the Faery Queen of Spenser. We may allow Peele the merit of a delicate poetical fancy and smooth musical versification. The defect of his blank verse is its want of variety: the art of

varying the pauses and modulating the verse without the aid of rhyme had not yet been generally adopted. In David and Bethsabe this monotony is less observable, because his lines are smoother, and there is a play of rich and luxurious fancy in some of the scenes.

Prologue to King David and Fair Bethsabe.

Of Israel's sweetest singer now I sing,
His holy style and happy victories;
Whose muse was dipt in that inspiring dew,
Archangels 'stilled from the breath of Jove,
Decking her temples with the glorious flowers
Heaven rain'd on tops of Sion and Mount Sinai.
Upon the bosom of his ivory lute
The cherubim and angels laid their breasts;
And when his consecrated fingers struck
The golden wires of his ravishing harp,
He gave alarum to the host of heaven,
That, wing'd with lightning, brake the clouds, and cast
Their crystal armour at his conquering feet.
Of this sweet poet, Jove's musician,
And of his beauteous son, I press to sing;
Then help, divine Adonai, to conduct
Upon the wings of my well-temper'd verse,
The hearers' minds above the towers of heaven,
And guide them so in this thrice haughty flight,
Their mounting feathers scorch not with the fire
That none can temper but thy holy hand:
To thee for succour flies my feeble muse,
And at thy feet her iron pen doth use.

BETHSABE and her maid bathing. King DAVID above.

The Song.

Hot sun, cool fire, temper'd with sweet air,
Black shade, fair nurse, shadow my white hair:
Shine sun, burn fire, breathe air and ease me,
Black shade, fair nurse, shroud me and please me;
Shadow (my sweet nurse) keep me from burning,
Make not my glad cause, cause of mourning.
Let not my beauty's fire
Inflame unstaid desire,
Nor pierce any bright eye
That wandereth lightly.

Bethsabe. Come, gentle zephyr, trick'd with those perfumes
That erst in Eden sweeten'd Adam's love,
And stroke my bosom with the silken fan:
This shade (sun proof) is yet no proof for thee;
Thy body, smoother than this waveless spring,
And purer than the substance of the same,
Can creep through that his lances[1] cannot pierce.
Thou and thy sister, soft and sacred air,
Goddess of life and governess of health,
Keeps every fountain fresh and arbour sweet;
No brazen gate her passage can repulse,
Nor bushy thicket bar thy subtle breath.
Then deck thee with thy loose delightsome robes,
And on thy wings bring delicate perfumes,
To play the wantons with us through the leaves.

David. What tunes, what words, what looks, what wonders pierce
My soul, incensed with a sudden fire!
What tree, what shade, what spring, what paradise,
Enjoys the beauty of so fair a dame!
Fair Eva, plac'd in perfect happiness,
Lending her praise-notes to the liberal heavens,
Struck with the accents of archangels' tunes,
Wrought not more pleasure to her husband's thoughts
Than this fair woman's words and notes to mine.
May that sweet plain that bears her pleasant weight,
Be still enamell'd with discolour'd flowers;
That precious fount bear sand of purest gold;
And for the pebble, let the silver streams
That pierce earth's bowels to maintain the source,
Play upon rubies, sapphires, crysolites;
The brim let be embrac'd with golden curls
Of moss that sleeps with sound the waters make
For joy to feed the fount with their recourse;
Let all the grass that beautifies her bower,
Bear manna every morn, instead of dew;
Or let the dew be sweeter far than that
That hangs like chains of pearl on Hermon hill,
Or balm which trickled from old Aaron's beard.

Enter CUSAY.

See, Cusay, see the flower of Israel,
The fairest daughter that obeys the king,
In all the land the Lord subdued to me,
Fairer than Isaac's lover at the well,
Brighter than inside bark of new-hewn cedar,
Sweeter than flames of fine perfumed myrrh;
And comelier than the silver clouds that dance
On zephyr's wings before the King of Heaven.

Cusay. Is it not Bethsabe the Hethite's wife,
Urias, now at Rabath siege with Joab?

David. Go now and bring her quickly to the king;
Tell her, her graces hath found grace with him.

Cusay. I will, my lord. [*Exit.*

David. Bright Bethsabe shall wash in David's bower
In water mixed with purest almond flower,
And bathe her beauty in the milk of kids;
Bright Bethsabe gives earth to my desires,
Verdure to earth, and to that verdure flowers,
To flowers sweet odours, and to odours wings,
That carries pleasures to the hearts of kings.

* * *

Now comes my lover tripping like the roe,
And brings my longings tangled in her hair:
To joy her love I'll build a kingly bower,
Seated in hearing of a hundred streams,
That, for their homage to her sovereign joys,
Shall, as the serpents fold into their nests,
In oblique turnings wind the nimble waves
About the circles of her curious walks,
And with their murmur summon easeful sleep,
To lay his golden sceptre on her brows.

Mr Lamb says justly, that the line 'seated in hearing of a hundred streams' is the best in the above passage. It is indeed a noble poetical image. Peele died before 1599, and seems, like most of his dramatic brethren, to have led an irregular life, in the midst of severe poverty. A volume of *Merry Conceited Jests*, said to have been by him, was published after his death in 1607, which shows that he was not scrupulous as to the means of relieving his necessities.

THOMAS KYD.

In 1588, THOMAS KYD produced his play of *Hieronimo* or *Jeronimo*, and some years afterwards a second part to it, under the title of the *Spanish Tragedy*, or *Hieronimo is Mad Again*. This second part is supposed to have gone through more editions than any play of the time. Ben Jonson was afterwards engaged to make additions to it, when it was revived in 1601, and further additions in 1602. These new scenes are said by Lamb to be 'the very salt of the old play,' and so superior to Jonson's acknowledged works, that he attributes them to Webster, or some 'more potent spirit' than Ben. This seems refining too much in criticism. Kyd, like Marlow, often verges upon bombast, and 'deals largely in blood and death.'

[1] The sun's rays.

THOMAS NASH.

Thomas Nash, a lively satirist, who amused the town with his attacks on Gabriel Harvey and the Puritans, wrote a comedy called *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, which was exhibited before Queen Elizabeth in 1592. He was also concerned with Marlow in writing the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*. He was imprisoned for being the author of a satirical play, never printed, called the *Isle of Dogs*. Another piece of Nash's, entitled the *Supplication of Pierce Penniless to the Devil*, was printed in 1592, which was followed next year by *Christ's Tears over Jerusalem*. Nash was a native of Leostoff, in Suffolk, and was born about the year 1564; he was of St John's college, Cambridge. He died about the year 1600, after a 'life spent,' he says, 'in fantastical satirism, in whose veins heretofore I mispent my spirit, and prodigally conspired against good hours.' He was the Churchill of his day, and was much famed for his satires. One of his contemporaries remarks of him, in a happy couplet—

> His style was witty, though he had some gall,
> Something he might have mended, so may all.
> *Return from Parnassus.*

The versification of Nash is hard and monotonous. The following is from his comedy of 'Summer's Last Will and Testament,' and is a favourable specimen of his blank verse: great part of the play is in prose:—

> I never lov'd ambitiously to climb,
> Or thrust my hand too far into the fire.
> To be in heaven sure is a blessed thing,
> But, Atlas-like, to prop heaven on one's back
> Cannot but be more labour than delight.
> Such is the state of men in honour placed:
> They are gold vessels made for servile uses;
> High trees that keep the weather from low houses,
> But cannot shield the tempest from themselves.
> I love to dwell betwixt the hill and dales,
> Neither to be so great as to be envied,
> Nor yet so poor the world should pity me.

In his poem of Pierce Penniless, Nash draws a harrowing picture of the despair of a poor scholar—

> Ah, worthless wit! to train me to this woe:
> Deceitful arts that nourish discontent:
> Ill thrive the folly that bewitch'd me so!
> Vain thoughts adieu! for now I will repent—
> And yet my wants persuade me to proceed,
> For none take pity of a scholar's need.
> Forgive me, God, although I curse my birth,
> And ban the air wherein I breathe a wretch,
> Since misery hath daunted all my mirth,
> And I am quite undone through promise breach;
> Ah, friends!—no friends that then ungentle frown
> When changing fortune casts us headlong down.

ROBERT GREENE.

Robert Greene, a more distinguished dramatist, is conjectured to have been a native of Norfolk, as he adds 'Norfolciensis' to his name, in one of his productions. He was educated at Clare-Hall, Cambridge, and in 1583 appeared as an author. He is supposed to have been in orders, and to have held the vicarage of Tollesbury, in Essex, as, in 1585, Robert Greene, the vicar, lost his preferment. The plays of Greene are the *History of Orlando*, *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*, *Alphonsus, King of Arragon*, *George-a-Green*, the *Pinner of Wakefield*, *James IV.*, and the *Looking-glass for London and England*: the latter was written in conjunction with Lodge. Greene died in September 1592, owing, it is said, to a surfeit of red herrings and Rhenish wine! Besides his plays, he wrote a number of tracts, one of which, *Pandosto, the Triumph of Time*, 1588, was the source from which Shakspeare derived the plot of his *Winter's Tale*. Some lines contained in this tale are very beautiful:—

> Ah, were she pitiful as she is fair,
> Or but as mild as she is seeming so,
> Then were my hopes greater than my despair—
> Then all the world were heaven, nothing woe.
> Ah, were her heart relenting as her hand,
> That seems to melt e'en with the mildest touch,
> Then knew I where to seat me in a land
> Under the wide heavens, but yet not such.
> So as she shows, she seems the budding rose,
> Yet sweeter far than is an earthly flower;
> Sovereign of beauty, like the spray she grows,
> Compass'd she is with thorns and canker'd flower;
> Yet, were she willing to be pluck'd and worn,
> She would be gather'd though she grew on thorn.

The blank verse of Greene approaches next to that of Marlow, though less energetic. His imagination was lively and discursive, fond of legendary lore, and filled with classical images and illustrations. In his Orlando, he thus apostrophises the evening star:—

> Fair queen of love, thou mistress of delight,
> Thou gladsome lamp that wait'st on Phœbe's train,
> Spreading thy kindness through the jarring orbs,
> That in their union praise thy lasting powers;
> Thou that hast stay'd the fiery Ph'egon's course,
> And mad'st the coachman of the glorious wain
> To droop in view of Daphne's excellence;
> Fair pride of morn, sweet beauty of the even,
> Look on Orlando languishing in love.
> Sweet solitary groves, whereas the nymphs
> With pleasance laugh to see the satyrs play,
> Witness Orlando's faith unto his love.
> Tread she these lawns? kind Flora, boast thy pride:
> Seek she for shades? spread, cedars, for her sake.
> Fair Flora, make her couch amidst thy flowers.
> Sweet crystal springs,
> Wash ye with roses when she longs to drink.
> Ah thought, my heaven! Ah heaven, that knows my thought!
> Smile, joy in her that my content hath wrought.

Passages like this prove that Greene succeeds well, as Hallam remarks, 'in that florid and gay style, a little redundant in images, which Shakspeare frequently gives to his princes and courtiers, and which renders some unimpassioned scenes in the historic plays effective and brilliant.' Professor Tieck gives him the high praise of possessing 'a happy talent, a clear spirit, and a lively imagination.' His comedies have a good deal of boisterous merriment and farcical humour. George-a-Green is a shrewd Yorkshireman, who meets with the kings of Scotland and England, Robin Hood, Maid Marian, &c., and who, after various tricks, receives the pardon of King Edward—

> George-a-Green, give me thy hand: there is
> None in England that shall do thee wrong.
> Even from my court I came to see thyself,
> And now I see that fame speaks nought but truth.

The following is a specimen of the simple humour and practical jokes in the play: it is in a scene between George and his servant:—

> *Jenkin.* This fellow comes to me,
> And takes me by the bosom: you slave,
> Said he, hold my horse, and look
> He takes no cold in his feet.

No, marry, shall he, sir, quoth I ;
I'll lay my cloak underneath him.
I took my cloak, spread it all along,
And his horse on the midst of it.
George. Thou clown, did'st thou set his horse upon thy cloak ?
Jenkin. Ay, but mark how I served him.
Madge and he were no sooner gone down into the ditch,
But I plucked out my knife, cut four holes in my cloak,
And made his horse stand on the bare ground.

'Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay' is Greene's best comedy. His friars are conjurors, and the piece concludes with one of their pupils being carried off to hell on the back of one of Friar Bacon's devils. Mr Collier thinks this was one of the latest instances of the devil being brought upon the stage *in propria persona*. The play was acted in 1591, but may have been produced a year or two earlier.

In some hour of repentance, when death was nigh at hand, Greene wrote a tract called *A Groat's Worth of Wit, Bought with a Million of Repentance*, in which he deplores his fate more feelingly than Nash, and also gives ghostly advice to his acquaintances, 'that spend their wit in making plays.' Marlow he accuses of atheism: Lodge he designates 'young Juvenal,' and 'a sweet boy;' Peele he considers too good for the stage; and he glances thus at Shakspeare:—'For there is an upstart crow beautified with our feathers, that, with his tiger's heart wrapt in a player's hide, supposes he is as well able to bombast out a blank verse as the best of you; and being an absolute Johannes Fac-totum, is, in his own conceit, the only *Shake-scene* in a country.' The punning allusion to Shakspeare is palpable: the expressions, 'tiger's heart,' &c. are a parody on the line in Henry VI., part third :

O tiger's heart wrapt in a woman's hide.

The Winter's Tale is believed to be one of Shakspeare's late dramas, not written till long after Greene's death; consequently, if this be correct, the unhappy man could not allude to the plagiarism of the plot from his tale of Pandosto. Some forgotten play of Greene and his friends may have been alluded to; perhaps the old dramas on which Shakspeare constructed his Henry VI., for in one of these, the line, 'O tiger's heart,' &c., also occurs. These old plays, however, seem above the pitch of Greene in tragedy. The 'Groat's Worth of Wit' was published after Greene's death by a brother dramatist, Henry Chettle, who, in the preface to a subsequent work, apologised indirectly for the allusion to Shakspeare. 'I am as sorry,' he says, 'as if the original fault had been my fault, because myself have seen his demeanour no less civil than he excellent in the quality he professes. Besides, divers of worship have reported his uprightness of dealing, which argues his honesty, and his facetious grace in writing, that approves his art.' This is a valuable statement: full justice is done to Shakspeare's moral worth and civil deportment, and to his respectability as an actor and author. Chettle's apology or explanation was made in 1593.

The conclusion of Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit' contains more pathos than all his plays: it is a harrowing picture of genius debased by vice, and sorrowing in repentance:—

'But now return I again to you three (Marlow, Lodge, and Peele), knowing my misery is to you no news: and let me heartily intreat you to be warned by my harms. Delight not, as I have done, in irreligious oaths, despise drunkenness, fly lust, abhor those epicures, whose loose life hath made religion loathsome to your ears; and when they soothe you with terms of mastership, remember Robert Greene (whom they have often flattered) perishes for want of comfort. Remember, gentlemen, your lives are like so many light-tapers that are with care delivered to all of you to maintain; these, with wind-puffed wrath, may be extinguished, with drunkenness put out, with negligence let fall. The fire of my light is now at the last snuff. My hand is tired, and I forced to leave where I would begin; desirous that you should live, though himself be dying.—ROBERT GREENE.'

Content—A Sonnet.

Sweet are the thoughts that savour of content :
The quiet mind is richer than a crown :
Sweet are the nights in careless slumber spent :
The poor estate scorns Fortune's angry frown.
Such sweet content, such minds, such sleep, such bliss,
Beggars enjoy, when princes oft do miss.
The homely house that harbours quiet rest,
The cottage that affords no pride nor care,
The mean, that 'grees with country music best,
The sweet consort of mirth's and music's fare.
Obscured life sets down a type of bliss ;
A mind content both crown and kingdom is.

[*Sephestia's Song to her Child,*

After escaping from Shipwreck.]

Mother's wag, pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy,
When thy father first did see
Such a boy by him and me,
He was glad, I was woe,
Fortune changed made him so ;
When he had left his pretty boy,
Last his sorrow, first his joy.
Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The wanton smiled, father wept,
Mother cried, baby leap'd ;
More he crow'd, more he cried,
Nature could not sorrow hide ;
He must go, he must kiss
Child and mother, baby bless ;
For he left his pretty boy,
Father's sorrow, father's joy.
Weep not my wanton, smile upon my knee ;
When thou art old, there's grief enough for thee.

The Shepherd and his Wife.

It was near a thicky shade,
That broad leaves of beech had made,
Joining all their tops so nigh,
That scarce Phœbus in could pry ;
Where sat the swain and his wife,
Sporting in that pleasing life,
That Coridon commendeth so,
All other lives to over-go.
He and she did sit and keep
Flocks of kids and flocks of sheep :
He upon his pipe did play,
She tuned voice unto his lay.
And, for you might her housewife know,
Voice did sing and fingers sew.
He was young, his coat was green, or-
With welts of white seamed between, -rain-
Turned over with a flap, pathos,
That breast and bosom in did wrap, claims the
Skirts side and plighted free,
Seemly hanging to his knee,

A whittle with a silver chape ;
Cloak was russet, and the cape
Served for a bonnet oft,
To shroud him from the wet aloft :
A leather scrip of colour red,
With a button on the head ;
A bottle full of country whig,
By the shepherd's side did lig ;
And in a little bush hard by,
There the shepherd's dog did lie,
Who, while his master 'gan to sleep,
Well could watch both kids and sheep.
The shepherd was a frolic swain,
For, though his 'parel was but plain,
Yet doon[1] the authors soothly say,
His colour was both fresh and gay ;
And in their writs plain discuss,
Fairer was not Tityrus,
Nor Menalcas, whom they call
The alderleefest swain of all !
Seeming him was his wife,
Both in line and in life.
Fair she was, as fair might be,
Like the roses on the tree ;
Buxom, blithe, and young, I ween,
Beauteous, like a summer's queen ;
For her cheeks were ruddy hued,
As if lilies were imbrued
With drops of blood, to make the white
Please the eye with more delight.
Love did lie within her eyes,
In ambush for some wanton prize ;
A leefer lass than this had been,
Coridon had never seen.
Nor was Phillis, that fair may,
Half so gaudy or so gay.
She wore a chaplet on her head ;
Her cassock was of scarlet red,
Long and large, as straight as bent ;
Her middle was both small and gent.
A neck as white as whales' bone,
Compast with a lace of stone ;
Fine she was, and fair she was,
Brighter than the brightest glass ;
Such a shepherd's wife as she,
Was not more in Thessaly.

[Philador, seeing this couple sitting thus lovingly, noted the concord of country amity, and began to conjecture with himself, what a sweet kind of life those men use, who were by their birth too low for dignity, and by their fortunes too simple for envy : well, he thought to fall in prattle with them, had not the shepherd taken his pipe in hand, and began to play, and his wife to sing out, this roundelay :—]

Ah ! what is love ! It is a pretty thing,
As sweet unto a shepherd as a king,
And sweeter too :
For kings have cares that wait upon a crown,
And cares can make the sweetest cares to frown :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

His flocks are folded ; he comes home at night
As merry as a king in his delight,
And merrier too :
For kings bethink them what the state require,
Where shepherds, careless, carol by the fire :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

He kisseth first, then sits as blithe to eat
His cream and curd, as doth the king his meat,
And blither too :

[1] Do.

For kings have often fears when they sup,
Where shepherds dread no poison in their cup :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Upon his couch of straw he sleeps as sound
As doth the king upon his beds of down,
More sounder too :
For cares cause kings full oft their sleep to spill,
Where weary shepherds lie and snort their fill :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

Thus with his wife he spends the year as blithe
As doth the king at every tide or syth,
And blither too :
For kings have wars and broils to take in hand,
When shepherds laugh, and love upon the land :
Ah then, ah then,
If country loves such sweet desires gain,
What lady would not love a shepherd swain ?

THOMAS LODGE.

Thomas Lodge was an actor in London in 1584. He had previously been a servitor of Trinity college, Oxford (1573), and had accompanied Captain Clarke in his voyage to the Canary Islands. He first studied law at Lincoln's Inn, but afterwards practised medicine. He took the degree of M.D. at Avignon. In 1590, he published a novel called *Rosalind, Euphues' Golden Legacy*, in which he recommends the fantastic style of Lyly. From part of this work (the story of Rosalind) Shakspeare constructed his *As You Like It*. If we suppose that Shakspeare wrote first sketches of the 'Winter's Tale' and 'As You Like It,' before 1592 (as he did of 'Romeo and Juliet,' 'Hamlet,' &c.), we may account for Greene's charge of plagiarism, by assuming that the words 'beautified with our feathers,' referred to the tales of 'Pandosto' and 'Rosalind.' In 1594, Lodge wrote a historical play, the *Wounds of Civil War, Lively set forth in the True Tragedies of Marius and Sylla* ; this play is heavy and uninteresting, but Lodge had the good taste to follow Marlow's Tamburlaine, in the adoption of blank verse. For example—

Ay, but the milder passions show the man ;
For, as the leaf doth beautify the tree,
The pleasant flowers bedeck the painted spring,
Even so in men of greatest reach and power,
A mild and piteous thought augments renown.

The play, *A Looking-Glass for London and England*, written by Lodge and Greene, is directed to the defence of the stage. It applies the scriptural story of Nineveh to the city of London, and amidst drunken buffoonery, and clownish mirth, contains some powerful satirical writing. Lodge also wrote a volume of satires and other poems, translated Josephus, and penned a serious prose defence of the drama. He was living in 1600, as is proved by his obtaining that year a pass from the privy council, permitting himself and his friend, 'Henry Savell, gent.,' to travel into the archduke's country, *taking with them two servants*, for the purpose of recovering some debts due them there. The actor and dramatist had now merged in the prosperous and wealthy physician : Lodge had profited by Greene's example and warning. According to Wood, Lodge died of the plague in September 1625.

It is impossible to separate the labours of Greene and Lodge in their joint play, but the former was certainly the most dramatic in his talents. In Lodge's 'Rosalind,' there is a delightful spirit of romantic fancy

and a love of nature that marks the true poet. We subjoin some of his minor pieces :—

[*Beauty.*]

Like to the clear in highest sphere,
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of self-same colour is her hair,
Whether unfolded or in twines :

Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Refining heaven by every wink ;
The gods do fear, when as they glow,
And I do tremble when I think.

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud,
That beautifies Aurora's face ;
Or like the silver crimson shroud,
That Phœbus' smiling looks doth grace.

Her lips are like two budded roses,
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh ;
Within which bounds she balm encloses,
Apt to entice a deity.

Her neck like to a stately tower,
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances, every hour,
From her divine and sacred eyes.

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue,
Her body everywhere is fed,
Yet soft in touch, and sweet in view.

Nature herself her shape admires,
The gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires,
And at her eyes his brand doth light.

[*Rosalind's Madrigal.*]

Love in my bosom, like a bee,
Doth suck his sweet ;
Now with his wings he plays with me,
Now with his feet.
Within mine eyes he makes his nest,
His bed amidst my tender breast ;
My kisses are his daily feast,
And yet he robs me of my rest :
Ah, wanton, will ye !

And if I sleep, then percheth he
With pretty flight,
And makes his pillow of my knee,
The live-long night.
Strike I my lute, he tunes the string ;
He music plays if so I sing ;
He lends me every lovely thing,
Yet cruel he my heart doth sting :
Whist, wanton, still ye !

Else I with roses every day
Will whip you hence,
And bind you, when you long to play,
For your offence ;
I'll shut mine eyes to keep you in,
I'll make you fast it for your sin,
I'll count your power not worth a pin
Alas ! what hereby shall I win,
If he gainsay me !

What if I beat the wanton boy
With many a rod ?
He will repay me with annoy,
Because a god.
Then sit thou safely on my knee,
And let thy bower my bosom be ;
Lurk in mine eyes, I like of thee,
O, Cupid ! so thou pity me,
Spare not, but play thee.

[*Love.*]

Turn I my looks unto the skies,
Love with his arrows wounds mine eyes ;
If so I gaze upon the ground,
Love then in every flower is found ;
Search I the shade to fly my pain,
Love meets me in the shade again ;
Want I to walk in secret grove,
E'en there I meet with sacred love ;
If so I bathe me in the spring,
E'en on the brink I hear him sing ;
If so I meditate alone,
He will be partner of my moan ;
If so I mourn he weeps with me,
And where I am there will he be !

CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

The greatest of Shakspeare's precursors in the drama was CHRISTOPHER MARLOW—a fiery imaginative spirit, who first imparted consistent character and energy to the stage, in connexion with a finely modulated and varied blank verse. Marlow is supposed to have been born about the year 1562, and is said to have been the son of a shoemaker at Canterbury. He had a learned education, and took the degree of M.A. at Bennet college, Cambridge, in 1587. Previous to this, he had written his tragedy of *Tamburlaine the Great*, which was successfully brought out on the stage, and long continued a favourite. Shakspeare makes ancient Pistol quote, in ridicule, part of this play—

'Holla, ye pamper'd jades of Asia, &c.

But, amidst the rant and fustian of 'Tamburlaine, there are passages of great beauty and wild grandeur, and the versification justifies the compliment afterwards paid by Ben Jonson, in the words, 'Marlow's mighty line.' His high-sounding blank verse is one of his most characteristic features. Marlow now commenced the profession of an actor; but if we are to credit a contemporary ballad, he was soon incapacitated for the stage by breaking his leg 'in one lewd scene.' His second play, the *Life and Death of Dr Faustus*, exhibits a far wider range of dramatic power than his first tragedy. The hero studies necromancy, and makes a solemn disposal of his soul to Lucifer, on condition of having a familiar spirit at his command, and unlimited enjoyment for twenty-four years; during which period Faustus visits different countries, 'calls up spirits from the vasty deep,' and revels in luxury and splendour. At length the time expires, the bond becomes due, and a party of evil spirits enter, amidst thunder and lightning, to claim his forfeited life and person. Such a plot afforded scope for deep passion and variety of adventure, and Marlow has constructed from it a powerful though irregular play. Scenes and passages of terrific grandeur, and the most thrilling agony, are intermixed with low humour and preternatural machinery, often ludicrous and grotesque. The ambition of Faustus is a sensual, not a lofty ambition. A feeling of curiosity and wonder is excited by his necromancy and his strange compact with Lucifer; but we do not fairly sympathise with him till all his disguises are stripped off, and his meretricious splendour is succeeded by horror and despair. Then, when he stands on the brink of everlasting ruin, waiting for the fatal moment, imploring, yet distrusting repentance, a scene of enchaining interest, fervid passion, and overwhelming pathos, carries captive the sternest heart, and proclaims the full triumph of the tragic poet.

[*Scenes from Marlow's Faustus.*]

FAUSTUS.—WAGNER, his Servant.

Faust. Say, Wagner, thou hast perused my will.
How dost thou like it?

Wag. Sir, so wondrous well,
As in all humble duty I do yield
My life and lasting service for your love. [*Exit.*

Three Scholars enter.

Faust. Gramercy, Wagner.
Welcome, gentlemen.

First Sch. Now, worthy Faustus, methinks your looks are changed.

Faust. Oh, gentlemen.

Sec. Sch. What ails Faustus?

Faust. Ah, my sweet chamber-fellow, had I lived with thee, then had I lived still, but now must die eternally. Look, sirs, comes he not? comes he not?

First Sch. Oh, my dear Faustus, what imports this fear?

Sec. Sch. Is all our pleasure turned to melancholy?

Third Sch. He is not well with being over solitary.

Sec. Sch. If it be so, we will have physicians, and Faustus shall be cured.

First Sch. 'Tis but a surfeit, sir; fear nothing.

Faust. A surfeit of a deadly sin, that hath damn'd both body and soul.

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, look up to heaven, and remember mercy is infinite.

Faust. But Faustus's offence can ne'er be pardoned. The serpent that tempted Eve may be saved, but not Faustus. Oh, gentlemen, hear me with patience, and tremble not at my speeches. Though my heart pant and quiver to remember that I have been a student here these thirty years, Oh, would I had ne'er seen Wirtemberg, never read book! and what wonders have I done, all Germany can witness, yea, all the world: for which Faustus hath lost both Germany and the world; yea, heaven itself, heaven the seat of God, the throne of the blessed, the kingdom of joy, and must remain in hell for ever. Hell, Oh hell, for ever. Sweet friends, what shall become of Faustus being in hell for ever?

Sec. Sch. Yet, Faustus, call on God.

Faust. On God, whom Faustus hath abjured? on God, whom Faustus hath blasphemed? Oh, my God, I would weep, but the devil draws in my tears. Gush forth blood instead of tears, yea, life and soul. Oh, he stays my tongue: I would lift up my hands, but see, they hold'em, they hold'em!

Scholars. Who, Faustus?

Faust. Why, Lucifer and Mephostophilis. Oh, gentlemen, I gave them my soul for my cunning.

Scholars. Oh, God forbid.

Faust. God forbid it indeed, but Faustus hath done it: for the vain pleasure of four-and-twenty years hath Faustus lost eternal joy and felicity. I writ them a bill with mine own blood; the date is expired: this is the time, and he will fetch me.

First Sch. Why did not Faustus tell us of this before, that divines might have prayed for thee?

Faust. Oft have I thought to have done so; but the devil threatened to tear me in pieces if I named God; to fetch me body and soul if I once gave ear to divinity; and now it is too late. Gentlemen, away, lest you perish with me.

Sec. Sch. Oh, what may we do to save Faustus?

Faust. Talk not of me, but save yourselves, and depart.

Third Sch. God will strengthen me, I will stay with Faustus.

First Sch. Tempt not God, sweet friend, but let us into the next room and pray for him.

Faust. Ay, pray for me, pray for me; and what noise soever you hear, come not unto me, for nothing can rescue me.

Sec. Sch. Pray thou, and we will pray, that God may have mercy upon thee.

Faust. Gentlemen, farewell; if I live till morning, I'll visit you: if not, Faustus is gone to hell.

Scholars. Faustus, farewell.

FAUSTUS alone.—The Clock strikes Eleven.

Faust. Oh, Faustus,
Now hast thou but one bare hour to live,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually.
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease and midnight never come.
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day: or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.
O lente lente currite, noctis equi.
The stars move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
The devil will come, and Faustus must be damn'd.
Oh, I will leap to heaven: who pulls me down?
See where Christ's blood streams in the firmament:
One drop of blood will save me: Oh, my Christ,
Rend not my heart for naming of my Christ.
Yet will I call on him: O spare me, Lucifer.
Where is it now? 'tis gone!
And see a threat'ning arm, and angry brow.
Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
And hide me from the heavy wrath of heaven.
No? then I will headlong run into the earth:
Gape earth. Oh no, it will not harbour me.
You stars that reign'd at my nativity,
Whose influence have allotted death and hell,
Now draw up Faustus like a foggy mist
Into the entrails of yon labouring cloud;
That when you vomit forth into the air,
My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
But let my soul mount and ascend to heaven.

The Watch strikes.

Oh, half the hour is past: 'twill all be past anon.
Oh, if my soul must suffer for my sin,
Impose some end to my incessant pain.
Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
A hundred thousand, and at the last be saved:
No end is limited to damned souls.
Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul?
Or why is this immortal that thou hast?
Oh, Pythagoras, Metempsycosis, were that true,
This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
Into some brutish beast.
All beasts are happy, for when they die,
Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements:
But mine must live still to be plagued in hell.
Curst be the parents that engender'd me:
No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven.

The Clock strikes Twelve.

It strikes, it strikes; now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell.
Oh soul, be chang'd into small water drops,
And fall into the ocean: ne'er be found.

Thunder, and enter the Devils.

Oh mercy, heaven, look not so fierce on me.
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while:
Ugly hell gape not; come not, Lucifer:
I'll burn my books: Oh, Mephostophilis!

* * *

Enter Scholars.

First Sch. Come, gentlemen, let us go visit Faustus,
For such a dreadful night was never seen
Since first the world's creation did begin;
Such fearful shrieks and cries were never heard.
Pray heaven the Doctor have escaped the danger.

Sec. Sch. O help us heavens! see, here are Faustus' limbs
All torn asunder by the hand of death.
Third Sch. The devil whom Faustus serv'd hath torn him thus:
For 'twixt the hours of twelve and one, methought
I heard him shriek and call aloud for help;
At which same time the house seem'd all on fire
With dreadful horror of these damned fiends.
Sec. Sch. Well, gentlemen, though Faustus' end be such
As every Christian heart laments to think on;
Yet, for he was a scholar once admired
For wondrous knowledge in our German schools,
We'll give his mangled limbs due burial:
And all the scholars, cloth'd in mourning black,
Shall wait upon his heavy funeral.
Chorus. Cut is the branch that might have grown full straight,
And burned is Apollo's laurel bough
That sometime grew within this learned man:
Faustus is gone! Regard his hellish fall,
Whose fiendful fortune may exhort the wise
Only to wonder at unlawful things:
Whose deepness doth entice such forward wits
To practise more than heavenly power permits.

The classical taste of Marlow is evinced in the fine apostrophe to Helen of Greece, whom the spirit Mephostophilis conjures up 'between two Cupids,' to gratify the sensual gaze of Faustus:—

Was this the face that launch'd a thousand ships
And burn'd the topless towers of Ilium!
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss!
Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flies.
Come, Helen, come give me my soul again;
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena.
O thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars!
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele;
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azure arms;
And none but thou shall be my paramour.

Before 1593, Marlow produced three other dramas, the *Jew of Malta*, the *Massacre at Paris*, and a historical play, *Edward the Second*. The more malignant passions of the human breast have rarely been represented with such force as they are in the Jew.

[*Passages from the Jew of Malta.*]

[In one of the early scenes, Barabas the Jew is deprived of his wealth by the governor of Malta. While being comforted in his distress by two Jewish friends, he thus denounces his oppressors:—]

The plagues of Egypt, and the curse of heaven,
Earth's barrenness, and all men's hatred
Inflict upon them, thou great *Primus Motor!*
And here, upon my knees, striking the earth,
I ban their souls to everlasting pains
And extreme tortures of the fiery deep,
That thus have dealt with me in my distress.

[So deeply have his misfortunes embittered his life, that he would have it appear he is tired of it:—]

And henceforth wish for an eternal night,
That clouds of darkness may enclose my flesh,
And hide these extreme sorrows from mine eyes.

[But when his comforters are gone, he throws off the mask of sorrow to show his real feelings, which suggest to him schemes of the subtlest vengeance. With the fulfilment of these, the rest of the play is occupied, and when, having taken terrible vengeance on his enemies, he is overmatched himself, he thus confesses his crimes, and closes his career:—]

Then Barabas, breathe forth thy latest fate,
And in the fury of thy torments, strive
To end thy life with resolution:
Know, Governor, 'tis I that slew thy son;
I fram'd the challenge that did make them meet.
Know, Calymath, I aim'd thy overthrow;
And had I but escap'd this stratagem,
I would have brought confusion on you all,
Damn'd Christian dogs, and Turkish infidels.
But now begins the extremity of heat
To pinch me with intolerable pangs.
Die life, fly soul, tongue curse thy fill, and die.
[*Dies.*

'Edward the Second' is considered as superior to the two plays mentioned in connexion with it: it is a noble drama, with ably-drawn characters and splendid scenes. Another tragedy, *Lust's Dominion*, was published long after Marlow's death, with his name as author on the title page. Mr Collier has shown that this play, as it was then printed, was a much later production, and was probably written by Dekker and others. It contains passages and characters, however, which have the impress of Marlow's genius, and we think he must have written the original outline. Great uncertainty hangs over many of the old dramas, from the common practice of managers of theatres employing different authors, at subsequent periods, to furnish additional matter for established plays. Even Faustus was dressed up in this manner: in 1597 (four years after Marlow's death), Dekker was paid 20s. for making additions to this tragedy: and in other five years, Birde and Rowley were paid £4 for further additions to it. Another source of uncertainty as to the paternity of old plays, was the unscrupulous manner in which booksellers appropriated any popular name of the day, and affixed it to their publications. In addition to the above dramatic productions, Marlow assisted Nash in the tragedy of *Dido, Queen of Carthage*, and translated part of *Hero and Leander* (afterwards completed by Chapman), and the *Elegies of Ovid*; the latter was so licentious as to be burned by order of the Archbishop of Canterbury, yet they were often reprinted in defiance of the ecclesiastical interdict. Poor Marlow lived, as he wrote, wildly: he was accused of entertaining atheistical opinions, but there is no trace of this in his plays. He came to an early and singularly unhappy end. He was attached to a lady, who favoured another lover; Marlow found them in company one day, and in a frenzy of rage attempted to stab the man with his dagger. His antagonist seized him by the wrist, and turned the dagger, so that it entered Marlow's own head, 'in such sort,' says Anthony Wood, 'that, notwithstanding all the means of surgery that could be brought, he shortly after died of his wound.' Some of the accounts represent the poet's rival as a mere 'serving man,' the female a courtesan, and the scene of the fatal struggle a house of ill-fame. The old ballad to which we have alluded thus describes the affair:—

His lust was lawless as his life,
And brought about his death;
For in a deadly mortal strife,
Striving to stop the breath
Of one who was his rival foe,
With his own dagger slain;
He groan'd, and word spoke never moe,
Pierc'd through the eye and brain.*

* First published in 1834 by Mr Collier, in his 'New Particulars regarding the Works of Shakspeare.'

Thus, condemned by the serious and puritanical, and stained with follies, while his genius was rapidly maturing and developing its magnificent resources, Marlow fell a victim to an obscure and disgraceful brawl. The last words of Greene's address to him a year or two before are somewhat ominous:—'Refuse not (with me) till this last point of extremity; for little knowest thou how in the end thou shalt be visited.' The warning was—

> Like the sad presaging raven, that tolls
> The sick man's passport in her hollow beak,
> And in the shadow of the silent night
> Doth shake contagion from her sable wings.
>
> *Jew of Malta.*

Marlow's fatal conflict is supposed to have taken place at Deptford, as he was buried there on the 1st of June 1593. The finest compliment paid to the genius of this unfortunate poet was by his contemporary and fellow-dramatist, Michael Drayton:—

> Next Marlow, bathed in the Thespian springs,
> Had in him those brave translunary things
> That the first poets had: his raptures were
> All air and fire, which made his verses clear;
> For that fine madness still he did retain,
> Which rightly should possess a poet's brain.

We subjoin part of the death-scene of Edward II. in his historical drama, a scene which Charles Lamb says, 'moves pity and terror beyond any scene, ancient or modern.' It may challenge comparison with Shakspeare's death of Richard II.; but Marlow could not interest us in his hero as the great dramatist does in the gentle Richard:—

[*Scene from Marlow's Edward II.*]

Scene, Berkley Castle. The KING is left alone with LIGHTBORN, a murderer.

Edw. Who's there? what light is that? wherefore com'st thou?
Light. To comfort you, and bring you joyful news.
Edw. Small comfort finds poor Edward in thy looks.
Villain, I know thou com'st to murder me.
Light. To murder you, my most gracious lord!
Far is it from my heart to do you harm.
The queen sent me to see how you were us'd,
For she relents at this your misery:
And what eyes can refrain from shedding tears,
To see a king in this most piteous state.
Edw. Weep'st thou already? list a while to me,
And then thy heart, were it as Gurney's[1] is,
Or as Matrevis',[1] hewn from the Caucasus,
Yet will it melt, ere I have done my tale.
This dungeon where they keep me is a sink
Wherein the filth of all the castle falls.
Light. O villains!
Edw. And there, in mire and puddle have I stood
This ten days' space; and lest that I should sleep,
One plays continually upon a drum.
They give me bread and water, being a king;
So that, for want of sleep and sustenance,
My mind's distemper'd, and my body's numb'd,
And whether I have limbs or no, I know not.
O would my blood drop out from every vein,
As doth this water from my tattered robes!
Tell Isabel the queen, I look'd not thus,
When for her sake I ran at tilt in France,
And there unhors'd the Duke of Cleremont.
Light. O speak no more, my lord! this breaks my heart.
Lie on this bed, and rest yourself a while.

[1] His keepers.

Edw. These looks of thine can harbour nought but death:
I see my tragedy written in thy brows.
Yet stay a while, forbear thy bloody hand,
And let me see the stroke before it comes,
That even then when I shall lose my life,
My mind may be more steadfast on my God.
Light. What means your highness to mistrust me thus?
Edw. What mean'st thou to dissemble with me thus?
Light. These hands were never stain'd with innocent blood,
Nor shall they now be tainted with a king's.
Edw. Forgive my thought, for having such a thought.
One jewel have I left, receive thou this.
Still fear I, and I know not what's the cause,
But every joint shakes as I give it thee.
Oh, if thou harbour'st murder in thy heart,
Let the gift change thy mind, and save thy soul.
Know that I am a king: Oh, at that name
I feel a hell of grief. Where is my crown?
Gone, gone; and do I still remain alive?
Light. You're overwatch'd my lord; lie down and rest.
Edw. But that grief keeps me waking, I should sleep;
For not these ten days have these eyelids closed.
Now as I speak they fall, and yet with fear
Open again. O wherefore sitt'st thou here?
Light. If you mistrust me, I'll be gone, my lord.
Edw. No, no; for if thou mean'st to murder me,
Thou wilt return again; and therefore stay.
Light. He sleeps.
Edw. O let me not die; yet stay, O stay a while.
Light. How now, my lord?
Edw. Something still buzzeth in mine ears,
And tells me if I sleep I never wake;
This fear is that which makes me tremble thus.
And therefore tell me, wherefore art thou come?
Light. To rid thee of thy life; Matrevis, come.
Edw. I am too weak and feeble to resist:
Assist me, sweet God, and receive my soul.

The taste of the public for the romantic drama, in preference to the classical, seems now to have been confirmed. An attempt was made towards the close of Elizabeth's reign, to revive the forms of the classic stage, by DANIEL the poet, who wrote two plays, *Cleopatra* and *Philotas*, which are smoothly versified, but undramatic in their character. LADY PEMBROKE co-operated in a tragedy called *Antony*, written in 1590; and SAMUEL BRANDON produced, in 1598, a tame and feeble Roman play, *Virtuous Octavia*.

ANTHONY MUNDAY—HENRY CHETTLE.

In the throng of dramatic authors, the names of ANTHONY MUNDAY and HENRY CHETTLE frequently occur. Munday was an author as early as 1579, and he was concerned in fourteen plays. Francis Meres, in 1598, calls him the 'best plotter' among the writers for the stage. One of his dramas, *Sir John Oldcastle*, was written in conjunction with Michael Drayton and others, and was printed in 1600, with the name of Shakspeare on the title-page! *The Death of Robert, Earl of Huntington*, printed in 1601, was a popular play by Munday, assisted by Chettle. The pranks of Robin Hood and Maid Marian in merry Sherwood are thus gaily set forth:—

> Wind once more, jolly huntsmen, all your horns,
> Whose shrill sound, with the echoing woods' assist,
> Shall ring a sad knell for the fearful deer,
> Before our feather'd shafts, death's winged darts,
> Bring sudden summons for their fatal ends. * *

Give me thy hand: now God's curse on me light,
If I forsake not grief in grief's despite.
Much, make a cry, and yeomen stand ye round:
I charge ye, never more let woeful sound
Be heard among ye; but whatever fall,
Laugh grief to scorn, and so make sorrow small. * *
Marian, thou seest, though courtly pleasures want,
Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant.
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound
Of instrumental music, we have found
The winged quiristers, with divers notes,
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,
On every branch that compasseth our bower,
Without command contenting us each hour.
For arras hangings, and rich tapestry,
We have sweet nature's best embroidery.
For thy steel glass, wherein thou wont'st to look,
Thy crystal eyes gaze on the crystal brook.
At court, a flower or two did deck thy head,
Now, with whole garlands it is circled;
For what in wealth we want, we have in flowers,
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

Chettle was engaged in no less than thirty-eight plays between the years 1597 and 1603, four of which have been printed. Mr Collier thinks he had written for the stage before 1592, when he published Greene's posthumous work, 'A Groat's Worth of Wit.' Among his plays, the *names* of which have descended to us, is one on the subject of Cardinal Wolsey, which probably was the original of Shakspeare's Henry VIII. The best drama of this prolific author which we now possess, is a comedy called *Patient Grissell*, taken from Boccaccio. The humble charms of the heroine are thus finely described:—

See where my Grissell and her father is,
Methinks her beauty, shining through those weeds,
Seems like a bright star in the sullen night.
How lovely poverty dwells on her back!
Did but the proud world note her as I do,
She would cast off rich robes, forswear rich state,
To clothe her in such poor habiliments.

The names of Haughton, Antony Brewer, Porter, Smith, Hathaway (probably some relation of Shakspeare's wife), Wilson, &c., also occur as dramatic writers. From the diary of Henslowe, it appears that, between 1591 and 1597, upwards of a hundred different plays were performed by *four* of the *ten or eleven* theatrical companies which then existed. Henslowe was originally a pawnbroker, who advanced money and dresses to the players, and he ultimately possessed a large share of the wardrobe and properties of the playhouses with which he was concerned. The name of Shakspeare does not once occur in his diary.

Several good dramas of this golden age have descended to us, the authors of which are unknown. A few of these possess merit enough to have been considered first sketches of Shakspeare, but this opinion has been gradually abandoned by all but one or two German critics. Most of them have been published in Dodsley's Collection of Old Plays. The best are, the 'Merry Devil of Edmonton,' the 'London Prodigal,' the 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' 'Lord Cromwell,' the 'Birth of Merlin,' the 'Collier of Croydon,' 'Mucedorus,' 'Locrine,' 'Arden of Feversham,' the 'Misfortunes of Arthur,' 'Edward III.,' &c. The most correct and regular of these anonymous dramas is 'Arden of Feversham,' a domestic tragedy, founded on a murder which took place in 1551. Alice, the wife of Arden, proves unfaithful, and joins with her paramour Mosbie, and some assassins, in murdering her husband. Tieck has translated this play into German, as a genuine production of Shakspeare, but the style is different. In the earliest acknowledged works of the Warwickshire bard, there is a play of wit, and of what Hallam calls 'analogical imagery,' which is not seen in 'Arden of Feversham,' though it exhibits a strong picture of the passions, and indicates freedom of versification and dramatic art. We subjoin one touching scene between Alice and her paramour—a scene of mutual recrimination, guilt, and tenderness:—

[*Scene from Arden of Feversham.*]

ALICE ARDEN.—MOSBIE.

Mos. How now, Alice? What! sad and passionate?
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness;
Fire divided burns with lesser force.
Al. But I will dam that fire in my breast,
Till by the force thereof my part consume.
Ah, Mosbie!
Mos. Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,
Discharged against a ruinated wall,
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore;
Thou knowest it well, and 'tis thy policy
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.
It is not love that loves to anger love.
Al. It is not love that loves to murder love.
Mos. How mean you that?
Al. Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.
Mos. And then——
Al. And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,
And published in the world to both our shames.
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our spring-time wither;
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.
Forget, I pray thee, what has past betwixt us:
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.
Mos. What! are you changed?
Al. Ay, to my former happy life again;
From title of an odious strumpet's name
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—
Ha, Mosbie! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,
And made me slanderous to all my kin.
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,
A mean artificer, that low-born name!
I was bewitcht; woe-worth the hapless hour
And all the causes that enchanted me.
Mos. Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth;
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,
Let me repent the credit I have lost.
I have neglected matters of import,
That would have 'stated me above thy state;
For slow'd advantages, and spurned at time;
Ay, fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,
To take a wanton giglot by the left.
I left the marriage of an honest maid,
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth;
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.
This certain good I lost for changing bad,
And wrapt my credit in thy company.
I was bewitcht; that is no theme of thine;
And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,
And put another sight upon these eyes,
That showed my heart a raven for a dove.
Thou art not fair; I view'd thee not till now:
Thou art not kind; till now I knew thee not:
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,
Thy worthless copper shows thee counterfeit.
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hinds;
I am too good to be thy favourite.
Al. Ay, now I see, and too soon find it true,

Which often hath been told me by my friends,
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth ;
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two ;
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look ;
If thou cry war, there is no peace for me.
I will do penance for offending thee ;
And burn this prayer book, which I here use,
The holy word that has converted me.
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,
And all the leaves ; and in this golden cover
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,
And hold no other sect but such devotion.
Wilt thou not look ? is all thy love o'erwhelm'd ?
Wilt thou not hear ? what malice stops thy ears ?
Why speak'st thou not ? what silence ties thy tongue ?
Thou hast been sighted as the eagle is,
And heard as quickly as the fearful hare,
And spoke as smoothly as an orator,
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak :
And art thou sensible in none of these ?
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,
And I deserve not Mosbie's muddy looks.
A fence of trouble is not thicken'd still ;
Be clear again ; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

Mos. O fie, no ; I'm a base artificer ;
My wings are feathered for a lowly flight.
Mosbie, fie, no ; not for a thousand pound
Make love to you ; why, 'tis unpardonable.
We beggars must not breathe where gentles are.

Al. Sweet Mosbie is as gentle as a king,
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands,
Weeds in gardens, roses grow on thorns ;
So whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,
Himself is valued gentle by his worth.

Mos. Ah, how you women can insinuate,
And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue.
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

'Arden of Feversham' was first printed in 1592. The 'Yorkshire Tragedy,' another play of the same kind, but apparently more hastily written, was performed in 1604, and four years afterwards printed with Shakspeare's name. Both Dyce and Collier, able dramatic antiquaries and students, are inclined to the opinion, that this drama contains passages which only Shakspeare could have written. But in lines like the following—though smooth and natural, and quoted as the most Shakspearian in the play—we miss the music of the great dramatist's thoughts and numbers. It is, however, a forcible picture of a luckless, reckless gambler :—

What will become of us ? All will away !
My husband never ceases in expense,
Both to consume his credit and his house ;
And 'tis set down by heaven's just decree,
That Riot's child must needs be Beggary.
Are these the virtues that his youth did promise ?
Dice and voluptuous meetings, midnight revels,
Taking his bed with surfeits, ill beseeming
The ancient honour of his house and name ?
And this not all, but that which kills me most,
When he recounts his losses and false fortunes,
The weakness of his state, so much dejected,
Not as a man repentant, but half mad.
His fortunes cannot answer his expense.
He sits and sullenly locks up his arms,
Forgetting heaven, looks downward, which makes him
Appear so dreadful, that he frights my heart :
Walks heavily, as if his soul were earth ;
Not penitent for those his sins are past,
But vex'd his money cannot make them last.
A fearful melancholy, ungodly sorrow !

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE.

We have seen that Greene, Peele, and Marlow, prepared, in some degree, the way for Shakspeare. They had given a more settled and scholastic form to the drama, and assigned it a permanent place in the national literature. They adorned the stage

William Shakspeare

[Copy of the Bust at Stratford.]

with more variety of character and action, with deep passion, and true poetry. The latter, indeed, was tinged with incoherence and extravagance, but the sterling ore of genius was, in Marlow at least, abundant. Above all, they had familiarised the public ear to the use of blank verse. The last improvement was the greatest ; for even the genius of Shakspeare would have been cramped and confined, if it had been condemned to move only in the fetters of rhyme. The quick interchange of dialogue, and the various nice shades and alternations of character and feeling, could not have been evolved in dramatic action, except in that admirable form of verse which unites rhythmical harmony with the utmost freedom, grace, and flexibility. When Shakspeare, therefore, appeared conspicuously on the horizon, the scene may be said to have been prepared for his reception. The Genius of the Drama had accumulated materials for the use of the great poet, who was to extend her empire over limits not yet recognised, and invest it with a splendour which the world had never seen before.

The few incidents in Shakspeare's life are surrounded with doubt and fable. The fond idolatry with which he is now regarded, was only turned to his personal history at a late period, when little could be gathered even by the most enthusiastic collector. Our best facts are derived from legal documents. WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in the county of Warwick, in April 1564. There

is a pleasant and poetical tradition, that he was born on the 23d of the month, the anniversary of St

Birthplace of Shakspeare.

George, the tutelar saint of England; but all we know with certainty is, that he was baptised on the 26th. His father, John Shakspeare, was a woolcomber or glover, who had elevated his social position by marriage with a rustic heiress, Mary Arden, possessed of an estate worth about £70 per annum of our present money. The poet's father rose to be high bailiff and chief alderman of Stratford; but in 1578, he is found mortgaging his wife's inheritance, and, from entries in the town-books, is supposed to have fallen into comparative poverty. William was the eldest of six surviving children, and after some education at the grammar-school, he is said to have been brought home to assist at his father's business. There is a blank in his history for some years; but doubtless he was engaged, whatever might be his circumstances or employment, in treasuring up materials for his future poetry. The study of man and of nature, facts in natural history, the country, the fields, and the woods, would be gleaned by familiar intercourse and observation among his fellow-townsmen, and in rambling over the beautiful valley of the Avon. It has been conjectured that he was some time in a lawyer's office, as his works abound in technical legal phrases and illustrations. This has always seemed to us highly probable. The London players were also then in the habit of visiting Stratford: Thomas Green, an actor, was a native of the town; and Burbage, the greatest performer of his day (the future *Richard*, *Hamlet*, and *Othello*), was originally from Warwickshire. Who can doubt, then, that the high bailiff's son, from the years of twelve to twenty, was a frequent and welcome visitant *behind the scenes?*—that he there imbibed the tastes and feelings which coloured all his future life—and that he there felt the first stirrings of his immortal dramatic genius? We are persuaded that he had begun to write long before he left Stratford, and had most probably sketched, if not completed, his *Venus and Adonis*, and the *Lucrece*. The amount of his education at the grammar-school has been made a question of eager scrutiny and controversy. Ben Jonson says, he had 'little Latin, and less Greek.' This is not denying that he had some. Many Latinised idioms and expressions are to be found in his plays. The choice of two classical subjects for his early poetry, and the numerous felicitous allusions in his dramas to the mythology of the ancients, show that he was imbued with the spirit and taste of classical literature, and was a happy student, if not a critical scholar. His mind was too comprehensive to degenerate into pedantry; but when, at the age of four or five and twenty, he took the field of original dramatic composition, in company with the university-bred authors and wits of his times, he soon distanced them all, in correctness as well as facility, in the intellectual richness of his thoughts and diction, and in the wide range of his acquired knowledge. It may be safely assumed, therefore, that at Stratford he was a hard, though perhaps an irregular, student. The precocious maturity of Shakspeare's passions hurried him into a premature marriage. On the 28th of November 1582, he obtained a license at Worcester, legalising his union with Anne Hathaway, *with once asking of the banns*. Two of his neighbours became security in the sum of £40, that the poet would fulfil his matrimonial engagement, he being a minor, and unable, legally, to contract for himself. Anne Hathaway was seven years older than her husband. She was the daughter of a 'substantial yeoman' of the village of Shottery, about a mile from Stratford. The hurry and anxiety with respect to the marriage-license, is explained by the register of baptisms in the poet's native town; his daughter Susanna was christened on the 26th May 1583, six months after the marriage. In a year and a half, two other children, twins, were born to Shakspeare, who had no family afterwards. We may readily suppose that the small town of Stratford did not offer scope for the ambition of the poet, now arrived at early manhood, and feeling the ties of a husband and a father. He removed to London in 1586 or 1587. It has been said that his departure was hastened by the effects of a lampoon he had written on a neighbouring squire, Sir Thomas Lucy of Charlecote, in revenge for Sir Thomas prosecuting him for deer-stealing. The story is inconsistent in its details. Part of it must be untrue; it was never recorded against him in his lifetime; and the whole may have been built upon the opening scene in the *Merry Wives of Windsor* (not written till after Sir Thomas Lucy's death), in which there is some wanton wit on the armorial bearings of the Lucy family. The tale, however, is now associated so intimately with the name of Shakspeare, that, considering the obscurity which rests and probably will ever rest on his history, there seems little likelihood of its ever ceasing to have a place in the public mind.* Shakspeare soon rose to dis-

* Mr Washington Irving, in his 'Sketch-Book,' thus adverts to Charlecote, and the deer-stealing affair:—

'I had a desire to see the old family seat of the Lucys at Charlecote, and to ramble through the park where Shakspeare, in company with some of the roysters of Stratford, committed his youthful offence of deer-stealing. In this hair-brained exploit, we are told that he was taken prisoner, and carried to the keeper's lodge, where he remained all night in doleful captivity. When brought into the presence of Sir Thomas Lucy, his treatment must have been galling and humiliating; for it so wrought upon his spirit, as to produce a rough pasquinade, which was affixed to the park-gate at Charlecote.

This flagitious attack upon the dignity of the knight so incensed him, that he applied to a lawyer at Warwick to put the severity of the laws in force against the rhyming deer stalker.

tinction in the theatre. He was a shareholder of the Blackfriars Company, within two or three years after his arrival; of the fifteen shareholders of the theatre in November 1589, Shakspeare's name is

Charlecote House.

the eleventh on the list. In 1596, his name is the fifth in a list of only eight proprietors; and in 1603, he was second in the new patent granted by King James. It appears from recent discoveries made by Mr Collier, that the wardrobe and stage properties afterwards belonged to Shakspeare, and with the shares which he possessed, were estimated at £1400, equal to between £6000 and £7000 of our present money. He was also a proprietor of the Globe Theatre; and at the lowest computation, his income must have been about £300 a-year, or £1500 at the present day. As an actor, Shakspeare is said by a contemporary (supposed to be Lord Southampton) to have been 'of good account in the company;' but the cause of his unexampled success was his immortal dramas, the delight and wonder of his age—

That so did take Eliza and our James,

as Ben Jonson has recorded, and as is confirmed by various authorities. Up to 1611, the whole of Shakspeare's plays (thirty-seven in number, according to the first folio edition) are supposed to have been produced. With the nobles, the wits, and poets of his day, he was in familiar intercourse. The 'gentle Shakspeare,' as he was usually styled, was throned in all hearts. But notwithstanding his brilliant success in the metropolis, the poet early looked forward to a permanent retirement to the country. He visited Stratford once a-year; and when wealth flowed in upon him, he purchased property in his native town and its vicinity. He bought New Place, the principal house in Stratford; in 1602, he gave £320 for 107 acres of land adjoining to his purchase; and in 1605, he paid £440 for the lease of the tithes of Stratford. The latest entry of his name among the king's players is in 1604, but he was living in London in 1609. The year 1612 has been assigned as the date of his final retirement to the country. In the fulness of his fame, with a handsome competency, and before age had chilled the enjoyment of life, the poet returned to his native town to spend the remainder of his days among the quiet scenes and the friends of his youth. His parents were both dead, but their declining years had been gladdened by the prosperity of their illustrious son. Four years were spent by Shakspeare in this dignified retirement, and the history of literature scarcely presents another such picture of calm felicity and satisfied ambition. He died on the 23d of April 1616, having just completed his fifty-second year. His widow survived him seven years. His two daughters were both married (his only son Hamnet had died in 1596), and one of them had three sons; but all these died without issue, and there now remains no lineal representative of the great poet.

Shakspeare, it is believed, like his contemporary dramatists, began his career as an author by altering the works of others, and adapting them for the stage. The extract from Greene's 'Groat's Worth of Wit,' which we have given in the life of that unhappy author, shows that he had been engaged in this subordinate literary labour before 1592. Three years previous to this, Nash had published an address to the students of the two universities, in which there is a remarkable passage:—'It is,' he says, 'a common practice now-a-days, among a sort of shifting companions, that run through every art, and thrive by none, to leave the trade of *Noverint*, whereto they were born, and busy themselves with the endeavours of art, that could scarce Latinise their neck verse if they should have need; yet English Seneca, read by candle-light, yields many good sentences, as *blood is a beggar*, and so forth; and if you intreat him far in a frosty morning, he will afford you whole *Hamlets*, I should say handfuls, of tragical speeches.' The term *Noverint* was applied to lawyers' clerks, so called from the first word of a Latin deed of those times, equivalent to the modern commencement of *Know all men*, &c. We have no doubt that Nash alluded to Shakspeare in this satirical glance, for Shakspeare was even then, as has been discovered, a shareholder in the theatre; and it appears from the title-page to the first edition of 'Hamlet,' in 1604, that, like 'Romeo and Juliet,' and the 'Merry Wives of Windsor,' it had been enlarged to almost twice its original size. It seems scarcely probable that the great dramatist should not have commenced writing before he was twenty-seven. Some of his first drafts, as we have seen, he subsequently enlarged and completed; others may have sunk into oblivion, as being judged unworthy of resuscitation or improvement in his riper years. *Pericles* is supposed to be one of his earliest adaptations. Dryden, indeed, expressly states it to be the first birth of his muse; but two if not three styles are distinctly traceable in this play, and the two first acts look

Shakspeare did not wait to brave the united puissance of a knight of the shire and a country attorney. * *

I now found myself among noble avenues of oaks and elms, whose vast size bespoke the growth of centuries. * * It was from wandering in early life among this rich scenery, and about the romantic solitudes of the adjoining park of Fulbroke, which then formed a part of the Lucy estate, that some of Shakspeare's commentators have supposed he derived his noble forest meditations of Jaques and the enchanting woodland pictures in "As You Like It." * * [The house] is a large building of brick, with stone quoins, and is in the Gothic style of Queen Elizabeth's day, having been built in the first year of her reign. The exterior remains very nearly in its original state, and may be considered a fair specimen of the residence of a wealthy country gentleman of those days. * * The front of the house is completely in the old style—with stone-shafted casements, a great bow window of heavy stone-work, and a portal with armorial bearings over it, carved in stone. * * The Avon, which winds through the park, makes a bend just at the foot of a gently sloping bank, which sweeps round the rear of the house. Large herds of deer were reposing upon its borders.'

like the work of Greene or Peele. *Titus Andronicus* resembles the style of Marlow, and if written by Shakspeare, as distinct contemporary testimony affirms, it must have been a very youthful production. The *Taming of the Shrew* is greatly indebted to an old play on the same subject, and must also be referred to the same period. It is doubtful whether Shakspeare wrote any of the first part of *Henry VI.* The second and third parts are modelled on two older plays, the 'Contention of York and Lancaster,' and the 'True Tragedy of the Duke of York.' Whether these old dramas were early sketches of Shakspeare's own, or the labours of some obscure and forgotten playwright, cannot now be ascertained: they contain the death-scene of Cardinal Beaufort, the last speech of the Duke of York, and the germs of that vigorous delineation of character and passion completed in 'Richard III.' We know no other dramatist of that early period, excepting Marlow, who could have written those powerful sketches. From the old plays, Shakspeare borrowed no less than 1771 entire lines, and nearly double that number are merely alterations. Such wholesale appropriation of the labours of others is found in none of his other historical plays (as *King John, Richard III.*, &c., modelled on old dramas), and we therefore incline to the opinion, that the Contention and the True Tragedy were early productions of the poet, afterwards enlarged and improved by him, as part of his English historical series, and then named *Henry VI.*

The gradual progress of Shakspeare's genius is supposed to have been not unobserved by Spenser. In 1594, or 1595, the venerable poet wrote his pastoral, entitled 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' in which he commemorates his brother poets under feigned names. The gallant Raleigh is the Shepherd of the Ocean, Sir Philip Sidney is Astrophel, and other living authors are characterised by fictitious appellations. He concludes as follows:—

> And then, though last not least, is Action,
> A *gentler* shepherd may nowhere be found,
> Whose muse, full of high thoughts' invention,
> Doth, *like himself, heroically sound.*

The sonorous and chivalrous-like name of Shakspeare seems here designated. The poet had then published his two classical poems, and probably most of his English historical plays had been acted. The supposition that Shakspeare was meant, is at least a pleasing one. We love to figure Spenser and Raleigh sitting under the 'shady alders' on the banks of Mulla, reading the manuscript of the 'Faery Queen;' but it is not less interesting to consider the great poet watching the dawn of that mighty mind which was to eclipse all its contemporaries. A few years afterwards, in 1598, we meet with an important notice of Shakspeare by Francis Meres, a contemporary author. 'As Plautus and Seneca,' he says, 'are accounted the best for comedy and tragedy among the Latins, so Shakspeare, among the English, is the most excellent in both kinds for the stage; for comedy, witness his Gentlemen of Verona, his Errors, his Love's Labour Lost, his Love's Labour Won (or All's Well that Ends Well), his Midsummer Night's Dream, and his Merchant of Venice; for tragedy, his Richard II., Richard III., Henry IV., King John, Titus Andronicus, and his Romeo and Juliet.' This was indeed a brilliant contribution to the English drama, throwing Greene, Peele, and Marlow immeasurably into shade, and far transcending all the previous productions of the English stage. The harvest, however, was not yet half reaped—the glorious intellect of Shakspeare was still forming, and his imagination nursing those magnificent conceptions which were afterwards embodied in the *Lear*, the *Macbeth*, *Othello*, and *Tempest* of his tragic muse.

The chronology of Shakspeare's plays has been arbitrarily fixed by Malone and others, without adequate authority. Mr Collier has shown its incorrectness in various particulars. He has proved, for example, that 'Othello' was on the stage in 1602, though Malone assigns its first appearance to 1604. 'Macbeth' is put down to 1606, though we only know that it existed in 1610. *Henry VIII.* is assigned to 1603, yet it is mentioned by Sir Henry Wotton as a *new play* in 1613, and we know that it was produced with unusual scenic decoration and splendour in that year. The Roman plays were undoubtedly among his latest works. The 'Tempest' has been usually considered the last, but on no decisive authority. Adopting this popular belief, Mr Campbell has remarked, that the 'Tempest' has a 'sort of sacredness' as the last drama of the great poet, who, as if conscious that this was to be the case, has 'been inspired to typify himself as a wise, potent, and benevolent magician.'

There seems no good reason for believing that Shakspeare did not continue writing on to the period of his death in 1616; and such a supposition is countenanced by a tradition thus recorded in the diary of the Rev. John Ward, A.M., vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, extending from 1648 to 1679. 'I have heard,' says the careless and incurious vicar, who might have added largely to our stock of Shakspearian facts, had he possessed taste, acuteness, or industry—'I have heard that Mr Shakspeare was a natural wit, without any art at all. He frequented the plays all his younger time, but in his elder days lived at Stratford, and supplied the stage with two plays every year, and for it had an allowance so large, that he spent at the rate of £1000 a-year, as I have heard. Shakspeare, Drayton, and Ben Jonson, had a merry meeting, and it seems drank too hard, for Shakspeare died of a fever there contracted.' We place no great reliance on this testimony, either as to facts literary or personal. Those who have studied the works of the great dramatist, and marked his successive approaches to perfection, must see that he united the closest study to the keenest observation, that he attained to the highest pitch of dramatic art, and the most accurate philosophy of the human mind, and that he was, as Schlegel has happily remarked, 'a profound artist, and not a blind and wildly-luxuriant genius.'*

* Coleridge boasted of being the first in time who publicly demonstrated, to the full extent of the position, that the supposed irregularity and extravagances of Shakspeare were 'the mere dreams of a pedantry that arraigned the eagle because it had not the dimensions of the swan.' He maintains, with his usual fine poetical appreciation and feeling, that that law of unity which has its foundations, not in the factitious necessity of custom, but in nature itself, *the unity of feeling*, is everywhere, and at all times, observed by Shakspeare in his plays. 'Read Romeo and Juliet—all is youth and spring; youth with its follies, its virtues, its precipitancies: spring with its odours, its flowers, and its transiency; it is one and the same feeling that commences, goes through, and ends the play.' This unity of action, or of character and interest, conspicuous in Shakspeare, Coleridge illustrates by an illustration drawn, with the taste of a poet, from external nature. 'Whence arises the harmony that strikes us in the wildest natural landscapes—in the relative shapes of rocks—the harmony of colours in the heaths, ferns, and lichens—the leaves of the beech and the oak—the stems and rich brown branches of the birch and other mountain trees, varying from verging autumn to returning spring—compared with the visual effect from the greater number of artificial plantations? From this—that the natural landscape is effected, as it were, by a single energy modified *ab intra* in each component part.' In working out his conceptions, either

Eleven of the dramas were printed during Shakspeare's life, probably from copies piratically obtained. It was the interest of the managers that new and popular pieces should not be published; but we entertain the most perfect conviction, that the poet intended all his original works, as he had revised some, for publication. The 'Merry Wives of Windsor' is said to have been written in fourteen days, by command of Queen Elizabeth, who wished to see Falstaff in love. Shakspeare, however, was anxious for his fame, as well as eager to gratify the queen; when the temporary occasion was served, he returned to his play, filled up his first imperfect outline, and heightened the humour of the dialogue and character. Let not the example of this greatest name in English literature be ever quoted to support the false opinion, that excellence can be attained without study and labour!

In 1623 appeared the first collected edition of Shakspeare's dramatic works—seven years after his own death, and six months after that of his widow, who, we suspect, had a life-interest in the plays. The whole were contained in one folio volume, and a preface and dedication were supplied by the poet's fellow comedians, Hemming and Condell.

The plots of Shakspeare's dramas were nearly all borrowed, some from novels and romances, others from legendary tales, and some from older plays. In his Roman subjects, he followed North's translation of Plutarch's Lives; his English historical plays are chiefly taken from Holinshed's Chronicle. From the latter source he also derived the plot of 'Macbeth,' perhaps the most transcendent of all his works. A very cursory perusal will display the gradual progress and elevation of his art. In the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona,' and the earlier comedies, we see the timidity and immaturity of youthful genius; a half-formed style, bearing frequent traces of that of his predecessors; fantastic quibbles and conceits (which he never wholly abandoned); only a partial development of character; a romantic and playful fancy; but no great strength of imagination, energy, or passion. In Richard II. and III., the creative and master mind are visible in the delineation of character. In the 'Midsummer Night's Dream,' the 'Merchant of Venice,' 'Romeo and Juliet,' &c., we find the ripened poetical imagination, prodigality of invention, and a searching, meditative spirit. These qualities, with a finer vein of morality and contemplative philosophy, pervade 'As You Like It,' and the 'Twelfth Night.' In 'Henry IV.,' the 'Merry Wives,' and 'Measure for Measure,' we see his inimitable powers of comedy, full formed, revelling in an atmosphere of joyous life, and fresh as if from the hand of nature. He took a loftier flight in his classical dramas, conceived and finished with consummate taste and freedom. In his later tragedies, 'Lear,' 'Hamlet' (in its improved form), 'Othello,' 'Macbeth,' and the 'Tempest,' all his wonderful faculties and acquirements are found combined—his wit, pathos, passion, and sublimity—his profound knowledge and observation of mankind, mellowed by a refined humanity and benevolence—his imagination richer from skilful culture and added stores of information—his unrivalled language (like 'light from heaven')—his imagery and versification.

That Shakspeare deviated from the dramatic unities of time, place, and action, laid down by the ancients, and adopted by the French theatre, is well-known, and needs no defence. In his tragedies, he amply fulfils what Aristotle admits to be the end and object of tragedy, to beget admiration, terror, or sympathy. His mixture of comic with tragic scenes is sometimes a blemish, but it was the fault of his age; and if he had lived to edit his works, some of these incongruities would doubtless have been expunged. But, on the whole, such blending of opposite qualities and characters is accordant with the actual experience and vicissitudes of life. No course of events, however tragic in its results, moves on in measured, unvaried solemnity, nor would the English taste tolerate this stately French style. The great preceptress of Shakspeare was Nature: he spoke from her inspired dictates, 'warm from the heart and faithful to its fires;' and in his disregard of classic rules, pursued at will his winged way through all the labyrinths of fancy and of the human heart. These celestial flights, however, were regulated, as we have said, by knowledge and taste. Mere poetical imagination might have created a Caliban, or evoked the airy spirits of the enchanted island and the Midsummer Dream; but to delineate a Desdemona or Imogen, a Miranda or Viola, the influence of a pure and refined spirit, cultivated and disciplined by 'gentle arts,' and familiar by habit, thought, and example, with the better parts of wisdom and humanity, were indispensably requisite. Peele or Marlow might have drawn the forest of Arden, with its woodland glades, but who but Shakspeare could have supplied the *moral beauty* of the scene?—the refined simplicity and gaiety of Rosalind, the philosophic meditations of Jaques, the true wisdom, tenderness, and grace, diffused over the whole of that antique half-courtly and half pastoral drama. These and similar personations, such as Benedict and Beatrice, Mercutio, &c., seem to us even more wonderful than the loftier characters of Shakspeare. No types of them could have existed but in his own mind. The old drama and the chroniclers furnished the outlines of his historical personages, though destitute of the heroic ardour and elevation which he breathed into them. Plutarch and the poets kindled his classic enthusiasm and taste; old Chapman's Homer perhaps rolled its majestic cadences over his ear and imagination; but characters in which polished manners and easy grace are as predominant as wit, reflection, or fancy, were then unknown to the stage, as to actual life. They are among the most perfect creations of his genius, and, in reference to his taste and habits, they are valuable materials for his biography.

In judgment, Shakspeare excels his contemporary dramatists as much as in genius, but at the same time it must be confessed that he also partakes of their errors. To be unwilling to acknowledge any faults in his plays, is, as Hallam remarks, 'an extravagance rather derogatory to the critic than honourable to the poet.' Fresh from the perusal of any of his works, and under the immediate effects of his inspirations—walking, as it were, in a world of his creating, with beings familiar to us almost from infancy—it seems like sacrilege to breathe one word of censure. Yet truth must admit that some of his plays are hastily and ill-constructed as to plot; that his proneness to quibble and play with words is brought forward in scenes where this peculiarity constitutes a positive defect; that he is sometimes indelicate where indelicacy is least pardonable, and where it jars most painfully with the associations of

of character or passion, we conceive Shakspeare to have laboured for ultimate and lasting fame, not immediate theatrical effect. His audiences must often have been unable to follow his philosophy, his subtle distinctions, and his imagery. The actors must have been equally unable to give effect to many of his personations. He was apparently indifferent to both—at least in his great works—and wrote for the mind of the universe. There was, however, always enough of ordinary nature, of pomp, or variety of action, for the multitude; and the English historical plays, connected with national pride and glory, must have rendered their author popular.

the scene; and that his style is occasionally stiff, turgid, and obscure, chiefly because it is at once highly figurative and condensed in expression. Ben Jonson has touched freely, but with manliness and fairness, on these defects.

'I remember,' he says, 'the players have often mentioned it as an honour to Shakspeare, that in his writing (whatsoever he penned) he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, would he had blotted a thousand! which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted, and to justify mine own candour; for I loved the man, and do honour his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was, indeed, honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility, that sometimes it was necessary he should be stopped, *sufflaminandus erat*, as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power; would the rule of it had been so too! Many times he fell into those things could not escape laughter, as when he said, in the person of Cæsar, one speaking to him, "Cæsar, thou dost me wrong," he replied, "Cæsar did never wrong but with just cause," and such like, which were ridiculous.* But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.'

The first edition of Shakspeare was published, as already stated, in 1623. A second edition was published in 1632, the same as the first, excepting that it was more disfigured with errors of the press. A third edition was published in 1644, and a fourth in 1685. The public admiration of this great English classic now demanded that he should receive the honours of a commentary; and Rowe, the poet, gave an improved edition in 1709. Pope Warburton, Johnson, Chalmers, Steevens, and others, successively published editions of the poet, with copious notes. The best of the whole is the voluminous edition by Malone and Boswell, published in twenty-one volumes, in 1821. The critics of the great poet are innumerable, and they bid fair, like Banquo's progeny, to 'stretch to the crack of doom.' The scholars of Germany have distinguished themselves by their philosophical and critical dissertations on the genius of Shakspeare. There never was an author, ancient or modern, whose works have been so carefully analysed and illustrated, so eloquently expounded, or so universally admired.

> He so sepulchred in such pomp dost lie,
> That kings for such a tomb would wish to die.
> *Milton on Shakspeare*, 1630.

'Since the beginning of the present century,' says a writer in the Edinburgh Review (1840), 'Shakspeare's influence on our literature has been very great; and the recognition of his supremacy not only more unqualified, but more intelligent than ever. In many instances, indeed, and particularly by reason of the exaggerated emphasis which is so apt to infect periodical writing, the veneration for the greatest of all poets has risen to a height which amounts literally to idolatry. But the error is the safest which can be committed in judging the works of genius; and the risk of any evil consequences is excluded by that inquiring temper, which is as characteristic of literature in our times, as is its appearance of comparative animation.'

The difficulty of making selections from Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as those in human life; if of style, he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humour, satire, or pathos, where shall our choice fall, where all are so abundant? We have felt our task to be something like being deputed to search in some magnificent forest for a handful of the finest leaves or plants, and as if we were diligently exploring the world of woodland beauty to accomplish faithfully this hopeless adventure. Happily, Shakspeare is in all hands, and a single leaf will recall the fertile and majestic scenes of his inspiration.

[*Murder of King Duncan.*]

[Macbeth, prompted by ambition, and pushed on by his savage wife, resolves to murder the king, then his guest, and seize the crown.]

MACBETH and a Servant.

Mach. Go bid thy mistress, when my drink is ready,
She strike upon the bell. Get thee to bed.
[*Exit Servant.*
Is this a dagger which I see before me,
The handle toward my hand? Come, let me clutch thee.
I have thee not, and yet I see thee still.
Art thou not, fatal vision, sensible
To feeling as to sight? or art thou but
A dagger of the mind, a false creation
Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain?
I see thee yet, in form as palpable
As this which now I draw.
Thou marshal'st me the way that I was going;
And such an instrument I was to use.
Mine eyes are made the fools o' th' other senses,
Or else worth all the rest. I see thee still;
And on thy blade and dudgeon gouts of blood,
Which was not so before. There's no such thing.
It is the bloody business, which informs
Thus to mine eyes. Now, o'er one half the world
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 Tarquin's ravishing strides, 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 whereabout,
And take the present horror from the time,
Which now suits with it. Whilst I threat, he lives—
Words to the heat of deeds too cold breath gives.
[*A bell rings.*
I go, and it is done; the bell invites me:
Hear it not, Duncan, for it is a knell
That summons thee to heaven or to hell. [*Exit.*

Enter Lady MACBETH.

Lady. That which hath made them drunk, hath made me bold:
What hath quench'd them, hath given me fire. Hark! peace!
It was the owl that shriek'd, the fatal bellman,
Which gives the stern'st good-night—he is about it—
The doors are open; and the surfeited grooms
Do mock their charge with snores. I have drugg'd their possets,
That death and nature do contend about them,
Whether they live or die.
Macb. [*Within.*] Who's there?——what ho!

* Jonson's allusion is to the following line in the third act of Julius Cæsar—

Know Cæsar doth not wrong, nor without cause
Will he be satisfied.

The passage was probably altered by Ben's suggestion, or still more likely it was corrupted by the blunder of the player.

Lady. Alack ! I am afraid they have awak'd ;
And 'tis not done. Th' attempt, and not the deed,
Confounds us. Hark ! I laid their daggers ready ;
He could not miss 'em. Had he not resembled
My father as he slept, I [*Enter Macbeth*] had done't.
My husband !
Macb. I've done the deed—didst thou not hear a noise ?
Lady. I heard the owl scream, and the crickets cry.
Did not you speak ?
Macb. When ?
Lady. Now.
Macb. As I descended ?
Lady. Ay.
Macb. Hark !—who lies i' th' second chamber ?
Lady. Donalbain.
Macb. This is a sorry sight. [*Looks on his hands.*
Lady. A foolish thought, to say a sorry sight.
Macb. There's one did laugh in's sleep, and one cried, Murder !
That they did wake each other ; I stood and heard them ;
But they did say their prayers, and address'd them
Again to sleep.
Lady. There are two lodg'd together.
Macb. One cried, God bless us ! and Amen ! the other ;
As they had seen me with these hangman's hands,
Listening their fear, I could not say, Amen,
When they did say, God bless us.
Lady. Consider it not so deeply.
Macb. But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen ?
I had most need of blessing, and Amen
Stuck in my throat.
Lady. These deeds must not be thought,
After these ways ; so, it will make us mad.
Macb. Methought I heard a voice cry, Sleep no more !
Macbeth does murder sleep—the innocent sleep—
Sleep that knits up the ravell'd sleeve of care,
The death of each day's life, sore labour's bath,
Balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course,
Chief nourisher in life's feast.
Lady. What do you mean ?
Macb. Still it cry'd, Sleep no more, to all the house ;
Glamis hath murder'd sleep. And therefore Cawdor
Shall sleep no more ; Macbeth shall sleep no more !
Lady. Who was it that thus cry'd ? Why, worthy Thane ;
You do unbend your noble strength, to think
So brain-sickly of things. Go, get some water,
And wash this filthy witness from your hand.
Why did you bring these daggers from the place ?
They must lie there. Go, carry them, and smear
The sleepy grooms with blood.
Macb. I'll go no more.
I am afraid to think what I have done ;
Look't on't again, I dare not.
Lady. Infirm of purpose :
Give me the daggers. The sleeping and the dead
Are but as pictures ; 'tis the eye of childhood
That fears a painted devil. If he do bleed,
I'll gild the faces of the grooms withal,
For it must seem their guilt. [*Exit.*

Knocking within.

Macb. Whence is that knocking ! [*Starting.*
How is't with me, when every noise appals me ?
What hands are here ?—ha ! they pluck out mine eyes.
Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood
Clean from my hand ? No ; this my hand will rather
The multitudinous seas incarnardine,
Making the green one red——

Enter Lady Macbeth.

Lady. My hands are of your colour ; but I shame
To wear a heart so white. [*Knock.*] I hear a knocking
At the south entry. Retire we to our chamber ;
A little water clears us of this deed,
How easy is it then ? Your constancy
Hath left you unattended. [*Knocking.*] Hark, more knocking !
Get on your night-gown, lest occasion call us,
And show us to be watchers. Be not lost
So poorly in your thoughts
Macb. To know my deed, 'twere best not know myself. [*Knock.*
Wake, Duncan, with this knocking. Ay, 'would thou couldst ! [*Exeunt.*

[*Love Scene by Night in a Garden.*]

Romeo. He jests at scars, that never felt a wound—
But, soft ! what light through yonder window breaks ;
It is the east, and Juliet is the sun !
[*Juliet appears above at a window.*
Arise, fair sun, and kill the envious moon,
Who is already sick and pale with grief,
That thou her maid art far more fair than she ;
Be not her maid since she is envious ;
Her vestal livery is but sick and green,
And none but fools do wear it ; cast it off——
It is my lady ; O ! it is my love ;
O that she knew she were !———
She speaks, yet she says nothing. What of that ?
Her eye discourses ; I will answer it——
I am too bold ; 'tis not to me she speaks ;
Two of the fairest stars of all the heav'n,
Having some business, do intreat her eyes,
To twinkle in their spheres till they return.
What if her eyes were there, they in her head ?
The brightness of her cheek would shame those stars,
As daylight doth a lamp : her eyes in heav'n
Would through the airy region stream so bright,
That birds would sing, and think it were not night.
See how she leans her cheek upon her hand !
O that I were a glove upon that hand,
That I might touch that cheek !
Jul. Ah me !
Rom. She speaks.
Oh, speak again, bright angel ! for thou art
As glorious to this sight, being o'er my head,
As is a winged messenger of heav'n,
Unto the white-upturned, wond'ring eyes
Of mortals, that fall back to gaze on him,
When he bestrides the lazy-pacing clouds,
And sails upon the bosom of the air.
Jul. O Romeo, Romeo——wherefore art thou Romeo ?
Deny thy father, and refuse thy name :
Or, if thou wilt not, be but sworn my love,
And I'll no longer be a Capulet.
Rom. Shall I hear more, or shall I speak at this ? [*Aside.*
Jul. 'Tis but thy name that is my enemy :
Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.
What's Montague ? It is nor hand, nor foot,
Nor arm, nor face—nor any other part
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name !
What's in a name ? That which we call a rose,
By any other name would smell as sweet.
So Romeo would, were he not Romeo call'd,
Retain that dear perfection which he owes,
Without that title. Romeo, doff thy name ;
And for that name, which is no part of thee,
Take all myself.
Rom. I take thee at thy word :
Call me but love, and I'll be new baptis'd ;
Henceforth I never will be Romeo.
Jul. What man art thou, that thus, bescreen'd in night,
So stumblest on my counsel ?

Rom. By a name
I know not how to tell thee who I am:
My name, dear saint, is hateful to myself,
Because it is an enemy to thee.
Had I it written, I would tear the word.
Jul. My ears have yet not drunk a hundred words
Of that tongue's uttering, yet I know the sound.
Art thou not Romeo, and a Montague?
Rom. Neither, fair saint, if either thee dislike.
Jul. How cam'st thou hither, tell me, and wherefore?
The orchard walls are high, and hard to climb;
And the place death, considering who thou art,
If any of my kinsmen find thee here.
Rom. With love's light wings did I o'er-perch these walls,
For stony limits cannot hold love out;
And what love can do, that dares love attempt:
Therefore thy kinsmen are no let to me.
Jul. If they do see thee, they will murder thee.
Rom. Alack! there lies more peril in thine eye
Than twenty of their swords; look thou but sweet,
And I am proof against their enmity.
Jul. I would not for the world they saw thee here.
Rom. I have night's cloak to hide me from their eyes,
And but thou love me, let them find me here;
My life were better ended by their hate,
Than death prorogued, wanting of thy love.
Jul. By whose direction found'st thou out this place?
Rom. By love, that first did prompt me to inquire;
He lent me counsel, and I lent him eyes.
I am no pilot; yet wert thou as far
As that vast shore, wash'd with the farthest sea,
I would adventure for such merchandise.
Jul. Thou know'st the mask of night is on my face,
Else would a maiden blush bepaint my cheek
For that which thou hast heard me speak to-night.
Fain would I dwell on form; fain, fain deny
What I have spoke—but farewell compliment!
Dost thou love me? I know thou wilt say ay;
And I will take thy word. Yet if thou swear'st,
Thou may'st prove false: at lovers' perjuries,
They say, Jove laughs. O, gentle Romeo!
If thou dost love, pronounce it faithfully;
Or, if thou think'st I am too quickly won,
I'll frown and be perverse, and say thee nay,
So thou wilt woo; but else not for the world.
In truth, fair Montague, I am too fond,
And therefore thou may'st think my 'haviour light;
But trust me, gentleman, I'll prove more true
Than those that have more coying to be strange.
I should have been more strange, I must confess,
But that thou over-heard'st, ere I was 'ware,
My true love's passion; therefore pardon me,
And not impute this yielding to light love,
Which the dark night hath so discover'd.
Rom. Lady, by yonder blessed moon I swear,
That tips with silver all these fruit-tree tops——
Jul. O swear not by the moon, th' inconstant moon,
That monthly changes in her circled orb:
Lest that thy love prove likewise variable.
Rom. What shall I swear by?
Jul. Do not swear at all;
Or, if thou wilt, swear by thy gracious self,
Which is the god of my idolatry,
And I'll believe thee.
Rom. If my heart's dear love——
Jul. Well, do not swear. Although I joy in thee,
I have no joy of this contract to-night;
It is too rash, too unadvis'd, too sudden,
Too like the lightning, which doth cease to be,
Ere one can say it lightens. Sweet, good-night!
This bud of love, by summer's ripening breath,
May prove a beauteous flower, when next we meet.
Good-night, good-night—as sweet repose and rest
Come to thy heart, as that within my breast!
Rom. O, wilt thou leave me so unsatisfied?
Jul. What satisfaction canst thou have to-night?
Rom. Th' exchange of thy love's faithful vow for mine,
Jul. I gave thee mine before thou did'st request it:
And yet I would it were to give again.
Rom. Wouldst thou withdraw it? for what purpose, love?
Jul. But to be frank, and give it thee again.
And yet I wish but for the thing I have:
My bounty is as boundless as the sea,
My love as deep; the more I give to thee,
The more I have, for both are infinite.
I hear some noise within. Dear love, adieu!
[*Nurse calls within.*
Anon, good nurse! Sweet Montague, be true.
Stay but a little, I will come again. [*Exit.*
Rom. O blessed, blessed night! I am afear'd,
Being in night, all this is but a dream;
Too flattering sweet to be substantial.

Re-enter JULIET above.

Jul. Three words, dear Romeo, and good-night indeed.
If that thy bent of love be honourable,
Thy purpose marriage, send me word to-morrow,
By one that I'll procure to come to thee,
Where and what time thou wilt perform the rite;
And all my fortunes at thy foot I'll lay,
And follow thee, my love, throughout the world.
[*Within:* Madam!
I come, anon—but if thou mean'st not well,
I do beseech thee——[*Within:* Madam!] By and by, I come—
To cease thy suit, and leave me to my grief.
To-morrow will I send.
Rom. So thrive my soul——
Jul. A thousand times good night. [*Exit.*
Rom. A thousand times the worse, to want thy light.
Love goes toward love, as school-boys from their books;
But love from love, towards school with heavy looks.

Enter JULIET again.

Jul. Hist! Romeo, hist! O for a falconer's voice,
To lure this tassel gentle back again.
Bondage is hoarse, and may not speak aloud;
Else would I tear the cave where Echo lies,
And make her airy tongue more hoarse than mine,
With repetition of my Romeo's name.
Rom. It is my soul that calls upon my name.
How silver-sweet sound lovers' tongues by night,
Like softest music to attending ears!
Jul. Romeo!
Rom. My sweet!
Jul. At what o'clock to-morrow
Shall I send to thee!
Rom. At the hour of nine.
Jul. I will not fail; 'tis twenty years till then.
I have forgot why I did call thee back.
Rom. Let me stand here till thou remember it.
Jul. I shall forget, to have thee still stand there;
Rememb'ring how I love thy company.
Rom. And I'll still stay to have thee still forget,
Forgetting any other home but this.
Jul. 'Tis almost morning. I would have thee gone;
And yet no further than a wanton's bird,
Who lets it hop a little from her hand,
Like a poor prisoner in his twisted gyves,
And with a silk thread plucks it back again,
So loving-jealous of his liberty.
Rom. I would I were thy bird.
Jul. Sweet, so would I:
Yet I should kill thee with much cherishing.
Good-night, good-night: parting is such sweet sorrow,
That I shall say good-night, till it be morrow. [*Exit.*
Rom. Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy breast!

'Would I were sleep and peace, so sweet to rest!
Hence will I to my ghostly friars' close cell,
His help to crave, and my dear hap to tell. [*Exit.*

[*Description of a Moonlight Night, with fine Music.*]

Lor. The moon shines bright: in such a night as this,
When the sweet wind did gently kiss the trees,
And they did make no noise; in such a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojans' wall,
And sigh'd his soul toward the Grecian tents,
Where Cressid lay that night.
Jes. In such a night
Did Thisbe fearfully o'ertrip the dew;
And saw the lion's shadow ere himself,
And ran dismay'd away.
Lor. In such a night
Stood Dido with a willow in her hand
Upon the wide sea-banks, and waft her love
To come again to Carthage.
Jes. In such a night
Medea gather'd the enchanted herbs
That did renew old Æson.
Lor. In such a night
Did Jessica steal from the wealthy Jew,
And with an unthrift love did run from Venice
As far as Belmont.
Jes. And in such a night
Did young Lorenzo swear he lov'd her well;
Stealing her soul with many vows of faith,
And ne'er a true one.
Lor. And in such a night
Did pretty Jessica, like a little shrew,
Slander her love, and he forgave it her.
* * *
How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank!
Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
Creep in our ears; soft stillness and the night
Become the touches of sweet harmony.
Sit, Jessica; look how the floor of heaven
Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold;
There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st,
But in his motion like an angel sings,
Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubins;
Such harmony is in immortal souls;
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.
Come, ho, and wake Diana with a hymn:
With sweetest touches pierce your mistress' ear,
And draw her home with music.
Jes. I'm never merry when I hear sweet music.
Lor. The reason is, your spirits are attentive;
For do but note a wild and wanton herd,
Or race of youthful and unhandled colts,
Fetching mad bounds, bellowing and neighing loud
(Which is the hot condition of their blood);
If they perchance but hear a trumpet sound,
Or any air of music touch their ears,
You shall perceive them make a mutual stand;
Their savage eyes turn'd to a modest gaze,
By the sweet power of music. Therefore the poet
Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods;
Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
But music for the time doth change his nature.
The man that hath not music in himself,
Nor is not mov'd with concord of sweet sounds,
Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils;
The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
And his affections dark as Erebus:
Let no such man be trusted.

Merchant of Venice.

[*Ghost Scene in Hamlet.*]

Hamlet. The air bites shrewdly; it is very cold.
Horatio. It is a nipping and an eager air.
Ham. What hour now?
Hor. I think it lacks of twelve.
Marcellus. No, it is struck.
Hor. Indeed? I heard it not. It then draws near the season
Wherein the spirit held his wont to walk.
[*Noise of warlike music within.*
What does this mean, my lord?
Ham. The king doth wake to-night, and takes his rouse,
Keeps wassail, and the swagg'ring up-spring reels;
And as he drains his draughts of Rhenish down,
The kettle-drum and trumpet thus bray out
The triumph of his pledge.
Hor. Is it a custom?
Ham. Ay, marry is't:
But to my mind, though I am native here,
And to the manner born, it is a custom
More honoured in the breach than the observance.
This heavy-headed revel, east and west,
Makes us traduced and tax'd of other nations;
They clepe us drunkards, and with swinish phrase
Soil our addition; and, indeed, it takes
From our achievements, though perform'd at height,
The pith and marrow of our attribute.
So oft it chances in particular men,
That for some vicious mole of nature in them,
As in their birth, wherein they are not guilty,
Since nature cannot choose his origin,
By the o'ergrowth of some complexion,
Oft breaking down the pales and forts of reason;
Or by some habit, that too much o'erleavens
The form of plausive manners; that these men
Carrying, I say, the stamp of one defect,
Being nature's livery, or fortune's star,
Their virtues else, be they as pure as grace,
As infinite as man may undergo,
Shall in the general censure take corruption
From that particular fault.——The dram of base
Doth all the noble substance often dout
To his own scandal.

Enter Ghost.

Hor. Look, my lord, it comes!
Ham. Angels and ministers of grace defend us!
Be thou a spirit of health or goblin damn'd,
Bring with thee airs from heav'n or blasts from hell,
Be thy intents wicked or charitable,
Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
That I will speak to thee. I'll call thee Hamlet,
King, Father, Royal Dane; Oh, answer me;
Let me not burst in ignorance; but tell
Why thy canonis'd bones, hears'd in death,
Have burst their cerements? Why the sepulchre,
Wherein we saw thee quietly inurn'd,
Hath op'd his ponderous and marble jaws,
To cast thee up again? What may this mean,
That thou, dead corse, again, in complete steel,
Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
Making night hideous, and we fools of nature,
So horribly to shake our disposition
With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls?
Say, why is this? Wherefore? What should we do?
[*Ghost beckons Hamlet.*
Hor. It beckons you to go away with it,
As if it some impartment did desire
To you alone.
Mar. Look, with what courteous action
It waves you off to a removed ground:
But do not go with it.
Hor. No, by no means. [*Holding Hamlet.*
Ham. It will not speak: then I will follow it.

Hor. Do not, my lord.
Ham. Why, what should be the fear?
I do not set my life at a pin's fee;
And, for my soul, what can it do to that,
Being a thing immortal as itself?
It waves me forth again.—I'll follow it——
Hor. What if it tempt you tow'rd the flood, my lord;
Or to the dreadful summit of the cliff,
That beetles o'er his base into the sea;
And there assume some other horrible form,
Which might deprive your sovereignty of reason,
And draw you into madness? Think of it.
The very place puts toys of desperation,
Without more motive, into every brain,
That looks so many fathoms to the sea,
And hears it roar beneath.
Ham. It waves me still.—Go on, I'll follow thee.
Mar. You shall not go, my lord.
Ham. Hold off your hands.
Mar. Be rul'd; you shall not go.
Ham. My fate cries out,
And makes each petty artery in this body
As hardy as the Nemean lion's nerve.
Still am I call'd. Unhand me, gentlemen——
[*Breaking from them.*
By heav'n, I'll make a ghost of him that lets me——
I say, away! Go on—I'll follow thee.
[*Exeunt Ghost and Hamlet.*
Hor. He waxes desperate with imagination.
Mar. Let's follow! 'Tis not fit thus to obey him.
Hor. Have after. To what issue will this come!
Mar. Something is rotten in the state of Denmark.
Hor. Heaven will direct it.
Mar. Nay, let's follow him. [*Exeunt.*

[*Mark Antony over Cæsar's Body.*]

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears.
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them;
The good is oft interred with their bones:
So let it be with Cæsar. Noble Brutus
Hath told you Cæsar was ambitious;
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,
And grievously hath Cæsar answer'd it.
Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest
(For Brutus is an honourable man,
So are they all, all honourable men),
Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
He was my friend, faithful and just to me;
But Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill.
Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious?
When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept;
Ambition should be made of sterner stuff:
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And Brutus is an honourable man.
You all did see that, on the Lupercal,
I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition?
Yet Brutus says he was ambitious;
And, sure, he is an honourable man.
I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke;
But here I am to speak what I do know.
You all did love him once, not without cause:
What cause withholds you then to mourn for him?
Oh, judgment! thou art fled to brutish beasts,
And men have lost their reason! Bear with me:
My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
And I must pause till it come back to me.
1st Cit. Methinks there is much reason in his sayings.
2d Cit. If thou consider rightly of the matter,
Cæsar has had great wrong.
3d Cit. Has he, masters? I fear there will a worse come in his place.
4th Cit. Mark'd ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 'tis certain he was not ambitious.
1st Cit. If it be found so, some will dear abide it.
2d Cit. Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.
3d Cit. There's not a nobler man in Rome than Antony.
4th Cit. Now, mark him, he begins again to speak.
Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world; now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
Oh, masters! if I were dispos'd to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men.
I will not do them wrong: I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment with the seal of Cæsar:
I found it in his closet; 'tis his will.
Let but the commons hear this testament
(Which, pard'n me, I do not mean to read),
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it as a rich legacy
Unto their issue.
4th Cit. We'll hear the will; read it, Mark Antony.
All. The will! the will! We will hear Cæsar's will!
Ant. Have patience, gentle friends! I must not read it;
It is not meet you know how Cæsar lov'd you.
You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
It will inflame you, it will make you mad.
'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
For, if you should, Oh, what would come of it!
4th Cit. Read the will; we will hear it, Antony:
You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will!
Ant. Will you be patient? will you stay a while?
I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
I fear I wrong the honourable men
Whose daggers have stabb'd Cæsar. I do fear it.
4th Cit. They were traitors. Honourable men!
All. The will! the testament!
2d Cit. They were villains, murderers! The will! Read the will!
Ant. You will compel me, then, to read the will?
Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
And let me show you him that made the will.
Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?
All. Come down.
2d Cit. Descend. [*He comes down from the pulpit.*
3d Cit. You shall have leave.
4th Cit. A ring! Stand round!
1st Cit. Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.
2d Cit. Room for Antony—most noble Antony!
Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.
All. Stand back! room! bear back!
Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.
You all do know this mantle. I remember
The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
'Twas on a summer's evening in his tent,
That day he overcame the Nervii.
Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through;
See, what a rent the envious Casca made!
Through this the well-beloved Brutus stabb'd;
And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it!

As rushing out of doors, to be resolv'd
If Brutus so unkindly knock'd, or no.
For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel;
Judge, Oh you gods! how dearly Cæsar lov'd him.
This was the most unkindest cut of all;
For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
Quite vanquish'd him; then burst his mighty heart:
And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
Oh, what a fall was there, my countrymen!
Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
Whilst bloody treason flourish'd over us.
Oh, now you weep; and I perceive you feel
The dint of pity: these are gracious drops.
Kind souls! What! weep you when you but behold
Our Cæsar's vesture wounded! Look you here!
Here is himself, marr'd, as you see, with traitors.
1*st Cit.* O piteous spectacle!
2*d Cit.* O noble Cæsar!
3*d Cit.* O woful day!
4*th Cit.* O traitors! villains!
1*st Cit.* O most bloody sight!
2*d Cit.* We will be reveng'd! Revenge! About—seek—burn—fire—kill—slay! Let not a traitor live!

[*Othello's Relation of his Courtship to the Senate.*]

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors,
My very noble and approv'd good masters;
That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
It is most true; true, I have married her;
The very head and front of my offending
Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
And little blest with the soft phrase of peace;
For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have us'd
Their dearest action in the tented field;
And little of this great world can I speak,
More than pertains to feats of broil and battle;
And therefore shall I little grace my cause
In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience
I will a round unvarnish'd tale deliver
Of my whole course of love: what drugs, what charms,
What conjuration, and what mighty magic
(For such proceeding I am charg'd withal)
I won his daughter with.
Her father lov'd me, oft invited me;
Still question'd me the story of my life,
From year to year; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
That I have past.
I ran it through, ev'n from my boyish days,
To the very moment that he bade me tell it:
Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach;
Of being taken by the insolent foe,
And sold to slavery; of my redemption thence,
And portance in my travel's history.
Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
It was my lot to speak, such was the process;
And of the cannibals that each other eat,
The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
Would Desdemona seriously incline;
But still the house affairs would draw her thence;
Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
She'd come again, and with a greedy ear
Devour up my discourse: which I observing,
Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
But not intentively. I did consent,
And often did beguile her of her tears,
When I did speak of some distressful stroke
That my youth suffer'd. My story being done,
She gave me for my pains a world of sighs;
She swore—in faith, 'twas strange, 'twas passing strange,
'Twas pitiful, 'twas wondrous pitiful——
She wish'd she had not heard it, yet she wish'd
That heaven had made her such a man:—she thank'd me,
And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
I should but teach him how to tell my story;
And that would woo her. On this hint I spake;
She lov'd me for the dangers I had pass'd,
And I lov'd her that she did pity them.

[*Queen Mab.*]

O then, I see queen Mab hath been with you.
She is the fairies' midwife, and she comes
In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
On the fore-finger of an alderman,
Drawn with a team of little atomies,
Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep:
Her wagon-spokes made of long spinners' legs;
The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers;
The traces, of the smallest spider's web;
The collars, of the moonshine's wat'ry beams;
Her whip, of cricket's bone; the lash, of film;
Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
Not half so big as a round little worm,
Prick'd from the lazy finger of a maid:
Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers,
And in this state she gallops night by night,
Through lovers' brains, and then they dream of love;
On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtsies straight;
O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees;
O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream,
Which oft the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as a' lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice!
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then he dreams of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear, at which he starts and wakes;
And, being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again. This is that very Mab
That plats the manes of horses in the night;
And bakes the elf-locks in foul sluttish hairs,
Which once untangled, much misfortune bodes.

Romeo and Juliet.

[*End of All Earthly Glories.*]

Our revels now are ended: these our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air;
And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
As dreams are made on, and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.

The Tempest.

[*Life and Death Weighed.*]

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and by a sleep to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wish'd. To die—to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause—there 's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his *quietus* make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life,
But that the dread of something after death
(That undiscover'd country from whose bourn
No traveller returns) puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to others that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought,
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

Hamlet.

[*Fear of Death.*]

Ay, but to die, and go we know not where;
To lie in cold obstruction, and to rot;
This sensible warm motion to become
A kneaded clod; and the delighted spirit
To bathe in fiery floods, or to reside
In thrilling regions of thick-ribbed ice;
To be imprison'd in the viewless winds,
And blown with restless violence round about
The pendant world; or to be worse than worst
Of those, that lawless and incertain thoughts
Imagine howling: 'tis too horrible!
The weariest and most loathed worldly life,
That age, ache, penury, and imprisonment,
Can lay on nature, is a paradise
To what we fear of death.

Measure for Measure.

[*Description of Ophelia's Drowning.*]

There is a willow grows ascant the brook,
That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
There with fantastic garlands did she make,
Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples
(That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them),
There on the pendant boughs her coronet weeds
Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke,
When down her weedy trophies and herself
Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide,
And, mermaid-like, a while they bore her up,
Which time she chaunted snatches of old tunes,
As one incapable of her own distress,
Or like a creature native and indued
Unto that element; but long it could not be,
Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
Pull'd the poor wretch from her melodious lay
To muddy death.

Hamlet.

[*Perseverance.*]

Time hath, my lord, a wallet at his back,
Wherein he puts alms for Oblivion,
A great-siz'd monster of ingratitudes:
Those scraps are good deeds past, which are devour'd
As fast as they are made, forgot as soon
As done. Perseverance, dear my lord,
Keeps honour bright: to have done, is to hang
Quite out of fashion, like a rusty mail,
In monumental mockery. Take the instant way,
For honour travels in a strait so narrow,
Where one but goes abreast: Keep, then, the path;
For Emulation hath a thousand sons,
That one by one pursue; if you give way,
Or hedge aside from the direct forthright,
Like to an enter'd tide, they all rush by,
And leave you hindmost.——
Or, like a gallant horse, fall'n in first rank,
Lie there for pavement to the abject rear,
O'er-run and trampled on: then what they do in present,
Though less than yours in past, must o'ertop yours;
For Time is like a fashionable host,
That slightly shakes his parting guest by the hand,
And with his arms outstretch'd, as he would fly,
Grasps in the comer: Welcome ever smiles,
And Farewell goes out sighing. O! let not Virtue seek
Remuneration for the thing it was; for beauty, wit,
High birth, vigour of bone, desert in service,
Love, friendship, charity, are subjects all
To envious and calumniating Time.

Troilus and Cressida.

[*The Deceit of Ornament or Appearances.*]

The world is still deceiv'd with ornament.
In law, what plea so tainted and corrupt,
But being season'd with a gracious voice,
Obscures the show of evil? In religion,
What damned error, but some sober brow
Will bless it, and approve it with a text,
Hiding the grossness with fair ornament?
There is no vice so simple, but assumes
Some mark of virtue on its outward parts.
How many cowards, whose hearts are all as false
As stairs of sand, wear yet upon their chins
The beards of Hercules and frowning Mars;
Who, inward search'd, have livers white as milk!
And these assume but valour's excrement,
To render them redoubted. Look on beauty,
And you shall see 'tis purchas'd by the weight,
Which therein works a miracle in nature,
Making them lightest that wear most of it.
So are those crisped, snaky, golden locks,
Which make such wanton gambols with the wind
Upon supposed fairness; often known
To be the dowry of a second head,
The skull that bred them in the sepulchre.
Thus ornament is but the gilded shore
To a most dangerous sea; the beauteous scarf
Veiling an Indian beauty; in a word,
The seeming truth which cunning times put on
T' entrap the wisest: therefore, thou gaudy gold,
Hard food for Midas, I will none of thee:
Nor none of thee, thou pale and common drudge
'Tween man and man: but thou, thou meagre lead,
Which rather threaten'st than dost promise aught,
Thy plainness moves me more than eloquence,
And here choose I; joy be the consequence.

Merchant of Venice.

[*Mercy.*]

The quality of mercy is not strain'd ;
It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
Upon the place beneath. It is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes.
'Tis mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The throned monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal pow'r,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings.
But mercy is above the sceptred sway ;
It is enthroned in the hearts of kings ;
It is an attribute to God himself ;
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice. Therefore, Jew,
Though justice be thy plea, consider this—
That, in the course of justice, none of us
Should see salvation : we do pray for mercy ;
And that same prayer doth teach us all to render
The deeds of mercy.

Merchant of Venice.

[*Solitude preferred to a Court Life, and the Advantages of Adversity.*]

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
More free from peril than the envious court?
Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
The season's difference ; as the icy fang
And churlish chiding of the winter's wind ;
Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
'This is no flattery ;' these are counsellors
That feelingly persuade me what I am.
Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head :
And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing.
I would not change it !
Amiens. Happy is your grace,
That can translate the stubbornness of fortune
Into so quiet and so sweet a style !

As You Like It.

[*The World Compared to a Stage.*]

Thou seest we are not all alone unhappy—
This wide and universal theatre
Presents more woful pageants than the scene
Wherein we play.
Jaques. All the world 's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players ;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms :
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slipper'd pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well sav'd, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion :
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

As You Like It.

[*Description of Night in a Camp.*]

From camp to camp, thro' the foul womb of night,
The hum of either army stilly sounds,
That the fix'd sentinels almost receive
The secret whispers of each other's watch.
Fire answers fire ; and through their paly flames,
Each battle sees the other's umber'd face.
Steed threatens steed, in high and boastful neighs,
Piercing the night's dull ear ; and from the tents,
The armourers, accomplishing the knights,
With busy hammers closing rivets up,
Give dreadful note of preparation.
The country cocks do crow, the clocks do toll,
And the third hour of drowsy morning name.
Proud of their numbers and secure in soul,
The confident and over-lusty French
For the low-rated English play at dice,
And chide the cripple tardy-gaited night,
Who, like a foul and ugly witch, does limp
So tediously away. The poor condemned English,
Like sacrifices, by their watchful fires
Sit patiently, and inly ruminate
The morning's danger : and their gesture sad
(Investing lank lean cheeks and war-worn coats)
Presenteth them unto the gazing moon
So many horrid ghosts. O, now, who will behold
The royal captain of this ruin'd band,
Walking from watch to watch, from tent to tent,
Let him cry praise and glory on his head !
For forth he goes, and visits all his host,
Bids them good-morrow with a modest smile,
And calls them brothers, friends, and countrymen.
Upon his royal face there is no note
How dread an army hath enrounded him ;
Nor doth he dedicate one jot of colour
Unto the weary and all-watched night ;
But freshly looks, and overbears attaint,
With cheerful semblance and sweet majesty ;
That ev'ry wretch, pining and pale before,
Beholding him, plucks comfort from his looks.
A largess universal, like the sun,
His liberal eye doth give to every one,
Thawing cold fear.

Henry V.

[*The Blessings of a Shepherd's Life.*]

O God ! methinks it were a happy life
To be no better than a homely swain ;
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,
To carve out dials quaintly, point by point,
Thereby to see the minutes how they run :
How many make the hour full complete,
How many hours bring about the day,
How many days will finish up the year,
How many years a mortal man may live.
When this is known, then to divide the times :
So many hours must I tend my flock ;
So many hours must I take my rest ;
So many hours must I contemplate ;
So many hours must I sport myself ;
So many days my ewes have been with young ;
So many weeks ere the poor fools will yean ;
So many years ere I shall shear the fleece :

So minutes, hours, days, weeks, months, and years,
Pass'd over, to the end they were created,
Would bring white hairs unto a quiet grave.
Ah! what a life were this! how sweet! how lovely!
Gives not the hawthorn-bush a sweeter shade
To shepherds looking on their silly sheep,
Than doth a rich embroider'd canopy
To kings that fear their subjects' treachery?
O yes, it doth, a thousandfold it doth.
And to conclude, the shepherd's homely curds,
His cold thin drink out of his leather bottle,
His wonted sleep under a fresh tree's shade,
All which secure and sweetly he enjoys,
Is far beyond a prince's delicates;
His viands sparkling in a golden cup,
His body couched in a curious bed,
When care, mistrust, and treason wait on him.

Henry VI.

[*The Vicissitudes of Life.*]

So farewell to the little good you bear me.
Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness!
This is the state of man: To-day he puts forth
The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
And bears his blushing honours thick upon him;
The third day comes a frost, a killing frost,
And when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
His greatness is a ripening, nips his root,
And then he falls as I do. I have ventur'd,
Like little wanton boys, that swim on bladders,
These many summers in a sea of glory;
But far beyond my depth: my high-blown pride
At length broke under me; and now has left me,
Weary and old with service, to the mercy
Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
Vain pomp and glory of this world, I hate ye!
I feel my heart new open'd. O, how wretched
Is that poor man that hangs on princes' favours!
There is, betwixt that smile we would aspire to,
That sweet aspect of princes, and their ruin,
More pangs and fears than wars or women have;
And, when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
Never to hope again.

Henry VIII.

[*Falstaff's Cowardice and Boasting.*]

[Falstaff, who is represented as a monster of fat, a sensualist, and a coward, yet is rendered tolerable by his humour, had accompanied Prince Henry and some other dissolute companions on a predatory expedition to Gad's Hill, where they first robbed a few travellers, and afterwards the Prince and Poins set upon Falstaff and others of the party in the dark, and made them take to flight. The following scene takes place afterwards in their favourite London haunt, the Boar's Head Tavern in East-cheap.]

To PRINCE HENRY and POINS, enter FALSTAFF, GADSHILL, BARDOLPH, and PETO.

Poins. Welcome, Jack. Where hast thou been?

Fal. A plague of all cowards, I say, and a vengeance too! — marry, and amen! Give me a cup of sack, boy. Ere I lead this life long, I'll sow nether stocks, and mend them, and foot them too. A plague of all cowards! Give me a cup of sack, rogue. Is there no virtue extant? [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. Didst thou never see Titan kiss a dish of butter?—pitiful-hearted Titan, that melted at the sweet tale of the sun?—if thou didst, then behold that compound.

Fal. You rogue, here's lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man. Yet a coward is worse than a cup of sack with lime in it—a villanous coward. Go thy ways, old Jack; die when thou wilt, if manhood, good manhood, be not forgot upon the face of the earth, then am I a shotten herring. There live not three good men unhanged in England; and one of them is fat, and grows old. God help the while!—a bad world, I say! I would I were a weaver; I could sing all manner of songs. A plague of all cowards, I say still!

P. Henry. How now, wool-sack?—what mutter you?

Fal. A king's son! If I do not beat thee out of thy kingdom with a dagger of lath, and drive all thy subjects afore thee like a flock of wild geese, I'll never wear hair on my face more. You Prince of Wales!

P. Henry. Why, you whoreson round man!—what's the matter?

Fal. Are you not a coward?—answer me to that; and Poins there? [*To Poins.*

P. Henry. Ye fat paunch, an ye call me coward, I'll stab thee.

Fal. I call thee coward! I'll see thee damn'd ere I call thee coward; but I would give a thousand pound I could run as fast as thou canst. You are strait enough in the shoulders; you care not who sees your back. Call you that backing of your friends? A plague upon such backing!—give me them that will face me. Give me a cup of sack; I am a rogue, if I drunk to-day.

P. Henry. O villain! thy lips are scarce wiped since thou drunk'st last.

Fal. All's one for that. A plague of all cowards, still say I! [*He drinks.*

P. Henry. What's the matter?

Fal. What's the matter?—here be four of us have ta'en a thousand pound this morning.

P. Henry. Where is it, Jack?—where is it?

Fal. Where is it?—taken from us it is: a hundred upon poor four of us.

P. Henry. What, a hundred, man?

Fal. I am a rogue, if I were not at half-sword with a dozen of them two hours together. I have 'scaped by miracle. I am eight times thrust through the doublet, four through the hose, my buckler cut through and through, my sword hacked like a hand-saw, *ecce signum*. I never dealt better since I was a man. All would not do. A plague of all cowards! Let them speak: if they speak more or less than truth, they are villains, and the sons of darkness.

P. Henry. Speak, sirs. How was it?

Gads. We four set upon some dozen——

Fal. Sixteen, at least, my lord.

Gads. And bound them.

Peto. No, no, they were not bound.

Fal. You rogue, they were bound, every man of them; or I am a Jew else, an Ebrew Jew.

Gads. As we were sharing, some six or seven fresh men set upon us——

Fal. And unbound the rest, and then came in the other.

P. Henry. What! fought you with them all?

Fal. All! I know not what you call all; but if I fought not with fifty of them, I am a bunch of radish; if there were not two or three and fifty upon poor old Jack, then am I no two-legged creature.

Poins. Pray heaven, you have not murdered some of them.

Fal. Nay, that's past praying for; I have peppered two of them; two, I am sure, I have paid; two rogues in buckram suits. I tell thee what, Hal—if I tell thee a lie, spit in my face, call me horse. Thou know'st my old ward; here I lay, and thus I bore my point. Four rogues in buckram let drive at me——

P. Henry. What! four?—thou saidst but two even now.

Fal. Four, Hal; I told thee four.

Poins. Ay, ay, he said four.

Fal. These four came all-afront, and mainly thrust at me. I made me no more ado, but took all their seven points in my target, thus.

P. Henry. Seven!—why, there were but four even now.

Fal. In buckram.

Poins. Ay, four in buckram suits.

Fal. Seven, by these hilts, or I am a villain else.

P. Henry. Pr'ythee, let him alone; we shall have more anon.

Fal. Dost thou hear me, Hal?

P. Henry. Ay, and mark thee too, Jack.

Fal. Do so, for it is worth the list'ning to. These nine in buckram, that I told thee of——

P. Henry. So, two more already.

Fal. Their points being broken——

Poins. Down fell their hose.

Fal. Began to give me ground. But I follow'd me close, came-in foot and hand; and with a thought, seven of the eleven I paid.

P. Henry. O monstrous!—eleven buckram men grown out of two!

Fal. But, as the devil would have it, three misbegotten knaves, in Kendal green, came at my back, and let drive at me; for it was so dark, Hal, that thou couldst not see thy hand.

P. Henry. These lies are like the father that begets them; gross as a mountain, open, palpable. Why, thou clay-brain'd guts; thou knotty-pated fool; thou whoreson, obscene, greasy tallow-keech——

Fal. What, art thou mad?—art thou mad?—is not the truth the truth?

P. Henry. Why, how couldst thou know these men in Kendal green, when it was so dark thou couldst not see thy hand? Come, tell us your reason? What say'st thou to this?

Poins. Come, your reason, Jack, your reason.

Fal. What, upon compulsion? No; were I at the strappado, or all the racks in the world, I would not tell you on compulsion. Give you a reason on compulsion!—if reasons were as plenty as blackberries, I would give no man a reason upon compulsion, I——

P. Henry. I'll be no longer guilty of this sin; this sanguine coward, this bed-presser, this horse back-breaker, this huge hill of flesh!——

Fal. Away, you starveling, you elf-skin, you dried neat's tongue, you stock-fish. O for breath to utter what is like thee!—you tailor's yard, you sheath, you bow-case, you vile standing tuck;——

P. Henry. Well, breathe a while, and then to it again; and when thou hast tired thyself in base comparisons, hear me speak but this.

Poins. Mark, Jack.

P. Henry. We two saw you four set on four; you bound them, and were masters of their wealth. Mark now, how a plain tale shall put you down. Then did we two set on you four; and, with a word, outfaced you from your prize, and have it; yea, and can show it you here in the house; and, Falstaff, you carried your guts away as nimbly, with as quick dexterity, and roared for mercy, and still ran and roared, as ever I heard bull-calf. What a slave art thou, to hack thy sword as thou hast done, and then say it was in fight! What trick, what device, what starting hole, canst thou now find out, to hide thee from this open and apparent shame?

Poins. Come, let's hear, Jack; what trick hast thou now?

Fal. By the Lord, I knew ye as well as he that made ye. Why, hear ye, my masters. Was it for me to kill the heir-apparent?—should I turn upon the true prince? Why, thou know'st I am as valiant as Hercules; but beware instinct; the lion will not touch the true prince. Instinct is a great matter; I was a coward on instinct. I shall think the better of myself and thee, during my life; I, for a valiant lion, and thou, for a true prince. But, lads, I am glad you have the money. Hostess, clap to the doors; watch to-night, pray to-morrow. Gallants, lads, boys, hearts of gold, all the titles of good fellowship come to you! What! shall we be merry?—shall we have a play extempore?

P. Henry. Content; and the argument shall be thy running away.

Fal. Ah! no more of that, Hal, an thou lov'st me.

First Part of Henry IV.

[*Falstaff arrested by his hostess, Dame Quickly.*]

To FALSTAFF and HOSTESS, with BARDOLPH and two Sheriff's Officers, enter the CHIEF JUSTICE, attended.

Ch. Just. What's the matter? keep the peace here, ho!

Host. Good, my lord, be good to me! I beseech you, stand to me!

Ch. Just. How now, Sir John! what, are you brawling here?
Doth this become your place, your time, and business?
You should have been well on your way to York.
Stand from him, fellow! Wherefore hang'st thou on him?

Host. O my most worshipful lord, an't please your grace, I am a poor widow of Eastcheap, and he is arrested at my suit.

Ch. Just. For what sum?

Host. It is more than for some, my lord; it is for all, all I have. He hath eaten me out of house and home; he hath put all my substance into that fat belly of his: but I will have some of it out again, or I'll ride thee o' nights, like the mare.

Fal. I think I am as like to ride the mare, if I have any vantage of ground to get up.

Ch. Just. How comes this, Sir John? Fie! what man of good temper would endure this tempest of exclamation? Are you not ashamed to enforce a poor widow to so rough a course to come by her own?

Fal. What is the gross sum that I owe thee?

Host. Marry, if thou wert an honest man, thyself and the money too. Thou didst swear to me upon a

A Goblet from the Boar's-Head Tavern, supposed to be that alluded to by Dame Quickly.

parcel-gilt goblet, sitting in my Dolphin-chamber, at the round table, by a sea-coal fire, on Wednesday in Whitsun-week, when the prince broke thy head for likening his father to a singing-man of Windsor; thou didst swear to me then, as I was washing thy wound, to marry me, and make me my lady, thy wife. Canst thou deny it? Did not goodwife Keech, the butcher's wife, come in then, and call me gossip Quickly? coming in to borrow a mess of vinegar, telling us she had a good dish of prawns; whereby thou didst desire to eat some; whereby I told thee, they were ill for a green wound? And didst thou not, when she was gone down stairs, desire me to be no

more so familiarity with such poor people; saying, that ere long they should call me madam? And didst thou not kiss me, and bid me fetch thee thirty shillings? I put thee now to thy book-oath; deny it, if thou canst.

Fal. My lord, this is a poor mad soul; and she says, up and down the town, that her eldest son is like you: she hath been in good case, and, the truth is, poverty hath distracted her. * *

Ch. Just. You speak as having power to do wrong; but answer in the effect of your reputation, and satisfy the poor woman.

Fal. Come hither, hostess. [*Taking her aside.*

Enter a MESSENGER.

Ch. Just. Now, master Gower; what news?

Gower. The king, my lord, and Henry prince of Wales,
Are near at hand: the rest the paper tells.

Fal. As I am a gentleman——

Host. Nay, you said so before.

Fal. As I am a gentleman. Come, no more words of it.

Host. By this heavenly ground I tread on, I must be fain to pawn both my plate and the tapestry of my dining-chambers.

Fal. Glasses, glasses is the only drinking; and for thy walls, a pretty slight drollery, or the story of the prodigal, or the German hunting in water-work, is worth a thousand of these bed-hangings, and these fly-bitten tapestries. Let it be ten pound, if thou canst. Come, if it were not for thy humours, there is not a better wench in England. Go, wash thy face, and draw thy action. Come, thou must not be in this humour with me; do'st not know me? Come, come, I know thou wast set on to this.

Host. Pray thee, Sir John, let it be but twenty nobles; I am loath to pawn my plate, in good earnest, la!

Fal. Let it alone; I'll make other shift: you'll be a fool still.

Host. Well, you shall have it, though I pawn my gown. I hope you'll come to supper? * *

Fal. Will I live?—Go with her, with her; hook on, hook on. [*To the officers.*

Second Part of Henry IV.

BEN JONSON.

The second name in the dramatic literature of this period has been generally assigned to BEN JONSON, though some may be disposed to claim it for the more Shakspearian genius of Beaumont and Fletcher. Jonson was born ten years after Shakspeare—in 1574—and appeared as a writer for the stage in his twentieth year. His early life was full of hardship and vicissitude. His father, a clergyman in Westminster (a member of a Scottish family from Annandale), died before the poet's birth, and his mother marrying again to a bricklayer, Ben was brought from Westminster school and put to the same employment. Disliking the occupation of his father-in-law, he enlisted as a soldier, and served in the Low Countries. He is reported to have killed one of the enemy in single combat, in the view of both armies, and to have otherwise distinguished himself for his youthful bravery. As a poet, Jonson afterwards reverted with pride to his conduct as a soldier. On his return to England, he entered St John's college, Cambridge; but his stay there must have been short—probably on account of his straitened circumstances—for, about the age of twenty, he is found married, and an actor in London. Ben made his *debut* at a low theatre near Clerkenwell, and, as his opponents afterwards reminded him, failed completely as an actor. At the same time, he was engaged in writing for the stage, either by himself or conjointly with others. He

Ben: Jonson.

quarrelled with another performer, and on their fighting a duel with swords, Jonson had the misfortune to kill his antagonist, and was severely wounded himself. He was committed to prison on a charge of murder, but was released without a trial. On regaining his liberty, he commenced writing for the stage, and produced, in 1596, his *Every Man in his Humour*. The scene was laid in Italy, but the characters and manners depicted in the piece were English, and Jonson afterwards recast the whole, and transferred the scene to England. In its revised form, 'Every Man in his Humour' was brought out at the Globe Theatre in 1598, and Shakspeare was one of the performers in the play. He had himself produced some of his finest comedies by this time, but Jonson was no imitator of his great rival, who blended a spirit of poetical romance with his comic sketches, and made no attempt to delineate the domestic manners of his countrymen. Jonson opened a new walk in the drama: he felt his strength, and the public cheered him on with its plaudits. Queen Elizabeth patronised the new poet, and ever afterwards he was 'a man of mark and likelihood.' In 1599, appeared his *Every Man out of his Humour*, a less able performance than its predecessor. *Cynthia's Revels* and the *Poetaster* followed, and the fierce rivalry and contention which clouded Jonson's after-life seem to have begun about this time. He had attacked Marston and Dekker, two of his brother dramatists, in the 'Poetaster.' Dekker replied with spirit in his 'Satiromastix,' and Ben was silent for two years, 'living upon one Townsend, and scorning the world,' as is recorded in the diary of a contemporary. In 1603, he tried 'if tragedy had a more kind aspect,' and produced his classic drama of *Sejanus*. Shortly after the accession of King James, a comedy called *Eastward Hoe*, was written conjointly by Jonson, Chapman, and Marston. Some passages in this piece reflected on the Scottish nation, and the matter was represented to the king by one of his courtiers (" James Murray) in so strong a light, that the au- thors were thrown into prison, and threatened with

of their ears and noses. They were not tried; and when Ben was set at liberty, he gave an entertainment to his friends (Selden and Camden being of the number): his mother was present on this joyous occasion, and produced a paper of poison, which she had intended to have given her son in his liquor, rather than he should submit to personal mutilation and disgrace, and another dose which she intended afterwards to have taken herself. The old lady must, as Whalley remarks, have been more of an antique Roman than a Briton. Jonson's own conduct in this affair was noble and spirited. He had no considerable share in the composition of the piece, and was, besides, in such favour, that he would not have been molested; 'but this did not satisfy him,' says Gifford; 'and he, therefore, with a high sense of honour, voluntarily accompanied his two friends to prison, determined to share their fate.' We cannot now ascertain what was the mighty satire that moved the patriotic indignation of James; it was doubtless softened before publication; but in some copies of 'Eastward Hoe' (1605), there is a passage in which the Scots are said to be 'dispersed over the face of the whole earth;' and the dramatist sarcastically adds, 'But as for them, there are no greater friends to Englishmen and England, *when they are out on't*, in the world, than they are; and for my part, I would a hundred thousand of them were there (in Virginia), for we are all one countrymen now, you know, and we should find ten times more comfort of them there than we do here.' The offended nationality of James must have been laid to rest by the subsequent adulation of Jonson in his Court Masques, for he eulogised the vain and feeble monarch as one that would raise the glory of England more than Elizabeth.* Jonson's three great comedies, *Volpone*, or the *Fox*, *Epicene*, or the *Silent Woman*, and the *Alchemist*, were his next serious labours; his second classical tragedy, *Catiline*, appeared in 1611. His fame had now reached its highest elevation; but he produced several other comedies, and a vast number of court entertainments, ere his star began sensibly to decline. In 1619, he received the appointment of poet laureate, with a pension of a hundred merks. The same year Jonson made a journey *on foot* to Scotland, where he had many friends. He was well received by the Scottish gentry, and was so pleased with the country, that he meditated a poem, or drama, on the beauties of Lochlomond. The last of his visits was made to Drummond of Hawthornden, with whom he lived three weeks, and Drummond kept notes of his conversation, which, in a subsequent age, were communicated to the world. In conclusion, Drummond entered on his journal the following character of Ben himself:—

'He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to lose a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him, especially after drink, which is one of the elements in which he liveth; a dissembler of ill parts which reign in him; a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kind and angry; careless either to gain or keep; vindictive, but, if well answered, at himself; for any religion, as being versed in both;† interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst; oppressed with fantasy, which hath ever mastered his reason, a general disease in many poets.'

This character, it must be confessed, is far from being a flattering one; and probably it was, unconsciously, overcharged, owing to the reclusе habits and staid demeanour of Drummond. We believe it, however, to be substantially correct. Inured to hardships and to a free boisterous life in his early days, Jonson seems to have contracted a roughness of manner, and habits of intemperance, which never wholly left him. Priding himself immoderately on his classical acquirements, he was apt to slight and condemn his less learned associates; while the conflict between his limited means and his love of social pleasures, rendered him too often severe and saturnine in his temper. Whatever he did was done with labour, and hence was highly prized. His contemporaries seemed fond of mortifying his pride, and he was often at war with actors and authors. With the celebrated Inigo Jones, who was joined with him in the preparation of the Court Masques, Jonson waged a long and bitter feud, in which both parties were to blame. When his better nature prevailed, and exorcised the demon of envy or spleen, Jonson was capable of a generous warmth of friendship, and of just discrimination of genius and character. His literary reputation, his love of conviviality, and his high colloquial powers, rendered his society much courted, and he became the centre of a band of wits and revellers. Sir Walter Raleigh founded a club, known to all posterity as the Mermaid Club, at which Jonson, Shakspeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, and other poets, exercised themselves with 'wit-combats' more bright and genial than their wine.* One of the favourite haunts of these bright-minded men was the Falcon Tavern, near the theatre in Bankside, Southwark, of which a sketch has been preserved. The latter days of Jonson were dark and painful. Attacks of palsy confined him to his house, and his necessities compelled him to write for the stage when his pen had lost its vigour, and wanted the charm of novelty. In 1630, he produced his comedy, the *New Inn*, which was unsuccessful on the stage. The king sent him a present of £100, and raised his laureate pension to the same sum per annum, adding a yearly tierce of canary wine. Next year, however, we find Jonson, in an *Epistle Mendicant*, soliciting assistance from the lord-treasurer. He continued writing to the last. Dryden has styled the latter works of Jonson his *dotages*; some are certainly unworthy of him, but the *Sad Shepherd*, which he left unfinished, exhibits the poetical fancy of a youthful composition. He died in 1637, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, where a square stone, marking the spot where the poet's body was disposed vertically, was long afterwards shown, inscribed only with the words, 'O RARE BEN JONSON!'

* An account of these entertainments, as essentially connected with English literature, is given at the close of this article.

† Drummond here alludes to Jonson having been at one period of his life a Roman Catholic. When in prison, after killing the actor, a priest converted him to the church of Rome, which he continued a member of it for twelve years. At the expiration of that time, he returned to the Protestant communion. As a proof of his enthusiastic temperament, it is mentioned, that Jonson drank out the full cup of wine at the communion table, in token of his reconciliation with the church of England.

* 'Many were the wit-combats betwixt Shakspeare and Ben Jonson, which two I behold like a Spanish great galleon and an English man-of-war: Master Jonson, like the former, was built far higher in learning; solid, but slow in his performances. Shakspeare, with the English man-of war, lesser in bulk, but lighter in sailing, could turn with all tides, tack about and take advantage of all winds, by the quickness of his wit and invention.'—*Fuller's Worthies.*

Besides the Mermaid, Jonson was a great frequenter of a club called the Apollo, at the Old Devil Tavern, Temple Bar, for which he wrote rules—*Leges Convivales*—and penned a welcome over the door of the room to all those who approved of the 'true Phœbian liquor.' Ben's rules, it must be said, discountenanced excess.

Jonson founded a style of regular English comedy, massive, well compacted, and fitted to endure, yet not very attractive in its materials. His works, altogether, consist of about fifty dramatic pieces, but by far the greater part are masques and interludes. His principal comedies are, 'Every Man in his Humour,'

Falcon Tavern.

'Volpone,' the 'Silent Woman,' and the 'Alchemist.' His Roman tragedies may be considered literal impersonations of classic antiquity, 'robust and richly graced,' yet stiff and unnatural in style and construction. They seem to bear about the same resemblance to Shakspeare's classic dramas that sculpture does to actual life. The strong delineation of character is the most striking feature in Jonson's comedies. The voluptuous Volpone is drawn with great *breadth* and freedom; and generally his portraits of eccentric characters—men in whom some peculiarity has grown to an egregious excess—are ludicrous and impressive. His scenes and characters show the labour of the artist, but still an artist possessing rich resources; an acute and vigorous intellect; great knowledge of life, down to its lowest descents; wit, lofty declamation, and a power of dramatising his knowledge and observation, with singular skill and effect. His pedantry is often misplaced and ridiculous: when he wishes to satirise his opponents of the drama, he lays the scene in the court of Augustus, and makes himself speak as Horace. In one of his Roman tragedies, he prescribes for the composition of a *mucus*, or wash for the face! His comic theatre is a gallery of strange, clever, original portraits, powerfully drawn, and skilfully disposed, but many of them repulsive in expression, or so exaggerated, as to look like caricatures or libels on humanity. We have little deep passion or winning tenderness to link the beings of his drama with those we love or admire, or to make us sympathise with them as with existing mortals. The charm of reality is generally wanting, or when found, it is not a pleasing reality. When the great artist escapes entirely from his elaborate wit and personified humours into the region of fancy (as in the lyrical passages of 'Cynthia,' 'Epicene,' and the whole drama of the 'Sad Shepherd'), we are struck with the contrast it exhibits to his ordinary manner. He thus presents two natures; one hard, rugged, gross, and sarcastic—'a mountain belly and a rocky face,' as he described his own person—the other airy, fanciful, and graceful, as if its possessor had never combated with the world and its bad passions, but nursed his understanding and his fancy in poetical seclusion and contemplation.

[*The Fall of Catiline.*]

Petreius. The straits and needs of Catiline being such,
As he must fight with one of the two armies
That then had near inclosed him, it pleas'd fate
To make us the object of his desperate choice,
Wherein the danger almost pois'd the honour:
And, as he rose, the day grew black with him,
And fate descended nearer to the earth,
As if she meant to hide the name of things
Under her wings, and make the world her quarry.
At this we roused, lest one small minute's stay
Had left it to be inquired what Rome was;
And (as we ought) arm'd in the confidence
Of our great cause, in form of battle stood,
Whilst Catiline came on, not with the face
Of any man, but of a public ruin:
His countenance was a civil war itself;
And all his host had, standing in their looks,
The paleness of the death that was to come;
Yet cried they out like vultures, and urged on,
As if they would precipitate our fates.
Nor stay'd we longer for 'em, but himself
Struck the first stroke, and with it fled a life,
Which out, it seem'd a narrow neck of land
Had broke between two mighty seas, and either
Flow'd into other; for so did the slaughter;
And whirl'd about, as when two violent tides
Meet and not yield. The furies stood on hills,
Circling the place, and trembling to see men
Do more than they; whilst pity left the field,
Griev'd for that side, that in so bad a cause
They knew not what a crime their valour was.
The sun stood still, and was, behind the cloud
The battle made, seen sweating, to drive up
His frighted horse, whom still the noise drove backward:
And now had fierce Envo, like a flame,
Consum'd all it could reach, and then itself,
Had not the fortune of the commonwealth,
Come, Pallas-like, to every Roman thought;
Which Catiline seeing, and that now his troops
Cover'd the earth they 'ad fought on with their trunks,
Ambitious of great fame, to crown his ill,
Collected all his fury, and ran in
(Arm'd with a glory high as his despair)
Into our battle, like a Libyan lion
Upon his hunters, scornful of our weapons,
Careless of wounds, plucking down lives about him,
Till he had circled in himself with death:
Then fell he too, t' embrace it where it lay.
And as in that rebellion 'gainst the gods,
Minerva holding forth Medusa's head,
One of the giant brethren felt himself
Grow marble at the killing sight; and now,
Almost made stone, began to inquire what flint,
What rock, it was that crept through all his limbs;
And, ere he could think more, was that he fear'd:
So Catiline, at the sight of Rome in us,
Became his tomb; yet did his look retain
Some of his fierceness, and his hands still mov'd,

As if he labour'd yet to grasp the state
With those rebellious parts.
Cato. A brave bad death!
Had this been honest now, and for his country,
As 'twas against it, who had e'er fall'n greater?

[*Accusation and Death of Silius in the Senate House.*]

[Silius, an honourable Roman, hated by Tiberius Cæsar, the emperor, and Sejanus, is unjustly accused in the senate-house by Varro, the consul. The other persons present are Domitius Afer, Latiaris, and Cotta, enemies of Silius, and Arruntius and Sabinus, his friends, with *lictores* and *præcones*, inferior officers of the senate.]

Afer. Cite Caius Silius.
Præ. Caius Silius!
Sil. Here.
Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany
For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
Thou hast enjoy'd so freely, Caius Silius,
As no man it envy'd thee; nor would Cæsar,
Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
Of any honours thy deserts could claim,
In the fair service of the commonwealth:
But now, if after all their loves and graces
(Thy actions and their courses being discover'd),
It shall appear to Cæsar, and this senate,
Thou hast defil'd those glories with thy crimes——
Sil. Crimes?
Afer. Patience, Silius.
Sil. Tell thy moil of patience
I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim them.
Am I too rich? too honest for the times?
Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses,
That some informer gapes for? Is my strength
Too much to be admitted? or my knowledge?
These now are crimes.
Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
Wilt thou endure the matter to be search'd?
Sil. I tell thee, Afer, with more scorn than fear:
Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
Where's my accuser?
Var. Here.
Arr. Varro the consul.
Is he thrust in?
Var. 'Tis I accuse thee, Silius.
Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
First of beginning and occasioning,
Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long
That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
Only to make thy entertainment more:
Whilst thou and thy wife Sosia poll'd the province:
Wherein, with sordid base desire of gain,
Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
And been a traitor to the state.
Sil. Thou liest.
Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.
Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar, but unjustly
Have call'd him into trial; here I bind
Myself to suffer what I claim against him;
And yield to have what I have spoke, confirm'd
By judgment of the court, and all good men.
Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferr'd,
Till this man's consulship be out.
Tib. We cannot.
Nor may we grant it.
Sil. Why? shall he design
My day of trial? is he my accuser?
And must he be my judge?
Tib. It hath been usual,
And is a right that custom hath allow'd
The magistrate, to call forth private men;
And to appoint their day: which privilege
We may not in the consul see infring'd,
By whose deep watches, and industrious care,
It is so labour'd as the commonwealth
Receive no loss, by any oblique course.
Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.
Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use
The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
But only do preserve his place and power,
So far as it concerns the dignity
And honour of the state.
Arr. Believe him, Silius.
Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.
Arr. I say so.
And he may choose too.
Tib. By the Capitol,
And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
Our sacred laws, and just authority
Are interess'd therein, I should be silent.
Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial;
He shall have justice.
Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
Shall I not, Afer? speak.
Afer. Would you have more?
Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
Malicious, and manifold applying,
Foul wresting, and impossible construction.
Afer. He raves, he raves.
Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
Whose power condemns me.
Var. This betrays his spirit.
This doth enough declare him what he is.
Sil. What am I? speak.
Var. An enemy to the state.
Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
That here art made a present instrument
To gratify it with thine own disgrace.
Sej. This to the consul is most insolent!
And impious!
Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves.
Alas! I scent not your confed'racies,
Your plots, and combinations! I not know
Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all
This boast of law, and law is but a form,
A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere engine,
To take that life by a pretext of justice,
Which you pursue in malice? I want brain,
Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends
And purposes are made to what they are,
Before my answer! O, you equal gods,
Whose justice not a world of wolf-turn'd men
Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provok'd;
Have I for this so oft engag'd myself?
Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
Than I the field, against the blue-ey'd Gauls
And crisped Germans? when our Roman eagles
Have faun'd the fire with their labouring wings,
And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
When I have charg'd, alone, into the troops
Of curl'd Sicambrians, routed them, and came
Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave,
But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
And have I this return? did I for this
Perform so noble and so brave defeat
On Sacrovir? (O Jove, let it become me
To boast my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
Shall thus forget them.)

Afer. Silius, Silius,
These are the common customs of thy blood,
When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt
Thou lately mad'st at Agrippina's table,
That, when all other of the troops were prone
To fall into rebellion, only thine
Remain'd in their obedience. Thou wert he
That sav'd the empire, which had then been lost,
Had but thy legions, there, rebell'd or mutin'd;
Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril,
Thou gav'st to Cæsar, and to Rome, their surety,
Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
Their being was a donative from thee.
Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.
Tib. Is this true, Silius?
Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
Thy spy of famous credit hath affirm'd it.
Arr. Excellent Roman!
Sab. He doth answer stoutly.
Sej. If this be so, there needs no other cause
Of crime against him.
Var. What can more impeach
The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
Than to be urged with a benefit
He cannot pay?
Col. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
Is made unequal to the courtesy.
Lor. His means are clean destroy'd that should requite.
Col. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.
Arr. Gallus on that side too!
Sil. Come, do not hunt
And labour so about for circumstance,
To make him guilty, whom you have foredoom'd:
Take shorter ways; I'll meet your purposes.
The words were mine, and more I now will say:
Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,
Thou still hast fear'd me; and, in place of grace,
Return'd me hatred: so soon all best turns,
With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries
In estimation, when they greater rise
Than can be answer'd. Benefits, with you,
Are of no longer pleasure than you can
With ease restore them; that transcended once,
Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.
It is your nature to have all men slaves
To you, but you acknowledging to none.
The means that make your greatness, must not come
In mention of it; if it do, it takes
So much away, you think: and that which help'd,
Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,
Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.
Col. Suffer him speak no more.
Var. Note but his spirit.
Afer. This shows him in the rest.
Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.
Lat. Let him be censur'd.
Col. His thoughts look through his words.
Sej. A censure.
Sil. Stay,
Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
Delude thy fury. Silius hath not plac'd
His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
So weakly, but he can escape your gripe,
That are but hands of fortune: she herself,
When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
All that can happen in humanity,
The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
The senate's servile flattery, and these
Muster'd to kill, I'm fortified against,
And can look down upon: they are beneath me.
It is not life whereof I stand enamour'd;
Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
The coward and the valiant man must fall,
Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them:
Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
Romans, if any here be in this senate,
Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
Look upon Silius, and so learn to die. [*Stabs himself.*
Var. O desperate act!
Arr. An honourable hand!
Tib. Look, is he dead?
Sab. 'Twas nobly struck, and home.
Arr. My thought did prompt him to it.
Farewell, Silius.
Be famous ever for thy great example.

Fall of Sejanus.

[*Lov.*]

(From the 'New Inn.')

LOVEL and HOST of the New Inn.

Lov. There is no life on earth, but being in love!
There are no studies, no delights, no business,
No intercourse, or trade of sense, or soul,
But what is love! I was the laziest creature,
The most unprofitable sign of nothing,
The veriest drone, and slept away my life
Beyond the dormouse, till I was in love!
And now I can out-wake the nightingale,
Out-watch an usurer, and out-walk him too,
Stalk like a ghost that haunted 'bout a treasure;
And all that fancied treasure, it is love!
Host. But is your name Love-ill, sir, or Love-well?
I would know that.
Lov. I do not know't myself,
Whether it is. But it is love hath been
The hereditary passion of our house,
My gentle host, and, as I guess, my friend;
The truth is, I have lov'd this lady long,
And impotently, with desire enough,
But no success: for I have still forborne
To express it in my person to her.
Host. How then?
Lov. I have sent her toys, verses, and anagrams,
Trials of wit, mere trifles, she has commended,
But knew not whence they came, nor could she guess.
Host. This was a pretty riddling way of wooing!
Lov. I oft have been, too, in her company,
And look'd upon her a whole day, admir'd her,
Lov'd her, and did not tell her so; lov'd still,
Look'd still, and lov'd; and lov'd, and look'd, and sigh'd;
But, as a man neglected, I came off,
And unregarded.
Host. Could you blame her, sir,
When you were silent and not said a word?
Lov. O, but I lov'd the more; and she might read it
Best in my silence, had she been——
Host. As melancholic
As you are. Pray you, why would you stand mute, sir?
Lov. O thereon hangs a history, mine host.
Did you e'er know or hear of the Lord Beaufort,
Who serv'd so bravely in France? I was his page,
And, ere he died, his friend: I follow'd him
First in the wars, and in the times of peace
I waited on his studies; which were right.
He had no Arthurs, nor no Rosicleers,
No Knights of the Sun, nor Amadis de Gauls,
Primalions, and Pantagruels, public nothings;
Abortives of the fabulous dark cloister,
Sent out to poison courts, and infest manners:
But great Achilles', Agamemnon's acts,
Sage Nestor's counsels, and Ulysses' sleights,
Tydides' fortitude, as Homer wrought them
In his immortal fancy, for examples
Of the heroic virtue. Or, as Virgil,
That master of the Epic poem, limn'd
Pious Æneas, his religious prince,

Bearing his aged parent on his shoulders,
Rapt from the flames of Troy, with his young son.
And these he brought to practice and to use.
He gave me first my breeding, I acknowledge,
Then shower'd his bounties on me, like the Hours,
That open-handed sit upon the clouds,
And press the liberality of heaven
Down to the laps of thankful men! But then,
The trust committed to me at his death
Was above all, and left so strong a tie
On all my powers, as time shall not dissolve,
Till it dissolve itself, and bury all:
The care of his brave heir and only son!
Who being a virtuous, sweet, young, hopeful lord,
Hath cast his first affections on this lady.
And though I know, and may presume her such,
As out of humour, will return no love,
And therefore might indifferently be made
The courting-stock for all to practise on,
As she doth practise on us all to scorn:
Yet out of a religion to my charge,
And debt profess'd, I have made a self-decree,
Ne'er to express my person, though my passion
Burn me to cinders.

[*A Simpleton and a Braggadocio.*]

[Bobadil, the braggadocio, in his mean and obscure lodging, is visited by Matthew, the simpleton.]

Mat. Save you, sir; save you, captain.

Bob. Gentle master Matthew! Is it you, sir? Please you to sit down.

Mat. Thank you, good captain, you may see I am somewhat audacious.

Bob. Not so, sir. I was requested to supper last night by a sort of gallants, where you were wish'd for, and drunk to, I assure you.

Mat. Vouchsafe me, by whom, good captain?

Bob. Marry, by young Well-bred, and others. Why, hostess, a stool here for this gentleman.

Mat. No haste, sir; 'tis very well.

Bob. Body o' me!—it was so late ere we parted last night, I can scarce open my eyes yet; I was but new risen, as you came: how passes the day abroad, sir?—you can tell.

Mat. Faith, some half hour to seven: now, trust me, you have an exceeding fine lodging here, very neat and private!

Bob. Ay, sir; sit down, I pray you. Mr Matthew (in any case) possess no gentlemen of our acquaintance with notice of my lodging.

Mat. Who! I, sir?—no.

Bob. Not that I need to care who know it, for the cabin is convenient, but in regard I would not be too popular, and generally visited as some are.

Mat. True, captain, I conceive you.

Bob. For, do you see, sir, by the heart of valour in me (except it be to some peculiar and choice spirits, to whom I am extraordinarily engaged, as yourself, or so), I could not extend thus far.

Mat. O Lord, sir, I resolve so.

Bob. I confess I love a cleanly and quiet privacy, above all the tumult and roar of fortune. What new book ha' you there? What! Go by, Hieronymo![1]

Mat. Ay, did you ever see it acted? Is't not well penn'd?

Bob. Well-penn'd! I would fain see all the poets of these times pen such another play as that was!—they'll prate and swagger, and keep a stir of art and devices, when (as I am a gentleman), read 'em, they are the most shallow, pitiful, barren fellows, that live upon the face of the earth again.

Mat. Indeed; here are a number of fine speeches in this book. 'O eyes, no eyes, but fountains fraught with tears!' There's a conceit!—fountains fraught with tears! 'O life, no life, but lively form of death!' Another! 'O world, no world, but mass of public wrongs!' A third! 'Confused and fill'd with murder and misdeeds!' A fourth! O, the muses! Is't not excellent? Is't not simply the best that ever you heard, captain? Ha! how do you like it?

Bob. 'Tis good.

Mat. 'To thee, the purest object to my sense,
The most refined essence heaven covers,
Send I these lines, wherein I do commence
The happy state of turtle-billing lovers.
If they prove rough, unpolish'd, harsh, and rude,
Haste made the waste. Thus mildly I conclude.'

Bob. Nay, proceed, proceed. Where's this?

[*Bobadil is making him ready all this while.*

Mat. This, sir! a toy o' mine own, in my nonage; the infancy of my muses! But when will you come and see my study? Good faith, I can show you some very good things I have done of late. That boot becomes your leg passing well, captain, methinks.

Bob. So, so; it's the fashion gentlemen now use.

Mat. Troth, captain, and now you speak o' the fashion, Master Well-bred's elder brother and I are fallen out exceedingly. This other day, I happened to enter into some discourse of a hanger, which, I assure you, both for fashion and workmanship, was most peremptory-beautiful and gentleman-like; yet he condemned and cried it down for the most pyed and ridiculous that ever he saw.

Bob. Squire Downright, the half-brother, was't not?

Mat. Ay, sir, he.

Bob. Hang him, rook, he! why, he has no more judgment than a malt horse. By St George, I wonder you'd lose a thought upon such an animal; the most peremptory absurd clown of Christendom, this day, he is holden. I protest to you, as I am a gentleman and a soldier, I ne'er changed words with his like. By his discourse, he should eat nothing but hay: he was born for the manger, pannier, or pack-saddle! He has not so much as a good phrase in his belly, but all old iron and rusty proverbs;—a good commodity for some smith to make hob-nails of.

Mat. Ay, and he thinks to carry it away with his manhood still, where he comes: he brags he will gi' me the bastinado, as I hear.

Bob. How? he the bastinado! How came he by that word, trow?

Mat. Nay, indeed, he said cudgel me; I term'd it so for my more grace.

Bob. That may be, for I was sure it was none of his word: but when? when said he so?

Mat. Faith, yesterday, they say; a young gallant, a friend of mine, told me so.

Bob. By the foot of Pharaoh, an 'twere my case now, I should send him a chartel presently. The bastinado! A most proper and sufficient dependance, warranted by the great Caranza. Come hither; you shall chartel him; I'll show you a trick or two, you shall kill him with at pleasure; the first stoccata, if you will, by this air.

Mat. Indeed; you have absolute knowledge i' the mystery, I have heard, sir

Bob. Of whom?—of whom ha' you heard it, I beseech you?

Mat. Troth I have heard it spoken of divers, that you have very rare, and un-in-one-breath-utter-able skill, sir.

Bob. By heav'n, no not I; no skill i' the earth; some small rudiments i' the science, as to know my time, distance, or so: I have profest it more for noblemen and gentlemen's use than mine own practice, I assure you. Hostess, accommodate us with another bed-staff here quickly: lend us another bed-staff: the woman does not understand the words of action. Look

[1] A cant phrase of the day.

you, sir, exalt not your point above this state, at any hand, and let your poniard maintain your defence, thus; (give it the gentleman, and leave us;) so, sir. Come on. O twine your body more about, that you may fall to a more sweet, comely, gentleman-like guard; so, indifferent: hollow your body more, sir, thus; now, stand fast o' your left leg, note your distance, keep your due proportion of time. O, you disorder your point most irregularly!

Mat. How is the bearing of it now, sir?

Bob. O, out of measure ill!—a well-experienced hand would pass upon you at pleasure.

Mat. How mean you, sir, pass upon me?

Bob. Why, thus, sir, (make a thrust at me); come in upon the answer, control your point, and make a full career at the body; the best practis'd gallants of the time name it the passado; a most desperate thrust, believe it!

Mat. Well, come, sir.

Bob. Why, you do not manage your weapon with any facility or grace to invite me! I have no spirit to play with you; your dearth of judgment renders you tedious.

Mat. But one venue, sir.

Bob. Venue! fie; most gross denomination as ever I heard. O, the stoccata, while you live, sir, note that; come, put on your cloak, and we'll go to some private place where you are acquainted—some tavern or so—and have a bit; I'll send for one of these fencers, and he shall breathe you, by my direction, and then I will teach you your trick; you shall kill him with it at the first, if you please. Why, I will learn you by the true judgment of the eye, hand, and foot, to control any enemy's point i' the world. Should your adversary confront you with a pistol, 'twere nothing, by this hand; you should, by the same rule, control his bullet, in a line, except it were hail shot, and spread. What money ha' you about you, Master Matthew!

Mat. Faith, I ha' not past a two shillings, or so.

Bob. 'Tis somewhat with the least; but come; we will have a bunch of radish, and salt to taste our wine, and a pipe of tobacco, to close the orifice of the stomach; and then we'll call upon young Well-bred: perhaps we shall meet the Coridon his brother there, and put him to the question.

Every Man in his Humour.

[*Rodadil's Plan for Saving the Expense of an Army.*]

Bob. I will tell you, sir, by the way of private, and under seal, I am a gentleman, and live here obscure, and to myself; but were I known to her majesty and the lords (observe me), I would undertake, upon this poor head and life, for the public benefit of the state, not only to spare the entire lives of her subjects in general, but to save the one half, nay, three parts of her yearly charge in holding war, and against what enemy soever. And how would I do it, think you?

E. Kno. Nay, I know not, nor can I conceive.

Bob. Why thus, sir. I would select nineteen more, to myself, throughout the land; gentlemen they should be of good spirit, strong and able constitution; I would choose them by an instinct, a character that I have: and I would teach these nineteen the special rules, as your punto, your reverso, your stoccata, your imbrocato, your passado, your montanto, till they could all play very near, or altogether as well as myself. This done, say the enemy were forty thousand strong, we twenty would come into the field the tenth of March, or thereabouts; and we would challenge twenty of the enemy; they could not in their honour refuse us; well, we would kill them; challenge twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them; twenty more, kill them too; and thus would we kill every man his twenty a-day, that's twenty score; twenty score, that's two hundred; two hundred a-day, five days a thousand; forty thousand; forty times five, five times forty, two hundred days kills them all up by computation. And this will I venture my poor gentleman-like carcass to perform, provided there be no treason practised upon us, by fair and discreet manhood; that is, civilly by the sword.

Ibid.

[*Advice to a Reckless Youth.*]

Knowell. What would I have you do? I'll tell you, kinsman;
Learn to be wise, and practise how to thrive,
That would I have you do: and not to spend
Your coin on every bauble that you fancy,
Or every foolish brain that humours you.
I would not have you to invade each place,
Nor thrust yourself on all societies,
Till men's affections, or your own desert,
Should worthily invite you to your rank.
He that is so respectless in his courses,
Oft sells his reputation at cheap market.
Nor would I you should melt away yourself
In flashing bravery, lest, while you affect
To make a blaze of gentry to the world,
A little puff of scorn extinguish it,
And you be left like an unsavoury snuff,
Whose property is only to offend.
I'd ha' you sober, and contain yourself;
Not that your sail be bigger than your boat;
But moderate your expenses now (at first)
As you may keep the same proportion still.
Nor stand so much on your gentility,
Which is an airy, and mere borrow'd thing,
From dead men's dust, and bones; and none of yours,
Except you make, or hold it.

Ibid.

[*The Alchemist.*]

MAMMON. SURLY, his Friend. The scene, SUBTLE'S House.

Mam. Come on, sir. Now you set your foot on shore
In *novo orbe*. Here's the rich Peru:
And there within, sir, are the golden mines,
Great Solomon's Ophir! He was sailing to't
Three years, but we have reach'd it in ten months.
This is the day wherein to all my friends
I will pronounce the happy word, Be rich.
This day you shall be *spectatissimi*.
You shall no more deal with the hollow dye,
Or the frail card. No more be at charge of keeping
The livery punk for the young heir, that must
Seal at all hours in his shirt. No more,
If he deny, ha' him beaten to't, as he is
That brings him the commodity. No more
Shall thirst of satin, or the covetous hunger
Of velvet entrails for a rude-spun cloak
To be display'd at Madam Augusta's, make
The sons of Sword and Hazard fall before
The golden calf, and on their knees whole nights
Commit idolatry with wine and trumpets;
Or go a-feasting after drum and ensign.
No more of this. You shall start up young viceroys,
And have your punques and punquetees, my Surly:
And unto thee I speak it first, Be rich.
Where is my Subtle there? within, ho—

[FACE *answers from within.*

Sir, he'll come to you by and by.

Mam. That's his fire-drake,
His Lungs, his Zephyrus, he that puffs his coals
Till he firk nature up in her own centre.
You are not faithful, sir. This night I'll change
All that is metal in thy house to gold:
And early in the morning will I send

To all the plumbers and the pewterers,
And buy their tin and lead up; and to Lothbury,
For all the copper.
Sur. What, and turn that too?
Mam. Yes, and I'll purchase Devonshire and Cornwall,
And make them perfect Indies! You admire now?
Sur. No, faith.
Mam. But when you see the effects of the great medicine!
Of which one part projected on a hundred
Of Mercury, or Venus, or the Moon,
Shall turn it to as many of the Sun;
Nay, to a thousand, so *ad infinitum:*
You will believe me.
Sur. Yes, when I see't, I will.
Mam. Ha! why,
Do you think I fable with you? I assure you,
He that has once the flower of the Sun,
The perfect Ruby, which we call Elixir,
Not only can do that, but by its virtue
Can confer honour, love, respect, long life,
Give safety, valour, yea, and victory,
To whom he will. In eight-and-twenty days
I'll make an old man of fourscore a child.
Sur. No doubt; he's that already.
Mam. Nay, I mean,
Restore his years, renew him like an eagle,
To the fifth age; make him get sons and daughters,
Young giants, as our philosophers have done
(The ancient patriarchs afore the flood),
By taking, once a-week, on a knife's point,
The quantity of a grain of mustard of it,
Become stout Marses, and beget young Cupids.
Sur. The decay'd vestals of Pickt-hatch would thank you,
That keep the fire alive there.
Mam. 'Tis the secret
Of nature naturised 'gain-t all infections,
Cures all diseases, coming of all causes;
A month's grief in a day; a year's in twelve;
And of what age soever, in a month:
Past all the doses of your drugging doctors.
I'll undertake withal to fright the plague
Out o' the kingdom in three months.
Sur. And I'll
Be bound the players shall sing your praises, then,
Without their poets.
Mam. Sir, I'll do't. Meantime,
I'll give away so much unto my man,
Shall serve the whole city with preservative
Weekly; each house his dose, and at the rate—
Sur. As he that built the water-work does with water!
Mam. You are incredulous.
Sur. Faith, I have a humour,
I would not willingly be gull'd. Your Stone
Cannot transmute me.
Mam. Pertinax Surly,
Will you believe antiquity? Records?
I'll show you a book, where Moses, and his sister,
And Solomon, have written of the Art!
Ay, and a treatise penn'd by Adam.
Sur. How?
Mam. Of the Philosopher's Stone, and in High Dutch.
Sur. Did Adam write, sir, in High Dutch!
Mam. He did,
Which proves it was the primitive tongue.
Sur. What paper?
Mam. On cedar-board.
Sur. O that, indeed, they say,
Will last 'gainst worms.
Mam. 'Tis like your Irish wood
'Gainst cobwebs. I have a piece of Jason's fleece too,
Which was no other than a book of Alchemy,
Writ in large sheep-skin, a good fat ram-vellum.
Such was Pythagoras' Thigh, Pandora's Tub,
And all that fable of Medea's charms,
The manner of our work: the bulls, our furnace,
Still breathing fire: our *Argent-vive*, the Dragon:
The Dragon's teeth, Mercury sublimate,
That keeps the whiteness, hardness, and the biting:
And they are gather'd into Jason's helm
(Th' Alembick), and then sow'd in Mars his field,
And thence sublim'd so often, till they are fix'd.
Both this, the Hesperian Garden, Cadmus' Story,
Jove's Shower, the Boon of Midas, Argus' Eyes,
Boccace his Demogorgon, thousands more,
All abstract riddles of our Stone.

THE COURT MASQUES OF THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY.

The courts of James I. and Charles I., while as yet danger neither existed nor was anticipated, were enlivened by the peculiar theatrical entertainment called the Masque—a trifle, or little better, in itself, but which has derived particular interest from the genius of Jonson and Milton. The origin of the masque is to be looked for in the 'revels' and 'shows' which, during the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries, were presented on high festive occasions at court, in the inns of the lawyers, and at the universities, and in those mysteries and moralities which were the earliest forms of the spoken drama. Henry VIII., in his earlier and better days, had frequent entertainments, consisting of a set of masked and gaily-dressed characters, or of such representations as the following: In the hall of the palace at Greenwich, a castle was reared, with numerous towers and gates, and every appearance of preparation for a long siege, and inscribed, *Le fortresse dangereux*; it was defended by six richly-dressed ladies; the king and five of his courtiers then entered in the disguise of knights, and attacked the castle, which the ladies, after a gallant resistance, surrendered, the affair concluding with a dance of the ladies and knights. Here there was nothing but scenery and pantomime; by and by, poetical dialogue, song, and music, were added; and when the masque had reached its height in the reigns of James and the first Charles, it employed the first talent of the country in its composition, and, as Bacon remarks, being designed for princes, was by princes played.

Masques were generally prepared for some remarkable occasion, as a coronation, the birth of a young prince or noble, a peer's marriage, or the visit of some royal personage of foreign countries; and they usually took place in the hall of the palace. Many of them were enacted in that banqueting room at Whitehall, through which a prince, who often took part in them, afterwards walked to the scaffold. Allegory and mythology were the taste of that age: we wonder at the fact, but we do not perhaps sufficiently allow for the novelty of classical imagery and characters in those days, and it may be only a kind of prejudice, or the effect of fashion, which makes us so rigorously banish from our literature allusions to the poetic beings of Grecian antiquity; while we contentedly solace ourselves in contemplating, through what are called historical novels, the much ruder, and perhaps not more truly represented, personages of the middle ages. The *action* of a masque was always something short and simple; and it is easy to see that, excepting where very high poetical and musical talent was engaged, the principal charm must have lain in the elegance of the dresses and decorations, and the piquancy of a constant reference from the actors in their assumed, to the actors in their real characters.

Usually, besides gods, goddesses, and nymphs from classical antiquity, there were such personages as Night, Day, Beauty, Fortitude, and so forth; but though the persons of the drama were thus removed from common life, the reference of the whole business of the scene to the occasion which had called it forth, was as direct as it could well be, and even ludicrously so, particularly when the object was to pay a compliment to any of the courtly audience. This, however, was partly justified by the private character of the entertainment; and it is easy to conceive that, when a gipsy stepped from the scene, and, taking the king's hand, assigned him all the good fortune which a loyal subject should wish to a sovereign, there would be such a marked increase of *sensation* in the audience, as to convince the poet that there lay the happiest stroke of his play.

Mr Collier, in his *Annals of the Stage*, has printed a document which gives a very distinct account of the court masque, as it was about the time when the drama arose in England; namely, in the early years of Elizabeth. That princess, as is well-known, designed an amicable meeting with Mary Queen of Scots, which was to have taken place at Nottingham castle, in May 1562, but was given up in consequence, as is believed, of the jealousy of Elizabeth regarding the superior beauty of Mary. A masque was devised to celebrate the meeting and entertain the united courts, and it is the poet's scheme of this entertainment, docketed by Lord Burleigh, to which reference is now made. The masque seems to have been simply an *acted allegory, relating to the circumstances of the two queens*; and it throws a curious light not only upon the taste, but upon the political history of the period. We give the procedure of the first night.

'First, a prison to be made in the hall, the name whereof is *Extreme Oblivion*, and the keeper's name thereof *Argus*, otherwise called *Circumspection*: then a masque of ladies to come in after this sort:

First Pallas, riding upon an unicorn, having in her hand a standard, in which is to be painted two ladies' hands, knit in one fast within the other, and over the hands, written in letters of gold, *Fides*.

Then two ladies riding together, the one upon a golden lion with a crown of gold on his head, the other upon a red lion, with the like crown of gold; signifying two virtues; that is to say, the lady on the golden lion is to be called *Prudentia*, and the lady on the red lion *Temperantia*.

After this, to follow six or eight ladies masquers, bringing in captive *Discord* and *False Report*, with ropes of gold about their necks. When these have marched about the hall, then Pallas to declare before the queen's majesty, in verse, that the goddess, understanding the noble meeting of these two queens, hath willed her to declare unto them that those two virtues, Prudentia and Temperantia, have made great and long suit unto Jupiter, that it would please him to give unto them False Report and Discord, to be punished as they think good; and that those ladies have now in their presence determined to commit them fast bound unto the aforesaid prison of Extreme Oblivion, there to be kept by the aforesaid jailor Argus, otherwise Circumspection, for ever, unto whom Prudentia shall deliver a lock, whereupon shall be written *In Eternum*. Then Temperantia shall likewise deliver unto Argus a key, whose name shall be *Nunquam*, signifying that, when False Report and Discord are committed to the prison of Extreme Oblivion, and locked there everlastingly, he should put in the key to let them out *nunquam* [never]; and when he hath so done, then the trumpets to blow, and the English ladies to take the nobility of the strangers, and dance.'

On the second night, a castle is presented in the hall, and *Peace* comes in riding in a chariot drawn by an elephant, on which sits *Friendship*. The latter pronounces a speech on the event of the preceding evening, and Peace is left to dwell with Prudence and Temperance. The third night showed Disdain on a wild boar, accompanied by Prepensed Malice, as a serpent, striving to procure the liberation of Discord and False Report, but opposed successfully by Courage and Discretion. At the end of the fight, 'Disdain shall run his ways, and escape with life, but Prepensed Malice shall be slain; signifying that some ungodly men may still disdain the perpetual peace made between these two virtues; but as for their prepensed malice, it is easy trodden under these ladies' feet.' The second night ends with a flowing of wine from conduits, 'during which time the English lords shall mask with the Scottish ladies:' the third night terminates by the six or eight ladies masquers singing a song 'as full of harmony as may be devised.' The whole entertainment indicates a sincere desire of reconciliation on the part of Elizabeth; but the first scene—a prison—seems strangely ominous of the events which followed six years after.

The masque as has been stated, attained the zenith of its glory in the reign of James I., the most festive known in England between those of Henry VIII. and Charles II. The queen, the princes, and nobles and ladies of the highest rank, took parts in them, and they engaged the genius of Jonson, Inigo Jones, and Henry Lawes, each in his various department of poet, machinist, and musician; while no expense was spared to render them worthy of the place, the occasion, and the audience. It appears from the accounts of the Master of Revels, that no less than £4215 was lavished on these entertainments in the first six years of the king's reign. Jonson himself composed twenty-three masques; and Dekker, Middleton, and others of the leading dramatic authors, Shakspeare alone excepted, were glad to contribute in this manner to the pleasures of a court whose patronage was so essential to them.

The marriage of Lord James Hay to Anne, daughter and heir of Lord Denny, January 6th, 1607, was distinguished at court (Whitehall) by what was called the *Memorable Masque*, the production of Dr Thomas Campion, an admired musician as well as poet of that day, now forgotten. On this occasion, the great hall of the palace was fitted up in a way that shows the mysteries of theatrical scenery and decoration to have been better understood, and carried to a greater height, in that age, than is generally supposed. One end of the hall was set apart for the audience, having the king's seat in the centre; next to it was a space for ten concerted musicians—base and mean lutes, a bandora, a double sackbut, a harpsichord, and two treble violins—besides whom there were nine violins, three lutes, six cornets, and six chapel singers. The stage was concealed by a curtain resembling dark clouds, which being withdrawn, disclosed a green valley with green round about it, and in the midst of them nine golden ones of fifteen feet high. The bower of Flora was on their right, the house of Night on the left; between them a hill hanging like a cliff over the grove. The bower of Flora was spacious, garnished with flowers and flowery branches, with lights among them; the house of Night ample and stately, with black columns studded with golden stars; while about it were placed, on wires, artificial bats and owls continually moving. As soon as the king entered the great hall, the hautboys were heard from the top of the hill and from the wood, till

Flora and Zephyrus were seen busily gathering flowers from the bower, throwing them into baskets which two sylvans held, attired in changeable taffety. Besides two other allegorical characters, *Night* and *Hesperus*, there were nine masquers, representing Apollo's knights, and personated by young men of rank.

After songs and recitative, the whole vale was suddenly withdrawn, and a hill with Diana's tree discovered. *Night* appeared in her house with *Nine Hours*, apparelled in large robes of black taffety, painted thick with stars; their hair long, black, and spangled with gold; on their heads coronets of stars, and their faces black. Every Hour bore in his hand a black torch painted with stars, and lighted.

Night. Vanish, dark vales, let night in glory shine,
As she doth burn in rage; come, leave our shrine,
You black-haired hours, and guide us with your lights,
Flora hath wakened wide our drowsy sprites.
See where she triumphs, see her flowers are thrown,
And all about the seeds of malice sown;
Despiteful Flora, is't not enough of grief,
That Cynthia's robbed, but thou must grace the thief?
Or didst not hear Night's sovereign queen[1] complain
Hymen had stolen a nymph out of her train,
And matched her here, plighted henceforth to be
Love's friend and stranger to virginity?
And mak'st thou sport for this?

Flora. Be mild, stern Night;
Flora doth honour Cynthia and her right; * *
The nymph was Cynthia's while she was her own,
But now another claims in her a right,
By fate reserved thereto, and wise foresight.
Zephyrus. Can Cynthia one kind virgin's loss bemoan?
How, if perhaps she brings her ten for one? * *

After some more such dialogue, in which Hesperus takes part, Cynthia is reconciled to the loss of her nymph; the trees sink, by means of enginery, under the stage, and the masquers come out of their tops to fine music. Dances, processions, speeches, and songs follow, the last being a duet between a Sylvan and an Hour, by the way of tenor and bass.

Syl. Tell me, gentle Hour of Night,
Wherein dost thou most delight?
Hour. Not in sleep. *Syl.* Wherein, then?
Hour. In the frolic view of men.
Syl. Lov'st thou music? *Hour.* Oh, 'tis sweet.
Syl. What's dancing? *Hour.* Even the mirth of feet.
Syl. Joy you in fairies and in elves?
Hour. We are of that sort ourselves:
But, Sylvan, say, why do you love
Only to frequent the grove?
Syl. Life is fullest of content,
Where delight is innocent.
Hour. Pleasure must vary, not be long;
Come, then, let's close and end our song.

Then the masquers made an obeisance to the king, and attended him to the banqueting room.

The masques of Jonson contain a great deal of fine poetry, and even the prose descriptive parts are remarkable for grace and delicacy of language—as, for instance, where he speaks of a sea at the back of a scene, catching 'the eye afar off with a wandering beauty.' In that which was produced at the marriage of Ramsay, Lord Haddington, to Lady Elizabeth Ratcliff, the scene presented a steep red cliff, topped by clouds, allusive to the red cliff from which the lady's name was said to be derived; before which were two pillars charged with spoils of love, 'amongst which were old and young persons bound with roses, wedding garments, rocks, and spindles, hearts transfixed with arrows, others flaming, virgins' girdles, garlands, and worlds of such like.' Enter Venus in her chariot, attended by the Graces, and delivers a speech expressive of her anxiety to recover her son Cupid, who has run away from her. The Graces then make proclamation as follows:—

1*st Grace.* Beauties, have you seen this toy,
Called love, a little boy,
Almost naked, wanton, blind;
Cruel now, and then as kind!
If he be amongst ye, say;
He is Venus' runaway.

2*d Grace.* She that will but now discover
Where the winged wag doth hover,
Shall to-night receive a kiss,
How or where herself would wish;
But who brings him to his mother,
Shall have that kiss, and another.

3*d Grace.* He hath marks about him plenty;
You shall know him among twenty.
All his body is a fire,
And his breath a flame entire,
That, being shot like lightning in,
Wounds the heart but not the skin.

1*st Grace.* At his sight the sun hath turn'd,
Neptune in the waters burn'd;
Hell hath felt a greater heat;
Jove himself forsook his seat;
From the centre to the sky
Are his trophies reared high.

2*d Grace.* Wings he hath, which though ye clip,
He will leap from lip to lip,
Over liver, lights, and heart,
But not stay in any part;
And if chance his arrow misses,
He will shoot himself in kisses.

3*d Grace.* He doth bear a golden bow,
And a quiver hanging low,
Full of arrows, that outbrave
Dian's shafts; where, if he have
Any head more sharp than other,
With that first he strikes his mother.

1*st Grace.* Still the fairest are his food.
When his days are to be cruel,
Lovers' hearts are all his food,
And his baths their warmest blood;
Nought but wounds his hand doth season,
And he hates none like to Reason.

2*d Grace.* Trust him not; his words, though sweet,
Seldom with his heart do meet.
All his practice is deceit;
Every gift it is a bait;
Not a kiss but poison bears;
And most treason in his tears.

3*d Grace.* Idle minutes are his reign;
Then the straggler makes his gain,
By presenting maids with toys,
And would have ye think them joys;
'Tis the ambition of the elf
To have all childish as himself.

1*st Grace.* If by these ye please to know him,
Beauties, be not nice, but show him.

2*d Grace.* Though ye had a will to hide him,
Now, we hope, ye'll not abide him.

3*d Grace.* Since you hear his falser play,
And that he 's Venus' runaway.

Cupid enters, attended by twelve boys, representing 'the Sports and pretty Lightnesses that accompany

[1] Diana.

Love,' who dance, and then Venus apprehends her son, and a pretty dialogue ensues between them and Hymen. Vulcan afterwards appears, and, claiming the pillars as his workmanship, strikes the red cliff, which opens, and shows a large luminous sphere containing the astronomical lines and signs of the zodiac. He makes a quaint speech, and presents the sphere as his gift to Venus on the triumph of her son. The Lesbian god and his consort retire amicably to their chariot, and the piece ends by the singing of an epithalamium, interspersed with dances of masquers:—

Up, youths and virgins, up, and praise
The god, whose nights outshine his days;
Hymen, whose hallow'd rites
Could never boast of brighter lights;
Whose bands pass liberty.
Two of your troop, that with the morn were free,
Are now waged to his war.
And what they are,
If you'll perfection see,
Yourselves must be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

What joy, what honours can compare
With holy nuptials, when they are
Made out of equal parts
Of years, of states, of hands, of hearts!
When in the happy choice
The spouse and spousèd have foremost voice!
Such, glad of Hymen's war,
Live what they are,
And long perfection see;
And such ours be.
Shine, Hesperus, shine forth, thou wished star!

* * *

Still further to illustrate this curious subject, and to revive a department of our literature almost totally unknown, we present one entire masque of Jonson, a short but beautiful one, which was represent at court in 1615, 'by the lords and gentlemen, the king's servants,' and seems to have been designed as a compliment to the king on the point of his love of justice.

The Golden Age Restored.

The court being seated and in expectation,

Loud Music: PALLAS in her chariot descending to a softer music.

Look, look! rejoice and wonder
That you, offending mortals, are
(For all your crimes) so much the care
Of him that bears the thunder.

Jove can endure no longer,
Your great ones should your less invade;
Or that your weak, though bad, be made
A prey unto the stronger,

And therefore means to settle
Astræa in her seat again;
And let down in his golden chain
An age of better metal.

Which deed he doth the rather,
That even Envy may behold
Time not enjoy'd his head of gold
Alone beneath his father,

But that his care conserveth,
As time, so all time's honours too,
Regarding still what heav'n should do,
And not what earth deserveth.

[*A tumult, and clashing of arms heard within.*

But hark! what tumult from yond' cave is heard!
What noise, what strife, what earthquake and alarms,
As troubled Nature for her maker fear'd,
And all the Iron Age were up in arms!

Hide me, soft cloud, from their profaner eyes,
Till insolent Rebellion take the field;
And as their spirits with their counsels rise,
I frustrate all with showing but my shield.

[*She retires behind a cloud.*

The IRON AGE presents itself, calling forth the EVILS.

I. Age. Come forth, come forth, do we not hear
What purpose, and how worth our fear,
The king of gods hath on us?
He is not of the Iron breed,
That would, though Fate did help the deed,
Let Shame in so upon us.

Rise, rise then up, thou grandame Vice
Of all my issue, Avarice,
Bring with thee Fraud and Slander,
Corruption with the golden hands,
Or any subtler Ill, that stands
To be a more commander.

Thy boys, Ambition, Pride, and Scorn,
Force, Rapine, and thy babe last born,
Smooth Treachery, call hither.
Arm Folly forth, and Ignorance,
And teach them all our Pyrrhic dance:
We may triúmph together,

Upon this enemy so great,
Whom, if our forces can defeat,
And but this once bring under,
We are the masters of the skies,
Where all the wealth, height, power lies,
The sceptre, and the thunder.

Which of you would not in a war
Attempt the price of any scar,
To keep your own states even?
But here, which of you is that he,
Would not himself the weapon be,
To rain Jove and heaven!

About it, then, and let him feel
The Iron Age is turn'd to steel,
Since he begins to threat her:
And though the bodies here are less
Than were the giants; he'll confess
Our malice is far greater.

The EVILS enter for the Antimasque, and dance to two drums, trumpets, and a confusion of martial music. At the end of which PALLAS re appears, showing her shield. The EVILS are turned to statues.

Pal. So change, and perish, scarcely knowing how,
That 'gainst the gods do take so vain a vow,
And think to equal with your mortal dates,
Their lives that are obnoxious to no fates.
'Twas time t' appear, and let their folly see
'Gainst whom they fought, and with what destiny.
Die all that can remain of you, but stone,
And that be seen a while, and then be none!
Now, now descend, you both belov'd of Jove,
And of the good on earth no less the love.

[*The scene changes, and she calls.*

ASTRÆA and the GOLDEN AGE.

Descend, you long, long wish'd and wanted pair,
And as your softer times divide the air,
So shake all clouds off with your golden hair;
For Spite is spent: the Iron Age is fled,
And, with her power on earth, her name is dead.

Astræa and the Golden Age descending with a song.

Ast. G. Age. And are we then
To live agen,
With men?
Ast. Will Jove such pledges to the earth restore
As justice?
G. Age. Or the purer ore?
Pal. Once more.
G. Age. But do they know,
How much they owe?
Below?
Ast. And will of grace receive it, not as due!
Pal. If not, they harm themselves, not you.
Ast. True.
G. Age. True.
Cho. Let narrow natures, how they will, mistake,
The great should still be good for their own sake.
[*They come forward.*
Pal. Welcome to earth, and reign.
Ast. G. Age. But how, without a train,
Shall we our state sustain?
Pal. Leave that to Jove: therein you are
No little part of his Minerva's care.
Expect awhile.——

You far-famed spirits of this happy isle,
That, for your sacred songs have gain'd the style
Of Phœbus' sons, whose notes the air aspire
Of th' old Egyptian, or the Thracian lyre,
That Chaucer, Gower, Lydgate, Spenser, hight,
Put on your better flames, and larger light,
To wait upon the Age that shall your names new nourish,
Since Virtue press'd shall grow, and buried Arts shall flourish.

Chau. Gow. We come.
Lyd. Spen. We come.
Omnes. Our best of fire,
Is that which Pallas doth inspire.
[*They descend.*

Pal. Then see you yonder souls, set far within the shade,
That in Elysian bowers the blessed seats do keep,
That for their living good, now semi-gods are made,
And went away from earth, as if but tam'd with sleep!
These we must join to wake; for these are of the strain
That justice dare defend, and will the age sustain.

Cho. Awake, awake, for whom these times were kept.
O wake, wake, wake, as you had never slept!
Make haste and put on air, to be their guard,
Whom once but to defend, is still reward.

Pal. Thus Pallas throws a lightning from her shield.
[*The scene of light discovered.*
Cho. To which let all that doubtful darkness yield.
Ast. Now Peace.
G. Age. And Love.
Ast. Faith.
G. Age. Joys.
Ast. G. Age. All, all increase. [*A pause.*
Chau. And Strife,
Gow. And Hate,
Lyd. And Fear,
Spen. And Pain,
Omnes. All cease.
Pal. No tumour of an iron vein.
The causes shall not come again.

Cho. But, as of old, all now be gold.
Move, move then to the sounds;
And do not only walk your solemn rounds,
But give those light and airy bounds,
That fit the Genii of these gladder grounds.

The first Dance.

Pal. Already do not all things smile?
Ast. But when they have enjoy'd a while
The Age's quickening power:
Age. That every thought a seed doth bring,
And every look a plant doth spring,
And every breath a flower:

Pal. The earth unplough'd shall yield her crop,
Pure honey from the oak shall drop,
The fountain shall run milk:
The thistle shall the lily bear,
And every bramble roses wear,
And every worm make silk.

Cho. The very shrub shall balsam sweat,
And nectar melt the rock with heat,
Till earth have drank her fill:
That she no harmful weed may know,
Nor barren fern, nor mandrake low,
Nor mineral to kill.

Here the main Dance.

After which,

Pal. But here's not all: you must do more,
Or else you do but half restore
The Age's liberty.
Por. The male and female us'd to join,
And into all delight did coin
That pure simplicity.

Then Feature did to Form advance,
And Youth call'd Beauty forth to dance,
And every Grace was by:
It was a time of no distrust,
So much of love had nought of lust;
None fear'd a jealous eye.
The language melted in the ear,
Yet all without a blush might hear;
They liv'd with open vow.

Cho. Each touch and kiss was so well plac'd,
They were as sweet as they were chaste,
And such must yours be now.

Here they dance with the Ladies.

Ast. What change is here? I had not more
Desire to leave the earth before,
Than I have now to stay;
My silver feet, like roots, are wreath'd
Into the ground, my wings are sheath'd,
And I cannot away.

Of all there seems a second birth;
It is become a heaven on earth,
And Jove is present here.
I feel the godhead; nor will doubt
But he can fill the place throughout,
Whose power is everywhere.

This, this, and only such as this,
The bright Astræa's region is,
Where she would pray to live;
And in the midst of so much gold,
Unbought with grace, or fear unsold,
The law to mortals give.

Here they dance the Galliards and Corantos.

Pallas [ascending, and calling the Poets.]

'Tis now enough; behold you here,
What Jove hath built to be your sphere,
You hither must retire.
And as his bounty gives you cause,
Be ready still without your pause,
To show the world your fire.

Like lights about Astræa's throne,
You here must shine, and all be one,
In fervour and in flame;
That by your union she may grow,
And, you sustaining her, may know
The Age still by her name.

Who vows, against or heat or cold,
To spin your garments of her gold,
That want may touch you never;
And making garlands ev'ry hour,
To write your names in some new flower,
That you may live for ever.

Cho. To Jove, to Jove, be all the honour given,
That thankful hearts can raise from earth to heaven.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT—JOHN FLETCHER.

The literary partnerships of the drama which we have had occasion to notice were generally brief and incidental, confined to a few scenes or a single play. In BEAUMONT and FLETCHER, we have the interesting spectacle of two young men of high genius, of good birth and connexions, living together for ten years, and writing in union a series of dramas, passionate, romantic, and comic, thus blending together their genius and their fame in indissoluble connexion. Shakspeare was undoubtedly the inspirer of these kindred spirits. They appeared when his

Fletcher.

genius was in its meridian splendour, and they were completely subdued by its overpowering influence. They reflected its leading characteristics, not as slavish copyists, but as men of high powers and attainments, proud of borrowing inspiration from a source which they could so well appreciate, and which was at once ennobling and inexhaustible. Francis Beaumont was the son of Judge Beaumont, a member of an ancient family settled at Grace Dieu, in Leicestershire. He was born in 1586, and educated at Cambridge. He became a student of the Inner Temple, probably to gratify his father, but does not seem to have prosecuted the study of the law. He was married to the daughter and co-heiress of Sir Henry Isley of Kent, by whom he had two daughters. He died before he had completed his thirtieth year, and was buried, March 9, 1615-6, at the entrance to St Benedict's chapel, Westminster Abbey. John Fletcher was the son of Dr Richard Fletcher, bishop of Bristol, and afterwards of Worcester. He was born ten years before his friend, in 1576, and he survived him ten years, dying of the great plague in 1625, and was buried in St Mary Overy's church, Southwark, on the 19th of August.

The dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher are fifty-two in number. The greater part of them were not printed till 1647, and hence it is impossible to assign the respective dates to each. Dryden mentions, that *Philaster* was the first play that brought them into esteem with the public, though they had written two or three before. It is improbable in pl., but interesting in character and situations. The jealousy of Philaster is forced and unnatural; the character of Euphrasia, disguised as Bellario, the page, is a copy from Viola, yet there is something peculiarly delicate in the following account of her hopeless attachment to Philaster:—

My father oft would speak
Your worth and virtue; and, as I did grow
More and more apprehensive, I did thirst
To see the man so prais'd; but yet all this
Was but a maiden longing, to be lost
As soon as found; till, sitting in my window,
Printing my thoughts in lawn, I saw a god,
I thought (but it was you), enter our gates.
My blood flew out, and back again as fast
As I had puff'd it forth and suck'd it in
Like breath. Then was I called away in haste
To entertain you. Never was a man
Heav'd from a sheep-cote to a sceptre raised
So high in thoughts as I: you left a kiss
Upon these lips then, which I mean to keep
From you for ever. I did hear you talk,
Far above singing! After you were gone,
I grew acquainted with my heart, and search'd
What stirr'd it so. Alas! I found it love;
Yet far from lust; for could I but have lived
In presence of you, I had had my end.
For this I did delude my noble father
With a feign'd pilgrimage, and dress'd myself
In habit of a boy; and for I knew
My birth no match for you, I was past hope
Of having you. And, understanding well
That when I made discovery of my sex,
I could not stay with you, I made a vow,
By all the most religious things a maid
Could call together, never to be known,
Whilst there was hope to hide me from men's eyes,
For other than I seem'd, that I might ever
Abide with you: then sat I by the fount
Where first you took me up.

Philaster had previously described his finding the disguised maiden by the fount, and the description is highly poetical and picturesque:—

Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain-side,
Of which he borrow'd some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears.
A garland lay him by, made by himself,
Of many several flowers, bred in the bay,
Stuck in that mystic order, that the rareness
Delighted me: But ever when he turn'd
His tender eyes upon them he would weep,
As if he meant to make them grow again.
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I ask'd him all his story.
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields,
Which gave him roots; and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses; and the sun,
Which still, he thank'd him, yielded him his light.
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,

Did signify; and how all, order'd thus,
Express'd his grief: and to my thoughts did read
The prettiest lecture of his country art
That could be wish'd; so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertain'd him
Who was as glad to follow.

The Maid's Tragedy, supposed to be written about the same time, is a drama of a powerful but unpleasing character. The purity of female virtue in Amintor and Aspatia, is well contrasted with the guilty boldness of Evadne; and the rough soldier-like bearing and manly feeling of Melantius, render the selfish sensuality of the king more hateful and disgusting. Unfortunately, there is much licentiousness in this fine play—whole scenes and dialogues are disfigured by this master vice of the theatre of Beaumont and Fletcher. Their dramas are 'a rank unweeded garden,' which grew only the more disorderly and vicious as it advanced to maturity. Fletcher must bear the chief blame of this defect, for he wrote longer than his associate, and is generally understood to have been the most copious and fertile composer. Before Beaumont's death, they had, in addition to 'Philaster,' and the 'Maid's Tragedy,' produced *King and no King*, *Bonduca*, *The Laws of Candy* (tragedies); and *The Woman Hater*, *The Knight of the Burning Pestle*, *The Honest Man's Fortune*, *The Coxcomb*, and *The Captain* (comedies). Fletcher afterwards produced three tragic dramas, and nine comedies, the best of which are, *The Chances*, *The Spanish Curate*, *The Beggar's Bush*, and *Rule a Wife and Have a Wife*. He also wrote an exquisite pastoral drama, *The Faithful Shepherdess*, which Milton followed pretty closely in the design, and partly in the language and imagery, of *Comus*. A higher though more doubtful honour has been assigned to the twin authors; for Shakspeare is said to have assisted them in the composition of one of their works, *The Two Noble Kinsmen*, and his name is joined with Fletcher's on the title page of the first edition. The bookseller's authority in such matters is of no weight; and it seems unlikely that our great poet, after the production of some of his best dramas, should enter into a partnership of this description. The 'Two Noble Kinsmen' is certainly not superior to some of the other plays of Beaumont and Fletcher.

The genius of Beaumont is said to have been more correct, and more strongly inclined to tragedy, than that of his friend. The later works of Fletcher are chiefly of a comic character. His plots are sometimes inartificial and loosely connected, but he is always lively and entertaining. There is a rapid succession of incidents, and the dialogue is witty, elegant, and amusing. Dryden considered that they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better than Shakspeare; and he states that their plays were, in his day, the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; 'two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's.' It was different some forty years previous to this. In 1627, the King's Company *bribed* the Master of the Revels with £5, to interfere in preventing the players of the theatre called the Red Bull, from performing the dramas of Shakspeare. One cause of the preference of Beaumont and Fletcher, may have been the license of their dramas, suited to the perverted taste of the court of Charles II., and the spirit of intrigue which they adopted from the Spanish stage, and naturalised on the English. 'We cannot deny,' remarks Hallam, 'that the depths of Shakspeare's mind were often unfathomable by an audience; the bow was drawn by a matchless hand, but the shaft went out of sight. All might listen to Fletcher's pleasing, though not profound or vigorous, language; his thoughts are noble, and tinged with the ideality of romance; his metaphors vivid, though sometimes too forced; he possesses the idiom of English without much pedantry, though in many passages he strains it beyond common use; his versification, though studiously irregular, is often rhythmical and sweet; yet we are seldom arrested by striking beauties. Good lines occur in every page, fine ones but rarely. We lay down the volume with a sense of admiration of what we have read, but little of it remains distinctly in the memory. Fletcher is not much quoted, and has not even afforded copious materials to those who cull the beauties of ancient lore.' His comic powers are certainly far superior to his tragic. Massinger impresses the reader more deeply, and has a moral beauty not possessed by Beaumont and Fletcher, but in comedy he falls infinitely below them. Though their characters are deficient in variety, their knowledge of stage-effect and contrivance, their fertility of invention, and the airy liveliness of their dialogue, give the charm of novelty and interest to their scenes. Mr Macaulay considers that the models which Fletcher had principally in his eye, even for his most serious and elevated compositions, were not Shakspeare's tragedies, but his comedies. 'It was these, with their idealised truth of character, their poetic beauty of imagery, their mixture of the grave with the playful in thought, their rapid yet skilful transitions from the tragic to the comic in feeling; it was these, the pictures in which Shakspeare had made his nearest approach to portraying actual life, and not those pieces in which he transports the imagination into his own vast and awful world of tragic action, and suffering, and emotion—that attracted Fletcher's fancy, and proved congenial to his cast of feeling.' This observation is strikingly just, applied to Shakspeare's mixed comedies or plays, like the 'Twelfth Night,' the 'Winter's Tale,' 'As You Like It,' &c. The rich and genial comedy of Falstaff, Shallow, and Slender, was not imitated by Fletcher. His 'Knight of the Burning Pestle' is an admirable burlesque of the false taste of the citizens of London for chivalrous and romantic adventures, without regard to situation or probability. On the whole, the dramas of Beaumont and Fletcher impress us with a high idea of their powers as poets and dramatists. The vast variety and luxuriance of their genius seem to elevate them above Jonson, though they were destitute of his regularity and solidity, and to place them on the borders of the 'magic circle' of Shakspeare. The confidence and buoyancy of youth are visible in their productions. They had not tasted of adversity, like Jonson or Massinger; and they had not the profoundly-meditative spirit of their great master, cognisant of all human feelings and sympathies; life was to them a scene of enjoyment and pleasure, and the exercise of their genius a source of refined delight and ambition. They were gentlemen who wrote for the stage, as gentlemen have rarely done before or since.

[*Generosity of Cæsar.*]

[Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having secured the head of Pompey, comes with his friends Achoreus and Photinus to present it to Cæsar, as a means of gaining his favour. To them enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.]

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.
From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
Thou dream'dst of being worthy, and of war,

And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
Grow fix'd, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
What thou wouldst once have given for't, all Egypt.
Ach. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
Because 'tis easily got, it comes the safer:
Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
Though he oppos'd no strength of swords to win this,
Nor labour'd through no showers of darts and lances,
Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
Friend to his father, and when he was expell'd
And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
And had none left him to restore his honour,
No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
Then in stept Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
Strengthen'd, and cherish'd it, and set it right again:
This was a love to Cæsar.
Sec. Give me hate, gods!
Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
Had fall'n upon him, what it had been then;
If thine own sword had touch'd his throat, what that way!
He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
Had been most terrible! Let the worst be render'd,
We have deserv'd for keeping thy hands innocent.
Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head! See, captains,
The head of godlike Pompey!
Sec. He was basely ruin'd;
But let the gods be griev'd that suffer'd it.
And be you Cæsar.
Cæsar. Oh thou conqueror,
Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
What poor fate follow'd thee, and pluck'd thee on
To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian!
The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
Nor worthy circumstance show'd what a man was!
That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,
And loose lascivious pleasures! to a boy,
That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
No study of thy life to know thy goodness!
And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
In soft relenting tears! Hear me, great Pompey;
If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
Th' hast most unnobly robb'd me of my victory,
My love and mercy.
Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show!
How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!
Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.
Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
Built to outdare the sun, as you suppose,
Where your unworthy kings lie rak'd in ashes,
Are monuments fit for him! No; brood of Nilus,
Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
No pyramids set off his memories,
But the eternal substance of his greatness,
To which I leave him. Take the head away,
And, with the body, give it noble burial:
Your earth shall now be bless'd to hold a Roman,
Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.
Sec. If thou be'st thus loving, I shall honour thee:
But great men may dissemble, 'tis held possible,
And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
But how he'd set his face.
Cæsar. You look now, king,
And you that have been agents in this glory,
For our especial favour?
Ptol. We desire it.
Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards?
Sec. Let me give 'em:
I'll give 'em such as Nature never dream'd of;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.
Cæsar. Peace!—I forgive you all; that's recompense.
You're young and ignorant; that pleads your pardon;
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provok'd you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they err'd: I'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful. Be you most thankful;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you lov'd, tho' 'twere your brightest sister's
(But her you hate), I would not be behind you.
Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar!
Cæsar. I have heard too much;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest:
You're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allow'd his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty;
And, but I stand environ'd with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you show'd to Pompey.
You've found me merciful in arguing with ye;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions of all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies!
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabean bed, and place this phenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies!
Ptol. We will do all.
Cæsar. You've robb'd him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye!
My grief has stopt the rest! When Pompey liv'd,
He us'd you nobly; now he's dead, use him so. [*Exit.*

The False One.

[*Grief of Aspatia for the Marriage of Amintor and Evadne.*]

EVADNE, ASPATIA, DULA, and other Ladies.

Evad. Would thou could'st instil [*To Dula.*
Some of thy mirth into Aspatia.
Asp. It were a timeless smile should prove my cheek;
It were a fitter hour for me to laugh,
When at the altar the religious priest
Were pacifying the offended powers
With sacrifice, than now. This should have been

My night, and all your hands have been employ'd
In giving me a spotless offering
To young Amintor's bed, as we are now
For you: pardon, Evadne; would my worth
Were great as yours, or that the king, or he,
Or both thought so; perhaps he found me worthless;
But till he did so, in these ears of mine
(These credulous ears) he pour'd the sweetest words
That art or love could frame.
Evad. Nay, leave this sad talk, madam.
Asp. Would I could, then should I leave the cause.
Lay a garland on my hearse of the dismal yew.
Evad. That's one of your sad songs, madam.
Asp. Believe me, 'tis a very pretty one.
Evad. How is it, madam?
Asp. Lay a garland on my hearse
Of the dismal yew;
Maidens, willow branches bear,
Say I died true.
My love was false, but I was firm,
From my hour of birth;
Upon my buried body lie
Lightly, gentle earth!
Madam, good night; may no discontent
Grow 'twixt your love and you; but if there do,
Inquire of me, and I will guide your moan,
Teach you an artificial way to grieve,
To keep your sorrow waking. Love your lord
No worse than I; but if you love so well,
Alas! you may displease him; so did I.
This is the last time you shall look on me:
Ladies, farewell; as soon as I am dead,
Come all and watch one night about my hearse;
Bring each a mournful story and a tear
To offer at it when I go to earth:
With flattering ivy clasp my coffin round,
Write on my brow my fortune, let my bier
Be borne by virgins that shall sing by course
The truth of maids and perjuries of men.
Evad. Alas! I pity thee. [*Amintor enters.*
Asp. Go and be happy in your lady's love;
[*To Amintor.*
May all the wrongs that you have done to me
Be utterly forgotten in my death.
I'll trouble you no more, yet I will take
A parting kiss, and will not be denied.
You'll come, my lord, and see the virgins weep
When I am laid in earth, though you yourself
Can know no pity: thus I wind myself
Into this willow garland, and am prouder
That I was once your love (though now refus'd)
Than to have had another true to me.

The Maid's Tragedy.

[*Palamon and Arcite, Captives in Greece.*]

Pal. How do you, noble cousin?
Arc. How do you, sir.
Pal. Why, strong enough to laugh at misery,
And bear the chance of war yet; we are prisoners,
I fear, for ever, cousin.
Arc. I believe it,
And to that destiny have patiently
Laid up my hour to come.
Pal. Oh, cousin Arcite,
Where is Thebes now? where is our noble country?
Where are our friends and kindreds? never more
Must we behold those comforts, never see
The hardy youths strive for the games of honour,
Hung with the painted favours of their ladies,
Like tall ships under sail; then start amongst them,
And as an east wind leave them all behind us
Like lazy clouds, whilst Palamon and Arcite,
Even in the wagging of a wanton leg,
Outstript the people's praises, won the garlands
Ere they have time to wish them ours. Oh, never
Shall we two exercise, like twins of honour,
Our arms again, and feel our fiery horses
Like proud seas under us, our good swords now
(Better the red-eyed god of war ne'er wore)
Ravish'd our sides, like age, must run to rust,
And deck the temples of those gods that hate us;
These hands shall never draw them out like lightning
To blast whole armies more!
Arc. No, Palamon,
Those hopes are prisoners with us; here we are,
And here the graces of our youths must wither
Like a too timely spring; here age must find us,
And (which is heaviest) Palamon, unmarried;
The sweet embraces of a loving wife
Loaden with kisses, arm'd with thousand Cupids,
Shall never clasp our necks, no issue know us,
No figures of ourselves shall we e'er see,
To glad our age, and like young eagles teach them
Boldly to gaze against bright arms, and say,
'Remember what your fathers were, and conquer.'
The fair-eyed maids shall weep our banishments,
And in their songs curse ever-blinded Fortune,
Till she for shame see what a wrong she has done
To youth and nature. This is all our world:
We shall know nothing here but one another;
Hear nothing but the clock that tells our woes.
The vine shall grow, but we shall never see it:
Summer shall come, and with her all delights,
But dead-cold winter must inhabit here still.
Pal. 'Tis too true, Arcite. To our Theban hounds
That shook the aged forest with their echoes,
No more now must we halloo, no more shake
Our pointed javelins, whilst the angry swine
Flies like a Parthian quiver from our rages,
Struck with our well-steel'd darts. All valiant uses
(The food and nourishment of noble minds)
In us two here shall perish: we shall die
(Which is the curse of honour) lastly
Children of grief and ignorance.
Arc. Yet, cousin,
Even from the bottom of these miseries,
From all that fortune can inflict upon us,
I see two comforts rising, two mere blessings,
If the gods please to hold here: a brave patience,
And the enjoying of our griefs together.
Whilst Palamon is with me, let me perish
If I think this our prison!
Pal. Certainly
'Tis a main goodness, cousin, that our fortunes
Were twinn'd together; 'tis most true, two souls
Put in two noble bodies, let them suffer
The gall of hazard, so they grow together,
Will never sink; they must not; say they could,
A willing man dies sleeping, and all's done.
Arc. Shall we make worthy use of this place
That all men hate so much?
Pal. How, gentle cousin?
Arc. Let's think this prison holy sanctuary,
To keep us from corruption of worse men!
We are young, and yet desire the ways of honour,
That liberty and common conversation,
The poison of pure spirits, might (like women)
Woo us to wander from. What worthy blessing
Can be, but our imaginations
May make it ours? And here being thus together,
We are an endless mine to one another;
We are one another's wife, ever begetting
New births of love; we are father, friends, acquaintance;
We are, in one another, families;
I am your heir, and you are mine. This place
Is our inheritance; no hard oppressor
Dare take this from us; here, with a little patience,
We shall live long, and loving; no surfeits seek us;
The hand of war hurts none here, nor the seas
Swallow their youth. Were we at liberty,

A wife might part us lawfully, or business;
Quarrels consume us; envy of ill men
Crave our acquaintance; I might sicken, cousin,
Where you should never know it, and so perish
Without your noble hand to close mine eyes,
Or prayers to the gods: a thousand chances,
Were we from hence, would sever us.
Pal. You have made me
(I thank you, cousin Arcite) almost wanton
With my captivity: what a misery
It is to live abroad, and everywhere!
'Tis like a beast, methinks! I find the court here,
I'm sure, a more content; and all those pleasures,
That woo the wills of men to vanity,
I see through now; and am sufficient
To tell the world, 'tis but a gaudy shadow,
That old Time, as he passes by, takes with him.
What had we been, old in the court of Creon,
Where sin is justice, lust and ignorance
The virtues of the great ones? Cousin Arcite,
Had not the loving gods found this place for us,
We had died, as they do, ill old men, unwept,
And had their epitaphs, the people's curses.

The Two Noble Kinsmen.

[*Disinterestedness of Biancha.*]

(From the 'Fair Maid of the Inn.')

Enter Cesario and a Servant.

Cesa. Let any friend have entrance.
Serv. Sir, a' shall.
Cesa. Any; I except none.
Serv. We know your mind, sir. [*Exit.*
Cesa. Pleasures admit no bounds. I'm pitch'd so high,
To such a growth of full prosperities,
That to conceal my fortunes were an injury
To gratefulness, and those more liberal favours
By whom my glories prosper. He that flows
In gracious and swoln tides of blest abundance,
Yet will be ignorant of his own fortunes,
Deserves to live contemn'd, and die forgotten:
The harvest of my hopes is now already
Ripen'd and gather'd; I can fatten youth
With choice of plenty, and supplies of comforts;
My fate springs in my own hand, and I'll use it.

Enter two Servants, and Biancha.

1*st. Serv.* 'Tis my place.
2*d. Serv.* Yours? Here, fair one; I'll acquaint
My lord.
1*st. Serv.* He's here; go to him boldly.
2*d. Serv.* Please you
To let him understand how readily
I waited on your errand!
1*st. Serv.* Saucy fellow!
You must excuse his breeding.
Cesa. What's the matter?
Biancha! my Biancha!—To your offices!
[*Exeunt Serv.*
This visit, sweet, from thee, my pretty dear,
By how much more 'twas unexpected, comes
So much the more timely: witness this free welcome,
Whate'er occasion led thee!
Bian. You may guess, sir;
Yet, indeed, 'tis a rare one.
Cesa. Prithee, speak it,
My honest virtuous maid.
Bian. Sir, I have heard
Of your misfortunes; and I cannot tell you
Whether I have more cause of joy or sadness,
To know they are a truth.
Cesa. What truth, Biancha?
Misfortunes?—how?—wherein?
Bian. You are disclaim'd
For being the lord Alberto's son, and publicly
Acknowledg'd of as mean a birth as mine is:
It cannot choose but grieve you.
Cesa. Grieve me? Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Is this all?
Bian. This all?
Cesa. Thou art sorry for't,
I warrant thee; alas, good soul, Biancha!
That which thou call'st misfortune is my happiness;
My happiness, Biancha!
Bian. If you love me,
It may prove mine too.
Cesa. May it? I will love thee,
My good, good maid, if that can make thee happy,
Better and better love thee.
Bian. Without breach, then,
Of modesty, I come to claim the interest
Your protestations, both by vows and letters,
Have made me owner of: from the first hour
I saw you, I confess I wish'd I had been,
Or not so much below your rank and greatness,
Or not so much above those humble flames
That should have warm'd my bosom with a temperate
Equality of desires in equal fortunes.
Still, as you utter'd language of affection,
I courted time to pass more slowly on,
That I might turn more fool to lend attention
To what I dur-st not credit, nor yet hope for;
Yet still as more I heard, I wish'd to hear more.
Cesa. Didst thou in troth, wench?
Bian. Willingly betray'd
Myself to hopeless bondage.
Cesa. A good girl!
I thought I should not miss, whate'er thy answer was.
Bian. But as I am a maid, sir, (and i' faith
You may believe me, for I am a maid),
So dearly I respected both your fame
And quality, that I would first have perish'd
In my sick thoughts, than ere have given consent
To have undone your fortunes, by inviting
A marriage with so mean a one as I am:
I should have died sure, and no creature known
The sickness that had kill'd me.
Cesa. Pretty heart!
Good soul, alas, alas!
Bian. Now since I know
There is no difference 'twixt your birth and mine,
Not much 'twixt our estates (if any be,
The advantage is on my side), I come willingly
To tender you the first-fruits of my heart,
And am content t' accept you for my husband,
Now when you are at lowest.
Cesa. For a husband!
Speak sadly; dost thou mean so?
Bian. In good deed, sir,
'Tis pure love makes this proffer.
Cesa. I believe thee.
What counsel urg'd thee on? tell me; thy father?
My worshipful smug host? Was't not he, wench?
Or mother hostess? ha!
Bian. D' you mock my parentage?
I do not scorn yours: mean folks are as worthy
To be well spoken of, if they deserve well,
As some whose only fame lies in their blood.
Oh, you're a proud poor man! all your oaths falsehood,
Your vows deceit, your letters forged and wicked!
Cesa. Thoud'st be my wife, I dare swear.
Bian. Had your heart,
Your hand, and tongue, been twins, you had reputed
This courtesy a benefit.
Cesa. Simplicity,
How prettily thou mov'st me! Why, Biancha,
Report has cozen'd thee; I am not fallen
From my expected honours or possessions,
Though from the hope of birthright.
Bian. Are you not?
Then I am lost again! I have a suit too;
You'll grant it, if you be a good man.
Cesa. Anything.

Bian. Pray do not talk of aught what I have said t'ye.
Cesa. As I wish health, I will not!
Bian. Pity me;
But never love me more!
Cesa. Nay, now you're cruel:
Why all these tears?—Thou shalt not go.
Bian. I'll pray for you,
That you may have a virtuous wife, a fair one;
And when I'm dead——
Cesa. Fie, fie!
Bian. Think on me sometimes,
With mercy for this trespass!
Cesa. Let us kiss
At parting, as at coming!
Bian. This I have
As a free dower to a virgin's grave;
All goodness dwell with you! [*Exit.*
Cesa. Harmless Biancha!
Unskill'd! what handsome toys are maids to play with!

[*Pastoral Love.*]

(From the 'Faithful Shepherdess.')

To CLORINDA a SATYR enters.

Satyr. Through yon same bending plain
That flings his arms down to the main,
And through these thick woods have I run,
Whose bottom never kiss'd the sun.
Since the lusty spring began,
All to please my master Pan,
Have I trotted without rest,
To get him fruit; for at a feast
He entertains, this coming night,
His paramour the Syrinx bright:
But behold a fairer sight!
By that heavenly form of thine,
Brightest fair, thou art divine,
Sprung from great immortal race
Of the gods, for in thy face
Shines more awful majesty
Than dull weak mortality
Dare with misty eyes behold,
And live: therefore on this mould
Lowly do I bend my knee
In worship of thy deity.
Deign it, goddess, from my hand
To receive whate'er this land
From her fertile womb doth send
Of her choice fruits; and but lend
Belief to that the Satyr tells,
Fairer by the famous wells
To this present day ne'er grew,
Never better, nor more true.
Here be grapes whose lusty blood
Is the learned poet's good,
Sweeter yet did never crown
The head of Bacchus; nuts more brown
Than the squirrel whose teeth crack them;
Deign, O fairest fair, to take them:
For these, black-eyed Driope
Hath oftentimes commanded me
With my clasped knee to climb.
See how well the lusty time
Hath deck'd their rising cheeks in red,
Such as on your lips is spread.
Here be berries for a queen,
Some be red, some be green;
These are of that luscious meat
The great god Pan himself doth eat:
All these, and what the woods can yield,
The hanging mountain or the field,
I freely offer, and ere long
Will bring you more, more sweet and strong;
Till when, humbly leave I take,
Lest the great Pan do awake,
That sleeping lies in a deep glade,
Under a broad beech's shade.
I must go, I must run,
Swifter than the fiery sun. [*Exit.*
Clor. And all my fears go with thee.
What greatness, or what private hidden power,
Is there in me to draw submission
From this rude man and beast?—sure I am mortal;
The daughter of a shepherd; he was mortal,
And she that bore me mortal; prick my hand
And it will bleed; a fever shakes me, and
The self-same wind that makes the young lambs shrink,
Makes me a-cold: my fear says I am mortal:
Yet I have heard (my mother told it me),
And now I do believe it, if I keep
My virgin flower uncropt, pure, chaste, and fair,
No goblin, wood-god, fairy, elf, or fiend,
Satyr, or other power that haunts the groves,
Shall hurt my body, or by vain illusion
Draw me to wander after idle fires,
Or voices calling me in dead of night
To make me follow, and so tole me on
Through mire and standing pools, to find my ruin.
Else why should this rough thing, who never knew
Manners nor smooth humanity, whose heats
Are rougher than himself, and more misshapen,
Thus mildly kneel to me? Sure there's a power
In that great name of Virgin, that binds fast
All rude uncivil bloods, all appetites
That break their confines. Then, strong Chastity,
Be thou my strongest guard; for here I'll dwell
In opposition against fate and hell.

PERIGOT and AMORET appoint to meet at the Virtuous Well.

Peri. Stay, gentle Amoret, thou fair-brow'd maid,
Thy shepherd prays thee stay, that holds thee dear,
Equal with his soul's good.
Amo. Speak, I give
Thee freedom, shepherd, and thy tongue be still
The same it ever was, as free from ill,
As he whose conversation never knew
The court or city, be thou ever true.
Peri. When I fall off from my affection,
Or mingle my clean thoughts with ill desires,
First let our great God cease to keep my flocks,
That being left alone without a guard,
The wolf, or winter's rage, summer's great heat,
And want of water, rots, or what to us
Of ill is yet unknown, fall speedily,
And in their general ruin let me go.
Amo. I pray thee, gentle shepherd, wish not so:
I do believe thee, 'tis as hard for me
To think thee false, and harder than for thee
To hold me foul.
Peri. O you are fairer far
Than the chaste blushing morn, or that fair star
That guides the wand'ring seamen through the deep,
Straiter than straitest pine upon the steep
Head of an aged mountain, and more white
Than the new milk we strip before daylight
From the full-freighted bags of our fair flocks.
Your hair more beauteous than those hanging locks
Of young Apollo.
Amo. Shepherd, be not lost,
Y' are sail'd too far already from the coast
Of our discourse.
Peri. Did you not tell me once
I should not love alone, I should not lose
Those many passions, vows, and holy oaths,
I've sent to heaven? Did you not give your hand,
Even that fair hand, in hostage? Do not then
Give back again those sweets to other men
You yourself vow'd were mine.
Amo. Shepherd, so far as maiden's modesty
May give assurance, I am once more thine,

Once more I give my hand; be ever free
From that great foe to faith, foul jealousy.
Peri. I take it as my best good; and desire,
For stronger confirmation of our love,
To meet this happy night in that fair grove,
Where all true shepherds have rewarded been
For their long service. * *
—— to that holy wood is consecrate
A Virtuous Well, about whose flowery banks
The nimble-footed fairies dance their rounds
By the pale moonshine, dipping oftentimes
Their stolen children, so to make them free
From dying flesh and dull mortality.
By this fair fount hath many a shepherd sworn
And given away his freedom, many a troth
Been plight, which neither envy nor old time
Could ever break, with many a chaste kiss given
In hope of coming happiness: by this
Fresh fountain many a blushing maid
Hath crown'd the head of her long loved shepherd
With gaudy flowers, whilst he happy sung
Lays of his love and dear captivity.

The God of the River rises with Amoret in his arms.

River God. What pow'rful charms my streams
Back again unto their spring, [do bring
With such force, that I their god,
Three times striking with my rod,
Could not keep them in their ranks!
My fishes shoot into the banks;
There's not one that stays and feeds,
All have hid them in the weeds.
Here's a mortal almost dead,
Fall'n into my river-head,
Hallow'd so with many a spell,
That till now none ever fell.
'Tis a female, young and clear,
Cast in by some ravisher.
See upon her breast a wound,
On which there is no plaster bound;
Yet she's warm, her pulses beat,
'Tis a sign of life and heat.
If thou be'st a virgin pure,
I can give a present cure.
Take a drop into thy wound
From my watery locks, more round
Than orient pearl, and far more pure
Than unchaste flesh may endure.
See, she pants, and from her flesh
The warm blood gusheth out afresh.
She is an unpolluted maid;
I must have this bleeding staid.
From my banks I pluck this flow'r
With holy hand, whose virtuous pow'r
Is at once to heal and draw.
The blood returns. I never saw
A fairer mortal. Now doth break
Her deadly slumber: Virgin, speak.
Amo. Who hath restor'd my sense, given me new breath,
And brought me back out of the arms of death?
God. I have heal'd thy wounds.
Amo. Ah me!
God. Fear not him that succour'd thee:
I am this fountain's god! Below,
My waters to a river grow,
And 'twixt two banks with osiers set,
That only prosper in the wet,
Through the meadows do they glide,
Wheeling still on ev'ry side,
Sometimes winding round about,
To find the even'st channel out.
And if thou wilt go with me,
Leaving mortal company,
In the cool stream shalt thou lie,
Free from harm as well as I;
I will give thee for thy food
No fish that useth in the mud!
But trout and pike, that love to swim
Where the gravel from the brim
Through the pure streams may be seen:
Orient pearl fit for a queen,
Will I give, thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in:
Not a fish in all my brook
That shall disobey thy look,
But, when thou wilt, come sliding by,
And from thy white hand take a fly.
And to make thee understand
How I can my waves command,
They shall bubble whilst I sing,
Sweeter than the silver string.

The Song.

Do not fear to put thy feet
Naked in the river, sweet;
Think not leech, or newt, or toad,
Will bite thy foot, when thou hast trod;
Nor let the water rising high,
As thou wad'st in, make thee cry
And sob; but ever live with me,
And not a wave shall trouble thee!

The lyrical pieces scattered throughout Beaumont and Fletcher's plays are generally in the same graceful and fanciful style as the poetry of the 'Faithful Shepherdess:' some are here subjoined:—

[*Melancholy.*]

(From 'Nice Valour.')

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly!
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy!

Welcome, folded arms, and fixed eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up, without a sound!

Fountain heads, and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves!
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly hous'd, save bats and owls!
A midnight bell, a parting groan!
These are the sounds we feed upon;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley:
Nothing's so dainty-sweet as lovely melancholy.

[*Song.*]

(From the 'False One.')

Look out, bright eyes, and bless the air!
Even in shadows you are fair.
Shut-up beauty is like fire,
That breaks out clearer still and higher.
Though your beauty be confin'd,
And soft Love a prisoner bound,
Yet the beauty of your mind,
Neither check nor chain hath found.
Look out nobly, then, and dare
Ev'n the fetters that you wear!

[*The Power of Love.*]

(From 'Valentinian.')

Hear ye, ladies that despise
What the mighty Love has done;
Fear examples and be wise:
Fair Calisto was a nun:

Leda, sailing on the stream,
To deceive the hopes of man,
Love accounting but a dream,
Doted on a silver swan;
Danae in a brazen tower,
Where no love was, lov'd a shower.

Hear ye, ladies that are coy,
What the mighty Love can do;
Fear the fierceness of the boy;
The chaste moon he makes to woo
Vesta, kindling holy fires,
Circled round about with spies
Never dreaming loose desires,
Doting at the altar dies;
Ilion in a short hour higher,
He can build, and once more fire.

[*To Sleep.*]

(From the Same.)

Care-charming Sleep, thou easer of all woes,
Brother to Death, sweetly thyself dispose
On this afflicted prince: fall like a cloud
In gentle showers; give nothing that is loud
Or painful to his slumbers; easy, sweet [light?],
And as a purling stream, thou son of night,
Pass by his troubled senses, sing his pain
Like hollow murmuring wind or gentle rain.
Into this prince, gently, oh, gently slide,
And kiss him into slumbers like a bride!

[*Song to Pan, at the conclusion of the Faithful Shepherdess.*]

All ye woods, and trees, and bow'rs,
All ye virtues and ye pow'rs
That inhabit in the lakes,
In the pleasant springs or brakes,
Move your feet
To our sound,
Whilst we greet
All this ground,
With his honour and his name
That defends our flocks from blame.

He is great, and he is just,
He is ever good, and must
Thus be honour'd. Daffodilies,
Roses, pinks, and loved lilies,
Let us fling,
Whilst we sing,
Ever holy,
Ever holy,
Ever honour'd, ever young!
Thus great Pan is ever sung.

[From 'Rollo.']

Take, oh take those lips away,
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day
Lights that do mislead the morn;
But my kisses bring again,
Seals of love, though seal'd in vain.

Hide, oh hide those hills of snow,
Which thy frozen bosom bears,
On whose tops the pinks that grow
Are yet of those that April wears;
But first set my poor heart free,
Bound in those icy chains by thee.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

GEORGE CHAPMAN, the translator of Homer, wrote early and copiously for the stage. His first play, the *Blind Beggar of Alexandria*, was printed in 1598, the same year that witnessed Ben Jonson's first and masterly dramatic effort. Previous to this, Chapman had translated part of the Iliad; and his lofty fourteen-syllable rhyme, with such lines as the following, would seem to have promised a great tragic poet:—

From his bright helm and shield did burn a most unwearied fire,
Like rich Autumnus' golden lamp, whose brightness men admire,
Past all the other host of stars, when with his cheerful face,
Fresh wash'd in lofty ocean waves, he doth the sky enchase.

The beauty of Chapman's compound Homeric epithets (quoted by Thomas Warton), as *silver-footed* Thetis, the *triple-feathered* helm, the *fair-haired* boy, *high-walled* Thebes, the *strong-winged* lance, &c., bear the impress of a poetical imagination, chaste yet luxuriant. But however spirited and lofty as a translator, Chapman proved but a heavy and cumbrous dramatic writer. He continued to supply the theatre with tragedies and comedies up to 1620, or later; yet of the sixteen that have descended to us, not one possesses the creative and vivifying power of dramatic genius. In didactic observation and description he is sometimes happy, and hence he has been praised for possessing 'more thinking' than most of his contemporaries of the buskined muse. His judgment, however, vanished in action, for his plots are unnatural, and his style was too hard and artificial to admit of any nice delineation of character. His extravagances are also as bad as those of Marlow, and are seldom relieved by poetic thoughts or fancy. The best known plays of Chapman are *Eastward Hoe* (written in conjunction with Jonson and Marston), *Bussy D'Ambois*, *Byron's Conspiracy*, *All Fools*, and the *Gentleman Usher*. In a sonnet prefixed to 'All Fools,' and addressed to Walsingham, Chapman states that he was 'mark'd by age for aims of greater weight.' This play was written in 1599. It contains the following fanciful lines:—

I tell thee love is Nature's second sun,
Causing a spring of virtues where he shines:
And as without the sun, the world's great eye,
All colours, beauties both of art and nature,
Are given in vain to men; so, without love,
All beauties bred in women are in vain,
All virtues bred in men lie buried;
For love informs them as the sun doth colours.

In 'Bussy D'Ambois' is the following invocation for a Spirit of Intelligence, which has been highly lauded by Charles Lamb:—

I long to know
How my dear mistress fares, and be inform'd
What hand she now holds on the troubled blood
Of her incensed lord. Methought the spirit,
When he had utter'd his perplex'd presage,
Threw his chang'd count'nance headlong into clouds;
His forehead bent, as he would hide his face:
He knock'd his chin against his darken'd breast,
And struck a churlish silence through his powers.
Terror of darkness! O thou king of flames!
That with thy music-footed horse dost strike
The clear light out of crystal on dark earth;
And hurl'st instinctive fire about the world:
Wake, wake the droway and enchanted night
That sleeps with dead eyes in this heavy riddle.
Or thou, great prince of shades, where never sun
Sticks his far-darted beams; whose eyes are made
To see in darkness, and see ever best
Where sense is blindest: open now the heart
Of thy abashed oracle, that, for fear
Of some ill it includes, would fain lie hid:
And rise thou with it in thy greater light.

The life of Chapman was a scene of content and prosperity. He was born at Hitching Hill, in Hertfordshire, in 1557; was educated both at Oxford and Cambridge; enjoyed the royal patronage of King James and Prince Henry, and the friendship of Spenser, Jonson, and Shakspeare. He was temperate and pious, and, according to Oldys, 'preserved, in his conduct, the true dignity of poetry, which he compared to the flower of the sun, that disdains to open its leaves to the eye of a smoking taper.' The life of this venerable scholar and poet closed in 1634, at the ripe age of seventy-seven.

Chapman's Homer is a wonderful work, considering the time when it was produced, and the continued spirit which is kept up. Marlow had succeeded in the fourteen-syllable verse, but only in select passages of Ovid and Musæus. Chapman had a vast field to traverse, and though he trod it hurriedly and negligently, he preserved the fire and freedom of his great original. Pope and Waller both praised his translation, and perhaps it is now more frequently in the hands of scholars and poetical students than the more polished and musical version of Pope. Chapman's translations consist of the 'Iliad' (which he dedicated to Prince Henry), the 'Odyssey' (dedicated to the royal favourite Carr, Earl of Somerset), and the 'Georgics of Hesiod,' which he inscribed to Lord Bacon. A version of 'Hero and Leander,' left unfinished by Marlow, was completed by Chapman, and published in 1606.

THOMAS DEKKER.

THOMAS DEKKER appears to have been an industrious author, and Collier gives the names of above twenty plays which he produced, either wholly or in part. He was connected with Jonson in writing for the Lord Admiral's theatre, conducted by Henslowe; but Ben and he became bitter enemies, and the former, in his 'Poetaster,' performed in 1601, has satirised Dekker under the character of Crispinus, representing himself as Horace! Jonson's charges against his adversary are 'his arroganey and impudence in commending his own things, and for his translating.' The origin of the quarrel does not appear, but in an apologetic dialogue added to the 'Poetaster,' Jonson says—

> Whether of malice, or of ignorance,
> Or itch to have me their adversary, I know not,
> Or all these mix'd; but sure I am, three years
> They did provoke me with their petulant styles
> On every stage.

Dekker replied by another drama, *Satiromastix, or the Untrussing the Humorous Poet*, in which Jonson appears as Horace junior. There is more raillery and abuse in Dekker's answer than wit or poetry, but it was well received by the play-going public. Dekker's *Fortunatus, or the Wishing Cap*, and the *Honest Whore*, are his best. The latter was a great favourite with Hazlitt, who says it unites 'the simplicity of prose with the graces of poetry.' The poetic diction of Dekker is choice and elegant, but he often wanders into absurdity. Passages like the following would do honour to any dramatist. Of Patience:—

> Patience! why, 'tis the soul of peace:
> Of all the virtues, 'tis nearest kin to heaven:
> It makes men look like gods. The best of men
> That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
> A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
> The first true gentleman that ever breath'd.

The contrast between female honour and shame—

> Nothing did make me, when I loved them best,
> To loathe them more than this: when in the street
> A fair, young, modest damsel I did meet;
> She seem'd to all a dove when I pass'd by,
> And I to all a raven: every eye
> That follow'd her, went with a bashful glance:
> At me each bold and jeering countenance
> Darted forth scorn: to her, as if she had been
> Some tower unvanquished, would they all vail:
> 'Gainst me swoln rumour hoisted every sail;
> She, crown'd with reverend praises, pass'd by them;
> I, though with face mask'd, could not 's ape the hem;
> For, as if heaven had set strange marks on such,
> Because they should be pointing-stocks to man,
> Drest up in civilest shape, a courtesan.
> Let her walk saint-like, noteless, and unknown,
> Yet she's betray'd by some trick of her own.

The picture of a lady seen by her lover—

> My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
> The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
> Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown.
> These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
> Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
> The reason why fond women love to buy
> Adulterate complexion: here 'tis read;
> False colours last after the true be dead.
> Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
> Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
> Of all the music set upon her tongue,
> Of all that was past woman's excellence,
> In her white bosom: look, a painted board
> Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
> Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
> It has no lap for me to rest upon;
> No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
> As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
> True love 's best pictured in a true love's heart.
> Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
> So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
> Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

Dekker is supposed to have died about the year 1638. His life seems to have been spent in irregularity and poverty. According to Oldys, he was three years in the King's Bench prison. In one of his own beautiful lines, he says—

> We ne'er are angels till our passions die.

But the old dramatists lived in a world of passion, of revelry, want, and despair.

JOHN WEBSTER.

JOHN WEBSTER, the 'noble-minded,' as Hazlitt designates him, lived and died about the same time as Dekker, with whom he wrote in the conjunct authorship then so common. His original dramas are the *Duchess of Malfy, Guise, or the Massacre of France*, the *Devil's Law Case, Appius and Virginia*, and the *White Devil, or Vittoria Corombona*. Webster, it has been said, was clerk of St Andrew's church, Holborn; but Mr Dyce, his editor and biographer, searched the registers of the parish for his name without success. The 'White Devil' and the 'Duchess of Malfy' have divided the opinion of critics as to their relative merits. They are both powerful dramas, though filled with 'supernumerary horrors.' The former was not successful on the stage, and the author published it with a dedication, in which he states, that 'most of the people that come to the play-house resemble those ignorant asses who, visiting stationers' shops, their use is not to inquire for good books, but new books.' He was accused, like

Jonson, of being a slow writer, but he consoles himself with the example of Euripides, and confesses that he did not write with a goose quill winged with two feathers. In this slighted play there are some exquisite touches of pathos and natural feeling. The grief of a group of mourners over a dead body is thus described:—

I found them winding of Marcello's corse,
And there is such a solemn melody,
'Tween doleful songs, tears, and sad elegies,
Such as old grandames watching by the dead
Were wont to outwear the nights with; that, believe me,
I had no eyes to guide me forth the room,
They were so o'ercharged with water.

The funeral dirge for Marcello, sung by his mother, possesses, says Charles Lamb, 'that intenseness of feeling which seems to resolve itself into the elements which it contemplates:'—

Call for the robin red-breast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover,
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole,
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To raise him hillocks that shall keep him warm,
And, when gay tombs are robb'd, sustain no harm;
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

The following couplet has been admired:—

Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.

The 'Duchess of Malfy' abounds more in the *terrible* graces. It turns on the mortal offence which the lady gives to her two proud brothers, Ferdinand, Duke of Calabria, and a cardinal, by indulging in a generous though infatuated passion for Antonio, her steward.

'This passion,' Mr Dyce justly remarks, 'a subject most difficult to treat, is managed with infinite delicacy; and, in a situation of great peril for the author, she condescends without being degraded, and declares the affection with which her dependant had inspired her without losing anything of dignity and respect.' The last scenes of the play are conceived in a spirit which every intimate student of our elder dramatic literature must feel to be peculiar to Webster. The duchess, captured by Bosola, is brought into the presence of her brother in an imperfect light, and is taught to believe that he wishes to be reconciled to her.

[*Scene from the Duchess of Malfy.*]

Ferd. Where are you?
Duch. Here, sir.
Ferd. This darkness suits you well.
Duch. I would ask you pardon.
Ferd. You have it;
For I account it the honourablest revenge,
Where I may kill, to pardon. Where are your cubs?
Duch. Whom?
Ferd. Call them your children,
For, though our national law distinguish bastards
From true legitimate issue, compassionate nature
Makes them all equal.
Duch. Do you visit me for this?
You violate a sacrament o' th' church,
Will make you howl in hell for't.
Ferd. It had been well
Could you have liv'd thus always: for, indeed,
You were too much i' th' light—but no more;
I come to seal my peace with you. Here's a hand
[*Gives her a dead man's hand.*
To which you have vow'd much love: the ring upon't
You gave.
Duch. I affectionately kiss it.
Ferd. Pray do, and bury the print of it in your heart.
I will leave this ring with you for a love token;
And the hand, as sure as the ring; and do not doubt
But you shall have the heart too: when you need a friend,
Send to him that ow'd it, and you shall see
Whether he can aid you.
Duch. You are very cold:
I fear you are not well after your travel.
Ha! lights! O horrible!
Ferd. Let her have lights enough. [*Exit.*
Duch. What witchcraft doth he practise, that he hath left
A dead man's hand here?

[Here is discovered, behind a traverse, the artificial figures of Antonio and his children, appearing as if they were dead.]

Bos. Look you, here's the piece from which 'twas ta'en.
He doth present you this sad spectacle,
That, now you know directly they are dead,
Hereafter you may wisely cease to grieve
For that which cannot be recovered.
Duch. There is not between heaven and earth one wish
I stay for after this.

Afterwards, by a refinement of cruelty, the brother sends a troop of madmen from the hospital to make a concert round the duchess in prison. After they have danced and sung, Bosola enters disguised as an old man.

[*Death of the Duchess.*]

Duch. Is he mad too?
Bos. I am come to make thy tomb.
Duch. Ha! my tomb?
Thou speak'st as if I lay upon my deathbed,
Gasping for breath: Dost thou perceive me sick?
Bos. Yes, and the more dangerously, since thy sickness is insensible.
Duch. Thou art not mad sure: dost know me?
Bos. Yes.
Duch. Who am I?
Bos. Thou art a box of wormseed; at best but a salvatory of green mummy. What's this flesh? a little crudded milk, fantastical puff-paste. Our bodies are weaker than those paper-prisons boys use to keep flies in, more contemptible; since ours is to preserve earthworms. Didst thou ever see a lark in a cage? Such is the soul in the body: this world is like her little turf of grass; and the heaven o'er our heads like her looking glass, only gives us a miserable knowledge of the small compass of our prison.
Duch. Am not I thy duchess?
Bos. Thou art some great woman, sure, for riot begins to sit on thy forehead (clad in grey hairs) twenty years' sooner than on a merry milkmaid's. Thou sleepest worse, than if a mouse should be forced to take up her lodging in a cat's ear: a little infant that breeds its teeth, should it lie with thee, would cry out, as if thou wert the more unquiet bedfellow.
Duch. I am Duchess of Malfy still.
Bos. That makes thy sleeps so broken.
Glories, like glow-worms, afar off shine bright;
But, look'd to near, have neither heat nor light.
Duch. Thou art very plain.
Bos. My trade is to flatter the dead, not the living. I am a tomb-maker.
Duch. And thou comest to make my tomb?
Bos. Yes.

Duch. Let me be a little merry.
Of what stuff wilt thou make it?
Bos. Nay, resolve me first; of what fashion?
Duch. Why, do we grow fantastical in our death-bed? Do we affect fashion in the grave?
Bos. Most ambitiously. Princes' images on their tombs do not lie as they were wont, seeming to pray up to heaven: but with their hands under their cheeks (as if they died of the toothache): they are not carved with their eyes fixed upon the stars; but, as their minds were wholly bent upon the world, the self-same way they seem to turn their faces.
Duch. Let me know fully, therefore, the effect
Of this thy dismal preparation,
This talk, fit for a charnel.
Bos. Now I shall.
[*A coffin, cords, and a bell produced.*
Here is a present from your princely brothers;
And may it arrive welcome, for it brings
Last benefit, last sorrow.
Duch. Let me see it.
I have so much obedience in my blood,
I wish it in their veins to do them good.
Bos. This is your last presence chamber.
Car. O, my sweet lady.
Duch. Peace, it affrights not me.
Bos. I am the common bellman,
That usually is sent to condemn'd persons
The night before they suffer.
Duch. Even now thou saidst
Thou wast a tomb-maker.
Bos. 'Twas to bring you
By degrees to mortification: Listen.

Dirge.

Hark, now every thing is still:
This screech-owl, and the whistler shrill,
Call upon our dame aloud,
And bid her quickly don her shroud.
Much you had of land and rent;
Your length in clay 's now competent.
A long war disturb'd your mind;
Here your perfect peace is sign'd.
Of what is 't fools make such vain keeping?
Sin, their conception; their birth, weeping:
Their life, a general mist of error,
Their death, a hideous storm of terror.
Strew your hair with powders sweet,
Don clean linen, bathe your feet:
And (the foul fiend more to check)
A crucifix let bless your neck.
'Tis now full tide 'tween night and day:
End your groan, and come away.
Car. Hence, villains, tyrants, murderers: alas!
What will you do with my lady? Call for help.
Duch. To whom; to our next neighbours? They are mad folks.
Farewell, Cariola.
I pray thee look thou giv'st my little boy
Some syrup for his cold; and let the girl
Say her prayers ere she sleep.—Now what you please;
What death?
Bos. Strangling. Here are your executioners.
Duch. I forgive them.
The apoplexy, catarrh, or cough o' the lungs,
Would do as much as they do.
Bos. Doth not death fright you?
Duch. Who would be afraid on 't,
Knowing to meet such excellent company
In th' other world.
Bos. Yet, methinks,
The manner of your death should much afflict you:
This cord should terrify you.
Duch. Not a whit.
What would it pleasure me to have my throat cut
With diamonds? or to be smothered
With cassia? or to be shot to death with pearls?
I know death hath ten thousand several doors
For men to take their exits: and 'tis found
They go on such strange geometrical hinges,
You may open them both ways: any way (for heav'n sake)
So I were out of your whispering: tell my brothers
That I perceive death (now I'm well awake)
Best gift is they can give or I can take.
I would fain put off my last woman's fault;
I'd not be tedious to you.
Pull, and pull strongly, for your able strength
Must pull down heaven upon me.
Yet stay, heaven gates are not so highly arch'd
As princes' palaces; they that enter there
Must go upon their knees. Come, violent death,
Serve for Mandragora to make me sleep.
Go tell my brothers, when I am laid out,
They then may feed in quiet.
[*They strangle her, kneeling.*

FERDINAND enters.

Ferd. Is she dead?
Bos. She is what you would have her.
Fix your eye here.
Ferd. Constantly.
Bos. Do you not weep?
Other sins only speak; murder shrieks out.
The element of water moistens the earth,
But blood flies upwards, and bedews the heavens.
Ferd. Cover her face: mine eyes dazzle: she died young.
Bos. I think not so: her infelicity
Seem'd to have years too many.
Ferd. She and I were twins:
And should I die this instant, I had lived
Her time to a minute.

THOMAS MIDDLETON.

A conjecture that an old neglected drama by THOMAS MIDDLETON supplied the witchcraft scenery, and part of the lyrical incantations, of 'Macbeth,' has kept alive the name of this poet. So late as 1778, Middleton's play, the *Witch*, was first published by Reed from the author's manuscript. It is possible that the 'Witch' may have preceded 'Macbeth;' but as the latter was written in the fulness of Shakspeare's fame and genius, we think it is more probable that the inferior author was the borrower. He may have seen the play performed, and thus caught the spirit and words of the scenes in question; or, for aught we know, the 'Witch' may not have been written till after 1623, when Shakspeare's first folio appeared. We know that after this date Middleton was writing for the stage, as, in 1624, his play, *A Game at Chess*, was brought out, and gave great offence at court, by bringing on the stage the king of Spain, and his ambassador, Gondomar. The latter complained to King James of the insult, and Middleton (who at first 'shifted out of the way') and the poor players were brought before the privy-council. They were only reprimanded for their audacity in 'bringing modern Christian kings upon the stage.' If the dramatic sovereign had been James himself, nothing less than the loss of ears and noses would have appeased offended royalty! Middleton wrote about twenty plays: in 1603, we find him assisting Dekker at a court-pageant, and he was afterwards concerned in different pieces with Rowley, Webster, and other authors. He would seem to have been well-known as a dramatic writer. On Shrove Tuesday, 1617, the London apprentices, in an idle riot, demolished the Cockpit Theatre, and an old ballad describing the circumstance, states—

Books old and young on heap they flung,
And burnt them in the blazes,
Tom Dekker, Heywood, Middleton,
And other wandering crazys.

In 1620, Middleton was made chronologer, or city poet, of London, an office afterwards held by Ben Jonson, and which expired with Settle in 1724.* He died in July 1627. The dramas of Middleton have no strongly-marked character; his best is *Women Beware of Women*, a tale of love and jealousy, from the Italian. The following sketch of married happiness is delicate, and finely expressed:—

[*Happiness of Married Life.*]

How near am I now to a happiness
That earth exceeds not! not another like it:
The treasures of the deep are not so precious,
As are the conceal'd comforts of a man
Lock'd up in woman's love. I scent the air
Of blessings when I come but near the house.
What a delicious breath marriage sends forth!
The violet bed's not sweeter. Honest wedlock
Is like a banqueting house built in a garden,
On which the spring's chaste flowers take delight
To cast their modest odours; when base lust,
With all her powders, paintings, and best pride,
Is but a fair house built by a ditch side.
——————Now for a welcome,
Able to draw men's envies upon man;
A kiss now that will hang upon my lip
As sweet as morning dew upon a rose,
And full as long!

The 'Witch' is also an Italian plot, but the supernatural agents of Middleton are the old witches of legendary story, not the dim mysterious unearthly beings that accost Macbeth on the blasted heath. The 'Charm Song' is much the same in both:—

The Witches going about the Cauldron.

Black spirits and white; red spirits and grey;
Mingle, mingle, mingle, you that mingle may.
Titty, Tiffin, keep it stiff in;
Firedrake, Puckey, make it lucky;
Liard, Robin, you must bob in;
Round, around, around, about, about;
All ill come running in; all good keep out!
1st Witch. Here's the blood of a bat.
Hecate. Put in that; oh put in that.
2d Witch. Here's libbard's bane.
Hecate. Put in again.
1st Witch. The juice of toad, the oil of adder.
2d Witch. Those will make the younker madder.
All. Round, around, around, &c.

The flight of the witches by moonlight is described with a wild *gusto* and delight; if the scene was written before 'Macbeth,' Middleton deserves the credit of true poetical imagination:—

Enter HECATE, STADLIN, HOPPO, and other Witches.

Hec. The moon's a gallant; see how brisk she rides!
Stad. Here's a rich evening, Hecate.
Hec. Ay, is't not, wenches,
To take a journey of five thousand miles?
Hop. Ours will be more to night.
Hec. Oh, it will be precious. Heard you the owl yet?
Stad. Briefly in the copse,
As we came through now.

* The salary given to the city poet is incidentally mentioned by Jonson in an indignant letter to the Earl of Newcastle in 1631. 'Yesterday the barbarous Court of Aldermen have withdrawn their chandlery pension for verjuice and mustard—L.33, 6s. 8d.'

Hec. 'Tis high time for us then.
Stad. There was a bat hung at my lips three times
As we came thro' the woods, and drank her fill:
Old Puckle saw her.
Hec. You are fortunate still.
The very screech-owl lights upon your shoulder,
And woos you like a pigeon. Are you furnished?
Have you your ointments?
Stad. All.
Hec. Prepare to flight then:
I'll overtake you swiftly.
Stad. Hie, then, Hecate:
We shall be up betimes.
Hec. I'll reach you quickly. [*They ascend.*

Enter FIRESTONE.

Fire. They are all going a-birding to night. They talk of fowls i' th' air that fly by day; I'm sure they'll be a company of foul sluts there to-night. If we have not mortality afeared, I'll be hang'd, for they are able to putrefy it to infect a whole region. She spies me now.
Hec. What! Firestone, our sweet son?
Fire. A little sweeter than some of you; or a dunghill were too good for one.
Hec. How much hast there?
Fire. Nineteen, and all brave plump ones; besides six lizzards, and three serpentine eggs.
Hec. Dear and sweet boy! What herbs hast thou?
Fire. I have some mar-martin and mandragon.
Hec. Mar-maritin and mandragora thou would'st say.
Fire. Here's pannax too. I thank thee; my pan akes, I am sure, with kneeling down to cut 'em.
Hec. And selago.
Hedge Hissop too! How near he goes my cuttings!
Were they all cropt by moonlight?
Fire. Every blade of 'em, or I'm a mooncalf, mother.
Hec. Hie thee home with 'em.
Look well to th' house to-night; I am for aloft.
Fire. Aloft, quoth you! I would you would break your neck once, that I might have all quickly. [*Aside.*]—Hark, hark, mother! they are above the steeple already, flying over your head with a noise of musicians.
Hec. They are, indeed; help me! help me! I'm too late else.

Song.

[In the air above.]

Come away, come away,
Hecate, Hecate, come away,
Hec. I come, I come, I come, I come;
With all the speed I may;
With all the speed I may.
Where's Stadlin?
[*Above.*] Here.
Hec. Where's Puckle?
[*Above.*] Here.
And Hoppo too, and Hellwain too:
We lack but you, we lack but you.
Come away, make up the count.
Hec. I will but 'noint and then I mount.
[*A Spirit descends in the shape of a cat.*
[*Above.*] There's one come down to fetch his dues;
A kiss, a coll, a sip of blood;
And why thou stay'st so long, I muse, I muse,
Since th' air's so sweet and good.
Hec. Oh, art thou come;
What news, what news?
Spirit. All goes still to our delight,
Either come, or else
Refuse, refuse.
Hec. Now, I am furnish'd for the flight.
Fire. Hark, hark! The cat sings a brave treble in her own language.

Hec. [*Ascending with the Spirit.*] Now I go, now I fly,
Malkin, my sweet spirit, and I.
Oh, what dainty pleasure 'tis
To ride in the air,
When the moon shines fair,
And sing, and dance, and toy and kiss!
Over woods, high rocks, and mountains,
Over seas, our mistress' fountains,
Over steep towers and turrets
We fly by night, 'mongst troops of spirits.
No ring of bells to our ears sounds;
No howls of wolves, no yelp of hounds;
No, not the noise of waters' breach,
Or cannon's roar our height can reach.
[*Above.*] No ring of bells, &c.

JOHN MARSTON.

JOHN MARSTON, a rough and vigorous satirist and dramatic writer, produced his *Malcontent*, a comedy, prior to 1600; his *Antonio and Mellida*, a tragedy, in 1602; the *Insatiate Countess*, *What You Will*, and other plays, written between the latter date and 1634, when he died. He was also connected with Jonson and Chapman in the composition of the unfortunate comedy, *Eastward Hoe*. In his subsequent quarrel with Jonson, Marston was satirised by Ben in his 'Poetaster,' under the name of Demetrius. Marston was author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, translations, and satires, one of which (*Pygmalion's Image*) was ordered to be burned for its licentiousness. Mr Collier, who states that Marston seems to have attracted a good deal of attention in his own day, quotes from a contemporary diary the following anecdote:—'Nov. 21, 1602.—Jo. Marston, the last Christmas, when he danced with Alderman More's wife's daughter, a Spaniard born, fell into a strange commendation of her wit and beauty. When he had done, she thought to pay him home, and told him she thought he was a poet. "Tis true, said he, for poets feign and lie; and so did I when I commended your beauty, for you are exceeding foul.' This coarseness seems to have been characteristic of Marston: his comedies contain strong biting satires, but he is far from being a moral writer. Hazlitt says, his *forte* was not sympathy either with the stronger or softer emotions, but an impatient scorn and bitter indignation against the vices and follies of men, which vented itself either in comic irony or in lofty invective. The following humorous sketch of a scholar and his dog is worthy of Shakspeare:—

I was a scholar: seven useful springs
Did I deflower in quotations
Of cross'd opinions 'bout the soul of man;
The more I learnt, the more I learnt to doubt.
Delight, my spaniel, slept, whilst I baus'd leaves,
Toss'd o'er the dunces, pored on the old print
Of titled words: and still my spaniel slept.
Whilst I wasted lamp-oil, baited my flesh,
Shrunk up my veins: and still my spaniel slept.
And still I held converse with Zabarell,
Aquinas, Scotus, and the musty saw
Of Antick Donate: still my spaniel slept.
Still on went I; first, *an sit anima;*
Then, an it were mortal. O hold, hold; at that
They're at brain buffets, fell by the ears amain
Pell-mell together; still my spaniel slept.
Then, whether 'twere corporeal, local, fixt,
Ex traduce, but whether 't had free will
Or no, hot philosophers
Stood banding factions, all so strongly propt;
I stagger'd, knew not which was firmer part,
But thought, quoted, read, observ'd, and pried,
Stufft noting-books: and still my spaniel slept.
At length he wak'd, and yawn'd; and by yon sky,
For aught I know, he knew as much as I.

ROBERT TAYLOR—WILLIAM ROWLEY—CYRIL TOURNEUR.

Among the other dramatists at this time may be mentioned ROBERT TAYLOR, author of the *Hog hath Lost his Pearl*; WILLIAM ROWLEY, an actor and joint writer with Middleton and Dekker, who produced several plays; CYRIL TOURNEUR, author of two good dramas, the *Atheist's Tragedy* and the *Revenger's Tragedy*. A tragi-comedy, the *Witch of Edmonton*, is remarkable as having been the work of at least three authors—Rowley, Dekker, and Ford. It embodies, in a striking form, the vulgar superstitions respecting witchcraft, which so long debased the popular mind in England:—

[*Scene from the Witch of Edmonton.*]

MOTHER SAWYER alone.

Saw. And why on me? why should the envious world
Throw all their scandalous malice upon me?
'Cause I am poor, deform'd, and ignorant,
And like a bow buckled and bent together
By some more strong in mischiefs than myself;
Must I for that be made a common sink
For all the filth and rubbish of men's tongues
To fall and run into? Some call me witch,
And being ignorant of myself, they go
About to teach me how to be one: urging
That my bad tongue (by their bad usage made so)
Forespeaks their cattle, doth bewitch their corn,
Themselves, their servants, and their babes at nurse:
This they enforce upon me; and in part
Make me to credit it.

BANKS, a Farmer, enters.

Banks. Out, out upon thee, witch!
Saw. Dost call me witch?
Banks. I do, witch; I do:
And worse I would, knew I a name more hateful.
What makest thou upon my ground?
Saw. Gather a few rotten sticks to warm me.
Banks. Down with them when I bid thee, quickly;
I'll make thy bones rattle in thy skin else.
Saw. You won't! churl, cut-throat, miser! there they be. Would they stuck 'cross thy throat, thy bowels, thy maw, thy midriff——
Banks. Say'st thou me so? Hag, out of my ground.
Saw. Dost strike me, slave, curmudgeon? Now thy bones ache, thy joints cramps,
And convulsions stretch and crack thy sinews.
Banks. Cursing, thou hag! take that, and that.
[*Exit.*
Saw. Strike, do: and wither'd may that hand and arm,
Whose blows have lam'd me, drop from the rotten trunk.
Abuse me! beat me! call me hag and witch!
What is the name? where, and by what art learn'd?
What spells, or charms, or invocations,
May the thing call'd Familiar be purchased?
——— I am shunn'd
And hated like a sickness; made a scorn
To all degrees and sexes. I have heard old beldams
Talk of familiars in the shape of mice,
Rats, ferrets, weasels, and I wot not what,
That have appear'd; and suck'd, some say, their blood.
But by what means they came acquainted with them,
I'm now ignorant. Would some power, good or bad,
Instruct me which way I might be reveng'd
Upon this churl, I'd go out of myself,
And give this fury leave to dwell within
This ruin'd cottage, ready to fall with age:
Abjure all goodness, be at hate with prayer,

And study curses, imprecations,
Blasphemous speeches, oaths, detested oaths,
Or anything that's ill; so I might work
Revenge upon this miser, this black cur,
That barks, and bites, and sucks the very blood
Of me, and of my credit. 'Tis all one
To be a witch as to be counted one.

[*A Drowned Soldier.*]

(From Tourneur's 'Atheist's Tragedy.')

——— Walking upon the fatal shore,
Among the slaughter'd bodies of their men,
Which the full-stomach'd sea had cast upon
The sands, it was my unhappy chance to light
Upon a face, whose favour, when it lived,
My astonish'd mind inform'd me I had seen.
He lay in his armour, as if that had been
His coffin; and the weeping sea (like one
Whose milder temper doth lament the death
Of him whom in his rage he slew) runs up
The shore, embraces him, kisses his cheek;
Goes back again, and forces up the sands
To bury him; and every time it parts,
Sheds tears upon him; till at last (as if
It could no longer endure to see the man
Whom it had slain, yet loath to leave him), with
A kind of unresolv'd unwilling pace,
Winding her waves one in another (like
A man that folds his arms, or wrings his hands,
For grief), ebb'd from the body, and descends;
As if it would sink down into the earth,
And hide itself for shame of such a deed.

An anonymous play, the *Return from Parnassus*, was acted by the students of St John's college, Cambridge, about the year 1602: it is remarkable for containing criticisms on contemporary authors, all poets. Each author is summoned up for judgment, and dismissed after a few words of commendation or censure. Some of these poetical criticisms are finely written, as well as curious. Of Spenser—

A sweeter swan than ever sung in Po;
A shriller nightingale than ever blest
The prouder groves of self-admiring Rome.
Blithe was each valley, and each shepherd proud
While he did chant his rural minstrelsy.
Attentive was full many a dainty ear:
Nay, hearers hung upon his melting tongue,
While sweetly of the Faery Queen he sung;
While to the water's fall he tuned her fame,
And in each bark engrav'd Eliza's name.

The following extract introduces us to Marlow, Jonson, and Shakspeare; but to the latter only as the author of the 'Venus' and 'Lucrece.' *Ingenioso* reads out the names, and *Judicio* pronounces judgment:—

Ing. Christopher Marlow.
Jud. Marlow was happy in his buskin'd muse;
Alas! unhappy in his life and end.
Pity it is that wit so ill should well,
Wit lent from heaven, but vices sent from hell.
Ing. Our theatre hath lost, Pluto hath got,
A tragic penman for a dreary plot.——
Benjamin Jonson.
Jud. The wittiest fellow of a bricklayer in England.
Ing. A mere empiric, one that gets what he hath by observation, and makes only nature privy to what he indites; so slow an inventor, that he were better betake himself to his old trade of bricklaying; a blood whoreson, as confident now in making of a book, as he was in times past in laying of a brick.——
William Shakspeare.
Jud. Who loves Adonis' love or Lucrece' rape;
His sweeter verse contains heart-robbing life,
Could but a graver subject him content,
Without love's lazy foolish languishment.

The author afterwards introduces Kempe and Burbage, the actors, and makes the former state, in reference to the university dramatists—'Why, here's our fellow Shakspeare puts them all down; ay, and Ben Jonson too.' Posterity has confirmed this 'Return from Parnassus.'

GEORGE COOKE—THOMAS NABBES—NATHANIEL FIELD—JOHN DAY—HENRY GLAPTHORNE—THOMAS RANDOLPH—RICHARD BROME.

A lively comedy, called *Green's Tu Quoque*, was written by GEORGE COOKE, a contemporary of Shakspeare. THOMAS NABBES (died about 1645) was the author of *Microcosmus*, a masque, and of several other plays. In 'Microcosmus' is the following fine song of love:—

Welcome, welcome, happy pair,
To these abodes where spicy air
Breathes perfumes, and every sense
Doth find his object's excellence;
Where's no heat, nor cold extreme,
No winter's ice, no summer's scorching beam;
Where's no sun, yet never night,
Day always springing from eternal light.
Chorus. All mortal sufferings laid aside,
Here in endless bliss abide.

NATHANIEL FIELD (who was one of the actors in Ben Jonson's 'Poetaster') began to write for the stage about 1609 or 1610, and produced *Woman is a Weathercock*, *Amends for Ladies*, &c. He had the honour of being associated with Massinger in the composition of the *Fatal Dowry*. JOHN DAY, in conjunction with Chettle, wrote the *Blind Beggar of Bethnal Green*, a popular comedy, and was also author of two or three other plays, and some miscellaneous poems. HENRY GLAPTHORNE is mentioned as 'one of the chiefest dramatic poets of the reign of Charles I.' Five of his plays are printed—*Albertus Wallenstein*, the *Hollander*, *Argalus and Parthenia*, *Wit in a Constable*, the *Lady's Privilege*, &c. There is a certain smoothness and prettiness of expression about Glapthorne (particularly in his 'Albertus'), but he is deficient in passion and energy. THOMAS RANDOLPH (1607-1634) wrote the *Muses' Looking-Glass*, the *Jealous Lovers*, &c. In an anonymous play, *Sweetman the Woman-hater*, is the following happy simile:—

Justice, like lightning, ever should appear
To few men's ruin, but to all men's fear.

RICHARD BROME, one of the best of the secondary dramatists, produced several plays, the *Antipodes*, the *City Wit*, the *Court Beggar*, &c. Little is known of the personal history of these authors: a few scattered dates usually make up the whole amount of their biography. The public demand for theatrical novelties called forth a succession of writers in this popular and profitable walk of literature, who seem to have discharged their ephemeral tasks, and sunk with their works into oblivion. The glory of Shakspeare has revived some of the number, like halos round his name; and the rich stamp of the age, in style and thought, is visible on the pages of most of them.

PHILIP MASSINGER.

The reign of James produced no other tragic poet equal to PHILIP MASSINGER, an unfortunate author, whose life was spent in obscurity and poverty, and

who, dying almost unknown, was buried with no other inscription than the melancholy note in the parish register, 'Philip Massinger, *a stranger*.' This poet was born about the year 1584. His father, as appears from the dedication of one of his plays, was

Philip Massinger.

in the service of the Earl of Pembroke; and as he was at one time intrusted with letters to Queen Elizabeth, the situation of the elder Massinger must have been a confidential one. Whether Philip ever 'wandered in the marble halls and pictured galleries of Wilton, that princely seat of old magnificence, where Sir Philip Sidney composed his *Arcadia*,' is not known: in 1602, he was entered of Alban Hall, Oxford. He is supposed to have quitted the university about 1604, and to have commenced writing for the stage. The first notice of him is in Henslowe's diary, about 1614, where he makes a joint application, with N. Field, and R. Daborne, for a loan of £5, without which, they say, they *could not be bailed*. Field and Daborne were both actors and dramatic authors. The sequel of Massinger's history is only an enumeration of his plays. He wrote a great number of pieces, of which eighteen have been preserved, and was found dead in his bed at his house, Bankside, Southwark, one morning in March, 1640. The *Virgin Martyr*, the *Bondman*, the *Fatal Dowry*, the *City Madam*, and the *New Way to Pay Old Debts*, are his best-known productions. The last-mentioned has kept possession of the stage, chiefly on account of the effective and original character of Sir Giles Overreach. Massinger's comedy resembles Ben Jonson's, in its eccentric strength and wayward exhibitions of human nature. The greediness of avarice, the tyranny of unjust laws, and the miseries of poverty, are drawn with a powerful hand. The luxuries and vices of a city life, also, afford Massinger scope for his indignant and forcible invective. Genuine humour or sprightliness he had none. His dialogue is often coarse and indelicate, and his characters in low life too depraved. The tragedies of Massinger have a calm and dignified seriousness, a lofty pride, that impresses the imagination very strongly. His genius was more eloquent and descriptive than impassioned or inventive; yet his pictures of suffering virtue, its struggles and its trials, are calculated to touch the heart, as well as gratify the taste. His versification is smooth and mellifluous. Owing, perhaps, to the sedate and dignified tone of Massinger's plays, they were not revived after the Restoration. Even Dryden did not think him worthy of mention, or had forgot his works, when he wrote his *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*.

[*A Midnight Scene.*]

(From the 'Virgin Martyr.')

ANGELO, an Angel, attends DOROTHEA as a page.

Dor. My book and taper.
Ang. Here, most holy mistress.
Dor. Thy voice sends forth such music, that I never
Was ravish'd with a more celestial sound.
Were every servant in the world like thee,
So full of goodness, angels would come down
To dwell with us: thy name is Angelo,
And like that name thou art. Get thee to rest;
Thy youth with too much watching is opprest.
Ang. No, my dear lady. I could weary stars,
And force the wakeful moon to lose her eyes,
By my late watching, but to wait on you.
When at your prayers you kneel before the altar,
Methinks I'm singing with some quire in heaven,
So blest I hold me in your company.
Therefore, my most lov'd mistress, do not bid
Your boy, so serviceable, to get hence;
For then you break his heart.
Dor. Be nigh me still, then.
In golden letters down I'll set that day
Which gave thee to me. Little did I hope
To meet such worlds of comfort in thyself,
This little, pretty body, when I, coming
Forth of the temple, heard my beggar-boy,
My sweet-faced, godly beggar-boy, crave an alms,
Which with glad hand I gave, with lucky hand;
And when I took thee home, my most chaste bosom,
Methought, was fill'd with no hot wanton fire,
But with a holy flame, mounting since higher,
On wings of cherubims, than it did before.
Ang. Proud am I that my lady's modest eye
So likes so poor a servant.
Dor. I have offer'd
Handfuls of gold but to behold thy parents.
I would leave kingdoms, were I queen of some,
To dwell with thy good father; for, the son
Bewitching me so deeply with his presence,
He that begot him must do't ten times more.
I pray thee, my sweet boy, show me thy parents;
Be not asham'd.
Ang. I am not; I did never
Know who my mother was; but, by yon palace,
Fill'd with bright heav'nly courtiers, I dare assure you,
And pawn these eyes upon it, and this hand,
My father is in heav'n; and, pretty mistress,
If your illustrious hour-glass spend his sand
No worse, than yet it doth, upon my life,
You and I both shall meet my father there,
And he shall bid you welcome.
Dor. A bless'd day!

[*Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter.*]

(From the 'New Way to Pay Old Debts.')

LOVEL.—OVERREACH.

Over. To my wish we are private.
I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.
Lov. You are a right kind father.
Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded and well-water'd, the acres

Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?
Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built, and she,[1] that is mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.
Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 'tis his.
Lov. Impossible.
Over. You do conclude too fast; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'Tis not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship; and once more,
I say aloud, they are yours.
Lov. I dare not own
What's by unjust and cruel means extorted:
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.
Over. You run, my lord, no hazard:
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now:
Nor can my actions, though condemn'd for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestion'd integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable; which my lord can make her:
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovell, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,
And take it on mine own; for though I ruin
The country to supply your riotous waste,
The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.
Lov. Are you not frighted with the imprecations
And curses of whole families, made wretched
By your sinister practices?
Over. Yes, as rocks are
When foamy billows split themselves against
Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
If call'd into the field, I can make that right
Which fearful enemies murmur'd at as wrong.
Now, for those other piddling complaints,
Breath'd out in bitterness; as, when they call me
Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
Of what was common to my private use;
Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
I only think what 'tis to have my daughter
Right honourable; and 'tis a powerful charm,
Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
Or the least sting of conscience.
Lov. I admire
The toughness of your nature.
Over. 'Tis for you,
My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

[1] The Lady Allworth.

[*Compassion for Misfortune.*]

(From the 'City Madam.')

Luke. No word, sir,
I hope, shall give offence: nor let it relish
Of flattery, though I proclaim aloud,
I glory in the bravery of your mind,
To which your wealth 's a servant. Not that riches
Is, or should be, contemn'd, it being a blessing
Deriv'd from heaven, and by your industry
Pull'd down upon you; but in this, dear sir,
You have many equals: such a man's possessions
Extend as far as yours; a second hath
His bags as full; a third in credit flies
As high in the popular voice: but the distinction
And noble difference by which you are
Divided from them, is, that you are styled
Gentle in your abundance, good in plenty;
And that you feel compassion in your bowels
Of others' miseries (I have found it, sir;
Heaven keep me thankful for't!), while they are curs'd
As rigid and inexorable. * *
Your affability and mildness, clothed
In the garments of your thankful debtors' breath,
Shall everywhere, though you strive to conceal it,
Be seen and wonder'd at, and in the act
With a prodigal hand rewarded. Whereas, such
As are born only for themselves, and live so,
Though prosperous in worldly understandings,
Are but like beasts of rapine, that, by odds
Of strength, usurp and tyrannise o'er others
Brought under their subjection. * *
Can you think, sir,
In your unquestion'd wisdom, I beseech you,
The goods of this poor man sold at an outcry,
His wife turn'd out of doors, his children fore'd
To beg their bread; this gentleman's estate
By wrong extorted, can advantage you?
Or that the ruin of this once brave merchant,
For such he was esteem'd, though now decay'd,
Will raise your reputation with good men?
But you may urge (pray you, pardon me, my zeal
Makes me thus bold and vehement), in this
You satisfy your anger, and revenge
For being defeated. Suppose this, it will not
Repair your loss, and there was never yet
But shame and scandal in a victory,
When the rebels unto reason, passions, fought it.
Then for revenge, by great souls it was ever
Contemn'd, though offer'd; entertain'd by none
But cowards, base and abject spirits, strangers
To moral honesty, and never yet
Acquainted with religion. * *
Sir John. Shall I be
Talk'd out of my money?
Luke. No, sir, but intreated
To do yourself a benefit, and preserve
What you possess entire.
Sir John. How, my good brother?
Luke. By making these your beadsmen. When they eat,
Their thanks, next heaven, will be paid to your mercy;
When your ships are at sea, their prayers will swell
The sails with prosperous winds, and guard them from
Tempests and pirates; keep your warehouses
From fire, or quench them with their tears.

[*Unequal Love.*]

(From the 'Great Duke of Florence.')

GIOVANNI, nephew to the Grand Duke, taking leave of LIDIA, daughter of his Tutor.

Lidia. Must you go, then,
So suddenly?

Giov. There's no evasion, Lidia,
To gain the least delay, though I would buy it
At any rate. Greatness, with private men
Esteem'd a blessing, is to me a curse;
And we, whom, for our high births, they conclude
The only freemen, are the only slaves:
Happy the golden mean! Had I been born
In a poor sordid cottage, not nursed up
With expectation to command a court,
I might, like such of your condition, sweetest,
Have tu'en a safe and middle course, and not,
As I am now, against my choice, compell'd;
Or to lie grovelling on the earth, or raised
So high upon the pinnacles of state,
That I must either keep my height with danger,
Or fall with certain ruin.
Lidia. Your own goodness
Will be your faithful guard.
Giov. O, Lidia! For had I been your equal,
I might have seen and lik'd with mine own eyes,
And not, as now, with others. I might still,
And without observation or envy,
As I have done, continued my delights
With you, that are alone, in my esteem,
The abstract of society: we might walk
In solitary groves, or in choice gardens;
From the variety of curious flowers
Contemplate nature's workmanship and wonders:
And then, for change, near to the murmur of
Some bubbling fountain, I might hear you sing,
And, from the well-tuned accents of your tongue,
In my imagination conceive
With what melodious harmony a choir
Of angels sing above their Maker's praises.
And then, with chaste discourse, as we return'd,
Imp feathers to the broken wings of Time:
And all this I must part from.
—— One word more,
And then I come. And after this, when, with
Continued innocence of love and service,
I had grown ripe for hymeneal joys,
Embracing you, but with a lawful flame,
I might have been your husband.
Lidia. Sir, I was,
And ever am, your servant; but it was,
And 'tis far from me in a thought to cherish,
Such saucy hopes. If I had been the heir
Of all the globes and sceptres mankind bows to,
At my best you had deserv'd me; as I am,
Howe'er unworthy, in my virgin zeal,
I wish you, as a partner of your bed,
A princess equal to you; such a one
That may make it the study of her life,
With all the obedience of a wife, to please you;
May you have happy issue, and I live
To be their humblest handmaid!
Giov. I am dumb, and can make no reply;
This kiss, bathed in tears,
May learn you what I should say.

JOHN FORD.

Contemporary with Massinger, and possessing kindred tastes and powers, was JOHN FORD (1586–1639). This author wisely trusted to a regular profession, not to dramatic literature, for his support. He was of a good Devonshire family, and bred to the law. His first efforts as a writer for the stage, were made in unison with Webster and Dekker. He also joined with the latter, and with Rowley, in composing the *Witch of Edmonton*, already mentioned, the last act of which seems to be Ford's. In 1628 appeared the *Lover's Melancholy*, dedicated to his friends of the Society of Gray's Inn. In 1633 were printed his three tragedies, the *Brother and Sister*, the *Broken Heart*, and *Love's Sacrifice*. He next wrote *Perkin Warbeck*, a correct and spirited historical drama. Two other pieces, *Fancies Chaste and Noble*, and the *Lady's Trial*, produced in 1638 and 1639, complete the list of Ford's works. He is supposed to have died shortly after the production of his last play.

A tone of pensive tenderness and pathos, with a peculiarly soft and musical style of blank verse, characterise this poet. The choice of his subjects was unhappy, for he has devoted to incestuous passion the noblest offerings of his muse. The scenes in his 'Brother and Sister,' descriptive of the criminal loves of Annabella and Giovanni, are painfully interesting and harrowing to the feelings, but contain his finest poetry and expression. The old dramatists loved to sport and dally with such forbidden themes, which tempted the imagination, and awoke those slumbering fires of pride, passion, and wickedness, that lurk in the recesses of the human heart. They lived in an age of excitement—the newly-awakened intellect warring with the senses—the baser parts of humanity with its noblest qualities. In this struggle, the dramatic poets were plunged, and they depicted forcibly what they saw and felt. Much as they wrote, their time was not spent in shady retirement; they flung themselves into the full tide of the passions, sounded its depths, wrestled with its difficulties and defilements, and were borne onwards in headlong career. A few, like poor Marlow and Greene, sunk early in undeplored misery, and nearly all were unhappy. This very recklessness and daring, however, gave a mighty impulse and freedom to their genius. They were emancipated from ordinary restraints; they were strong in their sceptic pride and self-will; they surveyed the whole of life, and gave expression to those wild half-shaped thoughts and unnatural promptings, which wiser conduct and reflection would have instantly repressed and condemned. With them, the passion of love was an all-pervading fire, that consumed the decencies of life; sometimes it was gross and sensual, but in other moments imbued with a wild preternatural sweetness and fervour. Anger, pity, jealousy, revenge, remorse, and the other primary feelings and elements of our nature, were crowded into their short existence as into their scenes. Nor was the light of religion quenched: there were glimpses of heaven in the midst of the darkest vice and debauchery. The better genius of Shakspeare lifted him above this agitated region; yet his 'Venus and Adonis,' and the 'Sonnets,' show that he had been at one time soiled by some of its impurities. Ford was apparently of regular deportment, but of morbid diseased imagination.* His latest biographer (Mr Hartley Coleridge) suggests, that the choice of horrible stories for his two best plays may have been merely an exercise of intellectual power. 'His moral sense was gratified by indignation at the dark possibilities of sin, and by compassion for rare extremes of suffering.' Ford was destitute of the fire and grandeur of the heroic drama. Mr Charles Lamb ranks him with the first order of poets; but this praise is excessive. Admitting his sway over the tender passions, and the occasional beauty of his language and conceptions, he wants the elevation of great genius. He has, as Hallam remarks, the power over tears; for he makes his readers sympathise even with his vicious characters.

* Some unknown contemporary has preserved a graphic trait of Ford's appearance and reserved deportment—

'Deep in a dump John Ford alone was got,
With folded arms and melancholy hat.'

[*A Dying Bequest.*]

(From the 'Broken Heart.')

CALANTHA.—PENTHEA.

Cal. Being alone, Penthea, you have granted
The opportunity you sought, and might
At all times have commanded.
Pen. 'Tis a benefit
Which I shall owe your goodness even in death for.
My glass of life, sweet princess, hath few minutes
Remaining to run down; the sands are spent:
For, by an inward messenger, I feel
The summons of departure short and certain.
Cal. You feed too much your melancholy.
Pen. Glories
Of human greatness are but pleasing dreams,
And shadows soon decaying: on the stage
Of my mortality my youth hath acted
Some scenes of vanity, drawn out at length;
By varied pleasures sweeten'd in the mixture,
But tragical in issue.
Cal. Contemn not your condition for the proof
Of bare opinion only: to what end
Reach all these moral texts?
Pen. To place before ye
A perfect mirror, wherein you may see
How weary I am of a lingering life,
Who count the best a misery.
Cal. Indeed
You have no little cause; yet none so great
As to distrust a remedy.
Pen. That remedy
Must be a winding-sheet, a fold of lead,
And some untrod-on corner in the earth.
Not to detain your expectation, princess,
I have an humble suit.
Cal. Speak, and enjoy it.
Pen. Vouchsafe, then, to be my executrix;
And take that trouble on ye, to dispose
Such legacies as I bequeath impartially:
I have not much to give, the pains are easy;
Heaven will reward your piety and thank it,
When I am dead: for sure I must not live;
I hope I cannot.
Cal. Now beshrew thy sadness;
Thou turn'st me too much woman.
Pen. Her fair eyes
Melt into passion: then I have assurance
Encouraging my boldness. In this paper
My will was character'd; which you, with pardon,
Shall now know from mine own mouth.
Cal. Talk on, prithee;
It is a pretty earnest.
Pen. I have left me
But three poor jewels to bequeath. The first is
My youth; for though I am much old in griefs,
In years I am a child.
Cal. To whom that?
Pen. To virgin wives; such as abuse not wedlock
By freedom of desires, but covet chiefly
The pledges of chaste beds, for ties of love
Rather than ranging of their blood: and next,
To married maids; such as prefer the number
Of honourable issue in their virtues,
Before the flattery of delights by marriage;
May those be ever young.
Cal. A second jewel
You mean to part with?
Pen. 'Tis my fame; I trust
By scandal yet untouch'd: this I bequeath
To Memory and Time's old daughter, Truth.
If ever my unhappy name find mention,
When I am fall'n to dust, may it deserve
Beseeming charity without dishonour.
Cal. How handsomely thou play'st with harmless sport
Of mere imagination! Speak the last.
I strangely like thy will.
Pen. This jewel, madam,
Is dearly precious to me; you must use
The best of your discretion, to employ
This gift as I intend it.
Cal. Do not doubt me.
Pen. 'Tis long ago, since first I lost my heart;
Long I have liv'd without it: but instead
Of it, to great Calantha, Sparta's heir,
By service bound, and by affection vow'd,
I do bequeath in holiest rites of love
Mine only brother Ithocles.
Cal. What saidst thou?
Pen. Impute not, heav'n-blest lady, to ambition,
A faith as humbly perfect as the prayers
Of a devoted suppliant can endow it:
Look on him, princess, with an eye of pity;
How like the ghost of what he late appear'd
He moves before you!
Cal. Shall I answer here,
Or lend my ear too grossly?
Pen. First his heart
Shall fall in cinders, scorch'd by your disdain,
Ere he will dare, poor man, to ope an eye
On these divine looks, but with low-bent thoughts
Accusing such presumption: as for words,
He dares not utter any but of service;
Yet this lost creature loves you. Be a princess
In sweetness as in blood; give him his doom,
Or raise him up to comfort.
Cal. What new change
Appears in my behaviour, that thou darest
Tempt my displeasure?
Pen. I must leave the world,
To revel in Elysium; and 'tis just
To wish my brother some advantage here.
Yet by my best hopes, Ithocles is ignorant
Of this pursuit. But if you please to kill him,
Lend him one angry look, or one harsh word,
And you shall soon conclude how strong a power
Your absolute authority holds over
His life and end.
Cal. You have forgot, Penthea,
How still I have a father.
Pen. But remember
I am sister: though to me this brother
Hath been, you know, unkind, O most unkind.
Cal. Christalla, Philema, where are ye? Lady,
Your cheek lies in my silence.

[*Contention of a Bird and a Musician.*]*

(From the 'Lover's Melancholy.')

MENAPHON and AMETHUS.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feign'd
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encounter'd me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art [and] nature ever were at strife in.
Amet. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.
Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touch'd mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw

* For an amplification of the subject of this extract, see article 'RICHARD CRASHAW.'

This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seem'd, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flock'd about him, all stood silent,
Wond'ring at what they heard. I wonder'd too.
Amet. And so do I; good! on—
Men. A nightingale,
Nature's best skill'd musician, undertakes
The challenge, and for every several strain
The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own;
He could not run division with more art
Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
The nightingale, did with her various notes
Reply to: for a voice, and for a sound,
Amethus, 'tis much easier to believe
That such they were, than hope to hear again.
Amet. How did the rivals part?
Men. You term them rightly;
For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.
Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
Into a pretty anger, that a bird
Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
Had busied many hours to perfect practice:
To end the controversy, in a rapture
Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
So many voluntaries, and so quick,
That there was curiosity and cunning,
Concord in discord, lines of differing method
Meeting in one full centre of delight.
Amet. Now for the bird.
Men. The bird, ordain'd to be
Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
These several sounds: which, when her warbling throat
Fail'd in, for grief, down dropp'd she on his lute,
And brake her heart! It was the quaintest sadness,
To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
To weep a funeral elegy of tears;
That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
A fellow-mourner with him.
Amet. I believe thee.
Men. He look'd upon the trophies of his art,
Then sigh'd, then wiped his eyes, then sigh'd and cried:
'Alas, poor creature! I will soon revenge'
This cruelty upon the author of it:
Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
Shall never more betray a harmless peace
To an untimely end:' and in that sorrow,
As he was pashing it against a tree,
I suddenly stept in.
Amet. Thou hast discours'd
A truth of mirth and pity.

THOMAS HEYWOOD.

THOMAS HEYWOOD was one of the most indefatigable of dramatic writers. He had, as he informs his readers, 'an entire hand, or at least a main finger,' in two hundred and twenty plays. He wrote also several prose works, besides attending to his business as an actor. Of his huge dramatic library, only twenty-three plays have come down to us, the best of which are, *A Woman Killed with Kindness*, the *English Traveller*, *A Challenge for Beauty*, the *Royal King and Loyal Subject*, the *Lancashire Witches*, the *Rape of Lucrece*, *Love's Mistress*, &c. The few particulars respecting Heywood's life and history have been gleaned from his own writings and the dates of his plays. The time of his birth is not known: but he was a native of Lincolnshire, and was a fellow of Peter-House, Cambridge: he is found writing for the stage in 1596, and he continued to exercise his ready pen down to the year 1640. In one of his prologues, he thus adverts to the various sources of his multifarious labours:

To give content to this most curious age,
The gods themselves we've brought down to the stage,
And figured them in planets; made even hell
Deliver up the furies, by no spell
(Saving the muse's rapture) further we
Have traffick'd by their help; no history
We have left unrifled; our pens have been dipt
As well in opening each hid manuscript
As tracks more vulgar, whether read or sung
In our dome-tic or more foreign tongue:
Of fairies, elves, nymphs of the sea and land,
The lawns, the groves, no number can be scann'd
Which we have not given feet to.

This was written in 1637, and it shows how eager the play-going public were then for novelties, though they possessed the theatre of Shakspeare and his contemporaries. The death of Heywood is equally unknown with the date of his birth. As a dramatist, he had a poetical fancy and abundance of classical imagery; but his taste was defective; and scenes of low buffoonery, 'merry accidents, intermixed with apt and witty jests, deform his pieces. His humour, however, is more pure and moral than that of most of his contemporaries. 'There is a natural repose in his scenes,' says a dramatic critic, 'which contrasts pleasingly with the excitement that reigns in most of his contemporaries.' Middleton looks upon his characters with the feverish anxiety with which we listen to the trial of great criminals, or watch their behaviour upon the scaffold. Webster lays out their corpses in the prison, and sings the dirge over them when they are buried at midnight in unhallowed ground. Heywood leaves his characters before they come into these situations. He walks quietly to and fro among them while they are yet at large as members of society; contenting himself with a sad smile at their follies, or with a frequent warning to them on the consequences of their crimes.' * The following description of Psyche, from 'Love's Mistress,' is in his best manner:—

ADMETUS.—ASTIOCHE.—PETREA.

Adm. Welcome to both in one! Oh, can you tell
What fate your sister hath?
Both. Psyche is well.
Adm. So among mortals it is often said,
Children and friends are well when they are dead.
Ast. But Psyche lives, and on her breath attend
Delights that far surmount all earthly joy;
Music, sweet voices, and ambrosian fare;
Winds, and the light-wing'd creatures of the air;
Clear channell'd rivers, springs, and flowery meads,
Are proud when Psyche wantons on their streams,
When Psyche on their rich embroidery treads,
When Psyche gilds their crystal with her beams.
We have but seen our sister, and, behold!
She sends us with our laps full brimm'd with gold.

In 1635, Heywood published a poem entitled the *Hierarchy of Angels*. Various songs are scattered through Heywood's neglected plays, some of them easy and flowing:—

Song.

Pack clouds away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow:
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft,
To give my love good morrow:
Wings from the wind to please her mind,
Notes from the lark I'll borrow:

* Edinburgh Review, vol. 63, p. 223.

Bird, prune thy wing, nightingale, sing,
To give my love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, robin red-breast,
Sing, birds, in every furrow ;
And from each bill let music shrill
Give my fair love good morrow.
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow,
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves,
Sing my fair love good morrow.
To give my love good morrow,
Sing, birds, in every furrow.

Shepherd's Song.

We that have known no greater state
Than this we live in, praise our fate :
For courtly silks in cares are spent,
When country's russet breeds content.
The power of sceptres we admire,
But sheep-hooks for our use desire.
Simple and low is our condition,
For here with us is no ambition :
We with the sun our flocks unfold,
Whose rising makes their fleeces gold ;
Our music from the birds we borrow,
They bidding us, we them, good morrow.
Our habits are but coarse and plain,
Yet they defend from wind and rain ;
As warm too, in an equal eye,
As those be-stain'd in scarlet dye.
The shepherd, with his home-spun lass,
As many merry hours doth pass,
As courtiers with their costly girls,
Though richly deck'd in gold and pearls ;
And, though but plain, to purpose woo,
Nay, often with less danger too.
Those that delight in dainties' store,
One stomach feed at once, no more ;
And, when with homely fare we feast,
With us it doth as well digest ;
And many times we better speed,
For our wild fruits no surfeits breed.
If we sometimes the willow wear,
By subtle swains that dare forswear,
We wonder whence it comes, and fear
They've been at court and learnt it there.

[*Shipwreck by Drink.*]

[From the 'English Traveller.']

——This gentleman and I
Pass'd but just now by your next neighbour's house,
Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
An unthrift youth ; his father now at sea :
And there this night was held a sumptuous feast.
In the height of their carousing, all their brains
Warm'd with the heat of wine, discourse was offer'd
Of ships and storms at sea : when suddenly,
Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
The room wherein they quaff'd to be a pinnace
Moving and floating, and the confus'd noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners ;
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel. This conceiv'd,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards ;
And wills them, if they'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenches, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles ;
They take him for the boatswain : one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life :
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the bellow on't, labours, and rows ;
His oar the stick with which the fiddler play'd :
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it ;
The constable is call'd t' atone the broil ;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion : they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they call'd his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves :
And at this point we left them.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The last of these dramatists—'a great race,' says Mr Charles Lamb, 'all of whom spoke nearly the same language, and had a set of moral feelings and notions in common'—was JAMES SHIRLEY, born in London in 1596. Designed for holy orders, Shirley was educated first at Oxford, where Archbishop Laud refused to ordain him on account of his appearance being disfigured by a mole on his left cheek. He afterwards took the degree of A.M. at Cambridge, and officiated as curate near St Albans. Like his brother divine and poet, Crashaw, Shirley embraced the communion of the church of Rome. He lived as a schoolmaster in St Albans, but afterwards settled in London, and became a voluminous dramatic writer. Thirty-nine plays proceeded from his prolific pen; and a modern edition of his works, edited by Gifford, is in six octavo volumes. When the Master of the Revels, in 1633, licensed Shirley's play of the *Young Admiral*, he entered on his books an expression of his admiration of the drama, because it was free from oaths, profaneness, or obscenceness; trusting that his approbation would encourage the poet 'to pursue this beneficial and cleanly way of poetry.' Shirley is certainly less impure than most of his contemporaries, but he is far from faultless in this respect. His dramas seem to have been tolerably successful. When the civil wars broke out, the poet exchanged the pen for the sword, and took the field under his patron the Earl of Newcastle. After the cessation of this struggle, a still worse misfortune befell our author, in the shutting of the theatres, and he was forced to betake himself to his former occupation of a teacher. The Restoration does not seem to have mended his fortunes. In 1666, the great fire of London drove the poet and his family from their house in Whitefriars; and shortly after this event, both he and his wife died on the same day. A life of various labours and reverses, thus found a sudden and tragic termination. Shirley's plays have less force and dignity than those of Massinger; less pathos than those of Ford. His comedies have the tone and manner of good society. Mr Campbell has praised his 'polished and refined dialect, the 'airy touches of his expression, the delicacy of his sentiments, and the beauty of his similes.' He admits, however, what every reader *feels*, the want in Shirley of any strong passion or engrossing interest. Hallam more justly and comprehensively states—'Shirley has no originality, no force in conceiving or delineating character, little of pathos, and less, perhaps, of wit; his dramas produce no deep impression in reading, and of course can leave none

in the memory. But his mind was poetical; his better characters, especially females, express pure thoughts in pure language; he is never tumid or affected, and seldom obscure; the incidents succeed rapidly, the personages are numerous, and there is a general animation in the scenes, which causes us to read him with some pleasure. No very good play, nor possibly any very good scene, could be found in Shirley; but he has many lines of considerable beauty.' Of these fine lines, Dr Farmer, in his 'Essay on the Learning of Shakspeare,' quoted perhaps the most beautiful, being part of Fernando's description, in the 'Brothers,' of the charms of his mistress:—

Her eye did seem to labour with a tear,
Which suddenly took birth, but overweigh'd,
With its own swelling, dropt upon her bosom,
Which, by reflection of her light appear'd
As nature meant her sorrow for an ornament.
After, her looks grew cheerful, and I saw
A smile shoot graceful upward from her eyes,
As if they had gain'd a victory o'er grief;
And with it many beams twisted themselves,
Upon whose golden threads the angels walk
To and again from heaven.

In the same vein of delicate fancy and feeling is the following passage in the *Grateful Servant*, where Cleona learns of the existence of Foscari, from her page Dulcino:—

Cle. The day breaks glorious to my darken'd thoughts.
He lives, he lives yet! Cease, ye amorous fears,
More to perplex me. Prithee speak, sweet youth;
How fares my lord? Upon my virgin heart
I'll build a flaming altar, to offer up
A thankful sacrifice for his return
To life and me. Speak, and increase my comforts.
Is he in perfect health?
Dul. Not perfect, madam,
Until you bless him with the knowledge of
Your constancy.
Cle. O get thee wings and fly then;
Tell him my love doth burn like vestal fire,
Which, with his memory richer than all spices,
Disperses odours round about my soul,
And did refresh it when 'twas dull and sad,
With thinking of his absence.
——Yet stay,
Thou goest away too soon; where is he? speak.
Dul. He gave me no commission for that, lady;
He will soon save that question by his presence.
Cle. Time has no feathers; he walks now on crutches.
Relate his gestures when he gave thee this.
What other words? Did mirth smile on his brow?
I would not for the wealth of this great world
He should suspect my faith. What said he, prithee?
Dul. He said what a warm lover, when desire
Makes eloquent, could speak; he said you were
Both star and pilot.
Cle. The sun's lov'd flower, that shuts his yellow curtain
When he declineth, opens it again
At his fair rising: with my parting lord
I clos'd all my delight; till his approach
It shall not spread itself.

The Prodigal Lady.

[From the 'Lady of Pleasure.']

ARETINA and the STEWARD.

Stew. Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.
Aret. 'Tis that I came to town for; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground: to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's round;[1] t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobbyhorse
Tire, and the Maid-Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat.
Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoy'd
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleas'd
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You liv'd there
Secure and innocent, belov'd of all;
Prais'd for your hospitality, and pray'd for:
You might be envied, but malice knew
Not where you dwelt.—I would not prophesy,
But leave to your own apprehension
What may succeed your change.
Aret. You do imagine,
No doubt, you have talk'd wisely, and confuted
London past all defence. Your master should
Do well to send you back into the country,
With title of superintendent bailie.

ENTER SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now, what's the matter!
Angry, sweetheart?
Aret. I am angry with myself,
To be so miserably restrain'd in things
Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
To see me satisfied.
Born. In what, Aretina,
Dost thou accuse me? Have I not obeyed
All thy desires against mine own opinion?
Quitted the country, and remov'd the hope
Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
We liv'd in; chang'd a calm and retir'd life
For this wild town, compos'd of noise and charge?
Aret. What charge more than is necessary
For a lady of my birth and education?
Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
Flows in your blood; your kinsmen, great and powerful
I' th' state, but with this lose not your memory
Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
Madam, to give the dignity of your birth
All the best ornaments which become my fortune,
But would not flatter it to ruin both,
And be the fable of the town, to teach
Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
To serve your vast expenses.
Aret. Am I then
Brought in the balance so, sir?
Born. Though you weigh
Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
And must take liberty to think you have
Obeyed no modest counsel to affect,
Nay study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
Of this Italian master and that Dutchman's;
Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate,
Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman;
Banquets for t'other lady, your aunt and cousins;

[1] A favourite though homely dance of those days, taking its title from an actor named *St Leger*.

And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
To stifle us at home and show abroad,
More motley than the French or the Venetian,
About your coach, whose rude postilion
Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
And common cries pursue your ladyship
For hind'ring o' the market.
Aret. Have you done, sir?
Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
And prodigal embroideries, under which
Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
Not show their own complexions. Your jewels,
Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
And show like bonfires on you by the tapers.
Something might here be spared, with safety of
Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
I could urge something more.
Aret. Pray do; I like
Your homily of thrift.
Born. I could wish, madam,
You would not game so much.
Aret. A gamester too?
Born. But are not come to that repentance yet
Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
You look not through the subtlety of cards
And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls;
Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
Purchas'd beneath my honour. You may play,
Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
Yourself and my estate by 't.
Aret. Good—proceed.
Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
And ladies, thither bound by a subpœna
Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
'Tis but the family of love translated
Into more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
And had the poet not been brib'd to a modest
Expression of your antic gambols in 't,
Some darks had been discover'd, and the deeds t*o*;
In time he may repent, and make some blush
To see the second part danc'd on the stage.
My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
By any foul act, but the virtuous know
'Tis not enough to clear ourselves, but the
Suspicions of our shame.
Aret. Have you concluded
Your lecture?
Born. I have done; and howsoever
My language may appear to you, it carries
No other than my fair and just intent
To your delights, without curb to their modest
And noble freedom.

In the 'Ball,' a comedy partly by Chapman, but chiefly by Shirley, a coxcomb (Bostock), crazed on the point of family, is shown up in the most admirable manner. Sir Marmaduke Travers, by way of fooling him, tells him that he is rivalled in his suit of a particular lady by Sir Ambrose Lamount.

[*Scene from the Ball.*]

BOSTOCK and SIR MARMADUKE.

Bos. Does she love any body else?
Mar. I know not,
But she has half a score upon my knowledge,
Are suitors for her favour.
Bos. Name but one,
And if he cannot show as many coats——
Mar. He thinks he has good cards for her, and likes
His game well.
Bos. Be an understanding knight,
And take my meaning; if he cannot show
As much in heraldry——
Mar. I do not know how rich he is in fields,
But he is a gentleman.
Bos. Is he a branch of the nobility?
How many lords can he call cousin?—else
He must be taught to know he has presumed
To stand in competition with me.
Mar. You will not kill him?
Bos. You shall pardon me;
I have that within me must not be provok'd;
There be some living now that have been kill'd
For lesser matters.
Mar. Some living that have been kill'd?
Bos. I mean some living that have seen examples,
Not to confront nobility; and I
Am sensible of my honour.
Mar. His name is
Sir Ambrose.
Bos. Lamount; a knight of yesterday,
And he shall die to-morrow; name another.
Mar. Not so fast, sir: you must take some breath.
Bos. I care no more for killing half a dozen
Knights of the lower house—I mean that are not
Descended from nobility—than I do
To kick any footman; an Sir Ambrose were
Knight of the Sun, king Oberon should not save him,
Nor his queen Mab.

ENTER SIR AMBROSE LAMOUNT.

Mar. Unluckily he's here, sir.
Bos. Sir Ambrose,
How does thy knighthood? ha!
Amb. My nymph of honour, well; I joy to see thee.
Bos. Sir Marmaduke tells me thou art suitor to
Lady Lucina.
Amb. I have ambition
To be her servant.
Bos. Hast? thou'rt a brave knight, and I commend
Thy judgment.
Amb. Sir Marmaduke himself leans that way too.
Bos. Why didst conceal it? Come, the more the merrier.
But I could never see you there.
Mar. I hope,
Sir, we may live.
Bos. I'll tell you, gentlemen,
Cupid has given us all one livery;
I serve that lady too; you understand me?
But who shall carry her, the fates determine;
I could be knighted too.
Amb. That would be no addition to
Your blood.
Bos. I think it would not: so my lord told me;
Thou know'st my lord, not the earl, my other
Cousin? there's a spark his predecessors
Have match'd into the blood; you understand
He put me upon this lady; I proclaim
No hopes; pray let's together, gentlemen;
If she be wise—I say no more; she shall not
Cost me a sigh, nor shall her love engage me
To draw a sword; I have vow'd that.
Mar. You did but jest before.
Amb. 'Twere pity that one drop
Of your heroic blood should fall to th' ground:
Who knows but all your cousin lords may die.
Mar. As I believe them not immortal, sir.
Amb. Then you are gulf of honour, swallow all,
May marry some queen yourself, and get princes
To furnish the barren parts of Christendom.

There was a long cessation of the regular drama. In 1642, the nation was convulsed with the elements of discord, and in the same month that the sword

was drawn, the theatres were closed. On the 2d of September, the Long Parliament issued an ordinance, 'suppressing public stage plays throughout the kingdom during these calamitous times.' An infraction of this ordinance took place in 1644, when some players were apprehended for performing Beaumont and Fletcher's 'King and no King'—an ominous title for a drama at that period. Another ordinance was issued in 1647, and a third in the following year, when the House of Commons appointed a provost marshall, for the purpose of suppressing plays and seizing ballad singers. Parties of strolling actors occasionally performed in the country; but there was no regular theatrical performances in London, till Davenant brought out his opera, the *Siege of Rhodes*, in the year 1656. Two years afterwards, he removed to the Cockpit Theatre, Drury Lane, where he performed until the eve of the Restoration. A strong partiality for the drama existed in the nation, which all the storms of the civil war, and the zeal of the Puritans, had not been able to crush or subdue.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF THE PERIOD 1558–1649.

[*Convivial Song, by Bishop Still.*]

[From the play of 'Gammer Gurton's Needle,' about 1565.]

I cannot eat but little meat,
My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
I nothing am a cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side go bare, go bare;
Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
Whether it be new or old.

I love no roast but a nut brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
And little bread shall do me stead;
Much bread I not desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I would,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp'd,
Of jolly good ale and old.
Back and side, &c.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek:
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a maltworm should,
And saith, 'Sweetheart, I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'
Back and side, &c.

Now let them drink till they nod and wink,
Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
Good ale doth bring men to.
And all poor souls that have scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.
Back and side, &c.

My Mind to me a Kingdom is.

[From Byrd's 'Psalms, Sonnets,' &c. 1588.]

My mind to me a kingdom is,
Such perfect joy therein I find,
That it excels all other bliss
That God or nature hath assign'd:
Though much I want that most would have,
Yet still my mind forbids to crave.

No princely port, nor wealthy store,
Nor force to win a victory;
No wily wit to salve a sore,
No shape to win a loving eye;
To none of these I yield as thrall,
For why, my mind despise them all.

I see that plenty surfeits oft,
And hasty climbers soonest fall;
I see that such as are aloft,
Mishap doth threaten most of all;
These get with toil, and keep with fear:
Such cares my mind can never bear.

I press to bear no haughty sway;
I wish no more than may suffice;
I do no more than well I may,
Look what I want, my mind supplies;
Lo, thus I triumph like a king,
My mind's content with anything.

I laugh not at another's loss,
Nor grudge not at another's gain;
No worldly waves my mind can toss;
I brook that is another's bane;
I fear no foe, nor fawn on friend;
I loathe not life, nor dread mine end.

My wealth is health and perfect ease,
And conscience clear my chief defence;
I never seek by bribes to please,
Nor by desert to give offence;
Thus do I live, thus will I die;
Would all do so as well as I!

Song.

[From the same.]

What pleasure have great princes
More dainty to their choice,
Than he that serves his prince with faith,
In quiet life rejoice;
And Fortune's fate not fearing,
Sing sweet in summer morning.

Their dealings plain and rightful,
Are void of all deceit;
They never know how spiteful
It is to fawn and wait
On favourite presumptuous,
Whose pride is vain and sumptuous.

All day their flocks each tendeth,
All night they take their rest,
More quiet than who sendeth
His ship into the East,
Where gold and pearl are plenty,
But getting very dainty.

For lawyers and their pleading
They esteem it not a straw;
They think that honest meaning
Is of itself a law;
Where Conscience judgeth plainly,
They spend no money vainly.

O happy who thus liveth,
Not caring much for gold,
With clothing which sufficeth
To keep him from the cold:
Though poor and plain his diet,
Yet merry it is and quiet.

Meditation when we go to Bed.

[From the 'Handful of Honeysuckles.' By William Hunnis: 1585.]

O Lord my God, I wandered have
As one that runs astray,
And have in thought, in word, and deed,
In idleness and play,

Offended sore thy Majesty,
In heaping sin to sin,
And yet thy mercy hath me spar'd,
So gracious hast thou been!
O Lord, my faults I now confess,
And sorry am therefor;
But not so much as fain I would:
O Lord, what wilt thou more?
It is thy grace must bring that spirit
For which I humbly pray,
And that this night thou me defend,
As thou hast done this day.
And grant, when these mine eyes and tongue
Shall fail through Nature's might,
That then the powers of my poor soul
May praise thee day and night.

Meditation.

[From the 'Poor Widow's Mite.' By William Hunnis: 1585.]

Thou, God, that rul'st and reign'st in light,
That flesh cannot attain;
Thou, God, that know'st the thoughts of men
Are altogether vain;
Thou, God, whom neither tongue of man
Nor angel can express;
Thou, God, it is that I do seek,
Thou pity my distress!
Thy seat, O God, is everywhere,
Thy power all powers transcend;
Thy wisdom cannot measured be,
For that it hath no end!
Thou art the power and wisdom too,
And sole felicity;
But I a lump of sinful flesh,
Nurse of iniquity.
Thou art by nature merciful,
And Mercy is thy name;
And I by nature miserable,
The thrall of sin and shame:
Then let thy nature, O good God!
Now work this force in me;
And cleanse the nature of my sin,
And heal my misery.
One depth, good Lord, another craves;
My depth of sinful crime
Requires the depth of mercy great,
For saving health in time.
Sweet Christ, grant that thy depth of grace
May swallow up my sin;
That I thereby may whiter be,
Than even snow hath been.

Tale of Argentile and Curan.

[From a poetical epitome of English history, entitled *Albion's England*, published in 1586, the composition of William Warner, an attorney of the Common Pleas, who died at a ripe age in 1600.]

The Brutons thus departed hence, seven kingdoms here begone,
Where diversely in diverse broils the Saxons lost and won.
King Edell and King Adelbright in Divia jointly reign:
In loyal concord during life these kingly friends remain.
When Adelbright should leave his life, to Edell thus he says:
By those same bonds of happy love, that held us friends always,
By our byparted crown, of which the moiety is mine,
By God, to whom my soul must pass, and so in time may thine,
I pray thee, nay, conjure thee, too, to nourish as thine own
Thy niece, my daughter Argentile, till she to age be grown,
And then, as thou receivest, resign to her my throne.
A promise had for this bequest, the testator he dies,
But all that Edell undertook he afterward denies.
Yet well he fosters for a time the damsel, that was grown
The fairest lady under heaven; whose beauty being known,
A many princes seek her love, but none might her obtain,
For Grippel Edell to himself her kingdom sought to gain;
By chance one Curan, son unto a prince in Danske, did see
The maid, with whom he fell in love, as much as one might be.
Unhappy youth! what should he do? his saint was kept in mew,
Nor he, nor any noble man admitted to her view.
One while in melancholy fits he pines himself away;
Anon he thought by force of arms to win her if he may,
And still against the king's restraint did secretly inveigh.
At length the high controller, Love, whom none may disobey,
Imbased him from lordliness unto a kitchen drudge,
That so, at least, of life or death she might become his judge.
Access so had to see, and speak, he did his love bewray
And tells his birth: her answer was, she husbandless would stay.
Meanwhile, the king did beat his brains, his booty t achieve,
Not caring what became of her, so he by her might thrive
At last his resolution was, some peasant should her wive
And, which was working to his wish, he did observ with joy
How Curan, whom he thought a drudge, scapt many a amorous toy.
The king, perceiving such his vein, promotes his vassa still,
Lest that the baseness of the man should let, perhaps his will.
Assured therefore of his love, but not suspecting who
The lover was, the king himself in his behalf did woo
The lady, resolute from love, unkindly takes that he
Should bar the noble, and unto so base a match agree
And therefore, shifting out of doors, departed thence b stealth,
Preferring poverty before a dangerous life in wealth.
When Curan heard of her escape, the anguish in hi heart
Was more than much; and after her from court he di depart:
Forgetful of himself, his birth, his country, friends, an all,
And only minding whom he mist—the foundress of his thrall!
Nor means he after to frequent, or court, or stately towns,
But solitarily to live amongst the country grownes.
A brace of years he lived thus; well-pleased so to live;
And shepherd-like to feed a flock, himself did wholly give.
So wasting, love, by work and want, grew almost to the wane:
But then began a second love, the worser of the twain!
A country wench, a neatherd's maid, where Curan kept his sheep,
Did feed her drove; and now on her was all the shepherd's keep.
He borrow'd, on the working days, his holly ruffets oft:
And of the bacon's fat, to make his startups black and soft:
And lest his tar-box should offend, he left it at the fold;
Sweet growt or whig, his bottle had as much as it would hold;
A sheave of bread as brown as nut, and cheese as white as snow,
And wildings, or the season's fruit, he did in scrip bestow:

And whilst his piebald cur did sleep, and sheep-hook lay him by,
On hollow quills of oaten straw he piped melody.
But when he spied her, his saint, he wip'd his greasy shoes,
And clear'd the drivel from his beard, and thus the shepherd woos:
'I have, sweet wench, a piece of cheese, as good as tooth may chaw,
And bread, and wildings, souling well;' and therewithal did draw
His lardry; and, in eating, 'See you crumpled ewe,' quoth he,
'Did twin this fall; faith thou art too elvish, and too coy;
Am I, I pray thee, beggarly, that such a flock enjoy?
I wis I am not; yet that thou dost hold me in disdain
Is brim abroad, and made a gibe to all that keep this plain.
There be as quaint, at least that think themselves as quaint, that crave
The match which thou (I wot not why) may'st, but mishk'st to have.
How would'st thou match? (for well I wot, thou art a female;) I,
I know not her, that willingly, in maidenhood would die.
The ploughman's labour hath no end, and he a churl will prove;
The craftsman hath more work in hand than fitteth on to love;
The merchant, trafficking abroad, suspects his wife at home;
A youth will play the wanton, and an old man prove a mome;
Then choose a shepherd; with the sun he doth his flock untold,
And all the day on hill or plain he merry chat can hold:
And with the sun doth fold again: then jogging home betime,
He turns a crab, or tunes a round, or sings some merry rhyme;
Nor lacks he gleeful tales to tell, whilst that the bowl doth trot:
And sitteth singing care away, till he to bed hath got.
There sleeps he soundly all the night, forgetting morrow cares,
Nor fears he blasting of his corn, or uttring of his wares,
Or storms by sea, or stirs on land, or crack of credit lost,
Nor spending fraukller than his flock shall still defray the cost.
Well wot I, sooth they say, that say, more quiet nights and days
The shepherd sleeps and wakes than he whose cattle he doth graze.
Believe me, lass, a king is but a man, and so am I;
Content is worth a monarchy, and mischiefs hit the high.
As late it did a king and his, not dying far from hence,
Who left a daughter (save thyself) for fair, a matchless wench.'
Here did he pause, as if his tongue had made his heart offence.
The neatress, longing for the rest, did egg him on to tell
How fair she was, and who she was. 'She bore,' quoth he, 'the bell
For beauty: though I clownish am, I know what beauty is,
Or did I not, yet, seeing thee, I senseless were to miss.
Suppose her beauty Helen's like, or Helen's somewhat less,
And every star consorting to a pure complexion guess.
Her stature comely tall, her gait well graced, and her wit
To marvel at, not meddle with, as matchless, I omit.
A globe-like head, a gold-like hair, a forehead smooth and high,
An even nose, on either side stood out a grayish eye:
Two rosy cheeks, round ruddy lips, with just set teeth within,
A mouth in mean, and underneath a round and dimpled chin.
Her snowy neck, with bluish veins, stood bolt upright upon
Her portly shoulders; beating balls, her veined breasts, anon,
Add more to beauty; wand-like was her middle, falling still * *
And more, her long and limber arms had white and azure wrists,
And slender fingers answer to her smooth and lily fists!
A leg in print, and pretty foot; her tongue of speech was spare;
But speaking, Venus seem'd to speak, the ball from Ide to bear!
With Pallas, Juno, and with both, herself contends in face;
Where equal mixture did not want of mild and stately grace:
Her smiles were sober, and her looks were cheerful unto all,
And such as neither wanton seem, nor wayward; mell, nor gall.
A quiet mind, a patient mood, and not disdaining any;
Not gibing, gadding, gawdy; and her faculties were many.
A nymph, no tongue, no heart, no eye, might praise, might wish, might see,
For life, for love, for form, more good, more worth, more fair than she!
Yet such an one, as such was none, save only she was such:
Of Argentile, to say the most, were to be silent much.'
'I knew the lady very well, but worthless of such praise,'
The neatress said; 'and muse I do, a shepherd thus should blaze
The coat of beauty. Credit me, thy latter speech bewrays
Thy clownish shape, a coined show. But wherefore dost thou weep?'
(The shepherd wept, and she was woe, and both did silence keep.)
'In troth,' quoth he, 'I am not such as seeming I profess;
But then for her, and now for thee, I from myself digress.
Her loved I, wretch that I am, a recreant to be;
I loved her, that hated love; but now I die for thee.
At Kirkland is my father's court, and Curan is my name;
In Edell's court sometimes in pomp, till love controll'd the same:
But now; what now! dear heart! how now! what ailest thou to weep!'
(The damsel wept, and he was woe, and both did silence keep.)
'I grant,' quoth she, 'it was too much, that you did love so much;
But whom your former could not move, your second love doth touch.
Thy twice beloved Agentile submitteth her to thee:
And for thy double love presents herself a single fee;
In passion, not in person chang'd, and I, my lord, am she.'
They sweetly surfeiting in joy, and silent for a space,
Whereas the ecstacy had end, did tenderly embrace;
And for their wedding, and their wish, got fitting time and place.

Sonnet.

[By George Chapman, the Translator of Homer: 1595.]

Muses, that sing Love's sensual empirie,
And lovers kindling your enraged fires
At Cupid's bonfires burning in the eye,
Blown with the empty breath of vain desires;
You, that prefer the painted cabinet
Before the wealthy jewels it doth store ye,
That all your joys in dying figures set,
And stain the living substance of your glory;
Abjure those joys, abhor their memory;
And let my love the honour'd subject be
Of love and honour's complete history!
Your eyes were never yet let in to see
The majesty and riches of the mind,
That dwell in darkness; for your god is blind.

The Woodman's Walk.

[From 'England's Helicon,' 1600, where it is signed, 'Shep. Tonic.']

Through a fair forest as I went,
Upon a summer's day,
I met a woodman, quaint and gent,
Yet in a strange array.

I marvell'd much at his disguise,
Whom I did know so well:
But thus, in terms both grave and wise,
His mind he 'gan to tell;

Friend! muse not at this fond array,
But list a while to me:
For it hath holpe me to survey
What I shall show to thee.

Long liv'd I in this forest fair,
Till, weary of my weal,
Abroad in walks I would repair,
As now I will reveal.

My first day's walk was to the court,
Where beauty fed mine eyes;
Yet found I that the courtly sport
Did mask in sly disguise:

For falschood sat in fairest looks,
And friend to friend was coy:
Court favour fill'd but empty rooks,
And then I found no joy.

Desert went naked in the cold,
When crouching craft was fed:
Sweet words were cheaply bought and sold,
But none that stood in stead.

Wit was employed for each man's own;
Plain meaning came too short;
All these devices, seen and known,
Made me forsake the court.

Unto the city next I went,
In hope of better hap;
Where liberally I launcht and spent,
As set on Fortune's lap.

The little stock I had in store,
Methought would ne'er be done;
Friends flock'd about me more and more,
As quickly lost as won.

For, when I spent, then they were kind;
But when my purse did fail,
The foremost man came last behind:
Thus love with wealth doth quail.

Once more for footing yet I strove,
Although the world did frown:
But they, before that held me up,
Together trod me down.

And, lest once more I should arise,
They sought my quite decay:
Then got I into this disguise,
And thence I stole away.

And in my mind (methought), I said,
Lord bless me from the city:
Where simpleness is thus betray'd
Without remorse or pity.

Yet would I not give over so,
But once more try my fate;
And to the country then I go,
To live in quiet state.

There did appear no subtle shows,
But yea and nay went smoothly;
But, lord! how country folks can gloze,
When they speak most untruly!

More craft was in a buttoned cap,
And in an old wife's rail,
Than in my life it was my hap
To see on down or dale.

There was no open forgery
But underhanded gleaning,
Which they call country policy,
But hath a worser meaning.

Some good bold face bears out the wrong,
Because he gains thereby;
The poor man's back is crack'd ere long,
Yet there he lets him lie.

And no degree, among them all,
But had such close intending,
That I upon my knees did fall,
And pray'd for their amending.

Back to the woods I got again,
In mind perplexed sore;
Where I found ease of all my pain,
And mean to stray no more.

There city, court, nor country too,
Can any way annoy me;
But as a woodman ought to do,
I freely may employ me;

There live I quietly alone,
And none to trip my talk:
Wherefore, when I am dead and gone,
Think on the woodman's walk!

There is a Garden in her Face.

[From 'An Hour's Recreation in Music,' by Rich. Alison: 1606.]

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do grow;
There cherries grow that none may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do inclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow:
Yet them no peer nor prince may buy,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that approach with eye or hand
These sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till cherry-ripe themselves do cry.

Robin Goodfellow.

[Attributed, upon supposition only, to Ben Jonson.]

From Oberon, in fairy land,
The king of ghosts and shadows there,
Mad Robin I, at his command,
Am sent to view the night-sports here.
What revel rout
Is kept about,
In every corner where I go,
I will o'ersee,
And merry be,
And make good sport, with ho, ho, ho!

More swift than lightning can I fly
About this airy welkin soon,
And, in a minute's space, descry
Each thing that's done below the moon.
There's not a hag
Or ghost shall wag,
Or cry, 'ware goblins! where I go;
But Robin I
Their feats will spy,
And send them home with ho, ho, ho!

Whene'er such wanderers I meet,
As from their night-sports they trudge home,
With counterfeiting voice I greet,
And call them on with me to roam:
Through woods, through lakes;
Through bogs, through brakes;
Or else, unseen, with them I go,
All in the nick,
To play some trick,
And frolic it, with ho, ho, ho!

Sometimes I meet them like a man,
Sometimes an ox, sometimes a hound:
And to a horse I turn me can,
To trip and trot about them round.
But if to ride
My back they stride,
More swift than wind away I go,
O'er hedge and lands,
Through pools and ponds,
I hurry, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When lads and lasses merry be,
With possets and with junkets fine;
Unseen of all the company,
I eat their cakes and sip their wine!
And, to make sport,
I puff and snort:
And out the candles I do blow:
The maids I kiss,
They shriek—Who's this!
I answer nought but ho, ho, ho!

Yet now and then, the maids to please,
At midnight I card up their wool;
And, while they sleep and take their ease,
With wheel to threads their flax I pull.
I grind at mill
Their malt up still;
I dress their hemp; I spin their tow;
If any wake,
And would me take,
I wend me, laughing, ho, ho, ho!

When any need to borrow aught,
We lend them what they do require:
And, for the use demand we nought;
Our own is all we do desire.
If to repay
They do delay,
Abroad amongst them then I go,
And night by night,
I them affright,
With pinchings, dreams, and ho, ho, ho!

When lazy queans have nought to do,
But study how to cog and lie:
To make debate and mischief too,
'Twixt one another secretly:
I mark their gloze,
And it disclose
To them whom they have wronged so:
When I have done,
I get me gone,
And leave them scolding, ho, ho, ho!

When men do traps and engines set
In loop holes, where the vermin creep,
Who from their folds and houses get
Their ducks and geese, and lambs and sheep;
I spy the gin,
And enter in,
And seem a vermin taken so;
But when they there
Approach me near,
I leap out laughing, ho, ho, ho!

By wells and rills, in meadows green,
We nightly dance our heyday guise;
And to our fairy king and queen,
We chant our moonlight minstrelsies.
When larks 'gin sing,
Away we fling;
And babes new born steal as we go;
And elf in bed
We leave in stead,
And wend us laughing, ho, ho, ho!

From hag-bred Merlin's time, have I
Thus nightly revelled to and fro;
And for my pranks men call me by
The name of Robin Good-fellow.
Fiends, ghosts, and sprites,
Who haunt the nights,
The hags and goblins do me know;
And beldames old
My feats have told,
So vale, vale; ho, ho, ho!

The Old and Young Courtier.

An old song made by an aged old pate,
Of an old worshipful gentleman, who had a great estate,
That kept a brave old house at a bountiful rate,
And an old porter to relieve the poor at his gate;
Like an old courtier of the queen's,
And the queen's old courtier.

With an old lady, whose anger one word assuages;
They every quarter paid their old servants their wages,
And never knew what belong'd to coachmen, footmen, nor pages,
But kept twenty old fellows with blue coats and badges;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old study fill'd full of learned old books,
With an old reverend chaplain, you might know him by his looks,

With an old buttery hatch worn quite off the hooks,
And an old kitchen, that maintain'd half a dozen old cooks;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old hall, hung about with pikes, guns, and bows,
With old swords and bucklers, that had borne many shrewd blows,
And an old frieze coat, to cover his worship's trunk hose,
And a cup of old sherry, to comfort his copper nose;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With a good old fashion, when Christmas was come,
To call in all his old neighbours with bagpipe and drum,
With good cheer enough to furnish every old room,
And old liquor able to make a cat speak, and man dumb;
Like an old courtier, &c.

With an old falconer, huntsmen, and a kennel of hounds,
That never hawk'd, nor hunted, but in his own grounds;
Who, like a wise man, kept himself within his own bounds,
And when he died, gave every child a thousand good pounds;
Like an old courtier, &c.

But to his eldest son his house and lands he assign'd,
Charging him in his will to keep the old bountiful mind,
To be good to his old tenants, and to his neighbours be kind:
But in the ensuing ditty you shall hear how he was inclined;
Like a young courtier of the king's,
And the king's young courtier.

Like a flourishing young gallant, newly come to his land,
Who keeps a brace of painted madams at his command,
And takes up a thousand pounds upon his father's land,
And gets drunk in a tavern till he can neither go nor stand:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a newfangled lady, that is dainty, nice, and spare,
Who never knew what belong'd to good housekeeping or care,
Who buys gaudy-colour'd fans to play with wanton air,
And seven or eight different dressings of other women's hair:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new-fashion'd hall, built where the old one stood,
Hung round with new pictures that do the poor no good,
With a fine marble chimney, wherein burns neither coal nor wood,
And a new smooth shovel board, whereon no victuals ne'er stood:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new study, stuff'd full of pamphlets and plays,
And a new chaplain, that swears faster than he prays,
With a new buttery hatch, that opens once in four or five days,
And a new French cook, to devise fine kickshaws and toys:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new fashion, when Christmas is drawing on,
On a new journey to London straight we all must be-gone,
And leave none to keep house, but our new porter John,
Who relieves the poor with a thump on the back with a stone;
Like a young courtier, &c.

With a new gentleman usher, whose carriage is complete,
With a new coachman, footmen, and pages to carry up the meat,
With a waiting gentlewoman, whose dressing is very neat,
Who, when her lady has dined, lets the servants not eat:
Like a young courtier, &c.

With new titles of honour, bought with his father's old gold,
For which sundry of his ancestors' old manors are sold;
And this is the course most of our new gallants hold,
Which makes that good housekeeping is now grown so cold
Among the young courtiers of the king,
Or the king's young courtiers.

Tom's Alteration.

When this old cap was new,
'Tis since two hundred year;
No malice then we knew,
But all things plenty were:
All friendship now decays
(Believe me this is true);
Which was not in those days,
When this old cap was new.

The nobles of our land,
Were much delighted then,
To have at their command
A crew of lusty men,
Which by their coats were known,
Of tawny, red, or blue,
With crests on their sleeves shown,
When this old cap was new.

Now pride hath banish'd all,
Unto our land's reproach,
When he whose means is small,
Maintains both horse and coach:
Instead of a hundred men,
The coach allows but two;
This was not thought on then,
When this old cap was new.

Good hospitality
Was cherish'd then of many;
Now poor men starve and die,
And are not help'd by any:
For charity waxeth cold,
And love is found in few;
This was not in time of old,
When this old cap was new.

Where'er you travelled then,
You might meet on the way
Brave knights and gentlemen,
Clad in their country grey;
That courteous would appear,
And kindly welcome you;
No puritans then were,
When this old cap was new.

Our ladies in those days
In civil habit went;
Broad cloth was then worth praise,
And gave the best content:

French fashions then were scorn'd;
Fond fangles then none knew;
Then modesty women adorn'd,
When this old cap was new.

A man might then behold,
At Christmas, in each hall,
Good fires to curb the cold,
And meat for great and small:
The neighbours were friendly bidden,
And all had welcome true;
The poor from the gates were not chidden,
When this old cap was new.

Black jacks to every man
Were fill'd with wine and beer;
No pewter pot nor can
In those days did appear:
Good cheer in a nobleman's house
Was counted a seemly show;
We wanted no brawn nor souse,
When this old cap was new.

We took not such delight
In cups of silver fine;
None under the degree of a knight
In plate drank beer or wine:
Now each mechanical man
Hath a cupboard of plate for a show;
Which was a rare thing then,
When this old cap was new.

Then bribery was unborn,
No simony men did use;
Christmas did usury scorn,
Devis'd among the Jews.
The lawyers to be fee'd
At that time hardly knew;
For man with man agreed,
When this old cap was new.

No captain then caroused,
Nor spent poor soldier's pay:
They were not so abused
As they are at this day:
Of seven days they make eight,
To keep from them their due;
Poor soldiers had their right,
When this old cap was new:

Which made them forward still
To go, although not prest;
And going with good will,
Their fortunes were the best.
Our English then in fight
Did foreign foes subdue,
And forced them all to flight,
When this old cap was new.

God save our gracious king,
And send him long to live:
Lord, mischief on them bring
That will not their alms give,
But seek to rob the poor
Of that which is their due:
This was not in time of yore,
When this old cap was new.

Loyalty Confined.

[Supposed to have been written by Sir Roger L'Estrange, while in confinement on account of his adherence to Charles I.]

Beat on, proud billows; Boreas, blow;
Swell, curl'd waves, high as Jove's roof;
Your incivility doth show
That innocence is tempest-proof;
Though surly Nereus frown, my thoughts are calm;
Then strike, affliction, for thy wounds are balm.

That which the world miscalls a jail,
A private closet is to me:
Whilst a good conscience is my bail,
And innocence my liberty:
Locks, bars, and solitude, together met,
Make me no prisoner, but an anchoret.

I, whilst I wish'd to be retired,
Into this private room was turned;
As if their wisdoms had conspir'd
The salamander should be burned;
Or like those sophists, that would drown a fish,
I am constrain'd to suffer what I wish.

The cynic loves his poverty,
The pelican her wilderness,
And 'tis the Indian's pride to be
Naked on frozen Caucasus:
Contentment cannot smart, stoics we see
Make torments easy to their apathy.

These manacles upon my arm
I, as my mistress' favours, wear;
And for to keep my ankles warm,
I have some iron shackles there:
These walls are but my garrison; this cell,
Which men call jail, doth prove my citadel.

I'm in the cabinet lock'd up
Like some high-prized margarite;
Or like the great Mogul or Pope,
Am clois'ter'd up from public sight:
Retiredness is a piece of majesty,
And thus, proud Sultan, I'm as great as thee.

Here sin for want of food must starve,
Where tempting objects are not seen;
And these strong walls do only serve
To keep vice out, and keep me in:
Malice of late's grown charitable sure;
I'm not committed, but am kept secure.

So he that struck at Jason's life,
Thinking t' have made his purpose sure,
By a malicious friendly knife
Did only wound him to a cure:
Malice, I see, wants wit; for what is meant
Mischief, ofttimes proves favour by th' event.

When once my prince affliction hath,
Prosperity doth treason seem;
And to make smooth so rough a path,
I can learn patience from him:
Now not to suffer shows no loyal heart—
When kings want ease, subjects must bear a part.

What though I cannot see my king,
Neither in person, or in coin;
Yet contemplation is a thing
That renders what I have not, mine:
My king from me what adamant can part,
Whom I do wear engraven on my heart.

Have you not seen the nightingale
A prisoner like, coop'd in a cage,
How doth she chant her wonted tale,
In that her narrow hermitage!
Even then her charming melody doth prove
That all her bars are trees, her cage a grove.

I am that bird whom they combine
Thus to deprive of liberty;
But though they do my corpse confine,
Yet, maugre hate, my soul is free:
And, though immur'd, yet can I chirp and sing
Disgrace to rebels, glory to my king.

My soul is free as ambient air,
Although my baser part's immew'd;
Whilst loyal thoughts do still repair
T' accompany my solitude;
Although rebellion do my body bind,
My king alone can captivate my mind.

PROSE WRITERS.

THE prose writers of this age rank chiefly in the departments of theology, philosophy, and historical and antiquarian information. There was, as yet, hardly any vestige of prose employed with taste in fiction, or even in observations upon manners: though it must be observed, that in Elizabeth's reign appeared the once popular romance of *Arcadia*, by Sir Philip Sidney; and there lived under the two succeeding monarchs several acute and humorous describers of human character.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY was born, in 1554, at Penshurst, in Kent; and during his studies at Shrewsbury, Oxford, and Cambridge, displayed remarkable acuteness of intellect and craving for knowledge. After spending three years on the continent, he returned to England in 1575, and became one of the brightest ornaments of the court of Elizabeth, in whose favour he stood very high. In the year 1580, his mind having been ruffled in a quarrel with the Earl of Oxford, he retired in search of tranquillity to the seat of his brother-in-law, the Earl of Pembroke, at Wilton, and there occasionally employed himself in composing the work above-mentioned, a heroic romance, to which, as it was written chiefly for his sister's amusement, he gave the title of *The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia*.

This production was never finished, and, not having been intended for the press, appeared only after the author's death. His next work was a tract, entitled *The Defence of Poesy*, where he has repelled the objections brought by the Puritans of his age against the poetic art, the professors of which they contemptuously denominated 'caterpillars of the commonwealth.' This production, though written with the partiality of a poet, has been deservedly admired for the beauty of its style and general soundness of its reasoning. In 1584, the character of his uncle, the celebrated Earl of Leicester, having been attacked in a publication called *Leicester's Commonwealth*, Sidney wrote a reply, in which, although the heaviest accusations were passed over in silence, he did not scruple to address his opponent in such terms as the following:—'But to thee I say, thou therein liest in thy throat, which I will be ready to justify upon thee in any place of Europe, where thou wilt assign me a free place of coming, as within three months after the publishing hereof I may understand thy mind.' This performance seems to have proved unsatisfactory to Leicester and his friends, as it was not printed till near the middle of the eighteenth century. Desirous of active employment, Sidney next contemplated an expedition, with Sir Francis Drake, against the Spanish settlements in America; but this intention was frustrated by a peremptory mandate from the queen. In 1585, it is said, he was named one of the candidates for the crown of Poland, at that time vacant; on which occasion Elizabeth again threw obstacles in the way, being afraid 'to lose the jewel of her times.' He was not, however, long permitted to remain unemployed; for, in the same year, Elizabeth having determined to send military assistance to the Protestant inhabitants of the Netherlands, then groaning beneath the oppressive measures of the Spaniards, he was appointed governor of Flushing, one of the towns ceded to the English in return for this aid. Soon afterwards, the Earl of Leicester, with an army of six thousand men, went over to the Netherlands, where he was joined by Sir Philip, as general of the horse. The conduct of the earl in this war was highly imprudent, and such as to call forth repeated expressions of dissatisfaction from his nephew Philip. The military exploits of the latter were highly honourable to him; in particular, he succeeded in taking the town of Axel in 1586. His career, however, was destined to be short: for having, in September of the same year, accidentally encountered a detachment of the Spanish army at Zutphen, he received a wound, which in a few weeks proved mortal. As he was carried from the field, a well-known incident occurred, by which the generosity of his nature was strongly displayed. Being overcome with thirst from excessive bleeding and fatigue, he called for water, which was accordingly brought to him. At the moment he was lifting it to his mouth, a poor soldier was carried by, desperately wounded, who fixed his eyes eagerly on the cup. Sidney, observing this, instantly delivered the beverage to him, saying, 'Thy necessity is yet greater than mine.' His death, which took place on the 19th of October 1586, at the early age of thirty-two, was deeply and extensively lamented, both at home and abroad. His bravery and chivalrous magnanimity—his grace and polish of manner—the purity of his morals—his learning and refinement of taste—had procured for him love and esteem wherever he was known. By the direction of Elizabeth, his remains were conveyed to London, and honoured with a public funeral in the cathedral of St Paul's.

Of the poetry of Sir Philip Sidney we have spoken in a former page. It is almost exclusively as a prose writer that he deserves to be prominently men-

tioned in a history of English Literature; and in judging of his merits, we ought to bear in mind the early age at which he was cut off. His 'Arcadia,' on which the chief portion of his fame undoubtedly rests, was so universally read and admired in the reigns of Elizabeth and her successor, that, in 1633, it had reached an eighth edition. Subsequently, however, it fell into comparative neglect, in which, during the last century, the contemptuous terms in which it was spoken of by Horace Walpole contributed not a little to keep it. By that writer it is characterised as 'a tedious, lamentable, pedantic, pastoral romance, which the patience of a young virgin in love cannot now wade through.' And the judgment more recently pronounced by Dr Drake,* and Mr Hazlitt,† is almost equally unfavourable. On the other hand, Sidney has found a fervent admirer in another modern writer, who highly extols the 'Arcadia' in the second volume of the Retrospective Review. A middle course is steered by Dr Zouch, who, in his memoirs of Sidney, published in 1808, while he admits that changes in taste, manners, and opinions, have rendered the 'Arcadia' unsuitable to modern readers, maintains that 'there are passages in this work exquisitely beautiful—useful observations on life and manners—a variety and accurate discrimination of characters—fine sentiments, expressed in strong and adequate terms—animated descriptions, equal to any that occur in the ancient or modern poets—sage lessons of morality, and judicious reflections on government and policy. A reader,' he continues, 'who takes up the volume, may be compared to a traveller who has a long and dreary road to pass. The objects that successively meet his eye may not in general be very pleasing, but occasionally he is charmed with a more beautiful prospect—with the verdure of a rich valley—with a meadow enamelled with flowers—with a murmur of a rivulet—the swelling grove—the hanging rock—the splendid villa. These charming objects abundantly compensate for the joyless regions he has traversed. They fill him with delight, exhilarate his drooping spirits—and at the decline of day, he reposes with complacency and satisfaction.' This representation we are inclined to regard as doing at least ample justice to the 'Arcadia,' the former high popularity of which is, doubtless, in some degree attributable to the personal fame of its author, and to the scarcity of works of fiction in the days of Elizabeth. But to whatever causes the admiration with which it was received may be ascribed, there can hardly, we think, be a question, that a work so extensively perused must have contributed not a little to fix the English tongue, and to form that vigorous and imaginative style which characterises the literature of the beginning and middle of the seventeenth century. Notwithstanding the occasional over-inflation and pedantry of his style, Sidney may justly be regarded as the best prose writer of his time. He was, in truth, what Cowper felicitously calls him, a 'warbler of poetic prose.'

In his personal character, Sidney, like most men of high sensibility and poetical feeling, showed a disposition to melancholy and solitude. His chief fault seems to have been impetuosity of temper, an illustration of which has already been quoted from his reply to 'Leicester's Commonwealth.' The same trait appears in the following letter (containing what proved to be a groundless accusation), which he wrote in 1578 to the secretary of his father, then lord deputy of Ireland.

'Mr Molyneux—Few words are best. My letters to my father have come to the eyes of some. Neither can I condemn any but you for it. If it be so, you have played the very knave with me; and so I will make you know, if I have good proof of it. But that for so much as is past. For that is to come, I assure you before God, that if ever I know you do so much as read any letter I write to my father, without his commandment, or my consent, I will thrust my dagger into you. And trust to it, for I speak it in earnest. In the mean time, farewell.'

Of the following extracts, three are from Sidney's 'Arcadia,' and the fourth from his 'Defence of Poesy.'

[*A Tempest.*]

There arose even with the sun a veil of dark clouds before his face, which shortly, like ink poured into water, had blacked over all the face of heaven, preparing, as it were, a mournful stage for a tragedy to be played on. For, forthwith the winds began to speak louder, and, as in a tumultuous kingdom, to think themselves fittest instruments of commandment; and blowing whole storms of hail and rain upon them, they were sooner in danger than they could almost bethink themselves of change. For then the traitorous sea began to swell in pride against the afflicted navy, under which, while the heaven favoured them, it had lain so calmly; making mountains of itself, over which the tossed and tottering ship should climb, to be straight carried down again to a pit of hellish darkness, with such cruel blows against the sides of the ship, that, which way soever it went, was still in his malice, that there was left neither power to stay nor way to escape. And shortly had it so dissevered the loving company, which the day before had tarried together, that most of them never met again, but were swallowed up in his never-satisfied mouth.

[*Description of Arcadia.*]

There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys, whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so to, by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep, feeding with sober security; while the pretty lambs, with bleating oratory, craved the dam's comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he should never be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing; and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music.

[*A Stag Hunt.*]

Then went they together abroad, the good Kalander entertaining them with pleasant discoursing—how well he loved the sport of hunting when he was a young man, how much in the comparison thereof he disdained all chamber-delights, that the sun (how great a journey soever he had to make) could never prevent him with earliness, nor the moon, with her sober countenance, dissuade him from watching till midnight for the deers feeding. O, said he, you will never live to my age, without you keep yourself in breath with exercise, and in heart with joyfulness; too much thinking doth consume the spirits; and oft it falls out, that, while one thinks too much of his doing, he leaves to do the effect of his thinking. Then spared he not to remember, how much Arcadia was changed since his youth; activity and good fellowship being nothing in the price it was then held in; but, according to the nature of the old-growing world,

* Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, Spectator, &c., ii. 9.

† Lectures on the Dramatic Literature of the Age of Elizabeth, p. 263.

still worse and worse. Then would he tell them stories of such gallants as he had known; and so, with pleasant company, beguiled the time's haste, and shortened the way's length, till they came to the side of the wood, where the hounds were in couples, staying their coming, but with a whining accent craving liberty; many of them in colour and marks so resembling, that it showed they were of one kind. The huntsmen handsomely attired in their green liveries, as though they were children of summer, with staves in their hands to beat the guiltless earth, when the hounds were at a fault; and with horns about their necks, to sound an alarm upon a silly fugitive; the hounds were straight uncoupled, and ere long the stag thought it better to trust to the nimbleness of his feet than to the slender fortification of his lodging; but even his feet betrayed him; for, howsoever they went, they themselves uttered themselves to the scent of their enemies, who, one taking it of another, and sometimes believing the wind's advertisements, sometimes the view of (their faithful counsellors) the huntsmen, with open mouths, then denounced war, when the war was already begun. Their cry being composed of so well-sorted mouths, that any man would perceive therein some kind of proportion, but the skilful woodmen did find a music. Then delight and variety of opinion drew the horsemen sundry ways, yet cheering their hounds with voice and horn, kept still, as it were, together. The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters; and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus, and became a hunter. But the stag was in the end so hotly pursued, that, leaving his flight, he was driven to make courage of despair; and so turning his head, made the hounds, with change of speech, to testify that he was at a bay: as if from hot pursuit of their enemy, they were suddenly come to a parley.

[*Praise of Poetry.*]

The philosopher showeth you the way, he informeth you of the particularities, as well of the tediousness of the way, as of the pleasant lodging you shall have when your journey is ended, as of the many bye-turnings that may divert you from your way; but this is to no man, but to him that will read him, and read him with attentive studious painfulness; which constant desire whosoever hath in him, hath already passed half the hardness of the way, and therefore is beholden to the philosopher but for the other half. Nay, truly, learned men have learnedly thought, that where once reason hath so much overmastered passion, as that the mind hath a free desire to do well, the inward light each man hath in itself is as good as a philosopher's book; since in nature we know it is well to do well, and what is well and what is evil, although not in the words of art which philosophers bestow upon us; for out of natural conceit the philosophers drew it. But to be moved to do that which we know, or to be moved with desire to know, 'hoc opus hic labor est'—['this is the grand difficulty.']

Now, therein, of all sciences (I speak still of human, and according to the human conceit) is our poet the monarch. For he doth not only show the way, but giveth so sweet a prospect into the way, as will entice any man to enter into it. Nay, he doth, as if your journey should lie through a fair vineyard, at the very first, give you a cluster of grapes; that, full of that taste, you may long to pass farther. He beginneth not with obscure definitions; which must blur the margin with interpretations, and load the memory with doubtfulness; but he cometh to you with words set in delightful proportion, either accompanied with, or prepared for, the well enchanting skill of music; and with a tale, forsooth, he cometh unto you, with a tale which holdeth children from play, and old men from the chimney corner; and pretending no more, doth intend the winning of the mind from wickedness to virtue; even as the child is often brought to take most wholesome things, by hiding them in such other as have a pleasant taste; which, if one should begin to tell them the nature of the aloes or rhubarbarum they should receive, would sooner take their physic at their ears than their mouth. So is it in men (most of whom are childish in the best things, till they be cradled in their graves). Glad they will be to hear the tales of Hercules, Achilles, Cyrus, Æneas; and hearing them, must needs hear the right description of wisdom, valour, and justice; which, if they had been barely (that is to say, philosophically) set out, they would swear they be brought to school again.

LORD BURLEIGH.

Another of the favourites of Queen Elizabeth was WILLIAM CECIL, LORD BURLEIGH, who, for forty years, ably and faithfully served her in the capacity of secretary of state. He died in 1598, at the age of seventy-six. As a minister, this celebrated individual was distinguished for wariness, application, sagacity, calmness, and a degree of closeness which sometimes degenerated into hypocrisy. Most of these qualities characterised also what is, properly speaking, his sole literary production; namely, *Precepts or Directions for the Well Ordering and Carriage of a Man's Life*. These precepts were addressed to his son, Robert Cecil, afterwards Earl of Salisbury. Some of them are here subjoined.

[*Choice of a Wife.*]

When it shall please God to bring thee to man's estate, use great providence and circumspection in choosing thy wife. For from thence will spring all thy future good or evil. And it is an action of life, like unto a stratagem of war; wherein a man can err but once. If thy estate be good, match near home and at leisure; if weak, far off and quickly. Inquire diligently of her disposition, and how her parents have been inclined[1] in their youth. Let her not be poor, how generous soever. For a man can buy nothing in the market with gentility. Nor choose a base and uncomely creature altogether for wealth; for it will cause contempt in others, and loathing in thee. Neither make choice of a dwarf, or a fool; for, by the one thou shalt beget a race of pigmies; the other will be thy continual disgrace, and it will *irke* thee to hear her talk. For thou shalt find it, to thy great grief, that there is nothing more fulsome than a she-fool.

[*Domestic Economy.*]

And touching the guiding of thy house, let thy hospitality be moderate, and, according to the means of thy estate, rather plentiful than sparing, but not costly. For I never knew any man grow poor by keeping an orderly table. But some consume themselves through secret vices, and their hospitality bears the blame. But banish swinish drunkards out of thine house, which is a vice impairing health, consuming much, and makes no show. I never heard praise ascribed to the drunkard, but for the well-bearing of his drink; which is a better commendation for a brewer's horse or a draymaη, than for either a gentleman or a serving-man. Beware thou spend not above three of four parts of thy revenues; nor above a third part of that in thy house. For the other two parts will do no more than defray thy extraordinaries, which

[1] Well-born.

always surmount the ordinary by much; otherwise thou shalt live like a rich beggar, in continual want. And the needy man can never live happily nor contentedly. For every disaster makes him ready to mortgage or sell. And that gentleman, who sells an acre of land, sells an ounce of credit. For gentility is nothing else but ancient riches. So that if the foundation shall at any time sink, the building must needs follow.

[*Education of Children.*]

Bring thy children up in learning and obedience, yet without outward austerity. Praise them openly, reprehend them secretly. Give them good countenance and convenient maintenance according to thy ability, otherwise thy life will seem their bondage, and what portion thou shalt leave them at thy death, they will thank death for it, and not thee. And I am persuaded that the foolish cockering of some parents, and the over stern carriage of others, causeth more men and women to take ill courses, than their own vicious inclinations. Marry thy daughters in time, lest they marry themselves. And suffer not thy sons to pass the Alps; for they shall learn nothing there but pride, blasphemy, and atheism. And if by travel they get a few broken language, that shall profit them nothing more than to have one meat served in divers dishes. Neither, by my consent, shalt thou train them up in wars; for he that sets up his rest to live by that profession, can hardly be an honest man or a good Christian. Besides, it is a science no longer in request than use; for soldiers in peace are like chimneys in summer.

[*Suretyship and Borrowing.*]

Beware of suretyship for thy best friends. He that payeth another man's debts, seeketh his own decay. But, if thou canst not otherwise choose, rather lend thy money thyself upon good bonds, although thou borrow it. So shalt thou secure thyself, and pleasure thy friend. Neither borrow money of a neighbour, or a friend, but of a stranger, where, paying for it, thou shalt hear no more of it. Otherwise thou shalt eclipse thy credit, lose thy freedom, and yet pay as dear as to another. But in borrowing of money, be precious of thy word; for he that hath care of keeping days of payment, is lord of another man's purse.

RICHARD HOOKER.

One of the earliest, and also one of the most distinguished prose writers of this period, was RICHARD HOOKER, a learned and gifted theologian, born of poor but respectable parents near Exeter, about the year 1553. At school he displayed so much aptitude for learning, and gentleness of disposition, that, having been recommended to Jewel, bishop of Salisbury, he was taken under the care of that prelate, who, after a satisfactory examination into his merits, sent him to Oxford, and contributed to his support. At the university, Hooker studied with great ardour and success, and became much respected for modesty, prudence, and piety. After Jewel's death, he was patronised by Sandys, bishop of London, who sent his son to Oxford to enjoy the benefit of Hooker's instructions. Another of his pupils at this time was George Cranmer, a grand-nephew of the famous archbishop of that name; and with both these young men he formed a close and enduring friendship. In 1579, his skill in the oriental languages led to his temporary appointment as deputy-professor of Hebrew; and two years later, he entered into holy orders. Not long after this he had the misfortune to be entrapped into a marriage, which proved a constant source of annoyance to him during life. The circumstances of this union, which place in a strong light the simple and unsuspecting nature of the man, were these: Having been appointed to preach at Paul's Cross in London, he put up at a house set apart for the reception of the preachers. On his arrival there from Oxford, he was wet and weary, but received so much kind-

Richard Hooker.

ness and attention from the hostess, that, according to his biographer (Walton), in his excess of gratitude, 'he thought himself bound in conscience to believe all that she said. So the good man came to be persuaded by her that he was a man of a tender constitution; and that it was best for him to have a wife, that might prove a nurse to him—such an one as might both prolong his life, and make it more comfortable; and such an one she could and would provide for him, if he thought fit to marry.' Hooker, little apt to suspect in others that guile of which he himself was so entirely free, became the dupe of this woman, authorising her to select a wife for him, and promising to marry whomsoever she should choose. The wife she provided was her own daughter, described as 'a silly, clownish woman, and withal a mere Xantippe,' whom, however, he married according to his promise. With this helpmate he led but an uncomfortable life, though apparently in a spirit of resignation. When visited by Sandys and Cranmer at a rectory in Buckinghamshire, to which he had been presented in 1584, he was found by them reading Horace, and tending sheep in the absence of his servant. In his house they received little entertainment, except from his conversation; and even this, Mrs Hooker did not fail to disturb, by calling him away to rock the cradle, and by exhibiting such other samples of good manners, as made them glad to depart on the following morning. In taking leave, Cranmer expressed his regret at the smallness of Hooker's income, and the uncomfortable state of his domestic affairs; to which the worthy man replied, 'My dear George, if saints have usually a double share in the miseries of this life, I, that am none, ought not to repine at what my wise Creator hath appointed for me, but labour (as indeed I do daily) to submit mine to his will, and possess my soul in patience and peace.' On his return to Lon-

don, Sandys made a strong appeal to his father in behalf of Hooker, the result of which was the appointment of the meek divine, in 1585, to the office of master of the Temple. He accordingly removed to London, and commenced his labours as forenoon preacher. It happened that the office of afternoon lecturer at the Temple was at this period filled by Walter Travers, a man of great learning and eloquence, but highly Calvinistical in his opinions, while the views of Hooker, on the other hand, both on church government and on points of theology, were of a moderate cast. The consequence was, that the doctrines delivered from the pulpit varied very much in their character, according to the preacher from whom they proceeded. Indeed, the two orators sometimes preached avowedly in opposition to each other—a circumstance which gave occasion to the remark, that 'the forenoon sermons spoke Canterbury, and the afternoon Geneva.' This disputation, though conducted with good temper, excited so much attention, that Archbishop Whitgift suspended Travers from preaching. There ensued between him and Hooker a printed controversy, which was found so disagreeable by the latter, that he strongly expressed to the archbishop his wish to retire into the country, where he might be permitted to live in peace, and have leisure to finish his treatise *Of the Laws of Ecclesiastical Polity*, already begun. A letter which he wrote to the archbishop on this occasion deserves to be quoted, as showing not only that peacefulness of temper which adhered to him through life, but likewise the object that his great work was intended to accomplish. It is as follows:—

'My lord—When I lost the freedom of my cell, which was my college, yet I found some degree of it in my quiet country parsonage. But I am weary of the noise and oppositions of this place; and, indeed, God and nature did not intend me for contentions, but for study and quietness. And, my lord, my particular contests here with Mr Travers have proved the more unpleasant to me, because I believe him to be a good man; and that belief hath occasioned me to examine mine own conscience concerning his opinions. And to satisfy that, I have consulted the holy Scripture, and other laws, both human and divine, whether the conscience of him and others of his judgment ought to be so far complied with by us as to alter our frame of church government, our manner of God's worship, our praising and praying to him, and our established ceremonies, as often as their tender consciences shall require us. And in this examination I have not only satisfied myself, but have begun a treatise in which I intend the satisfaction of others, by a demonstration of the reasonableness of our laws of ecclesiastical polity. But, my lord, I shall never be able to finish what I have begun, unless I be removed into some quiet parsonage, where I may see God's blessings spring out of my mother earth, and eat my own bread in peace and privacy: a place where I may, without disturbance, meditate my approaching mortality, and that great account which all flesh must give at the last day to the God of all spirits.'

In consequence of this appeal, Hooker was presented, in 1591, to the rectory of Boscomb, in Wiltshire, where he finished four books of his treatise, which were printed in 1594. Queen Elizabeth having in the following year presented him to the rectory of Bishop's-Bourne, in Kent, he removed to that place, where the remainder of his life was spent in the faithful discharge of the duties of his office. Here he wrote the fifth book, published in 1597; and finished other three, which did not appear till after his death. This event took place in November 1600. A few days previously, his house was robbed, and when the fact was mentioned to him, he anxiously inquired whether his books and papers were safe. The answer being in the affirmative, he exclaimed, 'Then it matters not, for no other loss can trouble me.'

Hooker's treatise on 'Ecclesiastical Polity' displays an astonishing amount of learning, sagacity, and industry; and is so excellently written, that, according to the judgment of Lowth, the author has, in correctness, propriety, and purity of English style, hardly been surpassed, or even equalled, by any of his successors. This praise is unquestionably too high; for, as Dr Drake has observed, 'though the words, for the most part, are well chosen and pure, the arrangement of them into sentences is intricate and harsh, and formed almost exclusively on the idiom and construction of the Latin. Much strength and vigour are derived from this adoption, but perspicuity, sweetness, and ease, are too generally sacrificed. There is, notwithstanding these usual features of his composition, an occasional simplicity in his pages, both of style and sentiment, which truly charms.'* Dr Drake refers to the following sentence, with which the preface to the 'Ecclesiastical Polity' is opened, as a striking instance of that elaborate collocation which, founded on the structure of a language widely different from our own, was the fashion of the age of Elizabeth. 'Though for no other cause, yet for this, that posterity may know we have not loosely, through silence, permitted things to pass away as in a dream, there shall be, for men's information, extant this much concerning the present state of the church of God established amongst us, and their careful endeavours which would have upheld the same.'

The argument against the Puritans is conducted by Hooker with rare moderation and candour, and certainly the church of England has never had a more powerful defender. The work is not to be regarded simply as a theological treatise; it is still referred to as a great authority upon the whole range of moral and political principles. It also bears a value as the first publication in the English language which observed a strict methodical arrangement, and presented a train of clear logical reasoning.

As specimens of the body of the work, several extracts are here subjoined:—

[*Scripture and the Law of Nature.*]

What the Scripture purposeth, the same in all points it doth perform. Howbeit, that here we swerve not in judgment, one thing especially we must observe; namely, that the absolute perfection of Scripture is seen by relation unto that end whereto it tendeth. And even hereby it cometh to pass, that, first, such as imagine the general and main drift of the body of sacred Scripture not to be so large as it is, nor that God did thereby intend to deliver, as in truth he doth, a full instruction in all things unto salvation necessary, the knowledge whereof man by nature could not otherwise in this life attain unto; they are by this very mean induced, either still to look for new revelations from heaven, or else dangerously to add to the word of God uncertain tradition, that so the doctrine of man's salvation may be complete; which doctrine we constantly hold in all respects, without any such things added, to be so complete, that we utterly refuse as much as once to acquaint ourselves with anything further. Whatsoever, to make up the doctrine of man's salvation, is added as in supply of the Scripture's insufficiency, we reject it; Scripture, purposing this, hath perfectly and fully done it. Again, the

* Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, &c., i. 10.

scope and purpose of God in delivering the holy Scripture, such as do take more largely than behoveth, they, on the contrary, side-racking and stretching it further than by him was meant, are drawn into sundry as great inconveniences. They, pretending the Scripture's perfection, infer thereupon, that in Scripture all things lawful to be done must needs be contained. We count those things perfect which want nothing requisite for the end whereto they were instituted. As, therefore, God created every part and particle of man exactly perfect—that is to say, in all points sufficient unto that use for which he appointed it—so the Scripture, yea, every sentence thereof, is perfect, and wanteth nothing requisite unto that purpose for which God delivered the same. So that, if hereupon we conclude, that because the Scripture is perfect, therefore all things lawful to be done are comprehended in the Scripture; we may even as well conclude so of every sentence, as of the whole sum and body thereof, unless we first of all prove that it was the drift, scope, and purpose of Almighty God in holy Scripture to comprise all things which man may practise. But admit this, and mark, I beseech you, what would follow. God, in delivering Scripture to his church, should clean have abrogated among them the Law of Nature, which is an infallible knowledge imprinted in the minds of all the children of men, whereby both general principles for directing of human actions are comprehended, and conclusions derived from them; upon which conclusions groweth in particularity the choice of good and evil in the daily affairs of this life. Admit this, and what shall the Scripture be but a snare and a torment to weak consciences, filling them with infinite perplexities, scrupulosities, doubts insoluble, and extreme despairs? Not that the Scripture itself doth cause any such thing (for it tendeth to the clean contrary, and the fruit thereof is resolute assurance and certainty in that it teacheth); but the necessities of this life urging men to do that which the light of nature, common discretion, and judgment of itself directeth them unto; on the other side, this doctrine teaching them that so to do were to sin against their own souls, and that they put forth their hands to iniquity, whatsoever they go about, and have not first the sacred Scripture of God for direction; how can it choose but bring the simple a thousand times to their wits' end; how can it choose but vex and amaze them! For in every action of common life, to find out some sentence clearly and infallibly setting before our eyes what we ought to do (seem we in Scripture never so expert), would trouble us more than we are aware. In weak and tender minds, we little know what misery this strict opinion would breed, besides the stops it would make in the whole course of all men's lives and actions. Make all things sin which we do by direction of nature's light, and by the rule of common discretion, without thinking at all upon Scripture; admit this position, and parents shall cause their children to sin, as oft as they cause them to do anything, before they come to years of capacity, and be ripe for knowledge in the Scripture. Admit this, and it shall not be with masters as it was with him in the gospel; but servants being commanded to go, shall stand still till they have their errand warranted unto them by Scripture. Which, as it standeth with Christian duty in some cases, so in common affairs to require it were most unfit.

[*Zeal and Fear in Religion.*]

Two affections there are, the forces whereof, as they bear the greater or lesser sway in man's heart, frame accordingly to the stamp and character of his religion—the one zeal, the other fear. Zeal, unless it be rightly guided, when it endeavoureth most busily to please God, forceth upon him those unseasonable offices which please him not. For which cause, if they who this way swerve be compared with such sincere, sound, and discreet as Abraham was in matter of religion, the service of the one is like unto flattery, the other like the faithful sedulity of friendship. Zeal, except it be ordered aright, when it bendeth itself unto conflict with all things either indeed, or but imagined to be, opposite unto religion, useth the razor many times with such eagerness, that the very life of religion itself is thereby hazarded; through hatred of tares the corn in the field of God is plucked up. So that zeal needeth both ways a sober guide. Fear, on the other side, if it have not the light of true understanding concerning God, wherewith to be moderated, breedeth likewise superstition. It is therefore dangerous that, in things divine, we should work too much upon the spur either of zeal or fear. Fear is a good solicitor to devotion. Howbeit, sith fear in this kind doth grow from an apprehension of Deity endued with irresistible power to hurt, and is, of all affections (anger excepted), the unaptest to admit any conference with reason, for which cause the wise man doth say of fear, that it is a betrayer of the forces of reasonable understanding; therefore, except men know beforehand what manner of service pleaseth God, while they are fearful they try all things which fancy offereth. Many there are who never think on God but when they are in extremity of fear; and then, because what to think, or what to do, they are uncertain; perplexity not suffering them to be idle, they think and do, as it were in a phrensy, they know not what. Superstition neither knoweth the right kind, nor observeth the due measure, of actions belonging to the service of God, but is always joined with a wrong opinion touching things divine. Superstition is, when things are either abhorred or observed, with a zealous or fearful, but erroneous relation to God. By means whereof, the superstitious do sometimes serve, though the true God, yet with needless offices, and defraud him of duties necessary, sometimes load others than him with such honours as properly are his.

[*Defence of Reason.*]

But so it is, the name of the light of nature is made hateful with men: the star of reason and learning, and all other such like helps, beginneth no otherwise to be thought of, than if it were an unlucky comet; or as if God had so accursed it, that it should never shine or give light in things concerning our duty any way towards him, but be esteemed as that star in the revelation, called Wormwood, which, being fallen from heaven, maketh rivers and waters in which it falleth so bitter, that men tasting them die thereof. A number there are who think they cannot admire as they ought the power and authority of the word of God, if in things divine they should attribute any force to man's reason; for which cause they never use reason so willingly as to disgrace reason. Their usual and common discourses are unto this effect. First, 'the natural man perceiveth not the things of the spirit of God, for they are foolishness unto him; neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned,' &c. &c. By these and the like disputes, an opinion hath spread itself very far in the world; as if the way to be ripe in faith, were to be raw in wit and judgment; as if reason were an enemy unto religion, childish simplicity the mother of ghostly and divine wisdom. * * *

To our purpose, it is sufficient that whosoever doth serve, honour, and obey God, whosoever believeth in him, that man would no more do this than innocents and infants do but for the light of natural reason that shineth in him, and maketh him apt to apprehend those things of God, which being by grace discovered, are effectual to persuade reasonable minds, and none other, that honour, obedience, and credit, belong

aright unto God. No man cometh unto God to offer him sacrifice, to pour out supplications and prayers before him, or to do him any service, which doth not first believe him both to be, and to be a rewarder of them who in such sort seek unto him. Let men be taught this, either by revelation from heaven, or by instruction upon earth; by labour, study, and meditation, or by the only secret inspiration of the Holy Ghost; whatsoever the mean be they know it by, if the knowledge thereof were possible without discourse of natural reason, why should none be found capable thereof but only men; nor men till such time as they come unto ripe and full ability to work by reasonable understanding? The whole drift of the Scripture of God, what is it, but only to teach theology? Theology, what is it, but the science of things divine? What science can be attained unto, without the help of natural discourse and reason? Judge you of that which I speak, saith the apostle. In vain it were to speak anything of God, but that by reason men are able somewhat to judge of that they hear, and by discourse to discern how consonant it is to truth. Scripture, indeed, teacheth things above nature, things which our reason by itself could not reach unto. Yet those also we believe, knowing by reason that the Scripture is the word of God. * * The thing we have handled according to the question moved about it, which question is, whether the light of reason be so pernicious, that, in devising laws for the church, men ought not by it to search what may be fit and convenient? For this cause, therefore, we have endeavoured to make it appear, how, in the nature of reason itself, there is no impediment, but that the self-same spirit which revealeth the things that God hath set down in his law, may also be thought to aid and direct men in finding out, by the light of reason, what laws are expedient to be made for the guiding of his church, over and besides them that are in Scripture.

[Church Music.]

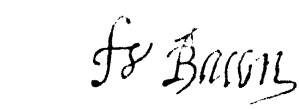
Touching musical harmony, whether by instrument or by voice, it being but of high and low in sounds a due proportionable disposition, such notwithstanding is the force thereof, and so pleasing effects it hath in that very part of man which is most divine, that some have been thereby induced to think that the soul itself by nature is, or hath in it, harmony; a thing which delighteth all ages, and becometh all states; a thing as seasonable in grief as in joy; as decent, being added unto actions of greatest weight and solemnity, as being used when men most sequester themselves from action. The reason hereof is an admirable facility which music hath to express and represent to the mind, more inwardly than any other sensible mean, the very standing, rising, and falling, the very steps and inflections every way, the turns and varieties of all passions whereunto the mind is subject; yea, so to imitate them, that, whether it resemble unto us the same state wherein our minds already are, or a clean contrary, we are not more contentedly by the one confirmed, than changed and led away by the other. In harmony, the very image and character even of virtue and vice is perceived, the mind delighted with their resemblances, and brought by having them often iterated into a love of the things themselves. For which cause there is nothing more contagious and pestilent than some kinds of harmony; than some, nothing more strong and potent unto good. And that there is such a difference of one kind from another, we need no proof but our own experience, inasmuch as we are at the hearing of some more inclined unto sorrow and heaviness, of some more mollified and softened in mind; one kind apter to stay and settle us, another to move and stir our affections; there is that draweth to a marvellous grave and sober mediocrity; there is also that carrieth, as it were, into ecstacies, filling the mind with a heavenly joy, and for the time in a manner severing it from the body; so that, although we lay altogether aside the consideration of ditty or matter, the very harmony of sounds being framed in due sort, and carried from the ear to the spiritual faculties of our souls, is, by a native puissance and efficacy, greatly available to bring to a perfect temper whatsoever is there troubled; apt as well to quicken the spirits as to allay that which is too eager; sovereign against melancholy and despair; forcible to draw forth tears of devotion, if the mind be such as can yield them; able both to move and to moderate all affections. The prophet David having, therefore, singular knowledge, not in poetry alone, but in music also, judged them both to be things most necessary for the house of God, left behind him to that purpose a number of divinely-indited poems, and was further the author of adding unto poetry melody in public prayer: melody, both vocal and instrumental, for the raising up of men's hearts, and the sweetening of their affections towards God. In which considerations the church of Christ doth likewise at this present day retain it as an ornament to God's service, and an help to our own devotion. They which, under pretence of the law ceremonial abrogated, require the abrogation of instrumental music, approving, nevertheless, the use of vocal melody to remain, must show some reason wherefore the one should be thought a legal ceremony, and not the other. In church music, curiosity or ostentation of art, wanton, or light, or unsuitable harmony, such as only pleaseth the ear, and hath not naturally serve to the very kind and degree of those impressions which the matter that goeth with it leaveth, or is apt to leave, in men's mind, doth rather blemish and disgrace that we do, than add either beauty or furtherance unto it. On the other side, the faults prevented, the force and efficacy of the thing itself, when it draweth not utterly, but fitly suiteth with matter altogether sounding to the praise of God, is in truth most admirable, and doth much edify, if not the understanding, because it teacheth not, yet surely the affection, because therein it worketh much. They must have hearts very dry and tough, from whom the melody of the psalms doth not sometime draw that wherein a mind religiously affected delighteth.

LORD BACON.

But the fame of Hooker, as indeed of all his contemporaries, is outshone by that of the illustrious Lord Bacon. Francis Bacon, son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the great seal, was born in London on the 22d of January 1561, and in childhood displayed such vivacity of intellect and sedateness of behaviour, that Queen Elizabeth used to call him her young lord-keeper. At the age of thirteen, he was sent to Cambridge, where, so early as his sixteenth year, he became disgusted with the Aristotelian philosophy, which then held unquestioned sway in the great English schools of learning. This dislike of the philosophy of Aristotle, as Bacon himself declared to his secretary Dr Rawley, he fell into 'not for the worthlessness of the author, to whom he would ever ascribe all high attributes, but for the unfruitfulness of the way; being a philosophy, as his lordship used to say, only strong for disputations and contentions, but barren of the production of works for the benefit of the life of man.'* After spending about four years at Cambridge, he travelled in France, his acute observations in which country were afterwards published in a work entitled *Of the State of Europe*. By the sudden death of his father in 1579, he was compelled to return hastily to England, and engage

* Rawley's Life of Bacon.

in some profitable occupation. After in vain soliciting his uncle, Lord Burleigh, to procure for him such a provision from government as might allow him to devote his time to literature and philosophy, he spent several years in the study of the law. While engaged in practice as a barrister, however, he did not forget philosophy, as it appears that he



sketched at an early period of life his great work called *The Instauration of the Sciences*. In 1590, he obtained the post of Counsel Extraordinary to the queen; and three years afterwards, sat in parliament for the county of Middlesex. As an orator, he is highly extolled by Ben Jonson. In one of his speeches, he distinguished himself by taking the popular side in a question respecting some large subsidies demanded by the court; but finding that he had given great offence to her majesty, he at once altered his tone, and condescended to apologise with that servility which unhappily appeared in too many of his subsequent actions. To Lord Burleigh and his son Robert Cecil, Bacon continued to crouch in the hope of advancement, till at length, finding himself disappointed in that quarter, he attached himself to Burleigh's rival, Essex, who, with the utmost ardour of a generous friendship, endeavoured to procure for him, in 1594, the vacant office of attorney-general. In this attempt he was defeated, through the influence of the Cecils, who were jealous of both him and his friend; but he in some degree soothed Bacon's disappointment by presenting to him an estate at Twickenham, worth two thousand pounds. It is painful to relate in what manner Bacon repaid such benefits. When Essex was brought to trial for a conspiracy against the queen, the friend whom he had so largely obliged and confided in, not only deserted him in the hour of need, but unnecessarily appeared as counsel against him, and by every art and distorting ingenuity of a pleader, endeavoured to magnify his crimes. He complied, moreover, after the earl's execution, with the queen's request that he would write *A Declaration of the Practices and Treasons Attempted and Committed by Robert, Earl of Essex*, which was printed by authority. Into this conduct, which indicates a lamentable want of high moral principle, courage, and self-respect, Bacon was in some measure led by pecuniary difficulties, into which his improvident and ostentatious habits, coupled with the relative inadequacy of his revenues, had plunged him. By maintaining himself in the good graces of the court, he hoped to secure that professional advancement which would not only fill his empty coffers, but gratify those ambitious longings which had arisen in his mind. But temptations of this sort, though they may palliate, can never excuse such immoralities as those which Bacon on this and future occasions showed himself capable of.

After the accession of James, the fortunes of Bacon began to improve. He was knighted in 1603, and, in subsequent years, obtained successively the offices of king's counsel, solicitor-general, judge of the Marshalsea court, and attorney-general. This last appointment he received in 1613. In the execution of his duties, he did not scruple to lend himself to the most arbitrary measures of the court, and even assisted in an attempt to extort from an old clergyman, of the name of Peacham, a confession of treason, by torturing him on the rack.

Although his income had now been greatly enlarged by the emoluments of office and a marriage with the daughter of a wealthy alderman, his extravagance, and that of his servants, which he seems to have been too good-natured to check, continued to keep him in difficulties. He cringed before the king and his favourite Villiers: and at length, in 1619, reached the summit of his ambition, by being created Lord High Chancellor of England, and Baron Verulam. This latter title gave place in the following year to that of Viscount St Albans. As chancellor, it cannot be concealed that, both in his political and judicial capacities, he grossly deserted his duty. Not only did he suffer Villiers to interfere with his decisions as a judge, but, by accepting numerous presents or bribes from suitors, gave occasion, in 1621, to a parliamentary inquiry, which ended in his condemnation and disgrace. He fully confessed the twenty-three articles of corruption which were laid to his charge; and when waited on by a committee of the House of Lords, appointed to inquire whether the confession was subscribed by himself, he answered, 'It is my act, my hand, my heart: I beseech your lordships to be merciful to a broken reed.' Banished from public life, he had now ample leisure to attend to his philosophical and literary pursuits. Yet, even while he was engaged in business, these had not been neglected. In 1597, he published the first edition of his *Essays*, which were afterwards greatly enlarged. These, as he himself says of them, 'come home to men's business and bosoms; and, like the late new halfpence, the pieces are small, and the silver is good.' From the generally interesting nature of the subjects of the 'Essays,' and the excellence of their style, this work immediately acquired great popularity, and to the present day continues the most generally read of all the author's productions. 'It is also,' to use the words of Mr Dugald Stewart, 'one of those where the superiority of his genius appears to the greatest advantage, the novelty and depth of his reflections often receiving a strong relief from the triteness of his subject. It may be read from beginning to end in a few hours, and yet, after the twentieth perusal, one seldom fails to remark in it something overlooked before. This, indeed, is a characteristic of all Bacon's writings, and is only to be accounted for by the inexhaustible aliment they furnish to our own thoughts, and the sympathetic activity they impart to our torpid faculties.'* In

* First Preliminary Dissertation to 'Encyclopedia Britannica,' p. 36, seventh edition.

1605, he published another work, which still continues to be extensively perused; it is entitled *Of the Proficience and Advancement of Learning, Divine and Human.* This volume, which was afterwards enlarged and published in the Latin language, with the title *De Augmentis Scientiarum*, constitutes the first part of his great work called *Instauratio Scientiarum*, or the *Instauration of the Sciences.* The second part, entitled *Novum Organum*, is that on which, chiefly, his high reputation as a philosopher is grounded, and on the composition of which he bestowed most labour. It is written in Latin, and appeared in 1620. In the first part of the 'Advancement of Learning,' after considering the excellence of knowledge and the means of disseminating it, together with what had already been done for its advancement, and what omitted, he proceeds to divide it into the three branches of history, poetry, and philosophy; these having reference to what he considers 'the three parts of man's understanding'—memory, imagination, and reason. The concluding portion of the volume relates to revealed religion. The 'Novum Organum,' which, as already mentioned, is the second and most important part of the 'Instauration of the Sciences,' consists of aphorisms, the first of which furnishes a key to the author's leading doctrines: 'Man, who is the servant and interpreter of nature, can act and understand no further than he has, either in operation or in contemplation, observed of the method and order of nature.' His new method—novum organum—of employing the understanding in adding to human knowledge, is fully expounded in this work, the following translated extracts from which will make manifest what the reformation was which he sought to accomplish.

After alluding to the little aid which the useful arts had derived from science, and the small improvement which science had received from practical men, he proceeds—'But whence can arise such vagueness and sterility in all the physical systems which have hitherto existed in the world? It is not certainly from anything in nature itself; for the steadiness and regularity of the laws by which it is governed, clearly mark them out as objects of certain and precise knowledge. Neither can it arise from any want of ability in those who have pursued such inquiries, many of whom have been men of the highest talent and genius of the ages in which they lived; and it can therefore arise from nothing else but the perverseness and insufficiency of the methods that have been pursued. Men have sought to make a world from their own conceptions, and to draw from their own minds all the materials which they employed; but if, instead of doing so, they had consulted experience and observation, they would have had facts, and not opinions, to reason about, and might have ultimately arrived at the knowledge of the laws which govern the material world.' 'As things are at present conducted, a sudden transition is made from sensible objects and particular facts to general propositions, which are accounted principles, and round which, as round so many fixed poles, disputation and argument continually revolve. From the propositions thus hastily assumed, all things are derived, by a process compendious and precipitate, ill suited to discovery, but wonderfully accommodated to debate. The way that promises success is the reverse of this. It requires that we should generalise slowly, going from particular things to those which are but one step more general; from those to others of still greater extent, and so on to such as are universal. By such means we may hope to arrive at principles, not vague and obscure, but luminous and well-defined, such as nature herself will not refuse to acknowledge.' After describing the causes which lead the understanding astray in the search after knowledge—the *idols*, as he figuratively terms them, before which it is apt to bow—Bacon, in the second book of the 'Novum Organum,' goes on systematically to expound and exemplify his method of philosophising, indicated in the foregoing extracts, and to which the appellation of *the inductive method* is applied. This he does in so masterly a way, that he has earned with posterity the title of the father of experimental science. 'The power and compass,' says Professor Playfair, 'of a mind which could form such a plan beforehand, and trace not merely the outline, but many of the most minute ramifications, of sciences which did not yet exist, must be an object of admiration to all succeeding ages.' It is true that the inductive method had been both practised and even cursorily recommended by more than one philosopher prior to Bacon; but unquestionably he was the first to unfold it completely, to show its infinite importance, and to induce the great body of scientific inquirers to place themselves under its guidance. In another respect, the benefit conferred by Bacon upon mankind was perhaps still greater. He turned the attention of philosophers from speculations and disputes upon questions remote from use, and fixed it upon inquiries 'productive of works for the benefit of the life of man.' The Aristotelian philosophy was barren; the object of Bacon was 'the amplification of the power and kingdom of mankind over the world'—'the enlargement of the bounds of human empire to the effecting all things possible'—the augmentation, by means of science, of the sum of human happiness, and the alleviation of human suffering. In a word, he was eminently a utilitarian.

The third part of the 'Instauration of the Sciences,' entitled *Sylva Sylvarum*, or *History of Nature*, is devoted to the facts and phenomena of natural science, including original observations made by Bacon himself, which, though sometimes incorrect, are useful in exemplifying the inductive method of searching for truth. The fourth part is called *Scala Intellectus*, from its pointing out a succession of steps by which the understanding may ascend in such investigations. Other two parts, which the author projected, were never executed.

Another celebrated publication of Lord Bacon is his treatise, *Of the Wisdom of the Ancients*, 1610; wherein he attempts, generally with more ingenuity than success, to discover secret meanings in the mythological fables of antiquity. He wrote also *Felicities of Queen Elizabeth's Reign*, a *History of King Henry VII.*, a philosophical romance called the *New Atlantis*, and several minor productions which it is needless to specify. His letters, too, have been published.

After retiring from public life, Bacon, though enjoying an annual income of £2500, continued to live in so ostentatious and prodigal a style, that, at his death, in 1626, his debts amounted to upwards of £22,000. His devotion to science appears to have been the immediate occasion of bringing his earthly existence to a close. While travelling in his carriage at a time when there was snow on the ground, he began to consider whether flesh might not be preserved by snow as well as by salt. In order to make the experiment, he alighted at a cottage near Highgate, bought a hen, and stuffed it with snow. This so chilled him, that he was unable to return home, but went to the Earl of Arundel's house in the neighbourhood, where his illness was so much increased by the dampness of a bed into which he was put, that he died in a few days.* In a letter to the earl, the last

* This account is given by Aubrey, who probably obtained it from Hobbes, one of Bacon's intimate friends, and afterwards an acquaintance of Aubrey.—See 'Aubrey's Lives of Eminent

which he wrote, after comparing himself to the elder Pliny, 'who lost his life by trying an experiment about the burning of Mount Vesuvius,' he does not forget to mention his own experiment, which, says he, 'succeeded excellently.' In his will, the following striking prophetic passage is found: 'My name and memory I leave to foreign nations, and to mine own country after some time is passed over.'

Monument of Lord Bacon

Bacon, like Sidney, was a 'warbler of poetic prose.' No English writer has surpassed him in fervour and brilliancy of style, in force of expression, or in richness and significance of imagery. Keen in discovering analogies where no resemblance is apparent to common eyes, he has sometimes indulged to excess in the exercise of his talent. Yet, in general, his comparisons are not less clear and apposite than full of imagination and meaning. He has treated of philosophy with all the splendour, yet none of the vagueness, of poetry. Sometimes his style possesses a degree of conciseness very rarely to be found in the compositions of the Elizabethan age. Of this quality the last of the subjoined extracts is a notable illustration.

[*Universitas.*]

As water, whether it be the dew of heaven or the springs of the earth, doth scatter and lose itself in the ground, except it be collected into some receptacle, where it may by union comfort and sustain itself; and, for that cause, the industry of man hath framed and made spring-heads, conduits, cisterns, and pools; which men have accustomed likewise to beautify and adorn with accomplishments of magnificence and state, as well as of use and necessity; so knowledge, whether it descend from divine inspiration or spring from human sense, would soon perish and vanish to oblivion, if it were not preserved in books, traditions, conferences, and places appointed, as universities, colleges, and schools, for the receipt and comforting the same.

[*Libraries.*]

Libraries are as the shrines where all the relics of the ancient saints, full of true virtue, and that without delusion or imposture, are preserved and reposed.

[*Government.*]

In Orpheus's theatre, all beasts and birds assembled; and, forgetting their several appetites, some of prey, some of game, some of quarrel, stood all sociably together, listening unto the airs and accords of the harp; the sound whereof no sooner ceased, or was drowned by some louder noise, but every beast returned to his own nature; wherein is aptly described the nature and condition of men, who are full of savage and unreclaimed desires of profit, of lust, of revenge; which, as long as they give ear to precepts, to laws, to religion, sweetly touched with eloquence and persuasion of books, of sermons, of harangues, so long is society and peace maintained; but if these instruments be silent, or sedition and tumult make them not audible, all things dissolve into anarchy and confusion.

[*Prosperity and Adversity.*]

The virtue of prosperity is temperance; the virtue of adversity is fortitude. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament; adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearselike airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many fears and distastes; and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground; judge therefore of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly, virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed or crushed: for prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

[*Friendship.*]

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;' for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation: such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and

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Persons,' ii. 227. At pages 229 and 602 of the same volume, we learn that Hobbes was a favourite with Bacon, 'who was wont to have him walk with him in his delicate groves, when he did meditate: and when a notion darted into his lordship's mind, Mr Hobbes was presently to write it down, and his lordship was wont to say that he did it better than any one else about him; for that many times, when he read their notes, he scarce understood what they writ, because they understood it not clearly themselves.' 'He assisted his lordship in translating several of his essays into Latin.'

talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: 'Magna civitas, magna solitudo'—['Great city, great solitude'] ; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods ; but we may go farther, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness ; and, even in this scene also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind: you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flour of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness: for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be, as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the name of favourites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them 'participes curarum' ['participators in cares'] ; for it is that which tieth the knot: and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men.

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, 'Cor ne edito'—['Eat not the heart.'] Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto, are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable (wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship), which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that imparteth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that imparteth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature; but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cherisheth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another: he tosseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, 'That speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad'—whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel (they indeed are best), but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits as against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, 'Dry light is ever the best;' and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend. Counsel is of two sorts; the one concerning manners, the other concerning business: for the first, the best preservative to keep the mind in health is the faithful admonition of a friend. The calling of a man's self to a strict account, is a medicine sometimes too piercing and corrosive; reading good books of morality is a little flat and dead; observing our faults in others is sometimes improper for our case; but the best receipt (best, I say, to work, and best to take) is the admonition of a friend. It is a strange thing to behold what gross errors and extreme absurdities many (especially of the greater sort) do commit, for want of a friend to tell them of them, to the great damage both of their fame and fortune: for, as St James saith, they are as men 'that look sometimes into a glass, and presently forget their own shape and favour:' as for business, a man may think, if he will, that two eyes see no more than one; or, that a gamester seeth always more than a looker-on; or, that a man in anger is as wise as he that hath said over the four-and-twenty letters; or, that a musket may be shot off as well upon the arm as upon a rest; and such other fond and high imaginations, to think himself all in all: but when all is done, the help of good counsel is that which setteth business straight; and if any man think that he will take counsel, but it shall be by pieces; asking counsel in one business of one man, and in another business of another man; it is as well (that is to say, better, perhaps, than if he asked none at all), but he runneth two dangers; one, that he shall not be faithfully counselled—for it is a rare thing, except it be

from a perfect and entire friend, to have counsel given, but such as shall be bowed and crooked to some ends which he hath that giveth it; the other, that he shall have counsel given, hurtful and unsafe (though with good meaning), and mixed partly of mischief and partly of remedy—even as if you would call a physician, that is thought good for the cure of the disease you complain of, but is unacquainted with your body—and therefore, may put you in a way for present cure, but overthroweth your health in some other kind, and so cure the disease, and kill the patient: but a friend, that is wholly acquainted with a man's estate, will beware, by furthering any present business, how he dasheth upon other inconvenience—and, therefore, rest not upon scattered counsels, for they will rather distract and mislead, than settle and direct.

After these two noble fruits of friendship (peace in the affections, and support of the judgment), followeth the last fruit, which is, like the pomegranate, full of many kernels—I mean, aid and bearing a part in all actions and occasions. Here, the best way to represent to life the manifold use of friendship, is to cast and see how many things there are which a man cannot do himself; and then it will appear that it was a sparing speech of the ancients, to say 'that a friend is another himself;' for that a friend is far more than himself.' Men have their time, and die many times in desire of some things which they principally take to heart; the bestowing of a child, the finishing of a work, or the like. If a man have a true friend, he may rest almost secure that the care of those things will continue after him; so that a man hath, as it were, two lives in his desires. A man hath a body, and that body is confined to a place; but where friendship is, all offices of life are, as it were, granted to him and his deputy; for he may exercise them by his friend. How many things are there which a man cannot, with any face or comeliness, say or do himself? A man can scarce allege his own merits with modesty, much less extol them; a man cannot sometimes brook to supplicate or beg; and a number of the like: but all these things are graceful in a friend's mouth, which are blushing in a man's own. So, again, a man's person hath many proper relations which he cannot put off. A man cannot speak to his son but as a father; to his wife but as a husband; to his enemy but upon terms: whereas a friend may speak as the case requires, and not as it sorteth with the person. But to enumerate these things were endless: I have given the rule, where a man cannot fitly play his own part; if he have not a friend, he may quit the stage.

[*Uses of Knowledge.*]

Learning taketh away the wildness, barbarism, and fierceness of men's minds; though a little of it doth rather work a contrary effect. It taketh away all levity, temerity, and insolency, by copious suggestion of all doubts and difficulties, and acquainting the mind to balance reasons on both sides, and to turn back the first offers and conceits of the kind, and to accept of nothing but [what is] examined and tried. It taketh away all vain admiration of anything, which is the root of all weakness: for all things are admired, either because they are new, or because they are great.

* * If a man meditate upon the universal frame of nature, the earth with men upon it (the divineness of souls excepted) will not seem more than an ant-hill, where some ants carry corn, and some carry their young, and some go empty, and all to and fro a little heap of dust. It taketh away or mitigateth fear of death, or adverse fortune: which is one of the greatest impediments of virtue, and imperfection of manners. * * Virgil did excellently and profoundly couple the knowledge of causes and the conquest of all fears together. It were too long to go over the particular remedies which learning doth minister to all the diseases of the mind—sometimes purging the ill humours, sometimes opening the obstructions, sometimes helping the digestion, sometimes increasing appetite, sometimes healing the wounds and ulcerations thereof, and the like; and I will therefore conclude with the chief reason of all, which is, that it disposeth the constitution of the mind not to be fixed or settled in the defects thereof, but still to be capable and susceptible of reformation. For the unlearned man knoweth not what it is to descend into himself, and call himself to account; nor the pleasure of that most pleasant life, which consists in our daily feeling ourselves become better.* The good parts he hath, he will learn to show to the full, and use them dexterously, but not much to increase them: the faults he hath, he will learn how to hide and colour them, but not much to amend them; like an ill mower, that mows on still and never whets his scythe. Whereas, with the learned man it fares otherwise, that he doth ever intermix the correction and amendment of his mind with the use and employment thereof.

[*Books and Ships Compared.*]

If the invention of the ship was thought so noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and consociateth the most remote regions in participation of their fruits, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, as ships, pass through the vast seas of time, and make ages so distant participate of the wisdom, illuminations, and inventions, the one of the other!

[*Studies.*]

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business; for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots and marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man; and, therefore, if a man write little, he had need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

In the brilliant constellation of great men which adorned the reigns of Elizabeth and James, one of

* This expression is given in the original in Latin.

the most distinguished of those who added eminence in literature to high talent for active business, was SIR WALTER RALEIGH, a man whose character will

always make him occupy a prominent place in the history of his country. He was born in 1552, at Hayes Farm, in Devonshire, of an ancient family; and from his youth was distinguished by great intellectual acuteness, but still more by a restless and adventurous disposition. He became a soldier at the age of seventeen; fought for the Protestant cause in the civil wars of France and the Netherlands; and afterwards, in 1579, accompanied his half brother, Sir Humphrey Gilbert, on a voyage to Newfoundland. This expedition proved unfortunate, but by familiarising him with a maritime life, had probably much influence in leading him to engage in those subsequent expeditions by which he rendered himself famous. In 1580 he assisted in suppressing the Earl of Desmond's rebellion in Ireland, where he obtained an estate, and was for some time governor of Cork. After this, having occasion to visit London, he attached himself to the court, and with the aid of a handsome person and winning address, contrived to insinuate himself into the favour of Elizabeth. A well-known anecdote illustrates the gallantry and tact by which he was characterised. One day, when he was attending the queen on a walk, she came to a miry part of the road, and for a moment hesitated to proceed. Raleigh, perceiving this, instantly pulled off his rich plush cloak, and, by spreading it before her feet, enabled her to pass on unsoiled. This mark of attention delighted the queen, from whom, as it has been facetiously remarked, his cloak was the means of procuring for him many a *good suit*. Raleigh was one of the courtiers whom she sent to attend the Duke of Anjou back to the Netherlands, after refusing that nobleman her hand. In 1584 he again joined in an adventure for the discovery and settlement of unknown countries. With the help of his friends, two ships were sent out in quest of gold mines, to that part of North America now called Virginia. Raleigh himself was not with these vessels; the commodities brought home by which produced so good a return, that the owners were induced to fit out, for the next year, another fleet of seven ships, under the command of Raleigh's kinsman, Sir Richard Grenville. The attempt made on this occasion to colonise America proved an utter failure, and, after a second trial, the enterprise was given up. This expedition is said to have been the means of introducing tobacco into England, and also of making known the potato, which was first cultivated on Raleigh's land in Ireland.

Hayes Farm—the Birthplace of Raleigh.

Meanwhile, the prosperity of Raleigh at the English court continued to increase. Elizabeth knighted him in 1584; and, moreover, by granting monopolies, and an additional Irish estate, conferred on him solid marks of her favour. In return for these benefits, he zealously and actively exerted himself for the defence of her majesty's dominions against the Spaniards in 1588; having not only been one of those patriotic volunteers who sailed against the formidable and far-famed Armada in the English channel, but, as a member of her majesty's council of war, contributed, by his advice and experience, to the maturing of those defensive arrangements which led to the discomfiture of the enemy. Next year, he accompanied a number of his countrymen who went to aid the expelled king of Portugal in an attempt to regain his kingdom from the Spaniards. After his return, Elizabeth continued her largesses to him, till at length his troublesome importunities drew from her the question, 'When, Sir Walter, will you cease to be a beggar?' With his usual tact, he replied, 'When your gracious majesty ceases to be a benefactor.' By taking bribes, and otherwise abusing his power and the influence which he had at court, he became unpopular with the nation at large.

About this time he exerted himself to reduce to practice an idea thrown out by Montaigne, by setting up an 'office of address,' intended to serve

the purposes now executed chiefly by literary and philosophical societies. The description of this scheme, given by Sir William Petty, affords a striking picture of the difficulties and obstacles which lay in the way of men of study and inquiry two centuries ago. It seems, says Sir William, 'to have been a plan by which the wants and desires of all learned men might be made known to each other, where they might know what is already done in the business of learning, what is at present in doing, and what is intended to be done; to the end that, by such a general communication of designs and mutual assistance, the wits and endeavours of the world may no longer be as so many scattered coals, which, having no union, are soon quenched, whereas, being but laid together, they would have yielded a comfortable light and heat. For the present condition of men [in the early part of the seventeenth century] is like a field where a battle having been lately fought, we see many legs, arms, and organs of sense, lying here and there, which, for want of conjunction, and a soul to quicken and enliven them, are fit for nothing but to feed the ravens and infect the air; so we see many wits and ingenuities dispersed up and down the world, whereof some are now labouring to do what is already done, and puzzling themselves to re-invent what is already invented; others we see quite stuck fast in difficulties for default of a few directions, which some other man, might he be met withal, both could and would most easily give him. Again, one man requires a small sum of money to carry on some design that requires it, and there is perhaps another who has twice as much ready to bestow upon the same design; but these two having no means to hear the one of the other, the good work intended and desired by both parties does utterly perish and come to nothing.'

When visiting his Irish estates after his return from Portugal, Raleigh formed or renewed with Spenser an aquaintance which ripened into intimate friendship. He introduced the poet to Elizabeth, and otherwise benefited him by his patronage and encouragement; for which favour Spenser has acknowledged his obligation in his pastoral entitled 'Colin Clout's Come Home Again,' where Raleigh is celebrated under the title of the 'Shepherd of the Ocean,' and also in a letter to him, prefixed to the 'Faery Queen,' explanatory of the plan and design of that poem. In 1592, Sir Walter engaged in one of those predatory naval expeditions which, in Elizabeth's reign, were common against the enemies of England: a fleet of thirteen ships, besides two of her majesty's men-of-war, being intrusted to his command. This armament was destined to attack Panama, and intercept the Spanish plate fleet, but, having been recalled by Elizabeth soon after sailing, came back with a single prize. On his return, Raleigh incurred the displeasure of the virgin queen by an amour with one of her maids of honour; for which offence, though he married the lady, he suffered imprisonment for some months. While banished from the court, he undertook, at his own expense, in 1595, an expedition to Guiana, concerning whose riches many wonderful tales were then current. He, however, accomplished nothing beyond taking a formal possession of the country in the queen's name. After coming back to England, he published, in 1596, a work entitled *Discovery of the Large, Rich, and Beautiful Empire of Guiana*: this production Hume has very unjustly characterised as 'full of the grossest and most palpable lies that were ever attempted to be imposed on the credulity of mankind.' It would appear that he now regained the queen's favour, since we find him holding, in the same year, a command in the expedition against Cadiz, under the Earl of Essex and Lord Effingham. In the successful attack on that town, his bravery, as well as prudence, was very conspicuous. In 1597, he was rear-admiral in the expedition which sailed under Essex to intercept the Spanish West-India fleet; and by capturing Fayal, one of the Azores, before the arrival of the commander-in-chief, gave great offence to the earl, who considered himself robbed of the glory of the action. A temporary reconciliation was effected; but Raleigh afterwards heartily joined with Cecil in promoting the downfall of Essex, and was a spectator of his execution from a window in the Armoury. On the accession of James I., which followed soon after, the prosperity of Raleigh came to an end, a dislike against him having previously been instilled by Cecil into the royal ear. Through the malignant scheming of the same hypocritical minister, he was accused of conspiring to dethrone the king, and place the crown on the head of Arabella Stuart; and likewise of attempting to excite sedition, and to establish popery by the aid of foreign powers. A trial for high treason ensued, and upon the paltriest evidence, he was condemned by a servile jury. Sir Edward Coke, who was then attorney-general, abused him on this occasion in violent and disgraceful terms, bestowing upon him freely such epithets as viper, damnable atheist, the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived, monster, and spider of hell. Raleigh defended himself with such temper, eloquence, and strength of reasoning, that some even of his enemies were convinced of his innocence, and all parties were ashamed of the judgment pronounced. He was, however, reprieved, and instead of being executed, was committed to the Tower, in which his wife was permitted to bear him company. During the twelve years of his imprisonment, he wrote the chief portion of his works, especially the *History of the World*, of which only a part was finished, comprehending the period from the creation to the downfall of the Macedonian empire, about 170 years before Christ. This was published in 1614. The excellent way in which he treats the histories of Greece and Rome, has excited just regret that so great a portion of the work is devoted to Jewish and Rabbinical learning—subjects which have withdrawn too much of the author's attention from more interesting departments of his scheme. The learning and genius of Raleigh, who, in the words of Hume, 'being educated amidst naval and military enterprises, had surpassed in the pursuits of literature even those of the most recluse and sedentary lives,' have excited much admiration; but Mr D'Israeli* has lately attempted to diminish the wonder, by asserting, on the authority of Ben Jonson and a manuscript in the Lansdowne collection, that our historian was materially aided by the contributions of his learned friends. 'Jonson told Drummond of Hawthornden that Raleigh 'esteemed more fame than conscience. The best wits in England were employed in making his history: Ben himself had written a piece to him of the Punic war, which he altered and set in his book.' According to the manuscript above-mentioned, a still more important helper was a 'Dr Robert Burrel, rector of Northwald, in the county of Norfolk, who was a great favourite of Sir Walter Raleigh, and had been his chaplain. All, or the greatest part, of the drudgery of Sir Walter's history, for criticisms, chronology, and reading Greek and Hebrew authors, was performed by him for Sir Walter.' Mr Tytler, in his recent 'Life of Raleigh,'† has, however, shown that there is no good reason for supposing Raleigh's obligations to his friends to have been greater than those of literary men in general, when similarly circum-

* Curiosities of Literature, 9th edit., vol. v., p. 233.

† Page 457, note G.

stanced; and, moreover, that it was not left for Mr D'Israeli to discover the fact, that Raleigh had obtained such assistance from the individuals whom he specifies.

Both in style and matter, this celebrated work is vastly superior to all the English historical productions which had previously appeared. Its style, though partaking of the faults of the age, in being frequently stiff and inverted, has less of these defects than the diction of any other writer of the time. Mr Tytler, with justice, commends it as 'vigorous, purely English, and possessing an antique richness of ornament, similar to what pleases us when we see some ancient priory or stately manor-house, and compare it with our more modern mansions.' 'The work,' he adds, 'is laborious without being heavy, learned without being dry, acute and ingenious without degenerating into the subtle but trivial distinctions of the schoolmen. Its narrative is clear and spirited, and the matter collected from the most authentic sources. The opinions of the author on state-policy, on the causes of great events, on the different forms of government, on naval or military tactics, on agriculture, commerce, manufactures, and other sources of national greatness, are not the mere echo of other minds, but the results of experience, drawn from the study of a long life spent in constant action and vicissitude, in various climates and countries, and from personal labour in offices of high trust and responsibility. But perhaps its most striking feature is the sweet tone of philosophic melancholy which pervades the whole. Written in prison during the quiet evening of a tempestuous life, we feel, in its perusal, that we are the companions of a superior mind, nursed in contemplation, and chastened and improved by sorrow, in which the bitter recollection of injury, and the asperity of resentment, have passed away, leaving only the heavenly lesson, that all is vanity.'*

We shall commence our quotations from Raleigh with one in which the merits of the book are not represented, but which is instructive, as showing the childishness with which men argued in those days upon subjects they understood not, and could not understand.

That the flood hath not utterly defaced the marks of Paradise, nor caused hills in the earth.

And first, whereas it is supposed by Aug. Chrysamensis, that the flood hath altered, deformed, or rather annihilated this place, in such sort, as no man can find any mark or memory thereof (of which opinion there were others, also, ascribing to the flood the cause of these high mountains, which are found on all the earth over, with many other strange effects); for my own opinion, I think neither the one nor the other to be true. For, although I cannot deny but that the face of Paradise was, after the flood, withered and grown old, in respect of the first beauty (for both the ages of men and the nature of all things time hath changed), yet, if there had been no sign of any such place, or if the soil and seat had not remained, then would not Moses, who wrote of Paradise 850 years after the flood, have described it so particularly, and the prophets, long after Moses, would not have made so often mention thereof. And though the very garden itself were not then to be found, but that the flood, and other accidents of time, made it one common field and pasture with the land of Eden, yet the place is still the same, and the rivers still remain the same rivers. By two of which (never doubted of), to wit, Tigris and Euphrates, we are sure to find in what longitude Paradise lay; and of one of these rivers, which afterward doth divide itself into four branches, we are sure that the partition is at the very border of the garden itself. For it is written, that out of Eden went a river to water the garden, and from thence it was divided, and became into four heads. Now, whether the word in the Latin translation (*inde*), from thence, be referred to Eden itself, or to Paradise, yet the division and branching of those rivers must be in the north or south side of the very garden (if the rivers run, as they do, north and south); and therefore these rivers yet remaining, and Eden manifestly known, there could be no such defacing by the flood, as is supposed. Furthermore, as there is no likelihood that the place could be so altered, as future ages know it not, so is there no probability that either these rivers were turned out of their courses, or new rivers created by the flood, which were not; or that the flood, as aforesaid, by a violent motion, when it began to decrease, was the cause of high hills or deep valleys. For what descent of waters could there be in a spherical and round body, wherein there is nor high nor low? seeing that any violent force of waters is either by the strength of wind, by descent from a higher to a lower, or by the ebb or flood of the sea. But that there was any wind (whereby the seas are most enraged), it appeareth not; rather the contrary is probable; for it is written, 'Therefore God made a wind to pass upon the earth, and the waters ceased.' So as it appeareth not that until the waters sank there was any wind at all, but that God afterward, out of his goodness, caused the wind to blow, to dry up the abundant slime and mud of the earth, and make the land more firm, and to cleanse the air of thick vapours and unwholesome mists; and this we know by experience, that all downright rains do evermore dissever the violence of outrageous winds, and beat down and level the swelling and mountainous billow of the sea; for any ebbs and flows there could be none, when the waters were equal and of one height over all the face of the earth, and when there were no indraughts, bays, or gulfs, to receive a flood, or any descent or violent falling of waters in the round form of the earth and waters, as aforesaid; and therefore it seemeth most agreeable to reason, that the waters rather stood in a quiet calm, than that they moved with any raging or overbearing violence. And for a more direct proof that the flood made no such destroying alteration, Joseph avoweth, that one of those pillars erected by Seth, the third from Adam, was to be seen in his days; which pillars were set up above 1426 years before the flood, counting Seth to be an hundred years old at the erection of them, and Joseph himself to have lived some forty or fifty years after Christ; of whom, although there be no cause to believe all that he wrote, yet that, which he avouched of his own time, cannot (without great derogation) be called in question. And therefore it may be possible, that some foundation or ruin thereof might well be seen: now, that such pillars were raised by Seth, all antiquity hath avowed. It is also written in Berosus (to whom, although I give little credit, yet I cannot condemn him in all), that the city of Enoch, built by Cain, about the mountains of Lebanus, was not defaced by length of time; yea, the ruins thereof, Annius (who commented upon that invented fragment) saith, were to be seen in his days, who lived in the reign of Ferdinand and Isabella of Castile; and if these his words be not true, then was he exceeding impudent. For, speaking of this city of Enoch, he concludeth in this sort:—'Cujus maximæ et ingentis molis fundamenta visuntur, et vocatur ab incolis regionis, civitas Cain, ut nostri mercatores et peregrini referunt'—['The foundation of which huge mass is now to be seen, and the place is called by the people of that region the City of Cain, as both our strangers and merchants report.']

* Pp. 330 and 346.

It is also avowed by Pomponius Mela (to whom I give more credit in these things), that the city of Joppa was built before the flood, over which Cepha was king, whose name, with his brother Phineas, together with the grounds and principles of their religion, was found graven upon certain altars of stone; and it is not impossible that the ruins of this other city, called Enoch by Annius, might be seen, though founded in the first age; but it could not be of the first city of the world, built by Cain, the place, rather than the time, denying it.

And to prove directly that the flood was not the cause of mountains, but that there were mountains from the creation, it is written, that 'the waters of the flood overflowed by fifteen cubits the highest mountains.' And Masius Damascenus, speaking of the flood, writeth in this manner:- 'Est supra Minyadam excelsus mons in Armenia (qui Baris appellatur) in quo confugientes multos sermo est deluvii tempore liberatos'—['And upon Minyada there is a high mountain in Armenia (called Baris), unto which (as it is said) that many fled in the time of the deluge, and that they saved themselves thereon.'] Now, although it is contrary to God's word, that any more were saved than eight persons (which Masius doth not avouch but by report), yet it is a testimony, that such mountains were before the flood, which were afterwards, and ever since, known by the same names; and on which mountains it is generally received that the ark rested, but untruly, as I shall prove hereafter. And again, it appeareth, that the mount Sion (though by another name) was known before the flood; on which the Talmudists report, that many giants saved themselves also, but (as Annius saith) without all authority either divine or human.

Lastly, it appeareth that the flood did not so turn upside down the face of the earth, as thereby it was made past knowledge after the waters were decreased, by this, that when Noah sent out the dove the second time, she returned with an olive leaf in her mouth, which she had plucked, and which (until the trees were discovered) she found not; for otherwise, she might have found them floating on the water; a manifest proof, that the trees were not torn up by the roots, nor swam upon the waters; for it is written, 'folium olivæ raptum,' or 'decerptum'—['a leaf plucked']; which is, to take from a tree, or to tear off. By this it is apparent (there being nothing written to the contrary), that the flood made no such alteration as was supposed, but that the place of Paradise might be seen to succeeding ages, especially unto Moses, by whom it pleased God to teach the truth of the world's creation, and unto the prophets which succeeded him; both which I take for my warrant, and to guide me in this discovery.

[*The Battle of Thermopylæ.*]

After such time as Xerxes had transported the army over the Hellespont, and landed in Thrace (leaving the description of his passage alongst that coast, and how the river of Lissus was drunk dry by his multitudes, and the lake near to Pissyrus by his cattle, with other accidents in his marches towards Greece), I will speak of the encounters he had, and the shameful and incredible overthrows which he received. At first at Thermopylæ, a narrow passage of half an acre of ground, lying between the mountains which divide Thessaly from Greece, where sometime the Phocians had raised a wall with gates, which was then for the most part ruined. At this entrance, Leonidas, one of the kings of Sparta, with 300 Lacedæmonians, assisted with 1000 Tegeatæ and Mantineans, and 1000 Arcadians, and other Peloponnesians, to the number of 3100 in the whole; besides 100 Phocians, 400 Thebans, 700 Thespians, and all the forces (such as they were) of the bordering Locrians, defended the passage two whole days together against that huge army of the Persians. The valour of the Greeks appeared so excellent in this defence, that, in the first day's fight, Xerxes is said to have three times leaped out of his throne, fearing the destruction of his army by one handful of these men whom not long before he had utterly despised: and when the second day's attempt upon the Greeks had proved vain, he was altogether ignorant how to proceed further, and so might have continued, had not a runagate Grecian taught him a secret way, by which part of his army might ascend the ledge of mountains, and set upon the backs of those who kept the straits. But when the most valiant of the Persian army had almost inclosed the small forces of the Greeks, then did Leonidas, king of the Lacedæmonians, with his 300, and 700 Thespians, which were all that abode by him, refuse to quit the place which they had undertaken to make good, and with admirable courage, not only resist that world of men which charged them on all sides, but, issuing out of their strength, made so great a slaughter of their enemies, that they might well be called vanquishers, though all of them were slain upon the place. Xerxes having lost in this last fight, together with 20,000 other soldiers and captains, two of his own brethren, began to doubt what inconvenience might befall him by the virtue of such as had not been present at these battles, with whom he knew that he shortly was to deal. Especially of the Spartans he stood in great fear, whose manhood had appeared singular in this trial, which caused him very carefully to inquire what numbers they could bring into the field. It is reported of Dieneces, the Spartan, that when one thought to have terrified him by saying that the flight of the Persian arrows was so thick as would hide the sun, he answered thus—'It is very good news, for then shall we fight in the cool shade.'

In another of his works Raleigh tells, in the following vigorous language, wherein lies

The Strength of Kings.

They say the goodliest cedars which grow on the high mountains of Libanus thrust their roots between the clefts of hard rocks, the better to bear themselves against the strong storms that blow there. As nature has instructed those kings of trees, so has reason taught the kings of men to root themselves in the hardy hearts of their faithful subjects; and as those kings of trees have large tops, so have the kings of men large crowns, whereof, as the first would soon be broken from their bodies, were they not underborne by many branches, so would the other easily totter, were they not fastened on their heads with the strong chains of civil justice and of martial discipline.

In the year 1615, Raleigh was liberated from the Tower, in consequence of having projected a second expedition to Guiana, from which the king hoped to derive some profit. His purpose was to colonise the country, and work gold mines; and in 1617 a fleet of twelve armed vessels sailed under his command. The whole details of his intended proceedings, however, were weakly or treacherously communicated by the king to the Spanish government, by whom the scheme was miserably thwarted. Returning to England, he landed at Plymouth, and on his way to London was arrested in the king's name. At this time the projected match between Prince Charles and the Infanta of Spain occupied James's attention, and, to propitiate the Spanish government, he determined that Raleigh must be sacrificed. After many vain attempts to discover valid grounds of accusation against him, it was found necessary to proceed upon the old sentence, and Raleigh was accordingly

beheaded on the 29th of October 1618. On the scaffold his behaviour was firm and calm; after addressing the people in justification of his character and conduct, he took up the axe, and observed to the sheriff, 'This is a sharp medicine, but a sound cure for all diseases.' Having tried how the block fitted his head, he told the executioner that he would give the signal by lifting up his hand; 'and then,' added he, 'fear not, but strike home!' He then laid himself down, but was requested by the executioner to alter the position of his head: 'So the heart be right,' was his reply, 'it is no matter which way the head lies.' On the signal being given, the executioner failed to act with promptitude, which caused Raleigh to exclaim, 'Why dost thou not strike? Strike, man!' By two strokes, which he received without shrinking, the head of this intrepid man was severed from his body.

The night before his execution, he composed the following verses in prospect of death:—

Even such is Time, that takes on trust
Our youth, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Who in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways,
Shuts up the story of our days!

While in prison in expectation of death, either on this or the former occasion, he wrote also a tender and affectionate valedictory letter to his wife, of which the following is a portion:—

You shall receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines; my love I send you, that you may keep when I am dead, and my counsel, that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not with my will present you sorrows, dear Bess; let them go to the grave with me, and be buried in the dust. And seeing that it is not the will of God that I shall see you any more, bear my destruction patiently, and with a heart like yourself.

First, I send you all the thanks which my heart can conceive, or my words express, for your many travails and cares for me, which, though they have not taken effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less; but pay it I never shall in this world.

Secondly, I beseech you, for the love you bear me living, that you do not hide yourself many days, but by your travails seek to help my miserable fortunes, and the right of your poor child; your mourning cannot avail me, that am but dust.

* * *

Paylie oweth me a thousand pounds, and Aryan six hundred; in Jersey, also, I have much owing me. Dear wife, I beseech you, for my soul's sake, pay all poor men. When I am dead, no doubt you shall be much sought unto; for the world thinks I was very rich; have a care to the fair pretences of men, for no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey unto the world, and after to be despised. I speak, God knows, not to dissuade you from marriage, for it will be best for you, both in respect of God and the world. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine; death hath cut us asunder, and God hath divided me from the world, and you from me. Remember your poor child for his father's sake, who loved you in his happiest estate. I sued for my life, but, God knows, it was for you and yours that I desired it: for know it, my dear wife, your child is the child of a true man, who, in his own respect, despiseth death, and his mis-shapen and ugly forms. I cannot write much (God knows how hardly I steal this time when all sleep), and it is also time for me to separate my thoughts from the world. Beg my dead body, which living was denied you, and either lay it in Sherburn or Exeter church, by my father and mother. I can say no more, time and death calleth me away. The everlasting God, powerful, infinite, and inscrutable God Almighty, who is goodness itself, the true light and life, keep you and yours, and have mercy upon me, and forgive my persecutors and false accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom. My dear wife, farewell; bless my boy, pray for me, and let my true God hold you both in his arms.

Besides the works already mentioned, Raleigh composed a number of political and other pieces, some of which have never been published. Among those best known are his *Maxims of State*, the *Cabinet Council*, the *Sceptic*, and *Advice to his Son*. The last contains much admirable counsel, sometimes tinctured, indeed, with that worldliness and caution which the writer's hard experience had strengthened in a mind naturally disposed to be mindful of self-interest. The subjects on which he advises his son are—the choice of friends and of a wife, deafness to flattery, the avoidance of quarrels, the preservation of estate, the choice of servants, the avoidance of evil means of seeking riches, the bad effects of drunkenness, and the service of God. We extract his

Three Rules to be observed for the Preservation of a Man's Estate.

Amongst all other things of the world, take care of thy estate, which thou shalt ever preserve if thou observe three things: first, that thou know what thou hast, what every thing is worth that thou hast, and to see that thou art not wasted by thy servants and officers. The second is, that thou never spend anything before thou have it; for borrowing is the canker and death of every man's estate. The third is, that thou suffer not thyself to be wounded for other men's faults, and scourged for other men's offences; which is, the surety for another, for thereby millions of men have been beggared and destroyed, paying the reckoning of other men's riot, and the charge of other men's folly and prodigality; if thou smart, smart for thine own sins; and, above all things, be not made an ass to carry the burdens of other men: if any friend desire thee to be his surety, give him a part of what thou hast to spare; if he press thee farther, he is not thy friend at all, for friendship rather chooseth harm to itself than offereth it. If thou be bound for a stranger, thou art a fool; if for a merchant, thou puttest thy estate to learn to swim; if for a churchman, he hath no inheritance; if for a lawyer, he will find an invasion by a syllable or word to abuse thee; if for a poor man, thou must pay it thyself; if for a rich man, he needs not: therefore from suretyship, as from a man-slayer or enchanter, bless thyself; for the best profit and return will be this, that if thou force him for whom thou art bound, to pay it himself, he will become thy enemy; if thou use to pay it thyself, thou wilt be a beggar; and believe thy father in this, and print it in thy thought, that what virtue soever thou hast, be it never so manifold, if thou be poor withal, thou and thy qualities shall be despised. Besides, poverty is ofttimes sent as a curse of God; it is a shame amongst men, an imprisonment of the mind, a vexation of every worthy spirit: thou shalt neither help thyself nor others; thou shalt drown thee in all thy virtues, having no means to show them; thou shalt be a burden and an eyesore to thy friends, every man will fear thy company; thou shalt be driven basely to beg and depend on others, to flatter unworthy men, to make dishonest shifts: and, to conclude, poverty provokes a man to do infamous and detested deeds; let no vanity, therefore, or persuasion, draw thee to that worst of worldly miseries.

If thou be rich, it will give thee pleasure in health,

comfort in sickness, keep thy mind and body free, save thee from many perils, relieve thee in thy elder years, relieve the poor and thy honest friends, and give means to thy posterity to live, and defend themselves and thine own fame. Where it is said in the Proverbs, 'That he shall be sore vexed that is surety for a stranger, and he that hateth suretyship is sure;' it is further said, 'The poor is hated even of his own neighbour, but the rich have many friends.' Lend not to him that is mightier than thyself, for if thou lendest him, count it but lost; be not surety above thy power, for if thou be surety, think to pay it.

RICHARD GRAFTON.

We now revert to a useful, though less brilliant, class of writers, the English chroniclers; a continuous succession of whom was kept up during the period of which we are now treating. The first who attracts our attention is RICHARD GRAFTON, an individual who, in addition to the craft of authorship, practised the typographical art in London in the reigns of Henry VIII. and three succeeding monarchs. Being printer to Edward VI., he was employed, after the death of that king, to prepare the proclamation which declared the succession of Lady Jane Grey to the crown. For this simply professional act he was deprived of his patent, and ostensibly for the same reason committed to prison. While there, or at least while unemployed after the loss of his business, he compiled *An Abridgment of the Chronicles of England*, published in 1562, and of which a new edition, in two volumes, was published in 1809. Much of this work was borrowed from Hall; and the author, though sometimes referred to as an authority by modern compilers, holds but a low rank among English historians.

JOHN STOW.

His contemporary, JOHN STOW, enjoys a much higher reputation as an accurate and impartial recorder of public events. This industrious writer was born in London about the year 1525. Being the son of a tailor, he was brought up to that business, but early exhibited a decided turn for antiquarian research. About the year 1560, he formed the design of composing annals of English history, in consequence of which, he for a time abandoned his trade, and travelled on foot through a considerable part of England, for the purpose of examining the historical manuscripts preserved in cathedrals and other public establishments. He also enlarged, as far as his pecuniary resources allowed, his collection of old books and manuscripts, of which there were many scattered through the country, in consequence of the suppression of monasteries by Henry VIII.* Necessity, however, compelled him to resume his trade, and his studies were suspended till the bounty of Dr Parker, archbishop of Canterbury, enabled him again to prosecute them. In 1565 he published his *Summary of English Chronicles*, dedicated to the Earl of Leicester, at whose request the work was undertaken. Parker's death, in 1575, materially reduced his income, but he still managed to continue his researches, to which his whole time and energies were now devoted. At length, in 1598, appeared his *Survey of London*, the best known of his writings, and which has served as the groundwork of all subsequent histories of the metropolis. There was another work, his large *Chronicle*, or *History of England*, on which forty years' labour had been bestowed, which he was very desirous to publish; but of this he succeeded in printing only an abstract, entitled *Flores Historiarum*, or *Annals of England* (1600). A volume published from his papers after his death, entitled *Stow's Chronicle*, does not contain the large work now mentioned, which, though left by him fit for the press, seems to have somehow gone astray. In his old age he fell into such poverty, as to be driven to solicit charity from the public. Having made application to James I., he received the royal license 'to repair to churches, or other places, to receive the gratuities and charitable benevolence of well-disposed people.' It is little to the honour of the contemporaries of this worthy and industrious man, that he should have been thus literally reduced to beggary. Under the pressure of want and disease, Stow died in 1605, at the advanced

Stow's Monument in the church of St Andrew under Shaft, London.

* Vast numbers of books were at this period wantonly destroyed. 'A number of them which purchased these superstitious mansions,' says Bishop Bale, 'reserved of those library books some to serve their jakes, some to scour their candlesticks, and some to rub their boots, and some they sold to the grocers and soap sellers, and some they sent over sea to bookbinders, not in small numbers, but at times whole ships full. Yea, the universities are not all clear in this detestable fact; but cursed is the belly which seeketh to be fed with so ungodly gains, and so deeply shameth his native country. I know a merchantman (which shall at this time be nameless) that bought the contents of two noble libraries for forty shillings price: a shame it is to be spoken. This stuff hath he occupied instead of grey paper, by the space of more than these ten years, and yet hath he store enough for as many years to come.'—*Bale's Declaration*, &c., quoted in 'Collier's Eccles. Hist.' ii. 166. Another illustration is given by the editor of 'Letters written by Eminent Persons,' in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries' (London, 1813). 'The splendid and magnificent abbey of Malmesbury,' says he, 'which possessed some of the finest manuscripts in the kingdom, was ransacked, and its treasures either sold or burnt to serve the commonest purposes of life. An antiquary who travelled through that town many years after the dissolution, relates that he saw broken windows patched up with remnants of the most valuable manuscripts on vellum, and that the bakers had not even then consumed the stores they had accumulated, in heating their ovens!' (Vol. I., p. 278.)

age of eighty years. His works, though possessing few graces of style, have always been esteemed for accuracy and research. He often declared that, in composing them, he had never allowed himself to be swayed either by fear, favour, or malice; but that he had impartially, and to the best of his knowledge, delivered the truth. So highly was his accuracy esteemed by contemporary authors, that Bacon and Camden took statements upon his sole credit. The following extract is taken from the 'Survey of London:'—

[*Sports upon the Ice in Elizabeth's Reign.*]

When that great moor which washeth Moorfields, at the north wall of the city, is frozen over, great companies of young men go to sport upon the ice; then fetching a run, and setting their feet at a distance, and placing their bodies sidewise, they slide a great way. Others take heaps of ice, as if it were great mill-stones, and make seats; many going before, draw him that sits thereon, holding one another by the hand in going so fast; some slipping with their feet, all fall down together: some are better practised to the ice, and bind to their shoes bones, as the legs of some beasts, and hold stakes in their hands headed with sharp iron, which sometimes they strike against the ice; and these men go on with speed as doth a bird in the air, or darts shot from some warlike engine: sometimes two men set themselves at a distance, and run one against another, as it were at tilt, with these stakes, wherewith one or both parties are thrown down, not without some hurt to their bodies; and after their fall, by reason of the violent motion, are carried a good distance from one another; and whersoever the ice doth touch their head, it rubs off all the skin, and lays it bare; and if one fall upon his leg or arm, it is usually broken; but young men greedy of honour, and desirous of victory, do thus exercise themselves in counterfeit battles, that they may bear the brunt more strongly when they come to it in good earnest.

RAPHAEL HOLINSHED—WILLIAM HARRISON—JOHN HOOKER—FRANCIS BOTEVILLE.

Among all the old chroniclers, none is more frequently referred to than RAPHAEL HOLINSHED, of whom, however, almost nothing is known, except that he was a principal writer of the chronicles which bear his name, and that he died about the year 1580. Among his coadjutors were WILLIAM HARRISON, a clergyman, JOHN HOOKER, an uncle of the author of the 'Ecclesiastical Polity,' and FRANCIS BOTEVILLE, an individual of whom nothing has been recorded, but that he was 'a man of great learning and judgment, and a wonderful lover of antiquities.' John Stow, also, was among the contributors. Prefixed to the historical portion of the work is a description of Britain and its inhabitants, by William Harrison, which continues to be highly valued, as affording an interesting picture of the state of the country, and manners of the people, in the sixteenth century. This is followed by a history of England to the Norman Conquest, by Holinshed; a history and description of Ireland, by Richard Stanihurst; additional chronicles of Ireland, translated or written by Hooker, Holinshed, and Stanihurst; a description and history of Scotland, mostly translated from Hector Boece, by Holinshed or Harrison; and, lastly, a history of England, by Holinshed, from the Norman Conquest to 1577, when the first edition of the 'Chronicles' was published. In the second edition, which appeared in 1587, several sheets containing matter offensive to the queen and her ministers were omitted; but these have been restored in the excellent edition in six volumes quarto, published in London in 1807-8. It was from the translation of Boece that Shakspeare derived the ground-work of his tragedy of 'Macbeth.' As a specimen of these chronicles, we are tempted to quote some of Harrison's sarcastic remarks on the degeneracy of his contemporaries, their extravagance in dress, and the growth of luxury among them. His account of the languages of Britain, however, being peculiarly suited to the object of the present work, and at the same time highly amusing from the quaintness and simplicity of the style, it is here given in preference to any other extract.

[*The Languages of Britain.*]

The British tongue called Cymric doth yet remain in that part of the island which is now called Wales, whither the Britons were driven after the Saxons had made a full conquest of the other, which we now call England, although the pristine integrity thereof be not a little diminished by mixture of the Latin and Saxon speeches withal. Howbeit, many poesies and writings (in making whereof that nation hath evermore delighted) are yet extant in my time, whereby some difference between the ancient and present language may easily be discerned, notwithstanding that among all these there is nothing to be found which can set down any sound and full testimony of their own original, in remembrance whereof their bards and cunning men have been most slack and negligent. * *

Next unto the British speech, the Latin tongue was brought in by the Romans, and in manner generally planted through the whole region, as the French was after by the Normans. Of this tongue I will not say much, because there are few which be not skilful in the same. Howbeit, as the speech itself is easy and delectable, so hath it perverted the names of the ancient rivers, regions, and cities of Britain, in such wise, that in these our days their old British denominations are quite grown out of memory, and yet those of the new Latin left as most uncertain. This remaineth, also, unto my time, borrowed from the Romans, that all our deeds, evidences, charters, and writings of record, are set down in the Latin tongue, though now very barbarous, and thereunto the copies and court-rolls, and processes of courts and leets registered in the same.

The third language apparently known is the Scythian,* or High Dutch, induced at the first by the Saxons (which the Britons call Saysonaec,† as they do the speakers Sayson), a hard and rough kind of speech, God wot, when our nation was brought first into acquaintance withal, but now changed with us into a far more fine and easy kind of utterance, and so polished and helped with new and milder words, that it is to be avouched how there is no one speech under the sun spoken in our time that hath or can have more variety of words, copiousness of phrases, or figures and flowers of eloquence, than hath our English tongue, although some have affirmed us rather to bark as dogs than talk like men, because the most of our words (as they do indeed) incline unto one syllable. This, also, is to be noted as a testimony remaining still of our language, derived from the Saxons, that the general name, for the most part, of every skilful artificer in his trade endeth in *here* with us, albeit the *h* be left out, and *er* only inserted, as, scrivenhere, writchere, shiphere, &c.—for scrivener, writer, and shipper, &c.; beside many other relics of that speech, never to be abolished.

After the Saxon tongue came the Norman or French

* It is scarcely necessary to remark, that this term is here misapplied.

† The Highlanders of Scotland still speak of the English as *Sassenach* (meaning Saxons).

language over into our country, and therein were our laws written for a long time. Our children, also, were, by an especial decree, taught first to speak the same, and thereunto enforced to learn their constructions in the French, whensoever they were set to the grammar-school. In like sort, few bishops, abbots, or other clergymen, were admitted unto any ecclesiastical function here among us, but such as came out of religious houses from beyond the seas, to the end they should not use the English tongue in their sermons to the people. In the court, also, it grew into such contempt, that most men thought it no small dishonour to speak any English there; which bravery took his hold at the last likewise in the country with every ploughman, that even the very carters began to wax weary of their mother-tongue, and laboured to speak French, which as then was counted no small token of gentility. And no marvel; for every French rascal, when he came once hither, was taken for a gentleman, only because he was proud, and could use his own language. And all this (I say) to exile the English and British speeches quite out of the country. But in vain; for in the time of king Edward I., to wit, toward the latter end of his reign, the French itself ceased to be spoken generally, but most of all and by law in the midst of Edward III., and then began the English to recover and grow in more estimation than before; notwithstanding that, among our artificers, the most part of their implements, tools, and words of art, retain still their French denominations even to these our days, as the language itself is used likewise in sundry courts, books of record, and matters of law; whereof here is no place to make any particular rehearsal. Afterward, also, by diligent travail of Geoffrey Chaucer and John Gower, in the time of Richard II., and after them of John Scogan and John Lydgate, monk of Bury, our said tongue was brought to an excellent pass, notwithstanding that it never came unto the type of perfection until the time of Queen Elizabeth, wherein John Jewel, bishop of Sarum, John Fox, and sundry learned and excellent writers, have fully accomplished the ornature of the same, to their great praise and immortal commendation; although not a few other do greatly seek to stain the same, by fond affectation of foreign and strange words, presuming that to be the best English which is most corrupted with external terms of eloquence and sound of many syllables. But as this excellency of the English tongue is found in one, and the south part of this island, so in Wales the greatest number (as I said) retain still their own ancient language, that of the north part of the said country being less corrupted than the other, and therefore reputed for the better in their own estimation and judgment. This, also, is proper to us Englishmen, that since ours is a middle or intermediate language, and neither too rough nor too smooth in utterance, we may with much facility learn any other language, beside Hebrew, Greek, and Latin, and speak it naturally, as if we were home-born in those countries; and yet on the other side it falleth out, I wot not by what other means, that few foreign nations can rightly pronounce ours, without some and that great note of imperfection, especially the Frenchmen, who also seldom write anything that savoureth of English truly. But this of all the rest doth breed most admiration with me, that if any stranger do hit upon some likely pronunciation of our tongue, yet in age he swerveth so much from the same, that he is worse therein than ever he was, and thereto, peradventure, halteth not a little also in his own, as I have seen by experience in Reginald Wolfe, and others, whereof I have justly marvelled.

The Cornish and Devonshire men, whose country the Britons call Cerniw, have a speech in like sort of their own, and such as hath indeed more affinity with the Armorican tongue than I can well discuss of. Yet in mine opinion, they are both but a corrupted kind of British, albeit so far degenerating in these days from the old, that if either of them do meet with a Welshman, they are not able at the first to understand one another, except here and there in some odd words, without the help of interpreters. And no marvel, in mine opinion, that the British of Cornwall is thus corrupted, since the Welsh tongue that is spoken in the north and south part of Wales doth differ so much in itself, as the English used in Scotland doth from that which is spoken among us here in this side of the island, as I have said already.

The Scottish-English hath been much broader and less pleasant in utterance than ours, because that nation hath not, till of late, endeavoured to bring the same to any perfect order, and yet it was such in manner as Englishmen themselves did speak for the most part beyond the Trent, whither any great amendment of our language had not, as then, extended itself. Howbeit, in our time the Scottish language endeavoureth to come near, if not altogether to match, our tongue in fineness of phrase and copiousness of words, and this may in part appear by a history of the Apocrypha translated into Scottish verse by Hudson, dedicated to the king of that country, and containing six books, except my memory do fail me.

RICHARD HAKLUYT.

RICHARD HAKLUYT is another of the laborious compilers of this period, to whom the world is indebted for the preservation, in an accessible form, of narratives which would otherwise, in all probability, have fallen into oblivion. The department of history which he chose was that descriptive of the naval adventures and discoveries of his countrymen. Hakluyt was born in London about the year 1553, and received his elementary education at Westminster school. He afterwards studied at Oxford, where he engaged in an extensive course of reading in various languages, on geographical and maritime subjects, for which he had early displayed a strong liking. So much reputation did his knowledge in those departments acquire for him, that he was appointed to lecture at Oxford on cosmography and the collateral sciences, and carried on a correspondence with those celebrated continental geographers, Ortelius and Mercator. At a subsequent period, he resided for five years in Paris as chaplain to the English ambassador, during which time he cultivated the acquaintance of persons eminent for their knowledge of geography and maritime history. On his return from France in 1588, Sir Walter Raleigh appointed him one of the society of counsellors, assistants, and adventurers, to whom he assigned his patent for the prosecution of discoveries in America. Previously to this, he had published, in 1582 and 1587, two small collections of voyages to America; but these are included in a much larger work in three volumes, which he published in 1598, 1599, and 1600, entitled *The Principal Navigations, Voyages, Traffiques, and Discoveries of the English Nation, made by Sea or Over Land, to the Remote and Farthest Distant Quarters of the Earth, within the Compass of these* 1500 *years*. In the first volume are contained voyages to the north and north-east; the true state of Iceland; the defeat of the Spanish Armada; the expedition under the Earl of Essex to Cadiz, &c. In the second, he relates voyages to the south and south-east; and in the third, expeditions to North America, the West Indies, and round the world. Narratives are given of nearly two hundred and twenty voyages, besides many relative documents, such as patents, instructions, and letters. To this collection all the subsequent compilers in this department have

been largely indebted. In the explanatory catalogue prefixed to 'Churchill's Collection of Voyages,' and of which Locke has been said to be the author, Hakluyt's collection is spoken of as 'valuable for the good there to be picked out: but it might be wished the author had been less voluminous, delivering what was really authentic and useful, and not stuffing his work with so many stories taken upon trust, so many trading voyages that have nothing new in them, so many warlike exploits not at all pertinent to his undertaking, and such a multitude of articles, charters, privileges, letters, relations, and other things little to the purpose of travels and discoveries.'* The work having become very scarce, a new edition, in five volumes quarto, was published in 1809. Hakluyt was the author, also, of translations of two foreign works on Florida; and, when at Paris, published an enlarged edition of a history in the Latin language, entitled *De Rebus Oceanicis et Orbe Novo*, by Martyr, an Italian author; this was afterwards translated into English by a person of the name of Lok, under the title of *The History of the West Indies, containing the Acts and Adventures of the Spaniards, which have Conquered and Peopled those Countries; enriched with Variety of Pleasant Relation of Manners, Ceremonies, Laws, Governments, and Wars, of the Indians.* In 1601 Hakluyt published the *Discoveries of the World, from the First Original to the Year of our Lord* 1555, translated, with additions, from the Portuguese of Antonio Galvano, governor of Ternate, in the East Indies. At his death, in 1616, his papers, which were numerous, came into the hands of

SAMUEL PURCHAS,

another English clergyman, who made use of them in compiling a history of voyages, in four volumes, entitled *Purchas his Pilgrims.* This appeared in 1625; but the author had already published, in 1613, before Hakluyt's death, a volume called *Purchas his Pilgrimage; or, Relations of the World, and the Religions Observed in all Ages and Places Discovered from the Creation unto this Present.* These two works (a new edition of the latter of which was published in 1626) form a continuation of Hakluyt's collection, but on a more extended plan.† The publication of this voluminous work involved the author in debt: it was, however, well received, and has been of much utility to later compilers. The writer of the catalogue in Churchill's collection says of Purchas, that 'he has imitated Hakluyt too much, swelling his work into five volumes in folio;' yet, he adds, 'the whole collection is very valuable, as having preserved many considerable voyages that might otherwise have perished. But, like Hakluyt, he has thrown in all that came to hand, to fill up so many volumes, and is excessive full of his own notions, and of mean quibbling and playing upon words; yet for such as can make choice of the best, the collection is very valuable.'‡ Among his peculiarities is that of interlarding theological reflections and discussions with his narratives. Purchas died about 1628, at the age of fifty-one. His other works are, *Microcosmus, or the History of Man* (1619); the *King's Tower and Triumphant Arch of London* (1623); and a *Funeral Sermon* (1619). His quaint eulogy of the sea is here extracted from the 'Pilgrimage:'—

[*The Sea.*]

As God hath combined the sea and land into one globe, so their joint combination and mutual assistance is necessary to secular happiness and glory. The sea covereth one-half of this patrimony of man, whereof God set him in possession when he said, 'Replenish the earth, and subdue it, and have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the fowl of the air, and over every living thing that moveth upon the earth.' * * Thus should man at once lose half his inheritance, if the art of navigation did not enable him to manage this untamed beast, and with the bridle of the winds and saddle of his shipping to make him serviceable. Now for the services of the sea, they are innumerable: it is the great purveyor of the world's commodities to our use; conveyer of the excess of rivers; uniter, by traffick, of all nations: it presents the eye with diversified colours and motions, and is, as it were, with rich brooches, adorned with various islands. It is an open field for merchandise in peace; a pitched field for the most dreadful fights of war; yields diversity of fish and fowl for diet; materials for wealth, medicine for health, simples for medicines, pearls, and other jewels for ornament; amber and ambergrise for delight; 'the wonders of the Lord in the deep' for instruction, variety of creatures for use, multiplicity of natures for contemplation, diversity of accidents for admiration, compendiousness to the way, to full bodies healthful evacuation, to the thirsty earth fertile moisture, to distant friends pleasant meeting, to weary persons delightful refreshing, to studious and religious minds a map of knowledge, mystery of temperance, exercise of continence; school of prayer, meditation, devotion, and sobriety; refuge to the distressed, portage to the merchant, passage to the traveller, customs to the prince, springs, lakes, rivers, to the earth; it hath on it tempests and calms to chastise the sins, to exercise the faith, of seamen; manifold affections in itself, to affect and stupify the subtilest philosopher; sustaineth moveable fortresses for the soldier; maintaineth (as in our island) a wall of defence and watery garrison to guard the state; entertains the sun with vapours, the moon with obsequiousness, the stars also with a natural looking-glass, the sky with clouds, the air with temperateness, the soil with suppleness, the rivers with tides, the hills with moisture, the valleys with fertility; containeth most diversified matter for meteors, most multiform shapes, most various, numerous kinds, most immense, difformed, deformed, unformed monsters; once (for why should I longer detain you?) the sea yields action to the body, meditation to the mind, the world to the world, all parts thereof to each part, by this art of arts, navigation.

JOHN DAVIS.

Among the intrepid navigators of Queen Elizabeth's reign, whose adventures are recorded by Hakluyt, one of the most distinguished is JOHN DAVIS, a native of Devonshire, who, in 1585, and the two following years, made three voyages in search of a north-west passage to China, and discovered the well-known straits to which his name has ever since been applied. In 1595 he himself published a small and now exceedingly rare volume, entitled *The World's Hydrographical Description*, 'wherein,' as we are told in the title-page, 'is proued not onely

* Churchill's Collection, vol. i., p. xvii.

† The contents of the different volumes are as follow:—Vol. I. of the 'Pilgrims' contains Voyages and Travels of Ancient Kings, Patriarchs, Apostles, and Philosophers; Voyages of Circumnavigators of the Globe; and Voyages along the coasts of Africa to the East Indies, Japan, China, the Philippine Islands, and the Persian and Arabian Gulfs. Vol. II. contains Voyages and Relations of Africa, Ethiopia, Palestine, Arabia, Persia, and other parts of Asia. Vol. III. contains Tartary, China, Russia, North-West America, and the Polar Regions. Vol. IV. contains America and the West Indies. Vol. V. contains the Pilgrimage, a Theological and Geographical History of Asia, Africa, and America.

‡ Vol. i., p. xvii.

by auctheritie of writers, but also by late experience of trauellers, and reasons of substantiall probabilitie, that the worlde in all his zones, clymats, and places, is habitable and inhabited, and the seas likewise universally nauigable, without any naturall anoyance to hinder the same; whereby appeares that from England there is a short and speedie passage into the South Seas to China, Malucca, Phillipina, and India, by northerly navigation, to the renowme, honour, and benefit of her maiesties state and communalty.' In corroboration of these positions, he gives a short narrative of his voyages, which, notwithstanding the unsuccessful termination of them all, he considers to afford arguments in favour of the north-west passage. This narrative, with its original spelling, is here inserted as an interesting specimen of the style of such relations in the age of Elizabeth.

[*Davis's Voyages in Search of the North-West Passage.*]

In my first voyage, not experienced of the nature of those clymattes, and having no direction either by Chart, Globe, or other certayne relation in what altitude that be ched, I sha d Northerly course and so sought the same towards the South, and in that my Northerly course I fell upon the shore which in ancient time was called Groynland, fiue hundred leagues distant from the dursey West Nor West Northerly, the land being very high and full of mightie mountaines all couered with snow, no viewe of wood, grasse, or earth to be seene, and the shore two leages of into the sea so full of yce as that no shipping could by any meanes come neere the same. The lothsome veiwe of the shore, and irksome noyse of the yce was such, as that it bred strange conceipts among us, so that we supposed the place to be wast and voyd of any sencible or vegitable creatures, whereupon I called the same Desolation; so coasting this shore towardes the South in the latitude of sixtie degrees, I found it to tiend towardes the west. I still followed the leading thereof in the same height, and after fiftie or sixtie leages, it fayled and lay directly north, which I still followed, and in thirtie leages sayling upon the West side of this coast by me named Desolation, we were past all the yce and found many greene and plesant Ills bordering upon the shore, but the mountains of the maine were still covered with great quantities of snowe. I brought my shippe among those ylls and there moored to refreshe our selves in our wearie travell, in the latitude of sixtie foure degrees or there about. The people of the country, having espyed our shipps, came down unto us in their canoes, holding up their right hand to the Sunne and crying Yliaout, would stricke their brestes; we doing the like the people came aborde our shippes, men of good stature, unbearded, small eyed and of tractable conditions; by whom, as signes would permit, we understoode that towardes the North and West there was a great sea, and using the people with kindnesse in geuing them nayles and knifes which of all things they most desired, we departed, and finding the sea free from yce, supposing our selves to be past all daunger, we shaped our course West Nor West, thinking thereby to passe for China, but in the latitude of sixtie sixe degrees, wee fell with an other shore, and there founde an other passage of 20 leages broade directly West into the same, which we supposed to bee our hoped strayght. We intered into the same thirty or fortie leages, finding it neither to wyden nor straighten; then, considering that the yeere was spent, for this was in the fyne of August, and not knowing the length of this straight and dangers thereof, we tooke it our best course to retourne with notice of our good successe for this small time of search. And so retourning in a sharpe fret of Westerly windes, the 29 of September we arrived at Dartmouth. And acquainting master Secretory with the rest of the honorable and worshipfull adventurers of all our proceedinges, I was appointed againe the seconde yeere to search the bottome of this straight, because by all likelihood it was the place and passage by us laboured for. In this second attempt the merchants of Exeter and other places of the West became adventurers in the action, so that, being sufficiently furnished for sixe monthes, and having direction to search this straighte, untill we found the same to fall into an other sea upon the West side of this part of America, we should agayne retourne, for then it was not to be doubted but shiping with trade might safely bee conueied to China and the parts of Asia. We departed from Dartmouth, and ariving unto the south part of the cost of Desolation costed the same upon his west shore to the lat. of 66. degres, and there ancored among the ylls bordering upon the same, where wee refreshed our selues. The people of this place came likewise vnto vs, by whome I vnderstood through their signes that towardes the North the sea was large. At this place the cheefe shipe whereupon I trusted, called the Mermayd of Dartmouth, found many occasions of discontentment, and being unwilling to proceede she there forsooke me. Then considering howe I had giuen my fayth and most constant promise to my worshipfull good friend master William Sanderson, who of all men was the greatest aduenturer in that action, and tooke such care for the perfourmance thereof that hee hath to my knowledge at one time disbursed as much money as any fiue others whatsoeuer out of his owne purse, when some of the company haue bin slacke in giuing in their aduenture. And also knowing that I should lose the fauour of master Secretory, if I should shrinke from his direction, in one small barke of thirty tonnes, whereof master Sanderson was owner, alone without farther comfort or company I proceeded on my voyage, and ariuing unto this straights followed the same eightie leages, vntill I came among many ylandes, where the water did ebb and flowe sixe fadome vpright, and where there had bene great trade of people to make trayne. But by such thinges as there we found, wee knewe that they were not Xtians of Europe that vsed that trade; in fine, by seaching with our boate, wee founde small hope to passe any farther that way, and therefore retourning againe recouered the sea and so coasted the shore towardes the South, and in so doing (for it was to late to search towardes the North) wee founde an other great inlett neere fortie leages broade where the water entred in with violent swiftnes. This we likewise thought might be a passage, for no doubt but the North partes of America are all ylands, by ought that I could perceiue therein; but because I was alone in a small barke of thirtie tonnes, and the yeere spent I entered not into the same, for it was now the seuenth of September, but coasting the shore towardes the South we saw an incredible number of birdes. Hauing diuers fishermen aborde our barke, they all concluded that there was a great scull of fish. Wee beeing vnprouided of fishing furniture, with a long spike nayle mayde a hoke, and fastening the same to one of our sounding lynes. Before the bayte was changed wee tooke more than fortie great cods, the fishe swimming so aboundantly thicke about our barke as is incredible to be reported of, which with a small portion of salte that we had, wee preserued some thirtie couple, or there aboutes, and so returned for England. And hauing reported to master Secretory the whole successe of this attempt, hee commanded mee to present unto the most honorable Lorde high thresurer of England some parte of that fish, which when his Lordship saw and hearde at large the relation of this seconde attempt, I receiued fauorable countenance from his honour, aduising mee to prosecute the action, of which his Lordship conceiued

a very good opinion. The next yeere, although diuers of the aduenturers fel from the action, as al the western merchantes and most of those in London, yet some of the aduenturers both honorable and worshipfull continued their willing fauour and charge, so that by this meanes the next yeere 2. shippes were appointed for the fishing and one pynace for the discouery.

Departing from Dartmouth, through God's merciful fauour I ariued to the place of fishing and there according to my direction I left the 2 shipps to follow that busines, taking their faithful promise not to depart vntill my returne vnto them, which shoulde bee in the fine of August, and so in the barke I proceeded for the discouery, but after my departure in sixteene dayes the shippes had finished their voyage, and so presently departed for England, without regard of their promise. My selfe, not distrusting any such hard measure, proceeded in the discouerie and followed my course in the free and open sea, betweene North and Nor west, to the latitude of sixtie seuen degrees, and there I might see America west from me, and Desolation east; then when I saw the land of both sides, I began to distrust that it would prooue but a gulfe. Notwithstanding, desirous to knowe the full certaintye, I proceeded, and in sixtie eight degrees the passage enlarged, so that I could not see the westerne shore; thus I continued to the latitude of seuentie fiue degrees, in a great sea, free from yse, coasting the westerne shore of Desolation. The people came continually rowing out vnto me in their Canoas, twenty, forty, and one hundred at a time, and would giue me fishe dried, Samon, Samon peale, cod, Caplin, Lumpe, stone base, and such like, besides diuers kindes of birdes, as Partrig, Fesant, Gulls, sea birdes, and other kindes of fleshe. I still laboured by signes to knowe from them what they knew of any sea towards the North. They still made signes of a great sea as we vnderstood them; then I departed from that coast, thinking to discouer the North parts of America, and after I had sayled towardes the west neere fortie leages I fell upon a great bancke of yse; the wind being North and blewe much, I was constrained to coast the same towardes the South, not seeing any shore West from me, neither was there any yse towards the North, but a great sea, free, large, very salt and blue and of an unsearcheable depth. So coasting towardes the South I came to the place wher I left the shippes to fishe, but found them not. Then being forsaken and left in this distresse referring my selfe to the mercifull prouidence of God, shaped my course for England and vnhoped for of any, God alone releuing me, I ariued at Dartmouth. By this last discouerie it seemed most manifest that the passage was free and without impediment towards the North, but by reason of the spanish fleete and unfortunate time of master Secretoryes death, the voyage was omitted and neuer sithens attempted.

Davis made five voyages as a pilot to the East Indies, where he was killed in 1605 in a contention with some Japanese off the coast of Malacca.

GEORGE SANDYS.

Five years after that event, GEORGE SANDYS, a son of the Archbishop of York, and author of a well-known metrical translation of 'Ovid's Metamorphoses,' set out upon a journey, of which he published an account in 1615, entitled *A Relation of a Journey begun Anno Domini* 1610. *Four Books, containing a Description of the Turkish Empire of Egypt, of the Holy Land, of the Remote Parts of Italy, and Islands adjoining.* This work was so popular as to reach a seventh edition in 1673—a distinction not undeserved, since, as Mr Kerr has remarked, in his Catalogue of Voyages and Travels, 'Sandys was an accomplished gentleman, well prepared, by previous study, for his travels, which are distinguished by erudition, sagacity, and a love of truth, and are written in a pleasant style.'* He devoted particular attention to the allusions of the ancient poets to the various localities through which he passed. In his dedication to Prince Charles, he thus refers to the

[*Modern State of Ancient Countries.*]

The parts I speak of are the most renowned countries and kingdoms: once the seats of most glorious and triumphant empires; the theatres of valour and heroical actions; the soils enriched with all earthly felicities; the places where Nature hath produced her wonderful works; where arts and sciences have been invented and perfected; where wisdom, virtue, policy, and civility, have been planted, have flourished; and, lastly, where God himself did place his own commonwealth, gave laws and oracles, inspired his prophets, sent angels to converse with men; above all, where the Son of God descended to become man; where he honoured the earth with his beautiful steps, wrought the works of our redemption, triumphed over death, and ascended into glory: which countries, once so glorious and famous for their happy estate, are now, through vice and ingratitude, become the most deplored spectacles of extreme misery; the wild beasts of mankind having broken in upon them, and rooted out all civility, and the pride of a stern and barbarous tyrant possessing the thrones of ancient and just dominion. Who, aiming only at the height of greatness and sensuality, hath in tract of time reduced so great and goodly a part of the world to that lamentable distress and servitude, under which (to the astonishment of the understanding beholders) it now faints and groaneth. Those rich lands at this present remain waste and overgrown with bushes, receptacles of wild beasts, of thieves and murderers; large territories dispeopled, or thinly inhabited; goodly cities made desolate; sumptuous buildings become ruins; glorious temples either subverted, or prostituted to impiety; true religion discountenanced and oppressed; all nobility extinguished; no light of learning permitted, nor virtue cherished: violence and rapine insulting over all, and leaving no security except to an abject mind, and unlooked-on poverty; which calamities of theirs, so great and deserved, are to the rest of the world as threatening instructions. For assistance wherein, I have not only related what I saw of their present condition, but, so far as convenience might permit, presented a brief view of the former estates and first antiquities of those peoples and countries: hence to draw a right image of the frailty of man, the mutability of whatsoever is worldly, and assurance that, as there is nothing unchangeable saving God, so nothing stable but by his grace and protection.

The death of Sandys, which took place in 1643, was somewhat preceded by that of a contemporary traveller,

WILLIAM LITHGOW,

a Scotsman, who traversed on foot many European, Asiatic, and African countries. This individual was one of those tourists, now so abundant, who travel from a love of adventure and locomotion, without having any scientific or literary object in view. According to his own statement, he walked more than thirty-six thousand miles; and so decidedly did he give the preference to that mode of travelling, that, even when the use of a carriage was offered to him, he steadfastly declined to avail himself of the accommodation. His narrative was published in

* Kerr's Collection of Voyages, vol. xviii. p. 558.

London in 1640, with a long title, commencing thus—*The Total Discourse of the Rare Adventures and Painful Peregrinations of Long Nineteen Years' Travels from Scotland to the most famous Kingdoms in Europe, Asia, and Africa. Perfited by Three Dear-bought Voyages in Surveying Forty-Eight Kingdoms, Ancient and Modern; Twenty-One Reipublics, Ten Absolute Principalities, with Two Hundred Islands.* One of his principal and least agreeable adventures occurred at Malaga in Spain, where he was arrested as an English spy, and committed to prison. The details which he gives of his sufferings while in confinement, and the tortures applied to him with the view of extracting a confession, are such as to make humanity sicken. Having been at length relieved by some English residents in Malaga, to whom his situation accidentally became known, he was sent to London by sea, and afterwards forwarded, at the expense of King James, to Bath, where he remained upwards of six months, recruiting his shattered frame. He died in 1640, after having attempted, apparently without success, to obtain redress by bringing his case before the Upper House.

JAMES HOWELL.

JAMES HOWELL was one of the most intelligent travellers and pleasing miscellaneous writers in the early part of the seventeenth century. Born in Carmarthenshire about 1596, he received his education at Hereford and Oxford, and repaired to London in quest of employment. He was there appointed steward to a patent glass manufactory, in

James Howell.

capacity he went abroad in 1619, to procure materials and engage workmen. In the course of his travels, which lasted till 1621, he visited many commercial towns in Holland, Flanders, France, Spain, and Italy; and, being possessed of an acute and inquiring mind, laid up a great store of useful observations on men and manners, besides acquiring an extensive knowledge of modern languages. His connexion with the glass company soon after ceased, and he again visited France as the travelling companion of a young gentleman. After this he was sent to Spain, as agent for the recovery of an English vessel which had been seized in Sardinia on a charge of smuggling; but all hopes of obtaining redress being destroyed by the breaking off of Prince Charles's proposed marriage with the infanta, he returned to England in 1624. His next office was that of secretary to Lord Scrope, as president of the north; and in 1627 he was chosen by the corporation of Richmond to be one of their representatives in parliament. Three years afterwards he visited Copenhagen as secretary to the English ambassador. Having complimented Charles I. in two small poems, he obtained, in 1640, the clerkship of the council, an appointment which lasted but a short time, as, three years afterwards, he was imprisoned in the Fleet by order of a committee of parliament. Here he remained till after the king's death, supporting himself by translating and composing a variety of works. At the Restoration he became historiographer-royal, being the first who ever enjoyed that title; and continued his literary avocations till his death, in 1666. Of upwards of forty publications of this lively and sensible writer, none is now generally read except his *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, or Familiar Letters*, first printed in 1645, and considered to be the earliest specimen of epistolary literature in the language. The letters are dated from various places at home and abroad; and though some of them are supposed to have been compiled from memory while the author was in the Fleet prison, the greater number seem to bear sufficient internal evidence of having been written at the times and places indicated. His remarks on the leading events and characters of the time, as well as the animated accounts given of what he saw in foreign countries, and the sound reflections with which his letters abound, contribute to render the work one of permanent interest and value.

To Dr Francis Mansell.

* * These wishes come to you from Venice, a place where there is nothing wanting that heart can wish; renowned Venice, the admired'st city in the world, a city that all Europe is bound unto, for she is her greatest rampart against that huge eastern tyrant, the Turk, by sea; else, I believe, he had overrun all Christendom by this time. Against him this city hath performed notable exploits, and not only against him, but divers others; she hath restored emperors to their thrones, and popes to their chairs, and with her galleys often preserved St Peter's bark from sinking: for which, by way of reward, one of his successors espoused her to the sea, which marriage is solemnly renewed every year in solemn procession by the Doge and all the Clarissimos, and a gold ring cast into the sea out of the great Galeasse, called the Bucentoro, wherein the first ceremony was performed by the pope himself, above three hundred years since, and they say it is the self-same vessel still, though often put upon careen, and trimmed. This made me think, nay, I fell upon an abstracted notion in philosophy, and a speculation touching the body of man, which, being in perpetual flux, and a kind of succession of decays, and consequently requiring, ever and anon, a restoration of what it loseth of the virtue of the former aliment, and what was converted after the third concoction into a blood and fleshly substance, which, as in all other sublunary bodies that have internal principles of heat, useth to transpire, breathe out, and waste away through invisible pores, by exercise, motion, and sleep, to make room still for a supply of new nurriture: I fell, I say, to consider whether our bodies may be said to be of like condition with this Bucentoro, which, though it be reputed still the same vessel, yet, I believe there's not a foot of that timber remaining which it had upon the first dock, having been, as they tell me,

so often planked and ribbed, calked and pieced. In like manner, our bodies may be said to be daily repaired by new sustenance, which begets new blood, and consequently new spirits, new humours, and, I may say, new flesh; the old, by continual deperdition and insensible perspirations, evaporating still out of us, and giving way to fresh; so that I make a question whether, by reason of these perpetual reparations and accretions, the body of man may be said to be the same numerical body in his old age that he had in his manhood, or the same in his manhood that he had in his youth, the same in his youth that he carried about with him in his childhood, or the same in his childhood which he wore first in the womb. I make a doubt whether I had the same identical, individually numerical body, when I carried a calf-leather satchel to school in Hereford, as when I wore a lamb-skin hood in Oxford; or whether I have the same mass of blood in my veins, and the same flesh, now in Venice, which I carried about me three years since, up and down London streets, having, in lieu of beer and ale, drunk wine all the while, and fed upon different viands. Now, the stomach is like a crucible, for it hath a chemical kind of virtue to transmute one body into another, to transubstantiate fish and fruits into flesh within and about us; but though it be questionable whether I wear the same flesh which is fluxible, I am sure my hair is not the same, for you may remember I went flaxen-haired out of England, but you shall find me returned with a very dark brown, which I impute not only to the heat and air of those hot countries I have eat my bread in, but to the quality and difference of food: you will say that hair is but an excrementitious thing, and makes not to this purpose; moreover, methinks I hear thee say that this may be true only in the blood and spirits, or such fluid parts, not in the solid and heterogeneal parts. But I will press no farther at this time this philosophical notion, which the sight of Bucentoro infused into me, for it hath already made me exceed the bounds of a letter, and, I fear me, to trespass too much upon your patience; I leave the farther disquisition of this point to your own contemplations, who are a far riper philosopher than I, and have waded deeper into and drunk more of Aristotle's well. But, to conclude, though it be doubtful whether I carry about me the same body or no in all points, that I had in England, I am well assured I bear still the same mind, and therein I verify the old verse—

Cœlum non animum mutant qui trans mare currunt,

'The air, but not the mind, they change,
Who in outlandish countries range.'

For, what alterations soever happen in this microcosm, in this little world, this small bulk and body of mine, you may be confident that nothing shall alter my affections, specially towards you, but that I will persevere still the same—the very same

Jam Howell

VENICE, *July* 1, 1621.

To Sir William St John, Knight.

SIR—Having seen Antenor's tomb in Padua, and the amphitheatre of Flaminius in Verona, with other brave towns in Lombardy, I am now come to Rome, and Rome, they say, is every man's country; she is called *Communis Patria*, for every one that is within the compass of the Latin church finds himself here, as it were, at home, and in his mother's house, in regard of interest in religion, which is the cause that for one native there be five strangers that sojourn in this city; and without any distinction or mark of strangeness, they come to preferments and offices, both in church and state, according to merit, which is more valued and sought after here than anywhere.

But whereas I expected to have found Rome elevated upon seven hills, I met her rather spreading upon a flat, having humbled herself, since she was made a Christian, and descended from those hills to Campus Martius; with Trasteren, and the suburbs of Saint Peter, she hath yet in compass about fourteen miles, which is far short of that vast circuit she had in Claudius his time; for Vopiscus writes she was then of fifty miles in circumference, and she had five hundred thousand free citizens in a famous cense that was made, which, allowing but six to every family in women, children, and servants, came to three millions of souls; but she is now a wilderness in comparison of that number. The pope is grown to be a great temporal prince of late years, for the state of the church extends above three hundred miles in length, and two hundred miles in breadth; it contains Ferrara, Bologna, Romagnia, the Marquisate of Ancona, Umbria, Sabina, Perugia, with a part of Tuscany, the patrimony, Rome herself, and Latium. In these there are above fifty bishopricks; the pope hath also the duchy of Spoleto, and the exarchate of Ravenna; he hath the town of Benevento in the kingdom of Naples, and the country of Venissa, called Avignon, in France. He hath title also good enough to Naples itself; but, rather than offend his champion, the king of Spain, he is contented with a white mule, and purse of pistoles about the neck, which he receives every year for a heriot or homage, or what you will call it; he pretends also to be lord paramount of Sicily, Urbin, Parma, and Masseran; of Norway, Ireland, and England, since King John did prostrate our crown at Pandelfo his legate's feet.

The state of the apostolic see here in Italy lieth 'twixt two seas, the Adriatic and the Tyrrhene, and it runs through the midst of Italy, which makes the pope powerful to do good or harm, and more capable than any other to be an umpire or an enemy. His authority being mixed 'twixt temporal and spiritual, disperseth itself into so many members, that a young man may grow old here before he can well understand the form of government.

The consistory of cardinals meet but once a-week, and once a-week they solemnly wait all upon the pope. I am told there are now in Christendom but sixty-eight cardinals, whereof there are six cardinal bishops, fifty one cardinal priests, and eleven cardinal deacons. The cardinal bishops attend and sit near the pope, when he celebrates any festival; the cardinal priests assist him at mass, and the cardinal deacons attire him. A cardinal is made by a short breve or writ from the pope in these words, 'Creamus te socium regibus, superiorem ducibus, et fratrem nostrum:'—['We create thee a companion to kings, superior to dukes, and our brother.'] If a cardinal bishop should be questioned for any offence, there must be twenty-four witnesses produced against him. The bishop of Ostia hath most privilege of any other, for he consecrates and installs the pope, and goes always next to him. All these cardinals have the repute of princes, and besides other incomes, they have the annat of benefices to support their greatness.

For point of power, the pope is able to put 50,000 men in the field, in case of necessity, besides his naval strength in galleys. We read how Paul III. sent Charles V. twelve thousand foot and five hundred horse. Pius V. sent a greater aid to Charles IX.;

and for riches, besides the temporal dominions he hath in all the countries before named, the datany or despatching of bulls, the triennial subsidies, annats, and other ecclesiastical rights, mount to an unknown sum; and it is a common saying here, that as long as the pope can finger a pen, he can want no pence. Pius V., notwithstanding his expenses in buildings, left four millions in the castle of Saint Angelo in less than five years; more, I believe, than this Gregory XV. will, for he hath many nephews; and better it is to be the pope's nephew, than to be a favourite to any prince in Christendom.

Touching the temporal government of Rome, and oppidan affairs, there is a proctor and some choice citizens, which sit in the Capitol. Amongst other pieces of policy, there is a synagogue of Jews permitted here (as in other places in Italy) under the pope's nose, but they go with a mark of distinction on their hats; they are tolerated for advantage of commerce, wherein they are wonderful dexterous, though most of them be only brokers and Lombardeers; and they are held to be here as the cynic held women to be—a malum necessarium. There be few of the Romans that use to pray for the pope's long life, in regard the oftener the chance is, the more advanta[geous] it is for the city, because commonly it brings strangers and a resort of new people. The air of Rome is not so wholesome as of old; and amongst other reasons, one is, because of the burning of stubble to fatten their fields. For her antiquities, it would take up a whole volume to write them; those which I held the choicest are Vespasian's amphitheatre, where fourscore thousand people might sit; the stove of Anthony; divers rare statues at Belvidere and St Peter's, specially that of Laocoon; the obelisk; (for the [illegible] of the Roman hath always been much taken with imagery, limning, and sculpture, as much that, as in former times, so now I believe, the statues and pictures in Rome exceed the number of living people. One antiquity among others is very remarkable, because of the change of language; which is, an ancient column erected as a trophy for Duillius the consul, after a famous naval victory obtained against the Carthaginians in the second Punic war, where these words are engraven, and remain legible to this day, 'Exemet lectores Macistratus Castrois exoticent pugnandod capod cepit navebos marid consul,' and half a dozen lines more. It is called Columna Rostrata, having the beaks and prows of ships engraven up and down, when by it appears, that the Latin then spoken was much differing from that which was used in Cicero's time, 150 years after. Since the dismembering of the empire, Rome hath run through many vicissitudes and turns of fortune; and had it not been for the residence of the pope, I believe she had become a heap of stones, a mount of rubbish, by this time: and however that she bears up indifferent well, yet one may say—

> Qui miseranda videt veteris vestigia Romæ,
> Ille potest merito dicere, Roma fuit.
>
> 'They who the ruins of first Rome behold,
> May say, Rome is not now, but was of old.'

Present Rome may be said to be but a monument of Rome past, when she was in that flourish that St Austin desired to see her in. She who tamed the world, tamed herself at last, and falling under her own weight, fell to be a prey to time; yet there is a providence seems to have a care of her still; for though her air be not so good, nor her circumjacent soil so kindly as it was, yet she hath wherewith to keep life and soul together still, by her ecclesiastical courts, which is the sole cause of her peopling now; so that it may be said, when the pope came to be her head, she was reduced to her first principles; for as a shepherd was founder, so a shepherd is still governor and preserver. But whereas the French have an old saying, that

> Jamais cheval ni homme,
> N'amenda pour aller à Rome.
>
> 'Ne'r horse nor man did mend,
> That unto Rome did wend;'

truly, I must confess, that I find myself much bettered by it; for the sight of some of these ruins did fill me with symptoms of mortification, and made me more sensible of the frailty of all sublunary things, how all bodies, as well inanimate as animate, are subject to dissolution and change, and everything else under the moon, except the love of—Your faithful servitor—J. H.

ROME, *September* 13, 1645.

To Captain Thomas P.

Noble Captain—Yours of the 1st of March was delivered me by Sir Richard Scot, and I held it no profanation of this Sunday evening, considering the quality of my subject, and having (I thank God for it) perform'd all church duties, to employ some hours to meditate on you, and send you this friendly salute, though I count it an essential monitory way. My dear Captain, I love you perfectly well; I love both your person and parts, which are not vulgar; I am in love with your disposition, which is generous, and I verily think you were never guilty of any pusillanimous act in your life. Nor is this love of mine conferred upon you rashly, but you may challenge it as your due, and by way of correspondence, in regard of those thousand convincing evidences you have given me of yours to me, which ascertain me that you take me for a true friend. Now, I am of the number of those that had rather commend the virtues of an enemy than soothe the vices of a friend; for your own particular, of your parts of virtue and your infirmities were cast into a balance, I know the first would much outpoise the other; yet give me leave to tell you that there is one rudity, or rather ill-favoured custom, that reigns in you, which weighs much; it is a humour of swearing in all your discourses, and they are not slight but deep far-fetched oaths that you are wont to rap out, which you use as flowers of rhetoric to enforce a faith upon the hearers, who believe you never the more; and you use this in cold blood when you are not provoked, which makes the humour far more dangerous. I know many (and I cannot say I myself am free from it, God forgive me!), that, being transported with choler, and, as it were, made drunk with passion by some sudden provoking accident, or exercise ill-fortune at play, will let fall oaths and deep protestations; but to belch out, and send forth, as it were, whole vollies of oaths and curses in a calm humour, to verify every trivial discourse, is a thing of horror. I knew a king that, being crossed in his game, would amongst his oaths fall on the ground, and bite the very earth in the rough of his passion; I heard of another king (Henry IV. of France), that in his highest distemper would swear but 'Ventre de Saint Gris,' ['By the belly of St Gris;'] I heard of an Italian, that, having been much accustomed to blaspheme, was weaned from it by a pretty wile, for, having been one night at play, and lost all his money, after many execrable oaths, and having offered money to another to go out to face heaven and defy God, he threw himself upon a bed hard by, and there fell asleep. The other gamesters played on still, and finding that he was fast asleep, they put out the candles, and made semblance to play on still; they fell a wrangling, and spoke so loud that he awaked; he hearing them play on still, fell a rubbing his eyes, and his conscience presently prompted him that he was struck blind, and that God's judgment had deservedly fallen down upon him for his

blasphemies, and so he fell to sigh and weep pitifully; a ghostly father was sent for, who undertook to do some acts of penance for him, if he would make a vow never to play again or blaspheme, which he did; and so the candles were lighted again, which he thought were burning all the while; so he became a perfect convert. I could wish this letter might produce the same effect in you. There is a strong text, that the curse of heaven hangs always over the dwelling of the swearer, and you have more fearful examples of miraculous judgments in this particular, than of any other sin.

There is a little town in Languedoc, in France, that hath a multitude of the pictures of the Virgin Mary up and down; but she is made to carry Christ in her right arm, contrary to the ordinary custom, and the reason they told me was this, that two gamesters being at play, and one having lost all his money, and bolted out many blasphemies, he gave a deep oath, that that jade upon the wall, meaning the picture of the blessed Virgin, was the cause of his ill luck; hereupon the child removed imperceptibly from the left arm to the right, and the man fell stark dumb ever after; thus went the tradition there. This makes me think upon the Lady Southwell's news from Utopia, that he who swareth when he playeth at dice, may challenge his damnation by way of purchase. This infandous custom of swearing, I observe, reigns in England lately, more than anywhere else; though a German in his highest puff of passion swear a hundred thousand sacraments, the Italian by * * * the French by God's death, the Spaniard by his flesh, the Welshman by his sweat, the Irishman by his five wounds, though the Scot commonly bids the devil ha'e his soul, yet, for variety of oaths, the English roarers put down all. Consider well what a dangerous thing it is to tear in pieces that dreadful name, which makes the vast fabric of the world to tremble, that holy name wherein the whole hierarchy of heaven doth triumph, that blissful name, wherein consists the fulness of all felicity. I know this custom in you yet is but a light disposition; 'tis no habit, I hope; let me, therefore, conjure you by that power, friendship, by that holy league of love which is between us, that you would suppress it, before it come to that; for I must tell you that those who could find it in their hearts to love you for many other things, do disrespect you for this; they hate your company, and give no credit to whatsoever you say, it being one of the punishments of a swearer, as well as of a liar, not to be believed when he speaks truth.

Excuse me that I am so free with you; what I write proceeds from the clear current of a pure affection, and I shall heartily thank you, and take it for an argument of love, if you tell me of my weaknesses, which are (God wot) too, too many; for my body is but a Cargazon of corrupt humours, and being not able to overcome them all at once, I do endeavour to do it by degrees, like Sertorius his soldier, who, when he could not cut off the horse's tail at one blow with his sword, fell to pull out the hair one by one. And touching this particular humour from which I dissuade you, it hath raged in me too often by contingent fits, but I thank God for it, I find it much abated and purged. Now, the only physic I used was a precedent fast, and recourse to the holy sacrament the next day, of purpose to implore pardon for what had passed, and power for the future to quell those exorbitant motions, those ravings and feverish fits of the soul; in regard there are no infirmities more dangerous, for at the same instant they have being, they become impieties. And the greatest symptom of amendment I find in me is, because whensoever I hear the holy name of God blasphemed by any other, it makes my heart to tremble within my breast; now, it is a penitential rule, that if sins present do not please thee, sins past will not hurt thee. All other sins have for their object either pleasure or profit, or some aim or satisfaction to body or mind, but this hath none at all; therefore fie upon't, my dear Captain; try whether you can make a conquest of yourself in subduing this execrable custom. Alexander subdued the world, Cæsar his enemies, Hercules monsters, but he that o'ercomes himself is the true valiant captain.

York, *Aug.* 1, 1626.

To the Right Hon. the Lord Cliff.

My Lord Since, among other passages of entertainment we had lately at the Italian ordinary (where your lordship was pleased to honour us with your presence), there happened a large discourse of wines, and of other drinks that were used by several nations of the earth, and that your lordship desired me to deliver what I observed therein abroad: I am bold now to confirm and amplify, in this letter, what I then let drop extempore from me, having made a recollection of myself for that purpose.

It is without controversy, that, in the nonage of the world, men and beasts had but one battery, which was the fountain and river, nor do we read of any vines or wines till two hundred years after the flood; but now I do not know or hear of any nation that hath water only for their drink, except the Japanese, and they drink it hot too; but we may say, that what beverage soever we make, either by brewing, by distillation, decoction, percolation, or pressing, it is but water at first; nay, wine itself is but water sublimed, being nothing else but that moisture and sap, which is caused either by rain or other kind of irrigations about the roots of the vine, and drawn up to the branches and berries by the virtual attractive heat of the sun, the bowels of the earth serving as a limbic to that end, which made the Italian vineyard-man (after a long drought, and an extreme hot summer, which had parched up all his grapes) to complain that "per mancamento d'acqua bevo del acequa; so ch'io bavessi acequa, beverei vino" ["for want of water I am forced to drink water; if I had water, I would drink wine"]; it may also be applied to the miller, when he has no water to drive his mills.

The vine doth so abhor cold, that it cannot grow beyond the 49th degree to any purpose; therefore God and nature hath furnished the north-west nations with other inventions of beverage. In this island the old drink was ale, noble ale, than which, as I heard a great foreign doctor affirm, there is no liquor that more increaseth the radical moisture, and preserves the natural heat, which are the two pillars that support the life of man. But since beer hath *hopped* in amongst us, ale is thought to be much adulterated, and nothing so good as Sir John Oldcastle and Smugg the smith was used to drink. Besides ale and beer, the natural drink of part of this isle may be said to be metheglin, braggot, and mead, which differ in strength according to the three degrees of comparison. The first of the three, which is strong in the superlative, if taken immoderately, doth stupify more than any other liquor, and keeps a humming in the brain, which made one say, that he loved not metheglin, because he was used to speak too much of the house he came from, meaning the hive. Cider and perry are also the natural drinks of parts of this isle. But I have read in some old authors of a famous drink the ancient nation of the Picts, who lived 'twixt Trent and Tweed, and were utterly extinguished by the overpowering of the Scot, were used to make of decoction of flowers, the receipt whereof they kept as a secret, and a thing sacred to themselves, so it perished with them. These are all the common drinks of this isle, and of Ireland also, where they are more given to milk and strong waters of all colours; the prime is usquebagh, which cannot

be made anywhere in that perfection, and whereas we drink it here in aqua vitæ measures, it goes down there by beer-glassfuls, being more natural to the nation.

In the Seventeen Provinces hard by, and all Low Germany, beer is the common natural drink, and nothing else; so is it in Westphalia, and all the lower circuit of Saxony; in Denmark, Swethland, and Norway. The Pruss hath a beer as thick as honey; in the Duke of Saxe's country, there is beer as yellow as gold, made of wheat, and it inebriates as soon as sack. In some parts of Germany they use to spice their beer, which will keep many years; so that at some weddings there will be a butt of beer drunk out as old as the bride. Poland also is a beer country; but in Russia, Muscovy, and Tartary, they use mead, which is the naturalest drink of the country, being made of the decoction of water and honey; this is that which the ancients called hydromel. Mare's milk is a great drink with the Tartar, which may be a cause why they are bigger than ordinary, for the physicians hold, that milk enlargeth the bones, beer strengthenth the nerves, and wine breeds blood sooner than any other liquor. The Turk, when he hath his stomach full of pilau, or of mutton and rice, will go to nature's cellar, either to the next well or river to drink water, which is his natural common drink; for Mahomet taught them that there was a devil in every berry of the grape, and so made a strict inhibition to all his sect from drinking of wine as a thing profane; he had also a reach of policy therein, because they should not be encumbered with luggage when they went to war, as other nations do, who are so troubled with the carriage of their wine and beverages. Yet hath the Turk peculiar drinks to himself besides, as sherbet made of juice of lemon, sugar, amber, and other ingredients; he hath also a drink called Caphe,* which is made of a brown berry, and it may be called their clubbing drink between meals, which, though it be not very gustful to the palate, yet it is very comfortable to the stomach, and good for the sight; but notwithstanding their prophet's anathema, thousands of them will venture to drink wine, and they will make a precedent prayer to their souls to depart from their bodies in the interim, for fear she partake of the same pollution. * *

In Asia, there is no beer drunk at all, but water, wine, and an incredible variety of other drinks, made of dates, dried raisins, rice, divers sorts of nuts, fruits, and roots. In the oriental countries, as Cambaia, Calicut, Narsingha, there is a drink called Banque, which is rare and precious, and 'tis the height of entertainment they give their guests before they go to sleep, like that nepenthe which the poets speak so much of, for it provokes pleasing dreams and delightful fantasies; it will accommodate itself to the humour of the sleeper; as, if he be a soldier, he will dream of victories and taking of towns; if he be in love, he will think to enjoy his mistress; if he be covetous, he will dream of mountains of gold, &c. In the Moluccas and Philippines there is a curious drink called Tampoy, made of a kind of gillyflowers, and another drink called Otraqua, that comes from a nut, and it is the more general drink. In China, they have a holy kind of liquor made of such sort of flowers for ratifying and binding of bargains, and having drunk thereof, they hold it no less than perjury to break what they promise; as they write of a river of Bythinia, whose water hath a peculiar virtue to discover a perjurer, for, if he drink thereof, it will presently boil in his stomach, and put him to visible tortures; this makes me think of the river Styx among the poets, which the gods were used to swear by, and it was the greatest oath for the performance of anything.

Nubila promissi Styx mihi testis erit.

It put me in mind, also, of that which some write of the river of Rhine, for trying the legitimation of a child being thrown in—if he be a bastard, he will sink; if otherwise, he will not.

In China, they speak of a tree called Magnais, which affords not only good drink, being pierced, but all things else that belong to the subsistence of man; they bore the trunk with an auger, and there issueth out sweet potable liquor; 'twixt the rind and the tree there is a cotton, or hempie kind of moss, which they wear for their clothing: it bears huge nuts, which have excellent food in them: it shoots out hard prickles also a fathom long, and those arm them: with the bark they make tents, and the dotard trees serve for firing.

Africa also hath a great diversity of drinks, as having more need of them, being a hotter country far. In Guinea, of the lower Ethiopia, there is a famous drink called Mingol, which issueth out of a tree much like the palm, being bored. But in the upper Ethiopia, or the Haba[illegible] country, they drink mead, concocted in a different manner; there is also much wine there. The common drink of Barbary, after water, is that which is made of dates. But in Egypt, in times past, there was beer drunk called Zicus in Latin, which was no other than a decoction of barley and water: they had also a famous composition (and they use it to this day) called Chissi, made of divers cordials and provocative ingredients, which they throw into water to make it gustful; they use it also for fumigation. But now the general drink of Egypt is Nile water, which of all water may be said to be the best; * * 'tis yellowish and thick; but if one cast a few almonds into a potful of it, it will become as clear as rock-water; it is also in a degree of lukewarmness—as Martial's boy:

Tollit quæ callidus, tepidique torcumata Nili.

In the New World they have a world of drinks, for there is no root, flower, fruit, or pulse, but is reducible to a potable liquor; as in the Barbadoe Island, the common drink among the English is mobbi, made of potato roots. In Mexico and Peru, which is the great continent of America, with other parts, it is prohibited to make wines, under great penalties, for fear of starving of trade, so that all the wines they have are sent from Spain.

Now for the pure wine countries. Greece, with all her islands, Italy, Spain, France, one part of four of Germany, Hungary, with divers countries thereabouts, all the islands in the Mediterranean and Atlantic sea, are wine countries.

The most generous wines of Spain grow in the midland parts of the continent, and Saint Martin bears the bell, which is near the court. Now as in Spain, so in all other wine countries, one cannot pass a day's journey but he will find a differing race of wine; those kinds that our merchants carry over are those only that grow upon the sea-side, as malagas, sherries, tents, and alicants: of this last there's little comes over right, therefore the vintners make tent (which is a name for all wines in Spain, except white) to supply the place of it. There is a gentle kind of white wine grows among the mountains of Gallicia, but not of body enough to bear the sea, called Ribadavia. Portugal affords no wines worth the transporting.* They have an old stone they call Yef, which they use to throw into their wines, which clarifieth it, and makes it more lasting. There's also a drink in Spain called Alosha, which they drink between meals in hot weather, and 'tis a hydromel made of water and honey; much of them take of our mead. In the court of Spain there's a German or two that brew beer; but for that ancient drink of Spain which Pliny speaks of, composed of flowers, the receipt thereof is utterly lost.

* *i. e.* Coffee.

* This will sound strangely in these days, when the wine chiefly drunk in England is of Portuguese extraction. The importation of wines from Portugal dates from the reign of Charles II.

In Greece there are no wines that have bodies enough to bear the sea for long voyages; some few muscadels and malmsies are brought over in small casks; nor is there in Italy any wine transported to England but in bottles, as Verde and others; for the length of the voyage makes them subject to pricking, and so lose colour, by reason of their delicacy.

France, participating of the climes of all the countries about her, affords wines of quality accordingly; as, towards the Alps and Italy, she hath a luscious rich wine called Frontiniac. In the country of Provence, towards the Pyrenees in Languedoc, there are wines congustable with those of Spain: one of the prime sort of white wines is that of Beaume; and of clarets, that of Orleans, though it be interdicted to wine the king's cellar with it, in respect of the corrosiveness it carries with it. As in France, so in all other wine countries, the white is called the female, and the claret or red wine is called the male, because commonly it hath more sulphur, body, and heat in't: the wines that our merchants bring over upon the river of Garonne, near Bourdeaux, in Gascony, which is the greatest mart for wines in all France. The Scot, because he hath always been an useful confederate to France against England, hath (among other privileges) right of pre-emption of first choice of wines in Bourdeaux; he is also permitted to carry his ordnance to the very walls of the town, whereas the English are forced to leave them at Blay, a good way down the river. There is a hard green wine, that grows about Rochelle, and the islands thereabouts, which the cunning Hollander sometime used to fetch, and he hath a trick to put a bag of herbs, or some other infusions into it (as he doth brimstone in Rhenish), to give it a whiter tincture, and more sweetness; then they re-embark it for England, where it passeth for good Bachrag, and this is called stooming of wines. In Normandy there's little or no wine at all grows: therefore the common drink of that country is cider, specially in low Normandy. There are also many beer houses in Paris and elsewhere; but though their barley and water be better than ours, or that of Germany, and though they have English and Dutch brewers among them, yet they cannot make beer in that perfection.

The prime wines of Germany grow about the Rhine, specially in the Prolts or lower Palatinate about Bachrag, which hath its etymology from Bachiara; for in ancient times there was an altar erected there to the honour of Bacchus, in regard of the richness of the wines. Here, and all France over, 'tis held a great part of incivility for maidens to drink wine until they are married, as it is in Spain for them to wear high shoes, or to paint, till then. The German mothers, to make their children fall into a hatred of wine, do use, when they are little, to put some owl's eggs into a cup of Rhenish, and sometimes a little living eel, which, twingling in the wine while the child is drinking, so scares him, that many come to abhor and have an antipathy to wine all their lives after. From Bachrag the first stock of vines which grow now in the grand Canary Island, were brought, which, with the heat of the sun and the soil, is grown now to that height of perfection, that the wines which they afford are accounted the richest, the most firm, the best bodied, and lastingst wine, and the most defecated from all earthly grossness, of any other whatsoever; it hath little or no sulphur at all in't, and leaves less dregs behind, though one drink it to excess. French wines may be said but to pickle meat in the stomachs, but this is the wine that digests, and doth not only breed good blood, but it nutrifieth also, being a glutinous substantial liquor: of this wine, if of any other, may be verified that merry induction, 'That good wine makes good blood, good blood causeth good humours, good humours cause good thoughts, good thoughts bring forth good works, good works carry a man to heaven—ergo, good wine carrieth a man to heaven.' If this be true, surely more English go to heaven this way than any other; for I think there's more Canary brought into England than to all the world besides. I think, also, there is a hundred times more drunk under the name of Canary wine than there is brought in; for sherries and malagas, well mingled, pass for canaries in most taverns, more often than Canary itself; else I do not see how 'twere possible for the vintner to save by it, or to live by his calling, unless he were permitted sometimes to be a brewer. When sacks and canaries were brought in first among us, they were used to be drunk in aqua vitæ measures, and 'twas held fit only for those to drink who were used to carry their legs in their hands, their eyes upon their noses, and an almanac in their bones; but now they go down every one's throat, both young and old, like milk.

The countries that are freest from excess of drinking are Spain and Italy. If a woman can prove her husband to have been thrice drunk, by the ancient laws of Spain she may plead for a divorce from him. Nor indeed can the Spaniard, being hot-brained, bear much drink, yet I have heard that Gondamar was once too hard for the king of Denmark, when he was here in England. But the Spanish soldiers that have been in the wars of Flanders will take their cups freely, and the Italians also. When I lived 'tother side the Alps, a gentleman told me a merry tale of a Ligurian soldier, who had got drunk in Genoa; and Prince Doria going a-horseback to walk the round one night, the soldier took his horse by the bridle, and asked what the price of him was, for he wanted a horse. The prince, seeing in what humour he was, caused him to be taken into a house and put to sleep. In the morning he sent for him, and asked him what he would give for his horse. 'Sir,' said the recovered soldier, 'the merchant that would have bought him last night of your highness, went away betimes in the morning.' The busiest companions for drinking are the Greeks and Germans; but the Greek is the merriest of the two, for he will sing, and dance, and kiss his next companions; but the other will drink as deep as he. If the Greek will drink as many glasses as there be letters in his mistress's name, the other will drink the number of his years; and though he be not apt to break out in singing, being not of so airy a constitution, yet he will drink often musically a health to every one of these six notes, *ut, re, mi, fa, sol, la*; which, with this reason, are all comprehended in this hexameter:—

Ut relivet miserum fatum solitosque labores.

The fewest draughts he drinks are three: the first to quench the thirst past, the second to quench the present thirst, the third to prevent the future. I heard of a company of Low Dutchmen that had drunk so deep, that, beginning to stagger, and their heads turning round, they thought verily they were at sea, and that the upper chamber where they were was a ship, insomuch that, it being foul windy weather, they fell to throw the stools and other things out of the window, to lighten the vessel, for fear of suffering shipwreck.

Thus have I sent your lordship a *dry* discourse upon a *fluent* subject; yet I hope your lordship will please to take all in good part, because it proceeds from your most humble and ready servitor, J. H.

Westmin. 7. Octob. 1634.

From another of Howell's works, entitled *Instructions for Foreign Travel*, published in 1642, and which, like his letters, contains many acute and humorous observations on men and things, we extract the following passage on the

[*Tides of Travellers.*]

Others have a custom to be always relating strange things and wonders (of the humour of Sir John Man-

deville), and they usually present them to the hearers through multiplying-glasses, and thereby cause the thing to appear far greater than it is in itself; they make mountains of mole-hills, like Charenton-Bridge-Echo, which doubles the sound nine times. Such a traveller was he that reported the Indian fly to be as big as a fox; China birds to be as big as some horses, and their mice to be as big as monkeys; but they have the wit to fetch this far enough off, because the hearer may rather believe it than make a voyage so far to disprove it.

Every one knows the tale of him who reported he had seen a cabbage, under whose leaves a regiment of soldiers were sheltered from a shower of rain. Another, who was no traveller (yet the wiser man), said, he had passed by a place where there were 400 braziers making of a cauldron—200 within, and 200 without, beating the nails in; the traveller asking for what use that huge cauldron was? he told him—'Sir, it was to boil your cabbages.'

Such another was the Spanish traveller, who was so habituated to hyperbolise, and relate wonders, that he became ridiculous in all companies, so that he was forced at last to give order to his man, when he fell into any excess this way, and report anything improbable, he should pull him by the sleeve. The man for telling into his wonted hyperboles, spoke of a church in China that was ten thousand yards long; his man, standing behind, and pulling him by the sleeve, made him stop suddenly. The company asking, 'I pray, sir, how broad might that church be?' he replied, 'But a yard broad, and you may thank my man for pulling me by the sleeve, else I had made it foursquare for you.'

SIR THOMAS HERBERT.

The only other traveller of much note at this time was SIR THOMAS HERBERT, who in 1626 set out on a journey to the east, and, after his return, published, in 1634, *A Relation of some Years' Travels into Africa and the Greater Asia, especially the Territory of the Persian Monarchy, and some parts of the Oriental Indies and Isles adjacent.* According to the judgment of the author of the Catalogue in Churchill's Collection, these travels 'have deservedly had a great reputation, being the best account of those parts written [before the end of the seventeenth century] by any Englishman, and not inferior to the best of foreigners; what is peculiar in them is, the excellent description of all antiquities, the curious remarks on them, and the extraordinary accidents that often occur.'* This eulogy seems too high; at least we have found the author's accounts of the places which he visited far too meagre to be relished by modern taste. A brief extract from the work is given below. In the civil wars of England, Herbert sided with the parliament, and, when the king was required to dismiss his own servants, was chosen by his majesty one of the grooms of the bed-chamber. Herbert then became much attached to the king, served him with much zeal and assiduity, and was on the scaffold when the ill-fated monarch was brought to the block. After the Restoration, he was rewarded by Charles II. with a baronetcy, and subsequently devoted much time to literary pursuits. In 1678 he wrote *Threnodia Carolina, containing an Historical Account of the Two Last Years of the Life of King Charles I.* This was reprinted in a collection of 'Memoirs of the Two Last Years of that Unparalleled Prince, of Ever-blessed Memory, King Charles I.,' published in 1702. Sir Thomas Herbert died in 1682.

* Vol. i. p. 21.

[*Description of St Helena.*]

St Helena was so denominated by Juan de Nova, the Portugal, in regard he first discovered it on that saint's day. It is doubtful whether it adhere to America or Afric, the vast ocean bellowing on both sides, and almost equally; yet I imagine she inclines more to Afer than Vespusius. 'Tis in circuit thirty English miles, of that ascent and height that 'tis often enveloped with clouds, from whom she receives moisture to fatten her; and as the land is very high, so the sea at the brink of this isle is excessive deep, and the ascent so immediate, that though the sea beat fiercely on her, yet can no ebb nor flow be well perceived there.

The water is sweet above, but, running down and participating with the salt hills, tastes brackish at his fall into the valleys, which are but two, and those very small, having their appellations from a lemon-tree above, and a ruined chapel placed beneath, built by the Spaniard, and dilapidated by the Dutch. There has been a village about it, lately depopulated from her inhabitants by command from the Spanish king; for that it became an unlawful magazine of seamen's treasure, in turning and returning out of both the Indies, whereby he lost both tribute and prerogative in apparent measure.

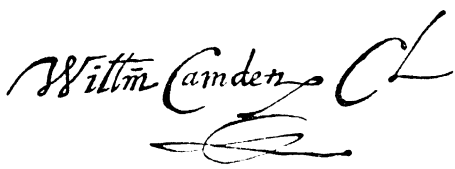
Monuments of antique beings nor other rarities can be found here. You see all, if you view the ribs of an old carrick, and some broken pieces of her ordnance left there against the owner's good will or approbation. Goats and hogs are the now dwellers, who multiply in great abundance, and (though unwillingly) afford themselves to hungry and sea-beaten passengers. It has store of patridge and guinea-hens, all which were brought thither by the honest Portugal, who now dare neither anchor there, nor own their labours, lest the English or Flemings question them.

The isle is very even and delightful above, and gives a large prospect into the ocean. 'Tis a saying with the seamen, a man there has his choice, whether he will break his heart going up, or his neck coming down; either wish bestowing more jocundity than comfort.

WILLIAM CAMDEN.

We now turn to a circle of laborious writers, who exerted themselves in the age of Elizabeth to discover and preserve the remains of antiquity which had come down to their times. Among these, the leading place is unquestionably due to WILLIAM CAMDEN, who, besides being eminent as an antiquary, claims to be considered likewise as one of the best historians of his age. Camden was born in London in 1551, and received his education first at Christ's hospital and St Paul's school, and afterwards at Oxford. In 1575 he became second master of Westminster school; and while performing the duties of this office, devoted his leisure hours to the study of the antiquities of Britain—a subject to which, from his earliest years, he had been strongly inclined. That he might personally examine ancient remains, he travelled, in 1582, through some of the eastern and northern counties of England; and the fruits of his researches appeared in his most celebrated work, written in Latin, with a title signifying, *Britain; or a Chorographical Description of the Most Flourishing Kingdom of England, Scotland, Ireland, and the Adjacent Islands, from Remote Antiquity.* This was published in 1586, and immediately brought him into high repute as an antiquary and man of learning. Anxious to improve and enlarge it, he journied at several times into different parts of the country, examining archives and relics of antiquity, and collecting, with indefatigable industry, whatever infor-

mation might contribute to render it more complete. The sixth edition, published in 1607, was that which received his finishing touches; and of this an Eng-



lish translation, executed, probably with the author's assistance, by Dr Philemon Holland, appeared in 1610. From the preface to that translation we extract the account which Camden gives of his labours:—

I hope it shall be no discredit if I now use again, by way of preface, the same words, with a few more, that I used twenty-four years since in the first edition of this work. Abraham Ortelius, the worthy restorer of ancient geography, arriving here in England about thirty-four years past, dealt earnestly with me that I would illustrate this isle of Britain, or, as he said, that I would restore antiquity to Britain, and Britain to antiquity; which was (I understood), that I would renew ancientry, enlighten obscurity, clear doubts, and recall home verity, by way of recovery, which the negligence of writers, and credulity of the common sort, had in a manner proscribed and utterly banished from among us. A painful matter, I assure you, and more than difficult; wherein what toil is to be taken, as no man thinketh, so no man believeth but he who hath made the trial. Nevertheless, how much the difficulty discouraged me from it, so much the glory of my country encouraged me to undertake it. So, while at one and the same time I was fearful to undergo the burden, and yet desirous to do some service to my country, I found two different affections, fear and boldness, I know not how, conjoined in one. Notwithstanding, by the most gracious direction of the Almighty, taking industry for my consort, I adventured upon it; and, with all my study, care, cogitation, continual meditation, pain, and travail, I employed myself thereunto when I had any spare time. I made search after the etymology of Britain and the first inhabitants timorously; neither in so doubtful a matter have I affirmed ought confidently. For I am not ignorant that the first originals of nations are obscure, by reason of their profound antiquity, as things which are seen very deep and far remote; like as the courses, the reaches, the confluences, and the outlets of great rivers are well-known, yet their first fountains and heads lie commonly unknown. I have succinctly run over the Romans' government in Britain, and the inundation of foreign people thereinto, what they were, and from whence they came. I have traced out the ancient divisions of these kingdoms; I have summarily specified the states and judicial courts of the same. In the several counties, I have compendiously set down the limits (and yet not exactly by perch and pole, to breed questions), what is the nature of the soil, which were places of the greatest antiquity, who have been dukes, marquesses, earls, viscounts, barons, and some of the most signal and ancient families therein (for who can particulate all?) What I have performed, I leave to men of judgment. But time, the most sound and sincere witness, will give the truest information, when envy (which persecuteth the living) shall have her mouth stopped. Thus much give me leave to say—that I have in no wise neglected such things as are material to search and sift out the truth. I have attained to some skill of the most ancient British and Saxon tongues. I have travelled over all England for the most part; I have conferred with most skilful observers in each country; I have studiously read over our own country writers (old and new), all Greek and Latin authors which have once made mention of Britain; I have had conference with learned men in the other parts of Christendom; I have been diligent in the records of this realm; I have looked into most libraries, registers, and memorials of churches, cities, and corporations; I have pored over many an old roll and evidence, and produced their testimony (as beyond all exception) when the cause required, in their very own words (although barbarous they be), that the honour of verity might in no wise be impeached.

For all this I may be censured as unadvised, and scant modest, who, being but of the lowest form in the school of antiquity, where I might well have lurked in obscurity, have adventured as a scribbler upon the stage in this learned age, amidst the diversities of relishes both in wit and judgment. But to tell the truth unfeignedly, the love of my country, which compriseth all love in it, and hath endeared me to it, the glory of the British name, the advice of some judicious friends, hath over-mastered my modesty, and (will'd I, nill'd I) hath enforced me, against mine own judgment, to undergo this burden too heavy for me, and so thrust me forth into the world's view. For I see judgments, prejudices, censures, aspersions, obstructions, detractions, affronts, and confronts, as it were, in battle array to environ me on every side; some there are which wholly contemn and avile this study of antiquity as a back-looking curiosity; whose authority, as I do not utterly vilify, so I do not over-prize or admire their judgment. Neither am I destitute of reason whereby I might approve this my purpose to well-bred and well-meaning men, which tender the glory of their native country; and, moreover, could give them to understand that, in the study of antiquity (which is always accompanied with dignity, and hath a certain resemblance with eternity), there is a sweet food of the mind well befitting such as are of honest and noble disposition. If any there be which are desirous to be strangers in their own soil, and foreigners in their own city, they may so continue, and therein flatter themselves. For such like I have not written these lines, nor taken these pains.

The 'Britannia' has gone through many subsequent editions, and has proved so useful a repository of antiquarian and topographical knowledge, that it has been styled by Bishop Nicolson 'the common

sun, whereat our modern writers have all lighted their little torches.' The last edition is that of 1789, in two volumes folio, largely augmented by Mr Gough.

In 1593 Camden became head master of Westminster school, and, for the use of his pupils, published a Greek grammar in 1597. In the same year, however, his connexion with that seminary came to an end, on his receiving the appointment of Clarencieux king-of-arms, an office which allowed him more leisure for his favourite pursuits. The principal works which he subsequently published are, 1. *An Account of the Monuments and Inscriptions in Westminster Abbey*; 2. *A Collection of Ancient English Historians*; 3. A Latin *Narrative of the Gunpowder Plot*, drawn up at the desire of James VI.; and, 4. *Annals of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth*, also in Latin. The last of these works is praised by Hume as good composition, with respect both to style and matter, and as being 'written with simplicity of expression, very rare in that age, and with a regard to truth.' It is, however, generally considered as too favourable to Elizabeth; and Dr Robertson characterises the account of Scottish affairs under Queen Mary as less accurate than any other. Camden died unmarried in 1623, at the age of seventy-two, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. Not long before his death, he founded and endowed a history lecture at Oxford.

SIR HENRY SPELMAN — SIR ROBERT COTTON — JOHN SPEED — SAMUEL DANIEL.

Sir Henry Spelman, a man of similar tastes, and who was intimate with Camden, was born in 1562 at Congham, in Norfolk, of which county he was high-sheriff in 1604. His works are almost all upon legal and ecclesiastical antiquities. Having, in the course of his investigations, found it necessary to study the Saxon language, he embodied the fruits of his labour in his great work called *Glossarium Archæologicum*, the object of which is the explanation of obsolete words occurring in the laws of England. Another of his productions is *A History of the English Councils*, published partly in 1639, and partly after his death, which took place in 1641. The writings of this author have furnished valuable materials to English historians, and he is considered as the restorer of Saxon literature, both by means of his own studies, and by founding a Saxon professorship at Cambridge. Sir Robert Cotton (1570-1631) is celebrated as an industrious collector of records, charters, and writings of every kind relative to the ancient history of England. In the prosecution of his object he enjoyed unusual facilities, the recent suppression of monasteries having thrown many valuable books and written documents into private hands. In 1600, he accompanied his friend Camden on an excursion to Carlisle, for the purpose of examining the Picts' wall and other relics of former times. It was principally on his suggestion that James I. resorted to the scheme of creating baronets, as a means of supplying the treasury; and he himself was one of those who purchased the distinction. Sir Robert Cotton was the author of various historical, political, and antiquarian works, which are now of little interest, except to men of kindred tastes. His name is remembered chiefly for the benefit which he conferred upon literature, by saving his valuable library of manuscripts from dispersion. After being considerably augmented by his son and grandson, it became, in 1706, the property of the public, and in 1757 was deposited in the British Museum. One hundred and eleven of the manuscripts, many of them highly valuable, had before this time been unfortunately destroyed by fire. From those which remain, historians still continue to extract large stores of information. During his lifetime, materials were drawn from his library by Raleigh, Bacon, Selden, and Herbert; and he furnished literary assistance to many contemporary authors. Besides aiding Camden in the compilation of the 'Britannia,' he materially assisted John Speed (1552-1629), by revising, correcting, and adding to a *History of Great Britain*, published by that writer in 1614. Speed was indebted also to Spelman and others for contributions. He is characterised by Bishop Nicolson as 'a person of extraordinary industry and attainments in the study of antiquities.' Being a tailor by trade, he enjoyed few advantages from education; yet his history is a highly creditable performance, and was long the best in existence. He was the first to reject the fables of preceding chroniclers concerning the origin of the Britons, and to exercise a just discrimination in the selection of authorities. His history commences with the original inhabitants of the island, and extends to the union of England and Scotland under King James, to whom the work is dedicated. In 1606 he published maps of Great Britain and Ireland, with the English shires, hundreds, cities, and shire-towns. This collection was superior to any other that had appeared. Samuel Daniel (1562-1619), who has already been mentioned as a poet, distinguished himself also as a writer of prose. Besides *A Defence of Rhyme*, published in 1611, he composed *A History of England*, of which only the first and second parts, extending from the Norman Conquest to the end of the reign of Edward III., were completed by himself. Of these, the first appeared in 1613, and the second about five years later. Being a judicious and tasteful performance, and written in a clear, simple, and agreeable style, the work became very popular, and soon passed through several editions. It was continued in an inferior manner to the death of Richard III., by John Trussel, an alderman of Winchester. Like Speed, Daniel was cautious in giving credit to narratives of remote events, as will appear from his remarks, here subjoined, on the

[*Uncertainty of the Early History of Nations.*]

Undertaking to collect the principal affairs of this kingdom, I had a desire to have deduced the same from the beginning of the first British kings, as they are registered in their catalogue; but finding no authentical warrant how they came there, I did put off that desire with these considerations: That a lesser part of time, and better known (which was from William I., surnamed the Bastard), was more than enough for my ability; and how it was but our curiosity to search further back into times past than we might discern, and whereof we could neither have proof nor profit; how the beginnings of all people and states were as uncertain as the heads of great rivers, and could not add to our virtue, and, peradventure, little to our reputation to know them, considering how commonly they rise from the springs of poverty, piracy, robbery, and violence; howsoever fabulous writers (to glorify their nations) strive to abuse the credulity of after-ages with heroical or miraculous beginnings. For states, as men, are ever best seen when they are up, and as they are, not as they were. Besides, it seems, God in his providence, to check our presumptuous inquisition, wraps up all things in uncertainty, bars us out from long antiquity, and bounds our searches within the compass of a few ages, as if the same were sufficient, both for example and instruction, to the government of men. For had we the particular occurrents of all ages and all nations, it might

more stuff, but not better our understanding; we shall find still the same correspondencies to hold in the actions of men; virtues and vices the same, though rising and falling, according to the worth or weakness of governors; the causes of the ruins and mutations of states to be alike, and the train of affairs carried by precedent, in a course of succession, under like colours.

THOMAS MAY—SIR JOHN HAYWARD—RICHARD KNOLLES.

THOMAS MAY (1595-1650), who, like Daniel, was both a poet and a historian, published, in 1647, *The History of the Parliament of England which began November* 3, 1640. This is, in reality, a history

Thomas May.

rather of the civil war which arose while that parliament was sitting, than of the proceedings of the parliament itself. The work was imposed upon him in his capacity of secretary for the parliament, and was reluctantly undertaken. It gave great offence to the royalists, by whom both the author and his performance were loudly abused. Its composition is inelegant, but the candour displayed in it has been pronounced much greater than the royalists were willing to allow.

Among the minor historians of the time of Elizabeth appears SIR JOHN HAYWARD, who, in 1599, published *The First Part of the Life and Reign of Henry IV.*, which he dedicated to the Earl of Essex. Some passages in it gave such offence to the queen, that she caused the author to be imprisoned. He was patronised by James I., however, and at the desire of Prince Henry composed *Lives of the Three Norman Kings of England* (1613). After his death, which happened in 1627, was published his *Life and Reign of King Edward VI., with the Beginning of the Reign of Queen Elizabeth* (1630). He writes with considerable smoothness, but too dramatically, imitating Livy and other ancient historians in the practice of putting speeches into the mouths of the characters. RICHARD KNOLLES, master of a free school at Sandwich, in Kent, where he died in 1610, wrote a *History of the Turks*, which is praised by Dr Johnson in the 122d number of the 'Rambler' as exhibiting all the excellences that narration can admit. 'His style,' says Johnson, 'though somewhat obscured by time, and sometimes vitiated by false wit, is pure, nervous, elevated, and clear. Nothing could have sunk this author into obscurity but the remoteness and barbarity of the people whose story he relates.' This account of the work is, however, considered to surpass its deserts. As a specimen, we extract the account given of

The Taking of Constantinople by the Turks.

A little before day, the Turks approached the walls and begun the assault, where shot and stones were delivered upon them from the walls as thick as hail, whereof little fell in vain, by reason of the multitude of the Turks, who, pressing fast unto the walls, could not see in the dark how to defend themselves, but were without number wounded or slain; but these were of the common and worst soldiers, of whom the Turkish king made no more reckoning than to abate the first force of the defendants. Upon the first appearance of the day, Mahomet gave the sign appointed for the general assault, whereupon the city was in a moment, and at one instant, on every side most furiously assaulted by the Turks: for Mahomet, the more to distress the defendants, and the better to see the forwardness of the soldiers, had before appointed which part of the city every colonel with his regiment should assail: which they valiantly performed, delivering their arrows and shot upon the defendants so thick, that the light of the day was therewith darkened; others in the meantime courageously mounting the scaling-ladders, and coming even to handy-strokes with the defendants upon the wall, where the foremost were for the most part violently borne forward by them which followed after. On the other side, the Christians with no less courage withstood the Turkish fury, beating them down again with great stones and weighty pieces of timber, and so overwhelmed them with shot, darts, and arrows, and other hurtful devices from above, that the Turks, dismayed with the terror thereof, were ready to retire.

Mahomet, seeing the great slaughter and discomfiture of his men, sent in fresh supplies of his janizaries and best men of war, whom he had for that purpose reserved as his last hope and refuge; by whose coming on his fainting soldiers were again encouraged, and the terrible assault begun afresh. At which time the barbarous king ceased not to use all possible means to maintain the assault; by name calling upon this and that captain, promising unto some whom he saw forward golden mountains, and unto others in whom he saw any sign of cowardice, threatening most terrible death; by which means the assault became most dreadful, death there raging in the midst of many thousands. And albeit that the Turks lay dead by heaps upon the ground, yet other fresh men pressed on still in their places over their dead bodies, and with divers event either slew or were slain by their enemies.

In this so terrible a conflict, it chanced Justinianus the general to be wounded in the arm, who, losing much blood, cowardly withdrew himself from the place of his charge, not leaving any to supply his room, and so got into the city by the gate called Romana, which he had caused to be opened in the inner wall; pretending the cause of his departure to be for the binding up of his wound, but being, indeed, a man now altogether discouraged.

The soldiers there present, dismayed with the departure of their general, and sore charged by the janizaries, forsook their stations, and in haste fled to the same gate whereby Justinianus was entered; with the sight whereof the other soldiers, dismayed, ran thither by heaps also. But whilst they violently strive all together to get in at once, they so wedged one another in the entrance of the gate, that few of so great a multitude got in; in which so great a press and confusion of minds, eight hundred persons were there by them that followed trodden under foot, or thrust to death. The emperor himself, for safeguard of his life, flying with the rest in that

press as a man not regarded, miserably ended his days, together with the Greek empire. His dead body was shortly after found by the Turks among the slain, and known by his rich apparel, whose head being cut off, was forthwith presented to the Turkish tyrant, by whose commandment it was afterward thrust upon the point of a lance, and in great derision carried about as a trophy of his victory, first in the camp, and afterwards up and down the city.

The Turks, encouraged with the flight of the Christians, presently advanced their ensigns upon the top of the uttermost wall, crying Victory; and by the breach entered as if it had been a great flood, which, having once found a breach in the bank, overfloweth, and beareth down all before it; so the Turks, when they had won the utter wall, entered the city by the same gate that was opened for Justinianus, and by a breach which they had before made with their great artillery, and without mercy cutting in pieces all that came in their way, without further resistance became lords of that most famous and imperial city. . . . In this fury of the barbarians perished many thousands of men, women, and children, without respect of age, sex, or condition. Many, for safeguard of their lives, fled into the temple of Sophia, where they were all without pity slain, except some few reserved by the barbarous victors to purposes more grievous than death itself. The rich and beautiful ornaments and jewels of that most sumptuous and magnificent church (the stately building of Justinianus the emperor) were, in the turning of a hand, plucked down and carried away by the Turks; and the church itself, built for God to be honoured in, for the present converted into a stable for their horses, or a place for the execution of their abominable and unspeakable filthiness; the image of the crucifix was also by them taken down, and a Turk's cap put upon the head thereof, and so set up and shot at with their arrows, and afterwards, in great derision, carried about in their camp, as it had been in procession, with drums playing before it, railing and spitting at it, and calling it the God of the Christians, which I note not so much done in contempt of the image, as in despite of Christ and the Christian religion.

ARTHUR WILSON—SIR RICHARD BAKER.

Arthur Wilson, another historian, flourished somewhat later, having been born in 1596. He was secretary to Robert, Earl of Essex, the parliamentary general in the civil wars; and afterwards became steward to the Earl of Warwick. He died in 1652, leaving in manuscript a work on *The Life and Reign of James I.*, which was published in the following year. A comedy of his, entitled *The Inconstant Lady*, was printed at Oxford in 1814.

We shall conclude our survey of the historical writers of this period by devoting a few words to Sir Richard Baker, who lived from 1568 to 1645, and whose 'Chronicle' was long popular in England, particularly among country gentlemen. Addison makes it the favourite book of Sir Roger de Coverley. Baker was knighted by James I. in 1603, and in 1620 became high-sheriff for Oxfordshire, in which he possessed considerable property. Afterwards having imprudently engaged for the payment of debts contracted by his wife's family, he became insolvent, and spent several years in the Fleet prison, where he died in 1645. While in durance, he wrote *Meditations and Disquisitions* on portions of Scripture, translated Balzac's Letters and Malvezzi's Discourses on Tacitus, and composed two pieces in defence of the theatre. His principal work, however, was that already referred to, entitled *A Chronicle of the Kings of England, from the time of the Romans' Government unto the Death of King James.* This work, which appeared in 1641, the author complacently declares to be 'collected with so great care and diligence, that if all other of our chronicles were lost, this only would be sufficient to inform posterity of all passages memorable or worthy to be known.' Notwithstanding such high pretensions, the 'Chronicle' was afterwards proved by Thomas Blount, in 'Animadversions' published in 1672, to contain many gross errors; and although an edition printed in 1730 is said to be purged of these to a considerable extent, yet the work must continue to be regarded as an injudicious performance, unworthy of much reliance. The style of Baker, which is superior to his matter, is described, in a letter written to him by his former college friend Sir Henry Wotton, as 'full of sweet raptures and of researching conceits; nothing borrowed, nothing vulgar, and yet all flowing from you, I know not how, with a certain equal facility.'

SIR HENRY WOTTON.

Sir Henry Wotton, of whom some account has already been given, was himself one of the conspicuous characters of this period, both as a writer and a politician. While resident abroad, he embodied the result of his inquiries into political affairs in a work called *The State of Christendom; or a most Exact and Curious Discovery of many Secret Passages and Hidden Mysteries of the Times.* This, however, was not printed till after his death. In 1624, while provost of Eton college, he published *Elements of Architecture*, then the best work on that subject, and the materials of which were no doubt collected chiefly in Italy. His latter years were spent in planning several works, which, from the pecuniary difficulties in which he found himself involved, were never executed. *The Reliquiæ Wottonianæ*, a posthumous publication, is a collection of his miscellaneous pieces, including lives, letters, poems, and characters. These display considerable liveliness of fancy and intellectual acuteness, though tainted with the pedantry of the times. Several of them are here extracted:—

[*What Education Embraces.*]

First, there must proceed a way how to discern the natural inclinations and capacities of children. Secondly, next must ensue the culture and furnishment of the mind. Thirdly, the moulding of behaviour and decent forms. Fourthly, the tempering of affections. Fifthly, the quickening and exciting of observations and practical judgment. Sixthly, and the last in order, but the principal in value, being that which must knit and consolidate all the rest, is the timely instilling of conscientious principles and seeds of religion.

Every Nature is not a Fit Stock to Graft a Scholar on.

The Spaniard that wrote 'The Trial of Wits,' undertakes to show what complexion is fit for every profession. I will not disable any for proving a scholar, nor yet dissemble that I have seen many happily forced upon that course, to which by nature they seemed much indisposed. Sometimes the possibility of preferment prevailing with the credulous, expectation of less expense with the covetous, opinion of ease with the fond, and assurance of remoteness with the unkind parents, have moved them, without discretion, to engage their children in adventures of learning, by whose return they have received but small contentment: but they who are deceived in their first designs deserve less to be condemned, as such who (after sufficient trial) persist in their wilfulness are no way to be pitied. I have known some who have been acquainted (by the complaints of

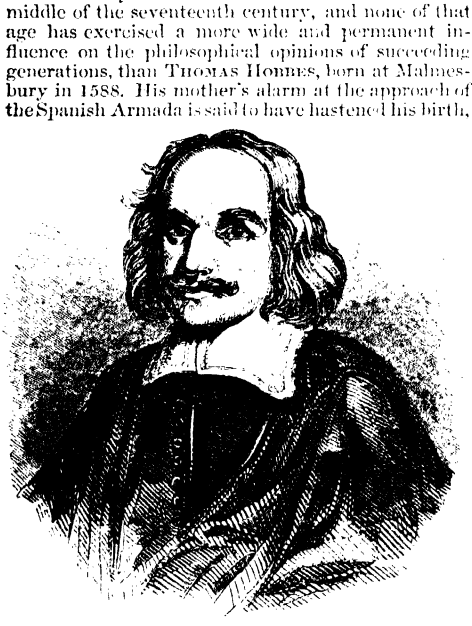
governors, clamours of creditors, and confessions of their sons) what might be expected from them, yet have held them in with strong hand, till they have desperately quit, or disgracefully forfeited, the places where they lived. Deprived of which, they might hope to avoid some misery, if their friends, who were so careful to bestow them in a college when they were young, would be so good as to provide a room for them in some hospital when they are old.

[*Commendation before Trial Injudicious.*]

The fashion of commending our friends' abilities before they come to trial, sometimes takes good effect with the common sort, who, building their belief on authority, strive to follow the conceit of their betters; but usually, amongst men of independent judgments, this bespeaking of opinion breeds a purpose of stricter examination, and if the report be answered, procures only a bare acknowledgment; whereas, if nothing be proclaimed or promised, they are perhaps content to signify their own skill in testifying another's desert; otherwise great wits, jealous of their credit, are ready to suppress worth in others, to the advancing of their own, and (if more ingenuous) no farther just than to forbear detraction; at the best, rather disposed to give praise upon their own accord, than to make payment upon demand or challenge.

THOMAS HOBBES.

No literary man excited more attention in the middle of the seventeenth century, and none of that age has exercised a more wide and permanent influence on the philosophical opinions of succeeding generations, than THOMAS HOBBES, born at Malmesbury in 1588. His mother's alarm at the approach of the Spanish Armada is said to have hastened his birth,



Thomas Hobbes.

and was probably the cause of a constitutional timidity which possessed him through life. After studying for five years at Oxford, he travelled, in 1610, through France, Italy, and Germany, in the capacity of tutor to Lord Cavendish, afterwards Earl of Devonshire, with whom, on returning to England, he continued to reside as his secretary. At this time he became intimate with Lord Bacon, Lord Herbert of Cherbury, and Ben Jonson. His pupil dying in 1628, Hobbes again visited Paris; but in 1631 he undertook to superintend the education of the young Earl of Devonshire, with whom he set off, three years later, on a tour through France, Italy, and Savoy. At Pisa he became intimate with Galileo the astronomer, and elsewhere held communication with other celebrated characters. After his return to England in 1637, he resided in the earl's family, at Chatsworth, in Derbyshire. He now devoted himself to study, in which, however, he was interrupted by the political contentions of the times. Being a zealous royalist, he found it necessary, in 1640, to retire to Paris, where he lived on terms of intimacy with Descartes and other learned men, whom the patronage of Cardinal de Richelieu had at that time drawn together. While at Paris, he engaged in a controversy about the quadrature of the circle, and in 1647, he was appointed mathematical instructor to Charles, Prince of Wales, who then resided in the French capital. Previously to this time, he had commenced the publication of those works which he sent forth in succession, with the view of curbing the spirit of freedom in England, by showing the philosophical foundation of despotic monarchy. The first of them was originally printed in Latin at Paris, in 1642, under the title of *Elementa Philosophica de Cive*; when afterwards translated into English, it was entitled *Philosophical Rudiments Concerning Government and Society*. This treatise is regarded as the most exact account of the author's political system: it contains many profound views, but is disfigured by fundamental and dangerous errors. The principles maintained in it were more fully discussed in his larger work, published in 1651, under the title of *Leviathan: or the Matter, Form, and Power of a Commonwealth, Ecclesiastical and Civil*. Man is here represented as a selfish and ferocious animal, requiring the strong hand of despotism to keep him in check; and all notions of right and wrong are made to depend upon views of self-interest alone. Of this latter doctrine, commonly known as the Selfish System of moral philosophy, Hobbes was indeed the great champion, both in the 'Leviathan,' and more particularly in his small *Treatise on Human Nature*, published in 1650. There appeared in the same year another work from his pen, entitled *De Corpore Politico*; or, 'Of the Body Politic.' The freedom with which theological subjects were handled in the 'Leviathan,' as well as the offensive political views there maintained, occasioned a great outcry against the author, particularly among the clergy. This led Charles to dissolve his connexion with the philosopher, who, according to Lord Clarendon, 'was compelled secretly to fly out of Paris, the justice having endeavoured to apprehend him, and soon after escaped into England, where he never received any disturbance.' He again took up his abode with the Devonshire family, and became intimate with Selden, Cowley, and Dr Harvey, the discoverer of the circulation of the blood. In 1654 he published a short but admirably clear and comprehensive *Letter upon Liberty and Necessity*; where the doctrine of the self-determining power of the will is opposed with a subtlety and profundity unsurpassed in any subsequent writer on that much-agitated question. Indeed, he appears to have been the first who understood and expounded clearly the doctrine of philosophical necessity. On this subject, a long controversy between him and Bishop Bramhall of Londonderry took place. Here he fought with the skill of a master; but in a mathematical dispute with Dr Wallis, professor of geometry at Oxford, which lasted twenty years, he fairly went beyond his depth, and obtained no increase of reputation. The fact is, that Hobbes had not begun to study mathematics till the age of forty, and, like other late learners, greatly overestimated his knowledge. He supposed himself to

have discovered the quadrature of the circle, and dogmatically upheld his claim in the face of the clearest refutation. In this controversy, personal feeling, according to the custom of the time, appeared without disguise. Hobbes having published a sarcastic piece, entitled *Six Lessons to the Professors of Mathematics in Oxford*, Wallis retorted by administering, in 1656, *Due Correction for Mr Hobbes, or School-Discipline for not Saying his Lessons Right.* Here his language to the philosopher is in the following unceremonious strain:—'It seems, Mr Hobbes, that you have a mind to *say your lesson*, and that the mathematic professors of Oxford should *hear* you. You are too old to learn, though you have as much need as those that be younger, and yet will think much to be whipt. What moved you to say your lessons in English, when the books against which you do chiefly intend them were written in Latin? Was it chiefly for the perfecting your natural rhetoric, whenever you thought it convenient to repair to Billingsgate? You found that the oyster-women could not teach you to rail in Latin. Now you can, upon all occasion, or without occasion, give the titles of fool, beast, ass, dog, &c., which I take to be but barking; and they are no better than a man might have at Billingsgate for a box o' the ear. You tell us, "though the beasts that think our railing to be roaring, have for a time admired us, yet, now you have showed them our ears, they will be less affrighted." Sir, these persons needed not a sight of *your ears*, but could tell by the *voice* what kind of creature brayed in your books: you dared not have said this to their faces.' When Charles II. came to the throne, he conferred on Hobbes an annual pension of one hundred pounds; but notwithstanding this and other marks of the royal favour, much odium continued to prevail against him and his doctrines. The 'Leviathan' and 'De Cive' were censured in parliament in 1666, and also drew forth many printed replies. Among the authors of these, the most distinguished was Lord Clarendon, who, in 1676, published *A Brief View and Survey of the Dangerous and Pernicious Errors to Church and State, in Mr Hobbes's Book, entitled Leviathan.* Two years previously, Hobbes had entered a new field of literature, by publishing a metrical version of four books of Homer's Odyssey, which was so well received, that, in 1675, he sent forth a translation of the remainder of that poem, and also of the whole Iliad. Here, according to Pope, 'Hobbes has given us a correct explanation of the sense in general; but for particulars and circumstances, he continually lops them, and often omits the most beautiful. * * He sometimes omits whole similes and sentences, and is now and then guilty of mistakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen but through carelessness. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticism.' Nevertheless, the work became so popular, that three large editions were required within less than ten years. Hobbes was more successful as a translator in prose than in poetry; his version of the Greek historian Thucydides (which had appeared in 1629, and was the first work that he published) being still regarded as the best English translation of that author. Its faithfulness to the original is so great, that it frequently degenerates into servility. This work, he says, was undertaken by him 'from an honest desire of preventing, if possible, those disturbances in which he was apprehensive that his country would be involved, by showing, in the history of the Peloponnesian war, the fatal consequences of intestine troubles.' At Chatsworth, to which he retired in 1674 to spend the remainder of his days, he continued to compose various works, the principal of which, entitled *Behemoth, or a History of the Civil Wars from* 1640 *to* 1660, was finished in 1679, but did not appear till after his death, an event which took place in December of that year, when he had attained the age of ninety-two.

Hobbes is described by Lord Clarendon as one for whom he 'had always had a great esteem, as a man who, besides his eminent parts of learning and knowledge, hath been always looked upon as a man of probity and a life free from scandal.' It was a saying of Charles II., in reference to the opposition which the doctrines of Hobbes met from the clergy, that 'he was a bear, against whom the church played their young dogs, in order to exercise them.' In his latter years he became morose and impatient of contradiction, both by reason of his growing infirmities, and from indulging too much in solitude, by which his natural arrogance and contempt for the opinions of other men were greatly increased. He at no time read extensively: Homer, Virgil, Thucydides, and Euclid, were his favourite authors; and he used to say, that, 'if he had read as much as other men, he should have been as ignorant as they.' Owing to the timidity of his disposition, he was continually apprehensive about his personal safety, insomuch that he could not endure to be left in an empty house. From the same motive, probably, it was, that, notwithstanding his notorious heterodoxy, he maintained an external adherence to the established church, and in his works sometimes assented to theological views which undoubtedly he did not hold. Though he has been stigmatised as an atheist, the charge is groundless, as may be inferred from what he says, in his 'Treatise on Human Nature,' concerning

[*God.*]

Forasmuch as God Almighty is incomprehensible, it followeth that we can have no conception or image of the Deity; and, consequently, all his attributes signify our inability and defect of power to conceive anything concerning his nature, and not any conception of the same, except only this, That there is a God. For the effects, we acknowledge naturally, do include a power of their producing, before they were produced; and that power presupposeth something existent that hath such power: and the thing so existing with power to produce, if it were not eternal, must needs have been produced by somewhat before it, and that, again, by something else before that, till we come to an eternal (that is to say, the first) Power of all Powers, and first Cause of all Causes: and this is it which all men conceive by the name of GOD, implying eternity, incomprehensibility, and omnipotency. And thus all that will consider may know that God is, though not *what* he is: even a man that is born blind, though it be not possible for him to have any imagination what kind of thing fire is, yet he cannot but know that something there is that men call fire, because it warmeth him.

[*Pity and Indignation.*]

Pity is imagination or fiction of future calamity to ourselves, proceeding from the sense of another man's calamity. But when it lighteth on such as we think have not deserved the same, the compassion is greater, because then there appeareth more probability that the same may happen to us; for the evil that happeneth to an innocent man may happen to every man. But when we see a man suffer for great crimes, which we cannot easily think will fall upon ourselves, the pity is the less. And therefore men are apt to pity those whom they love; for whom they love they think worthy of good, and therefore not worthy of calamity. Thence it is also, that men pity

the vices of some persons at the first sight only, out of love to their aspect. The contrary of pity is hardness of heart, proceeding either from slowness of imagination, or some extreme great opinion of their own exemption from the like calamity, or from hatred of all or most men.

Indignation is that grief which consisteth in the conception of good success happening to them whom they think unworthy thereof. Seeing, therefore, men think all those unworthy whom they hate, they think them not only unworthy of the good fortune they have, but also of their own virtues. And of all the passions of the mind, these two, indignation and pity, are most raised and increased by eloquence; for the aggravation of the calamity, and extenuation of the fault, augmenteth pity; and the extenuation of the worth of the person, together with the magnifying of his success, which are the parts of an orator, are able to turn these two passions into fury.

[*Emulation and Envy.*]

Emulation is grief arising from seeing one's self exceeded or excelled by his concurrent, together with hope to equal or exceed him in time to come, by his own ability. But envy is the same grief joined with pleasure conceived in the imagination of some ill-fortune that may befall him.

[*Laughter.*]

There is a passion that hath no name; but the sign of it is that distortion of the countenance which we call laughter, which is always joy: but what joy, what we think, and wherein we triumph when we laugh, is not **hitherto** declared by any. That it consisteth in wit, or, as they call it, in the jest, experience confuteth; for men laugh at mischances and indecencies, wherein there lieth no wit nor jest at all. And forasmuch as the same thing is no more ridiculous when it groweth stale or usual, whatsoever it be that moveth laughter, it must be new and unexpected. Men laugh often (especially such as are greedy of applause from everything they do well) at their own actions performed never so little beyond their own expectations; as also at their own jests: and in this case it is manifest that the passion of laughter proceedeth from a sudden conception of some ability in himself that laugheth. Also, men laugh at the infirmities of others, by comparison wherewith their own abilities are set off and illustrated. Also men laugh at jests, the wit whereof always consisteth in the elegant discovering and conveying to our minds some absurdity of another; and in this case also the passion of laughter proceeded from the sudden imagination of our own odds and eminency; for what is else the recommending of ourselves to our own good opinion, by comparison with another's man's infirmity or absurdity? For when a jest is broken upon ourselves, or friends, of whose dishonour we participate, we never laugh thereat. I may therefore conclude, that the passion of laughter is nothing else but sudden glory arising from a sudden conception of some eminency in ourselves, by comparison with the infirmity of others, or with our own formerly; for men laugh at the follies of themselves past, when they come suddenly to remembrance, except they bring with them any present dishonour. It is no wonder, therefore, that men take heinously to be laughed at or derided; that is, triumphed over. Laughing without offence, must be at absurdities and infirmities abstracted from persons, and when all the company may laugh together; for laughing to one's self putteth all the rest into jealousy, and examination of themselves. Besides, it is vain glory, and an argument of little worth, to think the infirmity of another sufficient matter for his triumph.

[*Love of Knowledge.*]

Forasmuch as all knowledge beginneth from experience, therefore also new experience is the beginning of new knowledge, and the increase of experience the beginning of the increase of knowledge. Whatsoever, therefore, happeneth new to a man, giveth him matter of hope of knowing somewhat that he knew not before. And this hope and expectation of future knowledge from anything that happeneth new and strange, is that passion which we commonly call admiration; and the same considered as appetite, is called curiosity, which is appetite of knowledge. As in the discerning of faculties, man leaveth all community with beasts at the faculty of imposing names, so also doth he surmount their nature at this passion of curiosity. For when a beast seeth anything new and strange to him, he considereth it so far only as to discern whether it be likely to serve his turn or hurt him, and accordingly approacheth nearer to it, or fleeth from it: whereas man, who in most events remembereth in what manner they were caused and begun, looketh for the cause and beginning of everything that ariseth new unto him. And from this passion of admiration and curiosity, have arisen not only the invention of names, but also supposition of such causes of all things as they thought might produce them. And from this beginning is derived all philosophy, as astronomy from the admiration of the course of heaven; natural philosophy from the strange effects of the elements and other bodies. And from the degrees of curiosity proceed also the degrees of knowledge amongst men; for, to a man in the chase of riches or authority (which in respect of knowledge are but sensuality), it is a diversity of little pleasure, whether it be the motion of the sun or the earth that maketh the day; or to enter into other contemplations of any strange accident, otherwise than whether it conduce or not to the end he pursueth. Because curiosity is delight, therefore also novelty is so; but especially that novelty from which a man conceiveth an opinion, true or false, of bettering his own estate; for, in such case, they stand affected with the hope that all gamesters have while the cards are shuffling.

The following passages are extracted from Hobbes's works on

The Necessity of the Will.

The question is not, whether a man be a free agent, that is to say, whether he can write or forbear, speak or be silent, according to his will; but whether the will to write, and the will to forbear, come upon him according to his will, or according to anything else in his own power. I acknowledge this liberty, that I can *do* if I *will*: but to say, I can *will* if I *will*, I take to be an absurd speech.

[In answer to Bishop Bramhall's assertion, that the doctrine of free will 'is the belief of all mankind, which we have not learned from our tutors, but is imprinted in our hearts by nature']—It is true, very few have learned from tutors, that a man is not free to will; nor do they find it much in books. That they find in books, that which the poets chaunt in the theatres, and the shepherds on the mountains, that which the pastors teach in the churches, and the doctors in the universities, and that which the common people in the markets and all mankind in the whole world do assent unto, is the same that I assent unto; namely, that a man hath freedom to do if he will; but whether he hath freedom to will, is a question which it seems neither the bishop nor they ever thought on. * * A wooden top that is lashed by the boys, and runs about, sometimes to one wall, sometimes to another, sometimes spinning, sometimes

hitting men on the shins, if it were sensible of its own motion, would think it proceeded from its own will, unless it felt what lashed it. And is a man any wiser when he runs to one place for a benefice, to another for a bargain, and troubles the world with writing errors, and requiring answers, because he thinks he does it without other cause than his own will, and seeth not what are the lashings that cause that will?

[Concerning the justice of punishing criminals on the supposition of necessity of the will, he remarks] —The intention of the law is not to grieve the delinquent for that which is past, and not to be undone, but to make him and others just, that else would not be so; and respecteth not the evil act past, but the good to come; insomuch as, without the *good* intention for the future, no past act of a delinquent could justify his killing in the sight of God. But you will say, How is it just to kill one man to amend another, if what were done were *necessary*? To this I answer, that men are justly killed, not for that their actions are not *necessitated*, but because they are *noxious*; and that they are spared and preserved whose actions are not noxious. For where there is no law, there no killing, nor anything else, can be unjust; and by the right of nature we destroy (without being unjust) all that is noxious, both beasts and men. * * When we make societies or commonwealths, we lay down our right to kill, excepting in certain cases, as murder, theft, or other offensive action; so that the right which the commonwealth hath to put a man to death for crimes, is not created by the law, but remains from the first right of nature which every man hath to preserve himself; for that the law doth not take that right away in the case of criminals, who were by law excepted. Men are not, therefore, put to death, or punished, for that their theft proceedeth from election; but because it was noxious, and contrary to men's preservation, and the punishment conducing to the preservation of the rest; inasmuch as, to punish those that do voluntary hurt, and none else, frameth and maketh men's wills such as men would have them. And thus it is plain, that from the necessity of a voluntary action cannot be inferred the injustice of the law that forbiddeth it, or of the magistrate that punisheth it.

[As to praise or dispraise] – These depend not at all on the necessity of the action praised or dispraised. For what is it else to *praise*, but *to say a thing is good?* Good, I say, for me, or for somebody else, or for the state and commonwealth. And what is it to say an action is good, but to say it is as I would wish, or as another would have it, or according to the will of the state; that is to say, according to the law? Does my lord think that no action can please me, or him, or the commonwealth, that should proceed from necessity? Things may be therefore necessary, and yet praiseworthy, as also necessary, and yet dispraised, and neither of them both in vain; because praise and dispraise, and likewise reward and punishment, do, by example, make and conform the will to good or evil. It was a very great praise, in my opinion, that Velleius Paterculus gives Cato, where he says, that he was good by nature, 'et quia aliter esse non potuit'—['and because he could not be otherwise.']

The style of Hobbes is characterised by Sir James Mackintosh as 'the very perfection of didactic language. Short, clear, precise, pithy, his language never has more than one meaning, which never requires a second thought to find. By the help of his exact method, it takes so firm a hold on the mind, that it will not allow attention to slacken. His little tract on *Human Nature* has scarcely an ambiguous or a needless word. He has so great a power of always choosing the most significant term, that he never is reduced to the poor expedient of using many in its stead. He had so thoroughly studied the genius of the language, and knew so well to steer between pedantry and vulgarity, that two centuries have not superannuated probably more than a dozen of his words.'* Among his greatest philosophical errors are those of making no distinction between the intellectual and emotive faculties of man—of representing all human actions as the results of intellectual deliberation alone—and of in every case deriving just and benevolent actions from a cool survey of the advantages to self which may be expected to flow from them. In short, he has given to neither the moral nor the social sentiments a place in his scheme of human nature. The opponents of this selfish system have been numberless; nor is the controversy terminated even at the present day. The most eminent of those who have ranged themselves against Hobbes are Cumberland, Cudworth, Shaftesbury, Clarke, Butler, Hutcheson, Kames, Smith, Stewart, and Brown.

LORD HERBERT.

Among the distinguished persons whom we have mentioned as intimate with Hobbes, is LORD HERBERT OF CHERBURY (1581-1648), a brave and high-spirited man, at a time when honourable feeling was rare at the English court. Like the philosopher of Malmesbury, he distinguished himself as a free-thinker; and, says Dr Leland, 'as he was one of the first, so he was confessedly one of the greatest writers that have appeared among us in the deistical cause.'† He was born at Eyton, in Shropshire, studied at Oxford, and acquired, both at home and on the continent, a high reputation for the almost Quixotic chivalry of his character. In 1616 he was sent as ambassador to Paris, at which place he published, in 1624, his celebrated deistical book, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à Revelatione Verisimili, Possibili, et à Falso*—['Of Truth, as it is distinguished from Probable, Possible, and False Revelation']. In this work, the first in which deism was ever reduced to a system, the author maintains the sufficiency, universality, and absolute perfection of natural religion, and the consequent uselessness of supernatural revelation. This universal religion he reduces to the following articles:—1. That there is one supreme God. 2. That he is chiefly to be worshipped. 3. That piety and virtue are the principal part of his worship. 4. That we must repent of our sins, and if we do so, God will pardon them. 5. That good men are rewarded, and bad men punished, in a future state; or, as he sometimes expresses it, both here and hereafter. In reprinting the work at London in 1645, he added two tracts, *De Causis Errorum* ['Of the Causes of Error'], and *De Religione Laici* ['Of the Religion of a Layman']; and soon afterwards he published another book, entitled *De Religione Gentilium, Errorumque apud eos Causis*, of which an English translation appeared in 1705, entitled 'The Ancient Religion of the Gentiles, and Cause of their Errors, Considered.' The treatise 'De Veritate' was answered by the French philosopher Gassendi, and numerous replies have appeared in England. Lord Herbert wrote a *History of the Life and Reign of King Henry VIII.*, which was not printed till 1649, the year after his death. It is termed by Lord Orford 'a masterpiece

* Second Preliminary Dissertation to 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' p. 318.

† Leland's View of the Deistical Writers, Letter II.

of historic biography;' and in Bishop Nicolson's opinion, 'the author has acquitted himself with the like reputation as Lord Chancellor Bacon gained by the Life of Henry VII., having, in the polite and martial part, been admirably exact, from the best records that remain.' He has been accused, however, of partiality to the tyrannical monarch whose actions he relates, and of having produced rather a panegyric, or an apology, than a fair and judicious representation. As to style, the work is considered one of the best old specimens of historical composition in the language, being manly and vigorous, and unsullied by the quaintness and pedantry of the age. Lord Herbert is remarkable also as the earliest of our autobiographers. The memoirs which he left of his own life were first printed in 1764, and have ever since been popular. In the following extract, there is evidence of the singular fact, that though he conceived revelation unnecessary in a religious point of view, he seriously looked for a communication of the Divine will as to the publication or suppression of his principal work:—

My book, *De Veritate, prout distinguitur à Revelatione Verisimili, Possibili, et à Falso*, having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principal parts, was about this time finished; all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negotiations being employed to perfect this work, which was no sooner done, but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar, who, having escaped his prison in the Low Countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tieleners also, one of the greatest scholars of his time, who, after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than it is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it; howbeit, as the frame of my whole book was so different from anything which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had written formerly concerning the method of finding out truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure, concerning the whole argument of my book; I must confess it did not a little animate me, that the two great persons abovementioned did so highly value it, yet, as I knew it would meet with much opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful in my chamber, one fair day in the summer, my casement being open towards the south, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hand, and, kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words:—

'O thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make; I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book De Veritate; if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.'

I had no sooner spoken these words, but a loud, though yet gentle noise, came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth), which did so comfort and cheer me, that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign I demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book.

This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true, neither am I any way superstitiously deceived herein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that ever I saw, being without all cloud, did to my thinking see the place from whence it came.

As a sample of his 'Life of Henry VIII.,' take his account of

[*Sir Thomas More's Resignation of the Great Seal.*]

Sir Thomas More, Lord Chancellor of England, after divers suits to be discharged of his place (which he had held two years and a-half), did at length by the king's good leave resign it. The example whereof being rare, will give me occasion to speak more particularly of him. Sir Thomas More, a person of sharp wit, and endued besides with excellent parts of learning (as his works may testify), was yet (out of I know not what natural facetiousness) given so much to jesting, that it detracted no little from the gravity and importance of his place, which, though generally noted and disliked, I do not think was enough to make him give it over in that merriment we shall find anon, or retire to a private life. Neither can I believe him so much addicted to his private opinions as to detest all other governments but his own Utopia, so that it is probable some vehement desire to follow his book, or secret offence taken against some person or matter (among which perchance the king's new intended marriage, or the like, might be accounted) occasioned this strange counsel; though, yet, I find no reason pretended for it, but infirmity and want of health. Our king hereupon taking the seal, and giving it, together with the order of knighthood, to Thomas Audeley, speaker of the Lower House, Sir Thomas More, without acquainting any body with what he had done, repairs to his family at Chelsea, where, after a mass celebrated the next day in the church, he comes to his lady's pew, with his hat in his hand (an office formerly done by one of his gentlemen), and says, 'Madam, my lord is gone.' But she thinking this at first to be but one of his jests, was little moved, till he told her sadly, he had given up the great seal; whereupon she speaking some passionate words, he called his daughters then present to see if they could not spy some fault about their mother's dressing; but they after search saying they could find none, he replied, 'Do you not perceive that your mother's nose standeth somewhat awry?'—of which jeer the provoked lady was so sensible, that she went from him in a rage. Shortly after, he acquainted his servants with what he had done, dismissing them also to the attendance of some other great personages, to whom he had recommended them. For his fool, he bestowed him on the lord mayor during his office, and afterwards on his successors in that charge. And now coming to himself, he began to consider how much he had left, and finding that it was not above one hundred pounds yearly in lands, besides some money, he advised with his daughters how to live together. But the grieved gentlewomen (who knew not what to reply, or indeed how to take these jests) remaining astonished, he says, 'We will begin with the slender diet of the students of the law, and if that will not hold out, we will take such commons as they have at Oxford; which yet if our purse will not stretch to maintain, for our last refuge we will go a-begging, and at every man's door sing together a *Salve Regina* to get alms. But these jests were thought to have in them more levity, than to be taken everywhere for current; he might have quitted his dignity without using such sarcasms, and betaken himself to a more retired and quiet life, without making them or himself contemptible. And certainly whatsoever he intended hereby, his family so little understood his meaning, that they needed some more serious instructions. So that I cannot persuade myself for all this talk, that so excellent a person would omit at fit times to give his family that sober account of his relinquishing this place, which I find he did to the Archbishop Warham, Erasmus, and others.

TRANSLATION OF THE BIBLE.

One of the most important literary undertak-

ings of this era was the execution of the present authorised translation of the Bible. At the great conference held in 1604 at Hampton Court, between the established and puritan clergy, the version of Scripture then existing was generally disapproved of, and the king consequently appointed fifty-four men, many of whom were eminent as Hebrew and Greek scholars, to commence a new translation. In 1607, forty-seven of the number met, in six parties, at Oxford, Cambridge, and Westminster, and proceeded to their task, a certain portion of Scripture being assigned to each. Every individual of each division, in the first place, translated the portion assigned to the division, all of which translations were collected; and when each party had determined on the construction of its part, it was proposed to the other divisions for general approbation. When they met together, one read the new version, whilst all the rest held in their hands either copies of the original, or some valuable version; and on any one objecting to a passage, the reader stopped till it was agreed upon. The result was published in 1611, and has ever since been reputed as a translation generally faithful, and an excellent specimen of the language of the time. Being universally read by all ranks of the people, it has contributed most essentially to give stability and uniformity to the English tongue.

KING JAMES I.

KING JAMES was himself an author, but his works are now considered merely as curiosities. His most celebrated productions are the *Basilicon Doron*, *Dæmonology*, and *A Counterblast to Tobacco*. The first was written, for the instruction of his son Prince Henry, a short time before the union of the crowns, and seems not to have been originally intended for the press. In the 'Dæmonology,' the British Solomon displays his wisdom and learning in maintaining the existence and criminality of witches, and discussing the manner in which their feats are performed. Our readers will be amused by the following extracts from this performance, the first of which is from the preface:—

[*Sorcery and Witchcraft.*]

The fearful abounding at this time in this country of these detestable slaves of the devil, the witches or enchanters, hath moved me (beloved reader) to dispatch in post this following treatise of mine, not in any wise (as I protest) to serve for a show of my learning and ingine, but only, moved of conscience, to press thereby, so far as I can, to resolve the doubting hearts of many; both that such assaults of Sathan are most certainly practised, and that the instruments thereof merits most severely to be punished: against the damnable opinions of two principally in our age, whereof the one called Scot, an Englishman, is not ashamed in public print to deny that there can be such a thing as witchcraft; and so maintains the old error of the Sadducees in denying of spirits. The other called Wierus, a German physician, sets out a public apology for all these crafts-folks, whereby, procuring for their impunity, he plainly bewrays himself to have been one of that profession. And for to make this treatise the more pleasant and facile, I have put it in form of a dialogue, which I have divided into three books: the first speaking of magic in general, and necromancy in special: the second, of sorcery and witchcraft: and the third contains a discourse of all these kinds of spirits, and spectres that appears and troubles persons: together with a conclusion of the whole work. My intention in this labour is only to prove two things, as I have already said: the one, that such devilish arts have been and are: the other, what exact trial and severe punishment they merit: and therefore reason I, what kind of things are possible to be performed in these arts, and by what natural causes they may be. Not that I touch every particular thing of the devil's power, for that were infinite: but only, to speak scholastickly (since this cannot be spoken in our language), I reason upon *genus*, leaving *species* and *differentia* to be comprehended therein. As, for example, speaking of the power of magicians in the first book and sixth chapter, I say that they can suddenly cause be brought unto them all kinds of dainty dishes by their familiar spirit: since as a thief he delights to steal, and as a spirit he can subtilly and suddenly enough transport the same. Now, under this *genus* may be comprehended all particulars depending thereupon; such as the bringing wine out of a wall (as we have heard oft to have been practised) and such others; which particulars are sufficiently proved by the reasons of the general.

[*How Witches Travel.*]

Philomathes. But by what way say they, or think ye it possible, they can come to these unlawful conventions?

Epistemon. There is the thing which I esteem their senses to be deluded in, and, though they lie not in confessing of it, because they think it to be true, yet not to be so in substance or effect, for they say, that by divers means they may convene either to the adoring of their master, or to the putting in practice any service of his committed unto their charge; one way is natural, which is natural riding, going, or sailing, at what hour their master comes and advertises them. And this way may be easily believed. Another way is somewhat more strange, and yet it is possible to be true: which is by being carried by the force of the spirit which is their conductor, either above the earth or above the sea, swiftly, to the place where they are to meet: which I am persuaded to be likewise possible, in respect that as Habakkuk was carried by the angel in that form to the den where Daniel lay, so think I the devil will be ready to imitate God, as well in that as in other things: which is much more possible to him to do, being a spirit, than to a mighty wind, being but a natural meteor, to transport from one place to another a solid body as is commonly and daily seen in practice. But in this violent form they cannot be carried but a short bounds, agreeing with the space that they may retain their breath: for if it were longer, their breath could not remain unextinguished, their body being carried in such a violent and forcible manner, as, by example, if one fall off a small height, his life is but in peril, according to the hard or soft lighting; but if one fall from a high and stay[1] rock, his breath will be forcibly banished from the body before he can win[2] to the earth, as is oft seen by experience. And in this transporting they say themselves, that they are invisible to any other, except amongst themselves. For if the devil may form what kind of impressions he pleases in the air, as I have said before, speaking of magic, why may he not far easier thicken and obscure so the air that is next about them, by contracting it strait together, that the beams of any other man's eyes cannot pierce through the same, to see them? But the third way of their coming to their conventions is that wherein I think them deluded: for some of them saith that, being transformed in the likeness of a little beast or fowl, they will come and pierce through whatsoever house or church, though all ordinary passages be closed, by whatsoever open the air may enter in at. And some saith, that their bodies lying still, as in an ecstacy, their spirits will be

[1] Steep. [2] Get.

ravished out of their bodies, and carried to such places; and for verifying thereof will give evident tokens, as well by witnesses that have seen their body lying senseless in the mean time, as by naming persons whomwith they met, and giving tokens what purpose was amongst them, whom otherwise they could not have known; for this form of journeying they affirm to use most when they are transported from one country to another.

ROBERT BURTON.

One of the most entertaining prose writers of this age was ROBERT BURTON (1576—1639-40), rector of Segrave in Leicestershire, and a member of Christ-church, Oxford. Burton was a man of great benevolence, integrity, and learning, but of a whimsical and melancholy disposition. Though at certain times he was a facetious companion, at others his spirits were very low; and when in this condi-

Robert Burton.

tion, he used to go down to the river near Oxford and dispel the gloom by listening to the coarse jests and ribaldry of the bargemen, which excited his violent laughter. To alleviate his mental distress, he wrote a book, entitled *The Anatomy of Melancholy*, which appeared in 1621, and presents, in quaint language, and with many shrewd and amusing remarks, a view of all the modifications of that disease, and the manner of curing it. The erudition displayed in this work is extraordinary, every page abounding with quotations from Latin authors. It was so successful at first, that the publisher realised a fortune by it; and Warton says, that 'the author's variety of learning, his quotations from scarce and curious books, his pedantry, sparkling with rude wit and shapeless elegance, miscellaneous matter, intermixture of agreeable tales and illustrations, and, perhaps above all, the singularities of his feelings, clothed in an uncommon quaintness of style, have contributed to render it, even to modern readers, a valuable repository of amusement and information.' It delighted Dr Johnson so much, that he said this 'was the only book that ever took him out of bed two hours sooner than he wished to rise.' Its reputation was considerably extended by the publication of 'Illustrations of Sterne,' in 1798, by the late Dr Ferriar of Manchester, who convicted that writer of copying passages, verbatim, from Burton, without acknowledgment. Many others have, with like silence, extracted materials from his pages. The book has lately been more than once reprinted.

Prefixed to the 'Anatomy of Melancholy' is a poem of twelve stanzas, from which Milton has borrowed some of the imagery of his 'Il Penseroso.' The first six stanzas are as follows:—

[*The Author's Abstract of Melancholy.*]

When I go musing all alone,
Thinking of divers things foreknown,
When I build castles in the air,
Void of sorrow, void of fear,
Pleasing myself with phantasms sweet,
Methinks the time runs very fleet.
All my joys to this are folly;
Nought so sweet as melancholy.

When I go walking all alone,
Recounting what I have ill-done,
My thoughts on me then tyrannise,
Fear and sorrow me surprise;
Whether I tarry still, or go,
Methinks the time moves very slow.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
Nought so sad as melancholy.

When to myself I act and smile,
With pleasing thoughts the time beguile,
By a brook side or wood so green,
Unheard, unsought for, or unseen,
A thousand pleasures do me bless,
And crown my soul with happiness.
All my joys besides are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

When I lie, sit, or walk alone,
I sigh, I grieve, making great moan;
In a dark grove or irksome den,
With discontents and furies then,
A thousand miseries at once
Mine heavy heart and soul ensconce.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so sour as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Sweet music, wondrous melody,
Towns, palaces, and cities, fine;
Here now, then there, the world is mine,
Rare beauties, gallant ladies shine,
Whate'er is lovely is divine.
All other joys to this are folly;
None so sweet as melancholy.

Methinks I hear, methinks I see
Ghost, goblins, fiends: my phantasie
Presents a thousand ugly shapes;
Headless bears, black men, and apes;
Doleful outcries and fearful sights
My sad and dismal soul affrights.
All my griefs to this are jolly;
None so damn'd as melancholy.

Of Burton's prose, the following will serve as a specimen:—

[*Melancholy and Contemplation.*]

Voluntary solitariness is that which is familiar with melancholy, and gently brings on, like a Siren, a shooing-horn, or some sphinx, to this irrevocable gulf: a primary cause Piso calls it: most pleasant it is at first, to such as are melancholy given, to lie in bed

whole days, and keep their chambers; to walk alone in some solitary grove, betwixt wood and water, by a brook side; to meditate upon some delightsome and pleasant subject, which shall affect them most; 'amabilis insania,' and 'mentis gratissimus error.' A most incomparable delight it is so to melancholise, and build castles in the air; to go smiling to themselves, acting an infinite variety of parts, which they suppose and strongly imagine they represent, or that they see acted or done. 'Blanda quidem ab initio' —['pleasant, indeed, it is at first'], saith Lemnius, to conceive and meditate of such pleasant things sometimes, *present*, *past*, *or to come*, as Rhasis speaks. So delightsome these toys are at first, they could spend whole days and nights without sleep, even whole years alone in such contemplations and fantastical meditations, which are like unto dreams: and they will hardly be drawn from them, or willingly interrupt. So pleasant their vain conceits are, that they hinder their ordinary tasks and necessary business; they cannot address themselves to them, or almost to any study or employment: these fantastical and bewitching thoughts so covertly, so feelingly, so urgently, so continually set upon, creep in, insinuate, possess, overcome, distract, and detain them; they cannot, I say, go about their more necessary business, stave off or extricate themselves, but are ever musing, melancholising, and carried along, as he (they say) that is led round about an heath with a puck in the night. They run earnestly on in this labyrinth of anxious and solicitous melancholy meditations, and cannot well or willingly refrain, or easily leave off winding and unwinding themselves, as so many clocks, and still pleasing their humours, until at last the scene is turned upon a sudden, by some bad object; and they, being now habituated to such vain meditations and solitary places, can endure no company, can ruminate of nothing but harsh and distasteful subjects. Fear, sorrow, suspicion, 'subrusticus pudor'—['clownish bashfulness'], discontent, cares, and weariness of life, surprise them in a moment; and they can think of nothing else: continually suspecting, no sooner are their eyes open, but this infernal plague of melancholy seizeth on them, and terrifies their souls, representing some dismal object to their minds, which now, by no means, no labour, no persuasions, they can avoid; 'hæret lateri lethalis arundo' -['the deadly arrow sticks fast in their side']; they may not be rid of it; they cannot resist. I may not deny but that there is some profitable meditation, contemplation, and kind of solitariness to be embraced, which the fathers so highly commended (Hierom, Chrysostome, Cyprian, Austin, in whole tracts, which Petrarch, Erasmus, Stella, and others, so much magnify in their books); a paradise, a heaven on earth, if it be used aright, good for the body, and better for the soul; as many of these old monks used it, to divine contemplation; as Simulus, a courtier in Adrian's time, Diocletian the emperor, retired themselves, &c. In that sense, 'Vatia solus scit vivere'—['Vatia alone knows how to live']; which the Romans were wont to say, when they commended a country life; or to the bettering of their knowledge, as Democritus, Cleanthes, and those excellent philosophers have ever done, to sequester themselves from the tumultuous world; or as in Pliny's Villa Laurentana, Tully's Tusculan, Jovius's study, that they might better 'vacare studiis et Deo' ['give themselves up to God and their studies']. Methinks, therefore, our too zealous innovators were not so well advised in that general subversion of abbeys and religious houses, promiscuously to fling down all. They might have taken away those gross abuses crept in amongst them, rectified such inconveniences, and not so far to have raved and raged against those fair buildings and everlasting monuments of our forefathers' devotion, consecrated to pious uses. Some monasteries and collegiate cells might have been well spared, and their revenues otherwise employed, here and there one, in good towns or cities at least, for men and women of all sorts and conditions to live in, to sequester themselves from the cares and tumults of the world, that were not desirous or fit to marry, or otherwise willing to be troubled with common affairs, and knew not well where to bestow themselves; to live apart in, for more conveniency, good education, better company sake; to follow their studies (I say) to the perfection of arts and sciences, common good, and, as some truly devoted monks of old had done, freely and truly to serve God: for these men are neither solitary nor idle, as the poet made answer to the husbandman in Æsop, that objected idleness to him; he was never so idle as in his company; or that Scipio Africanus, in Tully, 'nunquam minus solus, quam cum solus; nunquam minus otiosus quam cum esset otiosus'—['never less solitary than when he was alone, never more busy than when he seemed to be most idle']. It is reported by Plato, in his dialogue *De Amore*, in that prodigious commendation of Socrates, how a deep meditation coming into Socrates's mind by chance, he stood still musing, 'eodem vestigio cogitabundus,' from morning to noon; and when, as then he had not yet finished his meditation, 'perstabat cogitans,' he so continued till the evening; the soldiers (for he then followed the camp) observed him with admiration, and on set purpose watched all night; but he persevered immoveable, 'ad exortum solis,' till the sun rose in the morning, and then, saluting the sun, went his ways. In what humour constant Socrates did thus, I know not, or how he might be affected; but this would be pernicious to another man; what intricate business might so really possess him, I cannot easily guess; but this is 'otiosum otium'—['careless tranquillity']; it is far otherwise with these men, according to Seneca: 'omnia nobis mala solitudo persuadet'—['this solitude undoeth us']; 'pugnat cum vitâ sociali'—['tis a destructive solitariness']. These men are devils alone, as the saying is, 'homo solus aut deus aut demon'—['a man alone, is either a saint or a devil']; 'mens ejus aut languescit, aut tumescit'—['his mind either languishes or bursts']; and 'væ soli!'—in this sense, wo be to him that is so alone! These wretches do frequently degenerate from men, and, of sociable creatures, become beasts, monsters, inhumane, ugly to behold—*misanthropi;* they do even loathe themselves, and hate the company of men, as so many Timons, Nebuchadnezzars, by too much indulging to these pleasing humours, and through their own default. So that which Mercurialis (*consil.* 11.) sometimes expostulated with his melancholy patient, may be justly applied to every solitary and idle person in particular: 'Natura de te videtur conqueri posse,' &c.—['Nature may justly complain of thee, that, whereas she gave thee a good wholesome temperature, a sound body, and God hath given thee so divine and excellent a soul, so many good parts and profitable gifts; thou hast not only contemned and rejected, but hast corrupted them, polluted them, overthrown their temperature, and perverted those gifts with riot, idleness, solitariness, and many other ways; thou art a traitor to God and nature, an enemy to thyself and to the world']. 'Perditiæ tuæ ex te' &c.—['thou hast lost thyself wilfully, cast away thyself; thou thyself art the efficient cause of thine own misery, by not resisting such vain cogitations, but giving way unto them'].

Burton, who believed in judicial astrology, is said to have foretold, from a calculation of his nativity, the time of his own death; which occurred at the period he predicted, but not without some

suspicion of its having been occasioned by his own hand. In his epitaph at Oxford, written by

Tomb of Burton, in the Cathedral.

himself, he is described as having lived and died by melancholy.

THOMAS DEKKER.

It may be observed, that there was no absolute want of the lighter kind of prose during this age. Several of the dramatists and others amused themselves by throwing off small works of a satirical and humorous cast, but all of them in a style so far from pure or elegant, and so immediately referring to passing manners, that they have, with hardly an exception, sunk into oblivion. THOMAS DEKKER, who has already been spoken of as a writer of plays, produced no fewer than fourteen works of this kind. In one, entitled *The Gull's Hornbook*, published in 1609, he assumes the character of a guide to the fashionable follies of the town, but only with the design of exposing them to ridicule. The following extracts may serve as specimens of the light writing of the period:—

[*Against Fine Clothes.*]

Good clothes are the embroidered trappings of pride, and good cheer the very root of gluttony. Did man, think you, come wrangling into the world about no better matters, than all his lifetime to make privy searches in Birchin Lane for whalebone doublets, or for pies of nightingales' tongues in Heliogabalus his kitchen? No, no; the first suit of apparel that ever mortal man put on, came neither from the mercer's shop nor the merchant's warehouse: Adam's bill would have been taken then, sooner than a knight's bond now; yet was he great in nobody's books for satin and velvets. The silk-worms had something else to do in those days than to set up looms, and be free of the weavers. His breeches were not so much worth as King Stephen's, that cost but a poor noble; for Adam's holiday hose and doublet were of no better stuff than plain fig-leaves, and Eve's best gown of the same piece; there went but a pair of shears between them. An antiquary of this town has yet some of the powder of those leaves to show. Tailors then were none of the twelve companies; their hall, that now is larger than some dorfes among the Netherlanders, was then no bigger than a Dutch butcher's shop: they durst not strike down their customers with large bills: Adam cared not an apple-paring for their lousy hems. There was then neither the Spanish slop, nor the skipper's galligaskin, nor the Danish sleeve, nor the French standing collar: your treble-quadruple ruffs, nor your stiff-necked rabatos, that have more arches for pride than can stand under five London bridges durst not then set themselves out in point; for the patent for starch could by no means be signed. Fashion was then counted a disease, and horses died of it; but now, thanks to folly, it is held the only rare physic, and the purest golden asses live upon it.

[*How a Gallant should behave himself in Paul's Walks.**]

He that would strive to fashion his legs to his silk stockings, and his proud gait to his broad garters, let him whiff down these observations: for, if he once get to walk by the book, and I see no reason but he may, as well as fight by the book, Paul's may be proud of him; Will Clarke shall ring forth encomiums in his honour; John, in Paul's churchyard, shall fit his head for an excellent block; whilst all the inns of court rejoice to behold his most handsome calf.

Your mediterranean isle is then the only gallery, wherein the pictures of all your true fashionate and complimental gulls are, and ought to be hung up. Into that gallery carry your neat body; but take heed you pick out such an hour, when the main shoal of islanders are swimming up and down. And first observe your doors of entrance, and your exit; not much unlike the players at the theatres; keeping your decorums, even in fantasticality. As, for example, if you prove to be a northern gentleman, I would wish you to pass through the north door, more often especially than any of the other; and so, according to your countries, take note of your entrances.

Now for your venturing into the walk. Be circumspect, and wary what pillar you come in at; and take heed in any case, as you love the reputation of your honour, that you avoid the serving-man's log, and approach not within five fathom of that pillar; but bend your course directly in the middle line, that the whole body of the church may appear to be yours; where, in view of all, you may publish your suit in what manner you affect most, either with the slide of your cloak from the one shoulder; and then you must, as 'twere in anger, suddenly snatch at the middle of the inside, if it be taffeta at the least; and so by that means your costly lining is betrayed, or else by the pretty advantage of compliment. But one note by the way do I especially woo you to, the neglect of which makes many of our gallants cheap and ordinary, that by no means you be seen above four turns; but in the fifth make yourself away, either in some of the semsters' shops, the new tobacco office, or amongst the booksellers, where, if you cannot read, exercise your smoke, and inquire who has writ against this divine weed, &c. For this withdrawing yourself a little will much benefit your suit, which else, by too long walking, would be stale to the whole spectators: but howsoever, if Paul's jacks be once up with their elbows, and quarrelling to strike eleven; as soon as ever the clock has parted them, and ended the fray with his hammer, let not the duke's gallery contain you any longer, but pass away apace in open

* St Paul's Cathedral was then a public promenade.

view; in which departure, if by chance you either encounter, or aloof off throw your inquisitive eye upon any knight or squire, being your familiar, salute him not by his name of Sir such-a-one, or so; but call him Ned, or Jack, &c. This will set off your estimation with great men; and if, though there be a dozen companies between you, 'tis the better, he call aloud to you, for that is most genteel, to know where he shall find you at two o'clock; tell him at such an ordinary, or such; and be sure to name those that are dearest, and whither none but your gallants resort. After dinner you may appear again, having translated yourself out of your English cloth cloak into a light Turkey grogram, if you have that happiness of shifting; and then be seen, for a turn or two, to correct your teeth with some quill or silver instrument, and to cleanse your gums with a wrought handkerchief: it skills not whether you dined, or no; that is best known to your stomach, or in what place you dined; though it were with cheese, of your own mother's making, in your chamber, or study.

JOSEPH HALL.

JOSEPH HALL, bishop of Norwich, whose poetical satires have already been mentioned, was the author of many controversial tracts in defence of episcopacy; and, like many other churchmen, he suffered for his opinions during the ascendancy of the Presbyterians. He published also a variety of sermons, meditations, epistles, paraphrases, and other pieces of a similar character. This distinguished prelate died in 1656. From the pithy and sententious quality of his style, he has been called 'the English Seneca;' many parts of his prose writings have the thought, feeling, and melody of the finest poetry. The most popular of his works is that entitled *Occasional Meditations*, a few extracts from which are here subjoined.

Upon the Sight of a Tree Full-blossomed.

Here is a tree overlaid with blossoms; it is not possible that all these should prosper; one of them must needs rob the other of moisture and growth; I do not love to see an infancy over-hopeful; in these pregnant beginnings one faculty starves another, and at last leaves the mind sapless and barren: as, therefore, we are wont to pull off some of the too frequent blossoms, that the rest may thrive, so, it is good wisdom to moderate the early excess of the parts, or progress of over-forward childhood. Neither is it otherwise in our Christian profession; a sudden and lavish ostentation of grace may fill the eye with wonder, and the mouth with talk, but will not at the last fill the lap with fruit.

Let me not promise too much, nor raise too high expectations of my undertakings; I had rather men should complain of my small hopes than of my short performances.

Upon Occasion of a Red-breast coming into his Chamber.

Pretty bird, how cheerfully dost thou sit and sing, and yet knowest not where thou art, nor where thou shalt make thy next meal; and at night must shroud thyself in a bush for lodging! What a shame is it for me, that see before me so liberal provisions of my God, and find myself sit warm under my own roof, yet am ready to droop under a distrustful and unthankful dulness. Had I so little certainty of my harbour and purveyance, how heartless should I be, how careful; how little list should I have to make music to thee or myself! Surely thou comest not hither without a providence. God sent thee not so much to delight, as to shame me, but all in a conviction of my sullen unbelief, who, under more apparent means, am less cheerful and confident; reason and faith have not done so much in me, as in thee mere instinct of nature; want of foresight makes thee more merry if not more happy here, than the foresight of better things maketh me.

O God, thy providence is not impaired by those powers thou hast given me above these brute things; let not my greater helps hinder me from a holy security, and comfortable reliance on thee.

Upon the Kindling of a Charcoal Fire.

There are not many creatures but do naturally affect to diffuse and enlarge themselves; fire and water will neither of them rest contented with their own bounds; those little sparks that I see in those coals, how they spread and enkindle their next brands! It is thus morally both in good and evil; either of them dilates itself to their neighbourhood; but especially this is so much more apparent in evil, by how much we are more apt to take it. Let but some spark of heretical opinion be let fall upon some unstable, proud, busy spirit, it catcheth instantly, and fires the next capable subject; they two have easily inflamed a third; and now the more society the more speed and advantage of a public combustion. When we see the church on a flame, it is too late to complain of the flint and steel; it is the holy wisdom of superiors to prevent the dangerous attritions of stubborn and wrangling spirits, or to quench their first sparks in the tinder.

But why should not grace and truth be as successful in dilating itself to the gaining of many hearts! Certainly these are in themselves more winning, if our corruption had not made us indisposed to good: O God, out of a holy envy and emulation at the speed of evil, I shall labour to enkindle others with these heavenly flames; it shall not be my fault if they spread not.

Upon the Sight of two Snails.

There is much variety even in creatures of the same kind. See there, two snails; one hath an house, the other wants it; yet both are snails, and it is a question, whether case is the better: that which hath a house hath more shelter, but that which wants it hath more freedom; the privilege of that cover is but a burden; you see, if it hath but a stone to climb over, with what stress it draws up that beneficial load; and if the passage prove strait, finds no entrance; whereas the empty snail makes no difference of way. Surely it is always an ease and sometimes a happiness to have nothing; no man is so worthy of envy as he that can be cheerful in want.

Upon Hearing of Music by Night.

How sweetly doth this music sound in this dead season! In the day-time it would not, it could not, so much affect the ear. All harmonious sounds are advanced by a silent darkness; thus it is with the glad tidings of salvation; the gospel never sounds so sweet as in the night of preservation, or of our own private affliction; it is ever the same, the difference is in our disposition to receive it. O God, whose praise it is to give songs in the night, make my prosperity conscionable, and my crosses cheerful.

Upon the Sight of an Owl in the Twilight.

What a strange melancholic life doth this creature lead; to hide her head all the day long in an ivy bush, and at night, when all other birds are at rest, to fly abroad, and vent her harsh notes. I know not why the ancients have *sacred* this bird to wisdom, except it be for her safe closeness and singular perspicuity; that when other domestical and airy creatures

are blind, she only hath inward light, to discern the least objects for her own advantage. Surely thus much wit they have taught us in her; that he is the wisest man that would have least to do with the multitude; that no life is so safe as the obscure; that retiredness, if it have less comfort, yet has less danger and vexation; lastly, that he is truly wise who sees by a light of his own, when the rest of the world sit in an ignorant and confused darkness, unable to apprehend any truth, save by the helps of an outward illumination.

Had this fowl come forth in the day-time, how had all the little birds flocked wondering about her, to see her uncouth visage, to hear her untuned notes; she likes her estate never the worse, but pleaseth herself in her own quiet reservedness; it is not for a wise man to be much affected with the censures of the rude and unskilful vulgar, but to hold fast unto his own well-chosen and well-fixed resolutions; every fool knows what is wont to be done; but what is best to be done, is known only to the wise.

Upon the Sight of a Great Library.

What a world of wit is here packed up together! I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me; it dismays me to think, that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon —there is no end of making many books; this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should; God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other: the thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers; what a happiness is it, that, without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat: it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be: blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his church.

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.

The sermons of Bishop Hall display an uncommonly rapid and vehement species of eloquence, well fitted to arouse and impress even the most listless audience. As a specimen, we give the following extract from a discourse on the text, 'It is finished,' preached at Paul's Cross, on Good Friday, 1609.

[*Christ Crucified Afresh by Sinners.*]

Behold, this storm, wherewith all the powers of the world were shaken, is now over. The elders, Pharisees, Judas, the soldiers, priests, witnesses, judges, thieves, executioners, devils, have all tired themselves in vain with their own malice; and he triumphs over them all, upon the throne of his cross: his enemies are vanquished, his Father satisfied, his soul with this world at rest and glory; 'It is finished.' Now, there is no more betraying, agonies, arraignments, scourgings, scoffing, crucifying, conflicts, terrors; all 'is finished.' Alas! beloved, and will we not let the Son of God be at rest? Do we now again go about to fetch him out of his glory, to scorn and crucify him! I fear to say it: God's spirit dare and doth; 'They crucify again to themselves the Son of God, and make a mock of him:' to themselves, not in himself; that they cannot, it is no thank to them; they would do it. See and consider: the notoriously sinful conversations of those that should be Christians, offer violence unto our glorified Saviour; they stretch their hand to heaven, and pull him down from his throne to his cross; they tear him with thorns, pierce him with nails, load him with reproaches. Thou hatest the Jews, spittest at the name of Judas, railest on Pilate, condemnest the cruel butchers of Christ; yet thou canst blaspheme, and swear him quite over, curse, swagger, lie, oppress, boil with lust, scoff, riot, and livest like a debauched man; yea, like a human beast; yea, like an unclean devil. Cry Hosanna as long as thou wilt; thou art a Pilate, a Jew, a Judas, an executioner of the Lord of life; and so much greater shall thy judgment be, by how much thy light and his glory is more. Oh, beloved, is it not enough that he died once for us! Were those pains so light, that we should every day redouble them! Is this the entertainment that so gracious a Saviour hath deserved of us by dying! Is this the recompense of that infinite love of his that thou shouldest thus cruelly vex and wound him with thy sins! Every of our sins is a thorn, and nail, and spear to him; while thou pourest down thy drunken carouses, thou givest thy Saviour a portion of gall; while thou despisest his poor servants, thou spittest on his face; while thou puttest on thy proud dresses, and liftest up thy vain heart with high conceits, thou settest a crown of thorns on his head; while thou wringest and oppressest his poor children, thou whippest him, and drawest blood of his hands and feet. Thou hypocrite, how darest thou offer to receive the sacrament of God with that hand which is thus imbrued with the blood of him whom thou receivest! In every ordinary thy profane tongue walks, in the disgrace of the religious and conscionable. Thou makest no scruple of thine own sins, and scornest those that do; not to be wicked, is crime enough. Hear him that saith, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' Saul strikes at Damascus; Christ suffers in heaven. Thou strikest; Christ Jesus smarteth, and will revenge. These are the afterings of Christ's sufferings. In himself it is 'finished;' in his members it is not, till the world be finished. We must toil, and groan, and bleed, that we may reign; if he had not done so, 'It had not been finished.' This is our warfare; this is the religion of our sorrow and death. Now are we set upon the sandy pavement of our theatre, and are matched with all sorts of evils; evil men, evil spirits, evil accidents, and, which is worst, our own evil hearts; temptations, crosses, persecutions, sicknesses, wants, infamies, death; all these must in our courses be encountered by the law of our profession. What should we do but strive and suffer, as our general hath done, that we may reign as he doth, and once triumph in our *Consummatum est?*[1] God and his angels sit upon the scaffolds of heaven, and behold us: our crown is ready; our day of deliverance shall come; yea, our redemption is near, when all tears shall be wiped from our eyes, and we that have sown in tears shall reap in joy. In the mean time, let us possess our souls not in patience only, but in comfort: let us adore and magnify our Saviour in his sufferings, and imitate him in our own. Our sorrows shall have an end; our joys shall not: our pains shall soon be finished; our glory shall be finished, but never ended.

[1] It is finished.

The writing of characters was a favourite species of composition among the authors of this period. How successfully Bishop Hall could portray human nature, will appear from his character of

The Hypocrite.

An hypocrite is the worst kind of player, by so much that he acts the better part; which hath always two faces, ofttimes two hearts; that can compose his forehead to sadness and gravity, while he bids his heart be wanton and careless within, and, in the mean time, laughs within himself to think how smoothly he hath cozened the beholder. In whose silent face are written the characters of religion, which his tongue and gestures pronounce, but his hands recant. That hath a clean face and garment, with a foul soul; whose mouth belies his heart, and his fingers bely his mouth. Walking early up into the city, he turns into the great church, and salutes one of the pillars on one knee, worshipping that God which at home he cares not for, while his eye is fixed on some window or some passenger, and his heart knows not whither his lips go. He rises, and, looking about with admiration, complains of our frozen charity, commends the ancient. At church he will ever sit where he may be seen best, and in the midst of the sermon pulls out his tables in haste, as if he feared to lose that note; when he writes either his forgotten errand, or nothing. Then he turns his Bible with a noise, to seek an omitted quotation, and folds the leaf as if he had found it, and asks aloud the name of the preacher, and repeats it, whom he publicly salutes, thanks, praises in an honest mouth. He can command tears when he speaks of his youth, indeed, because it is past, not because it was sinful; himself is now better, but the times are worse. All other sins he reckons up with detestation, while he loves and hides his darling in his bosom; all his speech returns to himself, and every occurrent draws in a story to his own praise. When he should give, he looks about him, and says, Who sees me? no alms nor prayers fall from him without a witness; belike lest God should deny that he hath received them; and when he hath done (lest the world should not know it), his own mouth is his trumpet to proclaim it. With the superfluity of his usury he builds an hospital, and harbours them whom his extortion hath spoiled; so when he makes many beggars, he keeps some. He turneth all gnats into camels, and cares not to undo the world for a circumstance. Flesh on a Friday is more abominable to him than his neighbour's bed; he abhors more not to uncover at the name of Jesus than to swear by the name of God. When a rhymer reads his poem to him, he begs a copy, and persuades the press. There is nothing that he dislikes in presence, that in absence he censures not. He comes to the sick bed of his step-mother and weeps, when he secretly fears her recovery. He greets his friend in the street with a clear countenance, so fast a closure, that the other thinks he reads his heart in his face; and shakes hands with an indefinite invitation of—When will you come? and when his back is turned, joys that he is so well rid of a guest; yet if that guest visit him unfeared, he counterfeits a smiling welcome, and excuses his cheer, when closely he frowns on his wife for too much. He shows well, and says well, and himself is the worst thing he hath. In brief, he is the stranger's saint, the neighbour's disease, the blot of goodness, a rotten stick in a dark night, the poppy in a corn field, an ill-tempered candle with a great snuff, that in going out smells ill; an angel abroad, a devil at home; and worse when an angel than when a devil.

The Busy-Body.

His estate is too narrow for his mind; and, therefore, he is fain to make himself room in others' affairs, yet ever in pretence of love. No news can stir but by his door; neither can he know that which he must not tell. What every man ventures in a Guiana voyage, and what they gained, he knows to a hair. Whether Holland will have peace, he knows; and on what conditions, and with what success, is familiar to him, ere it be concluded. No post can pass him without a question; and, rather than he will lose the news, he rides back with him to appose[1] him of tidings; and then to the next man he meets he supplies the wants of his hasty intelligence, and makes up a perfect tale; wherewith he so haunteth the patient auditor, that, after many excuses, he is fain to endure rather the censures of his manners in running away, than the tediousness of an impertinent discourse. His speech is oft broken off with a succession of long parentheses, which he ever vows to fill up ere the conclusion; and perhaps would effect it, if the other's ear were as unwearіable as his tongue. If he see but two men talk, and read a letter in the street, he runs to them, and asks if he may not be partner of that secret relation; and if they deny it, he offers to tell, since he may not hear, wonders; and then falls upon the report of the Scottish mine, or of the great fish taken up at Lynn, or of the freezing of the Thames; and, after many thanks and dismissions, is hardly intreated silence. He undertakes as much as he performs little. This man will thrust himself forward to be the guide of the way he knows not; and calls at his neighbour's window, and asks why his servants are not at work. The market hath no commodity which he prizeth not, and which the next table shall not hear recited. His tongue, like the tail of Sampson's foxes, carries firebrands, and is enough to set the whole field of the world on a flame. Himself begins table-talk of his neighbour at another's board, to whom he bears the first news, and adjures him to conceal the reporter: whose choleric answer he returns to his first host, enlarged with a second edition: so, as it uses to be done in the fight of unwilling mastiffs, he claps each on the side apart, and provokes them to an eager conflict. There can no act pass without his comment; which is ever far-fetched, rash, suspicious, dilatory. His ears are long, and his eyes quick, but most of all to imperfections; which, as he easily sees, so he increases with interneddling. He harbours another man's servant; and, amidst his entertainment, asks what fare is usual at home, what hours are kept, what talk passeth at their meals, what his master's disposition is, what his government, what his guests: and when he hath, by curious inquiries, extracted all the juice and spirit of hoped intelligence, turns him off whence he came, and works on a new. He hates constancy, as an earthen dulness, unfit for men of spirit; and loves to change his work and his place: neither yet can he be so soon weary of any place, as every place is weary of him: for, as he sets himself on work, so others pay him with hatred; and look, how many masters he hath, so many enemies; neither is it possible, that any should not hate him, but who know him not. So, then, he labours without thanks, talks without credit, lives without love, dies without tears, without pity—save that some say, 'It was pity he died no sooner.'

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

Sir Thomas Overbury was another witty and ingenious describer of characters. He at one time was an intimate associate of Robert Car, the minion of James I.; but having opposed the favourite's marriage with the infamous Countess of Essex, he incurred the hatred of the abandoned pair, and through their influence was confined and poisoned in the Tower. The way in which this murder was

[1] Question.

screened from justice, leaves a foul blot on the memory of the king, and on the history of the age. Overbury wrote two didactic poems, called *The Wife*, and *The Choice of a Wife*, but, though popular at the time, these are now held in no estimation, either as preceptive or as literary productions. Some of his prose *Characters*, or 'Witty Descriptions of the Properties of Sundry Persons,' are, however, excellent, though, like many other productions of James's reign, disfigured by far-fetched conceits.

The Tinker.

A tinker is a moveable, for he hath no abiding in one place; by his motion he gathers heat, thence his choleric nature. He seems to be very devout, for his life is a continual pilgrimage; and sometimes in humility goes barefoot, therein making necessity a virtue. His house is as ancient as Tubal Cain's, and so is a renegade by antiquity; yet he proves himself a gallant, for he carries all his wealth upon his back; or a philosopher, for he bears all his substance about him. From his art was music first invented, and therefore is he always furnished with a song, to which his hammer keeping tune, proves that he was the first founder of the kettle-drum. Note, that where the best ale is, there stands his music most upon crotchets. The companion of his travels is some foul sun-burnt quean; that, since the terrible statute, recanted gipsyism, and is turned pedlaress. So marches he all over England with his bag and baggage; his conversation is irreproveable, for he is ever mending. He observes truly the statutes, and therefore had rather steal than beg, in which he is irremoveably constant, in spite of whips or imprisonment; and so strong an enemy to idleness, that in mending one hole, he had rather make three than want work; and when he hath done, he throws the wallet of his faults behind him. He embraceth naturally ancient customs, conversing in open fields and lowly cottages; if he visit cities or towns, 'tis but to deal upon the imperfections of our weaker vessels. His tongue is very voluble, which, with canting, proves him a linguist. He is entertained in every place, but enters no farther than the door, to avoid suspicion. Some would take him to be a coward, but, believe it, he is a lad of mettle; his valour is commonly three or four yards long, fastened to a pike in the end for flying off. He is very provident, for he will fight with but one at once, and then also he had rather submit than be counted obstinate. To conclude, if he 'scape Tyburn and Banbury, he dies a beggar.

The Fair and Happy Milkmaid

Is a country wench, that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, *and at night makes the lamb her curfew*. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golded ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents all the year long of June, like a new-made hay-cock. She makes her hand hard with labour, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she sings defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and bee-hive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts, and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not palled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

A Franklin.

His outside is an ancient yeoman of England, though his inside may give arms (with the best gentleman) and never see the herald. There is no truer servant in the house than himself. Though he be master, he says not to his servants, go to field, but let us go; and with his own eye doth both fatten his flock, and set forward all manner of husbandry. He is taught by nature to be contented with a little; his own fold yields him both food and raiment; he is pleased with any nourishment God sends, whilst curious gluttony ransacks, as it were, Noah's ark for food, only to feed the riot of one meal. He is never known to go to law; understanding to be law-bound among men, is like to be hide-bound among his beasts; they thrive not under it, and that such men sleep as unquietly as if their pillows were stuffed with lawyers' penknives. When he builds, no poor tenant's cottage hinders his prospect; they are, indeed, his alms-houses, though there be painted on them no such superscription. He never sits up late, but when he hunts the badger, the vowed foe of his lambs; nor uses he any cruelty, but when he hunts the hare; nor subtlety, but when he setteth snares for the snipe, or pitfalls for the blackbird; nor oppression, but when in the month of July he goes to the next river and shears his sheep. He allows of honest pastime, and thinks not the bones of the dead anything bruised, or the worse for it, though the country lasses dance in the churchyard after even-song. Rock-Monday, and the wake in summer, shrovings, the wakeful catches on Christmas-eve, the hoky, or seed-cake, these he yearly keeps, yet holds them no relics of Popery. He is not so inquisitive after news derived from the privy-closet, when the finding an eyery of hawks in his own ground, or the foaling of a colt come of a good strain, are tidings more pleasant and more profitable. He is lord paramount within himself, though he hold by never so mean a tenure, and dies the more contentedly (though he leave his heir young), in regard he leaves him not liable to a covetous guardian. Lastly, to end him, he cares not when his end comes; he needs not fear his audit, for his *quietus* is in heaven.

JOHN EARLE.

JOHN EARLE, bishop of Worcester, and afterwards of Salisbury, was a very successful writer in the same department. He was a man of great learning and eloquence, extremely agreeable and facetious in conversation, and of such excellent moral and religious qualities, that (in the language of Walton) there had lived since the death of Richard Hooker

no man 'whom God had blessed with more innocent wisdom, more sanctified learning, or a more pious, peaceable, primitive temper.' He was at one period chaplain and tutor to Prince Charles, with whom he went into exile during the civil war, after being deprived of his whole property for his adherence to the royal cause. Bishop Earle was a native of York, where he was born in 1601; and his death took place in 1665. His principal work is entitled *Microcosmography, or a Piece of the World Discovered, in Essays and Characters*, published about 1628, and which is a valuable storehouse of particulars illustrative of the manners of the times. Among the characters drawn are those of an Antiquary, a Carrier, a Player, a Pot-poet, a University Dun, and a Clown. We shall give the last.

The Clown.

The plain country fellow is one that manures his ground well, but lets himself lie fallow and untilled. He has reason enough to do his business, and not enough to be idle or melancholy. He seems to have the punishment of Nebuchadnezzar, for his conversation is among beasts, and his talons none of the shortest, only he eats not grass, because he loves not sallets. His hand guides the plough, and the plough his thoughts, and his ditch and land-mark is the very mound of his meditations. He expostulates with his oxen very understandingly, and speaks gee, and ree, better than English. His mind is not much distracted with objects; but if a good fat cow come in his way, he stands dumb and astonished, and though his haste be never so great, will fix here half an hour's contemplation. His habitation is some poor thatched roof, distinguished from his barn by the loop-holes that let out smoke, which the rain had long since washed through, but for the double ceiling of bacon on the inside, which has hung there from his grandsire's time, and is yet to make rashers for posterity. His dinner is his other work, for he sweats at it as much as at his labour; he is a terrible fastener on a piece of beef, and you may hope to stave the guard off sooner. His religion is a part of his copyhold, which he takes from his landlord, and refers it wholly to his discretion: yet if he give him leave, he is a good Christian, to his power (that is), comes to church in his best clothes, and sits there with his neighbours, where he is capable only of two prayers, for rain and fair weather. He apprehends God's blessings only in a good year, or a fat pasture, and never praises him but on good ground. Sunday he esteems a day to make merry in, and thinks a bagpipe as essential to it as evening prayer, where he walks very solemnly after service with his hands coupled behind him, and censures the dancing of his parish. His compliment with his neighbour is a good thump on the back, and his salutation commonly some blunt curse. He thinks nothing to be vices but pride and ill husbandry, from which he will gravely dissuade the youth, and has some thrifty hob-nail proverbs to clout his discourse. He is a niggard all the week, except only market-day, where, if his corn sell well, he thinks he may be drunk with a good conscience. He is sensible of no calamity but the burning a stack of corn, or the overflowing of a meadow, and thinks Noah's flood the greatest plague that ever was, not because it drowned the world, but spoiled the grass. For death he is never troubled, and if he get in but his harvest before, let it come when it will, he cares not.

OWEN FELLTHAM.

OWEN FELLTHAM, the author of a work of great merit, entitled *Resolves; Divine, Moral, and Political*, is a writer of whose personal history nothing whatever is known, except that he was one of a family of three children, and that his father was a Suffolkman. The date of the first publication of the 'Resolves' is uncertain; but the second edition appeared in 1628, and so popular did the book continue during the seventeenth century, that it had reached the twelfth edition in 1709. Subsequently, it fell into oblivion, till reprinted in 1806, by Mr Cumming, of the Board of Control. It consists of essays on religious and moral subjects, and seems to derive its name from the circumstance, that the author, who wrote for his own improvement, generally forms resolutions at the end of each essay. Both in substance and in manner, the work in many places bears a considerable resemblance to the essays of Bacon. Felltham's style is, for the most part, vigorous, harmonious, and well adapted to the subjects; sometimes imaginative and eloquent, but occasionally chargeable with prolixity, superabundance of illustration, and too great familiarity and looseness of expression. His sentiments are distinguished by good sense, and great purity of religious and moral principle.

[*Moderation in Grief.*]

I like of Solon's course, in comforting his constant friend; when, taking him up to the top of a turret, overlooking all the piled buildings, he bids him think how many discontents there had been in those houses since their framing—how many are, and how many will be; then, if he can, to leave the world's calamities, and mourn but for his own. To mourn for none else were hardness and injustice. To mourn for all were endless. The best way is to uncontract the brow, and let the world's mad spleen fret, for that we smile in woes.

Silence was a full answer in that philosopher, that being asked what he thought of human life, said nothing, turned him round, and vanished.

[*Limitation of Human Knowledge.*]

Learning is like a river, whose head being far in the land, is, at first rising, little, and easily viewed; but, still as you go, it gapeth with a wider bank; not without pleasure and delightful winding, while it is on both sides set with trees, and the beauties of various flowers. But still the further you follow it, the deeper and the broader 'tis; till at last, it inwaves itself in the unfathomed ocean; there you see more water, but no shore—no end of that liquid fluid vastness. In many things we may sound Nature, in the shallows of her revelations. We may trace her to her second causes; but, beyond them, we meet with nothing but the puzzle of the soul, and the dazzle of the mind's dim eyes. While we speak of things that are, that we may dissect, and have power and means to find the causes, there is some pleasure, some certainty. But when we come to metaphysics, to long buried antiquity, and unto unrevealed divinity, we are in a sea, which is deeper than the short reach of the line of man. Much may be gained by studious inquisition; but more will ever rest, which man cannot discover.

[*Against Readiness to Take Offence.*]

We make ourselves more injuries than are offered us; they many times pass for wrongs in our own thoughts, that were never meant so by the heart of him that speaketh. The apprehension of wrong hurts more than the sharpest part of the wrong done. So, by falsely making ourselves patients of wrong, we become the true and first actors. It is not good, in matters of discourtesy, to dive into a man's mind, beyond his own comment; nor to stir upon a doubtful indignity without it, unless we have proofs that carry weight and conviction with them. Words do some-

times fly from the tongue that the heart did neither hatch nor harbour. While we think to revenge an injury, we many times begin one; and, after that, repent our misconceptions. In things that may have a double sense, it is good to think the better was intended; so shall we still both keep our friends and quietness.

Of being Over-valued.

Let me have but so much wisdom as that I may orderly manage myself and my means, and I shall never care to be pointed at, with a *that is he*. I wish not to be esteemed wiser than usual; they that are so do better in concealing it than in telling the world of it. I hold it a greater injury to be over-valued than under; for when brought to the touch, the one shall rise with praise, while the other shall decline with shame. The former has more present honour, but less safety: the latter is humbly secure, and what is wanting in renown is made up in a better blessing, quiet. There is no detraction worse than to over-praise a man: for if his worth prove short of what report doth speak him, his own actions are ever giving the lie to his honour.

Against Detraction.

In some dispositions there is such an envious kind of pride, that they cannot endure that any but themselves should be set forth as excellent; so that, when they hear one justly praised, they will either openly detract from his virtues, or, if those virtues be like a clear and shining light, eminent and distinguished, so that he cannot be safely traduced by the tongue, they will then raise a suspicion against him by a mysterious silence, as if there were something remaining to be told, which over-clouded even his brightest glory. Surely, if we considered detraction to proceed, as it does, from envy, and to belong only to deficient minds, we should find, that to applaud virtue would procure us far more honour, than underhandedly seeking to disparage her. The former would show that we loved what we commended, while the latter tells the world, we grudge that in others which we want in ourselves. It is one of the basest offices of man to make his tongue the lash of the worthy. Even if we do know of faults in others, I think we can scarcely show ourselves more nobly virtuous, than in having the charity to conceal them; so that we do not flatter or encourage them in their failings. But to relate anything we may know against our neighbour, in his absence, is most unbeseeming conduct. And who will not condemn him as a traitor to reputation and society, who tells the private fault of his friend to the public and ill-natured world? When two friends part, they should lock up one another's secrets, and exchange their keys. The honest man will rather be a grave to his neighbour's errors, than in any way expose them.

Of Neglect.

There is the same difference between diligence and neglect, that there is between a garden properly cultivated and the sluggard's field which fell under Solomon's view, when overgrown with nettles and thorns. The one is clothed with beauty, the other is unpleasant and disgusting to the sight. Negligence is the rust of the soul, that corrodes through all her best resolutions. What nature made for use, for strength, and ornament, neglect alone converts to trouble, weakness, and deformity. We need only sit still, and diseases will arise from the mere want of exercise.

How fair soever the soul may be, yet while connected with our fleshy nature, it requires continual care and vigilance to prevent its being soiled and discoloured. Take the weeders from the *Floralium*[1] and a very little time will change it to a wilderness, and turn that which was before a recreation for men into a habitation for vermin. Our life is a warfare; and we ought not, while passing through it, to sleep without a sentinel, or march without a scout. He who neglects either of these precautions, exposes himself to surprise, and to becoming a prey to the diligence and perseverance of his adversary. The mounds of life and virtue, as well as those of pastures, will decay; and if we do not repair them, all the beasts of the field will enter, and tear up everything good which grows within them. With the religious and well-disposed, a slight deviation from wisdom's laws will disturb the mind's fair peace. Macarius did penance for only killing a gnat in anger. Like the Jewish touch of things unclean, the least miscarriage requires purification. Man is like a watch; if evening and morning he be not wound up with prayer and circumspection, he is unprofitable and false, or serves to mislead. If the instrument be not truly set, it will be harsh and out of tune; the diapason dies, when every string does not perform his part. Surely, without a union to God, we cannot be secure or well. Can he be happy who from happiness is divided? To be united to God, we must be influenced by his goodness, and strive to imitate his perfections. Diligence alone is a good patrimony; but neglect will waste the fairest fortune. One preserves and gathers; the other, like death, is the dissolution of all. The industrious bee, by her sedulity in summer, lives on honey all the winter. But the drone is not only cast out from the hive, but beaten and punished.

[1] Flower-garden.

No Man Can be Good to All.

I never yet knew any man so bad, but some have thought him honest and afforded him love; nor ever any so good, but some have thought him evil and hated him. Few are so stigmatical as that they are not honest to some; and few, again, are so just, as that they seem not to some unequal: either the ignorance, the envy, or the partiality of those that judge, do constitute a various man. Nor can a man in himself always appear alike to all. In some, nature hath invested a disparity; in some, report hath fore-blinded judgment; and in some, accident is the cause of disposing us to love or hate. Or, if not these, the variation of the bodies' humours; or, perhaps, not any of these. The soul is often led by secret motions; and loves, she knows not why. There are impulsive privacies which urge us to a liking, even against the parliamental acts of the two Houses, reason, and the common sense; as if there were some hidden beauty, of a more magnetic force than all that the eye can see; and this, too, more powerful at one time than another. Undiscovered influences please us now, with what we would sometimes contemn. I have come to the same man that hath now welcomed me with a free expression of love and courtesy, and another time hath left me unsaluted at all; yet, knowing him well, I have been certain of his sound affection; and have found this, not an intended neglect, but an indisposedness, or a mind seriously busied within. Occasion reins the motions of the stirring mind. Like men that walk in their sleep, we are led about, we neither know whither nor how.

Meditation.

Meditation is the soul's perspective glass; whereby, in her long remove, she discerneth God, as if he were nearer hand. I persuade no man to make it his whole life's business. We have bodies as well as souls; and even this world, while we are in it, ought somewhat to be cared for. As those states are likely to flourish where execution follows sound advisements; so is man, when contemplation is seconded by action. Contem-

plation generates; action propagates. Without the first, the latter is defective; without the last, the first is but abortive, and embryous. Saint Bernard compares contemplation to Rachel, which was the more fair; but action to Leah, which was the more fruitful. I will neither always be busy, and doing; nor ever shut up in nothing but thought. Yet that which some would call idleness, I will call the sweetest part of my life, and that is, my thinking.

PETER HEYLIN.

Among those clerical adherents of the king, who, like Bishop Earle, were despoiled of their goods by the parliament, was PETER HEYLIN, born near Oxford in 1600. This industrious writer, who figures at once as a geographer, a divine, a poet, and a historian, composed not fewer than thirty-seven publications, of which one of the most celebrated is his *Microcosmus, or a Description of the Great World*, first printed in 1621. As a historian, he displays too much of the spirit of a partisan and bigot, and stands among the defenders of civil and ecclesiastical tyranny. His works, though now almost forgotten, were much read in the seventeenth century, and portions of them may still be perused with pleasure. After the Restoration, his health suffered so much from disappointment at the neglect of his claims for preferment in the church, that he died soon after, in 1662. In a narrative which he published of a six weeks' tour to France in 1625, he gives the following humorous description of

[*The French.*]

The present French is nothing but an old Gaul, moulded into a new name: as rash he is, as headstrong, and as hair-brained. A nation whom you shall win with a feather, and lose with a straw; upon the first sight of him, you shall have him as familiar as your sleep, or the necessity of breathing. In one hour's conference you may endear him to you, in the second unbutton him, the third pumps him dry of all his secrets, and he gives them you as faithfully as if you were his ghostly father, and bound to conceal them 'sub sigillo confessionis'—['under the seal of confession']; when you have learned this, you may lay him aside, for he is no longer serviceable. If you have any humour in holding him in a further acquaintance (a favour which he confesseth, and I believe him, he is unworthy of), himself will make the first separation: he hath said over his lesson now unto you, and now must find out somebody else to whom to repeat it. Fare him well; he is a garment whom I would be loath to wear above two days together, for in that time he will be threadbare. 'Familiare est hominis omnia sibi remittere'—['It is usual for men to overlook their own faults'], saith Vellcius of all; it holdeth most properly in this people. He is very kind-hearted to himself, and thinketh himself as free from wants as he is full; so much he hath in him the nature of a Chinese, that he thinketh all men blind but himself. In this private self-conceitedness he hateth the Spaniard, loveth not the English, and contemneth the German; himself is the only courtier and complete gentleman, but it is his own glass which he seeth in. Out of this conceit of his own excellency, and partly out of a shallowness of brain, he is very liable to exceptions; the least distaste that can be draweth his sword, and a minute's pause sheatheth it to your hand; afterwards, if you beat him into better manners, he shall take it kindly, and cry, *serviteur*. In this one thing they are wonderfully like the devil; meekness or submission makes them insolent; a little resistance putteth them to their heels, or makes them your spaniels. In a word (for I have held him too long), he is a walking vanity in a new fashion.

I will give you now a taste of his table, which you shall find in a measure furnished (I speak not of the peasant), but not with so full a manner as with us. Their beef they cut out into such chops, that that which goeth there for a laudable dish, would be thought here a university commons, new served from the hatch. A loin of mutton serves amongst them for three roastings, besides the hazard of making pottage with the rump. Fowl, also, they have in good plenty, especially such as the king found in Scotland; to say truth, that which they have is sufficient for nature and a friend, were it not for the mistress or the kitchen wench. I have heard much fame of the French cooks, but their skill lieth not in the neat handling of beef and mutton. They have (as generally have all this nation) good fancies, and are special fellows for the making of puff-pastes, and the ordering of banquets. Their trade is not to feed the belly, but the palate. It is now time you were set down, where the first thing you must do is to say your grace; private graces are as ordinary there as private masses, and from thence I think they learned them. That done, fall to where you like best; they observe no method in their eating, and if you look for a carver, you may rise fasting. When you are risen, if you can digest the sluttishness of the cookery (which is most abominable at first sight), I dare trust you in a garrison. Follow him to church, and there he will show himself most irreligious and irreverent: I speak not of all, but the general. At a mass, in Cordeliers' church in Paris, I saw two French papists, even when the most sacred mystery of their faith was celebrating, break out into such a blasphemous and atheistical laughter, that even an Ethnic would have hated it; it was well they were Catholics, otherwise some French hothead or other would have sent them laughing to Pluto.

The French language is, indeed, very sweet and delectable: it is cleared of all harshness, by the cutting and leaving out the consonants, which maketh it fall off the tongue very volubly; yet, in my opinion, it is rather elegant than copious; and, therefore, is much troubled for want of words to find out paraphrases. It expresseth very much of itself in the action; the head, body, and shoulders, concur all in the pronouncing of it; and he that hopeth to speak it with a good grace, must have something in him of the mimic. It is enriched with a full number of significant proverbs, which is a great help to the French humour in scoffing; and very full of courtship, which maketh all the people complimental. The poorest cobbler in the village hath his court cringes, and his *cau benite de cour*; his court holy-water as perfectly as the prince of Condé.

[*French Love of Dancing.*]

At my being there, the sport was dancing, an exercise much used by the French, who do naturally affect it. And it seems this natural inclination is so strong and deep rooted, that neither age nor the absence of a smiling fortune can prevail against it. For on this dancing green there assembleth not only youth and gentry, but also age and beggary; old wives, which could not set foot to ground without a crutch in the streets, had here taught their feet to amble; you would have thought, by the cleanly conveyance and carriage of their bodies, that they had been troubled with the sciatica, and yet so eager in the sport, as if their dancing-days should never be done. Some there was so ragged, that a swift galliard would almost have shaken them into nakedness, and they, also, most violent to have their carcasses directed in a measure. To have attempted the staying of them at home, or the persuading of them to work when they

heard the fiddle, had been a task too unwieldy for Hercules. In this mixture of age and condition, did we observe them at their pastime; the rags being so interwoven with the silks, and wrinkled brows so interchangeably mingled with fresh beauties, that you would have thought it to have been a mummery of fortunes; as for those of both sexes which were altogether past action, they had caused themselves to be carried thither in their chairs, and trod the measures with their eyes.

[*Holland and its Inhabitants.*]

The country for the most part lieth very low, insomuch that they are fain to fence it with banks and ramparts, to keep out the sea, and to restrain rivers within their bounds: so that in many places one may see the sea far above the land, and yet repulsed with those banks: and is withal so fenny and full of marshes, that they are forced to trench it with innumerable dikes and channels, to make it firm land and fit for dwelling; yet not so firm to bear either trees or much grain. But such is the industry of the people, and the trade they drive, that having little or no corn of their own growth, they do provide themselves elsewhere; not only sufficient for their own spending, but wherewith to supply their neighbours: having no timber of their own, they spend more timber in building ships, and fencing their watercourses, than any country in the world: having no wine, they drink more than the people of the country where it groweth naturally; and, finally, having neither flax nor wool, they make more cloth, of both sorts, than in all the countries in the world, except France and England.

The present inhabitants are generally given to seafaring lives, so that it is thought that in Holland, Zealand, and West Friesland, there are 2500 ships o' war and burden; the women for the most part laborious in making stuffs. Nay, you will hardly see a child of four years of age that is not kept to work, and made to earn its own living, to the great commendation of their government. The greatest of their natural commodities is butter and cheese; of which, besides that infinite plenty which they spend in their own houses, and amongst their garrisons, they sell as much unto other countries as comes to ten thousand crowns per annum. By which means, and by the greatness of their fish trade, spoken of before, they are grown so wealthy on the land, and so powerful at sea, that as Flanders heretofore was taken for all the Netherlands, so now Holland is taken generally for all the provinces confederated in a league against the Spaniard.

JOHN SELDEN.

One of the most learned writers, and at the same time conspicuous political characters of the time, was JOHN SELDEN, a lawyer of active and vigorous character. He was born of reputable parentage in 1584. After being educated at Chichester and Oxford, he studied law in London, and published in the Latin language, between 1607 and 1610, several historical and antiquarian works relative to his native country. These acquired for him, besides considerable reputation, the esteem and friendship of Camden, Spelman, Sir Robert Cotton, Ben Jonson, Browne, and also of Drayton, to whose 'Polyolbion' he furnished notes. By Milton he is spoken of as 'the chief of learned men reputed in this land.' His largest English work, *A Treatise on Titles of Honour*, was published in 1614, and still continues a standard authority respecting the degrees of nobility and gentry in England, and the origin of such distinctions in other countries. In 1617 his fame was greatly extended, both at home and on the continent, by the publication of a Latin work on the idolatry of the Syrians, and more especially on the heathen deities mentioned in the Old Testament. In his next performance, *A History of Tithes* (1618), by leaning

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to the good, f those who question the divine right of the ch m. to that fund, he gave great offence to the clergy, ..st those instigation the king summoned the author ...s his presence and reprimanded him. He was, moreover, called before several members of the formidable high commission court, who extracted from him a written declaration of sorrow for what he had done, without, however, any retraction of his opinion. Several replies appeared, but to these he was not allowed to publish a rejoinder. During the subsequent part of his life, Selden showed but little respect for his clerical contemporaries, whose conduct he deemed arrogant and oppressive. Nor did he long want an opportunity of showing that civil tyranny was as little to his taste as ecclesiastical; for being consulted by the parliament in 1621, on occasion of the dispute with James concerning their powers and privileges, he spoke so freely on the popular side, and took so prominent a part in drawing up the spirited protestation of parliament, that he suffered a short confinement in consequence of the royal displeasure. As a member of parliament, both in this and in the subsequent reign, he continued to defend the liberty of the people, insomuch that on one occasion he was committed to the Tower on the charge of sedition. In 1640, when the Long Parliament met, he was unanimously elected one of the representatives of Oxford university; but though still opposing the abuses and oppressions of which the people complained, he was averse to extreme measures, and desirous to prevent the power of the sword from falling into the hands of either party. Finding his exertions to ward off a civil war unavailing, he seems to have withdrawn himself as much as possible from public life. While in parliament, he constantly employed his influence in behalf of learning and learned men, and performed great services to both universities. In 1643 he was appointed keeper of the records in the Tower. Meanwhile, his politi-

cal occupations were not suffered to divert his mind altogether from literary pursuits. Besides an account, published in 1628, of the celebrated Arundelian marbles, which had been brought from Greece the previous year,* he gave to the world various works on legal and ecclesiastical antiquities, particularly those of the Jewish nation; and also an elaborate Latin treatise in support of the right of British dominion over the circumjacent seas. This last appeared in 1635, and found great favour with all parties. A defence of it against a Dutch writer was the last publication before his death—an event which took place in 1654. His friend Archbishop Usher preached his funeral sermon, and his valuable library was added by his executors to the Bodleian at Oxford. After his death, a collection of his sayings, entitled *Table Talk*, was published by his amanuensis, who states that he enjoyed for twenty years the opportunity of hearing his employer's discourse, and was in the habit of committing faithfully to writing 'the excellent things that usually fell from him.' It is more by his 'Table Talk' than by the works published in his life-time, that Selden is now generally known as a writer; for though he was a man of great talent and learning, his style was deficient in ease and grace, and the class of subjects which he chose was one little suited to the popular taste. The following eulogy of him by Lord Clarendon, whose politics were opposite to his, proves how highly he was respected by all parties:—'He was a person whom no character can flatter, or transmit any expressions equal to his merit and virtue. He was of so stupendous a learning in all kinds and in all languages (as may appear in his excellent writings), that a man would have thought he had been entirely conversant amongst books, and had never spent an hour but in reading and writing; yet his humanity, affability, and courtesy, were such, that he would have been thought to have been bred in the best courts, but that his good-nature, charity, and delight in doing good, exceeded that breeding. His style in all his writings seems harsh, and sometimes obscure, which is not wholly to be imputed to the abstruse subjects of which he commonly treated, out of the paths trod by other men, but to a little undervaluing the beauty of style, and too much propensity to the language of antiquity; but in his conversation he was the most clear discourser, and had the best faculty of making hard things easy, and presenting them to the understanding, that hath been known. Mr Hyde was wont to say, that he valued himself upon nothing more than upon having had Mr Selden's acquaintance from the time he was very young, and held it with great delight as long as they were suffered to continue together in London; and he was much troubled always when he heard him blamed, censured, and reproached, for staying in London, and in the parliament after they were in rebellion, and in the worst times, which his age obliged him to do; and how wicked soever the actions were which were every day done, he was confident he had not given his consent to them, but would have hindered them if he could with his own safety, to which he was always enough indulgent. If he had some infirmities with other men, they were weighed down with wonderful and prodigious abilities and excellences in the other scale.'

House of Selden at Salvington, Sussex.

Many of the apophthegms to be found in Selden's 'Table Talk' are exceedingly acute; many of them are humorous; while some embody propositions which, though uttered in familiar conversation, he probably would not have seriously maintained. As might be expected, satirical remarks on the clergy abound, and there are displays also of that cautious spirit which distinguished him throughout his career. Marriage, for example, he characterises as 'a desperate thing: the frogs in Æsop were extreme wise; they had a great mind to some water, but they would not leap into the well, because they could not get out again.' The following are additional extracts from the 'Table Talk':—

Evil Speaking.

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one as he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court fool; the lord complains, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries, 'I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough, before he would have had me whipped.'

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better, if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying, called the devil, my lord: 'I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel.' His confessor reproved him. 'Excuse me,' said the Don, 'for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words.'

Humility.

1. Humility is a virtue all preach, none practise, and yet everybody is content to hear. The master thinks it good doctrine for his servant, the laity for the clergy, and the clergy for the laity.

2. There is *humilitas quædam in vitio*.[1] If a man does not take notice of that excellency and perfection that is in himself, how can he be thankful to God, who is the author of all excellency and perfection? Nay, if a man hath too mean an opinion of himself, it will render him unserviceable both to God and man.

3. Pride may be allowed to this or that degree, else a man cannot keep up his dignity. In gluttons there must be eating, in drunkenness there must be drink.

* Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, who was a zealous patron of the fine arts, sent agents into Italy and Greece to collect and transmit to England interesting remains of antiquity. Among other relics so procured were the above-mentioned marbles, brought by Mr (afterwards Sir William) Petty from Smyrna, and on which were found certain Greek inscriptions—including that called the Parian Chronicle, from its being supposed to have been made in the isle of Paros, about 263 years before Christ. This Chronicle, by furnishing the dates of many events in ancient history, proved of very great use in chronological investigations.

[1] Such a thing as a faulty excess of humility.

ing; it is not the eating, nor it is not the drinking, that is to be blamed, but the excess. So in pride.

King.

A king is a thing men have made for their own sakes, for quietness sake; just as in a family one man is appointed to buy the meat: if every man should buy, or if there were many buyers, they would never agree; one would buy what the other liked not, or what the other had bought before, so there would be a confusion. But that charge being committed to one, he, according to his discretion, pleases all. If they have not what they would have one day, they shall have it the next, or something as good.

Heresy.

'Tis a vain thing to talk of an heretic, for a man for his heart can think no otherwise than he does think. In the primitive times there were many opinions, nothing scarce, but some or other held. One of these opinions being embraced by some prince, and received into his kingdom, the rest were condemned as heresies; and his religion, which was but one of the several opinions, first is said to be orthodox, and so to have continued ever since the apostles.

Learning and Wisdom.

No man is wiser for his learning: it may administer matter to work in, or objects to work upon; but wit and wisdom are born with a man.

Oracles.

Oracles ceased presently after Christ, as soon as nobody believed them: just as we have no fortune-tellers, nor wise men [wizards], when nobody cares for them. Sometimes you have a season for them, when people believe them; and neither of these, I conceive, wrought by the devil.

Dreams and Prophecies.

Dreams and prophecies do thus much good: they make a man go on with boldness and courage upon a danger, or a mistress. If he obtains, he attributes much to them; if he miscarries, he thinks no more of them, or is no more thought of himself.

Sermons.

Nothing is text but what is spoken of in the Bible, and meant there for person and place; the rest is application, which a discreet man may do well; but 'tis *his* scripture, not the Holy Ghost's.

First, in your sermons use your logic, and then your rhetoric: rhetoric without logic is like a tree with leaves and blossoms, but no root.

Libels.

Though some make light of libels, yet you may see by them how the wind sits: as, take a straw and throw it up into the air, you shall see by that which way the wind is, which you shall not do by casting up a stone. More solid things do not show the complexion of the times so well as ballads and libels.

Devils in the Head.

A person of quality came to my chamber in the Temple, and told me he had two devils in his head, (I wondered what he meant), and, just at that time, one of them bid him kill me. With that I began to be afraid, and thought he was mad. He said he knew I could cure him, and therefore intreated me to give him something, for he was resolved he would go to nobody else. I, perceiving what an opinion he had of me, and that it was only melancholy that troubled him, took him in hand, warranted him, if he would follow my directions, to cure him in a short time. I desired him to let me be alone about an hour, and then to come again; which he was very willing to. In the mean time, I got a card, and wrapped it up handsome in a piece of taffeta, and put strings to the taffeta; and when he came, gave it to him to hang about his neck; withal charged him, that he should not disorder himself, neither with eating or drinking, but eat very little of supper, and say his prayers duly when he went to bed; and I made no question but he would be well in three or four days. Within that time I went to dinner to his house, and asked him how he did? He said he was much better, but not perfectly well; for, in truth, he had not dealt clearly with me; he had four devils in his head, and he perceived two of them were gone, with that which I had given him, but the other two troubled him still. 'Well,' said I, 'I am glad two of them are gone; I make no doubt to get away the other two likewise.' So I gave him another thing to hang about his neck. Three days after, he came to me to my chamber, and professed he was now as well as ever he was in his life, and did extremely thank me for the great care I had taken of him. I, fearing lest he might relapse into the like distemper, told him that there was none but myself and one physician more in the whole town that could cure the devils in the head, and that was Dr Harvey (whom I had prepared), and wished him, if ever he found himself ill in my absence, to go to him, for he could cure his disease as well as myself. The gentleman lived many years, and was never troubled after.

We quote the following morsel from the preface to Selden's 'History of Tithes:'—

[*Free Inquiry.*]

For the old sceptics that never would profess that they had found a truth, yet showed the best way to search for any, when they doubted as well of what those of the dogmatical sects too credulously received for infallible principles, as they did of the newest conclusions. They were indeed, questionless, too nice, and deceived themselves with the nimbleness of their own sophisms, that permitted no kind of established truth. But, plainly, he that avoids their disputing levity, yet, being able, takes to himself their liberty of inquiry, is in the only way that in all kinds of studies leads and lies open even to the sanctuary of truth; while others that are servile to common opinion and vulgar suppositions, can rarely hope to be admitted nearer than into the base court of her temple, which too speciously often counterfeits her inmost sanctuary.

JAMES USHER.

The man who, along with Selden, at this time contributed most to extend the reputation of English learning throughout civilised Europe, was his friend JAMES USHER, archbishop of Armagh, and primate of Ireland. This celebrated scholar was born at Dublin in 1581, and would have devoted himself to the law, had not the death of his father, whose wishes pointed to that profession, allowed him to follow his own inclination for theology. He succeeded to his father's estate, but, wishing to devote himself uninterruptedly to study, gave it up to his brother, reserving for himself only a sufficiency for his maintenance at college and the purchase of books. He early displayed great zeal against the Roman Catholics; and, notwithstanding the mildness of his personal character, continued throughout his life to manifest a highly in-

tolerant spirit towards them. In 1606 he visited England, and became intimate with Camden and Sir Robert Cotton, to the former of whom he communicated some valuable particulars about the an-

Archbishop Usher.

cient state of Ireland and the history of Dublin: these were afterwards inserted by Camden in his 'Britannia.' For thirteen years subsequently to 1607, Usher filled the chair of divinity in the university of Dublin, in performing the duties of which he confined his attention chiefly to the controversies between the Protestants and Catholics. At the convocation of the Irish clergy in 1615, when they determined to assert their independence as a national church, the articles drawn up on the occasion emanated chiefly from his pen; and by asserting in them the Calvinistic doctrines of election and reprobation in their broadest aspect, as well as by his advocacy of the rigorous observance of the Sabbath, and his known opinion, that bishops were not a distinct order in the church, but only superior in degree to presbyters, he exposed himself to the charge of being a favourer of Puritanism. Having been accused as such to the king, he went over to England in 1619, and, in a conference with his majesty, so fully cleared himself, that he was ere long appointed to the see of Meath, and in 1624 to the archbishopric of Armagh. Soon afterwards he gave evidence of his intolerant spirit towards the Catholics, by acting as the leading man at the drawing up of a protestation commencing thus:—'The religion of the Papists is superstitious and idolatrous; their faith and doctrine erroneous and heretical; their church, in respect of both, apostatical. To give them, therefore, a toleration, or to consent that they may freely exercise their religion, and profess their faith and doctrine, is a grievous sin.' At a subsequent period, Usher's zeal showed itself in a more creditable shape on the occasion of a letter from the king to the Irish archbishops, complaining of the increase of Popery in Ireland. He invited persons of the Catholic persuasion to his house, and endeavoured to convert them by friendly argument, in which attempt his great skill in disputation is said to have given him considerable success. During the political convulsions of Charles's reign, Usher, in a treatise entitled *The Power of the Prince, and Obedience of the Subject*, maintained the absolute unlawfulness of taking up arms against the king. The Irish rebellion, in 1641, drove him to England, where he settled at Oxford, then the residence of Charles. Subsequently the civil war caused him repeatedly to change his abode, which was finally the Countess of Peterborough's seat at Ryegate, where he died in 1656, at the age of seventy-five. Most of his writings relate to ecclesiastical history and antiquities, and were mainly intended to furnish arguments against the Catholics; but the production for which he is chiefly celebrated is a great chronological work entitled *Annales*, or 'Annals,' the first part of which was published in 1650, and the second in 1654. It is a chronological digest of universal history, from the creation of the world to the dispersion of the Jews in Vespasian's reign. The author intended to add a third part, but died before accomplishing his design. In this work, which was received with great applause by the learned throughout Europe, and has been several times reprinted on the continent, the author, by fixing the three epochs of the deluge, the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, and their return from Babylon, has reconciled the chronologies of sacred and profane history; and down to the present time, his chronological system is that which is generally received. A posthumous work, which he left unfinished, was printed in 1660, under the title of *Chronologia Sacra*; it is accounted a valuable production, as a guide to the study of sacred history, and as showing the grounds and calculations of the principal epochs of the 'Annals.'

WILLIAM CHILLINGWORTH.

William Chillingworth was a still more prominent, though less bigoted, opposer of the doctrines of the church of Rome, than his contempo-

William Chillingworth.

rary Usher. This famous polemic was born at Oxford in 1602, and studied there. An early love of disputation, in which he possessed eminent skill, brought upon him such a habit of doubting, that his opinions became unsettled on all subjects, insomuch that a Jesuit, named Fisher, was able to argue him into a belief of the doctrines of Popery. The chief argument which led to this result was that which maintained the necessity of an infallible living guide in matters of faith, to which character

the Roman Catholic church appeared to him to be best entitled. For some time after this, he studied at the Jesuits' college at Douay; but his friends induced him to return to Oxford, where, after additional study of the points of difference, he declared in favour of the Protestant faith. This drew him into several controversies, in which he employed the arguments that were afterwards methodically stated in his famous work entitled *The Religion of the Protestants a Safe Way to Salvation*, published in 1637. This treatise, which has placed its author in the first rank of religious controversialists, is considered a model of perspicuous reasoning, and one of the ablest defences of the Protestant cause. The author maintains that the Scripture is the only rule to which appeal ought to be made in theological disputes; that no church is infallible; and that the apostles' creed embraces all the necessary points of faith. The latitudinarianism of Chillingworth brought upon him the appellations of Arian and Socinian; and his character for orthodoxy was still further shaken by his refusal to accept of preferment, on condition of subscribing the thirty-nine articles. His scruples having, however, been overcome, he was promoted, in 1638, to the chancellorship of Salisbury. During the civil war, he zealously adhered to the royal party, and even acted as engineer at the siege of Gloucester in 1643. He died in the succeeding year. Lord Clarendon, who was one of his intimate friends, has drawn the following character of this eminent divine:—'He was a man of so great a subtilty of understanding, and so rare a temper in debate, that, as it was impossible to provoke him into any passion, so it was very difficult to keep a man's self from being a little discomposed by his sharpness and quickness of argument, and instances, in which he had a rare facility, and a great advantage over all the men I ever knew.' Writing to a Catholic, in allusion to the changes of his own faith, Chillingworth says—'I know a man, that of a moderate Protestant turned a Papist, and the day that he did so, was convicted in conscience that his yesterday's opinion was an error. The same man afterwards, upon better consideration, became a doubting Papist, and of a doubting Papist a confirmed Protestant. And yet this man thinks himself no more to blame for all these changes, than a traveller, who, using all diligence to find the right way to some remote city, did yet mistake it, and after find his error and amend it. Nay, he stands upon his justification so far, as to maintain that his alterations, not only to you, but also from you, by God's mercy, were the most satisfactory actions to himself that ever he did, and the greatest victories that ever he obtained over himself, and his affections, in those things which in this world are most precious.' In the same liberal spirit are written the following passages, extracted from his great work:—

[*Against the Employment of Force in Religion.*]

I have learned from the ancient fathers of the church, that nothing is more against religion than to force religion; and of St Paul, the weapons of the Christian warfare are not carnal. And great reason; for human violence may make men counterfeit, but cannot make them believe, and is therefore fit for nothing but to breed form without and atheism within. Besides, if this means of bringing men to embrace any religion were generally used (as, if it may be justly used in any place by those that have power, and think they have truth, certainly they cannot with reason deny, but that it may be used in every place by those that have power as well as they, and think they have truth as well as they), what could follow but the maintenance, perhaps, of truth, but perhaps only the profession of it, in one place, and the oppression of it in a hundred? What will follow from it but the preservation, peradventure, of unity, but, peradventure, only of uniformity, in particular states and churches; but the immortalising the greater and more lamentable divisions of Christendom and the world? And, therefore, what can follow from it but, perhaps, in the judgment of carnal policy, the temporal benefit and tranquillity of temporal states and kingdoms, but the infinite prejudice, if not the desolation, of the kingdom of Christ? * * But they that know there is a King of kings, and Lord of lords, by whose will and pleasure kings and kingdoms stand and fall, they know that to no king or state anything can be profitable which is unjust; and that nothing can be more evidently unjust than to force weak men, by the profession of a religion which they believe not, to lose their own eternal happiness, out of a vain and needless fear lest they may possibly disturb their temporal quietness. There is no danger to any state from any man's opinion, unless it be such an opinion, by which disobedience to authority, or impiety, is taught or licensed (which sort, I confess, may justly be punished as well as other faults), or unless this sanguinary doctrine be joined with it, that it is lawful for him by human violence to enforce others to it. Therefore, if Protestants did offer violence to other men's consciences, and compel them to embrace their reformation, I excuse them not.

[*Reason must be appealed to in Religious Discussions.*]

But you that would not have men follow their reason, what would you have them follow? their passions, or pluck out their eyes, and go blindfold? No, you say; you would have them follow authority. In God's name let them; we also would have them follow authority; for it is upon the authority of universal tradition that we would have them believe Scripture. But then, as for the authority which you would have them follow, you will let them see reason why they should follow it. And is not this to go a little about—to leave reason for a short turn, and then to come to it again, and to do that which you condemn in others? It being, indeed, a plain impossibility for any man to submit his reason but to reason; for he that doth it to authority, must of necessity think himself to have greater reason to believe that authority.

A collection of nine sermons, preached by Chillingworth before Charles I., has been frequently printed. From one of these we select the following animated expostulation with his noble hearers:—

[*Against Duelling.*]

But how is this doctrine [of the forgiveness of injuries] received in the world? What counsel would men, and those none of the worst sort, give thee in such a case? How would the soberest, discreetest, well-bred Christian advise thee? Why, thus: If thy brother or thy neighbour have offered thee an injury, or an affront, forgive him? By no means; thou art utterly undone, and lost in reputation with the world, if thou dost forgive him. What is to be done, then? Why, let not thy heart take rest, let all other business and employment be laid aside, till thou hast his blood. How! A man's blood for an injurious, passionate speech—for a disdainful look? Nay, that is not all: that thou mayest gain among men the reputation of a discreet, well-tempered murderer, be sure thou killest him not in passion, when thy blood is hot and boiling with the provocation; but proceed with as great temper and settledness of reason, with as much discretion and preparedness, as thou wouldest to the communion: after several days' re-

spite, that it may appear it is thy reason guides thee, and not thy passion, invite him kindly and courteously into some retired place, and there let it be determined whether his blood or thine shall satisfy the injury.

Oh, thou holy Christian religion! Whence is it that thy children have sucked this inhuman poisonous blood, these raging fiery spirits? For if we shall inquire of the heathen, they will say, They have not learned this from us; or of the Mahometans, they will answer, We are not guilty of it. Blessed God! that it should become a most sure settled course for a man to run into danger and disgrace with the world, if he shall dare to perform a commandment of Christ, which is as necessary for him to do, if he have any hopes of attaining heaven, as meat and drink is for the maintaining of life! That ever it should enter into Christian hearts to walk so curiously and exactly contrary unto the ways of God! That whereas he sees himself every day, and hour almost, contemned and despised by thee, who art his servant, his creature, upon whom he might, without all possible imputation of unrighteousness, pour down all the vials of his wrath and indignation; yet he, notwithstanding, is patient and long-suffering towards thee, hoping that his long-suffering may lead thee to repentance, and beseeching thee daily by his ministers to be reconciled unto him; and yet thou, on the other side, for a distempered passionate speech, or less, should take upon thee to send thy neighbour's soul, or thine own, or likely both, clogged and oppressed with all your sins unrepented of (for how can repentance possibly consist with such a resolution?), before the tribunal-seat of God, to expect your final sentence; utterly depriving yourself of all the blessed means which God has contrived for thy salvation, and putting thyself in such an estate, that it shall not be in God's power almost to do thee any good. Pardon, I beseech you, my earnestness, almost intemperateness, seeing that it hath proceeded from so just, so warrantable a ground; and since it is in your power to give rules of honour and reputation to the whole kingdom, do not you teach others to be ashamed of this inseparable badge of your religion—charity and forgiving of offences: give men leave to be Christians without danger or dishonour; or, if religion will not work with you, yet let the laws of that state wherein you live, the earnest desires and care of your righteous prince, prevail with you.

JOHN HALES.

JOHN HALES (1584-1656) is by Mosheim classed with Chillingworth, as a prominent defender of rational and tolerant principles in religion. He was highly distinguished for his knowledge of the Greek language, of which he was appointed professor at Oxford in 1612. Six years afterwards, he went to Holland as chaplain to Sir Dudley Carleton, ambassador at the Hague; and on this occasion he attended the meetings of the famous synod of Dort, the proceedings of which are recorded in his published letters to Sir Dudley. Till this time, he held the Calvinistic opinions in which he had been educated; but the arguments of the Arminian champion Episcopius, urged before the synod, made him, according to his own expression, 'bid John Calvin good night.' His letters from Dort are characterised by Lord Clarendon as 'the best memorial of the ignorance, and passion, and animosity, and injustice of that convention.'* Although the eminent learning and abilities of Hales would certainly have led to high preferment in the church, he chose rather to live in studious retirement, and accordingly withdrew to Eton college, where he had a private fellowship under his friend Sir Henry Saville as provost. Of this, after the defeat of the royal party, he was deprived, for refusing to take the 'engagement,' or oath of fidelity, to the Commonwealth of England, as then established without a king or house of lords. By cutting off the means of subsistence, his ejection reduced him to such straits, that at length he was under the necessity of selling the greater part of his library, on which he had expended £2500, for less than a third of that sum. This he did from a spirit of independence, which refused to accept the pecuniary bounty liberally offered by his friends. Besides sermons and miscellanies (the former of which compose the chief portion of his works), he wrote a famous *Tract concerning Schism and Schismatics*, in which the causes of religious disunion, and, in particular, the bad effects of Episcopal ambition, are freely discussed. This tract having come to the hands of Archbishop Laud, who was an old acquaintance of the author, Hales addressed a letter in defence of it to the primate, who, having invited him to a conference, was so well satisfied, that he forced, though not without difficulty, a prebendal stall of Windsor on the acceptance of the needy but contented scholar. The learning, abilities, and amiable dispositions of John Hales are spoken of in the highest terms, not only by Clarendon, but by Bishop Pearson, Dr Heylin, Andrew Marvel, and Bishop Stillingfleet. He is styled by Anthony Wood 'a walking library;'* and Pearson considered him to be 'a man of as great a sharpness, quickness, and subtilty of wit, as ever this or perhaps any nation bred. His industry did strive, if it were possible, to equal the largeness of his capacity, whereby he became as great a master of polite, various, and universal learning, as ever yet conversed with books.'† His extensive knowledge he cheerfully communicated to others; and his disposition being liberal, obliging, and charitable, made him, in religious matters, a determined foe to intolerance, and, in society, a highly agreeable companion. Lord Clarendon says, that 'nothing troubled him more than the brawls which were grown from religion; and he therefore exceedingly detested the tyranny of the church of Rome, more for their imposing uncharitably upon the consciences of other men, than for the errors in their own opinions; and would often say, that he would renounce the religion of the church of England to-morrow, if it obliged him to believe that any other Christians should be damned; and that nobody would conclude another man to be damned, who did not wish him so. No man more strict and severe to himself; to other men so charitable as to their opinions, that he thought that other men were more in fault for their carriage towards them, than the men themselves were who erred; and he thought that pride and passion, more than conscience, were the cause of all separation from each other's communion.' John Aubrey, who saw him at Eton after his sequestration, describes him as 'a pretty little man, sanguine, of a cheerful countenance, very gentle and courteous.'‡

The style of his sermons is clear, simple, and in general correct; and the subjects are frequently illustrated with quotations from the ancient philosophers and Christian fathers.§ The subjoined ex-

* Clarendon's Life of Himself, i. 27.

* Athenæ Oxon. xi. 124.

† Preface to 'The Golden Remains of the Ever-memorable Mr John Hales.'

‡ Aubrey's Lives of Eminent Persons, ii. 363.

§ In the year 1765, an edition of his works was published by Lord Hailes, who took the unwarrantable liberty of modernising the language according to his own taste. This, we learn from Boswell, met the strong disapprobation of Dr Johnson. 'An author's language, sir (said he), is a characteristical

tracts are from a sermon, *Of Inquiry and Private Judgment in Religion.*

[*Private Judgment in Religion.*]

It were a thing worth looking into, to know the reason why men are so generally willing, in point of religion, to cast themselves into other men's arms, and, leaving their own reason, rely so much upon another man's. Is it because it is modesty and humility to think another man's reason better than our own? Indeed, I know not how it comes to pass, we account it a vice, a part of envy, to think another man's goods, or another man's fortunes, to be better than our own; and yet we account it a singular virtue to esteem our reason and wit meaner than other men's. Let us not mistake ourselves; to contemn the advice and help of others, in love and admiration to our own conceits, to depress and disgrace other men's, this is the foul vice of pride: on the contrary, thankfully to entertain the advice of others, to give it its due, and ingenuously to prefer it before our own if it deserve it, this is that gracious virtue of modesty: but altogether to mistrust and relinquish our own faculties, and commend ourselves to others, this is nothing but poverty of spirit and indiscretion. I will not forbear to open unto you what I conceive to be the causes of this so general an error amongst men. First, peradventure the dregs of the church of Rome are not yet sufficiently washed from the hearts of many men. We know it is the principal stay and supporter of that church, to suffer nothing to be inquired into which is once concluded by them. Look through Spain and Italy; they are not men, but beasts, and, Issachar-like, patiently couch down under every burden their superiors lay upon them. Secondly, a fault or two may be in our own ministry; thus, to advise men (as I have done) to search into the reasons and grounds of religion, opens a way to dispute and quarrel, and this might breed us some trouble and disquiet in our cures, more than we are willing to undergo; therefore, to purchase our own quiet, and to banish all contention, we are content to nourish this still humour in our hearers; as the Sibarites, to procure their ease, banished the smiths, because their trade was full of noise. In the meantime, we do not see that peace, which ariseth out of ignorance, is but a kind of sloth, or moral lethargy, seeming quiet because it hath no power to move. Again, maybe the portion of knowledge in the minister himself is not over-great; it may be, therefore, good policy for him to suppress all busy inquiry in his auditory, that so increase of knowledge in them might not at length discover some ignorance in him. Last of all, the fault may be in the people themselves, who, because they are loath to take pains (and search into the grounds of knowledge is evermore painful), are well content to take their ease, to gild their vice with goodly names, and to call their sloth modesty, and their neglect of inquiry filial obedience. These reasons, beloved, or some of kin to these, may be the motives unto this easiness of the people, of entertaining their religion upon trust, and of the neglect of the inquiry into the grounds of it.

To return, therefore, and proceed in the refutation of this gross neglect in men of their own reason, and casting themselves upon other wits. Hath God given you eyes to see, and legs to support you, that so yourselves might lie still, or sleep, and require the use of other men's eyes and legs? That faculty of reason which is in every one of you, even in the meanest that hears me this day, next to the help of God, is your eyes to direct you, and your legs to support you, in your course of integrity and sanctity; you may no more refuse or neglect the use of it, and rest yourselves upon the use of other men's reason, than neglect your own and call for the use of other men's eyes and legs. The man in the gospel, who had bought a farm, excuses himself from going to the marriage-supper, because himself would go and see it: but we have taken an easier course; we can buy our farm, and go to supper too, and that only by saving our pains to see it; we profess ourselves to have made a great purchase of heavenly doctrine, yet we refuse to see it and survey it ourselves, but trust to other men's eyes, and our surveyors: and wot you to what end? I know not, except it be, that so we may with the better leisure go to the marriage-supper; that, with Haman, we may the more merrily go in to the banquet provided for us; that so we may the more freely betake ourselves to our pleasures, to our profits, to our trades, to our preferments and ambition. * *

Would you see how ridiculously we abuse ourselves when we thus neglect our own knowledge, and securely hazard ourselves upon others' skill? Give me leave, then, to show you a perfect pattern of it, and to report to you what I find in Seneca the philosopher, recorded of a gentleman in Rome, who, being purely ignorant, yet greatly desirous to seem learned, procured himself many servants, of which some he caused to study the poets, some the orators, some the historians, some the philosophers, and, in a strange kind of fancy, all their learning he verily thought to be his own, and persuaded himself that he knew all that his servants understood; yea, he grew to that height of madness in this kind, that, being weak in body and diseased in his feet, he provided himself of wrestlers and runners, and proclaimed games and races, and performed them by his servants; still applauding himself, as if himself had done them. Beloved, you are this man: when you neglect to try the spirits, to study the means of salvation yourselves, but content yourselves to take them upon trust, and repose yourselves altogether on the wit and knowledge of us that are your teachers, what is this in a manner but to account with yourselves, that our knowledge is yours, that you know all that we know, who are but your servants in Jesus Christ?

[*Children Ready to Believe.*]

Education and breeding is nothing else but the authority of our teachers taken over our childhood. Now, there is nothing which ought to be of less force with us, or which we ought more to suspect: for childhood hath one thing natural to it, which is a great enemy to truth, and a great furtherer of deceit: what is that? Credulity. Nothing is more credulous than a child: and our daily experience shows how strangely they will believe either their ancients or one another, in most incredible reports. For, to be able to judge what persons, what reports are credible, is a point of strength of which that age is not capable: 'The chiefest sinew and strength of wisdom,' saith Epicharmus, 'is not easily to believe.' Have we not, then, great cause to call to better account, and examine by better reason, whatsoever we learned in so credulous and easy an age, so apt, like the softest wax, to receive every impression? Yet, notwithstanding this singular weakness, and this large and real exception which we have against education, I verily persuade myself, that if the best and strongest ground of most men's religion were opened, it would appear to be nothing else.

[*Reverence for Ancient Opinions.*]

Antiquity, what is it else (God only excepted) but man's authority born some ages before us? Now, for

part of his composition, and is also characteristical of the age in which he writes. Besides, sir, when the language is changed, we are not sure that the sense is the same. No, sir; I am sorry Lord Hailes has done this.'—*Boswell's Life of Johnson*, iv. 292; edit. 1823.

the truth of things, time makes no alteration; things are still the same they are, let the time be past, present, or to come. Those things which we reverence for antiquity, what were they at their first birth? Were they false?—time cannot make them true. Were they true?—time cannot make them more true. The circumstance, therefore, of time, in respect of truth and error is merely impertinent.

[*Prevalence of an Opinion no Argument for its Truth.*]

Universality is such a proof of truth, as truth itself is ashamed of; for universality is nothing but a quainter and a trimmer name to signify the multitude. Now, human authority at the strongest is but weak, but the multitude is the weakest part of human authority: it is the great patron of error, most easily abused, and most hardly disabused. The beginning of error may be, and mostly is, from private persons, but the maintainer and continuer of error is the multitude.

JOHN GAUDEN.

JOHN GAUDEN was a theologian of a far more worldly and ambitious character than either of the three preceding divines. He was born in 1605, and when about thirty years of age became chaplain to the Earl of Warwick, one of the Presbyterian leaders, besides obtaining two preferments in the church. Being of a temporising disposition, he professed the opinions in vogue with the earl's party, and in 1640 preached before the house of commons a sermon which gave so much satisfaction, that the members not only voted thanks to him, but are said to have presented him with a silver tankard. Next year, the rich deanery of Bocking, in Essex, was added to his preferments; all of which, when the Presbyterian form of church government and worship was substituted for the Episcopal, he kept by conforming to the new order of things, though not without apparent reluctance. When the army resolved to impeach and try the king in 1648, he published *A Religious and Loyal Protestation* against their purposes and proceedings: this tract was followed in subsequent years by various other pieces, which he sent forth in defence of the cause of the royalists. But his grand service to that party consisted in his writing the famous *Ikon Basilikè; or the Portraiture of his Most Sacred Majesty, in his Solitude and Sufferings*, a work professing to emanate from the pen of Charles I. himself, and to contain the devout meditations of his latter days. There appears to have been an intention to publish this 'Portraiture' before the execution of the king, as an attempt to save his life by working on the feelings of the people; but either from the difficulty of getting it printed, or some other cause, it did not make its appearance till several days after his majesty's death. The sensation which it produced in his favour was extraordinary. 'It is not easy,' says Hume, 'to conceive the general compassion excited towards the king by the publishing, at so critical a juncture, a work so full of piety, meekness, and humanity. Many have not scrupled to ascribe to that book the subsequent restoration of the royal family. Milton compares its effects to those which were wrought on the tumultuous Romans by Antony's reading to them the will of Cæsar.' So eagerly and universally was the book perused by the nation, that it passed through fifty editions in a single year; and probably through its influence the title of Royal Martyr was applied to the king. It being of course desirable, for the interest of the ruling party, that the authenticity of the work should be discredited, they circulated a vague rumour that its true author was one of the household chaplains of the king. Milton, who, as secretary to the council of state, wrote an answer to it, which he entitled 'Iconoclastes,' or The Image-breaker, alludes to the doubts which prevailed on the subject; but at this time the real history of the book was unknown. The first disclosure took place in 1691, when there appeared in an Amsterdam edition of Milton's 'Iconoclastes,' a memorandum said to have been made by the Earl of Anglesey, in which that nobleman affirms he had been told by Charles II. and his brother that the 'Ikon Basilikè' was the production of Gauden. This report was confirmed in the following year by a circumstantial narrative published by Gauden's former curate, Walker. Several writers then entered the field on both sides of the question; the principal defender of the king's claim being Wagstaffe, a nonjuring clergyman, who published an elaborate 'Vindication of King Charles the Martyr,' in 1693. For ten years subsequently, the literary war continued; but after this there ensued a long interval of repose. When Hume wrote his history, the evidence on the two sides appeared so equally balanced, that, 'with regard to the genuineness of that production, it is not easy,' says he, 'for a historian to fix any opinion which will be entirely to his own satisfaction. The proofs brought to evince that this work is or is not the king's, are so convincing, that if any impartial reader peruse any one side apart, he will think it impossible that arguments could be produced sufficient to counterbalance so strong an evidence; and when he compares both sides, he will be some time at a loss to fix any determination.' Yet Hume confesses that to him the arguments of the royal party appeared the strongest. In 1786, however, the scale of evidence was turned by the publication, in the third volume of the Clarendon State Papers, of some of Gauden's letters, the most important of which are six addressed by him to Lord Chancellor Clarendon after the Restoration. He there complains of the poverty of the see of Exeter, to which he had already been appointed, and urgently solicits a further reward for the important secret service which he had performed to the royal cause. Some of these letters, containing *allusions* to the circumstance, had formerly been printed, though in a less authentic form; but now for the first time appeared one, dated the 13th of March 1661, in which he explicitly grounds his claim to additional remuneration, 'not on what was known to the world under my name, but what goes under the late blessed king's name, the Ikon or Portraiture of his majesty in his solitudes and sufferings. This book and figure,' he adds, 'was wholly and only my invention, making, and design; in order to vindicate the king's wisdom, honour, and piety.' Clarendon had before this learnt the secret from his own intimate friend, Morley, bishop of Worcester, and had otherwise ample means of investigating its truth: and not only does he, in a letter to Gauden, fully acquiesce in the unpalatable statement, but, in his 'History of the Rebellion,' written at the desire of Charles I., and avowedly intended as a vindication of the royal character and cause, he maintains the most rigid silence with respect to the 'Ikon Basilikè'—a fact altogether unaccountable, on the supposition that he knew Charles to be the author of what had brought so much advantage to the royal party, and that he was aware of the falsity of the report current among the opposite faction. Nor is it easy, on that supposition, to conceive for what reason the troublesome solicitations of Gauden were so effectual as to lead to his promotion, in 1662, to the bishopric of Worcester; a dignity, however, of which he did not long enjoy the fruits, for he died in the same year, through dis-

appointment, it is said, at not having obtained the richer see of Winchester, which Clarendon had bestowed upon Morley. Notwithstanding the cogency of the evidence above-mentioned, and of many corroborative circumstances which it is impossible to detail here, the controversy as to the authorship of the 'Ikon Basilikè' is by some still decided in favour of the king. Such is the conclusion arrived at in a work entitled 'Who wrote Ikon Basilikè?' published in 1824 by Dr Wordsworth, master of Trinity college, Cambridge; and a writer in the Quarterly Review* has ranged himself on the same side. But in a masterly article by Sir James Mackintosh, in the Edinburgh Review, the question, notwithstanding some difficulties which still adhere to it, has, we think, been finally and satisfactorily set at rest in favour of Gauden.†

As a sample of the 'Ikon,' we present the following meditations upon

[*The Various Events of the Civil War.*]

The various successes of this unhappy war have at least afforded me variety of good meditations. Sometimes God was pleased to try me with victory, by worsting my enemies, that I might know how with moderation and thanks to own and use his power, who is only the true Lord of Hosts, able, when he pleases, to repress the confidence of those that fought against me with so great advantages for power and number.

From small beginnings on my part, he let me see that I was not wholly forsaken by my people's love or his protection.

Other times God was pleased to exercise my patience, and teach me not to trust in the arm of flesh, but in the living God.

My sins sometimes prevailed against the justice of my cause; and those that were with me wanted not matter and occasion for his just chastisement both of them and me. Nor were my enemies less punished by that prosperity, which hardened them to continue that injustice by open hostility, which was begun by most riotous and unparliamentary tumults.

There is no doubt but personal and private sins may ofttimes overbalance the justice of public engagements; nor doth God account every gallant man (in the world's esteem) a fit instrument to assert in the way of war a righteous cause. The more men are prone to arrogate to their own skill, valour, and strength, the less doth God ordinarily work by them for his own glory.

I am sure the event or success can never state the justice of any cause, nor the peace of men's consciences, nor the eternal fate of their souls.

Those with me had, I think, clearly and undoubtedly for their justification the word of God and the laws of the land, together with their own oaths; all requiring obedience to my just commands; but to none other under heaven without me, or against me, in the point of raising arms.

Those on the other side are forced to fly to the shifts of some pretended fears, and wild fundamentals of state, as they call them, which actually overthrow the present fabric both of church and state; being such imaginary reasons for self-defence as are most impertinent for those men to allege, who, being my subjects, were manifestly the first assaulters of me and the laws, first by unsuppressed tumults, after by listed forces. The same allegations they use, will fit any faction that hath but power and confidence enough to second with the sword all their demands against the present laws and governors, which can never be such as some side or other will not find fault with, so as to urge what they call a reformation of them to a rebellion against them.

* Vol. xxxii. p. 467.

† Edinburgh Review, vol. xliv. p. 1. The same opinion had previously been supported with great ability by Mr Laing, in his 'History of Scotland,' vol. i. pp. 390 and 516.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

The English church at this time was honoured by the services of many able and profound theologians; men who had both studied and thought deeply, and possessed a vigorous and original character of intellect. The most eloquent and imagi-

Jeremy Taylor.

native of all her divines was, however, JEREMY TAYLOR, who has been styled by some the *Shakspeare*, and by others the *Spenser*, of our theological literature. He seems to be closely allied, in the complexion of his taste and genius, to the poet of the 'Faery Queen.' He has not the unity and energy, or the profound mental philosophy, of the great dramatist; while he strongly resembles Spenser in his prolific fancy and diction, in a certain musical arrangement and sweetness of expression, in prolonged description, and in delicious musings and reveries, suggested by some favourite image or metaphor, on which he dwells with the fondness and enthusiasm of a young poet. In these passages he is also apt to run into excess; epithet is heaped upon epithet, and figure upon figure; all the quaint conceits of his fancy, and the curious stores of his learning, are dragged in, till both precision and propriety are sometimes lost. He writes like an orator, and produces his effect by reiterated strokes and multiplied impressions. His picture of the Resurrection, in one of his sermons, is in the highest style of poetry, but generally he deals with the gentle and familiar; and his allusions to natural objects—as trees, birds, and flowers, the rising or setting sun, the charms of youthful innocence and beauty, and the helplessness of infancy and childhood—possess an almost angelic purity of feeling and delicacy of fancy. When presenting rules for morning meditation and prayer, he stops to indulge his love of nature. 'Sometimes,' he says, 'be curious to see the preparation which the sun makes when he is coming forth from his chambers of the east.' He compares a young man to a dancing bubble, 'empty and gay, and shining like a dove's neck, or the image of a rainbow, which hath no substance, and whose

very imagery and colours are fantastical.' The fulfilment of our duties he calls 'presenting a rosary or chaplet of good works to our Maker;' and he dresses even the grave with the flowers of fancy. This freshness of feeling and imagination remained with him to the last, amidst all the strife and violence of the civil war (in which he was an anxious participator and sufferer), and the still more deadening effects of polemical controversy and systems of casuistry and metaphysics. The stormy vicissitudes of his life seem only to have taught him greater gentleness, resignation, toleration for human failings, and a more ardent love of humankind.

Jeremy Taylor was a native of Cambridge (baptised on the 15th of August, 1613), and descended of gentle, and even heroic blood. He was the lineal representative of Dr Rowland Taylor, who suffered martyrdom in the reign of Queen Mary; and his family had been one of some distinction in the county of Gloucester. The Taylors, however, had 'fallen into the portion of weeds and outworn faces,' to use an expression of their most illustrious member, and Jeremy's father followed the humble occupation of a barber in Cambridge. He put his son to college, as a sizar, in his thirteenth year, having himself previously taught him the rudiments of grammar and mathematics, and given him the advantages of the Free Grammar school. In 1631, Jeremy Taylor took his degree of bachelor of arts in Caius college, and entering into sacred orders, removed to London, to deliver some lectures for a college friend in St Paul's cathedral. His eloquent discourses, aided by what a contemporary calls 'his florid and youthful beauty, and pleasant air,' entranced all hearers, and procured him the patronage of Archbishop Laud, the friend of learning, if not of liberty. By Laud's assistance, Taylor obtained a fellowship in All Souls college, Oxford; became chaplain to the archbishop, and rector of Uppingham, in Rutlandshire. In 1639 he married Phœbe Langdale, a female of whom we know nothing but her musical name, and that she bore three sons to her accomplished husband, and died three years after her marriage. The sons of Taylor also died before their father, clouding with melancholy and regret his late and troubled years. The turmoil of the civil war now agitated the country, and Jeremy Taylor embarked his fortunes in the fate of the royalists. By virtue of the king's mandate, he was made a Doctor of Divinity; and at the command of Charles, he wrote a defence of Episcopacy, to which he was by principle and profession strongly attached. In 1644, while accompanying the royal army as chaplain, Jeremy Taylor was taken prisoner by the parliamentary forces, in the battle fought before the castle of Cardigan, in Wales. He was soon released, but the tide of war had turned against the royalists, and in the wreck of the church, Taylor resolved to continue in Wales, and, in conjunction with two learned and ecclesiastical friends, to establish a school at Newton-hall, county of Caermarthen. He appears to have been twice imprisoned by the dominant party, but treated with no marked severity.

'In the great storm,' he says, 'which dashed the vessel of the church all in pieces, I had been cast on the coast of Wales, and, in a little boat, thought to have enjoyed that rest and quietness which in England, in a far greater, I could not hope for. Here I cast anchor, and thinking to ride safely, the storm followed me with so impetuous violence, that it broke a cable, and I lost my anchor. And here again I was exposed to the mercy of the sea, and the gentleness of an element that could neither distinguish things nor persons: and, but that He that stilleth the raging of the sea, and the noise of his waves, and the madness of his people, had provided a plank for me, I had been lost to all the opportunities of content or study; but I know not whether I have been more preserved by the courtesies of my friends, or the gentleness and mercies of a noble enemy.'

This fine passage is in the dedication to Taylor's *Liberty of Prophesying*, a discourse published in 1647, *showing the Unreasonableness of Prescribing to other Men's Faith, and the Iniquity of Persecuting Differing Opinions*. By 'prophesying' he means preaching or expounding. The work has been justly described as 'perhaps, of all Taylor's writings, that which shows him farthest in advance of the age in which he lived, and of the ecclesiastical system in which he had been reared—as the first distinct and avowed defence of toleration which had been ventured on in England, perhaps in Christendom.' He builds the right of private judgment upon the difficulty of expounding Scripture—the insufficiency and uncertainty of tradition—the fallibility of councils, the pope, ecclesiastical writers, and the church as a body, as arbiters of controverted points—and the consequent necessity of letting every man choose his own guide or judge of the meaning of Scripture for himself; since, says he, 'any man may be better trusted for himself, than any man can be for another—for in this case his own interest is most concerned, and ability is not so necessary as honesty, which certainly every man will best preserve in his own case, and to himself (and if he does not, it's he that must smart for it); and it is not required of us not to be in error, but that we endeavour to avoid it.' Milton, in his scheme of toleration, excludes all Roman Catholics—a trait of the persecuting character of his times; and Jeremy Taylor, to establish some standard of truth, and prevent anarchy, as he alleges, proposes the confession of the apostles' creed as the test of orthodoxy and the condition of union among Christians. The principles he advocates go to destroy this limitation, and are applicable to universal toleration, which he dared hardly then avow, even if he had entertained such a desire or conviction. The style of his masterly 'Discourse' is more argumentative and less ornate than that of his sermons and devotional treatises; but his enlightened zeal often breaks forth in striking condemnation of those who are 'curiously busy about trifles and impertinences, while they reject those glorious precepts of Christianity and holy life which are the glories of our religion, and would enable us to gain a happy eternity.' He closes the work with the following interesting and instructive apologue, which he had found, he says, in the Jews' books:—

'When Abraham sat at his tent door, according to his custom, waiting to entertain strangers, he espied an old man stopping and leaning on his staff, weary with age and travel, coming towards him, who was a hundred years of age. He received him kindly, washed his feet, provided supper, and caused him to sit down; but observing that the old man ate and prayed not, nor begged for a blessing on his meat, asked him why he did not worship the God of heaven? The old man told him that he worshipped the fire only, and acknowledged no other God; at which answer Abraham grew so zealously angry, that he thrust the old man out of his tent, and exposed him to all the evils of the night and an unguarded condition. When the old man was gone, God called to Abraham, and asked him where the stranger was? He replied, I thrust him away because he did not worship thee: God answered him, I have suffered him these hundred years, although he dishonoured me, and couldst thou not endure him one night, when he gave thee no trouble? Upon this, saith the story, Abraham fetched

him back again, and gave him hospitable entertainment and wise instruction. *Go thou and do likewise*, and thy charity will be rewarded by the God of Abraham.'

In Wales, Jeremy Taylor was married to Mrs Joanna Bridges, a natural daughter of Charles I., and mistress of an estate in the county of Caermarthen. He was thus relieved from the irksome duties of a schoolmaster; but the fines and sequestrations imposed by the parliamentary party on the property of the royalists, are supposed to have dilapidated his wife's fortune. It is known that he received a pension from the patriotic and excellent John Evelyn, and the literary labours of Taylor were never relaxed. Soon after the publication of the 'Liberty of Prophesying,' he wrote an *Apology for Authorised and Set Forms of Liturgy*, and in 1648 *The Life of Christ, or the Great Exemplar*, a valuable and highly popular work. These were followed by his treatises of *Holy Living* and *Holy Dying*, *Twenty-seven Sermons for the Summer Half-Year*, and other minor productions. He wrote also an excellent little manual of devotion, entitled the *Golden Grove*, so called after the mansion of his neighbour and patron the Earl of Carberry, in whose family he had spent many of his happiest leisure hours. In the preface to this work, Taylor had reflected on the ruling powers in church and state, for which he was, for a short time, committed to prison in Chepstow Castle. He next completed his *Course of Sermons for the Year*, and published some controversial tracts on the doctrine of *Original Sin*, respecting which his opinions were rather latitudinarian, inclining to the Pelagian heresy. He was attacked both by High Churchmen and Calvinists, but defended himself with warmth and spirit—the only instance in which his bland and benevolent disposition was betrayed into anything approaching to personal asperity. He went to London in 1657, and officiated in a private congregation of Episcopalians, till an offer was made him by the Earl of Conway to accompany him to Ireland, and act as lecturer in a church at Lisburn. Thither he accordingly repaired, fixing his residence at Portmore, on the banks of Lough Neagh, about eight miles from Lisburn. Two years appear to have been spent in this happy retirement, when, in 1660, Taylor made a visit to London, to publish his *Ductor Dubitantium*, or *Cases of Conscience*, the most elaborate, but the least successful, of all his works. His journey, however, was made at an auspicious period. The Commonwealth was on the eve of dissolution in the weak hands of Richard Cromwell, and the hopes of the cavaliers were fanned by the artifice and ingenuity of Monk. Jeremy Taylor signed the declaration of the loyalists of London on the 24th of April; on the 29th of May Charles II. entered London in triumphal procession, to ascend the throne; and in August following, our author was appointed bishop of Down and Connor. The Restoration exalted many a worthless parasite, and disappointed many a deserving loyalist; let us be thankful that it was the cause of the mitre descending on the head of at least one pure and pious churchman! Taylor was afterwards made chancellor of the university of Dublin, and a member of the Irish privy council. The see of Dromore was also annexed to his other bishopric, 'on account of his virtue, wisdom, and industry.' These well-bestowed honours he enjoyed only about six years. The duties of his episcopal function were discharged with zeal, mingled with charity; and the few sermons which we possess delivered by him in Ireland are truly apostolic, both in spirit and language. The *evil days and evil tongues* on which he had fallen never caused him to swerve from his enlightened toleration or fervent piety. Any remains of a controversial spirit which might have survived the period of his busy manhood, were now entirely repressed by the calm dictates of a wise experience, sanctified by affliction, and by his onerous and important duties as a guide and director of the Protestant church. He died at Lisburn of a fever on the 13th of August, 1667, in the fifty-fifth year of his age. A finer pattern of a Christian divine never perhaps existed. His learning dignified the high station he at last attained; his gentleness and courtesy shed a grace over his whole conduct and demeanour; while his commanding genius and energy in the cause of truth and virtue, render him worthy of everlasting affection and veneration. We have alluded to the general character and style of Jeremy Taylor's works. A late eminent scholar, Dr Parr, has eulogised his controversial writings: 'fraught as they are,' he says, 'with guileless ardour, with peerless eloquence, and with the richest stores of knowledge—historical, classical, scholastic, and theological—they may be considered as irrefragable proofs of his pure, affectionate, and dutiful attachment to the reformed church of England.' His *uncontroversial* writings, however, form the noblest monument to his memory. His peculiar tenets may be differently judged of by different sects. He was perhaps too prone to speculation in matters of doctrine, and he was certainly no blindly-devoted adherent of the church. His mind loved to expatiate on the higher things of time, death, and eternity, which concern men of all parties, and to draw from the divine revelation its hopes, terrors, and injunctions (in his hands irresistible as the flaming sword), as a means of purifying the human mind, and fitting it for a more exalted destiny. 'Theology is rather a divine life than a divine knowledge. In heaven, indeed, we shall first see, and then love; but here on earth, we must first love, and love will open our eyes as well as our hearts; and we shall then see, and perceive, and understand.'*

The following passages are selected as being among the most characteristic or beautiful in Bishop Taylor's works:—

[*The Age of Reason and Discretion.*]

We must not think that the life of a man begins when he can feed himself or walk alone, when he can fight or beget his like, for so he is contemporary with a camel or a cow; but he is first a man when he comes to a certain steady use of reason, according to his proportion; and when that is, all the world of men cannot tell precisely. Some are called at age at fourteen, some at one-and-twenty, some never; but all men late enough; for the life of a man comes upon him slowly and insensibly. But, as when the sun approaching towards the gates of the morning, he first opens a little eye of heaven, and sends away the spirits of darkness, and gives light to a cock, and calls up the lark to matins, and by and by gilds the fringes of a cloud, and peeps over the eastern hills, thrusting out his golden horns like those which decked the brows of Moses, when he was forced to wear a veil, because himself had seen the face of God; and still, while a man tells the story, the sun gets up higher, till he shows a fair face and a full light, and then he shines one whole day, under a cloud often, and sometimes weeping great and little showers, and sets quickly: so is a man's reason and his life. He first begins to perceive himself, to see or taste, making little reflections upon his actions of sense, and can discourse of flies and dogs, shells and play, horses and liberty: but when he is strong enough to enter into arts and little

* 'Via Intelligentiæ,' a sermon preached by Jeremy Taylor to the university of Dublin.

institutions, he is at first entertained with trifles and impertinent things, not because he needs them, but because his understanding is no bigger, and little images of things are laid before him, like a cock-boat to a whale, only to play withal: but, before a man comes to be wise, he is half dead with gouts and consumption, with catarrhs and aches, with sore eyes and worn-out body. So that, if we must not reckon the life of a man but by the accounts of his reason, he is long before his soul be dressed; and he is not to be called a man without a wise and an adorned soul, a soul at least furnished with what is necessary towards his well-being.

And now let us consider what that thing is which we call years of discretion. The young man is passed his tutors, and arrived at the bondage of a caitiff spirit; he is run from discipline, and is let loose to passion. The man by this time hath wit enough to choose his vice, to act his lust, to court his mistress, to talk confidently, and ignorantly, and perpetually; to despise his betters, to deny nothing to his appetite, to do things that, when he is indeed a man, he must for ever be ashamed of; for this is all the discretion that most men show in the first stage of their manhood. They can discern good from evil; and they prove their skill by leaving all that is good, and wallowing in the evils of folly and an unbridled appetite. And by this time the young man hath contracted vicious habits, and is a beast in manners, and therefore it will not be fitting to reckon the beginning of his life; he is a fool in his understanding, and that is a sad death.

[*The Pomp of Death.*]

Take away but the pomps of death, the disguises, and solemn lugbears, and the actings by candlelight, and proper and fantastic ceremonies, the minstrels and the noise-makers, the women and the weepers, the swoonings and the shriekings, the nurses and the physicians, the dark room and the ministers, the kindred and the watches, and then to die is easy, ready, and quitted from its troublesome circumstances. It is the same harmless thing that a poor shepherd suffered yesterday, or a maid-servant to-day; and at the same time in which you die, in that very night a thousand creatures die with you, some wise men and many fools; and the wisdom of the first will not quit him, and the folly of the latter does not make him unable to die.

[*Marriage.*]

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must return to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that is in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlars, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their strange snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness. * *

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new-weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of a tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces. * *

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their persons and society. * * It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast: I will only show it, and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesome. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St Peter and St Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that; and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

[*The Progress of Sin.*]

I have seen the little purls of a spring sweat through the bottom of a bank, and intenerate the stubborn

pavement, till it hath made it fit for the impression of a child's foot; and it was despised, like the descending pearls of a misty morning, till it had opened its way and made a stream large enough to carry away the ruins of the undermined strand, and to invade the neighbouring gardens: but then the despised drops were grown into an artificial river, and an intolerable mischief. So are the first entrances of sin, stopped with the antidotes of a hearty prayer, and checked into sobriety by the eye of a reverend man, or the counsels of a single sermon: but when such beginnings are neglected, and our religion hath not in it so much philosophy as to think anything evil as long as we can endure it, they grow up to ulcers and pestilential evils; they destroy the soul by their abode, who at their first entry might have been killed with the pressure of a little finger.

He that hath passed many stages of a good life, to prevent his being tempted to a single sin, must be very careful that he never entertain his spirit with the remembrances of his past sin, nor amuse it with the fantastic apprehensions of the present. When the Israelites fancied the sapidness and relish of the flesh-pots, they longed to taste and to return.

So when a Libyan tiger, drawn from his wilder foragings, is shut up and taught to eat civil meat, and suffer the authority of a man, he sits down tamely in his prison, and pays to his keeper fear and reverence for his meat; but if he chance to come again, and taste a draught of warm blood, he presently leaps into his natural cruelty. He scarce abstains from eating those hands that brought him discipline and food.* So is the nature of a man made tame and gentle by the grace of God, and reduced to reason, and kept in awe by religion and laws, and by an awful virtue is taught to forget those alluring and sottish relishes of sin; but if he diverts from his path, and snatches handfuls from the wanton vineyards, and remembers the lasciviousness of his unwholesome food that pleased his childish palate, then he grows sick again, and hungry after unwholesome diet, and longs for the apples of Sodom.

The Pannonian bears, when they have clasped a dart in the region of their liver, wheel themselves upon the wound, and with anger and malicious revenge strike the deadly barb deeper, and cannot be quit from that fatal steel, but in flying bear along that which themselves make the instrument of a more hasty death: so is every vicious person struck with a deadly wound, and his own hands force it into the entertainments of the heart; and because it is painful to draw it forth by a sharp and salutary repentance, he still rolls and turns upon his wound, and carries his death in his bowels, where it first entered by choice, and then dwelt by love, and at last shall finish the tragedy by divine judgments and an unalterable decree.

[*The Resurrection of Sinners.*]

So have we seen a poor condemned criminal, the weight of whose sorrows sitting heavily upon his soul, hath benumbed him into a deep sleep, till he hath forgotten his groans, and laid aside his deep sighings: but on a sudden comes the messenger of death, and unbinds the poppy garland, scatters the heavy cloud that encircled his miserable head, and makes him return to acts of life, that he may quickly descend into death, and be no more. So is every sinner that lies down in shame, and makes his grave with the wicked; he shall, indeed, rise again, and be called upon by the voice of the archangel; but then he shall descend into sorrows greater than the reason and the patience of a man, weeping and shrieking louder than the groans of the miserable children in the valley of Hinnom.

[*Sinful Pleasure.*]

Look upon pleasures not upon that side which is next the sun, or where they look beauteously, that is, as they come towards you to be enjoyed: for then they paint and smile, and dress themselves up in tinsel and glass gems and counterfeit imagery; but when thou hast rifled and discomposed them with enjoying their false beauties, and that they begin to go off, then behold them in their nakedness and weariness. See what a sigh and sorrow, what naked unhandsome proportions and a filthy carcass they discover; and the next time they counterfeit, remember what you have already discovered, and be no more abused.

[*Useful Studies.*]

Spend not your time in that which profits not; for your labour and your health, your time and your studies, are very valuable; and it is a thousand pities to see a diligent and hopeful person spend himself in gathering cockle-shells and little pebbles, in telling sands upon the shores, and making garlands of useless daisies.* Study that which is profitable, that which will make you useful to churches and commonwealths, that which will make you desirable and wise. Only I shall add this to you, that in learning there are variety of things as well as in religion: there is mint and cummin, and there are the weighty things of the law; so there are studies more and less useful, and everything that is useful will be required in its time: and I may in this also use the words of our blessed Saviour, 'These things ought you to look after, and not to leave the other unregarded.' But your great care is to be in the things of God and of religion, in holiness and true wisdom, remembering the saying of Origen, 'That the knowledge that arises from goodness is something that is more certain and more divine than all demonstration,' than all other learnings of the world.

[*Comforting the Afflicted.*]

Certain it is, that as nothing can better do it, so there is nothing greater, for which God made our tongues, next to reciting his praises, than to minister comfort to a weary soul. And what greater measure can we have, than that we should bring joy to our brother, who with his dreary eyes looks to heaven and round about, and cannot find so much rest as to lay his eyelids close together—than that thy tongue should be tuned with heavenly accents, and make the weary soul to listen for light and ease; and when he perceives that there is such a thing in the world, and

* Admonitæque tument gustato sanguine fauces:
Fervet, et a trepido vix abstinet ira magistro.

'But let the taste of slaughter be renewed,
And their fell jaws again with gore imbrued;
Then dreadfully their wakening furies rise,
And glaring fires rekindle in their eyes;
With wrathful roar their echoing dens they tear,
And hardly ev'n the well-known keeper spare;
The shuddering keeper shakes, and stands aloof for fear.'

* Sir Isaac Newton, a little before he died, said, 'I don't know what I may seem to the world, but as to myself, I seem to have been only like a boy playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, whilst the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.'—*Spence's Anecdotes*, p. 54.

Who reads
Incessantly, and to his reading brings not
A spirit and judgment equal or superior,
(And what he brings what needs he elsewhere seek?)
Uncertain and unsettled still remains;
Deep versed in books, and shallow in himself,
Crude or intoxicate, collecting toys
And trifles for choice matters, worth a spunge,
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.
Paradise Regained, book iv.

in the order of things, as comfort and joy, to begin to break out from the prison of his sorrows at the door of sighs and tears, and by little and little melt into showers and refreshment? This is glory to thy voice, and employment fit for the brightest angel. But so have I seen the sun kiss the frozen earth, which was bound up with the images of death, and the colder breath of the north; and then the waters break from their enclosures, and melt with joy, and run in useful channels; and the flies do rise again from their little graves in walls, and dance a while in the air, to tell that there is joy within, and that the great mother of creatures will open the stock of her new refreshment, become useful to mankind, and sing praises to her Redeemer. So is the heart of a sorrowful man under the discourses of a wise comforter; he breaks from the despairs of the grave, and the fetters and chains of sorrow; he blesses God, and he blesses thee, and he feels his life returning; for to be miserable is death, but nothing is life but to be comforted; and God is pleased with no music from below so much as in the thanksgiving songs of relieved widows, of supported orphans, of rejoicing, and comforted, and thankful persons.

[*Real and Apparent Happiness.*]

If we should look under the skirt of the prosperous and prevailing tyrant, we should find, even in the days of his joys, such allays and abatements of his pleasure, as may serve to represent him presently miserable, besides his final infelicities. For I have seen a young and healthful person warm and ruddy under a poor and a thin garment, when at the same time an old rich person hath been cold and paralytic under a load of sables, and the skins of foxes. It is the body that makes the clothes warm, not the cloths the body; and the spirit of a man makes felicity and content, not any spoils of a rich fortune wrapt about a sickly and an uneasy soul. Apollodorus was a traitor and a tyrant, and the world wondered to see a bad man have so good a fortune, but knew not that he nourished scorpions in his breast, and that his liver and his heart were eaten up with spectres and images of death; his thoughts were full of interruptions, his dreams of illusions; his fancy was abused with real troubles and fantastic images, imagining that he saw the Scythians flaying him alive, his daughters like pillars of fire, dancing round about a cauldron in which himself was boiling, and that his heart accused itself to be the cause of all these evils.

Does he not drink more sweetly that takes his beverage in an earthen vessel, than he that looks and searches into his golden chalices, for fear of poison, and looks pale at every sudden noise, and sleeps in armour, and trusts nobody, and does not trust God for his safety?

Can a man bind a thought with chains, or carry imaginations in the palm of his hand? can the beauty of the peacock's train, or the ostrich plume, be delicious to the palate and the throat? does the hand intermeddle with the joys of the heart? or darkness, that hides the naked, make him warm? does the body live, as does the spirit? or can the body of Christ be like to common food? Indeed, the sun shines upon the good and bad; and the vines give wine to the drunkard, as well as to the sober man; pirates have fair winds and a calm sea, at the same time when the just and peaceful merchantman hath them. But, although the things of this world are common to good and bad, yet sacraments and spiritual joys, the food of the soul, and the blessing of Christ, are the peculiar right of saints.

[*Adversity.*]

All is well as long as the sun shines, and the fair breath of heaven gently wafts us to our own purposes. But if you will try the excellency and feel the work of faith, place the man in a persecution; let him ride in a storm; let his bones be broken with sorrow, and his eyelids loosed with sickness; let his bread be dipped with tears, and all the daughters of music be brought low; let us come to sit upon the margin of our grave, and let a tyrant lean hard upon our fortunes, and dwell upon our wrong; let the storm arise, and the keels toss till the cordage crack, or that all our hopes bulge under us, and descend into the hollowness of sad misfortunes.

[*Miseries of Man's Life.*]

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils, or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo, in Egypt, feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night.

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shricks of mandrakes, cats, and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock, or bulges under them; how many people there are that weep with want, and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by too quick a sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence, at least in affections and preparation of mind.

[*On Prayer.*]

Prayer is an action of likeness to the Holy Ghost, the spirit of gentleness and dove-like simplicity; an imitation of the Holy Jesus, whose spirit is meek, up to the greatness of the biggest example, and a conformity to God; whose anger is always just, and

marches slowly, and is without transportation, and often hindered, and never hasty, and is full of mercy: prayer is the peace of our spirit, the stillness of our thoughts, the evenness of recollection, the seat of meditation, the rest of our cares, and the calm of our tempest: prayer is the issue of a quiet mind, of untroubled thoughts; it is the daughter of charity, and the sister of meekness; and he that prays to God with an angry, that is, with a troubled and discomposed spirit, is like him that retires into a battle to meditate, and sets up his closet in the out-quarters of an army, and chooses a frontier-garrison to be wise in. Anger is a perfect alienation of the mind from prayer, and therefore is contrary to that attention which presents our prayers in a right line to God. For so have I seen a lark rising from his bed of grass, and soaring upwards, singing as he rises, and hopes to get to heaven, and climb above the clouds; but the poor bird was beaten back with the loud sighings of an eastern wind, and his motion made irregular and inconstant, descending more at every breath of the tempest, than it could recover by the libration and frequent weighing of his wings, till the little creature was forced to sit down and pant, and stay till the storm was over; and then it made a prosperous flight, and did rise and sing, as if it had learned music and motion from an angel, as he passed sometimes through the air, about his ministries here below. So is the prayer of a good man: when his affairs have required business, and his business was matter of discipline, and his discipline was to pass upon a sinning person, or had a design of charity, his duty met with the infirmities of a man, and anger was its instrument; and the instrument became stronger than the prime agent, and raised a tempest, and overruled the man; and then his prayer was broken, and his thoughts were troubled, and his words went up towards a cloud; and his thoughts pulled them back again, and made them without intention; and the good man sighs for his infirmity, but must be content to lose that prayer, and he must recover it when his anger is removed, and his spirit is becalmed, made even as the brow of Jesus, and smooth like the heart of God; and then it ascends to heaven upon the wings of the holy dove, and dwells with God, till it returns, like the useful bee, loaden with a blessing and the dew of heaven.

[*On Death.*]

Nature calls us to meditate of death by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God, by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere, in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies, and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year; and you can go no whither, but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts, that peradventure this man's wife, in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals; this is the end and sum of all their designs. A dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims, who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead.

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and outworn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonour, and our beauty so changed, that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone, where the body lies stripped of its life and honour. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that, after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and back-bone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change; and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral.

A man may read a sermon, the best and most passionate that ever man preached, if he shall but enter into the sepulchres of kings. In the same Escurial

where the Spanish princes live in greatness and power, and decree war or peace, they have wisely placed a cemetery, where their ashes and their glory shall sleep till time shall be no more; and where our kings have been crowned their ancestors lie interred, and they must walk over their grandsire's head to take his crown. There is an acre sown with royal seed, the copy of the greatest change, from rich to naked, from ceiled roofs to arched coffins, from living like gods to die like men. There is enough to cool the flames of lust, to abate the heights of pride, to appease the itch of covetous desires, to sully and dash out the dissembling colours of a lustful, artificial, and imaginary beauty. There the warlike and the peaceful, the fortunate and the miserable, the beloved and the despised princes mingle their dust, and pay down their symbol of mortality, and tell all the world that, when we die, our ashes shall be equal to kings', and our accounts easier, and our pains for our crowns shall be less.

[*The Day of Judgment.*]

Even you and I, and all the world, kings and priests, nobles and learned, the crafty and the easy, the wise and the foolish, the rich and the poor, the prevailing tyrant and the oppressed party, shall all appear to receive their symbol; and this is so far from abating anything of its terror and our dear concernment, that it much increases it. For although concerning precepts and discourses we are apt to neglect in particular what is recommended in general, and in incidences of mortality and sad events, the singularity of the chance heightens the apprehension of the evil; yet it is so by accident, and only in regard of our imperfection; it being an effect of self-love, or some little creeping envy, which adheres too often to the unfortunate and miserable; or being apprehended to be in a rare case, and a singular unworthiness in him who is afflicted otherwise than is common to the sons of men, companions of his sin, and brethren of his nature, and partners of his usual accidents; yet in final and extreme events, the multitude of sufferers does not lessen, but increase the sufferings; and when the first day of judgment happened, that, I mean, of the universal deluge of waters upon the old world, the calamity swelled like the flood, and every man saw his friend perish, and the neighbours of his dwelling, and the relatives of his house, and the sharers of his joys, and yesterday's bride, and the new born heir, the priest of the family, and the honour of the kindred, all dying or dead, drenched in water and the divine vengeance; and then they had no place to flee unto, no man cared for their souls; they had none to go unto for counsel, no sanctuary high enough to keep them from the vengeance that rained down from heaven; and so it shall be at the day of judgment, when that world and this, and all that shall be born hereafter, shall pass through the same Red Sea, and be all baptised with the same fire, and be involved in the same cloud, in which shall be thunderings and terrors infinite. Every man's fear shall be increased by his neighbour's shrieks, and the amazement that all the world shall be in, shall unite as the sparks of a raging furnace into a globe of fire, and roll upon its own principle, and increase by direct appearances and intolerable reflections. He that stands in a churchyard in the time of a great plague, and hears the passing bell perpetually telling the sad stories of death, and sees crowds of infected bodies pressing to their graves, and others sick and tremulous, and death dressed up in all the images of sorrow round about him, is not supported in his spirit by the variety of his sorrow; and at doomsday, when the terrors are universal, besides that it is in itself so much greater, because it can affright the whole world, it is also made greater by communication and a sorrowful influence; grief being then strongly infectious, when there is no variety of state, but an entire kingdom of fear; and amazement is the king of all our passions, and all the world its subjects. And that shriek must needs be terrible, when millions of men and women, at the same instant, shall fearfully cry out, and the noise shall mingle with the trumpet of the archangel, with the thunders of the dying and groaning heavens, and the crack of the dissolving world, when the whole fabric of nature shall shake into dissolution and eternal ashes!

Consider what an infinite multitude of angels, and men, and women, shall then appear! It is a huge assembly when the men of one kingdom, the men of one age in a single province are gathered together into heaps and confusion of disorder; but then, all kingdoms of all ages, all the armies that ever mustered, all that world that Augustus Cæsar taxed, all those hundreds of millions that were slain in all the Roman wars, from Numa's time till Italy was broken into principalities and small exarchates: all these, and all that can come into numbers, and that did descend from the loins of Adam, shall at once be represented; to which account, if we add the armies of heaven, the nine orders of blessed spirits, and the infinite numbers in every order, we may suppose the numbers fit to express the majesty of that God, and the terror of that Judge, who is the Lord and Father of all that unimaginable multitude! * * The majesty of the Judge, and the terrors of the judgment, shall be spoken aloud by the immediate forerunning accidents, which shall be so great violences to the old constitutions of nature, that it shall break her very bones, and disorder her till she be destroyed. Saint Jerome relates out of the Jews' books, that their doctors used to account fifteen days of prodigy immediately before Christ's coming, and to every day assign a wonder, any one of which, if we should chance to see in the days of our flesh, it would affright us into the like thoughts which the old world had, when they saw the countries round about them covered with water and the divine vengeance; or as these poor people near Adria and the Mediterranean sea, when their houses and cities were entering into graves, and the bowels of the earth rent with convulsions and horrid tremblings. The sea, they say, shall rise fifteen cubits above the highest mountains, and thence descend into hollowness and a prodigious drought; and when they are reduced again to their usual proportions, then all the beasts and creeping things, the monsters and the usual inhabitants of the sea, shall be gathered together, and make fearful noises to distract mankind: the birds shall mourn and change their song into threnes and sad accents; rivers of fire shall rise from east to west, and the stars shall be rent into threads of light, and scatter like the beards of comets; then shall be fearful earthquakes, and the rocks shall rend in pieces, the trees shall distil blood, and the mountains and fairest structures shall return into their primitive dust; the wild beasts shall leave their dens, and shall come into the companies of men, so that you shall hardly tell how to call them, herds of men or congregations of beasts; then shall the graves open and give up their dead, and those which are alive in nature and dead in fear shall be forced from the rocks whither they went to hide them, and from caverns of the earth where they would fain have been concealed; because their retirements are dismantled, and their rocks are broken into wider ruptures, and admit a strange light into their secret bowels; and the men being forced abroad into the theatre of mighty horrors, shall run up and down distracted, and at their wits' end; and then some shall die, and some shall be changed; and by this time the elect shall be gathered together from the four quarters of the world, and Christ shall come along with them to judgment.

[*Religious Toleration.*]

The infinite variety of opinions in matters of religion, as they have troubled Christendom with interests, factions, and partialities, so have they caused great divisions of the heart, and variety of thoughts and designs, amongst pious and prudent men. For they all, seeing the inconveniences which the disunion of persuasions and opinions have produced, directly or accidentally, have thought themselves obliged to stop this inundation of mischiefs, and have made attempts accordingly. But it hath happened to most of them as to a mistaken physician, who gives excellent physic, but misapplies it, and so misses of his cure. So have these men; their attempts have, therefore, been ineffectual; for they put their help to a wrong part, or they have endeavoured to cure the symptoms, and have let the disease alone till it seemed incurable. Some have endeavoured to re-unite these fractions, by propounding such a guide which they were all bound to follow; hoping that the unity of a guide would have persuaded unity of minds; but who this guide should be, at last became such a question, that it was made part of the fire that was to be quenched, so far was it from extinguishing any part of the flame. Others thought of a rule, and this must be the means of union, or nothing could do it. But, supposing all the world had been agreed of this rule, yet the interpretation of it was so full of variety, that this also became part of the disease for which the cure was pretended. All men resolved upon this, that, though they yet had not hit upon the right, yet some way must be thought upon to reconcile differences in opinion; thinking, so long as this variety should last, Christ's kingdom was not advanced, and the work of the gospel went on but slowly. Few men, in the mean time, considered, that so long as men had such variety of principles, such several constitutions, educations, tempers, and distempers, hopes, interests, and weaknesses, degrees of light and degrees of understanding, it was impossible all should be of one mind. And what is impossible to be done, is not necessary it should be done. And, therefore, although variety of opinions was impossible to be cured, and they who attempted it did like him who claps his shoulder to the ground to stop an earthquake; yet the inconveniences arising from it might possibly be cured, not by uniting their beliefs, that was to be despaired of, but by curing that which caused these mischiefs, and accidental inconveniences, of their disagreeings. For although these inconveniences, which every man sees and feels, were consequent to this diversity of persuasions, yet it was but accidentally and by chance; inasmuch as we see that in many things, and they of great concernment, men allow to themselves and to each other a liberty of disagreeing, and no hurt neither. And certainly, if diversity of opinions were, of itself, the cause of mischiefs, it would be so ever; that is, regularly and universally. But that we see it is not. For there are disputes in Christendom concerning matters of greater concernment than most of those opinions that distinguish sects and make factions; and yet, because men are permitted to differ in those great matters, such evils are not consequent to such differences, as are to the uncharitable managing of smaller and more inconsiderable questions. Since, then, if men are quiet and charitable in some disagreeings, that then and there the inconvenience ceases; if they were so in all others where lawfully they might, and they may in most, Christendom should be no longer rent in pieces, but would be redintegrated in a new pentecost.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE.

Sir Thomas Browne, another of the eloquent and poetical writers of this great literary era, differs from Bishop Taylor in several marked particulars. There is greater quaintness and obscurity in his style; he is fond of discussing abstruse and conjectural points, such as only a humorist can seriously trouble himself about; and he displays throughout his writings the mind rather of an

Sir Thomas Browne.

amiable and eccentric scholar, than of a man who takes an interest in the great concerns of humanity. Browne was born in London in 1605, and, after being educated at Winchester and Oxford, proceeded to travel, first in Ireland, and subsequently in France, Italy, and Holland. He belonged to the medical profession, and having obtained his doctor's degree at Leyden, settled finally as a practitioner at Norwich. His first work, entitled *Religio Medici*—'The Religion of a Physician'—was published in 1642, and immediately rendered him famous as a literary man. In this singular production, he gives a minute account of his opinions not only on religious, but on a variety of philosophical and fanciful points, besides affording the reader many glimpses into the eccentricities of his personal character. The language of that work is bold and poetical, adorned with picturesque imagery, but frequently pedantic, rugged, and obscure. His next publication, entitled *Pseudodoxia Epidemica*, or 'Treatise on Vulgar Errors,' appeared in 1646. It is much more philosophical in its character than the 'Religio Medici,' and is considered the most solid and useful of his productions. The following enumeration of some of the errors which he endeavours to dispel, will serve both to show the kind of matters he was fond of investigating, and to exemplify the notions which prevailed in the seventeenth century. 'That crystal is nothing else but ice strongly congealed; that a diamond is softened or broken by the blood of a goat; that a pot full of ashes will contain as much water as it would without them; that bays preserve from the mischief of lightning and thunder; that an elephant hath no joints; that a wolf, first seeing a man, begets a dumbness in him; that moles are blind; that the flesh of peacocks corrupteth not; that storks will only live in republics and free states; that the chicken is made out of the yolk of the egg; that men weigh heavier dead than alive, and before meat than after; that Jews stink; that the forbidden fruit was an apple; that there was no rainbow before the flood; that John the Baptist should not die.' He treats also of the ring-finger; saluting upon sneezing; pigmies; the canicular, or dog-days; the picture of Moses with horns; the blackness of negroes;

the river Nilus; gipsies; Methuselah; the food of John the Baptist; the cessation of oracles; Friar Bacon's brazen head that spoke; the poverty of Belisarius; and the wish of Philoxenus to have the neck of a crane. In 1658, Browne published his *Hydriotaphia, or Urn Burial; a Discourse on the Sepulchral Urns Lately Found in Norfolk*, a work not inferior, in ideality of style, to the 'Religio Medici.' Here the author's learning appears in the details which he gives concerning the modes in which the bodies of the dead have been disposed of in different ages and countries; while his reflections on death, oblivion, and immortality, are, for solemnity and grandeur, probably unsurpassed in English literature. The occasion would hardly have called forth a work from any less meditative mind. In a field at Walsingham were dug up between forty and fifty urns, containing the remains of human bones, some small brass instruments, boxes, and other fragmentary relics. Coals and burnt substances were found near the same plot of ground, and hence it was conjectured that this was the *Ustrina*, or place of burning, or the spot whereon the Druidical sacrifices were made. Furnished with a theme for his philosophic musings, Sir Thomas Browne then comments on that vast charnel-house, the earth.

'Nature,' he says, 'hath furnished one part of the earth, and man another. The treasures of time lie high, in urns, coins, and monuments, scarce below the roots of some vegetables. Time hath endless rarities, and shows of all varieties; which reveals old things in heaven, makes new discoveries in earth, and even earth itself a discovery. *That great antiquity, America, lay buried for a thousand years*; and a large part of the earth is still in the urn unto us. Though, if Adam were made out of an extract of the earth, all parts might challenge a restitution, yet few have returned their bones far lower than they might receive them; not affecting the graves of giants, under hilly and heavy coverings, but content with less than their own depth, have wished their bones might lie soft, and the earth be light upon them; even such as hope to rise again would not be content with central interment, or so desperately to place their relics as to lie beyond discovery, and in no way to be seen again; which happy contrivance hath made communication with our forefathers, and left unto our view some parts which they never beheld themselves.'

He then successively describes and comments upon the different modes of interment and decomposition—whether by fire ('some apprehending a purifying virtue in fire, refining the grosser commixture, and firing out the ethereal particles so deeply immersed in it'); by making their graves in the air, like the Scythians, 'who swore by wind and sword;' or in the sea, like some of the nations about Egypt. 'Men,' he finely remarks, 'have lost their reason in nothing so much as their religion, wherein stones and clouts make martyrs; and since the religion of one seems madness unto another, to afford an account or rational of old rights, requires no rigid reader. That they kindled the pyre aversely, or turning their face from it, was a handsome symbol of unwilling ministration; that they washed their bones with wine and milk; that the mother wrapt them in linen and dried them in her bosom, the first fostering part, and place of their nourishment; that they opened their eyes towards heaven, before they kindled the fire, as the place of their hopes or original, were no improper ceremonies. Their last valediction, thrice uttered by the attendants, was also very solemn, and somewhat answered by Christians, who thought it too little if they threw not the earth thrice upon the interred body. That, in strewing their tombs, the Romans affected the rose, the Greeks amaranthus and myrtle; that the funeral pyre consisted of sweet fuel, cypress, fir, larix, yew, and trees perpetually verdant, lay silent expressions of their surviving hopes; wherein Christians, which deck their coffins with bays, have found a more elegant emblem—for that it seeming dead, will restore itself from the root, and its dry and exsuccous leaves resume their verdure again; which, if we mistake not, we have also observed in furze. Whether the planting of yew in churchyards hold not its original from ancient funeral rites, or as an emblem of resurrection, from its perpetual verdure, may also admit conjecture.' Among the beauties of expression in Browne, may be quoted the following eloquent definition: 'Nature is not at variance with art, nor art with nature—they being both the servants of his providence. Art is the perfection of nature. Were the world now as it was the sixth day, there were yet a chaos. Nature hath made one world, and art another. In belief, all things are artificial, for nature is the art of God.' This seems the essence of true philosophy. To the 'Hydriotaphia' is appended a small treatise, called *The Garden of Cyrus; or the Quincuncial Lozenge, or Network Plantations of the Ancients, Artificially, Naturally, and Mystically Considered.* This is written in a similar style, and displays much of the author's whimsical fancy and propensity to laborious trifling. One of the most striking of these fancies has been often quoted. Wishing to denote that it is late, or that he was writing at a late hour, he says that 'the Hyades (the quincunx of heaven) run low—that we are unwilling to spin out our awaking thoughts into the phantasms of sleep—that to keep our eyes open longer were but to act our antipodes—that the huntsmen are up in America—and that they are already past their first sleep in Persia.' This is fantastic, but it is the offspring of genius. Browne lived in a world of ideal contemplation, but before surrendering himself up to his reveries, he had stored his mind with vast and multifarious learning. In presenting its results to the public, he painted to the eye and imagination more than he conveyed to the understanding. Among his posthumous pieces is a collection of aphorisms, entitled *Christian Morals*, to which Dr Johnson prefixed a life of the author. He left, also, various essays, on antiquarian and other subjects. Sir Thomas Browne died in 1682, at the age of seventy-seven. He was of a modest and cheerful disposition, retiring in his habits, and sympathised little with the pursuits and feelings of the busy multitude. His opinions were, in some respects, tinged with the credulity of his age. He believed in witchcraft, apparitions, and diabolical illusions; and gravely observes, 'that to those who would attempt to teach animals the art of speech, the dogs and cats that usually speak unto witches may afford some encouragement.'

In the writings of Sir Thomas Browne, the practice of employing Latin words with English terminations is carried to such excess, that, to persons acquainted only with their native tongue, many of his sentences must be nearly unintelligible. Thus, speaking in his 'Vulgar Errors' of the nature of ice, he says: 'Ice is only water congealed by the frigidity of the air, whereby it acquireth no new form, but rather a consistence or determination of its diffluency, and amitteth not its essence, but condition of fluidity. Neither doth there anything properly conglaciate but water, or watery humidity; for the determination of quicksilver is properly fixation, that of milk coagulation, and that of oil and unctious bodies only incrassation.' He uses abundantly such words as dilucidate, ampliate, manu-

duction, indigitate, reminiscential evocation, farraginous, advenient, ariolation, lapifidical.

Those who are acquainted with Dr Johnson's style, ill at once perceive the resemblance, particularly in respect to the abundance of Latin words, which it bears to that of Sir Thomas Browne. Indeed there can be no doubt that the author of the 'Rambler' acquired much of his fondness for pompous and sounding expressions from the writings of the learned knight of Norwich. Coleridge, who was so well qualified to appreciate the writings of Browne, has numbered him among his first favourites. 'Rich in various knowledge, exuberant in conceptions and conceits; contemplative, imaginative, often truly great and magnificent in his style and diction, though, doubtless, too often big, stiff, and *hyper-Latinistic*. He is a quiet and sublime *enthusiast*, with a strong tinge of the *fantast*: the humorist constantly mingling with, and flashing across, the philosopher, as the darting colours in shot silk play upon the main dye.' The same writer has pointed out the *entireness* of Browne in every subject before him. He never wanders from it, and he has no occasion to wander; for whatever happens to be his subject, he metamorphoses all nature into it. We may add the complete *originality* of his mind. He seems like no other writer, and his vast and solitary abstractions, stamped with his peculiar style, like the hieroglyphic characters of the East, carry the imagination back into the primeval ages of the world, or forward into the depths of eternity.

[*Oblivion.*]

What song the syrens sang, or what name Achilles assumed when he hid himself among women, though puzzling questions, are not beyond all conjecture. What time the persons of these ossuaries entered the famous nations of the dead, and slept with princes and counsellors, might admit a wide solution. But who were the proprietaries of these bones, or what bodies these ashes made up, were a question above antiquarianism; not to be resolved by man, nor easily perhaps by spirits, except we consult the provincial guardians, or tutelary observators. Had they made as good provision for their names as they have done for their relics, they had not so grossly erred in the art of perpetuation. But to subsist in bones, and be but pyramidally extant, is a fallacy in duration. Vain ashes, which, in the oblivion of names, persons, times, and sexes, have found unto themselves a fruitless continuation, and only arise unto late posterity, as emblems of mortal vanities, antidotes against pride, vain-glory, and maddening vices. Pagan vain-glories, which thought the world might last for ever, had encouragement for ambition, and finding no Atropos unto the immortality of their names, were never damped with the necessity of oblivion. Even old ambitions had the advantage of ours, in the attempts of their vain-glories, who, acting early, and before the probable meridian of time, have by this time found great accomplishment of their designs, whereby the ancient heroes have already outlasted their monuments and mechanical preservations. But in this latter scene of time we cannot expect such mummies unto our memories, when ambition may fear the prophecy of Elias;[1] and Charles V. can never hope to live within two Methuselahs of Hector.[2]

And therefore restless inquietude for the diuturnity of our memories unto present considerations, seems a vanity almost out of date, and superannuated piece of folly. We cannot hope to live so long in our names as some have done in their persons; one face of Janus holds no proportion unto the other. It is too late to be ambitious. The great mutations of the world are acted, or time may be too short for our designs. To extend our memories by monuments, whose death we daily pray for, and whose duration we cannot hope, without injury to our expectations, in the advent of the last day, were a contradiction to our beliefs. We, whose generations are ordained in this setting part of time, are providentially taken off from such imaginations; and being necessitated to eye the remaining particle of futurity, are naturally constituted unto thoughts of the next world, and cannot excusably decline the consideration of that duration, which maketh pyramids pillars of snow, and all that is past a moment.

Circles and right lines limit and close all bodies, and the mortal right-lined circle[1] must conclude and shut up all. There is no antidote against the opium of time, which temporally considereth all things. Our fathers find their graves in our short memories, and sadly tell us how we may be buried in our survivors. Grave-stones tell truth scarce forty years. Generations pass while some trees stand, and old families last not three oaks. To be read by bare inscriptions like many in Gruter,[2] to hope for eternity by enigmatical epithets, or first letters of our names, to be studied by antiquaries who we were, and have new names given us, like many of the mummies, are cold consolations unto the students of perpetuity, even by everlasting languages.

To be content that times to come should only know there was such a man, not caring whether they knew more of him, was a frigid ambition in Cardan; disparaging his horoscopal inclination and judgment of himself, who cares to subsist, like Hippocrates' patients, or Achilles' horses in Homer, under naked nominations, without deserts and noble acts, which are the balsam of our memories, the *euthechia* and soul of our subsistences. To be nameless in worthy deeds exceeds an infamous history. The Canaanitish woman lives more happily without a name than Herodias with one. And who had not rather have been the good thief, than Pilate?

But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy, and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity: who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it: time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse; confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations; and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon, without the favour of the everlasting register. Who knows whether the best of men be known? or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the known account of time? Without the favour of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last, and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle.

Oblivion is not to be hired: the greatest part must be content to be as though they had not been; to be found in the register of God, not in the record of man. Twenty-seven names make up the first story before the flood; and the recorded names ever since contain not one living century. The number of the dead long exceedeth all that shall live. The night of time far surpasseth the day, and who knows when was the equinox? Every hour adds unto that current arithmetic which scarce stands one moment. And since death must be the Lucina of life; and even Pagans could doubt whether thus to live were to die;

[1] That the world may last but six thousand years.

[2] Hector's fame lasting above two lives of Methuselah, before that famous prince was extant.

[1] The character of death.

[2] Gruteri Inscriptiones Antiquæ.

since our longest sun sets at right descensions, and makes but winter arches, and therefore it cannot be long before we lie down in darkness, and have our light in ashes; since the brother of death daily haunts us with dying mementos, and time, that grows old in itself, bids us hope no long duration; diuturnity is a dream, and folly of expectation.

Darkness and light divide the course of time, and oblivion shares with memory a great part even of our living beings; we slightly remember our felicities, and the smartest strokes of affliction leave but short smart upon us. Sense endureth no extremities, and sorrows destroy us or themselves. To weep into stones are fables. Afflictions induce callosities; miseries are slippery, or fall like snow upon us, which, notwithstanding, is no unhappy stupidity. To be ignorant of evils to come, and forgetful of evils past, is a merciful provision in nature, whereby we digest the mixture of our few and evil days; and our delivered senses not relapsing into cutting remembrances, our sorrows are not kept raw by the edge of repetitions. A great part of antiquity contented their hopes of subsistency with a transmigration of their souls—a good way to continue their memories, while, having the advantage of plural successions, they could not but act something remarkable in such variety of beings; and, enjoying the fame of their passed selves, make accumulation of glory unto their last durations. Others, rather than be lost in the unconfortable night of nothing, were content to recede into the common being, and make one particle of the public soul of all things, which was no more than to return into their unknown and divine original again. Egyptian ingenuity was more unsatisfied, contriving their bodies in sweet consistencies to attend the return of their souls. But all was vanity, feeding the wind, and folly. The Egyptian mummies, which Cambyses or time hath spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy is become merchandise; Mizraim cures wounds, and Pharaoh is sold for balsams. * *

There is nothing strictly immortal but immortality. Whatever hath no beginning may be confident of no end, which is the peculiar of that necessary essence that cannot destroy itself, and the highest strain of omnipotency to be so powerfully constituted as not to suffer even from the power of itself; all others have a dependent being, and within the reach of destruction. But the sufficiency of Christian immortality frustrates all earthly glory, and the quality of either state after death makes a folly of posthumous memory. God, who can only destroy our souls, and hath assured our resurrection, either of our bodies or names hath directly promised no duration; wherein there is so much of chance, that the boldest expectants have found unhappy frustration, and to hold long subsistence seems but a scape in oblivion. But man is a noble animal, splendid in ashes, and pompous in the grave, solemnising nativities and deaths with equal lustre, nor omitting ceremonies of bravery in the infamy of his nature. * * *

Pyramids, arches, obelisks, were but the irregularities of vain-glory, and wild enormities of ancient magnanimity. But the most magnanimous resolution rests in the Christian religion, which trampleth upon pride, and sits on the neck of ambition, humbly pursuing that infallible perpetuity, unto which all others must diminish their diameters, and be poorly seen in angles of contingency.

Pious spirits, who passed their days in raptures of futurity, made little more of this world than the world that was before it, while they lay obscure in the chaos of pre-ordination and night of their fore-beings. And if any have been so happy as truly to understand Christian annihilation, ecstacies, exolution, liquefaction, transformation, the kiss of the spouse, gustation of God, and ingression into the divine shadow, they have already had a handsome anticipation of heaven: the glory of the world is surely over, and the earth in ashes unto them.

To subsist in lasting monuments, to live in their productions, to exist in their names, and predicament of chimeras, was large satisfaction unto old expectations, and made one part of their elysiums. But all this is nothing in the metaphysics of true belief. To live indeed is to be again ourselves, which being not only a hope but an evidence in noble believers, 'tis all one to lie in St Innocent's churchyard, as in the sands of Egypt; ready to be anything in the ecstacy of being ever, and as content with six foot as the moles of Adrianus.

[*Light the Shadow of God.*]

Light that makes things seen makes some things invisible. Were it not for darkness, and the shadow of the earth, the noblest part of creation had remained unseen, and the stars in heaven as invisible as on the fourth day, when they were created above the horizon with the sun, and there was not an eye to behold them. The greatest mystery of religion is expressed by adumbration, and in the noblest part of Jewish types we find the cherubim shadowing the mercy-seat. Life itself is but the shadow of death, and souls departed but the shadows of the living. All things fall under this name. The sun itself is but the dark Simulachrum, and light but the shadow of God.

[*Toleration.*]

I could never divide myself from any man upon the difference of an opinion, or be angry with his judgment for not agreeing with me in that from which within a few days I should dissent myself.

[*Death.*]

I thank God I have not those strait ligaments or narrow obligations to the world, as to dote on life, or be convulsed and tremble at the name of death. Not that I am insensible of the dread and horror thereof, or, by raking into the bowels of the deceased, continual sight of anatomies, skeletons, or cadaverous relics, like vespilloes, or grave-makers, I am become stupid, or have forgot the apprehension of mortality; but that, marshalling all the horrors, and contemplating the extremities thereof, I find not anything therein able to daunt the courage of a man, much less a well-resolved Christian. And therefore am not angry at the error of our first parents, or unwilling to bear a part of this common fate, and like the best of them to die, that is, to cease to breathe, to take a farewell of the elements, to be a kind of nothing for a moment, to be within one instant of a spirit. When I take a full view and circle of myself, without this reasonable moderator and equal piece of justice, death, I do conceive myself the miserablest person extant. Were there not another life that I hope for, all the vanities of this world should not intreat a moment's breath for me; could the devil work my belief to imagine I could never die, I would not outlive that very thought; I have so abject a conceit of this common way of existence, this retaining to the sun and elements, I cannot think this is to be a man, or to live according to the dignity of humanity. In expectation of a better, I can with patience embrace this life, yet in my best meditations do often desire death. I honour any man that contemns it, nor can I highly love any that is afraid of it: this makes me naturally love a soldier, and honour those tattered and contemptible regiments, that will die at the command of a sergeant. For a Pagan there may be some motives to be in love with life; but for a Christian to be amazed at death, I see not how he can escape this dilemma, that he is too sensible of this life, or hopeless of the life to come. * *

It is a brave act of valour to contemn death; but where life is more terrible than death, it is then the truest valour to dare to live; and herein religion hath taught us a noble example. For all the valiant acts of Curtius, Scævola, or Codrus, do not parallel or match that one of Job; and sure there is no torture to the rack of a disease, nor any poniards in death itself, like those in the way or prologue to it. 'Emori nolo, sed me esse mortuum nihil curo'—['I would not die, but care not to be dead']. Were I of Cæsar's religion, I should be of his desires, and wish rather to go off at one blow, than to be sawed in pieces by the grating torture of a disease. Men that look no further than their outsides, think health an appurtenance unto life, and quarrel with their constitutions for being sick; but I that have examined the parts of man, and know upon what tender filaments that fabric hangs, do wonder that we are not always so; and considering the thousand doors that lead to death, do thank my God that we can die but once. It is not only the mischief of diseases, and villany of poisons, that make an end of us: we vainly accuse the fury of guns, and the new inventions of death; it is in the power of every hand to destroy us, and we are beholden unto every one we meet he doth not kill us. There is, therefore, but one comfort left, that though it be in the power of the weakest arm to take away life, it is not in the strongest to deprive us of death: God would not exempt himself from that, the misery of immortality in the flesh; he undertook not that was immortal. Certainly there is no happiness within this circle of flesh, nor is it in the optics of those eyes to behold felicity; the first day of our jubilee is death. The devil hath therefore failed of his desires; we are happier with death, than we should have been without it. There is no misery but in himself, where there is no end of misery; and so, indeed, in his own sense, the stoic is in the right. He forgets that he can die who complains of misery; we are in the power of no calamity while death is in our own.

[*Study of God's Works.*]

The world was made to be inhabited by beasts, but studied and contemplated by man; it is the debt of our reason we owe unto God, and the homage we pay for not being beasts; without this, the world is still as though it had not been, or as it was before the sixth day, when as yet there was not a creature that could conceive, or say there was a world. The wisdom of God receives small honour from those vulgar heads that rudely stare about, and with a gross rusticity admire his works; those highly magnify him whose judicious inquiry into his acts, and deliberate research into his creatures, return the duty of a devout and learned admiration.

[*Ghosts.*]

I believe that the whole frame of a beast doth perish, and is left in the same state after death as before it was materialed unto life; that the souls of men know neither contrary nor corruption; that they subsist beyond the body, and outlive death by the privilege of their proper natures, and without a miracle; that the souls of the faithful, as they leave earth, take possession of heaven; that those apparitions and ghosts of departed persons are not the wandering souls of men, but the unquiet walks of devils, prompting and suggesting us unto mischief, blood, and villany, instilling and stealing into our hearts; that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantasms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because those are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory over Adam.

[*Of Myself.*]

For my life it is a miracle of thirty years, which to relate were not a history, but a piece of poetry, and would sound to common ears like a fable. For the world, I count it not an inn but a hospital, and a place not to live but to die in. The world that I regard is myself; it is the microcosm of my own frame that I can cast mine eye on—for the other I use it but like my globe, and turn it round sometimes for my recreation. * * The earth is a point not only in respect of the heavens above us, but of that heavenly and celestial part within us. That mass of flesh that circumscribes me, limits not my mind. That surface that tells the heavens it hath an end, cannot persuade me I have any. * * Whilst I study to find how I am a microcosm or little world, I find myself something more than the great. There is surely a piece of divinity in us—something that was before the heavens, and owes no homage unto the sun. Nature tells me I am the image of God as well as Scripture: He that understands not thus much, hath not his introduction or first lesson, and hath yet to begin the alphabet of man.

[*Charity.*]

But to return from philosophy to charity: I hold not so narrow a conceit of this virtue, as to conceive that to give alms is only to be charitable, or think a piece of liberality can comprehend the total of charity. Divinity hath wisely divided the acts thereof into many branches, and hath taught us in this narrow way many paths unto goodness: as many ways as we may do good, so many ways we may be charitable; there are infirmities, not only of body, but of soul and fortunes, which do require the merciful hand of our abilities. I cannot contemn a man for ignorance, but behold him with as much pity as I do Lazarus. It is no greater charity to clothe his body, than apparel the nakedness of his soul. It is an honourable object to see the reasons of other men wear our liveries, and their borrowed understandings do homage to the bounty of ours. It is the cheapest way of beneficence, and, like the natural charity of the sun, illuminates another without obscuring itself. To be reserved and caitiff in this part of goodness, is the sordidest piece of covetousness, and more contemptible than pecuniary avarice. To this (as calling myself a scholar) I am obliged by the duty of my condition: I make not, therefore, my head a grave, but a treasure of knowledge; I intend no monopoly, but a community in learning; I study not for my own sake only, but for theirs that study not for themselves. I envy no man that knows more than myself, but pity them that know less. I instruct no man as an exercise of my knowledge, or with an intent rather to nourish and keep it alive in mine own head, than beget and propagate it in his; and in the midst of all my endeavours, there is but one thought that dejects me, that my acquired parts must perish with myself, nor can be legacied among my honoured friends. I cannot fall out, or contemn a man for an error, or conceive why a difference in opinion should divide an affection: for controversies, disputes, and argumentations, both in philosophy and in divinity, if they meet with discreet and peaceable natures, do not infringe the laws of charity. In all disputes, so much as there is of passion, so much there is of nothing to the purpose; for then reason, like a bad hound, spends upon a false scent, and forsakes the question first started. And this is one reason why controversies are never determined; for though they be amply proposed, they are scarce at all handled, they do so swell with unnecessary digressions; and the parenthesis on the

party is often as large as the main discourse upon the subject.

JOHN KNOX.

The Scottish prose writers of this period are few, and, in general, not only in language and style, but in the extent of their learning and whole strain of their genius, they fall strikingly below the first class of their English contemporaries.

At the commencement of the period, we find the name of a writer whose true eminence lies in a different field, that of vigorous political movement. JOHN KNOX, the celebrated reformer, was born at Haddington, in 1505. Bred a friar, he early embraced the doctrines of the Reformation, and while

Birthplace of Knox.

disseminating them at St Andrews, was carried prisoner to France in 1547. Being set at liberty two years afterwards, he preached in England till the accession of Mary in 1554 induced him to retire to the continent, where he resided chiefly at Geneva and Frankfort. Visiting Scotland in 1555, he greatly strengthened the Protestant cause by his exertions in Edinburgh; but at the earnest solicitation of the English congregation in Geneva, he once more took up his abode there in 1556. At Geneva he published *The First Blast of the Trumpet Against the Monstrous Regiment*[1] *of Women*, directed principally against Mary of England and the queen regent of Scotland. Returning to Scotland in 1559, he continued his exertions in behalf of Protestantism, which, by the aid of an English army, finally triumphed in the following year. He died in 1572, and when laid in the grave, was characterised by the Earl of Morton as one 'who never feared the face of man.' The theological works of Knox are numerous, but his chief production is a *History of the Reformation of Religion within the Realm of Scotland*, printed after his death. Although, from having been written at intervals, and amid the distractions of a busy life, much of it is in a confused and ill-digested state, it still maintains its value as a chief source of information on the ecclesiastical history of the eventful period during which the author lived; and, though sometimes inaccurate, and the production of a partizan, it has, in the main, been confirmed by the researches of later historians. As a specimen of this celebrated work, we select the account of the

[1] Regimen or government.

[*Assassination of Cardinal Beaton.*]

After the death of Master Wishart, the cardinal was cried up by his flatterers, and all the rabble of the corrupt clergy, as the only defender of the Catholic Church, and punisher of heretics, neglecting the authority of the sluggish governor. And it was said by them, that if the great prelates of latter days, both at home and abroad, had been so stout and zealous of the credit of the Catholic Church, they had not only suppressed all heretics, but also kept under the lavmen, who were so froward and stubborn. On the other side, when that the people beheld the great tormenting of that innocent, they could not withhold from piteous mourning and complaining of the innocent lamb's slaughter. After the death of this blessed martyr of God, began the people in plain speaking to damn and detest the cruelty that was used; yea, men of great birth, and estimation, and honour, at open tables avowed, that the blood of the said Master George should be revenged, or else it should cost life for life. And that, in a short time, they should be like hogs kept for slaughter, by this vicious priest, which neither minded God nor cared for man. Amongst those that spake against the cardinal's cruelty, John Lesley, brother to the Earl of Rothes, was chief, with his cousin Norman Lesley, who had been a great follower of the cardinal, and very active for him, but a little before fell so foul with him, that they came to high reproaches one with another. The occasion of their falling out was a private business, wherein Norman Lesley said he was wronged by the cardinal. On the other side, the cardinal said he was not with respect used by Norman Lesley, his inferior. The said John Lesley in all companies spared not to say, that that same dagger (showing forth his dagger), and that same hand, should be put in the cardinal's breast. These bruits came to the cardinal's ears; but he thought himself stout enough for all Scotland; for in Babylon, that is, in his new block-house,* he was sure, as he thought, and upon the fields he was able to match all his enemies. * * Many purposes were devised how that wicked man might have been taken away; but all faileth, till Friday the 28th of May, anno 1546, when the aforesaid Norman came at night to Saint Andrews. William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, was in the town before, waiting upon the purpose. Last came John Lesley, as aforesaid, who was most suspected. What conclusion they took that night, it was not known, but by the issue that followed. But early upon the Saturday, in the morning, the 29th of May, were they in sundry companies in the abbey churchyard, not far distant from the castle.

* The archiepiscopal palace of St Andrews, in which the cardinal resided, was a fortified building, to which, it appears, he had recently made some important additions for farther security.

First, the gates being open, and the drawbridge letten down, for receiving of lime and stones, and other things necessary for building (for Babylon was almost finished), first, we say, essayed William Kirkcaldy of Grange, younger, and with him six persons, and getting entry, held purpose with the porter, If my lord was waking? who answered, No. While the said William and the porter talketh, and his servants made them to look at the work and workmen, approached Norman Lesley with his company; and because they were in great number, they easily gat entry. They address to the midst of the court; and immediately came John Lesley, somewhat rudely, and four persons with him. The porter fearing, would have drawn the bridge; but the said John, being entered thereon, stayed it, and leaped in; and while the porter made him for defence, his head was broken, the keys taken from him, and he cast into the ditch, and so the place was seized. The shout ariseth; the workmen, to the number of more than a hundred, ran off the walls, and were without hurt put forth at the wicket gate. The first thing that ever was done, William Kirkcaldy took the guard of the privy postern, fearing lest the fox should have escaped. Then go the rest to the gentlemen's chambers, and without violence done to any man, they put more than fifty persons to the gate: the number that enterprised and did this, was but sixteen persons. The cardinal, wakened with the shouts, asked from his window, What meant that noise? It was answered, that Norman Lesley had taken his castle: which understood, he ran to the postern, but perceiving the passage to be kept without, he returned quickly to his chamber, took his two-handed sword, and caused his chamberlain to cast chests and other impediments to the door. In this meantime came John Lesley unto it, and bids open. The cardinal asking, Who calls? he answered, My name is Lesley. He demanded, Is that Norman? The other saith, Nay, my name is John. I will have Norman, saith the cardinal, for he is my friend. Content yourself with such as are here, for other you shall have none. There were with the said John, James Melvin, a man familiarly acquainted with Master George Wishart, and Peter Carmichael, a stout gentleman. In this meantime, while they force at the door, the cardinal hides a box of gold under coals that were laid in a secret corner. At length he asketh, Will ye save my life? The said John answered, It may be that we will. Nay, saith the cardinal, swear unto me by God's wounds, and I will open to you. Then answered the said John, It that was said is unsaid; and so cried, Fire, fire (for the door was very strong), and so was brought a chimley-full of burning coals; which perceived, the cardinal or his chamberlain (it is uncertain) opened the door, and the cardinal sat down in a chair, and cried, I am a priest, I am a priest; ye will not slay me. The said John Lesley (according to his former vows) struck him first once or twice, and so did the said Peter. But James Melvin (a man of nature most gentle and most modest), perceiving them both in choler, withdrew them, and said, This work and judgment of God (although it be secret) ought to be done with greater gravity. And presenting unto him the point of the sword, said, Repent thee of thy former wicked life, but especially of the shedding of the blood of that notable instrument of God, Master George Wishart, which albeit the flame of fire consumed before men, yet cries it for vengeance upon thee, and we from God are sent to revenge it. For here, before my God, I protest, that neither the hatred of thy person, the love of thy riches, nor the fear of any trouble thou couldst have done to me in particular, moved or moveth me to strike thee; but only because thou hast been, and remainest, an obstinate enemy against Christ Jesus and his holy gospel. And so he struck him twice or thrice through with a stag-sword: and so he fell, never word heard out of his mouth, but, I am a priest, fie, fie, all is gone.

While they were thus busied with the cardinal, the fray rose in the town; the provost assembles the commonalty, and comes to the house-side, crying, What have ye done with my lord cardinal? where is my lord cardinal? have ye slain my lord cardinal? They that were within answered gently, Best it were for you to return to your own houses, for the man ye call the cardinal hath received his reward, and in his own person will trouble the world no more. But then more enragedly they cry, We shall never depart till that we see him. And so was he brought to the east block-house head, and showed dead over the wall to the faithless multitude, which would not believe before they saw, and so they departed without *Requiem æternam, et requiescat in pace*, sung for his soul. * * These things we write merrily, but we would that the reader should observe God's just judgments, and how that he can deprehend the worldly-wise in their own wisdom, make their table to be a snare to trap their own feet, and their own purposed strength to be their own destruction. These are the works of our God, whereby he would admonish the tyrants of this earth, that in the end he will be revenged of their cruelty, what strength soever they make in the contrary.

DAVID CALDERWOOD—SIR JAMES MELVIL.

In the reign of James VI., a work similar to that of Knox, but on a much more extensive scale, more minute, and involving many public documents, was written by David Calderwood another zealous Presbyterian divine. An abridgment of this work has been printed under the title of *The True History of the Church of Scotland*: the original, in six folio volumes of manuscript, reposes in the library of the university of Glasgow. For his resolute opposition to Episcopacy, Calderwood was imprisoned in 1617, and afterwards banished from Scotland. On his return, he became minister of Pencaitland, in Haddingtonshire. The style of his work deserves little commendation; but though tinged with party-feeling, it has always been valued as a repertory of historical facts.

Sir James Melvil, privy councillor and gentleman of the bed-chamber to Mary Queen of Scots, was born at Hall-hill, in Fifeshire, in the year 1530, and died in 1606. He left in manuscript a historical work, which for a considerable time lay unknown in the castle of Edinburgh, but having at length been discovered, was published in 1683, under the title of *Memoirs of Sir James Melvil of Hall-hill, containing an Impartial Account of the Most Remarkable Affairs of State during the Last Age, not mentioned by other Historians; more particularly Relating to the Kingdoms of England and Scotland, under the Reigns of Queen Elizabeth, Mary Queen of Scots, and King James. In all which Transactions the Author was Personally and Publicly Concerned.* This work is esteemed for the simplicity of its style, and as the sole authority for the history of many important events.

JOHN LESLEY.

John Lesley, bishop of Ross, was a zealous partisan of Queen Mary, whom he accompanied on her return from France to Scotland in 1561, and in whose behalf he actively exerted himself during her imprisonment in England. Forced by Elizabeth to withdraw to the continent on account of the conspiracies against her in which he engaged, he was appointed bishop of Constance in 1593, and in that situation employed his wealth and influence in founding three colleges for the in-

struction of his countrymen, at Rome, Paris, and Douay. Being now, however, advanced in years, he shortly afterwards resigned the mitre, and retired to a monastery in the Netherlands, where he died in 1596. His chief publications are, a treatise in defence of Queen Mary and her title to the English crown; a *Description of Scotland and the Scottish Isles*; and a work on the *Origin, Manners, and Exploits of the Scotch*. All these are in Latin; the last two forming a volume which he published at Rome in 1578. He wrote in the Scottish language a *History of Scotland* from 1436 to 1561, of which only a Latin translation (contained in the volume just mentioned) was published by himself; the original, however, was printed by the Bannatyne Club in 1830. In 1842 appeared a work entitled *Vestiarium Scoticum*,* the body of which consisted of a catalogue of the tartans peculiar to Scottish families, composed by Bishop Lesley in the Scottish language, and which had long been preserved in manuscript in the college of Douay.

From Lesley's 'History of Scotland.'

[*Original Spelling.*—Thier was gryt dule and meane maid for him throw all the partis of his realme, because he was a nobil prince, and travaillet mekill all his dayis for maintening of his subjectis in peace, justice, and quietnes. He was a man, &c.]

There was great dole and mean made for him through all the parts of his realm, because he was a noble prince, and travailed much all his days for maintaining of his subjects in peace, justice, and quietness. He was a man of personage and stature convenient, albeit mighty and strong therewith, of countenance amiable and lovely, specially in his communication; his eyes gray and sharp of sight, that whomsoever he did once see and mark, he would perfectly know in all times thereafter; of wit in all things quick and prompt; of a princely stomach and high courage in great perils, doubtful affairs, and matters of weighty importance: he had, in a manner, a divine foresight, for in such things as he went about to do, he did them advisedly and with great deliberation, to the intent that amongst all men his wit and prudence might be noted and regarded, and as far excel and pass all others in estate and dignity. Besides this, he was sober, moderate, honest, affable, courteous, and so far abhorred pride and arrogance, that he was ever sharp and quick to them which were spotted or noted with that crime. He was also a good and sure justiciar,[1] by the which one thing he allured to him the hearts of all the people, because they lived quietly and in rest, out of all oppression and molestation of the nobility and rich persons; and to this severity of his was joined and annexed a certain merciful pity, which he did ofttimes show to such as had offended, taking rather compositions of money nor men's lives; which was a plain argument that he did use his rigour only (as he said himself) to bow and abate the high and wrongous hearts of the people, specially Irishmen[2] and borderers, and others, nursed and brought up in seditious factions and civil rebellions; and not for greedy desire of riches or hunger of money, although such as were afflicted would cry out; and surely this good and modest prince did not devour and consume the riches of his country; for he by his high policy marvellously riched his realm and himself, both with gold and silver, all kind of rich substance, whereof he left great store and quantity in all his palaces at his departing. And so this king, living all his time in the favour of fortune, in high honour, riches, and glory, and, for his noble acts and prudent policies, worthy to be registered in the book of fame, gave up and rendered his spirit into the hands of Almighty God, where I doubt not but he has sure fruition of the joy that is prepared for these as shall sit on the right hand of our Saviour.

[*Burning of Edinburgh and Leith by the English in* 1544.]

Now will I return to the earnest ambition of King Henry of England, who ceased not to search by all means possible to attain to his desire,[1] and therefore sent a great army by sea into Scotland, with the Earl of Hertford, his lieutenant, and the Viscount Lisle, his admiral, with two hundred great ships, besides boats and crears that carried their victuals, whereof there was great number; and the whole fleet arrived in the firth forment[2] Leith the third day of May, and landed at the New Haven about xx thousand men, with great artillery and all kind of munition, the fourth of May. In the meantime, the Governor being in the town of Edinburgh, hearing of their sudden arrival, departed forth of the town toward Leith, accompanied with the Cardinal, Earls of Huntly, Argyll, Bothwell, and others, with their own household men only, purposing to stop the landing of the enemy; but frae[3] they were surely advertised of the great number of their enemies, wherethrough they were not able to withstand their forces, they returned to Edinburgh, and sent Sir Adam Otterburne, provost of the town, and two of the bailies, to the said Earl Hertford, lieutenant, desiring to know for what cause he was come with such an army to invade, considering there was no war proclaimed betwixt the two realms; and if there was any injuries or wrongs done whereupon the King of England was offended, they would appoint commissioners to treat with them thereupon, and to that effect thankfully would receive them within the town of Edinburgh. The said Earl of Hertford answered, that he had no commission to treat upon any matters, but only to receive the Queen of Scotland, to be conveyed in England to be married with Prince Edward; and if they would deliver her, he would abstain from all pursuit, otherwise he would burn and destroy the towns of Edinburgh, Leith, and all others where he might be master within the realm of Scotland, and desired therefore the haill[4] men, wives, bairns, and others, being within the town of Edinburgh, to come forth of the same, and present them before him as lieutenant, and offer them into the king's will, or else he would proceed as he had spoken. To the which the provost, by the command of the Governor and council, answered, that they would abide all extremity rather or[5] they fulfilled his desires; and so the Governor caused furnish the castle of Edinburgh with all kind of necessary furniture, and departed to Striveling.[6] In the meantime, the English army lodged that night in Leith. Upon the morn, being the fifth of May, they marched forward toward Edinburgh by the Canongate, and or[5] their entering therein, there came to them six thousand horsemen of English men from Berwick by land, who joined with them, and passed up the Canongate, of purpose to enter at the Nether Bow; where some resistance was made unto them by certain Scottish men, and divers of the English men were slain, and some also of the Scottish side, and so held them that day occupied skirmishing, till the night came, which compelled them to return unto their camp. And on the next day, being the sixth of May, the great army came forward with the haill ordinances,[7] and assailed the town, which they found void of all resistance, saving the ports of the town were closed, which they

* Edited by John Sobieski Stuart. 4to. Tait: Edinburgh.

1 Criminal judge. 2 Than. 3 Ersemen, or Highlanders.

1 To enforce a marriage between his son and the infant Queen Mary of Scotland.

2 Opposite. 3 When, from the time when. 4 Whole.

5 Ere. 6 Stirling. 7 Whole ordnance.

broke up with great artillery, and entered thereat, carrying carted ordinances before them till they came in sight of the castle, where they placed them, purposing to siege the castle. But the laird of Stanehouse, captain thereof, caused shoot at them in so great abundance, and with so good measure, that they slew a great number of English men, amongst whom there was some principal captains and gentlemen; and one of the greatest pieces of the English ordinances was broken; wherethrough they were constrained to raise the siege shortly and retire them.

The same day the English men set fire in divers places of the town, but was not suffered to maintain it, through continual shooting of ordinance forth of the castle, wherewith they were so sore troubled, that they were constrained to return to their camp at Leith. But the next day they returned again, and did that they could to consume all the town with fires. So likewise they continued some days after, so that the most part of the town was burnt in cruel manner; during the which time their horsemen did great hurt in the country, spoiling and burning sundry places thereabout, and in special all the castle and place of Craigmillar, where the most part of the whole riches of Edinburgh was put by the merchants of the town in keeping, which not without fraud of the keepers, as was reported, was betrayed to the English men for a part of the booty and spoil thereof.

When the English men of war was thus occupied in burning and spoiling, the Governor sent and relieved the Earl of Angus, Lord Maxwell, master of Glencairn, and Sir George Douglas, forth of ward, and put them to liberty; and made such speedy preparation as he could to set forward an army for expelling the English men forth of the realm; who hearing thereof, upon the xiiij day of May, they broke down the pier of Leith haven, burned and destroyed the same; and shipping their great artillery, they sent their ships away homeward, laden with the spoil of Edinburgh and Leith, taking with them certain Scottish ships which was in the haven, amongst the which the ships called Salamander and the Unicorn were carried in England. Upon the xv day of May their army and their fleet departed from Leith at one time, the town of Leith being set in fire the same morning; and their said army that night lodged at Seaton, the next night beside Dunbar, the third night at Renton in the Merse, and the 18 day of May they entered in Berwick. In all this time, the borderers and certain others Scottish men, albeit they were not of sufficient number to give battle, yet they held them busy with daily skirmishing, that sundry of their men and horse were taken, and therefore none of them durst in any wise stir from the great army in all their passage from Edinburgh to Berwick.*

* As some of our readers may be pleased to see Bishop Lesley's Latin version of this atrocious narrative, we here transcribe the greater part of it from his volume printed at Rome in 1578. It will be observed that the style is much more concise than in the original:—

'Anglorum copiæ Leythi pernoctant. Postero autem die Edinburgum versus per vicum qui à canonicis nomen habet progredientes, sex millibus equitum, qui terrestri itinere Bervico venerant, se conjungunt. *Ad inferiorem urbis portam* **Angli tota die levibus prœliis à Scotis lacessiti sistere coguntur. Repulsi**, nocte appetente, **se in castra recipiunt; sequenti die ad oppidum jam desertum ab omnibus oppugnandum universi prodeunt. Portis igitur, quæ clausæ erant, diruptis, in urbem irruunt, ac tormentis, quâ ex arce prospici potest, dispositis, obsidionem parant.** Interea D. Stanhousius arcis præfectus **magna vi tormenta bellica displodens, rupta ingenti hostium machina, Anglos circiter quingentos transverberat. Quam ob rem soluta obsidione, Angli eadem die in varias oppidi partes ignes injecerunt. Verum illud incendium latius spargere non poterant; quod propter assiduam castri ejaculationem ita fuerant disturbati, ut coacti pedem in castra retulerint. Postero tamen die oppidum summa hostium diligentia inflammatum** per quatuor dies miserabili incendio conflagravit. Foris ab equite, aliisque militibus tam Anglis quam Scotis, tanquam à furiis omnia vastata et diruta fuerunt. Gubernator hoc tempore Comitem Angusium, D. Maxuellium, ac Georginm Douglasium educi ex custodiis jubet; exercitum quam accuratissimè cogit, ut Anglos regno ejiciat. Quod cum illi cognovissent, pridie Id. Maii castra movent; aggerem portus Leythi diruunt, et alios in adverso littore portus, oppidaque incendio consumunt, ac naves spoliis onustas in Angliam traducunt. Quasdam etiam Scoticas naves, inter quas duæ præcipuæ et insignes erant, Salamander et Unicornis dictæ, secum auferunt. Id. Maii solvunt. Exercitus, qui terra ducebatur, prima nocte, Setonii castra locat, secunda Dumbarii, tertia Rentoni in Merchia; quarta ad xv Kal. Junii Bervicum pervenit. Scoti hostes insequi, infestare, aliquos etiam capere, illos denique ita agitare, ut toto itineris hujus spatio vix quisquam segregare se à toto agmine auderet.'

* Nicolson's Scottish Historical Library, 1736, p. 68.

JOHN SPOTISWOOD.

JOHN SPOTISWOOD, successively archbishop of Glasgow and of St Andrews in the reign of James VI., was born in 1565. A strenuous and active promoter of James's scheme for the establishment of Episcopacy in Scotland, he stood high in the favour of that king, as well as of Charles I., by whom he was made chancellor of Scotland in 1635. His death took place four years afterwards in London, whither the

popular commotions had obliged him to retire. He wrote, at the command of James, a *History of the Church of Scotland*, from A.D. 203 to 1625. When the king, on expressing his wish for the composition of that work, was told that some passages in it might possibly bear too hard upon the memory of his mother, he desired Spotiswood to 'write and spare not;' and yet, says Bishop Nicolson, the historian 'ventured not so far with a commission as Buchanan did without one.'* The history was published in London in 1655, and is considered to be, on the whole, a faithful and impartial narrative.

Whilst these things passed, John Knox returned from Geneva into Scotland, and, joining with the congregation, did preach to them at Perth. In his sermon, he took occasion to speak against the adoration of images, showed that the same tended to God's dishonour, and that such idols and monuments of super-

stition as were erected in churches ought to be pulled down, as being offensive to good and godly people. The sermon ended, and the better sort gone to dinner, a priest, rather to try men's affections than out of any devotion, prepared to say mass, opening a great case, wherein was the history of divers saints exquisitely carved. A young boy that stood by, saying that such boldness was unsufferable, the priest gave him a blow. The boy, in an anger, casting a stone at the priest, happened to break one of the pictures, whereupon stir was presently raised, some of the common sort falling upon the priest, others running to the altar and breaking the images, so as in a moment all was pulled down in the church that carried any mark of idolatry. The people, upon the noise thereof, assembled in great numbers, and, invading the cloisters, made spoil of all they found therein. The Franciscans had store of provision, both of victuals and household stuff; amongst the Dominicans the like wealth was not found, yet so much there was as might show the profession they made of poverty to be feigned and counterfeit. The Carthusians, who passed both these in wealth, were used in like manner; yet was the prior permitted to take with him what he might carry of gold and silver plate. All the spoil was given to the poor, the rich sort forbearing to meddle with any part thereof. But that which was most admired was the speed they made in demolishing these edifices. For the Charterhouse (a building of exceeding cost and largeness) was not only ruined, but the stones and timber so quickly taken away, as, in less than two days' space, a vestige thereof was scarce remaining to be seen. They of Cupar in Fife, hearing what was done at Perth, went in like manner to their church, and defaced all the images, altars, and other instruments of idolatry; which the curate took so heavily, as the night following he put violent hands on himself.

The noblemen remained at that time in St Andrews; and because they foresaw this their answer would not be well accepted, and feared some sudden attempt (for the queen with her Frenchmen lay then at Falkland), they sent to the lords of Dun and Pittarrow, and others that favoured religion in the countries of Angus and Mearns, and requested them to meet at St Andrews the 4th day of June. Meanwhile, they themselves went to the town of Crail, whither all that had warning came, showing great forwardness and resolutions; and were not a little encouraged by John Knox, who, in a sermon made unto them at the same time, put them in mind of that he foretold at Perth, how there was no sincerity in the Queen Regent's dealing, and that conditions would not be kept, as they had found. Therefore did he exhort them not to be any longer deluded with fair promises, seeing there was no pence to be hoped for at their hands, who took no regard of contracts and covenants solemnly sworn. And because there would be no quietness till one of the parties were masters, and strangers expulsed out of the kingdom, he wished them to prepare themselves either to die as men, or to live victorious.

By this exhortation the hearers were so moved, as they fell immediately to the pulling down of altars and images, and destroyed all the monuments which were abused to idolatry in the town. The like they did the next day in Anstruther, and from thence came directly to St Andrews. The bishop hearing what they had done in the coast-towns, and suspecting they would attempt the same reformation in the city, came to it well accompanied, of purpose to withstand them; but after he had tried the affections of the townsmen, and found them all inclining to the congregation, he went away early the next morning towards Falkland to the queen.

That day being Sunday, John Knox preached in the parish church, taking for his theme the history of the Gospel touching our Saviour's purging of the temple; and applying the corruption which was at that time in Jerusalem to the present estate in the church, and declaring what was the duty of those to whom God had given authority and power, he did so incite the auditors, as, the sermon being ended, they went all and made spoil of the churches, rasing the monasteries of the Black and Gray Friars to the ground.

[James VI. and a Refractory Preacher.]

The king perceiving by all these letters that the death of his mother was determined, called back his ambassadors, and at home gave order to the ministers to remember her in their public prayers: which they denied to do, though the form prescribed was most Christian and lawful; which was, 'That it might please God to illuminate her with the light of his truth, and save her from the apparent danger wherein she was cast.' Upon their denial, charges were directed to command all bishops, ministers, and other office-bearers in the church, to make mention of her distress in their public prayers, and commend her to God in the form appointed. But of all the number, Mr David Lindsay at Leith, and the king's own ministers, gave obedience. At Edinburgh, where the disobedience was most public, the king, purposing to have their fault amended, did appoint the 3d of February for solemn prayers to be made in her behalf, commanding the bishop of St Andrews to prepare himself for that day; which when the ministers understood, they stirred up Mr John Cowper, a young man not entered as yet in the function, to take the pulpit before the time, and exclude the bishop. The king coming at the hour appointed, and seeing him in the place, called to him from his seat, and said, 'Mr John, that place was destinate for another; yet, since you are there, if you will obey the charge that is given, and remember my mother in your prayers, you shall go on.' He replying, 'he would do as the Spirit of God should direct him,' was commanded to leave the place. And making as though he would stay, the captain of the guard went to pull him out; whereupon he burst forth in these speeches, 'This day shall be a witness against the king in the great day of the Lord:' and then denouncing a woe to the inhabitants of Edinburgh, he went down, and the bishop of St Andrews entering the pulpit, did perform the duty required. The noise was great for a while amongst the people; but after they were quieted, and had heard the bishop (as he was a most powerful preacher) out of that text to Timothy, discourse of the duty of Christians in 'praying for all men,' they grieved sore to see their teachers so far overtaken, and condemned their obstinacy in that point. In the afternoon, Cowper was called before the council, where Mr Walter Balcanquel and Mr William Watson, ministers, accompanying him, for some idle speeches that escaped them, were both discharged from preaching in Edinburgh during his majesty's pleasure, and Cowper sent prisoner to Blackness.

GEORGE BUCHANAN.

GEORGE BUCHANAN is more distinguished as a writer of classical Latinity than for his productions in the English tongue. He was born in Dumbartonshire in 1506, studied at Paris and St Andrews, and afterwards acted as tutor to the Earl of Murray. While so employed, he gave offence to the clergy by a satirical poem, and was obliged to take refuge on the continent, from which he did not return to Scotland till 1560. Though he had embraced the Protestant doctrines, his reception at the court of Mary was favourable: he assisted her in her studies, was employed to regulate the uni-

versities, and became principal of St Leonard's college in the university of St Andrews. He joined, however, the Earl of Murray's party against the queen, and was appointed tutor to James VI., whose pedantry was probably in some degree the result of his instructions, and on whom he is said to have occasionally bestowed a hearty whipping. In 1571 he violently attacked the conduct and character of the queen, in a Latin work entitled *Detectio Mariæ Reginæ*. After the assassination of his patron, Regent Murray, he still continued to enjoy the favour of the dominant party, whose opinion that the people are entitled to judge of and control the conduct of their governors, he maintained with great spirit and ability in a treatise *De Jure Regni*, published in 1579. Having by this book offended his royal pupil, he spent in retirement the last few years of his life, during which he composed in Latin his well-known 'History of Scotland,' published in Edinburgh in 1582, under the title of *Rerum Scoticarum Historia*. He died in the same year, so poor, that his funeral took place at the public expense. Buchanan's reputation as a writer of Latin stands very high; the general excellence of his poetical compositions in this language has been already adverted to. As a historian, his style is held to unite the excellences of Livy and Sallust. Like the former, however, he is sometimes too declamatory, and largely embellishes his narrative with fable. 'If his accuracy and impartiality,' says Dr Robertson, 'had been in any degree equal to the elegance of his taste, and to the purity and vigour of his style, his history might be placed on a level with the most admired compositions of the ancients. But, instead of rejecting the improbable tales of chronicle writers, he was at the utmost pains to adorn them; and hath clothed with all the beauties and graces of fiction, those legends which formerly had only its wildness and extravagance.'

In those who are accustomed to peruse the elegant Latin compositions of Buchanan, a specimen of his vernacular prose is calculated to excite great surprise. One exists in a tract called the *Chamaleon*, which he designed as a satire upon the slippery statesman, Secretary Maitland, of Lethington, whose final desertion to the queen's party he could never forgive. A glance at this work, or even at the brief extract from it here subjoined, will suffice to extinguish all lamentation for the fact of his other writings being in a dead language. Yet this ungainly strain must have been that of the familiar daily speech of this rival of Horace and of Virgil.

[*The Chamaleon.*]

Thair is a certane kynd of Beist callit Chamæleon, engenderit in sic Countreis as the Sone hes mair Strenth in than in this Yle of Brettane, the quhilk[1] albeit it be small of Corporance, noghttheless it is of ane strange Nature, the quhilk makis it to be na less celebrat and spoken of than sum Beastis of greittar Quantitie. The Proprieties[2] is marvalous, for quat Thing evir it be applicat to, it semis to be of the samyn[3] Cullour, and imitatis all Hewis, excepte onelie the Quhyte and Reid; and for this caus ancient Writtaris commonlie comparis it to ane Flatterare, quhilk imitatis all the haill Maneris of quhome he fenzeis[4] him self to be Freind to, except Quhyte, quhilk is taken to be the Symboll and Tokin gevin commonlie in Devise of Colouris to signifie Sempilnes and Loyaltie, and Reid signifying Manliness and heroyicall Courage. This Applicatioun being so usit, Zit[5] peradventure mony that hes nowther sene[6] the said Beist, nor na perfyte Portraict of it, wald beleif sick[1] thing not to be trew. I will thairfore set furth schortlie the Descriptioun of sic an Monsture not lang ago engendrit in Scotland in the Cuntre of Lowthiane, not far from Hadingtoun, to that effect that the forme knawin, the moist pestiferus Nature of the said Monsture may be moir easelie evited:[2] For this Monsture being under coverture of a Manis Figure, may easeliar endommage[3] and wers be eschapit[4] than gif it wer moir deforme and strange of Face, Behaviour, Schap, and Membris. Praying the Reidar to apardoun the Febilnes of my waike Spreit and Engyne,[5] gif it can not expreme perfytelie ane strange Creature, maid by Nature, other willing to schaw hir greit Strenth,[6] or be sum accident turnit be Force frome the common Trade and Course.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND.

WILLIAM DRUMMOND of Hawthornden, who has already been introduced as an eminent Scottish poet, wrote several pieces in prose, the chief of which are, *The History of the Five Jameses*, and *A Cypress Grove, or Philosophical Reflections against the Fear of Death*. In the former, which has very little merit as a historical production, he inculcates to the fullest extent the absolute supremacy of kings, and the duty of passive obedience of subjects. The 'Cypress Grove' is written in a pleasing and solemn strain, and contains much striking imagery; but the author's reflections are frequently trite, and his positions inconsistent. He thus argues

[*Against Repining at Death.*]

If on the great theatre of this earth, amongst the numberless number of men, to die were only proper to thee and thine, then, undoubtedly, thou hadst reason to repine at so severe and partial a law: but since it is a necessity, from which never any age bypast hath been exempted, and unto which they which be, and so many as are to come, are thralled (no consequent of life being more common and familiar), why shouldst thou, with unprofitable and nought-availing stubbornness, oppose so inevitable and necessary a condition? This is the high way of mortality, and our general home: behold what millions have trode it before thee! what multitudes shall after thee, with them which at that same instant run! In so universal a calamity (if death be one), private complaints cannot be heard: with so many royal palaces, it is no loss to see thy poor cabin burn. Shall the heavens stay their ever-rolling wheels (for what is the motion of them but the motion of a swift and ever-whirling wheel, which twineth forth, and again uprolleth our life), and hold still time to prolong thy miserable days, as if the highest of their working were to do homage unto thee. Thy death is a pace of the order of this *all*, a part of the life of this world; for while the world is the world, some creatures must die, and others take life. Eternal things are raised far above this sphere of generation and corruption, where the first matter, like an ever-flowing and ebbing sea, with divers waves, but the same water, keepeth a restless and never-tiring current; what is below, in the universality of the kind, not in itself doth abide: man a long line of years hath continued, this man every hundred is swept away. * * This earth is as a table-book, and men are the notes; the first are washen out, that new may be written in. They who forg-went us did leave a room for us; and should we grieve to do the same to those who should come after us? Who, being suffered to see the exquisite rarities

[1] Which. [2] Properties. [3] Same. [4] Whom he feigns. [5] Yet. [6] Has neither seen.

[1] Such. [2] More easily avoided. [3] Damage. [4] Worse be escaped. [5] Weak spirit and ingine. [6] Either willing to show her great strength.

of an antiquary's cabinet, is grieved that the curtain be drawn, and to give place to new pilgrims? And when the Lord of this universe hath showed us the amazing wonders of his various frame, should we take it to heart, when he thinketh time, to dislodge? This is his unalterable and inevitable decree: as we had no part of our will in our entrance into this life, we should not presume to any in our leaving it, but soberly learn to will that which he wills, whose very will giveth being to all that it wills; and reverencing the orderer, not repine at the order and laws, which all-where and always are so perfectly established, that who would essay to correct and amend any of them, he should either make them worse, or desire things beyond the level of possibility.

REMARKS ON THE STYLE OF THIS PERIOD.

The poetry of Queen Elizabeth's reign, and the prose of that of her successor, were much disfigured through the operation of a strong propensity, on the part of the authors, to *false wit*; a propensity, as Sir Walter Scott explains it, 'to substitute strange and unexpected connections of sound, or of idea, for real humour, and even for the effusions of the stronger passions. It seems likely,' he adds, 'that this fashion arose at court; a sphere in which its denizens never think they move with due lustre, until they have adopted a form of expression, as well as a system of manners, different from that which is proper to mankind at large. In Elizabeth's reign, the court language was for some time formed on the plan of one Lyly, a pedantic courtier, who wrote a book entitled "Euphues and his England, or the Anatomy of Wit;" which quality he makes to consist in the indulgence of every monstrous and overstrained conceit that can be engendered by a strong memory and a heated brain, applied to the absurd purpose of hatching unnatural conceits.* It appears that this fantastical person had a considerable share in determining the false taste of his age, which soon became so general, that the tares which sprung from it are to be found even among the choicest of the wheat. * * These outrages upon language were committed without regard to time and place. They were held good arguments at the bar, though Bacon sat on the woolsack; and eloquence irresistible by the most hardened sinner, when King or Corbet were in the pulpit.† Where grave and learned professions set the example, the poets, it will readily be believed, ran headlong into an error, for which they could plead such respectable example. The affectation "of the word" and "of the letter" (for alliteration was almost as fashionable as punning) seemed in some degree to bring back English composition to the barbarous rules of the ancient Anglo-Saxons, the merit of whose poems consisted, not in the ideas, but in the quaint arrangement of the words, and the regular recurrence of some favourite sound or letter.'‡

During the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles, literary language received large accessions of Greek and Latin, and also of the modern French

* For an account of Lyly as a dramatic poet, see p. 166.

† 'Witness a sermon preached at St Mary's before the university of Oxford. It is true the preacher was a layman, and harangued in a gold chain, and girt with a sword, as high sheriff of the county; but his eloquence was highly applauded by the learned body whom he addressed, although it would have startled a modern audience at least as much as the dress of the orator. "Arriving," said he, "at the Mount of St Mary's, in the stony stage where I now stand, I have brought you some fine biscuits, baked in the oven of charity, carefully conserved for the chickens of the church, the sparrows of the spirit, and the sweet swallows of salvation." "Which way of preaching," says Anthony Wood, the reporter of the homily, "was then mostly in fashion, and commended by the generality of scholars."'—*Athenæ Oxon.* vol. i. p. 183.

‡ Scott's Life of Dryden, section i.—The extracts which we have given from Overbury and Fuller may serve to illustrate the remarks quoted above. In our opinion, Sir Walter Scott has considerably exaggerated the faults of Lyly's 'Euphues,' which, however, are certainly of the *kind* described. Let us take, for example, two passages at random, the first on vigour of mind, and the second on grief for the death of a daughter:—

[*Prerequisites of Mental Vigour.*]

There are three things which cause perfection in a man—nature, reason, use. Reason I call discipline: use exercise: if any one of these branches want, certainly the tree of virtue must needs wither; for nature without discipline is of small force, and discipline without nature more feeble: if exercise or study be void of any of these, it availeth nothing. For as in tilling of the ground in husbandry there is first chosen a fertile soil, then a cunning sower, then good seed, even so must we compare nature to the fat earth, the expert husbandman to the schoolmaster, the faculties and sciences to the pure seeds. If this order had not been in our predecessors, Pythagoras, Socrates, Plato, and whosoever was renowned in Greece for the glory of wisdom, they had never been eternised for wise men, neither canonised, as it were, for saints, among those that study sciences. It is therefore a most evident sign of God's singular favour towards him, that he is endued with all these qualities, without the which man is most miserable. But if there be any one that thinketh wit not necessary to the obtaining of wisdom, after he hath gotten the way to virtue, and industry, and exercise, he is a heretic, in my opinion, touching the true faith in learning; for if nature play not her part, in vain is labour; and, as it is said before, if study be not employed, in vain is nature: sloth turneth the edge of wit, study sharpeneth the mind; a thing, be it never so easy, is hard to the idle; a thing, be it never so hard, is easy to wit well employed. And most plainly we may see in many things the efficacy of industry and labour. The little drops of rain pierce the hard marble; iron, with often handling, is worn to nothing. Besides this, industry showeth herself in other things: the fertile soil, if it be never tilled, doth wax barren, and that which is most noble by nature is made most vile by negligence. What tree, if it be not topped, beareth any fruit? What vine, if it be not pruned, bringeth forth grapes? Is not the strength of the body turned to weakness with too much delicacy? Were not Milo his arms brawn-fallen for want of wrestling? Moreover, by labour the fierce unicorn is tamed, the wildest falcon is reclaimed, the greatest bulwark is sacked. It was well answered of that man of Thessaly, who being demanded who among the Thessalians were reputed most vile, 'Those,' he said, 'that live at quiet and ease, never giving themselves to martial affairs.' But why should one use many words in a thing already proved? It is custom, use, and exercise, that brings a young man to virtue, and virtue to his perfection.

[*A Father's Grief for the Death of his Daughter.*]

Thou weepest for the death of thy daughter, and I laugh at the folly of the father; for greater vanity is there in the mind of the mourner, than bitterness in the death of the deceased. 'But she was amiable'—but yet sinful: 'but she was young, and might have lived'—but she was mortal, and must have died. 'Ay, but her youth made thee often merry'—Ay, but thine age should once make thee wise. 'Ay, but her green years were unfit for death'—Ay, but thy hoary hairs should despise life. Knowest thou not, Eubulus, that life is the gift of God, death is the due of nature; as we receive the one as a benefit, so must we abide the other of necessity. Wise men have found that by learning, which old men should know by experience, that in life there is nothing sweet, in death nothing sour. The philosophers accounted it the chiefest felicity never to be born; the second, soon to die. And what hath death in it so hard, that we should take it so heavily? Is it strange to see that cut off which, by nature, is made to be cut off? or that melted which is fit to be melted? or that burnt which is apt to be burnt? or man to pass that is born to perish? But thou grantest that she should have died, and yet art thou sorrowful because she is dead. Is the death the better if it be the longer? No, truly. For as neither he that singeth most, or prayeth longest, or ruleth the stern oftenest, but he that doth it best,

and Italian. The prevalence of Greek and Roman learning was the chief cause of the introduction of so many words from those languages. Vain of their new scholarship, the learned writers delighted in parading Greek and Latin words, and even whole sentences; so that some specimens of the composition of that time seem to be a mixture of various tongues. Bacon, Burton, and Browne, were among those who most frequently adopted long passages from Latin authors; and of Ben Jonson it is remarked by Dryden, that he 'did a little too much to Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them.' It would appear that the rage, as it may be called, for originality, which marked this period, was one of the causes of this change in our language. 'Many think,' says Dr Heylin in 1658, 'that they can never speak elegantly, nor write significantly, except they do it in a language of their own devising; as if they were ashamed of their mother tongue, and thought it not sufficiently curious to express their fancies. By means whereof, more French and Latin words have gained ground upon us since the middle of Queen Elizabeth's reign, than were admitted by our ancestors (whether we look upon them as the British or Saxon race), not only since the Norman, but the Roman conquest.' And Sir Thomas Browne about the same time observes, that 'if elegancy still proceedeth, and English pens maintain that stream we have of late observed to flow from many, we shall, within few years, be fain to learn Latin to understand English, and a work will prove of equal facility in either.' To so great an extent was Latin thus naturalised among English authors, that Milton at length, in his prose works, and also partly in his poetry, introduced the *idiom* or peculiar construction of that language; which, however, was not destined to take a permanent hold of English literature; for we find immediately after, that the writings of Clarendon, Dryden, and Barrow, were not affected by it.

In looking back upon the style of the writers of whose works we have given an account in the present section, it will be perceived that no standard and regular form of composition had as yet been recognised. 'Each author,' says Dr Drake, 'arrogated to himself the right of innovation, and their respective works may be considered as experiments how far their peculiar and often very adverse styles were calculated to improve their native tongue. That they have completely failed to fix a standard for its structure, cannot be a subject of regret to any man who has impartially weighed the merits and defects of their diction. A want of neatness, precision, and simplicity, is usually observable in their periods, which are either eminently enervated and loose, or pedantic, implicated, and obscure. Nothing can be more incompact and nerveless than the style of Sidney; nothing more harsh and quaint, from an affectation of foreign and technical terms, than the diction of Browne. If we allow to Hooker and Milton occasional majesty and strength, and sometimes a peculiar felicity of expression, it must yet be admitted, that though using pure English words, the elaboration and inversion of their periods are such as to create, in the mere English reader, no small difficulty in the comprehension of their meaning; a fault, surely, of the most serious nature, and ever productive of aversion and fatigue. To Raleigh, Bacon, and Burton, we are indebted for a style which, though never rivalling the sublime energy and force occasionally discoverable in the prose of Milton, makes a nearer approach to the just idiom of our tongue than any other which their age afforded. It is to the Restoration, however, that we must look for that period when our language, with few exceptions, assumed a facility and clearness, a fluency and grace, hitherto strangers to its structure.'*

Before concluding the present section, it may be proper to notice the rise of a very important branch of modern literature. We allude to NEWSPAPERS, which, at least in a printed form, had their origin in England. Among the ancient Romans, reports (called *Acta Diurna*) of what was done in the senate were frequently published. This practice seems to have existed before the time of Julius Cæsar, who, when consul, gave orders that it should be attended to. The publication was, however, prohibited by Augustus. 'Acta Diurna,' containing more general intelligence of passing events, appear to
common both during the republic an
emperors; of one of these, the following
given by Petronius:—

On the 29th of July, 50 boys and 4
born at Trimalchi's estate at Cuma.

At the same time a slave was put to
uttering disrespectful words against his lord.

The same day a fire broke out in Pompey's gardens, which began in the night, in the steward's apartment.

In modern times, nothing similar appears to have been known before the middle of the sixteenth century. The Venetian government were, in the year 1563, during a war with the Turks, in the habit of communicating to the public, by means of written sheets, the military and commercial information received. These sheets were read in a particular place to those desirous to learn the news, who paid for this privilege a coin called *gazetta*—a name which, by degrees, was transferred to the newspaper itself in Italy and France, and passed over into England. The Venetian government eventually gave these announcements in a regular manner once a month; but they were too jealous to allow them to be printed. Only a few copies were transmitted to various places, and read to those who paid to hear. Thirty volumes of these manuscript newspapers exist in the Magliabechian library at Florence.

About the same time, offices were established in France, at the suggestion of the father of the celebrated Montaigne, for making the wants of individuals known to each other. The advertisements received at these offices were sometimes pasted on walls in public places, in order to attract more attention, and were thence called *affiches*. This led in time to a systematic and periodical publication of advertisements in sheets; and these sheets were

deserveth greatest praise: so he, not that hath most years, but many virtues, nor he that hath grayest hairs, but greatest goodness, liveth longest. The chief beauty of life consisteth not in the numbering of many days, but in the using of virtuous doings. Amongst plants, those be best esteemed that in shortest time bring forth much fruit.

The following sentence affords a sample of Lyly's most affected manner in the 'Euphues':—

When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise, and are more desirous to have them maintain the name than the nature of a gentleman; when they put gold into the hands of youth, where they should put a rod under their girdle; when, instead of awe, they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods, and poor executors of godliness; then it is no marvel that the son, being left rich by his father, will become retchless in his own will.

The 'Euphues' consists of two publications—one entitled 'Euphues, the Anatomy of Wit,' 1580; and the other, 'Euphues and his England,' 1581.

* Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, &c. vol. i. p. 38.

termed affiches, in consequence of their contents having been originally fixed up as placards.

'After inquiring in various countries,' says Mr George Chalmers, 'for the origin of newspapers, I had the satisfaction to find what I sought for in England. It may gratify our national pride to be told, that mankind are indebted to the wisdom of Elizabeth, and the prudence of Burleigh, for the first newspaper. The epoch of the Spanish Armada is also the epoch of a genuine newspaper. In the British Museum there are several newspapers, which had been printed while the Spanish fleet was in the English channel, during the year 1588. It was a wise policy to prevent, during the moment of general anxiety, the danger of false reports, by publishing real information. And the earliest newspaper is entitled *The English Mercurie*, which, by authority, was "imprinted at London, by Christopher Barker, her highness's printer, 1588." Burleigh's newspapers were all Extraordinary Gazettes, which were published from time to time, as that profound statesman wished either to inform or terrify the people. The Mercuries were probably first printed in April 1588, when the Armada approached the shores of England. After the Spanish ships had been dispersed by a wonderful exertion of prudence and spirit, these extraordinary gazettes very seldom appeared. The Mercurie, No. 54, which is dated on Monday, November the 24th, 1588, informed the public that the solemn thanksgiving for the successes which had been obtained against the Spanish Armada was this day strictly observed. This number contains also an article of news from Madrid, which speaks of putting the queen to death, and of the instruments of torture that were on board the Spanish fleet. We may suppose that such paragraphs were designed by the policy of Burleigh, who understood all the artifices of printing, to excite the terrors of the English people, to point their resentment against Spain, and to inflame their love for Elizabeth.' It is almost a pity to mar the effect of this passage by adding, that doubts are entertained of the genuineness of 'The English Mercurie.' Of the three numbers preserved, two are printed in modern type, and no originals are known; while the third is 'in manuscript of the eighteenth century, altered and interpolated with changes in old language such as only an author would make.'*

In the reign of James I., packets of news were occasionally published in the shape of small quarto pamphlets. These were entitled *Newes from Italy, Hungary*, &c., as they happened to refer to the transactions of those respective countries, and generally purported to be translations from the Low Dutch. In the year 1622, when the thirty years' war, and the exploits of Gustavus Adolphus, excited curiosity, these occasional pamphlets were converted into a regular weekly publication, entitled *The Certain Newes of this Present Week*, edited by Nathaniel Butter, and which may be deemed the first journal of the kind in England. Other weekly papers speedily followed; and the avidity with which such publications were sought after by the people, may be inferred from the complaint of Burton, in his 'Anatomy of Melancholy,' that 'if any read now-a-days, it is a play-book, or a pamphlet of newes.' Lord Clarendon mentions, in illustration of the disregard of Scottish affairs in England during the early part of Charles I.'s reign, 'that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland, nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette.'

* Penny Cyclopædia, xvi. 193.

It was during the civil war that newspapers first acquired that political importance which they have ever since retained. Whole flights of 'Diurnals' and 'Mercuries,' in small quarto, then began to be disseminated by the different parties into which the state was divided. Nearly a score are said to have been started in 1643, when the war was at its height. Peter Heylin, in the preface to his 'Cosmography,' mentions that 'the affairs of each town or war were better presented in the weekly newsbooks.' Accordingly, we find some papers entitled *News from Hull, Truths from York, Warranted Tidings from Ireland*, and *Special Passages* from other places. As the contest proceeded, the impatience of the public for early intelligence led to the shortening of the intervals of publication, and papers began to be distributed twice or thrice in every week. Among these were *The French Intelligencer, The Dutch Spy, The Irish Mercury, The Scots Dove, The Parliament Kite*, and *The Secret Owl*. There were likewise weekly papers of a humorous character, such as *Mercurius Acheronticus*, or *News from Hell; Mercurius Democritus*, bringing wonderful news from the world in the moon; *The Laughing Mercury*, with perfect news from the antipodes; and *Mercurius Mastix*, faithfully lashing all Scouts, Mercuries, Posts, Spies, and other intelligencers. On one side was *The Weekly Discoverer*, and on the other *The Weekly Discoverer Stripped Naked*. So important an auxiliary was the press considered, that each of the rival armies carried a printer along with it.

The first newspaper ever printed in Scotland was issued under the auspices of a party of Cromwell's troops at Leith, who caused their attendant printer to furnish impressions of a London Diurnal for their information and amusement. It bore the title of *Mercurius Politicus*, and the first number of the Scotch reprint appeared on the 26th of October, 1653. In November of the following year, the establishment was transferred to Edinburgh, where this reprinting system was continued till the 11th of April, 1660. About nine months afterwards was established the *Mercurius Caledonius*, of which the ten numbers published contain some curious traits of the extravagant feeling of joy occasioned by the Restoration, along with much that must be set down as only the product of a very poor wit trying to say clever and amusing things.* It was succeeded by *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, the duration of which is said to have been at least seven years. After this, the Scotch had only reprints of the English newspapers till 1699, when *The Edinburgh Gazette* was established.

* For example—'March 1, 1661. A report from London of a new gallows, the supporters to be of stones, and beautified with statues of the three Grand Traitors, Cromwell, Bradshaw, and Ireton.' 'As our old laws are renewed, so likewise are our good honest customs; for nobility in streets are known by brave retinues of their relations; when, during the Captivity [the Commonwealth], a lord was scarcely to be distinguished from a commoner. Nay, the old hospitality returns; for that laudable custom of suppers, which was covenanted out with raisins and roasted cheese, is again in fashion; and where before a peevish nurse would have been seen tripping up stairs and down stairs with a posset for the lord or the lady, you shall now see sturdy jackmen groaning with the weight of surloins of beef, and chargers loaden with wild fowl and capon.' On the day of the king's coronation—'But of all our bontadoes and capriolles, that of the immortal Janet Geddes, princess of the Trott adventurers [herb-women], was the most pleasant; for she was not only content to assemble all her cagis, baskets, orcanies, furms, and other ingredients that composed her shop, but even her weather chair of state where she used to dispense justice to her lang-kale vassals, [which] were all very orderly burnt, she herself countenancing the action with a high-flown spirit and vermilion majesty.'

Fourth Period.

THE COMMONWEALTH AND REIGNS OF CHARLES II. AND JAMES II. [1649 TO 1689.]

POETS.

THE forty years comprehended in this period produced some great names; but, considering the mighty events which then agitated the country, and must have influenced the national feelings—such as the abolition of the ancient monarchy of England, and the establishment of the commonwealth—there was less change in the taste and literature of the nation than might have been anticipated. Authors were still a select class, and literature, the delight of the learned and ingenious, had not become food for the multitude. The chivalrous and romantic spirit which prevailed in the reign of Elizabeth, had even, before her death, begun to yield to more sober and practical views of human life and society: a spirit of inquiry was fast spreading among the people. The long period of peace under James, and the progress of commerce, gave scope to domestic improvement, and fostered the reasoning faculties and mechanical powers, rather than the imagination. The reign of Charles I., a prince of taste and accomplishments, partially revived the style of the Elizabethan era, but its lustre extended little beyond the court and the nobility. During the civil war and the protectorate, poetry and the drama were buried under the strife and anxiety of contending factions. Cromwell, with a just and generous spirit, boasted that he would make the name of an Englishman as great as ever that of a Roman had been. He realised his wish in the naval victories of Blake, and the unquestioned supremacy of England abroad; but neither the time nor inclination of the Protector permitted him to be a patron of literature. Charles II. was better fitted for such a task, by natural powers, birth, and education; but he had imbibed a false and perverted taste, which, added to his indolent and sensual disposition, was as injurious to art and literature as to the public morals. Poetry declined from the date of the Restoration, and was degraded from a high and noble art to a mere courtly amusement, or pander to immorality. The whole atmosphere of genius was not, however, tainted by this public degeneracy. Science was assiduously cultivated, and to this period belong some of the proudest triumphs of English poetry, learning, and philosophy. Milton produced his long-cherished epic, the greatest poem which our language can boast; Butler his inimitable burlesque of Hudibras; and Dryden his matchless satire and versification. In the department of divinity, Jeremy Taylor, Barrow, and Tillotson, laid the sure foundations of Protestantism, and the best defences of revealed religion. In speculative philosophy, we have the illustrious name of Locke; in history and polite literature, Clarendon, Burnet, and Temple. In this period, too, Bunyan composed his inimitable religious allegory, and gave the first conspicuous example of native force of mind and powers of imagination rising successful over all the obstructions caused by a low station in life, and a miserably defective education. The world has never been, for any length of time, without some great men to guide and illuminate the onward course of society; and, happily, some of them were found at this period to serve as beacons to their contemporaries and to all future ages.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was perhaps the most popular English poet of his times. Waller stood next in public estimation. Dryden had as yet done nothing to stamp his name, and Milton's minor poems had not earned for him a national reputation: the same year that witnessed the death of Cowley ushered the 'Paradise Lost' into the world. Cowley was born in

A. Cowley

London in the year 1618, and was the posthumous son of a respectable grocer. His mother had influence enough to procure admission for him as a king's scholar at Westminster; and in his eighteenth year he was elected of Trinity college, Cambridge. Cowley 'lisped in numbers;' he published a volume of poems

in his thirteenth year. A copy of Spenser used to lie in his mother's parlour, with which he was infinitely delighted, and which helped to make him a poet. The intensity of his youthful ambition may be seen from the two first lines in his miscellanies—

> What shall I do to be for ever known,
> And make the age to come my own?

Cowley, being a royalist, was ejected from Cambridge, and afterwards studied at Oxford. He went with the queen mother to France, where he remained twelve years. He was sent on various embassies, and deciphered the correspondence of Charles and his queen, which, for some years, took up all his days, and two or three nights every week. At last the Restoration came with all its hopes and fears. England looked for happy days, and loyalty for its reward, but in both cases the cup of joy was dashed with disappointment. Cowley expected to be made master of the Savoy, or to receive some other appointment, but his claims were overlooked. In his youth he had written an ode to Brutus, which was remembered to his disadvantage; and a dramatic production, the *Cutter of Coleman Street*, which Cowley brought out shortly after the Restoration, and in which the jollity and debauchery of the cavaliers are painted in strong colours, was misrepresented or misconstrued at court. It is certain that Cowley felt his disappointment keenly, and he resolved to retire into the country. He had only just passed his fortieth year, but the greater part of his time had been spent in incessant labour, amidst dangers and suspense. 'He always professed,' says Dr Sprat, his biographer, 'that he went out of the world as it was man's, into the same world as it was nature's and as it was God's. The whole compass of the creation, and all the wonderful effects of the divine wisdom, were the constant prospect of his senses and his thoughts. And, indeed, he entered with great advantage on the studies of nature, even as the first great men of antiquity did, who were generally both poets and philosophers.' Cowley had obtained, through Lord St Albans and the Duke of Buckingham, the lease of some lands belonging to the queen, worth about £300 per annum—a decent provision for his retirement. The poet finally settled at Chertsey, on the banks of the Thames, where his house still remains. Here he cultivated his fields, his garden, and his plants; he wrote of solitude and obscurity, of the perils of greatness, and the happiness of liberty. He renewed his acquaintance with the beloved poets of antiquity, whom he rivalled occasionally in ease and elegance, and in commemorating the charms of a country life; and he composed his fine prose discourses, so full of gentle thoughts and well-digested knowledge, heightened by a delightful *bon-hommie* and communicativeness worthy of Horace or Montaigne. The style of these discourses is pure, natural, and lively. Sprat mentions that Cowley excelled in letter-writing, and that he and Mr M. Clifford had a large collection of his letters, but they had decided that nothing of that kind should be published. This is much to be regretted. The private letters of a distinguished author are generally read with as much interest as his works, and Cowper and others owe much of their fame to such confidential disclosures of their habits, opinions, and daily life. Cowley was not happy in his retirement. Solitude, that had so long wooed him to her arms, was a phantom that vanished in his embrace. He had attained the long-wished object of his studious youth and busy manhood; the woods and fields at length enclosed the 'melancholy Cowley' in their shades. But happiness was still distant. He had quitted the 'monster London;' he had gone out from Sodom, but had not found the little Zoar of his dreams. The place of his retreat was ill selected, and his health was affected by the change of situation. The people of the country, he found, were not

House of Cowley at Chertsey.

a whit better or more innocent than those of the town. He could get no money from his tenants, and his meadows were eaten up every night by cattle put in by his neighbours. Dr Johnson, who would have preferred Fleet Street to all the charms of Arcadia and the golden age, has published, with a sort of malicious satisfaction, a letter of Cowley's, dated from Chertsey, in which the poet makes a querulous and rueful complaint over the downfall of his rural prospects and enjoyment. His retirement extended over a period of only seven years. One day, in the heat of summer, he had stayed too long amongst his labourers in the meadows, and was seized with a cold, which, being neglected, proved fatal in a fortnight. The death of this amiable and accomplished man of genius took place on the 28th of July, 1667. His remains were taken by water to Westminster, and interred with great pomp in the abbey. 'The king himself,' says Sprat, 'was pleased to bestow on him the best epitaph, when, upon the news of his death, his majesty declared that Mr Cowley had not left a better man behind him.'

Cowley's poetical works are divided into four parts—'Miscellanies,' the 'Mistress or Love Verses,' 'Pindaric Odes,' and the 'Davideis, a heroical poem of the Troubles of David.' The character of his genius is well expressed by Pope—

> Who now reads Cowley? If he pleases yet,
> His moral pleases, not his pointed wit:
> Forgot his epic, nay, Pindaric art,
> But still I love the language of his heart.

Cowper has also drawn a sketch of Cowley in his 'Task,' in which he laments that his 'splendid wit' should have been 'entangled in the cobwebs of the schools.' The manners of the court and the age inspired Cowley with a portion of gallantry, but he seems to have had no deep or permanent passion. He expresses his love in a style almost as fantastic as the euphuism of old Lyly or Sir Percie

Poets,' he says, 'are scarce thought freemen of their company, without paying some duties, and obliging themselves to be true to love;' and it is evident that he himself composed his 'Mistress' as a sort of task-work. There is so much of this *wit-writing* in Cowley's poetry, that the reader is generally glad to escape from it into his prose, where he has good sense and right feeling, instead of cold though glittering conceits, forced analogies, and counterfeited passion. His anacreontic pieces are the happiest of his poems; in them he is easy, lively, and full of spirit. They are redolent of joy and youth, and of images of natural and poetic beauty, that touch the feelings as well as the fancy. His 'Pindaric Odes,' though deformed by metaphysical conceits, though they do not roll the full flood of Pindar's unnavigable song, though we admit that even the art of Gray was higher, yet contain some noble lines and illustrations. The best pieces of his 'Miscellanies,' next to the 'Anacreontics,' are his lines on the death of his college companion, Harvey, and his elegy on the religious poet, Crashaw, which are tender and imaginative. The 'Davideis' is tedious and unfinished, but we have extracted a specimen to show how well Cowley could sometimes write in the heroic couplet. It is evident that Milton had read this neglected poem.

On the Death of Mr Crashaw.

Poet and Saint! To thee alone are given
The two most sacred names of earth and heaven;
The hard and rarest union which can be,
Next that of Godhead, with humanity.
Long did the Muses banish'd slaves abide,
And built vain pyramids to mortal pride;
Like Moses thou (though spells and charms withstand)
Hast brought them nobly home, back to their holy land.

* * *

How well, blest swan, did Fate contrive thy death,
And made thee render up thy tuneful breath
In thy great mistress' arms!* Thou most divine
And richest offering of Loretto's shrine,
Where, like some holy sacrifice t' expire,
A fever burns thee, and Love lights the fire.
Angels, they say, brought the famed chapel there,
And bore the sacred load in triumph through the air.
'Tis surer much they brought *thee* there, and they
And thou, their charge, went singing all the way.
Pardon, my mother church, if I consent
That angels led him when from thee he went;
For even in error sure no danger is,
When join'd with so much piety as his.
Ah, mighty God, with shame I speak't and grief;
Ah, that our greatest faults were in belief!
And our weak reason were ev'n weaker yet,
Rather than thus our wills too strong for it.
His *faith*, perhaps, in some nice tenets might
Be wrong; his *life*, I'm sure, was in the right;
And I myself a Catholic will be,
So far, at least, great saint, to pray to thee.
Hail bard triumphant, and some care bestow
On us the poets militant below,
Oppos'd by our old enemy, adverse chance,
Attack'd by envy and by ignorance,
Enchain'd by beauty, tortured by desires,
Expos'd by tyrant love to savage beasts and fires;
Thou from low earth in nobler flames didst rise,
And, like Elijah, mount alive the skies!

Heaven and Hell.

[From the 'Davideis.']

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
For though thou sleep'st thyself, thy God's awake.

* Mr Crashaw died of a fever at Loretto, being newly chosen canon of that church.

Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.
For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.
On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
No circling motion doth swift time divide;
Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
But an eternal NOW does always last.

Beneath the silent chambers of the earth,
Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see—
Gold which above more influence has than he—
Beneath the dens where unfledg'd tempests lie,
And infant winds their tender voices try;
Beneath the mighty ocean's wealthy caves;
Beneath the eternal fountain of the waves,
Where their vast court the mother-waters keep,
And, undisturb'd by moons, in silence sleep,
There is a place, deep, wondrous deep below,
Which genuine Night and Horror does o'erflow:
No bound controls the unwearied space but hell,
Endless as those dire pains that in it dwell.
Here no dear glimpse of the sun's lovely face
Strikes through the solid darkness of the place;
No dawning morn does her kind red display;
One slight weak beam would here be thought the day.
No gentle stars, with their fair gems of light,
Offend the tyrannous and unquestion'd night.
Here Lucifer, the mighty captive, reigns,
Proud 'midst his woes, and tyrant in his chains,
Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
But down like lightning which him struck he came,
And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame.
Myriads of spirits fell wounded round him there;
With dropping lights thick shone the singed air.

* * *

A dreadful silence fill'd the hollow place,
Doubling the native terror of hell's face;
Rivers of flaming brimstone, which before
So loudly raged, crept softly by the shore;
No hiss of snakes, no clank of chains was known,
The souls amidst their tortures durst not groan.

To Pyrrha.

In imitation of Horace's Ode, Lib. i. Od. 5.

To whom now, Pyrrha, art thou kind?
To what heart-ravish'd lover
Dost thou thy golden lock unbind,
Thy hidden sweets discover,
And, with large bounty, open set
All the bright stores of thy rich cabinet?

Ah, simple youth! how oft will he
Of thy chang'd faith complain!
And his own fortunes find to be
So airy and so vain;
Of so cameleon-like a hue,
That still their colour changes with it too!

How oft, alas! will he admire
The blackness of the skies;
Trembling to hear the winds sound higher,
And see the billows rise!
Poor unexperienc'd he,
Who ne'er, alas, had been before at sea!

H' enjoys thy calmy sunshine now,
And no breath stirring hears;
In the clear heaven of thy brow
No smallest cloud appears.
He sees thee gentle, fair, and gay,
And trusts the faithless April of thy May.

Unhappy! thrice unhappy he,
T' whom thou untried dost shine!
But there's no danger now for me,
Since o'er Loretto's shrine,
In witness of the shipwreck past,
My consecrated vessel hangs at last.

Anacreontics.

From some copies of verses translated paraphrastically out of Anacreon.

Drinking

The thirsty earth soaks up the rain,
And drinks, and gapes for drink again.
The plants suck in the earth, and are
With constant drinking fresh and fair.
The sea itself, which one would think
Should have but little need of drink,
Drinks ten thousand rivers up,
So filled that they o'erflow the cup.
The busy sun (and one would guess
By's drunken fiery face no less)
Drinks up the sea, and when he has done,
The moon and stars drink up the sun.
They drink and dance by their own light;
They drink and revel all the night.
Nothing in nature's sober found,
But an eternal health goes round.
Fill up the bowl then, fill it high,
Fill all the glasses there, for why
Should every creature drink but I,
Why, men of morals, tell me why?

Age.

Oft am I by the women told,
Poor Anacreon, thou grow'st old!
Look how thy hairs are falling all;
Poor Anacreon, how they fall!
Whether I grow old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.
This I know, without being told,
'Tis time to live if I grow old.
'Tis time short pleasures now to take,
Of little life the best to make,
And manage wisely the last stake.

A mighty pain to love it is,
And 'tis a pain that pain to miss,
But of all pain the greatest pain
It is to love, but love in vain.
Virtue now nor noble blood,
Nor wit, by love is understood.
Gold alone does passion move;
Gold monopolises love!
A curse on her and on the man
Who this traffic first began!
A curse on him who found the ore!
A curse on him who digg'd the store!
A curse on him who did refine it!
A curse on him who first did coin it!
A curse all curses else above
On him who us'd it first in love!
Gold begets in brethren hate;
Gold, in families debate;
Gold does friendship separate;
Gold does civil wars create.
These the smallest harms of it;
Gold, alas! does love beget.

The Epicure.

Fill the bowl with rosy wine,
Around our temples roses twine,
And let us cheerfully a while,
Like the wine and roses smile.
Crown'd with roses, we contemn
Gyges' wealthy diadem.
To-day is ours; what do we fear?
To-day is ours; we have it here.
Let's treat it kindly, that it may
Wish at least with us to stay.
Let's banish business, banish sorrow;
To the gods belongs to-morrow.

The Grasshopper.

Happy insect, what can be
In happiness compared to thee?
Fed with nourishment divine,
The dewy morning's gentle wine!
Nature waits upon thee still,
And thy verdant cup does fill;
'Tis fill'd wherever thou dost tread,
Nature self 's thy Ganymede.
Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
Happier than the happiest king!
All the fields which thou dost see,
All the plants belong to thee;
All that summer hours produce,
Fertile made with early juice.
Man for thee does sow and plough;
Farmer he, and landlord thou!
Thou dost innocently enjoy;
Nor does thy luxury destroy.
The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
More harmonious than he.
Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripen'd year!
Thee Phoebus loves, and does inspire;
Phoebus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou'st drunk, and danc'd, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal!)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retir'st to endless rest.

The Resurrection.

Begin the song, and strike the living lyre!
Lo, how the years to come, a numerous and well-fitted quire,
All hand in hand do decently advance,
And to my song with smooth and equal measures dance!
While the dance lasts, how long soe'er it be,
My music's voice shall bear it company.
Till all gentle notes be drown'd
In the last trumpet's dreadful sound,
That to the spheres themselves shall silence bring,
Untune the universal string;
Then all the wide-extended sky,
And all the harmonious worlds on high,
And Virgil's sacred work shall die;
And he himself shall see in one fire shine
Rich Nature's ancient Troy, though built by hands divine.

Whom thunder's dismal noise,
And all that prophets and apostles louder spake,
And all the creatures' plain conspiring voice
Could not whilst they lived awake,
This mightier sound shall make

When dead to arise,
And open tombs, and open eyes,
To the long sluggards of five thousand years.
This mightier sound shall wake its hearers' ears;
Then shall the scattered atoms crowding come
Back to their ancient home;
Some from birds, from fishes some,
Some from earth, and some from seas,
Some from beasts, and some from trees,
Some descend from clouds on high,
Some from metals upwards fly;
And, when the attending soul naked and shivering stands,
Meet, salute, and join their hands,
As dispersed soldiers, at the trumpet's call,
Haste to their colours all.
Unhappy most, like tortured men,
Their joints new set to be new rack'd again.
To mountains they for shelter pray;
The mountains shake, and run about no less confused than they.

The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches.

Why dost thou heap up wealth, which thou must quit,
Or, what is worse, be left by it?
Why dost thou load thyself when thou'rt to fly,
Oh, man! ordain'd to die?

Why dost thou build up stately rooms on high,
Thou who art under ground to lie?
Thou sow'st and plantest, but no fruit must see,
For Death, alas! is reaping thee.

Suppose thou Fortune couldst to tameness bring,
And clip or pinion her wing;
Suppose thou couldst on Fate so far prevail,
As not to cut off thy entail;

Yet Death at all that subtlety will laugh;
Death will that foolish gard'ner mock,
Who does a slight and annual plant ingraff
Upon a lasting stock.

Thou dost thyself wise and industrious deem;
A mighty husband thou wouldst seem;
Fond man! like a bought slave, thou all the while
Dost but for others sweat and toil.

Officious fool! that needs must meddling be
In bus'ness that concerns not thee;
For when to future years thou extend'st thy cares,
Thou deal'st in other men's affairs.

Ev'n aged men, as if they truly were
Children again, for age prepare;
Provisions for long travel they design,
In the last point of their short line.

Wisely the ant against poor winter hoards
The stock which summer's wealth affords;
In grasshoppers, that must at autumn die,
How vain were such an industry!

Of power and honour the deceitful light
Might half excuse our cheated sight,
If it of life the whole small time would stay,
And be our sunshine all the day.

Like lightning that, begot but in a cloud,
(Though shining bright, and speaking loud),
Whilst it begins, concludes its violent race,
And where it gilds, it wounds the place.

Oh, scene of fortune! which dost fair appear
Only to men that stand not near:
Proud Poverty, that tinsel brav'ry wears,
And, like a rainbow, painted tears!

Be prudent, and the shore in prospect keep!
In a weak boat trust not the deep;
Plac'd beneath envy—above envying rise;
Pity great men—great things despise.

The wise example of the heav'nly lark,
Thy fellow-poet, Cowley! mark;
Above the clouds let thy proud music sound;
Thy humble nest build on the ground.

The Wish.

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree;
The very honey of all earthly joy
Does of all meats the soonest cloy.
And they, methinks, deserve my pity,
Who for it can endure the stings,
The crowd, and buzz, and murmurings
Of this great hive, the city.

Ah! yet ere I descend to th' grave,
May I a small house and large garden have,
And a few friends, and many books both true,
Both wise, and both delightful too!
And since love ne'er will from me flee,
A mistress moderately fair,
And good as guardian angels are,
Only below'd, and loving me!

Oh fountains! when in you shall I
Myself, eas'd of unpeaceful thoughts, espy?
Oh fields! oh woods! when, when shall I be made
The happy tenant of your shade?
Here's the spring-head of Pleasure's flood,
Where all the riches lie, that she
Has coin'd and stamp'd for good.

Pride and ambition here
Only in far-fetch'd metaphors appear;
Here nought but winds can hurtful murmurs scatter,
And nought but Echo flatter.
The gods, when they descended hither
From heav'n, did always choose their way;
And therefore we may boldly say,
That 'tis the way too thither.

How happy here should I,
And one dear She live, and embracing die?
She who is all the world, and can exclude
In deserts solitude.
I should have then this only fear,
Lest men, when they my pleasures see,
Should hither throng to live like me,
And so make a city here.

The Chronicle.

Margarita first possest,
If I remember well, my breast.
Margarita first of all;
But when a while the wanton maid
With my restless heart had play'd,
Martha took the flying ball.

Martha soon did it resign
To the beauteous Catherine.
Beauteous Catherine gave place
(Though loath and angry she to part
With the possession of my heart)
To Eliza's conquering face.

Eliza till this hour might reign,
Had she not evil counsels ta'en;
Fundamental laws she broke,
And still new favourites she chose,
Till up in arms my passions rose,
And cast away her yoke.

Mary then, and gentle Anne,
Both to reign at once began:
Alternately they sway'd;
And sometimes Mary was the fair,
And sometimes Anne the crown did wear,
And sometimes both I obey'd.

Another Mary then arose,
And did rigorous laws impose;
A mighty tyrant she!
Long, alas! should I have been
Under that iron-scepter'd queen,
Had not Rebecca set me free.

When fair Rebecca set me free,
'Twas then a golden time with me.
But soon those pleasures fled;
For the gracious princess died
In her youth and beauty's pride,
And Judith reigned in her stead.

One month, three days, and half an hour,
Judith held the sovereign power.
Wondrous beautiful her face;
But so weak and small her wit,
That she to govern was unfit,
And so Susanna took her place.

But when Isabella came,
Arm'd with a resistless flame,
And th' artillery of her eye,
Whilst she proudly march'd about,
Greater conquests to find out,
She beat out Susan by the bye.

But in her place I then obey'd
Black-eyed Bess, her viceroy maid,
To whom ensued a vacancy.
Thousand worse passions then possest
The interregnum of my breast:
Bless me from such an anarchy!

Gentle Henrietta then,
And a third Mary next began,
Then Joan, and Jane, and Audria,
And then a pretty Thomasine,
And then another Catherine,
And then a long 'et cetera.'

But should I now to you relate
The strength and riches of their state,
The powder, patches, and the pins,
The ribbons, jewels, and the rings,
The lace, the paint, and warlike things
That make up all their magazines:

If I should tell the politic arts
To take and keep men's hearts;
The letters, embassies, and spies,
The frowns, and smiles, and flatteries,
The quarrels, tears, and perjuries,
Numberless, nameless mysteries;

And all the little lime-twigs laid
By Machiavel, the waiting-maid;
I more voluminous should grow
(Chiefly if I like them should tell
All change of weathers that befell)
Than Holinshed or Stow.

But I will briefer with them be,
Since few of them were long with me.
A higher and a nobler strain
My present emperess does claim,
Heleonora, first o' th' name,
Whom God grant long to reign!

[*Lord Bacon.*]

[From 'Ode to the Royal Society.']

From these and all long errors of the way,
In which our wandering predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last;
The barren wilderness he pass'd
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
And from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and show'd us it.
But life did never to one man allow
Time to discover worlds and conquer too;
Nor can so short a line sufficient be,
To fathom the vast depths of nature's sea:
The work he did we ought t' admire,
And we're unjust if we should more require
From his few years, divided 'twixt the excess
Of low affliction and high happiness;
For who on things remote can fix his sight,
That's always in a triumph or a fight?

Ode on the Death of Mr William Harvey.

It was a dismal and a fearful night,
Scarce could the morn drive on th' unwilling light,
When sleep, death's image, left my troubled breast,
By something liker death possest.
My eyes with tears did uncommanded flow,
And on my soul hung the dull weight
Of some intolerable fate.
What bell was that? Ah me! too much I know.

My sweet companion, and my gentle peer,
Why hast thou left me thus unkindly here,
Thy end for ever, and my life to moan?
O thou hast left me all alone!
Thy soul and body, when death's agony
Besieged around thy noble heart,
Did not with more reluctance part
Than I, my dearest friend, do part from thee.

My dearest friend, would I had died for thee!
Life and this world henceforth will tedious be.
Nor shall I know hereafter what to do,
If once my griefs prove tedious too.
Silent and sad I walk about all day,
As sullen ghosts stalk speechless by
Where their hid treasures lie;
Alas, my treasure's gone! why do I stay?

He was my friend, the truest friend on earth;
A strong and mighty influence join'd our birth.
Nor did we envy the most sounding name
By friendship given of old to fame.
None but his brethren he, and sisters, knew,
Whom the kind youth preferred to me;
And even in that we did agree,
For much above myself I loved them too.

Say, for you saw us, ye immortal lights,
How oft unwearied have we spent the nights?
Till the Ledæan stars, so fam'd for love,
Wonder'd at us from above.
We spent them not in toys, in lusts, or wine,
But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence, and poetry;
Arts which I lov'd, for they, my friend, were thine.

Ye fields of Cambridge, our dear Cambridge, say,
Have ye not seen us walking every day?
Was there a tree about, which did not know
The love betwixt us two?
Henceforth, ye gentle trees, for ever fade;
Or your sad branches thicker join,
And into darksome shades combine;
Dark as the grave wherein my friend is laid.

* * *

To him my muse made haste with every strain,
Whilst it was new, and warm yet from the brain.
He lov'd my worthless rhymes, and like a friend
Would find out something to commend.
Hence now, my muse, thou canst not me delight;
Be this my latest verse,
With which I now adorn his hearse;
And this my grief, without thy help shall write.

* * * *

His mirth was the pure spirits of various wit,
Yet never did his God or friends forget;
And, when deep talk and wisdom came in view,
Retir'd and gave to them their due.
For the rich help of books he always took,
Though his own searching mind before
Was so with notions written o'er,
As if wise nature had made that her book.

* * *

With as much zeal, devotion, piety,
He always liv'd as other saints do die;
Still with his soul severe account he kept,
Weeping all debts out ere he slept.
Then down in peace and innocence he lay,
Like the sun's laborious light,
Which still in water sets at night,
Unsullied with his journey of the day.

Wondrous young man, why wert thou made so good,
To be snatcht hence ere better understood!
Snatcht before half enough of thee was seen!
Thou ripe, and yet thy life but green!
Nor could thy friends take their last sad farewell,
But danger and infectious death,
Maliciously seized on that breath
Where life, spirit, pleasure, always used to dwell.

Epitaph on the Living Author.

Here, stranger, in this humble nest,
Here Cowley sleeps; here lies,
Scaped all the toils that life molest,
And its superfluous joys.

Here, in no sordid poverty,
And no inglorious ease,
He braves the world, and can defy
Its frowns and flatteries.

The little earth, he asks, survey:
Is he not dead, indeed?
'Light lie that earth,' good stranger, pray,
'Nor thorn upon it breed!'

With flowers, fit emblem of his fame,
Compass your poet round;
With flowers of every fragrant name,
Be his warm ashes crown'd!

Claudian's Old Man of Verona.

Happy the man who his whole time doth bound
Within the enclosure of his little ground.
Happy the man whom the same humble place
(The hereditary cottage of his race)
From his first rising infancy has known,
And by degrees sees gently bending down,
With natural propension, to that earth
Which both preserv'd his life, and gave him birth.
Him no false distant lights, by fortune set,
Could ever into foolish wanderings get.
He never dangers either saw or fear'd:
The dreadful storms at sea he never heard.
He never heard the shrill alarms of war,
Or the worse noises of the lawyers' bar.
No change of consuls mark to him the year;
The change of seasons is his calendar.
The cold and heat winter and summer shows;
Autumn by fruits, and spring by flowers he knows.
He measures time by land-marks, and has found
For the whole day the dial of his ground.
A neighbouring wood, born with himself, he sees,
And loves his old contemporary trees.
He has only heard of near Verona's name,
And knows it, like the Indies, but by fame;
Does with a like concernment notice take
Of the Red Sea, and of Benacus' lake.

Thus health and strength he to a third age enjoys,
And sees a long posterity of boys.
About the spacious world let others roam:
The voyage, life, is longest made at home.

HENRY VAUGHAN.

Henry Vaughan (1614–1695) published in 1651 a volume of miscellaneous poems, evincing considerable strength and originality of thought and copious imagery, though tinged with a gloomy sectarianism and marred by crabbed rhymes. Mr Campbell scarcely does justice to Vaughan, in styling him 'one of the harshest even of the inferior order of the school of conceit,' though he admits that he has 'some few scattered thoughts that meet our eye amidst his harsh pages, like wild flowers on a barren heath.' As a sacred poet, Vaughan has an intensity of feeling only inferior to Crashaw. He was a Welshman (born in Brecknockshire), and had a dash of Celtic enthusiasm. He first followed the profession of the law, but afterwards adopted that of a physician. He does not seem to have attained to a competence in either, for he complains much of the proverbial poverty and suffering of poets—

As they were merely thrown upon the stage,
The mirth of fools, and legends of the age.

In his latter days Vaughan grew deeply serious and devout, and published a volume of religious poetry, containing his happiest effusions. The poet was not without hopes of renown, and he wished the river of his native vale to share in the distinction—

When I am laid to rest hard by thy streams,
And my sun sets where first it sprang in beams,
I'll leave behind me such a large kind light
As shall redeem thee from oblivious night,
And in these vows which (living yet) I pay,
Shed such a precious and enduring ray,
As shall from age to age thy fair name lead
Till rivers leave to run, and men to read!

Early Rising and Prayer.

[From 'Silex Scintillans, or Sacred Poems.']

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
To do the like: our bodies but forerun
The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
Give him thy first thoughts then, so shalt thou keep
Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up; prayer should
Dawn with the day: there are set awful hours
'Twixt heaven and us; the manna was not good
After sun-rising; far day sullies flowers:
Rise to prevent the sun; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing?
O leave thy cares and follies! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevail'd by wrestling ere the sun did shine;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heav'n.

Mornings are mysteries; the first, the world's youth,
Man's resurrection, and the future's bud,
Shroud in their births; the crown of life, light, truth,
Is styled their star; the stone and hidden food:

Three blessings wait upon them, one of which
Should move—they make us holy, happy, rich.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay;
Despatch necessities; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may;
Yet keep those cares without thee; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

The Rainbow.

[From the same.]

Still young and fine, but what is still in view
We slight as old and soil'd, though fresh and new.
How bright wert thou when Shem's admiring eye
Thy burnish'd flaming arch did first descry;
When Zerah, Nahor, Haran, Abram, Lot,
The youthful world's gray fathers, in one knot
Did with intentive looks watch every hour
For thy new light, and trembled at each shower!
When thou dost shine, darkness looks white and fair
Forms turn to music, clouds to smiles and air;
Rain gently spends his honey-drops, and pours
Balm on the cleft earth, milk on grass and flowers.
Bright pledge of peace and sunshine, the sure tie
Of thy Lord's hand, the object of his eye!
When I behold thee, though my light be dim,
Distinct, and low, I can in thine see him,
Who looks upon thee from his glorious throne,
And minds the covenant betwixt all and One.

[Written after reading M. Gondibert's Romance of 'Endymion.']

I've read thy soul's fair night-piece, and have seen
The amours and courtship of the silent queen;
Her stol'n descents to earth, and what did move her
To juggle first with heav'n, then with a lover;
With Latmos' louder rescue, and (alas!)
To find her out, a hue and cry in brass;
Thy journal of deep mysteries, and sad
Nocturnal pilgrimage; with thy dreams, clad
In fancies darker than thy cave; thy glass
Of sleepy draughts; and as thy soul did pass
In her calm voyage, what discourse she heard
Of spirits; what dark groves and ill-shap'd guard
Ismena led thee through; with thy proud flight
O'er Periardes, and deep-musing night
Near fair Eurotas' banks; what solemn green
The neighbour shades wear; and what forms are seen
In their large bowers; with that sad path and seat
Which none but light-heel'd nymphs and fairies beat;
Their solitary life, and how exempt
From common frailty—the severe contempt
They have of man—their privilege to live
A tree or fountain, and in that reprieve
What ages they consume: with the sad vale
Of Diophania; and the mournful tale
Of the bleeding, vocal myrtle: these and more,
Thy richer thoughts, we are upon the score
To thy rare fancy for. Nor dost thou fall
From thy first majesty, or ought at all
Betray consumption. Thy full vigorous bays
Wear the same green, and scorn the lean decays
Of style or matter; just as I have known
Some crystal spring, that from the neighbour down
Deriv'd her birth, in gentle murmurs steal
To the next vale, and proudly there reveal
Her streams in louder accents, adding still
More noise and waters to her channel, till
At last, swoll'n with increase, she glides along
The lawns and meadows, in a wanton throng
Of frothy billows, and in one great name
Swallows the tributary brooks' drown'd fame.
Nor are they mere inventions, for we
In the same piece find scatter'd philosophy,
And hidden, dispers'd truths, that folded lie
In the dark shades of deep allegory,
So neatly wov'd, like arras, they descry
Fables with truth, fancy with history.
So that thou hast, in this thy curious mould,
Cast that commended mixture wish'd of old,
Which shall these contemplations render far
Less mutable, and lasting as their star;
And while there is a people, or a sun,
Endymion's story with the moon shall run.

Timber.

Sure thou didst flourish once, and many springs,
Many bright mornings, much dew, many showers,
Pass'd o'er thy head; many light hearts and wings
Which now are dead, lodg'd in thy living towers.

And still a new succession sings and flies,
Fresh groves grow up, and their green branches shoot
Towards the old and still enduring skies,
While the low violet thrives at their root.

THOMAS STANLEY, the learned editor of *Æschylus*, and author of a *History of Philosophy*, appears early in this period as a poet, having published a volume of his verses in 1651. The only son of Sir Thomas Stanley, knight, of Cumberlow-Green, in Hertfordshire, he was educated at Pembroke college, Oxford; spent part of his youth in travelling; and afterwards lived in the Middle Temple. His poems, whether original or translated, are remarkable for a rich style of thought and expression, though deformed to some extent by the conceits of his age.

When, cruel fair one, I am slain
By thy disdain,
And, as a trophy of thy scorn,
To some old tomb am borne,
Thy fetters must their power bequeath
To those of Death;
Nor can thy flame immortal burn,
Like monumental fires within an urn:
Thus freed from thy proud empire, I shall prove
There is more liberty in Death than Love.

And when forsaken lovers come
To see my tomb,
Take heed thou mix not with the crowd,
And (as a victor) proud,
To view the spoils thy beauty made,
Press near my shade,
Lest thy too cruel breath or name
Should fan my ashes back into a flame,
And thou, devour'd by this revengeful fire,
His sacrifice, who died as thine, expire.

But if cold earth, or marble, must
Conceal my dust,
Whilst hid in some dark ruins, I,
Dumb and forgotten, lie,
The pride of all thy victory
Will sleep with me;
And they who should attest thy glory,
Will, or forget, or not believe this story.
Then to increase thy triumph, let me rest,
Since by thine eye slain, buried in thy breast.

The Exequies.

Draw near,
You lovers that complain
Of Fortune or Disdain,
And to my ashes lend a tear;
Melt the hard marble with your groans,
And soften the relentless stones,
Whose cold embraces the sad subject hide,
Of all love's cruelties and beauty's pride!

No verse,
No epicedium bring,
Nor peaceful requiem sing,
To charm the terrors of my hearse;
No profane numbers must flow near
The sacred silence that dwells here.
Vast griefs are dumb; softly, oh, softly mourn,
Lest you disturb the peace attends my urn.

Yet strew
Upon my dismal grave
Such offerings as you have—
Forsaken cypress and sad yew;
For kinder flowers can take no birth,
Or growth, from such unhappy earth.
Weep only o'er my dust, and say, Here lies
To Love and Fate an equal sacrifice.

The Loss.

Yet ere I go,
Disdainful Beauty, thou shalt be
So wretched as to know
What joys thou fling'st away with me.

A faith so bright,
As Time or Fortune could not rust;
So firm, that lovers might
Have read thy story in my dust,

And crown'd thy name
With laurel verdant as thy youth,
Whilst the shrill voice of Fame
Spread wide thy beauty and my truth.

This thou hast lost,
For all true lovers, when they find
That my just aims were crost,
Will speak thee lighter than the wind.

And none will lay
Any oblation on thy shrine,
But such as would betray
Thy faith to faiths as false as thine.

Yet, if thou choose
On such thy freedom to bestow,
Affection may excuse,
For love from sympathy doth flow.

Note on Anacreon.

[The following piece is a translation by Stanley from a poem by St Amant, in which that writer had employed his utmost genius to expand and enforce one of the over-free sentiments of the bard of Teios.]

Let's not rhyme the hours away;
Friends! we must no longer play:
Brisk Lyœus—see!—invites
To more ravishing delights.
Let's give o'er this fool Apollo,
Nor his fiddle longer follow:
Fie upon his forked hill,
With his fiddle-stick and quill;
And the Muses, though they're gamesome,
They are neither young nor handsome;
And their freaks in sober sadness
Are a mere poetic madness:
Pegasus is but a horse;
He that follows him is worse.

See, the rain soaks to the skin,
Make it rain as well within.
Wine, my boy; we'll sing and laugh,
All night revel, rant, and quaff;
Till the morn stealing behind us,
At the table sleepless find us.
When our bones (alas!) shall have
A cold lodging in the grave;
When swift death shall overtake us,
We shall sleep and none can wake us.
Drink we then the juice o' the vine
Make our breasts Lyœus' shrine;
Bacchus, our debauch beholding,
By thy image I am moulding,
Whilst my brains I do replenish
With this draught of unmix'd Rhenish;
By thy full-branch'd ivy twine;
By this sparkling glass of wine;
By thy Thyrsus so renown'd;
By the healths with which th' art crown'd;
By the feasts which thou dost prize;
By thy numerous victories;
By the howls by Mœnads made;
By this haut-gout carbonade;
By thy colours red and white;
By the tavern, thy delight;
By the sound thy orgies spread;
By the shine of noses red;
By thy table free for all;
By the jovial carnival;
By thy language cabalistic;
By thy cymbal, drum, and his stick;
By the times thy quart-pots strike up;
By thy sighs, the broken hiccup;
By thy mystic set of ranters;
By thy never-tamed panthers;
By this sweet, this fresh and free air;
By thy goat, as chaste as we are;
By thy fulsome Cretan lass;
By the old man on the ass;
By thy cousins in mix'd shapes;
By the flower of fairest grapes;
By thy bisks fann'd far and wide;
By thy store of neats'-tongues dry'd;
By thy incense, Indian smoke;
By the joys thou dost provoke;
By this salt Westphalia gammon;
By these sausages that inflame one;
By thy tall majestic flagcons;
By mass, tope, and thy flap-dragons;
By this olive's unctuous savour;
By this orange, the wines' flavour;
By this cheese o'errun with mites;
By thy dearest favourites;
To thy frolic order call us,
Knights of the deep bowl install us;
And to show thyself divine,
Never let it want for wine.

Note to Moschus.

[Stanley here translates a poem of Marino, in which that writer had in his eye the second idyl of Moschus.]

Along the mead Europa walks,
To choose the fairest of its gems,
Which, plucking from their slender stalks,
She weaves in fragrant diadems.

Where'er the beauteous virgin treads,
The common people of the field,
To kiss her feet bowing their heads,
Homage as to their goddess yield.

'Twixt whom ambitious wars arise,
Which to the queen shall first present
A gift Arabian spice outvies,
The votive offering of their scent.

When deathless Amaranth, this strife,
Greedy by dying to decide,
Begs she would her green thread of life,
As love's fair destiny, divide.

Pliant Acanthus now the vine
And ivy enviously beholds,
Wishing her odorous arms might twine
About this fair in such strict folds.

The Violet, by her foot opprest,
Doth from that touch enamour'd rise,
But, losing straight what made her blest,
Hangs down her head, looks pale, and dies.

Clitia, to new devotion won,
Doth now her former faith deny,
Sees in her face a double sun,
And glories in apostacy.

The Gillyflower, which mocks the skies,
(The meadow's painted rainbow) seeks
A brighter lustre from her eyes,
And richer scarlet from her cheeks.

The jocund flower-de-luce appears,
Because neglected, discontent;
The morning furnish'd her with tears;
Her sighs expiring odours vent.

Narcissus in her eyes, once more,
Seems his own beauty to admire;
In water not so clear before,
As represented now in fire.

The Crocus, who would gladly claim
A privilege above the rest,
Begs with his triple tongue of flame,
To be transplanted to her breast.

The Hyacinth, in whose pale leaves
The hand of Nature writ his fate,
With a glad smile his sigh deceives
In hopes to be more fortunate.

His head the drowsy Poppy rais'd,
Awak'd by this approaching morn,
And view'd her purple light amaz'd,
Though his, alas! was but her scorn.

None of this aromatic crowd,
But for their kind death humbly call,
Courting her hand, like martyrs proud,
By so divine a fate to fall.

The royal maid th' applause disdains
Of vulgar flowers, and only chose
The bashful glory of the plains,
Sweet daughter of the spring, the Rose.

She, like herself, a queen appears,
Rais'd on a verdant thorny throne,
Guarded by amorous winds, and wears
A purple robe, a golden crown.

SIR JOHN DENHAM.

SIR JOHN DENHAM (1615–1668) was the son of the chief baron of exchequer in Ireland, but was educated at Oxford, then the chief resort of all the poetical and high-spirited cavaliers. Denham was wild and dissolute in his youth, and squandered away great part of his patrimony at the gaming-table. He was made governor of Farnham castle by Charles I.; and after the monarch had been delivered into the hands of the army, his secret correspondence was partly carried on by Denham, who was furnished with nine several ciphers for the purpose. Charles had a respect for literature, as well as the arts; and Milton records of him that he made Shakspeare's plays the closet-companion of his solitude. It would appear, however, that the king wished to keep poetry apart from state affairs: for he told Denham, on seeing one of his pieces, 'that when men are young, and have little else to do, they may vent the overflowings of their fancy in that way; but when they are thought fit for more serious employments, if they still persisted in that course, it looked as if they minded not the way to any better.' The poet stood corrected and bridled in his muse. In 1648 Denham conveyed the Duke of York to France, and resided in that country some time. His estate was sold by the Long Parliament; but the Restoration revived his fallen dignity and fortunes. He was made surveyor of the king's buildings, and a knight of the bath. In domestic life the poet does not seem to have been happy. He had freed himself from his early excesses and follies, but an unfortunate marriage darkened his closing years, which were unhappily visited by insanity. He recovered, to receive the congratulations of Butler, his fellow-poet, and to commemorate the death of Cowley, in one of his happiest effusions.

Cooper's Hill, the poem by which Denham is now best known, consists of between three and four hundred lines, written in the heroic couplet. The descriptions are interspersed with sentimental digressions, suggested by the objects around—the river Thames, a ruined abbey, Windsor forest, and the field of Runnymede. The view from Cooper's Hill is rich and luxuriant, but the muse of Denham was more reflective than descriptive. Dr Johnson assigns to this poet the praise of being 'the author of a species of composition that may be denominated local poetry, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landscape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection or incidental meditation.' Ben Jonson's fine poem on Penshurst may dispute the palm of originality on this point with the 'Cooper's Hill,' but Jonson could not have written with such correctness, or with such intense and pointed expression, as Denham. The versification of this poet is generally smooth and flowing, but he had no pretensions to the genius of Cowley, or to the depth and delicacy of feeling possessed by the old dramatists, or the poets of the Elizabethan period. He reasoned fluently in verse, without glaring faults of style, and hence obtained the approbation of Dr Johnson far above his deserts. Denham could not, like his contemporary, Chamberlayne, have described the beauty of a summer morning—

The morning hath not lost her virgin blush,
Nor step, but mine, soil'd the earth's tinsell'd robe.
How full of heaven this solitude appears,
This healthful comfort of the happy swain:
Who from his hard but peaceful bed roused up,
In's morning exercise saluted is
By a full quire of feather'd choristers,
Wedding their notes to the enamour'd air!
Here nature in her unaffected dress
Plaited with valleys, and emboss'd with hills
Enchas'd with silver streams, and fring'd with woods,
Sits lovely in her native russet.*

Chamberlayne is comparatively unknown, and has never been included in any edition of the poets, yet every reader of taste or sensibility must feel that the above picture far transcends the cold sketches of Denham, and is imbued with a poetical spirit to which he was a stranger. 'That Sir John Denham began a reformation in our verse,' says Southey, 'is one of the most groundless assertions that ever obtained belief in literature. More thought and more skill had been exercised before his time in the construction of English metre than he ever bestowed on the

* Chamberlayne's 'Love's Victory.'

subject, and by men of far greater attainments, and far higher powers. To improve, indeed, either upon the versification or the diction of our great writers was impossible; it was impossible to exceed them in the knowledge or in the practice of their art, but it was easy to avoid the more obvious faults of inferior authors: and in this way he succeeded, just so far as not to be included in

The mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease;

nor consigned to oblivion with the "persons of quality" who contributed their vapid effusions to the miscellanies of those days. His proper place is among those of his contemporaries and successors who called themselves wits, and have since been entitled poets by the courtesy of England.' * Denham, nevertheless, deserves a place in English literature, though not that high one which has heretofore been assigned to him. The traveller who crosses the Alps or Pyrenees finds pleasure in the contrast afforded by level plains and calm streams, and so Denham's correctness pleases, after the wild imaginations and irregular harmony of the greater masters of the lyre who preceded him. In reading him, we feel that we are descending into a different scene—the romance is over, and we must be content with smoothness, regularity, and order.

[*The Thames and Windsor Forest.*]

[From 'Cooper's Hill.']

My eye, descending from the hill, surveys
Where Thames among the wanton valleys strays;
Thames, the most lov'd of all the ocean's sons
By his old sire, to his embraces runs,
Hasting to pay his tribute to the sea,
Like mortal life to meet eternity.
Though with those streams he no remembrance hold,
Whose foam is amber and their gravel gold,
His genuine and less guilty wealth to explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore,
O'er which he kindly spreads his spacious wing,
And hatches plenty for th' ensuing spring,
And then destroys it with too fond a stay,
Like mothers which their infants overlay;
Nor with a sudden and impetuous wave,
Like profuse kings, resumes the wealth he gave.
No unexpected inundations spoil
The mower's hopes, nor mock the ploughman's toil,
But Godlike his unwearied bounty flows;
First loves to do, then loves the good he does.
Nor are his blessings to his banks confin'd,
But free and common, as the sea or wind.
When he to boast or to disperse his stores,
Full of the tributes of his grateful shores,
Visits the world, and in his flying towers
Brings home to us, and makes both Indies ours:
Finds wealth where 'tis, bestows it where it wants,
Cities in deserts, woods in cities plants;
So that to us no thing, no place is strange,
While his fair bosom is the world's exchange.
O, could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
My great example, as it is my theme!
Though deep yet clear, though gentle yet not dull,
Strong without rage, without o'erflowing full.

* * *

But his proud head the airy mountain hides
Among the clouds; his shoulders and his sides
A shady mantle clothes; his curled brows
Frown on the gentle stream, which calmly flows
While winds and storms his lofty forehead beat,
The common fate of all that's high or great.
Low at his foot a spacious plain is plac'd,
Between the mountain and the stream embrac'd,
Which shade and shelter from the hill derives,
While the kind river wealth and beauty gives;
And in the mixture of all these appears
Variety, which all the rest endears.
This scene had some bold Greek or British bard
Beheld of old, what stories had we heard
Of fairies, satyrs, and the nymphs their dames,
Their feasts, their revels, and their amorous flames!
'Tis still the same, although their airy shape
All but a quick poetic sight escape.

The four lines printed in Italics have been praised by every critic from Dryden to the present day.

[*The Reformation—Monks and Puritans.*]

Here should my wonder dwell, and here my praise,
But my fix'd thoughts my wandering eye betrays.
Viewing a neighbouring hill, whose top of late
A chapel crown'd, till in the common fate
Th' adjoining abbey fell. May no such storm
Fall on our times, where ruin must reform!
Tell me, my muse, what monstrous dire offence,
What crime could any Christian king incense
To such a rage? Was't luxury or lust?
Was he so temperate, so chaste, so just?
Were these their crimes? They were his own much more;
But wealth is crime enough to him that's poor,
Who having spent the treasures of his crown,
Condemns their luxury to feed his own.
And yet this act, to varnish o'er the shame
Of sacrilege, must bear devotion's name.
No crime so bold, but would be understood
A real, or at least a seeming good.
Who fears not to do ill, yet fears the name,
And, free from conscience, is a slave to fame.
Thus he the church at once protects, and spoils:
But princes' swords are sharper than their styles.
And thus to th' ages past he makes amends,
Their charity destroys, their faith defends.
Then did religion in a lazy cell,
In empty, airy contemplation dwell;
And like the block unmoved lay; but ours,
As much too active, like the stork devours.
Is there no temperate region can be known,
Betwixt their frigid and our torrid zone?
Could we not wake from that lethargic dream,
But to be restless in a worse extreme?
And for that lethargy was there no cure,
But to be cast into a calenture?
Can knowledge have no bound, but must advance
So far, to make us wish for ignorance?
And rather in the dark to grope our way,
Than, led by a false guide, to err by day.

Denham had just and enlightened notions of the duty of a translator. 'It is not his business alone,' he says, 'to translate language into language, but poesy into poesy; and poesy is so subtle a spirit, that, in pouring out of one language into another, it will all evaporate; and if a new spirit be not added in the translation, there will remain nothing but a *caput mortuum*; there being certain graces and happinesses peculiar to every language, which give life and energy to the words.' Hence, in his poetical address to Sir Richard Fanshawe, on his translation of 'Pastor Fido,' our poet says—

That servile path thou nobly dost decline
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains.
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly sticks at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.

* Southey's Cowper, vol. ii. p. 130.

They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame.

The two last lines are very happily conceived and expressed. Denham wrote a tragedy, the *Sophy*, which is but a tame commonplace plot of Turkish jealousy, treachery, and murder. Occasionally, there is a vigorous thought or line, as when the envious king asks Haly—

Have not I performed actions
As great, and with as great a moderation?

The other replies—

Ay, sir, but that's forgotten;
Actions of the last age are like almanacs of the last year.

This sentiment was too truly felt by many of the cavaliers in the days of Charles II. We subjoin part of Denham's elegy on the death of Cowley, in which it will be seen that the poet forgot that Shakspeare was buried on the banks of his native Avon, not in Westminster Abbey, and that both he and Fletcher died long ere time had 'blasted their bays.'

On Mr Abraham Cowley.

His Death and Burial amongst the Ancient Poets.

Poets' Corner, Westminster Abbey.

Old Chaucer, like the morning star,
To us discovers day from far.
His light those mists and clouds dissolv'd
Which our dark nation long involv'd;
But he, descending to the shades,
Darkness again the age invades;
Next (like Aurora) Spenser rose,
Whose purple blush the day foreshows;
The other three with his own fires
Phœbus, the poet's god, inspires:
By Shakspeare's, Jonson's, Fletcher's lines,
Our stage's lustre Rome's outshines.
These poets near our princes sleep,
And in one grave their mansion keep.
They lived to see so many days,
Till time had blasted all their bays;
But cursed be the fatal hour
That pluck'd the fairest sweetest flower
That in the Muses' garden grew,
And amongst wither'd laurels threw.
Time, which made them their fame outlive,
To Cowley scarce did ripeness give.
Old mother wit and nature gave
Shakspeare and Fletcher all they have:
In Spenser and in Jonson, art
Of slower nature got the start;
But both in him so equal are,
None knows which bears the happiest share;
To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
He melted not the ancient gold,
Nor with Ben Jonson did make bold
To plunder all the Roman stores
Of poets and of orators:
Horace his wit and Virgil's state
He did not steal, but emulate;
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their clothes, did wear:
He not from Rome alone, but Greece,
Like Jason brought the golden fleece;
To him that language (though to none
Of th' others) as his own was known.
On a stiff gale, as Flaccus sings,
The Theban swan extends his wings,
When through th' ethereal clouds he flies
To the same pitch our swan doth rise;
Old Pindar's heights by him are reach'd,
When on that gale his wings are stretch'd;
His fancy and his judgment such,
Each to th' other seem'd too much;
His severe judgment giving law,
His modest fancy kept in awe.

Song to Morpheus.

[From the 'Sophy,' Act v.]

Morpheus, the humble god, that dwells
In cottages and smoky cells,
Hates gilded roofs and beds of down;
And, though he fears no prince's frown,
Flies from the circle of a crown.

Come, I say, thou powerful god,
And thy leaden charming rod,
Dipt in the Lethean lake,
O'er his wakeful temples shake,
Lest he should sleep and never wake.

Nature, alas! why art thou so
Obliged to thy greatest foe?
Sleep, that is thy best repast,
Yet of death it bears a taste,
And both are the same thing at last.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE.

WILLIAM CHAMBERLAYNE (1619-1689) describes himself in the title-page to his works as 'of Shaftesbury, in the county of Dorset.' The poet practised as a physician at Shaftesbury; but he appears to have wielded the sword as well as the lancet, for he was present among the royalists at the battle of Newbury. His circumstances must have been far from flourishing, as, like Vaughan, he complains keenly of the poverty of poets, and states that he was debarred from the society of the wits of his day. The works of Chamberlayne consist of two poems—*Love's Victory*, a tragi-comedy published in 1658; and *Pharonnida, a Heroic Poem*, published in 1659. The scene of the first is laid in Sicily, and that of 'Pharonnida' is also partly in Sicily, but chiefly in Greece. With no court connexion, no light or witty copies of verses to float him

through all the windings of romantic love, plots, and adventures, more time is required than 's busy age could afford—we need hardly that Chamberlayne was an unsuccessful poet. His works were almost totally forgotten, till, in our own day, an author no less remarkable for the beauty of his original compositions than for his literary research and sound criticism, Mr Campbell, in his 'Specimens of the Poets,' in 1819, by quoting largely from 'Pharonnida,' and pointing out the 'rich breadth and variety of its scenes,' and the power and pathos of its characters and situations, drew attention to the passion, imagery, purity of sentiment and tenderness of description, which lay, 'like metals in the mine,' in the neglected volume of Chamberlayne. We cannot, however, suppose that the works of this poet can ever be popular; his beauties are marred by infelicity of execution though not deficient in the genius of a poet, he has little of the skill of the artist. The heroic couplet then wandered at will, sometimes into a 'wilderness of sweets,' but at other times into tediousness, mannerism, and absurdity. The sense was not compressed by the form of the verse, or by any correct rules of metrical harmony. Chamberlayne also laboured under the disadvantage of his story being long and intricate, and his style such—from the prolonged tenderness and pathos of his scenes—as could not be appreciated except on a careful and attentive perusal. Denham was patent to all—short, sententious, and perspicuous.

The dissatisfaction of the poet with his obscure and neglected situation, depressed by poverty, breaks out in the following passage descriptive of a rich simpleton:—

How purblind is the world, that such a monster,
In a few dirty acres swaddled, must
Be mounted, in opinion's empty scale,
Above the noblest virtues that adorn
Souls that make worth their centre, and to that
Draw all the lines of action? Worn with age,
The noble soldier sits, whilst, in his cell,
The scholar stews his catholic brains for food.
The traveller return'd, and poor may go
A second pilgrimage to farmers' doors, or end
His journey in a hospital; few being
So generous to relieve, where virtue doth
Necessitate to crave. Harsh poverty,
That moth, which frets the sacred robe of wit,
Thousands of noble spirits blunts, that else
Had spun rich threads of fancy from the brain:
But they are souls too much sublim'd to thrive.

The following description of a dream is finely executed, and seems to have suggested, or at least bears a close resemblance to, the splendid opening lines of Dryden's 'Religio Laici:'—

A strong prophetic dream,
Diverting by enigmas nature's stream,
Long hovering through the portals of her mind
On vain fantastic wings, at length did find
The glimmerings of obstructed reason, by
A brighter beam of pure divinity
Led into supernatural light, whose rays
As much transcended reason's, as the day's
Dull mortal fires, faith apprehends to be
Beneath the glimmerings of divinity.
Her unimprison'd soul, disrob'd of all
Terrestrial thoughts (like its original
In heaven, pure and immaculate), a fit
Companion for those bright angels' wit
Which the gods made their messengers, to bear
This sacred truth, seeming transported where,
Fix'd in the flaming centre of the world,
The heart o' th' microcosm, about which is hurl'd
The spangled curtains of the sky, within
Whose boundless orbs the circling planets spin
Those threads of time upon whose strength rely
The pond'rous burdens of mortality.
An adamantine world she sees, more pure,
More glorious far than this—fram'd to endure
The shock of dooms-day's darts.

Chamberlayne, like Milton, was fond of describing the charms of morning. We have copied one passage in the previous notice of Denham, and numerous brief sketches,

Like atoms of the rainbow fluttering round,

are interspersed throughout his works. For example—

Where every bough
Maintain'd a feather'd chorister to sing
Soft panegyrics, and the rude winds bring
Into a murmuring slumber, whilst the calm
Morn on each leaf did hang her liquid balm,
With an intent, before the next sun's birth,
To drop it in those wounds, which the cleft earth
Receiv'd from last day's beams.

Of virgin purity he says, with singular beauty of expression—

The morning pearls,
Dropt in the lily's spotless bosom, are
Less chastely cool, ere the meridian sun
Hath kiss'd them into heat.

In a grave narrative passage of 'Pharonnida,' he stops to note the beauties of the morning—

The glad birds had sung
A lullaby to-night, the lark was fled,
On dropping wings, up from his dewy bed,
To fan them in the rising sunbeams.

Unhappy Love.

[From 'Pharonnida.']

'Is't a sin to be
Born high, that robs me of my liberty?
Or is't the curse of greatness to behold
Virtue through such false optics as unfold
No splendours 'less from equal orbs they shine?
What heaven made free, ambitious men confine
In regular degrees. Poor Love must dwell
Within no climate but what's parallel
Unto our honour'd births; the envied fate
Of princes oft these burdens find from state,
When lowly swains, knowing no parent's voice
A negative, make a free happy choice.'
And here she sighed; then with some drops, distill'd
From Love's most sovereign elixir, fill'd
The crystal fountains of her eyes, which, ere
Dropp'd down, she thus recalls again: 'But ne'er,
Ne'er, my Argalia, shall these fears destroy
My hopes of thee: Heaven! let me but enjoy
So much of all those blessings, which their birth
Can take from frail mortality; and Earth,
Contracting all her curses, cannot make
A storm of danger loud enough to shake
Me to a trembling penitence; a curse,
To make the horror of my suffering worse,
Sent in a father's name, like vengeance fell
From angry Heav'n, upon my head may dwell
In an eternal stain—my honour'd name
With pale disgrace may languish—busy fame
My reputation spot—affection be
Term'd uncommanded lust—sharp poverty,
That weed that kills the gentle flow'r of love,
As the result of all these ills, may prove
My greatest misery—unless to find
Myself unpitied. Yet not so unkind

Would I esteem this mercenary band,
As those far more malignant powers that stand,
Arm'd with dissuasions, to obstruct the way
Fancy directs; but let those souls obey
Their harsh commands, that stand in fear to shed
Repentant tears: I am resolved to tread
Those doubtful paths, through all the shades of fear
That now benights them. Love, with pity hear
Thy suppliant's prayer, and when my clouded eyes
Shall cease to weep, in smiles I'll sacrifice
To thee such offerings, that the utmost date
Of death's rough hands shall never violate.'

EDMUND WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER (1605–1687) was a courtly and amatory poet, inferior to Herrick or Suckling in natural feeling and poetic fancy, but superior to them in correctness and in general powers of versification. The poems of Waller have all the smooth-

Edmund Waller.

ness and polish of modern verse, and hence a high, perhaps too high, rank has been claimed for him as one of the first refiners and improvers of poetical diction. One cause of Waller's refinement was doubtless his early and familiar intercourse with the court and nobility, and the light conversational nature of most of his productions. He wrote for the world of fashion and of taste—consigning

The noon of manhood to a myrtle shade.

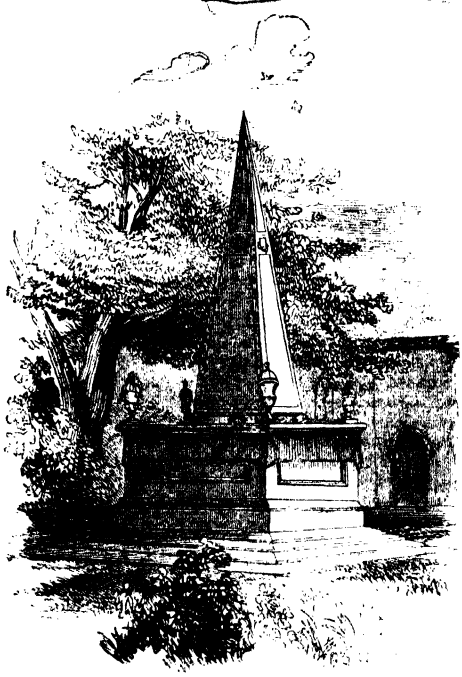
And he wrote in the same strain till he was upwards of fourscore! His life has more romance than his poetry. Waller was born at Coleshill, in Hertfordshire, and in his infancy was left heir to an estate of £3000 per annum. His mother was a sister of the celebrated John Hampden, but was a royalist in feeling, and used to lecture Cromwell for his share in the death of Charles I. Her son, the poet, was either a roundhead or a royalist, as the time served. He entered parliament and wrote his first poem when he was eighteen. At twenty-five, he married a rich heiress of London, who died the same year, and the poet immediately became a suitor of Lady Dorothea Sidney, eldest daughter of the Earl of Leicester. To this proud and peerless fair one Waller dedicated the better portion of his poetry, and the groves of Penshurst echoed to the praises of his Sacharissa. Lady Dorothea, however, was inexorable, and bestowed her hand on the Earl of Sunderland. It is said that, meeting her long afterwards, when she was far advanced in years, the lady asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. 'When you are as young, as handsome, as you were then,' replied the poet. The incident affords a key to the character. He was easy, witty, and accomplished, but cold and selfish; destitute alike of high principle and deep feeling. As a member of parliament, Waller distinguished himself on the popular side, and was chosen to conduct the prosecution against Judge Crawley for his opinion in favour of levying ship-money. His speech, on delivering the impeachment, was printed, and 20,000 copies of it sold in one day. Shortly afterwards, however, Waller joined in a plot to surprise the city militia, and let in the king's forces, for which he was tried and sentenced to one year's imprisonment, and to pay a fine of £10,000. His conduct on this occasion was mean and abject. At the expiration of his imprisonment, the poet went abroad, and resided, amidst much splendour and hospitality, in France. He returned during the protectorate, and when Cromwell died, Waller celebrated the event in one of his most vigorous and impressive poems. The image of the commonwealth, though reared by no common hands, soon fell to pieces under Richard Cromwell, and Waller was ready with a congratulatory address to Charles II. The royal offering was considered inferior to the panegyric on Cromwell, and the king himself (who admitted the poet to terms of courtly intimacy) is said to have told him of the disparity. 'Poets, sire,' replied the witty, self-possessed Waller, 'succeed better in fiction than in truth.' In the first parliament summoned by Charles, Waller sat for the town of Hastings, and he served for different places in all the parliaments of that reign. Bishop Burnet says he was the delight of the house of commons. At the accession of James II. in 1685, the venerable poet, then eighty years of age, was elected representative for a borough in Cornwall. The mad career of James in seeking to subvert the national church and constitution was foreseen by this wary and sagacious observer: 'he will be left,' said he, 'like a whale upon the strand.' Feeling his long-protracted life drawing to a close, Waller purchased a small property at Coleshill, saying, 'he would be glad to die like the stag, where he was roused.' The wish was not fulfilled; he died at Beaconsfield on the 21st of October 1687, and in the churchyard of that place (where also rest the ashes of Edmund Burke) a monument has been erected to his memory.

The first collection of Waller's poems was made by himself, and published in the year 1664. It went through numerous editions in his lifetime; and in 1690 a second collection was made of such pieces as he had produced in his latter years. In a poetical dedication to Lady Harley, prefixed to this edition, and written by Elijah Fenton, Waller is styled the

Maker and model of melodious verse.

This eulogium seems to embody the opinion of Waller's contemporaries, and it was afterwards confirmed by Dryden and Pope, who had not sufficiently studied the excellent models of versification furnished by the old poets, and their rich poetical diction. The smoothness of his versification, his good sense, and uniform elegance, rendered him popular with critics as with the multitude; while his prominence as a public man, for so many years, would increase curiosity as to his works. Waller is now seldom read. The playfulness of his fancy, and the absence of any striking defects, are but poor substitutes for

genuine feeling and the language of nature. His poems are chiefly short and incidental, but he wrote a poem on Divine Love, in six cantos. Cowley had written his 'Davideis,' and recommended sacred subjects as adapted for poetry; but neither he nor Waller succeeded in this new and higher walk of



Waller's Tomb.

the muse. Such an employment of their talents was graceful and becoming in advanced life, but their fame must ever rest on their light, airy, and occasional poems, dictated by that gallantry, adulation, and play of fancy, which characterised the cavalier poets.

On Love.

Anger, in hasty words or blows,
Itself discharges on our foes;
And sorrow, too, finds some relief
In tears, which wait upon our grief:
So ev'ry passion, but fond love,
Unto its own redress does move;
But that alone the wretch inclines
To what prevents his own designs;
Makes him lament, and sigh, and weep,
Disorder'd, tremble, fawn, and creep;
Postures which render him despis'd,
Where he endeavours to be prie'd.
For women (born to be controll'd)
Stoop to the forward and the bold;
Affect the haughty and the proud,
The gay, the frolic, and the loud.
Who first the gen'rous steed oppress,
Not kneeling did salute the beast;
But with high courage, life, and force,
Approaching, tam'd th' unruly horse.
Unwisely we the wiser East
Pity, supposing them oppress
With tyrants' force, whose law is will,
By which they govern, spoil, and kill;
Each nymph, but moderately fair,
Commands with no less rigour here.
Should some brave Turk, that walks among
His twenty lasses, bright and young,
Behold as many gallants here,
With modest guise and silent fear,
All to one female idol bend,
While her high pride does scarce descend
To mark their follies, he would swear
That these her guard of eunuchs were,
And that a more majestic queen,
Or humbler slaves, he had not seen.
All this with indignation spoke,
In vain I struggled with the yoke
Of mighty Love: that conqu'ring look,
When next beheld, like lightning strook
My blasted soul, and made me bow
Lower than those I pitied now.
So the tall stag, upon the brink
Of some smooth stream about to drink,
Surveying there his armed head,
With shame remembers that he fled
The scorned dogs, resolves to try
The combat next; but if their cry
Invades again his trembling ear,
He straight resumes his wonted care;
Leaves the untasted spring behind,
And, wing'd with fear, outflies the wind.

On a Girdle.

That which her slender waist confin'd
Shall now my joyful temples bind:
It was my heav'n's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move!
A narrow compass! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

On the Marriage of the Dwarfs.

Design or chance makes others wive,
But Nature did this match contrive:
Eve might as well have Adam fled,
As she denied her little Bed
To him, for whom Heav'n seem'd to frame
And measure out this only dame.
Thrice happy is that humble pair,
Beneath the level of all care!
Over whose heads those arrows fly
Of sad distrust and jealousy;
Secured in as high extreme,
As if the world held none but them.
To him the fairest nymphs do show
Like moving mountains topp'd with snow;
And ev'ry man a Polypheme
Does to his Galatea seem.
Ah! Chloris, that kind Nature thus
From all the world had sever'd us;
Creating for ourselves us two,
As Love has me for only you!

A Panegyric to the Lord Protector.

While with a strong and yet a gentle hand,
You bridle faction, and our hearts command,
Protect us from ourselves, and from the foe,
Make us unite, and make us conquer too;

Let partial spirits still aloud complain,
Think themselves injur'd that they cannot reign,
And own no liberty, but where they may
Without control upon their fellows prey.

Above the waves, as Neptune show'd his face,
To chide the winds, and save the Trojan race,
So has your Highness, raised above the rest,
Storms of ambition tossing us repress'd.

Your drooping country, torn with civil hate,
Restor'd by you, is made a glorious state;
The seat of empire, where the Irish come,
And the unwilling Scots, to fetch their doom.

The sea's our own; and now all nations greet,
With bending sails, each vessel of our fleet;
Your power extends as far as winds can blow,
Or swelling sails upon the globe may go.

Heav'n, that hath plac'd this island to give law,
To balance Europe, and its states to awe,
In this conjunction doth on Britain smile,
The greatest leader, and the greatest isle!

Whether this portion of the world were rent
By the rude ocean from the continent,
Or thus created, it was sure design'd
To be the sacred refuge of mankind.

Hither the oppressed shall henceforth resort,
Justice to crave, and succour at your court;
And then your Highness, not for our's alone,
But for the world's Protector shall be known.

* * *

Still as you rise, the state exalted too,
Finds no distemper while 'tis chang'd by you;
Chang'd like the world's great scene! when, without noise,
The rising sun night's vulgar lights destroys.

Had you, some ages past, this race of glory
Run, with amazement we should read your story;
But living virtue, all achievements past,
Meets envy still to grapple with at last.

This Cæsar found; and that ungrateful age,
With losing him, went back to blood and rage:
Mistaken Brutus thought to break their yoke,
But cut the bond of union with that stroke.

That sun once set, a thousand meaner stars
Gave a dim light to violence and wars;
To such a tempest as now threatens all,
Did not your mighty arm prevent the fall.

If Rome's great senate could not wield that sword,
Which of the conquer'd world had made them lord,
What hope had ours, while yet their power was new,
To rule victorious armies, but by you?

You, that had taught them to subdue their foes,
Could order teach, and their high sp'rits compose;
To every duty could their minds engage,
Provoke their courage, and command their rage.

So when a lion shakes his dreadful mane,
And angry grows, if he that first took pain
To tame his youth approach the haughty beast,
He bends to him, but frights away the rest.

As the vex'd world, to find repose, at last
Itself into Augustus' arms did cast;
So England now does, with like toil opprest,
Her weary head upon your bosom rest.

Then let the Muses, with such notes as these,
Instruct us what belongs unto our peace.
Your battles they hereafter shall indite,
And draw the image of our Mars in fight.

[*English Genius.*]

[From a prologue to Beaumont and Fletcher's 'Maid's Tragedy.']

Scarce should we have the boldness to pretend
So long-renown'd a tragedy to mend,
Had not already some deserv'd your praise
With like attempt. Of all our elder plays,
This and Philaster have the loudest fame:
Great are their faults, and glorious is their flame.
In both our English genius is express'd;
Lofty and bold, but negligently dress'd.

Above our neighbours our conceptions are;
But faultless writing is the effect of care.
Our lines reform'd, and not compos'd in haste,
Polish'd like marble, would like marble last.
But as the present, so the last age writ:
In both we find like negligence and wit.
Were we but less indulgent to our faults,
And patience had to cultivate our thoughts,
Our Muse would flourish, and a nobler rage
Would honour this than did the Grecian stage.

[*The British Navy.*]

When Britain, looking with a just disdain
Upon this gilded majesty of Spain,
And knowing well that empire must decline
Whose chief support and sinews are of coin,
Our nation's solid virtue did oppose
To the rich troublers of the world's repose.
And now some months, encamping on the main,
Our naval army had besieged Spain:
They that the whole world's monarchy design'd,
Are to their ports by our bold fleet confin'd,
From whence our lifed Cross they triumphant see,
Riding without a rival on the sea.
Others may use the ocean as their road,
Only the English make it their abode,
Whose ready sails with every wind can fly,
And make a covenant with the inconstant sky:
Our oaks secure, as if they there took root,
We tread on billows with a steady foot.

At Penshurst.

While in this park I sing, the list'ning deer
Attend my passion, and forget to fear;
When to the beeches I report my flame,
They bow their heads, as if they felt the same.
To gods appealing, when I reach their bowers
With loud complaints, they answer me in showers.
To thee a wild and cruel soul is given,
More deaf than trees, and prouder than the heav'n!
Love's foe profess'd! why dost thou falsely feign
Thyself a Sidney? from which noble strain
He sprung,[1] that could so far exalt the name
Of Love, and warm our nation with his flame;
That all we can of love or high desire,
Seems but the smoke of amorous Sidney's fire.
Nor call her mother who so well does prove
One breast may hold both chastity and love.
Never can she, that so exceeds the spring
In joy and bounty, be suppos'd to bring
One so destructive. To no human stock
We owe this fierce unkindness, but the rock;
That cloven rock produc'd thee, by whose side
Nature, to recompense the fatal pride
Of such stern beauty, plac'd those healing springs[2]
Which not more help than that destruction brings.
Thy heart no ruder than the rugged stone,
I might, like Orpheus, with my num'rous moan
Melt to compassion; now my trait'rous song
With thee conspires to do the singer wrong:
While thus I suffer not myself to lose
The memory of what augments my woes;
But with my own breath still foment the fire,
Which flames as high as fancy can aspire!
This last complaint the indulgent ears did pierce
Of just Apollo, president of verse;
Highly concerned that the Muse should bring
Damage to one whom he had taught to sing:
Thus he advis'd me: 'On yon aged tree
Hang up thy lute, and hie thee to the sea,
That there with wonders thy diverted mind
Some truce, at least, may with this passion find.'
Ah, cruel nymph! from whom her humble swain

[1] Sir Philip Sidney. [2] Tunbridge Wells.

Flies for relief unto the raging main,
And from the winds and tempests does expect
A milder fate than from her cold neglect!
Yet there he'll pray that the unkind may prove
Blest in her choice; and vows this endless love
Springs from no hope of what she can confer,
But from those gifts which Heav'n has heap'd on her.

The Bud.

Lately on yonder swelling bush,
Big with many a coming rose,
This early bud began to blush,
And did but half itself disclose;
I plucked it though no better grown,
And now you see how full 'tis blown.

Still, as I did the leaves inspire,
With such a purple light they shone,
As if they had been made of fire,
And spreading so would flame anon.
All that was meant by air or sun,
To the young flow'r my breath has done.

If our loose breath so much can do,
What may the same in forms of love,
Of purest love and music too,
When Flavia it aspires to move?
When that which lifeless buds persuades
To wax more soft, her youth invades!

Say, Lovely Dream—a Song.

Say, lovely dream! where couldst thou find
Shades to counterfeit that face?
Colours of this glorious kind
Come not from any mortal place.

In heav'n itself thou sure wert dress'd
With that angel-like disguise;
Thus deluded, am I blest,
And see my joy with closed eyes.

But, ah! this image is too kind
To be other than a dream;
Cruel Sacharissa's mind
Ne'er put on that sweet extreme.

Fair dream! if thou intend'st me grace,
Change that heavenly face of thine;
Paint despis'd love in thy face,
And make it t'appear like mine.

Pale, wan, and meagre, let it look,
With a pity-moving shape,
Such as wander by the brook
Of Lethe, or from graves escape.

Then to that matchless nymph appear,
In whose shape thou shinest so;
Softly in her sleeping ear
With humble words express my wo.

Perhaps from greatness, state, and pride,
Thus surprised, she may fall;
Sleep does disproportion hide,
And, death resembling, equals all.

Go, Lovely Rose—a Song.

Go, lovely rose!
Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That, had'st thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.

Then die! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair!

Old Age and Death.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.
Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
Conceal that emptiness which age descries.

The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
As they draw near to their eternal home.
Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
That stand upon the threshold of the new.

JOHN MILTON.

Above all the poets of this age, and, in the whole range of English poetry, inferior only to Shakspeare, was JOHN MILTON, born in London, December 9,

John Milton.

1608. His father was of an ancient Catholic family, but having embraced the Protestant faith, he was disinherited, and had recourse, as a means of support, to the profession of a scrivener—one who draws legal contracts, and places money at interest. The firmness and the sufferings of the father for conscience' sake, tinctured the early feelings and sentiments of the son, who was a stern unbending champion of religious freedom. The paternal example may also have had some effect on the poet's taste and accomplishments. The elder Milton was distinguished as a musical composer, and the son was well skilled in the same soothing and delightful art. The variety and harmony of his versification may no doubt be partly traced to the same source. Coleridge styles Milton a musical, not a picturesque, poet. The saying, however, is more pointed than correct. In the most musical passages of Milton (as the lyrics in 'Comus'), the pictures presented to the mind are as distinct and vivid as the paintings of Titian or

Raphael. Milton was educated with great care. At fifteen, he was sent (even then an accomplished scholar) to St Paul's school, London, and two years afterwards to Christ's college, Cambridge. He was a severe student, of a nice and haughty temper, and jealous of constraint or control. He complained that the fields around Cambridge had no soft shades to attract the muse, as Robert Hall, a century and a half afterwards, attributed his first attack of insanity to the flatness of the scenery, and the want of woods in that part of England! Milton was designed for the church, but he preferred a 'blameless silence' to what he considered 'servitude and forswearing.' At this time, in his twenty-first year, he had written his grand *Hymn on the Nativity*, any one verse of which was sufficient to show that a new and great light was about to rise on English poetry. In 1632 he retired from the university, having taken his degree of M.A., and went to the house of his father, who had relinquished business, and purchased a small property at Horton, in Buckinghamshire. Here he lived five years, studying classical literature, and here he wrote his *Arcades*, *Comus*, and *Lycidas*. The 'Arcades' formed part of a masque, presented to the Countess Dowager of Derby, at Harefield, near Horton, by some noble persons of her family. 'Comus,' also a masque, was presented at Ludlow castle in 1634, before the Earl

Ludlow Castle.

of Bridgewater, then president of Wales. This drama was founded on an actual occurrence. The Earl of Bridgewater then resided at Ludlow castle; his sons, Lord Brackley and Mr Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton, his daughter, passing through Haywood forest in Herefordshire, on their way to Ludlow, were benighted, and the lady was for a short time lost. This accident being related to their father upon their arrival at his castle, Milton, at the request of his friend Henry Lawes, the musician (who taught music in the family), wrote the masque. Lawes set it to music, and it was acted on Michaelmas night, 1634, the two brothers, the young lady, and Lawes himself, bearing each a part in the representation. 'Comus' is better entitled to the appellation of a *moral* masque than any by Jonson, Ford, or Massinger. It is a pure dream of Elysium. The reader is transported, as in Shakspeare's 'Tempest,' to scenes of fairy enchantment, but no grossness mingles with the poet's creations, and his muse is ever ready to 'moralise the song' with strains of solemn imagery and lofty sentiment. 'Comus' was first published in 1637, not by its author, but by Henry Lawes, who, in a dedication to Lord Bridgewater, says, 'although not openly acknowledged by the author, yet it is a legitimate offspring, so lovely, and so much desired, that the often copying of it hath tired my pen to give my several friends satisfaction.' 'Lycidas' was also published in the same year. This exquisite poem is a monody on a college companion of Milton's, Edward King, who perished by shipwreck on his passage from Chester to Ireland. Milton's descriptive poems, *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso*, are generally referred to the same happy period of his life; but from the cast of the imagery, we suspect they were sketched in at college, when he walked the 'studious cloisters pale,' amidst 'storied windows,' and 'pealing anthems.' And, indeed, there is a tradition that the scenery depicted in 'L'Allegro' is that around a country college retirement of the poet, at Forest Hill, about three miles from Oxford. In 1638 the poet left the paternal roof, and travelled for fifteen months in France and Italy, returning homewards by the 'Leman lake' to Geneva and Paris. His society was courted by the 'choicest Italian wits,' and he visited Galileo, then a prisoner of the Inquisition. The statuesque grace and beauty of some of Milton's poetical creations (the figures of Adam and Eve, the angel Raphael, and parts of *Paradise Regained*) were probably suggested by his study of the works of art in Florence and Rome. The poet had been with difficulty restrained from testifying against popery within the verge of the Vatican; and on his return to his native country, he engaged in controversy against the prelates and the royalists, and vindicated, with characteristic ardour, the utmost freedom of thought and expression. His prose works are noticed in another part of this volume. In 1643 Milton went to the country, and married Mary, the daughter of Richard Powell, a high cavalier of Oxfordshire, to whom the poet was probably known, as Mr Powell had, many years before, borrowed £500 from his father. He brought his wife to London, but in the short period of a month, the studious habits and philosophical seclusion of the republican poet proved so distasteful to the cavalier's fair daughter, that she left his house on a visit to her parents, and refused to return. Milton resolved to repudiate her, and published some treatises on divorce, in which he argues that the law of Moses, which allowed of divorcement for uncleanness, was not adultery only, but uncleanness of the mind as well as the body. This dangerous doctrine he maintained through life; but the year after her desertion (when the poet was practically enforcing his opinions by soliciting the hand of another lady), his erring and repentant wife fell on her knees before him, 'submissive in distress,' and Milton, like his own Adam, was 'fondly overcome with female charm.' He also behaved with great generosity to her parents when the further progress of the civil war involved them in ruin. In 1649 Milton was, unsolicited, appointed foreign or Latin secretary to the council of state. His salary was about £300 per annum, which was afterwards reduced one half,

when the duties were shared, first with Philip Meadowes, and afterwards with the excellent Andrew Marvell. He served Cromwell when Cromwell had thrown off the mask and assumed all but the name of king, and it is to be regretted that, like his friend Bradshaw, the poet had not disclaimed this new and usurped tyranny, though dignified by a master mind. He was probably hurried along by the stormy tide of events, till he could not well recede.

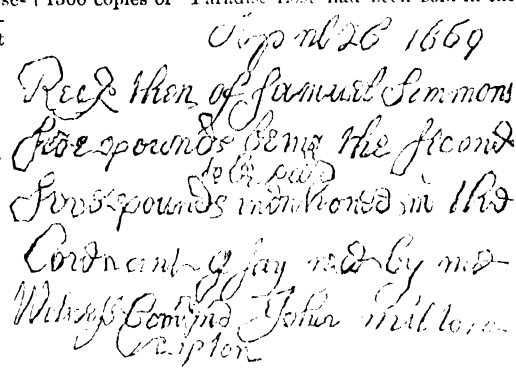
For ten years Milton's eyesight had been failing, owing to the 'wearisome studies and midnight watchings' of his youth. The last remains of it were sacrificed in the composition of his *Defensio Populi* (he was willing and proud to make the sacrifice), and by the close of the year 1652, he was totally blind, 'Dark, dark, irrecoverably dark.' His wife died about the same time; but he soon married again. His second partner died within a year, and he consecrated to her memory one of his simple, but solemn and touching sonnets:—

Methought I saw my late espoused saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the grave,
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint.
Mine, as whom wash'd from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save,
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind;
Her face was veil'd, yet to my fancied sight,
Love, goodness, sweetness, in her person shin'd
So clear, as in no face with more delight.
But, oh! as to embrace me she inclin'd,
I wak'd, she fled, and day brought back my night.

The Restoration deprived Milton of his public employment, and exposed him to danger, but by the interest of Davenant and Marvell (as has been said), his name was included in the general amnesty. The great poet was now at liberty to pursue his private studies, and to realise the devout aspirations of his

Milton's Cottage at Chalfont.

youth for an immortality of literary fame. His spirit was unsubdued. *Paradise Lost* was begun in 1658, when the division of the secretaryship gave him greater leisure; it was completed in 1665, at a cottage at Chalfont, in Bucks, to which the poet had withdrawn from the plague, then raging in the metropolis; but it was not published till two years afterwards, when the copyright was purchased by Samuel Simmons, a bookseller, on the following terms:—An immediate payment of £5, and £5 more when 1300 copies should be sold; the like sum after the same number of the second edition (each edition to consist of 1500 copies), and other £5 after the sale of the third. The third edition was not published till 1678 (when the poet was no more), and his widow (Milton married a third time, about 1660) sold all her claims to Simmons for £8. It appears that in the comparatively short period of two years, the poet became entitled to his second payment, so that 1300 copies of 'Paradise Lost' had been sold in the two first years of its publication—a proof that the nation was not, as has been vulgarly supposed, insensible to the merits of the divine poem then gliding on its course of immortality. In eleven years from the date of its publication, 3000 copies had been sold; and a modern critic has expressed a doubt whether 'Paradise Lost,' published eleven years since, would have met with a greater demand! The fall of man was a theme suited to the serious part of the community in that age, independently of the claims of a work of genius. The Puritans had not yet wholly died out—their beatific visions were not quenched by the gross sensualism of the times. Compared with Dryden's plays, how pure, how lofty and sanctified, must have appeared the epic strains of Milton! The blank-verse of 'Paradise Lost' was, however, a stumblingblock to the reading public. So long a poem in this measure had not before been attempted, and ere the second edition was published, Samuel Simmons procured from Milton a short and spirited explanation of his reasons for departing from the 'troublesome bondage of rhyming.' In 1671 the poet produced his *Paradise Regained* and *Samson Agonistes*. The severe simplicity and the restricted plan of these poems have rendered them less popular than 'Comus' or 'Paradise Lost;' but they exhibit the intensity and force of Milton's genius: they were 'the ebb of a mighty tide.' The survey of Greece and Rome in 'Paradise Regained,' and the poet's description of the banquet in the grove, are as rich and exuberant as anything in 'Paradise Lost;' while his brief sketch of the thunder-storm in the wilderness, in the same poem, is perhaps the most strikingly dramatic and effective passage of the kind in all his works. The active and studious life of the poet was now near a close. It is pleasing to reflect that Poverty, in her worst shape, never entered his dwelling, irradiated by



Fac-simile of Milton's Second Receipt to Simmons.

visions of paradise; and that, though long a sufferer from hereditary disease, his mind was calm and bright to the last. He died without a struggle on Sunday the 8th of November, 1674. By his first rash and ill-assorted marriage, Milton left three daughters, whom, it is said, he taught to read and pronounce several languages, though they only understood their native tongue. He complained that the children were 'undutiful and unkind' to him; and they were all living apart from their illustrious parent for some years before his death. His widow inherited a fortune of about £1500, of which she gave £100 to each of his daughters.

Milton's early poems have much of the manner of Spenser, particularly his 'Lycidas.' In 'Comus' there are various traces of Fletcher, Shakspeare, and other poets.* Single words, epithets, and images, he freely borrowed, but they were so combined and improved by his own splendid and absorbing imagination, as not to detract from his originality. His imperial fancy (as was said of Burke) laid all art and nature under tribute, yet never lost 'its own original brightness.' Milton's diction is peculiarly rich and pictorial in effect. In force and dignity he towers over all his contemporaries. He 'is of no class of poets: 'his soul was like a star, and dwelt apart.' The style of Milton's verse was moulded on classic models, chiefly the Greek tragedians; but his musical taste, his love of Italian literature, and the lofty and solemn cast of his own mind, gave strength and harmony to the whole. His minor poems alone would have rendered his name immortal, but there still wanted his great epic to complete the measure of his fame and the glory of his country.

'Paradise Lost,' or the fall of man, had long been familiar to Milton as a subject for poetry. He at first intended it as a drama, and two draughts of his scheme are preserved among his manuscripts in Trinity college library, Cambridge. His genius, however, was better adapted for an epic than a dramatic poem. His 'Samson,' though cast in a dramatic form, has little of dramatic interest or variety of character. His multifarious learning and uniform dignity of manner would have been too weighty for dialogue; whereas in the epic form, his erudition was well employed in episode and illustration. He was perhaps too profuse of learned illustration, yet there is something very striking and imposing even in his long catalogues of names and cities. They are generally sonorous and musical. 'The subject of Paradise Lost,' says Mr Campbell, 'was the origin of evil—an era in existence—an event more than all others dividing past from future time—an isthmus in the ocean of eternity.' The theme was in its nature connected with everything important in the circumstances of human history; and amidst these circumstances Milton saw that the fables of Paganism were too important and poetical to be omitted. As a Christian, he was entitled wholly to neglect them; but as a poet, he chose to treat them, not as dreams of the human mind, but as the delusions of infernal existences. Thus anticipating a beautiful propriety for all classical allusions, thus connecting and reconciling the co-existence of fable and truth, and thus identifying his fallen angels with the deities of "gay religions full of pomp and gold," he yoked the heathen mythology in triumph to his subject, and clothed himself in the spoils of superstition. The two first books of 'Paradise Lost' are remarkable for their grandeur and sublimity. The delineation of Satan and the fallen angels 'hurled headlong flaming from the ethereal sky,' and their assembled deliberations in the infernal council, are astonishing efforts of human genius—'their appearance dwarfs every other poetical conception.' At a time when the common superstition of the country presented the Spirit of Evil in the most low and debasing shapes, Milton invested him with colossal strength and majesty, with unconquerable pride and daring, with passion and remorse, sorrow and tears—'the archangel ruined, and the excess of glory obscured.' Pope has censured the dialogues in heaven as too metaphysical, and every reader feels that they are prolix, and, in some instances, unnecessary and unbecoming. The taste of Milton for argumentative speech and theology had overpowered his poetical imagination. It has also been objected, that there is a want of human interest in the poem. This objection, however, is *not* felt. The poet has drawn the characters of Adam and Eve with such surpassing art and beauty, and has invested their residence in Paradise with such an accumulation of charms, that our sympathy with them is strong and unbroken; it accompanies them in their life of innocence, their daily employment among fruits and flowers, their purity, affection, and piety, and it continues after the ruins of the fall. More perfect and entire sympathy could not be excited by any living agents. In these tender and descriptive scenes, the force and occasional stiffness of Milton's style, and the march of his stately sonorous verse, are tempered and modulated with exquisite skill. The allegorical figures of Sin and Death have been found fault with: 'they will not bear exact criticism,' says Hallam, 'yet we do not wish them away.' They appear to us to be among the grandest of Milton's conceptions—terrific, repulsive, yet sublime, and sternly *moral* in their effects. Who but must entertain disgust and hatred at sin thus portrayed? The battle of the angels in the sixth book is perhaps open to censure. The material machinery is out of place in heaven, and seems to violate even poetical probability. The reader is sensible how the combat must end, and wishes that the whole had been more veiled and obscure. 'The martial demons,' remarks Campbell, 'who charmed us in the shades of hell, lose some portion of their sublimity when their artillery is discharged in the daylight of heaven.' The discourses of the angel Raphael, and the vision of Michael in the two last books—leading the reader gently and slowly, as it were, from the empyrean heights down to earth—have a tranquil dignity of tone and pathos that are deeply touching and impressive. The Christian poet triumphs and predominates at the close.

[*Hymn on the Nativity.*]

It was the winter wild,
While the heaven-born child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies;
Nature, in awe to him,
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathise:
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air,
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

* Dryden, in his preface to the 'Fables,' says, 'Milton has acknowledged to me that Spenser was his original.' Browne, Fletcher, Burton, and Drummond, also assisted: Milton, as has been happily remarked, was a great collector of sweets from these wild flowers.

But he, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-ey'd Peace;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing;
And, waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war or battle's sound,
Was heard the world around:
The idle spear and shield were high up hung;
The hooked chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood;
The trumpet spake not to the armed throng;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sov'reign lord was by.

But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began:
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kiss'd,
Whispering new joys to the mild Ocean,
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence;
And will not take their flight,
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow,
Until their Lord himself bespake, and bid them go.

And, though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need;
He saw a greater sun appear
Than his bright throne, or burning axletree, could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn,
Or ere the point of dawn,
Sat simply chatting in a rustic row;
Full little thought they then
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep,
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet,
As never was by mortal finger strook,
Divinely-warbled voice
Answering the stringed noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took:
The air, such pleasure loath to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature, that heard such sound,
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat, the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won,
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all Heaven and Earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefac'd night array'd;
The helmed cherubim,
And sworded seraphim,
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire,
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born heir.

Such music, as 'tis said,
Before was never made,
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set,
And the well-balanc'd world on hinges hung,
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres,
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time;
And let the base of Heaven's deep organ blow;
And, with your ninefold harmony,
Make up full concert to the angelic symphony.

For, if such holy song
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold;
And speckled Vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous Sin will melt from earthly mould;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between,
Thron'd in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says no,
This must not yet be so,
The babe yet lies in smiling infancy,
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss,
So both himself and us to glorify:
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep,
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang,
While the red fire and smould'ring clouds out brake;
The aged earth aghast,
With terror of that blast,
Shall from the surface to the centre shake;
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread his throne.

And then at last our bliss,
Full and perfect is,
But now begins; for, from this happy day,
The old dragon, under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurped sway;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the arched roof in words deceiving.
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving.
No nightly trance, or breathed spell,
Inspires the pale-ey'd priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er,
And the resounding shore,
A voice of weeping heard and loud lament;
From haunted spring and dale,
Edg'd with poplar pale,
The parting Genius is with sighing sent;

With flower-inwoven tresses torn,
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth,
And on the holy hearth,
The Lars and Lemurs mourn with midnight plaint
In urns and altars round,
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint;
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar power foregoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baälim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine;
And mooned Ashtaroth,
Heaven's queen and mother both,
Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine;
The Libyac Hammon shrinks his horn;
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue:
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud:
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoled sorcerers bear his worshipp'd ark.

He feels from Judah's land
The dreaded infant's hand,
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine:
Our babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in his swaddling bands control the damned crew.

So, when the sun in bed,
Curtain'd with cloudy red,
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale,
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-lov'd maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending:
Heaven's youngest-teemed star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with handmaid lamp attending;
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

On May Morning.

Now the bright morning star, day's harbinger,
Comes dancing from the east, and leads with her
The flowery May, who from her green lap throws
The yellow cowslip and the pale primrose.
Hail bounteous May! that dost inspire
Mirth, and youth, and warm desire;
Woods and groves are of thy dressing,
Hill and dale doth boast thy blessing.
Thus we salute thee with our early song,
And welcome thee, and wish thee long.

Sonnet on his own Blindness.

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide,
Lodg'd with me useless, though my soul more bent
To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest he, returning, chide;
'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied?'
I fondly ask; but Patience, to prevent
That murmur, soon replies, 'God doth not need
Either man's work, or his own gifts; who best
Bears his mild yoke, they serve him best; his state
Is kingly; thousands at his bidding speed,
And post o'er land and ocean without rest;
They also serve who only stand and wait!'

[*In Anticipation of the Attack of the Royalists upon the City.*]

Captain, or colonel, or knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.
He can requite thee; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.
Lift not thy spear against the Muse's bower:
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower
Went to the ground: And the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

[*On the Massacre of the Protestants in Piedmont.*]

Avenge, O Lord, thy slaughter'd saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipp'd stocks and stones,
Forget not: in thy book record their groans
Who were thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans
The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway
The triple tyrant; that from these may grow
A hundred fold, who, having learn'd thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

[*Scene from Comus.*]

The Lady enters.

This way the noise was, if mine ear be true,
My best guide now: methought it was the sound
Of riot and ill-manag'd merriment,
Such as the jocund flute or gamesome pipe
Stirs up among the loose unletter'd hinds,
When for their teeming flocks, and granges full,
In wanton dance they praise the bounteous Pan,
And thank the gods amiss. I should be loath
To meet the rudeness and swill'd insolence
Of such late wassailers; yet O! where else
Shall I inform my unacquainted feet
In the blind mazes of this tangled wood?
My brothers, when they saw me wearied out
With this long way, resolving here to lodge
Under the spreading favour of these pines,
Stept, as they said, to the next thicket side,
To bring me berries, or such cooling fruit
As the kind hospitable woods provide.
They left me then, when the gray-hooded Even,
Like a sad votarist in palmer's weed,
Rose from the hindmost wheels of Phœbus' wain.
But where they are, and why they came not back,

Is now the labour of my thoughts; 'tis likeliest
They had engag'd their wandering steps too far;
And envious darkness, ere they could return,
Had stole them from me: else, O thievish night,
Why should'st thou, but for some felonious end,
In thy dark lantern thus close up the stars,
That nature hung in heaven, and fill'd their lamps
With everlasting oil, to give due light
To the misled and lonely traveller?
This is the place, as well as I may guess,
Whence even now the tumult of loud mirth
Was rife, and perfect in my listening ear;
Yet nought but single darkness do I find.
What might this be? A thousand fantasies
Begin to throng into my memory,
Of calling shapes, and beckoning shadows dire,
And airy tongues, that syllable men's names
On sands, and shores, and desert wildernesses.
These thoughts may startle well, but not astound,
The virtuous mind, that ever walks attended
By a strong-siding champion, Conscience.
O welcome pure-eyed Faith, white-handed Hope,
Thou hovering angel, girt with golden wings,
And thou, unblemish'd form of Chastity!
I see ye visibly, and now believe
That He, the Supreme Good, to whom all things ill
Are but as slavish officers of vengeance,
Would send a glistering guardian, if need were,
To keep my life and honour unassail'd.
Was I deceiv'd, or did a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night?
I did not err; there does a sable cloud
Turn forth her silver lining on the night,
And casts a gleam over this tufted grove:
I cannot halloo to my brothers, but
Such noise as I can make to be heard farthest,
I'll venture; for my new enliven'd spirits
Prompt me; and they perhaps are not far off.

Song.

Sweet Echo, sweetest nymph, that liv'st unseen
Within thy airy shell,
By slow Meander's margent green,
And in the violet-embroider'd vale,
Where the love-lorn nightingale
Nightly to thee her sad song mourneth well;
Canst thou not tell me of a gentle pair
That likest thy Narcissus are?
O, if thou have
Hid them in some flowery cave,
Tell me but where,
Sweet queen of parly, daughter of the sphere?
So may'st thou be translated to the skies,
And give resounding grace to all heaven's harmonies.

Enter Comus.

Can any mortal mixture of earth's mould
Breathe such divine enchanting ravishment?
Sure something holy lodges in that breast,
And with these raptures moves the vocal air
To testify his hidden residence:
How sweetly did they float upon the wings
Of silence, through the empty vaulted night,
At every fall smoothing the raven down
Of darkness, till it smil'd! I have oft heard
My mother Circe, with the Syrens three,
Amidst the flowery-kirtled Naiades,
Culling their potent herbs and baleful drugs,
Who, as they sung, would take the prison'd soul
And lap it in Elysium: Scylla wept,
And chid her barking waves into attention.
And fell Charybdis murmur'd soft applause.
Yet they in pleasing slumber lull'd the sense,
And in sweet madness robb'd it of itself;
But such a sacred and home-felt delight,
Such sober certainty of waking bliss,
I never heard till now.

[Praise of Chastity.]

[From Comus.]

'Tis Chastity, my brother, Chastity;
She that has that is clad in complete steel,
And like a quiver'd nymph with arrows keen,
May trace huge forests, and unharbour'd heaths,
Infamous hills, and sandy perilous wilds,
Where, through the sacred rays of Chastity,
No savage fierce, bandit, or mountaineer,
Will dare to soil her virgin purity:
Yea, there, where very desolation dwells,
By grots and caverns shagg'd with horrid shades,
She may pass on with unblench'd majesty,
Be it not done in pride, or in presumption.
Some say no evil thing that walks by night
In fog or fire, by lake or moorish fen,
Blue meagre hag, or stubborn unlaid ghost,
That breaks his magic chains at curfew time;
No goblin or swart fairy of the mine,
Hath hurtful power o'er true virginity.
Do ye believe me yet, or shall I call
Antiquity from the old schools of Greece
To testify the arms of Chastity?
Hence had the huntress Dian her dread bow,
Fair silver-shafted queen, for ever chaste,
Wherewith she tam'd the brinded lioness
And spotted mountain-pard, but set at nought
The frivolous bolt of Cupid; gods and men
Fear'd her stern frown, and she was queen o' th' woods.
What was that snaky-headed Gorgon shield
That wise Minerva wore, unconquer'd virgin,
Wherewith she freez'd her foes to congeal'd stone,
But rigid looks of chaste austerity,
And noble grace that dash'd brute violence
With sudden adoration and blank awe?
So dear to heaven is saintly Chastity,
That when a soul is found sincerely so,
A thousand liveried angels lacquey her,
Driving far off each thing of sin and guilt,
And in clear dream and solemn vision
Tell her of things that no gross ear can hear,
Till oft converse with heavenly habitants
Begin to cast a beam on th' outward shape,
The unpolluted temple of the mind,
And turns it by degrees to the soul's essence,
Till all be made immortal.

[The Spirit's Epilogue in Comus.]

To the ocean now I fly,
And those happy climes that lie
Where day never shuts his eye,
Up in the broad fields of the sky:
There I suck the liquid air
All amidst the gardens fair
Of Hesperus, and his daughters three
That sing about the golden tree:
Along the crisped shades and bowers
Revels the spruce and jocund spring;
The Graces, and the rosy-bosom'd hours,
Thither all their bounties bring;
There eternal summer dwells,
And west-winds, with musky wing,
About the cedar'n alleys fling
Nard and Cassia's balmy smells.
Iris there with humid bow
Waters the odorous banks, that blow
Flowers of more mingled hue
Than her purfled scarf can shew;
And drenches with Elysian dew
(List, mortals, if your ears be true)
Beds of hyacinth and roses,
Where young Adonis oft reposes,
Waxing well of his deep wound
In slumber soft, and on the ground

Sadly sits the Assyrian queen:
But far above in spangled sheen
Celestial Cupid, her fam'd son, advanc'd,
Holds his dear Psyche sweet entranc'd.
After her wandering labours long,
Till free consent the gods among
Make her his eternal bride,
And from her fair unspotted side
Two blissful twins are to be born,
Youth and Joy; so Jove hath sworn.
But now my task is smoothly done,
I can fly, or I can run,
Quickly to the green earth's end,
Where the bow'd welkin slow doth bend;
And from thence can soar as soon
To the corners of the moon.
Mortals, that would follow me,
Love Virtue; she alone is free:
She can teach ye how to climb
Higher than the sphery chime;
Or if Virtue feeble were,
Heaven itself would stoop to her.

Remains of Milton's House at Forest Hill, near Oxford; the scenery around which is described in L'Allegro.

L'Allegro.

Hence loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest midnight born,
In Stygian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy;
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings,
And the night-raven sings;
There under ebon shades, and low-brow'd rocks,
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.
But come, thou goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,
And by men heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth,
With two sister Graces more,
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sages sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-maying,
There on beds of violets blue,
And fresh blown-roses wash'd in dew,
Fill'd her with thee a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful Jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathed smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe;
And in thy right-hand lead with thee
The mountain-nymph, sweet Liberty:
And, if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee,
In unreproved pleasures free:
To hear the lark begin his flight,
And singing startle the dull night,
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow,
Through the sweet-brier, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine:
While the cock with lively din,
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn door,
Stoutly struts his dames before:
Oft list'ning how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill:
Sometimes walking not unseen
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great sun begins his state,
Robed in flames, and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight;
While the ploughman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milk-maid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale,
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures,
Whilst the landscape round it measures;
Russet lawns, and fallows gray,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray;
Mountains on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest;
Meadows trim with daisies pied:
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide:
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by a cottage-chimney smokes,
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country-messes,
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses;
And then in haste her bower she leaves,
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes, with secure delight,
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound

To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holiday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Fairy Mab the junkets eat;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said,
And he by friar's lantern led;
Tells how the drudging goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail had thrash'd the corn,
That ten day-lab'rers could not end,
Then lays him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And cropful out of doors he flings
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Towered cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask and antique pageantry;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,
Or sweetest Shakspeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares,
Lap me in soft Lydian airs,
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce,
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linked sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed, and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running;
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumbers on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.
These delights, if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

Il Penseroso.

Hence vain deluding joys,
The brood of Folly, without father bred!
How little you bested,
Or fill the fixed mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain;
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess,
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sun-beams,
Or likest hovering dreams,
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.
But hail, thou goddess, sage and holy,
Hail divinest Melancholy,
Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight;
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem;
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their pow'rs offended:
Yet thou art higher far descended.
Thee, bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore
To solitary Saturn bore;
His daughter she (in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain),
Oft, in glimmering bowers and glades,
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
While yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain,
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypress-lawn,
Over thy decent shoulders drawn.
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes:
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till,
With a sad leaden downward cast,
Thou fix them on the earth as fast;
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring,
Aye round about Jove's altar sing;
And add to these retired Leisure,
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure.
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing,
Guiding the fiery-wheeled throne,
The cherub Contemplation:
And the mute silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song,
In her sweetest, saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night;
While Cynthia checks her dragon-yoke,
Gently o'er th' accustom'd oak.
Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy!
Thee, chantress, oft the woods among
I woo, to hear thy ev'ning song:
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wand'ring moon,
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heav'ns' wide pathless way;
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft on a plat of rising ground,
I hear the far-off curfew sound,
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar.
Or if the air will not permit,
Some still removed place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm,
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp, at midnight hour,
Be seen in some high lonely tow'r,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear,
With thrice-great Hermes; or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds, or what vast regions, hold
The immortal mind that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook:

And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometimes let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine,
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.
But, O sad virgin, that thy power
Might raise Museus from his bower;
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek,
And made hell grant what love did seek.
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canace to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass,
And of the wond'rous horse of brass,
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of tourneys and of trophies hung,
Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.
Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear:
Not trick'd and frounc'd as she was wont
With the Attic boy to hunt,
But kerchief'd in a comely cloud,
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves,
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, Goddess, bring
To arched walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heaved stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt,
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt
There in close covert by some brook,
Where no profaner eye may look;
Hide me from day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flow'ry work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such concert as they keep,
Entice the dewy-feather'd sleep:
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eye-lids laid.
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some spirit to mortals good,
Or th' unseen Genius of the wood.
But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloisters pale;
And love the high embowed roof,
With antic pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight,
Casting a dim religious light.
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voic'd quire below,
In service high, and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstacies,
And bring all heav'n before mine eyes.
And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell,
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of ev'ry star that heav'n doth shew,
And ev'ry herb that sips the dew:
Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.
These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

[*From Lycidas.*]

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude;
And, with forc'd fingers rude,
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year:
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear,
Compels me to disturb your season due:
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer:
Who would not sing for Lycidas? He knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.
Begin, then, sisters of the sacred well,
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring;
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string:
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse;
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destin'd urn;
And, as he passes, turn,
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.
For we were nurs'd upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose, at evening, bright,
Toward heaven's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute;
Rough satyrs danc'd, and fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long;
And old Damœtas lov'd to hear our song.
But, O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return!
Thee, shepherd, thee the woods and desert caves
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes mourn:
The willows, and the hazel copses green,
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
When first the white-thorn blows;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherds' ear.
Where were ye, nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Clos'd o'er the head of your lov'd Lycidas?
For neither were ye playing on the steep,
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream:
Ah me! I fondly dream!
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore?

Alas! what boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade,
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse?
Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days;
But the fair guerdon, when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind fury with the abhorred shears,
And slits the thin-spun life. 'But not the praise,'
Phœbus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
'Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies;
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes,
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

[*Satan's Address to the Sun.*]

[From 'Paradise Lost.']

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crown'd,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the God
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminish'd heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? He deserv'd no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none, nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good prov'd ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe:
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
O, had his powerful destiny ordain'd
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspir'd, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations arm'd.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accurst; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal wo:
Nay, curs'd be thou; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide;
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then at last relent; is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but by submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feign'd submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierc'd so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my Punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, in stead
Of us outcast, exil'd, his new delight,
Mankind, created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse: all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.

[*Assembling of the Fallen Angels.*]

[From the same.]

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Down cast and damp, yet such wherein appear'd
Obscure some glimpse of joy, t' have found their chief
Not in despair, t' have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispell'd their fears.
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be uprear'd
His mighty standard; that proud honour claim'd
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glitt'ring staff unfurl'd
Th' imperial ensign, which, full high advanc'd,
Shone like a meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblaz'd
Seraphic arms and trophies, all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears; and thronging helms
Appear'd, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as rais'd
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breath'd, firm and unmov'd,
With dread of death, to flight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought
Mov'd on in silence to soft pipes, that charm'd
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now

Advanc'd in view, they stand, a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with order'd spear, and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose: he through the armed files
Darts his experienc'd eye, and soon traverse
The whole battalion, views their order due,
Their visages and statures as of Gods;
Their number last he sums. And now his heart
Distends with pride, and hard'ning in his strength
Glories; for never since created man
Met such embodied force as, nam'd with these,
Could merit more than that small infantry
Warr'd on by cranes; though all the giant brood
Of Phlegra with th' heroic race were join'd,
That fought at Thebes, and Ilium on each side
Mix'd with auxiliar gods; and what resounds
In fable or romance of Uther's son,
Begirt with British and Armoric knights;
And all who since, baptis'd or infidel,
Jousted in Aspramont or Montalban,
Damasco or Morocco, or Trebisond;
Or whom Biserta sent from Afric shore,
When Charlemain with all his peerage fell
By Fontarabia. Thus far these beyond
Compare of mortal prowess, yet observ'd
Their dread commander; he, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tow'r; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, nor appear'd
Less than Archangel ruin'd, and th' excess
Of glory obscur'd: as when the sun new risen
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darken'd so, yet shone
Above them all th' Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrench'd, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather,
(Far other once beheld in bliss) condemn'd
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerc'd
Of Heav'n, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory wither'd: as when Heav'n's fire
Hath scath'd the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepar'd
To speak: whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half enclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assay'd; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

[*The Garden of Eden.*]

[From the same.]

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable height of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene, and as the ranks ascend,
Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verd'rous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighb'ring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, loaden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appear'd, with gay enamel'd colours mix'd;
Of which the sun more glad impress'd his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath shower'd the earth; so lovely seem'd
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair; now gentle gales
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils: as when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambic, off at sea north-west winds blow
Sabean odours from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleas'd they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheer'd with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

[*Eve's Account of her Creation.*]

[From the same.]

I first awak'd, and found myself repos'd
Under a shade of flow'rs, much wond'ring where
And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
Not distant far from thence a murm'ring sound
Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
Into a liquid plain, then stood unmov'd,
Pure as the expanse of Heav'n; I thither went
With inexperienc'd thought, and laid me down
On the green bank, to look into the clear
Smooth lake, that to me seem'd another sky.
As I bent down to look, just opposite,
A shape within the wat'ry gleam appear'd,
Bending to look on me; I started back,
It started back: but pleas'd I soon return'd,
Pleas'd it return'd as soon with answ'ring looks
Of sympathy and love: there I had fix'd
Mine eyes till now, and pin'd with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warn'd me; 'What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself:
With thee it came and goes; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming and thy soft embraces; he
Whose image thou art; him thou shalt enjoy,
Inseparably thine; to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be call'd
Mother of human race.' What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantain; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth wat'ry image: back I turn'd;
Thou following cry'st aloud, 'Return, fair Eve,
Whom fly'st thou? whom thou fly'st of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone: to give thee being I lent,
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.' With that thy gentle hand
Seiz'd mine; I yielded, and from that time see
How beauty is excell'd by manly grace
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.
So spake our general mother, and with eyes
Of conjugal attraction, unreprov'd,
And meek surrender, half embracing, lean'd
On our first father; half her swelling breast
Naked met his under the flowing gold
Of her loose tresses hid; he in delight
Both of her beauty and submissive charms,

Smil'd with superior love, as Jupiter
On Juno smiles, when he impregns the clouds
That shed May flow'rs; and press'd her matron lip
With kisses pure.

[*Morning in Paradise.*]

[From the same.]

Now morn her rosy steps in th' eastern clime
Advancing, sow'd the earth with orient pearl,
When Adam waked, so custom'd, for his sleep
Was airy light from pure digestion bred,
And temperate vapours bland, which the only sound
Of leaves and fuming rills, Aurora's fan,
Lightly dispers'd, and the shrill matin song
Of birds on ev'ry bough; so much the more
His wonder was to find unawaken'd Eve,
With tresses discompos'd and glowing cheek,
As through unquiet rest: he on his side
Leaning half rais'd, with looks of cordial love,
Hung over her enamour'd, and beheld
Beauty, which, whether waking or asleep,
Shot forth peculiar graces; then with voice
Mild as when Zephyrus or Flora breathes,
Her hand soft touching, whisper'd thus: 'Awake,
My fairest, my espous'd, my latest found,
Heav'n's last best gift, my ever new delight,
Awake: the morning shines, and the fresh field
Calls us; we lose the prime, to mark how spring
Our tended plants, how blows the citron grove,
What drops the myrrh, and what the balmy reed,
How nature paints her colours, how the bee
Sits on the bloom extracting liquid sweet.'

* * *

To the field they haste.
But first, from under shady arb'rous roof
Soon as they forth were come to open sight
Of day-spring, and the sun, who scarce up-risen,
With wheels yet hovering o'er the ocean brim,
Shot parallel to th' earth his dewy ray,
Discovering in wide landscape all the east
Of Paradise and Eden's happy plains,
Lowly they bow'd adoring, and began
Their orisons, each morning duly paid
In various style; for neither various style
Nor holy rapture wanted they to praise
Their Maker, in fit strains pronounced or sung
Unmeditated, such prompt eloquence
Flow'd from their lips, in prose or numerous verse,
More tunable than needed lute or harp
To add more sweetness; and they thus began:
'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty, thine this universal frame,
Thus wond'rous fair; thyself how wondrous then!
Unspeakable, who sitt'st above these heav'ns
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold Him, and with songs,
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle His throne rejoicing; ye in heav'n:
On earth join all ye creatures, to extol
Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise Him in thy sphere
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun! of this world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge Him thy greater; sound His praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gain'd, and when thou fall'st.
Moon! that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st
With the fix'd stars, fix'd in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wand'ring fires! that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness call'd up light.
Air, and ye elements! the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternian run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix,
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists, and exhalations! that now rise
From hill, or steaming lake, dusky, or gray,
Till the sun paint your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncolour'd sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling show'rs,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds! that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines!
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his praise.
Join voices all, ye living souls; ye birds
That singing up to Heav'n gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes His praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bountcous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gather'd aught of evil or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark.'

So pray'd they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recover'd soon and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flow'rs; where any row
Of fruit-trees over-woody reach'd too far
Their pamper'd boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces: or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, 'spous'd, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dow'r, th' adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

[*Evening in Paradise.*]

[From the same.]

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray
Had in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied: for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleas'd: now glow'd the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length
Apparent queen, unveil'd her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair Consort, th' hour
Of night, and all things now retir'd to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep
Now falling with soft slumb'rous weight, inclines
Our eye-lids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemploy'd, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of Heav'n on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flow'ry arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,

That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest.'
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorn'd:
'My Author and Disposer; what thou bidst
Unargued I obey; so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to whom no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time:
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
Glist'ring with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft show'rs; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of Heav'n, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds, nor rising sun
On this delightful land, nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glist'ring with dew, nor fragrance after showers,
Nor grateful evening mild, nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird, nor walk by moon,
Or glitt'ring starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
To whom our general ancestor replyd:
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplish'd Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Minist'ring light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, tho' men were none,
That Heav'n would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With Heav'nly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers join'd, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our souls to Heaven.'
Thus talking hand in hand alone they pass'd
On to their blissful bow'r; it was a place
Chos'n by the sov'reign Planter, when he fram'd
All things to man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenc'd up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower,
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Rear'd high their flourish'd heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broider'd the ground, more colour'd than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. In shadier bow'r,
More sacred and sequester'd, though but feign'd,
Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph,
Nor Faunus haunted. Here in close recess,
With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
Espoused Eve deck'd first her nuptial bed,
And heav'nly choirs the hymenæan sung,
What day the genial Angel to our sire
Brought her, in naked beauty more adorn'd,
More lovely than Pandora, whom the gods
Endow'd with all their gifts, and, O too like
In sad event, when to the unwiser son
Of Japhet, brought by Hermes, she ensnar'd
Mankind with her fair looks, to be aveng'd
On him who had stole Jove's authentic fire.
Thus, at their shady lodge arriv'd, both stood,
Both turn'd, and under open sky ador'd
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
And starry pole: 'Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employ'd
Have finish'd happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all bliss
Ordain'd by thee, and this delicious place
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promis'd from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.

[*Expulsion from Paradise.*]

[From the same.]

He ended; and the Archangel soon drew nigh,
Not in his shape celestial, but as man
Clad to meet man; over his lucid arms
A military vest of purple flow'd,
Livelier than Meliboean, or the grain
Of Sarrah, worn by kings and heroes old
In time of truce; Iris had dipt the woof;
His starry helm unbuckled show'd him prime
In manhood where youth ended; by his side,
As in a glist'ring zodiac, hung the sword,
Satan's dire dread, and in his hand the spear.
Adam bow'd low; he kingly, from his state
Inclin'd not, but his coming thus declared:—
'Adam, Heaven's high behest no preface needs:
Sufficient that thy prayers are heard, and death
Then due by sentence when thou didst transgress,
Defeated of his seizure many days,
Giv'n thee of grace, wherein thou may'st repent,
And one bad act with many deeds well done
May'st cover: well may then thy Lord appeas'd
Redeem thee quite from Death's rapacious claim:
But longer in this Paradise to dwell
Permits not; to remove thee I am come,
And send thee from the garden forth to till
The ground whence thou wast taken, fitter soil.'
He added not, for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen,
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discover'd soon the place of her retire.
'O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil, these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers!
That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!

Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bow'r, by me adorn'd
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustom'd to immortal fruits?'
Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:—
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'
Adam by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scatter'd spirits return'd,
To Michael thus his humble words address'd:—
'Celestial, whether among the thrones, or nam'd
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from that happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes, all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant, I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries:
But pray'r against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth:
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, depriv'd
His blessed count'nance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appear'd, under this tree
Stood visible, among these pines his voice
I heard, here with him at this fountain talk'd:
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet recall'd
To life prolong'd and promis'd race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.'
* * *
Now too nigh
Th' Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fix'd station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Ris'n from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the lab'rer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanc'd,
The brandish'd sword of God before them blaz'd
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapours as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temp'rate clime: whereat
In either hand the hast'ning Angel caught
Our ling'ring parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappear'd.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Wav'd over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces throng'd and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wip'd them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide.
They hand in hand, with wand'ring steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

[*Satan's Survey of Greece.*]

[From Paradise Regained.]

Westward, much nearer by southwest, behold,
Where on the Ægean shore a city stands,
Built nobly, pure the air, and light the soil;
Athens, the eye of Greece, mother of arts
And eloquence, native to famous wits
Or hospitable, in her sweet recess,
City or suburban, studious walks and shades.
See there the olive grove of Academe,
Plato's retirement, where the Attic bird
Trills her thick-warbled notes the summer long;
There flowery hill Hymettus, with the sound
Of bees' industrious murmur, oft invites
To studious musing; there Ilissus rolls
His whispering stream: within the walls, then view
The schools of ancient sages; his, who bred
Great Alexander to subdue the world,
Lyceum there, and painted Stoa next:
There shalt thou hear and learn the secret power
Of harmony, in tones and numbers hit
By voice or hand; and various-measur'd verse,
Æolian charms and Dorian lyric odes,
And his, who gave them breath, but higher sung,
Blind Melesigenes, thence Homer call'd,
Whose poem Phœbus challeng'd for his own:
Thence what the lofty grave tragedians taught
In chorus or Iambic, teachers best
Of moral prudence, with delight receiv'd
In brief sententious precepts, while they treat
Of fate, and chance, and change in human life,
High actions and high passions best describing:
Thence to the famous orators repair,
Those ancient, whose resistless eloquence
Wielded at will that fierce democratie,
Shook the arsenal, and fulmin'd over Greece,
To Macedon and Artaxerxes' throne:
To sage Philosophy next lend thine ear,
From heaven descended to the low-roof'd house
Of Socrates; see there his tenement,
Whom well inspir'd the oracle pronounc'd
Wisest of men; from whose mouth issued forth
Mellifluous streams, that water'd all the schools
Of Academics old and new, with those
Surnam'd Peripatetics, and the sect
Epicurean, and the Stoic severe;
These here revolve, or, as thou lik'st, at home,
Till time mature thee to a kingdom's weight;
These rules will render thee a king complete
Within thyself, much more with empire join'd.

ANDREW MARVELL.

ANDREW MARVELL (1620–1678) is better known as a prose writer than a poet, and is still more celebrated as a patriotic member of parliament. He was associated with Milton in friendship and in public service. Marvell was born in Hull, where his father, a clergyman, resided. A romantic story is related of the elder Marvell, and of the circumstances attending his death. He embarked in a boat with a youthful pair whom he was to marry in Lincolnshire. The weather was calm, but the clergyman had a presentiment of danger; and on entering the boat, he threw his cane ashore, and cried out, 'Ho, for heaven!' His fears were but too truly verified; the boat went down, and the whole party perished. The son was educated at Cam-

bridge, and travelled abroad for some time. Milton and he became acquainted, it is said, in Rome. Marvell was afterwards secretary to the embassy at Constantinople. A letter from Milton to secretary Bradshaw was, in 1823, discovered in the State Paper Office, in which the poet recommends Marvell as a person well fitted to assist himself in his

Andrew Marvell.

office of Latin secretary, he being a good scholar, and lately engaged by General Fairfax to give instructions in the languages to his daughter. The letter is dated February 1652. Marvell, however, was not engaged as Milton's assistant till 1657. Shortly before the Restoration, he was elected member of parliament for his native city. He was not, like Waller, an eloquent speaker, but his consistency and integrity made him highly esteemed and respected. Marvell is supposed to have been the last English member who received wages from his constituents.* Charles II. delighted in his society, and believing, like Sir Robert Walpole, that every man had his price, he sent Lord Danby, his treasurer, to wait upon Marvell, with an offer of a place at court, and an immediate present of a thousand pounds. The inflexible member for Hull resisted his offers, and it is said humorously illustrated his independence by calling his servant to witness that he had dined for three days successively on a shoulder of mutton! When the treasurer was gone, Marvell was forced to send to a friend to borrow a guinea! The patriot preserved his integrity to the last, and satirised the profligacy and arbitrary measures of the court with much wit and pungency. He died on the 16th of August 1678, without any previous illness or visible decay, which gave rise to a report that he had been poisoned. The town of Hull voted a sum of money to erect a monument to Marvell's memory, but the court interfered, and forbade the votive tribute.

Marvell's prose writings were exceedingly popular in their day, but being written for temporary purposes, they have mostly gone out of mind with the circumstances that produced them. In 1672 he attacked Doctor, afterwards Bishop, Parker, in a piece entitled *The Rehearsal Transposed.* In this production he vindicates the fair fame of Milton, who, he says, 'was and is a man of as great learning and sharpness of wit as any man.' One of Marvell's treatises, *An Account of the Growth of Popery and Arbitrary Government in England,* was considered so formidable, that a reward was offered for the discovery of the author and printer. Among the first, if not the very first, traces of that vein of sportive humour and raillery on national manners and absurdities, which was afterward carried to perfection by Addison, Steele, and others, may be found in Marvell. He wrote with great liveliness, point, and vigour, though often coarse and personal. His poetry is elegant rather than forcible: it was an embellishment to his character of patriot and controversialist, but not a substantive ground of honour and distinction. 'There is at least one advantage in the poetical inclination,' says Henry Mackenzie, in his Man of Feeling, 'that it is an incentive to philanthropy. There is a certain poetic ground on which a man cannot tread without feelings that enlarge the heart. The causes of human depravity vanish before the enthusiasm he professes; and many who are not able to reach the Parnassian heights, may yet approach so near as to be bettered by the air of the climate.' This appears to have been the case with Andrew Marvell. Only a good and amiable man could have written his verses on *The Emigrants in the Bermudas,* so full of tenderness and pathos. His poem on *The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn,* is also finely conceived and expressed.

The Emigrants in Bermudas.

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In th' ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along,
The list'ning winds received their song.
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own?
Where He the huge sea monsters racks,
That lift the deep upon their backs;
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelates' rage.
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care,
On daily visits through the air.
He hangs in shades the orange bright,
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranate's close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows.
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet.
But apples, plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars, chosen by his hand,
From Lebanon he stores the land;
And makes the hollow seas that roar,
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast;
And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound his name.
Oh let our voice his praise exalt,
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault,
Which then perhaps rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexic bay.'
Thus sang they in the English boat
A holy and a cheerful note,

* The ancient wages of a burgess, for serving in parliament, was 2s. a-day; those of a knight for the shire, 4s. They were reduced to this certain sum the 16th of Edward II. We have seen the original of an agreement between a member and his constituents, dated September 1645, in which the former stipulated to serve without 'any manner of wages or pay' from the mayor, aldermen, and burgesses of the town. The excitement of the civil war had increased the desire of many to sit in parliament.

And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.*

The Nymph Complaining for the Death of her Fawn.

The wanton troopers riding by
Have shot my fawn, and it will die.
Ungentle men! They cannot thrive
Who kill'd thee. Thou ne'er didst, alive,
Them any harm; alas! nor could
Thy death to them do any good.
I'm sure I never wish'd them ill,
Nor do I for all this; nor will:
But, if my simple pray'rs may yet
Prevail with Heaven to forget
Thy murder, I will join my tears
Rather than fail. But O my fears!
It cannot die so. Heaven's king
Keeps register of everything,
And nothing may we use in vain;
Ev'n beasts must be with justice slain;
Else men are made their deodands.
Though they should wash their guilty hands
In this warm life-blood, which doth part
From thine, and wound me to the heart,
Yet could they not be clean; their stain
Is dyed in such a purple grain,
There is not such another in
The world to offer for their sin.

Inconstant Sylvio, when yet
I had not found him counterfeit,
One morning, I remember well,
Tied in this silver chain and bell,
Gave it to me: nay, and I know
What he said then—I'm sure I do.
Said he, 'Look how your huntsman here
Hath taught a fawn to hunt his deer.'
But Sylvio soon had me beguil'd:
This waxed tame, while he grew wild,
And, quite regardless of my smart,
Left me his fawn, but took his heart.

Thenceforth I set myself to play
My solitary time away
With this; and very well content
Could so mine idle life have spent;
For it was full of sport, and light
Of foot and heart, and did invite
Me to its game: it seem'd to bless
Itself in me. How could I less
Than love it? Oh, I cannot be
Unkind to a beast that loveth me!

Had it liv'd long, I do not know
Whether it, too, might have done so
As Sylvio did; his gifts might be
Perhaps as false, or more, than he.
For I am sure, for aught that I
Could in so short a time espy,
Thy love was far more better than
The love of false and cruel man.

With sweetest milk and sugar first
I it at mine own fingers nurs'd;
And as it grew so every day,
It wax'd more white and sweet than they.
It had so sweet a breath! and oft
I blush'd to see its foot more soft,
And white, shall I say? than my hand—
Than any lady's of the land!

It was a wondrous thing how fleet
'Twas on those little silver feet.

With what a pretty skipping grace
It oft would challenge me the race;
And when 't had left me far away,
'Twould stay, and run again, and stay;
For it was nimbler much than hinds,
And trod as if on the four winds.

I have a garden of my own,
But so with roses overgrown,
And lilies, that you would it guess
To be a little wilderness;
And all the spring-time of the year
It loved only to be there.
Among the beds of lilies I
Have sought it oft, where it should lie;
Yet could not, till itself would rise,
Find it, although before mine eyes;
For in the flaxen lilies' shade,
It like a bank of lilies laid.
Upon the roses it would feed,
Until its lips ev'n seem'd to bleed;
And then to me 't would boldly trip,
And print those roses on my lip.
But all its chief delight was still
On roses thus itself to fill;
And its pure virgin lips to fold
In whitest sheets of lilies cold.
Had it liv'd long, it would have been
Lilies without, roses within.

Thoughts in a Garden.

How vainly men themselves amaze,
To win the palm, the oak, or bays:
And their incessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb, or tree,
Whose short and narrow-verged shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid;
While all the flow'rs, and trees, do close,
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence, thy sister dear?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men.
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow.
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So am'rous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name.
Little, alas, they know or heed,
How far these beauties her exceed!
Fair trees! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

What wond'rous life in this I lead!
Ripe apples drop about my head.
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine.
The nectarine, and curious peach,
Into my hands themselves do reach.
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Insnar'd with flow'rs, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness.
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find;
Yet it creates transcending these,
Far other worlds and other seas;
Annihilating all that's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot,
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,

* This piece of Marvell's, particularly the last verse, seems to have been in the mind of a distinguished poet of our own day, Mr Thomas Moore, when he composed his fine lyric, 'The Canadian Boat Song.'

Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide;
There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and claps its silver wings,
And, till prepar'd for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was the happy garden state,
While man there walk'd without a mate:
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet!
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there:
Two paradises are in one,
To live in paradise alone.

How well the skilful gard'ner drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new!
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run:
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers?

[*A Whimsical Satire on Holland.**]

Holland, that scarce deserves the name of land,
As but th' off-scouring of the British sand;
And so much earth as was contributed
By English pilots when they heav'd the lead;
Or what by th' ocean's slow alluvion fell,
Of shipwreck'd cockle and the muscle-shell;
This indigested vomit of the sea
Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.
Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
They, with mad labour, fish'd the land to shore:
And div'd as desperately for each piece
Of earth, as if 't had been of Ambergrease;
Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
Less than what building swallows bear away;
Or than those pills which sordid beetles rowl,
Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.
How did they rivet, with gigantic piles,
Thorough the centre their new-catched miles;
And to the stake a struggling country bound,
Where barking waves still bait the fenced ground;
Building their wat'ry Babel far more high
To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky.
Yet still his claim the injur'd ocean laid,
And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples play'd;
As if on purpose it on land had come
To show them what's their mare liberum.
A daily deluge over them does boil;
The earth and water play at level-coyl.
The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossess'd,
And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest;
And oft the Tritons, and the sea-nymphs, saw
Whole shoals of Dutch serv'd up for Cabillau;
Or, as they over the new level rang'd,
For pickled herring, pickled heeren chang'd.
Nature, it seem'd, asham'd of her mistake,
Would throw their land away at duck and drake,
Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
Something like government among them brings.
For, as with Pigmies, who best kills the crane,
Among the hungry he that treasures grain,
Among the blind the one-ey'd blinkard reigns,
So rules among the drowned he that drains.
Not who first see the rising sun commands:
But who could first discern the rising lands.
Who best could know to pump an earth so leak,
Him they their lord, and country's father, speak.

To make a bank was a great plot of state;
Invent a shov'l, and be a magistrate.
Hence some small dike grave, unperceiv'd invades
The pow'r, and grows, as 'twere, a king of spades;
But, for less envy some join'd states endures,
Who look like a commission of the sewers:
For these half-anders, half-wet, and half-dry,
Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.
'Tis probable religion, after this,
Came next in order; which they could not miss.
How could the Dutch but be converted, when
Th' apostles were so many fishermen?
Besides, the waters of themselves did rise,
And, as their land, so them did re-baptise;
Though herring for their God few voices miss'd,
And Poor-John to have been th' Evangelist.
Faith, that could never twins conceive before,
Never so fertile, spawn'd upon this shore
More pregnant than their Marg'ret, that laid down
For Hands-in-Kelder of a whole Hans-Town.
Sure, when religion did itself embark,
And from the east would westward steer its ark,
It struck, and splitting on this unknown ground,
Each one thence pillag'd the first piece he found:
Hence Amsterdam, Turk, Christian, Pagan, Jew,
Staple of sects, and mint of schism grew;
That bank of conscience, where not one so strange
Opinion, but finds credit, and exchange.
In vain for Catholics our selves we bear:
The universal church is only there. * *

* Holland was the enemy of the commonwealth, and protector of the exiled king; therefore odious to Marvell.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

It is rarely that a pasquinade, written to satirise living characters or systems, outlives its own age; and, where such is the case, we may well suppose something very remarkable in the work, if not in

Samuel Butler.

the merits of its author. Such a work is *Hudibras*, a cavalier burlesque of the extravagant ideas and rigid manners of the English Puritans of the civil war and commonwealth. Borne up by a felicity of versification and an intensity of wit never excelled in our literature, this poem still retains its place amongst the classic productions of the English muse, although, perhaps, rarely read through at once, for which, indeed, its incessant brilliancy in some measure unfits it. Samuel Butler, the author of this extraordinary satire, was born in 1612 at Stresham, in Worcestershire. His father was a farmer, possessing a small

estate of his own; in short, an English yeoman. The poet, having received some education at the grammar-school of Worcester, removed to Cambridge, probably with the design of prosecuting his studies there; but, as he is ascertained to have never matriculated, it is supposed that the limited circumstances of his parents had forbidden him to advance in the learned career to which his tastes directed him. On this, as on all other parts of Butler's life, there rests great obscurity. It appears that he spent some years of his youth in performing the duties of clerk to a justice of the peace in his native district, and that in this situation he found means of cultivating his mind. His talents may be presumed to have interested some of his friends and neighbours in his behalf, for he is afterwards found in the family of the Countess of Kent, where he had the use of a library, and the advantage of conversation with the celebrated Selden, who often employed the poet as his amanuensis and transcriber. Thus ran on the years of Butler's youth and early manhood, and so far he cannot be considered as unfortunate, if we are to presume that he found his chief enjoyment, as scholars generally do, in opportunities of intellectual improvement. He is next found in the family of Sir Samuel Luke, a Bedfordshire gentleman, whom it is probable he served in the capacity of tutor. Luke was one of Cromwell's principal officers, marked probably—perhaps to an unusual degree—by the well-known peculiarities of his party. The situation could not be a very agreeable one to a man whose disposition was so much towards wit and humour, even though those qualities had not made their owner a royalist, which in such an age they could scarcely fail to do. Daily exposed to association with persons whose character, from antagonism to his own, he could not but loathe, it is not surprising that the now mature muse of Butler should have conceived the design of a general satire on the sectarian party. Perhaps personal grievances of his own might add to the poignancy of his feelings regarding the Cromwellians. The matchless fiction of Cervantes supplied him with a model, in which he had only to substitute the extravagances of a political and religious fanaticism for those of chivalry. Luke himself is understood to be depicted in Sir Hudibras, and for this Butler has been accused of a breach of the laws of hospitality: we are not disposed decidedly to rebut the charge; but we think it may in candour be allowed to hang in doubt, until we know something more precise as to the circumstances attending the connexion of the poet with his patron, and, more particularly, those attending their parting.

The Restoration threw a faint and brief sunshine upon the life of Butler. He was appointed secretary to the Earl of Carbury, President of the principality of Wales; and when the wardenship of the Marches was revived, the earl made his secretary steward of Ludlow castle. The poet, now fifty years of age, seemed to add to his security for the future by marrying a widow named Herbert, who was of good family and fortune; but this prospect proved delusive, in consequence of the failure of parties on whom the lady's fortune depended. It was now that Butler first became an author. The first part of 'Hudibras' appeared in 1663, and immediately became popular. Its wit, so pat to the taste of the time, and the breadth of the satiric pictures which it presented, each of which had hundreds of prototypes within the recollection of all men then living, could not fail to give it extensive currency. By the Earl of Dorset, an accomplished friend of letters, it was introduced to the notice of the court; and the king is said to have done it the honour of often quoting it. A second part appeared in 1664, and a third fourteen years later. But though the poet and his work were the praise of all ranks, from royalty downwards, he was himself little benefited by it. What emoluments he derived from his stewardship, or whether he derived any emoluments from it at all, does not appear; but it seems tolerably clear that the latter part of his life was spent in mean and struggling circumstances in London. The Earl of Clarendon promised him a place at court, but he never obtained it. The king ordered him a present of £300,* which was insufficient to discharge the debts pressing upon him at the time. He was favoured with an interview by the Duke of Buckingham, who, however, seeing two court ladies pass, ran out to them, and did not come back, so that Butler had to go home disappointed. Such are the only circumstances related as chequering a twenty-years' life of obscure misery which befell the most brilliant comic genius which perhaps our country has ever produced. Butler died in 1680, in a mean street near Covent Garden,† and was buried at the expense of a friend.

Rose Street, London; in which Butler died.

'Hudibras' is not only the best burlesque poem written against the Puritans of that age, so fertile in satire, but is the best burlesque in the English language. The same amount of learning, wit, shrewdness, ingenious and deep thought, felicitous illustration, and irresistible drollery, has never been comprised in the same limits. The idea of the knight, Sir Hudibras, going out 'a-colonelling' with his Squire Ralph, is of course copied from Cervantes; but the filling up of the story is different. Don Quixote presents us with a wide range of adventures, which in-

* It is usually stated that this order was for £3000, but that a figure was cut off, and only £300 paid. It is to us quite inconceivable that so large a sum should have ever been ordered by the king, all the circumstances considered; and we therefore do not allude to it in the text.

† Butler died in Rose Street, Covent Garden, one of the meanest streets of that part of the city. He was buried at the west end of the churchyard of St Paul's, Covent Garden, on the south side, under the wall of the church.—*Pilgrimages in London.*

terest the imagination and the feelings. There is a freshness and a romance about the Spanish hero, and a tone of high honour and chivalry, which Butler did not attempt to imitate. His object was to cast ridicule on the whole body of the English Puritans, especially their leaders, and to debase them by low and vulgar associations. It must be confessed, that in many of their acts there was scope for sarcasm. Their affected dress, language, and manners, their absurd and fanatical legislation against walking in the fields on Sundays, village May-poles, and other subjects beneath the dignity of public notice, were fair subjects for the satirical poet. Their religious enthusiasm also led them into intolerance and absurdity. Contending for so dear a prize as liberty of conscience, and believing that they were specially appointed to shake and overturn the old corruptions of the kingdom, the Puritans were little guided by considerations of prudence, policy, or forbearance. Even Milton, the friend and associate of the party, was forced to admit

> That New Presbyter was but Old Priest writ large.

The higher qualities of these men, their indomitable courage and lofty zeal, were of course overlooked or despised by the royalists, their opponents, and Butler did not choose to remember them. His burlesque was read with delight, and was popular for generations after the Puritans had merged into the more sober and discreet English dissenters. The plot or action of 'Hudibras' is limited and defective, and seems only to have been used as a sort of peg on which he could hang his satirical portraits and allusions. The first cantos were written early, when the civil war commenced, but we are immediately conveyed to the death of Cromwell, at least fifteen years later, and have a sketch of public affairs to the dissolution of the Rump Parliament. The bare idea of a Presbyterian justice sallying out with his attendant, an Independent clerk, to redress superstition and correct abuses, has an air of ridicule, and this is kept up by the dialogues between the parties, which are highly witty and ludicrous; by their attack on the bear and the fiddle; their imprisonment in the stocks; the voluntary penance of whipping submitted to by the knight, and his adventures with his lady.

The love of Hudibras is almost as rich as that of Falstaff, and he argues in the same manner for the utmost freedom, men having, he says, nothing but 'frail vows' to oppose to the stratagems of the fair. He moralises as follows:—

> For women first were made for men,
> Not men for them: It follows, then,
> That men have right to every one,
> And they no freedom of their own;
> And therefore men have power to choose,
> But they no charter to refuse.
> Hence 'tis apparent that, what course
> Soe'er we take to your amours,
> Though by the indirectest way,
> 'Tis no injustice nor foul play;
> And that you ought to take that course
> As we take you, for better or worse,
> And gratefully submit to those
> Who you, before another, chose.

The poem was left unfinished, but more of it would hardly have been read even in the days of Charles. There is, in fact, a *plethora* of wit in 'Hudibras,' and a condensation of thought and style, which become oppressive and tiresome. The faculties of the reader cannot be kept in a state of constant tension; and after perusing some thirty or forty pages, he is fain to relinquish the task, and seek out for the simplicity of nature. Some of the short burlesque descriptions are inimitable. For example, of Morning—

> The sun had long since, in the lap
> Of Thetis, taken out his nap,
> And, like a lobster boil'd, the morn
> From black to red began to turn.

Of Night—

> The sun grew low and left the skies,
> Put down, some write, by ladies' eyes;
> The moon pull'd off her veil of light,
> That hides her face by day from sight,
> (Mysterious veil, of brightness made,
> That's both her lustre and her shade),
> And in the lantern of the night,
> With shining horns hung out her light;
> For darkness is the proper sphere,
> Where all false glories use t' appear.
> The twinkling stars began to muster,
> And glitter with their borrow'd lustre;
> While sleep the wearied world reliev'd,
> By counterfeiting death reviv'd.

Many of the lines and similes in 'Hudibras' are completely identified with the language, and can never be separated from it. Such are the opening lines of Part II. canto three—

> Doubtless the pleasure is as great
> Of being cheated as to cheat;
> As lookers on feel most delight
> That least perceive a juggler's sleight;
> And still the less they understand,
> The more they admire his sleight-of-hand.

Or where the knight remarks, respecting the importance of money—

> For what in worth is anything,
> But so much money as 'twill bring?

Butler says of his brother poets—

> Those that write in rhyme, still make
> The one verse for the other's sake;
> For one for sense, and one for rhyme,
> I think 's sufficient at one time.

There are a few such compelled rhymes in 'Hudibras,' but the number is astonishingly small.

[*Accomplishments of Hudibras.*]

> When civil dudgeon first grew high,
> And men fell out, they knew not why:
> When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
> Set folks together by the ears,
> And made them fight, like mad or drunk,
> For Dame Religion as for punk;
> Whose honesty they all durst swear for,
> Though not a man of them knew wherefore:
> When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
> With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded,
> And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
> Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
> Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
> And out he rode a-colonelling.
>
> A wight he was, whose very sight would
> Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;
> That never bow'd his stubborn knee
> To anything but chivalry;
> Nor put up blow, but that which laid
> Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
> Chief of domestic knights and errant,
> Either for chartel or for warrant:
> Great on the bench, great on the saddle,
> That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
> Mighty he was at both of these,
> And styl'd of war as well as peace.
> (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
> Are either for the land or water.)

But here our authors make a doubt,
Whether he were more wise or stout;
Some hold the one, and some the other:
But howsoe'er they make a pother,
The diff'rence was so small, his brain
Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain;
Which made some take him for a tool
That knaves do work with, call'd a fool.
For 't has been held by many, that
As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
Complains she thought him but an ass,
Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
(For that's the name our valiant knight
To all his challenges did write.)
But they're mistaken very much;
'Tis plain enough he was no such:
We grant, although he had much wit,
He was very shy of using it;
As being loath to wear it out,
And therefore bore it not about;
Unless on holidays, or so,
As men their best apparel do;
Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
As naturally as pigs squeak;
That Latin was no more difficile,
Than to a blackbird 'tis to whistle:
Being rich in both, he never scanted
His bounty unto such as wanted;
But much of either would afford
To many, that had not one word. * *
He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic;
He could distinguish, and divide
A hair 'twixt south and south-west side:
On either which he would dispute,
Confute, change hands, and still confute;
He'd undertake to prove by force
Of argument a man's no horse;
He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
And that a lord may be an owl,
A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
And rooks committee-men and trustees.
He'd run in debt by disputation,
And pay with ratiocination:
All this by syllogism, true
In mood and figure, he would do.
For rhetoric, he could not ope
His mouth, but out there flew a trope;
And when he happen'd to break off
I' th' middle of his speech, or cough,
H' had hard words, ready to show why,
And tell what rules he did it by:
Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
You'd think he talk'd like other folk;
For all a rhetorician's rules
Teach nothing but to name his tools.
But, when he pleas'd to show't, his speech
In loftiness of sound was rich;
A Babylonish dialect,
Which learned pedants much affect:
It was a party-colour'd dress
Of patch'd and piebald languages;
'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
Like fustian heretofore on satin.
It had an odd promiscuous tone,
As if he had talk'd three parts in one;
Which made some think, when he did gabble,
Th' had heard three labourers of Babel;
Or Cerberus himself pronounce
A leash of languages at once.
This he as volubly would vent
As if his stock would ne'er be spent;
And truly, to support that charge,
He had supplies as vast and large:
For he could coin or counterfeit
New words, with little or no wit;
Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
Was hard enough to touch them on:
And when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
The ignorant for current took 'em;
That had the orator, who once
Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
He would have us'd no other ways.

[*Religion of Hudibras.*]

For his religion, it was fit
To match his learning and his wit.
'Twas Presbyterian true blue;
For he was of that stubborn crew
Of errant saints, whom all men grant
To be the true church militant;
Such as do build their faith upon
The holy text of pike and gun;
Decide all controversies by
Infallible artillery;
And prove their doctrine orthodox
By apostolic blows and knocks:
Call fire, and sword, and desolation,
A godly thorough reformation,
Which always must be carried on,
And still be doing, never done;
As if religion were intended
For nothing else but to be mended;
A sect whose chief devotion lies
In odd perverse antipathies;
In falling out with that or this,
And finding somewhat still amiss;
More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
That with more care keep holiday
The wrong, than others the right way;
Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
By damning those they have no mind to.
Still so perverse and opposite,
As if they worshipp'd God for spite;
The self-same thing they will abhor
One way, and long another for;
Freewill they one way disavow,
Another, nothing else allow;
All piety consists therein
In them, in other men all sin;
Rather than fail, they will defy
That which they love most tenderly;
Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage
Their best and dearest friend, plum-porridge;
Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
And blaspheme custard through the nose.
Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon,
To whom our knight, by fast instinct
Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
As if hypocrisy and nonsense
Had got th' advowson of his conscience.

[*Personal Appearance of Hudibras.*]

His tawny beard was th' equal grace
Both of his wisdom and his face;
In cut and dye so like a tile,
A sudden view it would beguile;
The upper part thereof was whey,
The nether, orange, mix'd with gray.
This hairy meteor did denounce
The fall of sceptres and of crowns;
With grisly type did represent
Declining age of government;
And tell, with hieroglyphic spade,
Its own grave and the state's were made.
Like Samson's heart-breakers, it grew
In time to make a nation rue;

Though it contributed its own fall,
To wait upon the public downfall;
It was monastic, and did grow
In holy orders by strict vow;
Of rule as sullen and severe,
As that of rigid Cordelier;
'Twas bound to suffer persecution,
And martyrdom with resolution;
T' oppose itself against the hate
And vengeance of th' incensed state,
In whose defiance it was worn,
Still ready to be pull'd and torn;
With red hot irons to be tortur'd,
Revil'd, and spit upon, and martyr'd;
Maugre all which 'twas to stand fast
As long as monarchy should last;
But when the state should hap to reel,
'Twas to submit to fatal steel,
And fall, as it was consecrate,
A sacrifice to fall of state;
Whose thread of life the fatal sisters
Did twist together with its whiskers,
And twine so close, that Time should never,
In life or death, their fortunes sever;
But with his rusty sickle mow
Both down together at a blow. * *
His doublet was of sturdy buff,
And though not sword, yet cudgel proof;
Whereby 'twas fitter for his use,
Who fear'd no blows but such as bruise.
His breeches were of rugged woollen,
And had been at the siege of Bullen;
To old king Harry so well-known,
Some writers held they were his own:
Though they were lin'd with many a piece
Of ammunition, bread and cheese,
And fat black puddings, proper food
For warriors that delight in blood;
For, as we said, he always chose
To carry victual in his hose,
That often tempted rats and mice
Th' ammunition to surprise;
And when he put a hand but in
The one or t' other magazine,
They stoutly en defence on't stood,
And from the wounded foe drew blood;
And till they were storm'd and beaten out,
Ne'er left the fortified redoubt;
And though knights-errant, as some think,
Of old did neither eat nor drink,
Because when thorough deserts vast,
And regions desolate they past'd,
Where belly-timber above ground,
Or under, was not to be found,
Unless they graz'd, there's not one word
Of their provision on record;
Which made some confidently write
They had no stomachs but to fight.
'Tis false; for Arthur wore in hall
Round table like a farthingal;
On which, with shirt pull'd out behind,
And eke before, his good knights din'd;
Though 'twas no table some suppose,
But a huge pair of round trunk hose,
In which he carried as much meat
As he and all the knights could eat;
When laying by their swords and truncheons,
They took their breakfasts or their luncheons.
But let that pass at present, lest
We should forget where we digress'd,
As learned authors use, to whom
We leave it, and to the purpose come.
His puissant sword unto his side,
Near his undaunted heart, was tied,
With basket hilt that would hold broth,
And serve for fight and dinner both;
In it he melted lead for bullets
To shoot at foes, and sometimes pullets,
To whom he bore so fell a grutch,
He ne'er gave quarter t' any such.
The trenchant blade, Toledo trusty,
For want of fighting, was grown rusty,
And ate into itself, for lack
Of somebody to hew and hack:
The peaceful scabbard where it dwelt,
The rancour of its edge had felt;
For of the lower end two handful
It had devour'd, it was so manful,
And so much scorn'd to lurk in case,
As if it durst not show its face.
In many desperate attempts
Of warrants, exigents, contempts,
It had appear'd with courage bolder
Than Serjeant Bum invading shoulder:
Oft had it ta'en possession,
And prisoners too, or made them run.
This sword a dagger had his page,
That was but little for his age;
And therefore waited on him so
As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
It was a serviceable dudgeon,
Either for fighting, or for drudging:
When it had stabb'd or broke a head,
It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
'Twould make clean shoes, and in the earth
Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
Where this and more it did endure,
But left the trade, as many more
Have lately done on the same score.[1]

The Elephant in the Moon.

[Designed as a satire upon the Royal Society, whose philosophical researches appeared to Butler, and the wits in general, to be in many instances whimsical and absurd.]

A learn'd society of late,
The glory of a foreign state,
Agreed, upon a summer's night,
To search the moon by her own light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate survey
Of all her lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of Ireland, where
The sly surveyors stole a shire;
T' observe her country how 'twas planted,
With what sh' abounded most, or wanted;
And make the prop'rest observations
For settling of new plantations,
If the society should incline
T' attempt so glorious a design.
This was the purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a time as fitting,
When, at the full, her radiant light
And influence too were at their height.
And now the lofty tube, the scale
With which they heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the moon,
And all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the honour
To plant an ensign first upon her.
When one, who for his deep belief
Was virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise,
To solve impossibilities,

[1] An allusion to Cromwell. It is doubtful whether Oliver ever carried on the brewing business, but his parents undoubtedly did, in the town of Huntingdon.

Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging eye,
Cried, Strange! then reinforc'd his sight
Against the moon with all his might,
And bent his penetrating brow
As if he meant to gaze her through:
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a train, from him took fire,
Surpris'd with wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cried out, impatient to know what
The matter was they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' inhabitants o' th' moon,
Who, when the sun shines hot at noon,
Do live in cellars under ground,
Of eight miles deep and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the sun and th' enemy),
Which they count towns and cities there,
Because their people's civiller
Than those rude peasants that are found
To live upon the upper ground,
Call'd Prevolvans, with whom they are
Perpetually in open war;
And now both armies, highly enrag'd,
Are in a bloody fight engag'd,
And many fall on both sides slain,
As by the glass 'tis clear and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the fight before 'tis done.
With that a great philosopher,
Admir'd and famous far and near,
As one of singular invention,
But universal comprehension,
Applied one eye and half a nose
Unto the optic engine close;
For he had lately undertook
To prove and publish in a book,
That men whose nat'ral eyes are out,
May, by more powerful art, be brought
To see with th' empty holes, as plain
As if their eyes were in again!
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an optic of a nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But spectacles, be made appear,
By which both senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great man, having fix'd both sights
To view the formidable fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cried out,
The battle's desperately fought;
The gallant Subvolvani rally,
And from their trenches make a sally
Upon the stubborn enemy,
Who now begin to route and fly.
These silly ranting Prevolvans
Have ev'ry summer their campaigns,
And muster, like the warlike sons
Of Rawhead and of Bloodybones,
As numerous as Solan geese,
I' th' islands of the Orcades,
Courageously to make a stand,
And face their neighbours hand to hand,
Until the long'd-for winter's come,
And then return in triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' year in lies,
And vap'ring of their victories;
From th' old Arcadians they're believ'd
To be, before the moon, deriv'd,
And when her orb was new created,
To people her were thence translated:
For as th' Arcadians were reputed
Of all the Grecians the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the world could bring
To civil life, but fiddling,
They still retain the antique course
And custom of their ancestors,
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest weight they do.
While thus the learn'd man entertains
Th' assembly with the Prevolvans,
Another, of as great renown,
And solid judgment, in the moon,
That understood her various soils,
And which produc'd best gennet-moyles,[1]
And in the register of fame
Had enter'd his long-living name,
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' engine, gave a start, and star'd—
Quoth he, A stranger sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the spheres;
A wonder more unparallel'd
Than ever mortal tube beheld;
An elephant from one of those
Two mighty armies is broke loose,
And with the horror of the fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a fright:
Look quickly, lest the sight of us
Should cause the startled beast t' emboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in Afric yet,
From which we boldly may infer
The moon is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty Pyrrhus brought
Those living castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the Romans in the field,
It may an argument be held
(Arcadia being but a piece,
As his dominions were, of Greece),
To prove what this illustrious person
Has made so noble a discourse on,
And amply satisfied us all
Of th' Prevolvans' original.
That elephants are in the moon,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest,
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other stars and constellations
Have cattle of all sorts of nations,
And heaven, like a Tartar's hoard,
With great and numerous droves is stor'd;
And if the moon produce by nature
A people of so vast a stature,
'Tis consequent she should bring forth
Far greater beasts, too, than the earth,
(As by the best accounts appears
Of all our great'st discoverers),
And that those monstrous creatures there,
Are not such rarities as here.
Meanwhile the rest had had a sight
Of all particulars o' the fight,
And ev'ry man, with equal care,
Perus'd of th' elephant his share;
When one, who, for his excellence
In height'ning words and shad'wing sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopic wit,
Was magnified himself no less
In home and foreign colleges,
Began, transported with the twang
Of his own trillo, thus t' harangue:
Most excellent and virtuous friends,
This great discov'ry makes amends
For all our unsuccessful pains,
And lost expense of time and brains;
For, by this sole phenomenon,
We've gotten ground upon the moon,
And gain'd a pass, to hold dispute
With all the planets that stand out;

[1] Mules.

To carry this most virtuous war
Home to the door of every star,
And plant the artillery of our tubes
Against their proudest magnitudes;
To stretch our victories beyond
Th' extent of planetary ground,
And fix our engines, and our ensigns,
Upon the fix'd stars' vast dimensions,
(Which Archimede, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do),
And prove if they are other suns,
As some have held opinions,
Or windows in the empyreum,
From whence those bright effluvias come
Like flames of fire (as others guess)
That shine i' th' mouths of furnaces.
Nor is this all we have achiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best designs,
Because they're ours, believ'd ill signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our charge;
Nor shall our ablest virtuosis
Prove arguments for coffee-houses;
Nor those devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter, gain belief among
Our strictest judges, right or wrong;
Nor shall our past misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient score;
No more our making old dogs young
Make men suspect us still i' th' wrong;
Nor new invented chariots draw
The boys to course us without law;
Nor putting pigs t' a bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into mongrel curs,
Make them suspect our skulls are brittle,
And hold too much wit, or too little;
Nor shall our speculations, whether
An elder-stick will save the leather
Of schoolboy's breeches from the rod,
Make all we do appear as odd.
This one discovery 's enough
To take all former scandals off;
But since the world's incredulous
Of all our scrutinies, and us,
And with a prejudice prevents
Our best and worst experiments,
(As if they were destin'd to miscarry,
In concert tried, or solitary),
And since it is uncertain when
Such wonders will occur again,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact narrative
Of what we ev'ry one can swear
Our eyes themselves have seen appear,
That, when we publish the account,
We all may take our oaths upon't.
  This said, they all with one consent
Agreed to draw up th' instrument,
And, for the gen'ral satisfaction,
To print it in the next transaction;
But whilst the chiefs were drawing up
This strange memoir o' th' telescope,
One, peeping in the tube by chance,
Beheld the elephant advance,
And from the west side of the moon
To th' east was in a moment gone.
This being related, gave a stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And ev'ry man, amaz'd anew
How it could possibly be true,
That any beast should run a race
So monstrous, in so short a space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least as possible as he could,
And rather his own eyes condemn,
Than question what he 'ad seen with them.
  While all were thus resolv'd, a man
Of great renown there thus began:—
'Tis strange, I grant, but who can say
What cannot be, what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A distance as this wonder 's plac'd,
Where the least error of the sight
May show things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary proof:
For who can say that Nature there
Has the same laws she goes by here?
Nor is it like she has infus'd,
In ev'ry species there produc'd,
The same efforts she does confer
Upon the same productions here,
Since those with us, of sev'ral nations,
Have such prodigious variations,
And she affects so much to use
Variety in all she does.
He nce may b' infer'd that, though I grant
We've seen i' th' moon an elephant,
That elephant may differ so
From those upon the earth below,
Both in his bulk, and force, and speed,
As being of a diff'rent breed,
That though our own are but slow-pac'd,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast,
And yet be elephants no less
Than those of Indian pedigrees.
  This said, another of great worth,
Fam'd for his learned works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another reason for 't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematic demonstration,
Upon an accurate calculation;
And that is—as the earth and moon
Do both move contrary upon
Their axes, the rapidity
Of both their motions cannot be
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster spaces may be past
In less time than the beast has gone,
Though he'd no motion of his own,
Which we can take no measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t' a nobler inference,
And make this great phenomenon
(Were there no other) serve alone
To clear the grand hypothesis
Of th' motion of the earth from this.
  With this they all were satisfied,
As men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to complete their narrative,
Agreed t' insert this strange retrieve.
  But while they were diverted all
With wording the memorial,
The footboys, for diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the telescope at leisure,
Turn'd virtuosis for their pleasure:
Began to gaze upon the moon,
As those they waited on had done,
With monkeys' ingenuity,
That love to practise what they see;
When one, whose turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the engine creep,

And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous speculation,
To judge with mere imagination,
Immediately he made a guess
At solving all appearances,
A way far more significant
Than all their hints of th' elephant,
And found, upon a second view,
His own hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce applied his eye
To th' engine, but immediately
He found a mouse was gotten in
The hollow tube, and, shut between
The two glass windows in restraint,
Was swell'd into an elephant,
And prov'd the virtuous occasion
Of all this learned dissertation:
And, as a mountain heretofore
Was great with child they say, and bore,
A silly mouse, this mouse, as strange,
Brought forth a mountain in exchange.
Meanwhile the rest in consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful narration,
And set their hands, and seals, and wit,
T' attest the truth of what they 'ad writ,
When this accurs'd phenomenon
Confounded all they'd said or done:
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But they all were in a tumult straight,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the moon made war,
To find so admirable a hint,
When they had all agreed to have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paltry doubt.

[At this crisis, a learned member, devoted to natural history, told his brethren that Truth was of a coy character, and so obscure, that mistakes were often made about her, and he was of opinion that each man should in the meantime restrict himself to one department of science, and not pretend to decide on things half made out by others.]

This said, the whole assembly allow'd
The doctrine to be right and good,
And, from the truth of what they 'ad heard,
Resolv'd to give truth no regard,
But what was for their turn to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like truth out of strong conceit,
Than with vexatious pains and doubt
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
This being resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the tube, the mouse, and moon;
But still the narrower they pried,
The more they were unsatisfied,
In no one thing they saw agreeing,
As if they 'ad sev'ral faiths of seeing;
Some swore, upon a second view,
That all they 'ad seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One syllable of th' elephant;
Avow'd his snout could be no mouse's,
But a true elephant's proboscis.
Others began to doubt and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour,
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' elephant or mouse.
Some held no way so orthodox
To try it, as the ballet-box,
And, like the nation's patriots,
To find, or make, the truth by votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the tube, and open it,
And for their private satisfaction,
To re-examine the transaction,
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find cause for the best.
To this, as th' only expedient,
The whole assembly gave consent;
But ere the tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first phenomenon;
For, at the end, prodigious swarms
Of flies and gnats, like men in arms,
Had all pass'd muster, by mischance,
Both for the Sub- and Prevolvans.
This being discovered, put them all
Into a fresh and fiercer brawl,
Asham'd that men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by gnats and flies,
And take the feeble insects' swarms
For mighty troops of men at arms:
As vain as those who, when the moon
Bright in a crystal river shone,
Threw casting nets as subtily at her,
To catch and pull her out o' the water.
But when they had unscrew'd the glass,
To find out where the impostor was,
And saw the mouse, that, by mishap,
Had made the telescope a trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this discovery alone,
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true,
That in their speculations choose
To make discoveries strange news,
And natural history a gazette
Of tales stupendous and far-fet;
Hold no truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge and overgrown,
And explicate appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive nature to suborn,
And, for their pains, are paid with scorn.

[*Miscellaneous Thoughts.*]

[From Butler's Remains.]

The truest characters of ignorance
Are vanity, and pride, and arrogance;
As blind men use to bear their noses higher
Than those that have their eyes and sight entire.

All wit and fancy, like a diamond,
The more exact and curious 'tis ground,
Is forc'd for every carat to abate
As much in value as it wants in weight.

Love is too great a happiness
For wretched mortals to possess;
For could it hold inviolate
Against those cruelties of fate
Which all felicities below
By rigid laws are subject to,
It would become a bliss too high
For perishing mortality;
Translate to earth the joys above;
For nothing goes to Heaven but Love.
All love at first, like generous wine,
Ferments and frets until 'tis fine;
For when 'tis settled on the lee,
And from the impurer matter free,
Becomes the richer still the older,
And proves the pleasanter the colder.

As at the approach of winter, all
The leaves of great trees use to fall,
And leave them naked, to engage
With storms and tempests when they rage,
While humbler plants are found to wear
Their fresh green liveries all the year;
So when their glorious season's gone
With great men, and hard times come on,
The greatest calamities oppress
The greatest still, and spare the less.

In Rome no temple was so low
As that of Honour, built to show
How humble honour ought to be,
Though there 'twas all authority.

All smatterers are more brisk and pert
Than those that understand an art;
As little sparkles shine more bright
Than glowing coals that give them light.

[*To his Mistress.*]

Do not unjustly blame
My guiltless breast,
For venturing to disclose a flame
It had so long suppress.
In its own ashes it design'd
For ever to have lain;
But that my sighs, like blasts of wind,
Made it break out again.

CHARLES COTTON.

The name of CHARLES COTTON (1630-1687) calls up a number of agreeable associations. It is best known from its piscatory and affectionate union with that of good old Izaak Walton; but Cotton was a cheerful, witty, accomplished man, and only wanted wealth and prudence to have made him one of the leading characters of his day. His father, Sir George Cotton, died in 1658, leaving the poet an estate at Ashbourne, in Derbyshire, near the river Dove, so celebrated in the annals of trout-fishing. The property was much encumbered, and the poet soon added to its burdens. As a means of pecuniary relief, as well as recreation, Cotton translated several works from the French and Italian, including Montaigne's Essays. In his fortieth year he obtained a captain's commission in the army; and afterwards made a fortunate second marriage with the Countess Dowager of Ardglass, who possessed a jointure of £1500 a-year. It does not appear, however, that Cotton ever got out of his difficulties. The lady's fortune was secured from his mismanagement, and the poet died insolvent. His happy, careless disposition, seems to have enabled him to study, angle, and delight his friends, amidst all his embarrassments. He published several burlesques and travesties, some of them grossly indelicate; but he wrote, also, some copies of verses full of genuine poetry. One of his humorous pieces, a journey to Ireland, seems to have anticipated, as Mr Campbell remarks, the manner of Anstey in the 'New Bath Guide.' As a poet, Cotton may be ranked with Andrew Marvell.

[*The New Year.*]

Hark, the cock crows, and yon bright star
Tells us the day himself's not far;
And see, where, breaking from the night,
He gilds the western hills with light.
With him old Janus doth appear,
Peeping into the future year,
With such a look, as seems to say
The prospect is not good that way.

Thus do we rise ill sights to see,
And 'gainst ourselves to prophecy;
When the prophetic fear of things
A more tormenting mischief brings,
More full of soul-tormenting gall
Than direst mischiefs can befall.
But stay! but stay! methinks my sight,
Better inform'd by clearer light,
Discerns sereneness in that brow,
That all contracted seem'd but now.
His reversed face may show distaste,
And frown upon the ills are past;
But that which this way looks is clear,
And smiles upon the New-born Year.
He looks, too, from a place so high,
The year lies open to his eye;
And all the moments open are
To the exact discoverer.
Yet more and more he smiles upon
The happy revolution.
Why should we then suspect or fear
The influences of a year,
So smiles upon us the first morn,
And speaks us good as soon as born?
Plague on't! the last was ill enough,
This cannot but make better proof;
Or, at the worst, as we brush'd through
The last, why so we may this too;
And then the next in reason should
Be super-excellently good:
For the worst ills, we daily see,
Have no more perpetuity
Than the best fortunes that do fall;
Which also brings us wherewithal
Longer their being to support,
Than those do of the other sort:
And who has one good year in three,
And yet repines at destiny,
Appears ungrateful in the case,
And merits not the good he has.
Then let us welcome the new guest
With lusty brimmers of the best:
Mirth always should good fortune meet,
And renders e'en disaster sweet;
And though the princess turn her back,
Let us but line ourselves with sack,
We better shall by far hold out
Till the next year she face about.

[*Incitation to Izaak Walton.*]

[In his eighty-third year, Walton professed a resolution to begin a pilgrimage of more than a hundred miles into a country then the most difficult and hazardous that can be conceived for an aged man to travel in, to visit his friend Cotton, and, doubtless, to enjoy his favourite diversion of angling in the delightful streams of the Dove. To this journey he seems to have been invited by Mr Cotton in the following beautiful stanzas, printed with other of his poems in 1689, and addressed to his dear and most worthy friend, Mr Izaak Walton.]

Whilst in this cold and blustering clime,
Where bleak winds howl, and tempests roar,
We pass away the roughest time
Has been of many years before;

Whilst from the most tempestuous nooks
The chillest blasts our peace invade,
And by great rains our smallest brooks
Are almost navigable made;

Whilst all the ills are so improv'd
Of this dead quarter of the year,
That even you, so much belov'd,
We would not now wish with us here:

In this estate, I say, it is
Some comfort to us to suppose,
That in a better clime than this,
You, our dear friend, have more repose;

And some delight to me the while,
Though nature now does weep in rain,
To think that I have seen her smile,
And haply may I do again.

If the all-ruling Power please
We live to see another May,
We'll recompense an age of these
Foul days in one fine fishing day.

We then shall have a day or two,
Perhaps a week, wherein to try
What the best master's hand can do
With the most deadly killing fly.

A day with not too bright a beam;
A warm, but not a scorching sun;
A southern gale to curl the stream;
And, master, half our work is done.

Then, whilst behind some bush we wait
The scaly people to betray,
We'll prove it just, with treacherous bait,
To make the preying trout our prey;

And think ourselves, in such an hour,
Happier than those, though not so high,
Who, like leviathans, devour
Of meaner men the smaller fry.

This, my best friend, at my poor home,
Shall be our pastime and our theme;
But then—should you not deign to come,
You make all this a flattering dream.

[*A Welsh Guide.*]

[From 'A Voyage to Ireland.']

The sun in the morning disclosed his light,
With complexion as ruddy as mine over night;
And o'er th' eastern mountains peeping up's head,
The casement being open, espied me in bed;
With his rays he so tickled my lids, I awaked,
And was half asham'd, for I found myself naked;
But up I soon start, and was dress'd in a trice,
And call'd for a draught of ale, sugar, and spice;
Which having turn'd off, I then call to pay,
And packing my nawls, whipt to horse, and away.
A guide I had got who demanded great vails,
For conducting me over the mountains of Wales:
Twenty good shillings, which sure very large is;
Yet that would not serve, but I must bear his charges;
And yet for all that, rode astride on a beast,
The worst that e'er went on three legs, I protest;
It certainly was the most ugly of jades;
His hips and his rump made a right ace of spades;
His sides were two ladders, well spur-gall'd withal;
His neck was a helve, and his head was a mall;
For his colour, my pains and your trouble I'll spare,
For the creature was wholly denuded of hair;
And, except for two things, as bare as my nail,
A tuft of a mane, and a sprig of a tail;
Now, such as the beast was, even such was the rider,
With a head like a nutmeg, and legs like a spider;
A voice like a cricket, a look like a rat,
The brains of a goose, and the heart of a cat;
Ev'n such was my guide and his beast; let them pass,
The one for a horse, and the other an ass.

The Retirement.

Stanzas Irreguliers, to Mr Izaak Walton.

Farewell, thou busy world, and may
We never meet again;
Here I can eat, and sleep, and pray,
And do more good in one short day
Than he who his whole age out-wears
Upon the most conspicuous theatres,
Where nought but vanity and vice appears.

Good God! how sweet are all things here!
How beautiful the fields appear!
How cleanly do we feed and lie!
Lord! what good hours do we keep!
How quietly we sleep!
What peace, what unanimity!
How innocent from the lewd fashion,
Is all our business, all our recreation!

Oh, how happy here's our leisure!
Oh, how innocent our pleasure!
O ye valleys! O ye mountains!
O ye groves, and crystal fountains!
How I love, at liberty,
By turns to come and visit ye!

Dear Solitude, the soul's best friend,
That man acquainted with himself dost make,
And all his Maker's wonders to intend,
With thee I here converse at will,
And would be glad to do so still,
For it is thou alone that keep'st the soul awake.

How calm and quiet a delight
Is it, alone,
To read, and meditate, and write,
By none offended, and offending none!
To walk, ride, sit, or sleep at one's own ease,
And, pleasing a man's self, none other to displease.

O my beloved nymph, fair Dove,
Princess of rivers, how I love
Upon thy flowery banks to lie,
And view thy silver stream,
When gilded by a summer's beam!
And in it all thy wanton fry,
Playing at liberty;
And with my angle, upon them
The all of treachery
I ever learn'd, industriously to try!

Such streams Rome's yellow Tiber cannot show;
The Iberian Tagus, or Ligurian Po,
The Maese, the Danube, and the Rhine,
Are puddle water all compared with thine;
And Loire's pure streams yet too polluted are
With thine, much purer to compare;
The rapid Garonne and the winding Seine
Are both too mean,
Beloved Dove, with thee
To vie priority;
Nay, Tame and Isis, when conjoin'd, submit,
And lay their trophies at thy silver feet.

O my beloved rocks, that rise
To awe the earth and brave the skies,
From some aspiring mountain's crown,
How dearly do I love,
Giddy with pleasure, to look down;
And, from the vales, to view the noble heights above!
O my beloved caves! from dog-star's heat,
And all anxieties, my safe retreat;
What safety, privacy, what true delight,
In the artificial night,
Your gloomy entrails make,
Have I taken, do I take!
How oft, when grief has made me fly,
To hide me from society,
E'en of my dearest friends, have I,
In your recesses' friendly shade,
All my sorrows open laid,
And my most secret woes intrusted to your privacy!

Lord! would men let me alone,
What an over-happy one
Should I think myself to be;
Might I in this desert place
(Which most men in discourse disgrace)
Live but undisturb'd and free!

Here, in this despis'd recess,
Would I, maugre winter's cold,
And the summer's worst excess,
Try to live out to sixty full years old;
And, all the while,
Without an envious eye
On any thriving under fortune's smile,
Contented live, and then contented die.

EARL OF ROSCOMMON.

The reign of Charles II. was a period fraught with evil and danger to all the sober restraints, the decencies, and home-bred virtues of domestic life. Poetry suffered in the general deterioration, and Pope has said, that

In all Charles's days
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays.

The EARL OF ROSCOMMON (1633-1684) was the nephew and godson of the celebrated Earl of Strafford. He travelled abroad during the civil war, and returned at the time of the Restoration, when he was made captain of the band of pensioners, and subsequently master of the horse to the Duchess of York. Roscommon, like Denham, was addicted to gambling; but he cultivated his taste for literature, and produced a poetical *Essay on Translated Verse*, a translation of Horace's 'Art of Poetry,' and some other minor pieces. He planned, in conjunction with Dryden, a scheme for refining our language and fixing its standard; but, while meditating on this and similar topics connected with literature, the arbitrary measures of James II. caused public alarm and commotion. Roscommon, dreading the result, prepared to retire to Rome, saying—'It was best to sit near the chimney when the chamber smoked.' An attack of gout prevented the poet's departure, and he died in 1684. 'At the moment in which he expired,' says Johnson, 'he uttered, with an energy of voice that expressed the most fervent devotion, two lines of his own version of "Dies Iræ"—

My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end.'

The only work of Roscommon's which may be said to elevate him above mediocrity, is his 'Essay on Translated Verse,' in which he inculcates in didactic poetry the rational principles of translation previously laid down by Cowley and Denham. It was published in 1681; and it is worthy of remark, that Roscommon notices the sixth book of 'Paradise Lost' (published only four years before) for its sublimity. Dryden has heaped on Roscommon the most lavish praise, and Pope has said that 'every author's merit was his own.' Posterity has not confirmed these judgments. Roscommon stands on the same ground with Denham—elegant and sensible, but cold and unimpassioned. We shall subjoin a few passages from his 'Essay on Translated Verse:'—

[*The Modest Muse.*]

With how much ease is a young maid betray'd—
How nice the reputation of the maid!
Your early kind paternal care appears
By chaste instruction of her tender years.
The first impression in her infant breast
Will be the deepest, and should be the best.
Let not austerity breed servile fear;
No wanton sound offend her virgin ear.
Secure from foolish pride's affected state,
And specious flattery's more pernicious bait;
Habitual innocence adorns her thoughts;
But your neglect must answer for her faults.
Immodest words admit of no defence,
For want of decency is want of sense.
What moderate fop would rake the park or stews,
Who among troops of faultless nymphs may choose!
Variety of such, then, is to be found;
Take then a subject proper to expound,
But moral, great, and worth a poet's voice,
For men of sense despise a trivial choice:
And such applause it must expect to meet,
As would some painter busy in a street
To copy bulls and bears, and every sign
That calls the staring sots to nasty wine.
Yet 'tis not all to have a subject good;
It must delight us when 'tis understood.
He that brings fulsome objects to my view
(As many old have done, and many new),
With nauseous images my fancy fills,
And all goes down like oxymel of squills.
Instruct the listening world how Maro sings
Of useful subjects and of lofty things.
These will such true, such bright ideas raise,
As merit gratitude, as well as praise.
But foul descriptions are offensive still,
Either for being like or being ill.
For who without a qualm hath ever look'd
On holy garbage, though by Homer cook'd?
Whose railing heroes, and whose wounded gods,
Make some suspect he snores as well as nods.
But I offend—Virgil begins to frown,
And Horace looks with indignation down:
Ay blushing Muse, with conscious fear retires,
And whom they like implicitly admires.

[*Caution against False Pride.*]

On sure foundations let your fabric rise,
And with attractive majesty surprise;
Not by affected meretricious arts,
But strict harmonious symmetry of parts;
Which through the whole insensibly must pass
With vital heat, to animate the mass.
A pure, an active, an auspicious flame,
And bright as heaven, from whence the blessing came.
But few—O few! souls pre-ordain'd by fate,
The race of gods have reach'd that envied height.
No rebel Titan's sacrilegious crime,
By heaping hills on hills, can hither climb:
The grisly ferryman of hell denied
Æneas entrance, till he knew his guide.
How justly then will impious mortals fall,
Whose pride would soar to heaven without a call.
Pride (of all others the most dangerous fault)
Proceeds from want of sense, or want of thought.
The men who labour and digest things most,
Will be much apter to despond than boast;
For if your author be profoundly good,
'Twill cost you dear before he's understood.
How many ages since has Virgil writ!
How few are they who understand him yet!
Approach his altars with religious fear;
No vulgar deity inhabits there.
Heaven shakes not more at Jove's imperial nod
Than poets should before their Mantuan god.
Hail mighty Maro! may that sacred name
Kindle my breast with thy celestial flame,
Sublime ideas and apt words infuse;
The Muse instructs my voice, and thou inspire the Muse!

[*An Author must Feel what he Writes.*]

I pity, from my soul, unhappy men,
Compell'd by want to prostitute the pen;
Who must, like lawyers, either starve or plead,
And follow, right or wrong, where guineas lead!
But you, Pompilian, wealthy pamper'd heirs,
Who to your country owe your swords and —

Let no vain hope your easy mind seduce,
For rich ill poets are without excuse;
'Tis very dangerous tampering with the Muse;
The profit's small, and you have much to lose;
For though true wit adorns your birth or place,
Degenerate lines degrade the attainted race.
No poet any passion can excite,
But what they feel transport them when they write.
Have you been led through the Cumæan cave,
And heard th' impatient maid divinely rave?
I hear her now; I see her rolling eyes;
And panting, Lo, the god, the god! she cries:
With words not hers, and more than human sound,
She makes th' obedient ghosts peep trembling throug
the ground.
But though we must obey when heaven commands,
And man in vain the sacred call withstands,
Beware what spirit rages in your breast;
For ten inspir'd, ten thousand are possess'd:
Thus make the proper use of each extreme,
And write with fury, but correct with phlegm.
As when the cheerful hours too freely pass,
And sparkling wine smiles in the tempting glass,
Your pulse advises, and begins to beat
Through every swelling vein a loud retreat:
So when a Muse propitiously invites,
Improve her favours, and indulge her flights;
But when you find that vigorous heat abate,
Leave off, and for another summons wait.
Before the radiant sun, a glimmering lamp,
Adulterate measures to the sterling stamp
Appear not meaner than mere human lines,
Compar'd with those whose inspiration shines:
These nervous, bold; those languid and remiss;
There, cold salutes; but here, a lover's kiss.
Thus have I seen a rapid headlong tide,
With foaming waves the passive Saone divide,
Whose lazy waters without motion lay,
While he with eager force urg'd his impetuous way!

On the Day of Judgment.

[Version of the 'Dies Iræ.']

That day of wrath, that dreadful day,
Shall the whole world in ashes lay,
As David and the Sibyls say.

What horror will invade the mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few venial faults to find!

The last loud trumpet's wondrous sound,
Shall through the rending tombs rebound,
And wake the nations under ground.

Nature and Death shall, with surprise,
Behold the pale offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious eyes.

Then shall, with universal dread,
The sacred mystic book be read,
To try the living and the dead.

The Judge ascends his awful throne;
He makes each secret sin be known,
And all with shame confess their own.

O then, what interest shall I make
To save my last important stake,
When the most just have cause to quake?

Thou mighty formidable King,
Thou mercy's unexhausted spring,
Some comfortable pity bring!

Forget not what my ransom cost,
Nor let my dear-bought soul be lost
In storms of guilty terror tost.

Prostrate my contrite heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend,
Do not forsake me in my end!

Well may they curse their second breath,
Who rise to a reviving death.
Thou great Creator of mankind,
Let guilty man compassion find!

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

JOHN WILMOT, EARL OF ROCHESTER (1647-1680), is known principally from his having (to use the figurative language of Johnson) 'blazed out his youth and his health in lavish voluptuousness,' and died from physical exhaustion and decay at the age of thirty-three. Like most of the courtiers of the day, Rochester travelled in France and Italy. He was at sea with the Earl of Sandwich and Sir Edward Spragge, and distinguished himself for bravery. In the heat of an engagement, he went to carry a message in an open boat amidst a storm of shot. This manliness of character forsook Rochester in England, for he was accused of betraying cowardice in street quarrels, and he refused to fight with the Duke of Buckingham. In the profligate court of Charles, Rochester was the most profligate; his intrigues, his low amours and disguises, his erecting a stage and playing the mountebank on Tower-hill, and his having been *five years* in a state of inebriety, are circumstances well-known and partly admitted by himself. It is remarkable, however, that his domestic letters, which were published a few years ago, show him in a totally different light—'tender, playful, and alive to all the affections of a husband, a father, and a son.' His repentance itself says something for the natural character of the unfortunate profligate. To judge from the memoir left by Dr Burnet, who was his lordship's spiritual guide in his deathbed, it was sincere and unreserved. We may, therefore, with some confidence, set down Rochester as one of those whose vices are less the effect of an inborn tendency, than of external corrupting circumstances. It may fairly be said of him, 'Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it.' His poems consist of slight effusions, thrown off without labour. Many of them are so very licentious as to be unfit for publication; but in one of these, he has given *in one line* a happy character of Charles II.—

A merry monarch, scandalous, and poor.

His songs are sweet and musical. Rochester wrote a poem *Upon Nothing*, which is merely a string of puns and conceits. It opens, however, with a fine image—

Nothing! thou elder brother ev'n to shade,
That hadst a being ere the world was made,
And, well fix'd, art alone of ending not afraid.

Song.

While on those lovely looks I gaze,
To see a wretch pursuing,
In raptures of a bless'd amaze,
His pleasing happy ruin;
'Tis not for pity that I move;
His fate is too aspiring,
Whose heart, broke with a load of love,
Dies wishing and admiring.

But if this murder you'd forego,
Your slave from death removing,
Let me your art of charming know,
Or learn you mine of loving.
But whether life or death betide,
In love 'tis equal measure;
The victor lives with empty pride,
The vanquish'd die with pleasure.

[*Constancy—a Song.*]

I cannot change as others do,
Though you unjustly scorn;
Since that poor swain that sighs for you,
For you alone was born.
No, Phillis, no; your heart to move
A surer way I'll try;
And, to revenge my slighted love,
Will still love on, will still love on, and die.

When kill'd with grief Amyntas lies,
And you to mind shall call
The sighs that now unpitied rise,
The tears that vainly fall;
That welcome hour that ends this smart
Will then begin your pain,
For such a faithful tender heart
Can never break, can never break in vain.

Song.

Too late, alas! I must confess,
You need not arts to move me;
Such charms by nature you possess,
'Twere madness not to love you.

Then spare a heart you may surprise,
And give my tongue the glory
To boast, though my unfaithful eyes
Betray a tender story.

My dear mistress has a heart
Soft as those kind looks she gave me,
When, with love's resistless art,
And her eyes, she did enslave me.
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blisses;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can warm with kisses.
Angels listen when she speaks;
She's my delight, all mankind's wonder;
But my jealous heart would break,
Should we live one day asunder.

A few specimens of Rochester's letters to his wife and son are subjoined:—

I am very glad to hear news from you, and I think it very good when I hear you are well; pray be pleased to send me word what you are apt to be pleased with, that I may show you how good a husband I can be; I would not have you so formal as to judge of the kindness of a letter by the length of it, but believe of everything that it is as you would have it.

'Tis not an easy thing to be entirely happy; but to be kind is very easy, and that is the greatest measure of happiness. I say not this to put you in mind of being kind to me; you have practised that so long, that I have a joyful confidence you will never forget it; but to show that I myself have a sense of what the methods of my life seemed so utterly to contradict, I must not be too wise about my own follies, or else this letter had been a book dedicated to you, and published to the world. It will be more pertinent to tell you, that very shortly the king goes to Newmarket, and then I shall wait on you at Adderbury; in the mean time, think of anything you would have me do, and I shall thank you for the occasion of pleasing you.

Mr Morgan I have sent in this errand, because he plays the rogue here in town so extremely, that he is not to be endured; pray, if he behaves himself so at Adderbury, send me word, and let him stay till I send for him. Pray, let Ned come up to town; I have a little business with him, and he shall be back in a week.

Wonder not that I have not written to you all this while, for it was hard for me to know what to write upon several accounts; but in this I will only desire you not to be too much amazed at the thoughts my mother has of you, since, being mere imaginations, they will as easily vanish, as they were groundlessly erected; for my own part, I will make it my endeavour they may. What you desired of me in your other letter, shall punctually have performed. You must, I think, obey my mother in her commands to wait on her at Aylesbury, as I told you in my last letter. I am very dull at this time, and therefore think it pity in this humour to testify myself to you any farther; only, dear wife, I am your humble servant—ROCHESTER.

Run away like a rascal, without taking leave, dear wife; it is an unpolite way of proceeding, which a modest man ought to be ashamed of. I have left you a prey to your own imaginations, amongst my relations—the worst of damnations; but there will come an hour of deliverance, till when, may my mother be merciful to you; so I commit you to what shall ensue, woman to woman, wife to mother, in hopes of a future appearance in glory. The small share I could spare you out of my pocket, I have sent as a debt to Mrs Rowse. Within a week or ten days I will return you more: pray write as often as you have leisure to your ROCHESTER.

Remember me to Nan and my Lord Wilmot. You must present my service to my cousins. I intend to be at the wedding of my niece Ellen, if I hear of it. Excuse my ill paper, and very ill manners to my mother; they are both the best the place and age could afford.

MY WIFE—The difficulties of pleasing your ladyship do increase so fast upon me, and are grown so numerous, that, to a man less resolved than myself never to give it over, it would appear a madness ever to attempt it more; but through your frailties mine ought not to multiply; you may, therefore, secure yourself that it will not be easy for you to put me out of my constant resolutions to satisfy you in all I can. I confess there is nothing will so much contribute to my assistance in this as your dealing freely with me; for since you have thought it a wise thing to trust me less and have reserves, it has been out of my power to make the best of my proceedings effectual to what I intended them. At a distance, I am likeliest to learn your mind, for you have not a very obliging way of delivering it by word of mouth; if, therefore, you will let me know the particulars in which I may be useful to you, I will show my readiness as to my own part; and if I fail of the success I wish, it shall not be the fault of—Your humble servant, ROCHESTER.

I intend to be at Adderbury sometime next week.

I hope, Charles, when you receive this, and know that I have sent this gentleman to be your tutor, you will be very glad to see I take such care of you, and be very grateful, which is best shown in being obedient and diligent. You are now grown big enough to be a man, and you can be wise enough; for the way to be truly wise is to serve God, learn your book, and observe the instructions of your parents first, and next your tutor, to whom I have entirely resigned you for this seven years, and according as you employ that time, you are to be happy or unhappy for ever; but I have so good an opinion of you, that I am glad to think you will never deceive me; dear child, learn your book and be obedient, and you shall see what a father I will be to you. You shall want no pleasure while you are good, and that you may be so are my constant prayers. ROCHESTER.

Charles, I take it very kindly that you write me (though seldom), and wish heartily you would behave yourself so as that I might show how much I love you without being ashamed. Obedience to your grandmother, and those who instruct you in good things, is the way to make you happy here and for ever. Avoid idleness, scorn lying, and God will bless you.

ROCHESTER.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY.

SIR CHARLES SEDLEY (1639-1701) was one of the brightest satellites of the court of Charles II.—as witty and gallant as Rochester, as fine a poet, and a better man. He was the son of a Kentish baronet, Sir John Sedley of Aylesford. The Restoration drew him to London, and he became such a favourite for his taste and accomplishments, that Charles is said to have asked him if he had not obtained from Nature a patent to be Apollo's viceroy. His estate, his time, and morals, were squandered away at court; but latterly the poet redeemed himself, became a constant attender of parliament, in which he had a seat, opposed the arbitrary measures of James II., and assisted to bring about the Revolution. James had seduced Sedley's daughter, and created her Countess of Dorchester—a circumstance which probably quickened the poet's zeal against the court. 'I hate ingratitude,' said the witty Sedley; 'and as the king has made my daughter a countess, I will endeavour to make his daughter a queen'—alluding to the Princess Mary, married to the Prince of Orange. Sir Charles wrote plays and poems, which were extravagantly praised by his contemporaries. Buckingham eulogised the *witchcraft* of Sedley, and Rochester spoke of his 'gentle prevailing art.' His songs are light and graceful, with a more studied and felicitous diction than is seen in most of the court poets. One of the finest, 'Ah! Chloris, could I now but sit,' has been often printed as the composition of the Scottish patriot, Duncan Forbes of Culloden, Lord President of the court of session: the verses occur in Sedley's play, *The Mulberry Garden*. Sedley's conversation was highly prized, and he lived on, delighting all his friends, till past his sixtieth year. As he says of one of his own heroines, he

Bloom'd in the winter of his days,
Like Glastonbury thorn.

Song.

Ah, Chloris! could I now but sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness or pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the rising fire
Would take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in a mine;
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And center'd in my breast.

My passion with your beauty grew,
While Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

Song.

Love still has something of the sea,
From whence his mother rose;
No time his slaves from doubt can free,
Nor give their thoughts repose.

They are becalm'd in clearest days,
And in rough weather toss'd;
They wither under cold delays,
Or are in tempests lost.

One while they seem to touch the port,
Then straight into the main
Some angry wind, in cruel sport,
The vessel drives again.

At first disdain and pride they fear,
Which, if they chance to 'scape,
Rivals and falsehood soon appear
In a more cruel shape.

By such decrees to joy they come,
And are so long withstood;
So slowly they receive the sun,
It hardly does them good.

'Tis cruel to prolong a pain;
And to defer a joy,
Believe me, gentle Celemene,
Offends the winged boy.

A hundred thousand oaths your fears
Perhaps would not remove;
And if I gaz'd a thousand years,
I could not deeper love.

Phillis, men say that all my vows
Are to thy fortune paid;
Alas! my heart he little knows,
Who thinks my love a trade.

Were I of all these woods the lord,
One berry from thy hand
More real pleasure would afford
Than all my large command.

My humble love has learn'd to live
On what the nicest maid,
Without a conscious blush, may give
Beneath the myrtle shade.

DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.

MARGARET, DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE, who died in 1673, was distinguished for her faithful attachment to her lord in his long exile during the time of the commonwealth, and for her indefatigable pursuit of literature. She was the daughter of Sir Charles Lucas, and one of the maids of honour to Henrietta Maria. Having accompanied the queen to France, she met with the Marquis of Newcastle, and was married to him at Paris in 1645. The marquis took up his residence at Antwerp, till the troubles were over, and there his lady wrote and published (1653) a volume, entitled *Poems and Fancies*. The marquis assisted her in her compositions, a circumstance which Horace Walpole has ridiculed in his 'Royal and Noble Authors;' and so indefatigable were the noble pair, that they filled nearly twelve volumes, folio, with plays, poems, orations, philosophical discourses, &c. On the restoration of Charles II., the marquis and his lady returned to England. The picture of domestic happiness and devoted loyalty presented by the life of these personages, creates a strong prepossession in favour of the poetry of the duchess. She had invention, knowledge, and imagination, but wanted energy and taste. *The Pastime and Recreation of the Queen of Fairies in Fairy Land* is her

most popular piece. It often echoes the imagery of Shakspeare, but has some fine lines, descriptive of the elvish queen—

She on a dewy leaf doth bathe,
And as she sits, the leaf doth wave;
There like a new-fallen flake of snow,
Doth her white limbs in beauty show.
Her garments fair her maids put on,
Made of the pure light from the sun.

Mirth and Melancholy is another of these fanciful personifications. The former woos the poetess to dwell with her, promising sport and pleasure, and drawing a gloomy but forcible and poetical sketch of her rival, Melancholy:—

Her voice is low, and gives a hollow sound;
She hates the light, and is in darkness found;
Or sits with blinking lamps, or tapers small,
Which various shadows make against the wall.
She loves nought else but noise which discord makes,
As croaking frogs whose dwelling is in lakes;
The raven's hoarse, the mandrake's hollow groan,
And shrieking owls which fly i' the night alone;
The tolling bell, which for the dead rings out;
A mill, where rushing waters run about;
The roaring winds, which shake the cedars tall,
Plough up the seas, and beat the rocks withal.
She loves to walk in the still moonshine night,
And in a thick dark grove she takes delight;
In hollow caves, thatch'd houses, and low cells,
She loves to live, and there alone she dwells.

Melancholy thus describes her own dwelling:—

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun;
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;
In summers hot down in a shade I lie;
My music is the buzzing of a fly;
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass;
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,
Some brushy woods, and some all champaigns be;
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low;
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,
Then I do live in a small house alone;
Although 'tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,
Like to a soul that's pure, and clear from sin;
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,
Not fill'd with cares how riches to increase;
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures;
No riches are, but what the mind intreasures.
Thus am I solitary, live alone,
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known;
And though my face ill-favour'd at first sight,
After acquaintance, it will give delight.
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be;
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

KATHERINE PHILIPS.

Mrs Katherine Philips (1631–1664) was honoured with the praise of Cowley and Dryden, and Jeremy Taylor addressed to her a 'Discourse on Friendship.' Her poetical name of *Orinda* was highly popular with her contemporaries; but her effusions are said to have been published without her consent. This amiable lady was the wife of James Philips of the Priory, Cardigan. She died of small-pox, a distemper then prevalent and fatal.

[*Against Pleasure—an Ode.*]

There's no such thing as pleasure here,
'Tis all a perfect cheat,
Which does but shine and disappear,
Whose charm is but deceit;
The empty bribe of yielding souls,
Which first betrays and then controls.

'Tis true, it looks at distance fair;
But if we do approach,
The fruit of Sodom will impair,
And perish at a touch;
It being than in fancy less,
And we expect more than possess.

For by our pleasures we are cloy'd,
And so desire is done;
Or else, like rivers, they make wide
The channels where they run;
And either way true bliss destroys,
Making us narrow, or our joys.

We covet pleasure easily,
But ne'er true bliss possess;
For many things must make it be,
But one may make it less;
Nay, were our state as we could choose it,
'Twould be consum'd by fear to lose it.

What art thou, then, thou winged air,
More weak and swift than fame!
Whose next successor is despair,
And its attendant shame.
Th' experienc'd prince then reason had,
Who said of Pleasure—'It is mad.'

[*A Country Life.*]

How sacred and how innocent
A country-life appears,
How free from tumult, discontent,
From flattery or fears!

This was the first and happiest life,
When man enjoy'd himself,
Till pride exchanged peace for strife,
And happiness for pelf.

'Twas here the poets were inspir'd,
Here taught the multitude;
The brave they here with honour fir'd,
And civilis'd the rude.

That golden age did entertain
No passion but of love:
The thoughts of ruling and of gain
Did ne'er their fancies move.

Them that do covet only rest,
A cottage will suffice:
It is not brave to be possess'd
Of earth, but to despise.

Opinion is the rate of things,
From hence our peace doth flow;
I have a better fate than kings,
Because I think it so.

When all the stormy world doth roar,
How unconcern'd am I!
I cannot fear to tumble lower,
Who never could be high.

Secure in these unenvied walls,
I think not on the state,
And pity no man's ease that falls
From his ambition's height.

Silence and innocence are safe;
A heart that's nobly true,
At all these little arts can laugh,
That do the world subdue!

JOHN DRYDEN.

John Dryden, one of the great masters of English verse, and whose masculine satire has never been excelled, was born at Oldwinckle, in Northamptonshire, in August 1631. His father, Erasmus Driden [the poet first spelled the name with a y], was a strict Puritan, of an ancient family, long established in Northamptonshire. John was one of fourteen

children, but he was the eldest son, and received a good education, first at Westminster, and afterwards at Trinity college, Cambridge. Dryden's first poetical

John Dryden.

production was a set of 'heroic stanzas' on the death of Cromwell, which possess a certain ripeness of style and versification that promised future excellence. In all Waller's poem on the same subject, there is nothing equal to such verses as the following:—

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone,
For he was great ere Fortune made him so;
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine
When to pale mariners they storms portend;
He had his calmer influence, and his mien
Did love and majesty together blend.

When monarchy was restored, Dryden went over with the tuneful throng who welcomed in Charles II. He had done with the Puritans, and he wrote poetical addresses to the king and the lord chancellor. The amusements of the drama revived after the Restoration, and Dryden became a candidate for theatrical laurels. In 1662, and two following years, he produced *The Wild Gallant*, *The Rival Ladies*, and *The Indian Emperor*; the last was very successful. Dryden's name was now conspicuous; and in 1665 he married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match added neither to his wealth nor his happiness, and the poet afterwards revenged himself by constantly inveighing against matrimony. When his wife wished to be a book, that she might enjoy more of his company, Dryden is said to have replied, 'Be an almanac then, my dear, that I may change you once a-year.' In his play of the *Spanish Friar*, he most unpolitely states, that 'woman was made from the dross and refuse of a man;' upon which his antagonist, Jeremy Collier, remarks, with some humour and smartness, 'I did not know before that a man's dross lay in his ribs; I believe it sometimes lies higher.' All Dryden's plays are marked with licentiousness, that vice of the age, which he fostered, rather than attempted to check. In 1667 he published a long poem, *Annus Mirabilis*, being an account of the events of the year 1666. The style and versification seem to have been copied from Davenant; but Dryden's piece fully sustained his reputation. About the same time he wrote an *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, in which he vindicates the use of rhyme in tragedy. The style of his prose was easy, natural, and graceful. The poet now undertook to write for the king's players no less than three plays a year, for which he was to receive one share and a quarter in the profits of the theatre, said to be about £300 per annum. He was afterwards made poet-laureate and royal historiographer, with a salary of £200. These were golden days; but they did not last. Dryden, however, went on manufacturing his rhyming plays, in accordance with the vitiated French taste which then prevailed. He got involved in controversies and quarrels, chiefly at the instigation of Rochester, who set up a wretched rhymster, Elkanah Settle, in opposition to Dryden. The great poet was also successfully ridiculed by Buckingham in his 'Rehearsal.' In 1681, Dryden published the satire of *Absalom and Achitophel*, written in the style of a scriptural narrative, the names and situations of personages in the holy text being applied to those contemporaries, to whom the author assigned places in his poem. The Duke of Monmouth was Absalom, and the Earl of Shaftesbury Achitophel; while the Duke of Buckingham was drawn under the character of Zimri. The success of this bold political satire—the most vigorous and elastic, the most finely versified, varied, and beautiful, which the English language can boast—was almost unprecedented. Dryden was now placed above all his poetical contemporaries. Shortly afterwards, he continued the feeling against Shaftesbury in a poem called *The Medal, a Satire against Sedition*. The attacks of a rival poet, Shadwell, drew another vigorous satire from Dryden, *Mac-Flecknoe*. A second part of 'Absalom and Achitophel' was published in 1684, but the body of the poem was written by Nahum Tate. Dryden contributed about two hundred lines, containing highly-wrought characters of Settle and Shadwell, under the names of Doeg and Og. 'His antagonists,' says Scott, 'came on with infinite zeal and fury, discharged their ill-aimed blows on every side, and exhausted their strength in violent and ineffectual rage; but the keen and trenchant blade of Dryden never makes a thrust in vain, and never strikes but at a vulnerable point.' In the same year was published Dryden's *Religio Laici*, a poem written to defend the church of England against the dissenters, yet evincing a sceptical spirit with regard to revealed religion. The opening of this poem is singularly solemn and majestic—

Dim as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul; and as on high
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.
And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
So dies, and so dissolves, in supernatural light.

Dryden's doubts about religion were soon dispelled by his embracing the Roman Catholic faith. Satisfied or overpowered by the prospect of an infallible guide, he closed in with the court of James II., and gladly exclaimed—

Good life be now my task—my doubts are done.

His change of religion happening at a time when it suited his interests to become a Catholic, was looked

upon with suspicion. The candour evinced by Dr Johnson on this subject, and the patient inquiry of Sir Walter Scott, have settled the point. We may lament the fall of the great poet, but his conduct is not fairly open to the charge of sordid and unprincipled selfishness. He brought up his family and died in his new belief. The first public fruits of Dryden's change of creed were his allegorical poem of the *Hind and Panther*, in which the main argument of the Roman church, all that has or can be said for tradition and authority, is fully stated. 'The wit in the Hind and Panther,' says Hallam, 'is sharp, ready, and pleasant; the reasoning is sometimes admirably close and strong; it is the energy of Bossuet in verse.' The Hind is the church of Rome, the Panther the church of England, while the Independents, Quakers, Anabaptists, and other sects, are represented as bears, hares, boars, &c. The Calvinists are strongly but coarsely caricatured—

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
Appear, with belly gaunt and famish'd face—
Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
Close clapp'd for shame, but his rough crest he rears,
And pricks up his predestinating ears.

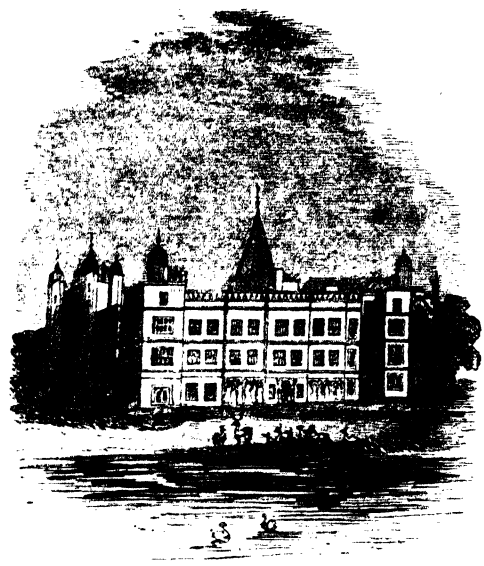
The obloquy and censure which Dryden's change of religion entailed upon him, is glanced at in the 'Hind and Panther,' with more depth of feeling than he usually evinced—

If joys hereafter must be purchas'd here
With loss of all that mortals hold so dear,
Then welcome infamy and public shame,
And last, a long farewell to worldly fame!
'Tis said with ease, but, oh, how hardly tried
By haughty souls to human honour tied!
O sharp convulsive pangs of agonizing pride!
Down, then, thou rebel, never more to rise,
And what thou did'st, and dost so dearly prize,
That fame, that darling fame, make that thy sacrifice!
'Tis nothing thou hast given; then add thy tears
For a long race of unrepenting years:
'Tis nothing yet, yet all thou hast to give;
Then add those may-be years thou hast to live:
Yet nothing still; then poor and naked come;
Thy Father will receive his unthrift home,
And thy blest Saviour's blood discharge the mighty sum.

He had previously, in the same poem, alluded to the 'weight of ancient witness,' or tradition, which had prevailed over private reason; and his feelings were strongly excited—

But, gracious God! how well dost thou provide
For erring judgments an unerring guide!
Thy throne is darkness in th' abyss of light,
A blaze of glory that forbids the sight.
O teach me to believe thee thus conceal'd,
And search no farther than thyself reveal'd;
But her alone for my director take,
Whom thou hast promised never to forsake!
My thoughtless youth was wing'd with vain desires,
My manhood, long misled by wandering fires,
Follow'd false lights, and when their glimpse was gone,
My pride struck out new sparkles of her own.
Such was I; such by nature still I am;
Be thine the glory, and be mine the shame!

The Revolution in 1688 deprived Dryden of his office of laureate. But the want of independent income seems only to have stimulated his faculties, and his latter unendowed years produced the noblest of his works. Besides several plays, he now gave to the world versions of Juvenal and Persius, and—a still weightier task—a translation of Virgil. The latter is considered the least happy of all his great works. Dryden was deficient in sensibility, while Virgil excels in tenderness and in a calm and serene dignity. This laborious undertaking brought the poet a sum of about £1200. His publisher, Tonson, endeavoured in vain to get the poet to inscribe the translation to King William, and, failing in this, he



Burleigh House,
where part of the translation of Virgil was executed.

took care to make the engraver 'aggravate the nose of Æneas in the plates, into a sufficient resemblance of the hooked promontory of the Deliverer's countenance.' The immortal Ode to St Cecilia, commonly called *Alexander's Feast*, was Dryden's next work; and it is the loftiest and most imaginative of all his compositions. 'No one has ever qualified his admiration of this noble poem.' In 1699 Dryden published his *Fables*, 7560 verses, more or less, as the contract with Tonson bears, being a partial delivery to account of 10,000 verses, which he agreed to furnish for the sum of 250 guineas, to be made up to £300 upon publication of a second edition. The poet was now in his sixty-eighth year, but his fancy was brighter and more prolific than ever; it was like a brilliant sunset, or a river that expands in breadth, and fertilises a wider tract of country, ere it is finally engulfed in the ocean. The 'Fables' are imitations of Boccaccio and Chaucer, and afford the finest specimens of Dryden's happy versification. No narrative-poems in the language have been more generally admired or read. They shed a glory on the last days of the poet, who died on the 1st of May 1700. A subscription was made for a public funeral; and his remains, after being embalmed, and lying in state twelve days, were interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey.

Dryden has been very fortunate in his critics, annotators, and biographers. His life by Johnson is the most carefully written, the most eloquent and discriminating of all the 'Lives of the Poets.' Malone collected and edited his essays and other prose writings; and Sir Walter Scott wrote a copious life of the poet, and edited a complete edition of his works, the whole extending to eighteen volumes.

It has become the fashion to print the works of some of our poets in the order in which they were written, not as arranged and published by themselves. Cowper and Burns have been presented in this shape,

and the consequence is, that light ephemeral trifles, or personal sallies, are thrust in between the more durable memorials of genius, disturbing their symmetry and effect. In the case of Dryden, however, such a chronological survey would be instructive; for, between the 'Annus Mirabilis' and the 'Ode to St Cecilia' or the 'Fables,' through the plays and poems, how varied is the range in style and taste! It is like the progress of Spenser's 'Good Knight,' through labyrinths of uncertainty, fantastic conceits, flowery vice, and unnatural splendour, to the sober daylight of truth, virtue, and reason. Dryden never attained to finished excellence in composition. His genius was debased by the false taste of the age, and his mind vitiated by its bad morals. He mangled the natural delicacy and simplicity of Shakspeare's 'Tempest;' and where even Chaucer is pure, Dryden is impure. 'This great high-priest of all the nine,' remarks Mr Campbell, 'was not a confessor to the finer secrets of the human breast. Had the subject of "Eloisa" fallen into his hands, he would have left but a coarse draught of her passion.' But if Dryden was deficient in the higher emotions of love and tenderness, their absence is partly atoned for in his late works, by wide surveys of nature and mankind, by elevated reasoning and declamation, and by the hearty individuality of his satire. The 'brave negligence' of his versification, and his 'long resounding line,' have an indescribable charm. His style is like his own Panther, of the 'spotted kind,' and its faults and virtues lie equally mixed; but it is beloved in spite of spots and blemishes, and pleases longer than the verse of Pope, which, like the milk-white hind, is 'immortal and unchanged.' The satirical portraits of Pope, excepting those of Addison and Lord Hervey, are feeble compared with those of Dryden, whom he acknowledged to be his master and instructor in versification. The bard of Twickenham is too subtile, polished, and refined. Dryden drew from the life, and hit off strong likenesses. Pope, like Sir Joshua Reynolds, refined in his colours, and many of his pictures are faint and vanishing delineations. Dryden, with his tried and homely materials, and bold pencil, was true to nature; his sketches are still fresh as a genuine Vandyke or Rembrandt. His language, like his thoughts, was truly English. He was sometimes *Gallicised* by the prevailing taste of the day; but he felt that this was a license to be sparingly used. 'If too many foreign words are poured in upon us,' said he, 'it looks as if they were designed not to assist the natives, but to conquer them.' His lines, like the Sibyl's prophecies, must be read in the order in which they lie. In better times, and with more careful culture, Dryden's genius would have avoided the vulgar descents which he seldom escaped, except in his most finished passages and his choicest lyrical odes. As it is, his muse was a fallen angel, cast down for manifold sins and impurities, yet radiant with light from heaven. The natural freedom and magnificence of his verse it would be vain to eulogise.

[*Character of Shaftesbury.*]

[From 'Absalom and Achitophel.']

Of these the false Achitophel was first;
A name to all succeeding ages curst:
For close designs and crooked counsels fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;
Restless, unfix'd in principles and place;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace:
A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
Fretted the pigmy body to decay,
And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
A daring pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the danger when the waves went high,
He sought the storms; but, for a calm unfit,
Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
And thin partitions do their bounds divide;*
Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
Refuse his age the needful hours of rest?
Punish a body which he could not please;
Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease?
And all to leave what with his toil he won,
To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son;
Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
In friendship false, implacable in hate;
Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state:
To compass this, the triple bond he broke,
The pillars of the public safety shook,
And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke:
Then, seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
So easy still it proves, in factious times,
With public zeal to cancel private crimes;
How safe is treason, and how sacred ill
Where none can sin against the people's will!
Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own!
Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
Swift of despatch, and easy of access.
Oh! had he been content to serve the crown
With virtues only proper for the gown;
Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed;
David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
But wild ambition loves to slide, not stand;
And fortune's ice prefers to virtue's land.
Achitophel, grown weary to possess
A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.

[*Character of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.*]

[From the same.]

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land:
In the first rank of these did Zimri stand;
A man so various that he seem'd to be,
Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
Was ev'rything by starts, and nothing long;
But, in the course of one revolving moon,
Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon;
Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
Blest madman! who could ev'ry hour employ
With something new to wish, or to enjoy.
Railing and praising were his usual themes;
And both, to show his judgment, in extremes;
So over-violent, or over-civil,
That ev'ry man with him was God or devil.
In squandering wealth was his peculiar art;
Nothing went unrewarded but desert:

* The proposition of Dryden, that great wit is allied to madness, will not bear the test of scrutiny. It has been successfully combated by Hazlitt and Charles Lamb. 'The greatest wits,' says Lamb, 'will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakspeare. The greatness of wit, by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood, manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them.' Shaftesbury's restlessness was owing to his ambition and his vanity; to a want of judgment and principle, not an excess of wit.

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late,
He had his jest, and they had his estate;
He laugh'd himself from court, then sought relief
By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief;
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
On Absalom and wise Achitophel:
Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

[*Shaftesbury's Address to Monmouth.*]

[From the same.]

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity
Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky,
Thy longing country's darling and desire,
Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire;
Their second Moses, whose extended wand
Divides the seas, and shows the promis'd land;
Whose dawning day in every distant age
Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage:
The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
The young men's vision, and the old men's dream!
Thee, saviour, thee, the nation's vows confess,
And, never satisfied with seeing, bless:
Swift unbespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
And stammering babes are taught to lisp thy name.
How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
Starve and defraud the people of thy reign;
Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
Like one of Virtue's fools, that feed on praise;
Till thy fresh glories, which now shine so bright
Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily sight;
Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be
Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree:
Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
Some lucky revolution of their fate;
Whose motions, if we watch and guide with skill
(For human good depends on human will),
Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
And from the first impression takes the bent;
But if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
And leaves repenting folly far behind.
Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
And spreads her locks before you as she flies!
Had thus old David, from whose loins you spring,
Not dared, when fortune call'd him to be king,
At Gath an exile he might still remain,
And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain.
Let his successful youth your hopes engage,
But shun th' example of declining age;
Behold him setting in his western skies,
The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise.
He is not now as when on Jordan's sand,
The joyful people throng'd to see him land,
Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand!

Mac-Flecknoe.

[The design of this poem is the sublime of personal satire. The leading idea is to represent the solemn inauguration of one inferior poet as the successor of another in the monarchy of nonsense. The title involves this idea with a happy reference to the nation of the resigning sovereign—Mac, in Celtic, being son.]

All human things are subject to decay;
And, when Fate summons, monarchs must obey.
This Flecknoe[1] found, who, like Augustus, young
Was call'd to empire, and had govern'd long;
In prose and verse was own'd, without dispute,
Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
And blest with issue of a large increase,
Worn out with business, did at length debate
To settle the succession of the state;
And pond'ring which of all his sons was fit
To reign, and wage immortal war with Wit,
Cried, 'Tis resolved; for Nature pleads, that he
Should only rule who most resembles me.
Shadwell,[1] alone, my perfect image bears,
Mature in dulness from his tender years:
Shadwell, alone, of all my sons, was he,
Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
The rest to some faint meaning make pretence;
But Shadwell never deviates into sense.
Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
Strike through, and make a lucid interval;
But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray;
His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
Besides, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty:
Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain,
And, spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
Thou last great prophet of Tautology!
Ev'n I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was sent before but to prepare thy way;
And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
To teach the nations in thy greater name.
My warbling lute, the lute I whilom strung,
When to King John of Portugal I sung,
Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on silver Thames didst cut thy way,
With well-tim'd oars, before the royal barge,
Swell'd with the pride of thy celestial charge;
And, big with hymn, commander of a host,
The like was ne'er in Epsom-blankets toss'd.
Methinks I see the new Arion sail,
The lute still trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy well-sharpen'd thumb, from shore to shore,
The trebles squeak for fear, the basses roar:
About thy boat the little fishes throng,
As at the morning toast that floats along.
Sometimes, as prince of thy harmonious band,
Thou wield'st thy papers in thy thrashing hand.
St Andre's feet[2] ne'er kept more equal time;
Not e'en the feet of thine own Psyche's rhyme:[3]
Though they in number as in sense excel;
So just, so like Tautology they fell,
That, pale with envy, Singleton[4] forswore
The lute and sword, which he in triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er would act Villerius more.
Here stopp'd the good old sire, and wept for joy,
In silent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All arguments, but most his plays, persuade,
That for anointed dulness he was made.
Close to the walls which fair Augusta bind
(The fair Augusta, much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabric, raised t' inform the sight,
There stood of yore, and Barbican it hight,
A watch-tower once; but now, so fate ordains,
Of all the pile an empty name remains: * *
Near these a nursery erects its head,
Where queens are form'd, and future heroes bred;
Where unfledg'd actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant punks their tender voices try,
And little Maximins the gods defy.
Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here,
Nor greater Jonson dares in socks appear;
But gentle Simkin just reception finds
Amidst this monument of vanish'd minds;

[1] Richard Flecknoe, an Irish Roman Catholic priest, and a well-known hackneyed poetaster of the day.

[1] Thomas Shadwell, the dramatic author, was a rival of Dryden's both in politics and poetry. His scenes of low comedy evince considerable talent in the style of Ben Jonson, whom he also resembled in his person and habits.

[2] A fashionable dancing-master.

[3] Psyche was the name of one of Shadwell's operas.

[4] An actor in operas, celebrated for his performance of Vellerius in Davenant's 'Siege of Rhodes.'

Pure clinches the suburban muse affords,
And Panton[1] waging harmless war with words.
Here Fleeknoe, as a place to fame well-known,
Ambitiously design'd his Shadwell's throne:
For ancient Dekker prophesied, long since,
That in this pile should reign a mighty prince,
Born for a scourge of wit, and flail of sense;
To whom true dulness should some Psyches owe;
But worlds of misers from his pen should flow;
Humorists and hypocrites it should produce;
Whole Raymond families, and tribes of Bruce.[2]
Now empress Fame had publish'd the renown
Of Shadwell's coronation through the town.
Rous'd by report of Fame, the nations meet,
From near Bun Hill, and distant Watling Street;
No Persian carpets spread th' imperial way,
But scatter'd limbs of mangled poets lay; * *
Bilk'd stationers for yeomen stood prepar'd,
And Herringman[3] was captain of the guard.
The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young Ascanius sat,
Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state;
His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
As Hannibal did to the altars come,
Sworn by his sire a mortal foe to Rome,
So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
That he, till death, true dulness would maintain;
And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
Ne'er to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The king himself the sacred unction made,
As king by office, and as priest by trade.
In his sinister hand, instead of ball,
He placed a mighty mug of potent ale;
'Love's Kingdom'[4] to his right he did convey
At once his sceptre and his rule of sway;
Whose righteous lore the prince had practis'd young,
And from whose loins recorded Psyche sprung:
His temples last with poppies were o'erspread,
That, nodding, seem'd to consecrate his head.
Just at the point of time, if fame not lie,
On his left hand twelve rev'rend owls did fly.
So Romulus, 'tis sung, by Tiber's brook,
Presage of sway from twice six vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And omens of his future empire take.
The fire then shook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion shed
Full on the filial dulness: long he stood,
Repelling from his breast the raging god;
At length burst out in this prophetic mood:
'Heav'n bless my son, from Ireland let him reign,
To far Barbadoes on the western main;
Of his dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his father's be his throne;
Beyond Love's Kingdom let him stretch his pen!'
He paus'd; and all the people cried, Amen.
Then thus continued he: 'My son, advance
Still in new impudence, new ignorance.
Success let others teach; learn thou, from me,
Pangs without birth, and fruitless industry.
Let Virtuosos in five years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuse thy toil of wit.
Let gentle George in triumph tread the stage,
Make Dorimant betray, and Loveit rage;
Let Cully, Cockwood, Fopling,[5] charm the pit,
And, in their folly, show the writer's wit.
Yet still thy fools shall stand in thy defence,
And justify their author's want of sense.

Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulness, and desire no foreign aid;
That they to future ages may be known,
Not copies drawn, but issue of thy own.
Nay, let thy men of wit, too, be the same,
All full of thee, and diff'ring but in name.
But let no alien Sedley interpose,
To lard with wit thy hungry Epsom prose.[1]
And, when false flowers of rhet'ric thou wouldst cull,
Trust nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy best, and top; and, in each line,
Sir Formal's oratory will be thine:
Sir Formal, though unsought, attends thy quill,
And does thy northern dedications fill.
Nor let false friends seduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating Jonson's hostile name.
Let father Fleeknoe fire thy mind with praise,
And uncle Ogleby thy envy raise.
Thou art my blood, where Jonson has no part:
What share have we in nature or in art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at arts he did not understand?
Where made he love in Prince Nicander's vein,
Or swept the dust in Psyche's humble strain?
When did his muse from Fletcher scenes purloin,
As thou whole Etherege dost transfuse to thine?
But so transfus'd as oil and waters flow;
His always floats above, thine sinks below.
This is thy province, this thy wondrous way,
New humours to invent for each new play:
This is that boasted bias of thy mind,
By which one way to dulness 'tis inclin'd;
Which makes thy writings lean on one side still,
And, in all changes, that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain-belly make pretence
Of likeness; thine's a tympany of sense.
A tun of man in thy large bulk is writ;
But sure thou'rt but a kilderkin of wit.
Like mine, thy gentle numbers feebly creep;
Thy tragic muse gives smiles; thy comic, sleep.
With whate'er gall thou sett'st thyself to write,
Thy inoffensive satires never bite.
In thy felonious heart, though venom lies,
It does but touch thy Irish pen, and dies.
Thy genius calls thee not to purchase fame
In keen Iambics, but mild Anagram.
Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display, and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.
Or, if thou wouldst thy diff'rent talents suit,
Set thy own songs, and sing them to thy lute.'
He said: but his last words were scarcely heard;
For Bruce and Longvil had a trap prepar'd,[2]
And down they sent the yet declaiming bard.
Sinking, he left his drugget robe behind,
Borne upwards by a subterranean wind.
The mantle fell to the young prophet's part,
With double portion of his father's art.

The Hind and Panther.

A milk-white hind, immortal and unchang'd,
Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
Without, unspotted; innocent, within;
She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin:
Yet had she oft been chas'd with horns and hounds,
And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

[1] A well-known punster.
[2] Characters in Shadwell's dramas. [3] A dramatic publisher.
[4] 'Love's Kingdom' is the name of a pastoral drama by Richard Fleeknoe.
[5] Characters in Sir George Etherege's 'Man of Mode,' and 'Love in a Tub.'

[1] Sir Charles Sedley was understood to have assisted Shadwell in his play of 'Epsom Wells.'
[2] Two of the characters in Shadwell's 'Virtuoso,' who play a trick on Sir Formal Trifle by means of a trap-door. The conclusion of Dryden's satire, as well as the general design of the poem, was closely copied by Pope in his Dunciad.

Panting and pensive, now she ranged alone,
And wander'd in the kingdoms once her own:
The common hunt, though from their rage restrain'd
By sovereign power, her company disdain'd,
Grinn'd as they pass'd, and with a glaring eye
Gave gloomy signs of secret enmity.
'Tis true she bounded by, and tripp'd so light,
They had not time to take a steady sight:
For truth has such a face and such a mien,
As to be lov'd, needs only to be seen.
* * *
The Panther, sure the noblest next the Hind,
And fairest creature of the spotted kind;
Oh, could her in-born stains be wash'd away,
She were too good to be a beast of prey!
How can I praise, or blame, and not offend,
Or how divide the frailty from the friend?
Her faults and virtues lie so mix'd, that she
Nor wholly stands condemn'd nor wholly free;
Then like her injur'd lion, let me speak;
He cannot bend her, and he would not break.
Unkind already, and estrang'd in part,
The wolf begins to share her wandering heart:
Though unpolluted yet with actual ill,
She half commits who sins but in her will.
If, as our dreaming Platonists report,
There could be spirits of a middle sort,
Too black for heaven, and yet too white for hell,
Who just dropt half way down, nor lower fell;
So pois'd, so gently, she descends from high,
It seems a soft dismission from the sky.

[*The Swallow.*]

[From the same.]

The swallow, privileg'd above the rest
Of all the birds as man's familiar guest,
Pursues the sun in summer, brisk and bold,
But wisely shuns the persecuting cold;
Is well to chancels and to chimneys known,
Though 'tis not thought she feeds on smoke alone.
From hence she has been held of heavenly line,
Endued with particles of soul divine:
This merry chorister had long possess'd
Her summer seat, and feather'd well her nest,
Till frowning skies began to change their cheer,
And time turn'd up the wrong side of the year;
The shedding trees began the ground to strow
With yellow leaves, and bitter blasts to blow:
Such auguries of winter thence she drew,
Which by instinct or prophecy she knew:
When prudence warn'd her to remove betimes,
And seek a better heaven and warmer climes.
Her sons were summon'd on a steeple's height,
And, call'd in common council, vote a flight.
The day was nam'd, the next that should be fair;
All to the general rendezvous repair;
They try their fluttering wings, and trust themselves in air.
Who but the swallow now triumphs alone?
The canopy of heaven is all her own:
Her youthful offspring to their haunts repair,
And glide along in glades, and skim in air,
And dip for insects in the purling springs,
And stoop on rivers, to refresh their wings.

Ode to the Memory of Mrs Anne Killigrew.

Thou youngest virgin-daughter of the skies,
Made in the last promotion of the blest;
Whose palms, new pluck'd from paradise,
In spreading branches more sublimely rise,
Rich with immortal green above the rest:
Whether, adopted to some neighbouring star,
Thou roll'st above us, in thy wand'ring race,
Or, in procession fix'd and regular,
Mov'st with the heaven-majestic pace;
Or, call'd to more superior bliss,
Thou tread'st, with seraphims, the vast abyss:
Whatever happy region is thy place,
Cease thy celestial song a little space;
Thou wilt have time enough for hymns divine,
Since heaven's eternal year is thine.
Hear, then, a mortal Muse thy praise rehearse,
In no ignoble verse;
But such as thine own voice did practice here,
When thy first fruits of poesy were given;
To make thyself a welcome inmate there:
While yet a young probationer,
And candidate of heaven.

If by traduction came thy mind,
Our wonder is the less to find
A soul so charming from a stock so good;
Thy father was transfus'd into thy blood:
So wert thou born into a tuneful strain,
An early, rich, and inexhausted vein.
But if thy pre-existing soul
Was form'd at first with myriads more,
It did through all the mighty poets roll,
Who Greek or Latin laurels wore,
And was that Sappho last, which once it was before.
If so, then cease thy flight, O heaven-born mind!
Thou hast no dross to purge from thy rich ore:
Nor can thy soul a fairer mansion find
Than was the beauteous frame she left behind.
Return to fill or mend the choir of thy celestial kind.
* * *
O gracious God! how far have we
Profan'd thy heav'nly gift of poesy!
Made prostitute and profligate the Muse,
Debas'd to each obscene and impious use,
Whose harmony was first ordain'd above
For tongues of angels, and for hymns of love!
O wretched we! why were we hurried down
This lubrique and adulterate age,
(Nay, added fat pollutions of our own)
T' increase the steaming ordures of the stage?
What can we say t' excuse our second fall?
Let this thy vestal, heaven, atone for all;
Her Arethusian stream remains unsoil'd,
Unmix'd with foreign filth, and undefil'd;
Her wit was more than man; her innocence a child.
* * *
When in mid-air the golden trump shall sound,
To raise the nations under ground;
When in the valley of Jehoshaphat,
The judging God shall close the book of fate;
And there the last assizes keep
For those who wake, and those who sleep;
The sacred poets first shall hear the sound,
And foremost from the tomb shall bound,
For they are cover'd with the lightest ground;
And straight, with in-born vigour, on the wing,
Like mountain larks, to the new morning sing.
There thou, sweet saint, before the quire shall go,
As harbinger of heaven, the way to show,
The way which thou so well hast learnt below.

[*On Milton.*]

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
The first in loftiness of thought surpass'd,
The next in majesty; in both the last.
The force of nature could no further go;
To make a third, she join'd the other two.

To my Honoured Kinsman, John Dryden, Esq. of Chesterton, in the County of Huntingdon.

How bless'd is he who leads a country life,
Unvex'd with anxious cares, and void of strife!
Who, studying peace, and shunning civil rage,
Enjoy'd his youth, and now enjoys his age!

All who deserve his love he makes his own,
And to be lov'd himself needs only to be known.
Just, good, and wise, contending neighbours come,
From your award, to wait their final doom,
And, foes before, return in friendship home.
Without their cost you terminate the cause,
And save th' expense of long litigious laws;
Where suits are travers'd, and so little won,
That he who conquers is but least undone.
Such are not your decrees; but, so design'd,
The sanction leaves a lasting peace behind,
Like your own soul serene, a pattern of your mind.
Promoting concord, and composing strife,
Lord of yourself, uncumber'd with a wife; * *
No porter guards the passage of your door,
To admit the wealthy and exclude the poor;
For God, who gave the riches, gave the heart,
To sanctify the whole by giving part.
Heaven, who foresaw the will, the means has wrought,
And to the second son a blessing brought:
The first begotten had his father's share,
But you, like Jacob, are Rebecca's heir.
So may your stores and fruitful fields increase,
And ever be you bless'd who live to bless.
As Ceres sow'd where'er her chariot flew;
As heaven in deserts rain'd the bread of dew;
So free to many, to relations most,
You feed with manna your own Israel host.
With crowds attended of your ancient race,
You seek the champaign sports or sylvan chase:
With well-breath'd beagles you surround the wood,
E'en then industrious of the common good;
And often have you brought the wily fox
To suffer for the firstlings of the flocks;
Chas'd e'en amid the folds, and made to bleed,
Like felons where they did the murderous deed.
This fiery game your active youth maintain'd,
Not yet by years extinguish'd, though restrain'd;
You season still with sports your serious hours;
For age but tastes of pleasures, youth devours.
The hare in pastures or in plains is found,
Emblem of human life, who runs the round,
And, after all his wandering ways are done,
His circle fills, and ends where he begun,
Just as the setting meets the rising sun. * *
A patriot both the king and country serves,
Prerogative and privilege preserves;
Of each our laws the certain limit show;
One must not ebb, nor t'other overflow:
Betwixt the prince and parliament we stand,
The barriers of the state on either hand
May neither overflow, for then they drown the land.
When both are full they feed our bless'd abode,
Like those that water'd once the Paradise of God.
Some overpoise of sway, by turns, they share;
In peace the people; and the prince in war:
Consuls of moderate power in calms were made;
When the Gauls came, one sole Dictator sway'd.
Patriots in peace assert the people's right,
With noble stubbornness resisting might;
No lawless mandates from the court receive,
Nor lend by force, but in a body give.
Such was your generous grandsire, free to grant,
In parliaments that weigh'd their prince's want;
But so tenacious of the common cause,
As not to lend the king against the laws;
And in a loathsome dungeon doom'd to lie,
In bonds retain'd his birthright liberty,
And sham'd oppression till it set him free.
O, true descendant of a patriot line!
Who, while thou shar'st their lustre, lend'st them thine;
Vouchsafe this picture of thy soul to see,
'Tis so far good, as it resembles thee;
The beauties to the original I owe,
Which, when I miss my own defects, I show.
Nor think the kindred muses thy disgrace;
A poet is not born in every race:
Two of a house few ages can afford,
One to perform, another to record.
Praiseworthy actions are by thee embrac'd,
And 'tis my praise to make thy praises last:
For even when death dissolves our human frame,
The soul returns to heaven, from whence it came;
Earth keeps the body; verse preserves the fame.

Alexander's Feast.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won,
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were plac'd around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtle bound;
So should desert in arms be crown'd.
The lovely Thaïs by his side
Sat, like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair;
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
Such is the power of mighty Love!
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spheres he rode,
When he to fair Olympia press'd;
And while he sought her snowy breast,
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sov'reign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound;
A present deity, they shout around;
A present deity, the vaulted roofs rebound:
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes;
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.
Now, give the hautboys breath; he comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain:
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure;
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure;
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Sooth'd with the sound, the king grew vain:
Fought all his battles o'er again:
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heav'n and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful muse,
Soft pity to infuse:

He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fall'n, fall'n, fall'n, fall'n,
Fall'n from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted at his utmost need
By those his former bounty fed,
On the bare earth expos'd he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.
With downcast look the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of fate below;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smil'd to see
That love was in the next degree:
'Twas but a kindred sound to move;
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet in Lydian measures,
Soon he sooth'd his soul to pleasures;
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think it worth enjoying!
Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.
The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gaz'd on the fair
Who caus'd his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again.
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again;
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark! hark! the horrid sound
Has rais'd up his head,
As awak'd from the dead,
And, amaz'd, he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries;
See the Furies arise:
See the snakes that they rear!
How they hiss in the air,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!
These are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain;
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew:
Behold how they toss their torches on high!
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods!
The Princes applaud, with a furious joy;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau, with zeal to destroy;
Thaïs led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarg'd the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown:
He rais'd a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

Theodore and Honoria.

Of all the cities in Romanian lands,
The chief, and most renown'd, Ravenna stands,
Adorn'd in ancient times with arms and arts,
And rich inhabitants, with generous hearts.
But Theodore the brave, above the rest,
With gifts of fortune and of nature bless'd,
The foremost place for wealth and honour held,
And all in feats of chivalry excell'd.
This noble youth to madness lov'd a dame
Of high degree, Honoria was her name;
Fair as the fairest, but of haughty mind,
And fiercer than became so soft a kind.
Proud of her birth (for equal she had none),
The rest she scorn'd, but hated him alone.
His gifts, his constant courtship, nothing gain'd;
For she, the more he lov'd, the more disdain'd.
He liv'd with all the pomp he could devise,
At tilts and tournaments obtain'd the prize,
But found no favour in his lady's eyes:
Relentless as a rock, the lofty maid
Turn'd all to poison that he did or said:
Nor prayers, nor tears, nor offer'd vows, could move;
The work went backward; and the more he strove
T' advance his suit, the farther from her love.
Wearied at length, and wanting remedy,
He doubted oft, and oft resolv'd to die.
But pride stood ready to prevent the blow,
For who would die to gratify a foe?
His generous mind disdain'd so mean a fate;
That pass'd, his next endeavour was to hate.
But vainer that relief than all the rest.
The less he hop'd, with more desire possess'd;
Love stood the siege, and would not yield his breast.
Change was the next, but change deceiv'd his care
He sought a fairer, but found none so fair.
He would have worn her out by slow degrees,
As men by fasting starve th' untam'd disease:
But present love requir'd a present ease.
Looking, he feeds alone his famish'd eyes,
Feeds lingering death, but looking not, he dies.
Yet still he chose the longest way to fate,
Wasting at once his life and his estate.
His friends beheld, and pitied him in vain,
For what advice can ease a lover's pain!
Absence, the best expedient they could find,
Might save the fortune, if not cure the mind:
This means they long propos'd, but little gain'd,
Yet, after much pursuit, at length obtain'd.
Hard you may think it was to give consent,
But struggling with his own desires he went,
With large expense, and with a pompous train,
Provided as to visit France and Spain,
Or for some distant voyage o'er the main.
But love had clipp'd his wings, and cut him short;
Confin'd within the purlieus of the court,
Three miles he went, no farther could retreat;
His travels ended at his country-seat:
To Chassis' pleasing plains he took his way,
There pitch'd his tents, and there resolv'd to stay.
The spring was in the prime; the neighbouring grove
Supplied with birds, the choristers of love:
Music unbought, that minister'd delight
To morning walks, and lull'd his cares by night:
There he discharg'd his friends, but not th' expense
Of frequent treats and proud magnificence.

He liv'd as kings retire, though more at large
From public business, yet with equal charge;
With house and heart still open to receive:
As well content as love would give him leave:
He would have liv'd more free; but many a guest,
Who could forsake the friend, pursu'd the feast.
It hapt one morning, as his fancy led,
Before his usual hour he left his bed;
To walk within a lonely lawn, that stood
On every side surrounded by a wood:
Alone he walk'd, to please his pensive mind,
And sought the deepest solitude to find;
'Twas in a grove of spreading pines he stray'd;
The winds within the quivering branches play'd,
And dancing trees a mournful music made.
The place itself was suiting to his care,
Uncouth and savage, as the cruel fair.
He wander'd on, unknowing where he went,
Lost in the wood, and all on love intent:
The day already half his race had run,
And summon'd him to due repast at noon,
But love could feel no hunger but his own.
Whilst listening to the murmuring leaves he stood,
More than a mile immers'd within the wood,
At once the wind was laid; the whispering sound
Was dumb; a rising earthquake rock'd the ground;
With deeper brown the grove was overspread;
A sudden horror seiz'd his giddy head,
And his ears tinkled, and his colour fled;
Nature was in alarm; some danger nigh
Seem'd threaten'd, though unseen to mortal eye.
Unus'd to fear, he summon'd all his soul,
And stood collected in himself, and whole;
Not long: for soon a whirlwind rose around,
And from afar he heard a screaming sound,
As of a dame distress'd, who cried for aid,
And fill'd with loud laments the secret shade.
A thicket close beside the grove there stood,
With briers and brambles chok'd, and dwarfish wood;
From thence the noise, which now, approaching near,
With more distinguish'd notes invades his ear;
He rais'd his head, and saw a beauteous maid,
With hair dishevell'd, issuing through the shade:
Stripp'd of her clothes, and ev'n those parts reveal'd
Which modest nature keeps from sight conceal'd.
Her face, her hands, her naked limbs were torn,
With passing through the brakes and prickly thorn;
Two mastiffs gaunt and grim her flight pursu'd,
And oft their fastened fangs in blood imbru'd:
Oft they came up, and pinch'd her tender side;
Mercy, O mercy, heaven! she ran, and cried;
When heaven was nam'd, they loos'd their hold again,
Then sprang she forth, they follow'd her amain.
Not far behind, a knight of swarthy face,
High on a coal-black steed pursu'd the chase;
With flashing flames his ardent eyes were fill'd,
And in his hand a naked sword he held:
He cheer'd the dogs to follow her who fled,
And vow'd revenge on her devoted head.
As Theodore was born of noble kind,
The brutal action rous'd his manly mind;
Mov'd with unworthy usage of the maid,
He, though unarm'd, resolv'd to give her aid.
A sapling pine he wrench'd from out the ground,
The readiest weapon that his fury found.
Thus furnish'd for offence, he cross'd the way
Betwixt the graceless villain and his prey.
The knight came thundering on, but, from afar,
Thus in imperious tone forbade the war:
Cease, Theodore, to proffer vain relief,
Nor stop the vengeance of so just a grief;
But give me leave to seize my destin'd prey,
And let eternal justice take the way:
I but revenge my fate, disdain'd, betray'd,
And suffering death for this ungrateful maid.
He said, at once dismounting from the steed;
For now the hell-hounds with superior speed
Had reach'd the dame, and, fastening on her side,
The ground with issuing streams of purple dyed;
Stood Theodore surpris'd in deadly fright,
With chattering teeth, and bristling hair upright;
Yet arm'd with inborn worth, Whate'er, said he,
Thou art, who know'st me better than I thee;
Or prove thy rightful cause, or be defied;
The spectre, fiercely staring, thus replied:
Know, Theodore, thy ancestry I claim,
And Guido Cavalcanti was my name.
One common sire our fathers did beget;
My name and story some remember yet:
Thee, then a boy, within my arms I laid,
When for my sins I lov'd this haughty maid;
Not less ador'd in life, nor serv'd by me,
Than proud Honoria now is lov'd by thee.
What did I not her stubborn heart to gain?
But all my vows were answer'd with disdain:
She scorn'd my sorrows, and despis'd my pain.
Long time I dragg'd my days in fruitless care;
Then, loathing life, and pining'd in deep despair,
To finish my unhappy life, I fell
On this sharp sword, and now am damn'd in hell.
Short was her joy; for soon the insulting maid
By heaven's decree in this cold grave was laid.
And as in unrepented sin she died,
Doom'd to the same bad place is pumish'd for her pride;
Because she deem'd I well deserv'd to die,
And made a merit of her cruelty.
There, then, we met; both tried, and both were cast,
And this irrevocable sentence pass'd:
That she, whom I so long pursued in vain,
Should suffer from my hands a lingering pain:
Renew'd to life, that she might daily die,
I daily doom'd to follow, she to fly;
No more a lover, but a mortal foe,
I seek her life (for love is none below):
As often as my dogs with better speed
Arrest her flight, is she to death decreed:
Then with this fatal sword, on which I died,
I pierce her open back or tender side,
And tear that harden'd heart from out her breast,
Which, with her entrails, makes my hungry hounds a feast.
Nor lies she long, but, as her fates ordain,
Springs up to life, and fresh to second pain,
Is sav'd to-day, to-morrow to be slain.
This, vers'd in death, th' infernal knight relates,
And then for proof fulfill'd the common fates;
Her heart and bowels through her back he drew,
And fed the hounds that help'd him to pursue;
Stern look'd the fiend, as frustrate of his will,
Not half suffic'd, and greedy yet to kill.
And now the soul, expiring through the wound,
Had left the body breathless on the ground,
When thus the grisly spectre spoke again:
Behold the fruit of ill-rewarded pain:
As many months as I sustain'd her hate,
So many years is she condemn'd by fate
To daily death; and every several place,
Conscious of her disdain and my disgrace,
Must witness her just punishment, and be
A scene of triumph and revenge to me!
As in this grove I took my last farewell,
As on this very spot of earth I fell,
As Friday saw me die, so she my prey
Becomes even here, on this revolving day.
Thus, while he spoke, the virgin from the ground
Upstarted fresh, already clos'd the wound,
And unconcern'd for all she felt before,
Precipitates her flight along the shore:
The hell-hounds, as ungorg'd with flesh and blood,
Pursue their prey, and seek their wonted food:

The fiend remounts his courser, mends his pace,
And all the vision vanish'd from the place.
Long stood the noble youth oppress'd with awe,
And stupid at the wondrous things he saw,
Surpassing common faith, transgressing nature's law.
He would have been asleep, and wish'd to wake,
But dreams, he knew, no long impression make,
Though strong at first; if vision, to what end,
But such as must his future state portend?
His love the damsel, and himself the fiend.
But yet, reflecting that it could not be
From heaven, which cannot impious acts decree,
Resolv'd within himself to shun the snare
Which hell for his destruction did prepare;
And, as his better genius should direct,
From an ill cause to draw a good effect.
Inspir'd from heaven, he homeward took his way,
Nor pall'd his new design with long delay:
But of his train a trusty servant sent
To call his friends together at his tent.
They came, and, usual salutations paid,
With words premeditated thus he said:
What you have often counsell'd, to remove
My vain pursuit of unregarded love,
By thrift my sinking fortune to repair,
Though late, yet is at last become my care:
My heart shall be my own; my vast expense
Reduc'd to bounds by timely providence;
This only I require; invite for me
Honoria, with her father's family,
Her friends, and mine; the cause I shall display
On Friday next, for that's th' appointed day.
Well pleased were all his friends, the task was light;
The father, mother, daughter, they invite;
Hardly the dame was drawn to this repast;
But yet resolv'd, because it was the last.
The day was come, the guests invited came,
And, with the rest, th' inexorable dame:
A feast prepar'd with riotous expense,
Much cost, more care, and most magnificence.
The place ordain'd was in that haunted grove
Where the revenging ghost pursu'd his love:
The tables in a proud pavilion spread,
With flowers below, and tissue overhead:
The rest in rank, Honoria chief in place,
Was artfully contriv'd to set her face
To front the thicket, and behold the chase.
The feast was serv'd, the time so well forecast,
That just when the dessert and fruits were plac'd,
The fiend's alarm began; the hollow sound
Sung in the leaves, the forest shook around,
Air blacken'd, roll'd the thunder, groan'd the ground.
Nor long before the loud laments arise
Of one distress'd, and mastiffs' mingled cries;
And first the dame came rushing through the wood,
And next the famish'd hounds that sought their food,
And grip'd her flanks, and oft essay'd their jaws in blood.
Last came the felon on his sable steed,
Arm'd with his naked sword, and urg'd his dogs to speed.
She ran, and cried, her flight directly bent
(A guest unbidden) to the fatal tent,
The scene of death, and place ordain'd for punishment.
Loud was the noise, aghast was every guest.
The women shriek'd, the men forsook the feast;
The hounds at nearer distance hoarsely bay'd;
The hunter close pursu'd the visionary maid;
She rent the heaven with loud laments, imploring aid.
The gallants, to protect the lady's right,
Their falchions brandish'd at the grisly sprite;
High on his stirrups he provok'd the fight.
Then on the crowd he cast a furious look,
And wither'd all their strength before he spoke:
Back, on your lives; let be, said he, my prey,
And let my vengeance take the destin'd way:
Vain are your arms, and vainer your defence,
Against th' eternal doom of Providence:
Mine is th' ungrateful maid by heaven design'd:
Mercy she would not give, nor mercy shall she find.
At this the former tale again he told
With thundering tone, and dreadful to behold:
Sunk were their hearts with horror of the crime,
Nor needed to be warn'd a second time,
But bore each other back: some knew the face,
And all had heard the much lamented case
Of him who fell for love, and this the fatal place.
And now th' infernal minister advanc'd,
Seiz'd the due victim, and with fury launch'd
Her back, and, piercing through her inmost heart,
Drew backward, as before, th' offending part.
The reeking entrails next he tore away,
And to his meagre mastiffs made a prey.
The pale assistants on each other star'd,
With gaping mouths for issuing words prepar'd;
The still-born sounds upon the palate hung,
And died imperfect on the faltering tongue.
The fright was general; but the female band
(A helpless train) in more confusion stand:
With horror shuddering, on a heap they run,
Sick at the sight of hateful justice done;
For conscience rung th' alarm, and made the case their own.
So, spread upon a lake with upward eye,
A plump of fowl behold their foe on high;
They close their trembling troop; and all attend
On whom the sousing eagle will descend.
But most the proud Honoria fear'd th' event,
And thought to her alone the vision sent.
Her guilt presents to her distracted mind
Heaven's justice, Theodore's revengeful kind,
And the same fate to the same sin assign'd;
Already sees herself the monster's prey,
And feels her heart and entrails torn away.
'Twas a mute scene of sorrow, mix'd with fear;
Still on the table lay th' unfinish'd cheer:
The knight and hungry mastiffs stood around;
The mangled dame lay breathless on the ground:
When on a sudden, re-inspir'd with breath,
Again she rose, again to suffer death;
Nor staid the hell-hounds, nor the hunter staid,
But follow'd, as before, the flying maid:
Th' avenger took from earth th' avenging sword,
And mounting light as air, his sable steed he spurr'd:
The clouds dispell'd, the sky resum'd her light,
And nature stood recover'd of her fright.
But fear, the last of ills, remain'd behind,
And horror heavy sat on every mind.
Nor Theodore encourag'd more the feast,
But sternly look'd, as hatching in his breast
Some deep designs; which, when Honoria view'd,
The fresh impulse her former fright renew'd;
She thought herself the trembling dame who fled,
And him the grisly ghost that spurr'd th' infernal steed:
The more dismay'd, for when the guests withdrew,
Their courteous host, saluting all the crew,
Regardless pass'd her o'er; nor grac'd with kind adieu;
That sting infix'd within her haughty mind
The downfall of her empire she divin'd,
And her proud heart with secret sorrow pin'd.
Home as they went, the sad discourse renew'd
Of the relentless dame to death pursu'd,
And of the sight obscene so lately view'd.
None dost arraign the righteous doom she bore;
Ev'n they who pitied most, yet blam'd her more;
The parallel they needed not to name,
But in the dead they damn'd the living dame.
At every little noise she look'd behind,
For still the knight was present to her mind:
And anxious oft she started on the way,
And thought the horseman ghost came thundering for his prey.

Return'd, she took her bed with little rest,
But in short slumbers dreamt the funeral feast:
Awak'd, she turn'd her side, and slept again;
The same black vapours mounted in her brain,
And the same dreams return'd with double pain.
Now forc'd to wake, because afraid to sleep,
Her blood all fever'd, with a furious leap
She sprang from bed, distracted in her mind,
And fear'd, at every step, a twitching sprite behind.
Darkling and desperate, with a staggering pace,
Of death afraid, and conscious of disgrace;
Fear, pride, remorse, at once her heart assail'd;
Pride put remorse to flight, but fear prevail'd.
Friday, the fatal day, when next it came,
Her soul forethought the fiend would change his game,
And her pursue, or Theodore be slain,
And two ghosts join their packs to hunt her o'er the plain.
This dreadful image so possess'd her mind,
That, desperate any succour else to find,
She ceas'd all farther hope; and now began
To make reflection on th' unhappy man.
Rich, brave, and young, who past expression lov'd;
Proof to disdain, and not to be remov'd:
Of all the men respected and admir'd;
Of all the dames, except herself, desir'd:
Why not of her? preferr'd above the rest
By him with knightly deeds, and open love profess'd?
So had another been, where he his vows address'd.
This quell'd her pride, yet other doubts remain'd,
That, once disdaining, she might be disdain'd.
The fear was just, but greater fear prevail'd;
Fear of her life by hellish hounds assail'd:
He took a lowering leave; but who can tell
What outward hate might inward love conceal?
Her sex's arts she knew; and why not, then,
Might deep dissembling have a place in men?
Here hope began to dawn; resolv'd to try,
She fix'd on this her utmost remedy:
Death was behind, but hard it was to die.
'Twas time enough at last on death to call,
The precipice in sight: a shrub was all
That kindly stood betwixt to break the fatal fall.
One maid she had, belov'd above the rest;
Secure of her, the secret she confess'd;
And now the cheerful light her fears dispell'd;
She with no winding turns the truth conceal'd,
But put the woman off, and stood reveal'd:
With faults confess'd commission'd her to go,
If pity yet had place, and reconcile her foe;
The welcome message made, was soon receiv'd;
'Twas to be wish'd, and hop'd, but scarce believ'd;
Fate seem'd a fair occasion to present;
He knew the sex, and fear'd she might repent,
Should he delay the moment of consent.
There yet remain'd to gain her friends (a care
The modesty of maidens well might spare);
But she with such a zeal the cause embrac'd
(As women, where they will, are all in haste),
The father, mother, and the kin beside,
Were overborne by fury of the tide;
With full consent of all, she chang'd her state;
Resistless in her love, as in her hate.
By her example warn'd, the rest beware;
More easy, less imperious, were the fair;
And that one hunting, which the devil design'd
For one fair female, lost him half the kind.

The Cock and the Fox,

[Being the Nun's Priest's Tale, from Chaucer.]

There liv'd, as authors tell, in days of yore,
A widow somewhat old, and very poor:
Deep in her cell her cottage lonely stood,
Well thatch'd, and under covert of a wood.
This dowager, on whom my tale I found,
Since last she laid her husband in the ground,
A simple sober life, in patience, led,
And had but just enough to buy her bread:
But huswifing the little Heaven had lent,
She duly paid a groat for quarter rent;
And pinch'd her belly, with her daughters two,
To bring the year about with much ado.
The cattle in her homestead were three sows,
A ewe call'd Molly, and three brinded cows.
Her parlour window stuck with herbs around,
Of savoury smell; and rushes strew'd the ground.
A maple-dresser in her hall she had,
On which full many a slender meal she made;
For no delicious morsel pass'd her throat;
According to her cloth she cut her coat;
No poignant sauce she knew, nor costly treat;
Her hunger gave a relish to her meat:
A sparing diet did her health assure;
Or, sick, a pepper posset was her cure.
Before the day was done, her work she sped,
And never went by candle-light to bed:
With exercise she sweat ill humours out;
Her dancing was not hinder'd by the gout.
Her poverty was glad; her heart content;
Nor knew she what the spleen or vapours meant.
Of wine she never tasted through the year,
But white and black was all her homely cheer:
Brown bread and milk (but first she skim'd her bowls),
And rashers of sing'd bacon on the coals.
On holidays, an egg, or two at most;
But her ambition never reach'd to roast.
A yard she had with pales inclos'd about,
Some high, some low, and a dry ditch without.
Within this homestead liv'd, without a peer
For crowing loud, the noble Chanticleer;
So hight her cock, whose singing did surpass
The merry notes of organs at the mass.
More certain was the crowing of the cock
To number hours, than is an abbey-clock;
And sooner than the matin-bell was rung,
He clapt his wings upon his roost, and sung:
For when degrees fifteen ascended right,
By sure instinct he knew 'twas one at night.
High was his comb, and coral-red withal,
In dents embattled like a castle wall;
His bill was raven-black, and shone like jet;
Blue were his legs, and orient were his feet:
White were his nails, like silver to behold;
His body glittering like the burnish'd gold. * *
It happ'd that, perching on the parlour-beam
Amidst his wives, he had a deadly dream,
Just at the dawn; and sigh'd, and groan'd so fast,
As every breath he drew would be his last.
Dame Partlet, ever nearest to his side,
Heard all his piteous moan, and how he cried
For help from gods and men; and sore aghast
She peck'd and pull'd, and waken'd him at last.
Dear heart, said she, for love of Heaven, declare
Your pain, and make me partner of your care.
You groan, sir, ever since the morning-light,
As something had disturb'd your noble spright.
And, madam, well I might, said Chanticleer;
Never was shrovetide cock in such a fear;
Ev'n still I run all over in a sweat,
My princely senses not recover'd yet.
For such a dream I had of dire portent,
That much I fear my body will be shent:
It bodes I shall have wars and woful strife,
Or in a loathsome dungeon end my life.
Know, dame, I dreamt within my troubled breast,
That in our yard I saw a murderous beast,
That on my body would have made arrest;
With waking eyes I ne'er beheld his fellow;
His colour was betwixt a red and yellow:

Tipp'd was his tail, and both his pricking ears
Were black, and much unlike his other hairs:
The rest, in shape a beagle's whelp throughout,
With broader forehead, and a sharper snout:
Deep in his front were sunk his glowing eyes,
That yet methinks I see him with surprise.
Reach out your hand, I drop with clammy sweat,
And lay it to my heart, and feel it beat.
Now, fie for shame, quoth she, by Heaven above,
Thou hast for ever lost thy lady's love;
No woman can endure a recreant knight;
He must be bold by day, and free by night:
Our sex desires a husband or a friend,
Who can our honour and his own defend;
Wise, hardy, secret, liberal of his purse;
A fool is nauseous, but a coward worse:
No bragging coxcomb, yet no baffled knight.
How dar'st thou talk of love, and dar'st not fight?
How dar'st thou tell thy dame thou art affear'd?
Hast thou no manly heart, and hast a beard?
If ought from fearful dreams may be divin'd,
They signify a cock of dunghill kind.
All dreams, as in old Galen I have read,
Are from repletion and complexion bred;
From rising fumes of indigested food,
And noxious humours that infect the blood:
And sure, my lord, if I can read aright,
These foolish fancies you have had to-night
Are certain symptoms (in the canting style)
Of boiling choler, and abounding bile;
This yellow gall that in your stomach floats,
Engenders all these visionary thoughts.
When choler overflows, then dreams are bred
Of flames, and all the family of red;
Red dragons and red beasts in sleep we view,
For humours are distinguish'd by their hue.
From hence we dream of wars and warlike things,
And wasps and hornets with their double wings.
Choler adust congeals our blood with fear,
Then black bulls toss us, and black devils tear.
In sanguine airy dreams aloft we bound,
With rheums oppress'd we sink in rivers drown'd.
More I could say, but thus conclude my theme,
The dominating humour makes the dream.
Cato was in his time accounted wise,
And he condemns them all for empty lies.
Take my advice, and when we fly to ground,
With laxatives preserve your body sound,
And purge the peccant humours that abound.
I should be loath to lay you on a bier;
And though there lives no 'pothecary near,
I dare for once prescribe for your disease,
And save long bills, and a damn'd doctor's fees.
Two sovereign herbs which I by practice know,
And both at hand (for in our yard they grow),
On peril of my soul, shall rid you wholly
Of yellow choler and of melancholy:
You must both purge and vomit; but obey,
And for the love of heaven make no delay.
Since hot and dry in your complexion join,
Beware the sun when in a vernal sign;
For when he mounts exalted in the rain,
If then he finds your body in a flame,
Replete with choler, I dare lay a groat,
A tertian ague is at least your lot.
Perhaps a fever (which the gods forefend)
May bring your youth to some untimely end:
And therefore, sir, as you desire to live,
A day or two before your laxative,
Take just three worms, nor under nor above,
Because the gods unequal numbers love.
These digestives prepare you for your purge;
Of fumetery, centaury, and spurge,
And of ground-ivy, add a leaf or two,
All which within our yard or garden grow.
Eat these, and be, my lord, of better cheer;
Your father's son was never born to fear.
Madam, quoth he, gramercy for your care,
But Cato, whom you quoted, you may spare:
'Tis true, a wise and worthy man he seems,
And, as you say, gave no belief to dreams:
But other men of more authority,
And, by th' immortal powers, as wise as he,
Maintain, with sounder sense, that dreams forbode;
For Homer plainly says they come from God.
Nor Cato said it: but some modern fool
Impos'd in Cato's name on boys at school.
Believe me, madam, morning dreams foreshow
Th' events of things, and future weal or wo:
Some truths are not by reason to be tried,
But we have sure experience for our guide. * *
Much more I know, which I forbear to speak,
For see the ruddy day begins to break;
Let this suffice, that plainly I foresee
My dream was bad, and bodes adversity:
But neither pills nor laxatives I like,
They only serve to make the well man sick:
Of these his gain the sharp physician makes,
And often gives a purge, but seldom takes:
They not correct, but poison all the blood,
And ne'er did any but the doctors good.
Their tribe, trade, trinkets, I defy them all;
With every work of 'pothecary's hall.
These melancholy matters I forbear:
But let me tell thee, Partlet mine, and swear,
That when I view the beauties of thy face,
I fear not death, nor dangers, nor disgrace:
So may my soul have bliss, as when I spy
The scarlet red about thy partridge eye.
While thou art constant to thy own true knight,
While thou art mine, and I am thy delight,
All sorrows at thy presence take their flight.
For true it is, as 'in principio,
Mulier est hominis confusio.'
Madam, the meaning of this Latin is,
That woman is to man his sovereign bliss. * *
He said, and downward flew from off the beam,
For day-light now began apace to spring,
The thrush to whistle, and the lark to sing.
Then crowing clapp'd his wings, th' appointed call,
To chuck his wives together in the hall.
By this the widow had unbarr'd the door,
And Chanticleer went strutting out before,
With royal courage, and with heart so light,
As show'd he scorn'd the visions of the night.
Now roaming in the yard he spurn'd the ground,
And gave to Partlet the first grain he found. * *
He chuck'd again, when other corns he found,
And scarcely deign'd to set a foot to ground;
But swagger'd like a lord about his hall,
And his seven wives came running at his call.
'Twas now the month in which the world began
If March beheld the first created man):
And since the vernal equinox, the sun,
In Aries twelve degrees, or more, had run;
When casting up his eyes against the light,
Both month, and day, and hour, he measur'd right;
And told more truly than th' Ephemeris:
For art may err, but nature cannot miss.
Thus numbering times and seasons in his breast,
His second crowing the third hour confess'd.
Then turning, said to Partlet, See, my dear,
How lavish nature has adorn'd the year;
How the pale primrose and blue violet spring,
And birds essay their throats disus'd to sing:
All these are ours; and I with pleasure see
Man strutting on two legs, and aping me:
An unfledg'd creature, of a lumpish frame,
Endow'd with fewer particles of flame:
Our dame sits cow'ring o'er a kitchen fire;
draw fresh air, and nature's works admire:

And ev'n this day in more delight abound,
Than, since I was an egg, I ever found.
The time shall come when Chanticleer shall wish
His words unsaid, and hate his boasted bliss:
The crested bird shall by experience know
Jove made not him his master-piece below,
And learn the latter end of joy is wo.
The vessel of his bliss to dregs is run,
And Heaven will have him taste his other tun.
Ye wise, draw near, and hearken to my tale,
Which proves, that oft the proud by flattery fall:
The legend is as true, I undertake,
As Tristram is, and Launcelot of the Lake;
Which all our ladies in such reverence hold,
As if in book of martyrs it were told.
A fox full fraught with seeming sanctity,
That fear'd an oath, but, like the devil, would lie;
Who look'd like Lent, and had the holy leer,
And durst not sin before he said his prayer;
This pious cheat, that never suck'd the blood,
Nor chew'd the flesh of lambs, but when he could,
Had pass'd three summers in the neighbouring wood:
And musing long whom next to circumvent,
On Chanticleer his wicked fancy bent;
And in his high imagination cast,
By stratagem to gratify his taste.
The plot contriv'd, before the break of day
Saint Reynard through the hedge had made his way:
The pale was next, but proudly with a bound
He leapt the fence of the forbidden ground:
Yet, fearing to be seen, within a bed
Of coleworts he conceal'd his wily head;
Then skulk'd till afternoon, and watch'd his time
(As murderers use) to perpetrate his crime. * *
Now to continue what my tale begun:
Lay Madam Partlet basking in the sun,
Breast-high in sand: her sisters, in a row,
Enjoy'd the beams above, the warmth below;
The cock, that of his flesh was ever free,
Sung merrier than the mermaid in the sea:
And so befell, that as he cast his eye
Among the coleworts on a butterfly,
He saw false Reynard where he lay full low:
I need not swear he had no list to crow:
But cried, cock, cock, and gave a sudden start,
As sore dismay'd and frighted at his heart;
For birds and beasts, inform'd by nature, know
Kinds opposite to theirs, and fly their foe;
So Chanticleer, who never saw a fox,
Yet shunn'd him as a sailor shuns the rocks.
But the false loon, who could not work his will
By open force, employ'd his flattering skill:
I hope, my lord, said he, I not offend;
Are you afraid of me that am your friend?
I were a beast indeed to do you wrong,
I, who have lov'd and honour'd you so long:
Stay, gentle sir, nor take a false alarm,
For on my soul I never meant you harm.
I come to spy, nor as a traitor press,
To learn the secrets of your soft recess:
Far be from Reynard so profane a thought,
But by the sweetness of your voice was brought:
For, as I bid my beads, by chance I heard
The song as of an angel in the yard;
A song that would have charm'd th' infernal gods,
And banish'd horror from the dark abodes;
Had Orpheus sung it in the nether sphere,
So much the hymn had pleas'd the tyrant's ear,
The wife had been detain'd, to keep the husband there.
My lord, your sire familiarly I knew,
A peer deserving such a son as you:
He, with your lady mother (whom Heaven rest)
Has often grac'd my house, and been my guest:
To view his living features does me good;
For I am your poor neighbour in the wood;
And in my cottage should be proud to see
The worthy heir of my friend's family.
But since I speak of singing, let me say,
As with an upright heart I safely may,
That, save yourself, there breathes not on the ground
One like your father for a silver sound.
So sweetly would he wake the winter day,
That matrons to the church mistook their way,
And thought they heard the merry organ play.
And he, to raise his voice with artful care,
(What will not beaux attempt to please the fair?)
On tiptoe stood to sing with greater strength,
And stretch'd his comely neck at all the length:
And while he strain'd his voice to pierce the skies,
As saints in raptures use, would shut his eyes,
That the sound striving through the narrow throat,
His winking might avail to mend the note.
By this, in song, he never had his peer,
From sweet Cecilia down to Chanticleer;
Not Maro's muse, who sung the mighty man,
Nor Pindar's heavenly lyre, nor Horace when a swan.
Your ancestors proceed from race divine:
From Brennus and Belinus is your line;
Who gave to sovereign Rome such loud alarms,
That ev'n the priests were not excus'd from arms.
Besides, a famous monk of modern times
Has left of cocks recorded in his rhymes,
That of a parish priest the son and heir
(When sons of priests were from the proverb clear)
Affronted once a cock of noble kind,
And either lam'd his legs, or struck him blind;
For which the clerk, his father, was disgrac'd,
And in his benefice another plac'd.
Now sing, my lord, if not for love of me,
Yet for the sake of sweet Saint Charity;
Make hills and dales, and earth and heaven rejoice,
And emulate your father's angel voice.
The cock was pleas'd to hear him speak so fair,
And proud, beside, as solar people are;
Nor could the treason from the truth descry,
So was he ravish'd with this flattery:
So much the more, as from a little elf,
He had a high opinion of himself;
Though sickly, slender, and not large of limb,
Concluding all the world was made for him.
Ye princes rais'd by poets to the gods,
And Alexander'd up in lying odes,
Believe not every flattering knave's report,
There's many a Reynard lurking in the court;
And he shall be receiv'd with more regard,
And listened to, than modest truth is heard.
This Chanticleer, of whom the story sings,
Stood high upon his toes, and clapp'd his wings;
Then stretch'd his neck, and wink'd with both his eyes,
Ambitious, as he sought th' Olympic prize.
But while he pain'd himself to raise his note,
False Reynard rush'd, and caught him by the throat.
Then on his back he laid the precious load,
And sought his wonted shelter of the wood;
Swiftly he made his way, the mischief done,
Of all unheeded, and pursued by none. * *
Not louder cries, when Ilium was in flames,
Were sent to heaven by woful Trojan dames,
When Pyrrhus toss'd on high his burnish'd blade,
And offer'd Priam to his father's shade,
Than for the cock the widow'd poultry made.
Fair Partlet first, when he was borne from sight,
With sovereign shrieks bewail'd her captive knight:
Far louder than the Carthaginian wife,
When Asdrubal, her husband, lost his life,
When she beheld the smouldering flames ascend,
And all the Punic glories at an end:
Willing into the fires she plung'd her head,
With greater ease than others seek their bed.
Not more aghast the matrons of renown,
When tyrant Nero burnt th' imperial town,

Shriek'd for the downfall in a doleful cry,
For which their guiltless lords were doom'd to die.
Now to my story I return again:
The trembling widow, and her daughters twain,
This woful cackling cry with horror heard,
Of those distracted damsels in the yard;
And starting up, beheld the heavy sight,
How Reynard to the forest took his flight;
And, cross his back, as in triumphant scorn,
The hope and pillar of the house was borne.
The fox, the wicked fox, was all the cry;
Out from his house ran every neighbour nigh;
The vicar first, and after him the crew
With forks and staves, the felon to pursue.
Ran Coll our dog, and Talbot with the band,
And Malkin with her distaff in her hand;
Ran cow and calf, and family of hogs,
In panic horror of pursuing dogs;
With many a deadly grunt and doleful squeak,
Poor swine, as if their pretty hearts would break.
The shouts of men, the women in dismay,
With shrieks augment the horror of the day.
The ducks, that heard the proclamation cried,
And fear'd a persecution might betide,
Full twenty mile from town their voyage take,
Obscure in rushes of the liquid lake;
The geese fly o'er the barn; the bees in arms,
Drive headlong from their waxen cells in swarms.
Jack Straw at London-stone, with all his rout,
Struck not the city with so loud a shout;
Not when with English hate they did pursue
A Frenchman, or an unbelieving Jew:
Not when the welkin rung with one and all,
And echoes bounded back from Fox's hall,
Earth seem'd to sink beneath, and heaven above to fall.
With might and main they chas'd the murderous fox,
With brazen trumpets, and inflated box,
To kindle Mars with military sounds:
Nor wanted horns t' inspire sagacious hounds.
But see how fortune can confound the wise,
And, when they least expect it, turn the dice.
The captive cock, who scarce could draw his breath,
And lay within the very jaws of death,
Yet in this agony his fancy wrought,
And fear supplied him with this happy thought:
Yours is the prize, victorious prince, said he;
The vicar my defeat, and all the village see;
Enjoy your friendly fortune while you may,
And bid the churls that envy you the prey
Call back their mongrel curs, and cease their cry;
See, fools, the shelter of the wood is nigh,
And Chanticleer in your despite shall die;
He shall be pluck'd and eaten to the bone.
'Tis well advis'd, in faith it shall be done.
This Reynard said; but, as the word he spoke,
The prisoner with a spring from prison broke;
Then stretch'd his feather'd fans with all his might,
And to the neighbouring maple wing'd his flight.
Whom when the traitor safe on tree beheld,
He curs'd the gods, with shame and sorrow fill'd;
Shame for his folly, sorrow out of time,
For plotting an unprofitable crime;
Yet, mastering both, th' artificer of lies
Renews th' assault, and his last battery tries.
Though I, said he, did ne'er in thought offend,
How justly may my lord suspect his friend!
Th' appearance is against me, I confess,
Who seemingly have put you in distress:
You, if your goodness does not plead my cause,
May think I broke all hospitable laws,
To bear you from your palace-yard by might,
And put your noble person in a fright:
This, since you take it ill, I must repent,
Though, Heaven can witness, with no bad intent;
I practis'd it, to make you taste your cheer
With double pleasure, first prepar'd by fear.
So loyal subjects often seize their prince,
Forc'd (for his good) to seeming violence,
Yet mean his sacred person not the least offence.
Descend; so help me Jove, as you shall find
That Reynard comes of no dissembling kind.
Nay, quoth the cock; but I beshrew us both,
If I believe a saint upon his oath:
An honest man may take a knave's advice,
But idiots only may be cozen'd twice:
Once warn'd is well bewar'd; not flattering lies
Shall soothe me more to sing with winking eyes
And open mouth, for fear of catching flies.
Who blindfold walks upon a river's brim,
When he should see, has he deserv'd to swim?
Better, sir cock, let all contention cease.
Come down, said Reynard, let us treat of peace.
A peace with all my soul, said Chanticleer,
But, with your favour, I will treat it here:
And, lest the truce with treason should be mixt,
'Tis my concern to have the tree betwixt.

THE MORAL.

In this plain fable you th' effect may see
Of negligence and fond credulity:
And learn, besides, of flatterers to beware,
Then most pernicious when they speak too fair.
The cock and fox the fool and knave imply;
The truth is moral, though the tale a lie.
Who spoke in parables, I dare not say;
But sure he knew it was a pleasing way,
Sound sense, by plain example, to convey.
And in a heathen author we may find,
That pleasure with instruction should be join'd:
So take the corn, and leave the chaff behind.

[*Inconveniences of Life in Rome.*]

[From Juvenal.]

Who fears in country towns a house's fall,
Or to be caught betwixt a riven wall?
But we inhabit a weak city here,
Which buttresses and props but scarcely bear:
And 'tis the village mason's daily calling,
To keep the world's metropolis from falling;
To cleanse the gutters, and the chinks to close;
And, for one night, secure his lord's repose.
At Cumæ we can sleep quite round the year,
Nor falls, nor fires, nor nightly dangers fear;
While rolling flames from Roman turrets fly,
And the pale citizens for buckets cry.
Thy neighbour has remov'd his wretched store,
(Few hands will rid the lumber of the poor)
Thy own third storey smokes, while thou, supine,
Art drench'd in fumes of undigested wine.
For if the lowest floors already burn,
Cock-loft and garrets soon will take the turn.
Where thy tame pigeons next the tiles were bred,
Which, in their nests unsafe, are timely fled,
Codrus had but one bed, so short to boot,
That his short wife's short legs hung dangling out;
His cupboard's head six earthen pitchers grac'd,
Beneath them was his trusty tankard plac'd.
And, to support this noble plate, there lay
A bended Chiron cast from honest clay;
His few Greek books a rotten chest contain'd,
Whose covers much of mouldiness complain'd;
Where mice and rats devour'd poetic bread,
And with heroic verse luxuriously were fed.
'Tis true poor Codrus nothing had to boast,
And yet poor Codrus all that nothing lost,
Begg'd naked through the streets of wealthy Rome,
And found not one to feed, or take him home.
But if the palace of Arturius burn,
The nobles change their clothes, the matrons mourn;
The city prætor will no pleadings hear;
The very name of fire we hate and fear,
And look aghast, as if the Gauls were here.

While yet it burns, th' officious nation flies,
Some to condole, and some to bring supplies:
One sends him marble to rebuild, and one
With naked statues of the Parian stone,
The work of Polyclete, that seem to live;
While other images for altars give;
One books and screens, and Pallas to the breast:
Another bags of gold, and he gives best.
Childless Arturius, vastly rich before,
Thus by his losses multiplies his store:
Suspected for accomplice to the fire,
That burnt his palace but to build it higher.
But could you be content to bid adieu
To the dear play-house and the players too,
Sweet country seats are purchas'd everywhere,
With lands and gardens, at less price than here
You hire a darksome dog-hole by the year;
A small convenience decently prepar'd,
A shallow well that rises in your yard,
That spreads his easy crystal streams around,
And waters all the pretty spot of ground.
There, love the fork, thy garden cultivate,
And give thy frugal friends a Pythagorean treat;
'Tis somewhat to be lord of some small ground,
In which a lizard may, at least, turn round.
'Tis frequent here, for want of sleep, to die,
Which fumes of undigested feasts deny;
And, with imperfect heat, in languid stomachs fry.
What house secure from noise the poor can keep,
When ev'n the rich can scarce afford to sleep;
So dear it costs to purchase rest in Rome;
And hence the sources of diseases come.
The drover who his fellow drover meets
In narrow passages of winding streets;
The wagoners that curse their standing teams,
Would wake ev'n drowsy Drusius from his dreams.
And yet the wealthy will not brook delay,
But sweep above our heads, and make their way,
In lofty litters borne, and read and write,
Or sleep at ease: the shutters make it night.
Yet still he reaches, first, the public place;
The press before him stops the client's pace:
The crowd that follows crush his panting sides,
And trip his heels; he walks not, but he rides.
One elbows him, one justles in the shoal:
A rafter breaks his head, or chairman's pole;
Stocking'd with loads of fat town-dirt he goes;
And some rogue soldier, with his hob-nail'd shoes,
Indents his legs behind in bloody rows.
See with what smoke our doles we celebrate;
A hundred guests, invited, walk in state:
A hundred hungry slaves, with their Dutch kitchens, wait.
Huge pans the wretches on their heads must bear,
Which scarce gigantic Corbulo could rear;
Yet they must walk upright beneath the load:
Nay, run, and running, blow the sparkling flames abroad;
Their coats, from botching newly bought, are torn.
Unwieldy timber-trees in wagons borne,
Stretch'd at their length, beyond their carriage lie,
That nod, and threaten ruin from on high.
For should their axle break, its overthrow
Would crush, and pound to dust, the crowd below:
Nor friends their friends, nor sires their sons could know:
Nor limbs, nor bones, nor carcass would remain,
But a mash'd heap, a hotch-potch of the slain.
One vast destruction; not the soul alone,
But bodies, like the soul, visibly are flown.
Meantime, unknowing of their fellows' fate,
The servants wash the platter, scour the plate,
Then blow the fire, with puffing cheeks, and lay
The rubbers, and the bathing sheets display;
And oil them first; and each is handy in his way.

But he, for whom this busy care they take,
Poor ghost! is wandering by the Stygian lake:
Affrighted with the ferryman's grim face;
New to the horrors of that uncouth place;
His passage begs with unregarded prayer,
And wants two farthings to discharge his fare.
Return we to the dangers of the night;
And, first, behold our houses' dreadful height,
From whence come broken potsherds tumbling down,
And leaky ware, from garret-windows thrown;
Well may they break our heads, and mark the flinty stone.
'Tis want of sense to sup abroad too late,
Unless thou first hast settled thy estate.
As many fates attend thy steps to meet,
As there are waking windows in the street.
The scouring drunkard, if he does not fight
Before his bed-time, takes no rest that night;
Passing the tedious hours in greater pain
Than stern Achilles, when his friend was slain:
'Tis so ridiculous, but so true withal,
A bully cannot sleep without a brawl:
Yet, though his youthful blood be fir'd with wine,
He wants not wit the danger to decline:
Is cautious to avoid the coach-and-six,
And on the lacqueys will no quarrel fix.
His train of flambeaux, and embroider'd coat,
May privilege my lord to walk secure on foot;
But me, who must by moonlight homeward bend,
Or lighted only with a candle's end,
Poor me he fights, if that be fighting, where
He only cudgels, and I only bear.
He stands, and bids me stand: I must abide;
For he's the stronger, and is drunk beside.
Where did you whet your knife to-night, he cries,
And shred the leeks that in your stomach rise?
With what companion-cobbler have you fed
On old ox-cheeks, or he-goat's tougher head?
What! are you dumb? Quick with your answer, quick,
Before my foot salutes you with a kick.
Say in what nasty cellar under ground,
Or what church porch your rogueship may be found?
Answer, or answer not, 'tis all the same;
He lays me on, and makes me bear the blame.
Before the bar, for beating him you come;
This is a poor man's liberty in Rome.
You beg his pardon, happy to retreat
With some remaining teeth to chew your meat.
Nor is this all; for when retired, you think
To sleep securely; when the candles wink,
When every door with iron chains is barr'd,
And roaring taverns are no longer heard;
The ruffian-robbers by no justice aw'd,
And unpaid cut-throat soldiers are abroad;
Those venal souls, who, harden'd in each ill,
To save complaints and persecution, kill.
Chas'd from their woods and bogs, the padders come
To this vast city as their native home;
To live at ease, and safely skulk in Rome.
The forge in fetters only is employ'd;
Our iron mines exhausted and destroy'd
In shackles; for these villains scarce allow
Goads for teams, and ploughshares for the plough.
Oh, happy ages of our ancestors,
Beneath the kings and tribunitial powers!
One jail did all their criminals restrain,
Which now the walls of Rome can scarce contain.
More I could say, more causes I could show
For my departure; but the sun is low:
The wagoner grows weary of my stay,
And whips his horses forwards on their way.
Farewell; and when, like me, o'erwhelm'd with care,
You to your own Aquinum shall repair,
To take a mouthful of sweet country air,
Be mindful of your friend; and send me word
What joys your fountains and cool shades afford;

Then, to assist your satires, I will come,
And add new venom when you write of Rome.

[*Enjoyment of the Present Hour Recommended.*]

[From the twenty-ninth ode of the First Book of Horace.]

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods, made thin with winds, their scatter'd honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possess'd, in spite of fate, are mine.
Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleas'd to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split, and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Mr Southey has said that the age from Dryden to Pope is the worst age of English poetry. In this interval, which was but short, for Dryden bore fruit to the last, and Pope was early in blossom, there were about twenty poets, most of whom might be blotted from our literature, without being missed or regretted. The names of Smith, Duke, King, Sprat, Garth, Hughes, Blackmore, Fenton, Yalden, Hammond, Savage, &c., have been preserved by Dr Johnson, but they excite no poetical associations. Their works present a dead-level of tame and uninteresting mediocrity. The artificial taste introduced in the reign of Charles II., to the exclusion of the romantic spirit which animated the previous reign, sunk at last into a mere collocation of certain phrases and images, of which each repetition was more weak than the last. Pope revived the national spirit by his polished satire and splendid versification; but the true poetical feeling lay dormant till Thomson's Seasons and Percy's Relics of Ancient Poetry spoke to the heart of the people, and recalled the public taste from art to nature.

Of the artificial poets of this age, JOHN PHILIPS (1676–1708) evinced considerable talent in his *Splendid Shilling*, a parody on the style of Milton. He was the son of Dr Philips, archdeacon of Salop, who officiated as minister of Bampton, in Oxfordshire. He intended to follow the medical profession, and studied natural history, but was cut off at the early age of thirty-three. Philips wrote a poem on the victory of Blenheim, and another on Cider, the latter in imitation of the Georgics. The whole are in blank verse. He was an avowed imitator of Milton, but regretted that, like his own Abdiel, the great poet had not been 'faithful found'—

But he—however let the muse abstain,
Nor *blast his fame*, from whom she learnt to sing
In much inferior strains, grovelling beneath
Th' Olympian hill, on plains and vales intent—
Mean follower.

The notion, that Philips was able, by whatever he might write, to blast the fame of Milton, is one of those preposterous conceits which even able men will sometimes entertain.

The Splendid Shilling.

—'Sing, heavenly muse!
Things unattempted yet, in prose or rhyme,'
A shilling, breeches, and chimeras dire.

Happy the man, who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie, or Town-hall[1] repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfix'd his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phillis, he each circling glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meagre corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chill'd fingers; or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polish'd jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill-perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube, nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Britain (versed in pedigree,
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale) when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of fam'd Cestrian cheese,
High over-shadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at th' Avonian mart,
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town

[1] Two noted alehouses in Oxford, 1700.

Yclep'd Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flows nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renown'd Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amaz'd,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and (wonderful to tell!)
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrench'd with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admir'd by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes (ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!) Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar call'd
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious (as whilom knights were wont),
To some enchanted castle is convey'd,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money, Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallow'd touch. So (poets sing)
Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowell'd web
Arachne, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell; the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares,
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then, with envenom'd jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But, when nocturnal shades
This world envelop'd, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me, lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distress'd, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent on a willow-tree.
Meanwhile I labour with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale
In vain; awake, I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarr'd,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John-apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrow'd coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued (what will not time subdue!)
A horrid chasm disclos'd with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster, and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sail'd secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis (dangerous rocks!)
She strikes rebounding; whence the shatter'd oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves gush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till, delug'd by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

JOHN POMFRET.

JOHN POMFRET (1667–1703) was the son of a clergyman, rector of Luton, in Bedfordshire, and himself a minister of the church of England. He obtained the rectory of Malden, also in Bedfordshire, and had the prospect of preferment; but the bishop of London considered, unjustly, his poem, *The Choice*, as conveying an immoral sentiment, and rejected the poetical candidate. Detained in London by this unsuccessful negotiation, Pomfret caught the small-pox, and died. The works of this amiable ill-fated man consist of occasional poems and some *Pindaric Essays*, the latter evidently copied from Cowley. The only piece of Pomfret's now remembered (we can hardly say read) is 'The Choice.' Dr Johnson remarks that no composition in our language has been oftener perused; and Mr Southey asks why Pomfret's 'Choice' is the most popular poem in the English language? To the latter observation Mr Campbell makes a quaint reply—'It might have been demanded with equal propriety, why London bridge is built of Parian marble.' It is difficult in the present day, when the English muse has awakened to so much higher a strain of thought and expression, and a large body of poetry, full of passion, natural description, and emotion, lies between us and the times of Pomfret, to conceive that the 'Choice' could ever have been a very popular poem. It is tame and commonplace. The idea, however, of a country retirement, a private seat, with a wood, garden, and stream, a clear and competent estate, and the enjoyment of lettered ease and happiness, is so grateful and agreeable to the mind of man, especially in large cities, that we can hardly forbear liking a poem that recalls so beloved an image to our recollection. Swift has drawn a similar picture

in his exquisite imitation of Horace's sixth satire; and Thomson and Cowper, by their descriptions of rural life, have completely obliterated from the public mind the feeble draught of Pomfret.

[*Extract from The Choice.*]

If Heaven the grateful liberty would give
That I might choose my method how to live;
And all those hours propitious fate should lend,
In blissful ease and satisfaction spend;
Near some fair town I'd have a private seat,
Built uniform, not little, nor too great;
Better, if on a rising ground it stood;
On this side fields, on that a neighbouring wood.
It should within no other things contain
But what are useful, necessary, plain;
Methinks 'tis nauseous; and I'd ne'er endure
The needless pomp of gaudy furniture.
A little garden grateful to the eye,
And a cool rivulet run murmuring by;
On whose delicious banks a stately row
Of shady limes or sycamores should grow.
At th' end of which a silent study plac'd,
Should be with all the noblest authors grac'd:
Horace and Virgil, in whose mighty lines
Immortal wit and solid learning shines;
Sharp Juvenal, and amorous Ovid too,
Who all the turns of love's soft passion knew:
He that with judgment reads his charming lines,
In which strong art with stronger nature joins,
Must grant his fancy does the best excel;
His thoughts so tender, and express'd so well:
With all those moderns, men of steady sense,
Esteem'd for learning and for eloquence.
In some of these, as fancy should advise,
I'd always take my morning exercise;
For sure no minutes bring us more content
Than those in pleasing useful studies spent.
I'd have a clear and competent estate,
That I might live genteely, but not great;
As much as I could moderately spend;
A little more, sometimes t' oblige a friend.
Nor should the sons of poverty repine
Too much at fortune; they should taste of mine;
And all that objects of true pity were,
Should be reliev'd with what my wants could spare;
For that our Maker has too largely given
Should be return'd in gratitude to Heaven.
A frugal plenty should my table spread;
With healthy, not luxurious, dishes spread;
Enough to satisfy, and something more,
To feed the stranger, and the neighbouring poor.
Strong meat indulges vice, and pampering food
Creates diseases, and inflames the blood.
But what's sufficient to make nature strong,
And the bright lamp of life continue long,
I'd freely take; and, as I did possess,
The bounteous Author of my plenty bless.

EARL OF DORSET.

CHARLES SACKVILLE, EARL OF DORSET (1637-1706), wrote little, but was capable of doing more, and being a liberal patron of poets, was a nobleman highly popular in his day. Coming very young to the possession of two plentiful estates, and in an age when pleasure was more in fashion than business, he applied his talents rather to books and conversation than to politics. In the first Dutch war he went a volunteer under the Duke of York, and wrote or finished a song (his best composition, 'one of the prettiest that ever was made,' according to Prior) the night before the naval engagement in which Opdam, the Dutch admiral, was blown up, with all his crew. He was a lord of the bedchamber to Charles II., and was chamberlain of the household to William and Mary. Prior relates, that when Dorset, as lord chamberlain, was obliged to take the king's pension from Dryden, he allowed him an equivalent out of his own estate. He introduced Butler's Hudibras to the notice of the court, was consulted by Waller, and almost idolised by Dryden. Hospitable, generous, and refined, we need not wonder at the incense which was heaped upon Dorset by his contemporaries. His works are trifling; a few satires and songs make up the catalogue. They are elegant, and sometimes forcible; but when a man like Prior writes of them, 'there is a lustre in his verses like that of the sun in Claude Lorraine's landscapes,' it is impossible not to be struck with that gross adulation of rank and fashion which disgraced the literature of the age. Dorset's satire on Mr Edward Howard has some pointed lines:

They lie, dear Ned, who say thy brain is barren,
When deep conceits, like maggots, breed in carrion.
Thy stumbling founder'd jade can trot as high
As any other Pegasus can fly;
So the dull eel moves nimbler in the mud
Than all the swift-finn'd racers of the flood.
As skilful divers to the bottom fall
Sooner than those who cannot swim at all,
So in this way of writing, without thinking,
Thou hast a strange alacrity in sinking.

Song.

Dorinda's sparkling wit and eyes,
United, cast too fierce a light,
Which blazes high, but quickly dies;
Pains not the heart, but hurts the sight.

Love is a calmer, gentler joy;
Smooth are his looks, and soft his pace;
Her Cupid is a blackguard boy,
That runs his link full in your face.

Song.

Written at sea, the first Dutch war, 1665, the night before an engagement.

To all you ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite;
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write;
The Muses now, and Neptune too,
We must implore to write to you.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind,
And fill our empty brain;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind,
To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
With a fa, &c.

Then, if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost
By Dutchmen or by wind:
Our tears we'll send a speedier way;
The tide shall bring them twice a-day.
With a fa, &c.

The king with wonder and surprise,
Will swear the seas grow bold;
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old:
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to Whitehall-stairs.
With a fa, &c.

Should foggy Opdam chance to know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
And quit their fort at Goree;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts behind?
With a fa, &c.

Let wind and weather do its worst,
Be you to us but kind;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
No sorrow we shall find:
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
With a fa, &c.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main;
Or else at serious ombre play;
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue?
We were undone when we left you.
With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away;
Whilst you, regardless of our wo,
Sit careless at a play:
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan.
With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in every note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote:
Think then how often love we've made
To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
With a fa, &c.

In justice, you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness;
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
With a fa, &c.

And now we've told you all our loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.
With a fa la, la, la, la.

DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE.

JOHN SHEFFIELD, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAMSHIRE (1649–1721) was associated in his latter days with the wits and poets of the reign of Queen Anne, but he properly belongs to the previous age. He went with Prince Rupert against the Dutch, and was afterwards colonel of a regiment of foot. In order to learn the art of war under Marshall Turenne, he made a campaign in the French service. The literary taste of Sheffield was never neglected amidst the din of arms, and he made himself an accomplished scholar. He was a member of the privy council of James II., but *acquiesced* in the Revolution, and was afterwards a member of the cabinet council of William and Mary, with a pension of £3000. Sheffield is said to have 'made love' to Queen Anne when they were both young, and her majesty heaped honours on the favourite immediately on her accession to the throne. He was an opponent of the court of George I., and continued actively engaged in public affairs till his death. Sheffield wrote several poems and copies of verses. Among the former is an *Essay on Satire*, which Dryden is reported to have revised. His principal work, however, is his *Essay on Poetry*, which received the praises of Roscommon, Dryden, and Pope. It is written in the heroic couplet, and seems to have suggested Pope's 'Essay on Criticism.' It is of the style of Denham and Roscommon, plain, perspicuous, and sensible, but contains as little true poetry, or less, than any of Dryden's prose essays.

[*Extract from the Essay on Poetry.*]

Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief master-piece is writing well;
No writing lifts exalted man so high,
As sacred and soul-moving poesy:
No kind of work requires so nice a touch,
And, if well finish'd, nothing shines so much.
But heaven forbid we should be so profane
To grace the vulgar with that noble name.
'Tis not a flash of fancy, which, sometimes
Dazzling our minds, sets off the slightest rhymes;
Bright as a blaze, but in a moment done:
True wit is everlasting like the sun,
Which, though sometimes behind a cloud retir'd,
Breaks out again, and is by all admir'd.
Number and rhyme, and that harmonious sound
Which not the nicest ear with harshness wound,
Are necessary, yet but vulgar arts;
And all in vain these superficial parts
Contribute to the structure of the whole;
Without a genius, too, for that's the soul:
A spirit which inspires the work throughout,
As that of nature moves the world about;
A flame that glows amidst conceptions fit,
Even something of divine, and more than wit;
Itself unseen, yet all things by it shown,
Describing all men, but describ'd by none.
Where dost thou dwell? what caverns of the brain
Can such a vast and mighty thing contain?
When I at vacant hours in vain thy absence mourn,
O where dost thou retire? and why dost thou return,
Sometimes with powerful charms, to hurry me away
From pleasures of the night and business of the day?
Ev'n now too far transported, I am fain
To check thy course, and use the needful rein,
As all is dulness when the fancy 's bad,
So without judgment fancy is but mad:
And judgment has a boundless influence,
Not only in the choice of words or sense,
But on the world, on manners, and on men:
Fancy is but the feather of the pen;
Reason is that substantial useful part
Which gains the head, while t'other wins the heart.

* * *

First, then, of songs, which now so much abound;
Without his song no fop is to be found.
A most offensive weapon which he draws
On all he meets, against Apollo's laws;
Though nothing seems more easy, yet no part
Of poetry requires a nicer art;
For as in rows of richest pearl there lies
Many a blemish that escapes our eyes,
The least of which defects is plainly shown
In one small ring, and brings the value down:
So songs should be to just perfection wrought;
Yet when can one be seen without a fault?
Exact propriety of words and thought;
Expression easy, and the fancy high;
Yet that not seem to creep, nor this to fly;
No words transpos'd, but in such order all,
As wrought with care, yet seem by chance to fall.

* * *

Of all the ways that wisest men could find
To mend the age, and mortify mankind,
Satire well writ has most successful prov'd,
And cures, because the remedy is lov'd.

'Tis hard to write on such a subject more,
Without repeating things oft said before.
Some vulgar errors only we'll remove,
That stain a beauty which we so much love.
Of chosen words some take not care enough,
And think they should be, as the subject, rough;
This poem must be more exactly made,
And sharpest thoughts in smoothest words convey'd.
Some think, if sharp enough, they cannot fail,
As if their only business was to rail;
But human frailty, nicely to unfold,
Distinguishes a satire from a scold.
Rage you must hide, and prejudice lay down;
A Satyr's smile is sharper than his frown;
So, while you seem to slight some rival youth,
Malice itself may pass sometimes for truth.
* * *
By painful steps at last we labour up
Parnassus' hill, on whose bright airy top
The epic poets so divinely show,
And with just pride behold the rest below.
Heroic poems have just a pretence
To be the utmost stretch of human sense;
A work of such inestimable worth,
There are but two the world has yet brought forth—
Homer and Virgil; with what sacred awe
Do those mere sounds the world's attention draw!
Just as a changeling seems below the rest
Of men, or rather as a two-legg'd beast,
So these gigantic souls, amaz'd we find
As much above the rest of human kind!
Nature's whole strength united! endless fame,
And universal shouts attend their name!
Read Homer once, and you can read no more,
For all books else appear so mean, so poor,
Verse will seem prose; but still persist to read,
And Homer will be all the books you need.
Had Bossu never writ, the world had still,
Like Indians, view'd this wondrous piece of skill;
As something of divine the work admir'd,
Not hope to be instructed, but inspir'd;
But he, disclosing sacred mysteries,
Has shown where all their mighty magic lies;
Describ'd the seeds, and in what order sown,
That have to such a vast proportion grown.
Sure from some angel he the secret knew,
Who through this labyrinth has lent the clue.
But what, alas! avails it, poor mankind,
To see this promis'd land, yet stay behind!
The way is shown, but who has strength to go?
Who can all sciences profoundly know?
Whose fancy flies beyond weak reason's sight,
And yet has judgment to direct it right?
Whose just discernment, Virgil-like, is such,
Never to say too little or too much?
Let such a man begin without delay;
But he must do beyond what I can say;
Must above Tasso's lofty heights prevail;
Succeed when Spenser, and ev'n Milton fail.

DRAMATISTS.

JOHN DRYDEN.

At the restoration of the monarchy the drama was also restored, and with new lustre, though less decency. Two theatres were licensed in the metropolis, one under the direction of Sir William Davenant, who, as already mentioned, had been permitted to act plays even during the general proscription of the drama, and whose performers were now (in compliment to the Duke of York) named the Duke's Company. The other establishment was managed by Thomas Killigrew, a well-known wit and courtier, whose company took the name of the King's Servants. Davenant effected two great improvements in theatrical representation—the regular introduction of actresses, or female players, and the use of moveable scenery and appropriate decorations. Females had performed on the stage previous to the Restoration, and considerable splendour and variety of scenery had been exhibited in the Court Masques and Revels. Neither, however, had been familiar to the public, and they now formed a great attraction to the two patent theatres. Unfortunately, these powerful auxiliaries were not brought in aid of the good old dramas of the age of Elizabeth and James. Instead of adding grace and splendour to the creations of Shakspeare and Jonson, they were lavished to support a new and degenerate dramatic taste, which Charles II. had brought with him from the continent. Rhyming or heroic plays had long been fashionable in France, and were dignified by the genius of Corneille and Racine. They had little truth of colouring or natural passion, but dealt exclusively with personages in high life and of transcendent virtue or ambition; with fierce combats and splendid processions; with superhuman love and beauty; and with long dialogues alternately formed of metaphysical subtlety and the most extravagant and bombastic expression. 'Blank verse,' says Dryden, 'is acknowledged to be *too low for a poem*, nay more, for a paper of verses; but if too low for an ordinary sonnet, how much more for tragedy!' Accordingly, the heroic plays were all in rhyme, set off not only with superb dresses and decorations, but with 'the richest and most ornate kind of verse, and the farthest removed from ordinary colloquial diction.' The comedies were degenerate in a different way. They were framed after the model of the Spanish stage, and adapted to the taste of the king, as exhibiting a variety of complicated intrigues, successful disguises, and constantly-shifting scenes and adventures. The old native English virtues of sincerity, conjugal fidelity, and prudence, were held up to constant ridicule, as if amusement could only be obtained by obliterating the moral feelings. Dryden ascribes the licentiousness of the stage to the example of the king. Part, however, must be assigned to the earlier comedies of Beaumont and Fletcher, and part to the ascetic puritanism and denial of all public amusements during the time of the commonwealth. If the Puritans had contented themselves with regulating and purifying the theatres, they would have conferred a benefit on the nation; but, by shutting them up entirely, and denouncing all public recreations, they provoked a counteraction in the taste and manners of the people. The over-austerity of one period led naturally to the shameless degeneracy of the succeeding period; and deeply is it to be deplored, that the great talents of Dryden were the most instrumental in extending and prolonging this depravation of the national taste.

The operas and comedies of Sir William Davenant were the first pieces brought out on the stage after the Restoration. He wrote twenty-five in all; but, notwithstanding the partial revival of the old dramatists, none of Davenant's productions have been reprinted. 'His last work,' says Southey, 'was his worst; it was an alteration of the Tempest, executed in conjunction with Dryden; and marvellous indeed it is, that two men of such great and indubitable genius should have combined to debase, and vulgarise, and pollute such a poem as the Tempest.' The marvel is enhanced when we consider that Dryden writes of their joint labour with evident complacency, at the same time that his prologue to the adapted play contains the following just and beautiful character of his great predecessor:—

As when a tree's cut down, the secret root
Lives under ground, and thence new branches shoot;

So, from old Shakspeare's honour'd dust, this day
Springs up and buds a new reviving play.
Shakspeare, who (taught by none) did first impart
To Fletcher *wit;* to labouring Jonson *art;*
He, monarch-like, gave these his subjects law,
And is that nature which they paint and draw.
Fletcher reach'd that which on his heights did grow,
Whilst Jonson crept and gather'd all below.
This did his love and this his mirth digest;
One imitates him most; the other best.
If they have since outwrit all other men,
'Tis with the drops which fell from Shakspeare's pen.
The storm which vanish'd on the neighbouring shore,
Was taught by Shakspeare's Tempest first to roar.
That innocence and beauty which did smile
In Fletcher, grew on this Enchanted Isle.
But Shakspeare's magic could not copied be;
Within that circle none durst walk but he.

Dryden was in the full tide of his theatrical popularity when Davenant died, in 1688. The great poet commenced writing for the stage in 1662, when he produced his *Wild Gallant*, which was followed next year by the *Rival Ladies*, the serious parts of which are in rhyme. He then joined Sir Robert Howard in composing the *Indian Queen*, a rhyming heroic play, brought out in 1664, with a splendour never before seen in England upon a public stage. A continuation of this piece was shortly afterwards written by Dryden, entitled the *Indian Emperor*, and both were received with great applause. All the defects of his style, and many of the choicest specimens of his smooth and easy versification, are to be found in these inflated tragedies. In 1667 was represented his *Maiden Queen*, a tragi-comedy: and shortly afterwards the *Tempest*. These were followed by two comedies copied from the French of Moliere and Corneille; by the *Royal Martyr*, another furious tragedy, and by his *Conquest of Granada*, in two parts, in which he concentrated the wild magnificence, incongruous splendour, and absurd fable that run through all his heroic plays, mixed up with occasional gleams of true genius. The extravagance and unbounded popularity of the heroic drama, now at its height, prompted the Duke of Buckingham to compose a lively and amusing farce, in ridicule of Dryden and the prevailing taste of the public, which was produced in 1671, under the title of the *Rehearsal*. The success of the 'Rehearsal' was unbounded; 'the very popularity of the plays ridiculed aiding,' as Sir Walter Scott has remarked, 'the effect of the satire, since everybody had in their recollection the originals of the passages parodied.' There is little genuine wit or dramatic art in the 'Rehearsal,' but it is a clever travesty, and it was well-timed. A fatal blow was struck at the rhyming plays, and at the rant and fustian to which they gave birth. Dryden now resorted to comedy, and produced *Marriage a-la-Mode*, and the *Assignation*. In 1673 he constructed a dramatic poem, the *State of Innocence, or the Fall of Man*, out of the great epic of Milton, destroying, of course, nearly all that is sublime, simple, and pure, in the original. His next play, *Aureng-Zebe* (1675), was also 'heroic,' stilted, and unnatural; but this was the last great literary sin of Dryden. He was now engaged in his immortal satires and fables, and he abandoned henceforward the false and glittering taste which had so long deluded him. His *All for Love*, and *Troilus and Cressida*, are able adaptations from Shakspeare *in blank verse*. The *Spanish Friar* is a good comedy, remarkable for its happy union of two plots, and its delineation of comic character. His principal remaining plays are *Don Sebastian* (1690), *Amphitryon* (1690), *Cleomenes* (1692), and *Love Triumphant* (1694). 'Don Sebastian' is his highest effort in dramatic composition, and though deformed, like all his other plays, by scenes of spurious and licentious comedy, it contains passages that approach closely to Shakspeare. The quarrel and reconciliation of Sebastian and Dorax is a masterly copy from the similar scene between Brutus and Cassius. In the altercation between Ventidius and Antony in 'All for Love,' he has also challenged comparison with the great poet, and seems to have been inspired to new vigour by the competition. This latter triumph in the genius of Dryden was completed by his 'Ode to St Cecilia' and the 'Fables,' published together in the spring of 1700, a few weeks before his death—thus realising a saying of his own Sebastian—

A setting sun
Should leave a track of glory in the skies.

Dryden's plays have fallen completely into oblivion. He could reason powerfully in verse, and had the command of rich stores of language, information, and imagery. Strong energetic characters and passions he could portray with considerable success, but he had not art or judgment to construct an interesting or consistent drama, or to preserve himself from extravagance and absurdity. The female character and softer passions seem to have been entirely beyond his reach. His love is always licentiousness—his tenderness a mere trick of the stage. Like Voltaire, he probably never drew a tear from reader or spectator. His merit consists in a sort of Eastern magnificence of style, and in the richness of his versification. The bowl and dagger—glory, ambition, lust, and crime—are the staple materials of his tragedy, and lead occasionally to poetical grandeur and brilliancy of fancy. His comedy is, with scarce an exception, false to nature, improbable and ill-arranged, and subversive equally of taste and morality.

Before presenting a scene from Dryden, we shall string together a few of those similes or detached sentiments which relieve the great mass of his turgid dramatic verse:—

Love is that madness which all lovers have;
But yet 'tis sweet and pleasing so to rave.
'Tis an enchantment, where the reason's bound;
But Paradise is in th' enchanted ground.
A palace void of envy, cares, and strife;
Where gentle hours delude so much of life.
To take those charms away, and set me free,
Is but to send me into misery.
And prudence, of whose cure so much you boast,
Restores those pains which that sweet folly lost.
Conquest of Granada, Part II.

As some fair tulip, by a storm oppress'd,
Shrinks up, and folds its silken arms to rest;
And bending to the blast, all pale and dead,
Hears from within the wind sing round its head:
So, shrouded up, your beauty disappears;
Unveil, my love, and lay aside your fears.
The storm that caus'd your fright is past and done.
Ibid. Part I.

That friendship which from wither'd love doth shoot,
Like the faint herbage on a rock, wants root;
Love is a tender amity, refin'd:
Grafted on friendship, it exalts the mind;
But when the graff no longer does remain,
The dull stock lives, but never bears again.
Ibid. Part II.

So Venus moves, when to the Thunderer,
In smiles or tears, she would some suit prefer.
When with her cestus girt,
And drawn by doves, she cuts the liquid skies,
To every eye a goddess is confest;

By all the heavenly nations she is blest,
And each with secret joy admits her to his breast.
Ibid. Part I.

Love various minds does variously inspire:
He stirs in gentle natures gentle fire,
Like that of incense on the altars laid;
But raging flames tempestuous souls invade.
A fire which every windy passion blows;
With pride it mounts, and with revenge it glows.
Tyrannic Love.

[*Savage Freedom.*]

No man has more contempt than I of breath;
But whence hast thou the right to give me death?
I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.
Conquest of Granada, Part I.

[*Love and Beauty.*]

A change so swift what heart did ever feel!
It rush'd upon me like a mighty stream,
And bore me in a moment far from shore.
I've loved away myself; in one short hour
Already am I gone an age of passion.
Was it his youth, his valour, or success?
These might, perhaps, be found in other men.
'Twas that respect, that awful homage paid me;
That fearful love which trembled in his eyes,
And with a silent earthquake shook his soul.
But when he spoke, what tender words he said!
So softly, that, like flakes of feather'd snow,
They melted as they fell.
Spanish Friar.

[*Midnight Repose.*]

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 flowers beneath the night-dew sweat;
Even lust and envy sleep, yet love denies
Rest to my soul and slumber to my eyes.
Three days I promis'd to attend my doom,
And two long days and nights are yet to come;
'Tis sure the noise of a tumultuous fight;
[*Noise within.*
They break the truce, and sally out by night.
Indian Emperor.

[Wordsworth has remarked that these lines, once highly celebrated, are 'vague, bombastic, and senseless.' Their charm consists in their melody.]

[*Tears.*]

What precious drops are those
Which silently each others track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?
Conquest of Granada, Part II.

[*Mankind.*]

Men are but children of a larger growth;
Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
To the world's open view.
All for Love.

Man is but man; unconstant still, and various;
There's no to-morrow in him like to-day.
Perhaps the atoms rolling in his brain
Make him think honestly this present hour;
The next a swarm of base ungrateful thoughts
May mount aloft; and where's our Egypt then?
Who would trust chance? since all men have the seeds
Of good and ill, which should work upward first.
Cleomenes.

[*Fear of Death.*]

BERENICE. SAINT CATHERINE.

Ber. Now death draws near, a strange perplexity
Creeps coldly on me, like a fear to die:
Courage uncertain dangers may abate,
But who can bear th' approach of certain fate?
St. Cath. The wisest and the best some fear may show,
And wish to stay, though they resolve to go.
Ber. As some faint pilgrim, standing on the shore,
First views the torrent he would venture o'er,
And then his inn upon the farther ground,
Loath to wade through, and loather to go round:
Then dipping in his staff, does trial make
How deep it is, and, sighing, pulls it back:
Sometimes resolved to fetch his leap; and then
Runs to the bank, but there stops short again:
So I at once
Both heavenly faith and human fear obey;
And feel before me in an unknown way.
For this blest voyage I with joy prepare,
Yet am asham'd to be a stranger there.
Tyrannic Love.

[*Love Anticipated after Death.*]

PORPHYRIUS. BERENICE.

Por. You either this divorce must seek, or die.
Ber. Then death from all my griefs shall set me free.
Por. And would you rather choose your death than me?
Ber. My earthy part,
Which is my tyrant's right, death will remove.
I'll come all soul and spirit to your love.
With silent steps I'll follow you all day,
Or else before you in the sunbeams play;
I'll lead you thence to melancholy groves,
And there repeat the scenes of our past loves.
At night, I will within your curtains peep;
With empty arms embrace you while you sleep.
In gentle dreams I often will be by,
And sweep along before your closing eye.
All dangers from your bed I will remove,
But guard it most from any future love.
And when, at last, in pity, you will die,
I'll watch your birth of immortality;
Then, turtle-like, I'll to my mate repair,
And teach you your first flight in open air.
Ibid.

[*Adam after the Fall.*]

ADAM. RAPHAEL. EVE.

Adam. Heaven is all mercy; labour I would choose;
And could sustain this Paradise to lose:
The bliss; but not the place. 'Here,' could I say,
'Heaven's winged messenger did pass the day;
Under this pine the glorious angel stay'd:'
Then show my wondering progeny the shade.
In woods and lawns, where'er thou didst appear,
Each place some monument of thee should bear.
I, with green turfs, would grateful altars raise,
And heaven, with gums and offer'd incense, praise.
Raph. Where'er thou art, He is; th' eternal mind
Acts through all places; is to none confined:
Fills ocean, earth, and air, and all above.
And through the universal mass does move.
Thou canst be no where distant: yet this place
Had been thy kingly seat, and here thy race,
From all the ends of peopled earth, had come
To reverence thee, and see their native home.

Immortal then; now sickness, care, and age,
And war, and luxury's more direful rage,
Thy crimes have brought, to shorten mortal breath,
With all the numerous family of death.
* * *
Adam. The deaths thou show'st are forced and full of strife,
Cast headlong from the precipice of life.
Is there no smooth descent—no painless way
Of kindly mixing with our native clay?
Raph. There is—but rarely shall that path be trod,
Which, without horror, leads to death's abode.
Some few, by temperance taught, approaching slow,
To distant fate by easy journeys go;
Gently they lay them down, as evening sheep
On their own woolly fleeces softly sleep.
Adam. So noiseless would I live, such death to find,
Like timely fruit, not shaken by the wind,
But ripely dropping from the sapless bough,
And, dying, nothing to myself would owe.
Eve. Thus daily changing, with a duller taste
Of lessening joys, I, by degrees, would waste:
Still quitting ground, by unperceived decay,
And steal myself from life, and melt away.

State of Innocence.

[*Scene between Mark Antony and Ventidius, his general.*]

[Dryden says he preferred this scene to anything which he had written of that kind. It occurs in the first act of 'All fo Love,' a tragedy founded on the story of Antony and Cleopatra and avowedly written in imitation of Shakspeare. 'All fo Love' was the only play Dryden ever wrote for himself; th rest, he says, were given to the people. It will be observed tha this scene, as also that between Dorax and Sebastian, is copied from the quarrel between Brutus and Cassius in 'Julius Cæsar.']

Ant. They tell me 'tis my birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double pomp of sadness.
'Tis what the day deserves, which gave me breath.
Why was I rais'd the meteor of the world,
Hung in the skies, and blazing as I travell'd,
Till all my fires were spent, and then cast downward
To be trod out by Cæsar?
Vent. [*Aside*] On my soul
'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful!
Ant. Count thy gains,
Now, Antony: wouldst thou be born for this?
Glutton of fortune, thy devouring youth
Has starv'd thy wanting age.
Vent. [*Aside.*] How sorrow shakes him!
So now the tempest tears him by th' roots,
And on the ground extends the noble ruin.
Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou shadow of an emperor;
The place thou pressest on thy mother earth
Is all thy empire now: now it contains thee;
Some few days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow urn,
Shrunk to a few cold ashes; then Octavia
(For Cleopatra will not live to see it),
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd hand to Cæsar.
Cæsar will weep, the crocodile will weep,
To see his rival of the universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some music; look that it be sad;
I'll sooth my melancholy, till I swell,
And burst myself with sighing.
'Tis somewhat to my humour. Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a commoner of nature;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all;
Live in a shady forest's sylvan scene;
Stretch'd at my length beneath some blasted oak,
I lean my head upon the mossy bark,
And look just of a piece, as I grew from it:
My uncomb'd locks, matted like misletoe,
Hang o'er my hoary face; a murm'ring brook
Runs at my foot——
Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.
Ant. The herd come jumping by me,
And, fearless, quench their thirst, while I look on
And take me for their fellow-citizen.
More of this image; more; it lulls my thoughts.
Vent. I must disturb him. I can hold no longer.
[*Stands before him.*
Ant. [*Starting up.*] Art thou Ventidius?
Vent. Are you Antony?
I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.
Ant. I'm angry.
Vent. So am I.
Ant. I would be private. Leave me.
Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.
Ant. Will not leave me!
Where have you learn'd that answer? Who am I?
Vent. My emperor; the man I love next heav'n.
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a sin:
You're all that's good and godlike.
Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me, then?
Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not: but I dare not leave you;
And 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.
Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfied?
For, if a friend, thou hast beheld enough,
And, if a foe, too much.
Vent. Look, emperor, this is no common dew;
I have not wept this forty years; but now
My mother comes afresh unto my eyes;
I cannot help her softness.
Ant. By heav'n, he weeps! poor good old man, he weeps!
The big round drops course one another down
The furrows of his cheeks. Stop 'em, Ventidius,
Or I shall blush to death; they set my shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.
Vent. I'll do my best.
Ant. Sure there's contagion in the tears of friends;
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own griefs, but thine——Nay, father——
Vent. Emperor!
Ant. Emperor! Why that's the style of victory.
The conqu'ring soldier, and with unfelt wounds,
Salutes his general so: but never more
Shall that sound reach my ears.
Vent. I warrant you.
Ant. Actium, Actium! Oh——
Vent. It sits too near you.
Ant. Here, here it lies; a lump of lead by day;
And in my short, distracted, nightly slumbers,
The hag that rides my dreams——
Vent. Out with it; give it vent.
Ant. Urge not my shame—
I lost a battle.
Vent. So has Julius done.
Ant. Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou think'st;
For Julius fought it out, and lost it fairly;
But Antony——
Vent. Nay, stop not.
Ant. Antony
(Well, thou wilt have it), like a coward, fled,
Fled while his soldiers fought! fled first, Ventidius.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepared to rail.
Vent. I did.
Ant. I'll help thee—I have been a man, Ventidius.
Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but——

Ant. I know thy meaning.
But I have lost my reason, have disgrac'd
The name of soldier with inglorious ease;
In the full vintage of my flowing honours
Sat still, and saw it press'd by other hands.
Fortune came smiling to my youth, and woo'd it.
And purple greatness met my ripen'd years.
When first I came to empire, I was borne
On tides of people, crowding to my triumphs.
The wish of nations, and the willing world,
Receiv'd me as its pledge of future peace.
I was so great, so happy, so belov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took pains,
And work'd against my fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose: yet still she came again.
My careless days and my luxurious nights
At length have wearied her, and now she's gone;
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, soldier,
To curse this madman, this industrious fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched. Pr'ythee curse me.
Vent. No.
Ant. Why?
Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done; too conscious of your failings.
And like a scorpion, whipp'd by others first
To fury, sting yourself in mad revenge.
I would bring balm, and pour it in your wounds,
Cure your distemper'd mind, and heal your fortunes.
Ant. I know thou wouldst.
Vent. I will.
Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha!
Vent. You laugh.
Ant. I do, to see officious love
Give cordials to the dead.
Vent. You would be lost, then?
Ant. I am.
Vent. I say you are not. Try your fortune.
Ant. I have to th' utmost. Dost thou think me
desperate
Without just cause? No; when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the world,
And learn'd to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.
Vent. Cæsar thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd like Tully, would you? Do
Hold out your throat to Cæsar, and die tamely.
Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.
Vent. I can die with you, too, when time shall
serve;
But fortune calls upon us now to live,
To fight, to conquer.
Ant. Sure thou dream'st, Ventidius?
Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your hours
In desperate sloth, miscall'd philosophy.
Up, up, for honour's sake; twelve legions wait you,
And long to call you chief. By painful journeys
I led 'em patient both of heat and hunger,
Down from the Parthian marches to the Nile.
'Twill do you good to see their sun-burnt faces,
Their scarr'd cheeks, and chopt hands; there's virtue
in 'em:
They'll sell those mangled limbs at dearer rates
Than yon trim bands can buy.
Ant. Where left you them?
Vent. I said in Lower Syria.
Ant. Bring 'em hither;
There may be life in these.
Vent. They will not come.
Ant. Why didst thou mock my hopes with promis'd aids,
To double my despair? They're mutinous.
Vent. Most firm and loyal.
Ant. Yet they will not march
To succour me. Oh, trifler!
Vent. They petition
You would make haste to head 'em.
Ant. I'm besieg'd.
Vent. There's but one way shut up. How came I
Ant. I will not stir. [hither?
Vent. They would perhaps desire
A better reason.
Ant. I have never us'd
My soldiers to demand a reason of
My actions. Why did they refuse to march?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Ant. What was't they said?
Vent. They said they would not fight for Cleopatra.
Why should they fight, indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a slave? To gain you kingdoms
Which, for a kiss, at your next midnight feast
You'll sell to her? Then she new names her jewels,
And calls this diamond such or such a tax.
Each pendant in her ear shall be a province.
Ant. Ventidius, I allow your tongue free license
On all my other faults; but, on your life,
No word of Cleopatra; she deserves
More worlds than I can lose.
Vent. Behold, you pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted humankind;
See Europe, Afric, Asia put in balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless woman!
I think the gods are Antonies, and give,
Like prodigals, this nether world away
To none but wasteful hands.
Ant. You grow presumptuous.
Vent. I take the privilege of plain love to speak.
Ant. Plain love! plain arrogance, plain insolence!
Thy men are cowards, thou an envious traitor;
Who, under seeming honesty, hath vented
The burden of thy rank o'erflowing gall.
Oh, that thou wert my equal; great in arms
As the first Cæsar was, that I might kill thee
Without stain to my honour!
Vent. You may kill me.
You have done more already—call'd me traitor.
Ant. Art thou not one?
Vent. For showing you yourself,
Which none else durst have done. But had I been
That name which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have sought your abject fortunes,
Come to partake your fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to 've led my conqu'ring eagles
To fill Octavius' bands? I could have been
A traitor then, a glorious happy traitor,
And not have been so call'd.
Ant. Forgive me, soldier;
I've been too passionate.
Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old age betray'd you. Kill me, sir;
Pray, kill me; yet you need not; your unkindness
Has left your sword no work.
Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my rage; pr'ythee forgive me.
Why didst thou tempt my anger, by discovery
Of what I would not hear?
Vent. No prince but you
Could merit that sincerity I us'd;
Nor durst another man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere love misled your wand'ring eyes,
Were sure the chief and best of human race,
Fram'd in the very pride and boast of nature.
Ant. But Cleopatra——
Go on; for I can bear it now.
Vent. No more.
Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my passion; but thou
may'st;
Thou only lov'st, the rest have flatter'd me.
Vent. Heaven's blessing on your heart for that kind
word.
May I believe you love me? Speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.
Thy praises were unjust; but I'll deserve 'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to victory; thou know'st the way.
Vent. And will you leave this——
Ant. Pr'ythee, do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, heav'n knows, I love
Beyond life, conquest, empire, all, but honour;
But I will leave her.
Vent. That's my royal master.
And shall we fight?
Ant. I warrant thee, old soldier;
Thou shalt behold me once again in iron,
And, at the head of our old troops, that beat
The Parthians, cry aloud, 'Come, follow me.'
Vent. Oh, now I hear my emperor! In that word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that day,
And, if I have ten years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' exchange.
Ant. Oh, Cleopatra!
Vent. Again!
Ant. I've done. In that last sigh she went;
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a lover
From all he holds most dear.
Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another soul; your looks are more divine;
You speak a hero, and you move a god.
Ant. Oh, thou hast fir'd me; my soul's up in arms,
And man's each part about me. Once again
That noble eagerness of fight has seiz'd me;
That eagerness with which I darted upward
To Cassius' camp. In vain the steepy hill
Oppos'd my way; in vain a war of spears
Sung round my head, and planted all my shield;
I won the trenches, while my foremost men
Lagg'd on the plain below.
Vent. Ye gods, ye gods,
For such another honour!
Ant. Come on, my soldier;
Our hearts and arms are still the same. I long
Once more to meet our foes; that thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our troops,
May taste fate to 'em, mow 'em on a passage,
And, ent'ring where the utmost squadrons yield,
Begin the noble harvest of the field.

[*Scene between Dorax and Sebastian.*]

[Don Sebastian, King of Portugal, is defeated in battle, and taken prisoner by the Moors. He is saved from death by Dorax, a noble Portuguese, then a renegade in the court of the Emperor of Barbary, but formerly Don Alonzo of Alcazar. The train being dismissed, Dorax takes off his turban, and assumes his Portuguese dress and manner.]

Dor. Now, do you know me?
Seb. Thou shouldst be Alonzo.
Dor. So you should be Sebastian;
But when Sebastian ceas'd to be himself,
I ceased to be Alonzo.
Seb. As in a dream
I see thee here, and scarce believe mine eyes.
Dor. Is it so strange to find me where my wrongs,
And your inhuman tyranny, have sent me?
Think not you dream: or, if you did, my injuries
Shall call so loud, that lethargy should wake,
And death should give you back to answer me.
A thousand nights have brush'd their balmy wings
Over these eyes; but ever when they clos'd,
Your tyrant image forc'd them ope again,
And dried the dews they brought.
The long-expected hour is come at length,
By manly vengeance to redeem my fame:
And that once clear'd, eternal sleep is welcome.
Seb. I have not yet forgot I am a king,
Whose royal office is redress of wrongs:
If I have wrong'd thee, charge me face to face;
I have not yet forgot I am a soldier.
Dor. 'Tis the first justice thou hast ever done me;
Then, though I loathe this woman's war of tongues,
Yet shall my cause of vengeance first be clear;
And, Honour, be thou judge.
Seb. Honour befriend us both.
Beware, I warn thee yet, to tell thy griefs
In terms becoming majesty to hear:
I warn thee thus, because I know thy temper
Is insolent and haughty to superiors:
How often hast thou brav'd my peaceful court,
Fill'd it with noisy brawls and windy boasts;
And with past service, nauseously repeated,
Reproach'd ev'n me, thy prince?
Dor. And well I might, when you forgot reward,
The part of heav'n in kings; for punishment
Is hangman's work, and drudgery for devils.
I must and will reproach thee with my service,
Tyrant! It irks me so to call my prince;
But just resentment and hard usage coin'd
Th' unwilling word, and, grating as it is,
Take it, for 'tis thy due.
Seb. How, tyrant!
Dor. Tyrant!
Seb. Traitor! that name thou canst not echo back:
That robe of infamy, that circumcision,
Ill hid beneath that robe, proclaim thee traitor;
And if a name
More foul than traitor be, 'tis renegade.
Dor. If I'm a traitor, think, and blush, thou tyrant,
Whose injuries betray'd me into treason,
Effac'd my loyalty, unhing'd my faith,
And hurried me from hopes of heav'n to hell;
All these, and all my yet unfinish'd crimes,
When I shall rise to plead before the saints,
I charge on thee, to make thy damning sure.
Seb. Thy old presumptuous arrogance again,
That bred my first dislike, and then my loathing;
Once more be warn'd, and know me for thy king.
Dor. Too well I know thee, but for king no more:
This is not Lisbon, nor the circle this,
Where, like a statue, thou hast stood besieg'd
By sycophants, and fools, the growth of courts;
Where thy gull'd eyes, in all the gaudy round,
Met nothing but a lie in every face;
And the gross flattery of a gaping crowd,
Envious who first should catch, and first applaud
The stuff or royal nonsense: when I spoke,
My honest homely words were carp'd, and censur'd,
For want of courtly style: related actions,
Though modestly reported, pass'd for boasts:
Secure of merit, if I ask'd reward,
Thy hungry minions thought their rights invaded,
And the bread snatch'd from pimps and parasites.
Henriquez answer'd, with a ready lie,
To save his king's, the boon was begg'd before.
Seb. What say'st thou of Henriquez? Now, by heav'n,
Thou mov'st me more by barely naming him,
Than all thy foul, unmanner'd, scurril taunts.
Dor. And therefore 'twas to gall thee that I nam'd him;
That thing, that nothing, but a cringe and smile;
That woman, but more daub'd; or if a man,
Corrupted to a woman; thy man-mistress.
Seb. All false as hell or thou.
Dor. Yes; full as false
As that I serv'd thee fifteen hard campaigns,
And pitch'd thy standard in these foreign fields:
By me thy greatness grew; thy years grew with it;
But thy ingratitude outgrew them both.
Seb. I see to what thou tend'st; but tell me first,
If those great acts were done alone for me:
If love produc'd not some, and pride the rest?
Dor. Why, love does all that's noble here below:
But all th' advantage of that love was thine:
For, coming fraughted back, in either hand

With palm and olive, victory and peace,
I was indeed prepar'd to ask my own
(For Violante's vows were mine before):
Thy malice had prevention, ere I spoke;
And ask'd me Violante for Henriquez.
Seb. I meant thee a reward of greater worth.
Dor. Where justice wanted, could reward be hop'd?
Could the robb'd passenger expect a bounty
From those rapacious hands who stripp'd him first?
Seb. He had my promise ere I knew thy love.
Dor. My services deserv'd thou shouldst revoke it.
Seb. Thy insolence had cancell'd all thy service;
To violate my laws, even in my court,
Sacred to peace, and safe from all affronts;
Ev'n to my face, and done in my despite,
Under the wing of awful majesty
To strike the man I lov'd!
Dor. Ev'n in the face of heav'n, a place more sacred,
Would I have struck the man who, prompt by power,
Would seize my right, and rob me of my love:
But, for a blow provoked by thy injustice,
The hasty product of a just despair,
When he refus'd to meet me in the field,
That thou shouldst make a coward's cause thy own!
Seb. He durst: nay, more, desir'd and begg'd with tears,
To meet thy challenge fairly: 'twas thy fault
To make it public; but my duty, then
To interpose, on pain of my displeasure,
Betwixt your swords.
Dor. On pain of infamy
He should have disobey'd.
Seb. Th' indignity thou didst was meant to me:
Thy gloomy eyes were cast on me with scorn,
As who should say, the blow was there intended;
But that thou didst not dare to lift thy hands
Against anointed power: so was I forc'd
To do a sovereign justice to myself,
And spurn thee from my presence.
Dor. Thou hast dar'd
To tell me what I durst not tell myself:
I durst not think that I was spurn'd, and live;
And live to hear it boasted to my face.
All my long avarice of honour lost,
Heap'd up in youth, and hoarded up for age:
Has Honour's fountain then suck'd back the stream?
He has; and hooting boys may dry-shod pass,
And gather pebbles from the naked ford.
Give me my love, my honour; give them back—
Give me revenge, while I have breath to ask it.
Seb. Now, by this honour'd order which I wear,
More gladly would I give than thou dar'st ask it.
Nor shall the sacred character of king
Be urg'd to shield me from thy bold appeal.
If I have injur'd thee, that makes us equal:
The wrong, if done, debas'd me down to thee:
But thou hast charg'd me with ingratitude;
Hast thou not charg'd me? Speak.
Dor. Thou know'st I have:
If thou disown'st that imputation, draw,
And prove my charge a lie.
Seb. No; to disprove that lie, I must not draw:
Be conscious to thy worth, and tell thy soul
What thou hast done this day in my defence:
To fight thee, after this, what were it else
Than owning that ingratitude thou urgest?
That isthmus stands between two rushing seas;
Which, mounting, view each other from afar,
And strive in vain to meet.
Dor. I'll cut that isthmus:
Thou know'st I meant not to preserve thy life,
But to reprieve it, for my own revenge.
I sav'd thee out of honourable malice:
Now draw; I should be loath to think thou dar'st not:
Beware of such another vile excuse.
Seb. Oh, patience, heav'n!
Dor. Beware of patience too;
That's a suspicious word: it had been proper,
Before thy foot had spurn'd me; now 'tis base:
Yet, to disarm thee of thy last defence,
I have thy oath for my security:
The only boon I begg'd was this fair combat:
Fight, or be perjur'd now; that's all thy choice.
Seb. Now can I thank thee as thou wouldst be thank'd: [*Drawing.*
Never was vow of honour better paid,
If my true sword but hold, than this shall be.
The sprightly bridegroom, on his wedding-night,
More gladly enters not the lists of love.
Why, 'tis enjoyment to be summon'd thus.
Go; bear my message to Henriquez' ghost;
And say his master and his friend reveng'd him.
Dor. His ghost! then is my hated rival dead?
Seb. The question is beside our present purpose;
Thou seest me ready; we delay too long.
Dor. A minute is not much in either's life,
When there's but one betwixt us; throw it in,
And give it him of us who is to fall.
Seb. He's dead: make haste, and thou may'st yet o'ertake him.
Dor. When I was hasty, thou delay'dst me longer.
I pr'ythee, let me hedge one moment more
Into thy promise: for thy life preserved,
Be kind; and tell me how that rival died,
Whose death, next thine, I wish'd.
Seb. If it would please thee, thou shouldst never know.
But thou, like jealousy, inquir'st a truth,
Which found, will torture thee: he died in fight:
Fought next my person; as in concert fought:
Kept pace for pace, and blow for every blow;
Save when he heav'd his shield in my defence,
And on his naked side received my wound:
Then, when he could no more, he fell at once,
But roll'd his falling body cross their way,
And made a bulwark of it for his prince.
Dor. I never can forgive him such a death!
Seb. I prophesied thy proud soul could not bear it.
Now, judge thyself, who best deserv'd my love.
I knew you both; and, durst I say, as heav'n
Foreknew among the shining angel host
Who should stand firm, who fall.
Dor. Had he been tempted so, so had he fall'n;
And so had I been favour'd, had I stood.
Seb. What had been, is unknown; what is, appears;
Confess he justly was preferr'd to thee.
Dor. Had I been born with his indulgent stars,
My fortune had been his, and his been mine.
Oh, worse than hell! what glory have I lost,
And what has he acquir'd by such a death!
I should have fallen by Sebastian's side;
My corpse had been the bulwark of my king.
His glorious end was a patch'd work of fate,
Ill-sorted with a soft effeminate life:
It suited better with my life than his
So to have died: mine had been of a piece,
Spent in your service, dying at your feet.
Seb. The more effeminate and soft his life,
The more his fame, to struggle to the field,
And meet his glorious fate: confess, proud spirit
(For I will have it from thy very mouth),
That better he deserv'd my love than thou.
Dor. Oh, whither would you drive me! I must grant,
Yes, I must grant, but with a swelling soul,
Henriquez had your love with more desert:
For you he fought and died; I fought against you;
Through all the mazes of the bloody field
Hunted your sacred life; which that I miss'd,
Was the propitious error of my fate,
Not of my soul; my soul's a regicide.
Seb. Thou mightst have given it a more gentle name;
Thou meant'st to kill a tyrant, not a king.
Speak; didst thou not, Alonzo?

Dor. Can I speak?
Alas! I cannot answer to Alonzo:
No, Dorax cannot answer to Alonzo:
Alonzo was too kind a name for me.
Then, when I fought and conquer'd with your arms,
In that bless'd age I was the man you nam'd;
Till rage and pride debas'd me into Dorax,
And lost, like Lucifer, my name above.
Seb. Yet twice this day I ow'd my life to Dorax.
Dor. I sav'd you but to kill you: there's my grief.
Seb. Nay, if thou canst be griev'd, thou canst repent;
Thou couldst not be a villain, though thou wouldst:
Thou own'st too much, in owning thou hast err'd;
And I too little, who provok'd thy crime.
Dor. Oh, stop this headlong torrent of your goodness;
It comes too fast upon a feeble soul
Half drown'd in tears before; spare my confusion:
For pity, spare, and say not first you err'd.
For yet I have not dar'd, through guilt and shame,
To throw myself beneath your royal feet.
Now spurn this rebel, this proud renegade:
'Tis just you should, nor will I more complain.
Seb. Indeed thou shouldst not ask forgiveness first;
But thou prevent'st me still, in all that's noble.
Yes, I will raise thee up with better news:
Thy Violante's heart was ever thine;
Compell'd to wed, because she was my ward,
Her soul was absent when she gave her hand:
Nor could my threats, or his pursuing courtship,
Effect the consummation of his love:
So, still indulging tears, she pines for thee,
A widow and a maid.
Dor. Have I been cursing heav'n, while heaven bless'd me?
I shall run mad with ecstacy of joy:
What, in one moment to be reconcil'd
To heav'n, and to my king, and to my love!
But pity is my friend, and stops me short,
For my unhappy rival. Poor Henriquez!
Seb. Art thou so generous, too, to pity him?
Nay, then, I was unjust to love him better.
Here let me ever hold thee in my arms;
And all our quarrels be but such as these,
Who shall love best, and closest shall embrace:
Be what Henriquez was: be my Alonzo.
Dor. What! my Alonzo, said you? My Alonzo?
Let my tears thank you; for I cannot speak;
And if I could,
Words were not made to vent such thoughts as mine.
Seb. Thou canst not speak, and I can ne'er be silent.
Some strange reverse of fate must sure attend
This vast profusion, this extravagance
Of heav'n to bless me thus. 'Tis gold so pure,
It cannot bear the stamp, without alloy.
Be kind, ye pow'rs, and take but half away:
With ease the gifts of fortune I resign;
But let my love, and friend, be ever mine.

THOMAS OTWAY.

Where Dryden failed, one of his young contemporaries succeeded. The tones of domestic tragedy and the deepest distress were sounded, with a power and intenseness of feeling never surpassed, by the unfortunate THOMAS OTWAY; a brilliant name associated with the most melancholy history. Otway was born at Trotting in Sussex, March 3, 1651, the son of a clergyman. He was educated first at Winchester school and afterwards at Oxford, but left college without taking his degree. In 1672 he made his appearance as an actor on the London stage. To this profession his talents were ill adapted, but he probably acquired a knowledge of dramatic art, which was serviceable to him when he began to write for the theatre. He produced three tragedies, *Alcibiades*, *Don Carlos*, and *Titus and Berenice*, which were successfully performed; but Otway was always in poverty.* In 1677 the Earl of Plymouth procured him an appointment as a cornet of dragoons, and the poet went with his regiment to Flanders. He was soon cashiered, in consequence of his irregularities, and, returning to England, he resumed writing for the stage. In 1680 he produced *Caius Marcius* and the *Orphan*, tragedies; in 1681 the *Soldier's Fortune;* and in 1682 *Venice Preserved.* The short eventful life of Otway, chequered by want and extravagance, was prematurely closed in 1685. One of his biographers relates, that the immediate cause of his death was his hastily swallowing, after a long fast, a piece of bread which charity had supplied. According to another account he died of fever, occasioned by fatigue, or by drinking water when violently heated. Whatever was the immediate cause of his death, he was at the time in circumstances of great poverty.

Thomas Otway.

The fame of Otway now rests on his two tragedies, the 'Orphan,' and 'Venice Preserved;' but on these it rests as on the pillars of Hercules. His talents in scenes of passionate affection 'rival, at least, and sometimes excel, those of Shakspeare: more tears have been shed, probably, for the sorrows of Belvidera and Monimia than for those of Juliet and Desdemona.'* The plot of the 'Orphan,' from its inherent indelicacy and painful associations, has driven this play from the theatres; but 'Venice Preserved' is still one of the most popular and effective tragedies. The stern plotting character of Pierre is well contrasted with the irresolute, sensitive, and affectionate nature of Jaffier; and the harsh unnatural cruelty of Priuli serves as a dark shade, to set off the bright purity and tenderness of his daughter. The pathetic and harrowing plot is well managed, and deepens towards the close; and the genius of Otway shines in his delineation of the passions of the heart, the ardour of love, and the excess of misery and despair. The versification of these dramas is sometimes rugged and irregular, and there are occasional redundancies and inflated expressions, which a more correct taste would have expunged; yet, even in propriety of style and character, how much does this young and careless poet excel the great master Dryden!

* Sir Walter Scott.

[Scenes from Venice Preserved.]

Scene—St Mark's. Enter PRIULI and JAFFIER.

Pri. No more! I'll hear no more! begone, and leave me!
Jaf. Not hear me! by my sufferings but you shall!
My lord—my lord! I'm not that abject wretch
You think me. Patience! where's the distance throws
Me back so far, but I may boldly speak
In right, though proud oppression will not hear me?
Pri. Have you not wrong'd me?
Jaf. Could my nature e'er
Have brook'd injustice, or the doing wrongs,
I need not now thus low have bent myself
To gain a hearing from a cruel father.
Wrong'd you?
Pri. Yes, wrong'd me! in the nicest point,
The honour of my house, you've done me wrong.
You may remember (for I now will speak,
And urge its baseness) when you first came home
From travel, with such hopes as made you look'd on
By all men's eyes, a youth of expectation;
Pleas'd with your growing virtue, I receiv'd you;
Courted, and sought to raise you to your merits;
My house, my table, nay, my fortune too,
My very self, was yours; you might have us'd me
To your best service; like an open friend
I treated, trusted you, and thought you mine;
When, in requital of my best endeavours,
You treacherously practis'd to undo me;
Seduc'd the weakness of my age's darling,
My only child, and stole her from my bosom.
Oh! Belvidera!
Jaf. 'Tis to me you owe her:
Childless had you been else, and in the grave
Your name extinct; no more Priuli heard of.
You may remember, scarce five years are past,
Since in your brigantine you sail'd to see
The Adriatic wedded by our duke;
And I was with you: your unskilful pilot
Dash'd us upon a rock; when to your boat
You made for safety: enter'd first yourself;
Th' affrighted Belvidera, following next,
As she stood trembling on the vessel's side,
Was by a wave wash'd off into the deep;
When instantly I plung'd into the sea,
And buffeting the billows to her rescue,
Redeem'd her life with half the loss of mine.
Like a rich conquest, in one hand I bore her,
And with the other dash'd the saucy waves,
That throng'd and press'd to rob me of my prize.
I brought her, gave her to your despairing arms:
Indeed you thank'd me; but a nobler gratitude
Rose in her soul: for from that hour she lov'd me,
Till for her life she paid me with herself.
Pri. You stole her from me; like a thief you stole her,
At dead of night! that cursed hour you chose
To rifle me of all my heart held dear.
May all your joys in her prove false, like mine!
A sterile fortune and a barren bed
Attend you both: continual discord make
Your days and nights bitter, and grievous still:
May the hard hand of a vexatious need
Oppress and grind you; till at last you find
The curse of disobedience all your portion.
Jaf. Half of your curse you have bestow'd in vain.
Heav'n has already crown'd our faithful loves
With a young boy, sweet as his mother's beauty:
May he live to prove more gentle than his grandsire,
And happier than his father!
Pri. Rather live
To bait thee for his bread, and din your ears
With hungry cries; whilst his unhappy mother
Sits down and weeps in bitterness of want.
Jaf. You talk as if 'twould please you.
Pri. 'Twould, by heaven!
Jaf. Would I were in my grave!
Pri. And she, too, with thee;
For, living here, you 're but my curs'd remembrancers
I once was happy!
Jaf. You use me thus, because you know my soul
Is fond of Belvidera. You perceive
My life feeds on her, therefore thus you treat me.
Were I that thief, the doer of such wrongs
As you upbraid me with, what hinders me
But I might send her back to you with contumely,
And court my fortune where she would be kinder.
Pri. You dare not do't.
Jaf. Indeed, my lord, I dare not.
My heart, that awes me, is too much my master:
Three years are past since first our vows were plighted,
During which time the world must bear me witness
I've treated Belvidera like your daughter,
The daughter of a senator of Venice:
Distinction, place, attendance, and observance,
Due to her birth, she always has commanded:
Out of my little fortune I've done this;
Because (though hopeless e'er to win your nature)
The world might see I lov'd her for herself;
Not as the heiress of the great Priuli.
Pri. No more.
Jaf. Yes, all, and then adieu for ever.
There's not a wretch that lives on common charity
But's happier than me; for I have known
The luscious sweets of plenty; every night
Have slept with soft content about my head,
And never wak'd but to a joyful morning:
Yet now must fall, like a full ear of corn,
Whose blossom 'scap'd, yet's wither'd in the ripening.
Pri. Home, and be humble; study to retrench;
Discharge the lazy vermin in thy hall,
Those pageants of thy folly:
Reduce the glitt'ring trappings of thy wife
To humble weeds, fit for thy little state:
Then to some suburb cottage both retire;
Drudge to feed loathsome life; get brats and starve.
Home, home, I say. [*Exit.*
Jaf. Yes, if my heart would let me—
This proud, this swelling heart: home I would go,
But that my doors are hateful to my eyes,
Fill'd and damn'd up with gaping creditors:
I've now not fifty ducats in the world,
Yet still I am in love, and pleas'd with ruin.
O Belvidera! Oh! she is my wife—
And we will bear our wayward fate together,
But ne'er know comfort more.

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My lord, my love, my refuge!
Happy my eyes when they behold thy face!
My heavy heart will leave its doleful beating
At sight of thee, and bound with sprightly joys.
Oh, smile, as when our loves were in their spring,
And cheer my fainting soul!
Jaf. As when our loves
Were in their spring! Has, then, my fortune chang'd thee?
Art thou not, Belvidera, still the same,
Kind, good, and tender, as my arms first found thee?
If thou art alter'd, where shall I have harbour?
Where ease my loaded heart? Oh! where complain?
Bel. Does this appear like change, or love decaying,
When thus I throw myself into thy bosom,
With all the resolution of strong truth?
I joy more in thee
Than did thy mother, when she hugg'd thee first,
And bless'd the gods for all her travail past.

Jaf. Can there in woman be such glorious faith?
Sure, all ill stories of thy sex are false!
Oh, woman! lovely woman! Nature made thee
To temper man: we had been brutes without you!
Angels are painted fair, to look like you:
There's in you all that we believe of Heav'n;
Amazing brightness, purity, and truth,
Eternal joy, and everlasting love!
Bel. If love be treasure, we'll be wondrous rich;
Oh! lead me to some desert, wide and wild,
Barren as our misfortunes, where my soul
May have its vent, where I may tell aloud
To the high heavens, and ev'ry list'ning planet,
With what a boundless stock my bosom's fraught.
Jaf. Oh, Belvidera! doubly I'm a beggar:
Undone by fortune, and in debt to thee.
Want, worldly want, that hungry meagre fiend,
Is at my heels, and chases me in view.
Canst thou bear cold and hunger? Can these limbs,
Fram'd for the tender offices of love,
Endure the bitter gripes of smarting poverty?
When banish'd by our miseries abroad
(As suddenly we shall be), to seek out
In some far climate, where our names are strangers,
For charitable succour, wilt thou then,
When in a bed of straw we shrink together,
And the bleak winds shall whistle round our heads;
Wilt thou then talk thus to me? Wilt thou then
Hush my cares thus, and shelter me with love!
Bel. Oh! I will love, even in madness love thee!
Though my distracted senses should forsake me,
I'd find some intervals when my poor heart
Should 'suage itself, and be let loose to thine.
Though the bare earth be all our resting place,
Its roots our food, some cliff our habitation,
I'll make this arm a pillow for thine head;
And, as thou sighing liest, and swell'd with sorrow,
Creep to thy bosom, pour the balm of love
Into thy soul, and kiss thee to thy rest;
Then praise our God, and watch thee till the morning.
Jaf. Hear this, you Heav'ns, and wonder how you made her!
Reign, reign, ye monarchs, that divide the world;
Busy rebellion ne'er will let you know
Tranquillity and happiness like mine;
Like gaudy ships, the obsequious billows fall,
And rise again, to lift you in your pride;
They wait but for a storm, and then devour you!
I, in my private bark already wreck'd,
Like a poor merchant, driven to unknown land,
That had, by chance, pack'd up his choicest treasure
In one dear casket, and sav'd only that:
Since I must wander farther on the shore,
Thus hug my little, but my precious store,
Resolv'd to scorn and trust my fate no more. [*Exeunt.*

[Jaffier joins with Pierre and others in a conspiracy against the senate. He communicates the secret to Belvidera, and she, anxious to save her father's life, prevails on Jaffier to disclose the whole to the senators. The betrayed conspirators are condemned to death.]

Scene—A Street. Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Final destruction seize on all the world!
Bend down, ye heav'ns, and, shutting round the earth,
Crush the vile globe into its own confusion!

Enter BELVIDERA.

Bel. My life——
Jaf. My plague——
Bel. Nay, then, I see my ruin.
If I must die!
Jaf. No, death's this day too busy;
Thy father's ill-tim'd mercy came too late.
I thank thee for thy labours, though; and him too.
But all my poor, betrayed, unhappy friends,
Have summons to prepare for Fate's black hour.
Yet, Belvidera, do not fear my cruelty,
Nor let the thoughts of death perplex thy fancy:
But answer me to what I shall demand,
With a firm temper and unshaken spirit.
Bel. I will, when I've done weeping——
Jaf. Fie, no more on't!
How long is't since the miserable day
We wedded first?
Bel. Oh, Oh!
Jaf. Nay, keep in thy tears,
Lest they unman me too.
Bel. Heaven knows I cannot;
The words you utter sound so very sadly,
The streams will follow——
Jaf. Come, I'll kiss them dry.
Bel. But was't a miserable day?
Jaf. A curs'd one.
Bel. I thought it otherwise; and you have often sworn,
When sure you spoke the truth, you've sworn, you bless'd it.
Jaf. 'Twas a rash oath.
Bel. Then why am I not curs'd too.
Jaf. No, Belvidera; by th' eternal truth,
I dote with too much fondness.
Bel. Still so kind?
Still, then, do you love me?
Jaf. Man ne'er was bless'd,
Since the first pair first met, as I have been.
Bel. Then sure you will not curse me?
Jaf. No, I'll bless thee.
I came on purpose, Belvidera, to bless thee.
'Tis now, I think, three years we've liv'd together.
Bel. And may no fatal minute ever part us,
Till, reverend grown, for age and love, we go
Down to one grave, as our last bed, together;
There sleep in peace till an eternal morning.
Jaf. Did not I say I came to bless thee?
Bel. You did.
Jaf. Then hear me, bounteous Heaven,
Pour down your blessings on this beauteous head,
Where everlasting sweets are always springing,
With a continual giving hand: let peace,
Honour, and safety, always hover round her:
Feed her with plenty; let her eyes ne'er see
A sight of sorrow, nor her heart know mourning;
Crown all her days with joy, her nights with rest,
Harmless as her own thoughts; and prop her virtue,
To bear the loss of one that too much lov'd;
And comfort her with patience in our parting.
Bel. How? parting, parting?
Jaf. Yes, for ever parting!
I have sworn, Belvidera, by yon Heav'n,
That best can tell how much I lose to leave thee,
We part this hour for ever.
Bel. Oh! call back
Your cruel blessing; stay with me, and curse me.
Jaf. Now hold, heart, or never.
Bel. By all the tender days we've liv'd together,
Pity my sad condition; speak, but speak.
Jaf. Murder! unhold me:
Or by th' immortal destiny that doom'd me
[*Draws his dagger.*
To this curs'd minute, I'll not live one longer:
Resolve to let me go, or see me fall——
Hark—the dismal bell [*Passing bell tolls.*
Tolls out for death! I must attend its call too;
For my poor friend, my dying Pierre, expects me:
He sent a message to require I'd see him
Before he died, and take his last forgiveness.
Farewell for ever!
Bel. Leave thy dagger with me:
Bequeath me something. Not one kiss at parting?
Oh, my poor heart, when wilt thou break!
Jaf. Yet stay:
We have a child, as yet a tender infant:
Be a kind mother to him when I am gone:

Breed him in virtue, and the paths of honour,
But never let him know his father's story:
I charge thee, guard him from the wrongs my fate
May do his future fortune or his name.
Now—nearer yet—
Oh, that my arms were riveted
Thus round thee ever! But my friends! my oath!
This, and no more. [*Kisses her.*
Bel. Another, sure another,
For that poor little one, you've ta'en such care of.
I'll give't him truly.
Jaf. So—now, farewell!
Bel. For ever?
Jaf. Heav'n knows, for ever! all good angels guard thee! [*Exit.*
Bel. All ill ones, sure, had charge of me this moment.
Oh, give me daggers, fire or water:
How I could bleed, how burn, how drown, the waves
Huzzing and foaming round my sinking head,
Till I descended to the peaceful bottom!
Oh! there's all quiet—here, all rage and fury!
The air's too thin, and pierces my weak brain;
I long for thick substantial sleep: Hell! hell!
Burst from the centre, rage and roar aloud,
If thou art half so hot, so mad as I am. [*Exit.*

Scene—St Mark's Place—Scaffold and a Wheel prepared for the Execution of PIERRE

Enter CAPTAIN, PIERRE, GUARDS, EXECUTIONER, and Rabble.

Pier. My friend not yet come?

Enter JAFFIER.

Jaf. Oh, Pierre!
Pier. Dear to my arms, though thou'st undone my fame,
I can't forget to love thee. Pr'ythee, Jaffier,
Forgive that filthy blow my passion dealt thee!
I am now preparing for the land of peace,
And fain would have the charitable wishes
Of all good men, like thee, to bless my journey.
Capt. The time grows short; your friends are dead already.
Jaf. Dead!
Pier. Yes, dead, Jaffier; they've all died like men too,
Worthy their character.
Jaf. And what must I do?
Pier. Oh, Jaffier!
Jaf. Speak aloud thy burden'd soul,
And tell thy troubles to thy tortur'd friend.
Pier. Friend! Couldst thou yet be a friend, a generous friend,
I might hope comfort from thy noble sorrows.
Heaven knows I want a friend!
Jaf. And I a kind one,
That would not thus scorn my repenting virtue,
Or think, when he's to die, my thoughts are idle.
Pier. No! live, I charge thee, Jaffier.
Jaf. Yes, I will live:
But it shall be to see thy fall reveng'd,
At such a rate, as Venice long shall groan for.
Pier. Wilt thou?
Jaf. I will, by Heaven!
Pier. Then still thou'rt noble,
And I forgive thee. Oh!—yet—shall I trust thee!
Jaf. No; I've been false already.
Pier. Dost thou love me?
Jaf. Rip up my heart, and satisfy thy doubtings.
Pier. Curse on this weakness!
Jaf. Tears? Amazement! Tears?
I never saw thee melted thus before;
And know there's something labouring in thy bosom,
That must have vent; though I'm a villain, tell me.
Pier. Seest thou that engine? [*Pointing to the wheel.*
Jaf. Why?
Pier. Is't fit a soldier, who has liv'd with honour,
Fought nations' quarrels, and been crown'd with conquest,
Be expos'd a common carcass, on a wheel?
Jaf. Hah!
Pier. Speak! is't fitting?
Jaf. Fitting?
Pier. I'd have thee undertake
Something that's noble, to preserve my memory
From the disgrace that's ready to attaint it.
Capt. The day grows late, sir.
Pier. I'll make haste. Oh, Jaffier
Though thou hast betray'd me, do me some way justice.
Jaf. What's to be done?
Pier. This, and no more. [*He whispers* JAF.
Jaf. Hah! is't then so?
Pier. Most certainly.
Jaf. I'll do't.
Pier. Remember.
Capt. Sir——
Pier. Come, now I'm ready.
Captain, you should be a gentleman of honour:
Keep off the rabble, that I may have room
To entertain my fate, and die with decency.
You'll think on't? [*To* JAF.
Jaf. 'Twont grow stale before to-morrow.
[PIERRE *and* JAFFIER *ascend the scaffold.*—EXECUTIONER *binds* PIERRE.
Pier. Now, Jaffier! now I'm going! Now—
Jaf. Have at thee,
Thou honest heart, then!—there— [*Stabs him.*
And this is well too. [*Stabs himself.*
Pier. Now thou hast indeed been faithful!
This was nobly done!—We have deceived the senate.
Jaf. Bravely.
Pier. Ha, ha, ha——oh! oh!
[*Falls down on the scaffold, and dies.*
Jaf. Now, ye curs'd rulers,
Thus of the blood ye've shed, I make libation,
And sprinkle it mingling. May it rest upon you
And all your race. Oh, poor Belvidera!
Sir, I have a wife; bear this in safety to her,
A token that, with my dying breath, I bless'd her,
And the dear little infant left behind me.
I'm sick—I'm quiet. [*Dies.*
[*The scene closes upon them.*

Scene—Apartment in PRIULI's House.

Enter PRIULI, BELVIDERA distracted, and two of her women.

Pri. Strengthen her heart with patience, pitying Heaven.
Bel. Come, come, come, come, come; nay, come to bed,
Pr'ythee, my love. The winds! hark how they whistle!
And the rain beats! Oh, how the weather shrinks me!
I say you shall not go; you shall not:
Whip your ill-nature; get you gone, then. Oh!
Are you returned? See, father, here he's come again:
Am I to blame to love him? O, thou dear one,
Why do you fly me? are you angry still, then?
Jaffier, where art thou? Father, why do you do thus?
Stand off—don't hide him from me. He's there somewhere.
Stand off, I say! What! gone! Remember, tyrant,
I may revenge myself for this trick one day.

Enter CAPTAIN, and whispers PRIULI.

Pri. News—what news?
Capt. Most sad, sir;
Jaffier, upon the scaffold, to prevent
A shameful death, stabb'd Pierre, and next himself;
Both fell together.
Bel. Ha! look there!
My husband bloody, and his friend too! Murder!
Who has done this? Speak to me, thou sad vision:
On these poor trembling knees I beg it. Vanish'd!

Here they went down.—Oh, I'll dig, dig the den up!
Hoa, Jaffier, Jaffier!
Peep up, and give me but a look. I have him!
I have got him, father! Oh!
My love! my dear! my blessing! help me! help me!
They've hold of me, and drag me to the bottom!
Nay—now they pull so hard—farewell—— [*Dies.*
Pri. Oh! lead me into some place that's fit for mourning:
Where the free air, light, and the cheerful sun,
May never enter; hang it round with black,
Set up one taper, that may light a day
As long as I've to live; and there all leave me:
Sparing no tears when you this tale relate,
But bid all cruel fathers dread my fate.
[*Exeunt Omnes.*

[*Parting.*]

Where am I? Sure I wander 'midst enchantment,
And never more shall find the way to rest.
But O Monimia! art thou indeed resolv'd
To punish me with everlasting absence?
Why turn'st thou from me? I'm alone already!
Methinks I stand upon a naked beach
Sighing to winds and to the seas complaining;
Whilst afar off the vessel sails away,
Where all the treasure of my soul's embark'd!
Wilt thou not turn? O could those eyes but speak!
I should know all, for love is pregnant in them!
They swell, they press their beams upon me still!
Wilt thou not speak? If we must part for ever,
Give me but one kind word to think upon,
And please myself with, while my heart is breaking.
The Orphan.

[*Picture of a Witch.*]

Through a close lane as I pursued my journey,
And meditating on the last night's vision,
I spied a wrinkled hag, with age grown double,
Picking dry sticks, and mumbling to herself;
Her eyes with scalding rheum were gall'd and red,
And palsy shook her head; her hands seemed wither'd;
And on her crooked shoulder had she wrapp'd
The tatter'd remnant of an old striped hanging,
Which served to keep her carcass from the cold.
So there was nothing of a piece about her.
Her lower weeds were all o'er coarsely patched
With different coloured rags—black, red, white, yellow,
And seem'd to speak variety of wretchedness.
I ask'd her of the way, which she informed me;
Then craved my charity, and bade me hasten
To save a sister.

[*Description of Morning.*]

Wish'd Morning 's come; and now upon the plains,
And distant mountains, where they feed their flocks,
The happy shepherds leave their homely huts,
And with their pipes proclaim the new-born day.
The lusty swain comes with his well-fill'd scrip
Of healthful viands, which, when hunger calls,
With much content and appetite he eats,
To follow in the field his daily toil,
And dress the grateful glebe that yields him fruits.
The beasts that under the warm hedges slept,
And weather'd out the cold bleak night, are up;
And, looking towards the neighbouring pastures, raise
Their voice, and bid their fellow-brutes good morrow.
The cheerful birds, too, on the tops of trees,
Assemble all in choirs; and with their notes
Salute and welcome up the rising sun.

[*Killing a Boar.*]

Forth from the thicket rush'd another boar,
So large, he seem'd the tyrant of the woods,
With all his dreadful bristles raised on high;
They seem'd a grove of spears upon his back:
Foaming, he came at me, where I was posted,
Whetting his huge long tusks, and gaping wide,
As he already had me for his prey;
Till, brandishing my well-pois'd javelin high,
With this bold executing arm I struck
The ugly brindled monster to the heart.

NATHANIEL LEE.

Another tragic poet of this period was NATHANIEL LEE, who possessed no small portion of the fire of genius, though unfortunately 'near allied' to madness. Lee was the son of a Hertfordshire clergyman, and received a classical education, first at Westminster school, and afterwards at Trinity college, Cambridge. He tried the stage both as an actor and author, was four years in bedlam from wild insanity; but recovering his reason, resumed his labours as a dramatist, and though subject to fits of partial derangement, continued to write till the end of his life. He was the author of eleven tragedies, besides assisting Dryden in the composition of two pieces, *Œdipus* and the *Duke of Guise*. The unfortunate poet was in his latter days supported by charity: he died in London, and was buried in St Clement's church, April 6, 1692. The best of Lee's tragedies are the *Rival Queens*, or *Alexander the Great*, *Mithridates*, *Theodosius*, and *Lucius Junius Brutus*. In praising Alexander, Dryden alludes to the power of his friend in moving the passions, and counsels him to despise those critics who condemn

We here indicated the source both of Le strength and of his weakness. In tenderness a genuine passion, he excels Dryden: but his style oft degenerates into bombast and extravagant frenzy- a defect which was heightened in his late productions by his mental malady. The author was aware of his weakness. 'It has often been observed against me,' he says in his dedication of Theodosius, 'that I abound in *ungoverned fancy*; but I hope the world will pardon the sallies of youth: age, despondency, and dulness, come too fast of themselves. I discommend no man for keeping the beaten road; but I am sure the noble hunters that follow the game must leap hedges and ditches sometimes, and run at all, or never come into the fall of a quarry.' He wanted discretion to temper his tropical genius, and reduce his poetical conceptions to consistency and order; yet among his wild ardour and martial enthusiasm are very soft and graceful lines. Dryden himself has no finer image than the following:—

Speech is morning to the mind;
It spreads the beauteous images abroad,
Which else lie furled and clouded in the soul.

Or this declaration of love:—

I disdain
All pomp when thou art by: far be the noise
Of kings and courts from us, whose gentle souls
Our kinder stars have steer'd another way.
Free as the forest-birds we'll pair together,
Fly to the arbours, grots, and flowery meads,
And, in soft murmurs, interchange our souls:
Together drink the crystal of the stream,
Or taste the yellow fruit which autumn yields;
And when the golden evening calls us home,
Wing to our downy nest, and sleep till morn.

The heroic style of Lee (verging upon rhodomontade) may be seen in such lines as the following, descriptive of Junius Brutus throwing off his dis-

guise of idiocy after the rape of Lucrece by Tarquin:—

As from night's womb the glorious day breaks forth,
And seems to kindle from the setting stars;
So, from the blackness of young Tarquin's crime
And furnace of his lust, the virtuous soul
Of Junius Brutus catches bright occasion.
I see the pillars of his kingdom totter:
The rape of Lucrece is the midnight lantern
That lights my genius down to the foundation.
Leave me to work, my Titus, O my son!
For from this spark a lightning shall arise,
That must ere night purge all the Roman air,
And then the thunder of his ruin follows.

[*Scene between Brutus and Titus, his son.*]

[Titus having joined the Tarquin conspiracy, is condemned by his own father to suffer the death of a traitor. Brutus takes a last farewell of him.]

Brutus. Well, Titus, speak; how is it with thee now?
I would attend awhile this mighty motion,
Wait till the tempest were quite overblown,
That I might take thee in the calm of nature
With all thy gentler virtues brooding on thee.
So hush'd a stillness, as if all the gods
Look'd down and listen'd to what we were saying:
Speak, then, and tell me, O my best beloved,
My son, my Titus, is all well again?

Titus. So well, that saying how, must make it nothing;
So well, that I could wish to die this moment,
For so my heart with powerful throbs persuades me:
That were indeed to make you reparation—
That were, my lord, to thank you home, to die;
And that for Titus too, would be most happy.

Bru. How's that, my son? would death for thee be happy?

Tit. Most certain, sir; for in my grave I 'scape
All those affronts which I in life must look for,
All those reproaches which the eyes, and fingers,
And tongues of Rome will daily cast upon me;
From whom, to a soul so sensible as mine,
Each single scorn would be far worse than dying:
Besides, I 'scape the stings of my own conscience,
Which will for ever rack me with remembrance,
Haunt me by day, and torture me by night,
Casting my blotted honour in the way
Where'er my melancholy thoughts shall guide me.

Bru. But is not death a very dreadful thing?

Tit. Not to a mind resolv'd. No, sir; to me
It seems as natural as to be born:
Groans, and convulsions, and discolour'd faces,
Friends weeping round us, blacks, and obsequies,
Make it a dreadful thing; the pomp of death
Is far more terrible than death itself.
Yes, sir; I call the powers of heaven to witness,
Titus dares die, if so you have decreed;
Nay, he shall die with joy, to honour Brutus,
To make your justice famous through the world,
And fix the liberty of Rome for ever.
Not but I must confess my weakness too:
Yet it is great thus to resolve against it,
To have the frailty of a mortal man,
But the security of the immortal gods.

Bru. O Titus, O thou absolute young man!
Thou flattering mirror of thy father's image,
Where I behold myself at such advantage!
Thou perfect glory of the Junian race!
Let me endear thee once more to my bosom;
Groan an eternal farewell to thy soul;
Instead of tears, weep blood, if possible:
Blood, the heart-blood of Brutus, on his child;
For thou must die, my Titus; die, my son:
I swear the gods have doom'd thee to the grave.
The violated genius of thy country
Rears his sad head, and passes sentence on thee:
This morning sun, that lights thy sorrows on
To the tribunal of this horrid vengeance,
Shall never see thee more.

Tit. Alas! my lord,
Why art thou moved thus? why am I worthy of thy sorrow?
Why should the godlike Brutus shake to doom me?
Why all these trappings for a traitor's hearse?
The gods will have it so.

Bru. They will, my Titus;
Nor Heaven, nor earth, can have it otherwise;
Nay, Titus, mark; the deeper that I search,
My harass'd soul returns the more confirm'd.
Methinks I see the very hand of fire
Moving the dreadful wheels of this affair,
That whirl thee, like a machine, to thy fate;
It seems as if the gods had pre-ordain'd it,
To fix the reeling spirits of the people,
And settle the loose liberty of Rome.
'Tis fix'd: O, therefore, let not fancy fond thee:
So fix'd thy death, that 'tis not in the power
Of gods or men to save thee from the axe.

Tit. The axe? O heaven! Then must I fall so basely?
What! Shall I perish by the common hangman?

Bru. If thou deny me this, thou giv'st me nothing.
Yes, Titus, since the gods have so decreed
That I must lose thee, I will take th' advantage
Of thy important fate—cement Rome's flaws,
And heal their wounded freedom with thy blood;
I will ascend myself the sad tribunal,
And sit upon my sons; on thee, my Titus:
Behold thee suffer all the shame of death,
The lictor's lashes bleed before the people;
Then with thy hopes and all thy youth upon thee,
See thy head taken by the common axe,
Without a groan, without one pitying tear,
If that the gods can hold me to my purpose,
To make my justice quite transcend example.

Tit. Scourg'd like a bondman? Ha! a beaten slave!
But I deserve it all: yet here I fail;
The image of this suffering quite unmans me.
O sir, O Brutus, must I call you father,
Yet have no token of your tenderness?
No sign of mercy? What! not bate me that?
Can you resolve on all th' extremity
Of cruel rigour? to behold me too?
To sit unmov'd and see me whipt to death?
Where are your bowels now? Is this a father?
Ah! sir, why should you make my heart suspect
That all your late compassion was dissembled?
How can I think that you did ever love me?

Bru. Think that I love thee by my present passion,
By these unmanly tears, these earthquakes here,
These sighs that twitch the very strings of life:
Think that no other cause on earth could move me
To tremble thus, to sob, or shed a tear,
Nor shake my solid virtue from her point,
But Titus' death: O, do not call it shameful,
That thus shall fix the glory of the world.
I own thy sufferings ought t' unman me thus,
To make me throw my body on the ground,
To bellow like a beast, to gnaw the earth,
To tear my hair, to curse the cruel fates
That force a father thus to drag his bowels.

Tit. O rise, thou violated majesty,
Rise from the earth; or I shall beg those fates
Which you would curse, to bolt me to the centre.
I now submit to all your threaten'd vengeance:
Come forth, you executioners of justice,
Nay, all you lictors, slaves, and common hangmen;
Come, strip me bare, unrobe me in his sight,
And lash me till I bleed; whip me like furies;
And when you'll have scourg'd me till I foam and fall,

For want of spirits, grovelling in the dust,
Then take my head, and give it his revenge:
By all the gods, I greedily resign it.
Bru. No more—farewell—eternally farewell:
If there be gods, they will reserve a room,
A throne for thee in Heaven. One last embrace—
What is it makes my eyes thus swim again?

[*Self-Murder.*]

What torments are allotted those sad spirits,
Who, groaning with the burden of despair,
No longer will endure the cares of life,
But boldly set themselves at liberty,
Through the dark caves of death to wander on,
Like wilder'd travellers, without a guide;
Eternal rovers in the gloomy maze,
Where scarce the twilight of an infant morn,
By a faint glimmer check'ring through the trees,
Reflects to dismal view the walking ghosts,
That never hope to reach the blessed fields.
Theodosius.

JOHN CROWNE.

JOHN CROWNE was patronised by Rochester, in opposition to Dryden, as a dramatic poet. Between 1661 and 1698, he wrote seventeen pieces, two of which, namely, the tragedy of *Thyestes*, and the comedy of *Sir Courtly Nice*, evince considerable talent. The former is, indeed, founded on a repulsive classical story. Atreus invites his banished brother, Thyestes, to the court of Argos, and there at a banquet sets before him the mangled limbs and blood of his own son, of which the father unconsciously partakes. The return of Thyestes from his retirement, with the fears and misgivings which follow, are vividly described:—

[*Extract from Thyestes.*]

THYESTES. PHILISTHENES. PENEUS.

Thy. O wondrous pleasure to a banish'd man,
I feel my lov'd long look'd-for native soil!
And oh! my weary eyes, that all the day
Had from some mountain travell'd toward this place,
Now rest themselves upon the royal towers
Of that great palace where I had my birth.
O sacred towers, sacred in your height,
Mingling with clouds, the villas of the gods,
Whither for sacred pleasures they retire:
Sacred, because you are the work of gods;
Your lofty looks boast your divine descent;
And the proud city which lies at your feet,
And would give place to nothing but to you,
Owns her original is short of yours.
And now a thousand objects more ride fast
On morning beams, and meet my eyes in throngs:
And see, all Argos meets me with loud shouts!
Phil. O joyful sound!
Thy. But with them Atreus too——
Phil. What ails my father that he stops, and shakes,
And now retires?
Thy. Return with me, my son,
And old friend Peneus, to the honest beasts,
And faithful desert, and well-seated caves;
Trees shelter man, by whom they often die,
And never seek revenge; no villany
Lies in the prospect of a humble cave.
Pen. Talk you of villany, of foes, and fraud?
Thy. I talk of Atreus.
Pen. What are these to him?
Thy. Nearer than I am, for they are himself.
Pen. Gods drive these impious thoughts out of your mind.
Thy. The gods for all our safety put them there.
Return, return with me.
Pen. Against our oaths?
I cannot stem the vengeance of the gods.
Thy. Here are no gods; they've left this dire abode.
Pen. True race of Tantalus! who parent-like
Are doom'd in midst of plenty to be starved,
His hell and yours differ alone in this:
When he would catch at joys, they fly from him;
When glories catch at you, you fly from them.
Thy. A fit comparison; our joys and his
Are lying shadows, which to trust is hell.

[*Wishes for Obscurity.*]

How miserable a thing is a great man!
Take noisy vexing greatness they that please;
Give me obscure and safe and silent ease.
Acquaintance and commérce let me have none
With any powerful thing but Time alone:
My rest let Time be fearful to offend,
And creep by me as by a slumbering friend;
Till, with ease glutted, to my bed I steal,
As men to sleep after a plenteous meal.
Oh, wretched he who, call'd abroad by power,
To know himself can never find an hour!
Strange to himself, but to all others known,
Lends every one his life, but uses none;
So, e'er he tasted life, to death he goes,
And himself loses ere himself he knows.

[*Passions.*]

We oft by lightning read in darkest nights;
And by your passions I read all your natures,
Though you at other times can keep them dark.

[*Love in Women.*]

These are great maxims, sir, it is confess'd;
Too stately for a woman's narrow breast.
Poor love is lost in men's capacious minds;
In ours, it fills up all the room it finds.

[*Inconstancy of the Multitude.*]

I'll not such favour to rebellion show,
To wear a crown the people do bestow;
Who, when their giddy violence is past,
Shall from the king, the Ador'd, revolt at last;
And then the throne they gave they shall invade,
And scorn the idol which themselves have made.

[*Warriors.*]

I hate these potent madmen, who keep all
Mankind awake, while they, by their great deeds,
Are drumming hard upon this hollow world,
Only to make a sound to last for ages.

THOMAS SHADWELL—SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE—WILLIAM WYCHERLEY—MRS APHRA BEHN.

A more popular rival and enemy of Dryden was THOMAS SHADWELL (1640–1692), who also wrote seventeen plays, chiefly comedies, in which he affected to follow Ben Jonson. Shadwell, though only known now as the Mac-Flecknoe of Dryden's satire, possessed no inconsiderable comic power. His pictures of society are too coarse for quotation, but they are often true and well-drawn. When the Revolution threw Dryden and other excessive loyalists into the shade, Shadwell was promoted to the office of poet-laureate. SIR GEORGE ETHEREGE (1636–1694) gave a more sprightly air to the comic drama by his *Man of Mode* or *Sir Fopling Flutter*, a play which contains the first runnings of that vein of lively humour and witty dialogue which were afterwards displayed by Congreve and Farquhar. Sir George was a gay libertine, and whilst taking leave of a festive party

one evening at his house in Ratisbon (where he resided as British plenipotentiary), he fell down the stairs and killed himself. The greatest of the comic dramatists was WILLIAM WYCHERLEY, born in the year 1640, in Shropshire, where his father possessed a handsome property. Though bred to the law, Wycherley did not practise his profession, but lived gaily 'upon town.' Pope says he had 'a true nobleman look,' and he was one of the favourites of the abandoned Duchess of Cleveland. He wrote various comedies, *Love in a Wood* (1672), the *Gentleman Dancing Master* (1673), the *Country Wife* (1675), and the *Plain Dealer* (1677). In 1704 he published a volume of miscellaneous poems, of which it has been said 'the style and versification are beneath criticism; the morals are those of Rochester.' In advanced age, Wycherley continued to exhibit the follies and vices of youth. His name, however, stood high as a dramatist, and Pope was proud to receive the notice of the author of the 'Country Wife.' Their published correspondence is well-known, and is interesting from the marked superiority maintained in their intercourse by the boy-poet of sixteen over his mentor of sixty-four. The pupil grew too great for his master, and the unnatural friendship was dissolved. At the age of seventy-five, Wycherley married a young girl, in order to defeat the expectations of his nephew, and died ten days afterwards, in December 1715. The subjects of most of Wycherley's plays were borrowed from the Spanish or French stage. He wrought up his dialogues and scenes with great care, and with considerable liveliness and wit, but without sufficient attention to character or probability. Destitute himself of moral feeling or propriety of conduct, his characters are equally objectionable, and his once fashionable plays may be said to be 'quietly inurned' in their own corruption and profligacy. A female Wycherley appeared in MRS APHRA BEHN, celebrated in her day under the name of Astræa—

> The stage how loosely does Astræa tread!
> *Pope.*

The comedies of Mrs Behn are grossly indelicate; and of the whole seventeen which she wrote (besides various novels and poems), not one is now read or remembered. The history of Mrs Behn is remarkable. She was daughter of the governor of Surinam, where she resided some time, and became acquainted with Prince Oroonoko, on whose story she founded a novel, that supplied Southerne with materials for a tragedy on the unhappy fate of the African prince. She was employed as a political spy by Charles II., and, while residing at Antwerp, she was enabled, by the aid of her lovers and admirers, to give information to the British government as to the intended Dutch attack on Chatham. She died in 1689.

[*Scene from Sir George Etherege's Comical Revenge.*]

[A portion of this comedy is written in rhyme. Although the versification of the French dramatic poets is mostly so, its effect in our own language is far from good, especially in passages of rapid action. In the following scene, the hero and his second arrived at the place of meeting for a duel; but are set upon by hired assassins. Their adversaries opportunely appear, and set upon them.]

Enter BEAUFORT and SIR FREDERICK, and traverse the stage. Enter BRUCE and LOVIS at another door.

Bruce. Your friendship, noble youth, 's too prodigal;
For one already lost you venture all:
Your present happiness, your future joy;
You for the hopeless your great hopes destroy.
Lovis. What can I venture for so brave a friend?
I have no hopes but what on you depend.
Should I your friendship and my honour rate
Below the value of a poor estate?
A heap of dirt. Our family has been
To blame, my blood must here atone the sin.

Enter the five villains with drawn swords.

1*st Villain, pulling off his vizard.*—Bruce, look on me, and then prepare to die.
Bruce. O treacherous villain!
1*st Villain.* Fall on and sacrifice his blood to my revenge.
Lovis. More hearts than one shall bleed if he must die. [*They fight.*

Enter BEAUFORT and SIR FREDERICK.

Beau. Heavens! what is this I see? Sir Frederick, draw.
Their blood's too good to grace such villains' swords.
Courage, brave men; now we can match their force!
Lovis. We'll make you slaves repent this treachery.
Beau. So. [*The villains run.*
Bruce. They are not worth pursuit; we'll let them go.
Brave men! this action makes it well appear
'Tis honour, and not envy, brings you here.
Beau. We come to conquer, Bruce, and not to see
Such villains rob us of our victory.
Your lives our fatal swords claim as their due;
We'd wrong'd ourselves had we not righted you.

Song.

[In Mrs Behn's 'Abdelazer, or the Moor's Revenge.']

Love in fantastic triumph sat,
Whilst bleeding hearts around him flow'd,
For whom fresh pains he did create,
And strange tyrannic power he show'd.
From thy bright eyes he took his fires,
Which round about in sport he hurl'd;
But 'twas from mine he took desires
Enough t' undo the amorous world.

From me he took his sighs and tears,
From thee his pride and cruelty;
From me his languishment and fears,
And every killing dart from thee:
Thus thou, and I, the god have arm'd,
And set him up a deity;
But my poor heart alone is harm'd,
While thine the victor is, and free.

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES OF THE PERIOD 1649–1689.

[*Hallo my Fancy.*]

[Anonymous.]

In melancholic fancy,
Out of myself,
In the vulcan dancy,
All the world surveying,
No where staying,
Just like a fairy elf;
Out o'er the tops of highest mountains skipping,
Out o'er the hills, the trees and valleys tripping,
Out o'er the ocean seas, without an oar or shipping.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the misty vapours,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the tapers;
Why the clouds benight us
And affright us,
While we travel here below.
Fain would I know what makes the roaring thunder,
And what these lightnings be that rend the clouds asunder,
And what these comets are on which we gaze and wonder.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I know the reason
Why the little ant,
All the summer season,
Layeth up provision,
On condition
To know no winter's want:
And how housewives, that are so good and painful,
Do unto their husbands prove so good and gainful;
And why the lazy drones to them do prove disdainful.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, I will descry you
Amidst the main;
I will come and try you
What you are protecting,
And projecting,
What's your end and aim.
One goes abroad for merchandise and trading,
Another stays to keep his country from invading,
A third is coming home with rich and wealth of lading.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

When I look before me,
There I do behold
There's none that sees or knows me;
All the world's a-gadding,
Running madding,
None doth his station hold.
He that is below envieth him that riseth,
And he that is above, him that's below despiseth,
So every man his plot and counter-plot deviseth.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Look, look, what bustling
Here I do espy;
Each another jostling,
Every one turmoiling,
Th' other spoiling,
As I did pass them by.
One sitteth musing in a dumpish passion,
Another hangs his head, because he's out of fashion,
A third is fully bent on sport and recreation.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Amidst the foamy ocean,
Fain would I know
What doth cause the motion,
And returning
In its journeying,
And doth so seldom swerve!
And how these little fishes that swim beneath salt water,
Do never blind their eye; methinks it is a matter
An inch above the reach of old Erra Pater!
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I be resolved
How things are done;
And where the bull was calved
Of bloody Phalaris,
And where the tailor is
That works to the man i' the moon!
Fain would I know how Cupid aims so rightly;
And how these little fairies do dance and leap so lightly;
And where fair Cynthia makes her ambles nightly.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

In conceit like Phæton,
I'll mount Phœbus' chair.
Having ne'er a hat on,
All my hair a-burning
In my journeying,
Hurrying through the air.
Fain would I hear his fiery horses neighing,
And see how they on foamy bits are playing;
All the stars and planets I will be surveying!
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

O, from what ground of nature
Doth the pelican,
That self-devouring creature,
Prove so froward
And untoward,
Her vitals for to strain?
And why the subtle fox, while in death's wounds is lying,
Doth not lament his pangs by howling and by crying;
And why the milk-white swan doth sing when she's a-dying.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I conclude this,
At least make essay,
What similitude is;
Why fowls of a feather
Flock and fly together,
And lambs know beasts of prey:
How Nature's alchymists, these small laborious creatures,
Acknowledge still a prince in ordering their matters,
And suffer none to live, who slothing lose their features.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

I'm rapt with admiration,
When I do ruminate,
Men of an occupation,
How each one calls him brother,
Yet each envieth other,
And yet still intimate!
Yea, I admire to see some natures farther sund'red,
Than antipodes to us. Is it not to be wond'red,
In myriads ye'll find, of one mind scarce a hundred!
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

What multitude of notions
Doth perturb my pate,
Considering the motions,
How the heavens are preserved,
And this world served,
In moisture, light, and heat!
If one spirit sits the outmost circle turning,
Or one turns another continuing in journeying,
If rapid circles' motion be that which they call burning!
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain also would I prove this,
By considering
What that, which you call love, is:
Whether it be a folly
Or a melancholy,
Or some heroic thing!
Fain I'd have it proved, by one whom love hath wounded,
And fully upon one his desire hath founded,
Whom nothing else could please though the world were rounded.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

To know this world's centre,
Height, depth, breadth, and length,
Fain would I adventure
To search the hid attractions
Of magnetic actions,
And adamantic strength.
Fain would I know, if in some lofty mountain,
Where the moon sojourns, if there be trees or fountain;
If there be beasts of prey, or yet be fields to hunt in.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Fain would I have it tried
By experiment,
By none can be denied;
If in this bulk of nature,
There be voids less or greater,
Or all remains complete?
Fain would I know if beasts have any reason;
If falcons killing eagles do commit a treason;
If fear of winter's want make swallows fly the season.
Hallo my fancy, whither wilt thou go?

Hallo my fancy, hallo,
Stay, stay at home with me,
I can thee no longer follow,
For thou hast betray'd me,
And bewray'd me;
It is too much for thee.
Stay, stay at home with me; leave off thy lofty soaring;
Stay thou at home with me, and on thy books be poring;
For he that goes abroad, lays little up in storing:
Thou'rt welcome home, my fancy, welcome home to me.

Alas, poor Scholar!
Whither wilt thou go?
or
Strange Alterations which at this time be,
There's many did think they never should see.

[From a Collection of poems entitled 'Iter Boreale,' by R. Wild, D.D. 1668.]

In a melancholy study,
None but myself,
Methought my Muse grew muddy;
After seven years' reading,
And costly breeding,
I felt, but could find no pelf:
Into learned rags
I've rent my plush and satin,
And now am fit to beg
In Hebrew, Greek, and Latin:
Instead of Aristotle,
Would I had got a patten:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Cambridge, now I must leave thee,
And follow Fate,
College hopes do deceive me;
I oft expected
To have been elected,
But desert is reprobate.
Masters of colleges
Have no common graces,
And they that have fellowships
Have but common places;
And those that scholars are,
They must have handsome faces:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

I have bow'd, I have bended,
And all in hope
One day to be befriended:
I have preach'd, I have printed
Whate'er I hinted,
To please our English pope:
I worship'd towards the east,
But the sun doth now forsake me:
I find that I am falling;
The northern winds do shake me:
Would I had been upright,
For bowing now will break me:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

At great preferment I aimed,
Witness my silk;
But now my hopes are maimed:
I looked lately
To live most stately,
And have a dairy of bell-ropes' milk;
But now, alas!
Myself I must not flatter;
Bigamy of steeples
Is a laughing matter;
Each man must have but one,
And curates will grow fatter:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Into some country village
Now I must go,
Where neither tithe nor tillage
The greedy patron
And parched matron
Swear to the church they owe;
Yet if I can preach,
And pray, too, on a sudden,
And confute the pope
At adventure, without studying,
Then ten pounds a-year,
Besides a Sunday pudding:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

All the arts I have skill in,
Divine and humane,
Yet all's not worth a shilling:
When the women hear me,
They do but jeer me,
And say I am profane.
Once, I remember,
I preached with a weaver;
I quoted Austin,
He quoted Ded and Clever:
I nothing got,
He got a cloak and beaver:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Ships, ships, ships, I can discover,
Crossing the main;
Shall I in, and go over,
Turn Jew or Atheist,
Turk or Papist,
To Geneva, or Amsterdam?
Bishopries are void
In Scotland; shall I thither?
Or follow Hindlebank
And Finch, to see if either
Do want a priest to shrive them?
O no, 'tis blust'ring weather:
Alas, poor scholar! whither wilt thou go?

Ho, ho, ho, I have hit it;
Peace, Goodman Fool;
Thou hast a trade will fit it;
Draw thy indenture,
Be bound at adventure
An apprentice to a free-school;
There thou may'st command,
By William Lilly's charter:
There thou may'st whip, strip,
And hang, and draw, and quarter,
And commit to the red rod
Both Will, and Tom, and Arthur:
Ay, ay, 'tis thither, thither will I go.

The Fairy Queen.

[Anonymous, from the 'Mysteries of Love and Eloquence,' 1658.]

Come, follow, follow me,
You, fairy elves that be;
Which circle on the green,
Come, follow Mab, your queen.
Hand in hand let's dance around,
For this place is fairy ground.

When mortals are at rest,
And snoring in their nest;
Unheard and unespied,
Through keyholes we do glide;
Over tables, stools, and shelves,
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul
With platter, dish, or bowl,
Up stairs we nimbly creep,
And find the sluts asleep:
There we pinch their arms and thighs;
None escapes, nor none espies.

But if the house be swept,
And from uncleanness kept,
We praise the household maid,
And duly she is paid;
For we use, before we go,
To drop a tester in her shoe.

Upon a mushroom's head
Our tablecloth we spread;
A grain of rye or wheat
Is manchet which we eat;
Pearly drops of dew we drink,
In acorn cups fill'd to the brink.

The brains of nightingales,
With unctuous fat of snails,
Between two cockles stew'd,
Is meat that's easily chew'd;
Tails of worms, and marrow of mice,
Do make a dish that's wondrous nice.

The grasshopper, gnat, and fly,
Serve us for our minstrelsy;
Grace said, we dance a while,
And so the time beguile;
And if the moon doth hide her head,
The glow-worm lights us home to bed.

On tops of dewy grass
So nimbly do we pass,
The young and tender stalk
Ne'er bends when we do walk;
Yet in the morning may be seen
Where we the night before have been.

PROSE WRITERS.

THE productions of this period, in the department of prose, bear a high character. Possessing much of the nervous force and originality of the preceding era, they make a nearer approach to that elegance in the choice and arrangement of words, which has since been attained in English composition. The chief writers in philosophical and political dissertation are Milton and Cowley (already introduced as poets), Sidney, Temple, Thomas Burnet, and Locke; in history, the Earl of Clarendon, and Bishop Burnet; in divinity, Barrow, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, South, Calamy, Baxter, and Barclay; in miscellaneous literature, Fuller, Walton, L'Estrange, Dryden, and Tom Brown. Bunyan, author of the 'Pilgrim's Progress,' stands in a class by himself. Physical science, or a knowledge of nature, was at the same time cultivated with great success by the Honourable Robert Boyle, Dr Barrow, Sir Isaac Newton, and some others, whose writings, however, were chiefly in Latin. An association of men devoted to the study of nature, which included these persons, was formed in 1662, under the appellation of the Royal Society—a proof that this branch of knowledge was beginning to attract a due share of attention.

MILTON.

MILTON began, at the commencement of the civil war, to write pamphlets against the established Episcopal church, and continued through the whole of the ensuing troublous period to devote his pen to the service of his party, even to the defence of that boldest of their measures, the execution of the king. His stern and inflexible principles, both in regard to religion and to civil government, are displayed in these essays; some of which were composed in Latin, in order that they might be read in foreign countries as well as in his own. Milton wrote a history of England, down to the time of the Norman Conquest, which does not possess much merit, and in which he has inserted the fables of the old chroniclers, as useful to poets and orators, and possibly 'containing in them many footsteps and relics of something true;' an eloquent and vigorous discourse, entitled *Areopagitica—a Speech for the Liberty of Unlicensed Printing, to the Parliament of England*; *A Tractate of Education*, addressed to his friend Master Samuel Hartlib, and containing some highly rational and advanced views on that subject; and *A Treatise on Christian Doctrine*, which lay undiscovered in manuscript till 1823, two years after which an English translation was published by Mr Sumner. The subject of divorce was also discussed by Milton at great length, in three publications, namely, *The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce*; *The Judgment of Martin Bucer concerning Divorce*; and *Tetrachordon, or Expositions upon the four chief places in Scripture which treat of Marriage*. Of these, the first two were printed in 1644, and the last in 1645. The occasion which drew them forth was the desertion of his first wife, as already related. Another celebrated work of Milton is a reply which he published to the 'Ikon Basilikè,' under the title of *Iconoclastes*,* a production to which we have already alluded in speaking of Dr Gauden. Subsequently, he engaged in a Latin controversy with Salmasius, a professor of Leyden, who had published a defence of Charles I.; and the war on both sides was carried on with a degree of virulent abuse and personality which, though common in the age of the disputants, is calculated to strike a modern reader with astonishment. Salmasius triumphantly ascribes the loss of Milton's sight to the fatigues of the controversy; while Milton, on the other hand, is said to have boasted that his severities had tended to shorten the life of Salmasius.

Milton's prose style is lofty, clear, vigorous, expressive, and frequently adorned with profuse and glowing imagery. Like many other productions of the age, it is, however, deficient in simplicity and smoothness—qualities whose occasional absence is in some degree attributable to his fondness for the Latin idiom in the construction of his sentences. 'It is to be regretted,' says a modern critic, 'that the prose writings of Milton should, in our time, be so little read. As compositions, they deserve the attention of every man who wishes to become acquainted with the full power of the English language. They abound with passages, compared with which the finest declamations of Burke sink into insignificance. They are a perfect field of cloth of gold. The style is stiff with gorgeous embroidery. Not even in the earlier books of the Paradise Lost has he ever risen higher than in those parts of his controversial works in which his feelings, excited by conflict, find a vent in bursts of devotional and lyric rapture. It is, to borrow his own majestic language, "a sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies."'†

The following extracts are taken respectively from Milton's work called 'The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy' (1642), his 'Tractate of Education' (1644), and the 'Areopagitica' (1644). The first of them is peculiarly interesting, as an

* *Ikon Basilikè*, signifies in Greek, The Royal Image or Portraiture; *Iconoclastes*, The Image-breaker.

† Edinburgh Review, vol. xlii. p. 345.

announcement of the author's intention to publish his immortal poem.

[*Milton's Literary Musings.*]

After I had, from my first years, by the ceaseless diligence and care of my father, whom God recompense, been exercised to the tongues, and some sciences, as my age would suffer, by sundry masters and teachers, both at home and at the schools, it was found that whether aught was imposed me by them that had the overlooking, or betaken to of my own choice in English, or other tongue, prosing or versing, but chiefly the latter, the style, by certain vital signs it had, was likely to live. But much latelier, in the private academies of Italy, whither I was favoured to resort, perceiving that some trifles which I had in memory, composed at under twenty or thereabout (for the manner is, that every one must give some proof of his wit and reading there), met with acceptance above what was looked for; and other things which I had shifted, in scarcity of books and conveniences, to patch up among them, were received with written encomiums, which the Italian is not forward to bestow on men of this side the Alps, I began thus far to assent both to them and divers of my friends here at home, and not less to an inward prompting, which now grew daily upon me, that by labour and intent study (which I take to be my portion in this life), joined to the strong propensity of nature, I might perhaps leave something so written, to after times, as they should not willingly let it die. These thoughts at once possessed me, and these other, that if I were certain to write as men buy leases, for three lives and downward, there ought no regard be sooner had than to God's glory, by the honour and instruction of my country. For which cause, and not only for that I knew it would be hard to arrive at the second rank among the Latins, I applied myself to that resolution which Ariosto followed against the persuasions of Bembo, to fix all the industry and art I could unite to the adorning of my native tongue; not to make verbal curiosities the end, that were a toilsome vanity; but to be an interpreter, and relater of the best and safest things among mine own citizens throughout this island, in the mother dialect. That what the greatest and choicest wits of Athens, Rome, or modern Italy, and those Hebrews of old did for their country, I in my proportion, with this over and above, of being a Christian, might do for mine; not caring to be once named abroad, though perhaps I could attain to that, but content with these British islands as my world, whose fortune hath hitherto been, that if the Athenians, as some say, made their small deeds great and renowned by their eloquent writers, England hath had her noble achievements made small by the unskilful handling of monks and mechanics.

Time serves not now, and perhaps I might seem too profuse, to give any certain account of what the mind at home, in the spacious circuits of her musing, hath liberty to propose to herself, though of highest hope and hardest attempting. Whether that epic form, whereof the two poems of Homer, and those other two of Virgil and Tasso are a diffuse, and the book of Job a brief model; or whether the rules of Aristotle herein are strictly to be kept, or nature to be followed, which in them that know art, and use judgment, is no transgression, but an enriching of art. And lastly, what king or knight before the conquest might be chosen, in whom to lay the pattern of a Christian hero. And as Tasso gave to a prince of Italy his choice, whether he would command him to write of Godfrey's expedition against the infidels, or Belisarius against the Goths, or Charlemagne against the Lombards; if to the instinct of nature and the emboldening of art aught may be trusted, and that there be nothing adverse in our climate, or the fate of this age, it haply would be no rashness, from an equal diligence and inclination, to present the like offer in our own ancient stories. Or whether those dramatic constitutions, wherein Sophocles and Euripides reign, shall be found more doctrinal and exemplary to a nation. The Scripture also affords us a fine pastoral drama in the Song of Solomon, consisting of two persons, and a double chorus, as Origen rightly judges; and the Apocalypse of St John is the majestic image of a high and stately tragedy, shutting up and interminglings her solemn scenes and acts with a seven-fold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies. And this my opinion, the grave authority of Pareus, commenting that book, is sufficient to confirm. Or if occasion shall lead, to imitate those magnific odes and hymns, wherein Pindarus and Callimachus are in most things worthy, some others in their frame judicious, in their matter most, and end faulty. But those frequent songs throughout the law and prophets, beyond all these, not in their divine argument alone, but in the very critical art of composition, may be easily made appear, over all the kinds of lyric poesy, to be incomparable. These abilities, wheresoever they be found, are the inspired gift of God, rarely bestowed, but yet to some (though most abuse) in every nation: and are of power, besides the office of a pulpit, to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbations of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he suffers to be wrought with high providence in his church; to sing victorious agonies of martyrs and saints, the deeds and triumphs of just and pious nations, doing valiantly through faith against the enemies of Christ; to deplore the general relapses of kingdoms and states from justice and God's true worship. Lastly, whatsoever in religion is holy and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within; all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe. Teaching over the whole book of sanctity and virtue, through all the instances of example, with such delight to those, especially of soft and delicious temper, who will not so much as look upon truth herself, unless they see her elegantly dressed; that whereas the paths of honesty and good life appear now rugged and difficult, though they be indeed easy and pleasant, they would then appear to all men both easy and pleasant, though they were rugged and difficult indeed. And what a benefit would this be to our youth and gentry, may be soon guessed by what we know of the corruption and bane which they suck in daily from the writings and interludes of libidinous and ignorant poetasters, who having scarce ever heard of that which is the main consistence of a true poem, the choice of such persons as they ought to introduce, and what is moral and decent to each one, do for the most part lay up vicious principles in sweet pills, to be swallowed down, and make the taste of virtuous documents harsh and sour. But because the spirit of man cannot demean itself lively in this body without some repeating intermission of labour and serious things, it were happy for the commonwealth if our magistrates, as in those famous governments of old, would take into their care not only the deciding of our contentious law cases and brawls, but the managing of our public sports and festival pastimes, that they might be, not such as were authorised awhile since, the provocations of drunkenness and lust, but such as may inure and harden our bodies, by martial exercises, to all warlike skill and performances; and may civilise, adorn, and make discreet our minds, by the learned and affable meet-

ing of frequent academics, and the procurement of wise and artful recitations, sweetened with eloquent and graceful enticements to the love and practice of justice, temperance, and fortitude; instructing and bettering the nation at all opportunities, that the call of wisdom and virtue may be heard everywhere, as Solomon saith: 'She crieth without, she uttereth her voice in the streets, in the top of high places, in the chief concourse, and in the openings of the gates.' Whether this may be not only in pulpits, but after another persuasive method, at set and solemn paneguries, in theatres, porches, or what other place or way may win most upon the people, to receive at once both recreation and instruction, let them in authority consult. The thing which I had to say, and those intentions which have lived within me ever since I could conceive myself anything worth to my country, I return to crave excuse, that urgent reason hath plucked from me, by an abortive and fore-dated discovery. And the accomplishment of them lies not but in a power above man's to promise; but that none hath by more studious ways endeavoured, and with more unwearied spirit that none shall, that I dare almost aver of myself, as far as life and free leisure will extend; and that the land had once enfranchised herself from this impertinent yoke of prelacy, under whose inquisitorious and tyrannical duncery no free and splendid wit can flourish. Neither do I think it shame to covenant with any knowing reader, that for some few years yet I may go on trust with him toward the payment of what I am now indebted, as being a work not to be raised from the heat of youth or the vapours of wine; like that which flows at waste from the pen of some vulgar amorist, or the trencher-fury of a rhyming parasite; nor to be obtained by the invocation of dame memory and her syren daughters; but by devout prayer to that eternal Spirit, who can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added industrious and select reading, steady observation, insight into all seemly arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compassed, at mine own peril and cost, I refuse not to sustain this expectation from as many as are not loath to hazard so much credulity upon the best pledges that I can give them. Although it nothing content me to have disclosed thus much beforehand, but that I trust hereby to make it manifest with what small willingness I endure to interrupt the pursuit of no less hopes than these, and leave a calm and pleasing solitariness, fed with cheerful and confident thoughts, to embark in a troubled sea of noises and hoarse disputes; from beholding the bright countenance of truth in the quiet and still air of delightful studies, to come into the dim reflection of hollow antiquities sold by the sceming bulk, and there be fain to club quotations with men whose learning and belief lies in marginal stuffings; who when they have, like good sumpters, laid you down their horse-load of citations and fathers at your door, with a rhapsody of who and who were bishops here or there, you may take off their pack-saddles, their day's work is done, and episcopacy, as they think, stoutly vindicated. Let any gentle apprehension that can distinguish learned pains from unlearned drudgery, imagine what pleasure or profoundness can be in this, or what honour to deal against such adversaries.

[*Education.*]

And seeing every nation affords not experience and tradition enough for all kind of learning, therefore we are chiefly taught the languages of those people who have at any time been most industrious after wisdom; so that language is but the instrument conveying to us things useful to be known. And though a linguist should pride himself to have all the tongues that Babel cleft the world into, yet, if he have not studied the solid things in them, as well as the words and lexicons, he were nothing so much to be esteemed a learned man, as any yeoman or tradesman competently wise in his mother dialect only. Hence appear the many mistakes which have made learning generally so unpleasing and so unsuccessful: first, we do amiss to spend seven or eight years merely in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek, as might be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year.

And that which casts our proficiency therein so much behind, is our time lost partly in too oft idle vacancies given both to schools and universities; partly in a preposterous exaction, forcing the empty wits of children to compose themes, verses, and orations, which are the acts of ripest judgment, and the final work of a head filled by long reading and observing, with elegant maxims and copious invention. These are not matters to be wrung from poor striplings, like blood out of the nose, or the plucking of untimely fruit; besides the ill habit which they get of wretched barbarising against the Latin and Greek idiom, with their untutored Anglicisms, odious to be read, yet not to be avoided without a well-continued and judicious conversing among pure authors digested, which they scarce taste; whereas, if after some preparatory grounds of speech by their certain forms got into memory, they were led to the praxis thereof in some chosen short book lessoned thoroughly to them, they might then forthwith proceed to learn the substance of good things and arts in due order, which would bring the whole language quickly into their power. This I take to be the most rational and most profitable way of learning languages, and whereby we may best hope to give account to God of our youth spent herein.

And for the usual method of teaching arts, I deem it to be an old error of universities, not yet well recovered from the scholastic grossness of barbarous ages, that instead of beginning with arts most easy (and those be such as are most obvious to the sense), they present their young unmatriculated novices at first coming with the most intellective abstractions of logic and metaphysics, so that they having but newly left those grammatic flats and shallows where they stuck unreasonably to learn a few words with lamentable construction, and now on the sudden transported under another climate, to be tossed and turmoiled with their unballasted wits in fathomless and unquiet deeps of controversy, do for the most part grow into hatred and contempt of learning, mocked and deluded all this while with ragged notions and babblements, while they expected worthy and delightful knowledge; till poverty or youthful years call them importunately their several ways, and hasten them, with the sway of friends, either to an ambitious and mercenary, or ignorantly zealous divinity; some allured to the trade of law, grounding their purposes not on the prudent and heavenly contemplation of justice and equity, which was never taught them, but on the promising and pleasing thoughts of litigious terms, fat contentions, and flowing fees; others betake them to state affairs, with souls so unprincipled in virtue and true generous breeding, that flattery and courtshifts, and tyrannous aphorisms, appear to them the highest points of wisdom; instilling their barren hearts with a conscientious slavery; if, as I rather think, it be not feigned. Others, lastly, of a more delicious and airy spirit, retire themselves (knowing no better) to the enjoyments of ease and luxury, living out their days in feasts and jollity; which, indeed, is the wisest and the safest course of all these, unless they were with more integrity undertaken. And these are the errors, and these are the fruits of mispending our

prime youth at schools and universities as we do, either in learning mere words, or such things chiefly as were better unlearned.

I shall detain you now no longer in the demonstration of what we should not do, but straight conduct you to a hill-side, where I will point you out the right path of a virtuous and noble education; laborious, indeed, at the first ascent, but else so smooth, so green, so full of goodly prospect and melodious sounds on every side, that the harp of Orpheus was not more charming. I doubt not but ye shall have more ado to drive our dullest and laziest youth, our stocks and stubs, from the infinite desire of such a happy nurture, than we have now to hale and drag our choicest and hopefullest wits to that asinine feast of sowthistles and brambles which is commonly set before them, as all the food and entertainment of their tenderest and most docile age.

I call, therefore, a complete and generous education, that which fits a man to perform justly, skilfully, and magnanimously, all the offices, both private and public, of peace and war.

[*Liberty of the Press.*]

I deny not but that it is of the greatest concernment in the church and commonwealth, to have a vigilant eye how books demean themselves as well as men; and thereafter to confine, imprison, and do sharpest justice on them as malefactors; for books are not absolutely dead things, but do contain a potency of life in them, to be as active as that soul whose progeny they are; nay, they do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. I know they are as lively, and as vigorously productive, as those fabulous dragons' teeth; and being sown up and down, may chance to spring up armed men. And yet, on the other hand, unless wariness be used, as good almost kill a man as kill a good book: who kills a man kills a reasonable creature, God's image; but he who destroys a good book, kills reason itself, kills the image of God, as it were, in the eye. Many a man lives a burden to the earth; but a good book is the precious life-blood of a master-spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life. 'Tis true no age can restore a life, whereof perhaps there is no great loss; and revolutions of ages do not oft recover the loss of a rejected truth, for the want of which whole nations fare the worse. We should be wary, therefore, what persecution we raise against the living labours of public men, how spill that seasoned life of man, preserved and stored up in books; since we see a kind of homicide may be thus committed, sometimes a kind of martyrdom; and if it extend to the whole impression, a kind of massacre, whereof the execution ends not in the slaying of an elemental life, but strikes at that ethereal and soft essence, the breath of reason itself, slays an immortality rather than a life. * *

Wholesome meats to a vitiated stomach differ little or nothing from unwholesome; and best books to a naughty mind are not unapplicable to occasions of evil. Bad meats will scarce breed good nourishment in the healthiest concoction; but herein the difference is of bad books, that they to a discreet and judicious reader serve in many respects to discover, to confute, to forewarn, and to illustrate. * * Good and evil, we know, in the field of this world grow up together almost inseparably; and the knowledge of good is so involved and interwoven with the knowledge of evil, and in so many cunning resemblances hardly to be discerned, that those confused seeds which were imposed upon Psyche as an incessant labour to cull out, and sort asunder, were not more intermixed. It was from out the rind of one apple tasted, that the knowledge of good and evil, as two twins cleaving together, leaped forth into the world. And perhaps this is that doom which Adam fell into of knowing good and evil, that is to say, of knowing good by evil. As therefore the state of man now is, what wisdom can there be to choose, what continence to forbear, without the knowledge of evil? He that can apprehend and consider vice, with all her baits and seeming pleasures, and yet abstain, and yet distinguish, and yet prefer that which is truly better, he is the true war-faring Christian. I cannot praise a fugitive and cloistered virtue, unexercised and unbreathed, that never sallies out and sees her adversary, but slinks out of the race where that immortal garland is to be run for, not without dust and heat. Assuredly we bring not innocence into the world, we bring impurity much rather: that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by what is contrary. That virtue, therefore, which is but a youngling in the contemplation of evil, and knows not the utmost that vice promises to her followers, and rejects it, is but a blank virtue, not a pure; her whiteness is but an excremental whiteness: which was the reason why our sage and serious poet, Spenser (whom I dare be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas), describing true temperance under the person of Guion, brings him in with his Palmer through the cave of Mammon and the bower of earthly bliss, that he might see and know, and yet abstain. Since, therefore, the knowledge and survey of vice is in this world so necessary to the constituting of human virtue, and the scanning of error to the confirmation of truth, how can we more safely, and with less danger, scout into the regions of sin and falsity, than by reading all manner of tractates, and hearing all manner of reason? * *

I lastly proceed, from the no good it can do, to the manifest hurt it causes, in being first the greatest discouragement and affront that can be offered to learning and to learned men. It was a complaint and lamentation of prelates, upon every least breath of a motion to remove pluralities, and distribute more equally church revenues, that then all learning would be for ever dashed and discouraged. But as for that opinion, I never found cause to think that the tenth part of learning stood or fell with the clergy; nor could I ever but hold it for a sordid and unworthy speech of any churchman who had a competency left him. If, therefore, ye be loath to dishearten utterly and discontent, not the mercenary crew and false pretenders to learning, but the free and ingenuous sort of such as evidently were born to study and love learning for itself, not for lucre, or any other end, but the service of God and of truth, and perhaps that lasting fame and perpetuity of praise which God and good men have consented shall be the reward of those whose published labours advance the good of mankind; then know, that so far to distrust the judgment and honesty of one who hath but a common repute in learning, and never yet offended, as not to count him fit to print his mind without a tutor and examiner, lest he should drop a schism, or something of corruption, is the greatest displeasure and indignity, to a free and knowing spirit, that can be put upon him. What advantage is it to be a man, over it is to be a boy at school, if we have only escaped the ferula to come under the fescue of an imprimatur?—if serious and elaborate writings, as if they were no more than the theme of a grammar lad under his pedagogue, must not be uttered without the cursory eyes of a temporising and extemporising licenser? He who is not trusted with his own actions, his drift not being known to be evil, and standing to the hazard of law and penalty, has no great argument to think himself reputed in the commonwealth wherein he was born for other than a fool or a foreigner. When a man writes to the world, he

summons up all his reason and deliberation to assist him; he searches, meditates, is industrious, and likely consults and confers with his judicious friends; after all which is done, he takes himself to be informed in what he writes, as well as any that writ before him; if in this, the most consummate act of his fidelity and ripeness, no years, no industry, no former proof of his abilities can bring him to that state of maturity, as not to be still mistrusted and suspected, unless he carry all his considerate diligence, all his midnight watchings, and expense of Palladian oil, to the hasty view of an unleisured licenser, perhaps much his younger, perhaps far his inferior in judgment, perhaps one who never knew the labour of book-writing; and if he be not repulsed, or slighted, must appear in print like a puny with his guardian, and his censor's hand on the back of his title, to be his bail and surety that he is no idiot or seducer; it cannot be but a dishonour and derogation to the author, to the book, to the privilege and dignity of learning. * * And how can a man teach with authority, which is the life of teaching; how can he be a doctor in his book, as he ought to be, or else had better be silent, whenas all he teaches, all he delivers, is but under the tuition, under the correction of his patriarchal licenser, to blot or alter what precisely accords not with the hide-bound humour which he calls his judgment! When every acute reader, upon the first sight of a pedantic license, will be ready with these like words to ding the book a quoit's distance from him, I hate a pupil teacher, I endure not an instructor that comes to me under the wardship of an overseeing fist. * *

And lest some should persuade ye, Lords and Commons, that these arguments of learned men's discouragement at this your order are mere flourishes, and not real, I could recount what I have seen and heard in other countries, where this kind of inquisition tyrannises; when I have sat among their learned men (for that honour I had), and been counted happy to be born in such a place of philosophic freedom, as they supposed England was, while themselves did nothing but bemoan the servile condition into which learning amongst them was brought; that this was it which had damped the glory of Italian wits; that nothing had been there written now these many years but flattery and fustian. There it was that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the inquisition, for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought. And though I knew that England then was groaning loudest under the prelatical yoke, nevertheless I took it as a pledge of future happiness that other nations were so persuaded of her liberty. Yet it was beyond my hope that those worthies were then breathing in her air, who should be her leaders to such a deliverance, as shall never be forgotten by any revolution of time that this world hath to finish.

Lords and Commons of England! consider what nation it is whereof ye are, and whereof ye are the governors; a nation not slow and dull, but of a quick, ingenious, and piercing spirit; acute to invent, subtile and sinewy to discourse, not beneath the reach of any point that human capacity can soar to. * * Methinks I see in my mind a noble and puissant nation rousing herself like a strong man after sleep, and shaking her invincible locks; methinks I see her as an eagle mewing her mighty youth, and kindling her undazzled eyes at the full mid-day beam; purging and unscaling her long-abused sight at the fountain itself of heavenly radiance; while the whole noise of timorous and flocking birds, with those also that love the twilight, flutter about, amazed at what she means. * *

Though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously, by licensing and prohibiting, to misdoubt her strength. Let her and falsehood grapple; who ever knew Truth put to the worse in a free and open encounter? Her confuting is the best and surest suppressing. He who hears what praying there is for light and clear knowledge to be sent down among us, would think of other matters to be constituted beyond the discipline of Geneva, framed and fabricked already to our hands. Yet when the new light which we beg for shines in upon us, there be who envy and oppose, if it come not first in at their casements. What a collusion is this, whenas we are exhorted by the wise man to use diligence, 'to seek for wisdom as for hidden treasures,' early and late, that another order shall enjoin us to know nothing but by statute! When a man hath been labouring the hardest labour in the deep mines of knowledge, hath furnished out his findings in all their equipage, drawn forth his reasons, as it were a battle ranged, scattered and defeated all objections in his way, calls out his adversary into the plain, offers him the advantage of wind and sun, if he please, only that he may try the matter by dint of argument; for his opponents then to skulk, to lay ambushments, to keep a narrow bridge of licensing where the challenger should pass, though it be valour enough in soldiership, is but weakness and cowardice in the wars of Truth. For who knows not that Truth is strong, next to the Almighty? She needs no policies, nor stratagems, nor licensings, to make her victorious; those are the shifts and the defences that error uses against her power; give her but room, and do not bind her when she sleeps.

This appeal of Milton was unsuccessful, and it was not till 1694 that England was set free from the censors of the press.

[*The Reformation.*]

When I recall to mind, at last, after so many dark ages, wherein the huge overshadowing train of error had almost swept all the stars out of the firmament of the church; how the bright and blissful Reformation, by Divine power, strook through the black and settled night of ignorance and Anti-Christian tyranny, methinks a sovereign and reviving joy must needs rush into the bosom of him that reads or hears, and the sweet odour of the returning Gospel imbathe his soul with the fragrancy of heaven. Then was the sacred Bible sought out of the dusty corners, where profane falsehood and neglect had thrown it, the schools opened, divine and human learning raked out of the embers of forgotten tongues, the princes and cities trooping apace to the new-erected banner of salvation, the martyrs, with the unresistible might of weakness, shaking the powers of darkness, and scorning the fiery rage of the old red dragon.—*Of Reformation in England.*

[*Truth.*]

Truth, indeed, came once into the world with her Divine Master, and was a perfect shape, most glorious to look on; but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who, as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his conspirators, how they dealt with the god Osiris, took the virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imitating the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb, still as they could find them. We have not yet found them all, Lords and Commons! nor ever shall do, till her master's second coming; he shall bring together every joint and member, and mould them into an immortal feature of loveliness and perfection.—*Areopagitica.*

[*Expiration of the Roman Power in Britain.*]

Thus expired this great empire of the Romans; first in Britain, soon after in Italy itself; having borne chief sway in this island (though never thoroughly subdued, or all at once in subjection), if we reckon from the coming in of Julius to the taking of Rome by Alaric, in which year Honorius wrote those letters of discharge into Britain, the space of four hundred and sixty-two years. And with the empire fell also what before in this western world was chiefly Roman—learning, valour, eloquence, history, civility, and even language itself—all these together, as it were with equal pace, diminishing and decaying. Henceforth we are to steer by another sort of authors, near enough to the times they write, as in their own country, if that would serve, in time not much belated, some of equal age, in expression barbarous; and to say how judicious, I suspend awhile. This we must expect; in civil matters to find them dubious relators, and still to the best advantage of what they term Mother Church, meaning indeed themselves; in most other matters of religion blind, astonished, and strook with superstition as with a planet; in one word, monks. Yet these guides, where can be had no better, must be followed; in gross it may be true enough; in circumstance each man, as his judgment gives him, may reserve his faith or bestow it.'—*Hist. of Britain.*

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

Cowley holds a distinguished position among the prose writers of this age. Indeed he has been placed at the head of those who cultivated that clear, easy, and natural style which was subsequently employed and improved by Dryden, Tillotson, Sir William Temple, and Addison. Dr Johnson has, with reason, pointed out as remarkable the contrast between the simplicity of Cowley's prose, and the stiff formality and affectation of his poetry. 'No author,' says he, 'ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.'* The prose works of Cowley extend but to sixty folio pages, and consist chiefly of his *Essays*, which treat of the following subjects:—Liberty, Solitude, Obscurity, Agriculture, The Garden, Greatness, Avarice, The Dangers of an Honest Man in much Company, The Shortness of Life and Uncertainty of Riches, The Danger of Procrastination, Of Myself. In these essays, the author's craving for peace and retirement is a frequently recurring theme.

Of Myself.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune, allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient, for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glory, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now (which, I confess, I wonder at myself), may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down (if a very little were corrected), I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave:
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturb'd as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have liv'd to-day.

* Johnson's 'Life of Cowley.'

* 'Milton's History,' says Warburton, in a letter to Dr Birch, 'is wrote with great simplicity, contrary to his custom in his prose works; and is the better for it. But he sometimes rises to a surprising grandeur in the sentiments and expression, as at the conclusion of the second book: "Henceforth we are to steer," &c. I never saw anything equal to this, but the conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's History of the World.' This praise of the acute and critical prelate appears to us to be rather overstrained; but the reader has here the passage before him, and may decide for himself. The conclusion of Sir Walter Raleigh's history is as follows:—

'By this which we have already set down, is seen the beginning and end of the three first monarchies of the world; whereof the founders and erectors thought that they could never have ended. That of Rome, which made the fourth, was also at this time almost at the highest. We have left it flourishing in the middle of the field, having rooted up or cut down all that kept it from the eyes and admiration of the world. But after some continuance, it shall begin to lose the beauty it had; the storms of Ambition shall beat her great boughs and branches one against another; her leaves shall fall off, her limbs wither, and a rabble of barbarous nations enter the field, and cut her down.

'O eloquent, just, and mighty Death! whom none could advise, thou hast persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; and whom all the world hath flattered, thou only hast cast out of the world and despised: thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of man, and covered all over with these two narrow words, *Hic Jacet!*'

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets (for the conclusion is taken out of Horace); and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved, the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question: I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there: for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour (I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion); but there was wont to lie Spenser's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses, which I found everywhere there (though my understanding had little to do with all this); and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rooted up every plant, even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness, both militant and triumphant (for that was the state then of the English and the French courts); yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life, the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honourable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophesy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court, nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the failing of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into it a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, Take thy ease: I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness (a new misfortune to me), as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum.*[1] Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

——— *Nec vos, dulcissima mundi*
Nomina, vos musæ, libertas, otia, libri,
Hortique, sylvæque, animâ remanente relinquam.

——— Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

[*Poetry and Poets.*]

It is, I confess, but seldom seen that the poet dies before the man; for when we once fall in love with that bewitching art, we do not use to court it as a mistress, but marry it as a wife, and take it for better or worse as an inseparable companion of our whole life. But as the marriages of infants do but rarely prosper, so no man ought to wonder at the diminution or decay of my affection to poesy, to which I had contracted myself so much under age, and so much to my own prejudice, in regard of those more profitable matches which I might have made among the richer sciences. As for the portion which this brings of fame, it is an estate (if it be any, for men are not oftener deceived in their hopes of widows than in their opinion of *exegi monumentum ære perennius*) that hardly ever comes in whilst we are living to enjoy it, but is a fantastical kind of reversion to our own selves. Neither ought any man to envy poets this posthumous and imaginary happiness, since they find commonly so little in present, that it may be truly applied to them which St Paul speaks of the first Christians, 'if their reward be in this life, they are of all men the most miserable.'

And if in quiet and flourishing times they meet with so small encouragement, what are they to expect in rough and troubled ones? If wit be such a plant that it scarce receives heat enough to preserve it alive even in the summer of our cold climate, how can it choose but wither in a long and sharp winter? A warlike, various, and a tragical age is best to *write of*, but worst to *write in*.

There is nothing that requires so much serenity and cheerfulness of spirit; it must not be either overwhelmed with the cares of life, or overcast with the clouds of melancholy and sorrow, or shaken and disturbed with the storms of injurious fortune: it must, like the halcyon, have fair weather to breed in. The soul must be filled with bright and delightful ideas, when it undertakes to communicate delight to others, which is the main end of poesy. One may see through the style of Ovid *de Trist.* the humbled and dejected condition of spirit with which he wrote it; there scarce remains any footsteps of that genius *Quem nec Jovis ira, nec ignes*, &c. The cold of the country had stricken through all his faculties, and benumbed the very fect of his verses.—*Preface to his Miscellanies.*

[1] I have not falsely sworn.

Of Obscurity.

What a brave privilege is it to be free from all contentions, from all envying or being envied, from receiving and from paying all kind of ceremonies! It is, in my mind, a very delightful pastime for two good and agreeable friends to travel up and down together, in places where they are by nobody known, nor know anybody. It was the case of Æneas and his Achates, when they walked invisibly about the fields and streets of Carthage. Venus herself

> A veil of thicken'd air around them cast,
> That none might know, or see them, as they pass'd.

The common story of Demosthenes' confession, that he had taken great pleasure in hearing of a tanker-woman say, as he passed, 'This is that Demosthenes,' is wonderfully ridiculous from so solid an orator. I myself have often met with that temptation to vanity (if it were any); but am so far from finding it any pleasure, that it only makes me run faster from the place, till I get, as it were, out of sight-shot. Democritus relates, and in such a manner as if he gloried in the good fortune and commodity of it, that, when he came to Athens, nobody there did so much as take notice of him; and Epicurus lived there very well, that is, lay hid many years in his gardens, so famous since that time, with his friend Metrodorus: after whose death, making, in one of his letters, a kind commemoration of the happiness which they two had enjoyed together, he adds at last, that he thought it no disparagement to those great felicities of their life, that, in the midst of the most talked-of and talking country in the world, they had lived so long, not only without fame, but almost without being heard of; and yet, within a very few years afterward, there were no two names of men more known or more generally celebrated. If we engage into a large acquaintance and various familiarities, we set open our gates to the invaders of most of our time; we expose our life to a quotidian ague of frigid impertinences, which would make a wise man tremble to think of. Now, as for being known much by sight, and pointed at, I cannot comprehend the honour that lies in that; whatsoever it be, every mountebank has it more than the best doctor, and the hangman more than the lord-chief-justice of a city. Every creature has it, both of nature and art, if it be any ways extraordinary. It was as often said, 'This is that Bucephalus,' or 'This is that Incitatus,' when they were led prancing through the streets, as, 'This is that Alexander,' or, 'This is that Domitian;' and truly, for the latter, I take Incitatus to have been a much more honourable beast than his master, and more deserving the consulship than he the empire.

I love and commend a true good fame, because it is the shadow of virtue: not that it doth any good to the body which it accompanies, but it is an efficacious shadow, and like that of St Peter, cures the diseases of others. The best kind of glory, no doubt, is that which is reflected from honesty, such as was the glory of Cato and Aristides; but it was harmful to them both, and is seldom beneficial to any man whilst he lives; what it is to him after his death I cannot say, because I love not philosophy merely notional and conjectural, and no man who has made the experiment has been so kind as to come back to inform us. Upon the whole matter, I account a person who has a moderate mind and fortune, and lives in the conversation of two or three agreeable friends, with little commerce in the world besides, who is esteemed well enough by his few neighbours that know him, and is truly irreproachable by anybody; and so, after a healthful quiet life, before the great inconveniences of old age, goes more silently out of it than he came in (for I would not have him so much as cry in the exit): this innocent deceiver of the world, as Horace calls him, this *muta persona*, I take to have been more happy in his part, than the greatest actors that fill the stage with show and noise; nay, even than Augustus himself, who asked, with his last breath, whether he had not played his farce very well.

Of Procrastination.

I am glad that you approve and applaud my design of withdrawing myself from all tumult and business of the world, and consecrating the little rest of my time to those studies to which nature had so motherly inclined me, and from which fortune, like a stepmother, has so long detained me. But, nevertheless (you say, which *but* is *ærugo mera*,[1] a rust which spoils the good metal it grows upon. But you say) you would advise me not to precipitate that resolution, but to stay a while longer with patience and complaisance, till I had gotten such an estate as might afford me (according to the saying of that person, whom you and I love very much, and would believe as soon as another man) *cum dignitate otium*.[2] This were excellent advice to Joshua, who could bid the sun stay too. But there is no fooling with life, when it is once turned beyond forty: the seeking for a fortune then is but a desperate after-game; it is a hundred to one if a man fling two sixes, and recover all; especially if his hand be no luckier than mine.

There is some help for all the defects of fortune; for if a man cannot attain to the length of his wishes, he may have his remedy by cutting of them shorter. Epicurus writes a letter to Idomeneus (who was then a very powerful, wealthy, and, it seems, bountiful person), to recommend to him, who had made so many men rich, one Pythocles, a friend of his, whom he desired might be made a rich man too; 'but I intreat you that you would not do it just the same way as you have done to many less deserving persons; but in the most gentlemanly manner of obliging him, which is, not to add anything to his estate, but to take something from his desires.'

The sum of this is, that for the uncertain hopes of some conveniences, we ought not to defer the execution of a work that is necessary; especially when the use of those things which we would stay for may otherwise be supplied, but the loss of time never recovered; nay, farther yet, though we were sure to obtain all that we had a mind to, though we were sure of getting never so much by continuing the game, yet, when the light of life is so near going out, and ought to be so precious, 'le jeu ne vaut pas la chandelle'—[the play is not worth the expense of the candle]; after having been long tossed in a tempest, if our masts be standing, and we have still sail and tackling enough to carry us to our port, it is no matter for the want of streamers and top-gallants:

> '——utere velis,
> Totos pande sinus.'

A gentleman, in our late civil wars, when his quarters were beaten up by the enemy, was taken prisoner, and lost his life afterwards only by staying to put on a band and adjust his periwig: he would escape like a person of quality, or not at all, and died the noble martyr of ceremony and gentility.

[*Vision of Oliver Cromwell.*]

I was interrupted by a strange and terrible apparition; for there appeared to me (arising out of the earth as I conceived) the figure of a man, taller than a giant, or indeed than the shadow of any giant in the evening. His body was naked, but that nakedness adorned, or rather deformed, all over with several

[1] Hor. 1 Sat. iv. 100. [2] Dignified leisure.

figures, after the manner of the ancient Britons, painted upon it; and I perceived that most of them were the representation of the late battles in our civil wars, and (if I be not much mistaken) it was the battle of Naseby that was drawn upon his breast. His eyes were like burning brass; and there were three crowns of the same metal (as I guessed), and that looked as red-hot, too, upon his head. He held in his right hand a sword that was yet bloody, and nevertheless, the motto of it was *Pax quæritur bello*;[1] and in his left hand a thick book, upon the back of which was written, in letters of gold, Acts, Ordinances, Protestations, Covenants, Engagements, Declarations, Remonstrances, &c.

Though this sudden, unusual, and dreadful object might have quelled a greater courage than mine, yet so it pleased God (for there is nothing bolder than a man in a vision) that I was not at all daunted, but asked him resolutely and briefly, 'What art thou?' And he said, 'I am called the north-west principality, his highness, the protector of the commonwealth of England, Scotland, and Ireland, and the dominions belonging thereunto; for I am that Angel to whom the Almighty has committed the government of those three kingdoms, which thou seest from this place.' And I answered and said, 'If it be so, sir, it seems to me that for almost these twenty years past your highness has been absent from your charge; for not only if any angel, but if any wise and honest man had since that time been our governor, we should not have wandered thus long in these laborious and endless labyrinths of confusion; but either not have entered at all into them, or at least have returned back ere we had absolutely lost our way; but, instead of your highness, we have had since such a protector, as was his predecessor Richard III. to the king, his nephew; for he presently slew the commonwealth, which he pretended to protect, and set up himself in the place of it: a little less guilty, indeed, in one respect, because the other slew an innocent, and this man did but murder a murderer.[2] Such a protector we have had as we would have been glad to have changed for an enemy, and rather received a constant Turk than this every month's apostate; such a protector, as man is to his flocks which he shears, and sells, or devours himself; and I would fain know what the wolf, which he protects him from, could do more? Such a protector'—— and, as I was proceeding, methought his highness began to put on a displeased and threatening countenance, as men use to do when their dearest friends happen to be traduced in their company; which gave me the first rise of jealousy against him; for I did not believe that Cromwell, among all his foreign correspondences, had ever held any with angels. However, I was not hardened enough yet to venture a quarrel with him then; and therefore (as if I had spoken to the protector himself in Whitehall) I desired him 'that his highness would please to pardon me, if I had unwittingly spoken anything to the disparagement of a person whose relations to his highness I had not the honour to know.' At which he told me, 'that he had no other concernment for his late highness, than as he took him to be the greatest man that ever was of the English nation, if not (said he) of the whole world; which gives me a just title to the defence of his reputation, since I now account myself, as it were, a naturalised English angel, by having had so long the management of the affairs of that country. And pray, countryman,' said he, very kindly, and very flatteringly, 'for I would not have you fall into the general error of the world, that detests and decries so extraordinary a virtue; what can be more extraordinary than that a person of mean birth, no fortune, no eminent qualities of body, which have sometimes, or of mind, which have often, raised men to the highest dignities, should have the courage to attempt, and the happiness to succeed in, so improbable a design, as the destruction of one of the most ancient and most solidly-founded monarchies upon the earth? that he should have the power or boldness to put his prince and master to an open and infamous death; to banish that numerous and strongly-allied family; to do all this under the name and wages of a parliament; to trample upon them, too, as he pleased, and spurn them out of doors when he grew weary of them; to raise up a new and unheard-of monster out of their ashes; to stifle that in the very infancy, and set up himself above all things that ever were called sovereign in England; to oppress all his enemies by arms, and all his friends afterwards by artifice; to serve all parties patiently for awhile, and to command them victoriously at last; to overrun each corner of the three nations, and overcome with equal facility both the riches of the south and the poverty of the north; to be feared and courted by all foreign princes, and adopted a brother to the gods of the earth; to call together parliaments with a word of his pen, and scatter them again with the breath of his mouth; to be humbly and daily petitioned, that he would please to be hired, at the rate of two millions a-year, to be the master of those who had hired him before to be their servant; to have the estates and lives of three kingdoms as much at his disposal, as was the little inheritance of his father, and to be as noble and liberal in the spending of them; and lastly (for there is no end of all the particulars of his glory), to bequeath all this with one word to his posterity; to die with peace at home, and triumph abroad; to be buried among kings, and with more than regal solemnity; and to leave a name behind him not to be extinguished but with the whole world; which, as it is now too little for his praises, so might have been, too, for his conquests, if the short line of his human life could have been stretched out to the extent of his immortal designs.'*

The civil war naturally directed the minds of many philosophical men to the subject of civil government, in which it seemed desirable that some fixed fundamental principles might be arrived at as a means of preventing future contests of the same kind. Neither at that time nor since, has it been found possible to lay down a theory of government to which all mankind would subscribe; but the period under our notice nevertheless produced some political works which considerably narrowed the debateable ground. The 'Leviathan' of Hobbes, which we have found it convenient to mention in a former page, was the most distinguished work on the monarchical side of the question; while Harrington's 'Oceana,' published during the protectorate of Cromwell, and some of the treatises of Milton, are the best works in favour of the republican doctrines.

JAMES HARRINGTON.

James Harrington was a native of Northamptonshire, where he was born in 1611. He studied at Oxford, and for some time was a pupil of the celebrated Chillingworth. Afterwards, he went abroad for several years, which were mostly spent at the

[1] We war for peace.

[2] Meaning the commonwealth.

* Mr Hume has inserted this character of Cromwell, but *altered*, as he says, *in some particulars, from the original*, in his history of Great Britain. I know not why he should think any alterations necessary. They are chiefly in the style which surely wanted no improvement; or, if it did, posterity would be more pleased to have this curious fragment transmitted to them in the author's own words, than in the choicest phrase of the historian.—*Hurd.*

courts of Holland and Denmark. While resident at the Hague, and subsequently at Venice, he imbibed many of those republican views which afterwards distinguished his writings. Visiting Rome, he attracted some attention by refusing on a public occasion to kiss the pope's toe; conduct which he afterwards adroitly defended to the king of England, by saying, that, 'having had the honour of kissing his majesty's hand, he thought it beneath him to kiss the toe of any other monarch.' During the civil war, he was appointed by the parliamentary commissioners to be one of the personal attendants of King Charles, who, in 1647, nominated him one of the grooms of his bedchamber. Except upon politics, the king was fond of Harrington's conversation; and the impression made on the latter by the royal condescension and familiarity was such, as to render him very desirous that a reconciliation between his majesty and the parliament might be effected, and to excite in him the most violent grief when the king was brought to the scaffold. He has, nevertheless, in his writings, placed Charles in an unfavourable light, and spoken of his execution as the consequence of a divine judgment. During the sway of Cromwell, Harrington occupied himself in composing the *Oceana*, which was published in 1656, and led to several controversies. This work is a political romance, illustrating the author's idea of a republic constituted so as to secure that general freedom of which he was so ardent an admirer. It is thus characterised by Hume: 'Harrington's Oceana was well adapted to that age, when the plans of imaginary republics were the daily subjects of debate and conversation; and even in our time, it is justly admired as a work of genius and invention. The style of this author wants ease and fluency, but the good matter which his work contains makes compensation.' After the publication of the 'Oceana,' Harrington continued to exert himself in diffusing his republican opinions, by founding a debating club, called the Rota, and holding conversations with visitors at his own house. This brought him under the suspicion of government soon after the Restoration, and, on pretence of treasonable practices, he was put into confinement, which lasted until an attack of mental derangement made it necessary that he should be delivered to his friends. His death took place in 1677. After a careful search, we have been unable to find in the 'Oceana' a passage of moderate length, which, apart from the context, would probably be interesting to the reader.

ALGERNON SIDNEY.

Algernon Sidney, the son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, is another celebrated republican writer of this age. He was born about 1621, and during his father's lieutenancy in Ireland, served in the army against the rebels in that kingdom. In 1643, when the civil war between the king and parliament broke out, he was permitted to return to England, where he immediately joined the parliamentary forces, and, as colonel of a regiment of horse, was present at several engagements. He was likewise successively the governor of Chichester, Dublin, and Dover. In 1648 he was named a member of the court for trying the king, which, however, he did not attend, though apparently not from any disapproval of the intentions of those who composed it. The usurpation of Cromwell gave much offence to Sidney, who declined to accept office under either him or his son Richard; but when the Long Parliament recovered its power, he readily consented to act as one of the council of state. At the time of the Restoration, he was engaged in a continental embassy; and, apprehensive of the vengeance of the royalists, he remained abroad for seventeen years, at the end of which his father, who was anxious to see him before leaving the world, procured his pardon from the king. After his return to England in 1677, he opposed the measures

Algernon Sidney.

of the court, and has thus subjected himself to the censure of Hume, who held that such conduct, after the royal pardon, was ungrateful. Probably Sidney himself regarded the pardon as rather a cessation of injustice than as an obligation to an implicit submission for the future. A more serious charge against the memory of this patriot was presented in Dalrymple's 'Memoirs of Great Britain,' published nearly a century after his death. The English patriots, with Lord William Russell at their head, intrigued with Barillon, the French ambassador, to prevent the war between France and England, their purpose being to prevent Charles II. from having the command of the large funds which on such an occasion must be intrusted to him, lest he should use it against the liberties of the nation; while Louis was not less anxious to prevent the English from joining the list of his enemies. The association was a strange one; but it never would have been held as a moral stain against the patriots, if Sir John Dalrymple had not discovered amongst Barillon's papers one containing a list of persons receiving bribes from the French monarch, amongst whom appears the name of Sidney, together with those of several other leading Whig members of parliament. It has been suggested that Barillon might embezzle the money, and account for it by a fictitious list; but, as Dr Aiken has candidly remarked, 'sacrificing the reputation of one who was never suspected, in order to save that of another, is not a very equitable proceeding.' Yet, when we consider the consummate virtue shown by Sidney in other circumstances, and reflect that it is a charge to which the accused has not had an opportunity of replying, we may well allow much doubt to rest on the point. Sidney took a conspicuous part in the proceedings by which the Whigs endeavoured to exclude the Duke of York from the throne; and when that attempt failed, he joined in the conspiracy for an insurrection, to accomplish the same object. This, as is well known, was exposed in consequence of the detection of an inferior plot for the assassination of the king, in which the patriots Russell, Sidney, and others, were dexterously inculpated by the court. Sidney was tried for high

treason before the infamous Chief-Justice Jeffries. Although the only witness against him was that abandoned character, Lord Howard, and nothing could be produced that even ostensibly strengthened the evidence, except some manuscripts in which the lawfulness of resisting tyrants was maintained, and a preference given to a free over an arbitrary government, the jury were servile enough to obey the directions of the judge, and pronounce him guilty. He was beheaded on the 7th of December 1683, glorying in his martyrdom for that 'old cause' in which he had been engaged from his youth. His character is thus described by Bishop Burnet:—'He was a man of most extraordinary courage; a steady man even to obstinacy; sincere, but of a rough and boisterous temper, that could not bear contradiction. He seemed to be a Christian, but in a particular form of his own. He thought it was to be like a divine philosophy in the mind; but he was against all public worship, and everything that looked like a church. He was stiff to all republican principles; and such an enemy to everything that looked like a monarchy, that he set himself in a high opposition against Cromwell, when he was made protector. He had studied the history of government in all its branches, beyond any man I ever knew. He had a particular way of insinuating himself into people that would hearken to his notions and not contradict him.'

Except some of his letters, the only published work of Algernon Sidney is *Discourses on Government*, which first appeared in 1698. Of these discourses Lord Orrery observes, that 'they are admirably written, and contain great historical knowledge, and a remarkable propriety of diction; so that his name, in my opinion, ought to be much higher established in the temple of literature than I have hitherto found it placed.'* As a specimen, we give the following observations on

[*Liberty and Government.*]

Such as enter into society must, in some degree, diminish their liberty. Reason leads them to this. No one man or family is able to provide that which is requisite for their convenience or security, whilst every one has an equal right to everything, and none acknowledges a superior to determine the controversies that upon such occasions must continually arise, and will probably be so many and great, that mankind cannot bear them. Therefore, though I do not believe that Bellarmine said a commonwealth could not exercise its power; for he could not be ignorant, that Rome and Athens did exercise theirs, and that all the regular kingdoms in the world are commonwealths; yet there is nothing of absurdity in saying, that man cannot continue in the perpetual and entire fruition of the liberty that God hath given him. The liberty of one is thwarted by that of another; and whilst they are all equal, none will yield to any, otherwise than by a general consent. This is the ground of all just governments; for violence or fraud can create no right; and the same consent gives the form to them all, how much soever they differ from each other. Some small numbers of men, living within the precincts of one city, have, as it were, cast into a common stock the right which they had of governing themselves and children, and, by common consent joining in one body, exercised such power over every single person as seemed beneficial to the whole; and this men call perfect democracy. Others choose rather to be governed by a select number of such as most excelled in wisdom and virtue; and this, according to the signification of the word, was called aristocracy; or when one man excelled all others, the government was put into his hands, under the name of monarchy. But the wisest, best, and far the greatest part of mankind, rejecting these simple species, did form governments mixed or composed of the three, as shall be proved hereafter, which commonly received their respective denomination from the part that prevailed, and did deserve praise or blame as they were well or ill proportioned.

It were a folly hereupon to say, that the liberty for which we contend is of no use to us, since we cannot endure the solitude, barbarity, weakness, want, misery, and dangers that accompany it whilst we live alone, nor can enter into a society without resigning it; for the choice of that society, and the liberty of framing it according to our own wills, for our own good, is all we seek. This remains to us whilst we form governments, that we ourselves are judges how far it is good for us to recede from our natural liberty; which is of so great importance, that from thence only we can know whether we are freemen or slaves; and the difference between the best government and the worst doth wholly depend on a right or wrong exercise of that power. If men are naturally free, such as have wisdom and understanding will always frame good governments: but if they are born under the necessity of a perpetual slavery, no wisdom can be of use to them; but all must for ever depend on the will of their lords, how cruel, mad, proud, or wicked soever they be. * *

The Grecians, amongst others who followed the light of reason, knew no other original title to the government of a nation, than that wisdom, valour, and justice, which was beneficial to the people. These qualities gave beginning to those governments which we call *Heroum Regna* [the governments of the Heroes]; and the veneration paid to such as enjoyed them, proceeded from a grateful sense of the good received from them: they were thought to be descended from the gods, who in virtue and beneficence surpassed other men: the same attended their descendants, till they came to abuse their power, and by their vices showed themselves like to, or worse than others, who could best perform their duty.

Upon the same grounds we may conclude, that no privilege is peculiarly annexed to any form of government; but that all magistrates are equally the ministers of God, who perform the work for which they are instituted; and that the people which institutes them may proportion, regulate, and terminate their power as to time, measure, and number of persons, as seems most convenient to themselves, which can be no other than their own good. For it cannot be imagined that a multitude of people should send for Numa, or any other person to whom they owed nothing, to reign over them, that he might live in glory and pleasure; or for any other reason, than that it might be good for them and their posterity. This shows the work of all magistrates to be always and everywhere the same, even the doing of justice, and procuring the welfare of those that create them. This we learn from common sense: Plato, Aristotle, Cicero, and the best human authors, lay it as an immovable foundation, upon which they build their arguments relating to matters of that nature.

* Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift, p. 236.

LADY RACHEL RUSSELL.

The letters of this lady have secured her a place in literature not much less elevated than that niche in history which she has won by heroism and conjugal attachment. Rachel Wriothesley was the second daughter and co-heiress of the Earl of Southampton. In 1667, when widow of Lord Vaughan, she married Lord William Russell, a son of the first Duke of Bedford. She was the senior of her second husband by five years, and it is said that her amiable and prudent character was the means of reclaiming him from youthful follies into which he

had plunged at the time of the Restoration. His subsequent political career is known to every reader of English history. If ever a man opposed the course of a government in a pure and unselfish spirit, that man was Lord William Russell. The suspicious correspondence with Barillon, alluded to in the preceding article, leaves him unsullied, for the ambas-

Lady Rachel Russell.

sador distinctly mentions him and Lord Hollis as two who would not accept bribes. When brought to trial (July 1683) under the same circumstances as those which have been related in Sidney's case—with a packed jury and a brutal judge—and refused a counsel to conduct his defence, the only grace that was allowed him was to have an amanuensis. His lady stepped forth to undertake this office, to the admiration of all present. After the condemnation of her husband, she personally implored his pardon, without avail. He loved her as such a wife deserved to be loved; and when he took his final farewell of her, remarked, 'The bitterness of death is now past!' Her Ladyship died in 1723, at the age of eighty-seven. Fifty years afterwards, appeared that collection of her letters which gives her a name in our literary history.

[*To Dr Fitzwilliam—On her Sorrow.*]

WOBURNE ABBEY, *27th Nov.* 1665.

As you profess, good doctor, to take pleasure in your writings to me, from the testimony of a conscience to forward my spiritual welfare, so do I to receive them as one to me of your friendship in both worldly and spiritual concernments; doing so, I need not waste my time nor yours to tell you they are very valuable to me. That you are so contented to read mine, I make the just allowance for; not for the worthiness of them, I know it cannot be; but, however, it enables me to keep up an advantageous conversation without scruple of being too troublesome. You say something sometimes, by which I should think you seasoned or rather tainted with being so much where compliment or praising is best learned; but I conclude, that often what one heartily wishes to be in a friend, one is apt to believe is so. The effect is not nought towards me, whom it animates to have a true, not false title to the least virtue you are disposed to attribute to me. Yet I am far from such a vigour of mind as surmounts the secret discontent so hard a destiny as mine has fixed in my breast; but there are times the mind can hardly feel displeasure, as while such friendly conversation entertained it; then a grateful sense moves one to express the courtesy.

If I could contemplate the conducts of providence with the uses you do, it would give ease indeed, and no disastrous events should much affect us. The new scenes of each day make me often conclude myself very void of temper and reason, that I still shed tears of sorrow and not of joy, that so good a man is landed safe on the happy shore of a blessed eternity; doubtless he is at rest, though I find none without him, so true a partner he was in all my joys and griefs; I trust the Almighty will pass by this my infirmity; I speak it in respect to the world, from whose enticing delights I can now be better weaned. I was too rich in possessions whilst I possessed him: all relish is now gone, I bless God for it, and pray, and ask of all good people (do it for me from such you know are so) also to pray that I may more and more turn the stream of my affections upwards, and set my heart upon the ever-satisfying perfections of God; not starting at his darkest providences, but remembering continually either his glory, justice, or power is advanced by every one of them, and that mercy is over all his works, as we shall one day with ravishing delight see: in the meantime, I endeavour to suppress all wild imaginations a melancholy fancy is apt to let in; and say with the man in the gospel, 'I believe, help thou my unbelief.'

[*To the Earl of Galway—On Friendship.*]

I have before me, my good lord, two of your letters, both partially and tenderly kind, and coming from a sincere heart and honest mind (the last a plain word, but, if I mistake not, very significant), are very comfortable to me, who, I hope, have no proud thoughts of myself as to any sort. The opinion of an esteemed friend, that one is not very wrong, assists to strengthen a weak and willing mind to do her duty towards that Almighty Being who has, from infinite bounty and goodness, so chequered my days on this earth, as I can thankfully reflect I felt many, I may say many years of pure, and, I trust, innocent, pleasant content, and happy enjoyments as this world can afford, particularly that biggest blessing of loving and being loved by those I loved and respected; on earth no enjoyment certainly to be put in the balance with it. All other are like wine, intoxicates for a time, but the end is bitterness, at least not profitable. Mr Waller (whose picture you look upon) has, I long remember, these words:—

> All we know they do above
> Is, that they sing, and that they love.

The best news I have heard is, you have two good companions with you, which, I trust, will contribute to divert you this sharp season, when, after so sore a fit as I apprehend you have felt, the air even of your improving pleasant garden cannot be enjoyed without hazard.

[*To Dr Fitzwilliam—Domestic Misfortunes.*]

If you have heard of the dismal accident in this neighbourhood, you will easily believe Tuesday night was not a quiet one with us. About one o'clock in the night, I heard a great noise in the square, so little ordinary, I called up a servant, and sent her down to learn the occasion. She brought up a very sad one, that Montague House was on fire; and it was so indeed; it burnt with so great violence, the whole house was consumed by five o'clock. The wind blew strong this way, so that we lay under fire a great part of the time, the sparks and flames continually covering the house, and filling the court. My boy awaked, and said he was almost stifled with smoke, but being told

the reason, would see it, and so was satisfied without fear; took a strange bedfellow very willingly, Lady Devonshire's youngest boy, whom his nurse had brought wrapped in a blanket. Lady Devonshire came towards morning, and lay here; and had done so still, but for a second ill accident. Her brother, Lord Arran, who has been ill of a fever twelve days, was despaired of yesterday morning, and spots appeared; so she resolved to see him, and not to return hither, but to Somerset House, where the queen offered her lodgings. He is said to be dead, and I hear this morning it is a great blow to the family; and that he was a most dutiful son and kind friend to all his family.

Thus we see what a day brings forth! and how momentary the things we set our hearts upon. O, I could heartily cry out, 'When will longed-for eternity come!' but our duty is to possess our souls with patience.

I am unwilling to shake off all hopes about the brief, though I know them that went to the chancellor since the refusal to seal it, and his answer does not encourage one's hopes. But he is not a lover of smooth language, so in that respect we may not so soon despair.

I fancy I saw the young man you mentioned to be about my son. One brought me six prayer-books as from you; also distributed three or four in the house. I sent for him, and asked him if there was no mistake. He said no. And after some other questions, I concluded him the same person. Doctor, I do assure you I put an entire trust in your sincerity to advise; but, as I told you, I shall ever take Lord Bedford along in all the concerns of the child. He thinks it early yet to put him to learn in earnest; so do you, believe. My lord is afraid, if we take one for it, he will put him to it; yet I think perhaps to overcome my lord in that, and assure him he shall not be pressed. But I am much advised, and indeed inclined, if I could be fitted to my mind, to take a Frenchman; so I shall do a charity, and profit the child also, who shall learn French. Here are many scholars come over, as are of all kinds, God knows.

I have still a charge with me, Lady Devonshire's daughter, who is just come into my chamber; so must break off. I am, sir, truly your faithful servant.

The young lady tells me Lord Arran is not dead, but rather better.

[To Lord Cavendish—Bereavement.]

Though I know my letters do Lord Cavendish no service, yet, as a respect I love to pay him, and to thank him also for his last from Limbeck, I had not been so long silent, if the death of two persons, both very near and dear to me, had not made me so uncomfortable to myself, that I knew I was utterly unfit to converse where I would never be ill company. The separation of friends is grievous. My sister Montague was one I loved tenderly; my Lord Gainsborough was the only son of a sister I loved with too much passion: they both deserved to be remembered kindly by all that knew them. They both began their race long after me, and I hoped should have ended it so too; but the great and wise Disposer of all things, and who knows where it is best to place his creatures, either in this or in the other world, has ordered it otherwise. The best improvement we can make in these cases, and you, my dear lord, rather than I, whose glass runs low, while you are young, and I hope have many happy years to come, is, I say, that we should all reflect there is no passing through this to a better world without some crosses; and the scene sometimes shifts so fast, our course of life may be ended before we think we have gone half way; and that a happy eternity depends on our spending well or ill that time allotted us here for probation.

Live virtuously, my lord, and you cannot die too soon, nor live too long. I hope the last shall be your lot, with many blessings attending it.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, whose wit is so conspicuous in his 'Hudibras,' exhibited it with no less brilliancy in some prose works which were published a considerable time after his death.* The most interesting of them are *Characters*, resembling in style those of Overbury, Earle, and Hall.

A Small Poet

Is one that would fain make himself that which nature never meant him; like a fanatic that inspires himself with his own whimsies. He sets up haberdasher of small poetry, with a very small stock, and no credit. He believes it is invention enough to find out other men's wit; and whatsoever he lights upon, either in books or company, he makes bold with as his own. This he puts together so untowardly, that you may perceive his own wit has the rickets, by the swelling disproportion of the joints. You may know his wit not to be natural, 'tis so unquiet and troublesome in him: for as those that have money but seldom, are always shaking their pockets when they have it, so does he, when he thinks he has got something that will make him appear. He is a perpetual talker; and you may know by the freedom of his discourse that he came lightly by it, as thieves spend freely what they get. He is like an Italian thief, that never robs but he murders, to prevent discovery; so sure is he to cry down the man from whom he purloins, that his petty larceny of wit may pass unsuspected. He appears so over-concerned in all men's wits, as if they were but disparagements of his own; and cries down all they do, as if they were encroachments upon him. He takes jests from the owners and breaks them, as justices do false weights, and pots that want measure. When he meets with anything that is very good, he changes it into small money, like three groats for a shilling, to serve several occasions. He disclaims study, pretends to take things in motion, and to shoot flying, which appears to be very true, by his often missing of his mark. As for epithets, he always avoids those that are near akin to the sense. Such matches are unlawful, and not fit to be made by a Christian poet; and therefore all his care is to choose out such as will serve, like a wooden leg, to piece out a maimed verse that wants a foot or two, and if they will but rhyme now and then into the bargain, or run upon a letter, it is a work of supererogation. For similitudes, he likes the hardest and most obscure best; for as ladies wear black patches to make their complexions seem fairer than they are, so when an illustration is more obscure than the sense that went before it, it must of necessity make it appear clearer than it did; for contraries are best set off with contraries. He has found out a new art of poetical Georgics a trick of sowing wit like clover-grass on barren subjects, which would yield nothing before. This is very useful for the times, wherein, some men say, there is no room left for new invention. He will take three grains of wit, like the elixir, and, projecting it upon the iron age, turn it immediately into gold. All the business of mankind

* 'The Genuine Remains, in Prose and Verse, of Mr Samuel Butler, author of Hudibras. Published from the Original MSS., formerly in the possession of W. Longueville, esq.; with Notes by R. Thyer, Keeper of the Public Library at Manchester. London: 1759.' We have specified this title fully, because there is a spurious compilation, entitled 'Butler's Posthumous Works. [illegible]: 1729.' Only three out of fifty pieces, which make up the latter collection, are genuine productions of Butler.

has presently vanished, the whole world has kept holiday; there has been no men but heroes and poets, no women but nymphs and shepherdesses: trees have borne fritters, and rivers flowed plum-porridge. When he writes, he commonly steers the sense of his lines by the rhyme that is at the end of them, as butchers do calves by the tail. For when he has made one line, which is easy enough, and has found out some sturdy hard word that will but rhyme, he will hammer the sense upon it, like a piece of hot iron upon an anvil, into what form he pleases. There is no art in the world so rich in terms as poetry; a whole dictionary is scarce able to contain them; for there is hardly a pond, a sheep-walk, or a gravel-pit in all Greece, but the ancient name of it is become a term of art in poetry. By this means, small poets have such a stock of able hard words lying by them, as dryades, hamadryades, aönides, fauni, nymphæ, sylvani, &c., that signify nothing at all; and such a world of pedantic terms of the same kind, as may serve to furnish all the new inventions and 'thorough reformations' that can happen between this and Plato's great year.

A Vintner

Hangs out his bush to show he has not good wine; for that, the proverb says, needs it not. He had rather sell bad wine than good, that stands him in no more; for it makes men sooner drunk, and then they are the easier over-reckoned. By the knaveries he acts above-board, which every man sees, one may easily take a measure of those he does under-ground in his cellar; for he that will pick a man's pocket to his face, will not stick to use him worse in private, when he knows nothing of it. He does not only spoil and de[illegible] id verb, with brewing and racking, that says, 'In vino veritas;' for there is no truth in his, but all false and sophisticated; for he can counterfeit wine as cunningly as Apelles did grapes, and cheat men with it, as he did birds. He is an Antichristian cheat, for Christ turned water into wine, and he turns wine into water. He scores all his reckonings upon two tables, made like those of the Ten Commandments, that he may be put in mind to break them as oft as possibly he can; especially that of stealing and bearing false witness against his neighbour, when he draws him bad wine, and swears it is good, and that he can take more for the pipe than the wine will yield him by the bottle—a trick that a Jesuit taught him to cheat his own conscience with. When he is found to over-reckon notoriously, he has one common evasion for all, and that is, to say it was a mistake; by which he means, that he thought they had not been sober enough to discover it; for if it had passed, there had been no error at all in the case.

A Prater

Is a common nuisance, and as great a grievance to those that come near him, as a pewterer is to his neighbours. His discourse is like the braying of a mortar, the more impertinent, the more voluble and loud, as a pestle makes more noise when it is rung on the sides of a mortar, than when it stamps downright, and hits upon the business. A dog that opens upon a wrong scent will do it oftener than one that never opens but upon a right. He is as long-winded as a ventiduct, that fills as fast as it empties; or a trade-wind, that blows one way for half a year together, and another as long, as if it drew in its breath for six months, and blew it out again for six more. He has no mercy on any man's ears or patience that he can get within his sphere of activity, but tortures him, as they correct boys in Scotland, by stretching their lugs without remorse. He is like an ear-wig, when he gets within a man's ear, he is not easily to be got out again. He is a siren to himself, and has no way to escape shipwreck but by having his mouth stopped instead of his ears. He plays with his tongue as a cat does with her tail, and is transported with the delight he gives himself of his own making.

An Antiquary

Is one that has his being in this age, but his life and conversation is in the days of old. He despises the present age as an innovation, and slights the future; but has a great value for that which is past and gone, like the madman that fell in love with Cleopatra.

All his curiosities take place of one another according to their seniority, and he values them not by their abilities, but their standing. He has a great veneration for words that are stricken in years, and are grown so aged that they have outlived their employments. These he uses with a respect agreeable to their antiquity, and the good services they have done. He is a great time-server, but it is of time out of mind to which he conforms exactly, but is wholly retired from the present. His days were spent and gone long before he came into the world; and since, his only business is to collect what he can out of the ruins of them. He has so strong a natural affection to anything that is old, that he may truly say to dust and worms, 'you are my father,' and to rottenness, 'thou art my mother.' He has no providence nor foresight, for all his contemplations look backward upon the days of old, and his brains are turned with them, as if he walked backwards. He values things wrongfully upon their antiquity, forgetting that the most modern are really the most ancient of all things in the world, like those that reckon their pounds before their shillings and pence, of which they are made up. He esteems no customs but such as have outlived themselves, and are long since out of use; as the Catholics allow of no saints but such as are dead, and the fanatics, in opposition, of none but the living.

WALTER CHARLETON.

Another lively describer of human character, who flourished in this period, was Dr Walter Charleton (1619–1707), physician to Charles II., a friend of Hobbes, and for several years president of the College of Physicians in London. He wrote many works on theology, natural history, natural philosophy, medicine, and antiquities; in which last department his most noted production is a treatise published in 1663, maintaining the Danish origin of Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain, in opposition to Inigo Jones, who attributed that remarkable structure to the Romans. The work, however, which seems to deserve more particularly our attention in this place is, *A Brief Discourse concerning the Different Wits of Men*, published by Dr Charleton in 1675. It is interesting, both on account of the lively and accurate sketches of character which it contains, and because the author, like a sect whose opinions have lately attracted much notice, attributes the varieties of talent which are found among men to differences in the form, size, and quality of their brains.* We shall give two of his happiest sketches.

The Ready and Nimble Wit.

Such as are endowed wherewith have a certain extemporary acuteness of conceit, accompanied with a quick delivery of their thoughts, so as they can at

* See Phrenological Journal, vii. 507.

pleasure entertain their auditors with facetious passages and fluent discourses even upon slight occasions; but being generally impatient of second thoughts and deliberations, they seem fitter for pleasant colloquies and drollery than for counsel and design; like flyboats, good only in fair weather and shallow waters, and then, too, more for pleasure than traffic. If they be, as for the most part they are, narrow in the hold, and destitute of ballast sufficient to counterpoise their large sails, they reel with every blast of argument, and are often driven upon the sands of a 'nonplus;' but where favoured with the breath of common applause, they sail smoothly and proudly, and, like the city pageants, discharge whole volleys of squibs and crackers, and skirmish most furiously. But take them from their familiar and private conversation into grave and severe assemblies, whence all extemporary flashes of wit, all fantastic allusions, all personal reflections, are excluded, and there engage them in an encounter with solid wisdom, not in light skirmishes, but a pitched field of long and serious debate concerning any important question, and then you shall soon discover their weakness, and contemn that barrenness of understanding which is incapable of struggling with the difficulties of apodictical knowledge, and the deduction of truth from a long series of reasons. Again, if those very concise sayings and lucky repartees, wherein they are so happy, and which at first hearing were entertained with so much of pleasure and admiration, be written down, and brought to a strict examination of their pertinency, coherence, and verity, how shallow, how frothy, how forced will they be found! how much will they lose of that applause, which their tickling of the ear and present flight through the imagination had gained! In the greatest part, therefore, of such men, you ought to expect no deep or continued river of wit, but only a few plashes, and those, too, not altogether free from mud and putrefaction.

The Wit.

Some heads there are of a certain close and reserved constitution, which makes them at first sight to promise as little of the virtue wherewith they are endowed, as the former appear to be above the imperfections to which they are subject. Somewhat slow they are, indeed, of both conception and expression; yet no whit the less provided with solid prudence. When they are engaged to speak, their tongue doth not readily interpret the dictates of their mind, so that their language comes, as it were, dropping from their lips, even where they are encouraged by familiar intreaties, or provoked by the smartness of jests, which sudden and nimble wits have newly darted at them. Costive they are as to invention; so that when they would deliver a new or somewhat solid and remarkable, they are long in seeking what is fit, and as long in determining in what manner and words to utter it. But, after a little consideration, they penetrate deeply into the substance of things and marrow of business, and conceive proper and emphatic words by which to express their sentiments. Barren they are not, but a little heavy and retentive. Their gifts lie deep and concealed; but being furnished with notions, not airy and unbratil ones borrowed from the pedantism of the schools, but true and useful—and if they have been manured with *good* learning, and the habit of exercising their pen—oftentimes they produce many excellent conceptions, worthy to be transmitted to posterity. Having, however, an aspect very like to narrow and dull capacities, at first sight most men take them to be really such, and strangers look upon them with the eyes of neglect and contempt. Hence it comes, that excellent parts remaining unknown, often want the favour and patronage of great persons, whereby they might be redeemed from obscurity, and raised to employments answerable to their faculties, and crowned with honours proportionate to their merits. The best course, therefore, for these to overcome that eclipse which prejudice usually brings upon them, is to contend against their own modesty, and either, by frequent converse with noble and discerning spirits, to enlarge the windows of their minds, and dispel those clouds of reservedness that darken the lustre of their faculties; or by writing on some new and useful subject, to lay open their talent, so that the world may be convinced of their intrinsic value.

In 1670 Dr Charleton published a vigorous translation of Epicurus's 'Morals,' prefaced by an earnest vindication of that philosopher. We extract one of the chapters, as a specimen of the style in which the ancient classics were 'faithfully Englished' in the middle of the seventeenth century.

Of Modesty, opposed to Ambition.

Concerning this great virtue, which is the fourth branch of temperance, there is very little need of saying more than what we have formerly intimated, when we declared it not to be the part of a wise man to affect greatness, or power, or honours in a commonwealth; but so to contain himself, as rather to live not only privately, but even obscurely and concealed in some secure corner. And therefore the advice we shall chiefly inculcate in this place shall be the very same we usually give to our best friends, 'Live private and concealed (unless some circumstance of state call you forth to the assistance of the public), insomuch as experience frequently confirms the truth of that proverbial saying, "He hath well lived who hath well concealed himself."'

Certainly, it hath been too familiarly observed, that many, who had mounted up to the highest pinnacle of honour, have been on a sudden, and, as it were, with a thunderbolt, thrown down to the bottom of misery and contempt; and so been brought, though too late, to acknowledge, that it is much better for a man quietly and peaceably to obey, than, by laborious climbing up the craggy rocks of ambition, to aspire to command and sovereignty; and to set his foot rather upon the plain and humble ground, than upon that slippery height, from which all that can be with reason expected, is a precipitous and ruinous downfall. Besides, are not those grandees, upon whom the admiring multitude gaze, as upon refulgent comets, and prodigies of glory and honour; are they not, we say, of all men the most unhappy, in this one respect, that their breasts swarm with most weighty and troublesome cares, that incessantly gall and corrode their very hearts? Beware, therefore, how you believe that such live securely and tranquilly; since it is impossible but those who are feared by many should themselves be in continual fear of some.

Though you see them to be in a manner environed with power, to have navies numerous enough to send abroad into all seas, to be in the heads of mighty and victorious armies, to be guarded with well armed and faithful legions; yet, for all this, take heed you do not conceive them to be the only happy men, nay, that they partake so much as of one sincere pleasure; for all these things are mere pageantry, shadows gilded, and ridiculous dreams, insomuch as fear and care are not things that are afraid of the noise of arms, or regard the brightness of gold, or the splendour of purple, but boldly intrude themselves even into the hearts of princes and potentates, and, like the poet's vulture, daily gnaw and consume them.

Beware, likewise, that you do not conceive that the body is made one whit the more strong, or healthy, by the glory, greatness, and treasures of monarchy, espe-

cially when you may daily observe, that a fever doth as violently and long hold him who lies upon a bed of tissue, under a covering of Tyrian scarlet, as him that lies upon a mattress, and hath no covering but rags; and that we have no reason to complain of the want of scarlet robes, of golden embroideries, jewels, and ropes of pearl, while we have a coarse and easy garment to keep away the cold. And what if you, lying cheerfully and serenely upon a truss of clean straw, covered with rags, should gravely instruct men how vain those are who, with astonished and turbulent minds, gape and thirst after the trifles of magnificence, not understanding how few and small those things are which are requisite to a happy life? believe me, your discourse would be truly magnificent and high, because delivered by one whose own happy experience confirms it.

What though your house do not shine with silver and gold hatchments; nor your arched roofs resound with the multiplied echoes of loud music; nor your walls be not thickly beset with golden figures of beautiful youths, holding great lamps in their extended arms, to give light to your nightly revels and sumptuous banquets; why you it is not a whit less (if not much more) ple o repose your wearied limbs upon the green gr it by some cleanly and purling stream, under the refr shing shade of some well-branched tree, especially in the spring time, when the head of every plant is crowned with beautiful and fragrant flowers, the merry birds entertaining you with the music of their wild notes, the fresh western winds continually fanning your heats, and all nature smiling upon you.

Wherefor when any n may, if he please, thus live at peace and liberty abroad in the open fields, or his own garden, what re n is there why he should affect and pursue honours, and not rather modestly bound his desires with the calmness and security of that condition? For, to hunt after glory by the ostentation of virtue, of science, of eloquence, of nobility, of wealth, of attendants, of rich cloths, of beauty, of garb, and the like, seriously, it is altogether the fame of ridiculous vanity: and in all things modesty exacts no more than this, that we do not, through rusticity, want of a decent garb, or too much negligence, do anything that doth not correspond civility and decorum. For it is equally vile, doth as much denote a base or abject mind, to insolent and lofty upon the possession of thes junets of magnificence, as to become dejected, or in spirit, at the loss or want of them.

Now, according to this rule, if a wise man chance to have the statues or images of his ancestors, or other renowned persons of former ages, he will be very far from being proud of them, from showing them as badges of honour, from affecting a glory from the generosity of their actions and achievements; and as far from wholly neglecting them, but will place them (as memorials of virtue) indifferently either in his porch or gallery, or elsewhere.

Nor will he be solicitous about the manner or place of his sepulture, or command his executors to bestow any great cost, or pomp and ceremony, at his funeral. The chief subject of his care will be, what may be beneficial and pleasant to his successors; being well assured that, as for his dead corpse, it will little concern him what becomes of it. For to propagate vanity even beyond death is the highest madness; and not much inferior thereto is the fancy of some, who in their lives are afraid to have their carcasses torn by the teeth of wild beasts after their death. For if that be an evil, why is it not likewise an evil to have the dead corpse burned, embalmed, and immersed in honey, to grow cold and stiff under a ponderous marble, to be pressed down by the weight of earth and passengers?

THOMAS FULLER.

A conspicuous place in the prose literature of this age is due to Dr Thomas Fuller (1608–1661), author of various works in practical divinity and history. Fuller was the son of a clergyman of the same name settled at Aldwinkle, in Northampton: he and Dryden thus were natives of the same place. A quick intellect, and uncommon powers of memory, made

Thomas Fuller.

him a scholar almost in his boyhood: his studies at Queen's college, Cambridge, were attended with the highest triumphs of the university, and on entering life as a preacher in that city, he acquired the greatest popularity. He afterwards passed through a rapid succession of promotions, until he acquired the lectureship of the Savoy in London. Meanwhile, he published his *History of the Holy War*. On the breaking out of the civil war, Fuller attached himself to the king's party at Oxford, and he seems to have accompanied the army in active service for some years as chaplain to Lord Hopton. Even in these circumstances, his active mind busied itself in collecting materials for some of the works which he subsequently published. His company was at the same time much courted, on account of the extraordinary amount of intelligence which he had acquired, and a strain of lively humour which seems to have been quite irrepressible. The quaint and familiar nature of his mind disposed him to be less nice in the selection of materials, and also in their arrangement, than scholarly men generally are. He would sit patiently for hours listening to the prattle of old women, in order to obtain snatches of local history, traditionary anecdote, and proverbial wisdom. And these he has wrought up in his work entitled *The Worthies of England*, which is a strange melange of topography, biography, and popular antiquities. When the heat of the war was past, Fuller returned to London, and became lecturer at St Bride's church. He was now engaged in his *Church History of Britain*, which was given to the world in 1656, in one volume folio. Afterwards, he devoted himself to the preparation of his 'Worthies,' which he did not complete till 1660. Meanwhile, he had passed through some other situations in the church, the last of which was that of chaplain to Charles II. It was thought that he would have been made a bishop, if he had not been prematurely cut off by fever, a year after the Restoration. This extraordinary man possessed a tall and handsome person, and great conversational powers.

He was of kind dispositions, and amiable in all the domestic relations of life. He was twice married; on the second occasion, to a sister of Viscount Bal-

Old St Bride's Church, Fleet Street.

tinglass. As proofs of his wonderful memory, it is stated that he could repeat five hundred unconnected words after twice hearing them, and recite the whole of the signs in the principal thoroughfare of London after once passing through it and back again. His only other works of the least importance are *The Profane and Holy States*, and *A Pisgah View of Palestine*.

The principal work, the 'Worthies,' is rather a collection of brief memoranda than a regular composition, so that it does not admit of extract for these pages. While a modern reader smiles at the vast quantity of gossip which it contains, he must also be sensible that it has preserved much curious information, which would have otherwise been lost. The eminent men whose lives he records, are arranged by Fuller according to their native counties, of which he mentions also the natural productions, manufactures, medicinal waters, herbs, wonders, buildings, local proverbs, sheriffs, and modern battles. The style of all Fuller's works is extremely quaint and jocular; and in the power of drawing humorous comparisons, he is little, if at all, inferior to Butler himself. Bishop Nicolson, speaking of his 'Church History,' accuses him of being fonder of a joke than of correctness, and says that he is not scrupulous in his inquiry into the foundation of any good story that comes in his way. 'Even the most serious and authentic parts of it are so interlaced with pun and quibble, that it looks as if the man had designed to ridicule the annals of our church into fable and romance.'* These animadversions, however, are accounted too strong. Fuller's 'Holy and Profane States' contains admirably drawn characters, which are held forth as examples to be respectively imitated and avoided; such as the Good Father, the Good Soldier, the Good Master, and so on. In this and the other productions of Fuller, there is a vast fund of sagacity and good sense, frequently expressed in language so pithy, that a large collection of admirable and striking maxims might easily be extracted from his pages. We shall give samples of these, after presenting the character which he has beautifully drawn of

The Good Schoolmaster.

There is scarce any profession in the commonwealth more necessary, which is so slightly performed. The reasons whereof I conceive to be these:— First, young scholars make this calling their refuge; yea, perchance, before they have taken any degree in the university, commence schoolmasters in the country, as if nothing else were required to set up this profession but only a rod and a ferula. Secondly, others who are able, use it only as a passage to better preferment, to patch the rents in their present fortune, till they can provide a new one, and betake themselves to some more gainful calling. Thirdly, they are disheartened from doing their best with the miserable reward which in some places they receive, being masters to their children and slaves to their parents. Fourthly, being grown rich they grow negligent, and scorn to touch the school but by the proxy of the usher. But see how well our schoolmaster behaves himself.

His genius inclines him with delight to his profession. Some men had as well be schoolboys as schoolmasters, to be tied to the school, as Cooper's Dictionary and Scapula's Lexicon are chained to the desk therein; and though great scholars, and skilful in other arts, are bunglers in this. But God, of his goodness, hath fitted several men for several callings, that the necessity of church and state, in all conditions, may be provided for. So that he who beholds the fabric thereof, may say, God hewed out the stone, and appointed it to lie in this very place, for it would fit none other so well, and here it doth most excellent. And thus God moulds some for a schoolmaster's life, undertaking it with desire and delight, and discharging it with dexterity and happy success.

He studieth his scholars' natures as carefully as they their books; and ranks their dispositions into several forms. And though it may seem difficult for him in a great school to descend to all particulars, yet experienced schoolmasters may quickly make a grammar of boys' natures, and reduce them all (saving some few exceptions) to these general rules:

1. Those that are ingenious and industrious. The conjunction of two such planets in a youth presage much good unto him. To such a lad a frown may be a whipping, and a whipping a death; yea, where their master whips them once, shame whips them all the week after. Such natures he useth with all gentleness.

2. Those that are ingenious and idle. These think with the hare in the fable, that running with snails (so they count the rest of their schoolfellows), they shall come soon enough to the post, though sleeping a good while before their starting. Oh, a good rod would finely take them napping.

3. Those that are dull and diligent. Wines, the stronger they be, the more lees they have when they are new. Many boys are muddy-headed till they be clarified with age, and such afterwards prove the best. Bristol diamonds are both bright, and squared, and pointed by nature, and yet are soft and worthless; whereas orient ones in India are rough and rugged naturally. Hard, rugged, and dull natures of youth, acquit themselves afterwards the jewels of the country, and therefore their dulness at first is to be borne with, if they be diligent. That schoolmaster deserves to be beaten himself, who beats nature in a boy for a fault. And I question whether all the whipping in

* English Historical Library, p. 116.

the world can make their parts which are naturally sluggish, rise one minute before the hour nature hath appointed.

4. Those that are invincibly dull, and negligent also. Correction may reform the latter, not amend the former. All the whetting in the world can never set a razor's edge on that which hath no steel in it. Such boys he consigneth over to other professions. Shipwrights and boat-makers will choose those crooked pieces of timber which other carpenters refuse. Those may make excellent merchants and mechanics which will not serve for scholars.

He is able, diligent, and methodical in his teaching; not leading them rather in a circle than forwards. He minces his precepts for children to swallow, hanging clogs on the nimbleness of his own soul, that his scholars may go along with him.

He is and will be known to be an absolute monarch in his school. If cockering mothers proffer him money to purchase their sons' exemption from his rod (to live, as it were, in a peculiar, out of their master's jurisdiction), with disdain he refuseth it, and scorns the late custom in some places of commuting whipping into money, and ransoming boys from the rod at a set price. If he hath a stubborn youth, correction-proof, he debaseth not his authority by contesting with him, but fairly, if he can, puts him away before his obstinacy hath infected others.

He is moderate in inflicting deserved correction. Many a schoolmaster better answereth the name *paidotribes* than *paidagogos*, rather tearing his scholars' flesh with whipping than giving them good education. No wonder if his scholars hate the muses, being presented unto them in the shapes of fiends and furies.

Such an Orbilius mars more scholars than he makes. Their tyranny hath caused many tongues to stammer which spake plain by nature, and whose stuttering at first was nothing else but fears quavering on their speech at their master's presence. And whose mauling them about their heads hath dulled those who in quickness exceeded their master.

He makes his school free to him who sues to him *in forma pauperis* [illegible] the alms that can be given. But he is a beast who, because the poor scholar cannot pay him his wages, pays the scholar in his whipping; rather are diligent lads to be encouraged with all excitements to learning. This minds me of what I have heard concerning Mr Bust, that worthy late schoolmaster of Eton, who would never suffer any wandering begging scholar (such as justly the statute hath ranked in the forefront of rogues) to come into his school, but would thrust him out with earnestness (however privately charitable unto him), lest his schoolboys should be disheartened from their books, by seeing some scholars after their studying in the university preferred to beggary.

He spoils not a good school to make thereof a bad college, therein to teach his scholars logic. For, besides that logic may have an action of trespass against grammar for encroaching on her liberties, syllogisms are solecisms taught in the school, and oftentimes they are forced afterwards in the university, to unlearn the fumbling skill they had before.

Out of his school he is no way pedantical in carriage or discourse; contenting himself to be rich in Latin, though he doth not gingle with it in every company wherein he comes.

To conclude, let this, amongst other motives, make schoolmasters careful in their place—that the eminences of their scholars have commended the memories of their schoolmasters to posterity, who, otherwise in obscurity, had altogether been forgotten. Who had ever heard of R. Bond, in Lancashire, but for the breeding of learned Ascham, his scholar? or of Hartgrave, in Brundly school, in the same county, but because he was the first did teach worthy Dr Whitaker? Nor do I honour the memory of Mulcaster for anything so much as his scholar, that gulf of learning, Bishop Andrews. This made the Athenians, the day before the great feast of Theseus, their founder, to sacrifice a ram to the memory of Conidas, his schoolmaster, that first instructed him.

[*Recreation.*]

Recreation is a second creation, when weariness hath almost annihilated one's spirits. It is the breathing of the soul, which otherwise would be stifled with continual business. * * *

Spill not the morning (the quintessence of the day) in recreation; for sleep itself is a recreation. Add not therefore sauce to sauces; and he cannot properly have any title to be refreshed who was not first faint. Pastime, like wine, is poison in the morning. It is then good husbandry to sow the head, which hath lain fallow all night, with some serious work. Chiefly, intrench not on the Lord's day to use unlawful sports; this were to spare thine own flock, and to shear God's lamb. * *

Take heed of boisterous and over-violent exercises. Ringing ofttimes hath made good music on the bells, and put men's bodies out of tune, so that, by overheating themselves, they have rung their own passing bell.

[*Books.*]

It is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library. As soon shall I believe every one is valiant that hath a well-furnished armoury. I guess good housekeeping by the smoking, not the number of the tunnels, as knowing that many of them (built merely for uniformity) are without chimneys, and more without fires. * *

Some books are only cursorily to be tasted of: namely, first, voluminous books, the task of a man's life to read them over; secondly, auxiliary books, only to be repaired to on occasions; thirdly, such as are mere pieces of formality, so that if you look on them you look through them, and he that peeps through the casement of the index, sees as much as if he were in the house. But the laziness of those cannot be excused, who perfunctorily pass over authors of consequence, and only trade in their tables and contents. These, like city-cheaters, having gotten the names of all country gentlemen, make silly people believe they have long lived in those places where they never were, and flourish with skill in those authors they never seriously studied.

[*Education confined too much to Language.*]

Our common education is not intended to render us good and wise, but learned: it hath not taught us to follow and embrace virtue and prudence, but hath imprinted in us their derivation and etymology; it hath chosen out for us not such books as contain the soundest and truest opinions, but those that speak the best Greek and Latin; and, by these rules, has instilled into our fancy the vainest humours of antiquity. But a good education alters the judgment and manners. * *

'Tis a silly conceit that men without languages are also without understanding. It 's apparent, in all ages, that some such have been even prodigies for ability; for it 's not to be believed that Wisdom speaks to her disciples only in Latin, Greek, and Hebrew.

[*Rules for Improving the Memory.*]

First, soundly infix in thy mind what thou desirest to remember. What wonder is it if agitation of busi-

ness jog that out of thy head, which was there rather tacked than fastened? whereas those notions which get in by 'violenta possessio,' will abide there till 'ejectio firma,' sickness, or extreme age, dispossess them. It is best knocking in the nail over night, and clinching it the next morning.

Overburden not thy memory to make so faithful a servant a slave. Remember Atlas was weary. Have as much reason as a camel, to rise when thou hast thy full load. Memory, like a purse, if it be over full that it cannot shut, all will drop out of it: take heed of a gluttonous curiosity to feed on many things, lest the greediness of the appetite of thy memory spoil the digestion thereof. Beza's case was peculiar and memorable; being above fourscore years of age, he perfectly could say by heart any Greek chapter in St Paul's epistles, or anything else which he had learnt long before, but forgot whatsoever was newly told him; his memory, like an inn, retaining old guests, but having no room to entertain new.

Spoil not thy memory by thine own jealousy, nor make it bad by suspecting it. How canst thou find that true which thou wilt not trust? St Augustine tells us of his friend Simplicius, who, being asked, could tell all Virgil's verses backward and forward, and yet the same party avowed to God that he knew not that he could do it till they did try him. Sure there is concealed strength in men's memories, which they take no notice of.

Marshal thy notions into a handsome method. One will carry twice more weight trussed and packed up in bundles, than when it lies untoward flapping and hanging about his shoulders. Things orderly fardled up under heads are most portable.

Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it betwixt thy memory and thy note-books. He that with Bias carries all his learning about him in his head, will utterly be beggared and bankrupt, if a violent disease, a merciless thief, should rob and strip him. I know some have a common-place against common-place books, and yet, perchance, will privately make use of what they publicly declaim against. A common-place book contains many notions in garrison, whence the [illegible] army into the field on competent warning. *Pius.*

[*Terrors of a Guilty Conscience.*]

Fancy runs most furiously when a guilty conscience drives it. One that owed much money, and had many creditors, as he walked London streets in the evening, a tenterhook catched his cloak: 'At whose suit?' said he, conceiving some bailiff had arrested him. Thus guilty consciences are afraid where no fear is, and count every creature they meet a sergeant sent from God to punish them.

[*Marriage.*]

Deceive not thyself by over-expecting happiness in the married state. Look not therein for contentment greater than God will give, or a creature in this world can receive, namely, to be free from all inconveniences. Marriage is not like the hill Olympus, wholly clear, without clouds. Remember the nightingales, which sing only some months in the spring, but commonly are silent when they have hatched their eggs, as if their mirth were turned into care for their young ones.

[*Conversation.*]

The study of books is a languishing and feeble motion, that heats not; whereas conference teaches and exercises at once. If I confer with an understanding man and a rude jester, he presses hard upon me on both sides; his imaginations raise up mine to more than ordinary pitch. Jealousy, glory, and contention, stimulate and raise me up to something above myself; and a consent of judgment is a quality totally offensive in conference. But, as our minds fortify themselves by the communication of vigorous and regular understandings, 'tis not to be expressed how much they lose and degenerate by the continual commerce and frequentation we have with those that are mean and low. There is no contagion that spreads like that. I know sufficiently, by experience, what 'tis worth a yard. I love to discourse and dispute, but it is with few men, and for myself; for to do it as a spectacle and entertainment to great persons, and to vaunt of a man's wit and eloquence, is in my opinion very unbecoming a man of honour. Impertinency is a scurvy quality; but not to be able to endure it, to fret and vex at it, as I do, is another sort of disease, little inferior to impertinence itself, and is the thing that I will now accuse in myself. I enter into conference and dispute with great liberty and facility, forasmuch as opinion meets in me with a soil very unfit for penetration, and wherein to take any deep root: no propositions astonish me, no belief offends me, though never so contrary to my own. There is no so frivolous and extravagant fancy that does not seem to me suitable to the product of human wit. * * The contradictions of judgments, then, do neither offend nor alter, they only rouse and exercise me. We evade correction, whereas we ought to offer and present ourselves to it, especially when it appears in the form of conference, and not of authority. At every opposition, we do not consider whether or no it be just, but right or wrong how to disengage ourselves; instead of extending the arms, we thrust out our claws. I could suffer myself to be rudely handled by my friend, so much as to tell me that I am a fool, and talk I know not of what. I love stout expressions amongst brave men, and to have them speak as they think. We must fortify and harden our hearing against this tenderness of the ceremonious sound of words. I love a strong and manly familiarity in conversation; a friendship that flatters itself in the sharpness and vigour of its communication, like love in biting and scratching. It is not vigorous and generous enough if it be not quarrelsome; it dallies and artificial, if it treads nicely, and fears the shock. When any one contradicts me, he raises my attention, not my anger; I advance towards him that controverts, that instructs me. The cause of truth ought to be the common cause both of one and the other. * * I embrace and caress truth in what hand soever I find it, and cheerfully surrender myself and my conquered arms, as far off as I can discover it; and, provided it be not too imperiously, take a pleasure in being reproved; and accommodate myself to my accusers, very often more by reason of civility than amendment, loving to gratify and nourish the liberty of admonition by my facility of submitting to it. * * In earnest, I rather choose the frequentation of those that ruffle me than those that fear me. 'Tis a dull and hurtful pleasure to have to do with people who admire us, and approve of all we say.

[*Domestic Economy.*]

The most useful and honourable knowledge for the mother of a family, is the science of good housewifery. I see some that are covetous, indeed, but very few that are saving. 'Tis the supreme quality of a woman, and that a man ought to seek after beyond any other, as the only dowry that must ruin or preserve our houses. Let men say what they will, according to the experience I have learned, I require in married women the economical virtue above all other virtues; I put my wife to't as a concern of her own, leaving her, by my absence, the whole government of my affairs. I see, and am ashamed to see, in several families I know,

monsieur about dinner time come home all dirt, and in great disorder, from trotting about amongst his husbandmen and labourers, when madam is perhaps scarce out of her bed, and afterwards is pouncing and tricking up herself, forsooth, in her closet. This is for queens to do, and that's a question too. 'Tis ridiculous and unjust that the laziness of our wives should be maintained with our sweat and labour.

[*Miscellaneous Aphorisms.*]

It is dangerous to gather flowers that grow on the banks of the pit of hell, for fear of falling in: yea, they which play with the devil's rattles will be brought by degrees to wield his sword; and from making of sport, they come to doing of mischief.

Heat gotten by degrees, with motion and exercise, is more natural, and stays longer by one, than what is gotten all at once by coming to the fire. Goods acquired by industry prove commonly more lasting than lands by descent.

A public office is a guest which receives the best usage from them who never invited it.

Scoff not at the natural defects of any, which are not in their power to amend. Oh! 'tis cruelty to beat a cripple with his own crutches.

Anger is one of the sinews of the soul: he that wants it hath a maimed mind.

Generally, nature hangs out a sign of simplicity in the face of a fool, and there is enough in his countenance for a hue and cry to take him on suspicion; or else it is stamped in the figure of his body: their heads sometimes so little, that there is no room for wit; sometimes so long, that there is no wit for so much room.

They that marry ancient people, merely in expectation to bury them, hang themselves, in hope that one will come and cut the halter.

Learning hath gained most by those books by which the printers have lost.

Is there no way to bring home a wandering sheep but by worrying him to death?

Moderation is the silken string running through the pearl-chain of all virtues.

IZAAK WALTON.

One of the most interesting and popular of our early writers was IZAAK WALTON, an English *worthy* of the simple antique cast, who retained in the heart of London, and in the midst of close and successful application to business, an unworldly simplicity of character, and an inextinguishable fondness for country scenes, pastimes, and recreations. He had also a power of natural description and lively dialogue that has rarely been surpassed. His *Complete Angler* is a rich storehouse of rural pictures and pastoral poetry, of quaint but wise thoughts, of agreeable and humorous fancies, and of truly apostolic purity and benevolence. The slight tincture of superstitious credulity and innocent eccentricity which pervades his works gives them a finer zest, and original flavour, without detracting from their higher power to soothe, instruct, and delight. Walton was born in the town of Stafford in August 1593. Of his education or his early years nothing is related; but according to Anthony Wood, he acquired a moderate competency, by following in London the occupation of a sempster or linen-draper. He had a shop in the Royal Burse in Cornhill, which was *seven feet and a-half long, and five wide.* Lord Bacon has a punning remark, that a small room helps a studious man to condense his thoughts, and certainly Izaak Walton was not destitute of this intellectual succedaneum. He had a more pleasant and spacious study, however, in the fields and rivers in the neighbourhood of London, 'in such days and times as he laid aside business, and went a-fishing

Izaak Walton.

with honest Nat. and R. Roe.' From the Royal Burse Izaak (for so he always wrote his name) removed to Fleet Street, where he had *one half of a shop*, the other half being occupied by a hosier.

Walton's House.

About the year 1632, he was married to Anne, the daughter of Thomas Ken, of Furnival's Inn, and sister of Dr Ken, bishop of Bath and Wells. This respectable connexion probably introduced Walton to the acquaintance of the eminent men and dignitaries of the church, at whose houses he spent much of his time in his latter years, especially after the death of his wife, 'a woman of remarkable prudence,

and of the primitive piety.' Walton retired from business in 1643, and lived forty years afterwards in uninterrupted leisure. His first work was a *Life of Dr Donne*, prefixed to a collection of the doctor's sermons, published in 1640. Sir Henry Wotton was to have written Donne's life, Walton merely collecting the materials; but Sir Henry dying before he had begun to execute the task, Izaak 'reviewed his forsaken collections, and resolved that the world should see the best plain picture of the author's life that his artless pencil, guided by the hand of truth, could present.' The memoir is circumstantial and deeply interesting. He next wrote a *Life of Sir Henry Wotton*, and edited his literary remains. His principal production, *The Complete Angler, or Contemplative Man's Recreation*, appeared in 1653, and four other editions of it were called for during his life, namely, in 1655, 1664, 1668, and 1676. Walton also wrote a *Life of Richard Hooker* (1662), a *Life of George Herbert* (1670), and a *Life of Bishop Sanderson* (1678). They are all exquisitely simple, touching, and impressive. Though no man seems to have possessed his soul more patiently during the troublous times in which he lived, the venerable Izaak was tempted, in 1680, to write and publish anonymously two letters on the *Distempers of the Times*, 'written from a quiet and conformable citizen of London to two busie and factious shopkeepers in Coventry.' In 1683, when in his ninetieth year, he published the *Theolma and Clearchus* of Chalkhill, which we have previously noticed; and he died at Winchester on the 15th December of the same year, while residing with his son-in-law, Dr Hawkins, prebendary of Winchester cathedral.

The 'Complete Angler' of Walton is a production unique in our literature. In writing it, he says he made 'a recreation of a recreation,' and, by mingling innocent mirth and pleasant scenes with the graver parts of his discourse, he designed it as a picture of his own disposition. The work is, indeed, essentially autobiographical in spirit and execution. A hunter and falconer are introduced as parties in the dialogues, but they serve only as foils to the venerable and complacent Piscator, in whom the interest of the piece wholly centres. The opening scene lets us at once into the genial character of the work and its hero. The three interlocutors meet accidentally on Tottenham hill, near London, on a 'fine fresh May morning.' They are open and cheerful as the day. Piscator is going towards Ware, Venator to meet a pack of other dogs upon Amwell hill, and Auceps to Theobald's, to see a hawk that a friend there *mews* or moults for him. Piscator willingly joins with the lover of hounds in helping to destroy otters, for he 'hates them perfectly, because they love fish so well, and destroy so much.' The sportsmen proceed onwards together, and they agree each to 'commend his recreation' or favourite pursuit. Piscator alludes to the virtue and contentedness of anglers, but gives the precedence to his companions in discoursing on their different crafts. The lover of hawking is eloquent on the virtues of air, the element that he trades in, and on its various winged inhabitants. He describes the falcon 'making her highway over the steepest mountains and deepest rivers, and, in her glorious career, looking with contempt upon those high steeples and magnificent palaces which we adore and wonder at.' The singing birds, 'those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which nature hath furnished them to the shame of art,' are descanted upon with pure poetical feeling and expression.

'At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth, and sings as she ascends higher into the air; and having ended her heavenly employment, grows then mute and sad, to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and throssel (song-thrush), with their melodious voices, bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed mouths warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as, namely, the laverock (skylark), the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast thou provided for the saints in heaven, when thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"'

The lover of hunting next takes his turn, and comments, though with less force (for here Walton himself must have been *at fault*), on the perfection of smell possessed by the hound, and the joyous music made by a pack of dogs in full chase. Piscator then unfolds his long-treasured and highly-prized lore on the virtues of water—sea, river, and brook; and on the antiquity and excellence of fishing and angling. The latter, he says, is '*somewhat like poetry: men must be born so.*' He quotes Scripture, and numbers the prophets who allude to fishing. He also remembers with pride that four of the twelve apostles were fishermen, and that our Saviour never reproved them for their employment or calling, as he did the Scribes and money-changers; for 'He found that the hearts of such men, by nature, were fitted for contemplation and quietness; men of mild, and sweet, and peaceable spirits, as, *indeed, most anglers are.*' The idea of angling seems to have unconsciously mixed itself with all Izaak Walton's speculations on goodness, loyalty, and veneration. Even worldly enjoyment he appears to have grudged to any less gifted mortals. A finely-dressed dish of fish, or a rich drink, he pronounces too good for any but anglers or very honest men: and his parting benediction is upon 'all that are lovers of virtue, and dare trust in Providence, and be quiet, and go a-angling.' The last condition would, in his ordinary mood, when not peculiarly solemn or earnest, be quite equivalent to any of the others. The rhetoric and knowledge of Piscator at length fairly overcome Venator, and make him a convert to the superiority of angling, as compared with his more savage pursuit of hunting. He agrees to accompany Piscator in his sport, adopts him as his master and guide, and in time becomes initiated into the practice and mysteries of the gentle craft. The angling excursions of the pair give occasion to the practical lessons and descriptions in the book, and elicit what is its greatest charm, the minute and vivid painting of rural objects, the display of character, both in action and conversation, the flow of generous sentiment and feeling, and the associated recollections of picturesque poetry, natural piety, and examples and precepts of morality. Add to this the easy elegance of Walton's style, sprinkled, but not obscured, by the antiquated idiom and expression of his times, and clear and sparkling as one of his own favourite summer streams. Not an hour of the fishing day is wasted or unimproved. The master and scholar rise with the early dawn, and after four hours' fishing, breakfast at nine under a sycamore that shades them from the sun's heat.

Old Piscator reads his admiring scholar a lesson on fly-fishing, and they sit and discourse while a 'smoking shower' passes off, freshening all the meadow and the flowers.

'And now, scholar, I think it will be time to repair to our angle rods, which we left in the water to fish for themselves; and you shall choose which shall be yours; and it is an even lay, one of them catches.

And, let me tell you, this kind of fishing with a dead rod, and laying night hooks, are like putting money to use; for they both work for their owners when they do nothing but sleep, or eat, or rejoice, as you know we have done this last hour, and sat as quietly and as free from cares under this sycamore, as Virgil's Tityrus and his Meliboeus did under their broad beech tree. No life, my honest scholar, no life so happy and so pleasant as the life of a well-governed angler; for when the lawyer is swallowed up with business, and the statesman is preventing or contriving plots, then we sit on cowslip banks, hear the birds sing, and possess ourselves in as much quietness as these silent silver streams which we now see glide so quietly by us. Indeed, my good scholar, we may say of angling as Dr Boteler said of strawberries, "Doubtless God could have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did;" and so (if I might be judge) "God never did make a more calm, quiet, innocent recreation than angling."

I'll tell you, scholar, when I sat last on this primrose bank, and looked down these meadows, I thought of them as Charles the Emperor did of the city of Florence, "that they were too pleasant to be looked on but only on holidays." As I then sat on this very grass, I turned my present thoughts into verse: 'twas a wish, which I'll repeat to you:—

The Angler's Wish.

I in these flowery meads would be;
These crystal streams should solace me;
To whose harmonious bubbling noise,
I with my angle would rejoice;
Sit here, and see the turtle-dove
Court his chaste mate to acts of love;

Or on that bank feel the west wind
Breathe health and plenty: please my mind,
To see sweet dew-drops kiss these flowers,
And then wash'd off by April showers;
Here, hear my Kenna sing a song;
There, see a blackbird feed her young,

Or a laverock build her nest:
Here, give my weary spirits rest,
And raise my low-pitched thoughts above
Earth, or what poor mortals love:
Thus, free from law-suits and the noise
Of princes' courts, I would rejoice.

Or, with my Bryan[1] and a book,
Loiter long days near Shawford brook;
There sit by him, and eat my meat,
There see the sun both rise and set,
There bid good morning to next day,
There meditate my time away,
And angle on; and beg to have
A quiet passage to a welcome grave.'

The master and scholar, at another time, sit under a honeysuckle hedge while a shower falls, and encounter a handsome milkmaid and her mother, who sing to them 'that smooth song which was made by Kit Marlow'—

Come live with me, and be my love;

and the answer to it, 'which was made by Sir Walter Raleigh in his younger days.' At night, when sport and instruction are over, they repair to the little alehouse, well-known to Piscator, where they find 'a cleanly room, lavender in the windows, and twenty ballads stuck about the wall.' The hostess is cleanly, handsome, and civil, and knows how to dress the fish after Piscator's own fashion (he is learned in cookery); and having made a supper of their gallant trout, they drink their ale, tell tales, sing ballads, or join with a brother angler who drops in, in a merry catch, till sleep overpowers them, and they retire to the hostess' two beds, 'the linen of which looks white and smells of lavender.' All this humble but happy painting is fresh as nature herself, and instinct with moral feeling and beauty. The only speck upon the brightness of old Piscator's benevolence is one arising from his entire devotion to his art. He will allow no creature to take fish but the angler, and concludes that any honest man may make *a just quarrel* with swan, geese, ducks, the sea-gull, heron, &c. His directions for making live-bait have subjected him to the charge of cruelty,* and are certainly curious enough. Painted flies seem not to have occurred to him: and the use of snails, worms, &c., induced no compunctious visitings. For taking pike he recommends a perch, *as the longest lived fish on a hook*, and the poor frog is treated with elaborate and extravagant inhumanity:—

'And thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive: put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April till August; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating, but is sustained none but He whose name is Wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming wire, through his mouth and out at his gills; and with a fine needle and silk sew the upper part of his leg, with only one stitch, to the arming wire of your hook; or tie the frog's leg above the upper joint to the armed wire; *and, in so doing, use him as though you loved him*, that is, harm him as little as you may possible, *that he may live the longer*.'

Modern taste and feeling would recoil from such experiments as these, and we may oppose to the aberrations of the venerable Walton the philosophical maxim of Wordsworth—

Never to blend our pleasure or our pride
With sorrow of the meanest thing that feels.

If this observation falls into the opposite extreme (seeing that it would, if rigidly interpreted, suppress field sports and many of the luxuries and amusements of life), we must claim, that it is an excess more amiable than that into which Piscator was led by his attachment to angling. Towards the conclusion of his work, Walton indulges in the following strain of moral reflection and admonition, and is as philosophically just and wise in his counsels, as his language and imagery are chaste, beautiful, and animated.

[*Thankfulness for Worldly Blessings.*]

'Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for

[1] Supposed to be the name of his dog.

* 'And angling, too, that solitary vice,
Whatever Izaak Walton sings or says;
The quaint, old, cruel coxcomb, in his gullet
Should have a hook, and a small trout to pull it.'
Don Juan, Canto xiii.

our happiness.' And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters or broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature: let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of an accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for his preventing grace, and say Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay, let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have eat, and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money, that he may still get more and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed: but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when, as God knows, the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have, probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience.

Let me tell you, scholar, that Diogenes walked on a day, with his friend, to see a country fair, where he saw ribbons, and looking-glasses, and nut-crackers, and fiddles, and hobby-horses, and many other gimcracks; and having observed them, and all the other finnimbruns that make a complete country fair, he said to his friend, "Lord, how many things are there in this world of which Diogenes hath no need!" And truly it is so, or might be so, with very many who vex and toil themselves to get what they have no need of. Can any man charge God that he hath not given him enough to make his life happy? No, doubtless; for nature is content with a little. And yet you shall hardly meet with a man that complains not of some want, though he, indeed, wants nothing but his will; it may be, nothing but his will of his poor neighbour, for not worshipping or not flattering him: and thus, when we might be happy and quiet, we create trouble to ourselves. I have heard of a man that was angry with himself because he was no taller; and of a woman that broke her looking-glass because it would not show her face to be as young and handsome as her next neighbour's was. And I knew another to whom God had given health and plenty, but a wife that nature had made peevish, and her husband's riches had made purse-proud; and must, because she was rich, and for no other virtue, sit in the highest pew in the church; which being denied her, she engaged her husband into a contention for it, and at last into a law-suit with a dogged neighbour, who was as rich as he, and had a wife as peevish and purse-proud as the other; and this law-suit begot higher oppositions and actionable words, and more vexations and law-suits; for you must remember that both were rich, and must therefore have their wills. Well, this wilful purse-proud law-suit lasted during the life of the first husband, after which his wife vexed and chid, and chid and vexed, till she also chid and vexed herself into her grave; and so the wealth of these poor rich people was cursed into a punishment, because they wanted meek and thankful hearts, for those only can make us happy. I knew a man that had health and riches, and several houses, all beautiful and ready-furnished, and would often trouble himself and family to be removing from one house to another; and being asked by a friend why he removed so often from one house to another, replied, "It was to find content in some one of them." But his friend knowing his temper, told him, "If he would find content in any of his houses, he must leave himself behind him; for content will never dwell but in a meek and quiet soul." And this may appear, if we read and consider what our Saviour says in St Matthew's gospel, for he there says, "Blessed be the merciful, for they shall obtain mercy. Blessed be the pure in heart, for they shall see God. Blessed be the poor in spirit, for theirs is the kingdom of heaven. And blessed be the meek, for they shall possess the earth." Not that the meek shall not also obtain mercy, and see God, and be comforted, and at last come to the kingdom of heaven; but, in the meantime, he, and he only, possesses the earth, as he goes toward that kingdom of heaven, by being humble and cheerful, and content with what his good God has allotted him. He has no turbulent, repining, vexatious thoughts that he deserves better; nor is vexed when he sees others possessed of more honour or more riches than his wise God has allotted for his share; but he possesses what he has with a meek and contented quietness, such a quietness as makes his very dreams pleasing, both to God and himself.

My honest scholar, all this is told to incline you to thankfulness; and, to incline you the more, let me tell you, that though the prophet David was guilty of murder and adultery, and many other of the most deadly sins, yet he was said to be a man after God's own heart, because he abounded more with thankfulness than any other that is mentioned in holy Scripture, as may appear in his book of Psalms, where here is such a commixture of his confessing of his sins and unworthiness, and such thankfulness for God's pardon and mercies, as did make him to be accounted, even by God himself, to be a man after his own heart: and let us, in that, labour to be as like him as we can; let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let not us forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains, that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from that first ravishing object to behold all the other various beau-

ties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them, because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us, and gives us flowers, and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a-fishing.

Well, scholar, I have almost tired myself, and, I fear, more than almost tired you. But I now see Tottenham High Cross, and our short walk thither will put a period to my too long discourse, in which my meaning was, and is, to plant that in your mind with which I labour to possess my own soul—that is, a meek and thankful heart. And to that end I have showed you that riches without them (meekness and thankfulness) do not make any man happy. But let me tell you that riches with them remove many fears and cares. And therefore my advice is, that you endeavour to be honestly rich, or contentedly poor; but be sure that your riches be justly got, or you spoil all; for it is well said by Caussin, "He that loses his conscience has nothing left that is worth keeping." Therefore be sure you look to that. And, in the next place, look to your health, and if you have it, praise God, and value it next to a good conscience; for health is the second blessing that we mortals are capable of—a blessing that money cannot buy—and therefore value it, and be thankful for it. As for money (which may be said to be the third blessing), neglect it not; but note, that there is no necessity of being rich; for I told you there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side them; and if you have a competency, enjoy it with a meek, cheerful, thankful heart. I will tell you, scholar, I have heard a grave divine say that God has two dwellings, one in heaven, and the other in a meek and thankful heart; which Almighty God grant to me and to my honest scholar! And so you are welcome to Tottenham High Cross.

Venator. Well, master, I thank you for all your good directions, but for none more than the last, of thankfulness, which I hope I shall never forget.'

To the fifth edition of the 'Complete Angler' was added a second part by CHARLES COTTON, the poet, and translator of Montaigne. It consisted of instructions how to angle for a trout or grayling in a clear stream. Though the work was written in the short space of ten days, Cotton, who had long been familiar with fly-fishing, and was an adopted son of Izaak Walton, produced a treatise valuable for its technical knowledge and accuracy. Walton's form of conveying instruction in dialogues is also preserved, the author being Piscator Junior, and his companion a traveller (Viator), who had paid a visit to the romantic scenery of Derbyshire, near which the residence of Cotton was situated. This traveller turns out to be the Venator of the first part, 'wholly addicted to the chase' till Mr Izaak Walton taught him as good, a more quiet, innocent, and less dangerous diversion. The friends embrace; Piscator conducts his new associate to his 'beloved river Dove,' extends to him the hospitalities of his mansion, and next morning shows him his fishing house, inscribed 'Piscatoribus Sacrum,' with the 'prettily contrived' cipher including the two first letters of father Walton's name and those of his son Cotton. A delicate clear river flowed about the house, which stood on a little peninsula, with a bowling-green close by, and fair meadows and mountains in the neighbourhood. The ruins of this building still remain, adding interest to the romantic and beautiful scenery on the banks of the river Dove, and recalling the memory of the venerable angler and his disciple, whose genuine love of nature, and moral and descriptive pages, have silently but powerfully influenced the taste and literature of their native country.

JOHN EVELYN.

JOHN EVELYN (1620-1706), a gentleman of easy fortune, and the most amiable personal character,

John Evelyn.

distinguished himself by several scientific works written in a popular style. His *Sylva, or a Discourse of Forest Trees, and the Propagation of Timber in his Majesty's Dominions*, published in 1664, was written in consequence of an application to the Royal Society by the commissioners of the navy, who dreaded a scarcity of timber in the country. This work, aided by the king's example, stimulated the landholders to plant an immense number of oak trees, which, a century after, proved of the greatest service to the nation in the construction of ships of war. *Terra, a Discourse of the Earth, relating to the Culture and Improvement of it, for Vegetation and the Propagation of Plants*, appeared in 1675; and a treatise on medals is another production of the venerable author. There has been printed, also, a volume of his *Miscellanies*, including a treatise in praise of 'Public Employment and an Active Life,' which he wrote in reply to Sir George Mackenzie's 'Essay on Solitude.' Evelyn was one of the first in this country to treat gardening and planting scientifically; and his grounds at Sayes-Court, near Deptford, where he resided during a great part of his life, attracted much admiration, on account of the number of foreign plants which he reared in them, and the fine order in which they were kept. The czar, Peter, was tenant of that mansion after the removal of Evelyn to another estate; and the old man was mortified by the gross manner in which his house and garden were abused by the Russian potentate and his retinue. It was one of Peter's amusements to demolish a 'most glorious and impenetrable holly hedge,' by riding through it on a wheelbarrow.

Evelyn, throughout the greater part of his life, kept a diary, in which he entered every remarkable event in which he was in any way concerned. This was published in 1818 (two volumes quarto), and proved to be a most valuable addition to our store of historical materials respecting the latter half of

the seventeenth century. Evelyn chronicles familiar as well as important circumstances; but he does it without loss of dignity, and everywhere preserves

House of Evelyn at Deptford.

the tone of an educated and reflecting man. It is curious to read, in this work, of great men going *after dinner* to attend a council of state, or the business of their particular offices, or the bowling-green, or even the church; of an hour's sermon being of moderate length; of ladies painting their faces being a novelty; or of their receiving visits from gentlemen whilst dressing, after having just risen out of bed; of the female attendant of a lady of fashion travelling on a pillion behind one of the footmen, and the footmen riding with swords. The impression conveyed of the reign of Charles II. is, upon the whole, unexpected, leading to the conviction, that the dissoluteness of manners attributed to it affected a narrower circle of society than is usually supposed; and that even in the court there were many bright exceptions from it. Of the following extracts from the *Diary*, the first is given in the original spelling:—

[*The Great Fire in London.*]

1666. 2d Sept. This fatal night about ten began that deplorable fire near Fish Streete in London.

3d. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole citty in dreadful flames near ye water side; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for 10 miles round about, after a dreadful manner), when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season, I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole south part of ye citty burning from Cheapside to ye Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it kindl'd back against ye wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fenchurch Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St Paule's church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures, without at all attempting to save even their goods, such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the churches, publiq halls, exchange, hospitals, monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from ye other; for ye heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the air, and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd, after an incredible manner, houses, furniture, and everything. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on ye other, ye carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away. Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle! such as haply the world had not scene the like since the foundation of it, nor be outdone till the universal conflagration. All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, the light scene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant my eyes may never behold the like, now seeing above 10,000 houses all in one flame: the noise, and cracking, and thunder of the impetuous flames, ye shrieking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of towers, houses, and churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd, that at last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let ye flames burn on, wch they did for neere two miles in length and one in breadth. The clouds of smoke were dismall, and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom or the last day. London was, but is no more!

4th. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple, all Fleete Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paul's Chain, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes; the stones of Paules flew like granados, ye mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery redness, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously drove the flames forward. Nothing but ye Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was ye help of man.

5th. It crossed towards Whitehall: Oh the confusion there was then at that court! It pleased his Maty to command me among ye rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible, that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of ye gentlemen tooke their several posts (for now they began to bestir themselves, and not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated, with their hands acrosse), and began to consider that nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of so many houses, as might make a wider gap than any had yet ben made by the ordinary method of pulling them down with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd early enough to have sav'd neer ye whole citty, but this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c., would not permit, because their houses must have ben of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be practis'd, and my con-

cern being particularly for the hospital of St Bartholomew, neere Smithfield, where I had many wounded and sick men, made me the more diligent to promote it, nor was my care for the Savoy lesse. It now pleas'd God, by abating the wind, and by the industrie of ye people, infusing a new spirit into them, that the fury of it began sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther than ye Temple westward, nor than ye entrance of Smithfield north. But continu'd all this day and night so impetuous towards Cripplegate and the Tower, as made us all despaire; it also broke out againe in the Temple, but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were soone made, as with the former three days' consumption, the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning and glowing ruines by neere a furlong's space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle, rosin, &c., did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which a little before I had dedicated to his Maty, and publish'd, giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffering those shops to be in the citty, was look'd on as a propheey.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who, from delicateness, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduc'd to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition, I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

7th. I went this morning on foote fm Whitehall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St Paules, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c., with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete was so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the meantime his Maty got to the Tower by water, to demolish ye houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroy'd all ye bridge, but sunke and torne the vessells in ye river, and render'd ye demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the countrey.

At my return, I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly church St Paules, now a sad ruine, and that beautiful portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the king) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, showing by whom it was built, which had not one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heat had in a manner calcin'd, so that all ye ornaments, columns, freezes, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to ye very roofe, where a sheet of lead covering a great space was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St Faith's, which being filled with the magazines of bookes belonging to ye stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. It is also observable, that the lead over ye altar at ye east end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in ye Christian world, besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c., mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, ye aught fabriq of Christ Church, all ye rest of the Companies Halls, sumptuous buildings, arches, all in dust; the fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the vorago's of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark clouds of smoke, so that in 5 or 6 miles, in traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd, nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about ye ruines appear'd like men in a dismal desart, or rather in some greate citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, &c. Sir Tho. Gressham's statute, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remain'd intire, when all those of ye kings since ye Conquest were broken to pieces, also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the citty streetes, hinges, barrs, and gates of prisons, were many of them mealted and reduc'd to cinders by ye vehement heate. I was not able to passe through any of the narrow streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and air smoake and fiery vapour continu'd so intense, that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably sur-heated. The bie lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have knowne where he was, but by ye ruines of some church or hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have seene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse; and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for relief, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe, by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions. In ye midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the citty. There was, in truth, some days before, greate suspicion of those 2 nations joining; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, that on a suddaine there was such an uproare and tumult, that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopp'd from falling on some of those nations, whom they casualy met, without sense or reason. The clamour and peril grew so excessive, that it made the whole court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into ye fields againe, where they were watch'd all this night. I left them pretty quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into ye suburbs about the citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Matys proclamation also invited them.

[*A Fortunate Courtier not Envied.*]

Sept. 6 [1630].—I dined with Sir Stephen Fox, now one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury. This gentleman came first a poor boy from the quire of Salisbury, then was taken notice of by Bishop Duppa, and afterwards waited on my Lord Percy (brother to Algernon, Earl of Northumberland), who procured for him an inferior place amongst the clerks

of the kitchen and green cloth side, where he was found so humble, diligent, industrious, and prudent in his behaviour, that his majesty being in exile, and Mr Fox waiting, both the king and lords about him frequently employed him about their affairs; trusted him both with receiving and paying the little money they had. Returning with his majesty to England, after great wants and great sufferings, his majesty found him so honest and industrious, and withal so capable and ready, that being advanced from Clerk of the Kitchen to that of the Green Cloth, he procured to be paymaster to the whole army; and by his dexterity and punctual dealing, he obtained such credit among the bankers, that he was in a short time able to borrow vast sums of them upon any exigence. The continual turning thus of money, and the soldiers' moderate allowance to him for his keeping touch with them, did so enrich him, that he is believed to be worth at least £200,000, honestly gotten and unenvied, which is next to a miracle. With all this, he continues as humble and ready to do a courtesy as ever he was. He is generous, and lives very honourably; of a sweet nature, well spoken, well bred, and is so highly in his majesty's esteem, and so useful, that, being long since made a knight, he is also advanced to be one of the Lords Commissioners of the Treasury, and has the reversion of the Cofferer's place after Harry Brounker. He has married his eldest daughter to my Lord Cornwallis, and gave her £12,000, and restored that entangled family besides. He matched his eldest son to Mrs Trollope, who brings with her (besides a great sum) near, if not altogether, £2000 per annum. Sir Stephen's lady, an excellent woman, is sister to Mr Whittle, one of the king's chirurgeons. In a word, never was man more fortunate than Sir Stephen; he is a handsome person, virtuous, and very religious.*

[*Evelyn's Account of his Daughter Mary.*†]

March 10.—She received the blessed sacrament; after which, disposing herself to suffer what God should determine to inflict, she bore the remainder of her sickness with extraordinary patience and piety, and more than ordinary resignation and blessed frame of mind. She died the 14th, to our unspeakable sorrow and affliction; and not to ours only, but that of all who knew her, who were many of the best quality, greatest and most virtuous persons. The justness of her stature, person, comeliness of countenance, gracefulness of motion, unaffected though more than ordinarily beautiful, were the least of her ornaments, compared with those of her mind. Of early piety, singularly religious, spending a part of every day in private devotion, reading, and other virtuous exercises; she had collected and written out many of the most useful and judicious periods of the books she read in a kind of common-place, as out of Dr Hammond on the New Testament, and most of the best practical treatises. She had read and digested a considerable deal of history and of places [geography]. The French tongue was as familiar to her as English; she understood Italian, and was able to render a laudable account of what she read and observed, to which assisted a most faithful memory and discernment; and she did make very prudent and discreet reflections upon what she had observed of the conversations among which she had at any time been, which being continually of persons of the best quality, she thereby improved. She had an excellent voice, to which she played a thorough base on the harpsichord, in both which she arrived to that perfection, that of the scholars of those famous two masters, Signors Pietro and Bartholomeo, she was esteemed the best; for the sweetness of her voice and management of it added such an agreeableness to her countenance, without any constraint or concern, that when she sung, it was as charming to the eye as to the ear; this I rather note, because it was a universal remark, and for which so many noble and judicious persons in music desired to hear her, the last being at Lord Arundel of Wardour's. What shall I say, or rather not say, of the cheerfulness and agreeableness of her humour? Condescending to the meanest servant in the family, or others, she still kept up respect, without the least pride. She would often read to them, examine, instruct, and pray with them if they were sick, so as she was exceedingly beloved of everybody. Piety was so prevalent an ingredient in her constitution (as I may say), that even among equals and superiors, she no sooner became intimately acquainted, but she would endeavour to improve them by insinuating something of religious, and that tended to bring them to a love of devotion. She had one or two confidants, with whom she used to pass whole days in fasting, reading, and prayers, especially before the monthly communion and other solemn occasions. She abhorred flattery, and though she had abundance of wit, the raillery was so innocent and ingenious, that it was most agreeable; she sometimes would see a play, but, since the stage grew licentious, expressed herself weary of them; and the time spent at the theatre was an unaccountable vanity. She never played at cards without extreme importunity, and for the company; but this was so very seldom, that I cannot number it among anything she could [illegible] a fault. No one could read prose or verse better, or with more judgment; and, as she read, so she writ, not only most correct orthography, [but] with that maturity of judgment and exactness of the periods, choice of pressions, and fam[illegible] of style, that some letters hers have ast[illegible]shed m[illegible]and others to whom she occasionally writ[illegible] had a talent of rehear[illegible] any comical part[illegible]pe[illegible]a, to them she might be decently free with, was more pleasing than heard the theatre. She danced with the greatest grace I have ev[illegible]n, and so would her master say, who was Monsieur Isaac; but she seldom showed that perfection, save in gracefulness of her carriage, which was with an air of sprightly modesty not easily to be described. Nothing affected, but natural and easy in her deportment as in her discourse, which was always material, not trifling, and to which the extraordinary sweetness of her tone, even in familiar speaking, was very charming. Nothing was so pretty as her descending to play with little children, whom she would caress and humour with great delight. But she was most affected to be with grave and sober men, of whom she might learn something and improve herself. I have been assisted by her in reading and praying by me; comprehensive of uncommon notions, curious of knowing everything to some excess, had I not sometimes repressed it. Nothing was so delightful to her as to go into my study, where she would willingly have spent whole days, for, as I said, she had read abundance of history, and all the best poets; even Terence, Plautus, Homer, Virgil, Horace, Ovid; all the best romances and modern poems; she could compose happily, as in the *Mundus Muliebris*, wherein is an enumeration of the immense variety of the modes and ornaments belonging to her sex; but all these are vain trifles to the virtues that adorned her soul; she was sincerely religious, most dutiful to her parents, whom she loved with an affection tempered with great esteem, so as we were easy and free, and never were so well pleased as when she was with us, nor needed we other conversation. She was kind to her sisters, and

* Sir Stephen Fox was the progenitor of the noble house of Holland, so remarkable for the line of distinguished statesmen which it has given to England.

† This young lady died of small-pox, March 1685, in her twentieth year.

was still improving them by her constant course of piety. Oh dear, sweet, and desirable child! how shall I part with all this goodness and virtue without the bitterness of sorrow and reluctancy of a tender parent? Thy affection, duty, and love to me, was that of a friend as well as a child. Nor less dear to thy mother, whose example and tender care of thee was unparalleled; nor was thy return to her less conspicuous. Oh, how she mourns thy loss! how desolate hast thou left us! to the grave shall we both carry thy memory.

[*Fashions in Dress.*]

[From 'Tyrannus, or the Mode.' *]

'Twas a witty expression of Malvezzi, *I vestimenti negli animali sono molto sicuri segni della loro natura; negli huomini del lor cervello*;—garments (says he) in animals are infallible signs of their nature; in men, of their understanding. Though I would not judge of the monk by the hood he wears, or celebrate the humour of Julian's court, where the philosophic mantle made all his officers appear like so many conjurers, 'tis worth the observing yet, that the people of Rome left off the *toga*, an ancient and noble garment, with their power, and that the vicissitude of their habit was little better than a presage of that of their fortune; for the military *saga*, differencing them from their slaves, was no small indication of the declining of their courage, which shortly followed. And I am of opinion that when once we shall see the Venetian senate quit the gravity of their vests, the state itself will not long subsist without some considerable alteration. I am of opinion that the Swiss had not been now a nation but for keeping to their prodigious breeches. * *

Be it excusable in the French to alter and impose the mode on others, 'tis no less a weakness and a shame in the rest of the world, who have no dependence on them, to admit them, at least to that degree of levity as to turn into all their shapes without discrimination; so as when the freak takes our Monsieurs to appear like so many farces or Jack Paddings on the stage, all the world should alter shape, and play the pantonimes with them.

Methinks a French tailor, with his ell in his hand, looks the enchantress Circe over the companions of Ulysses, and changes them into as many forms. One while we are made to be so loose in our clothes * *, and by and by appear like so many malefactors sewed up in sacks, as of old they were wont to treat a parricide, with a dog, an ape, and a serpent. Now, we are all twist, and at a distance look like a pair of tongs, and anon stuffed out behind like a Dutchman. This gallant goes so pinched in the waist, as if he were prepared for the question of the fiery plate in Turkey; and that so loose in the middle, as if he would turn insect, or drop in two; now, the short waists and shirts in Pye-court is the mode; then the wide hose, or a man in coats again. * * Methinks we should learn to handle distaff too: Hercules did so when he courted Omphale; and those who sacrificed to Ceres put on the petticoat with much confidence. * *

It was a fine silken thing which I spied walking tother day through Westminster Hall, that had as much ribbon about him as would have plundered six shops, and set up twenty country pedlars. All his body was dressed like a May-pole, or a Tom-a-Bedlam's cap. A frigate newly rigged kept not half such a clatter in a storm, as this puppet's streamers did when the wind was in his shrouds; the motion was wonderful to behold, and the well-chosen colours were red, orange, blue, and well gummed satin, which argued a happy fancy; but so was our gallant overcharged, [that] whether he did wear this garment, or as a porter bear it only, was not easily to be resolved. * *

For my part, I profess that I delight in a cheerful gaiety, affect and cultivate variety. The universe itself were not beautiful to me without it; but as that is in constant and uniform succession in the natural, where men do not disturb it, so would I have it also in the artificial. If the kings of Mexico changed four times a-day, it was but an upper vest, which they were used to honour some meritorious servant with. Let men change their habits as oft as they please, so the change be for the better. I would have a summer habit and a winter; for the spring and for the autumn. Something I would indulge to youth; somet' ing to age and humour. But what have we to do with these foreign butterflies? In God's name, let the change be our own, not borrowed of others; for why should I dance after a Monsieur's flageolet, that have a set of English viols for my concert? We need no French inventions for the stage, or for the back.

* A rare pamphlet by Evelyn.

SIR ROGER L'ESTRANGE.

Sir Roger L'Estrange (1616-1704) enjoyed, in the reigns of Charles II. and James VII., great notoriety as an occasional political writer. During the rebellion he had fought as a royalist soldier: being captured by the parliamentary army, he was tried and condemned to die, and lay in prison almost four years, constantly expecting to be led forth to execution. He was at length set free, and lived in almost total obscurity till the Restoration, when he was rewarded with the invidious post of licenser of the press. From this time, till a few years before his death, he was constantly occupied in the editing

Sir Roger L'Estrange.

of newspapers and writing of pamphlets, mostly in behalf of the court, from which he at last received the honour of knighthood. He is generally considered to have been the first writer who sold his services in defence of any measure, good or bad. As a controversialist, he was bold, lively, and vigorous, but coarse, impudent, abusive, and by no means a scrupulous regarder of truth. He is known also as a translator, having produced versions of Æsop's Fables, Seneca's Morals, Cicero's Offices, Erasmus's

Colloquies, Quevedo's Visions, and the works of Josephus. Sir Roger was so anxious to accommodate his style to the taste of the common people, that few of his works could now be read with any pleasure. The class whom he addressed were only beginning to be readers, and as yet relished nothing but the meanest ideas, presented in the meanest language. What immediately follows is a chapter of his life of Æsop, prefixed to the translation of the Fables.

Æsop's Invention to bring his Mistress back again to her Husband after she had left him.

The wife of Xanthus was well born and wealthy, but so proud and domineering withal, as if her fortune and her extraction had entitled her to the breeches. She was horribly bold, meddling and expensive (as that sort of women commonly are), easily put off the hooks, and monstrous hard to be pleased again; perpetually chattering at her husband, and upon all occasions of controversy threatening him to be gone. It came to this at last, that Xanthus's stock of patience being quite spent, he took up a resolution of going another way to work with her, and of trying a course of severity, since there was nothing to be done with her by kindness. But this experiment, instead of mending the matter, made it worse; for, upon harder usage, the woman grew desperate, and went away from him in earnest. She was as bad, 'tis true, as bad might well be, and yet Xanthus had a kind of hankering for her still; beside that, there was matter of interest in the case; and a pestilent tongue she had, that the poor husband dreaded above all things under the sun. But the man was willing, however, to make the best of a bad game, and so his wits and his friends were set at work, in the fairest manner that might be, to get her home again. But there was no good to be done in it, it seems; and Xanthus was so visibly out of humour upon it, that Æsop in pure pity bethought himself immediately how to comfort him. 'Come, master,' says he, 'pluck up a good heart, for I have a project in my noddle, that shall bring my mistress to you back again, with as good a will as ever she went from you.' What does my Æsop, but away immediately to the market among the butchers, poulterers, fishmongers, confectioners, &c., for the best of everything that was in season. Nay, he takes private people in his way too, and chops into the very house of his mistress's relations, as by mistake. This way of proceeding set the whole town agog to know the meaning of all this bustle; and Æsop innocently told everybody that his master's wife was run away from him, and he had married another; his friends up and down were all invited to come and make merry with him, and this was to be the wedding feast. The news flew like lightning, and happy were they that could carry the first tidings of it to the run-away lady (for everybody knew Æsop to be a servant in that family). It gathered in the rolling, as all other stories do in the telling, especially where women's tongues and passions have the spreading of them. The wife, that was in her nature violent and unsteady, ordered her chariot to be made ready immediately, and away she posts back to her husband, falls upon him with outrages of looks and language; and after the easing of her mind a little, 'No, Xanthus,' says she, 'do not you flatter yourself with the hopes of enjoying another woman while I am alive.' Xanthus looked upon this as one of Æsop's masterpieces; and for that bout all was well again betwixt master and mistress.

[*The Popish Plot.*]

At the first opening of this plot, almost all people's hearts took fire at it, and nothing was heard but the bellowing of execrations and revenge against the accursed bloody papists. It was imputed at first, and in the general, to the principles of the religion; and a Roman Catholic and a regicide were made one and the same thing. Nay, it was a saying frequent in some of our great and holy mouths, that they were confident there was not so much as one soul of the whole party, within his majesty's dominions, that was not either an actor in this plot, or a friend to't. In this heat, they fell to picking up of priests and Jesuits as fast as they could catch 'em, and so went on to consult their oracles the witnesses (with all formalities of sifting and examining) upon the particulars of place, time, manner, persons, &c.; while Westminster Hall and the Court of Requests were kept warm, and ringing still of new men come in, corroborating proofs, and further discoveries, &c. Under this train and method of reasoning, the managers advanced, decently enough, to the finding out of what they themselves had laid and concerted beforehand; and, to give the devil his due, the whole story was but a farce of so many parts, and the noisy informations no more than a lesson that they had much ado to go through with, even with the help of diligent and careful tutors, and of many and many a prompter, to bring them off at a dead lift. But popery was so dreadful a thing, and the danger of the king's life and of the Protestant religion so astonishing a surprise, that people were almost bound in duty to be inconsiderate and outrageous upon't; and loyalty itself would have looked a little cold and indifferent if it had not been intemperate; insomuch that zeal, fierceness, and jealousy were never more excusable than upon this occasion. And now, having excellent matter to work upon, and the passions of the people already disposed for violence and tumult, there needed no more than blowing the coal of Oates's narrative, to put all into a flame; and in the mean time, all arts and accidents were improved, as well toward the entertainment of the humour, as to the kindling of it. The people were first haired out of their senses with tales and jelousies, and then made judges of the danger, and consequently of the remedy; which upon the main, and briefly, came to no more than this: The plot was laid all over the three kingdoms; France, Spain, and Portugal, taxed their quotas to't; we were all to be burnt in our beds, and rise with our throats cut; and no way in the world but exclusion* and union to help us. The fancy of this exclusion spread immediately, like a gangrene, over the whole body of the monarchy; and no saving the life of his majesty without cutting off every limb of the prerogative: the device of union passed insensibly into a league of conspiracy; and, instead of uniting protestants against papists, concluded in an association of subjects against their sovereign, confounding policy with religion. * * *

I shall now pass some necessary reflections upon the whole. There never was, perhaps, since the creation

so scandalous, so ridiculous instruments; lousy, greasy rogues, to be taken into the hands of princes; porters, and the coarsest of letter-carriers, to be made the confidants of public ministers; starving indigent varlets, that had not credit in the world for a Brunnigen groat, and lived upon the common charity of the basket, to be a matter of seven hundred pound out of pocket in his majesty's service, as Oates and Bedloe pretended; sots, to find treason in words, at length in common post-letters. The four ruffians to have but twenty pound a man for murdering the king by assault, and Sir George Wakeman fifteen thousand pound only for poisoning him, without running the fifteenth part of the risk; nay, and Bedloe fifteen hundred pound for

* The exclusion of the heir-presumptive, the Duke of York, who was a Catholic, from the throne.—*Ed.*

but lending a hand to the helping away of a dead justice: these, and a thousand incredibilities more, must be all believed, or the witnesses found to be most damnably forsworn, unless it were for the evidence's sake that they had credit given 'em; for the matter of fact, under such circumstances, was morally impossible to be true; and for the probity of the witnesses, they were already as well known as the whipping-post, for a pack of swearing, lying, cheating, a prostitute and an abandoned sort of mercenary villains: and yet such was the infatuated credulity of the common people at that season, and such the bold and shameless hypocrisy of the managers of that imposture, that there was no place for either truth or honesty to appear. The inference I draw from this preposterous way of proceeding is, that the whole story, from end to end, was a practice; that the suborners of the perjury were also the protectors and the patrons of it both under one; and that they had their accomplices in the House of Commons upon this crisis of state, that played the same game which their forefathers had done upwards of forty years before.

There is more good taste in the style of Sir Roger L'Estrange's translations of ancient authors than in that of his original works. The following is a brief extract from his version of 'Seneca's Morals:'—

[*Ingratitude.*]

The principal causes of ingratitude are pride and self-conceit, avarice, envy, &c. It is a familiar exclamation, 'Tis true, he did this or that for me, but it came so late, and it was so little, I had e'en as good have been without it: If he had not given it to me, he must have given it to somebody else; it was nothing out of his own pocket.' Nay, we are so ungrateful, that he that gives us all we have, if he leaves anything to himself, we reckon that he does us an injury. It cost Julius Cæsar his life the disappointment of his unsatiable companions; and yet he reserved nothing of all that he got to himself, but the liberty of disposing it. There is no benefit so large, but malignity will still lessen it: none so narrow, which a good interpretation will not enlarge. No man shall ever be grateful that views a benefit on the wrong side, or takes a good office by the wrong handle. The avaricious man is naturally ungrateful, for he never thinks he has enough, but without considering what he has, only minds what he covets. Some pretend want of power to make a competent return, and you shall find in others a kind of graceless modesty, that makes a man ashamed of requiting an obligation, because 'tis a confession that he has received one.

Not to return one good office for another is inhuman; but to return evil for good is diabolical. There are too many even of this sort, who, the more they owe, the more they hate. There's nothing more dangerous than to oblige those people; for when they are conscious of not paying the debt, they wish the creditor out of the way. It is a mortal hatred that which arises from the shame of an abused benefit. When we are on the asking side, what a deal of cringing there is, and profession. 'Well, I shall never forget this favour, it will be an eternal obligation to me.' But, within a while the note is changed, and we hear no more words on't, till by little and little it is all quite forgotten. So long as we stand in need of a benefit, there is nothing dearer to us; nor anything cheaper when we have received it. And yet a man may as well refuse to deliver up a sum of money that's left him in trust, without a suit, as not to return a good office without asking; and when we have no value any further for the benefit, we do commonly care as little for the author. People follow their interest; one man is grateful for his convenience, and another man is ungrateful for the same reason.

DR RALPH CUDWORTH.

Dr Ralph Cudworth (1617-1688) is celebrated as a very learned divine and philosopher of this age. He studied at the university of Cambridge, where, during the thirty years succeeding 1645, he held the office of regius professor of Hebrew. His principal work, which is entitled *The True Intellectual System of the Universe*, was published in 1678, and is designed as a refutation of the atheistical tenets which at that time were extensively held in England. It executes only a portion of his design; namely, the establishment of the following three propositions, which he regarded as the fundamentals or essentials of true religion: 'First, that all things in the world do not float without a head and governor; but that there is a God, an omnipotent understanding being, presiding over all. Secondly, that this God being essentially good and just, there is something in its own nature immutably and eternally just and unjust; and not by arbitrary will, law, and command only. And lastly, that we are so far forth principals or masters of our own actions, as to be accountable to justice for them, or to make us guilty and blame-worthy for what we do amiss, and to deserve punishment accordingly.' From this statement by Cudworth in his preface, the reader will observe that he maintained (in opposition to two of the leading doctrines of Hobbes), first, the existence of a natural and everlasting distinction between justice and injustice; and secondly, the freedom of the human will. On the former point he differs from most subsequent opponents of Hobbism, in ascribing our consciousness of the natural difference of right and wrong entirely to the reasoning faculties, and in no degree to sentiment or emotion. As, however, he confines his attention in the 'Intellectual System' to the first essential of true religion enumerated in the passage just quoted, ethical questions are in that work but incidentally and occasionally touched upon. In combating the atheists, he displays a prodigious amount of erudition, and that rare degree of candour which prompts a controversialist to give a full statement of the opinions and arguments which he means to refute. This fairness brought upon him the reproach of insincerity; and by a contemporary Protestant theologian the epithets of Arian, Socinian, Deist, and even Atheist, were freely applied to him. 'He has raised,' says Dryden, 'such strong objections against the being of a God and Providence, that many think he has not answered them;'—'the common fate,' as Lord Shaftesbury remarks on this occasion, 'of those who dare to appear fair authors.' This clamour seems to have disheartened the philosopher, who refrained from publishing the other portions of his scheme. He left, however, several manuscript works, one of which, entitled *A Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality*, but only introductory in its character, was published in 1731 by Dr Chandler, bishop of Durham. His unprinted writings are now in the British Museum, and include treatises on Moral Good and Evil, Liberty and Necessity, the Creation of the World and the Immortality of the Soul, the Learning of the Hebrews, and Hobbes's Notions concerning the Nature of God and the Extension of Spirits. Mr Dugald Stewart, speaking of the two published works, observes, that 'The Intellectual System of Cudworth embraces a field much wider than his treatise of Immutable Morality. The latter is particularly directed against the doctrines of Hobbes, and of the Antinomians;* but the former aspires to

* The Antinomians were a sect of Presbyterians which sprang up during the confusion of the civil war in England. Their designation is a Greek compound, signifying 'enemies of

tear up by the roots all the principles, both physical and metaphysical, of the Epicurean philosophy. It is a work, certainly, which reflects much honour on the talents of the author, and still more on the boundless extent of his learning; but it is so ill suited to the taste of the present age, that, since the time of Mr Harris and Dr Price, I scarcely recollect the slightest reference to it in the writings of our British metaphysicians. Of its faults (beside the general disposition of the author to discuss questions placed altogether beyond the reach of our faculties), the most prominent is the wild hypothesis of a *plastic nature*; or, in other words, "of a vital and spiritual, but unintelligent and necessary agent, created by the Deity for the execution of his purposes." Notwithstanding, however, these and many other abatements of its merits, the "Intellectual System" will for ever remain a precious mine of information to those whose curiosity may lead them to study the spirit of the ancient theories."* A Latin translation of this work was published by Mosheim at Jena in 1733. A few specimens of the original are subjoined:—

[*God, though Incomprehensible, not Inconceivable.*]

It doth not at all follow, because God is incomprehensible to our finite and narrow understandings, that he is utterly inconceivable by them, so that they cannot frame any idea of him at all, and he may therefore be concluded to be a non-entity. For it is certain that we cannot comprehend ourselves, and that we have not such an adequate and comprehensive knowledge of the essence of any substantial thing as that we can perfectly master and conquer it. It was a truth, though abused by the sceptics, *akatalepton ti, something incomprehensible* in the essence of the lowest substances. For even body itself, which the atheists think themselves so well acquainted with, because they can feel it with their fingers, and which is the only substance that they acknowledge either in themselves or in the universe, hath such puzzling difficulties and entanglements in the speculation of it, that they can never be able to extricate themselves from. We might instance, also, in some accidental things, as time and motion. Truth is bigger than our minds, and we are not the same with it, but have a lower participation only of the intellectual nature, and are rather apprehenders than comprehenders thereof. This is indeed one badge of our creaturely state, that we have not a perfectly comprehensive knowledge, or such as is adequate and commensurate to the essences of things; from whence we ought to be led to this acknowledgment, that there is another Perfect Mind or Understanding Being above us in the universe, from which our imperfect minds were derived, and upon which they do depend. Wherefore, if we can have no idea or conception of anything, whereof we have not a full and perfect comprehension, then can we not have an idea or conception of the nature of any substance. But though we do not comprehend all truth, as if our mind were above it, or master of it, and cannot penetrate into, and look quite through the nature of everything, yet may rational souls frame certain ideas and conceptions, of whatsoever is in the orb of being proportionate to their own nature, and sufficient for their purpose. And though we cannot fully comprehend the Deity, nor exhaust the infiniteness of its perfection, yet may we have an idea of a Being absolutely perfect; such a one as is *nostro modulo conformis, agreeable and proportionate to our measure and scantling*; as we may approach near to a mountain, and touch it with our hands, though we cannot encompass it all round, and enclasp it within our arms. Whatsoever is in its own nature absolutely unconceivable, is nothing; but not whatsoever is not fully comprehensible by our imperfect understandings.

It is true, indeed, that the Deity is more incomprehensible to us than anything else whatsoever, which proceeds from the fulness of its being and perfection, and from the transcendency of its brightness; but for the very same reason may it be said also in some sense, that it is more knowable and conceivable than anything. As the sun, though by reason of its excessive splendour it dazzle our weak sight, yet is it, notwithstanding, far more visible also than any of the *nebulosæ stellæ—the small misty stars*. Where there is more of light there is more visibility; so, where there is more of entity, reality, and perfection, there is more of conceptibility and cognoscibility; such a thing filling up the mind more, and acting more strongly upon it. Nevertheless, because our weak and imperfect minds are lost in the vast immensity and redundancy of the Deity, and overcome with its transcendent light and dazzling brightness, therefore hath it to us an appearance of darkness and incomprehensibility; as the unbounded expansion of light, in the clear transparent ether, hath to us the apparition of an azure obscurity; which yet is not an absolute thing in itself, but only relative to our sense, and a mere fancy in us.

The incomprehensibility of the Deity is so far from being an argument against the reality of its existence, as that it is most certain, on the contrary, that were there nothing incomprehensible to us, who are but contemptible pieces, and small atoms of the universe; were there no other being in the world but what our finite understandings could span or fathom, and encompass round about, look through and through, have a commanding view of, and perfectly conquer and subdue under them, then could there be nothing absolutely and infinitely perfect, that is, no God. * *

And nature itself plainly intimates to us that there is some such absolutely perfect Being, which, though not inconceivable, yet is incomprehensible to our finite understandings, by certain passions, which it hath implanted in us, that otherwise would want an object to display themselves upon; namely, those of devout veneration, adoration, and admiration, together with a kind of ecstacy and pleasing horror; which, in the silent language of nature, seem to speak thus much to us, that there is some object in the world so much bigger and vaster than our mind and thoughts, that it is the very same to them that the ocean is to narrow vessels; so that, when they have taken into themselves as much as they can thereof by contemplation,

the law,' it being their opinion that exhortations to morality were unnecessary, at once to the elect, whom the divine grace would of itself lead to the practice of piety and virtue, and to the non-elect, whose salvation and virtuous conduct were, by the very circumstance of non-election, rendered impossible. Some of the Antinomian doctors carried their views so far as to maintain, 'that as the elect cannot fall from grace, nor forfeit the divine favour, so it follows that the wicked actions they commit, and the violations of the divine law with which they are chargeable, are not really sinful, nor are to be considered as instances of their departing from the law of God; and that, consequently, they have no occasion either to confess their sins or to break them off by repentance.' Baxter and Tillotson were among the distinguished opponents of the tenets of this sect.—(See Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History, cent. xvii. chap ii. sect. 23.) Cudworth, in his 'Treatise concerning Eternal and Immutable Morality,' classes with the atheists of antiquity some of his contemporaries, who thought 'that God may command what is contrary to moral rules; that he has no inclination to the good of his creatures; that he may justly doom an innocent being to eternal torments; and that whatever God does will, for that reason is just, because he wills it.' He does not mention, however, by what sect these views were held.

* First Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica, 7th edition, p. 44.

and filled up all their capacity, there is still an immensity of it left without, which cannot enter in for want of room to receive it, and therefore must be apprehended after some other strange and more mysterious manner, namely, by their being plunged into it, and swallowed up or lost in it. To conclude, the Deity is indeed incomprehensible to our finite and imperfect understandings, but not inconceivable; and therefore there is no ground at all for this atheistic pretence to make it a non-entity.

[*Difficulty of Convincing Interested Unbelievers.*]

As for the last chapter, though it promise only a confutation of all the Atheistic grounds, yet we do therein also demonstrate the absolute impossibility of all Atheism, and the actual existence of a God. We say demonstrate, not *a priori*, which is impossible and contradictious, but, by necessary inference, from principles altogether undeniable. For we can by no means grant to the Atheists that there is more than a probable persuasion or opinion to be had of the existence of a God, without any certain knowledge or science. Nevertheless, it will not follow from hence that whosoever shall read these demonstrations of ours, and understand all the words of them, must therefore of necessity be presently convinced, whether he will or no, and put out of all manner of doubt and hesitancy concerning the existence of a God. For we believe that to be true which some have affirmed, that were there any interest of life, any concernment of appetite and passion, against the truth of geometrical theorems themselves, as of a triangle having three angles equal to two right, whereby men's judgments may be clouded and bribed, notwithstanding all the demonstrations of them, many would remain at least sceptical about them.

[*Creation.*]

Because it is undeniably certain, concerning ourselves, and all imperfect beings, that none of these can create any new substance, men are apt to measure all things by their own scantling, and to suppose it universally impossible for any power whatever thus to create. But since it is certain that imperfect beings can themselves produce some things out of nothing pre-existing, as new cogitations, new local motion, and new modifications of things corporeal, it is surely reasonable to think that an absolutely perfect Being can do something more, that is, create new substances, or give them their whole being. And it may well be thought as easy for God, or an Omnipotent Being, to make a whole world, matter and all, as it is for us to create a thought or to move a finger, or for the sun to send out rays, or a candle light; or, lastly, for an opaque body to produce an image of itself in a glass or water, or to project a shadow; all these imperfect things being but the energies, rays, images, or shadows of the Deity. For a substance to be made out of nothing by God, or a Being infinitely perfect, is not for it to be made out of nothing in the impossible sense, because it comes from Him who is all. Nor can it be said to be impossible for anything whatever to be made by that which hath not only infinitely greater perfection, but also infinite active power. It is indeed true, that infinite power itself cannot do things in their own nature impossible; and, therefore, those who deny creation, ought to prove, that it is absolutely impossible for a substance, though not for an accident or modification, to be brought from non-existence into being. But nothing is in itself impossible which does not imply contradiction; and though it be a contradiction to be and not to be at the same time, there is surely no contradiction in conceiving an imperfect being, which before was not, afterwards to be.

DR RICHARD CUMBERLAND.

Dr Richard Cumberland (1632-1718), another learned and amiable divine of the church of England, was raised by King William to the see of Peterborough in 1688. He had previously published, in 1672, a Latin work, *De Legibus Naturæ Disquisitio Philosophica*, &c.; or, 'A Philosophical Inquiry into the Laws of Nature; in which their form, order, promulgation, and obligation, are investigated from the nature of things; and in which, also, the philosophical principles of Hobbes, moral as well as civil, are considered and refuted.' This modest and erudite, but verbose production (of which two English translations have appeared), contains many sound and at that time novel views on moral science, along with others of very doubtful soundness. The laws of nature he deduces from the results of human conduct, regarding that to be commanded by God which conduces to the happiness of man. He wrote also a learned *Essay towards the Recovery of the Jewish Weights and Measures, comprehending their Monies*, and a translation of *Sanchoniatho's Phœnician History*. In the performance of his episcopal duties he displayed a rare degree of activity, moderation, and benevolence. When expostulated with by his friends on account of the great labour which he underwent, he replied, 'I will do my duty as long as I can; a man had better wear out than rust out.' He lived, however, to the advanced age of eighty-six, in the enjoyment of such mental vigour, that he successfully studied the Coptic language only three years before his death.

[*The Tabernacle and Temple of the Jews.*]

The fit measures of the tabernacle and temple, to the uses of the whole nation of the Jews, demonstrate God's early care to settle his people Israel, in the form of one entire national church, under Moses, Aaron, and the other priests, who were general officers for all Israel. The church in the wilderness, mentioned by Saint Stephen (Acts vii. 38), was thus national, and is the first collective body of men called a church in the Scripture language, by a man full of the evangelical spirit.

Synagogues for particular neighbourhoods' convenience, in the public exercise of religion, were introduced long after, by the pious prudence of the national governors of the Jewish church and state, and accordingly were all subordinate to them. It is to be observed, also, that this limited place for public national worship was within their own nation, in the midst of their camp in the wilderness, in their own land in Canaan. No recourse from it to a foreign church by appeals, but all differences finally decided within their own nation, and therein all, even Aaron, although the high priest, and elder brother to Moses, yet was subject to Moses, who was king in Jesurun. By these means all schismatical setting up of one altar against another was prevented; national communion in solemn and decent piety, with perfect charity, was promoted; which being no shadows, but the most substantial concerns of religion, are to be preserved in the gospel times.

Hereby is more evidently proved the magnificence, symmetry, and beauty that was in the structure of the temple; and the liberal maintenance which God provided for the Levites his ministers. For if the cubit by me proposed determine the area both of the temple and of the priests' suburbs (as the Scripture sets them both out by cubits), they must be much longer; and if they were set out by so many shorter cubits (suppose cubits of 18 inches), in such proportion as the squares of these different cubits bear to each other, by the 19th and 20th proposition of

Euclid's 6th book. But the square of these different cubits are in foot measure, which is here more convenient, as 3, 32 to 2, 25; the bigger of which is near half as much more as the less. Therefore the areas of the temple, and of the priests' suburbs, are, according to my measure, near half as big again as they would be if determined by that shorter cubit.

Such greatness of the temple Solomon intimates to the king of Tyre to be requisite, as best suiting with the greatness of God (2 Chronicles ii. 5). This reason alleged by Solomon to a heathen, must be of moral or natural, and therefore perpetual force, continuing to evangelical times; and therefore intimating to us, that even now magnificent and stately buildings are useful means to signify what great and honourable thoughts we have of God, and design to promote in those that come to the places of his public worship. And from God's liberal provision of land in the Levites' suburbs, besides other advantages, we are taught by Saint Paul, that even so those that preach the gospel should live of the gospel (1 Cor. ix. 14).

The fitness, safety, and honour of keeping to the use of such indifferent things, as have been determined by law or custom, is clearly proved by the constancy of Israel's using those measures (although others might be assigned as the Greek or Roman measures, to serve the same ends) from the time of Moses, and probably before, to the captivity and after. And this, notwithstanding they were used by the Egyptians and Canaanites, which altered not their nature in the least. And this instance proves undeniably that such indifferent practices, as the use of the measures, may be highly useful to the greatest moral duties, the public honour of God, and the preservation of justice among them.

The church of England has at no period produced so many great divines as during that to which our attention is at present directed. Barrow, Tillotson, Stillingfleet, Sherlock, and South, who flourished during this era, were not only eminent preachers in their day, but have since continued to stand in the very first rank of excellence as writers on theology.

DR ISAAC BARROW.

Dr Isaac Barrow, the son of a linen-draper of London, was born in 1630, and at school was more remarkable for a love of fighting than for attention to his books. He studied at Cambridge for the church; but perceiving, at the time of the commonwealth, that the ascendency of theological and political opinions different from his own gave him little chance of preferment, he turned his views to the medical profession, and engaged in the study of anatomy, botany, and chemistry. After some time, however, he resumed his theological pursuits, devoting also much attention to mathematics and astronomy. In 1655, having been disappointed in his hopes of obtaining the Greek professorship at Cambridge, he went abroad for several years, during which he visited France, Italy, Smyrna, Constantinople, Germany, and Holland. At the Turkish capital, where he spent twelve months, he studied with great delight the works of St Chrysostom, which were composed in that city. Barrow returned to England in 1659, and in the following year obtained, without opposition, the professorship for which he had formerly been a candidate; to which appointment was added, in 1662, that of professor of geometry in Gresham college, London. Both these he resigned in 1663, on becoming Lucasian professor of mathematics in Cambridge university. After filling the last of these offices with great ability for six years, towards the end of which he published a valuable and profound work on optics, he resolved to devote himself more exclusively to theology, and in 1669 resigned his chair to Isaac Newton. He

Dr Isaac Barrow.

was subsequently appointed one of the royal chaplains; and in 1672 was nominated to the mastership of Trinity college by the king, who observed on the occasion, that 'he had bestowed it on the best scholar in England.' To complete his honours, he was, in 1675, chosen vice-chancellor of the university; but this final appointment he survived only two years, having been cut off by fever in 1677, at the age of forty-six. Dr Barrow was distinguished by scrupulous integrity of character, with great candour, modesty, disinterestedness, and mental serenity. His manners and external aspect were more those of a student than of a man of the world; and he took no pains to improve his looks by attention to dress. On an occasion when he preached before a London audience who did not know him, his appearance on mounting the pulpit made so unfavourable an impression, that nearly the whole congregation immediately left the church. He never was married.

Of his powers and attainments as a mathematician (in which capacity he is accounted inferior to Sir Isaac Newton alone), Barrow has left evidence in a variety of treatises, nearly all of which are in the Latin tongue. It is, however, by his theological works that he is more generally known to the public. These, consisting of sermons—expositions of the Creed, the Lord's prayer, the Decalogue, and the Doctrine of the Sacraments—and treatises on the pope's supremacy and the unity of the church—were published in three folio volumes a few years after his death. His sermons continue in high estimation for depth and copiousness of thought, and nervous though unpolished eloquence. 'As a writer,' says Mr Stewart, 'he is equally distinguished by the redundancy of his matter, and by the pregnant brevity of his expression; but what more peculiarly characterises his manner, is a certain air of powerful and of conscious facility in the execution of whatever he undertakes. Whether the subject be mathematical, metaphysical, or theological, he seems always to bring to it a mind which feels itself superior to the occasion; and which, in contending with the greatest difficulties, "puts forth but half its strength."'* He

* First Preliminary Dissertation to Encyclopædia Britannica, p. 45.

composed with such care, that in general it was not till he had transcribed his sermons three or four times, that their language satisfied him. The length of his discourses was unusually great, seldom less than an hour and a-half being occupied in the delivery. It is recorded, that having occasion to preach a charity sermon before the lord mayor and aldermen of London, he spoke for three hours and a-half; and that when asked, on coming down from the pulpit, whether he was not tired, he replied, 'Yes, indeed, I began to be weary with standing so long.' The influence of the intellectual fertility which this anecdote strikingly illustrates, is seen in the composition of his sermons; for the copiousness of his thoughts seems to overpower him in giving them expression, and in this way is apt to render his sentences parenthetical and involved. Barrow's style is less poetical than that of Jeremy Taylor.

[*The Excellency of the Christian Religion.*]

* * Another peculiar excellency of our religion is, that it prescribes an accurate rule of life, most agreeable to reason and to our nature, most conducive to our welfare and content, tending to procure each man's private good, and to promote the public benefit of all, by the strict observance whereof we bring our human nature to a resemblance of the divine; and we shall also thereby obtain God's favour, oblige and benefit men, and procure to ourselves the conveniences of a sober life, and the pleasure of a good conscience. For if we examine the precepts which respect our duty to God, what can be more just, pleasant, or beneficial to us, than are those duties of piety which our religion enjoins? What is more fit and reasonable, than that we should most highly esteem and honour him, who is most excellent? that we should bear the sincerest affection for him, who is perfect goodness himself, and most beneficial to us? that we should have the most awful dread of him, that is infinitely powerful, holy, and just? that we should be very grateful to him, from whom we received our being, with all the comforts and conveniences of it? that we should entirely trust and hope in him, who can and will do whatever we may in reason expect from his goodness, nor can he ever fail to perform his promises? that we should render all due obedience to him, whose children, servants, and subjects we are? Can there be a higher privilege than to have liberty of access to him, who will favourably hear, and is fully able to supply our wants? Can we desire to receive benefits on easier terms than the asking for them? Can a more gentle satisfaction for our offences be required than confessing of them, repentance, and strong resolutions to amend them? The practice of such a piety, of a service so reasonable, cannot but be of vast advantage to us, as it procures peace of conscience, a comfortable hope, a freedom from all terrors and scruples of mind, from all tormenting cares and anxieties.

And if we consider the precepts by which our religion regulates our carriage and behaviour towards our neighbours and brethren, what can be imagined so good and useful as those which the gospel affords? It enjoins us sincerely and tenderly to love one another; earnestly to desire and delight in each other's good; heartily to sympathise with all the evils and sorrows of our brethren, readily affording them all the help and comfort we are able; willingly to part with our substance, ease, and pleasure, for their benefit and relief; not confining this our charity to particular friends and relations, but, in conformity to the boundless goodness of Almighty God, extending it to all. It requires us mutually to bear with one another's infirmities, mildly to resent and freely remit all injuries; retaining no grudge, nor executing no revenge, but requiting our enemies with good wishes and good deeds. It commands us to be quiet in our stations, diligent in our callings, true in our words, upright in our dealings, observant of our relations, obedient and respectful to our superiors, meek and gentle to our inferiors, modest and lowly, ingenuous and condescending in our conversation, candid in our censures, and innocent, inoffensive, and obliging in our behaviour towards all persons. It enjoins us to root out of our hearts all envy and malice, all pride and haughtiness; to restrain our tongues from all slander, detraction, reviling, bitter and harsh language; not to injure, hurt, or needlessly trouble our neighbour. It engages us to prefer the public good before our own opinion, humour, advantage, or convenience. And would men observe and practise what this excellent doctrine teaches, how sociable, secure, and pleasant a life we might lead! what a paradise would this world then become, in comparison to what it now is?

If we further survey the laws and directions of our religion, with regard to the management of our souls and bodies, we shall also find that nothing could be devised more worthy of us, more agreeable to reason, or more productive of our welfare. It obliges us to preserve unto our reason its natural prerogative and due empire; not to suffer the brutish part to usurp and domineer over us: not to be enslaved to bodily temper, or deluded by vain fancy, to commit that which is unworthy of, or mischievous to us. It enjoins us to have sober and moderate thoughts concerning ourselves, suitable to our total dependence on God, to our natural meanness, weakness, and sinful inclinations; and that we should not be puffed up with self-conceit, or vain confidence in our wealth, honour, and prosperity. It directs us to compose our minds into a calm, serene, and cheerful state; that we should not easily be moved with anger, distracted with care or trouble, nor disturbed with any accident; but that we should learn to be content in every condition, and patiently bear all events that may happen to us. It commands us to restrain our appetites, to be temperate in our enjoyments; to abstain from all irregular pleasures which may corrupt our minds, impair our health, lessen our estate, stain our good name, or prejudice our repose. It doth not prohibit us the use of any creature that is innocent, convenient, or delightful; but indulgeth us a prudent and sober use of them, so as we are thankful to God, whose goodness bestows them. It orders us to sequester our minds from the fading glories, unstable possessions, and vanishing delights of this world; things which are unworthy the attention and affection of an immortal spirit; and that we should fix our thoughts, desires, and endeavours on heavenly and spiritual objects, which are infinitely pure, stable, and durable; not to love the world and the things therein, but to cast all our care on God's providence; not to trust in uncertain riches, but to have our treasure, our heart, hope, and conversation in heaven. And as our religion delivers a most excellent and perfect rule of life, so it chiefly requires from us a rational and spiritual service. The ritual observances it enjoins are in number few, in nature easy to perform, also very reasonable, decent, and useful; apt to instruct us in, and excite us to the practice of our duty. And our religion hath this farther peculiar advantage, that it sets before us a living copy of good practice. Example yields the most compendious instruction, the most efficacious incitement to action; and never was there any example so perfect in itself, so fit for our imitation, as that of our blessed Saviour; intended by him to conduct us through all the parts of duty, especially in those most high and difficult ones, that of charity, self-denial, humility, and patience. His practice was suited to all degrees and capacities of men, and so tempered, that persons of all callings might easily follow him in the paths of righteousness, in the performance of all substantial duties towards

God and man. It is also an example attended with the greatest obligations and inducements to follow it, whether we consider the great excellency and dignity of the person (who was the most holy Son of God), or our manifold relations to him, being our lord and master, our best friend and most gracious redeemer; or the inestimable benefits we have received from him, even redemption from extreme misery, and being put into a capacity of the most perfect happiness; all which are so many potent arguments engaging us to imitate him.

Again, our religion doth not only fully acquaint us with our duty, but, which is another peculiar virtue thereof, it builds the same on the most solid foundation. Indeed, ancient philosophers have highly commended virtue, and earnestly recommended the practice of it; but the grounds on which they laid its praise, and the arguments used to enforce its practice, were very weak; also the principles from whence it was deduced, and the ends they proposed, were poor and mean, if compared with ours. But the Christian doctrine recommends goodness to us not only as agreeable to man's imperfect and fallible reason, but as conformable to the perfect goodness, infallible wisdom, and most holy will of God; and which is enjoined us by this unquestionable authority, as our indispensable duty, and the only way to happiness. The principles from whence it directs our actions are love, reverence, and gratitude to God, good-will to men, and a due regard to our own welfare. The ends which it prescribes are God's honour and the salvation of men; it excites us to the practice of virtue, by reminding us that we shall thereby resemble the supreme goodness, express our gratitude to our great benefactor, discharge our duty to our almighty lord and king; that we shall thereby avoid the wrath and displeasure of God, and certainly obtain his favour, mercy, and every blessing necessary for us; that we shall escape not only the terrors of conscience here, but future endless misery and torment; that we shall procure not only present comfort and peace of mind, but acquire crowns of everlasting glory and bliss. These are the firmest grounds on which virtue can subsist, and the most effectual motives to the embracing of it.

Another peculiar advantage of Christianity, and which no other law or doctrine could ever pretend to, is, that as it clearly teaches and strongly persuades us to so excellent a way of life, so it sufficiently enables us to practise it; without which, such is the frailty of our nature, that all instruction, exhortation, and encouragement would little avail. The Christian law is no dead letter, but hath a quickening spirit attending it. It sounds the ear and strikes the heart of him who sincerely embraces it. To all good men it is a sure guide, and safety from all evil. If our minds are dark or doubtful, it directs us to a faithful oracle, where we may receive counsel and information; if our passions and appetites are unruly and outrageous, if temptations are violent and threaten to overbear us, it leads us to a full magazine, where we may supply ourselves with all proper arms to withstand and subdue them. If our condition is disconsolate or desperate, here we may apply for relief and assistance; for on our earnest seeking and asking, it offers us the wisdom and power of God himself to direct, assist, support, and comfort us in all exigencies. To them who with due fervency and constancy ask it, God hath promised in the gospel to 'grant his Holy Spirit' to direct them in their ways, to admonish them of their duty, to strengthen them in obedience, to secure them from temptations, to support them in affliction. As this is peculiar to our religion, so it is of considerable advantage. For what would the more perfect rule signify, without power to observe, and knowledge to discern it? and how can a creature so ignorant, impotent, and inconstant as man, who is so easily deluded by false appearances, and transported with disorderly passions, know how to conduct himself, without some guide and assistance; or how to prosecute what is good for him, especially in cases of intricacy and difficulty? how can such an one continue in a good state, or recover himself from a bad one, or attain any virtuous habit, did he not apprehend such a friendly power ready on all occasions to guard and defend him? It is this consideration only that can nourish our hope, excite our courage, and quicken our endeavours in religious practice, as it assures us that there is no duty so hard, which, by God's grace, we may not perform, and no enemy so mighty, which, by his help, we cannot conquer; for though we are not able to do anything of ourselves, yet we 'can do all things by Christ that strengthens us.'

Our religion doth further declare, that God is not only reconcilable, but desirous to be our friend, making overtures of grace to us, and offering a full pardon for all crimes we have committed. It assures us, that if we are careful to amend, God will not be extreme to mark what is done amiss; that by our infirmity we often fall, yet by our repentance we may rise again; that our endeavours to please God, though imperfect and defective, yet if serious and sincere, will be accepted by him. This is the tenor of that great covenant between heaven and earth, which the Son of God procured by his intercession, purchased by his wonderful patience and meritorious obedience, ratified and sealed by his blood, published to mankind, and confirmed the truth thereof by many wonderful miracles. Thus is our religion an inestimable benefit and unspeakable comfort to all who sincerely embrace and firmly adhere to it; because it gives ease to their conscience, and encourages them in the practice of their duty.

The last advantage I shall mention, peculiar to the Christian doctrine, is the style and manner of its speech, which is properly accommodated to the capacity of all persons, and worthy the majesty and sincerity of divine truth. It expresseth itself plainly and simply, without any affectation or artifice, ostentation of wit or eloquence. It speaks with an imperious awful confidence, in the strain of a king: its words carrying with them authority and power divine, commanding attention, assent, and obedience; as this you are to believe, this you are to do, on pain of our high displeasure, and at your utmost peril, for even your life and salvation depend thereon. Such is the style and tenor of the Scripture, such as plainly becomes the sovereign Lord of all to use, when he is pleased to proclaim his mind and will to his creatures.

As God is in himself invisible, and that we could not bear the lustre and glory of his immediate presence, if ever he would convincingly signify his will and pleasure to us, it must be by effects of his incommunicable power, by works extraordinary and supernatural; and innumerable such hath God afforded in favour and countenance of our religion; as his clearly predicting the future revelation of this doctrine, by express voices and manifest apparitions from heaven; by frequently suspending the course of natural causes; by remarkable instances of providence; by internal attestations on the minds and consciences of men; by such wonderful means doth God demonstrate that the Christian religion came from him; an advantage peculiar to it, and such as no other institution, except that of the Jews, which was a prelude to it, could ever reasonably pretend to. I hope these considerations will be sufficient to vindicate our religion from all aspersions cast on it by inconsiderate, vain, and dissolute persons, as also to confirm us in the esteem, and excite us to the practice thereof.

And if men of wit would lay aside their prejudices, reason would compel them to confess, that the heavenly

doctrines and laws of Christ, established by innumerable miracles, his completely holy and pure life, his meekness, charity, and entire submission to the will of God, in his death, and his wonderful resurrection from the state of the dead, are most unquestionable evidences of the divinity of his person, of the truth of his gospel, and of the obligation that lies upon us thankfully to accept him for our Redeemer and Saviour, on the gracious terms he has proposed. To love God with all our souls, who is the maker of our beings, and to love our neighbours as ourselves, who bear his image, as they are the sum and substance of the Christian religion, so are they duties fitted to our nature, and most agreeable to our reason. And, therefore, as the obtaining the love, favour, and kindness of God should be the chief and ruling principle in our hearts, the first thing in our consideration, as what ought to govern all the purposes and actions of our lives; so we cannot possibly have more powerful motives to goodness, righteousness, justice, equity, meekness, humility, temperance, and chastity, or greater dissuasives and discouragement from all kinds of sin, than what the Holy Scriptures afford us. If we will fear and reverence God, love our enemies who despitefully use us, and do good in all our capacities, we are promised that our reward shall be very great; that we shall be the children of the Most High, that we shall be inhabitants of the everlasting kingdom of heaven, where there is laid up for us a crown of righteousness, of life, and glory.

[*What is Wit?*]

First it may be demanded what the thing is we speak of is, or what this facetiousness doth import? To which question I might reply as Democritus did to him that asked the definition of a man; 'Tis that which we all see and know.' Any one better apprehends what it is by acquaintance than I can inform him by description. It is indeed a thing so versatile and multiform, appearing in so many shapes, so many postures, so many garbs, so variously apprehended by several eyes and judgments, that it seemeth no less hard to settle a clear and certain notion thereof, than to make a portrait of Proteus, or to define the figure of the fleeting air. Sometimes it lieth in pat allusion to a known story, or in seasonable application of a trivial saying, or in forging an apposite tale; sometimes it playeth in words and phrases, taking advantage from the ambiguity of their sense, or the affinity of their sound. Sometimes it is wrapped in a dress of humorous expression; sometimes it lurketh under an odd similitude; sometimes it is lodged in a sly question, in a smart answer, in a quirkish reason, in a shrewd intimation, in cunningly diverting or cleverly retorting an objection: sometimes it is couched in a bold scheme of speech, in a tart irony, in a lusty hyperbole, in a startling metaphor, in a plausible reconciling of contradictions, or in acute nonsense: sometimes a scenical representation of persons or things, a counterfeit speech, a mimical look or gesture passeth for it: sometimes an affected simplicity, sometimes a presumptuous bluntness, giveth it being: sometimes it riseth only from a lucky hitting upon what is strange; sometimes from a crafty wresting obvious matter to the purpose; often it consists in one knows not what, and springeth up one can hardly tell how. Its ways are unaccountable and inexplicable, being answerable to the numberless rovings of fancy and windings of language. It is, in short, a manner of speaking out of the simple and plain way (such as reason teacheth and proveth things by), which by a pretty surprising uncouthness in conceit or expression doth affect and amuse the fancy, stirring in it some wonder, and breeding some delight thereto. It raiseth admiration, as signifying a nimble sagacity of apprehension, a special felicity of invention, a vivacity of spirit and reach of wit more than vulgar. It seemeth to argue a rare quickness of parts, that one can fetch in remote conceits applicable; a notable skill, that he can dexterously accommodate them to the purpose before him; together with a lively briskness of humour, not apt to damp those sportful flashes of imagination. Whence in Aristotle such persons are termed *epidexioi*, dexterous men; and *eutropoi*, men of facile or versatile manners, who can easily turn themselves to all things, or turn all things to themselves. It also procureth delight, by gratifying curiosity with its rareness or semblance of difficulty; as monsters, not for their beauty, but their rarity: as juggling tricks, not for their use, but their abstruseness, are beheld with pleasure, by diverting the mind from its road of serious thoughts; by instilling gaiety and airiness of spirit; by provoking to such dispositions of spirit in way of emulation or complaisance; and by seasoning matters, otherwise distasteful or insipid, with an unusual and thence grateful tang.

[*Wise Selection of Pleasures.*]

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and to enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious foresight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers: whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavours, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavours, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquillity of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill-grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally mispend our time, and vainly lose our labour, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamoured with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is: present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels enclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colours, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

[*Grief Controlled by Wisdom.*]

Wisdom makes all the troubles, griefs, and pains

incident to life, whether casual adversities or natural afflictions, easy and supportable, by rightly valuing the importance and moderating the influence of them. It suffers not busy fancy to alter the nature, amplify the degree, or extend the duration of them, by representing them more sad, heavy, and remediless than they truly are. It allows them no force beyond what naturally and necessarily they have, nor contributes nourishment to their increase. It keeps them at a due distance, not permitting them to encroach upon the soul, or to propagate their influence beyond their proper sphere.

[*Honour to God.*]

God is honoured by a willing and careful practice of all piety and virtue for conscience' sake, or an avowed obedience to his holy will. This is the most natural expression of our reverence towards him, and the most effectual way of promoting the same in others. A subject cannot better demonstrate the reverence he bears towards his prince, than by (with a cheerful diligence) observing his laws; for by so doing, he declares that he acknowledgeth the authority and revereth the majesty which enacted them; that he approves the wisdom which devised them, and the goodness which designed them for public benefit; that he dreads his prince's power, which can maintain them, and his justice, which will vindicate them; that he relies upon his fidelity in making good what of protection or of recompense he propounds to the observers of them. No less pregnant a signification of our reverence towards God do we yield in our gladly and strictly obeying his laws, thereby evidencing our submission to God's sovereign authority, our esteem of his wisdom and goodness, our awful regard to his power and justice, our confidence in him, and dependence upon his word. The goodliness to the sight, the pleasantness to the taste, which is ever perceptible in those fruits which genuine piety beareth, the beauty men see in a calm mind and a sober conversation, the sweetness they taste from works of justice and charity, will certainly produce veneration to the doctrine that teacheth such things, and to the authority which enjoins them. We shall especially honour God by discharging faithfully those offices which God hath intrusted us with; by improving diligently those talents which God hath committed to us; by using carefully those means and opportunities which God hath vouchsafed us of doing him service and promoting his glory. Thus, he to whom God hath given wealth, if he expend it, not to the nourishment of pride and luxury, not only to the gratifying his own pleasure or humour, but to the furtherance of God's honour, or to the succour of his indigent neighbour, in any pious or charitable way, he doth thereby in a special manner honour God. He also on whom God hath bestowed wit and parts, if he employ them not so much in contriving projects to advance his own petty interests, or in procuring vain applause to himself, as in advantageously setting forth God's praise, handsomely recommending goodness, dexterously engaging men in ways of virtue, he doth thereby remarkably honour God. He likewise that hath honour conferred upon him, if he subordinate it to God's honour, if he use his own credit as an instrument of bringing credit to goodness, thereby adorning and illustrating piety, he by so doing doth eminently practise this duty.

[*The Goodness of God.*]

Wherever we direct our eyes, whether we reflect them inward upon ourselves, we behold his goodness to occupy and penetrate the very root and centre of our beings; or extend them abroad towards the things about us, we may perceive ourselves enclosed wholly, and surrounded with his benefits. At home, we find a comely body framed by his curious artifice, various organs fitly proportioned, situated and tempered for strength, ornament, and motion, actuated by a gentle heat, and invigorated with lively spirits, disposed to health, and qualified for a long endurance; subservient to a soul endued with divers senses, faculties, and powers, apt to inquire after, pursue, and perceive various delights and contents. Or when we contemplate the wonderful works of nature, and, walking about at our leisure, gaze upon this ample theatre of the world, considering the stately beauty, constant order, and sumptuous furniture thereof, the glorious splendour and uniform motion of the heavens, the pleasant fertility of the earth, the curious figure and fragrant sweetness of plants, the exquisite frame of animals, and all other amazing miracles of nature, wherein the glorious attributes of God (especially his transcendent goodness) are most conspicuously displayed (so that by them not only large acknowledgments, but even congratulatory hymns, as it were, of praise, have been extorted from the mouths of Aristotle, Pliny, Galen, and such like men, never suspected guilty of an excessive devotion), then should our hearts be affected with thankful sense, and our lips break forth into his praise.

[*Charity.*]

Is any man fallen into disgrace? charity doth hold down its head, is abashed and out of countenance, partaking of his shame. Is any man disappointed of his hopes or endeavours? charity crieth out, alas! as if it were itself defeated. Is any man afflicted with pain or sickness? charity looketh sadly, it sigheth and groaneth, it fainteth and languisheth with him. Is any man pinched with hard want? charity, if it cannot succour, it will condole. Doth ill news arrive? charity doth hear it with an unwilling ear and a sad heart, although not particularly concerned in it. The sight of a wreck at sea, of a field spread with carcasses, of a country desolated, of houses burnt and cities ruined, and of the like calamities incident to mankind, would touch the bowels of any man; but the very report of them would affect the heart of charity.

[*Concord and Discord.*]

How good and pleasant a thing it is (as David saith) for brethren (and so we are all at least by nature) to live together in unity. How that (as Solomon saith) better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance; how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face over-clouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamour, and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briers, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents than dissonant janglings;

to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health, and have the natural humours consent in moderate temper, than (as it happens in diseases) agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigour of everything requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamour (*oute penthos, oute penos, oute kraugè*, as it is in the Apocalypse) do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content: and how like a savage wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquillity of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying, 'Be on earth peace, and good-will among men.'

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent Maker, gracious Lord, and merciful Preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity; grant us and his whole church, and all his creation, to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

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[*Industry.*]

By industry we understand a serious and steady application of mind, joined with a vigorous exercise of our active faculties, in prosecution of any reasonable, honest, useful design, in order to the accomplishment or attainment of some considerable good; as, for instance, a merchant is industrious who continueth intent and active in driving on his trade for acquiring wealth; a soldier is industrious who is watchful for occasion, and earnest in action towards obtaining the victory; and a scholar is industrious who doth assiduously bend his mind to study for getting knowledge.

Industry doth not consist merely in action, for that is incessant in all persons, our mind being a restless thing, never abiding in a total cessation from thought or from design; being like a ship in the sea, if not steered to some good purpose by reason, yet tossed by the waves of fancy, or driven by the winds of temptation somewhither. But the direction of our mind to some good end, without roving or flinching, in a straight and steady course, drawing after it our active powers in execution thereof, doth constitute industry; the which therefore usually is attended with labour and pain; for our mind (which naturally doth affect variety and liberty, being apt to loathe familiar objects, and to be weary of any constraint) is not easily kept in a constant attention to the same thing; and the spirits employed in thought are prone to flutter and fly away, so that it is hard to fix them; and the corporeal instruments of action being strained to a high pitch, or detained in a tone, will soon feel a lassitude somewhat offensive to nature; whence labour or pain is commonly reckoned an ingredient of industry, and laboriousness is a name signifying it; upon which account this virtue, as involving labour, deserveth a peculiar commendation; it being then most laudable to follow the dictates of reason, when so doing is attended with difficulty and trouble.

Such, in general, I conceive to be the nature of industry, to the practice whereof the following considerations may induce.

1. We may consider that industry doth befit the constitution and frame of our nature, all the faculties of our soul and organs of our body being adapted in a congruity and tendency thereto: our hands are suited for work, our feet for travel, our senses to watch for occasion of pursuing *good* and eschewing evil, our reason to plod and contrive ways of employing the other parts and powers; all these, I say, are formed for action, and that not in a loose and gadding way, or in a slack and remiss degree, but in regard to determinate ends, with vigour requisite to attain them; and especially our appetites do prompt to industry, as inclining to things not attainable without it; according to that aphorism of the wise man, 'The desire of the slothful killeth him, for his hands refuse to labour;' that is, he is apt to desire things which he cannot attain without pains; and not enduring them, he for want thereof doth feel a deadly smart and anguish: wherefore, in not being industrious, we defeat the intent of our Maker, we pervert his work and gifts, we forfeit the use and benefit of our faculties, we are bad husbands of nature's stock.

2. In consequence hereto, industry doth preserve and perfect our nature, keeping it in good tune and temper, improving and advancing it towards its best state. The labour of our mind in attentive meditation and study doth render it capable and patient of thinking upon any object or occasion, doth polish and refine it by use, doth enlarge it by accession of habits, doth quicken and rouse our spirits, dilating and diffusing them into their proper channels. The very labour of our body doth keep the organs of action sound and clean, discussing fogs and superfluous humours, opening passages, distributing nourishment, exciting vital heat; barring the use of it, no good constitution of soul or body can subsist; but a foul rust, a dull numbness, a resty listlessness, a heavy unwieldiness, must seize on us; our spirits will be stifled and choked, our hearts will grow faint and languid, our parts will flag and decay; the vigour of our mind, and the health of our body, will be much impaired.

It is with us as with other things in nature, which by motion are preserved in their native purity and perfection, in their sweetness, in their lustre; rest corrupting, debasing, and defiling them. If the water runneth, it holdeth clear, sweet, and fresh; but stagnation turneth it into a noisome puddle: if the air be fanned by winds, it is pure and wholesome; but from being shut up, it groweth thick and putrid: if metals be employed, they abide smooth and splendid; but lay them up, and they soon contract rust: if the earth be belaboured with culture, it yieldeth corn; but lying neglected, it will be overgrown with brakes and thistles; and the better its soil is, the ranker weeds it will produce: all nature is upheld in its being, order, and state, by constant agitation: every creature is incessantly employed in action conformable to its designed end and use: in like manner the preservation and improvement of our faculties depend on their constant exercise.

JOHN TILLOTSON.

JOHN TILLOTSON (1630-1694) was the son of a clothier at Sowerby, near Halifax, and was brought up to the Calvinistic faith of the Puritans. While

Archbishop Tillotson

studying at Cambridge his early notions were considerably modified by the perusal of Chillingworth's 'Religion of the Protestants' and at the passing of the act of uniformity in 1662, they had become so nearly allied to those of the church of England, that

St Lawrence Church, Jewry

he submitted to the law without hesitation, and accepted a curacy. He very quickly became noted as a preacher, and began to rise in the church. It was as lecturer in St Lawrence church, Jewry, in the city of London, that his sermons first attracted general attention. The importance which he thus acquired he endeavoured to employ in favour of his old associates, the nonconformists, whom he was anxious to bring, like himself, within the pale of the establishment, but his efforts, though mainly perhaps prompted by benevolent feeling, led to nothing but disappointment. Meanwhile, Tillotson had married Miss French, a niece of Oliver Cromwell, by which alliance he became connected with the celebrated Dr Wilkins, the second husband of his wife's mother. This led to his being intrusted with the publication of the works of that prelate after his decease. The moderate principles of Tillotson as a churchman, and his respectable character raised him after the Revolution to the archbishopric of Canterbury, in which situation he exerted himself to remove the abuses that had crept into the church and in particular, manifested a strong desire to abolish non-residence among the clergy. These proceedings and the heterodoxy of some of his views excited much enmity against him, and subjected him to considerable annoyance. He died about three years after being raised to the primacy, leaving his sermons as the sole property with which he was able to endow his widow. On account of his great celebrity as a divine they were purchased by a bookseller for no less than two thousand five hundred guineas; and down to the present time they have continued in high estimation as instructive, rational, perspicuous and impressive discourses. Although the style of Tillotson is frequently careless and languid, his sentences tedious and unmusical, his words ill chosen and unskilfully placed, and his metaphors deficient in dignity, yet there is so much warmth and earnestness in his manner, such purity and clearness of expression, so entire a freedom from the appearance of affectation and art, and so strong an infusion of excellent sense and virtuous feeling, that, in spite of all defects, these sermons must ever be attractive to the admirers of sound practical religion and philosophy. Many detached passages might be quoted, in which important truths are conveyed with admirable force and precision; in the following extracts we shall endeavour to illustrate both the excellences and faults of the works of this eminent divine.

[*Advantage of Truth and Sincerity.*]

Truth and reality have all the advantages of appearance, and many more. If the show of anything be good for anything, I am sure sincerity is better; for why does any man dissemble, or seem to be that which he is not, but because he thinks it good to have such a quality as he pretends to? for to counterfeit and dissemble, is to put on the appearance of some real excellency. Now, the best way in the world for a man to seem to be anything, is really to be what we would seem to be. Besides, that it is many times as troublesome to make good the pretence of a good quality, as to have it, and if a man have it not, it is ten to one but he is discovered to want it, and then all his pains and labour to seem to have it are lost. There is something unnatural in painting, which a skilful eye will easily discern from native beauty and complexion.

It is hard to personate and act a part long, for where truth is not at the bottom, nature will always be endeavouring to return, and will peep out and betray herself one time or other. Therefore, if any man think it convenient to seem good, let him be so indeed, and then his goodness will appear to every body's satisfaction, so that, upon all accounts, sin-

cerity is true wisdom. Particularly as to the affairs of this world, integrity hath many advantages over all the fine and artificial ways of dissimulation and deceit; it is much the plainer and easier, much the safer and more secure way of dealing in the world; it has less of trouble and difficulty, of entanglement and perplexity, of danger and hazard in it; it is the shortest and nearest way to our end, carrying us thither in a straight line, and will hold out and last longest. The arts of deceit and cunning do continually grow weaker, and less effectual and serviceable to them that use them; whereas integrity gains strength by use; and the more and longer any man practiseth it, the greater service it does him, by confirming his reputation, and encouraging those with whom he hath to do to repose the greatest trust and confidence in him, which is an unspeakable advantage in the business and affairs of life.

Truth is always consistent with itself, and needs nothing to help it out; it is always near at hand, and sits upon our lips, and is ready to drop out before we are aware; whereas a lie is troublesome, and sets a man's invention upon the rack, and one trick needs a great many more to make it good. It is like building upon a false foundation, which continually stands in need of props to shore it up, and proves at last more chargeable than to have raised a substantial building at first upon a true and solid foundation; for sincerity is firm and substantial, and there is nothing hollow or unsound in it, and because it is plain and open, fears no discovery; of which the crafty man is always in danger; and when he thinks he walks in the dark, all his pretences are so transparent, that he that runs may read them. He is the last man that finds himself to be found out; and whilst he takes it for granted that he makes fools of others, he renders himself ridiculous.

Add to all this, that sincerity is the most compendious wisdom, and an excellent instrument for the speedy despatch of business; it creates confidence in those we have to deal with, saves the labour of many inquiries, and brings things to an issue in few words; it is like travelling in a plain beaten road, which commonly brings a man sooner to his journey's end than by-ways, in which men often lose themselves. In a word, whatsoever convenience may be thought to be in falsehood and dissimulation, it is soon over; but the inconvenience of it is perpetual, because it brings a man under an everlasting jealousy and suspicion, so that he is not believed when he speaks truth, nor trusted perhaps when he means honestly. When a man has once forfeited the reputation of his integrity, he is set fast, and nothing will then serve his turn, neither truth nor falsehood.

And I have often thought that God hath, in his great wisdom, hid from men of false and dishonest minds the wonderful advantages of truth and integrity to the prosperity even of our worldly affairs. These men are so blinded by their covetousness and ambition, that they cannot look beyond a present advantage, nor forbear to seize upon it, though by ways never so indirect; they cannot see so far as to the remote consequences of a steady integrity, and the vast benefit and advantages which it will bring a man at last. Were but this sort of men wise and clear-sighted enough to discern this, they would be honest out of very knavery, not out of any love to honesty and virtue, but with a crafty design to promote and advance more effectually their own interests; and therefore the justice of the divine providence hath hid this truest point of wisdom from their eyes, that bad men might not be upon equal terms with the just and upright, and serve their own wicked designs by honest and lawful means.

Indeed, if a man were only to deal in the world for a day, and should never have occasion to converse more with mankind, never more need their good opinion or good word, it were then no great matter (speaking as to the concernments of this world) if a man spend his reputation all at once, and ventured it at one throw: but if he be to continue in the world, and would have the advantage of conversation whilst he is in it, let him make use of truth and sincerity in all his words and actions; for nothing but this will last and hold out to the end; all other arts will fail, but truth and integrity will carry a man through, and bear him out to the last.

[*Virtue and Vice Declared by the General Vote of Mankind.*]

God hath shown us what is good by the general vote and consent of mankind. Not that all mankind do agree concerning virtue and vice; but that as to the greater duties of piety, justice, mercy, and the like, the exceptions are but few in comparison, and not enough to infringe a general consent. And of this I shall offer to you this threefold evidence:—

1. That these virtues are generally praised and held in esteem by mankind, and the contrary vices generally reproved and evil spoken of. Now, to praise anything, is to give testimony to the goodness of it; and to censure anything, is to declare that we believe it to be evil. And if we consult the history of all ages, we shall find that the things which are generally praised in the lives of men, and recommended to the imitation of posterity, are piety and devotion, gratitude and justice, humanity and charity; and that the contrary to these are marked with ignominy and reproach: the former are commended even in enemies, and the latter are branded even by those who had a kindness for the persons that were guilty of them; so constant hath mankind always been in the commendation of virtue, and the censure of vice. Nay, we find not only those who are virtuous themselves giving their testimony and applause to virtue, but even those who are vicious; not out of love to goodness, but from the conviction of their own minds, and from a secret reverence they bear to the common consent and opinion of mankind. And this is a great testimony, because it is the testimony of an enemy, extorted by the mere light and force of truth.

And, on the contrary, nothing is more ordinary than for vice to reprove sin, and to hear men condemn the like or the same things in others which they allow in themselves. And this is a clear evidence that vice is generally condemned by mankind; that many men condemn it in themselves; and those who are so kind as to spare themselves, are very quick-sighted to spy a fault in anybody else, and will censure a bad action done by another, with as much freedom and impartiality as the most virtuous man in the world.

And to this consent of mankind about virtue and vice the Scripture frequently appeals. As when it commands us to 'provide things honest in the sight of all men; and by well-doing to put to silence the ignorance of foolish men;' intimating that there are some things so confessedly good, and owned to be such by so general a vote of mankind, that the worst of men have not the face to open their mouths against them. And it is made the character of a virtuous action if it be lovely and commendable, and of good report; *Philip.* iv. 8, 'Whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, make account of these things;' intimating to us, that mankind do generally concur in the praise and commendation of what is virtuous.

2. Men do generally glory and stand upon their innocency when they do virtuously, but are ashamed and out of countenance when they do the contrary. Now, glory and shame are nothing else but an appeal

to the judgment of others concerning the good or evil of our actions. There are, indeed, some such monsters as are impudent in their impieties, but these are but few in comparison. Generally, mankind is modest; the greatest part of those who do evil are apt to blush at their own faults, and to confess them in their countenance, which is an acknowledgment that they are not only guilty to themselves that they have done amiss, but that they are apprehensive that others think so; for guilt is a passion respecting ourselves, but shame regards others. Now, it is a sign of shame that men love to conceal their faults from others, and commit them secretly in the dark, and without witnesses, and are afraid even of a child or a fool; or if they be discovered in them, they are solicitous to excuse and extenuate them, and ready to lay the fault upon anybody else, or to transfer their guilt, or as much of it as they can, upon others. All which are certain tokens that men are not only naturally guilty to themselves when they commit a fault, but that they are sensible also what opinions others have of these things.

And, on the contrary, men are apt to stand upon their justification, and to glory when they have done well. The conscience of a man's own virtue and integrity lifts up his head, and gives him confidence before others, because he is satisfied they have a good opinion of his actions. What a good face does a man naturally set upon a good deed! And how does he sneak when he hath done wickedly, being sensible that he is condemned by others, as well as by himself! No man is afraid of being upbraided for having dealt honestly or kindly with others, nor does he account it any calumny or reproach to have it reported of him that he is a sober and chaste man. No man blusheth when he meets a man with whom he hath kept his word and discharged his trust; but every man is apt to do so when he meets one with whom he has dealt dishonestly, or who knows some notorious crime by him.

3. Vice is generally forbidden and punished by human laws; but against the contrary virtues there never was any law. Some vices are so manifestly evil in themselves, or so mischievous to human society, that the laws of most nations have taken care to discountenance them by severe penalties. Scarce any nation was ever so barbarous as not to maintain and vindicate the honour of their gods and religion by public laws. Murder and adultery, rebellion and sedition, perjury and breach of trust, fraud and oppression, are vices severely prohibited by the laws of most nations—a clear indication what opinion the generality of mankind and the wisdom of nations have always had of these things.

But now, against the contrary virtues there never was any law. No man was ever impeached for 'living soberly, righteously, and godly in this present world'—a plain acknowledgment that mankind always thought them good, and never were sensible of the inconvenience of them; for had they been so, they would have provided against them by laws. This St Paul takes notice of as a great commendation of the Christian virtues—'The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace, long-suffering, gentleness, kindness, fidelity, meekness, temperance; against such there is no law;' the greatest evidence that could be given that these things are unquestionably good in the esteem of mankind, 'against such there is no law.' As if he had said, Turn over the law of Moses, search those of Athens and Sparta, and the twelve tables of the Romans, and those innumerable laws that have been added since, and you shall not in any of them find any of those virtues that I have mentioned condemned and forbidden—a clear evidence that mankind never took any exception against them, but are generally agreed about the goodness of them.

[*Evidence of a Creator in the Structure of the World.*]

How often might a man, after he had jumbled a set of letters in a bag, fling them out upon the ground before they would fall into an exact poem, yea, or so much as make a good discourse in prose! And may not a little book be as easily made by chance, as this great volume of the world? How long might a man be in sprinkling colours upon a canvass with a careless hand, before they could happen to make the exact picture of a man? And is a man easier made by chance than his picture? How long might twenty thousand blind men, which should be sent out from the several remote parts of England, wander up and down before they would all meet upon Salisbury Plains, and fall into rank and file in the exact order of an army? And yet this is much more easy to be imagined, than how the innumerable blind parts of matter should rendezvous themselves into a world.

[*Sin and Holiness.*]

A state of sin and holiness are not like two ways that are just parted by a line, so as a man may step out of the one full into the other; but they are like two ways that lead to very distant places, and consequently are at a good distance from one another; and the farther a man hath travelled in the one, the farther he is from the other; so that it requires time and pains to pass from one to the other.

[*Resolution necessary in forsaking Vice.*]

He that is deeply engaged in vice, is like a man laid fast in a bog, who, by a faint and lazy struggling to get out, does but spend his strength to no purpose, and sinks himself the deeper into it: the only way is, by a resolute and vigorous effort to spring out, if possible, at once. When men are sorely urged and pressed, they find a power in themselves which they thought they had not: like a coward driven up to a wall, who, in the extremity of distress and despair, will fight terribly, and perform wonders; or like a man lame of the gout, who, being assaulted by a present and terrible danger, forgets his disease, and will find his legs rather than lose his life.

[*Singularity.*]

To be singular in anything that is wise, worthy, and excellent, is not a disparagement, but a praise: every man would choose to be thus singular. * * To act otherwise, is just as if a man, upon great deliberation, should rather choose to be drowned than to be saved by a plank or a small boat, or to be carried into the harbour any other way than in a great ship of so many hundred tons.

[*Commencement of a Vicious Course.*]

At first setting out upon a vicious course, men are a little nice and delicate, like young travellers, who at first are offended at every speck of dirt that lights upon them; but after they have been accustomed to it, and have travelled a good while in foul ways, it ceaseth to be troublesome to them to be dashed and bespattered. * *

When we bend a thing at first, it will endeavour to restore itself; but it may be held bent so long, till it will continue so of itself, and grow crooked; and then it may require more force and violence to reduce it to its former straightness than we used to make it crooked at first.

[*The Moral Feelings Instinctive.*]

[God hath discovered our duties to us] by a kind of natural instinct, by which I mean a secret impression

upon the minds of men, whereby they are naturally carried to approve some things as good and fit, and to dislike other things, as having a native evil and deformity in them. And this I call a natural instinct, because it does not seem to proceed so much from the exercise of our reason, as from a natural propension and inclination, like those instincts which are in brute creatures, of natural affection and care toward their young ones. And that these inclinations are precedent to all reason and discourse about them, evidently appears by this, that they do put forth themselves every whit as vigorously in young persons as in those of riper reason; in the rude and ignorant sort of people, as in those who are more polished and refined. For we see plainly that the young and ignorant have as strong impressions of piety and devotion, as true a sense of gratitude, and justice, and pity, as the wiser and more knowing part of mankind. A plain indication, that the reason of mankind is prevented* by a kind of natural instinct and anticipation concerning the good or evil, the comeliness or deformity, of these things. And though this do not equally extend to all the instances of our duty, yet as to the great lines and essential parts of it, mankind hardly need to consult any other oracle than the mere propensions and inclinations of their nature; as, whether we ought to reverence the divine nature, to be grateful to those who have conferred benefits upon us, to speak the truth, to be faithful to our promise, to restore that which is committed to us in trust, to pity and relieve those that are in misery, and in all things to do to others as we would have them do to us.

[*Spiritual Pride.*]

Nothing is more common, and more to be pitied, than to see with what a confident contempt and scornful pity some ill-instructed and ignorant people will lament the blindness and ignorance of those who have a thousand times more true knowledge and skill than themselves, not only in all other things, but even in the practice as well as knowledge of the Christian religion; believing those who do not relish their affected phrases and uncouth forms of speech to be ignorant of the mystery of the gospel, and utter strangers to the life and power of godliness.

[*Education.*]

Such ways of education as are prudently fitted to the particular disposition of children, are like wind and tide together, which will make the work go on amain: but those ways which are applied cross to nature are like wind against tide, which will make a stir and conflict, but a very slow progress.

The principles of religion and virtue must be instilled and dropped into them by such degrees, and in such a measure, as they are capable of receiving them: for children are narrow-mouthed vessels, and a great deal cannot be poured into them at once.

Young years are tender, and easily wrought upon, apt to be moulded into any fashion: they are like moist and soft clay, which is pliable to any form; but soon grows hard, and then nothing is to be made of it.

Great severities do often work an effect quite contrary to that which was intended; and many times those who were bred up in a very severe school hate learning ever after for the sake of the cruelty that was used to force it upon them. So likewise an endeavour to bring children to piety and goodness by unreasonable strictness and rigour, does often beget in them a lasting disgust and prejudice against religion, and teacheth them to hate virtue, at the same time that they teach them to know it.

* The word prevented is here used in the obsolete sense of anticipated.—*Ed.*

EDWARD STILLINGFLEET.

Edward Stillingfleet (1635-1699) distinguished himself in early life by his writings in defence of the doctrines of the church. The title of his principal work is *Origines Sacræ; or a Rational Account of the Grounds of Natural and Revealed Religion.* His abilities and extensive learning caused him to be raised in 1689 to the dignity of bishop of Worcester. Towards the end of his life, he published *A Defence of the Doctrine of the Trinity*, in which some passages in Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding were attacked as subversive of fundamental doctrines of Christianity; but in the controversy which ensued, the philosopher was generally held to have come off victorious. So great was the bishop's chagrin at this result, that it was thought to have hastened his death. The prominent matters of discussion in this controversy were the resurrection of the body and the immateriality of the soul. On these points Locke argued, that although the resurrection of the dead is revealed in Scripture, the re-animation of the identical bodies which inhabited this world is not revealed; and that even if the soul were proved to be material, this would not imply its mortality, since an Omnipotent Creator may, if he pleases, impart the faculty of thinking to matter as well as to spirit. The disputation was carried on by Locke with much more gentleness and good temper than by Stillingfleet, who displayed considerable captiousness and asperity towards his opponent.

Fifty of Stillingfleet's sermons, published after his death, deservedly bear a high character for good sense, sound morality, energy of style, and the knowledge of human nature which they display. Extracts from two of them are subjoined.

[*True Wisdom.*]

That is the truest wisdom of a man which doth most conduce to the happiness of life. For wisdom as it refers to action, lies in the proposal of a right end, and the choice of the most proper means to attain it: which end doth not refer to any one part of a man's life, but to the whole as taken together. He therefore only deserves the name of a wise man, not that considers how to be rich and great when he is poor and mean, nor how to be well when he is sick, nor how to escape a present danger, nor how to compass a particular design; but he that considers the whole course of his life together, and what is fit for him to make the end of it, and by what means he may best enjoy the happiness of it. I confess it is one great part of a wise man never to propose to himself too much happiness here; for whoever doth so is sure to find himself deceived, and consequently is so much more miserable as he fails in his greatest expectations. But since God did not make men on purpose to be miserable, since there is a great difference as to men's conditions, since that difference depends very much on their own choice, there is a great deal of reason to place true wisdom in the choice of those things which tend most to the comfort and happiness of life.

That which gives a man the greatest satisfaction in what he doth, and either prevents, or lessens, or makes him more easily bear the troubles of life, doth the most conduce to the happiness of it. It was a bold saying of Epicurus, 'That it is more desirable to be miserable by acting according to reason, than to be happy in going against it;' and I cannot tell how it can well agree with his notion of felicity: but it is a certain truth, that in the consideration of happiness, the satisfaction of a man's own mind doth weigh down all the external accidents of life. For, suppose a man to have riches and honours as great as Ahasuerus

bestowed on his highest favourite Haman, yet by his sad instance we find that a small discontent, when the mind suffers it to increase and to spread its venom, doth so weaken the power of reason, disorder the passions, make a man's life so uneasy to him, as to precipitate him from the height of his fortune into the depth of ruin. But on the other side, if we suppose a man to be always pleased with his condition, to enjoy an even and quiet mind in every state, being neither lifted up with prosperity nor cast down with adversity, he is really happy in comparison with the other. It is a mere speculation to discourse of any complete happiness in this world; but that which doth either lessen the number, or abate the weight, or take off the malignity of the troubles of life, doth contribute very much to that degree of happiness which may be expected here.

The integrity and simplicity of a man's mind doth all this. In the first place, it gives the greatest satisfaction to a man's own mind. For although it be impossible for a man not to be liable to error and mistake, yet, if he doth mistake with an innocent mind, he hath the comfort of his innocency when he thinks himself bound to correct his error. But if a man prevaricates with himself, and acts against the sense of his own mind, though his conscience did not judge aright at that time, yet the goodness of the leave act, with respect to the rule, will not prevent the sting that follows the want of inward integrity in doing it. 'The backslider in heart,' saith Solomon, 'shall be filled with his own ways, but a good man shall be satisfied from himself.' The doing just and worthy and generous things without any sinister ends and designs, leaves a most agreeable pleasure to the mind, like that of a constant health, which is better felt than expressed. When a man applies his mind to the knowledge of his duty, and when he doth understand it (as it is not hard for an honest mind to do, for, as the oracle answered the servant who desired to know how he might please his master, 'If you will seek it, you will be sure to find it'), sets himself with a firm resolution to pursue it; though the rain falls, and the floods arise, and the winds blow on every side of him, yet he enjoys peace and quiet within, notwithstanding all the noise and blustering abroad; and is sure to hold out after all, because he is founded upon a rock. But take one that endeavours to blind or corrupt or master his conscience, to make it serve some mean end or design; what uneasy reflections hath he upon himself, what perplexing thoughts, what tormenting fears, what suspicions and jealousies do disturb his imagination and rack his mind! What art and pains doth such a one take to be believed honest and sincere! and so much the more, because he doth not believe himself: he fears still he hath not given satisfaction enough, and by overdoing it, is the more suspected. * * Secondly, because integrity doth more become a man, and doth really promote his interest in the world. It is the saying of Dio Chrysostom, a heathen orator, that 'simplicity and truth is a great and wise thing, but cunning and deceit is foolish and mean; for,' saith he, 'observe the beasts: the more courage and spirit they have, the less art and subtilty they use; but the more timorous and ignoble they are, the more false and deceitful.' True wisdom and greatness of mind raises a man above the need of using little tricks and devices. Sincerity and honesty carries one through many difficulties, which all the arts he can invent would never help him through. For nothing doth a man more real mischief in the world than to be suspected of too much craft; because every one stands upon his guard against him, and suspects plots and designs where there are none intended; insomuch that, though he speaks with all the sincerity that is possible, yet nothing he saith can be believed. * * But 'he that walketh uprightly, and worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart,' as the Psalmist describeth the practice of integrity, may possibly meet with such as will be ready to condemn him for hypocrisy at first; but when they find he keeps to a certain rule, and pursues honest designs, without any great regard to the opinion which others entertain concerning him, then all that know him cannot but esteem and value him; his friends love him, and his enemies stand in awe of him. 'The path of the just,' saith the wise man, 'is as the shining light which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.' As the day begins with obscurity and a great mixture of darkness, till by quick and silent motions the light overcomes the mists and vapours of the night, and not only spreads its beams upon the tops of the mountains, but darts them into the deepest and most shady valleys; thus simplicity and integrity may at first appearing look dark and suspicious, till by degrees it breaks through the clouds of envy and detraction, and then shines with a greater glory.

[*Immoderate Self-Love.*]

There is a love of ourselves which is founded in nature and reason, and is made the measure of our love to our neighbour; for we are to love our neighbour as ourselves; and if there were no due love of ourselves, there could be none of our neighbour. But this love of ourselves, which is so consistent with the love of our neighbour, can be no enemy to our peace: for none can live more quietly and peaceably than those who love their neighbours as themselves. But there is a self-love which the Scripture condemns, because it makes men peevish and froward, uneasy to themselves and to their neighbours, filling them with jealousies and suspicions of others with respect to themselves, making them apt to mistrust the intentions and designs of others towards them, and so producing ill-will towards them; and where that hath once got into men's hearts, there can be no long peace with those they bear a secret grudge and ill-will to. The bottom of all is, they have a wonderful value for themselves and those opinions, and notions, and parties, and factions they happen to be engaged in, and these they make the measure of their esteem and love of others. As far as they comply and suit with them, so far they love them, and no farther. If we ask, Cannot good men differ about some things, and yet be good still? Yes. Cannot such love one another notwithstanding such difference? No doubt they ought. Whence comes it, then, that a small difference in opinion is so apt to make a breach in affection? In plain truth it is, every one would be thought to be infallible, if for shame they durst to pretend to it; and they have so good an opinion of themselves, that they cannot bear such as do not submit to them. From hence arise quarrellings and disputings, and ill language, not becoming men or Christians. But all this comes from their setting up themselves and their own notions and practices, which they would make a rule to the rest of the world; and if others have the same opinion of themselves, it is impossible but there must be everlasting clashings and disputings, and from thence falling into different parties and factions; which can never be prevented till they come to more reasonable opinions of themselves, and more charitable and kind towards others.

DR WILLIAM SHERLOCK.*

DR WILLIAM SHERLOCK, dean of St Paul's (1641–1707), acquired in his lifetime an extensive repu-

* This divine is sometimes confounded with his son Thomas Sherlock, successively bishop of Bangor and Salisbury in the reign of George II., and who published numerous sermons which are highly esteemed.

tation, chiefly by his writings in controversial theology, which were deemed somewhat inconsistent with the doctrines of the established church. In particular, he was charged with tritheism, for having, in a *Vindication of the Doctrine of the Holy and Ever-Blessed Trinity*, which he published in 1691, proposed the hypothesis, that 'there were three eternal minds, two of them issuing from the Father, but that they were one by a mutual consciousness in the three to every of their thoughts.' This publication led to a celebrated controversy with Dr South, of which we shall speak in noticing the works of that divine. Sherlock was extremely loyal, and maintained the principle of non-resistance to the fullest extent. His *Practical Discourse Concerning Death*, which appeared in 1690, is one of the most popular theological works in the language. He also wrote a treatise *On the Immortality of the Soul*, in which, while inferring the high probability of a future life from arguments drawn from the light of nature, he maintains that only in revelation can evidence perfectly conclusive be found. From this work is taken the first of the following extracts:—

[*Longing after Immortality.*]

Let us now consider the force of this argument: how far these natural desires of immortality prove that we are by nature immortal. For [say the objectors] is there anything in the world more extravagant than some men's desires are; and is this an argument, that we shall have whatever we desire, because we fondly and passionately, and, it may be, very unreasonably desire it? And therefore, to explain the force of this argument, I shall observe two things; 1st, That all natural passions and appetites are immediately implanted in our nature by God; and, 2dly, That all natural passions have their natural objects.

As for the first, it is certain, as I have already shown at large, that our passions and appetites are the life and sense of the soul, without which it would be dead and stupid, without any principle of vital sensation. For what is life without fear, and love, and hope, and desire, and such like passions, whereby we feel all things else, and feel ourselves? Now, whatever fancies men may have about our notions and ideas, that they may come into our minds from without, and be formed by external impressions, yet no man will be so absurd as to say, that external objects can put a principle of life into us; and then they can create no new passions in us, which are essential to our natures, and must be the work of that God who made us.

And therefore, secondly, every natural desire must have its natural object to answer that desire, or else the desire was made in vain; which is a reproach to our wise Maker, if he have laid a necessity on us of desiring that which is not in nature, and therefore cannot be had. We may as well suppose that God has made eyes without light, or ears without sounds, as that he has implanted any desires in us which he hath made nothing to answer. There is no one example can be given of this in any kind whatsoever; for should any man be so extravagant as to desire to fly in the air, to walk upon the sea, and the like, you would not call these the desires of nature, because our natures are not fitted for them; but all the desires which are founded in nature have their natural objects. And can we then think, that the most natural and most necessary desire of all has nothing to answer it? that nature should teach us above all things to desire immortality, which is not to be had? especially when it is the most noble and generous desire of human nature, that which most of all becomes a reasonable creature to desire; nay, that which is the governing principle of all our actions, and must give laws to all our other passions, desires, and appetites. What a strange creature has God made man, if he deceive him in the most fundamental and most universal principle of action; which makes his whole life nothing else but one continued cheat and imposture!

[*Life not too Short.*]

Such a long life [as that of the antediluvians] is not reconcilable with the present state of the world. What the state of the world was before the flood, in what manner they lived, and how they employed their time, we cannot tell, for Moses has given no account of it; but taking the world as it is, and as we find it, I dare undertake to convince those men, who are most apt to complain of the shortness of life, that it would not be for the general happiness of mankind to have it much longer: for, 1st, The world is at present very unequally divided; some have a large share and portion of it, others have nothing but what they can earn by very hard labour, or extort from other men's charity by their restless importunities, or gain by more ungodly arts. Now, though the rich and prosperous, who have the world at command, and live in ease and pleasure, would be very well contented to spend some hundred years in this world, yet I should think fifty or threescore years abundantly enough for slaves and beggars; enough to spend in hunger and want, in a jail and a prison. And those who are so foolish as not to think this enough, owe a great deal to the wisdom and goodness of God that he does. So that the greatest part of mankind have great reason to be contented with the shortness of life, because they have no temptation to wish it longer.

2dly, The present state of this world requires a more quick succession. The world is pretty well peopled, and is divided amongst its present inhabitants; and but very few, in comparison, as I observed before, have any considerable share in the division. Now, let us but suppose that all our ancestors, who lived a hundred or two hundred years ago, were alive still, and possessed their old estates and honours, what had become of this present generation of men, who have now taken their places, and make as great a show and bustle in the world as they did? And if you look back three, or four, or five hundred years, the case is still so much the worse; the world would be over-peopled; and where there is one poor miserable man now, there must have been five hundred; or the world must have been common, and all men reduced to the same level; which, I believe, the rich and happy people, who are so fond of long life, would not like very well. This would utterly undo our young prodigal heirs, were their hopes of succession three or four hundred years off, who, as short as life is now, think their fathers make very little haste to their graves. This would spoil their trade of spending their estates before they have them, and make them live a dull sober life, whether they would or no; and such a life, I know, they don't think worth having. And therefore, I hope at least they will not make the shortness of their fathers' lives an argument against providence; and yet such kind of sparks as these are commonly the wits that set up for atheism, and, when it is put into their heads, quarrel with everything which they fondly conceive will weaken the belief of a God and a providence, and, among other things, with the shortness of life; which they have little reason to do, when they so often outlive their estates.

3dly. The world is very bad as it is; so bad, that good men scarce know how to spend fifty or threescore years in it; but consider how bad it would probably be, were the life of man extended to six, seven, or eight hundred years. If so near a prospect of the other world, as forty or fifty years, cannot restrain men from the greatest villanies, what would they do if they

could as reasonably suppose death to be three or four hundred years off? If men make such improvements in wickedness in twenty or thirty years, what would they do in hundreds? And what a blessed place then would this world be to live in! We see in the old world, when the life of men was drawn out to so great a length, the wickedness of mankind grew so insufferable, that it repented God he had made man; and he resolved to destroy that whole generation, excepting Noah and his family. And the most probable account that can be given how they came to grow so universally wicked, is the long and prosperous lives of such wicked men, who by degrees corrupted others, and they others, till there was but one righteous family left, and no other remedy left but to destroy them all; leaving only that righteous family as the seed and future hopes of the new world.

And when God had determined in himself, and promised to Noah never to destroy the world again by such an universal destruction, till the last and final judgment, it was necessary by degrees to shorten the lives of men, which was the most effectual means to make them more governable, and to remove bad examples out of the world, which would hinder the spreading of the infection, and people and reform the world again by new examples of piety and virtue. For when there are such quick successions of men, there are few ages but have some great and brave examples, which give a new and better spirit to the world.

[*Advantages of our Ignorance of the Time of Death.*]

For a conclusion of this argument, I shall briefly vindicate the wisdom and goodness of God, in concealing from us the time of our death. This we are very apt to complain of, that our lives are so very uncertain, that we know not to-day but that we may die to-morrow; and we would be mighty glad to meet with any one who would certainly inform us in this matter, how long we are to live. But if we think a little better of it, we shall be of another mind.

For, 1st. Though I presume many of you would be glad to know that you shall certainly live twenty, or thirty, or forty years longer, yet would it be any comfort to know that you must die to-morrow, or some few months, or a year or two hence? which may be your case for ought you know; and this, I believe, you are not very desirous to know; for how would this chill your blood and spirits! How would it overcast all the pleasures and comforts of life! You would spend your days like men under the sentence of death, while the execution is suspended.

Did all men, who must die young, certainly know it, it would destroy the industry and improvements of half mankind, which would half destroy the world, or be an insupportable mischief to human societies; for what man, who knows that he must die at twenty, or five-and twenty, a little sooner or later, would trouble himself with ingenious or gainful arts, or concern himself any more with this world, than just to live so long in it? And yet, how necessary is the service of such men in the world! What great things do they many times do! and what great improvements do they make! How pleasant and diverting is their conversation, while it is innocent! How do they enjoy themselves, and give life and spirit to the graver age! How thin would our schools, our shops, our universities, and all places of education be, did they know how little time many of them were to live in the world! For would such men concern themselves to learn the arts of living, who must die as soon as they have learnt them? Would any father be at a great expense in educating his child, only that he might die with a little Latin and Greek, logic and philosophy? No; half the world must be divided into cloisters and nunneries, and nurseries for the grave.

Well, you'll say, suppose that; and is not this an advantage above all the inconveniences you can think of, to secure the salvation of so many thousands who are now eternally ruined by youthful lusts and vanities, but would spend their days in piety and devotion, and make the next world their only care, if they knew how little while they were to live here?

Right: I grant this might be a good way to correct the heat and extravagances of youth, and so it would be to show them heaven and hell; but God does not think fit to do either, because it offers too much force and violence to men's minds; it is no trial of their virtue, of their reverence for God, of their conquests and victory over this world by the power of faith, but makes religion a matter of necessity, not of choice: now, God will force and drive no man to heaven; the gospel dispensation is the trial and discipline of ingenuous spirits; and if the certain hopes and fears of another world, and the uncertainty of our living here, will not conquer these flattering temptations, and make men seriously religious, as those who must certainly die, and go into another world, and they know not how soon, God will not try whether the certain knowledge of the time of their death will make them religious. That they may die young, and that thousands do so, is reason enough to engage young men to expect death, and prepare for it; if they will venture, they must take their chance, and not say they had no warning of dying young, if they eternally miscarry by their wilful delays.

And besides this, God expects our youthful service and obedience, though we were to live on till old age; that we may die young, is not the proper, much less the only reason, why we should 'remember our Creator in the days of our youth,' but because God has a right to our youthful strength and vigour; and if this will not oblige us to an early piety, we must not expect that God will set death in our view, to fright and terrify us: as if the only design God had in requiring our obedience was, not that we might live like reasonable creatures, to the glory of their Maker and Redeemer, but that we might repent of our sins time enough to escape hell. God is so merciful as to accept of returning prodigals, but does not think fit to encourage us in sin, by giving us notice when we shall die, and when it is time to think of repentance.

2dly. Though I doubt not but that it would be a great pleasure to you to know that you should live till old age, yet consider a little with yourselves, and then tell me, whether you yourselves can judge it wise and fitting for God to let you know this?

I observed to you before, what danger there is in flattering ourselves with the hopes of long life; that it is apt to make us too fond of this world, when we expect to live so long in it; that it weakens the hopes and fears of the next world, by removing it at too great a distance from us; that it encourages men to live in sin, because they have time enough before them to indulge their lusts, and to repent of their sins, and make their peace with God before they die; and if the uncertain hopes of this undoes so many men, what would the certain knowledge of it do? Those who are too wise and considerate to be imposed on by such uncertain hopes, might be conquered by the certain knowledge of a long life.

DR ROBERT SOUTH.

Dr Robert South, reputed as the *wittiest* of English divines, and a man of powerful though somewhat irregular talents, was born at Hackney in 1633, being the son of a London merchant. Having passed through a brilliant career of scholarship at Oxford, until he was elected public orator of the university,

he had an opportunity of attracting the notice of the Earl of Clarendon, when that nobleman was made chancellor, and by him obtained a succession

Dr Robert South.

of good appointments, amongst which was the rectory of Islip in Oxfordshire, where, it is recorded to his honour, he gave his curate the unprecedented salary of a hundred pounds, and spent the remainder of his income in educating poor children, and improving the church and parsonage-house. South was the most enthusiastic among the ultra-loyal divines of the English church at that period, and of course a zealous advocate of passive obedience and

Islip Church.

the divine right of sovereigns. In a sermon preached in Westminster Abbey in 1675, on the *Peculiar Care and Concern of Providence for the Protection and Defence of Kings*, he ascribes the 'absolute subjection' which men yield to royalty to 'a secret work of the divine power, investing sovereign princes with certain marks and rays of that divine image which overawes and controls the spirits of men, they know not how or why. And yet they feel themselves actually wrought upon and kept under by them, and that very frequently against their will. And this is that property which in kings we call majesty.' The positions maintained in this sermon, as summed up at its close, are to the following effect:—Kings are endowed with more than ordinary sagacity and quickness of understanding; they have a singular courage and presence of mind in cases of difficulty; the hearts of men are wonderfully inclined to them; an awe and dread of their persons and authority is imprinted on their people; and, lastly, their hearts are disposed to virtuous courses. Of the old royalists, he speaks thus:—'I look upon the old church of England royalists (which I take to be only another name for a man who prefers his conscience before his interest) to be the best Christians and the most meritorious subjects in the world; as having passed all those terrible tests and trials which conquering domineering malice could put them to, and carried their credit and their conscience clear and triumphant through and above them all, constantly firm and immovable by all that they felt, either from their professed enemies, or their false friends.' And in a sermon preached before Charles II., he speaks of his majesty's father as 'a blessed saint, the justness of whose government left his subjects at a loss for an occasion to rebel: a father to his country, if but for this only, that he was the father of such a son!' During the encroachments upon the church by government in the reign of James II., the loyalty of South caused him to hold his peace, 'and to use no other weapons but prayers and tears for the recovery of his sovereign from the wicked and unadvised counsels wherewith he was entangled.' But when its reputation was attacked by persons uninvested with 'marks and rays of the divine image,' he spared neither argument nor invective. The following sample of his violent declamation will illustrate this remark:—

May the great, the just, and the eternal God, judge between the church of England and those men who have charged it with Popery; who have called the nearest and truest copy of primitive Christianity, superstition; and the most detestable instances of schism and sacrilege, reformation; and, in a word, done all that they could, both from the pulpit and press, to divide, shake, and confound the purest and most apostolically reformed church in the Christian world: and all this, by the venomous gibberish of a few paltry phrases instilled into the minds of the furious, whimsical, ungoverned multitude, who have ears to hear, without either heads or hearts to understand.

For I tell you again, that it was the treacherous cant and misapplication of those words—popery, superstition, reformation, tender conscience, persecution, moderation, and the like, as they have been used by a pack of designing hypocrites (who believed not one word of what they said, and laughed within themselves at those who did), that put this poor church into such a flame heretofore, as burnt it down to the ground, and will infallibly do the same to it again, if the providence of God and the prudence of man does not timely interpose between her and the villanous arts of such incendiaries.

Against the Independents and Presbyterians, South was in the habit of pouring forth unbounded ridicule. He cordially hated these and all other sectaries, and resolutely opposed even the slightest concessions to them on the part of the church, with the

view of effecting an accommodation. His disposition was that of a persecutor, and made him utterly hostile to the toleration act, a measure of which he declares one consequence to be 'certain, obvious, and undeniable; and that is, the vast increase of sects and heresies among us, which, where all restraint is taken off, must of necessity grow to the highest pitch that the devil himself can raise such a Babel to; so that there shall not be one bold ring-leading knave or fool who shall have the confidence to set up a new sect, but shall find proselytes enough to wear his name, and list themselves under his banner; of which the Quakers are a demonstration past dispute. And then, what a vast party of this poor deluded people must of necessity be drawn after these impostors!' He mercilessly satirises the Puritans, a sect of whom he says, 'They ascribed those villanies which were done by the instigation of the devil to the impulse and suggestion of the Holy Spirit.' He speaks in terms equally bitter and unqualified of their long prayers:—

I do not in the least question, but the chief design of such as use the extempore way is to amuse the unthinking rabble with an admiration of their gifts; their whole devotion proceeding from no other principle, but only a love to hear themselves talk. And, I believe, it would put Lucifer himself hard to it, to outvie the pride of one of those fellows pouring out his extempore stuff among his ignorant, whining, factious followers, listening to and applauding his copious flow and cant, with the ridiculous accents of their impertinent groans. And the truth is, extempore prayer, even when best and most dexterously performed, is nothing else but a business of invention and wit (such as it is), and requires no more to it, but a teeming imagination, a bold front, and a ready expression; and deserves much the same commendation (were it not in a matter too serious to be sudden upon) which is due to extempore verses, only with this difference, that there is necessary to those latter a competent measure of wit and learning; whereas the former may be done with very little wit, and no learning at all.

In 1693 Dr South began a most acrimonious and indecent controversy with Dr Sherlock, by publishing *Animadversions* upon that writer's 'Vindication of the Doctrine of the Trinity.' The violence and personality displayed by both parties on this occasion gave just offence to the friends of religion and the church; and at length, after the controversy had raged with unabating violence for some time, the king was induced by the bishops to put an end to it, by ordaining 'that all preachers should carefully avoid all new terms, and confine themselves to such ways of explication as have been commonly used in the church.'

Notwithstanding his intolerant and fiery temper, Dr South was fully conscious of the nature of that Christian spirit in which a clergyman, above all others, ought to act. The third of the following passages in his sermons is but another proof of the trite observation, that men are too frequently unable to reduce to practice the virtuous principles which they really and honestly hold.

[*The Will for the Deed.*]

The third instance in which men used to plead the will instead of the deed, shall be in duties of cost and expense.

Let a business of expensive charity be proposed; and then, as I showed before, that, in matters of labour, the lazy person could find no hands wherewith to work; so neither, in this case, can the religious miser find any hands wherewith to give. It is wonderful to consider how a command or call to be liberal, either upon a civil or religious account, all of a sudden impoverishes the rich, breaks the merchant, shuts up every private man's exchequer, and makes those men in a minute have nothing who, at the very same instant, want nothing to spend. So that, instead of relieving the poor, such a command strangely increases their number, and transforms rich men into beggars presently. For, let the danger of their prince and country knock at their purses, and call upon them to contribute against a public enemy or calamity, then immediately they have nothing, and their riches upon such occasions (as Solomon expresses it) never fail to make themselves wings, and fly away. * *

—— to descend to matters of daily and common occurrence; what is more usual in conversation, than for men to express their unwillingness to do a thing by saying they cannot do it; and for a covetous man, being asked a little money in private charity, to answer that he has none? Which, as it is, if true, a sufficient answer to God and man; so, if false, it is intolerable hypocrisy towards both.

But do men in good earnest think that God will be put off so! or can they imagine that the law of God will be baffled with a lie clothed in a scoff?

For such pretences are no better, as appears from that notable account given us by the apostle of this windy, insignificant charity of the will, and of the worthlessness of it, not enlivened by deeds: (James ii. 15, 16), 'If a brother or a sister be naked, and destitute of daily food, and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace, be ye warmed and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the body; what doth it profit.' Profit, does he say? Why, it profits just as much as fair words command the market, as good wishes buy food and raiment, and pass for current payment in the shops. Come to an old rich professing vulpony, and tell him that there is a church to be built, beautified, or endowed in such a place, and that he cannot lay out his money more to God's honour, the public good, and the comfort of his own conscience, than to bestow it liberally upon such an occasion; and, in answer to this, it is ten to one but you shall be told, 'how much God is for the inward, spiritual worship of the heart; and that the Almighty neither dwells nor delights in temples made with hands, but hears and accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables; and in the homeliest and meanest cottages, as well as in the stateliest and most magnificent churches.' Thus, I say, you are like to be answered. In reply to which, I would have all such sly sanctified cheats (who are so often harping on this string) to know, once for all, that God, who accepts the prayers of his people in dens and caves, barns and stables, when, by his afflicting providence, he has driven them from the appointed places of his solemn worship, so that they cannot have the use of them, will not for all this endure to be served or prayed to by them in such places, nor accept of their barn-worship, nor their hog-stye worship; no, nor yet their parlour or their chamber-worship, where he has given them both wealth and power to build churches. For he that commands us to *worship him in the spirit*, commands us also to *honour him with our substance*. And never pretend that thou hast a heart to pray while thou hast no heart to give, since he that serves Mammon with his estate cannot possibly serve God with his heart. For as in the heathen worship of God, a sacrifice without a heart was accounted ominous, so in the Christian worship of him, a heart without a sacrifice is worthless and impertinent.

And thus much for men's pretences of the will when they are called upon to give upon a religious account; according to which, a man may be well enough said

(as the common word is) to be all heart, and yet the arrantest miser in the world.

But come we now to this rich old pretender to godliness in another case, and tell him that there is such a one, a man of good family, good education, and who has lost all his estate for the king, now ready to rot in prison for debt; come, what will you give towards his release? Why, then answers the will instead of the deed, as much the readier speaker of the two, 'The truth is, I always had a respect for such men; I love them with all my heart; and it is a thousand pities that any that had served the king so faithfully should be in such want.' So say I too, and the more shame is it for the whole nation that they should be so. But still, what will you give? Why, then, answers the man of mouth-charity again, and tells you that 'you could not come in a worse time; that now-a-days money is very scarce with him, and that therefore he can give nothing; but he will be sure to pray for the poor gentleman.'

Ah, thou hypocrite! when thy brother has lost all that ever he had, and lies languishing, and even gasping under the utmost extremities of poverty and distress, dost thou think thus to lick him up again only with thy tongue? Just like that old formal hocus, who denied a beggar a farthing, and put him off with his blessing.

Why, what are the prayers of a covetous wretch worth? what will thy blessing go for? what will it buy? is this the charity that the apostle here, in the text, presses upon the Corinthians?* This the case in which God accepts the willingness of the mind instead of the liberality of the purse? No, assuredly; but the measures that God marks out to thy charity are these: thy superfluities must give place to thy neighbour's great convenience; thy convenience must veil thy neighbour's necessity; and, lastly, thy very necessities must yield to thy neighbour's extremity.

This is the gradual process that must be thy rule; and he that pretends a disability to give short of this, prevaricates with his duty, and evacuates the precept. God sometimes calls upon thee to relieve the needs of thy poor brother, sometimes the necessities of thy country, and sometimes the urgent wants of thy prince: now, before thou flies to the old, stale, usual pretence, that thou canst do none of those things, consider with thyself that there is a God who is not to be flammed off with lies, who knows exactly what thou canst do, and what thou canst not; and consider in the next place, that it is not the best husbandry in the world to be damned to save charges.

[*Ill-natured and Good-natured Men.*]

A staunch resolved temper of mind, not suffering a man to sneak, fawn, cringe, and accommodate himself to all humours, though never so absurd and unreasonable, is commonly branded with, and exposed under the character of, pride, morosity, and ill-nature: an ugly word, which you may from time to time observe many honest, worthy, inoffensive persons, and that of all sorts, ranks, and professions, strangely and unaccountably worried and run down by. And therefore I think I cannot do truth, justice, and common honesty better service, than by ripping up so malicious a cheat, to vindicate such as have suffered by it.

Certain it is that, amongst all the contrivances of malice, there is not a surer engine to pull men down in the good opinion of the world, and that in spite of the greatest worth and innocence, than this imputation of ill-nature; an engine which serves the ends and does the work of pique and envy both effectually and safely. Forasmuch as it is a loose and general charge upon a man, without alleging any particular reason for it from his life or actions; and consequently does the more mischief, because, as a word of course, it passes currently, and is seldom looked into or examined. And, therefore, as there is no way to prove a paradox or false proposition but to take it for granted, so, such as would stab any man's good name with the accusation of ill-nature, do very rarely descend to proofs or particulars. It is sufficient for their purpose that the word sounds odiously, and is believed easily; and that is enough to do any one's business with the generality of men, who seldom have so much judgment or charity as to hear the cause before they pronounce sentence.

But that we may proceed with greater truth, equity, and candour in this case, we will endeavour to find out the right sense and meaning of this terrible confounding word, ill-nature, by coming to particulars.

And here, first, is the person charged with it false or cruel, ungrateful or revengeful? is he shrewd and unjust in his dealings with others? does he regard no promises, and pay no debts? does he profess love, kindness, and respect to those whom, underhand, he does all the mischief to that possibly he can? is he unkind, rude, or niggardly to his friends? Has he shut up his heart and his hand towards the poor, and has no bowels of compassion for such as are in want and misery? is he unsensible of kindnesses done him, and withal careless and backward to acknowledge or requite them? or, lastly, is he bitter and implacable in the prosecution of such as have wronged or abused him?

No; generally none of these ill things (which one would wonder at) are ever meant, or so much as thought of, in the charge of ill-nature; but, for the most part, the clean contrary qualities are readily acknowledged. Ay, but where and what kind of thing, then, is this strange occult quality, called ill-nature, which makes such a thundering noise against such as have the ill luck to be taxed with it?

Why, the best account that I, or any one else, can give of it, is this: that there are many men in the world who, without the least arrogance or self-conceit, have yet so just a value both for themselves and others, as to scorn to flatter, and glaze, to fall down and worship, to lick the spittle and kiss the feet of any proud, swelling, overgrown, domineering huff whatsoever. And such persons generally think it enough for them to show their superiors respect without adoration, and civility without servitude.

Again, there are some who have a certain ill-natured stiffness (forsooth) in their tongue, so as not to be able to applaud and keep pace with this or that self-admiring, vain-glorious Thraso, while he is plunning and praising himself, and telling fulsome stories in his own commendation for three or four hours by the clock, and at the same time reviling and throwing dirt upon all mankind besides.

There is also a sort of odd ill-natured men, whom neither hopes nor fears, frowns nor favours, can prevail upon to have any of the cast, beggarly, forlorn nieces or kinswomen of any lord or grandee, spiritual or temporal, trumped upon them.

To which we may add another sort of obstinate ill-natured persons, who are not to be brought by any one's guilt or greatness to speak or write, or to swear or lie, as they are bidden, or to give up their own consciences in a compliment to those who have none themselves.

And lastly, there are some so extremely ill-natured, as to think it very lawful and allowable for them to be sensible, when they are injured and oppressed, when they are slandered in their own good names, and wronged in their just interests; and, withal, to dare to own what they find and feel, without being such beasts of burden as to bear tamely whatsoever is cast

* 'For if there be first a willing mind, it is accepted according to that a man hath, and not according to that he hath not.'—2 *Cor.* viii. 12.—*Ed.*

upon them; or such spaniels as to lick the foot which kicks them, or to thank the goodly great one for doing them all these back-favours. Now, these and the like particulars are some of the chief instances of that ill-nature which men are more properly said to be guilty of towards their superiors.

But there is a sort of ill-nature, also, that uses to be practised towards equals or inferiors, such as perhaps a man's refusing to lend money to such as he knows will never repay him, and so to straiten and incommode himself, only to gratify a shark. Or possibly the man may prefer his duty and his business before company, and the bettering himself before the humouring of others. Or he may not be willing to spend his time, his health, and his estate, upon a crew of idle, spunging, ungrateful sots, and so to play the prodigal amongst a herd of swine. With several other such unpardonable faults in conversation (as some will have them), for which the fore-mentioned cattle, finding themselves disappointed, will be sure to go grumbling and grunting away, and not fail to proclaim him a morose, ill-conditioned, ill-natured person, in all clubs and companies whatsoever: and so that man's work is done, and his name lies grovelling upon the ground, in all the taverns, brandy-shops, and coffeehouses about the town.

And thus having given you some tolerable account of what the world calls ill-nature, and that both towards superiors and towards equals and inferiors (as it is easy and natural to know one contrary by the other), we may from hence take a true measure of what the world is observed to mean by the contrary character of good-nature, as it is generally bestowed.

And first, when great ones vouchsafe this endearing eulogy to those below them, a good-natured man generally denotes some slavish, glavering, flattering parasite, or hanger-on; one who is a mere tool or instrument; a fellow fit to be sent upon any malicious errand; a setter, or informer, made to creep into all companies; a wretch employed under a pretence of friendship or acquaintance, to fetch and carry, and to come to men's tables to play the Judas there; and, in a word, to do all those mean, vile, and degenerous offices which men of greatness and malice use to engage men of baseness and treachery in.

But then, on the other hand, when this word passes between equals, commonly by a good-natured man is meant either some easy, soft-headed piece of simplicity, who suffers himself to be led by the nose, and wiped of his conveniences by a company of sharping, worthless sycophants, who will be sure to despise, laugh, and droll at him, as a weak empty fellow, for all his ill-placed cost and kindness. And the truth is, if such vermin do not find him empty, it is odds but in a little time they will make him so. And this is one branch of that which some call good-nature (and good-nature let it be); indeed so good, that according to the wise Italian proverb, it is even good for nothing.

Or, in the next place, by a good-natured man is usually meant neither more nor less than a good fellow, a painful, able, and laborious soaker. But he who owes all his good nature to the pot and the pipe, to the jollity and compliances of merry company, may possibly go to bed with a wonderful stock of good nature over-night, but then he will sleep it all away again before the morning.

[*The Glory of the Clergy.*]

God is the fountain of honour, and the conduit by which he conveys it to the sons of men are virtues and generous practices. Some, indeed, may please and promise themselves high matters from full revenues, stately palaces, court interests, and great dependences. But that which makes the clergy glorious, is to be knowing in their profession, unspotted in their lives, active and laborious in their charges, bold and resolute in opposing seducers, and daring to look vice in the face, though never so potent and illustrious. And, lastly, to be gentle, courteous, and compassionate to all. These are our robes and our maces, our escutcheons and highest titles of honour.

[*The Pleasures of Amusement and Industry Compared.*]

Nor is that man less deceived that thinks to maintain a constant tenure of pleasure by a continual pursuit of sports and recreations. The most voluptuous and loose person breathing, were he but tied to follow his hawks and his hounds, his dice and his courtships every day, would find it the greatest torment and calamity that could befall him; he would fly to the mines and galleys for his recreation, and to the spade and the mattock for a diversion from the misery of a continual unintermitted pleasure. But, on the contrary, the providence of God has so ordered the course of things, that there is no action, the usefulness of which has made it the matter of duty and of a profession, but a man may bear the continual pursuit of it without loathing and satiety. The same shop and trade that employs a man in his youth, employs him also in his age. Every morning he rises fresh to his hammer and anvil; he passes the day singing; custom has naturalised his labour to him; his shop is his element, and he cannot with any enjoyment of himself live out of it.

[*Hypocritical Sanctimony.*]

Bodily abstinence, joined with a demure, affected countenance, is often called and accounted piety and mortification. Suppose a man infinitely ambitious, and equally spiteful and malicious; one who poisons the ears of great men by venomous whispers, and rises by the fall of better men than himself; yet if he steps forth with a Friday look and a lenten face, with a blessed Jesu! and a mournful ditty for the vices of the times; oh! then he is a saint upon earth: an Ambrose or an Augustine (I mean not for that earthly trash of book-learning; for, alas! such are above that, or at least that's above them), but for zeal and for fasting, for a devout elevation of the eyes, and a holy rage against other men's sins. And happy those ladies and religious dames characterised in the 2d of Timothy, c. iii. 5, 6, who can have such self-denying, thriving, able men for their confessors! and thrice happy those families where they vouchsafe to take their Friday night's refreshments! thereby demonstrate to the world what Christian abstinence, and what primitive, self-mortifying vigour there is in forbearing a dinner, that they may have the better stomach to their supper. In fine, the whole world stands in admiration of them: fools are fond of them, and wise men are afraid of them; they are talked of, they are pointed out; and, as they order the matter, they draw the eyes of all men after them, and generally something else.

[*Ignorance in Power.*]

We know how great an absurdity our Saviour accounted it for the blind to lead the blind, and to put him that cannot so much as see to discharge the office of a watch. Nothing more exposes to contempt than ignorance. When Samson's eyes were out, of a public magistrate he was made a public sport. And when Eli was blind, we know how well he governed his sons, and how well they governed the church under him. But now the blindness of the understanding is greater and more scandalous, especially in such a seeing age as ours, in which the very knowledge of former times passes but for ignorance in a better

dress; an age that flies at all learning, and inquires into everything, but especially into faults and defects. Ignorance, indeed, so far as it may be resolved into natural inability, is, as to men at least, inculpable, and consequently not the object of scorn, but pity; but in a governor, it cannot be without the conjunction of the highest impudence; for who bid such a one aspire to teach and to govern? A blind man sitting in the chimney-corner is pardonable enough, but sitting at the helm he is intolerable. If men will be ignorant and illiterate, let them be so in private, and to themselves, and not set their defects in a high place, to make them visible and conspicuous. If owls will not be hooted at, let them keep close within the tree, and not perch upon the upper boughs. Solomon built his temple with the tallest cedars; and surely when God refused the defective and the maimed for sacrifice, we cannot think that he requires them for the priesthood. When learning, abilities, and what is excellent in the world forsake the church, we may easily foretell its ruin without the gift of prophecy. And when ignorance succeeds in the place of learning, weakness in the room of judgment, we may be sure heresy and confusion will quickly come in the room of religion.

[*Religion not Hostile to Pleasure.*]

That pleasure is man's chiefest good (because, indeed, it is the perception of good that is properly pleasure), is an assertion most certainly true, though, under the common acceptance of it, not only false, but odious. For, according to this, pleasure and sensuality pass for terms equivalent; and therefore he that takes it in this sense, alters the subject of the discourse. Sensuality is indeed a part, or rather one kind of pleasure, such an one as it is. For pleasure, in general, is the consequent apprehension of a suitable object suitably applied to a rightly disposed faculty; and so must be conversant both about the faculties of the body and of the soul respectively, as being the result of the fruitions belonging to both.

Now, amongst those many arguments used to press upon men the exercise of religion, I know none that are like to be so successful as those that answer and remove the prejudices that generally possess and bar up the hearts of men against it: amongst which there is none so prevalent in truth, though so little owned in pretence, as that it is an enemy to men's pleasures, that it bereaves them of all the sweets of converse, dooms them to an absurd and perpetual melancholy, designing to make the world nothing else but a great monastery; with which notion of religion nature and reason seem to have great cause to be dissatisfied. For since God never created any faculty, either in soul or body, but withal prepared for it a suitable object, and that in order to its gratification, can we think that religion was designed only for a contradiction to nature, and with the greatest and most irrational tyranny in the world, to tantalise and tie men up from enjoyment, in the midst of all the opportunities of enjoyment! to place men with the furious affections of hunger and thirst in the very bosom of plenty, and then to tell them that the envy of Providence has sealed up everything that is suitable under the character of unlawful! For certainly, first to frame appetites fit to receive pleasure, and then to interdict them with a Touch not, taste not, can be nothing else than only to give them occasion to devour and prey upon themselves, and so to keep men under the perpetual torment of an unsatisfied desire; a thing hugely contrary to the natural felicity of the creature, and consequently to the wisdom and goodness of the great Creator.

He, therefore, that would persuade men to religion both with art and efficacy, must found the persuasion of it upon this, that it interferes not with any rational pleasure, that it bids nobody quit the enjoyment of any one thing that his reason can prove to him ought to be enjoyed. 'Tis confessed, when, through the cross circumstances of a man's temper or condition, the enjoyment of a pleasure would certainly expose him to a greater inconvenience, then religion bids him quit it; that is, it bids him prefer the endurance of a lesser evil before a greater, and nature itself does no less. Religion, therefore, entrenches upon none of our privileges, invades none of our pleasures; it may, indeed, sometimes command us to change, but never totally to abjure them.

[*Labour overcomes Apparent Impossibilities.*]

Labour is confessedly a great part of the curse, and therefore no wonder if men fly from it; which they do with so great an aversion, that few men know their own strength for want of trying it, and upon that account think themselves really unable to do many things which experience would convince them they have more ability to effect than they have will to attempt. It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done. The shortest and the surest way to prove a work possible, is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible that for the most part makes it so.

[*Ingratitude an Incurable Vice.*]

As a man tolerably discreet ought by no means to attempt the making of such an one his friend, so neither is he, in the next place, to presume to think that he shall be able so much as to alter or meliorate the humour of an ungrateful person by any acts of kindness, though never so frequent, never so obliging.

Philosophy will teach the learned, and experience may teach all, that it is a thing hardly feasible. For, love such an one, and he shall despise you. Commend him, and, as occasion serves, he shall revile you. Give him, and he shall but laugh at your easiness. Save his life; but, when you have done, look to your own.

The greatest favours to such an one are but the motion of a ship upon the waves; they leave no trace, no sign behind them; they neither soften nor win upon him; they neither melt nor endear him, but leave him as hard, as rugged, and as unconcerned as ever. All kindnesses descend upon such a temper as showers of rain or rivers of fresh water falling into the main sea; the sea swallows them all, but is not at all changed or sweetened by them. I may truly say of the mind of an ungrateful person, that it is kindness-proof. It is impenetrable, unconquerable; unconquerable by that which conquers all things else, even by love itself. Flints may be melted—we see it daily—but an ungrateful heart cannot; no, not by the strongest and the noblest flame. After all your attempts, all your experiments, for anything that man can do, he that is ungrateful will be ungrateful still. And the reason is manifest; for you may remember that I told you that ingratitude sprang from a principle of ill nature: which being a thing founded in such a certain constitution of blood and spirit, as, being born with a man into the world, and upon that account called nature, shall prevent all remedies that can be applied by education, and leaves such a bias upon the mind, as is beforehand with all instruction.

So that you shall seldom or never meet with an ungrateful person, but, if you look backward, and trace him up to his original, you will find that he was born so; and if you could look forward enough, it is a thousand to one but you will find that he also dies so; for you shall never light upon an ill-natured man who was not also an ill-natured child, and gave several testimonies of his being so to discerning persons, long before the use of his reason.

The thread that nature spins is seldom broken off by anything but death. I do not by this limit the operation of God's grace, for that may do wonders: but humanly speaking, and according to the method of the world, and the little correctives supplied by art and discipline, it seldom fails but an ill principle has its course, and nature makes good its blow. And therefore, where ingratitude begins remarkably to show itself, he surely judges most wisely who takes alarm betimes, and, arguing the fountain from the stream, concludes that there is ill-nature at the bottom; and so, reducing his judgment into practice, timely withdraws his frustraneous baffled kindnesses, and sees the folly of endeavouring to stroke a tiger into a lamb, or to court an Ethiopian out of his colour.

DR JOHN WILKINS.

Dr John Wilkins, bishop of Chester (1614-1672), resembled Dr Barrow in the rare union of scientific with theological study. Having sided with the popular party during the civil war, he received, when it proved victorious, the headship of Wadham college, Oxford. While in that situation, he was one of a small knot of university men who used to meet for the cultivation of experimental philosophy as a diversion from the painful thoughts excited by public calamities, and who, after the Restoration, were incorporated by Charles II. under the title of the Royal Society. Of the object of those meetings, Dr Sprat, in his history of the society, gives us the following account. 'It was some space after the end of the civil wars, at Oxford, in Dr Wilkins his lodgings, in Wadham college, which was then the place of resort for virtuous and learned men, that the first meetings were made, which laid the foundation of all this that followed. The university had, at that time, many members of its own, who had begun a free way of reasoning; and was also frequented by some gentlemen of philosophical minds, whom the misfortunes of the kingdom, and the security and ease of a retirement amongst gown-men, had drawn thither. Their first purpose was no more than only the satisfaction of breathing a freer air, and of conversing in quiet with one another, without being engaged in the passions and madness of that dismal age. * * For such a candid and unpassionate company as that was, and for such a gloomy season, what could have been a fitter subject to pitch upon than natural philosophy? To have been always tossing about some theological question, would have been to have made that their private diversion, the excess of which they themselves disliked in the public: to have been eternally musing on civil business, and the distresses of their country, was too melancholy a reflection: it was nature alone which could pleasantly entertain them in that estate. The contemplation of that draws our minds off from the past or present misfortunes, and makes them conquerors over things in the greatest public unhappiness: while the consideration of men, and human affairs, may affect us with a thousand disquiets, that never separates us into mortal factions; that gives us room to differ without animosity, and permits us to raise contrary imaginations upon it, without any danger of a civil war.'*

Having married a sister of Oliver Cromwell in 1656, Dr Wilkins was enabled, by a dispensation from the Protector, to retain his office in Wadham college, notwithstanding a rule which made celibacy imperative on those who held it; but three years afterwards he removed to Cambridge, the headship of Trinity college having been presented to him during the brief government of his wife's nephew, Richard. At the Restoration, he was ejected from this office; but his politics being neither violent nor unaccommodating, the path of advancement did not long remain closed. Having gained the favour of the Duke of Buckingham, he was advanced in 1668, after several intermediate steps, to the see of Chester. According to Bishop Burnet, Dr Wilkins 'was a man of as great mind, as true a judgment, as eminent virtues, and of as good a soul, as any I ever knew. Though he married Cromwell's sister, yet he made no other use of that alliance but to do good offices, and to cover the university of Oxford from the sourness of Owen and Goodwin. At Cambridge, he joined with those who studied to propagate better thoughts, to take men off from being in parties, or from narrow notions, from superstitious conceits and fierceness about opinions. He was also a great observer and promoter of experimental philosophy, which was then a new thing, and much looked after. He was naturally ambitious; but was the wisest clergyman I ever knew. He was a lover of mankind, and had a delight in doing good.' Bishop Wilkins, like his friend and son-in-law Tillotson, and the other moderate churchmen of the day, was an object of violent censure to the high-church party; but fortunately he possessed, as Burnet farther informs us, 'a courage which could stand against a current, and against all the reproaches with which ill-natured clergymen studied to load him.' He wrote several theological and mathematical works; but his most noted performance is one which he published in early life, entitled *The Discovery of a New World; or a Discourse tending to prove that it is probable there may be another Habitable World in the Moon: with a Discourse concerning the Possibility of a Passage thither.* In this ingenious but fantastical treatise, he supports the proposition, 'That it is possible for some of our posterity to find out a conveyance to this other world, and, if there be inhabitants there, to have commerce with them.' He admits, that to be sure this feat has in the present state of human knowledge an air of utter impossibility: yet from this, it is argued, no hostile inference ought to be drawn, seeing that many things formerly supposed impossible have actually been accomplished. 'If we do but consider,' says he, 'by what steps and leisure all arts do usually rise to their growth, we shall have no cause to doubt why this also may not hereafter be found out amongst other secrets. It hath constantly yet been the method of Providence not presently to show us all, but to lead us on by degrees from the knowledge of one thing to another. It was a great while ere the planets were distinguished from the fixed stars; and some time after that ere the morning and evening stars were found to be the same. And in greater space, I doubt not but this also, and other as excellent mysteries, will be discovered.' Though it is evident that the possibility of any event whatsoever might be argued on the same grounds, they seem to have been quite satisfactory to Wilkins, who goes on to discuss the difficulties in the way of accomplishing the aërial journey. After disposing, by means of a tissue of absurd hypotheses, of the obstacles presented by 'the natural heaviness of a man's body,' and 'the extreme coldness and thinness of the ethereal air'—and having made it appear that even a swift journey to the moon would probably occupy a period of six months—he naturally stumbles on the question, 'And how were it possible for any to tarry so long without diet or sleep?'

1. For diet. I suppose there could be no trusting to

* Sprat's History of the Royal Society, pp. 53, 55.

that fancy of Philo the Jew (mentioned before), who thinks that the music of the spheres should supply the strength of food.

Nor can we well conceive how a man should be able to carry so much luggage with him as might serve for his viaticum in so tedious a journey.

2. But if he could, yet he must have some time to rest and sleep in. And I believe he shall scarce find any lodgings by the way. No inns to entertain passengers, nor any castles in the air (unless they be enchanted ones) to receive poor pilgrims or errant knights. And so, consequently, he cannot have any possible hopes of reaching thither.'

The difficulty as to sleep is removed by means of the following ingenious supposition:—'Seeing we do not then spend ourselves in any labour, we shall not, it may be, need the refreshment of sleep. But if we do, we cannot desire a softer bed than the air, where we may repose ourselves firmly and safely as in our chambers.' The necessary supply of food remains, however, to be provided for; and on this subject the author is abundantly amusing. We have room for only a few of his suggestions.

'And here it is considerable, that since our bodies will then be devoid of gravity, and other impediments of motion, we shall not at all spend ourselves in any labour, and so, consequently, not much need the reparation of diet; but may, perhaps, live altogether without it, as those creatures have done who, by reason of their sleeping for many days together, have not spent any spirits, and so not wanted any food, which is commonly related of serpents, crocodiles, bears, cuckoos, swallows, and such like. To this purpose Mendoca reckons up divers strange relations: as that of Epimenides, who is storied to have slept seventy-five years; and another of a rustic in Germany, who, being accidentally covered with a hay-rick, slept there for all the autumn and the winter following without any nourishment.

Or, if this will not serve, yet why may not a Papist fast so long, as well as Ignatius or Xaverius? Or if there be such a strange efficacy in the bread of the Eucharist, as their miraculous relations do attribute to it, why, then, that may serve well enough for their viaticum.

Or, if we must needs feed upon something else, why may not smells nourish us? Plutarch and Pliny, and divers other ancients, tell us of a nation in India that lived only upon pleasing odours. And 'tis the common opinion of physicians, that these do strangely both strengthen and repair the spirits. Hence was it that Democritus was able, for divers days together, to feed himself with the mere smell of hot bread.

Or if it be necessary that our stomachs must receive the food, why, then, it is not impossible that the purity of the ethereal air, being not mixed with any improper vapours, may be so agreeable to our bodies, as to yield us sufficient nourishment.'

The greatest difficulty of all, however, is still unremoved; and that is, By what conveyance are we *to get* to the moon? With what the author says on this point, we shall conclude our extracts from his work.

[*How a Man may Fly to the Moon.*]

If it be here inquired, what means there may be conjectured for our ascending beyond the sphere of the earth's magnetical vigour, I answer, 1. It is not perhaps impossible that a man may be able to fly, by the application of wings to his own body; as angels are pictured, as Mercury and Dædalus are feigned, and as hath been attempted by divers, particularly by a Turk in Constantinople, as Busbequius relates.

2. If there be such a great ruck in Madagascar as Marcus Polus, the Venetian, mentions, the feathers in whose wings are twelve feet long, which can soop up a horse and his rider, or an elephant, as our kites do a mouse; why, then, it is but teaching one of these to carry a man, and he may ride up thither, as Ganymede does upon an eagle.

Or if neither of these ways will serve, yet I do seriously, and upon good grounds, affirm it possible to make a flying chariot, in which a man may sit, and give such a motion unto it, as shall convey him through the air. And this, perhaps, might be made large enough to carry divers men at the same time, together with food for their viaticum, and commodities for traffic. It is not the bigness of anything in this kind that can hinder its motion, if the motive faculty be answerable thereunto. We see a great ship swims as well as a small cork, and an eagle flies in the air as well as a little gnat.

This engine may be contrived from the same principles by which Archytas made a wooden dove, and Regiomontanus a wooden eagle.

I conceive it were no difficult matter (if a man had leisure) to show more particularly the means of composing it.

DR JOHN PEARSON.

Dr Wilkins was succeeded in the see of Chester by another very learned and estimable divine, Dr JOHN PEARSON (1613-1686), who had previously filled a divinity chair at Cambridge, and been master of Trinity college in that university. He published, in 1659, *An Exposition on the Creed*, which Bishop Burnet pronounces to be 'among the best books that our church has produced.' This work has been much admired for the melody of its language, and the clear and methodical way in which the subjects are treated. The author thus illustrates

[*The Resurrection.*]

Beside the principles of which we consist, and the actions which flow from us, the consideration of the things without us, and the natural course of variations in the creature, will render the resurrection yet more highly probable. Every space of twenty-four hours teacheth thus much, in which there is always a revolution amounting to a resurrection. The day dies into a night, and is buried in silence and in darkness; in the next morning it appeareth again and reviveth, opening the grave of darkness, rising from the dead of night; this is a diurnal resurrection. As the day dies into night, so doth the summer into winter: the sap is said to descend into the root, and there it lies buried in the ground; the earth is covered with snow, or crusted with frost, and becomes a general sepulchre; when the spring appeareth, all begin to rise; the plants and flowers peep out of their graves, revive, and grow, and flourish; this is the annual resurrection. The corn by which we live, and for want of which we perish with famine, is notwithstanding cast upon the earth, and buried in the ground, with a design that it may corrupt, and being corrupted, may revive and multiply: our bodies are fed by this constant experiment, and we continue this present life by succession of resurrections. Thus all things are repaired by corrupting, are preserved by perishing, and revive by dying; and can we think that man, the lord of all these things, which thus die and revive for him, should be detained in death as never to live again? Is it imaginable that God should thus restore all things to man, and not restore man to himself? If there were no other consideration, but of the principles of human nature, of the liberty and remunerability of human actions,

and of the natural revolutions and resurrections of other creatures, it were abundantly sufficient to render the resurrection of our bodies highly probable.

We must not rest in this school of nature, nor settle our persuasions upon likelihoods; but as we passed from an apparent possibility into a high presumption and probability, so must we pass from thence unto a full assurance of an infallible certainty. And of this, indeed, we cannot be assured but by the revelation of the will of God; upon his power we must conclude that we may, from his will that we shall, rise from the dead. Now, the power of God is known unto all men, and therefore all men may infer from thence a possibility; but the will of God is not revealed unto all men, and therefore all have not an infallible certainty of the resurrection. For the grounding of which assurance I shall show that God hath revealed the determination of his will to raise the dead, and that he hath not only delivered that intention in his Word, but hath also several ways confirmed the same.

DR THOMAS SPRAT.

Dr Thomas Sprat, bishop of Rochester (1636-1713), is praised by Dr Johnson as 'an author whose pregnancy of imagination and eloquence of language have deservedly set him high in the ranks of literature;'* and although the voice of the literary public has not confirmed so high a eulogium, yet the celebrity of the bishop in his own times, added to the merits of his style, which, though not pre-eminent, are unquestionably great, entitle him to be mentioned among the leading prose writers of this period. At Oxford, where he received his academical education, he studied mathematics under Dr Wilkins, at whose house the philosophical inquirers who originated the Royal Society used at that time to meet. Sprat's intimacy with Wilkins led to his election as a member of the society soon after its incorporation; and in 1667 he published the history of that learned body, with the object of dissipating the prejudice and suspicion with which it was regarded by the public. 'This,' says Dr Johnson, 'is one of the few books which selection of sentiment and elegance of diction have been able to preserve, though written upon a subject flux and transitory. The history of the Royal Society is now read, not with the wish to know what they were then doing, but how their transactions are exhibited by Sprat.'† Previously to this time he had been appointed chaplain to the Duke of Buckingham, whom he is said to have aided in writing the Rehearsal. He was made also chaplain to the king. In these circumstances, ecclesiastical promotion could hardly fail to ensue; and accordingly, after several advancing steps, the see of Rochester was attained in 1684. Next year he served the government by publishing an account of the Ryehouse plot, written by the command of King James. For this work he found it convenient, after the Revolution, to print an apology; and having submitted to the new government, he was allowed, notwithstanding his well-known attachment to the abdicated monarch, to remain unmolested in his bishopric. In 1692, however, he was brought into trouble by a false accusation of joining in a conspiracy for the restoration of James; but after a confinement of eleven days, he clearly proved his innocence. So strong was the impression made by this event upon his mind, that he ever afterwards distinguished the anniversary of his deliverance as a day of thanksgiving. Besides the works already mentioned, Sprat wrote a *Life of Cowley* (1668), prefixed to the works of that poet; besides a volume of *Sermons*, and one or two minor productions. He published also some poems, which, being in the style of Cowley, have long since fallen into neglect, though still to be found in the early collections of English poetry. The qualities which deserve to be admired in his prose style are strength, neatness, smoothness, and precision. It displays but little of that splendour which the eulogy by Dr Johnson induces a reader to expect, though we can by no means agree with Dr Drake in the opinion that it is wanting in vigour. 'They who shall study his pages,' says that writer, 'will find no richness, ardour, or strength in his diction; but, on the contrary, an air of feebleness, and a species of imbecile spruceness, pervading all his productions. They must acknowledge, however, much clearness in his construction, and will probably agree that his cadences are often peculiarly well turned, especially those which terminate his paragraphs, and which sometimes possess a smartness which excites attention.'* In our opinion, it would not be easy to find in any contemporary work a better specimen of what is called the middle style, than the first of the subjoined extracts, forming a portion of Sprat's *History of the Royal Society*. It is difficult to account for the perversity of Lord Orrery, who, after remarking that, 'among our English writers, few men have gained a greater character for elegance and correctness than Sprat,' declares, that 'few men have deserved it less;' and that, 'upon a review of Sprat's works, his language will sooner give you an idea of one of the insignificant tottering boats upon the Thames, than of the smooth noble current of the river itself.'† How far this is true, let the reader judge for himself.

[*View of the Divine Government afforded by Experimental Philosophy.*]

We are guilty of false interpretations of providences and wonders, when we either make those to be miracles that are none, or when we put a false sense on those that are real; when we make general events to have a private aspect, or particular accidents to have some universal signification. Though both these may seem at first to have the strictest appearance of religion, yet they are the greatest usurpations on the secrets of the Almighty, and unpardonable presumptions on his high prerogatives of punishment and reward.

And now, if a moderating of these extravagances must be esteemed profaneness, I profess I cannot absolve the experimental philosopher. It must be granted, that he will be very scrupulous in believing all manner of commentaries on prophetical visions, in giving liberty to new predictions, and in assigning the causes and marking out the paths of God's judgments amongst his creatures.

He cannot suddenly conclude all extraordinary events to be the immediate finger of God; because he familiarly beholds the inward workings of things, and thence perceives that many effects, which use to affright the ignorant, are brought forth by the common instruments of nature. He cannot be suddenly inclined to pass censure on men's eternal condition from any temporal judgments that may befall them; because his long converse with all matters, times, and places, has taught him the truth of what the Scripture says, that 'all things happen alike to all.' He cannot blindly consent to all imaginations of devout men about future contingencies, seeing he is so rigid in examining all particular matters of fact. He cannot

* Johnson's Life of Cowley.

† Life of Sprat.

* Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, &c. i. 69.

† Orrery's Remarks on the Life and Writings of Swift, p. 237. London: 1752.

be forward to assent to spiritual raptures and revelations; because he is truly acquainted with the tempers of men's bodies, the composition of their blood, and the power of fancy, and so better understands the difference between diseases and inspirations.

But in all this he commits nothing that is irreligious. 'Tis true, to deny that God has heretofore warned the world of what was to come, is to contradict the very Godhead itself; but to reject the sense which any private man shall fasten to it, is not to disdain the Word of God, but the opinions of men like ourselves. To declare against the possibility that new prophets may be sent from heaven, is to insinuate that the same infinite Wisdom which once showed itself that way is now at an end. But to slight all pretenders, that come without the help of miracles, is not a contempt of the Spirit, but a just circumspection that the reason of men be not over-reached. To deny that God directs the course of human things, is stupidity; but to hearken to every prodigy that men frame against their enemies, or for themselves, is not to reverence the power of God, but to make that serve the passions, the interests, and revenges of men.

It is a dangerous mistake, into which many good men fall, that we neglect the dominion of God over the world, if we do not discover in every turn of human actions many supernatural providences and miraculous events. Whereas it is enough for the honour of his government, that he guides the whole creation in its wonted course of causes and effects: as it makes as much for the reputation of a prince's wisdom, that he can rule his subjects peaceably by his known and standing laws, as that he is often forced to make use of extraordinary justice to punish or reward.

Let us, then, imagine our philosopher to have all slowness of belief, and rigour of trial, which by some is miscalled a blindness of mind and hardness of heart. Let us suppose that he is most unwilling to grant that anything exceeds the force of nature, but where a full evidence convinces him. Let it be allowed, that he is always alarmed, and ready on his guard, at the noise of any miraculous event, lest his judgment should be surprised by the disguises of faith. But does he by this diminish the authority of ancient miracles? or does he not rather confirm them the more, by confining their number, and taking care that every falsehood should not mingle with them? Can he by this undermine Christianity, which does not now stand in need of such extraordinary testimonies from heaven? or do not they rather endanger it, who still venture its truths on so hazardous a chance, who require a continuance of signs and wonders, as if the works of our Saviour and his apostles had not been sufficient? Who ought to be esteemed the most carnally-minded—the enthusiast that pollutes religion with his own passions, or the experimenter that will not use it to flatter and obey his own desires, but to subdue them? Who is to be thought the greatest enemy of the gospel—he that loads men's faiths by so many improbable things as will go near to make the reality itself suspected, or he that only admits a few arguments to confirm the evangelical doctrines, but then chooses those that are unquestionable? It cannot be an ungodly purpose to strive to abolish all holy cheats, which are of fatal consequence both to the deceivers and those that are deceived: to the deceivers, because they must needs be hypocrites, having the artifice in their keeping; to the deceived, because, if their eyes shall ever be opened, and they chance to find that they have been deluded in any one thing, they will be apt not only to reject that, but even to despise the very truths themselves which they had before been taught by those deluders.

It were, indeed, to be confessed, that this severity of censure on religious things were to be condemned in experimenters, if, while they deny any wonders that are falsely attributed to the true God, they should approve those of idols or false deities. But that is not objected against them. They make no comparison between his power and the works of any others, but only between the several ways of his own manifesting himself. Thus, if they lessen one heap, yet they still increase the other; in the main, they diminish nothing of his right. If they take from the prodigies, they add to the ordinary works of the same Author. And those ordinary works themselves they do almost raise to the height of wonders, by the exact discovery which they make of their excellences; while the enthusiast goes near to bring down the price of the true and primitive miracles, by such a vast and such a negligent augmenting of their number.

By this, I hope, it appears that this inquiring, this scrupulous, this incredulous temper, is not the disgrace, but the honour of experiments. And, therefore, I will declare them to be the most seasonable study for the present temper of our nation. This wild amusing men's minds with prodigies and conceits of providence has been one of the most considerable causes of those spiritual distractions of which our country has long been the theatre. This is a vanity to which the English seem to have been always subject above others. There is scarce any modern historian that relates our foreign wars, but he has this objection against the disposition of our countrymen, that they used to order their affairs of the greatest importance according to some obscure omens or predictions that passed amongst them on little or no foundations. And at this time, especially this last year [1666], this gloomy and ill-boding humour has prevailed. So that it is now the fittest season for experiments to arise, to teach us a wisdom which springs from the depths of knowledge, to shake off the shadows, and to scatter the mists which fill the minds of men with a vain consternation. This is a work well becoming the most Christian profession. For the most apparent effect which attended the passion of Christ, was the putting of an eternal silence on all the false oracles and dissembled inspirations of ancient times.

[*Cowley's Love of Retirement.*]

Upon the king's happy restoration, Mr Cowley was past the fortieth year of his age; of which the greatest part had been spent in a various and tempestuous condition. He now thought he had sacrificed enough of his life to his curiosity and experience. He had enjoyed many excellent occasions of observation. He had been present in many great revolutions, which in that tumultuous time disturbed the peace of all our neighbour states as well as our own. He had nearly beheld all the splendour of the highest part of mankind. He had lived in the presence of princes, and familiarly conversed with greatness in all its degrees, which was necessary for one that would contemn it aright; for to scorn the pomp of the world before a man knows it, does commonly proceed rather from ill manners than a true magnanimity.

He was now weary of the vexations and formalities of an active condition. He had been perplexed with a long compliance to foreign manners. He was satiated with the arts of court; which sort of life, though his virtue had made innocent to him, yet nothing could make it quiet. These were the reasons that moved him to forego all public employments, and to follow the violent inclination of his own mind, which in the greatest throng of his former business had still called upon him, and represented to him the true delights of solitary studies, of temperate pleasures, and of a moderate revenue, below the malice and flatteries of fortune. * *

In his last seven or eight years he was concealed in his beloved obscurity, and possessed that solitude which, from his very childhood, he had always most passionately desired. Though he had frequent invitations to return into business, yet he never gave ear to any persuasions of profit or preferment. His visits to the city and court were very few; his stays in town were only as a passenger, not an inhabitant. The places that he chose for the seats of his declining life were two or three villages on the bank of the Thames. During this recess, his mind was rather exercised on what was to come than what was past; he suffered no more business nor cares of life to come near him than what were enough to keep his soul awake, but not to disturb it. Some few friends and books, a cheerful heart, and innocent conscience, were his constant companions. * *

I acknowledge he chose that state of life, not out of any poetical rapture, but upon a steady and sober experience of human things. But, however, I cannot applaud it in him. It is certainly a great disparagement to virtue and learning itself, that those very things which only make men useful in the world should incline them to leave it. This ought never to be allowed to good men, unless the bad had the same moderation, and were willing to follow them into the wilderness. But if the one shall contend to get out of employment, while the other strive to get into it, the affairs of mankind are like to be in so ill a posture, that even the good men themselves will hardly be able to enjoy their very retreats in security.

DR THOMAS BURNET.

DR THOMAS BURNET (1635–1715), master of the Charter-house in London, and who probably would have succeeded Tillotson as archbishop of Canterbury, had not his heterodoxy stood in the way, acquired great celebrity by the publication of a work entitled *The Sacred Theory of the Earth; containing an Account of the Original of the Earth, and of all the General Changes which it hath already undergone, or is to undergo, till the Consummation of all Things.* The first edition, which was written in Latin, appeared in 1680; but an English translation was published by the author in 1691. In a geological point of view, this treatise is totally worthless, from its want of a basis of ascertained facts: but it abounds in fine composition and magnificent description, and amply deserves perusal as an eloquent and ingenious philosophical romance. The author's attention seems to have been attracted to the subject by the unequal and ragged appearance of the earth's surface, which seemed to indicate the globe to be the ruin of some more regular fabric. He tells that in a journey across the Alps and Apennines, 'the sight of those wild, vast, and indigested heaps of stones and earth did so deeply strike my fancy, that I was not easy till I could give myself some tolerable account how that confusion came in nature.' The theory which he formed was the following:—The globe in its chaotic state was a dark fluid mass, in which the elements of air, water, and earth were blended into one universal compound. Gradually, the heavier parts fell towards the centre, and formed a nucleus of solid matter. Around this floated the liquid ingredients, and over them was the still lighter atmospheric air. By and by, the liquid mass became separated into two layers, by the separation of the watery particles from those of an oily composition, which, being the lighter, tended upwards, and, when hardened by time, became a smooth and solid crust. This was the surface of the antediluvian globe. 'In this smooth earth,' says Burnet, 'were the first scenes of the world, and the first generations of mankind; it had the beauty of youth and blooming nature, fresh and fruitful, and not a wrinkle, scar, or fracture in all its body; no rocks nor mountains, no hollow caves nor gaping channels, but even and uniform all over. And the smoothness of the earth made the face of the heavens so too; the air was calm and serene; none of those tumultuary motions and conflicts of vapours, which the mountains and the winds cause in ours. 'Twas suited to a golden age, and to the first innocency of nature.' By degrees, however, the heat of the sun, penetrating the superficial crust, converted a portion of the water beneath into steam, the expansive force of which at length burst the superincumbent shell, already weakened by the dryness and cracks occasioned by the solar rays. When, therefore, the 'appointed time was come that All-wise Providence had designed for the punishment of a sinful world, the whole fabric brake, and the frame of the earth was torn in pieces, as by an earthquake; and those great portions or fragments into which it was divided fell into the abyss, some in one posture, and some in another.' The waters of course now appeared, and the author gives a fine description of their tumultuous raging, caused by the precipitation of the solid fragments into their bosom. The pressure of such masses falling into the abyss, 'could not but impel the water with so much strength as would carry it up to a great height in the air, and to the top of anything that lay in its way; any eminency, or high fragment whatsoever: and then rolling back again, it would sweep down with it whatsoever it rushed upon — woods, buildings, living creatures—and carry them all headlong into the great gulf. Sometimes a mass of water would be quite struck off and separate from the rest, and tossed through the air like a flying river; but the common motion of the waves was to climb up the hills, or inclined fragments, and then return into the valleys and deeps again, with a perpetual fluctuation going and coming, ascending and descending, till the violence of them being spent by degrees, they settled at last in the places allotted for them; where *bounds are set that they cannot pass over, that they return not again to cover the earth.* * *

Thus the flood came to its height; and it is not easy to represent to ourselves this strange scene of things, when the deluge was in its fury and extremity; when the earth was broken and swallowed up in the abyss, whose raging waters rose higher than the mountains, and filled the air with broken waves, with an universal mist, and with thick darkness, so as nature seemed to be in a second chaos; and upon this chaos rid the distressed ark that bore the small remains of mankind. No sea was ever so tumultuous as this, nor is there anything in present nature to be compared with the disorder of these waters. All the poetry, and all the hyperboles that are used in the description of stormy and raging seas, were literally true in this, if not beneath it. The ark was really carried to the tops of the highest mountains, and into the places of the clouds, and thrown down again into the deepest gulfs; and to this very state of the deluge and of the ark, which was a type of the church in this world, David seems to have alluded in the name of the church (*Psal.* xlii. 7.) "Abyss calls upon abyss at the noise of thy cataracts or water-spouts; all thy waves and billows have gone over me." It was no doubt an extraordinary and miraculous providence that could make a vessel so ill-manned live upon such a sea; that kept it from being dashed against the hills, or overwhelmed in the deeps. That abyss which had devoured and swallowed up whole forests of woods, cities, and provinces, nay, the whole earth, when it had conquered

all, and triumphed over all, could not destroy this single ship. I remember in the story of the Argonautics (*Diod. Argonaut.* l. i. v. 47.), when Jason set out to fetch the golden fleece, the poet saith, all the gods that day looked down from heaven to view the ship, and the nymphs stood upon the mountain-tops to see the noble youth of Thessaly pulling at the oars; we may with more reason suppose the good angels to have looked down upon this ship of Noah's, and that not out of curiosity, as idle spectators, but with a passionate concern for its safety and deliverance. A ship, whose cargo was no less than a whole world; that carried the fortune and hopes of all posterity; and if this had perished, the earth, for anything we know, had been nothing but a desert, a great ruin, a dead heap of rubbish, from the deluge to the conflagration. But death and hell, the grave and destruction, have their bounds.'

We cannot pursue the author into further details, nor analyse the ingenious reasoning by which he endeavours to defend his theory from some of the many insuperable objections which the plainest facts of geology and natural philosophy furnish against it. The concluding part of his work relates to the final conflagration of the world, by which, he supposes, the surface of the new chaotic mass will be restored to smoothness, and 'leave a capacity for another world to rise from it.' Here the style of the author rises into a magnificence worthy of the sublimity of the theme, and he concludes with impressive and appropriate reflections on the transient nature of earthly things. The passage is aptly termed by Addison the author's funeral oration over his globe.

[*The final Conflagration of the Globe.*]

But 'tis not possible, from any station, to have a full prospect of this last scene of the earth, for 'tis a mixture of fire and darkness. This new temple is filled with smoke while it is consecrating, and none can enter into it. But I am apt to think, if we could look down upon this burning world from above the clouds, and have a full view of it in all its parts, we should think it a lively representation of hell itself; for fire and darkness are the two chief things by which that state or that place uses to be described; and they are both here mingled together, with all other ingredients that make that tophet that is prepared of old (*Isaiah* xxx.) Here are lakes of fire and brimstone, rivers of melted glowing matter, ten thousand volcanos vomiting flames all at once, thick darkness, and pillars of smoke twisted about with wreaths of flame, like fiery snakes: mountains of earth thrown up into the air, and the heavens dropping down in lumps of fire. These things will all be literally true concerning that day and that state of the earth. And if we suppose Beelzebub and his apostate crew in the midst of this fiery furnace (and I know not where they can be else), it will be hard to find any part of the universe, or any state of things, that answers to so many of the properties and characters of hell, as this which is now before us.

But if we suppose the storm over, and that the fire hath gotten an entire victory over all other bodies, and subdued everything to itself, the conflagration will end in a deluge of fire, or in a sea of fire, covering the whole globe of the earth; for, when the exterior region of the earth is melted into a fluor, like molten glass or running metal, it will, according to the nature of other fluids, fill all vacuities and depressions, and fall into a regular surface, at an equal distance everywhere from its centre. This sea of fire, like the first abyss, will cover the face of the whole earth, make a kind of second chaos, and leave a capacity for another world to rise from it. But that is not our present business. Let us only, if you please, to take leave of this subject, reflect, upon this occasion, on the vanity and transient glory of all this habitable world; how, by the force of one element breaking loose upon the rest, all the varieties of nature, all the works of art, all the labours of men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another form and face of things, plain, simple, and everywhere the same, overspreads the whole earth. Where are now the great empires of the world, and their great imperial cities? Their pillars, trophies, and monuments of glory? Show me where they stood, read the inscription, tell me the victor's name! What remains, what impressions, what difference or distinction do you see in this mass of fire? Rome itself, eternal Rome, the great city, the empress of the world, whose dominion and superstition, ancient and modern, make a great part of the history of this earth, what is become of her now? She laid her foundations deep, and her palaces were strong and sumptuous: she glorified herself, and lived deliciously, and said in her heart, I sit a queen, and shall see no sorrow. But her hour is come; she is wiped away from the face of the earth, and buried in perpetual oblivion. But it is not cities only, and works of men's hands, but the everlasting hills, the mountains and rocks of the earth, are melted as wax before the sun, and their place is nowhere found. Here stood the Alps, a prodigious range of stone, the load of the earth, that covered many countries, and reached their arms from the ocean to the Black Sea; this huge mass of stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender cloud into rain. Here stood the African mountains, and Atlas with his top above the clouds. There was frozen Caucasus, and Taurus, and Imaus, and the mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the north, stood the Riphæan hills, clothed in ice and snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the snow upon their heads, and swallowed up in a red sea of fire. (Rev. xv. 3.) Great and marvellous are thy works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy ways, thou King of Saints. Hallelujah.

Dr Burnet is led by his subject into the following energetic

[*Rebuke of Human Pride.*]

We must not, by any means, admit or imagine that all nature, and this great universe, was made only for the sake of man, the meanest of all intelligent creatures that we know of; nor that this little planet where we sojourn for a few days, is the only habitable part of the universe: these are thoughts so groundless and unreasonable in themselves, and also so derogatory to the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the First Cause, that as they are absurd in reason, so they deserve far better to be marked and censured for heresies in religion, than many opinions that have been censured for such in former ages. How is it possible that it should enter into the thoughts of vain man to believe himself the principal part of God's creation; or that all the rest was ordained for him, for his service or pleasure! Man, whose follies we laugh at every day, or else complain of them; whose pleasures are vanity, and his passions stronger than his reason; who sees himself every way weak and impotent; hath no power over external nature, little over himself; cannot execute so much as his own good resolutions; mutable, irregular, prone to evil. Surely, if we made the least reflection upon ourselves with impartiality, we should be ashamed of such an arrogant thought. How few of these sons of men, for whom, they say, all things were made, are the sons of wisdom! how few find the paths of life! They spend a few days in folly and sin, and then go down to the regions of death and misery. And is it possible to believe that all nature, and all Providence, are only,

or principally, for their sake? Is it not a more reasonable character or conclusion which the prophet hath made, Surely every man is vanity? Man that comes into the world at the pleasure of another, and goes out by a hundred accidents; his birth and education generally determine his fate here, and neither of those are in his own power; his wit, also, is as uncertain as his fortune; he hath not the moulding of his own brain, however a knock on the head makes him a fool, stupid as the beasts of the field; and a little excess of passion or melancholy makes him worse, mad and frantic. In his best senses he is shallow, and of little understanding; and in nothing more blind and ignorant than in things sacred and divine; he falls down before a stock or a stone, and says, Thou art my God; he can believe nonsense and contradictions, and make it his religion to do so. And is this the great creature which God hath made by the might of his power, and for the honour of his majesty? upon whom all things must wait, to whom all things must be subservient? Methinks, we have noted weaknesses and follies enough in the nature of man: this need not be added as the top and accomplishment, that with all these he is so vain as to think that all the rest of the world was made for his sake.

Figuring to himself the waters of the sea dried up, he thus grandly describes the appearance of

[*The Dry Bed of the Ocean.*]

That vast and prodigious cavity that runs quite round the globe, and reacheth, for ought we know, from pole to pole, and in many places is unsearchably deep—when I present this great gulf to my imagination, emptied of all its waters, naked and gaping at the sun, stretching its jaws from one end of the earth to another, it appears to me the most ghastly thing in nature. What hands or instruments could work a trench in the body of the earth of this vastness, and lay mountains and rocks on the side of it, as ramparts to inclose it? * *

But if we should suppose the ocean dry, and that we looked down from the top of some high cloud upon the empty shell, how horridly and barbarously would it look! And with what amazement should we see it under us like an open hell, or a wide bottomless pit! So deep, and hollow, and vast; so broken and confused; so everyway deformed and monstrous. This would effectually awaken our imagination, and make us inquire and wonder how such a thing came in nature; from what causes, by what force or engines, could the earth be torn in this prodigious manner? Did they dig the sea with spades, and carry out the moulds in hand-baskets? Where are the entrails laid? And how did they cleave the rocks asunder? If as many pioneers as the army of Xerxes had been at work ever since the beginning of the world, they could not have made a ditch of this greatness. According to the proportions taken before in the second chapter, the cavity or capacity of the sea-channel will amount to no less than 4,639,090 cubical miles. Nor is it the greatness only, but that wild and multifarious confusion which we see in the parts and fashion of it, that makes it strange and unaccountable. It is another chaos in its kind; who can paint the scenes of it? Gulfs, and precipices, and cataracts; pits within pits, and rocks under rocks; broken mountains, and ragged islands, that look as if they had been countries pulled up by the roots, and planted in the sea.

Besides his 'Sacred Theory of the Earth,' Burnet wrote a work entitled *Archæologia Philosophica*, giving an account of the opinions of the ancients concerning the nature of things; with the design, as he says, 'to vindicate and give antiquity its due praise, and to show that neither were our ancestors dunces, nor was wisdom or true philosophy born with us.' His opinion of the ancient philosophers, however, seems to have been considerably exalted by his finding in their views some traces of his own favourite theory. In this work he gave much offence to the orthodox, by expressing some free opinions concerning the Mosaic account of the creation, the fall of man, and the deluge; he even considered the narrative of the fall to be an allegorical relation, as many of the fathers had anciently taught. In a posthumous work *On Christian Faith and Duties*, he gives the preference to those parts of Christianity which refer to human conduct over the disputed doctrinal portions. Another posthumous treatise, *On the State of the Dead and Reviving*,* is remarkable as maintaining the finity of hell torments, and the ultimate salvation of the whole human race. It is said that, in consequence of holding these views, Dr Burnet, notwithstanding the patronage of Tillotson, and the favour of King William, was shut out by a combination of his clerical brethren from high ecclesiastical preferment.

DR HENRY MORE.

The last of the divines of the established church whom we shall mention at present is DR HENRY MORE (1614–1687), a very learned cultivator of the Platonic philosophy. He devoted his life to study and religious meditation at Cambridge, and strenuously refused to accept preferment in the church, which would have rendered it necessary for him to leave what he called his paradise. The friends of this recluse philosopher once attempted to decoy him into a bishopric, and got him as far as Whitehall, that he might kiss the king's hand on the occasion; but when told for what purpose they had brought him thither, he refused to move a step farther. Dr More published several works for the promotion of religion and virtue; his moral doctrines are admirable, but some of his views are strongly tinged with mysticism, and grounded on a philosophy which, though considerable attention was paid to it at the time when he lived, has now fallen into general neglect as visionary and absurd. He was one of those who held the opinion that the wisdom of the Hebrews had descended to Pythagoras, and from him to Plato, in the writings of whom and his followers he believed that the true principles of divine philosophy were consequently to be found. For such a theory, it is hardly necessary to remark, there is no good foundation, the account given of Pythagoras's travels into the east being of uncertain authority, and there being no evidence that he had any communication with the Hebrew prophets. Dr More was an enthusiastic and disinterested inquirer after truth, and is celebrated by his contemporaries as a man of uncommon benevolence, purity, and devotion. He once observed to a friend, 'that he was thought by some to have a soft head, but he thanked God he had a soft heart.' Among his visionary notions was the idea that supernatural communications were made to him, under the direction of God, by a particular genius or demon like that of Socrates; that he was unusually gifted with the power of explaining

* The two works mentioned above were originally published in Latin, under the titles *De Fide et Officiis Christianorum*, and *De Statu Mortuorum et Resurgentium*. Both have been translated; though the author, apprehensive of bad consequences from the publication of an English version of the latter, strongly protested, in a note, against its being rendered into the vernacular tongue.

the prophecies of Scripture; and that, when writing on that subject, he was under the guidance of a special providence. He was, moreover, credulous as to apparitions and witchcraft, but in this differed little from many intelligent and learned contemporaries. His works, though now little read, were extremely popular in the latter half of the seventeenth century. The principal of them are, *The Mystery of Godliness*, *The Mystery of Iniquity*, *A Discourse on the Immortality of the Soul*, *Ethical and Metaphysical Manuals*, several treatises against atheism and idolatry, and a dull and tedious poem, entitled *A Platonic Song of the Soul*. The following two stanzas are a favourable specimen of the last-named work:—

[*The Soul and Body.*]

Like to a light fast lock'd in lanthorn dark,
Whereby by night our wary steps we guide
In slabby streets, and dirty channels mark,
Some weaker rays through the black top do glide,
And flusher streams perhaps from horny side.
But when we've pass'd the peril of the way,
Arriv'd at home, and laid that case aside,
The naked light how clearly doth it ray,
And spread its joyful beams as bright as summer's day.

Even so the soul, in this contracted state,
Confin'd to these strait instruments of sense,
More dull and narrowly doth operate;
At this hole hears, the sight must ray from thence,
Here tastes, there smells: but when she's gone from hence,
Like naked lamp she is one shining sphere,
And round about has perfect cognoscence
Whate'er in her horizon doth appear:
She is one orb of sense, all eye, all airy ear.

Of the prose composition of Dr More, the subjoined extracts, the first from his 'Mystery of Godliness,' and the second from 'An Antidote against Atheism,' will serve as specimens:—

[*Devout Contemplation of the Works of God.*]

Whether, therefore, our eyes be struck with that more radiant lustre of the sun, or whether we behold that more placid and calm beauty of the moon, or be refreshed with the sweet breathings of the open air, or be taken up with the contemplation of those pure sparkling lights of the stars, or stand astonished at the gushing downfalls of some mighty river, as that of Nile, or admire the height of some insuperable and inaccessible rock or mountain; or with a pleasant horror and chillness look upon some silent wood, or solemn shady grove; whether the face of heaven smile upon us with a cheerful bright azure, or look upon us with a more sad and minacious countenance, dark pitchy clouds being charged with thunder and lightning to let fly against the earth; whether the air be cool, fresh, and healthful; or whether it be sultry, contagious, and pestilential, so that, while we gasp for life, we are forced to draw in a sudden and inevitable death; whether the earth stand firm, and prove favourable to the industry of the artificer; or whether she threaten the very foundations of our buildings with trembling and tottering earthquakes, accompanied with remugient echoes and ghastly murmurs from below; whatever notable emergencies happen for either good or bad to us, these are the Joves and Vejoves that we worship, which to us are not *many*, but *one God*, who has the only power to save or destroy. And therefore, from whatever part of this magnificent temple of his—the world—he shall send forth his voice, our hearts and eyes are presently directed thitherward with fear, love, and veneration.

[*Nature of the Evidence of the Existence of God.*]

When I say that I will demonstrate that there is a God, I do not promise that I will always produce such arguments that the reader shall acknowledge so strong, as he shall be forced to confess that it is utterly unpossible that it should be otherwise; but they shall be such as shall deserve full assent, and win full assent from any unprejudiced mind.

For I conceive that we may give full assent to that which, notwithstanding, may possibly be otherwise; which I shall illustrate by several examples:—Suppose two men got to the top of Mount Athos, and there viewing a stone in the form of an altar with ashes on it, and the footsteps of men on those ashes, or some words, if you will, as *Optimo Maximo*, or *To agnosto Theo*, or the like, written or scrawled out upon the ashes; and one of them should cry out, Assuredly here have been some men that have done this. But the other, more nice than wise, should reply, Nay, it may possibly be otherwise; for this stone may have naturally grown into this very shape, and the seeming ashes may be no ashes, that is, no remainders of any fuel burnt there; but some unexplicable and unperceptible motions of the air, or other particles of this fluid matter that is active everywhere, have wrought some parts of the matter into the form and nature of ashes, and have fridged and played about so, that they have also figured those intelligible characters in the same. But would not anybody deem it a piece of weakness, no less than dotage, for the other man one whit to recede from his former apprehension, but as fully as ever to agree with what he pronounced first, notwithstanding this bare possibility of being otherwise?

So of anchors that have been digged up, either in plain fields or mountainous places, as also the Roman urns with ashes and inscriptions, as *Severianus Fel. Linus*, and the like, or Roman coins with the effigies and names of the Cæsars on them, or that which is more ordinary, the skulls of men in every churchyard, with the right figure, and all those necessary perforations for the passing of the vessels, besides those conspicuous hollows for the eyes and rows of teeth, the *os stylocides*, *ethocides*, and what not. If a man will say of them, that the motions of the particles of the matter, or some hidden spermatic power, has gendered these, both anchors, urns, coins, and skulls, in the ground, he doth but pronounce that which human reason must admit is possible. Nor can any man ever so demonstrate that those coins, anchors, and urns, were once the artifice of men, or that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, that he shall force an acknowledgment that it is impossible that it should be otherwise. But yet I do not think that any man, without doing manifest violence to his faculties, can at all suspend his assent, but freely and fully agree that this or that skull was once a part of a living man, and that these anchors, urns, and coins, were certainly once made by human artifice, notwithstanding the possibility of being otherwise.

And what I have said of assent is also true in dissent; for the mind of man, not crazed nor prejudiced, will fully and irreconcilably disagree, by its own natural sagacity, where, notwithstanding, the thing that it doth thus resolvedly and undoubtedly reject, no wit of man can prove impossible to be true. As if we should make such a fiction as this—that Archimedes, with the same individual body that he had when the soldiers slew him, is now safely intent upon his geometrical figures under ground, at the centre of the earth, far from the noise and din of this world, that might disturb his meditations, or distract him in his curious delineations he makes with his rod upon the dust; which no man living can prove impossible. Yet if any man does not as irreconcilably dissent from

such a fable as this, as from any falsehood imaginable, assuredly that man is next door to madness or dotage, or does enormous violence to the free use of his faculties.

During the same period, some writers of eminence appeared among those bodies of Protestant Christians who did not conform to the rules of the established church. The most celebrated of these are Baxter, Owen, Calamy, Flavel, Fox, Barclay, Penn, and Bunyan.

RICHARD BAXTER.

RICHARD BAXTER (1615-1691) is generally esteemed the most eminent of the nonconformist

Richard Baxter.

divines of this period. His first employment was that of master of the free school at Dudley, in which town he afterwards became distinguished as a preacher, first in connexion with the established church, and subsequently as a dissenting minister. His labours there are said to have been of marked utility in improving the moral character of the inhabitants, and increasing their respect for religion. Though he sided with parliament during the civil war, he was a zealous advocate of order and regular government both in church and state. When Cromwell usurped the supreme power, Baxter openly expressed his disapprobation, and, in a conference with the Protector, plainly told him that the people of England considered monarchy a blessing, the loss of which they deplored. After the Restoration, he was appointed one of the royal chaplains, but, like Dr Owen, refused a bishopric offered him by Lord Clarendon. During the persecution of the nonconformists, he was occasionally much molested in the performance of his ministerial duties; in 1685, he was, on frivolous grounds, condemned by the infamous Jeffreys for sedition, but by the king's favour obtained a release from the heavy fine imposed upon him on this occasion. Baxter, who was a man of enlarged and liberal views, refrained from joining any of those sects into which the dissenters were split; and he was in consequence generally regarded with suspicion and dislike by the more narrow-minded of them. His character was of course exposed to much obloquy in his lifetime, but is now impartially judged of, posterity having agreed to look upon him as ardently devoted to the cause of piety and good morals, esteeming worth in whatever denomination it was found; and one who, to simplicity of manners, added much sagacity as an observer of human affairs. By many even of his contemporaries his merits were amply acknowledged; and among his friends and admirers he had the honour to reckon Dr Barrow, Bishop Wilkins, and Sir Matthew Hale. Baxter engaged in many controversies, chiefly against the principles of the Antinomians;* but his writings on other subjects are likewise numerous. The remark of one of his biographers, that the works of this industrious author are sufficient to form a library of themselves, is hardly overcharged, for not fewer than one hundred and sixty-eight publications are named in the catalogue of his works. Their contents, which include bodies of practical and theoretical divinity, are of course very various; none of them are now much read, except the practical pieces, especially those entitled *The Saint's Everlasting Rest*, and *A Call to the Unconverted*. The latter was so popular when published, that 20,000 copies are said to have been sold in a single year. His work entitled *The Certainty of the World of Spirits fully evinced by unquestionable Histories of Apparitions and Witchcrafts, Operations, Voices*, &c., is interesting to the curious. Baxter wrote a candid, liberal, and rational *Narrative of the most Memorable Passages of his Life and Times*, which appeared in 1696, a few years after his death. It is highly instructive, and, like Baxter's writings generally, was a favourite book of Dr Johnson. Our character of this production will be fully borne out by the following extracts:—

[*Fruits of Experience of Human Character.*]

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and the ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

[*Baxter's Judgment of his Writings.*]

Concerning almost all my writings, I must confess that my own judgment is, that fewer, well studied and polished, had been better; but the reader who can

* See note, page 425.

safely censure the books, is not fit to censure the author, unless he had been upon the place, and acquainted with all the occasions and circumstances. Indeed, for the 'Saint's Rest,' I had four months' vacancy to write it, but in the midst of continual languishing and medicine; but, for the rest, I wrote them in the crowd of all my other employments, which would allow me no great leisure for polishing and exactness, or any ornament; so that I scarce ever wrote one sheet twice over, nor stayed to make any blots or interlinings, but was fain to let it go as it was first conceived; and when my own desire was rather to stay upon one thing long than run over many, some sudden occasions or other extorted almost all my writings from me; and the apprehensions of present usefulness or necessity prevailed against all other motives; so that the divines which were at hand with me still put me on, and approved of what I did, because they were moved by present necessities as well as I; but those that were far off, and felt not those nearer motives, did rather wish that I had taken the other way, and published a few elaborate writings; and I am ready myself to be of their mind, when I forgot the case that I then stood in, and have lost the sense of former motives. * *

And this token of my weakness so accompanied those my younger studies, that I was very apt to start up controversies in the way of my practical writings, and also more desirous to acquaint the world with all that I took to be the truth, and to assault those books by name which I thought did tend to deceive them, and did contain unsound and dangerous doctrine; and the reason of all this was, that I was then in the vigour of my youthful apprehensions, and the new appearance of any sacred truth, it was more apt to affect me, and be more highly valued, than afterwards, when commonness had dulled my delight; and I did not sufficiently discern then how much, in most of our controversies, is verbal, and upon mutual mistakes. And withal, I knew not how impatient divines were of being contradicted, nor how it would stir up all their powers to defend what they have once said, and to rise up against the truth which is thus thrust upon them, as the mortal enemy of their honour; and I knew not how hardly men's minds are changed from their former apprehensions, be the evidence never so plain. And I have perceived that nothing so much hinders the reception of the truth as urging it on men with too harsh importunity, and falling too heavily on their errors; for hereby you engage their honour in the business, and they defend their errors as themselves, and stir up all their wit and ability to oppose you. In controversies, it is fierce opposition which is the bellows to kindle a resisting zeal; when, if they be neglected, and their opinions lie awhile despised, they usually cool, and come again to themselves. Men are so loath to be drenched with the truth, that I am no more for going that way to work; and, to confess the truth, I am lately much prone to the contrary extreme, to be too indifferent what men hold, and to keep my judgment to myself, and never to mention anything wherein I differ from another on anything which I think I know more than he; or, at least, if he receive it not presently, to silence it, and leave him to his own opinion; and I find this effect is mixed according to its causes, which are some good and some bad. The bad causes are, 1. An impatience of men's weakness, and mistaking forwardness, and self-conceitedness. 2. An abatement of my sensible esteem of truths, through the long abode of them on my mind. Though my judgment value them, yet it is hard to be equally affected with old and common things, as with new and rare ones. The better causes are, 1. That I am much more sensible than ever of the necessity of living upon the principles of religion which we are all agreed in, and uniting in these; and how much mischief men that overvalue their own opinions have done by their controversies in the church; how some have destroyed charity, and some caused schisms by them, and most have hindered godliness in themselves and others, and used them to divert men from the serious prosecuting of a holy life; and, as Sir Francis Bacon saith in his Essay of Peace, 'that it is one great benefit of church peace and concord, that writing controversies is turned into books of practical devotion for increase of piety and virtue.' 2. And I find that it is much more for most men's good and edification, to converse with them only in that way of godliness which all are agreed in, and not by touching upon differences to stir up their corruptions, and to tell them of little more of your knowledge than what you find them willing to receive from you as mere learners; and therefore to stay till they crave information of you. We mistake men's diseases when we think there needeth nothing to cure their errors, but only to bring them the evidence of truth. Alas! there are many distempers of mind to be removed before men are apt to receive that evidence. And, therefore, that church is happy where order is kept up, and the abilities of the ministers command a reverend submission from the hearers, and where all are in Christ's school, in the distinct ranks of teachers and learners; for in a learning way men are ready to receive the truth, but in a disputing way, they come armed against it with prejudice and animosity.

[*Desire of Approbation.*]

I am much less regardful of the approbation of man, and set much lighter by contempt or applause, than I did long ago. I am oft suspicious that this is not only from the increase of self-denial and humility, but partly from my being glutted and surfeited with human applause: and all worldly things appear most vain and unsatisfactory, when we have tried them most. But though I feel that this hath some hand in the effect, yet, as far as I can perceive, the knowledge of man's nothingness, and God's transcendent greatness, with whom it is that I have most to do, and the sense of the brevity of human things, and the nearness of eternity, are the principal causes of this effect; which some have imputed to self-conceitedness and morosity.

[*Change in Baxter's Estimate of his Own and other Men's Knowledge.*]

Heretofore I knew much less than now, and yet was not half so much acquainted with my ignorance. I had a great delight in the daily new discoveries which I made, and of the light which shined in upon me (like a man that cometh into a country where he never was before); but I little knew either how imperfectly I understood those very points whose discovery so much delighted me, nor how much might be said against them, nor how many things I was yet a stranger to: but now I find far greater darkness upon all things, and perceive how very little it is that we know, in comparison of that which we are ignorant of, and have far meaner thoughts of my own understanding, though I must needs know that it is better furnished than it was then.

Accordingly, I had then a far higher opinion of learned persons and books than I have now; for what I wanted myself, I thought every reverend divine had attained and was familiarly acquainted with; and what books I understood not, by reason of the strangeness of the terms or matter, I the more admired, and thought that others understood their worth. But now experience hath constrained me against my will to know, that reverend learned men are imperfect, and know but little as well as I, especially those that think themselves the wisest; and the better I am ac-

quainted with them, the more I perceive that we are all yet in the dark: and the more I am acquainted with holy men, that are all for heaven, and pretend not much to subtilties, the more I value and honour them. And when I have studied hard to understand some abstruse admired book (as *De Scientia Dei*, *De Providentia circa Malum*, *De Decretis*, *De Prædeterminatione*, *De Libertate Creaturæ*,* &c.), I have but attained the knowledge of human imperfection, and to see that the author is but a man as well as I.

And at first I took more upon my author's credit than now I can do; and when an author was highly commended to me by others, or pleased me in some part, I was ready to entertain the whole; whereas now I take and leave in the same author, and dissent in some things from him that I like best, as well as from others.

[*On the Credit due to History.*]

I am much more cautelous in my belief of history than heretofore; not that I run into their extreme, that will believe nothing because they cannot believe all things. But I am abundantly satisfied by the experience of this age, that there is no believing two sorts of men, ungodly men and partial men; though an honest heathen, of no religion, may be believed, where enmity against religion biasseth him not; yet a debauched Christian, besides his enmity to the power and practice of his own religion, is seldom without some further bias of interest or faction; especially when these concur, and a man is both ungodly and ambitious, espousing an interest contrary to a holy heavenly life, and also factious, embodying himself with a sect or party suited to his spirit and designs; there is no believing his word or oath. If you read any man partially bitter against others, as differing from him in opinion, or as cross to his greatness, interest, or designs, take heed how you believe any more than the historical evidence, distinct from his word, compelleth you to believe. The prodigious lies which have been published in this age in matters of fact, with unblushing confidence, even where thousands or multitudes of eye and ear-witnesses knew all to be false, doth call men to take heed what history they believe, especially where power and violence affordeth that privilege to the reporter, that no man dare answer him, or detect his fraud; or if they do, their writings are all suppressed. As long as men have liberty to examine and contradict one another, one may partly conjecture, by comparing their words, on which side the truth is like to lie. But when great men write history, or flatterers by their appointment, which no man dare contradict, believe it but as you are constrained. Yet, in these cases, I can freely believe history: 1. If the person show that he is acquainted with what he saith. 2. And if he show you the evidences of honesty and conscience, and the fear of God (which may be much perceived in the spirit of a writing). 3. If he appear to be impartial and charitable, and a lover of goodness and of mankind, and not possessed of malignity, or personal ill-will and malice, nor carried away by faction or personal interest. Conscionable men dare not lie: but faction and interest abate men's tenderness of conscience. And a charitable impartial heathen may speak truth in a love to truth, and hatred of a lie; but ambitious malice and false religion will not stick to serve themselves on any thing. * * Sure I am, that as the lies of the Papists, of Luther, Zwinglius, Calvin, and Beza, are visibly malicious and impudent, by the common plenary contradicting evidence, and yet the multitude of their seduced ones believe them all, in despite of truth and charity; so in this age there have been such things written against parties and persons, whom the writers design to make odious, so notoriously false, as you would think, that the sense of their honour, at least, should have made it impossible for such men to write. My own eyes have read such words and actions asserted with most vehement, iterated, unblushing confidence, which abundance of ear-witnesses, even of their own parties, must needs know to have been altogether false: and therefore having myself now written this history of myself, notwithstanding my protestation that I have not in anything wilfully gone against the truth, I expect no more credit from the reader than the self-evidencing light of the matter, with concurrent rational advantages from persons, and things, and other witnesses, shall constrain him to, if he be a person that is unacquainted with the author himself, and the other evidences of his veracity and credibility.

[*Character of Sir Matthew Hale.*]

He was a man of no quick utterance, but spake with great reason. He was most precisely just; insomuch that, I believe, he would have lost all he had in the world rather than do an unjust act. Patient in hearing the most tedious speech which any man had to make for himself. The pillar of justice, the refuge of the subject who feared oppression, and one of the greatest honours of his majesty's government; for, with some other upright judges, he upheld the honour of the English nation, that it fell not into the reproach of arbitrariness, cruelty, and utter confusion. Every man that had a just cause, was almost past fear if he could but bring it to the court or assize where he was judge; for the other judges seldom contradicted him.

He was the great instrument for rebuilding London; for when an act was made for deciding all controversies that hindered it, he was the constant judge, who for nothing followed the work, and, by his prudence and justice, removed a multitude of great impediments.

His great advantage for innocency was, that he was no lover of riches or of grandeur. His garb was too plain; he studiously avoided all unnecessary familiarity with great persons, and all that manner of living which signifieth wealth and greatness. He kept no greater a family than myself. I lived in a small house, which, for a pleasant back opening, he had a mind to; but caused a stranger, that he might not be suspected to be the man, to know of me whether I were willing to part with it, before he would meddle with it. In that house he lived contentedly, without any pomp, and without costly or troublesome retinue or visitors; but not without charity to the poor. He continued the study of physics and mathematics still, as his great delight. He hath himself written four volumes in folio, three of which I have read, against atheism, Sadducæism, and infidelity, to prove first the Deity, and then the immortality of man's soul, and then the truth of Christianity and the Holy Scripture, answering the infidel's objections against Scripture. It is strong and masculine, only too tedious for impatient readers. He said he wrote it only at vacant hours in his circuits, to regulate his meditations, finding, that while he wrote down what he thought on, his thoughts were the easier kept close to work, and kept in a method. But I could not persuade him to publish them.

The conference which I had frequently with him, mostly about the immortality of the soul, and other philosophical and foundation points, was so edifying, that his very questions and objections did help me to more light than other men's solutions. Those who take none for religious who frequent not private meet-

* These Latin titles of books signify, Of the Knowledge of God, Of Providence concerning Evil, Of Decrees, Of Predestination, Of the Liberty of the Creature.

ings, &c., took him for an excellently righteous moral man; but I, who heard and read his serious expressions of the concernments of eternity, and saw his love to all good men, and the blamelessness of his life, thought better of his piety than my own. When the people crowded in and out of my house to hear, he openly showed me so great respect before them at the door, and never spake a word against it, as was no small encouragement to the common people to go on; though the other sort muttered, that a judge should seem so far to countenance that which they took to be against the law. He was a great lamenter of the extremities of the times, and of the violence and foolishness of the predominant clergy, and a great desirer of such abatements as might restore us all to serviceableness and unity. He had got but a very small estate, though he had long the greatest practice, because he would take but little money, and undertake no more business than he could well despatch. He often offered to the lord chancellor to resign his place, when he was blamed for doing that which he supposed was justice. He had been the learned Selden's intimate friend, and one of his executors; and because the Hobbians and other infidels would have persuaded the world that Selden was of their mind, I desired him to tell me the truth therein. He assured me that Selden was an earnest professor of the Christian faith, and so angry an adversary to Hobbes, that he hath rated him out of the room.

[*Observance of the Sabbath in Baxter's Youth.*]

I cannot forget, that in my youth, in those late times, when we lost the labours of some of our conformable godly teachers, for not reading publicly the book of sports and dancing on the Lord's Day, one of my father's own tenants was the town piper, hired by the year (for many years together), and the place of the dancing assembly was not an hundred yards from our door. We could not, on the Lord's Day, either read a chapter, or pray, or sing a psalm, or catechise, or instruct a servant, but with the noise of the pipe and tabor, and the shoutings in the street, continually in our ears. Even among a tractable people, we were the common scorn of all the rabble in the streets, and called puritans, precisians, and hypocrites, because we rather chose to read the Scriptures than to do as they did; though there was no savour of nonconformity in our family. And when the people by the book were allowed to play and dance out of public service time, they could so hardly break off their sports, that many a time the reader was fain to stay till the piper and players would give over. Sometimes the morris-dancers would come into the church in all their linen, and scarfs, and antic-dresses, with morris-bells jingling at their legs; and as soon as common prayer was read, did haste out presently to their play again.

[*Theological Controversies.*]

My mind being these many years immersed in studies of this nature, and having also long wearied myself in searching what fathers and schoolmen have said of such things before us, and my genius abhorring confusion and equivocals, I came, by many years' longer study, to perceive that most of the doctrinal controversies among Protestants are far more about equivocal words than matter; and it wounded my soul to perceive what work both tyrannical and unskilful disputing clergymen had made these thirteen hundred years in the world! Experience, since the year 1643, till this year, 1675, hath loudly called me to repent of my own prejudices, sidings, and censurings of causes and persons not understood, and of all the miscarriages of my ministry and life which have been thereby caused; and to make it my chief work to call men that are within my hearing to more peaceable thoughts, affections, and practices. And my endeavours have not been in vain, in that the ministers of the county where I lived were very many of such a peaceable temper, and a great number more through the land, by God's grace (rather than any endeavours of mine), are so minded. But the sons of the cowl were exasperated the more against me, and accounted him to be against every man that called all men to love and peace, and was for no man as in a contrary way.

JOHN OWEN.

Dr John Owen (1616–1683), after studying at Oxford for the church of England, became a Presbyterian, but finally joined the Independents. He was highly esteemed by the parliament which executed the king, and was frequently called upon to preach before them. Cromwell, in particular, was so highly pleased with him, that, when going to Ireland, he insisted on Dr Owen accompanying him, for the purpose of regulating and superintending the college of Dublin. After spending six months in that city, Owen returned to his clerical duties in England, from which, however, he was again speedily called away by Cromwell, who took him in 1650 to Edinburgh, where he spent six months. Subsequently, he was promoted to the deanery of Christ-church college in Oxford, and soon after, to the vice-chancellorship of the university, which offices he held till Cromwell's death. After the Restoration, he was favoured by Lord Clarendon, who offered him a preferment in the church if he would conform; but this the principles of Dr Owen did not permit him to do. The persecution of the nonconformists repeatedly disposed him to emigrate to New England, but attachment to his native country prevailed. Notwithstanding his decided hostility to the church, the amiable dispositions and agreeable manners of Dr Owen procured him much esteem from many eminent churchmen, among whom was the king himself, who on one occasion sent for him, and, after a conversation of two hours, gave him a thousand guineas to be distributed among those who had suffered most from the recent persecution. He was a man of extensive learning, and most estimable character. As a preacher, he was eloquent and graceful, and displayed a degree of moderation and liberality not very common among the sectaries with whom he was associated. His extreme industry is evinced by the voluminousness of his publications, which amount to no fewer than seven volumes in folio, twenty in quarto, and about thirty in octavo. Among these are a collection of *Sermons*, *An Exposition on the Epistle to the Hebrews*, *A Discourse of the Holy Spirit*, and *The Divine Original and Authority of the Scriptures.*

The style of Dr Owen merits little praise. He wrote too rapidly and carelessly to produce compositions either vigorous or beautiful. The graces of style, indeed, were confessedly held by him in contempt; for in one of his prefaces we find this plain declaration, 'Know, reader, that you have to do with a person who, provided his words but clearly express the sentiments of his mind, entertains a fixed and absolute disregard of all elegance and ornaments of speech.' The length of his sentences, and their intricate and parenthetical structure, often render them extremely tedious, and he is far from happy in the choice of the adjectives with which they are encumbered. In a word, his diction is, for the most part, dry, heavy, and pointless, and his ideas are seldom brought out with powerful effect. Robert Hall entertained a decided antipathy to the writings of this celebrated divine. 'I can't think how you

like Dr Owen,' said he to a friend; 'I can't read him with any patience; I never read a page of Dr Owen, sir, without finding some confusion in his thoughts, either a truism or a contradiction in terms.' 'Sir, he is a double Dutchman, floundering in a continent of mud.' For moderation in controversy, Dr Owen was most honourably distinguished among the theological warriors of his age. 'As a controversial writer,' says his excellent biographer, Mr Orme, 'Owen is generally distinguished for calmness, acuteness, candour, and gentlemanly treatment of his opponents. He lived during a stormy period, and often experienced the bitterest provocation, but he very seldom lost his temper.'

EDMUND CALAMY.

EDMUND CALAMY (1600–1666) was originally a clergyman of the church of England, but had become a nonconformist before settling in London as a preacher in 1639. A celebrated production against Episcopacy, called *Smectymnuus*, from the initials of the names of the writers, and in which Calamy was concerned, appeared in the following year. He was much in favour with the Presbyterian party; and, in his sermons, which were among the most popular of the time, occasionally indulged in violent political declamation; yet he was, on the whole, a moderate man, and disapproved of those forcible measures which terminated in the death of the king. Having exerted himself to promote the restoration of Charles II., he subsequently received the offer of a bishopric; but, after much deliberation, it was rejected. The passing of the act of uniformity in 1662 made him retire from his ministerial duties in the metropolis several years before his death. The latter event was hastened by the impression made on his mind by the great fire of London, a view of the smoking ruins having strongly and injuriously affected him. His sermons were of a plain and practical character; and five of them, published under the title of *The Godly Man's Ark, or a City of Refuge in the Day of his Distress*, acquired much popularity.

JOHN FLAVEL.

JOHN FLAVEL (1627–1691) was a zealous preacher at Dartmouth, where he was greatly molested for his nonconformity during the persecutions. His private character was highly respectable, and in the pulpit he was distinguished for the warmth, fluency, and variety of his devotional exercises, which, like his writings, were somewhat tinged with enthusiasm. His works, occupying two folio volumes, are written in a plain and perspicuous style, and some of them are still highly valued by persons of Calvinistic opinions. This remark applies more particularly to his *Husbandry Spiritualised*, and *Navigation Spiritualised*, in which the author extracts a variety of pious lessons from natural objects and phenomena, and the common operations of life. Many of his sermons have been published.

MATTHEW HENRY.

MATTHEW HENRY (1662-1714) was the son of Philip Henry, a pious and learned nonconformist minister in Flintshire. He entered as a student of law in Gray's Inn; but, yielding to a strong desire for the office of the ministry, he soon abandoned the pursuit of the law, and turned his attention to theology, which he studied with great diligence and zeal. In 1685 he was chosen pastor of a nonconformist congregation at Chester, where he officiated about twenty-five years. In 1711 he changed the scene of his labours to Hackney, where he continued till his death in 1714. Of a variety of theological works published by this excellent divine, the largest and best known is his Commentary on the Bible, which he did not live to complete. It was originally printed in five volumes folio. The Commentary on the Epistles was added by various divines. Considered as an explanation of the sacred volume, this popular production is not of great value; but its practical remarks are peculiarly interesting, and have secured for it a place in the very first class of expository works. Dr Olinthus Gregory, in his Memoir of the Rev. Robert Hall, mentions, respecting that eminent preacher, that for the last two years of his life he read daily two chapters of Matthew Henry's Commentary, a work which he had not before read consecutively, though he had long known and valued it. As he proceeded, he felt increasing interest and pleasure, greatly admiring the copiousness, variety, and pious ingenuity of the thoughts; the simplicity, strength, and pregnancy of the expressions. The following extract from the exposition of Matthew vi. 24, may be taken as a specimen of the nervous and pointed remarks with which the work abounds.

Ye Cannot Serve God and Mammon.

Mammon is a Syriac word that signifies gain, so that whatever is, or is accounted by us to be gain, is mammon. 'Whatever is in the world—the lust of the flesh, the lust of the eye, and the pride of life'—is mammon. To some, their belly is their mammon, and they serve that; to others, their ease, their sports and pastimes, are their mammon; to others, worldly riches; to others, honours and preferments: the praise and applause of men was the Pharisees' mammon: in a word, self—the unity in which the world's trinity centres—sensual secular self, is the mammon which cannot be served in conjunction with God; for if it be served, it is in competition with him, and in contradiction to him. He does not say we *must* not, or we *should* not, but we *cannot* serve God and mammon; we cannot love both, or hold to both, or hold by both, in observance, obedience, attendance, trust, and dependence, for they are contrary the one to the other. God says, 'My son, give me thine heart;' Mammon says, 'No—give it me.' God says, 'Be content with such things as ye have;' Mammon says, 'Grasp at all that ever thou canst—"Rem, rem, quocunque modo, rem"—money, money, by fair means or by foul, money.' God says, 'Defraud not; never lie; be honest and just in thy dealings;' Mammon says, 'Cheat thy own father if thou canst gain by it.' God says, 'Be charitable;' Mammon says, 'Hold thy own; this giving undoes us all.' God says, 'Be careful for nothing;' Mammon says, 'Be careful for everything.' God says, 'Keep holy the Sabbath day;' Mammon says, 'Make use of that day, as well as any other, for the world.' Thus inconsistent are the commands of God and Mammon, so that we cannot serve both. Let us not, then, halt between God and Baal, but 'choose ye this day whom ye will serve,' and abide by your choice.

GEORGE FOX.

GEORGE FOX, the founder of the Society of Friends, or, as they are usually termed, Quakers, was one of the most prominent religious enthusiasts in an age which produced them in extraordinary abundance. He was the son of a weaver at Drayton, in Leicestershire, and was born in 1624. Having been apprenticed to a shoemaker who traded in wool and cattle, he spent much of his youth in tending sheep, an employment which allowed him to indulge his

propensity for musing and solitude. When about nineteen years of age, he was one day vexed by a disposition to intemperance which he observed in two professedly religious friends whom he met at a fair. 'I went away,' says he in his Journal, 'and, when I had done my business, returned home; but I did not go to bed that night, nor could I sleep; but sometimes walked up and down, and sometimes prayed, and cried to the Lord, who said unto me, "Thou seest how young people go together into vanity, and old people into the earth; thou must forsake all, young and old, keep out of all, and be a stranger to all."' This divine communication, as in the warmth of his imagination he considered it to be, was scrupulously obeyed. Leaving his relations and master, he betook himself for several years to a wandering life, which was interrupted only for a few months, during which he was prevailed upon to reside at home. At this time he seems to have been completely insane. In the course of his melancholy wanderings, he sometimes, for weeks together, passed the night in the open air, and used to spend entire days without sustenance. 'My troubles,' says he, 'continued, and I was often under great temptations. I fasted much, walked abroad in solitary places many days, and often took my Bible and sat in hollow trees and lonesome places until night came on; and frequently in the night walked mournfully about by myself; for I was a man of sorrows in the first workings of the Lord in me.' On another occasion, 'I was in a fast for about ten days, my spirit being greatly exercised on truth's behalf.' At this period, as well as during the remainder of his life, Fox had many dreams and visions, and supposed himself to receive supernatural messages from above. In his Journal he gives an account of a particular movement of his mind in singularly beautiful and impressive language: 'One morning, as I was sitting by the fire, a great cloud came over me, and a temptation beset me, and I sate still. And it was said, All things come by nature; and the Elements and Stars came over me, so that I was in a moment quite clouded with it; but, inasmuch as I sate still and said nothing, the people of the house perceived nothing. And as I sate still under it and let it alone, a living hope rose in me, and a true voice arose in me which cried, There is a living God who made all things. And immediately the cloud and temptation vanished away, and the life rose over it all, and my heart was glad, and I praised the living God.' Afterwards, he tells us, 'the Lord's power broke forth, and I had great openings and prophecies, and spoke unto the people of the things of God, which they heard with attention and silence, and went away and spread the fame thereof.' Conceiving himself to be divinely commissioned to convert his countrymen from their sins, he began, about the year 1647, to teach publicly in the vicinity of Duckenfield and Manchester, whence he travelled through several neighbouring counties, haranguing at the market-places against the vices of the age. He had now formed the opinions, that a learned education is unnecessary to a minister; that the existence of a separate clerical profession is unwarranted by the Bible; that the Creator of the world is not a dweller in temples made with hands; and that the Scriptures are not the rule either of conduct or judgment, but that man should follow 'the light of Christ within.' He believed, moreover, that he was divinely commanded to abstain from taking off his hat to any one, of whatever rank; to use the words *thee* and *thou* in addressing all persons with whom he communicated; to bid nobody good-morrow or good-night; and never to bend his knee to any one in authority, or take an oath, even on the most solemn occasion. Acting upon these views, he sometimes went into churches while service was going on, and interrupted the clergymen by loudly contradicting their statements of doctrine. By these breaches of order, and the employment of such unceremonious fashions of address, as, 'Come down, thou deceiver!' he naturally gave great offence, which led sometimes to his imprisonment, and sometimes to severe treatment from the hands of the populace. At Derby he was imprisoned in a loathsome dungeon for a year, and afterwards in a still more disgusting cell at Carlisle for half that period. To this ill-treatment he submitted with meekness and resignation; and out of prison, also, there was ample opportunity for the exercise of the same qualities. As an illustration of the rough usage which he frequently brought upon himself, we extract this affecting narrative from his Journal:—

[*Fox's Ill-treatment at Ulverstone.*]

The people were in a rage, and fell upon me in the steeple-house before his [Justice Sawrey's] face, knocked me down, kicked me, and trampled upon me. So great was the uproar, that some tumbled over their seats for fear. At last he came and took me from the people, led me out of the steeple-house, and put me into the hands of the constables and other officers, bidding them whip me, and put me out of the town. Many friendly people being come to the market, and some to the steeple-house to hear me, divers of these they knocked down also, and broke their heads, so that the blood ran down several; and Judge Fell's son running after, to see what they would do with me, they threw him into a ditch of water, some of them crying, 'Knock the teeth out of his head.' When they had haled me to the common moss side, a multitude following, the constables and other officers gave me some blows over my back with willow-rods, and thrust me among the rude multitude, who, having furnished themselves with staves, hedge-stakes, holm or holly-bushes, fell upon me, and beat me upon the head, arms, and shoulders, till they had deprived me of sense; so that I fell down upon the wet common. When I recovered again, and saw myself lying in a watery common, and the people standing about me, I lay still a little while, and the power of the Lord sprang through me, and the eternal refreshings revived me, so that I stood up again in the strengthening power of the eternal God, and stretching out my arms amongst them, I said with a loud voice, 'Strike again! here are my arms, my head, and cheeks!' Then they began to fall out among themselves.

In 1635, Fox returned to his native town, where he continued to preach, dispute, and hold conferences, till he was sent by Colonel Hacker to Cromwell, under the charge of Captain Drury. Of what followed, his Journal contains the subjoined particulars.

[*Interview with Oliver Cromwell.*]

After Captain Drury had lodged me at the Mermaid, over against the Mews at Charing-Cross, he went to give the Protector an account of me. When he came to me again, he told me the Protector required that I should promise not to take up a carnal sword or weapon against him or the government, as it then was; and that I should write it in what words I saw good, and set my hand to it. I said little in reply to Captain Drury, but the next morning I was moved of the Lord to write a paper to the Protector, by the name of Oliver Cromwell, wherein I did, in the presence of the Lord God, declare, that I did deny the wearing or drawing of a 'carnal sword, or any

other outward weapon, against him or any man; and that I was sent of God to stand a witness against all violence, and against the works of darkness, and to turn people from darkness to light; to bring them from the occasion of war and fighting to the peaceable Gospel, and from being evil-doers, which the magistrates' sword should be a terror to.' When I had written what the Lord had given me to write, I set my name to it, and gave it to Captain Drury to hand to Oliver Cromwell, which he did. After some time, Captain Drury brought me before the Protector himself at Whitehall. It was in a morning, before he was dressed; and one Harvey, who had come a little among friends, but was disobedient, waited upon him. When I came in, I was moved to say, 'Peace be in this house;' and I exhorted him to keep in the fear of God, that he might receive wisdom from him; that by it he might be ordered, and with it might order all things under his hand unto God's glory. I spoke much to him of truth; and a great deal of discourse I had with him about religion, wherein he carried himself very moderately. But he said we quarrelled with the priests, whom he called ministers. I told him, 'I did not quarrel with them, they quarrelled with me and my friends. But, said I, if we own the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, we cannot hold up such teachers, prophets, and shepherds, as the prophets Christ and the apostles declared against; but we must declare against them by the same power and spirit.' Then I showed him that the prophets, Christ, and the apostles, declared freely, and declared against them that did not declare freely; such as preached for filthy lucre, divined for money, and preached for hire, and were covetous and greedy, like the dumb dogs that could never have enough; and that they who have the same spirit that Christ, and the prophets, and the apostles had, could not but declare against all such now, as they did then. As I spoke, he several times said it was very good, and it was truth. I told him, 'That all Christendom (so called) had the Scriptures, but they wanted the power and spirit that those had who gave forth the Scriptures, and that was the reason they were not in fellowship with the Son, nor with the Father, nor with the Scriptures, nor one with another.' Many more words I had with him, but people coming in, I drew a little back. As I was turning, he catched me by the hand, and with tears in his eyes said, 'Come again to my house, for if thou and I were but an hour of a day together, we should be nearer one to the other;' adding, that he wished me no more ill than he did to his own soul. I told him, if he did, he wronged his own soul, and admonished him to hearken to God's voice, that he might stand in his counsel, and obey it; and if he did so, that would keep him from hardness of heart; but if he did not hear God's voice, his heart would be hardened. He said it was true. Then I went out; and when Captain Drury came out after me, he told me the lord Protector said I was at liberty, and might go whither I would. Then I was brought into a great hall, where the Protector's gentlemen were to dine. I asked them what they brought me thither for. They said it was by the Protector's order, that I might dine with them. I bid them let the Protector know I would not eat of his bread, nor drink of his drink. When he heard this, he said, 'Now I see there is a people risen that I cannot win, either with gifts, honours, offices, or places; but all other sects and people I can.' It was told him again, 'That we had forsook our own, and were not like to look for such things from him.'

The sect headed by Fox was now becoming numerous, and attracted much opposition from the pulpit and press. He therefore continued to travel through the kingdom, expounding his views, and answering objections both verbally and by the publication of controversial pamphlets. In the course of his peregrinations he still suffered frequent imprisonment, sometimes as a disturber of the peace, and sometimes because he refused to uncover his head in the presence of magistrates, or to do violence to his principles by taking the oath of allegiance. After reducing (with the assistance of his educated disciples Robert Barclay, Samuel Fisher, and George Keith) the doctrine and discipline of his sect to a more systematic and permanent form than that in which it had hitherto existed, he visited Ireland and the American plantations, employing in the latter nearly two years in confirming and increasing his followers. He afterwards repeatedly visited Holland, and other parts of the continent, for similar purposes. He died in London in 1690, aged sixty six.

That Fox was a sincere believer of what he preached, no rational doubt can be entertained; and that he was of a meek and forgiving disposition towards his persecutors, is equally unquestionable. His integrity, also, was so remarkable, that his word was taken as of equal value with his oath. Religious enthusiasm, however, amount'ng to madness in the earlier stage of his caree' him into many extravagances, in which few n .rs of the respectable society which he founded have partaken. The severities so liberally inflicted on him were originally occasioned by those breaches of the peace already spoken of, and no doubt also by what in his speeches must have appeared blasphemous to many of his hearers. His public addresses were usually prefaced by such phrases as, 'The Lord hath opened to me;' 'I am moved of the Lord;' 'I am sent of the Lord God of heaven and earth.' In a warning to magistrates, he says, 'All ye powers of the earth, Christ is come to reign, and is among you, and ye know him not.' Addressing the 'seven parishes at the Land's End,' his language is equally strong: 'Christ,' he tells them, 'is come to teach his people himself; and every one that will not hear this prophet, which God hath raised up, and which Moses spake of, when he said, "Like unto me will God raise you up a prophet, him shall you hear;" every one, I say, that will not hear this prophet, is to be cut off.' And stronger still is what we find in this passage in his Journal: 'From Coventry I went to Atherstone, and, it being their lecture-day, I was moved to go to their chapel, to speak to the priest and the people. They were generally pretty quiet; only some few raged, and would have had my relations to have bound me. I declared largely to them, that God was come to teach his people himself, and to bring them from all their man-made teachers, to hear his Son; and some were convinced there.' In conformity with these high pretensions, Fox not only acted as a prophet, but assumed the power of working miracles—in the exercise of which he claims to have cured various individuals, including a man whose arm had long been disabled, and a woman troubled with King's Evil. On one occasion he ran with bare feet through Lichfield, exclaiming, 'Wo to the bloody city of Lichfield!' and, when no calamity followed this denouncement as expected, found no better mode of accounting for the failure than discovering that some Christians had once been slain there. Of his power of discerning witches, the following examples are given in his Journal:—'As I was sitting in a house full of people, declaring the word of life to them, I cast mine eyes upon a woman, and I discerned an unclean spirit in her; and I was moved of the Lord to speak sharply to her, and told her she was a witch; whereupon the woman went out of the room. Now, I being a stranger there, and knowing nothing of the woman outwardly, the

people wondered at it, and told me afterwards I had discovered a great thing, for all the country looked upon her as a witch. The Lord had given me a spirit of discerning, by which I many times saw the states and conditions of people, and could try their spirits. For, not long before, as I was going to a meeting, I saw women in a field, and I discerned them to be witches; and I was moved to go out of my way into the field to them, and to declare unto them their conditions, telling them plainly they were in the spirit of witchcraft. At another time, there came such an one into Swarthmore Hall, in the meeting time, and I was moved to speak sharply to her, and told her she was a witch; and the people said afterwards, she was generally accounted so.'

The writings of George Fox are comprised in three folio volumes, printed respectively in 1694, 1698, and 1706. The first contains his *Journal*, largely quoted from above; the second, a collection of his *Epistles*; and the third, his *Doctrinal Pieces*.

ROBERT BARCLAY.

Robert Barclay (1648–1690), a country gentleman of Kincardineshire, has already been mentioned as one of those educated Quakers who aided Fox in systematising the doctrines and discipline of the sect. By the publication of various able works in defence of those doctrines, he gave the Society of Friends a much more respectable station in the eyes

Ury House, Kincardineshire, the seat of Robert Barclay.

of people of other persuasions than it had previously occupied. His father, who was a colonel in the army, had been converted to Quakerism in 1666, and he himself was soon after induced to embrace the same views. In taking this step, he is said to have acted chiefly from the dictates of his understanding; though, it must be added, the existence of considerable enthusiasm in his disposition was indicated by a remarkable circumstance mentioned by himself—namely, that, feeling a strong impulse to pass through the streets of Aberdeen clothed in sackcloth and ashes, he could not be easy till he obeyed what he supposed to be a divine command. His most celebrated production is entitled *An Apology for the True Christian Divinity, as the Same is held forth and Preached by the People in Scorn called Quakers*. This work, which appeared in Latin in 1676, and in English two years after, is a learned and methodical treatise, very different from what the world expected on such a subject, and it was therefore read with avidity both in Britain and on the continent. Its most remarkable theological feature is the attempt to prove that there is an internal light in man, which is better fitted to guide him aright in religious matters than even the Scriptures themselves; the genuine doctrines of which he asserts to be rendered uncertain by various readings in different manuscripts, and the fallibility of translators and interpreters. These circumstances, says he, 'and much more which might be alleged, puts the minds, even of the learned, into infinite doubts, scruples, and inextricable difficulties; whence we may very safely conclude, that Jesus Christ, who promised to be always with his children, to lead them into all truth, to guard them against the devices of the enemy, and to establish their faith upon an unmoveable rock, left them not to be principally ruled by that which was subject, in itself, to many uncertainties; and therefore he gave them his Spirit as their principal guide, which neither moths nor time can wear out, nor transcribers nor translators corrupt; which none are so young, none so illiterate, none in so remote a place, but they may come to be reached and rightly informed by it.' It would be erroneous, however, to regard this work of Barclay as an exposition of all the doctrines which have been or are prevalent among the Quakers, or, indeed, to consider it as anything more than the vehicle of such of his own views, as in his character of an apologist he thought it desirable to state. 'This ingenious man,' says Mosheim, 'appeared as a patron and defender of Quakerism, and not as a professed teacher or expositor of its various doctrines; and he interpreted and modified the opinions of this sect after the manner of a champion or advocate, who undertakes the defence of an odious cause. How, then, does he go to work? In the first place, he observes an entire silence in relation to those fundamental principles of Christianity, concerning which it is of great consequence to know the real opinions of the Quakers; and thus he exhibits a system of theology that is evidently lame and imperfect. For it is the peculiar business of a prudent apologist to pass over in silence points that are scarcely susceptible of a plausible defence, and to enlarge upon those only which the powers of genius and eloquence

may be able to embellish and exhibit in an advantageous point of view. It is observable, in the second place, that Barclay touches in a slight, superficial, and hasty manner, some tenets, which, when amply explained, had exposed the Quakers to severe censure; and in this he discovers plainly the weakness of his cause. Lastly, to omit many other observations that might be made here, this writer employs the greatest dexterity and art in softening and modifying those invidious doctrines which he cannot conceal, and dare not disavow; for which purpose he carefully avoids all those phrases and terms that are made use of by the Quakers, and are peculiar to their sect, and expresses their tenets in ordinary language, in terms of a vague and indefinite nature, and in a style that casts a sort of mask over their natural aspect. At this rate, the most enormous errors may be held with impunity; for there is no doctrine, however absurd, to which a plausible air may not be given by following the insidious method of Barclay; and it is well known that even the doctrine of Spinoza was, with a like artifice, dressed out and disguised by some of his disciples. The other writers of this sect have declared their sentiments with more freedom, perspicuity, and candour, particularly the famous William Penn and George Whitehead, whose writings deserve an attentive perusal preferably to all the other productions of that community.* The dedication of Barclay's 'Apology' to King Charles II. has always been particularly admired for its respectful yet manly freedom of style, and for the pathos of its allusion to his majesty's own early troubles, as a reason for his extending mercy and favour to the persecuted Quakers. 'Thou hast tasted,' says he, 'of prosperity and adversity; thou knowest what it is to be banished thy native country, to be overruled, as well as to rule and sit upon the throne; and, being oppressed, thou hast reason to know how hateful the oppressor is to both God and man: if, after all these warnings and advertisements, thou dost not turn unto the Lord with all thy heart, but forget him, who remembered thee in thy distress, and give up thyself to follow lust and vanity, surely great will be thy condemnation.' But this appeal had no effect in stopping persecution; for after his return from Holland and Germany, which he had visited in company with Fox and Penn, he was, in 1677, imprisoned along with many other Quakers, at Aberdeen, through the instrumentality of Archbishop Sharp. He was soon liberated, however, and subsequently gained favour at court. Both Penn and he were on terms of intimacy with James II.; and just before the sailing of the Prince of Orange for England in 1688, Barclay, in a private conference with his majesty, urged him to make some concessions to the people. The death of this respectable and amiable person took place about two years after that event.

We extract from the 'Apology for the Quakers' what he says

[*Against Titles of Honour.*]

We affirm positively, that it is not lawful for Christians either to give or receive these titles of honour, as, Your Holiness, Your Majesty, Your Excellency, Your Eminency, &c.

First, because these titles are no part of that obedience which is due to magistrates or superiors; neither doth the giving them add to or diminish from that subjection we owe to them, which consists in obeying their just and lawful commands, not in titles and designations.

Secondly, we find not that in the Scripture any such titles are used, either under the law or the gospel; but that, in speaking to kings, princes, or nobles, they used only a simple compellation, as, 'O King!' and that without any further designation, save, perhaps, the name of the person, as, 'O King Agrippa,' &c.

Thirdly, it lays a necessity upon Christians most frequently to lie; because the persons obtaining these titles, either by election or hereditarily, may frequently be found to have nothing really in them deserving them, or answering to them: as some, to whom it is said, 'Your Excellency,' having nothing of excellency in them; and who is called, 'Your Grace,' appear to be an enemy to grace; and he who is called 'Your Honour,' is known to be base and ignoble. I wonder what law of man, or what patent, ought to oblige me to make a lie, in calling good evil, and evil good. I wonder what law of man can secure me, in so doing, from the just judgment of God, that will make me count for every idle word. And to lie is something more. Surely Christians should be ashamed that such laws, manifestly crossing the law of God, should be among them. * *

Fourthly, as to those titles of 'Holiness,' 'Eminency,' and 'Excellency,' used among the Papists to the pope and cardinals, &c.; and 'Grace,' 'Lordship,' and 'Worship,' used to the clergy among the Protestants, it is a most blasphemous usurpation. For if they use 'Holiness' and 'Grace' because these things ought to be in a pope or in a bishop, how come they to usurp that peculiarly to themselves? Ought not holiness and grace to be in every Christian? And so every Christian should say 'Your Holiness' and 'Your Grace' one to another. Next, how can they in reason claim any more titles than were practised and received by the apostles and primitive Christians, whose successors they pretend they are; and as whose successors (and no otherwise) themselves, I judge, will confess any honour they seek is due to them? Now, if they neither sought, received, nor admitted such honour nor titles, how came these by them? If they say they did, let them prove it if they can: we find no such thing in the Scripture. The Christians speak to the apostles without any such denomination, neither saying, 'If it please your Grace,' 'your Holiness,' nor 'your Worship;' they are neither called My Lord Peter, nor My Lord Paul; nor yet Master Peter, nor Master Paul; nor Doctor Peter, nor Doctor Paul; but singly Peter and Paul; and that not only in the Scripture, but for some hundreds of years after: so that this appears to be a manifest fruit of the apostacy. For if these titles arise either from the office or worth of the persons, it will not be denied but the apostles deserved them better than any now that call for them. But the case is plain; the apostles had the holiness, the excellency, the grace; and because they were holy, excellent, and gracious, they neither used nor admitted such titles; but these having neither holiness, excellency, nor grace, will needs be so called to satisfy their ambitious and ostentatious mind, which is a manifest token of their hypocrisy.

Fifthly, as to that title of 'Majesty' usually ascribed to princes, we do not find it given to any such in the Holy Scripture; but that it is specially and peculiarly ascribed unto God. We find in the Scripture the proud king Nebuchadnezzar assuming this title to himself, who at that time received a sufficient reproof, by a sudden judgment which came upon him. Therefore in all the compellations used to princes in the Old Testament, it is not to be found, nor yet in the New. Paul was very civil to Agrippa, yet he gives him no such title. Neither was this title used among Christians in the primitive times.

* Mosheim's Ecclesiastical History. Cent. xvii., chap. iv., sec. ii.

WILLIAM PENN.

WILLIAM PENN (1644–1718), the son of an English admiral, is celebrated not only as a distinguished writer on Quakerism, but as the founder of the state of Pennsylvania in North America. The principles which he adopted gave much offence to his father, who repeatedly banished him from his house; but at length, when it appeared that the son's opinions were unalterable, a reconciliation took place between them. Like many other members of the Society of Friends, Penn suffered much persecution, and was repeatedly thrown into prison. During a confinement in the Tower of London, he wrote the most celebrated of his works, entitled *No Cross, no Crown*, in which the views of the Quakers are powerfully maintained, and which continues in high esteem among persons of that denomination. After his liberation, he spent much time in defending his principles against various opponents—among others, Richard Baxter, with whom he held a public disputation, which lasted for six or seven hours, not, as it appears, without considerable asperity, especially on the part of Baxter. In 1681, Charles II., in consideration of some unliquidated claims of the deceased Admiral Penn upon the crown, granted to William, the son, a district in North America, which was named Pennsylvania by his majesty's desire, and of which Penn was constituted sole proprietor and governor. He immediately took measures for the settlement of the province, and drew up articles of government, among which the following is one of the most remarkable:—'That all persons in this province, who confess and acknowledge the one almighty and eternal God to be the creator, upholder, and ruler of the world, and that hold themselves obliged in conscience to live peaceably and justly in society, shall in no ways be molested or prejudiced for their religious persuasion, or practice in matters of faith and worship; nor shall they be compelled, at any time, to frequent, or maintain, any religious worship, place, or ministry whatever.' Having gone out to his colony in 1682, he proceeded to buy land from the natives, with whom he entered into a treaty of peace and friendship, which was observed while the power of the Quakers predominated in the colony, and which for many years after his death caused his memory to be affectionately cherished by the Indians. He then fixed on the site of his capital, Philadelphia, the building of which, on a regular plan, was immediately commenced. After spending two years in America, he returned to England in 1684, and was enabled, by his intimacy with James II., to procure the release of his Quaker brethren, of whom fourteen hundred and eighty were in prison at the accession of that monarch. When James, in order, no doubt, to facilitate the re-establishment of the Catholic religion, proclaimed liberty of conscience to his subjects, the Quakers sent up an address of thanks, which was delivered to his majesty by Penn. This brought a suspicion of popery upon the latter, between whom and Dr Tillotson a correspondence took place on the subject. Tillotson, in his concluding letter, acknowledged himself convinced of the falsity of the accusation, and asked pardon for having lent an ear to it. After the Revolution, Penn's former intimacy with James caused him to be regarded as a disaffected person, and led to various troubles; but he still continued to preach and write in support of his favourite doctrines. Having once more gone out to America in 1699, he there exerted himself for the improvement of his colony till 1701, when he finally returned to England. This excellent and philanthropic man survived till 1718.

Besides the work already mentioned, Penn wrote *Reflections and Maxims relating to the Conduct of Life*, and *A Key, &c., to discern the Difference between the Religion professed by the Quakers, and the Misrepresentations of their Adversaries.* To George Fox's Journal, which was published in 1694, he prefixed *A Brief Account of the Rise and Progress of the People called Quakers.* The first of the subjoined specimens of his composition is extracted from his 'No Cross, no Crown,' where he thus argues

[*Against the Pride of Noble Birth.*]

That people are generally proud of their persons, is too visible and troublesome, especially if they have any pretence either to blood or beauty; the one has raised many quarrels among men, and the other among women, and men too often, for their sakes, and at their excitements. But to the first: what a pother has this noble blood made in the world, antiquity of name or family, whose father or mother, great grandfather or great-grandmother, was best descended or allied? what stock or what clan they came of? what coat of arms they gave? which had, of right, the precedence? But, methinks, nothing of man's folly has less show of reason to palliate it.

For, first, what matter is it of whom any one is descended, that is not of ill fame; since 'tis his own virtue that must raise, or vice depress him? An ancestor's character is no excuse to a man's ill actions, but an aggravation of his degeneracy; and since virtue comes not by generation, I neither am the better nor the worse for my forefather: to be sure, not in God's account; nor should it be in man's. Nobody would endure injuries the easier, or reject favours the more, for coming by the hand of a man well or ill descended. I confess it were greater honour to have had no blots, and with an hereditary estate to have had a lineal descent of worth: but that was never found; no, not in the most blessed of families upon earth; I mean Abraham's. To be descended of wealth and titles, fills no man's head with brains, or heart with truth; those qualities come from a higher cause. 'Tis vanity, then, and most condemnable pride, for a man of bulk and character to despise another of less size in the world, and of meaner alliance, for want of them; because the latter may have the merit, where the former has only the effects of it in an ancestor: and though the one be great by means of a forefather, the other is so too, but 'tis by his own; then, pray, which is the bravest man of the two?

'O,' says the person proud of blood, 'it was never a good world since we have had so many upstart gentlemen!' But what should others have said of that man's ancestor, when he started first up into the knowledge of the world! For he, and all men and families, ay, and all states and kingdoms too, have had their upstarts, that is, their beginnings. This is like being the True Church, because old, not because good; for families to be noble by being old, and not by being virtuous. No such matter: it must be age in virtue, or else virtue before age; for otherwise, a man should be noble by means of his predecessor, and yet the predecessor less noble than he, because he was the acquirer; which is a paradox that will puzzle all their heraldry to explain. Strange! that they should be more noble than their ancestor, that got their nobility for them! But if this be absurd, as it is, then the upstart is the noble man; the man that got it by his virtue: and those only are entitled to his honour that are imitators of his virtue; the rest may bear his name from his blood, but that is all. If virtue, then, give nobility, which heathens themselves agree, then families are no longer truly noble than they are virtuous. And if virtue go not by blood, but by the qualifications of the descendants, it follows, blood is

excluded; else blood would bar virtue, and no man that wanted the one should be allowed the benefit of the other; which were to stint and bound nobility for want of antiquity, and make virtue useless.

No, let blood and name go together; but pray, let nobility and virtue keep company, for they are nearest of kin. 'Tis thus posited by God himself, that best knows how to apportion things with an equal and just hand. He neither likes nor dislikes by descent; nor does he regard what people were, but are. He remembers not the righteousness of any man that leaves his righteousness, much less any unrighteous man for the righteousness of his ancestor.

But if these men of blood please to think themselves concerned to believe and reverence God in his Holy Scriptures, they may learn that, in the beginning, he made of one blood all nations of men, to dwell upon all the face of the earth; and that we are descended of one father and mother; a more certain original than the best of us can assign. From thence go down to Noah, who was the second planter of human race, and we are upon some certainty for our forefathers. What violence has rapt, or virtue merited since, and how far we that are alive are concerned in either, will be hard for us to determine but a few ages off us.

But, methinks, it should suffice to say, our own eyes see that men of blood, out of their gear and trappings, without their feathers and finery, have no more marks of honour by nature stamped upon them than their inferior neighbours. Nay, themselves being judges, they will frankly tell us they feel all those passions in their blood that make them like other men, if not farther from the virtue that truly dignifies. The lamentable ignorance and debauchery that now rages among too many of our greater sort of folks, is too clear and casting an evidence in the point: and pray, tell me of what blood are they come?

Howbeit, when I have said all this, I intend not, by debasing one false quality, to make insolent another that is not true. I would not be thought to set the churl upon the present gentleman's shoulder; by no means; his rudeness will not mend the matter. But what I have writ, is to give aim to all, where true nobility dwells, that every one may arrive at it by the ways of virtue and goodness. But for all this, I must allow a great advantage to the gentleman; and therefore prefer his station, just as the Apostle Paul, who, after he had humbled the Jews, that insulted upon the Christians with their law and rites, gave them the advantage upon all other nations in statutes and judgments. I must grant, that the condition of our great men is much to be preferred to the ranks of inferior people. For, first, they have more power to do good; and, if their hearts be equal to their ability, they are blessings to the people of any country. Secondly, the eyes of the people are usually directed to them; and if they will be kind, just, and helpful, they shall have their affections and services. Thirdly, they are not under equal straits with the inferior sort; and consequently they have more help, leisure, and occasion, to polish their passions and tempers with books and conversation. Fourthly, they have more time to observe the actions of other nations; to travel and view the laws, customs, and interests of other countries, and bring home whatsoever is worthy or imitable. And so an easier way is open for great men to get honour; and such as love true reputation will embrace the best means to it. But because it too often happens that great men do little mind to give God the glory of their prosperity, and to live answerable to his mercies, but, on the contrary, live without God in the world, fulfilling the lusts thereof, His hand is often seen, either in impoverishing or extinguishing them, and raising up men of more virtue and humility to their estates and dignity. However, I must allow, that among people of this rank, there have been some of them of more than ordinary virtue, whose examples have given light to their families. And it has been something natural for some of their descendants to endeavour to keep up the credit of their houses in proportion to the merit of their founder. And, to say true, if there be any advantage in such descent, 'tis not from blood, but education; for blood has no intelligence in it, and is often spurious and uncertain; but education has a mighty influence and strong bias upon the affections and actions of men.* In this the ancient nobles and gentry of this kingdom did excel and it were much to be wished that our great people would set about to recover the ancient economy of their houses, the strict and virtuous discipline of their ancestors, when men were honoured for their achievements, and when nothing more exposed a man to shame, than his being born to a nobility that he had not a virtue to support.

[*Penn's Advice to his Children.*]

Next, betake yourselves to some honest, industrious course of life, and that not of sordid covetousness, but for example, and to avoid idleness. And if you change your condition and marry, choose with the knowledge and consent of your mother, if living, or of guardians, or those that have the charge of you. Mind neither beauty nor riches, but the fear of the Lord, and a sweet and amiable disposition, such as you can love above all this world, and that may make your habitations pleasant and desirable to you.

And being married, be tender, affectionate, patient, and meek. Live in the fear of the Lord, and he will bless you and your offspring. Be sure to live within compass; borrow not, neither be beholden to any. Ruin not yourselves by kindness to others; for that exceeds the due bounds of friendship, neither will a true friend expect it. Small matters I heed not.

Let your industry and parsimony go no further than for a sufficiency for life, and to make a provision for your children, and that in moderation, if the Lord gives you any. I charge you help the poor and needy; let the Lord have a voluntary share of your income for the good of the poor, both in our society and others; for we are all his creatures; remembering that 'he that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord.'

Know well your incomings, and your outgoings may be better regulated. Love not money nor the world: use them only, and they will serve you; but if you love them you serve them, which will debase your spirits as well as offend the Lord.

Pity the distressed, and hold out a hand of help to them; it may be your case, and as you mete to others, God will mete to you again.

Be humble and gentle in your conversation; of few words I charge you, but always pertinent when you speak, hearing out before you attempt to answer, and then speaking as if you would persuade, not impose.

Affront none, neither revenge the affronts that are done to you; but forgive, and you shall be forgiven of your heavenly Father.

In making friends, consider well first; and when you are fixed, be true, not wavering by reports, nor deserting in affliction, for that becomes not the good and virtuous.

Watch against anger; neither speak nor act in it; for, like drunkenness, it makes a man a beast, and throws people into desperate inconveniences.

Avoid flatterers, for they are thieves in disguise; their praise is costly, designing to get by those they bespeak; they are the worst of creatures; they lie to

* While the influence of education, here spoken of by Penn, is unquestionable, the fact of the hereditary transmission of qualities, both bodily and mental, has been equally well ascertained, although the laws by which it is regulated are still in some respects obscure.—*Ed.*

flatter, and flatter to cheat; and, which is worse, if you believe them, you cheat yourselves most dangerously. But the virtuous, though poor, love, cherish, and prefer. Remember David, who, asking the Lord, 'Who shall abide in thy tabernacle? who shall dwell upon thy holy hill?' answers, 'He that walketh uprightly, worketh righteousness, and speaketh the truth in his heart; in whose eyes the vile person is contemned, but honoureth them who fear the Lord.'

Next, my children, be temperate in all things: in your diet, for that is physic by prevention; it keeps, nay, it makes people healthy, and their generation sound. This is exclusive of the spiritual advantage it brings. Be also plain in your apparel; keep out that lust which reigns too much over some; let your virtues be your ornaments, remembering life is more than food, and the body than raiment. Let your furniture be simple and cheap. Avoid pride, avarice, and luxury. Read my 'No Cross, no Crown.' There is instruction. Make your conversation with the most eminent for wisdom and piety, and shun all wicked men as you hope for the blessing of God and the comfort of your father's living and dying prayers. Be sure you speak no evil of any, no, not of the meanest; much less of your superiors, as magistrates, guardians, tutors, teachers, and elders in Christ.

Be no busybodies; meddle not with other folk's matters, but when in conscience and duty pressed; for it procures trouble, and is ill manners, and very unseemly to wise men.

In your families remember Abraham, Moses, and Joshua, their integrity to the Lord, and do as you have them for your examples.

Let the fear and service of the living God be encouraged in your houses, and that plainness, sobriety, and moderation in all things, as becometh God's chosen people; and as I advise you, my beloved children, do you counsel yours, if God should give you any. Yea, I counsel and command them as my posterity, that they love and serve the Lord God with an upright heart, that he may bless you and yours from generation to generation.

And as for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania and my parts of East Jersey, especially the first, I do charge you before the Lord God and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people, and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it; for you are not above the law, but the law above you. Live, therefore, the lives yourselves you would have the people live, and then you have right and boldness to punish the transgressor. Keep upon the square, for God sees you: therefore, do your duty, and be sure you see with your own eyes, and hear with your own ears. Entertain no lurchers, cherish no informers for gain or revenge, use no tricks, fly to no devices to support or cover injustice; but let your hearts be upright before the Lord, trusting in him above the contrivances of men, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant.

THOMAS ELLWOOD.

THOMAS ELLWOOD (1639-1713) is the last writer among the early Quakers whom we think it necessary to mention. He was a man of considerable talent, and remarkably endowed with the virtues of benevolence, perseverance, and integrity, which have been so generally displayed by the members of the Society of Friends. He seems to have been totally free from the violent and intolerant disposition by which George Fox was characterised. From an interesting and highly instructive Life of Ellwood, written by himself, it appears that his conversion to the principles of Quakerism gave deep offence to his father, who sometimes beat him with great severity, particularly when the son persisted in remaining covered in his presence. To prevent the recurrence of this offence, he successively took from Thomas all his hats, so that, when he went abroad, the exposure of his bare head occasioned a severe cold. Still, however, there remained another cause of offence; for 'whenever I had occasion,' says Ellwood, 'to speak to my father, though I had no hat now to offend him, yet my language did as much; for I durst not say "you" to him, but "thou" or "thee," as the occasion required, and then he would be sure to fall on me with his fists. At one of these times, I remember, when he had beaten me in that manner, he commanded me (as he commonly did in such times) to go to my chamber, which I did, and he followed me to the bottom of the stairs. Being come thither, he gave me a parting-blow, and in a very angry tone, said, "Sirrah, if ever I hear you say *thou* or *thee* to me again, I'll strike your teeth down your throat." I was greatly grieved to hear him say so, and feeling a word rise in my heart unto him, I turned again, and calmly said unto him, "Should it not be just if God should serve thee so, when thou sayest 'thou' or 'thee' to him." Though his hand was up I saw it sink, and his countenance fall, and he turned away, and left me standing there. But I, notwithstanding, went up into my chamber and cried unto the Lord, earnestly beseeching him that he would be pleased to open my father's eyes, that he might see whom he fought against, and for what; and that he would turn his heart.'

But what has given a peculiar interest to Ellwood in the eyes of posterity, is the circumstance of his having been a pupil and friend of Milton, and one of those who read to the poet after the loss of his sight. The object of Ellwood in offering his services as a reader was, that he might, in return, obtain from Milton some assistance in his own studies. One of his friends, as we learn from his autobiography, 'had an intimate acquaintance with Dr Paget, a physician of note in London; and he with John Milton, a gentleman of great note for learning throughout the learned world, for the accurate pieces he had written on various subjects and occasions. This person, having filled a public station in former times, lived now a private and retired life in London; and, having wholly lost his sight, kept always a man to read to him, which, usually, was the son of some gentleman of his acquaintance, whom, in kindness, he took to improve his learning.' The autobiography contains the following particulars of

[*Ellwood's Intercourse with Milton.*]

He received me courteously, as well for the sake of Dr Paget, who introduced me, as of Isaac Pennington, who recommended me, to both of whom he bore a good respect; and having inquired divers things of me, with respect to my former progressions in learning, he dismissed me, to provide myself of such accommodations as might be most suitable to my future studies.

I went, therefore, and took myself a lodging as near to his house (which was then in Jewin-Street) as conveniently I could; and, from thenceforward, went every day, in the afternoon (except on the first days of the week), and sitting by him in his dining-room, read to him such books, in the Latin tongue, as he pleased to hear me read.

At my first sitting to read to him, observing that I used the English pronunciation, he told me if I would have the benefit of the Latin tongue (not only to read and understand Latin authors, but to converse with foreigners, either abroad or at home), I must learn the foreign pronunciation. To this I consenting, he in-

structed me how to sound the vowels, so different from the common pronunciation used by the English (who speak Anglice their Latin), that (with some few other variations in sounding some consonants, in particular cases, as *C*, before *E* or *I*, like *Ch*; *Sc*, before *I*, like *Sh*, &c.) the Latin thus spoken seemed as different from that which was delivered as the English generally speak it, as if it was another language.

I had, before, during my retired life at my father's, by unwearied diligence and industry, so far recovered the rules of grammar (in which I had once been very ready), that I could both read a Latin author, and, after a sort, hammer out his meaning. But this change of pronunciation proved a new difficulty to me. It was now harder to me to read than it was before to understand when read. But

'Labor omnia vincit
Improbus.'

Incessant pains
The end obtains.

And so did I, which made my reading the more acceptable to my master. He, on the other hand, perceiving with what earnest desire I pursued learning, gave me not only all the encouragement, but all the help he could; for, having a curious ear, he understood, by my tone, when I understood what I read, and when I did not; and accordingly would stop me, examine me, and open the most difficult passages to me.

Thus went I on for about six weeks' time, reading to him in the afternoons, and exercising myself, with my own books, in my chamber in the forenoons. I was sensible of an improvement.

But, alas! I had fixed my studies in a wrong place. London and I could never agree for health. My lungs (as I suppose) were too tender to bear the sulphureous air of that city; so that I soon began to droop, and, in less than two months' time, I was fain to leave both my studies and the city, and return into the country, to preserve life; and much ado I had to get thither. * * [Having recovered, and gone back to London,] I was very kindly received by my master, who had conceived so good an opinion of me, that my conversation (I found) was acceptable to him; and he seemed heartily glad of my recovery and return; and into our old method of study we fell again, I reading to him, and he explaining to me as occasion required. * *

Some little time before I went to Aylesbury prison, I was desired by my quondam master, Milton, to take a house for him in the neighbourhood where I dwelt, that he might get out of the city, for the safety of himself and his family, the pestilence then growing hot in London. I took a pretty box for him in Giles Chalfont, a mile from me, of which I gave him notice, and intended to have waited on him, and seen him well-settled in it, but was prevented by that imprisonment.

But now, being released, and returned home, I soon made a visit to him, to welcome him into the country.

After some common discourses had passed between us, he called for a manuscript of his, which, being brought, he delivered to me, bidding me to take it home with me, and read it at my leisure, and, when I had so done, return it to him, with my judgment thereupon.

When I came home, and had set myself to read it, I found it was that excellent poem, which he entitled 'Paradise Lost.' After I had, with the utmost attention, read it through, I made him another visit, and returned him his book, with due acknowledgment for the favour he had done me, in communicating it to me. He asked me how I liked it, and what I thought of it, which I modestly but freely told him; and after some further discourse about it, I pleasantly said to him, 'Thou hast said much here of Paradise Lost; but what hast thou to say of Paradise Found?' He made me no answer, but sat some time in a muse; then brake off that discourse, and fell upon another subject.

After the sickness was over, and the city well cleansed, and become safely habitable again, he returned thither; and when, afterwards, I went to wait on him there (which I seldom failed of doing, whenever my occasions drew me to London), he showed me his second poem, called 'Paradise Regained,' and, in a pleasant tone, said to me, 'This is owing to you, for you put it into my head at Chalfont; which before I had not thought of.'

Ellwood furnishes some interesting particulars concerning the London prisons, in which he and many of his brother Quakers were confined, and the manner in which they were treated both there and out of doors. Besides his autobiography, he wrote numerous controversial treatises, the most prominent of which is *The Foundation of Tithes Shaken*, published in 1682. His *Sacred Histories of the Old and New Testaments*, which appeared in 1705 and 1709, are regarded as his most considerable productions.

JOHN BUNYAN.

JOHN BUNYAN (1628-1688), the son of a tinker residing at Elton, in Bedfordshire, is one of the most remarkable religious authors of this age. He was taught in childhood to read and write, and afterwards,

John Bunyan.

having resolved to follow his father's occupation, travelled for many years about the country as a repairer of metal utensils. At this time he is represented to have been sunk in profligacy and wickedness, though, as we find a love of dancing and ringing bells included among what he afterwards looked upon as heinously sinful tendencies, it is probable that, like many other religious enthusiasts, he has greatly exaggerated the depravity of his unregenerated condition. One of his most grievous transgressions was that of swearing immoderately; and it appears that even while lying in wickedness, his conscience often troubled him. By degrees his religious impressions acquired strength and permanence; till, after many doubts respecting his acceptability with God, the divine authority of the Scriptures, and the reality of his possession of faith (which last circumstance

he was once on the eve of putting to the test by commanding some water puddles to be dry), he at length attained a comfortable state of belief; and, having now resolved to lead a moral and pious life, was, about the year 1655, baptised and admitted as a

Birthplace of Bunyan.

member of the Baptist congregation in Bedford. By the solicitation of the other members of that body, he was induced to become a preacher, though not without some modest reluctance on his part. After zealously preaching the gospel for five years, he was apprehended as a maintainer and upholder of assemblies for religious purposes, which, soon after the Restoration, had been declared unlawful. His sentence of condemnation to perpetual banishment was commuted to imprisonment in Bedford jail, where he remained for twelve years and a-half. During that long period he employed himself partly in writing pious works, and partly in making tagged laces for the support of himself and his family. His library while in prison consisted but of two books, the Bible and Fox's Book of Martyrs, with both of which his own productions show him to have become extremely familiar. Having been liberated through the benevolent endeavours of Dr Barlow, bishop of Lincoln, he resumed his occupation of itinerant preacher, and continued to exercise it until the proclamation of liberty of conscience by James II. After that event, he was enabled, by the contributions of his friends, to erect a meeting-house in Bedford, where his preaching attracted large congregations during the remainder of his life. He frequently visited and preached to the nonconformists in London, and when there in 1688, was cut off by fever in the sixty-first year of his age.

While in prison at Bedford, Bunyan, as we have said, composed several works; of these *The Pilgrim's Progress from this World to that which is to Come* is the one which has acquired the most extensive celebrity. Its popularity, indeed, is almost unrivalled; it has gone through innumerable editions, and been translated into most of the European languages. The object of this remarkable production, it is hardly necessary to say, is to give an allegorical view of the life of a Christian, his difficulties, temptations, encouragements, and ultimate triumph; and this is done with such skill and graphic effect, that the book, though upon the most serious of subjects, is read by children with as much pleasure as the fictions professedly written for their amusement. The work is, throughout, strongly imbued with the Calvinistic principles of the author, who, in relating the contentions of his hero with the powers of darkness, and the terrible visions by which he was so frequently appalled, has doubtless drawn largely from what he himself experienced under the influence of his own fervid imagination. It has, not without reason, been questioned whether the religious ideas which the work is calculated to inspire, be not of so unnecessarily gloomy a character as to render its indiscriminate perusal by children improper. Of the literary merits of 'The Pilgrim's Progress' Mr Southey speaks in the following terms:—'His is a home-spun style, not a manufactured one: and what a difference is there between its homeliness and the flippant vulgarity of the Roger L'Estrange and Tom Brown school! If it is not a well of English undefiled to which the poet as well as the philologist must repair, if they would drink of the living waters, it is a clear stream of current English, the vernacular speech of his age, sometimes, indeed, in its rusticity and coarseness, but always in its plainness and its strength. To this natural style Bunyan is in some degree beholden for his general popularity; his language is everywhere level to the most ignorant reader, and to the meanest capacity: there is a homely reality about it; a nursery tale is not more intelligible, in its manner of narration, to a child. Another cause of his popularity is, that he taxes the imagination as little as the understanding. The vividness of his own, which, as his history shows, sometimes could not distinguish ideal impressions from actual ones, occasioned this. He saw the things of which he was writing as distinctly with his mind's eye as if they were indeed passing before him in a dream. And the reader perhaps sees them more satisfactorily to himself, because the outline of the picture only is presented to him, and the author having made no attempt to fill up the details, every reader supplies them according to the measure and scope of his own intellectual and imaginative powers.'* Another allegorical production of Bunyan, which is still read, though less extensively, is *The Holy War made by King Shaddai upon Diabolus, for the Regaining of the Metropolis of the World, or the Losing and Retaking of Mansoul.* Here the fall of man is typified by the capture of the flourishing city of Mansoul by Diabolus, the enemy of its rightful sovereign Shaddai, or Jehovah; whose son Immanuel recovers it after a tedious siege. Bunyan's *Grace abounding to the Chief of Sinners* (of which the most remarkable portions are given below) is an interesting though fanatical narrative of his own life and religious experience. His other works, which are numerous, and principally of the emblematic class, need not be mentioned, as their merits are not great enough to have preserved them from almost total oblivion. The concluding extracts are from 'The Pilgrim's Progress.'

[*Extracts from Bunyan's Autobiography.*]

In this my relation of the merciful working of God upon my soul, it will not be amiss, if, in the first place, I do, in a few words, give you a hint of my

* Southey's edition of 'The Pilgrim's Progress,' p. lxxxviii.

pedigree and manner of bringing up, that thereby the goodness and bounty of God towards me may be the more advanced and magnified before the sons of men.

For my descent, then, it was, as is well known by many, of a low and inconsiderable generation, my father's house being of that rank that is meanest and most despised of all the families of the land. Wherefore I have not here, as others, to boast of noble blood, and of any high-born state, according to the flesh, though, all things considered, I magnify the heavenly majesty, for that by this door he brought me into the world, to partake of the grace and life that is in Christ by the gospel. But, notwithstanding the meanness and inconsiderableness of my parents, it pleased God to put it into their hearts to put me to school, to learn me both to read and write; the which I also attained, according to the rate of other poor men's children, though, to my shame, I confess I did soon lose that I had learned, even almost utterly, and that long before the Lord did work his gracious work of conversion upon my soul. As for my own natural life, for the time that I was without God in the world, it was, indeed, according to the course of this world, and the spirit that now worketh in the children of disobedience, Eph. ii. 2, 3. It was my delight to be taken captive by the devil at his will, 2 Tim. ii. 26, being filled with all unrighteousness; the which did also so strongly work, both in my heart and life, that I had but few equals, both for cursing, swearing, lying, and blaspheming the holy name of God. Yea, so settled and rooted was I in these things, that they became as a second nature to me; the which, as I have also with soberness considered since, did so offend the Lord, that even in my childhood he did scare and terrify me with fearful dreams and visions. For often, after I had spent this and the other day in sin, I have been greatly afflicted while asleep with the apprehensions of devils and wicked spirits, who, as I then thought, laboured to draw me away with them, of which I could never be rid. Also I should, at these years, be greatly troubled with the thoughts of the fearful torments of hell-fire, still fearing that it would be my lot to be found at last among those devils and hellish fiends, who are there bound down with the chains and bonds of darkness unto the judgment of the great day.

These things, I say, when I was but a child but nine or ten years old, did so distress my soul, that then, in the midst of my many sports and childish vanities, amidst my vain companions, I was often much cast down and afflicted in my mind therewith, yet could I not let go my sins. Yea, I was also then so overcome with despair of life and heaven, that I should often wish either that there had been no hell, or that I had been a devil, supposing they were only tormentors, that if it must needs be that I went thither, I might be rather a tormentor then be tormented myself.

A while after, these terrible dreams did leave me, which also I soon forgot; for my pleasures did quickly cut off the remembrance of them, as if they had never been; wherefore, with more greediness, according to the strength of nature, I did still let loose the reins of my lusts, and delighted in all transgressions against the law of God; so that, until I came to the state of marriage, I was the very ringleader in all manner of vice and ungodliness. Yea, such prevalency had the lusts of the flesh on my poor soul, that, had not a miracle of precious grace prevented, I had not only perished by the stroke of eternal justice, but also laid myself open to the stroke of those laws which bring some to disgrace and shame before the face of the world.

In these days the thoughts of religion were very grievous to me; I could neither endure it myself, nor that any other should; so that when I have seen some read in those books that concerned Christian piety, it would be as it were a prison to me. Then I said unto God, 'Depart from me, for I desire not the knowledge of thy ways,' Job xx. 14, 15. I was now void of all good consideration; heaven and hell were both out of sight and mind; and as for saving and damning, they were least in my thoughts. 'O Lord, thou knowest my life, and my ways are not hid from thee.'

But this I well remember, that, though I could myself sin with the greatest delight and ease, yet even then, if I had at any time seen wicked things, by those who professed goodness, it would make my spirit tremble. As once, above all the rest, when I was in the height of vanity, yet hearing one to swear that was reckoned for a religious man, it had so great a stroke upon my spirit, that it made my heart ache. But God did not utterly leave me, but followed me still, not with convictions, but judgments mixed with mercy. For once I fell into a creek of the sea, and hardly escaped drowning. Another time I fell out of a boat into Bedford river, but mercy yet preserved me; besides, another time being in the field with my companions, it chanced that an adder passed over the highway, so I, having a stick, struck her over the back, and having stunned her, I forced open her mouth with my stick, and plucked her sting out with my fingers, by which act, had not God been merciful to me, I might, by my desperateness, have brought myself to my end. This, also, I have taken notice of with thanksgiving: when I was a soldier, I with others were drawn out to go to such a place to besiege it; but when I was just ready to go, one of the company desired to go in my room; to which when I had consented, he took my place, and coming to the siege, as he stood sentinel, he was shot in the head with a musket-bullet, and died. Here, as I said, were judgments and mercy, but neither of them did awaken my soul to righteousness; wherefore I sinned still, and grew more and more rebellious against God, and careless of my own salvation.

Presently after this I changed my condition into a married state, and my mercy was to light upon a wife whose father and mother were counted godly; this woman and I, though we came together as poor as poor might be (not having so much household stuff as a dish or spoon betwixt us both), yet this she had for her part, 'The Plain Man's Pathway to Heaven,' and 'The Practice of Piety,' which her father had left when he died. In these two books I sometimes read, wherein I found some things that were somewhat pleasant to me (but all this while I met with no conviction). She also often would tell me what a godly man her father was, and how he would reprove and correct vice, both in his house and among his neighbours, and what a strict and holy life he lived in his days, both in word and deed. Wherefore these books, though they did not reach my heart to awaken it about my sad and sinful state, yet they did beget within me some desires to reform my vicious life, and fall in very eagerly with the religion of the times; to wit, to go to church twice a-day, and there very devoutly both say and sing as others did, yet retaining my wicked life; but withal was so overrun with the spirit of superstition, that I adored, and that with great devotion, even all things (both the high-place, priest, clerk, vestment, service, and what else) belonging to the church; counting all things holy that were therein contained, and especially the priest and clerk most happy, and, without doubt, greatly blessed, because they were the servants, as I then thought, of God, and were principal in the holy temple, to do his work therein. This conceit grew so strong upon my spirit, that had I but seen a priest (though never so sordid and debauched in his life), I should find my spirit fall under him, reverence him, and knit unto him; yea, I thought for the love I did bear unto them (supposing they were the ministers of God), I could

have laid down at their feet, and have been trampled upon by them—their name, their garb, and work did so intoxicate and bewitch me. * *

But all this while I was not sensible of the danger and evil of sin; I was kept from considering that sin would damn me, what religion soever I followed, unless I was found in Christ. Nay, I never thought whether there was such a one or no. Thus man, while blind, doth wander, for he knoweth not the way to the city of God, Eccles. x. 15.

But one day, amongst all the sermons our parson made, his subject was to treat of the Sabbath-day, and of the evil of breaking that, either with labour, sports, or otherwise; wherefore I fell in my conscience under his sermon, thinking and believing that he made that sermon on purpose to show me my evil doing. And at that time I felt what guilt was, though never before that I can remember; but then I was for the present greatly loaded therewith, and so went home, when the sermon was ended, with a great burden upon my spirit. This, for that instant, did embitter my former pleasures to me; but hold, it lasted not, for before I had well dined, the trouble began to go off my mind, and my heart returned to its old course; but oh, how glad was I that this trouble was gone from me, and that the fire was put out, that I might sin again without control! Wherefore, when I had satisfied nature with my food, I shook the sermon out of my mind, and to my old custom of sports and gaming I returned with great delight.

But the same day, as I was in the midst of a game of cat, and having struck it one blow from the hole, just as I was about to strike it the second time, a voice did suddenly dart from heaven into my soul, which said, 'Wilt thou leave thy sins and go to heaven, or have thy sins and go to hell?' At this I was put to an exceeding maze; wherefore, leaving my cat upon the ground, I looked up to heaven, and was as if I had, with the eyes of my understanding, seen the Lord Jesus look down upon me, as being very hotly displeased with me, and as if he did severely threaten me with some grievous punishment for those and other ungodly practices.

I had no sooner thus conceived in my mind, but suddenly this conclusion fastened on my spirit (for the former hint did set my sins again before my face), that I had been a great and grievous sinner, and that it was now too late for me to look after heaven; for Christ would not forgive me nor pardon my transgressions. Then, while I was thinking of it, and fearing lest it should be so, I felt my heart sink in despair, concluding it was too late, and therefore I resolved in my mind to go on in sin; for, thought I, if the case be thus, my state is surely miserable; miserable if I leave my sins, and but miserable if I follow them: I can but be damned; and if I must be so, I had as good be damned for many sins as be damned for few.

Thus I stood in the midst of my play, before all that then were present; but yet I told them nothing; but, I say, having made this conclusion, I returned desperately to my sport again; and I well remember, that presently this kind of despair did so possess my soul, that I was persuaded I could never attain to other comfort than what I should get in sin; for heaven was gone already, so that on that I must not think; wherefore I found within me great desire to take my fill of sin, that I might taste the sweetness of it; and I made as much haste as I could to fill my belly with its delicates, lest I should die before I had my desires; for that I feared greatly. In these things, I protest before God I lie not, neither do I frame this sort of speech; these were really, strongly, and with all my heart, my desires; the good Lord, whose mercy is unsearchable, forgive my transgressions. And I am very confident that this temptation of the devil is more usual among poor creatures than many are aware of, yet they continually have a secret conclusion within them, that there are no hopes for them; for they have loved sins, therefore after them they will go, Jer. ii. 25. xviii. 12.

Now, therefore, I went on in sin, still grudging that I could not be satisfied with it as I would. This did continue with me about a month or more; but one day, as I was standing at a neighbour's shop window, and there cursing and swearing after my wonted manner, there sat within the woman of the house, who heard me; and though she was a very loose and ungodly wretch, yet protested that I swore and cursed at that most fearful rate, that she was made to tremble to hear me; and told me further, that I was the ungodliest fellow for swearing that she ever heard in all her life; and that I, by thus doing, was able to spoil all the youth in the whole town, if they came but in my company. At this reproof I was silenced, and put to secret shame, and that, too, as I thought, before the God of heaven; wherefore, while I stood there, hanging down my head, I wished that I might be a little child again, that my father might learn me to speak without this wicked way of swearing; for, thought I, I am so accustomed to it, that it is in vain to think of a reformation, for that could never be. But how it came to pass I know not, I did from this time forward so leave my swearing, that it was a great wonder to myself to observe it; and whereas before I knew not how to speak unless I put an oath before, and another behind, to make my words have authority, now I could without it speak better, and with more pleasantness, than ever I could before. All this while I knew not Jesus Christ, neither did leave my sports and plays.

But quickly after this, I fell into company with one poor man that made profession of religion, who, as I then thought, did talk pleasantly of the Scriptures and of religion; wherefore, liking what he said, I betook me to my Bible, and began to take great pleasure in reading, especially with the historical part thereof; for, as for Paul's epistles, and such like scriptures, I could not away with them, being as yet ignorant either of my nature, or of the want and worth of Jesus Christ to save us. Wherefore I fell to some outward reformation both in my words and life, and did set the commandments before me for my way to heaven; which commandments I also did strive to keep, and, as I thought, did keep them pretty well sometimes, and then I should have comfort; yet now and then should break one, and so afflict my conscience; but then I should repent, and say I was sorry for it, and promise God to do better next time, and there got help again; for then I thought I pleased God as well as any man in England.

Thus I continued about a year, all which time our neighbours did take me to be a very godly and religious man, and did marvel much to see such great alteration in my life and manners; and, indeed, so it was, though I knew not Christ, nor grace, nor faith, nor hope; for, as I have since seen, had I then died, my state had been most fearful. But, I say, my neighbours were amazed at this my great conversion—from prodigious profaneness to something like a moral life and sober man. Now, therefore, they began to praise, to commend, and to speak well of me, both to my face and behind my back. Now I was, as they said, become godly; now I was become a right honest man. But oh! when I understood those were their words and opinions of me, it pleased me mighty well; for though as yet I was nothing but a poor painted hypocrite, yet I loved to be talked of as one that was truly godly. I was proud of my godliness, and, indeed, I did all I did either to be seen of or well spoken of by men; and thus I continued for about a twelvemonth or more.

Now you must know, that before this I had taken

much delight in ringing, but my conscience beginning to be tender, I thought such practice was but vain, and therefore forced myself to leave it; yet my mind hankered; wherefore I would go to the steeple-house and look on, though I durst not ring; but I thought this did not become religion neither; yet I forced myself and would look on still. But quickly after, I began to think, 'How, if one of the bells should fall?' Then I chose to stand under a main beam that lay overthwart the steeple, from side to side, thinking here I might stand sure; but then I thought again, should the bell fall with a swing, it might first hit the wall, and then rebounding upon me, might kill me for all this beam. This made me stand in the steeple-door; and now, thought I, I am safe enough; for if a bell should then fall, I can slip out behind these thick walls, and so be preserved notwithstanding. So after this I would yet go to see them ring, but would not go any farther than the steeple-door; but then it came into my head, 'How, if the steeple itself should fall?' And this thought (it may, for aught I know, when I stood and looked on) did continually so shake my mind, that I durst not stand at the steeple-door any longer, but was forced to flee, for fear the steeple should fall upon my head.

Another thing was my dancing: I was a full year before I could quite leave that. But all this while, when I thought I kept that or this commandment, or did by word or deed anything I thought was good, I had great peace in my conscience, and would think with myself, God cannot choose but be now pleased with me; yea, to relate it in my own way, I thought no man in England could please God better than I. But, poor wretch as I was, I was all this while ignorant of Jesus Christ, and going about to establish my own righteousness; and had perished therein, had not God in his mercy showed me more of my state by nature. * *

In these days, when I have heard others talk of what was the sin against the Holy Ghost, then would the tempter so provoke me to desire to sin that sin, that I was as if I could not, must not, neither should be quiet until I had committed it; now no sin would serve but that: if it were to be committed by speaking of such a word, then I have been as if my mouth would have spoken that word whether I would or no; and in so strong a measure was the temptation upon me, that often I have been ready to clap my hands under my chin, to hold my mouth from opening; at other times, to leap with my head downward into some muck-hill hole, to keep my mouth from speaking. Now, again, I counted the estate of everything that God had made far better than this dreadful state of mine was; yea, gladly would I have been in the condition of a dog or a horse, for I knew they had no souls to perish under the everlasting weight of hell or sin, as mine was like to do. Nay, though I saw this and felt this, yet that which added to my sorrow was, that I could not find that with all my soul I did desire deliverance. That scripture did also tear and rend my soul in the midst of these distractions, 'The wicked are like the troubled sea, which cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt. There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God,' Isaiah lvii. 20, 21. * *

And now I am speaking my experience, I will in this place thrust in a word or two concerning my preaching the word, and of God's dealing with me in that particular also. After I had been about five or six years awakened, and helped to see both the want and worth of Jesus Christ our Lord, and to venture my soul upon him, some of the most able among the saints with us for judgment and holiness of life, as they conceived, did perceive that God counted me worthy to understand something of his will in his holy word, and had given me utterance to express what I saw to others for edification; therefore they desired me, with much earnestness, that I would be willing at some times to take in hand, in one of the meetings, to speak a word of exhortation unto them. The which, though at the first it did much dash and abash my spirit, yet being still by them desired and intreated, I consented, and did twice, at two several assemblies, but in private, though with much weakness, discover my gift amongst them; at which they did solemnly protest, as in the sight of the great God, they were both affected and comforted, and gave thanks to the Father of mercies for the grace bestowed on me.

After this, sometimes, when some of them did go into the country to teach, they would also that I should go with them, where, though as yet I durst not make use of my gift in an open way, yet more privately, as I came amongst the good people in those places, I did sometimes speak a word of admonition unto them also, the which they received with rejoicing at the mercy of God to me-ward, professing their souls were edified thereby. Wherefore, to be brief, at last being still desired by the church, I was more particularly called forth, and appointed to a more ordinary and public preaching of the word, not only to and amongst them that believed, but also to offer the gospel to those who had not yet received the faith thereof: about which time I did evidently find in my mind a secret pricking forward thereto, though at that time I was most sorely afflicted with fiery darts of the devil concerning my eternal state. * *

Wherefore, though of myself, of all the saints the most unworthy, yet I, with great fear and trembling at my own weakness, did set upon the work, and did, according to my gift, preach that blessed gospel that God hath shown me in the holy word of truth; which, when the country understood, they came in to hear the word by hundreds, and that from all parts, though upon divers and sundry accounts. And I thank God he gave unto me some measure of bowels and pity for their souls, which also put me forward to labour with great earnestness to find out such a word as might, if God would bless it, awaken the conscience, in which also the good Lord had respect to the desire of his servant; for I had not preached long before some began to be greatly afflicted in their minds at the greatness of their sin, and of their need of Jesus Christ.

But I first could not believe that God should speak by me to the heart of any man, still counting myself unworthy; yet those who were then troubled would have a particular respect for me; and though I did put it from me that they should be awakened by me, still they would affirm it before the saint of God; they would also bless God for me (unworthy wretch that I am), and count me God's instrument that showed to them the way of salvation. * *

Thus I went on for the space of two years, crying out against men's sins, and their fearful state because of them. After which the Lord came in upon my own soul with some sure peace and comfort through Christ: wherefore now I altered in my preaching (for still I preached what I saw and felt); now therefore I did much labour to hold with Jesus Christ in all his offices, relations, and benefits unto the world, and did strive also to condemn and remove those false supports and props on which the world doth lean, and by them fall and perish. On these things also I stayed as long as on the other.

After this, God led me into something of the mystery of the union of Christ; wherefore that I discovered and showed to them also. And when I had travelled through these three points of the word of God, about the space of five years or more, I was caught in my present practice, and cast into prison, where I have lain above as long again to confirm the

truth by way of suffering, as I was before in testifying of it according to the Scriptures in a way of preaching. * *

When I first went to preach the word abroad, the doctors and priests of the country did open wide against me; but I was persuaded of this, not to render railing for railing, but to see how many of their carnal professors I could convince of their miserable state by the law, and of the want and worth of Christ: for, thought I, 'That shall answer for me in time to come, when they shall be for my hire before their face,' Gen. xxx. 33.

I never cared to meddle with things that were controverted, and in dispute among the saints, especially things of the lowest nature; yet it pleased me much to contend with great earnestness for the word of faith, and the remission of sins by the death and sufferings of Jesus; but, I say, as to other things, I would let them alone, because I saw they engendered strife; and because that they neither in doing nor in leaving undone did commend us to God to be his: besides, I saw my work before me did run into another channel, even to carry an awakened word; to that therefore I did stick and adhere. * *

If any of those who were awakened by my ministry did after that fall back (as sometimes too many did), I can truly say their loss hath been more to me than if my own children, begotten of my own body, had been going to their grave. I think verily, I may speak it without any offence to the Lord, nothing has gone so near me as that, unless it was the fear of the loss of the salvation of my own soul. I have counted as if I had goodly buildings and lordships in those places where my children were born: my heart hath been so wrapped up in the glory of this excellent work, that I counted myself more blessed and honoured of God by this than if he had made me the emperor of the Christian world, or the Lord of all the glory of the earth without it. * *

But in this work, as in all other, I had my temptations attending me, and that of divers kinds: as sometimes I should be assaulted with great discouragement therein, fearing that I should not be able to speak a word at all to edification; nay, that I should not be able to speak sense to the people; at which times I should have such a strange faintness seize upon my body, that my legs have scarce been able to carry me to the place of exercise.

Sometimes, when I have been preaching, I have been violently assaulted with thoughts of blasphemy, and strongly tempted to speak the words with my mouth before the congregation. I have also at times, even when I have begun to speak the word with much clearness, evidence, and liberty of speech, been, before the ending of that opportunity, so blinded and so estranged from the things I have been speaking, and have been also so straitened in my speech as to utterance before the people, that I have been as if I had not known what I have been about, or as if my head had been in a bag all the time of my exercise. * *

But when Satan perceived that his thus tempting and assaulting of me would not answer his design, to wit, to overthrow the ministry, and make it ineffectual as to the ends thereof, then he tried another way, which was, to stir up the minds of the ignorant and malicious to load me with slanders and reproaches. Now therefore I may say, that what the devil could devise and his instruments invent, was whirled up and down the country against me, thinking, as I said, by that means they should make my ministry to be abandoned. It began therefore to be rumoured up and down among the people that I was a witch, a Jesuit, a highwayman, and the like. To all which I shall only say, God knows that I am innocent. But as for mine accusers, let them provide themselves to meet me before the tribunal of the Son of God, there to answer for all these things (with all the rest of their iniquities), unless God shall give them repentance for them, for the which I pray with all my heart. * *

Having made profession of the glorious gospel of Christ, and preached the same about five years, I was apprehended at a meeting of good people in the country (among whom I should have preached that day, but they took me from amongst them), and had me before a justice, who, after I had offered security for my appearance the next sessions, yet committed me, because my sureties would not consent to be bound that I should preach no more to the people.

At the sessions after, I was indicted for a maintainer of unlawful assemblies and conventicles, and for not conforming to the church of England; and after some conference there with the justices, they taking my plain dealing with them for a confession, as they termed it, of the indictment, did sentence me to a perpetual banishment, because I refused to conform. So being again delivered up to the jailer's hands, I was had to prison, and there laid a complete twelve years, waiting to see what God would suffer these men to do with me. In which condition I have continued with much content, through grace, but have met with many turnings and goings upon my heart, both from the Lord, Satan, and my own corruption, by all which (glory be to Jesus Christ) I have also received much conviction, instruction, and understanding, of which I shall not here discourse; only give you a hint or two that may stir up the godly to bless God, and to pray for and also to take encouragement, should the case be their own, 'not to fear what man can do unto them.'

[*Christian in the Hands of Giant Despair.*]

Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then, with a grim and surly voice, he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds? They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me, by trampling and lying on my ground, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They also had but little to say, for they knew themselves in fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, in a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of those two men. Here they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread, or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did: they were therefore here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised haste that they were brought into this distress.

Now, Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners and cast them into his dungeon, for trespassing on his grounds. Then he asked her also what he had best to do further to them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound, and he told her. Then she counselled him, that when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating them as if they were dogs, although they never gave him a word of distaste: then he falls

upon them, and beats them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws, and leaves them there to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress: so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night she talked with her husband about them further, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison: For why, said he, should you choose life, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go; with which he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sun-shiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands: wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse: —

Chr. Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or die out of hand. 'My soul chooseth strangling rather than life,' and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon! Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hope. Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me, than thus for ever to abide; but let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, Thou shalt do no murder: no, not to any man's person; much more then are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another can but commit murder on his own body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell, whither for certain the murderers go? For no murderer hath eternal life, &c. And let us consider, again, that all laws are not in the hand of Giant Despair: others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well a we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may in a short time have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? and if ever that should come to pass again, for my part I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before; but, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while: the time may come that he may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together (in the dark) that day in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards the evening, the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel; but when he came there he found them alive; and truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that seeing they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now, Christian again seemed to be for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply as followeth:—

Hope. My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death: what hardships, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through, and art thou now nothing but fear? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art; also this giant has wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But let us exercise a little more patience: remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor the cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore let us (at least to avoid the shame that becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being a-bed, she asked concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, Take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt also tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once; and they trespassed in my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces, and so within ten days I will do you; go, get ye down to your den again; and with that he beat them all the way thither.

They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case, as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs Diffidence and her husband the giant were got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hope that some will come to relieve them, or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant; I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out in this passionate speech: What a fool (quoth he) am I thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty? I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That's good news, good brother; pluck it out of thy bosom and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt (as he turned the key) gave back, and the door flew open with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outer door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After, he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went very hard, yet the key did open it. Then they thrust open the door to make their escape with speed, but that gate, as it opened, made such a cracking, that it waked Giant

Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the king's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the stile thereof this sentence:—'Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims.' Many, therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

[*The Golden City.*]

Now I saw in my dream that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced them there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore it was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof: for in this land the shining ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, 'as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so did their God rejoice over them.' Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city, loud voices, saying, 'Say ye to the daughter of Zion, behold thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him!' Here all the inhabitants of the country called them 'The holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out,' &c.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing nearer to the city yet, they had a more perfect view thereof: it was built of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflection of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick; Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease: wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out, because of their pangs, 'If you see my Beloved, tell him that I am sick of love.'

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold the gardener stood in the way, to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the king's, and are planted here for his own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims: so the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with dainties; he also showed them there the king's walks and arbours, where he delighted to be; and here they tarried and slept.

Now, I beheld in my dream that they talked more in their sleep at this time than ever they did in all their journey; and being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? It is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards to go down so sweetly, as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak.

So I saw that when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city (for the city was pure gold) was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that, as they went on, there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold; also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came? and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way? and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian and his companion then asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would. But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw in my dream that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now, I further saw that betwixt them and the gate was a river, but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, You must go through, or you cannot come to the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate? To which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall, until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then (especially Christian) began to despond in their minds, and looked this way and that; but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth? They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; For, said they, you shall find it deeper or shallower, as you believe in the King of the place.

They then addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, I sink in deep waters: the billows go over my head; all the waters go over me. Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother; I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah! my friend, the sorrow of death hath encompassed me about; I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here, in a great measure, he lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spake still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here, also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words. Hopeful, therefore, here had much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then ere awhile he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavour to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and men standing by to receive us; but Christian would answer, It is you; it is you they wait for; you have been Hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah! brother, said he, surely if I was right, he would now rise to help me; but for my sins

he hath brought me into the snare and left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot the text, where it is said of the wicked, 'There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men.' These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters are no sign that God hath forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of his goodness, and live upon him in your distresses.

Then I saw in my dream that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom, also, Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole: and with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh! I see him again; and he tells me, 'When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee.' Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow; but thus they got over. Now, upon the bank of the river on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them; wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, 'We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be heirs of salvation.' Thus they went along toward the gate. Now, you must note that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they got safely over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

The talk that they had with the shining ones was about the glory of the place; who told them, that the beauty and glory of it was inexpressible. There, said they, is 'Mount Zion, the heavenly Jerusalem, the innumerable company of angels, and the spirits of just men made perfect.' You are going now, said they, to the Paradise of God, wherein you shall see the tree of life, and eat of the never-fading fruits thereof; and when you come there, you shall have white robes given you, and your walk and talk shall be every day with the King, even all the days of eternity. There you shall not see again such things as you saw when you were in the lower region upon the earth, to wit, sorrow, sickness, affliction, and death, 'for the former things are passed away.' You are now going to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, and to the prophets, men that God hath taken away from the evil to come, and that are now resting upon their beds, each one walking in his righteousness. The men then asked, What must we do in this holy place? To whom it was answered, You must there receive the comforts of all your toil, and have joy for all your sorrow; you must reap what you have sown, even the fruit of all your prayers and tears, and sufferings for the King by the way. In that place you must wear crowns of gold, and enjoy the perpetual sight and vision of the Holy One, for 'there you shall see him as he is.' There, also, you shall serve him continually with praise, with shouting, and thanksgiving, whom you desired to serve in the world, though with much difficulty, because of the infirmity of your flesh. There your eyes shall be delighted with seeing, and your ears with hearing, the pleasant voice of the Mighty One. There you shall enjoy your friends again, that are gone thither before you; and there you shall with joy receive even every one that follows into the holy places after you. There, also, you shall be clothed with glory and majesty, and put into an equipage fit to ride out with the King of Glory. When he shall come with sound of trumpet in the clouds, as upon the wings of the wind, you shall come with him; and when he shall sit upon the throne of judgment, you shall sit by him; yea, and when he shall pass sentence upon all the workers of iniquity, let them be angels or men, you also shall have a voice in that judgment, because they were his and your enemies. Also, when he shall again return to the city, you shall go too, with sound of trumpet, and be ever with him.

Now, while they were thus drawing towards the gate, behold a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them: to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men who loved our Lord when they were in the world, and have left all for his holy name; and he hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, 'Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb.' There came also out at this time to meet them several of the king's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who, with melodious and loud noises, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round about on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, some on the left (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if Heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together; and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpeters, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian brother how welcome they were to their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them: and now were these two men, as it were, in Heaven, before they came at it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing their melodious notes. Here, also, they had the city itself in view, and thought they heard all the bells therein to ring, to welcome them thereto. But, above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such company, and that for ever and ever. Oh! by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now, when they were come up to the gate, there was written over in letters of gold, 'Blessed are they that do his commandments, that they may have a right to the tree of life, and may enter in through the gates into the city.'

Then I saw in my dream that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which, when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, &c., to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place; and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning: those, therefore, were carried in to the King, who, when he had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, 'That the righteous nation,' said he, 'that keepeth truth, may enter in.'

Now, I saw in my dream that these two men went in at the gate; and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured, and they had raiment put on that shone

like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave to them the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honour. Then I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, 'Enter ye into the joy of your Lord.' I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, 'Blessing, honour, and glory, and power be to Him that sitteth upon the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.'

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold the city shone like the sun; the streets, also, were paved with gold, and in them walked many men with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

There were also of them that had wings, and they answered one another without intermission, saying, 'Holy, holy, holy, is the Lord.' And after that they shut up the gates; which when I had seen, I wished myself among them.

Now, while I was gazing upon all these things, I turned my head to look back, and saw Ignorance coming up to the river side; but he soon got over, and that without half the difficulty which the other two men met with. For it happened that there was then in that place one Vain-Hope, a ferryman, that with his boat helped him over; so he, as the other, I saw, did ascend the hill, to come up to the gate, only he came alone; neither did any man meet him with the least encouragement. When he was coming up to the gate, he looked up to the writing that was above, and then began to knock, supposing that entrance should have been quickly administered to him: but he was asked by the men that looked over the top of the gate, Whence come you, and what would you have? He answered, 'I have eat and drank in the presence of the King, and he has taught in our streets.' Then they asked for his certificate, that they might go in and show it to the King; so he fumbled in his bosom for one, and found none. Then said they, You have none! but the man answered never a word. So they told the King, but he would not come down to see him, but commanded the two shining ones that conducted Christian and Hopeful to the city to go out and take Ignorance, and bind him hand and foot, and have him away. Then they took him up, and carried him through the air to the door that I saw on the side of the hill, and put him in there. Then I saw that there was a way to hell, even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the City of Destruction. 'So I awoke, and behold it was a dream.'

The period under review and the reign which immediately preceded it were fortunate in a group of historical writers who described their own times with extraordinary felicity. At their head stands the Earl of Clarendon, who gives the royalist view of public affairs.

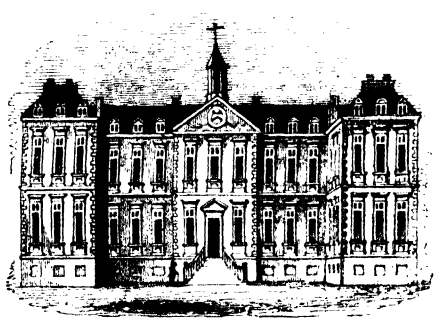
LORD CLARENDON.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON (1608–1674), the son of a private gentleman of good fortune in Wiltshire, studied for several years at Oxford with a view to the church, but, in consequence of the death of two elder brothers, was removed at the age of sixteen to London, where he diligently pursued the study of the law. While thus employed, he associated much with some of the most eminent of his contemporaries, among whom may be mentioned Lord Falkland, Selden, Carew, Waller, Morley, Hales of Eton, and Chillingworth. From the conversation of these and other distinguished individuals (the characters of some of whom he has admirably sketched in his works), he considered himself to have derived a great portion of his knowledge; and he

Lord Clarendon.

declares that 'he never was so proud, or thought himself so good a man, as when he was the worst man in the company.' In the practice of the law he made so creditable a figure, as to attract the favourable notice of Archbishop Laud; but being in easy circumstances, and having entered parliament in 1640, he soon afterwards quitted the bar, and devoted himself to public affairs. At first he abstained from connecting himself with any political party; but eventually he joined the royalists, to whose principles he was inclined by nature, though not in a violent degree. In the struggles between Charles I. and the people, he was much consulted by the king, who, however, sometimes gave him great offence by disregarding his advice. Many of the papers issued in the royal cause during the civil war were the productions of Hyde. Charles, while holding his court at Oxford, nominated him chancellor of the exchequer, and conferred upon him the honour of knighthood. Leaving the king in 1644, he accompanied Prince Charles to the west, and subsequently to Jersey, where he remained for two years after the prince's departure from that island, engaged in tranquil literary occupations, and especially in writing a history of the stormy events in which he had lately been an actor. In 1648 he joined the prince in Holland, and next year went as one of his ambassadors to Madrid, having first established his own wife and children at Antwerp. In Spain the ambassadors were coldly received: after suffering much from neglect and poverty, they were at length ordered to quit the kingdom, which they did in 1651; Hyde retiring to his family at Antwerp, but afterwards, in the autumn of the same year, joining the exiled Charles at Paris. Thenceforth, Hyde continued to be of great service in managing the embarrassed pecuniary affairs of the court, in giving counsel to the king, and in preserving harmony among his adherents. At this time his own poverty was such, that he writes in 1652, 'I have neither clothes nor fire to preserve me from the sharpness of the season;' and in the following year, 'I have not had a livre of my own for three months.' He was greatly annoyed by the indolence and extravagance of Charles, who, however, valued him highly, and manifested his approbation by raising him to the dignity of lord chancellor. This appointment by a king without a kingdom, besides serving to tes-

tify the royal favour, enabled the easy and indolent monarch to rid himself of clamorous applicants for future lucrative offices in England, by referring them to one who had greater ability to resist solicitation with firmness. Of the four confidential counsellors by whose advice Charles was almost exclusively directed after the death of Oliver Cromwell, Hyde 'bore the greatest share of business, and was believed to possess the greatest influence. The measures he recommended were tempered with sagacity, prudence, and moderation.' 'The chancellor was a witness of the Restoration; he was with Charles at Canterbury in his progress to London, followed his triumphal entry to the capital, and took his seat on the first of June (1660) as speaker of the House of Lords: he also sat on the same day in the Court of Chancery.' In the same year his daughter became the wife of the Duke of York, by which marriage Hyde was rendered a progenitor of two queens of England, Mary and Anne. At the coronation in 1661, the earldom of Clarendon was conferred on him, along with a gift of £20,000 from the king. He enjoyed the office of chancellor till 1665, when, having incurred the popular odium by some of his measures, and raised up many bitter enemies in the court by his opposition to the dissoluteness and extravagance which there prevailed, he resigned the great seal by



Dunkirk House, the London residence of Lord Clarendon.

his majesty's command, and was soon afterwards compelled to withdraw from the kingdom. He retired to France, and occupied himself in completing his *History of the Rebellion* (for such was the epithet bestowed by the royalists upon the civil war), which, however, was not published till the reign of Queen Anne. This great work, which usually occupies six volumes, is not written in the studied manner of modern historical compositions, but in an easy flowing conversational style; and it is generally esteemed for the lively descriptions which the author gives, from his own knowledge and observation, of his most eminent contemporaries. The events are narrated with that freshness and minuteness which only one concerned in them could have attained; but some allowance must be made, in judging of the characters and the transactions described, for the political prejudices of the author, which, as already seen, were those of a moderate and virtuous royalist. The chief faults with which his style is chargeable are prolixity and involution, which render some portions of the work unreadable, except with a great effort of attention. And from having been written before notes came into use, the narrative is too frequently interrupted by the introduction of minute discussions of accessory matters. Lord Clarendon wrote also a variety of shorter works, among which are a life of himself, a reply to the 'Leviathan' of Hobbes, and an admirable *Essay on an Active and Contemplative Life, and why the One should be preferred before the Other.* The last is peculiarly valuable, as the production of a man who to a sound and vigorous understanding added rare knowledge of the world, and much experience of life, both active and retired. He strongly maintains the superiority of an active course, as having the greater tendency to promote not only the happiness and usefulness, but also the virtue, of the individual. Man, says he, 'is not sent into the world only to have a being to breathe till nature extinguisheth that breath, and reduceth that miserable creature to the nothing he was before: he is sent upon an errand, and to do the business of life; he hath faculties given him to judge between good and evil, to cherish and foment the first motions he feels towards the one, and to subdue the first temptations to the other; he hath not acted his part in doing no harm; his duty is not only to do good and to be innocent himself, but to propagate virtue, and to make others better than they would otherwise be. Indeed, an absence of folly is the first hopeful prologue towards the obtaining wisdom; yet he shall never be wise who knows not what folly is; nor, it may be, commendably and judiciously honest, without having taken some view of the quarters of iniquity; since true virtue pre-supposeth an election, a declining somewhat that is ill, as well as the choice of what is good.' The choice of a mode of life he, however, justly thinks ought to be regulated by a consideration of the abilities of each individual who is about to commence his career; all abstract disquisitions on the subject being as unprofitable as to argue the questions, 'Whether a man who is obliged to make a long journey should choose to undertake it upon a black or a bay horse, and take his lodging always in a public inn, or at a friend's house; to which the resolution, after how long a time soever of considering, must be, that the black horse is to be made use of, if he be better than the bay; and that the inn is to be preferred, if the entertainment be better there than it is like to be at the friend's house. And how light and ridiculous soever this instance may seem to be, it is very worthy to accompany the other debate, which must be resolved by the same medium. That a man of a vigorous and active spirit, of perspicacity of judgment, and high thoughts, cannot enter too soon into the field of action; and to confine him to retirement, and to spend his life in contemplation, were to take his life from him. On the other hand, a dull dispirited fellow, who hath no faculties of soul to exercise and improve, or such as no exercise or conversation can improve, may withdraw himself as far as he can from the world, and spend his life in sleep, that was never awake; but what kind of fruit this dry trunk will yield by his speculation or contemplation, can no more be comprehended than that he will have a better and more useful understanding after he is dead and buried.' Lord Clarendon omits to add, that dispositions as well as talents ought always to be considered; since, however great a man's abilities may be, the want of boldness, self-confidence, and decision of character, must operate as an insurmountable bar to success in the struggles of active life.*

In the year 1811, a work of Lord Clarendon's, which had till then remained in manuscript, was published under the title of *Religion and Policy, and the Countenance and Assistance they should give to each other; with a Survey of the Power and Jurisdiction of the Pope in the Dominions of other Princes.*

* Lord Clarendon's other miscellaneous works consist of a Vindication of Himself from the Charge of High Treason; Contemplations on the Psalms of David; Dialogues on the Want of Respect due to Age, and on Education; and essays on various subjects.

The principal object of the work is to show the injury which religion has sustained by the pope's assumption of temporal authority, and that it is incumbent on Catholics living under Protestant governments to pay no regard to the papal authority, in opposition to their own sovereign.

Lord Clarendon's 'History of the Rebellion' was not intended for publication till the numerous public individuals of whom it spoke were no more; and accordingly, it did not make its appearance till the year 1707. It was edited by Lord Rochester, Bishop Sprat, and Dean Aldrich, who made numerous alterations on the text, which, however, has now been correctly given in an edition printed at Oxford in 1826.

[*Reception of the Liturgy at Edinburgh in* 1637.]

On the Sunday morning appointed for the work, the Chancellor of Scotland, and others of the council, being present in the cathedral church, the dean began to read the Liturgy, which he had no sooner entered upon, but a noise and clamour was raised throughout the church, that no words could be heard distinctly; and then a shower of stones, and sticks, and cudgels, were thrown at the dean's head. The bishop went up into the pulpit, and from thence put them in mind of the sacredness of the place, of their duty to God and the king; but he found no more reverence, nor was the clamour and disorder less than before. The chancellor, from his seat, commanded the provost and magistrates of the city to descend from the gallery in which they sat, and by their authority to suppress the riot; which at last with great difficulty they did, by driving the rudest of those who made the disturbance out of the church, and shutting the doors, which gave the dean opportunity to proceed in the reading of the Liturgy, that was not at all attended or hearkened to by those who remained within the church; and if it had, they who were turned out continued their barbarous noise, broke the windows, and endeavoured to break down the doors, so that it was not possible for any to follow their devotions.

When all was done that at that time could be done there, and the council and magistrates went out of the church to their houses, the rabble followed the bishops with all the opprobrious language they could invent, of bringing in superstition and popery into the kingdom, and making the people slaves; and were not content to use their tongues, but employed their hands too in throwing dirt and stones at them; and treated the bishop of Edinburgh, whom they looked upon as most active that way, so rudely, that with difficulty he got into a house, after they had torn his habit, and was from thence removed to his own, with great hazard of his life. As this was the reception which it had in the cathedral, so it fared not better in the other churches of the city, but was entertained with the same noise and outcries, and threatening the men, whose office it was to read it, with the same bitter execrations against bishops and popery.

Hitherto no person of condition or name appeared or seemed to countenance this seditious confusion; it was the rabble, of which nobody was named, and, which is more strange, not one apprehended: and it seems the bishops thought it not of moment enough to desire or require any help or protection from the council; but without conferring with them, or applying themselves to them, they despatched away an express to the king, with a full and particular information of all that had passed, and a desire that he would take that course he thought best for the carrying on his service.

Until this advertisement arrived from Scotland, there were very few in England who had heard of any disorders there, or of anything done there which might produce any. * * And the truth is, there was so little curiosity either in the court or in the country to know anything of Scotland, or what was done there, that when the whole nation was solicitous to know what passed weekly in Germany, and Poland, and all other parts of Europe, no man ever inquired what was doing in Scotland. Nor had that kingdom a place or mention in one page of any gazette; and even after the advertisement of this preamble to rebellion, no mention was made of it at the council-board, but such a despatch made into Scotland upon it, as expressed the king's dislike and displeasure, and obliged the lords of the council there to appear more vigorously in the vindication of his authority, and suppression of those tumults. But all was too little. That people, after they had once begun, pursued the business gourously, and with all imaginable contempt of the government; and though in the hubbub of the first day there appeared nobody of name or reckoning, but the actors were really of the dregs of the people, yet they discovered by the countenance of that day, that few men of rank were forward to engage themselves in the quarrel on the behalf of the bishops; whereupon more considerable persons every day appeared against them, and (as heretofore in the case of St Paul, Acts xiii. 50, 'The Jews stirred up the devout and honourable women') the women and ladies of the best quality declared themselves of the party, and, with all the reproaches imaginable, made war upon the bishops, as introducers of popery and superstition, against which they avowed themselves to be irreconcilable enemies; and their husbands did not long defer the owning the same spirit; insomuch as within few days the bishops durst not appear in the streets, nor in any courts, or houses, but were in danger of their lives; and such of the lords as durst be in their company, or seemed to desire to rescue them from violence, had their coaches torn in pieces, and their persons assaulted, insomuch as they were glad to send for some of those great men, who did indeed govern the rabble, though they appeared not in it, who readily came and redeemed them out of their hands; so that, by the time new orders came from England, there was scarce a bishop left in Edinburgh, and not a minister who durst read the Liturgy in any church.

[*Character of Hampden.*]

Mr Hampden was a man of much greater cunning, and, it may be, of the most discerning spirit, and of the greatest address and insinuation to bring anything to pass which he desired, of any man of that time, and who laid the design deepest. He was a gentleman of a good extraction, and a fair fortune; who, from a life of great pleasure and license, had on a sudden retired to extraordinary sobriety and strictness, and yet retained his usual cheerfulness and affability; which, together with the opinion of his wisdom and justice, and the courage he had showed in opposing the ship-money, raised his reputation to a very great height, not only in Buckinghamshire, where he lived, but generally throughout the kingdom. He was not a man of many words, and rarely begun the discourse, or made the first entrance upon any business that was assumed; but a very weighty speaker, and after he had heard a full debate, and observed how the house was like to be inclined, took up the argument, and shortly, and clearly, and craftily so stated it, that he commonly conducted it to the conclusion he desired; and if he found he could not do that, he was never without the dexterity to divert the debate to another time, and to prevent the determining anything in the negative, which might prove inconvenient in the future. He made so great a show of civility, and modesty, and humility, and always of mistrusting his own judgment, and esteeming his with whom he conferred for the present, that he seemed to have no opinions or resolutions,

but such as he contracted from the information and instruction he received upon the discourses of others, whom he had a wonderful art of governing, and leading into his principles and inclinations, whilst they believed that he wholly depended upon their counsel and advice. No man had ever a greater power over himself, or was less the man that he seemed to be; which shortly after appeared to everybody, when he cared less to keep on the mask.

[*Character of Lord Falkland.*]

In this unhappy battle [of Newbury] was slain the Lord Viscount Falkland, a person of such prodigious parts of learning and knowledge, of that inimitable sweetness and delight in conversation, of so flowing and obliging a humanity and goodness to mankind, and of that primitive simplicity and integrity of life, that if there were no other brand upon this odious and accursed civil war than that single loss, it must be most infamous and execrable to all posterity:

Turpe mori, post te, solo non posse dolore.

Before this parliament, his condition of life was so happy, that it was hardly capable of improvement. Before he came to be twenty years of age, he was master of a noble fortune, which descended to him by the gift of a grandfather, without passing through his father or mother, who were then both alive, and not well enough contented to find themselves passed by in the descent. His education for some years had been in Ireland, where his father was lord deputy; so that, when he returned into England to the possession of his fortune, he was unentangled with any acquaintance or friends, which usually grow up by the custom of conversation, and therefore was to make a pure election of his company, which he chose by other rules than were prescribed to the young nobility of that time. And it cannot be denied, though he admitted some few to his friendship for the agreeableness of their natures, and their undoubted affection to him, that his familiarity and friendship for the most part was with men of the most eminent and sublime parts, and of untouched reputation in point of integrity; and such men had a title to his bosom.

He was a great cherisher of wit, and fancy, and good parts in any man; and if he found them clouded with poverty or want, a most liberal and bountiful patron towards them, even above his fortune; of which, in those administrations, he was such a dispenser, as, if he had been trusted with it to such uses, and if there had been the least of vice in his expense, he might have been thought too prodigal. He was constant and pertinacious in whatsoever he resolved to do, and not to be wearied by any pains that were necessary to that end. And, therefore, having once resolved not to see London, which he loved above all places, till he had perfectly learned the Greek tongue, he went to his own house in the country, and pursued it with that indefatigable industry, that it will not be believed in how short a time he was master of it, and accurately read all the Greek historians.

In this time, his house being within little more than ten miles of Oxford, he contracted familiarity and friendship with the most polite and accurate men of that university, who found such an immenseness of wit, and such a solidity of judgment in him, so infinite a fancy, bound in by a most logical ratiocination, such a vast knowledge, that he was not ignorant in anything, yet such an excessive humility, as if he had known nothing, that they frequently resorted and dwelt with him, as in a college situated in a purer air; so that his house was a university in a less volume, whither they came not so much for repose as study, and to examine and refine those grosser propositions which laziness and consent made current in vulgar conversation. * *

He was superior to all those passions and affections which attend vulgar minds, and was guilty of no other ambition than of knowledge, and to be reputed a lover of all good men; and that made him too much a contemner of those arts which must be indulged in the transactions of human affairs. In the last short parliament he was a burgess in the House of Commons; and from the debates, which were there managed with all imaginable gravity and sobriety, he contracted such a reverence to parliaments, that he thought it really impossible they could ever produce mischief or inconvenience to the kingdom; or that the kingdom could be tolerably happy in the intermission of them. * *

The great opinion he had of the uprightness and integrity of those persons who appeared most active, especially of Mr Hampden, kept him longer from suspecting any design against the peace of the kingdom; and though he differed from them commonly in conclusions, he believed long their purposes were honest. When he grew better informed what was law, and discerned in them a desire to control that law by a vote of one or both houses, no man more opposed those attempts, and gave the adverse party more trouble by reason and argumentation; insomuch as he was by degrees looked upon as an advocate for the court; to which he contributed so little, that he declined those addresses, and even those invitations which he was obliged almost by civility to entertain. And he was so jealous of the least imagination that he should incline to preferment, that he affected even a moroseness to the court and to the courtiers, and left nothing undone which might prevent and divert the king's or queen's favour towards him but the deserving it. For when the king sent for him once or twice to speak with him, and to give him thanks for his excellent comportment in those councils, which his majesty graciously termed 'doing him service,' his answers were more negligent, and less satisfactory, than might be expected; as if he cared only that his actions should be just, not that they should be acceptable; and that his majesty should think that they proceeded only from the impulsion of conscience, without any sympathy in his affections.

He had a courage of the most clear and keen temper, and so far from fear, that he seemed not without some appetite of danger; and therefore, upon any occasion of action, he always engaged his person in those troops which he thought by the forwardness of the commanders to be most like to be farthest engaged; and in all such encounters, he had about him an extraordinary cheerfulness, without at all affecting the execution that usually attended them; in which he took no delight, but took pains to prevent it, where it was not by resistance made necessary; insomuch that at Edge-hill, when the enemy was routed, he was like to have incurred great peril, by interposing to save those who had thrown away their arms, and against whom, it may be, others were more fierce for their having thrown them away; so that a man might think he came into the field chiefly out of curiosity to see the face of danger, and charity to prevent the shedding of blood. Yet in his natural inclination, he acknowledged he was addicted to the profession of a soldier; and shortly after he came to his fortune, before he was of age, he went into the Low Countries, with a resolution of procuring command, and to give himself up to it; from which he was diverted by the complete inactivity of that summer; so he returned into England, and shortly after entered upon that vehement course of study we mentioned before, till the first alarm from the north; then again he made ready for the field, and though he received some repulse in the command of a troop of horse, of which he had

a promise, he went a volunteer with the Earl of Essex.

From the entrance into this unnatural war, his natural cheerfulness and vivacity grew clouded, and a kind of sadness and dejection of spirit stole upon him, which he had never been used to; yet being one of those who believed that one battle would end all differences, and that there would be so great a victory on one side that the other would be compelled to submit to any conditions from the victor (which supposition and conclusion generally sunk into the minds of most men, and prevented the looking after many advantages that might then have been laid hold of), he resisted those indispositions. But after the king's return from Brentford, and the furious resolution of the two houses not to admit any treaty for peace, those indispositions which had before touched him grew into a perfect habit of uncheerfulness; and he who had been so exactly easy and affable to all men, that his face and countenance was always present and vacant to his company, and held any cloudiness and less pleasantness of the visage a kind of rudeness or incivility, became on a sudden less communicable; and thence very sad, pale, and exceedingly affected with the spleen. In his clothes and habit, which he had minded before always with more neatness, and industry, and expense, than is usual to so great a soul, he was not now only incurious, but too negligent; and in his reception of suitors, and the necessary or casual addresses to his place, so quick, and sharp, and severe, that there wanted not some men (strangers to his nature and disposition) who believed him proud and imperious; from which no mortal man was ever more free. * *

When there was any overture or hope of peace, he would be more erect and vigorous, and exceedingly solicitous to press anything which he thought might promote it; and sitting among his friends, often after a deep silence, and frequent sighs, would, with a shrill and sad accent, ingeminate the word Peace, Peace; and would passionately profess, 'that the very agony of the war, and the view of the calamities and desolation the kingdom did and must endure, took his sleep from him, and would shortly break his heart.' This made some think, or pretend to think, 'that he was so much enamoured of peace, that he would have been glad the king should have bought it at any price;' which was a most unreasonable calumny. As if a man that was himself the most punctual and precise in every circumstance that might reflect upon conscience or honour, could have wished the king to have committed a trespass against either. * *

In the morning before the battle, as always upon action, he was very cheerful, and put himself into the first rank of the Lord Byron's regiment, then advancing upon the enemy, who had lined the hedges on both sides with musketeers; from whence he was shot with a musket in the lower part of the belly, and in the instant falling from his horse, his body was not found till the next morning; till when, there was some hope he might have been a prisoner, though his nearest friends, who knew his temper, received small comfort from that imagination. Thus fell that incomparable young man, in the four-and-thirtieth year of his age, having so much despatched the true business of life, that the eldest rarely attain to that immense knowledge, and the youngest enter not into the world with more innocency: whosoever leads such a life, needs be the less anxious upon how short warning it is taken from him.

[*Character of Charles I.*]

But it will not be unnecessary to add a short character of his person, that posterity may know the inestimable loss which the nation then underwent, in being deprived of a prince whose example would have had a greater influence upon the manners and piety of the nation, than the most strict laws can have. To speak first of his private qualifications as a man, before the mention of his princely and royal virtues; he was, if ever any, the most worthy of the title of an honest man; so great a lover of justice, that no temptation could dispose him to a wrongful action, except it was so disguised to him that he believed it to be just. He had a tenderness and compassion of nature which restrained him from ever doing a hard-hearted thing; and, therefore, he was so apt to grant pardon to malefactors, that the judges of the land represented to him the damage and insecurity to the public that flowed from such his indulgence. And then he restrained himself from pardoning either murders or highway robberies, and quickly discerned the fruits of his severity by a wonderful reformation of those enormities. He was very punctual and regular in his devotions; he was never known to enter upon his recreations or sports, though never so early in the morning, before he had been at public prayers; so that on hunting days, his chaplains were bound to a very early attendance. He was likewise very strict in observing the hours of his private cabinet devotions, and was so severe an exacter of gravity and reverence in all mention of religion, that he could never endure any light or profane word, with what sharpness of wit soever it was covered; and though he was well pleased and delighted with reading verses made upon any occasion, no man durst bring before him anything that was profane or unclean. That kind of wit had never any countenance then. He was so great an example of conjugal affection, that they who did not imitate him in that particular, durst not brag of their liberty; and he did not only permit, but direct his bishops to prosecute those scandalous vices, in the ecclesiastical courts, against persons of eminence, and near relation to his service.

His kingly virtues had some mixture and allay that hindered them from shining in full lustre, and from producing those fruits they should have been attended with. He was not in his nature very bountiful, though he gave very much. This appeared more after the Duke of Buckingham's death, after which those showers fell very rarely; and he paused too long in giving, which made those to whom he gave less sensible of the benefit. He kept state to the full, which made his court very orderly, no man presuming to be seen in a place where he had no pretence to be. He saw and observed men long before he received them about his person; and did not love strangers, nor very confident men. He was a patient hearer of causes, which he frequently accustomed himself to at the council board, and judged very well, and was dexterous in the mediating part; so that he often put an end to causes by persuasion, which the stubbornness of men's humours made dilatory in courts of justice.

He was very fearless in his person; but, in his riper years, not very enterprising. He had an excellent understanding, but was not confident enough of it; which made him oftentimes change his own opinion for a worse, and follow the advice of men that did not judge so well as himself. This made him more irresolute than the conjuncture of his affairs would admit; if he had been of a rougher and more imperious nature, he would have found more respect and duty. And his not applying some severe cures to approaching evils proceeded from the lenity of his nature, and the tenderness of his conscience, which, in all cases of blood, made him choose the softer way, and not hearken to severe counsels, how reasonably soever urged. This only restrained him from pursuing his advantage in the first Scottish expedition, when, humanly speaking, he might have reduced that nation to the most entire obedience that could have been wished. But no

can say he had then many who advised him to it, but the contrary, by a wonderful indisposition all his council had to the war or any other fatigue. He was always a great lover of the Scottish nation, having not only been born there, but educated by that people, and besieged by them always, having few English about him till he was king; and the major number of his servants being still of that nation, who he thought could never fail him. And among these, no man had such an ascendant over him, by the humblest insinuations, as Duke Hamilton had.

As he excelled in all other virtues, so in temperance he was so strict, that he abhorred all debauchery to that degree, that, at a great festival solemnity, where he once was, when very many of the nobility of the English and Scots were entertained, being told by one who withdrew from thence, what vast draughts of wine they drank, and 'that there was one earl who had drank most of the rest down, and was not himself moved or altered,' the king said, 'that he deserved to be hanged;' and that earl coming shortly after into the room where his majesty was, in some gaiety, to show how unhurt he was from that battle, the king sent one to bid him withdraw from his majesty's presence; nor did he in some days after appear before him.

So many miraculous circumstances contributed to his ruin, that men might well think that heaven and earth conspired it. Though he was, from the first declension of his power, so much betrayed by his own servants, that there were very few who remained faithful to him, yet that treachery proceeded not always from any treasonable purpose to do him any harm, but from particular and personal animosities against other men. And afterwards, the terror all men were under of the parliament, and the guilt they were conscious of themselves, made them watch all opportunities to make themselves gracious to those who could do them good; and so they became spies upon their master, and from one piece of knavery were hardened and confirmed to undertake another, till at last they had no hope of preservation but by the destruction of their master. And after all this, when a man might reasonably believe that less than a universal defection of three nations could not have reduced a great king to so ugly a fate, it is most certain that, in that very hour, when he was thus wickedly murdered in the sight of the sun, he had as great a share in the hearts and affections of his subjects in general, was as much beloved, esteemed, and longed for by the people in general of the three nations, as any of his predecessors had ever been. To conclude, he was the worthiest gentleman, the best master, the best friend, the best husband, the best father, and the best Christian, that the age in which he lived produced. And if he were not the greatest king, if he were without some parts and qualities which have made some kings great and happy, no other prince was ever unhappy who was possessed of half his virtues and endowments, and so much without any kind of vice.

[*Escape of Charles II. after the Battle of Worcester.**]

Though the king could not get a body of horse to fight, he could have too many to fly with him; and he had not been many hours from Worcester, when he found about him near, if not above, four thousand of his horse. There was David Lesley with all his own equipage, as if he had not fled upon the sudden; so that good order, and regularity, and obedience, might yet have made a retreat even into Scotland itself. But there was paleness in every man's looks, and jealousy and confusion in their faces; and scarce anything could worse befall the king than a return into Scotland, which yet he could not reasonably promise to himself in that company. But when the night covered them, he found means to withdraw himself with one or two of his own servants, whom he likewise discharged when it begun to be light; and after he had made them cut off his hair, he betook himself alone into an adjacent wood, and relied only upon Him for his preservation who alone could, and did miraculously deliver him.

When it was morning, and the troops which had marched all night, and who knew that when it begun to be dark the king was with them, found now that he was not there, they cared less for each other's company; and most of them who were English separated themselves, and went into other roads; and wherever twenty horse appeared of the country, which was now awake, and upon their guard to stop and arrest the runaways, the whole body of the Scottish horse would fly, and run several ways; and twenty of them would give themselves prisoners to two country fellows; however, David Lesley reached Yorkshire with above fifteen hundred horse in a body. But the jealousies increased every day; and those of his own country were so unsatisfied with his whole conduct and behaviour, that they did, that is, many of them, believe that he was corrupted by Cromwell; and the rest, who did not think so, believed him not to understand his profession, in which he had been bred from his cradle. When he was in his flight, considering one morning with the principal persons which way they should take, some proposed this and others that way, Sir William Armorer asked him, 'which way he thought best?' which, when he had named, the other said, 'he would then go the other; for, he swore, he had betrayed the king and the army all the time;' and so left him. * *

It is great pity that there was never a journal made of that miraculous deliverance, in which there might be seen so many visible impressions of the immediate hand of God. When the darkness of the night was over, after the king had cast himself into that wood, he discerned another man, who had gotten upon an oak in the same wood, near the place where the king had rested himself, and had slept soundly. The man upon the tree had first seen the king, and knew him, and came down to him, and was known to the king, being a gentleman of the neighbour county of Staffordshire, who had served his late majesty during the war, and had now been one of the few who resorted to the king after his coming to Worcester. His name was Careless, who had had a command of foot, about the degree of a captain, under the Lord Loughborough. He persuaded the king, since it could not be safe for him to go out of the wood, and that, as soon as it should be fully light, the wood itself would probably be visited by those of the country, who would be searching to find those whom they might make prisoners, that he would get up into that tree where he had been, where the boughs were so thick with leaves that a man would not be discovered there without a narrower inquiry than people usually make in places which they do not suspect. The king thought it good counsel, and, with the other's help, climbed into the tree, and then helped his companion to ascend after him, where they sat all that day, and securely saw many who came purposely into the wood to look after them, and heard all their discourse, how they would use the king himself if they could take him. This wood was either in or upon the borders of Staffordshire; and though there was a highway near one side of it, where the king had entered into it, yet it was large, and all other sides of it opened amongst inclosures, and Careless was not unacquainted with the neighbour villages; and it was part of the king's good fortune that this gentleman, by being a Roman Catholic, was acquainted with those of that pro-

* The particulars of this escape are here narrated 'as the author had them from the king himself.'

fession of all degrees, who had the best opportunities of concealing him; for it must never be denied, that some of that religion had a very great share in his majesty's preservation.

The day being spent in the tree, it was not in the king's power to forget that he had lived two days with eating very little, and two nights with as little sleep; so that, when the night came, he was willing to make some provision for both; and he resolved, with the advice and assistance of his companion, to leave his blessed tree; and, when the night was dark, they walked through the wood into those inclosures which were farthest from any highway, and making a shift to get over hedges and ditches, after walking at least eight or nine miles, which were the more grievous to the king by the weight of his boots (for he could not put them off when he cut off his hair, for want of shoes), before morning they came to a poor cottage, the owner whereof, being a Roman Catholic, was known to Careless. He was called up, and as soon as he knew one of them, he easily concluded in what condition they both were, and presently carried them into a little barn full of hay, which was a better lodging than he had for himself. But when they were there, and had conferred with their host of the news and temper of the country, it was agreed that the danger would be the greater if they stayed together; and, therefore, that Careless should presently be gone, and should, within two days, send an honest man to the king, to guide him to some other place of security; and in the mean time his majesty should stay upon the hay-mow. The poor man had nothing for him to eat, but promised him good butter-milk; and so he was once more left alone, his companion, how weary soever, departing from him before day, the poor man of the house knowing no more than that he was a friend of the captain's, and one of those who had escaped from Worcester. The king slept very well in his lodging, till the time that his host brought him a piece of bread, and a great pot of butter-milk, which he thought the best food he ever had eaten. The poor man spoke very intelligently to him of the country, and of the people who were well or ill affected to the king, and of the great fear and terror that possessed the hearts of those who were best affected. He told him, 'that he himself lived by his daily labour, and that what he had brought him was the fare he and his wife had; and that he feared, if he should endeavour to procure better, it might draw suspicion upon him, and people might be apt to think he had somebody with him that was not of his own family. However, if he would have him get some meat, he would do it; but if he could bear this hard diet, he should have enough of the milk, and some of the butter that was made with it.' The king was satisfied with his reason, and would not run the hazard for a change of diet; desired only the man 'that he might have his company as often and as much as he could give it him;' there being the same reason against the poor man's discontinuing his labour, as the alteration of his fare.

After he had rested upon this hay-mow and fed upon this diet two days and two nights, in the evening before the third night, another fellow, a little above the condition of his host, came to the house, sent from Careless, to conduct the king to another house, more out of any road near which any part of the army was like to march. It was above twelve miles that he was to go, and was to use the same caution he had done the first night, not to go in any common road, which his guide knew well how to avoid. Here he new dressed himself, changing clothes with his landlord; he had a great mind to have kept his own shirt; but he considered, that men are not sooner discovered by any mark in disguises than by having fine linen in ill clothes; and so he parted with his shirt too, and took the same his poor host had then on. Though he had foreseen that he must leave his boots, and his landlord had taken the best care he could to provide an old pair of shoes, yet they were not easy to him when he first put them on, and, in a short time after, grew very grievous to him. In this equipage he set out from his first lodging in the beginning of the night, under the conduct of this guide, who guided him the nearest way, crossing over hedges and ditches, that they might be in least danger of meeting passengers. This was so grievous a march, and he was so tired, that he was even ready to despair, and to prefer being taken and suffered to rest, before purchasing his safety at that price. His shoes had, after a few miles, hurt him so much, that he had thrown them away, and walked the rest of the way in his ill stockings, which were quickly worn out; and his feet, with the thorns in getting over hedges, and with the stones in other places, were so hurt and wounded, that he many times cast himself upon the ground, with a desperate and obstinate resolution to rest there till the morning, that he might shift with less torment, what hazard soever he run. But his stout guide still prevailed with him to make a new attempt, sometimes promising that the way should be better, and sometimes assuring him that he had but little farther to go; and in this distress and perplexity, before the morning they arrived at the house designed; which, though it was better than that which he had left, his lodging was still in the barn, upon straw instead of hay, a place being made as easy in it as the expectation of a guest could dispose it. Here he had such meat and porridge as such people use to have, with which, but especially with the butter and the cheese, he thought himself well feasted; and took the best care he could to be supplied with other, little better, shoes and stockings; and after his feet were enough recovered that he could go, he was conducted from thence to another poor house, within such a distance as put him not to much trouble; for having not yet in his thought which way or by what means to make his escape, all that was designed was only, by shifting from one house to another, to avoid discovery. And being now in that quarter which was more inhabited by the Roman Catholics than most other parts in England, he was led from one to another of that persuasion, and concealed with great fidelity. But he then observed that he was never carried to any gentleman's house, though that country was full of them, but only to poor houses of poor men, which only yielded him rest with very unpleasant sustenance; whether there was more danger in those better houses, in regard of the resort and the many servants, or whether the owners of great estates were the owners likewise of more fears and apprehensions.

Within few days, a very honest and discreet person, one Mr Hudleston, a Benedictine monk, who attended the service of the Roman Catholics in those parts, came to him, sent by Careless, and was a very great assistance and comfort to him. And when the places to which he carried him were at too great a distance to walk, he provided him a horse, and more proper habit than the rags he wore. This man told him, 'that the Lord Wilmot lay concealed likewise in a friend's house of his, which his majesty was very glad of, and wished him to contrive some means how they might speak together,' which the other easily did; and, within a night or two, brought them into one place. Wilmot told the king 'that he had by very good fortune fallen into the house of an honest gentleman, one Mr Lane, a person of an excellent reputation for his fidelity to the king, but of so universal and general a good name, that, though he had a son who had been a colonel in the king's service during the late war, and was then upon his way with men to Worcester, the very day of the defeat, men of all affec-

tions in the country, and of all opinions, paid the old man a very great respect; that he had been very civilly treated there; and that the old gentleman had used some diligence to find out where the king was, that he might get him to his house, where, he was sure, he could conceal him till he might contrive a full deliverance.' He told him, 'he had withdrawn from that house, in hope that he might, in some other place, discover where his majesty was; and having now happily found him, advised him to repair to that house, which stood not near any other.'

The king inquired of the monk of the reputation of this gentleman, who told him, 'that he had a fair estate, was exceedingly beloved, and the eldest justice of peace of that county of Stafford; and though he was a very zealous Protestant, yet he lived with so much civility and candour towards the Catholics, that they would all trust him as much as they would do any of their own profession; and that he could not think of any place of so good repose and security for his majesty's repair to.' The king liked the proposition, yet thought not fit to surprise the gentleman, but sent Wilmot thither again, to assure himself that he might be received there, and was willing that he should know what guest he received; which hitherto was so much concealed, that none of the houses where he had yet been, knew or seemed to suspect more than that he was one of the king's party that fled from Worcester. The monk carried him to a house at a reasonable distance, where he was to expect an account from the Lord Wilmot, who returned very punctually, with as much assurance of welcome as he could wish. And so they two went together to Mr Lane's house, where the king found he was welcome, and conveniently accommodated in such places as in a large house had been provided to conceal the persons of malignants, or to preserve goods of value from being plundered. Here he lodged and ate very well, and began to hope that he was in present safety. Wilmot returned under the care of the monk, and expected summons when any farther motion should be thought to be necessary.

In this station the king remained in quiet and blessed security many days, receiving every day information of the general consternation the kingdom was in, out of the apprehension that his person might fall into the hands of his enemies, and of the great diligence they used to inquire for him. He saw the proclamation that was issued out and printed, in which a thousand pounds were promised to any man who would deliver and discover the person of Charles Stuart, and the penalty of high treason declared against those who presumed to harbour or conceal him, by which he saw how much he was beholden to all those who were faithful to him. It was now time to consider how he might get near the sea, from whence he might find some means to transport himself; and he was now near the middle of the kingdom, saving that it was a little more northward, where he was utterly unacquainted with all the ports, and with that coast. In the west he was best acquainted, and that coast was most proper to transport him into France, to which he was inclined. Upon this matter he communicated with those of this family to whom he was known, that is, with the old gentleman the father, a very grave and venerable person; the colonel, his eldest son, a very plain man in his discourse and behaviour, but of a fearless courage, and an integrity superior to any temptation; and a daughter of the house, of a very good wit and discretion, and very fit to bear any part in such a trust. It was a benefit, as well as an inconvenience, in those unhappy times, that the affections of all men were almost as well known as their faces, by the discovery they had made of themselves in those sad seasons in many trials and persecutions; so that men knew not only the minds of their next neighbours, and those who inhabited near them, but, upon conference with their friends, could choose fit houses, at any distance, to repose themselves in security, from one end of the kingdom to another, without trusting the hospitality of a common inn; and men were very rarely deceived in their confidence upon such occasions; but the persons with whom they were at any time, could conduct them to another house of the same affection.

Mr Lane had a niece, or very near kinswoman, who was married to a gentleman, one Mr Norton, a person of eight or nine hundred pounds per annum, who lived within four or five miles of Bristol, which was at least four or five days' journey from the place where the king then was, but a place most to be wished for the king to be in, because he did not only know all that country very well, but knew many persons also to whom, in an extraordinary case, he durst make himself known. It was hereupon resolved that Mrs Lane should visit this cousin, who was known to be of good affections, and that she should ride behind the king, who was fitted with clothes and boots for such a service; and that a servant of her father's, in his livery, should wait upon her. A good house was easily pitched upon for the first night's lodging, where Wilmot had notice given him to meet; and in this equipage the king began his journey, the colonel keeping him company at a distance, with a hawk upon his fist, and two or three spaniels, which, where there were any fields at hand, warranted him to ride out of the way, keeping his company still in his eye, and not seeming to be of it. In this manner they came to their first night's lodging; and they need not now contrive to come to their journey's end about the close of the evening, for it was in the month of October far advanced, that the long journeys they made could not be despatched sooner. Here the Lord Wilmot found them, and their journeys being then adjusted, he was instructed where he should be every night; so they were seldom seen together in the journey, and rarely lodged in the same house at night. In this manner the colonel hawked two or three days, till he had brought them within less than a day's journey of Mr Norton's house, and then he gave his hawk to the Lord Wilmot, who continued the journey in the same exercise.

There was great care taken when they came to any house, that the king might be presently carried into some chamber, Mrs Lane declaring 'that he was a neighbour's son, whom his father had lent her to ride before her, in hope that he would the sooner recover from a quartan ague, with which he had been miserably afflicted, and was not yet free.' And by this artifice she caused a good bed to be still provided for him, and the best meat to be sent, which she often carried herself, to hinder others from doing it. There was no resting in any place till they came to Mr Norton's, nor anything extraordinary that happened in the way, save that they met many people every day in the way, who were very well known to the king; and the day that they went to Mr Norton's, they were necessarily to ride quite through the city of Bristol—a place and people the king had been so well acquainted with, that he could not but send his eyes abroad to view the great alterations which had been made there, after his departure from thence; and when he rode near the place where the great fort had stood, he could not forbear putting his horse out of the way, and rode with his mistress behind him round about it.

They came to Mr Norton's house sooner than usual, and it being on a holiday, they saw many people about a bowling-green that was before the door; and the first man the king saw was a chaplain of his own, who was allied to the gentleman of the house, and was sitting upon the rails to see how the bowlers

played. William, by which name the king went, walked with his horse into the stable, until his mistress could provide for his retreat. Mrs Lane was very welcome to her cousin, and was presently conducted to her chamber, where she no sooner was, than she lamented the condition of 'a good youth who came with her, and whom she had borrowed of his father to ride before her, who was very sick, being newly recovered of an ague;' and desired her cousin 'that a chamber might be provided for him, and a good fire made, for that he would go early to bed, and was not fit to be below stairs.' A pretty little chamber was presently made ready, and a fire prepared, and a boy sent into the stable to call William, and to show him his chamber; who was very glad to be there, freed from so much company as was below. Mrs Lane was put to find some excuse for making a visit at that time of the year, and so many days' journey from her father, and where she had never been before, though the mistress of the house and she had been bred together, and friends as well as kindred. She pretended 'that she was, after a little rest, to go into Dorsetshire to another friend.' When it was supper-time, there being broth brought to the table, Mrs Lane filled a little dish, and desired the butler who waited at the table 'to carry that dish of porridge to William, and to tell him that he should have some meat sent to him presently.' The butler carried the porridge into the chamber, with a nakpin, and spoon, and bread, and spoke kindly to the young man, who was willing to be eating.

The butler, looking narrowly upon him, fell upon his knees, and with tears told him, 'he was glad to see his majesty.' The king was infinitely surprised, yet recollected himself enough to laugh at the man, and to ask him 'what he meant?' The man had been falconer to Sir Thomas Jermyn, and made it appear that he knew well enough to whom he spoke, repeating some particulars which the king had not forgot. Whereupon the king conjured him 'not to speak of what he knew, so much as to his master, though he believed him a very honest man.' The fellow promised, and kept his word; and the king was the better waited upon during the time of his abode there.

Dr Gorges, the king's chaplain, being a gentleman of a good family near that place, and allied to Mr Norton, supped with them; and being a man of a cheerful conversation, asked Mrs Lane many questions concerning William, of whom he saw she was so careful, by sending up meat to him, 'how long his ague had been gone? and whether he had purged since it left him?' and the like; to which she gave such answers as occurred. The doctor, from the final prevalence of the Parliament, had, as many others of that function had done, declined his profession, and pretended to study physic. As soon as supper was done, out of good nature, and without telling anybody, he went to see William. The king saw him coming into the chamber, and withdrew to the inside of the bed, that he might be farthest from the candle; and the doctor came and sat down by him, felt his pulse, and asked him many questions, which he answered in as few words as was possible, and expressing great inclination to go to his bed; to which the doctor left him, and went to Mrs Lane, and told her 'that he had been with William, and that he would do well;' and advised her what she should do if his ague returned. The next morning the doctor went away, so that the king saw him no more. The next day, the Lord Wilmot came to the house with his hawk, to see Mrs Lane, and so conferred with William, who was to consider what he was to do. They thought it necessary to rest some days, till they were informed what port lay most convenient for them, and what person lived nearest to it, upon whose fidelity they might rely; and the king gave him directions to inquire after some persons, and some other particulars, of which when he should be fully instructed, he should return again to him. In the mean time, Wilmot lodged at a house not far from Mr Norton's, to which he had been recommended.

After some days' stay here, and communication between the king and the Lord Wilmot by letters, the king came to know that Colonel Francis Windham lived within little more than a day's journey of the place where he was, of which he was very glad; for, besides the inclination he had to his eldest brother, whose wife had been his nurse, this gentleman had behaved himself very well during the war, and had been governor of Dunstar castle, where the king had lodged when he was in the west. After the end of the war, and when all other places were surrendered in that county, he likewise surrendered that, upon fair conditions, and made his peace, and afterwards married a wife with a competent fortune, and lived quietly, without any suspicion of having lessened his affection towards the king.

The king sent Wilmot to him, and acquainted him where he was, and 'that he would gladly speak with him.' It was not hard for him to choose a good place where to meet, and thereupon the day was appointed. After the king had taken his leave of Mrs Lane, who remained with her cousin Norton, the king and the Lord Wilmot met the colonel; and in the way he met, in a town through which they passed, Mr Kirton, a servant of the king's, who well knew the Lord Wilmot, who had no other disguise than the hawk, but took no notice of him, nor suspected the king to be there; yet that day made the king more wary of having him in his company upon the way. At the place of meeting, they rested only one night, and then the king went to the colonel's house, where he rested many days, whilst the colonel projected at what place the king might embark, and how they might procure a vessel to be ready there, which was not easy to find, there being so great a fear possessing those who were honest, that it was hard to procure any vessel that was outward-bound to take in any passenger.

There was a gentleman, one Mr Ellison, who lived near Lyme, in Dorsetshire, and was well known to Colonel Windham, having been a captain in the king's army, and was still looked upon as a very honest man. With him the colonel consulted how they might get a vessel to be ready to take in a couple of gentlemen, friends of his, who were in danger to be arrested, and transport them into France. Though no man would ask who the persons were, yet it could not but be suspected who they were; at least they concluded that it was some of Worcester party. Lyme was generally as malicious and disaffected a town to the king's interest as any town in England could be, yet there was in it a master of a bark, of whose honesty this captain was very confident. This man was lately returned from France, and had unladen his vessel, when Ellison asked him 'when he would make another voyage?' And he answered, 'as soon as he could get lading for his ship.' The other asked 'whether he would undertake to carry over a couple of gentlemen, and land them in France, if he might be as well paid for his voyage as he used to be when he was freighted by the merchants?' In conclusion, he told him 'he should receive fifty pounds for his fare.' The large recompense had that effect, that the man undertook it; though he said 'he must make his provision very secretly, for that he might be well suspected for going to sea again without being freighted, after he was so newly returned.' Colonel Windham being advertised of this, came, together with the Lord Wilmot, to the captain's house, from whence the lord and the captain rid to a house near Lyme, where the master of the bark met them; and the Lord Wilmot being

satisfied with the discourse of the man, and his wariness in foreseeing suspicions which would arise, it was resolved that on such a night, which upon consideration of the tides was agreed upon, the man should draw out his vessel from the pier, and, being at sea, should come to such a point about a mile from the town, where his ship should remain upon the beach when the water was gone, which would take it off again about break of day the next morning. There was very near that point, even in the view of it, a small inn, kept by a man who was reputed honest, to which the cavaliers of the country often resorted; and the London road passed that way, so that it was seldom without company. Into that inn the two gentlemen were to come in the beginning of the night, that they might put themselves on board. All things being thus concerted, and good earnest given to the master, the Lord Wilmot and the colonel returned to the colonel's house, above a day's journey from the place, the captain undertaking every day to look that the master should provide, and, if anything fell out contrary to expectation, to give the colonel notice at such a place where they intended the king should be the day before he was to embark.

The king being satisfied with these preparations, came at the time appointed to that house where he was to hear that all went as it ought to do; of which he received assurance from the captain, who found that the man had honestly put his provisions on board, and had his company ready, which were but four men, and that the vessel should be drawn out that night; so that it was fit for the two persons to come to the aforesaid inn: and the captain conducted them within sight of it, and then went to his own house, not distant a mile from it; the colonel remaining still at the house where they had lodged the night before, till he might hear the news of their being embarked.

They found many passengers in the inn, and so were to be contented with an ordinary chamber, which they did not intend to sleep long in. But as soon as there appeared any light, Wilmot went out to discover the bark, of which there was no appearance. In a word, the sun arose, and nothing like a ship in view. They sent to the captain, who was as much amazed; and he sent to the town, and his servant could not find the master of the bark, which was still in the pier. They suspected the captain, and the captain suspected the master. However, it being past ten of the clock, they concluded it was not fit for them to stay longer there, and so they mounted their horses again to return to the house where they had left the colonel, who, they knew, resolved to stay there till he were assured that they were gone.

The truth of the disappointment was this: the man meant honestly, and made all things ready for his departure; and the night he was to go out with his vessel, he had stayed in his own house, and slept two or three hours; and the time of the tide being come that it was necessary to be on board, he took out of a cupboard some linen and other things, which he used to carry with him to sea. His wife had observed that he had been for some days fuller of thoughts than he used to be, and that he had been speaking with seamen who used to go with him, and that some of them had carried provisions on board the bark; of which she had asked her husband the reason, who had told her 'that he was promised freight speedily, and therefore he would make all things ready.' She was sure that there was yet no lading in the ship, and therefore, when she saw her husband take all those materials with him, which was a sure sign that he meant to go to sea, and it being late in the night, she shut the door, and swore he should not go out of his house. He told her 'he must go, and was engaged to go to sea that night, for which he should be well paid.' His wife told him 'she was sure he was doing somewhat that would undo him, and she was resolved he should not go out of his house; and if he should persist in it, she would tell the neighbours, and carry him before the mayor to be examined, that the truth might be found out.' The poor man, thus mastered by the passion and violence of his wife, was forced to yield to her, that there might be no farther noise, and so went into his bed.

And it was very happy that the king's jealousy hastened him from that inn. It was the solemn fast-day, which was observed in those times principally to inflame the people against the king, and all those who were loyal to him; and there was a chapel in that village over against that inn, where a weaver, who had been a soldier, used to preach, and utter all the villany imaginable against the old order of government: and he was then in the chapel preaching to his congregation when the king went from thence, and telling the people 'that Charles Stuart was lurking somewhere in that country, and that they would merit from God Almighty if they could find him out.' The passengers, who had lodged in the inn that night, had, as soon as they were up, sent for a smith to visit their horses, it being a hard frost. The smith, when he had done what he was sent for, according to the custom of that people, examined the feet of the other two horses, to find more work. When he had observed them, he told the host of the house 'that one of those horses had travelled far, and that he was sure that his four shoes had been made in four several counties;' which, whether his skill was able to discover or no, was very true. The smith going to the sermon, told his story to some of his neighbours, and so it came to the ears of the preacher when his sermon was done. Immediately he sent for an officer, and searched the inn, and inquired for those horses; and being informed that they were gone, he caused horses to be sent to follow them, and to make inquiry after the two men who rid those horses, and positively declared 'that one of them was Charles Stuart.'

When they came again to the colonel, they presently concluded that they were to make no longer stay in those parts, nor any more to endeavour to find a ship upon that coast; and without any farther delay, they rode back to the colonel's house, where they arrived in the night. Then they resolved to make their next attempt in Hampshire and Sussex, where Colonel Windham had no interest. They must pass through all Wiltshire before they came thither, which would require many days' journey; and they were first to consider what honest houses there were in or near the way, where they might securely repose; and it was thought very dangerous for the king to ride through any great town, as Salisbury or Winchester, which might probably lie in their way.

There was, between that and Salisbury, a very honest gentleman, Colonel Robert Philips, a younger brother of a very good family, which had always been very loyal, and he had served the king during the war. The king was resolved to trust him, and so sent the Lord Wilmot to a place from whence he might send to Mr Philips to come to him; and when he had spoken with him, Mr Philips should come to the king, and Wilmot was to stay in such a place as they two should agree. Mr Philips accordingly came to the colonel's house, which he could do without suspicion, they being nearly allied. The ways were very full of soldiers, which were sent now from the army to their quarters, and many regiments of horse and foot were assigned for the west, of which division Desborough was commander-in-chief. These marches were like to last for many days, and it would not be fit for the king to stay so long in that place. Thereupon he resorted to his old security of taking a woman behind him, a kinswoman of Colonel Windham, whom

he carried in that manner to a place not far from Salisbury, to which Colonel Philips conducted him. In this journey he passed through the middle of a regiment of horse, and, presently after, met Desborough walking down a hill with three or four men with him, who had lodged in Salisbury the night before, all that road being full of soldiers.

The next day, upon the plains, Dr Hinchman, one of the prebends of Salisbury, met the king, the Lord Wilmot and Philips then leaving him to go to the sea-coast to find a vessel, the doctor conducting the king to a place called Heale, three miles from Salisbury, belonging then to Serjeant Hyde, who was afterwards Chief Justice of the King's Bench, and then in the possession of the widow of his elder brother—a house that stood alone from neighbours, and from any highway—where coming in late in the evening, he supped with some gentlemen who accidentally were in the house, which could not well be avoided. But the next morning he went early from thence, as if he had continued his journey; and the widow, being trusted with the knowledge of her guest, sent her servants out of the way, and at an hour appointed received him again, and accommodated him in a little room, which had been made since the beginning of the troubles for the concealment of delinquents, the seat always belonging to a malignant family.

Here he lay concealed, without the knowledge of some gentlemen who lived in the house, and of others who daily resorted thither, for many days: the widow herself only attending him with such things as were necessary, and bringing him such letters as the doctor received from the Lord Wilmot and Colonel Philips. A vessel being at last provided upon the coast of Sussex, and notice thereof sent to Dr Hinchman, he sent to the king to meet him at Stonehenge, upon the plains, three miles from Heale, whither the widow took care to direct him; and being there met, he attended him to the place where Colonel Philips received him. He, the next day, delivered him to the Lord Wilmot, who went with him to a house in Sussex recommended by Colonel Gunter, a gentleman of that country, who had served the king in the war, who met him there, and had provided a little bark at Brighthelmstone, a small fisher town, where he went early on board, and, by God's blessing, arrived safely in Normandy.

[*Character of Oliver Cromwell.*]

He was one of those men, *quos vituperare ne inimici quidem possunt, nisi ut simul laudent*; whom his very enemies could not condemn without commending him at the same time; for he could never have done half that mischief without great parts of courage, industry, and judgment. He must have had a wonderful understanding in the natures and humours of men, and as great a dexterity in applying them; who, from a private and obscure birth (though of a good family), without interest or estate, alliance or friendship, could raise himself to such a height, and compound and knead such opposite and contradictory tempers, humours, and interests into a consistence, that contributed to his designs, and to their own destruction; whilst himself grew insensibly powerful enough to cut off those by whom he had climbed, in the instant that they projected to demolish their own building. What was said of Cinna may very justly be said of him, *ausum eum, quæ nemo auderet bonus; perfecisse, quæ a nullo, nisi fortissimo, perfici possent*—['he attempted those things which no good man durst have ventured on, and achieved those in which none but a valiant and great man could have succeeded.'] Without doubt, no man with more wickedness ever attempted anything, or brought to pass what he desired more wickedly, more in the face and contempt of religion and moral honesty. Yet wickedness as great as his could never have accomplished those designs without the assistance of a great spirit, an admirable circumspection and sagacity, and a most magnanimous resolution.

When he appeared first in the parliament, he seemed to have a person in no degree gracious, no ornament of discourse, none of those talents which use to conciliate the affections of the stander-by. Yet as he grew into place and authority, his parts seemed to be raised, as if he had had concealed faculties, till he had occasion to use them; and when he was to act the part of a great man, he did it without any indecency, notwithstanding the want of custom.

After he was confirmed and invested Protector by the humble petition and advice, he consulted with very few upon any action of importance, nor communicated any enterprise he resolved upon with more than those who were to have principal parts in the execution of it; nor with them sooner than was absolutely necessary. What he once resolved, in which he was not rash, he would not be dissuaded from, nor endure any contradiction of his power and authority, but extorted obedience from them who were not willing to yield it.

Thus he subdued a spirit that had been often troublesome to the most sovereign power, and made Westminster Hall as obedient and subservient to his commands as any of the rest of his quarters. In all other matters, which did not concern the life of his jurisdiction, he seemed to have great reverence for the law, rarely interposing between party and party. As he proceeded with this kind of indignation and haughtiness with those who were refractory, and durst contend with his greatness, so towards all who complied with his good pleasure, and courted his protection, he used great civility, generosity, and bounty.

To reduce three nations, which perfectly hated him, to an entire obedience to all his dictates; to awe and govern those nations by an army that was indevoted to him, and wished his ruin, was an instance of a very prodigious address. But his greatness at home was but a shadow of the glory he had abroad. It was hard to discover which feared him most, France, Spain, or the Low Countries, where his friendship was current at the value he put upon it. As they did all sacrifice their honour and their interest to his pleasure, so there is nothing he could have demanded that either of them would have denied him.

To conclude his character: Cromwell was not so far a man of blood as to follow Machiavel's method; which prescribes, upon a total alteration of government, as a thing absolutely necessary, to cut off all the heads of those, and extirpate their families, who are friends to the old one. It was confidently reported, that in the council of officers it was more than once proposed, 'that there might be a general massacre of all the royal party, as the only expedient to secure the government,' but that Cromwell would never consent to it; it may be, out of too great a contempt of his enemies. In a word, as he was guilty of many crimes against which damnation is denounced, and for which hell-fire is prepared, so he had some good qualities which have caused the memory of some men in all ages to be celebrated; and he will be looked upon by posterity as a brave wicked man.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE.

BULSTRODE WHITELOCKE (1605-1676), an eminent lawyer, who wrote *Memorials of English Affairs* from the beginning of the reign of Charles I. to the Restoration, was of principles opposite to those of Lord Clarendon, though, like Selden and other moderate anti-royalists, he was averse to a civil war. Whitelocke was the legal adviser of Hampden during the prosecution of that celebrated patriot for refusing

to pay ship-money. As a member of parliament, and one of the commissioners appointed to treat with the king at Oxford, he advocated pacific measures; and, being an enemy to arbitrary power both in church and state, he refused, in the Westminster assembly for settling the form of church government, to admit the assumed divine right of presbytery. Under Cromwell he held several high appointments; and during the government of the Protector's son Richard, acted as one of the keepers of the great seal. At the Restoration, he retired to his estate in Wiltshire, which continued to be his principal residence till his death in 1676. Whitelocke's 'Memorials' not having been intended for publication, are almost wholly written in the form of a diary, and are to be regarded rather as a collection of historical materials than as history itself. In a posthumous volume of *Essays, Ecclesiastical and Civil*, he strongly advocates religious toleration.

GILBERT BURNET.

GILBERT BURNET was the son of a Scottish advocate of reputation, and nephew to Johnston of

Gilbert Burnet.

Warriston, one of the principal popular leaders of the civil war in Scotland. He was born at Edinburgh in 1643, and after entering life as a clergyman of his native church, and holding for some years the divinity professorship at Glasgow, he removed to a benefice in London, where, partly by his talents, and partly through forward and officious habits, he rendered himself the confidant of many high political persons. In 1679 he greatly increased his reputation by publishing the first volume of a *History of the Reformation in England*. The appearance of this work at the time when the Popish Plot was engaging public attention, procured to the author the thanks of both houses of parliament, with a request that he would complete the history. This he did by publishing two additional volumes in 1681 and 1714; and the work is considered the best existing account of the important occurrences of which it treats. The conduct of Charles II. towards the conclusion of his reign was highly offensive to Burnet, who formed an intimate connexion with the opposition party, and even wrote a letter to the king, freely censuring both his public acts and private vices. Both in this and the succeeding reign, his opinions brought him into displeasure with the court. Having, therefore, retired to the continent, he became serviceable in Holland to the Prince of Orange, accompanied the expedition which brought about the Revolution, and was rewarded with the bishopric of Salisbury. Both as a prelate and a literary man, he spent the remainder of his life with usefulness and activity, till its termination in 1715. Burnet left in manuscript his celebrated *History of My Own Times*, giving an outline of the events of the civil war and commonwealth, and a full narration of what took place from the Restoration to the year 1713, during which period the author advanced from his seventeenth to his seventieth year. As he had, under various circumstances, personally known the conspicuous characters of a whole century, and penetrated most of the state secrets of a period nearly as long, he has been able to exhibit all these in his work with a felicity not inferior to Clarendon's, though allowance is also required to be made in his case for political prejudices. Foreseeing that the freedom with which he delivered his opinions concerning men of all ranks and parties would give offence in many quarters, Bishop Burnet ordered, in his will, that his history should not be published till six years after his death; so that it did not make its appearance till 1723.* Its publication, as might have been expected, was a signal for the commencement of numerous attacks on the reputation of the author, whose veracity and fairness were loudly impeached. It fell under the lash of the Tory wits—Pope, Swift, and Arbuthnot; by the last of whom it was ridiculed in a humorous production, entitled *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish*. In the opinion of a more impartial posterity, however, Bishop Burnet's honest freedom of speech, his intrepid exposure of injustice and corruption, in what rank soever he found it to exist, and the liveliness and general accuracy with which the events and characters of his age are described, are far more than sufficient to counterbalance his garrulous vanity and self-importance, and a singular tendency to view persons and occurrences with the spirit and credulity of a partisan. There is no good reason to suppose that he willingly distorts the truth; though, in his preface, he makes the following admission that some things may have been over-coloured. 'I find that the long experience I have had of the baseness, the malice, and the falsehood of mankind, has inclined me to be apt to think generally the worst both of men and parties; and, indeed, the peevishness, the ill-nature, and the ambition of many clergymen, has sharpened my spirits too much against them: so I warn my reader to take all that I say on these heads with some grains of allowance, though I have watched over myself and my pen so carefully, that I hope there is no great occasion for this apology. I have written,' says he, 'with a design to make both myself and my readers wiser and better, and to lay open the good and bad of all sides and parties as clearly and impartially as I myself understood it; concealing nothing that I thought fit to be known, and representing things in their natural colours, without art or disguise, without any regard to kindred or friends, to parties or interests: for I do solemnly say this to the world, and make my humble appeal upon it to the great God of truth, that I tell the truth on all occasions, as fully and freely as upon my best inquiry I have been able to find it out. Where things appear doubtful, I deliver them with the same uncertainty to the world.' Dr King of Oxford says in his 'Anecdotes of His Own Times,' 'I knew Burnet, bishop of Salisbury; he was

* Burnet's sons, by whom it was published, took the liberty of suppressing many passages, which were restored in the Oxford edition of 1823.

a furious party-man, and easily imposed on by any lying spirit of his own faction; but he was a better pastor than any man who is now seated on the bishops' bench. Although he left a large family when he died, three sons and two daughters (if I rightly remember), yet he left them nothing more than their mother's fortune. He always declared, that he should think himself guilty of the greatest crime if he were to raise fortunes for his children out of the revenue of his bishopric.'*

The principal works of Bishop Burnet, in addition to those already mentioned, are *Memoirs of the Dukes of Hamilton* (1676); *An Account of the Life and Death of the Earl of Rochester* (1680), whom he attended on his penitent death-bed; *The Lives of Sir Matthew Hale and Bishop Bedell* (1682 and 1685); a translation of Sir Thomas More's 'Utopia;'† and various theological treatises, among which is an *Exposition of the Thirty-Nine Articles of the Church of England.* His style, though too unpolished to place him in the foremost rank of historical writers, is spirited and vigorous; while his works afford sufficient evidence that to various and extensive knowledge he added great acuteness in the discrimination of human character. As he composed with great ease and rapidity, and avoided long and intricate sentences, his pages are much more readable than those of Clarendon.

[*Death and Character of Edward VI.*]

[From the 'History of the Reformation.']

In the beginning of January this year [1553], he was seized with a deep cough, and all medicines that were used did rather increase than lessen it. He was so ill when the parliament met, that he was not able to go to Westminster, but ordered their first meeting and the sermon to be at Whitehall. In the time of his sickness, Bishop Ridley preached before him, and took occasion to run out much on works of charity, and the obligation that lay on men of high condition to be eminent in good works. This touched the king to the quick; so that, presently after the sermon, he sent for the bishop. And, after he had commanded him to sit down by him, and be covered, he resumed most of the heads of the sermon, and said he looked upon himself as chiefly touched by it. He desired him, as he had already given him the exhortation in general, so to direct him to do his duty in that particular. The bishop, astonished at this tenderness in so young a prince,‡ burst forth in tears, expressing how much he was overjoyed to see such inclinations in him; but told him he must take time to think on it, and craved leave to consult with the lord-mayor and court of aldermen. So the king writ by him to them to consult speedily how the poor should be relieved. They considered there were three sorts of poor; such as were so by natural infirmity or folly, as impotent persons, and madmen or idiots; such as were so by accident, as sick or maimed persons; and such as, by their idleness, did cast themselves into poverty. So the king ordered the Greyfriars' church, near Newgate, with the revenues belonging to it, to be a house for orphans; St Bartholomew's, near Smithfield, to be an hospital; and gave his own house of Bridewell to be a place of correction and work for such as were wilfully idle. He also confirmed and enlarged the grant for the hospital of St Thomas in Southwark, which he had erected and endowed in August last. And when he set his hand to these foundations, which was not done before the 5th of June this year, he thanked God that had prolonged his life till he had finished that design. So he was the first founder of those houses, which, by many great additions since that time, have risen to be amongst the noblest in Europe.

He expressed, in the whole course of his sickness, great submission to the will of God, and seemed glad at the approaches of death; only, the consideration of religion and the church touched him much; and upon that account he said he was desirous of life. * * His distemper rather increased than abated; so that the physicians had no hope of his recovery. Upon which a confident woman came, and undertook his cure, if he might be put into her hands. This was done, and the physicians were put from him, upon this pretence, that, they having no hopes of his recovery, in a desperate case desperate remedies were to be applied. This was said to be the Duke of Northumberland's advice in particular; and it increased the people's jealousy of him, when they saw the king grow sensibly worse every day after he came under the woman's care; which becoming so plain, she was put from him, and the physicians were again sent for, and took him into their charge. But if they had small hopes before, they had none at all now. Death thus hastening on him, the Duke of Northumberland, who had done but half his work, except he had got the king's sisters in his hands, got the council to write to them in the king's name, inviting them to come and keep him company in his sickness. But as they were on the way, on the 6th of July, his spirits and body were so sunk, that he found death approaching; and so he composed himself to die in a most devout manner. His whole exercise was in short prayers and ejaculations. The last that he was heard to use was in these words: 'Lord God, deliver me out of this miserable and wretched life, and take me among thy chosen; howbeit, not my will, but thine be done; Lord, I commit my spirit to thee. Oh Lord, thou knowest how happy it were for me to be with thee; yet, for thy chosen's sake, send me life and health, that I may truly serve thee. Oh my Lord God, bless my people, and save thine inheritance. Oh Lord God, save thy chosen people of England; oh Lord God, defend this realm from papistry, and maintain thy true religion, that I and my people may praise thy holy name, for Jesus Christ his sake.' Seeing some about him, he seemed troubled that they were so near, and had heard him; but, with a pleasant countenance, he said he had been praying to God. And soon after, the pangs of death coming upon him, he said to Sir Henry Sidney, who was holding him in his arms, 'I am faint; Lord have mercy on me, and receive my spirit;' and so he breathed out his innocent soul.

Thus died King Edward VI., that incomparable young prince. He was then in the sixteenth year of his age, and was counted the wonder of that time. He was not only learned in the tongues, and other liberal sciences, but knew well the state of his kingdom. He kept a book, in which he writ the characters that were given him of all the chief men of the nation, all the judges, lord-lieutenants, and justices

* King's 'Anecdotes,' p. 185. Sir James Mackintosh (Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxvi. p. 15) characterises Burnet as 'a zealous and avowed partisan, but an honest writer, whose account of facts is seldom substantially erroneous, though it be often inaccurate in points of form and detail.' Dr Johnson's opinion is thus recorded by Boswell:—'Burnet's History of His Own Times is very entertaining: the style, indeed, is mere chit-chat. I do not believe that Burnet intentionally lied; but he was so much prejudiced, that he took no pains to find out the truth. He was like a man who resolves to regulate his time by a certain watch, but will not inquire whether the watch is right or not.' Horace Walpole says—'Burnet's style and manner are very interesting; it seems as if he had just come from the king's closet, or from the apartments of the men whom he describes, and was telling his reader, in plain honest terms, what he had seen and heard.'

† An extract from this will be found at p. 60 of the present volume.

‡ The king was sixteen years of age.

of the peace over England: in it he had marked down their way of living, and their zeal for religion. He had studied the matter of the mint, with the exchange and value of money; so that he understood it well, as appears by his journal. He also understood fortification, and designed well. He knew all the harbours and ports, both of his own dominions, and of France and Scotland; and how much water they had, and what was the way of coming into them. He had acquired great knowledge of foreign affairs; so that he talked with the ambassadors about them in such a manner, that they filled all the world with the highest opinion of him that was possible; which appears in most of the histories of that age. He had great quickness of apprehension; and, being mistrustful of his memory, used to take notes of almost everything he heard; he writ these first in Greek characters, that those about him might not understand them; and afterwards writ them out in his journal. He had a copy brought him of everything that passed in council, which he put in a chest, and kept the key of that always himself.

In a word, the natural and acquired perfections of his mind were wonderful; but his virtues and true piety were yet more extraordinary. * * [He] was tender and compassionate in a high measure; so that he was much against taking away the lives of heretics; and therefore said to Cranmer, when he persuaded him to sign the warrant for the burning of Joan of Kent, that he was not willing to do it, because he thought that was to send her quick to hell. He expressed great tenderness to the miseries of the poor in his sickness, as hath been already shown. He took particular care of the suits of all poor persons; and gave Dr Cox special charge to see that their petitions were speedily answered, and used oft to consult with him how to get their matters set forward. He was an exact keeper of his word; and therefore, as appears by his journal, was most careful to pay his debts, and to keep his credit, knowing that to be the chief nerve of government; since a prince that breaks his faith, and loses his credit, has thrown up that which he can never recover, and made himself liable to perpetual distrusts and extreme contempt.

He had, above all things, a great regard to religion. He took notes of such things as he heard in sermons, which more especially concerned himself; and made his measures of all men by their zeal in that matter. * * All men who saw and observed these qualities in him, looked on him as one raised by God for most extraordinary ends; and when he died, concluded that the sins of England had been great, that had provoked God to take from them a prince, under whose government they were like to have seen such blessed times. He was so affable and sweet-natured, that all had free access to him at all times; by which he came to be most universally beloved; and all the high things that could be devised were said by the people to express their esteem of him.

[*Character of Leighton, Bishop of Dumblane—His Death.*]

[From the 'History of My Own Times.']

He was the son of Dr Leighton, who had in Archbishop Laud's time writ 'Zion's Plea against the Prelates,' for which he was condemned in the Star-Chamber to have his ears cut and his nose slit. He was a man of a violent and ungoverned heat. He sent his eldest son Robert to be bred in Scotland, who was accounted a saint from his youth up. He had great quickness of parts, a lively apprehension, with a charming vivacity of thought and expression. He had the greatest command of the purest Latin that ever I knew in any man. He was a master both of Greek and Hebrew, and of the whole compass of theological learning, chiefly in the study of the Scriptures. But that which excelled all the rest was, he was possessed with the highest and noblest sense of divine things that I ever saw in any man. He had no regard to his person, unless it was to mortify it by a constant low diet, that was like a perpetual fast. He had a contempt both of wealth and reputation. He seemed to have the lowest thoughts of himself possible, and to desire that all other persons should think as meanly of him as he did himself. He bore all sorts of ill usage and reproach like a man that took pleasure in it. He had so subdued the natural heat of his temper, that in a great variety of accidents, and in a course of twenty-two years' intimate conversation with him, I never observed the least sign of passion but upon one single occasion. He brought himself into so composed a gravity, that I never saw him laugh, and but seldom smile. And he kept himself in such a constant recollection, that I do not remember that ever I heard him say one idle word. There was a visible tendency in all he said to raise his own mind, and those he conversed with, to serious reflections. He seemed to be in a perpetual meditation. And though the whole course of his life was strict and ascetical, yet he had nothing of the sourness of temper that generally possesses men of that sort. He was the freest from superstition, of censuring others, or of imposing his own methods on them, possible; so that he did not so much as recommend them to others. He said there was a diversity of tempers, and every man was to watch over his own, and to turn it in the best manner he could. His thoughts were lively, oft out of the way, and surprising, yet just and genuine. And he had laid together in his memory the greatest treasure of the best and wisest of all the ancient sayings of the heathens as well as Christians, that I have ever known any man master of; and he used them in the aptest manner possible. He had been bred up with the greatest aversion imaginable to the whole frame of the church of England. From Scotland, his father sent him to travel. He spent some years in France, and spoke that language like one born there. He came afterwards and settled in Scotland, and had Presbyterian ordination; but he quickly broke through the prejudices of his education. His preaching had a sublimity both of thought and expression in it. The grace and gravity of his pronunciation was such, that few heard him without a very sensible emotion: I am sure I never did. His style was rather too fine; but there was a majesty and beauty in it that left so deep an impression, that I cannot yet forget the sermons I heard him preach thirty years ago. And yet with this he seemed to look on himself as so ordinary a preacher, that while he had a cure, he was ready to employ all others. And when he was a bishop, he chose to preach to small auditories, and would never give notice beforehand: he had, indeed, a very low voice, and so could not be heard by a great crowd. * *

Upon his coming to me [in London], I was amazed to see him, at above seventy, look still so fresh and well, that age seemed as if it were to stand still with him. His hair was still black, and all his motions were lively. He had the same quickness of thought, and strength of memory, but, above all, the same heat and life of devotion, that I had ever seen in him. When I took notice to him upon my first seeing him how well he looked, he told me he was very near his end for all that, and his work and journey both were now almost done. This at that time made no great impression on me. He was the next day taken with an oppression, and as it seemed with a cold and with stitches, which was indeed a pleurisy.

The next day Leighton sunk so, that both speech and sense went away of a sudden. And he continued panting about twelve hours, and then died without pangs or convulsions. I was by him all the while.

Thus I lost him who had been for so many years the chief guide of my whole life. He had lived ten years in Sussex, in great privacy, dividing his time wholly between study and retirement, and the doing of good; for in the parish where he lived, and in the parishes round about, he was always employed in preaching, and in reading prayers. He distributed all he had in charities, choosing rather to have it go through other people's hands than his own; for I was his almoner in London. He had gathered a well-chosen library of curious as well as useful books, which he left to the diocese of Dumblane for the use of the clergy there, that country being ill provided with books. He lamented oft to me the stupidity that he observed among the commons of England, who seemed to be much more insensible in the matters of religion than the commons of Scotland were. He retained still a peculiar inclination to Scotland; and if he had seen any prospect of doing good there, he would have gone and lived and died among them. In the short time that the affairs of Scotland were in the Duke of Monmouth's hands, that duke had been possessed with such an opinion of him, that he moved the king to write to him, to go and at least live in Scotland, if he would not engage in a bishopric there. But that fell with that duke's credit. He was in his last years turned to a greater severity against popery than I had imagined a man of his temper and of his largeness in point of opinion was capable of. He spoke of the corruptions, of the secular spirit, and of the cruelty that appeared in that church, with an extraordinary concern; and lamented the shameful advances that we seemed to be making towards popery. He did this with a tenderness and an edge that I did not expect from so recluse and mortified a man. He looked on the state the church of England was in with very melancholy reflections, and was very uneasy at an expression then much used, that it was the best constituted church in the world. He thought it was truly so with relation to the doctrine, the worship, and the main part of our government; but as to the administration, both with relation to the ecclesiastical courts and the pastoral care, he looked on it as one of the most corrupt he had ever seen. He thought we looked like a fair carcass of a body without a spirit, without that zeal, that strictness of life, and that laboriousness in the clergy, that became us.

There were two remarkable circumstances in his death. He used often to say, that if he were to choose a place to die in, it should be an inn; it looking like a pilgrim's going home, to whom this world was all as an inn, and who was weary of the noise and confusion in it. He added, that the officious tenderness and care of friends was an entanglement to a dying man; and that the unconcerned attendance of those that could be procured in such a place would give less disturbance. And he obtained what he desired, for he died at the Bell Inn in Warwick Lane. Another circumstance was, that while he was bishop in Scotland, he took what his tenants were pleased to pay him. So that there was a great arrear due, which was raised slowly by one whom he left in trust with his affairs there. And the last payment that he could expect from thence was returned up to him about six weeks before his death. So that his provision and journey failed both at once.

[*Character of Charles II.*]

[From the same.]

Thus lived and died King Charles II. He was the greatest instance in history of the various revolutions of which any one man seemed capable. He was bred up the first twelve years of his life with the splendour that became the heir of so great a crown. After that, he passed through eighteen years of great inequalities; unhappy in the war, in the loss of his father, and of the crown of England. Scotland did not only receive him, though upon terms hard of digestion, but made an attempt upon England for him, though a feeble one. He lost the battle of Worcester with too much indifference. And then he showed more care of his person than became one who had so much at stake. He wandered about England for ten weeks after that, hiding from place to place. But, under all the apprehensions he had then upon him, he showed a temper so careless, and so much turned to levity, that he was then diverting himself with little household sports, in as unconcerned a manner as if he had made no loss, and had been in no danger at all. He got at last out of England. But he had been obliged to so many who had been faithful to him, and careful of him, that he seemed afterwards to resolve to make an equal return to them all; and finding it not easy to reward them all as they deserved, he forgot them all alike. Most princes seem to have this pretty deep in them, and to think that they ought never to remember past services, but that their acceptance of them is a full reward. He, of all in our age, exerted this piece of prerogative in the amplest manner; for he never seemed to charge his memory, or to trouble his thoughts, with the sense of any of the services that had been done him. While he was abroad at Paris, Colen,[1] or Brussels, he never seemed to lay anything to heart. He pursued all his diversions and irregular pleasures in a free career, and seemed to be as serene under the loss of a crown as the greatest philosopher could have been. Nor did he willingly hearken to any of those projects with which he often complained that his chancellor persecuted him. That in which he seemed most concerned was, to find money for supporting his expense. And it was often said, that if Cromwell would have compounded the matter, and have given him a good round pension, that he might have been induced to resign his title to him. During his exile, he delivered himself so entirely to his pleasures, that he became incapable of application. He spent little of his time in reading or study, and yet less in thinking. And in the state his affairs were then in, he accustomed himself to say to every person, and upon all occasions, that which he thought would please most; so that words or promises went very easily from him. And he had so ill an opinion of mankind, that he thought the great art of living and governing was, to manage all things and all persons with a depth of craft and dissimulation. And in that few men in the world could put on the appearances of sincerity better than he could; under which so much artifice was usually hid, that in conclusion he could deceive none, for all were become mistrustful of him. He had great vices, but scarce any virtues to correct them. He had in him some vices that were less hurtful, which corrected his more hurtful ones. He was, during the active part of life, given up to sloth and lewdness to such a degree, that he hated business, and could not bear the engaging in anything that gave him much trouble, or put him under any constraint. And though he desired to become absolute, and to overturn both our religion and our laws, yet he would neither run the risk, nor give himself the trouble, which so great a design required. He had an appearance of gentleness in his outward deportment; but he seemed to have no bowels nor tenderness in his nature, and in the end of his life he became cruel. He was apt to forgive all crimes, even blood itself, yet he never forgave anything that was done against himself, after his first and general act of indemnity, which was to be reckoned as done rather upon maxims of state than inclinations of

[1] Cologne.

mercy. He delivered himself up to a most enormous course of vice, without any sort of restraint, even from the consideration of the nearest relations. The most studied extravagances that way seemed, to the very last, to be much delighted in and pursued by him. He had the art of making all people grow fond of him at first, by a softness in his whole way of conversation, as he was certainly the best-bred man of the age. But when it appeared how little could be built on his promise, they were cured of the fondness that he was apt to raise in them. When he saw young men of quality, who had something more than ordinary in them, he drew them about him, and set himself to corrupt them both in religion and morality; in which he proved so unhappily successful, that he left England much changed at his death from what he had found it at his restoration. He loved to talk over all the stories of his life to every new man that came about him. His stay in Scotland, and the share he had in the war of Paris, in carrying messages from the one side to the other, were his common topics. He went over these in a very graceful manner, but so often and so copiously, that all those who had been long accustomed to them grew weary of them; and when he entered on those stories, they usually withdrew. So that he often began them in a full audience, and before he had done, there were not above four or five persons left about him, which drew a severe jest from Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. He said he wondered to see a man have so good a memory as to repeat the same story without losing the least circumstance, and yet not remember that he had told it to the same persons the very day before. This made him fond of strangers, for they hearkened to all his often-repeated stories, and went away as in a rapture at such an uncommon condescension in a king.

His person and temper, his vices as well as his fortunes, resemble the character that we have given us of Tiberius so much, that it were easy to draw the parallel between them. Tiberius's banishment, and his coming afterwards to reign, makes the comparison in that respect come pretty near. His hating of business, and his love of pleasures; his raising of favourites, and trusting them entirely; and his pulling them down, and hating them excessively; his art of covering deep designs, particularly of revenge, with an appearance of softness, brings them so near a likeness, that I did not wonder much to observe the resemblance of their faces and persons. At Rome, I saw one of the last statues made for Tiberius, after he had lost his teeth. But, bating the alteration which that made, it was so like King Charles, that Prince Borghese and Signior Dominico, to whom it belonged, did agree with me in thinking that it looked like a statue made for him.

Few things ever went near his heart. The Duke of Gloucester's death seemed to touch him much. But those who knew him best, thought it was because he had lost him by whom only he could have balanced the surviving brother, whom he hated, and yet embroiled all his affairs to preserve the succession to him.

His ill conduct in the first Dutch war, and those terrible calamities of the plague and fire of London, with that loss and reproach which he suffered by the insult at Chatham, made all people conclude there was a curse upon his government. His throwing the public hatred at that time upon Lord Clarendon was both unjust and ungrateful. And when his people had brought him out of all his difficulties upon his entering into the triple alliance, his selling that to France, and his entering on the second Dutch war with as little colour as he had for the first; his beginning it with the attempt on the Dutch Smyrna fleet, the shutting up the exchequer, and his declaration for toleration, which was a step for the introduction of popery, make such a chain of black actions, flowing from blacker designs, that it amazed those who had known all this to see with what impudent strains of flattery addresses were penned during his life, and yet more grossly after his death. His contributing so much to the raising the greatness of France, chiefly at sea, was such an error, that it could not flow from want of thought, or of true sense. Ruvigny told me he desired that all the methods the French took in the increase and conduct of their naval force might be sent him; and he said he seemed to study them with concern and zeal. He showed what errors they committed, and how they ought to be corrected, as if he had been a viceroy to France, rather than a king that ought to have watched over and prevented the progress they made, as the greatest of all the mischiefs that could happen to him or to his people. They that judged the most favourably of this, thought it was done out of revenge to the Dutch, that, with the assistance of so great a fleet as France could join to his own, he might be able to destroy them. But others put a worse construction on it; and thought, that seeing he could not quite master or deceive his subjects by his own strength and management, he was willing to help forward the greatness of the French at sea, that by their assistance he might more certainly subdue his own people; according to what was generally believed to have fallen from Lord Clifford, that if the king must be in a dependence, it was better to pay it to a great and generous king, than to five hundred of his own insolent subjects.

No part of his character looked wickeder, as well as meaner, than that he, all the while that he was professing to be of the church of England, expressing both zeal and affection to it, was yet secretly reconciled to the church of Rome; thus mocking God, and deceiving the world with so gross a prevarication. And his not having the honesty or courage to own it at the last; his not showing any sign of the least remorse for his ill-led life, or any tenderness either for his subjects in general, or for the queen and his servants; and his recommending only his mistresses and their children to his brother's care, would have been a strange conclusion to any other's life, but was well enough suited to all the other parts of his.

[*The Czar Peter in England in* 1698.]

[From the same.]

I mentioned, in the relation of the former year, the Czar's coming out of his own country, on which I will now enlarge. He came this winter over to England, and stayed some months among us. I waited often on him, and was ordered, both by the king and the archbishop and bishops, to attend upon him, and to offer him such informations of our religion and constitution as he was willing to receive. I had good interpreters, so I had much free discourse with him. He is a man of a very hot temper, soon inflamed, and very brutal in his passion. He raises his natural heat by drinking much brandy, which he rectifies himself with great application; he is subject to convulsive motions all over his body, and his head seems to be affected with these; he wants not capacity, and has a larger measure of knowledge than might be expected from his education, which was very indifferent; a want of judgment, with an instability of temper, appear in him too often and too evidently; he is mechanically turned, and seems designed by nature rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. This was his chief study and exercise while he stayed here; he wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He told me he designed a great fleet at Azuph, and with it to attack the Turkish empire; but he did not seem eap-

able of conducting so great a design, though his conduct in his wars since this has discovered a greater genius in him than appeared at that time. He was desirous to understand our doctrine, but he did not seem disposed to mend matters in Moscovy. He was, indeed, resolved to encourage learning, and to polish his people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live among them. He seemed apprehensive still of his sister's intrigues. There was a mixture both of passion and severity in his temper. He is resolute, but understands little of war, and seemed not at all inquisitive that way. After I had seen him often, and had conversed much with him, I could not but adore the depth of the providence of God, that had raised up such a furious man to so absolute an authority over so great a part of the world.

David, considering the great things God had made for the use of man, broke out into the meditation, 'What is man that thou art so mindful of him?' But here there is an occasion for reversing these words, since man seems a very contemptible thing in the sight of God, while such a person as the Czar has such multitudes put, as it were, under his feet, exposed to his restless jealousy and savage temper. He went from hence to the court of Vienna, where he purposed to have stayed some time; but he was called home, sooner than he had intended, upon a discovery or a suspicion of intrigues managed by his sister. The strangers, to whom he trusted most, were so true to him, that those designs were crushed before he came back. But on this occasion he let loose his fury on all whom he suspected. Some hundreds of them were hanged all round Moscow; and it was said that he cut off many heads with his own hand. And so far was he from relenting, or showing any sort of tenderness, that he seemed delighted with it. How long he is to be the scourge of that nation, or of his neighbours, God only knows. So extraordinary an incident will, I hope, justify such a digression.

[*Character of William III.*]

[From the same.]

Thus lived and died William III., King of Great Britain, and Prince of Orange. He had a thin and weak body, was brown-haired, and of a clear and delicate constitution. He had a Roman eagle nose, bright and sparkling eyes, a large front, and a countenance composed to gravity and authority. All his senses were critical and exquisite. He was always asthmatical; and the dregs of the small-pox falling on his lungs, he had a constant deep cough. His behaviour was solemn and serious, seldom cheerful, and but with a few. He spoke little and very slowly, and most commonly with a disgusting dryness, which was his character at all times, except in a day of battle; for then he was all fire, though without passion; he was then everywhere, and looked to everything. He had no great advantage from his education. De Witt's discourses were of great use to him; and he, being apprehensive of the observation of those who were looking narrowly into everything he said or did, had brought himself under a habitual caution, that he could never shake off; though in another scene it proved as hurtful as it was then necessary to his affairs. He spoke Dutch, French, English, and German equally well; and he understood the Latin, Spanish, and Italian, so that he was well fitted to command armies composed of several nations. He had a memory that amazed all about him, for it never failed him. He was an exact observer of men and things. His strength lay rather in a true discerning and a sound judgment, than in imagination or invention. His designs were always great and good. But it was thought he trusted too much to that, and that he did not descend enough to the humours of his people, to make himself and his notions more acceptable to them. This, in a government that has so much of freedom in it as ours, was more necessary than he was inclined to believe. His reservedness grew on him, so that it disgusted most of those who served him; but he had observed the errors of too much talking, more than those of too cold a silence. He did not like contradiction, nor to have his actions censured; but he loved to employ and favour those who had the arts of complacence, yet he did not love flatterers. His genius lay chiefly to war, in which his courage was more admired than his conduct. Great errors were often committed by him; but his heroical courage set things right, as it inflamed those who were about him. He was too lavish of money on some occasions, both in his buildings and to his favourites, but too sparing in rewarding services, or in encouraging those who brought intelligence. He was apt to take ill impressions of people, and these stuck long with him; but he never carried them to indecent revenges. He gave too much way to his own humour, almost in everything, not excepting that which related to his own health. He knew all foreign affairs well, and understood the state of every court in Europe very particularly. He instructed his own ministers himself, but he did not apply enough to affairs at home. He tried how he could govern us, by balancing the two parties one against another; but he came at last to be persuaded that the Tories were irreconcilable to him, and he was resolved to try and trust them no more. He believed the truth of the Christian religion very firmly, and he expressed a horror at atheism and blasphemy; and though there was much of both in his court, yet it was always denied to him, and kept out of sight. He was most exemplarily decent and devout in the public exercises of the worship of God; only on week-days he came too seldom to them. He was an attentive hearer of sermons, and was constant in his private prayers, and in reading the Scriptures; and when he spoke of religious matters, which he did not often, it was with a becoming gravity. He was much possessed with the belief of absolute decrees. He said to me he adhered to these, because he did not see how the belief of Providence could be maintained upon any other supposition. His indifference as to the forms of church-government, and his being zealous for toleration, together with his cold behaviour towards the clergy, gave them generally very ill impressions of him. In his deportment towards all about him, he seemed to make little distinction between the good and the bad, and those who served well, or those who served him ill. He loved the Dutch, and was much beloved among them; but the ill returns he met from the English nation, their jealousies of him, and their perverseness towards him, had too much soured his mind, and had in a great measure alienated him from them; which he did not take care enough to conceal, though he saw the ill effects this had upon his business. He grew, in his last years, too remiss and careless as to all affairs, till the treacheries of France awakened him, and the dreadful conjunction of the monarchies gave so loud an alarm to all Europe; for a watching over that court, and a bestirring himself against their practices, was the prevailing passion of his whole life. Few men had the art of concealing and governing passion more than he had; yet few men had stronger passions, which were seldom felt but by inferior servants, to whom he usually made such recompenses for any sudden or indecent vents he might give his anger, that they were glad at every time that it broke upon them. He was too easy to the faults of those about him, when they did not lie in his own way, or cross any of his designs; and he was so apt to think that his ministers might grow insolent, if they should find

that they had much credit with him, that he seemed to have made it a maxim to let them often feel how little power they had even in small matters. His favourites had a more entire power, but he accustomed them only to inform him of things, but to be sparing in offering advice, except when it was asked. It was not easy to account for the reasons of the favour that he showed, in the highest instances, to two persons beyond all others, the Earls of Portland and Albemarle, they being in all respects men not only of different, but of opposite characters. Secrecy and fidelity were the only qualities in which it could be said that they did in any sort agree. I have now run through the chief branches of his character. I had occasion to know him well, having observed him very carefully in a course of sixteen years. I had a large measure of his favour, and a free access to him all the while, though not at all times to the same degree. The freedom that I used with him was not always acceptable; but he saw that I served him faithfully; so, after some intervals of coldness, he always returned to a good measure of confidence in me. I was, in many great instances, much obliged by him; but that was not my chief bias to him; I considered him as a person raised up by God to resist the power of France, and the progress of tyranny and persecution. The series of the five Princes of Orange that was now ended in him, was the noblest succession of heroes that we find in any history. And the thirty years, from the year 1672 to his death, in which he acted so great a part, carry in them so many amazing steps of a glorious and distinguishing Providence, that, in the words of David, he may be called 'The man of God's right hand, whom he made strong for himself.' After all the abatements that may be allowed for his errors and faults, he ought still to be reckoned among the greatest princes that our history, or indeed that any other, can afford. He died in a critical time for his own glory, since he had formed a great alliance, and had projected the whole scheme of the war; so that if it succeeds, a great part of the honour of it will be ascribed to him; and if otherwise, it will be said he was the soul of the alliance, that did both animate and knit it together, and that it was natural for that body to die and fall asunder, when he who gave it life was withdrawn. Upon his death, some moved for a magnificent funeral; but it seemed not decent to run into unnecessary expense, when we were entering on a war that must be maintained at a vast charge. So a private funeral was resolved on. But for the honour of his memory, a noble monument and an equestrian statue were ordered. Some years must show whether these things were really intended, or if they were only spoke of to excuse the privacy of his funeral, which was scarce decent, so far was it from being magnificent.

JOHN DRYDEN.

DRYDEN, who contributed more than any other English writer to improve the poetical diction of his native tongue, performed also essential service of the same kind with respect to the quality of our prose. Throwing off, still more than Cowley had done, those inversions and other forms of Latin idiom which abound in the pages of his most distinguished predecessors, Dryden speaks in the language of one addressing, in easy yet dignified conversational phraseology, an assemblage of polite and well-educated men. Strength, ease, copiousness, variety, and animation, are the predominant qualities of his style; but the haste with which he composed, and his inherent dislike to the labour of correction, are sometimes betrayed by the negligence and roughness of his sentences. On the whole, however, to the prose of Dryden may be assigned the foremost place among the specimens which can be furnished of vigorous and genuine idiomatic English. In addition to the qualities just enumerated, it possesses those of equability and freedom from mannerism. Speaking of this attribute of Dryden's style, Dr Johnson observes, 'He who writes much, will not easily escape a manner—such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always another and the same; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features, cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance.'*

Dryden has left no extensive work in prose; the pieces which he wrote were merely accompaniments to his poems and plays, and consist of prefaces, dedications, and critical essays. His dedications are noted for the fulsome and unprincipled flattery in which he seems to have thought himself authorised by his poverty to indulge. The critical essays, though written with more haste and carelessness than would now be tolerated in similar productions, embody many sound and vigorously-expressed thoughts on subjects connected with polite literature. Of his prefaces Dr Johnson remarks, 'They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled; every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid; the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous: what is little is gay; what is great is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Everything is excused by the play of images and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works, more than a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.'

According to the same critic, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy* 'was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing. He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction; but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct, and poets, perhaps, often pleased by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpose, loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning, once made popular, is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his cotemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which was easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden, at least, imported his science, and gave his country what it

* Johnson's Life of Dryden.

wanted before; or rather he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence, which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism; being lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence—of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet, not a dull collection of theorems, not a rude detection of faults which, perhaps, the censor was not able to have committed, but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.'

'The prose of Dryden,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'may rank with the best in the English language. It is no less of his own formation than his versification; is equally spirited, and equally harmonious. Without the lengthened and pedantic sentences of Clarendon, it is dignified when dignity is becoming, and is lively without the accumulation of strained and absurd allusions and metaphors, which were unfortunately mistaken for wit by many of the author's contemporaries.'

It is recorded by Malone, that Dryden's miscellaneous prose writings were held in high estimation by Edmund Burke, who carefully studied them on account equally of their style and matter, and is thought to have in some degree taken them as the model of his own diction.

As specimens of Dryden's prose composition, we here present, in the first place, his characters of some of the most eminent English dramatists.

[*Shakspeare.*]

To begin, then, with Shakspeare. He 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 anything, 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 everywhere alike; were he so, I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid; his comic 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.[1]

The consideration of this made Mr Hales of Eton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakspeare; and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem. And in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakspeare far above him.

[*Beaumont and Fletcher.*]

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakspeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study; Beaumont especially, being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their 'Philaster;' for before that they had written two or three very unsuccessfully: as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ 'Every Man in his Humour.' Their plots were generally more regular than Shakspeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death; and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better; whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe: they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection: what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage; two of theirs being acted through the year, for one of Shakspeare's or Jonson's: the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suits generally with all men's humours. Shakspeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

[*Ben Jonson.*]

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him; but something of art was wanting to the drama, till he came. He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him. You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he ca[me] after those who had performed both to such a h[igh] Humour was his proper sphere; and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic peopl[e] deeply conversant in the ancients, bo[th]

[1] As the cypress is above surrou[nding]

Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them; there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in 'Sejanus' and 'Catiline.' But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law. He invades authors like a monarch; and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him. With the spoils of these writers he so represented Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him. If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially: perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them; wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours. If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit. Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets: Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing; I admire him, but I love Shakspeare. To conclude of him: as he has given us the most correct plays, so, in the precepts which he has laid down in his 'Discoveries,' we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us.

[*Improved Style of Dramatic Dialogue after the Restoration.*]

I have always acknowledged the wit of our predecessors with all the veneration which becomes me; but, I am sure, their wit was not that of gentlemen; there was ever somewhat that was ill-bred and clownish in it, and which confessed the conversation of the authors.

And this leads me to the last and greatest advantage of our writing, which proceeds from conversation. In the age wherein those poets[1] lived, there was less of gallantry than in ours; neither did they keep the best company of theirs. Their fortune has been much like that of Epicurus in the retirement of his gardens; to live almost unknown, and to be celebrated after their decease. I cannot find that any of them had been conversant in courts, except Ben Jonson; and his genius lay not so much that way, as to make an improvement by it. Greatness was not then so easy of access, nor conversation so free, as it now is. I cannot, therefore, conceive it any insolence to affirm, that by the knowledge and pattern of their wit who writ before us, and by the advantage of our own conversation, the discourse and raillery of our comedies excel what has been written by them. And this will be denied by none, but some few old fellows who value themselves on their acquaintance with the Black Friars; who, because they saw their plays, would pretend a right to judge ours. * *

Now, if they ask me whence it is that our conversation is so much refined, I must freely, and without flattery, ascribe it to the court; and in it, particularly to the king, whose example gives a law to it. His own misfortunes, and the nation's, afforded him an opportunity which is rarely allowed to sovereign princes, I mean of travelling, and being conversant in the most polished courts of Europe; and thereby of cultivating a spirit which was formed by nature to re-ive the impressions of a gallant and generous edu-n. At his return, he found a nation lost as much arism as in rebellion: And, as the excellency ure forgave the one, so the excellency of his rmed the other. The desire of imitating n first awakened the dull and heavy

[1] Shakspeare, Jonson, &c.

spirits of the English from their natural reservedness; loosened them from their stiff forms of conversation, and made them easy and pliant to each other in discourse. Thus, insensibly, our way of living became more free; and the fire of the English wit, which was before stifled under a constrained melancholy way of breeding, began first to display its force by mixing the solidity of our nation with the air and gaiety of our neighbours. This being granted to be true, it would be a wonder if the poets, whose work is imitation, should be the only persons in three kingdoms who should not receive advantage by it; or if they should not more easily imitate the wit and conversation of the present age than of the past.

[*Translations of the Ancient Poets.*]

Translation is a kind of drawing after the life; where every one will acknowledge there is a double sort of likeness, a good one and a bad. It is one thing to draw the outlines true, the features like, the proportions exact, the colouring itself perhaps tolerable; and another thing to make all these graceful, by the posture, the shadowings, and chiefly by the spirit which animates the whole. I cannot, without some indignation, look on an ill copy of an excellent original: much less can I behold with patience Virgil, Homer, and some others, whose beauties I have been endeavouring all my life to imitate, so abused, as I may say, to their faces by a botching interpreter. What English readers, unacquainted with Greek or Latin, will believe me or any other man, when we commend these authors, and confess we derive all that is pardonable in us from their fountains, if they take those to be the same poets whom our Oglebies have translated? But I dare assure them, that a good poet is no more like himself in a dull translation, than his carcass would be to his living body. There are many who understand Greek and Latin, and yet are ignorant of their mother-tongue. The proprieties and delicacies of the English are known to few: it is impossible even for a good wit to understand and practise them without the help of a liberal education, long reading, and digesting of those few good authors we have amongst us; the knowledge of men and manners, the freedom of habitudes and conversation with the best company of both sexes; and, in short, without wearing off the rust which he contracted while he was laying in a stock of learning. Thus difficult it is to understand the purity of English, and critically to discern not only good writers from bad, and a proper style from a corrupt, but also to distinguish that which is pure in a good author, from that which is vicious and corrupt in him. And for want of all these requisites, or the greatest part of them, most of our ingenious young men take up some cried-up English poet for their model; adore him, and imitate him, as they think, without knowing wherein he is defective, where he is boyish and trifling, wherein either his thoughts are improper to his subject, or his expressions unworthy of his thoughts, or the turn of both is unharmonious.

Thus it appears necessary that a man should be a nice critic in his mother-tongue before he attempts to translate in a foreign language. Neither is it sufficient that he be able to judge of words and style, but he must be a master of them too: he must perfectly understand his author's tongue, and absolutely command his own: so that to be a thorough translator, he must be a thorough poet. Neither is it enough to give his author's sense, in good English, in poetical expressions, and in musical numbers; for, though all these are exceeding difficult to perform, yet there remains a harder task; and it is a secret of which few translators have sufficiently thought. I have already hinted a word or two concerning it; that is, the maintaining the character of an author, which distinguishes

him from all others, and makes him appear that individual poet whom you would interpret. For example, not only the thoughts but the style and versification of Virgil and Ovid are very different; yet I see, even in our best poets, who have translated some parts of them, that they have confounded their several talents; and by endeavouring only at the sweetness and harmony of numbers, have made them both so much alike, that if I did not know the originals, I should never be able to judge by the copies which was Virgil and which was Ovid. It was objected against a late noble painter, that he drew many graceful pictures, but few of them were like. And this happened to him, because he always studied himself more than those who sat to him. In such translators I can easily distinguish the hand which performed the work, but I cannot distinguish their poet from another. Suppose two authors are equally sweet; yet there is as great distinction to be made in sweetness, as in that of sugar, and that of honey. I can make the difference more plain, by giving you (if it be worth knowing) my own method of proceeding, in my translations out of four several poets in this volume—Virgil, Theocritus, Lucretius, and Horace. In each of these, before I undertook them, I considered the genius and distinguishing character of my author. I looked on Virgil as a succinct and grave majestic writer; one who weighed not only every thought, but every word and syllable; who was still aiming to crowd his sense into as narrow a compass as possibly he could; for which reason he is so very figurative, that he requires (I may almost say) a grammar apart to construe him. His verse is everywhere sounding the very thing in your ears, whose sense it bears; yet the numbers are perpetually varied, to increase the delight of the reader, so that the same sounds are never repeated twice together. On the contrary, Ovid and Claudian, though they write in styles differing from each other, yet have each of them but one sort of music in their verses. All the versification and little variety of Claudian is included within the compass of four or five lines, and then he begins again in the same tenor, perpetually closing his sense at the end of a verse, and that verse commonly which they call golden, or two substantives and two adjectives, with a verb betwixt them to keep the peace. Ovid, with all his sweetness, has as little variety of numbers and sound as he; he is always, as it were, upon the hand-gallop, and his verse runs upon carpet-ground. He avoids, like the other, all synalœphas, or cutting off one vowel when it comes before another in the following word; so that, minding only smoothness, he wants both variety and majesty. But to return to Virgil: though he is smooth where smoothness is required, yet he is so far from affecting it, that he seems rather to disdain it; frequently makes use of synalœphas, and concludes his sense in the middle of his verse. He is everywhere above conceits of epigrammatic wit and gross hyperboles; he maintains majesty in the midst of plainness; he shines, but glares not; and is stately without ambition, which is the vice of Lucan. I drew my definition of poetical wit from my particular consideration of him; for propriety of thoughts and words are only to be found in him; and, where they are proper, they will be delightful. Pleasure follows of necessity, as the effect does the cause, and therefore is not to be put into the definition. This exact propriety of Virgil I particularly regarded as a great part of his character; but must confess, to my shame, that I have not been able to translate any part of him so well, as to make him appear wholly like himself; for, where the original is close, no version can reach it in the same compass. Hannibal Caro's, in the Italian, is the nearest, the most poetical, and the most sonorous, of any translation of the Æneids; yet, though he takes the advantage of blank verse, he commonly allows two lines for one of Virgil, and does not always hit his sense. Tasso tells us in his letters that Sperone Speroni, a great Italian wit, who was his contemporary, observed of Virgil and Tully, that the Latin orator endeavoured to imitate the copiousness of Homer, the Greek poet; and that the Latin poet made it his business to reach the conciseness of Demosthenes, the Greek orator. Virgil, therefore, being so very sparing of his words, and leaving so much to be imagined by the reader, can never be translated as he ought, in any modern tongue. To make him copious, is to alter his character; and to translate him line for line, is impossible; because the Latin is naturally a more succinct language than either the Italian, Spanish, French, or even than the English, which, by reason of its monosyllables, is far the most compendious of them. Virgil is much the closest of any Roman poet, and the Latin hexameter has more feet than the English heroic.

Besides all this, an author has the choice of his own thoughts and words, which a translator has not; he is confined by the sense of the inventor to those expressions which are the nearest to it; so that Virgil, studying brevity, and having the command of his own language, could bring those words into a narrow compass, which a translator cannot render without circumlocutions. In short, they who have called him the torture of the grammarians, might also have called him the plague of translators; for he seems to have studied not to be translated. I own that, endeavouring to turn his 'Nisus and Euryalus' as close as I was able, I have performed that episode too literally; that giving more scope to 'Mezentius and Lausus,' that version, which has more of the majesty of Virgil, has less of his conciseness; and all that I can promise for myself, is only that I have done both better than Ogleby, and perhaps as well as Caro; so that, methinks, I come like a malefactor, to make a speech upon the gallows, and to warn all other poets, by my sad example, from the sacrilege of translating Virgil. Yet, by considering him so carefully as I did before my attempt, I have made some faint resemblance of him; and, had I taken more time, might possibly have succeeded better, but never so well as to have satisfied myself.

He who excels all other poets in his own language, were it possible to do him right, must appear above them in our tongue, which, as my Lord Roscommon justly observes, approaches nearest to the Roman in its majesty; nearest, indeed, but with a vast interval betwixt them. There is an inimitable grace in Virgil's words, and in them principally consists that beauty which gives so inexpressible a pleasure to him who best understands their force. This diction of his (I must once again say) is never to be copied; and, since it cannot, he will appear but lame in the best translation. The turns of his verse, his breakings, his propriety, his numbers, and his gravity, I have as far imitated as the poverty of our language and the hastiness of my performance would allow. I may seem sometimes to have varied from his sense; but I think the greatest variations may be fairly deduced from him; and where I leave his commentators, it may be I understand him better; at least I writ without consulting them in many places. But two particular lines in 'Mezentius and Lausus' I cannot so easily excuse. They are, indeed, remotely allied to Virgil's sense; but they are too like the trifling tenderness of Ovid, and were printed before I had considered them enough to alter them. The first of them I have forgotten, and cannot easily retrieve, because the copy is at the press. The second is this—

When Lausus died, I was already slain.

This appears pretty enough at first sight; but I am convinced, for many reasons, that the expression is too-

bold; that Virgil would not have said it, though Ovid would. The reader may pardon it, if he please, for the freeness of the confession; and instead of that, and the former, admit these two lines, which are more according to the author—

> Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design;
> As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.

Having with much ado got clear of Virgil, I have, in the next place, to consider the genius of Lucretius, whom I have translated more happily in those parts of him which I undertook. If he was not of the best age of Roman poetry, he was at least of that which preceded it; and he himself refined it to that degree of perfection, both in the language and the thoughts, that he left an easy task to Virgil, who, as he succeeded him in time, so he copied his excellences; for the method of the Georgics is plainly derived from him. Lucretius had chosen a subject naturally crabbed; he therefore adorned it with poetical descriptions, and precepts of morality, in the beginning and ending of his books, which you see Virgil has imitated with great success in those four books, which, in my opinion, are more perfect in their kind than even his divine Æneids. The turn of his verses he has likewise followed in those places which Lucretius has most laboured, and some of his very lines he has transplanted into his own works, without much variation. If I am not mistaken, the distinguishing character of Lucretius (I mean of his soul and genius) is a certain kind of noble pride, and positive assertion of his opinions. He is everywhere confident of his own reason, and assuming an absolute command, not only over his vulgar reader, but even his patron Memmius; for he is always bidding him attend, as if he had the rod over him, and using a magisterial authority while he instructs him. From his time to ours, I know none so like him as our poet and philosopher of Malmesbury.* This is that perpetual dictatorship which is exercised by Lucretius, who, though often in the wrong, yet seems to deal *bona fide* with his reader, and tells him nothing but what he thinks; in which plain sincerity, I believe, he differs from our Hobbes, who could not but be convinced, or at least doubt, of some eternal truths which he has opposed. But for Lucretius, he seems to disdain all manner of replies, and is so confident of his cause, that he is before-hand with his antagonists; urging for them whatever he imagined they could say, and leaving them, as he supposes, without an objection for the future: all this, too, with so much scorn and indignation, as if he were assured of the triumph before he entered into the lists. From this sublime and daring genius of his, it must of necessity come to pass that his thoughts must be masculine, full of argumentation, and that sufficiently warm. From the same fiery temper proceeds the loftiness of his expressions, and the perpetual torrent of his verse, where the barrenness of his subject does not too much constrain the quickness of his fancy. For there is no doubt to be made, but that he could have been everywhere as poetical as he is in his descriptions, and in the moral part of his philosophy, if he had not aimed more to instruct, in his system of nature, than to delight. But he was bent upon making Memmius a materialist, and teaching him to defy an invisible power: in short, he was so much an atheist, that he forgot sometimes to be a poet. These are the considerations which I had of that author, before I attempted to translate some parts of him. And accordingly I laid by my natural diffidence and scepticism for a while, to take up that dogmatical way of his which, as I said, is so much his character, as to make him that individual poet. As for his opinions concerning the mortality of the soul, they are so absurd, that I cannot, if I would, believe them. I think a future state demonstrable even by natural arguments; at least, to take away rewards and punishments is only a pleasing prospect to a man who resolves beforehand not to live morally. But, on the other side, the thought of being nothing after death is a burden insupportable to a virtuous man, even though a heathen. We naturally aim at happiness, and cannot bear to have it confined to the shortness of our present being; especially when we consider that virtue is generally unhappy in this world, and vice fortunate: so that it is hope of futurity alone that makes this life tolerable, in expectation of a better. Who would not commit all the excesses to which he is prompted by his natural inclinations, if he may do them with security while he is alive, and be incapable of punishment after he is dead? If he be cunning and secret enough to avoid the laws, there is no band of morality to restrain him; for fame and reputation are weak ties: many men have not the least sense of them. Powerful men are only awed by them as they conduce to their interest, and that not always when a passion is predominant; and no man will be contained within the bounds of duty, when he may safely transgress them. These are my thoughts abstractedly, and without entering into the notions of our Christian faith, which is the proper business of divines.

But there are other arguments in this poem (which I have turned into English) not belonging to the mortality of the soul, which are strong enough to a reasonable man, to make him less in love with life, and consequently in less apprehensions of death. Such as are the natural satiety proceeding from a perpetual enjoyment of the same things; the inconveniences of old age, which make him incapable of corporeal pleasures; the decay of understanding and memory, which render him contemptible and useless to others. These, and many other reasons, so pathetically urged, so beautifully expressed, so adorned with examples, and so admirably raised by the *prosopopeia* of nature, who is brought in speaking to her children with so much authority and vigour, deserve the pains I have taken with them, which I hope have not been unsuccessful, or unworthy of my author: at least I must take the liberty to own that I was pleased with my own endeavours, which but rarely happens to me; and that I am not dissatisfied upon the review of anything I have done in this author.

[*Spenser and Milton.*]

[In epic poetry] the English have only to boast of Spenser and Milton, who neither of them wanted either genius or learning to have been perfect poets, and yet both of them are liable to many censures. For there is no uniformity in the design of Spenser; he aims at the accomplishment of no one action, he raises up a hero for every one of his adventures, and endows each of them with some particular moral virtue, which renders them all equal, without subordination or preference. Every one is most valiant in his own legend; only, we must do him that justice to observe, that magnanimity, which is the character of Prince Arthur, shines throughout the whole poem, and succours the rest when they are in distress. The original of every knight was then living in the court of Queen Elizabeth; and he attributed to each of them that virtue which he thought was most conspicuous in them—an ingenious piece of flattery, though it turned not much to his account. Had he lived to finish his poem, in the six remaining legends, it had certainly been more of a piece, but could not have been perfect, because the model was not true. But Prince Arthur, or his chief patron Sir Philip Sidney, whom he intended to make happy by the marriage of his Gloriana, dying before him, deprived the poet both

* Hobbes, who died in 1679.

of means and spirit to accomplish his design. For the rest, his obsolete language, and the ill choice of his stanza, are faults but of the second magnitude; for, notwithstanding the first, he is still intelligible, at least after a little practice; and for the last, he is the more to be admired, that, labouring under such a difficulty, his verses are so numerous, so various, and so harmonious, that only Virgil, whom he professedly imitated, has surpassed him among the Romans, and only Mr Waller among the English.

As for Mr Milton, whom we all admire with so much justice, his subject is not that of a heroic poem, properly so called. His design is the losing of our happiness; his event is not prosperous, like that of all other epic works; his heavenly machines are many, and his human persons are but two. But I will not take Mr Rymer's work out of his hands: he has promised the world a critique on that author, wherein, though he will not allow his poem for heroic, I hope he will grant us that his thoughts are elevated, his words sounding, and that no man has so happily copied the manner of Homer, or so copiously translated his Grecisms, and the Latin elegancies of Virgil. It is true he runs into a flat of thought sometimes for a hundred lines together, but it is when he has got into a track of Scripture. His antiquated words were his choice, not his necessity; for therein he imitated Spenser, as Spenser did Chaucer. And though, perhaps, the love of their masters may have transported both too far, in the frequent use of them, yet, in my opinion, obsolete words may then be laudably revived, when either they are more sounding or more significant than those in practice; and when their obscurity is taken away, by joining other words to them which clear the sense, according to the rule of Horace, for the admission of new words. But in both cases a moderation is to be observed in the use of them; for unnecessary coinage, as well as unnecessary revival, runs into affectation; a fault to be avoided on either hand. Neither will I justify Milton for his blank verse, though I may excuse him, by the example of Hannibal Caro, and other Italians, who have used it; for whatever causes he alleges for the abolishing of rhyme (which I have not now the leisure to examine), his own particular reason is plainly this, that rhyme was not his talent; he had neither the ease of doing it, nor the graces of it, which is manifest in his 'Juvenilia,' or verses written in his youth, where his rhyme is always constrained and forced, and comes hardly from him, at an age when the soul is most pliant, and the passion of love makes almost every man a rhymer, though not a poet.

[*Lampoons.*]

In a word, that former sort of satire, which is known in England by the name of lampoon, is a dangerous sort of weapon, and for the most part unlawful. We have no moral right on the reputation of other men. It is taking from them what we cannot restore to them. There are only two reasons for which we may be permitted to write lampoons; and I will not promise that they can always justify us. The first is revenge, when we have been affronted in the same nature, or have been anyways notoriously abused, and can make ourselves no other reparation. And yet we know, that, in Christian charity, all offences are to be forgiven, as we expect the like pardon for those which we daily commit against Almighty God. And this consideration has often made me tremble when I was saying our Saviour's prayer; for the plain condition of the forgiveness which we beg, is the pardoning of others the offences which they have done to us; for which reason I have many times avoided the commission of that fault, even when I have been notoriously provoked. Let not this, my lord, pass for vanity in me, for it is truth. More libels have been written against me than almost any man now living; and I had reason on my side to have defended my own innocence. I speak not of my poetry, which I have wholly given up to the critics: let them use it as they please: posterity, perhaps, may be more favourable to me; for interest and passion will lie buried in another age, and partiality and prejudice be forgotten. I speak of my morals, which have been sufficiently aspersed: that only sort of reputation ought to be dear to every honest man, and is to me. But let the world witness for me, that I have been often wanting to myself in that particular: I have seldom answered any scurrilous lampoon, when it was in my power to have exposed my enemies: and, being naturally vindictive, have suffered in silence, and possessed my soul in quiet.

Anything, though never so little, which a man speaks of himself, in my opinion, is still too much; and therefore I will waive this subject, and proceed to give the second reason which may justify a poet when he writes against a particular person; and that is, when he is become a public nuisance. All those, whom Horace in his Satires, and Persius and Juvenal have mentioned in theirs, with a brand of infamy, are wholly such. It is an action of virtue to make examples of vicious men. They may and ought to be upbraided with their crimes and follies; both for their amendment, if they are not yet incorrigible, and for the terror of others, to hinder them from falling into those enormities, which they see are so severely punished in the persons of others. The first reason was only an excuse for revenge; but this second is absolutely of a poet's office to perform: but how few lampooners are now living who are capable of this duty!* When they come in my way, it is impossible sometimes to avoid reading them. But, good God! how remote they are, in common justice, from the choice of such persons as are the proper subject of satire! And how little wit they bring for the support of their injustice! The weaker sex is their most ordinary theme; and the best and fairest are sure to be the most severely handled. Amongst men, those who are prosperously unjust are entitled to panegyric; but afflicted virtue is insolently stabbed with all manner of reproaches; no decency is considered, no fulsomeness omitted; no venom is wanting, as far as dulness can supply it; for there is a perpetual dearth of wit; a barrenness of good sense and entertainment. The neglect of the readers will soon put an end to this sort of scribbling. There can be no pleasantry where there is no wit; no impression can be made where there is no truth for the foundation. To conclude: they are like the fruits of the earth in this unnatural season; the corn which held up its head is spoiled with rankness; but the greater part of the harvest is laid along, and little of good income and wholesome nourishment is received into the barns. This is almost a digression, I confess to your lordship; but a just indignation forced it from me.

[*Dryden's Translation of Virgil.*]

What Virgil wrote in the vigour of his age, in plenty and at ease, I have undertaken to translate in my declining years; struggling with wants, oppressed with sickness, curbed in my genius, liable to be misconstrued in all I write; and my judges, if they are not very equitable, already prejudiced against me,

* The abuse of personal satires, or lampoons, as they were called, was carried to a prodigious extent in the days of Dryden, when every man of fashion was obliged to write verses; and those who had neither poetry nor wit, had recourse to ribaldry and libelling.—*Sir Walter Scott.*

by the lying character which has been given them of my morals. Yet, steady to my principles, and not dispirited with my afflictions, I have, by the blessing of God on my endeavours, overcome all difficulties, and in some measure acquitted myself of the debt which I owed the public when I undertook this work. In the first place, therefore, I thankfully acknowledge to the Almighty Power the assistance he has given me in the beginning, the prosecution, and conclusion of my present studies, which are more happily performed than I could have promised to myself, when I laboured under such discouragements. For what I have done, imperfect as it is for want of health and leisure to correct it, will be judged in after ages, and possibly in the present, to be no dishonour to my native country, whose language and poetry would be more esteemed abroad, if they were better understood. Somewhat (give me leave to say) I have added to both of them in the choice of words and harmony of numbers, which were wanting (especially the last) in all our poets, even in those who, being endued with genius, yet have not cultivated their mother-tongue with sufficient care; or, relying on the beauty of their thoughts, have judged the ornament of words and sweetness of sound unnecessary. One is for raking in Chaucer (our English Ennius) for antiquated words, which are never to be revived, but when sound or significancy is wanting in the present language. But many of his deserve not this redemption, any more than the crowds of men who daily die, or are slain for sixpence in a battle, merit to be restored to life, if a wish could revive them. Others have no ear for verse, nor choice of words, nor distinction of thoughts, but mingle farthings with their gold to make up the sum. Here is a field of satire opened to me; but since the Revolution, I have wholly renounced that talent: for who would give physic to the great when he is uncalled—to do his patient no good, and endanger himself for his prescription? Neither am I ignorant but I may justly be condemned for many of those faults, of which I have too liberally arraigned others.

[*History and Biography.*]

It may now be expected that, having written the life of a historian,* I should take occasion to write somewhat concerning history itself. But I think to commend it is unnecessary, for the profit and pleasure of that study are both so very obvious, that a quick reader will be beforehand with me, and imagine faster than I can write. Besides, that the post is taken up already; and few authors have travelled this way, but who have strewed it with rhetoric as they passed. For my own part, who must confess it to my shame, that I never read anything but for pleasure, it has always been the most delightful entertainment of my life; but they who have employed the study of it, as they ought, for their instruction, for the regulation of their private manners, and the management of public affairs, must agree with me that it is the most pleasant school of wisdom. It is a familiarity with past ages, and an acquaintance with all the heroes of them; it is, if you will pardon the similitude, a prospective glass, carrying your soul to a vast distance, and taking in the farthest objects of antiquity. It informs the understanding by the memory; it helps us to judge of what will happen, by showing us the like revolutions of former times. For mankind being the same in all ages, agitated by the same passions, and moved to action by the same interests, nothing can come to pass but some precedent of the like nature has already been produced; so that, having the causes before our eyes, we cannot easily be deceived in the effects, if we have judgment enough but to draw the parallel.

God, it is true, with his divine providence overrules and guides all actions to the secret end he has ordained them; but in the way of human causes, a wise man may easily discern that there is a natural connection betwixt them; and though he cannot foresee accidents, or all things that possibly can come, he may apply examples, and by them foretell that from the like counsels will probably succeed the like events; and thereby in all concernments, and all offices of life, be instructed in the two main points on which depend our happiness—that is, what to avoid, and what to choose.

The laws of history, in general, are truth of matter, method, and clearness of expression. The first propriety is necessary, to keep our understanding from the impositions of falsehood; for history is an argument framed from many particular examples or inductions; if these examples are not true, then those measures of life which we take from them will be false, and deceive us in their consequence. The second is grounded on the former; for if the method be confused, if the words or expressions of thought are any way obscure, then the ideas which we receive must be imperfect; and if such, we are not taught by them what to elect or what to shun. Truth, therefore, is required as the foundation of history to inform us, disposition and perspicuity as the manner to inform us plainly; one is the being, the other the well being of it.

History is principally divided into these three species—commentaries, or annals; history, properly so called; and biographia, or the lives of particular men.

Commentaries, or annals, are (as I may so call them) naked history, or the plain relation of matter of fact, according to the succession of time, divested of all other ornaments. The springs and motives of actions are not here sought, unless they offer themselves, and are open to every man's discernment. The method is the most natural that can be imagined, depending only on the observation of months and years, and drawing, in the order of them, whatsoever happened worthy of relation. The style is easy, simple, unforced, and unadorned with the pomp of figures; councils, guesses, politic observations, sentences, and orations, are avoided; in few words, a bare narration is its business. Of this kind, the 'Commentaries of Cæsar' are certainly the most admirable, and after him the 'Annals of Tacitus' may have place; nay, even the prince of Greek historians, Thucydides, may almost be adopted into the number. For, though he instructs everywhere by sentences, though he gives the causes of actions, the councils of both parties, and makes orations where they are necessary, yet it is certain that he first designed his work a commentary; every year writing down, like an unconcerned spectator as he was, the particular occurrences of the time, in the order as they happened; and his eighth book is wholly written after the way of annals; though, out-living the war, he inserted in his others those ornaments which render his work the most complete and most instructive now extant.

History, properly so called, may be described by the addition of those parts which are not required to annals; and therefore there is little farther to be said concerning it; only, that the dignity and gravity of style is here necessary. That the guesses of secret causes inducing to the actions, be drawn at least from the most probable circumstances, not perverted by the malignity of the author to sinister interpretations (of which Tacitus is accused), but candidly laid down, and left to the judgment of the reader; that nothing of concernment be omitted; but things of trivial moment are still to be neglected, as debasing the majesty of the work; that neither partiality nor prejudice

* Plutarch.

appear, but that truth may everywhere be sacred: 'Ne quid falsi dicere audeat, ne quid veri non audeat historicus'—['that a historian should never dare to speak falsely, or fear to speak what is true']; that he neither incline to superstition, in giving too much credit to oracles, prophecies, divinations, and prodigies, nor to irreligion, in disclaiming the Almighty Providence; but where general opinion has prevailed of any miraculous accident or portent, he ought to relate it as such, without imposing his opinion on our belief. Next to Thucydides in this kind, may be accounted Polybius, amongst the Grecians; Livy, though not free from superstition, nor Tacitus from ill nature, amongst the Romans; amongst the modern Italians, Guicciardini and Davila, if not partial; but above all men, in my opinion, the plain, sincere, unaffected, and most instructive Philip de Comines, amongst the French, though he only gives his history the humble name of Commentaries. I am sorry I cannot find in our own nation, though it has produced some commendable historians, any proper to be ranked with these. Buchanan, indeed, for the purity of his Latin, and for his learning, and for all other endowments belonging to a historian, might be placed amongst the greatest, if he had not too much leaned to prejudice, and too manifestly declared himself a party of a cause, rather than a historian of it. Excepting only that (which I desire not to urge too far on so great a man, but only to give caution to his readers concerning it), our isle may justly boast in him a writer comparable to any of the moderns, and excelled by few of the ancients.

Biographia, or the history of particular men's lives, comes next to be considered; which in dignity is inferior to the other two, as being more confined in action, and treating of wars and councils, and all other public affairs of nations, only as they relate to him whose life is written, or as his fortunes have a particular dependence on them, or connexion to them. All things here are circumscribed and driven to a point, so as to terminate in one; consequently, if the action or counsel were managed by colleagues, some part of it must be either lame or wanting, except it be supplied by the excursion of the writer. Herein, likewise, must be less of variety, for the same reason; because the fortunes and actions of one man are related, not those of many. Thus the actions and achievements of Sylla, Lucullus, and Pompey, are all of them but the successive parts of the Mithridatic war; of which we could have no perfect image, if the same hand had not given us the whole, though at several views, in their particular lives.

Yet though we allow, for the reasons above alleged, that this kind of writing is in dignity inferior to history and annals, in pleasure and instruction it equals, or even excels, both of them. It is not only commended by ancient practice to celebrate the memory of great and worthy men, as the best thanks which posterity can pay them, but also the examples of virtue are of more vigour when they are thus contracted into individuals. As the sunbeams, united in a burning-glass to a point, have greater force than when they are darted from a plain superficies, so the virtues and actions of one man, drawn together into a single story, strike upon our minds a stronger and more lively impression than the scattered relations of many men and many actions; and by the same means that they give us pleasure, they afford us profit too. For when the understanding is intent and fixed on a single thing, it carries closer to the mark; every part of the object sinks into it, and the soul receives it unmixed and whole. For this reason Aristotle commends the unity of action in a poem; because the mind is not capable of digesting many things at once, nor of conceiving fully any more than one idea at a time. Whatsoever distracts the pleasure, lessens it; and as the reader is more concerned at one man's fortune than those of many, so likewise the writer is more capable of making a perfect work if he confine himself to this narrow compass. The lineaments, features, and colourings of a single picture may be hit exactly; but in a history-piece of many figures, the general design, the ordonnance or disposition of it, the relation of one figure to another, the diversity of the posture, habits, shadowings, and all the other graces conspiring to a uniformity, are of so difficult performance, that neither is the resemblance of particular persons often perfect, nor the beauty of the piece complete; for any considerable error in the parts renders the whole disagreeable and lame. Thus, then, the perfection of the work, and the benefit arising from it, are both more absolute in biography than in history. All history is only the precepts of moral philosophy reduced into examples. Moral philosophy is divided into two parts, ethics and politics; the first instructs us in our private offices of virtue, the second in those which relate to the management of the commonwealth. Both of these teach by argumentation and reasoning, which rush as it were into the mind, and possess it with violence; but history rather allures than forces us to virtue. There is nothing of the tyrant in example; but it gently glides into us, is easy and pleasant in its passage, and, in one word, reduces into practice our speculative notions; therefore the more powerful the examples are, they are the more useful also, and by being more known, they are more powerful. Now, unity, which is defined, is in its own nature more apt to be understood than multiplicity, which in some measure participates of infinity. The reason is Aristotle's.

Biographia, or the histories of particular lives, though circumscribed in the subject, is yet more extensive in the style than the other two; for it not only comprehends them both, but has somewhat superadded, which neither of them have. The style of it is various, according to the occasion. There are proper places in it for the plainness and nakedness of narration, which is ascribed to annals; there is also room reserved for the loftiness and gravity of general history, when the actions related shall require that manner of expression. But there is, withal, a descent into minute circumstances and trivial passages of life, which are natural to this way of writing, and which the dignity of the other two will not admit. There you are conducted only into the rooms of state, here you are led into the private lodgings of the hero; you see him in his undress, and are made familiar with his most private actions and conversations. You may behold a Scipio and a Lælius gathering cockle-shells on the shore, Augustus playing at bounding-stones with boys, and Agesilaus riding on a hobby-horse among his children. The pageantry of life is taken away; you see the poor reasonable animal as naked as ever nature made him; are made acquainted with his passions and his follies, and find the demi-god a man. Plutarch himself has more than once defended this kind of relating little passages; for, in the Life of Alexander, he says thus: 'In writing the lives of illustrious men, I am not tied to the laws of history; nor does it follow, that, because an action is great, it therefore manifests the greatness and virtue of him who did it; but, on the other side, sometimes a word or a casual jest betrays a man more to our knowledge of him, than a battle fought wherein ten thousand men were slain, or sacking of cities, or a course of victories.' In another place, he quotes Xenophon on the like occasion: 'The sayings of great men in their familiar discourses, and amidst their wine, have somewhat in them which is worthy to be transmitted to posterity.' Our author therefore needs no excuse, but rather deserves a commendation, when he relates, as pleasant, some sayings of his heroes, which appear (I must confess it) very

cold and insipid mirth to us. For it is not his meaning to commend the jest, but to paint the man; besides, we may have lost somewhat of the idiotism of that language in which it was spoken; and where the conceit is couched in a single word, if all the significations of it are not critically understood, the grace and the pleasantry are lost.

But in all parts of biography, whether familiar or stately, whether sublime or low, whether serious or merry, Plutarch equally excelled. If we compare him to others, Dion Cassius is not so sincere; Herodian, a lover of truth, is oftentimes deceived himself with what he had falsely heard reported; then, the time of his emperors exceeds not in all above sixty years, so that his whole history will scarce amount to three lives of Plutarch. Suetonius and Tacitus may be called alike either authors of histories or writers of lives; but the first of them runs too willingly into obscene descriptions, which he teaches, while he relates; the other, besides what has already been noted of him, often falls into obscurity; and both of them have made so unlucky a choice of times, that they are forced to describe rather monsters than men; and their emperors are either extravagant fools or tyrants, and most usually both. Our author, on the contrary, as he was more inclined to commend than to dispraise, has generally chosen such great men as were famous for their several virtues; at least such whose frailties or vices were overpoised by their excellences; such from whose examples we may have more to follow than to shun. Yet, as he was impartial, he disguised not the faults of any man, an example of which is in the life of Lucullus, where, after he has told us that the double benefit which his countrymen, the Chæroneans, received from him, was the chiefest motive which he had to write his life, he afterwards rips up his luxury, and shows how he lost, through his mismanagement, his authority and his soldiers' love. Then he was more happy in his digressions than any we have named. I have always been pleased to see him, and his imitator Montaigne, when they strike a little out of the common road; for we are sure to be the better for their wandering. The best quarry lies not always in the open field: and who would not be content to follow a good huntsman over hedges and ditches, when he knows the game will reward his pains? But if we mark him more narrowly, we may observe that the great reason of his frequent starts is the variety of his learning; he knew so much of nature, was so vastly furnished with all the treasures of the mind, that he was uneasy to himself, and was forced, as I may say, to lay down some at every passage, and to scatter his riches as he went: like another Alexander or Adrian, he built a city, or planted a colony, in every part of his progress, and left behind him some memorial of his greatness. Sparta, and Thebes, and Athens, and Rome, the mistress of the world, he has discovered in their foundations, their institutions, their growth, their height; the decay of the three first, and the alteration of the last. You see those several people in their different laws, and policies, and forms of government, in their warriors, and senators, and demagogues. Nor are the ornaments of poetry, and the illustrations of similitudes, forgotten by him; in both which he instructs, as well as pleases; or rather pleases, that he may instruct.

Dryden was exceedingly sensitive to the criticisms of the paltry versifiers of his day. Among those who annoyed him was Elkanah Settle, a now forgotten rhymer, with whom he carried on a violent war of ridicule and abuse. The following is an amusing specimen of a criticism by Dryden on Settle's tragedy, called 'The Empress of Morocco,' which seems to have roused the jealousy and indignation of the critic:—

'To conclude this act with the most rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet—

"To flattering lightning our feigned smiles conform,
Which, backed with thunder, do but gild a storm."

Conform a smile to lightning, make a *smile* imitate *lightning*, and *flattering lightning;* lightning, sure, is a threatening thing. And this lightning must *gild a storm*. Now, if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles must gild a storm too: to *gild* with *smiles* is a new invention of gilding. And gild a storm by being *backed with thunder*. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of the storm must help to *gild* another part, and help by *backing;* as if a man would gild a thing the better for being backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here is *gilding* by *conforming*, *smiling*, *lightning*, *backing*, and *thundering*. The whole is as if I should say thus: I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty thick sown. Sure the poet writ these two lines aboard some smack in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a good lump of clotted nonsense at once.'

The controversies in which Dryden was frequently engaged, were not in general restrained within the bounds of legitimate discussion. The authors of those days descended to gross personalities. 'There was,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'during the reign of Charles II., a semi-barbarous virulence of controversy, even upon abstract points of literature, which would be now thought injudicious and unfair, even by the newspaper advocates of contending factions. A critic of that time never deemed he had so effectually refuted the reasoning of his adversary, as when he had said something disrespectful of his talents, person, or moral character. Thus, literary contest was embittered by personal hatred, and truth was so far from being the object of the combatants, that even victory was tasteless unless obtained by the disgrace and degradation of the antagonist.'*

SIR WILLIAM TEMPLE.

Sir William Temple, a well-known statesman and miscellaneous writer, possesses a high reputation as one of the chief polishers of the English language. He was the son of Sir John Temple, master of the Rolls in Ireland in the reigns of Charles I. and II., and was born in London in 1628. He studied at Cambridge under Cudworth as tutor: but being intended for public life, devoted his attention chiefly to the French and Spanish languages. After travelling for six years on the continent, he went to reside with his father in Ireland, where he represented the county of Carlow in the parliament at Dublin in 1661. Removing, two years afterwards, to England, the introductions which he carried to the leading statesman of the day speedily procured him employment in the diplomatic service. He was sent, in 1665, on a secret mission to the bishop of Munster, and performed his duty so well, that on his return a baronetcy was bestowed on him, and he was appointed English resident at the court of Brussels. The peace of western Europe was at this time in danger from the ambitious designs of Louis XIV., who aimed at the subjugation of the Spanish Netherlands. Temple paid a visit to the Dutch governor, De Witt, at the Hague, and with great skill brought about, in 1668, the celebrated 'triple alliance' between England, Holland, and Sweden, by which the career of Louis was for a time effectually checked. In the same year he re-

* Scott's Life of Dryden, Sect. iii.

ceived the appointment of ambassador at the Hague, where he resided in that capacity for about twelve

Sir William Temple.

months, on terms of intimacy with De Witt, and also with the young Prince of Orange, afterwards William III of England. The corrupt and wavering principles of the English court having led to the recall of Temple in 1669, he retired from public business to his residence at Sheen, near Richmond, and there employed himself in literary occupations and gardening. In 1674, however, he with some reluctance consented to return as ambassador to Holland; in which country, besides engaging in various important negotiations, he contributed to bring about the marriage of the Prince of Orange with the Duke of York's eldest daughter Mary. That important and popular event took place in 1677. Having finally returned to England in 1679, Temple was pressed by the king to accept the appointment of secretary of state, which, however, he persisted in refusing. Charles was now in the utmost perplexity, in consequence of the discontents and difficulties which a long course of misgovernment had occasioned; and used to hold long conversations with Temple, on the means of extricating himself from his embarrassments. The measure advised by Sir William was the appointment of a privy council of thirty persons, in conformity with whose advice the king should always act, and by whom all his affairs should be freely and openly debated; one half of the members to consist of the great officers of state, and the other of the most influential and wealthy noblemen and gentlemen of the country. This scheme was adopted by Charles, and excited great joy throughout the nation. The hopes of the people were, however, speedily frustrated by the turbulent and unprincipled factiousness of some of the members. Temple, who was himself one of the council, soon became disgusted with its proceedings, as well as those of the king, and, in 1681, finally retired from public life. He spent the remainder of his days chiefly at Moor Park, in Surrey, where Jonathan Swift, then a young man, resided with him in the capacity of amanuensis. After the Revolution, King William sometimes visited Temple in order to consult him about public affairs. His death took place in 1698, at the age of sixty-nine. Throughout his whole career, the conduct of Sir William Temple was marked by a cautious regard for his personal comfort and reputation; a quality which strongly disposed him to avoid risks of every kind, and to stand aloof from those departments of public business where the exercise of eminent courage and decision was required. His character as a patriot is therefore not one which calls for high admiration; though it ought to be remarked, in his favour, that as he seems to have had a lively consciousness that neither his abilities nor dispositions fitted him for vigorous action in stormy times, he probably acted with prudence in withdrawing from a field in which he would have only been mortified by failure, and done harm instead of good to the public. Being subject to frequent attacks of low spirits, he might have been disabled for action by the very emergencies which demanded the greatest mental energy and self-possession. As a private character, he was respectable and decorous: his temper, naturally haughty and unamiable, was generally kept under good regulation; and among his foibles, vanity was the most prominent.

The works of Sir William Temple consist chiefly of short miscellaneous pieces. His longest production is *Observations upon the United Provinces of the Netherlands*, composed during his first retirement at Sheen. This is accounted a masterpiece of its kind, and, when compared with his *Essay on the Original and Nature of Government*, written about the same time, shows that he had much more ability as an observer and describer, than as a reasoner on what he saw. Besides several political tracts of temporary interest, he wrote *Essays* on Ancient and Modern Learning; the Gardens of Epicurus; Heroic Virtue; Poetry; Popular Discontents; Health and Long Life. In these are to be found many sound and acute observations expressed in the perspicuous and easy, but not very correct or precise language, for which he is noted. His correspondence on public affairs has also been published.

Of all his productions, that which appears to us, in matter as well as composition, the best, is a letter to the Countess of Essex on her excessive grief occasioned by the loss of a beloved daughter. As a specimen of eloquent, firm, and dignified, yet tender and affectionate expostulation, it is probably unequalled within the compass of English literature. This admirable piece will be found among the extracts which follow.

The style of Sir William Temple is characterised by Dr Blair as remarkable for its simplicity. 'In point of ornament and correctness,' adds that critic, 'he rises a degree above Tillotson; though, for correctness, he is not in the highest rank. All is easy and flowing in him; he is exceedingly harmonious; smoothness, and what may be called amenity, are the distinguishing characters of his manner; relaxing sometimes, as such a manner will naturally do, into a prolix and remiss style. No writer whatever has stamped upon his style a more lively impression of his own character. In reading his works, we seem engaged in conversation with him; we become thoroughly acquainted with him, not merely as an author, but as a man, and contract a friendship for him. He may be classed as standing in the middle between a negligent simplicity and the highest degree of ornament which this character of style admits.'* In a conversation preserved by Boswell, Dr Johnson said, that 'Sir William Temple was the first writer who gave cadence to English prose: before his time, they were careless of arrangement, and did not mind whether a sentence ended with an important word or an insignificant word, or with what part of speech it was concluded.'† This

* Blair's Lectures, Lect. 19.

† Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii.

remark, however, has certainly greater latitude than Johnson would have given it if published by himself. It is true that some of Temple's productions are eminently distinguished by harmony and cadence; but that he was the first who introduced the latter, will not be admitted by any one who is familiar with the prose of Drummond, Cowley, Dryden, and Sprat.

[*Against Excessive Grief.**]

The honour which I received by a letter from your ladyship was too great not to be acknowledged; yet I doubted whether that occasion could bear me out in the confidence of giving your ladyship any further trouble. But I can no longer forbear, on account of the sensible wounds that have so often of late been given your friends here, by the desperate expressions in several of your letters, respecting your temper of mind, your health, and your life; in all which you must allow them to be extremely concerned. Perhaps none can be, at heart, more partial than I am to whatever regards your ladyship, nor more inclined to defend you on this very occasion, how unjust and unkind soever you are to yourself. But when you throw away your health, or your life, so great a remainder of your own family, and so great hopes of that into which you are entered, and all by a desperate melancholy, upon an event past remedy, and to which all the mortal race is perpetually subject, give me leave to tell you, madam, that what you do is not at all consistent either with so good a Christian, or so reasonable and great a person, as your ladyship appears to the world in all other lights.

I know no duty in religion more generally agreed on, nor more justly required by God Almighty, than a perfect submission to his will in all things; nor do I think any disposition of mind can either please him more, or becomes us better, than that of being satisfied with all he gives, and contented with all he takes away. None, I am sure, can be of more honour to God, nor of more ease to ourselves. For, if we consider him as our Maker, we cannot contend with him; if as our Father, we ought not to distrust him; so that we may be confident, whatever he does is intended for good; and whatever happens that we interpret otherwise, yet we can get nothing by repining, nor save anything by resisting.

But if it were fit for us to reason with God Almighty, and your ladyship's loss were acknowledged as great as it could have been to any one, yet, I doubt, you would have but ill grace to complain at the rate you have done, or rather as you do; for the first emotions or passions may be pardoned; it is only the continuance of them which makes them inexcusable. In this world, madam, there is nothing perfectly good; and whatever is called so, is but either comparatively with other things of its kind, or else with the evil that is mingled in its composition; so he is a good man who is better than men commonly are, or in whom the good qualities are more than the bad; so, in the course of life, his condition is esteemed good, which is better than that of most other men, or in which the good circumstances are more than the evil. By this measure, I doubt, madam, your complaints ought to be turned into acknowledgments, and your friends would have cause to rejoice rather than to condole with you. When your ladyship has fairly considered how God Almighty has dealt with you in what he has given, you may be left to judge yourself how you have dealt with him in your complaints for what he has taken away. If you look about you, and consider other lives as well as your own, and what your lot is, in comparison with those that have been drawn in the circle of your knowledge; if you think how few are born with honour, how many die without name or children, how little beauty we see, how few friends we hear of, how much poverty, and how many diseases there are in the world, you will fall down upon your knees, and, instead of repining at one affliction, will admire so many blessings as you have received at the hand of God.

To put your ladyship in mind of what you are, and of the advantages which you have, would look like a design to flatter you. But this I may say, that we will pity you as much as you please, if you will tell us who they are whom you think, upon all circumstances, you have reason to envy. Now, if I had a master who gave me all I could ask, but thought fit to take one thing from me again, either because I used it ill, or gave myself so much over to it as to neglect what I owed to him, or to the world; or, perhaps, because he would show his power, and put me in mind from whom I held all the rest, would you think I had much reason to complain of hard usage, and never to remember any more what was left me, never to forget what was taken away?

It is true you have lost a child, and all that could be lost in a child of that age; but you have kept one child, and you are likely to do so long; you have the assurance of another, and the hopes of many more. You have kept a husband, great in employment, in fortune, and in the esteem of good men. You have kept your beauty and your health, unless you have destroyed them yourself, or discouraged them to stay with you by using them ill. You have friends who are as kind to you as you can wish, or as you can give them leave to be. You have honour and esteem from all who know you; or if ever it fails in any degree, it is only upon that point of your seeming to be fallen out with God and the whole world, and neither to care for yourself, nor anything else, after what you have lost.

You will say, perhaps, that one thing was all to you, and your fondness of it made you indifferent to everything else. But this, I doubt, will be so far from justifying you, that it will prove to be your fault as well as your misfortune. God Almighty gave you all the blessings of life, and you set your heart wholly upon one, and despise or undervalue all the rest: is this his fault or yours? Nay, is it not to be very unthankful to Heaven, as well as very scornful to the rest of the world? is it not to say, because you have lost one thing God has given, you thank him for nothing he has left, and care not what he takes away? is it not to say, since that one thing is gone out of the world, there is nothing left in it which you think can deserve your kindness or esteem? A friend makes me a feast, and places before me all that his care or kindness could provide: but I set my heart upon one dish alone, and, if that happens to be thrown down, I scorn all the rest; and though he sends for another of the same kind, yet I rise from the table in a rage, and say, 'My friend is become my enemy, and he has done me the greatest wrong in the world.' Have I reason, madam, or good grace in what I do? or would it become me better to eat of the rest that is before me, and think no more of what had happened, and could not be remedied?

Christianity teaches and commands us to moderate our passions; to temper our affections towards all things below; to be thankful for the possession, and patient under the loss, whenever HE who gave shall see fit to take away. Your extreme fondness was perhaps as displeasing to God before as now your extreme affliction is; and your loss may have been a punishment for your faults in the manner of enjoying what you had. It is at least pious to ascribe all the ill that befalls us to our own demerits, rather than to injus-

* Addressed to the Countess of Essex in 1674, after the death of her only daughter.

tice in God. And it becomes us better to adore the issues of his providence in the effects, than to inquire into the causes; for submission is the only way of reasoning between a creature and its Maker; and contentment in his will is the greatest duty we can pretend to, and the best remedy we can apply to all our misfortunes.

But, madam, though religion were no party in your case, and for so violent and injurious a grief you had nothing to answer to God, but only to the world and yourself, yet I very much doubt how you would be acquitted. We bring into the world with us a poor, needy, uncertain life; short at the longest, and unquiet at the best. All the imaginations of the witty and the wise have been perpetually busied to find out the ways to revive it with pleasures, or to relieve it with diversions; to compose it with ease, and settle it with safety. To these ends have been employed the institutions of lawgivers, the reasonings of philosophers, the inventions of poets, the pains of labouring, and the extravagances of voluptuous men. All the world is perpetually at work that our poor mortal lives may pass the easier and happier for that little time we possess them, or else end the better when we lose them. On this account riches and honours are coveted, friendship and love pursued, and the virtues themselves admired in the world. Now, madam, is it not to bid defiance to all mankind, to condemn their universal opinions and designs, if, instead of passing your life as well and easily, you resolve to pass it as ill and as miserably as you can? You grow insensible to the conveniences of riches, the delights of honour and praise, the charms of kindness or friendship; nay, to the observance or applause of virtues themselves; for who can you expect, in these excesses of passions, will allow that you show either temperance or fortitude, either prudence or justice? And as for your friends, I suppose you reckon upon losing their kindness, when you have sufficiently convinced them they can never hope for any of yours, since you have left none for yourself, or anything else.

Passions are perhaps the stings without which, it is said, no honey is made. Yet I think all sorts of men have ever agreed, they ought to be our servants and not our masters; to give us some agitation for entertainment or exercise, but never to throw our reason out of its seat. It is better to have no passions at all, than to have them too violent; or such alone as, instead of heightening our pleasures, afford us nothing but vexation and pain.

In all such losses as your ladyship's has been, there is something that common nature cannot be denied; there is a great deal that good nature may be allowed. But all excessive and outrageous grief or lamentation for the dead was accounted, among the ancient Christians, to have something heathenish; and, among the civil nations of old, to have something barbarous: and therefore it has been the care of the first to moderate it by their precepts, and of the latter to restrain it by their laws. When young children are taken away, we are sure they are well, and escape much ill, which would, in all appearance, have befallen them if they had stayed longer with us. Our kindness to them is deemed to proceed from common opinions or fond imaginations, not friendship or esteem; and to be grounded upon entertainment rather than use in the many offices of life. Nor would it pass from any person besides your ladyship, to say you lost a companion and a friend of nine years old; though you lost one, indeed, who gave the fairest hopes that could be of being both in time and everything else that is estimable and good. But yet that itself is very uncertain, considering the chances of time, the infection of company, the snares of the world, and the passions of youth: so that the most excellent and agreeable creature of that tender age might, by the course of years and accidents, become the most miserable herself; and a greater trouble to her friends by living long, than she could have been by dying young.

Yet after all, madam, I think your loss so great, and some measure of your grief so deserved, that, would all your passionate complaints, all the anguish of your heart, do anything to retrieve it; could tears water the lovely plant, so as to make it grow again after once it is cut down; could sighs furnish new breath, or could it draw life and spirits from the wasting of yours, I am sure your friends would be so far from accusing your passion, that they would encourage it as much, and share it as deeply, as they could. But alas! the eternal laws of the creation extinguish all such hopes, forbid all such designs; nature gives us many children and friends to take them away, but takes none away to give them to us again. And this makes the excesses of grief to be universally condemned as unnatural, because so much in vain: whereas nature does nothing in vain: as unreasonable, because so contrary to our own designs; for we all design to be well and at ease, and by grief we make ourselves troubles most properly out of the dust, whilst our raving and complaints are but like arrows shot up into the air at no mark, and so to no purpose, but only to fall back upon our own heads and destroy ourselves.

Perhaps, madam, you will say this is your design, or, if not, your desire; but I hope you are not yet so far gone or so desperately bent. Your ladyship knows very well your life is not your own, but His who lent it you to manage and preserve in the best way you can, and not to throw it away, as if it came from some common hand. Our life belongs, in a great measure, to our country and our family: therefore, by all human laws, as well as divine, self-murder has ever been agreed upon as the greatest crime; and it is punished here with the utmost shame, which is all that can be inflicted upon the dead. But is the crime much less to kill ourselves by a slow poison than by a sudden wound? Now, if we do it, and know we do it, by a long and continual grief, can we think ourselves innocent? What great difference is there, if we break our hearts or consume them, if we pierce them or bruise them; since all terminates in the same death, as all arises from the same despair? But what if it does not go so far; it is not, indeed, so bad as it might be, but that does not excuse it. Though I do not kill my neighbour, is it no hurt to wound him, or to spoil him of the conveniences of life? The greatest crime is for a man to kill himself: is it a small one to wound himself by anguish of heart, by grief, or despair; to ruin his health, to shorten his age, to deprive himself of all the pleasure, ease, and enjoyment of life?

Next to the mischiefs which we do ourselves, are those which we do our children and our friends, who deserve best of us, or at least deserve no ill. The child you carry about you, what has it done that you should endeavour to deprive it of life almost as soon as you bestow it?—or, if you suffer it to be born, that you should, by your ill-usage of yourself, so much impair the strength of its body, and perhaps the very temper of its mind, by giving it such an infusion of melancholy as may serve to discolour the objects and disrelish the accidents it may meet with in the common train of life? Would it be a small injury to my lord Capell to deprive him of a mother, from whose prudence and kindness he may justly expect the care of his health and education, the forming of his body, and the cultivating of his mind; the seeds of honour and virtue, and the true principles of a happy life? How has Lord Essex deserved that you should deprive him of a wife whom he loves with so much passion, and, which is more, with so much reason; who

is so great an honour and support to his family, so great a hope to his fortune, and comfort to his life? Are there so many left of your own great family that you should desire in a manner wholly to reduce it, by suffering almost the last branch of it to wither away before its time? or is your country, in this age, so stored with great persons, that you should envy it those whom we may justly expect from so noble a race?

Whilst I had any hopes that your tears would ease you, or that your grief would consume itself by liberty and time, your ladyship knows very well I never accused it, nor ever increased it by the common formal ways of attempting to assuage it: and this, I am sure, is the first office of the kind I ever performed, otherwise than in the most ordinary forms. I was in hopes what was so violent could not be long; but when I observed it to grow stronger with age, and increase like a stream the further it ran; when I saw it draw out to such unhappy consequences, and threaten not less than your child, your health, and your life, I could no longer forbear this endeavour. Nor can I end it without begging of your ladyship, for God's sake, for your own, for that of your children and your friends, your country and your family, that you would no longer abandon yourself to so disconsolate a passion; but that you would at length awaken your piety, give way to your prudence, or, at least, rouse up the invincible spirit of the Percies, which never yet shrunk at any disaster; that you would sometimes remember the great honours and fortunes of your family, not always the losses; cherish those veins of good humour that are so natural to you, and scar up those of ill, that would make you so unkind to your children and to yourself: and, above all, that you would enter upon the cares of your health and your life. For my part, I know nothing that could be so great an honour and a satisfaction to me, as if your ladyship would own me to have contributed towards this cure; but, however, none can perhaps more justly pretend to your pardon for the attempt, since there is none, I am sure, who has always had at heart a greater honour for your ladyship's family, nor can have more esteem for you, than, madam, your most obedient and most humble servant.

[*Right of Private Judgment in Religion.*]

Whosoever designs the change of religion in a country or government, by any other means than that of a general conversion of the people, or the greatest part of them, designs all the mischiefs to a nation that use to usher in, or attend, the two greatest distempers of a state, civil war or tyranny; which are violence, oppression, cruelty, rapine, intemperance, injustice; and, in short, the miserable effusion of human blood, and the confusion of all laws, orders, and virtues among men.

Such consequences as these, I doubt, are something more than the disputed opinions of any man, or any particular assembly of men, can be worth; since the great and general end of all religion, next to men's happiness hereafter, is their happiness here; as appears by the commandments of God being the best and greatest moral and civil, as well as divine precepts, that have been given to a nation; and by the rewards proposed to the piety of the Jews, throughout the Old Testament, which were the blessings of this life, as health, length of age, number of children, plenty, peace, or victory.

Now, the way to our future happiness has been perpetually disputed throughout the world, and must be left at last to the impressions made upon every man's belief and conscience, either by natural or supernatural arguments and means; which impressions men may disguise or dissemble, but no man can resist. For belief is no more in a man's power than his stature or his feature; and he that tells me I must change my opinion for his, because 'tis the truer and the better, without other arguments that have to me the force of conviction, may as well tell me I must change my gray eyes for others like his that are black, because these are lovelier or more in esteem. He that tells me I must inform myself, has reason, if I do it not; but if I endeavour it all that I can, and perhaps more than ever he did, and yet still differ from him; and he that, it may be, is idle, will have me study on, and inform myself better, and so to the end of my life, then I easily understand what he means by informing, which is, in short, that I must do it till I come to be of his opinion.

If he that, perhaps, pursues his pleasures or interests as much or more than I do, and allows me to have as good sense as he has in all other matters, tells me I should be of his opinion, but that passion or interest blinds me; unless he can convince me how or where this lies, he is but where he was; only pretends to know me better than I do myself, who cannot imagine why I should not have as much care of my soul as he has of his.

A man that tells me my opinions are absurd or ridiculous, impertinent or unreasonable, because they differ from his, seems to intend a quarrel instead of a dispute, and calls me fool, or madman, with a little more circumstance; though, perhaps, I pass for one as well in my senses as he, as pertinent in talk, and as prudent in life: yet these are the common civilities, in religious argument, of sufficient and conceited men, who talk much of right reason, and mean always their own, and make their private imagination the measure of general truth. But such language determines all between us, and the dispute comes to end in three words at last, which it might as well have ended in at first, That he is in the right, and I am in the wrong.

The other great end of religion, which is our happiness here, has been generally agreed on by all mankind, as appears in the records of all their laws, as well as all their religions, which come to be established by the concurrence of men's customs and opinions; though in the latter, that concurrence may have been produced by divine impressions or inspirations. For all agree in teaching and commanding, in planting and improving, not only those moral virtues which conduce to the felicity and tranquillity of every private man's life, but also those manners and dispositions that tend to the peace, order, and safety of all civil societies and governments among men. Nor could I ever understand how those who call themselves, and the world usually calls, *religious men*, come to put so great weight upon those points of belief which men never have agreed in, and so little upon those of virtue and morality, in which they have hardly ever disagreed. Nor why a state should venture the subversion of their peace, and their order, which are certain goods, and so universally esteemed, for the propagation of uncertain or contested opinions.

[*Poetical Genius.*]

The more true and natural source of poetry may be discovered by observing to what god this inspiration was ascribed by the ancients, which was Apollo, or the sun, esteemed among them the god of learning in general, but more particularly of music and of poetry. The mystery of this fable means, I suppose, that a certain noble and vital heat of temper, but especially of the brain, is the true spring of these two parts or sciences: this was that celestial fire which gave such a pleasing motion and agitation to the minds of those men that have been so much admired in the world, that raises such infinite images of things so agreeable

and delightful to mankind; by the influence of this sun are produced those golden and inexhausted mines of invention, which has furnished the world with treasures so highly esteemed, and so universally known and used, in all the regions that have yet been discovered. From this arises that elevation of genius which can never be produced by any art or study, by pains or by industry, which cannot be taught by precepts or examples; and therefore is agreed by all to be the pure and free gift of heaven or of nature, and to be a fire kindled out of some hidden spark of the very first conception.

But though invention be the mother of poetry, yet this child is, like all others, born naked, and must be nourished with care, clothed with exactness and elegance, educated with industry, instructed with art, improved by application, corrected with severity, and accomplished with labour and with time, before it arrives at any great perfection or growth: 'tis certain that no composition requires so many several ingredients, or of more different sorts than this; nor that, to excel in any qualities, there are necessary so many gifts of nature, and so many improvements of learning and of art. For there must be a universal genius, of great compass as well as great elevation. There must be a sprightly imagination or fancy, fertile in a thousand productions, ranging over infinite ground, piercing into every corner, and, by the light of that true poetical fire, discovering a thousand little bodies or images in the world, and similitudes among them, unseen to common eyes, and which could not be discovered without the rays of that sun.

Besides the heat of invention and liveliness of wit, there must be the coldness of good sense and soundness of judgment, to distinguish between things and conceptions, which, at first sight, or upon short glances, seem alike; to choose, among infinite productions of wit and fancy, which are worth preserving and cultivating, and which are better stifled in the birth, or thrown away when they are born, as not worth bringing up. Without the forces of wit, all poetry is flat and languishing; without the succours of judgment, 'tis wild and extravagant. The true wit of poesy is, that such contraries must meet to compose it; a genius both penetrating and solid; in expression both delicacy and force; and the frame or fabric of a true poem must have something both sublime and just, amazing and agreeable. There must be a great agitation of mind to invent, a great calm to judge and correct; there must be upon the same tree, and at the same time, both flower and fruit. To work up this metal into exquisite figure, there must be employed the fire, the hammer, the chisel, and the file. There must be a general knowledge both of nature and of arts, and, to go the lowest that can be, there are required *genius*, judgment, and application; for, without this last, all the rest will not serve turn, and none ever was a great poet that applied himself much to anything else.

When I speak of poetry, I mean not an ode or an elegy, a song or a satire; nor by a poet the composer of any of these, but of a just poem; and after all I have said, 'tis no wonder there should be so few that appeared in any parts or any ages of the world, or that such as have should be so much admired, and have almost divinity ascribed to them and to their works. * *

I do not here intend to make a further critic upon poetry, which were too great a labour; nor to give rules for it, which were as great a presumption: besides, there has been so much paper blotted upon these subjects, in this curious and censuring age, that 'tis all grown tedious, or repetition. The modern French wits (or pretenders) have been very severe in their censures, and exact in their rules, I think to very little purpose; for I know not why they might not have contented themselves with those given by Aristotle and Horace, and have translated them rather than commented upon them; for all they have done has been no more; so as they seem, by their writings of this kind, rather to have valued themselves, than improved anybody else. The truth is, there is something in the *genius* of poetry too libertine to be confined to so many rules; and whoever goes about to subject it to such constraints, loses both its spirit and grace, which are ever native, and never learned, even of the best masters. 'Tis as if, to make excellent honey, you should cut off the wings of your bees, confine them to their hive or their stands, and lay flowers before them such as you think the sweetest, and like to yield the finest extraction; you had as good pull out their stings, and make arrant drones of them. They must range through fields, as well as gardens, choose such flowers as they please, and by proprieties and scents they only know and distinguish: they must work up their cells with admirable art, extract their honey with infinite labour, and sever it from the wax with such distinction and choice, as belongs to none but themselves to perform or to judge.

Sir William Temple's *Essay upon the Ancient and Modern Learning* gave occasion to one of the most celebrated literary controversies which have occurred in England. The composition of it was suggested to him principally by a French work of Charles Perrault, on 'The Age of Louis the Great,' in which, with the view of flattering the pride of the *grand monarque*, it was affirmed that the writers of antiquity had been excelled by those of modern times. This doctrine excited a warm controversy in France, where the poet Boileau was among those by whom it was strenuously opposed. It was in behalf of the ancients that Sir William Temple also took the field. The first of the enemy's arguments which he controverts, is the allegation, 'that we must have more knowledge than the ancients, because we have the advantage both of theirs and our own; just as a dwarf standing upon a giant's shoulders sees more and farther than he.' To this he replies, that the ancients may have derived vast stores of knowledge from their predecessors, namely, the Chinese, Egyptians, Chaldeans, Persians, Syrians, and Jews. Among these nations, says he, 'were planted and cultivated mighty growths of astronomy, astrology, magic, geometry, natural philosophy, and ancient story; and from these sources Orpheus, Homer, Lycurgus, Pythagoras, Plato, and others of the ancients, are acknowledged to have drawn all those depths of knowledge or learning which have made them so renowned in all succeeding ages.' Here Temple manifests wonderful ignorance and credulity in assuming as facts the veriest fables of the ancients, particularly with respect to Orpheus, of whom he afterwards speaks in conjunction with that equally authentic personage, Arion, and in reference to whose musical powers he asks triumphantly, 'What are become of the charms of music, by which men and beasts, fishes, fowls, and serpents, were so frequently enchanted, and their very natures changed; by which the passions of men were raised to the greatest height and violence, and then as suddenly appeased, so that they might be justly said to be turned into lions or lambs, into wolves or into harts, by the powers and charms of this admirable music?' In the same credulous spirit, he affirms that 'The more ancient sages of Greece appear, by the characters remaining of them, to have been much greater men than Hippocrates, Plato, and Xenophon. They were generally princes or lawgivers of their countries, or at least offered or invited to be so, either of their own or of others, that desired

them to frame or reform their several institutions of civil government. They were commonly excellent poets and great physicians: they were so learned in natural philosophy, that they foretold not only eclipses in the heavens, but earthquakes at land, and storms at sea, great droughts, and great plagues, much plenty or much scarcity of certain sorts of fruits or grain; not to mention the magical powers attributed to several of them to allay storms, to raise gales, to appease commotions of the people, to make plagues cease; which qualities, whether upon any ground of truth or no, yet, if well believed, must have raised them to that strange height they were at, of common esteem and honour, in their own and succeeding ages.' The objection occurs to him, as one likely to be set up by the admirers of modern learning, that there is no evidence of the existence of books before those now either extant or on record. This, however, gives him no alarm: for it is very doubtful, he tells us, whether books, though they may be helps to knowledge, and serviceable in diffusing it, 'are necessary ones, or much advance any other science beyond the particular records of actions or registers of time'—as if any example could be adduced of science having flourished where tradition was the only mode of handing it down! His notice of astronomy is equally ludicrous: 'There is nothing new in astronomy,' says he, 'to vie with the ancients, *unless it be the Copernican system*'—a system which overturns the whole fabric of ancient astronomical science, though Temple declares with great simplicity that it 'has made no change in the conclusions of astronomy.' In comparing 'the great wits among the moderns' with the authors of antiquity, he mentions no Englishmen except Sir Philip Sidney, Bacon, and Selden, leaving Shakspeare and Milton altogether out of view. How little he was qualified to judge of the comparative merits of ancient and modern authors, is evident not only from his total ignorance of the Greek language, but from the very limited knowledge of English literature evinced by his esteeming Sir Philip Sidney to be 'both the greatest poet and the noblest genius of any that have left writings behind them, and published in ours or any other modern language.' He farther declares, that after Ariosto, Tasso, and Spenser, he 'knows none of the moderns that have made any achievements in heroic poetry worth recording.' Descartes and Hobbes are 'the only new philosophers that have made entries upon the noble stage of the sciences for fifteen hundred years past,' and these 'have by no means eclipsed the lustre of Plato, Aristotle, Epicurus, and others of the ancients.' Bacon, Newton, and Boyle, are not regarded as philosophers at all. But the most unlucky blunder committed by Temple on this occasion was his adducing the Greek Epistles of Phalaris in support of the proposition, that 'the oldest books we have are still in their kind the best.' These Epistles, says he, 'I think to have more grace, more spirit, more force of wit and genius, than any others I have seen, either ancient or modern.' Some critics, he admits, have asserted that they are not the production of Phalaris (who lived in Sicily more than five centuries before Christ), but of some writer in the declining age of Greek literature. In reply to these sceptics, he enumerates such transcendent excellences of the Epistles, that any man, he thinks, 'must have little skill in painting that cannot find out this to be an original.' The celebrity given to these Epistles by the publication of Temple's Essay, led to the appearance of a new edition of them at Oxford, under the name of Charles Boyle as editor. Boyle, while preparing it for the press, got into a quarrel with the celebrated critic Richard Bentley, a man deeply versed in Greek literature; on whom he inserted a bitter reflection in his preface. Bentley, in revenge, demonstrated the Epistles to be a forgery, taking occasion at the same time to speak somewhat irreverently of Sir William Temple. Boyle, with the assistance of Aldrich, Atterbury, and other Christ-church doctors (who, indeed, were the real combatants), sent forth a reply, the plausibility of which seemed to give him the advantage; till Bentley, in a most triumphant rejoinder, exposed the gross ignorance which lay concealed under the wit and assumption of his opponents. To these parties, however, the controversy was not confined. Boyle and his friends were backed by the sarcastic powers, if not by the learning, of Pope, Swift, Garth, Middleton, and others. Swift, who came into the field on behalf of his patron Sir William Temple, published on this occasion his famous 'Battle of the Books,' and to the end of his life continued to speak of Bentley in the language of hatred and contempt. In the work just mentioned, Swift has ridiculed not only that scholar, but also his friend the Rev. William Wotton, who had opposed Temple in a treatise entitled 'Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning,' published in 1694. To some parts of that treatise Sir William wrote a reply, the following passage in which suggested, we doubt not, the satirical account given long afterwards by Swift in 'Gulliver's Travels,' of the experimental researches of the projectors at Lagoda. 'What has been produced for the use, benefit, or pleasure of mankind, by all the airy speculations of those who have passed for the great advancers of knowledge and learning these last fifty years (which is the date of our modern pretenders), I confess I am yet to seek, and should be very glad to find. I have indeed heard of wondrous pretensions and visions of men possessed with notions of the strange advancement of learning and sciences, on foot in this age, and the progress they are like to make in the next; as the universal medicine, which will certainly cure all that have it; the philosopher's stone, which will be found out by men that care not for riches; the transfusion of young blood into old men's veins, which will make them as gamesome as the lambs from which 'tis to be derived; a universal language, which may serve all men's turn when they have forgot their own; the knowledge of one another's thoughts without the grievous trouble of speaking; the art of flying, till a man happens to fall down and break his neck; double-bottomed ships, whereof none can ever be cast away besides the first that was made; the admirable virtues of that noble and necessary juice called spittle, which will come to be sold, and very cheap, in the apothecaries' shops; discoveries of new worlds in the planets, and voyages between this and that in the moon to be made as frequently as between York and London: which such poor mortals as I am think as wild as those of Ariosto, but without half so much wit, or so much instruction; for there, these modern sages may know where they may hope in time to find their lost senses, preserved in vials, with those of Orlando.'

WILLIAM WOTTON.

WILLIAM WOTTON (1666-1726), a clergyman in Buckinghamshire, whom we have mentioned as the author of a reply to Sir William Temple, wrote various other works, of which none deserves to be specified except his condemnatory remarks on Swift's 'Tale of a Tub.' In childhood, his talent for languages was so extraordinary and precocious, that when five years old he was able to read Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, almost as well as English. At the age of

twelve he took the degree of bachelor of arts, previously to which he had gained an extensive acquaintance with several additional languages, including Arabic, Syriac, and Chaldee; as well as with geography, logic, philosophy, chronology, and mathematics. As in many similar cases, however, the expectations held out by his early proficiency were not justified by any great achievements in after life. We quote the following passage from his *Reflections upon Ancient and Modern Learning* (1694), chiefly because it records the change of manners which took place among literary men during the seventeenth century.

[*Decline of Pedantry in England.*]

The last of Sir William Temple's reasons of the great decay of modern learning is pedantry; the urging of which is an evident argument that his discourse is levelled against learning, not as it stands now, but as it was fifty or sixty years ago. For the new philosophy has introduced so great a correspondence between men of learning and men of business; which has also been increased by other accidents amongst the masters of other learned professions; and that pedantry which formerly was almost universal is now in a great measure disused, especially amongst the young men, who are taught in the universities to laugh at that frequent citation of scraps of Latin in common discourse, or upon arguments that do not require it; and that nauseous ostentation of reading and scholarship in public companies, which formerly was so much in fashion. Affecting to write politely in modern languages, especially the French and ours, has also helped very much to lessen it, because it has enabled abundance of men, who wanted academical education, to talk plausibly, and some exactly, upon very many learned subjects. This also has made writers habitually careful to avoid those impertinences which they know would be taken notice of and ridiculed; and it is probable that a careful perusal of the fine new French books, which of late years have been greedily sought after by the politer sort of gentlemen and scholars, may in this particular have done abundance of good. By this means, and by the help also of some other concurrent causes, those who were not learned themselves being able to maintain disputes with those that were, forced them to talk more warily, and brought them, by little and little, to be out of countenance at that vain thrusting of their learning into everything, which before had been but too visible.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

Sir Matthew Hale (1609–1676) not only acquired some reputation as a literary man, but is celebrated as one of the most upright judges that have ever sat upon the English bench. Both in his studies and in the exercise of his profession he displayed uncommon industry, which was favoured by his acquaintance with Selden, who esteemed him so highly as to appoint him his executor. Hale was a judge both in the time of the commonwealth and under Charles II., who appointed him chief baron of the exchequer in 1660, and lord chief-justice of the king's bench eleven years after. In the former capacity, one of his most notable and least creditable acts was the condemnation of some persons accused of witchcraft at Bury St Edmunds in 1664. Amidst the immorality of Charles II.'s reign, Sir Matthew Hale stands out with peculiar lustre as an impartial, incorruptible, and determined administrator of justice. Though of a benevolent and devout, as well as righteous disposition, his manners are said to have been austere; he was, moreover, opinionative, and accessible to flattery. In a previous page, we have extracted from Baxter a character of this estimable man. The productions of his pen, which are many and various, relate chiefly to natural philosophy, divinity, and law. His religious opinions were Calvinistical; and his chief theological work, entitled *Contemplations, Moral and Divine*, retains considerable popularity among serious people of that persuasion. As a specimen of his style, we present a letter of advice to his children, written about the year 1662.

[*On Conversation.*]

Dear Children:—I thank God I came well to Farrington this day, about five o'clock. And as I have some leisure time at my inn, I cannot spend it more to my own satisfaction, and your benefit, than, by a letter, to give you some good counsel. The subject shall be concerning your speech; because much of the good or evil that befalls persons arises from the well or ill managing of their conversation. When I have leisure and opportunity, I shall give you my directions on other subjects.

Never speak anything for a truth which you know or believe to be false. Lying is a great sin against God, who gave us a tongue to speak the truth, and not falsehood. It is a great offence against humanity itself; for, where there is no regard to truth, there can be no safe society between man and man. And it is an injury to the speaker; for, besides the disgrace which it brings upon him, it occasions so much baseness of mind, that he can scarcely tell truth, or avoid lying, even when he has no colour of necessity for it; and, in time, he comes to such a pass, that as other people cannot believe he speaks truth, so he himself scarcely knows when he tells a falsehood.

As you must be careful not to lie, so you must avoid coming near it. You must not equivocate, nor speak anything positively for which you have no authority but report, or conjecture, or opinion.

Let your words be few, especially when your superiors, or strangers, are present, lest you betray your own weakness, and rob yourselves of the opportunity, which you might otherwise have had, to gain knowledge, wisdom, and experience, by hearing those whom you silence by your impertinent talking.

Be not too earnest, loud, or violent in your conversation. Silence your opponent with reason, not with noise.

Be careful not to interrupt another when he is speaking; hear him out, and you will understand him the better, and be able to give him the better answer.

Consider before you speak, especially when the business is of moment; weigh the sense of what you mean to utter, and the expressions you intend to use, that they may be significant, pertinent, and inoffensive. Inconsiderate persons do not think till they speak; or they speak, and then think.

Some men excel in husbandry, some in gardening, some in mathematics. In conversation, learn, as near as you can, where the skill or excellence of any person lies; put him upon talking on that subject, observe what he says, keep it in your memory, or commit it to writing. By this means you will glean the worth and knowledge of everybody you converse with; and, at an easy rate, acquire what may be of use to you on many occasions.

When you are in company with light, vain, impertinent persons, let the observing of their failings make you the more cautious both in your conversation with them and in your general behaviour, that you may avoid their errors.

If any one, whom you do not know to be a person of truth, sobriety, and weight, relates strange stories, be not too ready to believe or report them; and yet

(unless he is one of your familiar acquaintance) be not too forward to contradict him. If the occasion requires you to declare your opinion, do it modestly and gently, not bluntly nor coarsely; by this means you will avoid giving offence, or being abused for too much credulity.

If a man, whose integrity you do not very well know, makes you great and extraordinary professions, do not give much credit to him. Probably, you will find that he aims at something besides kindness to you, and that when he has served his turn, or been disappointed, his regard for you will grow cool.

Beware also of him who flatters you, and commends you to your face, or to one who he thinks will tell you of it; most probably he has either deceived and abused you, or means to do so. Remember the fable of the fox commending the singing of the crow, who had something in her mouth which the fox wanted.

Be careful that you do not commend yourselves. It is a sign that your reputation is small and sinking, if your own tongue must praise you; and it is fulsome and unpleasing to others to hear such commendations.

Speak well of the absent whenever you have a suitable opportunity. Never speak ill of them, or of anybody, unless you are sure they deserve it, and unless it is necessary for their amendment, or for the safety and benefit of others.

Avoid, in your ordinary communications, not only oaths, but all imprecations and earnest protestations.

Forbear scoffing and jesting at the condition or natural defects of any person. Such offences leave a deep impression; and they often cost a man dear.

Be very careful that you give no reproachful, menacing, or spiteful words to any person. Good words make friends; bad words make enemies. It is great prudence to gain as many friends as we honestly can, especially when it may be done at so easy a rate as a good word; and it is great folly to make an enemy by ill words, which are of no advantage to the party who uses them. When faults are committed, they may, and by a superior they must, be reproved: but let it be done without reproach or bitterness; otherwise it will lose its due end and use, and, instead of reforming the offence, it will exasperate the offender, and lay the reprover justly open to reproof.

If a person be passionate, and give you ill language, rather pity him than be moved to anger. You will find that silence, or very gentle words, are the most exquisite revenge for reproaches; they will either cure the distemper in the angry man, and make him sorry for his passion, or they will be a severe reproof and punishment to him. But, at any rate, they will preserve your innocence, give you the deserved reputation of wisdom and moderation, and keep up the serenity and composure of your mind. Passion and anger make a man unfit for everything that becomes him as a man or as a Christian.

Never utter any profane speeches, nor make a jest of any Scripture expressions. When you pronounce the name of God or of Christ, or repeat any passages or words of Holy Scripture, do it with reverence and seriousness, and not lightly, for that is 'taking the name of God in vain.'

If you hear of any unseemly expressions used in religious exercises, do not publish them; endeavour to forget them; or, if you mention them at all, let it be with pity and sorrow, not with derision or reproach.

Read these directions often; think of them seriously; and practise them diligently. You will find them useful in your conversation; which will be every day the more evident to you, as your judgment, understanding, and experience increase.

I have little further to add at this time, but my wish and command that you will remember the former counsels that I have frequently given you. Begin and end the day with private prayer; read the Scriptures often and seriously; be attentive to the public worship of God. Keep yourselves in some useful employment; for idleness is the nursery of vain and sinful thoughts, which corrupt the mind, and disorder the life. Be kind and loving to one another. Honour your minister. Be not bitter nor harsh to my servants. Be respectful to all. Bear my absence patiently and cheerfully. Behave as if I were present among you and saw you. Remember, you have a greater Father than I am, who always, and in all places, beholds you, and knows your hearts and thoughts. Study to requite my love and care for you with dutifulness, observance, and obedience; and account it an honour that you have an opportunity, by your attention, faithfulness, and industry, to pay some part of that debt which, by the laws of nature and of gratitude, you owe to me. Be frugal in my family, but let there be no want; and provide conveniently for the poor.

I pray God to fill your hearts with his grace, fear, and love, and to let you see the comfort and advantage of serving him; and that his blessing, and presence, and direction, may be with you, and over you all.—I am your ever loving father.

England, during the latter half of the seventeenth century, was adorned by three illustrious philosophers, who, besides making important contributions to science, were distinguished by the simplicity and moral excellence of their personal character, and an ardent devotion to the interests of religion, virtue, and truth. We allude to John Locke, Robert Boyle, and Sir Isaac Newton.

JOHN LOCKE.

JOHN LOCKE, the son of a gentleman in Somersetshire, was born in 1632, and after receiving his elementary education at Westminster school, completed his studies at Christ-church college, Oxford. In the latter city he resided from 1651 till 1664,

John Locke

during which period he became disgusted with the verbal subtleties of the Aristotelian philosophy, which he found unfruitful and devoid of practical utility. Having chosen the profession of medicine, he made considerable progress in the necessary studies; but finding the delicacy of his constitution an obstacle to successful practice, he at length abandoned his design. In 1664, he accompanied, in the capacity of secretary, Sir Walter Vane, who was sent by Charles II. as envoy to the Elector of Brandenburg during the Dutch war: some lively and interesting letters written by him from Germany on this occasion have recently been published by Lord King. Those who are acquainted with Locke only in the character of a grave philosopher, will peruse with interest the following humorous account, which he gives to one of his friends, of some Christmas religious ceremonies witnessed by him in a church at Cleves. 'About one in the morning I went a gossiping to our lady. Think me not profane, for the name is a great deal modester than the service I was at. I shall not describe all the particulars I observed in that church, being the principal of the Catholics in Cleves; but only those that were particular to the occasion. Near the high altar was a little altar for this day's solemnity: the scene was a stable, wherein was an ox, an ass, a cradle, the Virgin, the babe, Joseph, shepherds, and angels, dramatis personæ. Had they but given them motion, it had been a perfect puppet play, and might have deserved pence a-piece; for they were of the same size and make that our English puppets are; and I am confident these shepherds and this Joseph are kin to that Judith and Holophernes which I have seen at Bartholomew fair. A little without the stable was a flock of sheep, cut out of cards; and these, as they then stood without their shepherds, appeared to me the best emblem I had seen a long time, and methought represented these poor innocent people, who, whilst their shepherds pretend so much to follow Christ, and pay their devotion to him, are left unregarded in the barren wilderness. This was the show: the music to it was all vocal in the quire adjoining, but such as I never heard. They had strong voices, but so ill-tuned, so ill-managed, that it was their misfortune, as well as ours, that they could be heard. He that could not, though he had a cold, make better music with a chevy chase over a pot of smooth ale, deserved well to pay the reckoning, and go away athirst. However, I think they were the honestest singing-men I have ever seen, for they endeavoured to deserve their money, and earned it certainly with pains enough; for what they wanted in skill, they made up in loudness and variety. Every one had his own tune, and the result of all was like the noise of choosing parliament men, where every one endeavours to cry loudest. Besides the men, there were a company of little choristers: I thought, when I saw them first, they had danced to the other's music, and that it had been your Gray's Inn revels; for they were jumping up and down about a good charcoal fire that was in the middle of the quire (this their devotion and their singing was enough, I think, to keep them warm, though it were a very cold night); but it was not dancing, but singing they served for; for when it came to their turns, away they ran to their places, and there they made as good harmony as a concert of little pigs would, and they were much about as cleanly. Their part being done, out they sallied again to the fire, where they played till their cue called them, and then back to their places they huddled. So negligent and slight are they in their service in a place where the nearness of adversaries might teach them to be more careful.' In this and other letters, he continues in the same humorous strain.

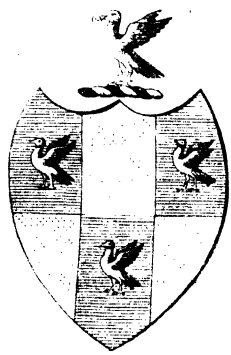
In the same year, Locke returned to Oxford, where he soon afterwards received an offer of considerable preferment in the Irish church, if he should think fit to take orders. This, after due consideration, he declined. 'A man's affairs and whole course of his life,' says he, in a letter to the friend who made the proposal to him, 'are not to be changed in a moment, and one is not made fit for a calling, and that in a day. I believe you think me too proud to undertake anything wherein I should acquit myself but unworthily. I am sure I cannot content myself with being undermost, possibly the middlemost, of my profession; and you will allow, on consideration, care is to be taken not to engage in a calling wherein, if one chance to be a bungler, there is no retreat. * * It is not enough for such places to be in orders, and I cannot think that preferment of that nature should be thrown upon a man who has never given any proof of himself, nor ever tried the pulpit.'

In 1666, Locke became acquainted with Lord Ashley, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury; and so valuable did his lordship find the medical advice and general conversation of the philosopher, that a close and permanent friendship sprang up between them, and

Birthplace of Locke.

Locke became an inmate of his lordship's house. This brought him into the society of Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Halifax, and other celebrated wits of the time, to whom his conversation was highly acceptable. An anecdote is told of him, which shows the easy terms on which he stood with these noblemen. On an occasion when several of them were met at Lord Ashley's house, the party, soon after assembling, sat down to cards, so that scarcely any conversation took place. Locke, after looking on for some time, took out his note-book, and began to write in it, with much appearance of gravity and deliberation. One of the party observing this, inquired what he was writing. 'My lord,' he replied, 'I am endeavouring to profit as far as I am able in your company; for having waited with impatience for the honour of being in an assembly of the greatest geniuses of the age, and having at length obtained

this good fortune, I thought that I could not do better than write down your conversation; and indeed I have set down the substance of what has been said for this hour or two.' A very brief specimen of what he had written was sufficient to make the objects of his irony abandon the card-table, and engage in rational discourse. While residing with Lord Ashley, Locke superintended the education, first of his lordship's son, and subsequently of his grandson, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, who figured as an elegant philosophical and moral writer in the reign of Queen Anne. In 1672, when Lord Ashley received an earldom and the office of chancellor, he gave Locke the appointment of secretary of presentations, which the philosopher enjoyed only till the following year, when his patron lost favour with the court, and was deprived of the seals. The delicate state of Locke's health induced him in 1675 to visit France, where he resided several years, first at Montpelier, and afterwards at Paris, where he had opportunities of cultivating the acquaintance of the most eminent French literary men of the day.



Seal of Locke.

When Shaftesbury regained power for a brief season in 1679, he recalled Locke to England; and, on taking refuge in Holland three years afterwards, was followed thither by his friend, whose safety likewise was in jeopardy, from the connexion which subsisted between them. After the death of his patron in 1683, Locke found it necessary to prolong his stay in Holland, and even there was obliged by the machinations of his political enemies at home, to live for upwards of a year in concealment; in 1686, however, it became safe for him to appear in public, and in the following year he instituted, at Amsterdam, a literary society, the members of which (among whom were Le Clerc, Limborch, and other learned individuals,) met weekly for the purpose of enjoying each other's conversation. The revolution of 1688 finally restored Locke to his native country, to which he was conveyed by the fleet that brought over the princess of Orange. He now became a prominent defender of civil and religious liberty, in a succession of works which have exerted a highly beneficial influence on subsequent generations, not only in Britain, but throughout the civilised world. While in Holland, he had written, in Latin, *A Letter concerning Toleration*: this appeared at Gouda in 1689, and translations of it were immediately published in Dutch, French, and English. The liberal opinions which it maintained were controverted by an Oxford writer, in reply to whom Locke successively wrote three additional *Letters*. In 1690 was published his most celebrated work, *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*. In the composition of this treatise, which his retirement in Holland afforded him leisure to finish, he had been engaged for eighteen years. His object in writing it is thus explained in the prefatory epistle to the reader:—'Were it fit to trouble thee with the history of this essay, I should tell thee that five or six friends meeting at my chamber, and discoursing on a subject very remote from this, found themselves quickly at a stand by the difficulties that rose on every side. After we had a while puzzled ourselves, without coming any nearer a resolution of those doubts which perplexed us, it came into my thoughts, that we took a wrong course, and that, before we set ourselves upon inquiries of that nature, it was necessary to examine our own abilities, and see what objects our understandings were, or were not, fitted to deal with. This I proposed to the company, who all readily assented; and thereupon it was agreed that this should be our first inquiry. Some hasty and undigested thoughts on a subject I had never before considered, which I set down against our next meeting, gave the first entrance into this discourse; which having been thus begun by chance, was continued by intreaty, written by incoherent parcels; and after long intervals of neglect, resumed again, as my humour or occasions permitted; and at last, in a retirement where an attendance on my health gave me leisure, it was brought into that order thou seest it.' In proceeding to treat of the subject originally proposed, he found his matter increase upon his hands, and was gradually led into other fields of investigation. It hence happens, that of the four books of which the essay consists, only the last is devoted to an inquiry into the objects within the sphere of the human understanding. Of the contents of the completed work, the following summary will perhaps impart to the reader as definite an idea as our limited space will allow to be conveyed:—'After clearing the way by setting aside the whole doctrine of innate notions and principles, both speculative and practical, the author traces all ideas to two sources, sensation and reflection; treats at large of the nature of ideas simple and complex; of the operation of the human understanding in forming, distinguishing, compounding, and associating them; of the manner in which words are applied as representations of ideas; of the difficulties and obstructions in the search after truth, which arise from the imperfection of these signs; and of the nature, reality, kinds, degrees, casual hindrances, and necessary limits of human knowledge.'* The most valuable portions of the work are the fourth book, already mentioned, and the third, in which the author treats of the nature and imperfections of language. The first and second books are on subjects of comparatively little applicability to practical purposes, and, moreover, contain doctrines which have been much controverted by subsequent philosophers, and seem to be not always consistent with each other. The style of the work is plain, clear, and expressive; and, as it was designed for general perusal, there is a frequent employment of colloquial phraseology. Locke hated scholastic jargon, and wrote in language intelligible to every man of common sense. 'No one,' says his pupil, Shaftesbury, 'has done more towards the recalling of philosophy from barbarity, into the use and practice of the world, and into the company of the better and politer sort, who might well be ashamed of it in its other dress.'† The influence of the 'Essay on Human Understanding' upon the aims and habits of philosophical inquirers, as well as upon the minds of educated men in general, has been extremely beneficial. 'Few books,' says Sir James Mackintosh,

* Enfield's Abridgment of Brucker's History of Philosophy.
† Shaftesbury's Correspondence, February 1707.

'have contributed more to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries which nature has prescribed to the human understanding. An amendment of the general habits of thought is, in most parts of knowledge, an object as important as even the discovery of new truths, though it is not so palpable, nor in its nature so capable of being estimated by superficial observers. In the mental and moral world, which scarcely admits of anything which can be called discovery, the correction of the intellectual habits is probably the greatest service which can be rendered to science. In this respect, the merit of Locke is unrivalled. His writings have diffused throughout the civilised world the love of civil liberty; the spirit of toleration and charity in religious differences; the disposition to reject whatever is obscure, fantastic, or hypothetical in speculation; to reduce verbal disputes to their proper value; to abandon problems which admit of no solution; to distrust whatever cannot be clearly expressed; to render theory the simple expression of facts; and to prefer those studies which most directly contribute to human happiness. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is improved, Locke has most contributed to make mankind at large observe them. He has done most, though often by remedies of silent and almost insensible operation, to cure those mental distempers which obstructed the adoption of these rules; and thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished. He has left to posterity the instructive example of a prudent reformer, and of a philosophy temperate as well as liberal, which spares the feelings of the good, and avoids direct hostility with obstinate and formidable prejudice. These benefits are very slightly counterbalanced by some political doctrines liable to misapplication, and by the scepticism of some of his ingenious followers, an inconvenience to which every philosophical school is exposed, which does not steadily limit its theory to a mere exposition of experience. If Locke made few discoveries, Socrates made none. Yet both did more for the improvement of the understanding, and not less for the progress of knowledge, than the authors of the most brilliant discoveries.'*

In 1690, Locke published two *Treatises on Civil Government*, in defence of the principles of the Revolution against the Tories; or, as he expresses himself, 'to establish the throne of our great restorer, our present King William; to make good his title in the consent of the people, which, being the only one of all lawful governments, he has more fully and clearly than any prince in Christendom; and to justify to the world the people of England, whose love of their just and natural rights, with their resolution to preserve them, saved the nation when it was on the very brink of slavery and ruin.' The chief of his other productions are *Thoughts concerning Education* (1693), *The Reasonableness of Christianity* (1695), two *Vindications* of that work (1696), and an admirable tract *On the Conduct of the Understanding*, printed after the author's death. A theological controversy in which he engaged with Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester, has already been spoken of in our account of that prelate. Many letters and miscellaneous pieces of Locke have been published, partly in the beginning of last century, and partly by Lord King in his recent life of the philosopher.

* Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxvi, p. 243.

In reference to the writings of Locke, Sir James Mackintosh observes, that justly to understand their character, it is necessary to take a deliberate survey of the circumstances in which the writer was placed. 'Educated among the English dissenters, during the short period of their political ascendency, he early imbibed that deep piety and ardent spirit of liberty which actuated that body of men; and he probably imbibed also in their schools the disposition to metaphysical inquiries which has everywhere accompanied the Calvinistic theology. Sects founded in the right of private judgment, naturally tend to purify themselves from intolerance, and in time learn to respect in others the freedom of thought to the exercise of which they owe their own existence By the Independent divines, who were his instructors, our philosopher was taught those principles of religious liberty which they were the first to disclose to the world.* When free inquiry led him to milder dogmas, he retained the severe morality which was their honourable singularity, and which continues to distinguish their successors in those communities which have abandoned their rigorous opinions. His professional pursuits afterwards engaged him in the study of the physical sciences, at the moment when the spirit of experiment and observation was in its youthful fervour, and when a repugnance to scholastic subtleties was the ruling passion of the scientific world. At a more mature age, he was admitted into the society of great wits and ambitious politicians. During the remainder of his life, he was often a man of business, and always a man of the world, without much undisturbed leisure, and probably with that abated relish for merely abstract speculation which is the inevitable result of converse with society and experience in affairs. But his political connexions agreeing with his early bias, made him a zealous advocate of liberty in opinion and in government; and he gradually limited his zeal and activity to the illustration of such general principles as are the guardians of these great interests of human society. Almost all his writings, even his essay itself, were occasional, and intended directly to counteract the enemies of reason and freedom in his own age. The first letter on toleration, the most original perhaps of his works, was composed in Holland, in a retirement where he was forced to conceal himself from the tyranny which pursued him into a foreign land: and it was published in England in the year of the Revolution, to vindicate the toleration act, of which the author lamented the imperfection.'†

On the continent, the principal works of Locke became extensively known through the medium of translations into French. They seem to have been attentively studied by Voltaire, who, in his writings on toleration and free inquiry, has diffused still farther, and in a more popular shape, the doctrines of the English philosopher.

Immediately after the Revolution, employment in the diplomatic service was offered to Locke, who declined it on the ground of ill health. In 1695, having aided government with his advice on the subject of the coin, he was appointed a member of the Board of Trade, which office, however, the same cause quickly obliged him to resign. The last years of his existence were spent at Oates, in Essex, the seat of Sir Francis Masham, who had invited him to make that mansion his home. Lady Masham, a daughter of Dr Cudworth, and to whom Locke was attached by strong ties of friendship, palliated by her attention the infirmities of his declining years. The

* 'Orme's Memoirs of Dr Owen, pp. 99–110. London, 1820. In this very able volume, it is clearly proved that the Independents were the first teachers of religious liberty.'

† Edinburgh Review, vol. xxxvi, p. 229.

death of this excellent man took place in 1704, when he had attained the age of seventy-two.

In the following selection of passages from his works, we shall endeavour to display at once the general character of the author's thoughts and opinions, and the style in which they are expressed.

[*Causes of Weakness in Men's Understandings.*]

There is, it is visible, great variety in men's understandings, and their natural constitutions put so wide a difference between some men in this respect, that art and industry would never be able to master; and their very natures seem to want a foundation to raise on it that which other men easily attain unto. Amongst men of equal education there is a great inequality of parts. And the woods of America, as well as the schools of Athens, produce men of several abilities in the same kind. Though this be so, yet I imagine most men come very short of what they might attain unto in their several degrees, by a neglect of their understandings. A few rules of logic are thought sufficient in this case for those who pretend to the highest improvement; whereas I think there are a great many natural defects in the understanding capable of amendment, which are overlooked and wholly neglected. And it is easy to perceive that men are guilty of a great many faults in the exercise and improvement of this faculty of the mind, which hinder them in their progress, and keep them in ignorance and error all their lives. Some of them I shall take notice of, and endeavour to point out proper remedies for, in the following discourse.

Besides the want of determined ideas, and of sagacity and exercise in finding out and laying in order intermediate ideas, there are three miscarriages that men are guilty of in reference to their reason, whereby this faculty is hindered in them from that service it might do and was designed for. And he that reflects upon the actions and discourses of mankind, will find their defects in this kind very frequent and very observable.

1. The first is of those who seldom reason at all, but do and think according to the example of others, whether parents, neighbours, ministers, or who else they are pleased to make choice of to have an implicit faith in, for the saving of themselves the pains and trouble of thinking and examining for themselves.

2. The second is of those who put passion in the place of reason, and being resolved that shall govern their actions and arguments, neither use their own, nor hearken to other people's reason, any farther than it suits their humour, interest, or party; and these, one may observe, commonly content themselves with words which have no distinct ideas to them, though, in other matters, that they come with an unbiassed indifferency to, they want not abilities to talk and hear reason, where they have no secret inclination that hinders them from being untractable to it.

3. The third sort is of those who readily and sincerely follow reason, but for want of having that which one may call large, sound, round-about sense, have not a full view of all that relates to the question, and may be of moment to decide it. We are all short-sighted, and very often see but one side of a matter; our views are not extended to all that has a connexion with it. From this defect, I think, no man is free. We see but in part, and we know but in part, and therefore it is no wonder we conclude not right from our partial views. This might instruct the proudest esteemer of his own parts how useful it is to talk and consult with others, even such as came short with him in capacity, quickness, and penetration; for, since no one sees all, and we generally have different prospects of the same thing, according to our different, as I may say, positions to it, it is not incongruous to think, nor beneath any man to try, whether another may not have notions of things which have escaped him, and which his reason would make use of if they came into his mind. The faculty of reasoning seldom or never deceives those who trust to it; its consequences from what it builds on are evident and certain; but that which it oftenest, if not only, misleads us in, is, that the principles from which we conclude, the grounds upon which we bottom our reasoning, are but a part; something is left out which should go into the reckoning to make it just and exact. * *

In this we may see the reason why some men of study and thought, that reason right, and are lovers of truth, do make no great advances in their discoveries of it. Error and truth are uncertainly blended in their minds, their decisions are lame and defective, and they are very often mistaken in their judgments. The reason whereof is, they converse but with one sort of men, they read but one sort of books, they will not come in the hearing but of one sort of notions; the truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen in the intellectual world, where light shines, and, as they conclude, day blesses them; but the rest of that vast expansum they give up to night and darkness, and so avoid coming near it. They have a petty traffic with known correspondents in some little creek; within that they confine themselves, and are dexterous managers enough of the wares and products of that corner with which they content themselves, but will not venture out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature hath stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what has fallen to their lot in the admired plenty and sufficiency of their own little spot, which to them contains whatsoever is good in the universe. Those who live thus mewed up within their own contracted territories, and will not look abroad beyond the boundaries that chance, conceit, or laziness, has set to their inquiries, but live separate from the notions, discourses, and attainments of the rest of mankind, may not amiss be represented by the inhabitants of the Marian islands, which, being separated by a large tract of sea from all communion with the habitable parts of the earth, thought themselves the only people of the world. And though the straitness and conveniences of life amongst them had never reached so far as to the use of fire, till the Spaniards, not many years since, in their voyages from Acapulco to Manilla brought it amongst them, yet, in the want and ignorance of almost all things, they looked upon themselves, even after that the Spaniards had brought amongst them the notice of variety of nations abounding in sciences, arts, and conveniences of life, of which they knew nothing, they looked upon themselves, I say, as the happiest and wisest people in the universe.

[*Practice and Habit.*]

We are born with faculties and powers capable almost of anything, such at least as would carry us farther than can be easily imagined; but it is only the exercise of those powers which gives us ability and skill in anything, and leads us towards perfection.

A middle-aged ploughman will scarce ever be brought to the carriage and language of a gentleman, though his body be as well proportioned, and his joints as supple, and his natural parts not any way inferior. The legs of a dancing-master, and the fingers of a musician, fall, as it were, naturally without thought or pains into regular and admirable motions. Bid them change their parts, and they will in vain endeavour to produce like motions in the members not used to them, and it will require length of time and long practice to attain but some degrees of a like ability. What incredible and astonishing actions do

we find rope-dancers and tumblers bring their bodies to! not but that sundry in almost all manual arts are as wonderful; but I name those which the world takes notice of for such, because, on that very account, they give money to see them. All these admired motions, beyond the reach and almost the conception of unpractised spectators, are nothing but the mere effects of use and industry in men, whose bodies have nothing peculiar in them from those of the amazed lookers on.

As it is in the body, so it is in the mind; practice makes it what it is; and most even of those excellencies which are looked on as natural endowments, will be found, when examined into more narrowly, to be the product of exercise, and to be raised to that pitch only by repeated actions. Some men are remarked for pleasantness in raillery, others for apologues and apposite diverting stories. This is apt to be taken for the effect of pure nature, and that the rather, because it is not got by rules, and those who excel in either of them, never purposely set themselves to the study of it as an art to be learnt. But yet it is true, that at first some lucky hit which took with somebody, and gained him commendation, encouraged him to try again, inclined his thoughts and endeavours that way, till at last he insensibly got a facility in it without perceiving how; and that is attributed wholly to nature, which was much more the effect of use and practice. I do not deny that natural disposition may often give the first rise to it; but that never carries a man far without use and exercise, and it is practice alone that brings the powers of the mind as well as those of the body to their perfection. Many a good poetic vein is buried under a trade, and never produces anything for want of improvement. We see the ways of discourse and reasoning are very different, even concerning the same matter, at court and in the university. And he that will go but from Westminster-hall to the Exchange, will find a different genius and turn in their ways of talking; and one cannot think that all whose lot fell in the city were born with different parts from those who were bred at the university or inns of court.

To what purpose all this, but to show that the difference, so observable in men's understandings and parts, does not arise so much from the natural faculties, as acquired habits? He would be laughed at that should go about to make a fine dancer out of a country hedger, at past fifty. And he will not have much better success who shall endeavour at that age to make a man reason well, or speak handsomely, who has never been used to it, though you should lay before him a collection of all the best precepts of logic or oratory. Nobody is made anything by hearing of rules, or laying them up in his memory; practice must settle the habit of doing without reflecting on the rule; and you may as well hope to make a good painter or musician, extempore, by a lecture and instruction in the arts of music and painting, as a coherent thinker, or strict reasoner, by a set of rules, showing him wherein right reasoning consists.

This being so, that defects and weakness in men's understandings, as well as other faculties, come from want of a right use of their own minds, I am apt to think the fault is generally mislaid upon nature, and there is often a complaint of want of parts, when the fault lies in want of a due improvement of them. We see men frequently dexterous and sharp enough in making a bargain, who, if you reason with them about matters of religion, appear perfectly stupid.

[*Prejudices.*]

Every one is forward to complain of the prejudices that mislead other men or parties, as if he were free, and had none of his own. This being objected on all sides, it is agreed that it is a fault, and a hindrance to knowledge. What, now, is the cure? No other but this, that every man should let alone others' prejudices, and examine his own. Nobody is convinced of his by the accusation of another: he recriminates by the same rule, and is clear. The only way to remove this great cause of ignorance and error out of the world, is for every one impartially to examine himself. If others will not deal fairly with their own minds, does that make my errors truths, or ought it to make me in love with them, and willing to impose on myself? If others love cataracts on their eyes, should that hinder me from couching of mine as soon as I could? Every one declares against blindness, and yet who almost is not fond of that which dims his sight, and keeps the clear light out of 'is mind, which should lead him into truth and knowledge? False or doubtful positions, relied upon as unquestionable maxims, keep those in the dark from truth who build on them. Such are usually the prejudices imbibed from education, party, reverence, fashion, interest, &c. This is the mote which every one sees in his brother's eye, but never regards the beam in his own. For who is there almost that is ever brought fairly to examine his own principles, and see whether they are such as will bear the trial? But yet this should be one of the first things every one should set about, and be scrupulous in, who would rightly conduct his understanding in the search of truth and knowledge.

To those who are willing to get rid of this great hindrance of knowledge (for to such only I write); to those who would shake off this great and dangerous impostor Prejudice, who dresses up falsehood in the likeness of truth, and so dexterously hoodwinks men's minds, as to keep them in the dark, with a belief that they are more in the light than any that do not see with their eyes, I shall offer this one mark whereby prejudice may be known. He that is strongly of any opinion, must suppose (unless he be self-condemned) that his persuasion is built upon good grounds, and that his assent is no greater than what the evidence of the truth he holds forces him to; and that they are arguments, and not inclination or fancy, that make him so confident and positive in his tenets. Now if, after all his profession, he cannot bear any opposition to his opinion, if he cannot so much as give a patient hearing, much less examine and weigh the arguments on the other side, does he not plainly confess it is prejudice governs him? And it is not evidence of truth, but some lazy anticipation, some beloved presumption, that he desires to rest undisturbed in. For if what he holds be as he gives out, well fenced with evidence, and he sees it to be true, what need he fear to put it to the proof? If his opinion be settled upon a firm foundation, if the arguments that support it, and have obtained his assent, be clear, good, and convincing, why should he be shy to have it tried whether they be proof or not? He whose assent goes beyond his evidence, owes this excess of his adherence only to prejudice, and does, in effect, own it when he refuses to hear what is offered against it; declaring thereby, that it is not evidence he seeks, but the quiet enjoyment of the opinion he is fond of, with a forward condemnation of all that may stand in opposition to it, upheard and unexamined.

[*Injudicious Haste in Study.*]

The eagerness and strong bent of the mind after knowledge, if not warily regulated, is often a hindrance to it. It still presses into farther discoveries and new objects, and catches at the variety of knowledge, and therefore often stays not long enough on what is before it, to look into it as it should, for haste to pursue what is yet out of sight. He that rides post through a country may be able, from the transient

view, to tell in general how the parts lie, and may be able to give some loose description of here a mountain and there a plain, here a morass and there a river; woodland in one part and savannahs in another. Such superficial ideas and observations as these he may collect in galloping over it; but the more useful observations of the soil, plants, animals, and inhabitants, with their several sorts and properties, must necessarily escape him; and it is seldom men ever discover the rich mines without some digging. Nature commonly lodges her treasures and jewels in rocky ground. If the matter be knotty, and the sense lies deep, the mind must stop and buckle to it, and stick upon it with labour and thought, and close contemplation, and not leave it until it has mastered the difficulty and got possession of truth. But here care must be taken to avoid the other extreme: a man must not stick at every useless nicety, and expect mysteries of science in every trivial question or scruple that he may raise. He that will stand to pick up and examine every pebble that comes in his way, is as unlikely to return enriched and laden with jewels, as the other that travelled full speed. Truths are not the better nor the worse for their obviousness or difficulty, but their value is to be measured by their usefulness and tendency. Insignificant observations should not take up any of our minutes; and those that enlarge our view, and give light towards further and useful discoveries, should not be neglected, though they stop our course, and spend some of our time in a fixed attention.

There is another haste that does often, and will, mislead the mind, if it be left to itself and its own conduct. The understanding is naturally forward, not only to learn its knowledge by variety (which makes it skip over one to get speedily to another part of knowledge), but also eager to enlarge its views by running too fast into general observations and conclusions, without a due examination of particulars enough whereon to found those general axioms. This seems to enlarge their stock, but it is of fancies, not realities; such theories, built upon narrow foundations, stand but weakly, and if they fall not themselves, are at least very hardly to be supported against the assaults of opposition. And thus men, being too hasty to erect to themselves general notions and ill-grounded theories, find themselves deceived in their stock of knowledge, when they come to examine their hastily assumed maxims themselves, or to have them attacked by others. General observations, drawn from particulars, are the jewels of knowledge, comprehending great store in a little room; but they are therefore to be made with the greater care and caution, lest, if we take counterfeit for true, our loss and shame will be the greater, when our stock comes to a severe scrutiny. One or two particulars may suggest hints of inquiry, and they do well who take those hints; but if they turn them into conclusions, and make them presently general rules, they are forward indeed; but it is only to impose on themselves by propositions assumed for truths without sufficient warrant. To make such observations, is, as has been already remarked, to make the head a magazine of materials, which can hardly be called knowledge, or at least it is but like a collection of lumber not reduced to use or order; and he that makes everything an observation, has the same useless plenty, and much more falsehood mixed with it. The extremes on both sides are to be avoided; and he will be able to give the best account of his studies, who keeps his understanding in the right mean between them.

[*Pleasure and Pain.*]

The infinitely wise Author of our being, having given us the power over several parts of our bodies, to move or keep them at rest, as we think fit; and also, by the motion of them, to move ourselves and contiguous bodies, in which consists all the actions of our body; having also given a power to our mind, in several instances, to choose amongst its ideas which it will think on, and to pursue the inquiry of this or that subject with consideration and attention; to excite us to these actions of thinking and motion that we are capable of, has been pleased to join to several thoughts, and several sensations, a perception of delight. If this were wholly separated from all our outward sensations and inward thoughts, we should have no reason to prefer one thought or action to another, negligence to attention, or motion to rest. And so we should neither stir our bodies, nor employ our minds; but let our thoughts (if I may so call it) run adrift, without any direction or design; and suffer the ideas of our minds, like unregarded shadows, to make their appearances there, as it happened, without attending to them. In which state, man, however furnished with the faculties of understanding and will, would be a very idle inactive creature, and pass his time only in a lazy lethargic dream. It has, therefore, pleased our wise Creator to annex to several objects, and the ideas which we receive from them, as also to several of our thoughts, a concomitant pleasure, and that in several objects to several degrees, that those faculties which he had endowed us with might not remain wholly idle and unemployed by us.

Pain has the same efficacy and use to set us on work that pleasure has, we being as ready to employ our faculties to avoid that, as to pursue this; only this is worth our consideration, 'that pain is often produced by the same objects and ideas that produce pleasure in us.' This, their near conjunction, which makes us often feel pain in the sensations where we expected pleasure, gives us new occasion of admiring the wisdom and goodness of our Maker, who, designing the preservation of our being, has annexed pain to the application of many things to our bodies, to warn us of the harm that they will do, and as advices to withdraw from them. But He, not designing our preservation barely, but the preservation of every part and organ in its perfection, hath, in many cases, annexed pain to those very ideas which delight us. Thus heat, that is very agreeable to us in one degree, by a little greater increase of it, proves no ordinary torment; and the most pleasant of all sensible objects, light itself, if there be too much of it, if increased beyond a due proportion to our eyes, causes a very painful sensation; which is wisely and favourably so ordered by nature, that when any object does, by the vehemency of its operation, disorder the instruments of sensation, whose structures cannot but be very nice and delicate, we might by the pain be warned to withdraw, before the organ be quite put out of order, and so be unfitted for its proper function for the future. The consideration of those objects that produce it may well persuade us, that this is the end or use of pain. For, though great light be insufferable to our eyes, yet the highest degree of darkness does not at all disease them; because that causing no disorderly motion in it, leaves that curious organ unharmed in its natural state. But yet excess of cold, as well as heat, pains us, because it is equally destructive to that temper which is necessary to the preservation of life, and the exercise of the several functions of the body, and which consists in a moderate degree of warmth, or, if you please, a motion of the insensible parts of our bodies, confined within certain bounds.

Beyond all this, we may find another reason why God hath scattered up and down several degrees of pleasure and pain in all the things that environ and affect us, and blended them together in almost all that our thoughts and senses have to do with; that we, finding imperfection, dissatisfaction, and want of com-

plete happiness in all the enjoyments which the creatures can afford us, might be led to seek it in the enjoyment of Him 'with whom there is fulness of joy, and at whose right hand are pleasures for evermore.'

[*Importance of Moral Education.*]

Under whose care soever a child is put to be taught during the tender and flexible years of his life, this is certain, it should be one who thinks Latin and languages the least part of education; one who, knowing how much virtue and a well-tempered soul is to be preferred to any sort of learning or language, makes it his chief business to form the mind of his scholars, and give that a right disposition; which, if once got, though all the rest should be neglected, would in due time produce all the rest; and which, if it be not got, and settled so as to keep out ill and vicious habits—languages, and sciences, and all the other accomplishments of education, will be to no purpose but to make the worse or more dangerous man.

[*Fading of Ideas from the Mind.*]

Ideas quickly fade, and often vanish quite out of the understanding, leaving no more foot-steps or remaining characters of themselves than shadows do flying over a field of corn. * * The memory of some men is very tenacious, even to a miracle; but yet there seems to be a constant decay of all our ideas, even of those which are struck deepest, and in minds the most retentive; so that if they be not sometimes renewed by repeated exercise of the senses, or reflection on those kind of objects which at first occasioned them, the print wears out, and at last there remains nothing to be seen. Thus the ideas, as well as children of our youth, often die before us; and our minds represent to us those tombs to which we are approaching, where, though the brass and marble remain, yet the inscriptions are effaced by time, and the imagery moulders away. Pictures drawn in our minds are laid in fading colours, and, unless sometimes refreshed, vanish and disappear. How much the constitution of our bodies and the make of our animal spirits are concerned in this, and whether the temper of the brain make this difference, that in some it retains the characters drawn on it like marble, in others like freestone, and in others little better than sand, I shall not here inquire: though it may seem probable that the constitution of the body does sometimes influence the memory; since we oftentimes find a disease quite strip the mind of all its ideas, and the flames of a fever in a few days calcine all those images to dust and confusion, which seemed to be as lasting as if graved in marble.

[*History.*]

The stories of Alexander and Cæsar, farther than they instruct us in the art of living well, and furnish us with observations of wisdom and prudence, are not one jot to be preferred to the history of Robin Hood, or the Seven Wise Masters. I do not deny but history is very useful, and very instructive of human life; but if it be studied only for the reputation of being a historian, it is a very empty thing; and he that can tell all the particulars of Herodotus and Plutarch, Curtius and Livy, without making any other use of them, may be an ignorant man with a good memory, and with all his pains hath only filled his head with Christmas tales. And, which is worse, the greatest part of history being made up of wars and conquests, and their style, especially the Romans, speaking of valour as the chief if not the only virtue, we are in danger to be misled by the general current and business of history; and, looking on Alexander and Cæsar, and such-like heroes, as the highest instances of human greatness, because they each of them caused the death of several hundred thousand men, and the ruin of a much greater number, overran a great part of the earth, and killed the inhabitants to possess themselves of their countries—we are apt to make butchery and rapine the chief marks and very essence of human greatness. And if civil history be a great dealer of it, and to many readers thus useless, curious and difficult inquirings in antiquity are much more so; and the exact dimensions of the Colossus, or figure of the Capitol, the ceremonies of the Greek and Roman marriages, or who it was that first coined money; these, I confess, set a man well off in the world, especially amongst the learned, but set him very little on in his way. * *

I shall only add one word, and then conclude: and that is, that whereas in the beginning I cut off history from our study as a useless part, as certainly it is where it is read only as a tale that is told; here, on the other side, I recommend it to one who hath well settled in his mind the principles of morality, and knows how to make a judgment on the actions of men, as one of the most useful studies he can apply himself to. There he shall see a picture of the world and the nature of mankind, and so learn to think of men as they are. There he shall see the rise of opinions, and find from what slight and sometimes shameful occasions some of them have taken their rise, which yet afterwards have had great authority, and passed almost for sacred in the world, and borne down all before them. There also one may learn great and useful instructions of prudence, and be warned against the cheats and roguries of the world, with many more advantages which I shall not here enumerate.

[*Orthodoxy and Heresy.*]

The great division among Christians is about opinions. Every sect has its set of them, and that is called Orthodoxy; and he that professes his assent to them, though with an implicit faith, and without examining, is orthodox, and in the way to salvation. But if he examines, and thereupon questions any one of them, he is presently suspected of heresy; and if he oppose them or hold the contrary, he is presently condemned as in a damnable error, and in the sure way to perdition. Of this one may say, that there is nor can be nothing more wrong. For he that examines, and upon a fair examination embraces an error for a truth, has done his duty more than he who embraces the profession (for the truths themselves he does not embrace) of the truth without having examined whether it be true or no. And he that has done his duty according to the best of his ability, is certainly more in the way to heaven than he who has done nothing of it. For if it be our duty to search after truth, he certainly that has searched after it, though he has not found it, in some points has paid a more acceptable obedience to the will of his Maker than he that has not searched at all, but professes to have found truth, when he has neither searched nor found it. For he that takes up the opinions of any church in the lump, without examining them, has truly neither searched after nor found truth, but has only found those that he thinks have found truth, and so receives what they say with an implicit faith, and so pays them the homage that is due only to God, who cannot be deceived, nor deceive. In this way the several churches (in which, as one may observe, opinions are preferred to life, and orthodoxy is that which they are concerned for, and not morals) put the terms of salvation on that which the Author of our salvation does not put them in. The believing of a collection of certain propositions, which are called and esteemed fundamental articles, because it has pleased the compilers to put them into their confession of faith, is made the condition of salvation.

[*Disputation.*]

One should not dispute with a man who, either through stupidity or shamelessness, denies plain and visible truths.

[*Liberty.*]

Let your will lead whither necessity would drive, and you will always preserve your liberty.

[*Opposition to New Doctrines.*]

The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion: and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.

[*Duty of Preserving Health.*]

If by gaining knowledge we destroy our health, we labour for a thing that will be useless in our hands; and if, by harassing our bodies (though with a design to render ourselves more useful), we deprive ourselves of the abilities and opportunities of doing that good we might have done with a meaner talent, which God thought sufficient for us, by having denied us the strength to improve it to that pitch which men of stronger constitutions can attain to, we rob God of so much service, and our neighbour of all that help which, in a state of health, with moderate knowledge, we might have been able to perform. He that sinks his vessel by overloading it, though it be with gold, and silver, and precious stones, will give his owner but an ill account of his voyage.

[*Toleration of Other Men's Opinions.*]

Since, therefore, it is unavoidable to the greatest part of men, if not all, to have several opinions, without certain and indubitable proofs of their truth; and it carries too great an imputation of ignorance, lightness, or folly, for men to quit and renounce their former tenets presently upon the offer of an argument, which they cannot immediately answer, and show the insufficiency of; it would, methinks, become all men to maintain peace, and the common offices of humanity and friendship, in the diversity of opinions: since we cannot reasonably expect that any one should readily and obsequiously quit his own opinion, and embrace ours with a blind resignation to an authority, which the understanding of man acknowledges not. For however it may often mistake, it can own no other guide but reason, nor blindly submit to the will and dictates of another. If he you would bring over to your sentiments be one that examines before he assents, you must give him leave at his leisure to go over the account again, and, recalling what is out of his mind, examine all the particulars, to see on which side the advantage lies: and if he will not think our arguments of weight enough to engage him anew in so much pains, it is but what we often do ourselves in the like cases, and we should take it amiss if others should prescribe to us what points we should study. And if he be one who takes his opinions upon trust, how can we imagine that he should renounce those tenets which time and custom have so settled in his mind, that he thinks them self-evident, and of an unquestionable certainty; or which he takes to be impressions he has received from God himself, or from men sent by him? How can we expect, I say, that opinions thus settled should be given up to the arguments or authority of a stranger or adversary, especially if there be any suspicion of interest or design, as there never fails to be where men find themselves ill treated? We should do well to commiserate our mutual ignorance, and endeavour to remove it in all the gentle and fair ways of information; and not instantly treat others ill, as obstinate and perverse, because they will not renounce their own and receive our opinions, or at least those we would force upon them, when it is more than probable that we are no less obstinate in not embracing some of theirs. For where is the man that has incontestable evidence of the truth of all that he holds, or of the falsehood of all he condemns; or can say that he has examined to the bottom all his own, or other men's opinions? The necessity of believing without knowledge, nay, often upon very slight grounds, in this fleeting state of action and blindness we are in, should make us more busy and careful to inform ourselves than constrain others. At least those who have not thoroughly examined to the bottom all their own tenets, must confess they are unfit to prescribe to others; and are unreasonable in imposing that as truth on other men's belief which they themselves have not searched into, nor weighed the arguments of probability on which they should receive or reject it. Those who have fairly and truly examined, and are thereby got past doubt in all the doctrines they profess and govern themselves by, would have a juster pretence to require others to follow them: but these are so few in number, and find so little reason to be magisterial in their opinions, that nothing insolent and imperious is to be expected from them: and there is reason to think, that if men were better instructed themselves, they would be less imposing on others.

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE.

THE HONOURABLE ROBERT BOYLE was the most distinguished of those experimental philosophers who

Honourable Robert Boyle.

sprang up in England immediately after the death of Bacon, and who showed, by the successful applica-

tion of his principles, how truly he had pointed out the means of enlarging human knowledge. The eminent man of whom we speak was the son of Richard Boyle, Earl of Cork, at whose mansion of Lismore he was born in the year 1627. After studying at Eton college and Geneva, and travelling through Italy, he returned to England in 1644. Being in easy circumstances, and endowed with uncommon activity of mind, he forthwith applied himself to those studies and experiments in chemistry and natural philosophy which continued to engage his attention throughout the remainder of his life. During the civil war, some ingenious men began to hold weekly meetings at Oxford, for the cultivation of what was then termed 'the new philosophy,' first at the lodgings of Dr Wilkins (as already stated in our account of that divine), and subsequently, for the most part, at the residence of Boyle. These scientific persons, with others who afterwards joined them, were incorporated by Charles II., in 1662, under the title of the Royal Society. Boyle, after settling in London in 1668, was one of the most active members, and many of his treatises originally appeared in the Society's 'Philosophical Transactions.' The works of this industrious man (who died in 1691), are so numerous, that they occupy six thick quarto volumes. They consist chiefly of accounts of his experimental researches in chemistry and natural philosophy, particularly with respect to the mechanical and chemical properties of the air. The latter subject was one in which he felt much interest; and by means of the air-pump, the construction of which he materially improved, he succeeded in making many valuable pneumatic discoveries. Theology likewise being a favourite subject, he published various works, both in defence of Christianity, and in explanation of the benefits accruing to religion from the study of the divine attributes as displayed in the material world. So earnest was he in the cause of Christianity, that he not only devoted much time and money in contributing to its propagation in foreign parts, but, by a codicil to his will, made provision for the delivery of eight sermons yearly in London by some learned divine, 'for proving the Christian religion against notorious infidels, namely, atheists, theists, pagans, Jews, and Mahometans; not descending lower to any controversies that are among Christians themselves.' We learn from his biographers, that in 1660 he was solicited by Lord Clarendon to adopt the clerical profession, in order that the church might have the support of those eminent abilities and virtues by which he was distinguished. Two considerations, however, induced him to withhold compliance. In the first place, he regarded himself as more likely to advance religion by his writings in the character of a layman, than if he were in the more interested position of one of the clergy—whose preaching there was a general tendency to look upon as the remunerated exercise of a profession. And secondly, he felt the obligations, importance, and difficulties of the pastoral care to be so great, that he wanted the confidence to undertake it; 'especially,' says Bishop Burnet, 'not having felt within himself an inward motion to it by the Holy Ghost; and the first question that is put to those who come to be initiated into the service of the church, relating to that motion, he, who had not felt it, thought he durst not make the step, lest otherwise he should have lied to the Holy Ghost, so solemnly and seriously did he judge of sacred matters.' He valued religion chiefly for its practical influence in improving the moral character of men, and had a decided aversion to controversy on abstract doctrinal points. His disapprobation of severities and persecution on account of religious belief was very strong; 'and I have seldom,' says Burnet, 'observed him to speak with more heat and indignation than when that came in his way.'

The titles of those works of Boyle which are most likely to attract the general reader, are *Considerations on the Usefulness of Experimental Philosophy; Considerations on the Style of the Holy Scriptures; A Free Discourse against Customary Swearing; Considerations about the Reconcilableness of Reason and Religion, and the Possibility of a Resurrection; A Discourse of Things above Reason; A Discourse of the High Veneration Man's Intellect owes to God, particularly for his Wisdom and Power; A Disquisition into the Final Causes of Natural Things; The Christian Virtuoso, showing that, by being addicted to Experimental Philosophy, a man is rather assisted than indisposed to be a good Christian;* and *A Treatise of Seraphic Love.* He published, in 1665, *Occasional Reflections on Several Subjects*, mostly written in early life, and which Swift has ridiculed in his 'Pious Meditation on a Broomstick.' The comparative want of taste and of sound judgment displayed in this portion of Boyle's writings, is doubtless to be ascribed to the immature age at which it was composed, and the circumstance that it was not originally intended for the public eye. The occasions of these devout 'Reflections' are such as the following:—'Upon his horse stumbling in a very fair way;' 'Upon his distilling spirit of roses in a limbick;' 'Upon two very miserable beggars begging together by the highway;' 'Upon the sight of a windmill standing still;' 'Upon his paring of a rare summer apple;' 'Upon his coach's being stopped in a narrow lane;' 'Upon my spaniel's fetching me my glove;' 'Upon the taking up his horses from grass, and giving them oats before they were to be ridden a journey.'

The works of Boyle upon natural theology take the lead among the excellent treatises on that subject by which the literature of our country is adorned.

His style is clear and precise, but he is apt to prolong his sentences until they become insufferably tedious. Owing to the haste with which many of his pieces were sent to the press, their deficiency of method is such, as, in conjunction with the prolixity of their style, to render the perusal of them a somewhat disagreeable task. The following specimens, gathered from different treatises, are the most interesting we have been able to find:—

[*The Study of Natural Philosophy favourable to Religion.*]

The first advantage that our experimental philosopher, as such, hath towards being a Christian, is, that his course of studies conduceth much to settle in his mind a firm belief of the existence, and divers of the chief attributes, of God; which belief is, in the order of things, the first principle of that natural religion which itself is pre-required to revealed religion in general, and consequently to that in particular which is embraced by Christians.

That the consideration of the vastness, beauty, and regular motions of the heavenly bodies, the excellent structure of animals and plants, besides a multitude of other phenomena of nature, and the subserviency of most of these to man, may justly induce him, as a rational creature, to conclude that this vast, beautiful, orderly, and (in a word) many ways admirable system of things, that we call the world, was framed by an author supremely powerful, wise, and good, can scarce be denied by an intelligent and unprejudiced considerer. And this is strongly confirmed by experience, which witnesseth, that in almost all ages and countries the generality of philosophers and contempla-

tive men were persuaded of the existence of a Deity, by the consideration of the phenomena of the universe, whose fabric and conduct, they rationally concluded, could not be deservedly ascribed either to blind chance, or to any other cause than a divine Being.

But though it be true 'that God hath not left himself without witness,' even to perfunctory considerers, by stamping upon divers of the more obvious parts of his workmanship such conspicuous impressions of his attributes, that a moderate degree of understanding and attention may suffice to make men acknowledge his being, yet I scruple not to think that assent very much inferior to the belief that the same objects are fitted to produce in a heedful and intelligent contemplator of them. For the works of God are so worthy of their author, that, besides the impresses of his wisdom and goodness that are left, as it were, upon their surfaces, there are a great many more curious and excellent tokens and effects of divine artifice in the hidden and innermost recesses of them; and these are not to be discovered by the perfunctory looks of oscitant and unskilful beholders; but require, as well as deserve, the most attentive and prying inspection of inquisitive and well-instructed considerers. And sometimes in one creature there may be I know not how many admirable things, that escape a vulgar eye, and yet may be clearly discerned by that of a true naturalist, who brings with him, besides a more than common curiosity and attention, a competent knowledge of anatomy, optics, cosmography, mechanics, and chemistry. But treating elsewhere purposely of this subject, it may here suffice to say, that God has couched so many things in his visible works, that the clearer light a man has, the more he may discover of their unobvious exquisiteness, and the more clearly and distinctly he may discern those qualities that lie more obvious. And the more wonderful things he discovers in the works of nature, the more auxiliary proofs he meets with to establish and enforce the argument, drawn from the universe and its parts, to evince that there is a God; which is a proposition of that vast weight and importance, that it ought to endear everything to us that is able to confirm it, and afford us new motives to acknowledge and adore the divine Author of things. * *

To be told that an eye is the organ of sight, and that this is performed by that faculty of the mind which, from its function, is called visive, will give a man but a sorry account of the instruments and manner of vision itself, or of the knowledge of that Opificer who, as the Scripture speaks, 'formed the eye.' And he that can take up with this easy theory of vision, will not think it necessary to take the pains to dissect the eyes of animals, nor study the books of mathematicians, to understand vision; and accordingly will have but mean thoughts of the contrivance of the organ, and the skill of the artificer, in comparison of the ideas that will be suggested of both of them to him that, being profoundly skilled in anatomy and optics, by their help takes asunder the several coats, humours, and muscles, of which that exquisite dioptrical instrument consists; and having separately considered the figure, size, consistence, texture, diaphaneity or opacity, situation, and connection of each of them, and their coaptation in the whole eye, shall discover, by the help of the laws of optics, how admirably this little organ is fitted to receive the incident beams of light, and dispose them in the best manner possible for completing the lively representation of the almost infinitely various objects of sight. * * It is not by a slight survey, but by a diligent and skilful scrutiny of the works of God, that a man must be, by a rational and affective conviction, engaged to acknowledge with the prophet, that the Author of nature is 'wonderful in counsel, and excellent in working.'

Reflection upon a Lanthorn and Candle, carried by on a Windy Night.

As there are few controversies more important, so there are not many that have been more curiously and warmly disputed, than the question, whether a public or a private life be preferable? But perhaps this may be much of the nature of the other question, whether a married life or single ought rather to be chosen? that being best determinable by the circumstances of particular cases. For though, indefinitely speaking, one of the two may have advantages above the other, yet they are not so great but that special circumstances may make either of them the more eligible to particular persons. They that find themselves furnished with abilities to serve their generation in a public capacity, and virtue great enough to resist the temptations to which such a condition is usually exposed, may not only be allowed to embrace such an employment, but obliged to seek it. But he whose parts are too mean to qualify him to govern others, and perhaps to enable him to govern himself, or manage his own private concerns, or whose graces are so weak, that it is less to his virtues, or to his ability of resisting, than to his care of shunning the occasions of sin, that he owes his escaping the guilt of it, had better deny himself some opportunities of good, than expose himself to probable temptations. For there is such a kind of difference betwixt virtue shaded by a private and shining forth in a public life, as there is betwixt a candle carried aloft in the open air, and inclosed in a lanthorn; in the former place it gives more light, but in the latter it is in less danger to be blown out.

Upon the sight of Roses and Tulips growing near one another.

It is so uncommon a thing to see tulips last till roses come to be blown, that the seeing them in this garden grow together, as it deserves my notice, so methinks it should suggest to me some reflection or other on it. And perhaps it may not be an improper one to compare the difference betwixt these two kinds of flowers to the disparity which I have often observed betwixt the fates of those young ladies that are only very handsome, and those that have a less degree of beauty, recompensed by the accession of wit, discretion, and virtue: for tulips, whilst they are fresh, do indeed, by the lustre and vividness of their colours, more delight the eye than roses; but then they do not alone quickly fade, but, as soon as they have lost that freshness and gaudiness that solely endeared them, they degenerate into things not only undesirable, but distasteful; whereas roses, besides the moderate beauty they disclose to the eye (which is sufficient to please, though not to charm it), do not only keep their colour longer than tulips, but, when that decays, retain a perfumed odour, and divers useful qualities and virtues that survive the spring, and recommend them all the year. Thus those unadvised young ladies, that, because nature has given them beauty enough, despise all other qualities, and even that regular diet which is ordinarily requisite to make beauty itself lasting, not only are wont to decay betimes, but, as soon as they have lost that youthful freshness that alone endeared them, quickly pass from being objects of wonder and love, to be so of pity, if not of scorn; whereas those that were as solicitous to enrich their minds as to adorn their faces, may not only with a mediocrity of beauty be very desirable whilst that lasts, but, notwithstanding the recess of that and youth, may, by the fragrancy of their reputation, and those virtues and ornaments of the mind that time does but improve, be always sufficiently endeared to those that have merit enough to discern and value such excel-

lences, and whose esteem and friendship is alone worth their being concerned for. In a word, they prove the happiest as well as they are the wisest ladies, that, whilst they possess the desirable qualities that youth is wont to give, neglect not the acquist [acquisition] of those that age cannot take away.

[*Marriage a Lottery.*]

Methinks, Lindamor, most of those transitory goods that we are so fond of, may not unfitly be resembled to the sensitive plant which you have admired at Siongarden: for as, though we gaze on it with attention and wonder, yet when we come to touch it, the coy delusive plant immediately shrinks in its displayed leaves, and contracts itself into a form and dimensions disadvantageously differing from the former, which it again recovers by degrees when touched no more; so these objects that charm us at a distance, and whilst gazed on with the eyes of expectation and desire, when a more immediate possession hath put them into our hands, their former lustre vanishes, and they appear quite differing things from what before they seemed; though, after deprivation or absence hath made us forget their emptiness, and we be reduced to look upon them again at a distance, they recover in most men's eyes their former beauty, and are as capable as before to inveigle and delude us. I must add, Lindamor, that, when I compare to the sensitive plant most of these transitory things that are flattered with the title of goods, I do not out of that number except most mistresses. For, though I am no such an enemy to matrimony as some (for want of understanding the raillery I have sometimes used in ordinary discourse) are pleased to think me, and would not refuse you my advice (though I would not so readily give you my example) to turn votary to Hymen; yet I have observed so few happy matches, and so many unfortunate ones, and have so rarely seen men love their wives at the rate they did whilst they were their mistresses, that I wonder not that legislators thought it necessary to make marriages indissoluble, to make them lasting. And I cannot fitlier compare marriage than to a lottery; for in both, he that ventures may succeed and may miss; and if he draw a prize, he hath a rich return of his venture: but in both lotteries there is a pretty store of blanks for every prize.

Some Considerations Touching the Style of the Holy Scriptures.

These things, dear Theophilus, being thus despatched, I suppose we may now seasonably proceed to consider the style of the Scripture; a subject that will as well require as deserve some time and much attention, in regard that divers witty men, who freely acknowledge the authority of the Scripture, take exceptions at its style, and by those and their own reputation, divert many from studying, or so much as perusing, those sacred writings, thereby at once giving men injurious and irreverent thoughts of it, and diverting them from allowing the Scripture the best way of justifying itself, and disabusing them. Than which scarce anything can be more prejudicial to a book, that needs but to be sufficiently understood to be highly venerated; the writings these men criminate, and would keep others from reading, being like that honey which Saul's rash adjuration withheld the Israelites from eating, which, being tasted, not only gratified the taste, but enlightened the eyes. * *

Of the considerations, then, that I am to lay before you, there are three or four, which are of a more general nature; and therefore being such as may each of them be pertinently employed against several of the exceptions taken at the Scripture's style, it will not be inconvenient to mention them before the rest.

And, in the first place, it should be considered that those cavillers at the style of the Scripture, that you and I have hitherto met with, do (for want of skill in the original, especially in the Hebrew) judge of it by the translations, wherein alone they read it. Now, scarce any but a linguist will imagine how much a book may lose of its elegancy by being read in another tongue than that it was written in, especially if the languages from which and into which the version is made be so very differing, as are those of the eastern and these western parts of the world. But of this I foresee an occasion of saying something hereafter; yet at present I must observe to you, that the style of the Scripture is much more disadvantaged than that of other books, by being judged of by translations; for the religious and just veneration that the interpreters of the Bible have had for that sacred book, has made them, in most places, render the Hebrew and Greek passages so scrupulously word for word, that, for fear of not keeping close enough to the sense, they usually care not how much they lose of the eloquence of the passages they translate. So that, whereas in those versions of other books that are made by good linguists, the interpreters are wont to take the liberty to recede from the author's words, and also substitute other phrases instead of his, that they may express his meaning without injuring his reputation. In translating the Old Testament, interpreters have not put Hebrew phrases into Latin or English phrases, but only into Latin or English words, and have too often, besides, by not sufficiently understanding, or at least considering, the various significations of words, particles, and tenses, in the holy tongue, made many things appear less coherent, or less rational, or less considerable, which, by a more free and skilful rendering of the original, would not be blemished by any appearance of such imperfection. And though this fault of interpreters be pardonable enough in them, as carrying much of its excuse in its cause, yet it cannot but much derogate from the Scripture to appear with peculiar disadvantages, besides those many that are common to almost all books, by being translated.

For whereas the figures of rhetoric are wont, by orators, to be reduced to two comprehensive sorts, and one of those does so depend upon the sound and placing of the words (whence the Greek rhetoricians call such figures *schemata lexeos*), that, if they be altered, though the sense be retained, the figure may vanish; this sort of figures, I say, which comprises those that orators call *epanados antanaclasis*, and a multitude of others, are wont to be lost in such literal translations as are ours of the Bible, as I could easily show by many instances, if I thought it requisite.

Besides, there are in Hebrew, as in other languages, certain appropriated graces, and a peculiar emphasis belonging to some expressions, which must necessarily be impaired by any translation, and are but too often quite lost in those that adhere too scrupulously to the words of the original. And, as in a lovely face, though a painter may well enough express the cheeks, and the nose, and lips, yet there is often something of splendour and vivacity in the eyes, which no pencil can reach to equal; so in some choice composures, though a skilful interpreter may happily enough render into his own language a great part of what he translates, yet there may well be some shining passages, some sparkling and emphatical expressions, that he cannot possibly represent to the life. And this consideration is more applicable to the Bible and its translations than to other books, for two particular reasons.

For, first, it is more difficult to translate the Hebrew of the Old Testament, than if that book were written in Syriac or Arabic, or some such other eastern language. Not that the holy tongue is much more difficult to be learned than others; but because in the other learned tongues we know there are commonly

variety of books extant, whereby we may learn the various significations of the words and phrases; whereas the pure Hebrew being unhappily lost, except so much of it as remains in the Old Testament, out of whose books alone we can but very imperfectly frame a dictionary and a language, there are many words, especially the *hapax legomena*, and those that occur but seldom, of which we know but that one signification, or those few acceptions, wherein we find it used in those texts that we think we clearly understand. Whereas, if we consider the nature of the primitive tongue, whose words, being not numerous, are most of them equivocal enough, and do many of them abound with strangely different meanings; and if we consider, too, how likely it is that the numerous conquests of David, and the wisdom, prosperity, fleets, and various commerces of his son Solomon, did both enrich and spread the Hebrew language, it cannot but seem very probable, that the same word or phrase may have had divers other significations than interpreters have taken notice of, or we are now aware of: since we find in the Chaldee, Syriac, Arabic, and other eastern tongues, that the Hebrew words and phrases (a little varied, according to the nature of those dialects) have other, and oftentimes very different significations, besides those that the modern interpretors of the Bible have ascribed to them. I say the modern, because the ancient versions before, or not long after, our Saviour's time, and especially that which we vulgarly call the Septuagint's, do frequently favour our conjecture, by rendering Hebrew words and phrases to senses very distant from those more received significations in our texts; when there appears no other so probable reason of their so rendering them, as their believing them capable of significations differing enough from those to which our later interpreters have thought fit to confine themselves. The use that I would make of this consideration may easily be conjectured, namely, that it is probable that many of those texts whose expressions, as they are rendered in our translations, seem flat or improper, or incoherent with the context, would appear much otherwise, if we were acquainted with all the significations of words and phrases that were known in the times when the Hebrew language flourished, and the sacred books were written; it being very likely, that among those various significations, some one or other would afford a better sense, and a more significant and sinewy expression, than we meet with in our translations; and perhaps would make such passages as seem flat or uncouth, appear eloquent and emphatical. * *

But this is not all: for I consider, in the second place, that not only we have lost divers of the significations of many of the Hebrew words and phrases, but that we have also lost the means of acquainting ourselves with a multitude of particulars relating to the topography, history, rites, opinions, fashions, customs, &c., of the ancient Jews and neighbouring nations, without the knowledge of which we cannot, in the perusing of books of such antiquity as those of the Old Testament, and written by (and principally for) Jews, we cannot, I say, but lose very much of that esteem, delight, and relish, with which we should read very many passages, if we discerned the references and allusions that are made in them to those stories, proverbs, opinions, &c., to which such passages may well be supposed to relate. And this conjecture will not, I presume, appear irrational, if you but consider how many of the handsomest passages in Juvenal, Persius, Martial, and divers other Latin writers (not to mention Hesiod, Museus, or other ancienter Greeks), are lost to such readers as are unacquainted with the Roman customs, government, and story; nay, or are not sufficiently informed of a great many particular circumstances relating to the condition of those times, and of divers particular persons pointed at in those poems. And therefore it is that the latter critics have been fain to write comments, or at least notes, upon every page, and in some pages upon almost every line of those books, to enable the reader to discern the eloquence, and relish the wit of the author. And if such dilucidations be necessary to make us value writings that treat of familiar and secular affairs, and were written in a European language, and in times and countries much nearer to ours, how much do you think we must lose of the elegancy of the book of Job, the Psalms of David, the Song of Solomon, and other sacred composures, which not only treat oftentimes of sublime and supernatural mysteries, but were written in very remote regions so many ages ago, amidst circumstances to most of which we cannot but be great strangers. And thus much for my first general consideration.

My second is this, that we should carefully distinguish betwixt what the Scripture itself says, and what is only said in the Scripture. For we must not look upon the Bible as an oration of God to men, or as a body of laws, like our English statute-book, wherein it is the legislator that all the way speaks to the people; but as a collection of composures of very differing sorts, and written at very distant times; and of such composures, that though the holy men of God (as St Peter calls them) were acted by the Holy Spirit, who both excited and assisted them in penning the Scripture, yet there are many others, besides the Author and the penmen, introduced speaking there. For besides the books of Joshua, Judges, Samuel, Kings, Chronicles, the four evangelists, the Acts of the Apostles, and other parts of Scripture that are evidently historical, and wont to be so called, there are, in the other books, many passages that deserve the same name, and many others wherein, though they be not mere narratives of things done, many sayings and expressions are recorded that either belong not to the Author of the Scripture, or must be looked upon as such wherein his secretaries personate others. So that, in a considerable part of the Scripture, not only prophets, and kings, and priests being introduced speaking, but soldiers, shepherds, and women, and such other sorts of persons, from whom witty or eloquent things are not (especially when they speak *ex tempore*) to be expected, it would be very injurious to impute to the Scripture any want of eloquence, that may be noted in the expressions of others than its Author. For though, not only in romances, but in many of those that pass for true histories, the supposed speakers may be observed to talk as well as the historian, yet that is but either because the men so introduced were ambassadors, orators, generals, or other eminent men for parts as well as employments; or because the historian does, as it often happens, give himself the liberty to make speeches for them, and does not set down indeed what they said, but what he thought fit that such persons on such occasions should have said. Whereas the penmen of the Scripture, as one of them truly professes, having not followed cunningly-devised fables in what they have written, have faithfully set down the sayings, as well as actions, they record, without making them rather congruous to the conditions of the speakers than to the laws of truth.

SIR ISAAC NEWTON.

Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727) holds by universal consent the highest rank among the natural philosophers of ancient and modern times. He was born at Woolsthorpe in Lincolnshire, where his father cultivated a small paternal estate. From childhood he manifested a strong inclination to mechanics, and at Trinity college, Cambridge, which he entered in 1660, he made so great and rapid progress in his mathematical studies, that, in 1669, Dr Isaac Barrow,

whose pupil he was, resigned to him the Lucasian professorship of mathematics. He served repeatedly

Sir Isaac Newton.

in parliament as member for the university; was appointed warden of the mint in 1695; became president of the Royal Society in 1703; and two years afterwards, received the honour of knighthood from Queen Anne. To the unrivalled genius and sagacity of Newton, the world is indebted for a variety of splendid discoveries in natural philosophy and mathematics; among these, his exposition of the laws which regulate the movements of the solar system may be referred to as the most brilliant. The first step in the formation of the Newtonian system of philosophy, was his discovery of the law of gravitation, which he showed to affect the vast orbs that revolve around the sun, not less than the smallest objects on our own globe. The work in which he explained this system was written in Latin, and appeared in 1687 under the title of *Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica*—[The Mathematical Principles of Natural Philosophy]. To Newton we owe likewise extensive discoveries in optics, by which the aspect of that science was so entirely changed, that he may justly be termed its founder. He was the first to conceive and demonstrate the divisibility of light into rays of seven different colours, and possessing different degrees of refrangibility. After pursuing his optical investigations during a period of thirty years, he gave to the world, in 1704, a detailed account of his discoveries in an admirable work entitled *Optics: or a Treatise of the Reflections, Refractions, Inflections, and Colours of Light.* Besides these, he published various profound mathematical works, which it is unnecessary here to enumerate. Like his illustrious contemporaries Boyle, Barrow, and Locke, this eminent man devoted much attention to theology as well as to natural science. The mystical doctrines of religion were those which he chiefly investigated; and to his great interest in them we owe the composition of his *Observations upon the Prophecies of Holy Writ, particularly the Prophecies of Daniel and the Apocalypse of St John*, published after his death. Among his manuscripts were found many other theological pieces, mostly on such subjects as the Prophetic Style, the Host of Heaven, the Revelations, the Temple of Solomon, the Sanctuary, the Working of the Mystery of Iniquity, and the Contest between the Host of Heaven and the Transgressors of the Covenant. The whole manuscripts left by Sir Isaac were perused by Dr Pellet, by agreement with the executors, with the view of publishing such as were thought fit for the press: the report of that gentleman however was, that, of the whole mass, nothing but a work on the Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms was fit for publication. That treatise accordingly appeared; and, contrary to Dr Pellet's opinion, the 'Observations upon the Prophecies,' already mentioned, were likewise sent to press. *An Historical Account of Two Notable Corruptions of Scripture*, also from the pen of Sir Isaac, first appeared in a perfect form in Dr Horsley's edition of his works in 1779. We subjoin a specimen of his remarks on

Birthplace of Sir Isaac Newton.

[*The Prophetic Language.*]

For understanding the prophecies, we are, in the first place, to acquaint ourselves with the figurative language of the prophets. This language is taken from the analogy between the world natural, and an empire or kingdom considered as a world politic.

Accordingly, the whole world natural, consisting of heaven and earth, signifies the whole world politic, consisting of thrones and people; or so much of it as is considered in the prophecy. And the things in that world signify the analogous things in this. For the heavens, and the things therein, signify thrones and dignities, and those who enjoy them; and the earth, with the things thereon, the inferior people; and the lowest parts of the earth, called Hades, or Hell, the lowest or most miserable part of them. Whence, ascending towards heaven, and descending to the earth, are put for rising and falling in power and honour; rising out of the earth or waters, and falling into them, for the rising up to any dignity or dominion, out of the inferior state of the people, or falling down from the same into that inferior state; descending into the lower parts of the earth, for descending

to a very low and unhappy state; speaking with a faint voice out of the dust, for being in a weak and low condition; moving from one place to another, for translation from one office, dignity, or dominion to another; great earthquakes, and the shaking of heaven and earth, for the shaking of dominions, so as to distract or overthrow them; the creating a new heaven and earth, and the passing away of an old one, or the beginning and end of the world, for the rise and reign of the body politic signified thereby.

In the heavens, the sun and moon are, by the interpreters of dreams, put for the persons of kings and queens. But in sacred prophecy, which regards not single persons, the sun is put for the whole species and race of kings, in the kingdom or kingdoms of the world politic, shining with regal power and glory; the moon for the body of the common people, considered as the king's wife; the stars for subordinate princes and great men, or for bishops and rulers of the people of God, when the sun is Christ; light for the glory, truth, and knowledge, wherewith great and good men shine and illuminate others; darkness for obscurity of condition, and for error, blindness, and ignorance; darkening, smiting, or setting of the sun, moon, and stars, for the ceasing of a kingdom, or for the desolation thereof, proportional to the darkness; darkening the sun, turning the moon into blood, and falling of the stars, for the same; new moons, for the return of a dispersed people into a body politic or ecclesiastic.

Fire and meteors refer to both heaven and earth, and signify as follows:—Burning anything with fire, is put for the consuming thereof by war; a conflagration of the earth, or turning a country into a lake of fire, for the consumption of a kingdom by war; the being in a furnace, for the being in slavery under another nation; the ascending up of the smoke of any burning thing for ever and ever, for the continuation of a conquered people under the misery of perpetual subjection and slavery; the scorching heat of the sun, for vexatious wars, persecutions, and troubles inflicted by the king; riding on the clouds, for reigning over much people; covering the sun with a cloud, or with smoke, for oppression of the king by the armies of an enemy; tempestuous winds, or the motion of clouds, for wars; thunder, or the voice of a cloud, for the voice of a multitude; a storm of thunder, lightning, hail, and overflowing rain, for a tempest of war descending from the heavens and clouds politic on the heads of their enemies; rain, if not immoderate, and dew, and living water, for the graces and doctrines of the Spirit; and the defect of rain, for spiritual barrenness.

In the earth, the dry land and congregated waters, as a sea, a river, a flood, are put for the people of several regions, nations, and dominions; embittering of waters, for great affliction of the people by war and persecution; turning things into blood, for the mystical death of bodies politic, that is, for their dissolution; the overflowing of a sea or river, for the invasion of the earth politic, by the people of the waters; drying up of waters, for the conquest of their regions by the earth; fountains of waters for cities, the permanent heads of rivers politic; mountains and islands, for the cities of the earth and sea politic, with the territories and dominions belonging to those cities; dens and rocks of mountains, for the temples of cities; the hiding of men in those dens and rocks, for the shutting up of idols in their temples; houses and ships, for families, assemblies, and towns in the earth and sea politic; and a navy of ships of war, for an army of that kingdom that is signified by the sea.

Animals also, and vegetables, are put for the people of several regions and conditions; and particularly trees, herbs, and land animals, for the people of the earth politic; flags, reeds, and fishes, for those of the waters politic; birds and insects, for those of the politic heaven and earth; a forest, for a kingdom; and a wilderness, for a desolate and thin people.

If the world politic, considered in prophecy, consists of many kingdoms, they are represented by as many parts of the world natural, as the noblest by the celestial frame, and then the moon and clouds are put for the common people; the less noble, by the earth, sea, and rivers, and by the animals or vegetables, or buildings therein; and then the greater and more powerful animals and taller trees, are put for kings, princes, and nobles. And because the whole kingdom is the body politic of the king, therefore the sun, or a tree, or a beast, or bird, or a man, whereby the king is represented, is put in a large signification for the whole kingdom; and several animals, as a lion, a bear, a leopard, a goat, according to their qualities, are put for several kingdoms and bodies politic; and sacrificing of beasts, for slaughtering and conquering of kingdoms; and friendship between beasts, for peace between kingdoms. Yet sometimes vegetables and animals are, by certain epithets or circumstances, extended to other significations; as a tree, when called the 'tree of life' or 'of knowledge;' and a beast, when called 'the old serpent,' or worshipped.

There is a question with respect to Sir Isaac Newton, which has recently excited so much controversy in the literary world, that we cannot avoid taking some notice of it in this place. It is well known that during the last forty years of his life, the inventive powers of this great philosopher seemed to have lost their activity: he made no farther discoveries, and, in his later scientific publications, imparted to the world only the views which he had formed in early life. In the article 'Newton' in the French *Biographie Universelle*, written by M. Biot, the statement was for the first time made, that his mental powers were impaired by an attack of insanity, which occurred in the years 1692 and 1693. This averment was by many received with incredulity; and Sir David Brewster, who published a Life of Newton in 1831, maintains that there is no sufficient proof of the fact alleged. Undue importance, we humbly conceive, has been attached to this question in a religious point of view; for the theological studies of Newton were by no means confined to the concluding portion of his life, nor is the testimony of even so great a man in favour of Christianity of much value in a case where evidence, and not authority, must be resorted to as the real ground of decision. That Newton's mind was much out of order at the period mentioned, appears to us to be satisfactorily proved even by documents first made known to the world in Brewster's work, independently of those published by M. Biot. The latter gives a manuscript of the Dutch astronomer Huygens, which is still preserved at Leyden, and is to the following effect. 'On the 29th of May 1694, a Scotchman of the name of Colin informed me that Isaac Newton, the celebrated mathematician, eighteen months previously, had become deranged in his mind, either from too great application to his studies, or from excessive grief at having lost, by fire, his chemical laboratory and some papers. Having made observations before the chancellor of Cambridge, which indicated the alienation of his intellect, he was taken care of by his friends; and being confined to his house, remedies were applied, by means of which he has lately so far recovered his health, as to begin to again understand his own Principia.' This account is confirmed by a diary kept by Mr Abraham de la Pryme, a Cambridge student, who, under date the 3d of February 1692 (being what was on the continent called 1693, as

the English year then commenced on 25th March), relates, in a passage which Brewster has published, the loss of Newton's papers by fire while he was at chapel; adding, that when the philosopher came home, 'and had seen what was done, every one thought he would have run mad: he was so troubled thereat, that he was not himself for a month after.' This, however, is the smallest part of the evidence. Newton himself, writing on the 13th September 1693 to Mr Pepys, secretary to the admiralty, says, 'I am extremely troubled at the embroilment I am in, and have neither ate nor slept well this twelvemonth, nor have my former consistency of mind.' Again, on the 16th of the same month, he writes to his friend Locke in the following remarkable terms:—

'Sir—Being of opinion that you endeavoured to embroil me with women, and by other means, I was so much affected with it, as when one told me you were sickly, and would not live, I answered, 'twere better if you were dead. I desire you to forgive me this uncharitableness; for I am now satisfied that what you have done is just, and I beg your pardon for my having hard thoughts of you for it, and for representing that you struck at the root of morality, in a principle you laid in your book of ideas, and designed to put me in another book, and that I took you for a Hobbist. I beg your pardon, also, for saying or thinking that there was a design to sell me an office, or to embroil me. I am your most humble and unfortunate servant—Is. NEWTON.'

The answer of Locke is admirable for the gentle and affectionate spirit in which it is written:—

'Sir—I have been ever since I first knew you, so entirely and sincerely your friend, and thought you so much mine, that I could not have believed what you tell me of yourself, had I had it from anybody else. And though I cannot but be mightily troubled that you should have had so many wrong and unjust thoughts of me, yet, next to the return of good offices, such as from a sincere good will I have ever done you, I receive your acknowledgment of the contrary as the kindest thing you could have done me, since it gives me hopes that I have not lost a friend I so much valued. After what your letter expresses, I shall not need to say anything to justify myself to you. I shall always think your own reflection on my carriage both to you and all mankind will sufficiently do that. Instead of that, give me leave to assure you, that I am more ready to forgive you than you can be to desire it; and I do it so freely and fully, that I wish for nothing more than the opportunity to convince you that I truly love and esteem you; and that I have still the same good will for you as if nothing of this had happened. To confirm this to you more fully, I should be glad to meet you anywhere, and the rather, because the conclusion of your letter makes me apprehend it would not be wholly useless to you. But whether you think it fit or not, I leave wholly to you. I shall always be ready to serve you to my utmost, in any way you shall like, and shall only need your commands or permission to do it.

My book is going to press for a second edition; and though I can answer for the design with which I writ it, yet since you have so opportunely given me notice of what you have said of it, I should take it as a favour if you would point out to me the places that gave occasion to that censure, that, by explaining myself better, I may avoid being mistaken by others, or unawares doing the least prejudice to truth or virtue. I am sure you are so much a friend to them both, that were you none to me, I could expect this from you. But I cannot doubt but you would do a great deal more than this for my sake, who, after all, have all the concern of a friend for you, wish you extremely well, and am, without compliment,' &c.

To this Sir Isaac replied on the 5th of October:—

'Sir—The last winter, by sleeping too often by my fire, I got an ill habit of sleeping; and a distemper, which this summer has been epidemical, put me farther out of order, so that when I wrote to you, I had not slept an hour a-night for a fortnight together, and for five days together not a wink. I remember I wrote you, but what I said of your book I remember not. If you please to send me a transcript of that passage, I will give you an account of it if I can. I am your most humble servant—Is. NEWTON.'

On the 26th September Pepys wrote to a friend of his, at Cambridge, a Mr Millington, making inquiry about Newton's mental condition, as he had 'lately received a letter from him so surprising to me for the inconsistency of every part of it, as to be put into great disorder by it, from the concernment I have for him, lest it should arise from that which of all mankind I should least dread from him, and most lament for—I mean a discomposure in head, or mind, or both.' Millington answers on the 30th, that two days previously, he had met Newton at Huntingdon; 'where,' says he, 'upon his own accord, and before I had time to ask him any question, he told me that he had writ to you a very odd letter, at which he was much concerned; and added, that it was a distemper that much seized his head, and that kept him awake for above five nights together; which upon occasion he desired I would represent to you, and beg your pardon, he being very much ashamed he should be so rude to a person for whom he hath so great an honour. He is now very well, and though I fear he is under some small degree of melancholy, yet I think there is no reason to suspect it hath at all touched his understanding, and I hope never will.'

It thus appears that, in consequence of excessive study, or the loss of valuable papers, or both causes combined, the understanding of Newton was for about twelve months thrown into an intermittent disorder, to which the name of insanity ought to be applied. That his intellect never attained its former activity and vigour, is made probable by the following circumstances. In the first place, he published after 1687 no scientific work except what he then possessed the materials of. Secondly, he tells at the end of the second book of his 'Optics,' that 'though he felt the necessity of his experiments, or rendering them more perfect, he was not able to resolve to do so, these matters being no longer in his way.' And lastly, of the manuscripts found after his death, amounting, as we learn from Dr Charles Hutton, to 'upwards of four thousand sheets in folio, or eight reams of foolscap paper, besides the bound books, of which the number of sheets is not mentioned,'* none was thought worthy of publication except his work on the 'Chronology of Ancient Kingdoms,' and 'Observations on the Prophecies.'†

The character and most prominent discoveries of Newton are summed up in his epitaph, of which the following is a translation. 'Here lies interred Isaac Newton, knight, who, with an energy of mind

* Hutton's Mathematical Dictionary, article *Newton*.

† Should the reader desire to investigate the question more fully, he will find it amply discussed in Biot's Life of Newton, of which a translation is published in the Library of Useful Knowledge; Brewster's Life of Newton, pp. 222-245; Biot's reply to Brewster, in the *Journal des Savans* for June 1832; Edinburgh Review, vol. lvi. p. 6; Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. xii. p. 15; and Phrenological Journal, vol. vii. p. 335.

almost divine, guided by the light of mathematics purely his own, first demonstrated the motions and figures of the planets, the paths of comets, and the causes of the tides; who discovered, what before his time no one had even suspected, that rays of light are differently refrangible, and that this is the cause of colours; and who was a diligent, penetrating, and faithful interpreter of nature, antiquity, and the sacred writings. In his philosophy, he maintained the majesty of the Supreme Being; in his manners, he expressed the simplicity of the Gospel. Let mortals congratulate themselves that the world has seen so great and excellent a man, the glory of human nature.'

JOHN RAY.

JOHN RAY (1628-1705), the son of a blacksmith at Black Notley, in Essex, was the most eminent of several distinguished and indefatigable cultivators of natural history who appeared in England about the middle of the seventeenth century. In the department of botany, he laboured with extraordinary diligence; and his works on this subject, which are more numerous than those of any other botanist except Linnæus, have such merit as to entitle him to be ranked as one of the great founders of the science. Ray was educated for the church at Cambridge, where he was a fellow-pupil and intimate of Isaac Barrow. His theological views were akin to the rational opinions held by that eminent divine, and by Tillotson and Wilkins, with whom also Ray was on familiar terms. The passing of the act of uniformity in 1662 put an end to Ray's prospects in the church; for in that year he was deprived of his fellowship of Trinity college, on account of his conscientious refusal to comply with the injunction, that all ecclesiastical persons should make a declaration of the nullity and illegality of the solemn league and covenant. In company with his friend Mr Willughby, also celebrated as a naturalist, he visited several continental countries in 1663; both before and after which year, his love of natural history induced him to perambulate England and Scotland extensively. The principal works in which the results of his studies and travels were given to the public, are, *Observations, Topographical, Moral, and Physiological, made in a Journey through part of the Low Countries, Germany, Italy, and France* (1673); and *Historia Plantarum Generalis* ['A General History of Plants']. The latter, consisting of two large folio volumes, which were published in 1686 and 1688, is a work of prodigious labour, and aims at describing and reducing to the author's system all the plants that had been discovered throughout the world. As a cultivator of zoology and entomology also, Ray deserves to be mentioned with honour; and he farther served the cause of science by editing and enlarging the posthumous works of his friend Willughby on birds and fishes. His character as a naturalist is thus spoken of by the Rev. Gilbert White of Selborne, who was addicted to the same pursuits: 'Our countryman, the excellent Mr Ray, is the only describer that conveys some precise idea in every term or word, maintaining his superiority over his followers and imitators, in spite of the advantage of fresh discoveries and modern information.'* Cuvier, also, gives him a high character as a naturalist; and the author of a recent memoir speaks of him in the following merited terms:—'His varied and useful labours have justly caused him to be regarded as the father of natural history in this country; and his character is, in every respect, such as we should wish to belong to the individual enjoying that high distinction. His claims to the regard of posterity are not more founded on his intellectual capacity, than on his moral excellence. He maintained a steady and uncompromising adherence to his principles, at a time when vacillation and change were so common as almost to escape unnoticed and uncensured. From some conscientious scruples, which he shared in common with many of the wisest and most pious men of his time, he did not hesitate to sacrifice his views of preferment in the church, although his talents and learning, joined to the powerful influence of his numerous friends, might have justified him in aspiring to a considerable station. The benevolence of his disposition continually appears in the generosity of his praise, the tenderness of his censure, and solicitude to promote the welfare of others. His modesty and self-abasement were so great, that they transpire insensibly on all occasions; and his affectionate and grateful feelings led him, as has been remarked, to fulfil the sacred duties of friendship even to his own prejudice, and to adorn the bust of his friend with wreaths which he himself might have justly assumed. All these qualities were refined and exalted by the purest Christian feeling, and the union of the whole constitutes a character which procured the admiration of contemporaries, and well deserves to be recommended to the imitation of posterity.'* For the greater part of his popular fame, however, Ray is indebted to an admirable treatise published in 1691, under the title of *The Wisdom of God Manifested in the Works of the Creation*, which has gone through many editions, and been translated into several continental languages. One of his reasons for composing it is thus stated by himself: 'By virtue of my function, I suspect myself to be obliged to write something in divinity, having written so much on other subjects; for, being not permitted to serve the church with my tongue in preaching, I know not but it may be my duty to serve it with my hand in writing; and I have made choice of this subject, as thinking myself best qualified to treat of it.' Natural theology had previously been treated of in England by Boyle, Stillingfleet, Wilkins, Henry More, and Cudworth; but Ray was the first to systematise and popularise the subject in the manner of Paley's work, the unrivalled merits of which have caused it to supersede both the treatise now under consideration, and the similar productions of Derham in the beginning of the eighteenth century.† But though written in a more pleasing style, and at a time when science had attained greater extension and accuracy, the 'Natural Theology' of Paley is but an imitation of Ray's volume, and he has derived from it many of his most striking arguments and illustrations. Ray displays throughout his treatise much philosophical caution with respect to the admission of facts in natural history, and good sense in the reflections which he is led by his subject to indulge in. Several extracts from the work are here subjoined.

[*The Study of Nature Recommended.*]

Let us then consider the works of God, and observe the operations of his hands: let us take notice of and

* Natural History of Selborne, Letter 45.

* Memoir of Ray, in The Naturalist's Library, Entomology, vol. vii. p. 69.

† Derham's works here alluded to are, *Physico-Theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God, from his Works of Creation* (1713); and *Astro-Theology, or a Demonstration of the Being and Attributes of a God, from a Survey of the Heavens* (1714). The substance of both had been preached by the author in 1711 and 1712, in the capacity of lecturer on Boyle's foundation.

admire his infinite wisdom and goodness in the formation of them. No creature in this sublunary world is capable of so doing beside man; yet we are deficient herein: we content ourselves with the knowledge of the tongues, and a little skill in philology, or history perhaps, and antiquity, and neglect that which to me seems more material, I mean natural history and the works of the creation. I do not discommend or derogate from those other studies; I should betray mine own ignorance and weakness should I do so; I only wish they might not altogether justle out and exclude this. I wish that this might be brought in fashion among us; I wish men would be so equal and civil, as not to disparage, deride, and vilify those studies which themselves skill not of, or are not conversant in. No knowledge can be more pleasant than this, none that doth so satisfy and feed the soul; in comparison whereto that of words and phrases seems to me insipid and jejune. That learning, saith a wise and observant prelate, which consists only in the form and pedagogy of arts, or the critical notion upon words and phrases, hath in it this intrinsical imperfection, that it is only so far to be esteemed as it conduceth to the knowledge of things, being in itself but a kind of pedantry, apt to infect a man with such odd humours of pride, and affectation, and curiosity, as will render him unfit for any great employment. Words being but the images of matter, to be wholly given up to the study of these, what is it but Pygmalion's frenzy to fall in love with a picture or image. As for oratory, which is the best skill about words, that hath by some wise men been esteemed but a voluptuary art, like to cookery, which spoils wholesome meats, and helps unwholesome, by the variety of sauces, serving more to the pleasure of taste than the health of the body.

[*Proportionate Lengths of the Necks and Legs of Animals.*]

I shall now add another instance of the wisdom of nature, or rather the God of nature, in adapting the parts of the same animal one to another, and that is the proportioning the length of the neck to that of the legs. For seeing terrestrial animals, as well birds as quadrupeds, are endued with legs, upon which they stand, and wherewith they transfer themselves from place to place, to gather their food, and for other conveniences of life, and so the trunk of their body must needs be elevated above the superficies of the earth, so that they could not conveniently either gather their food or drink if they wanted a neck, therefore Nature hath not only furnished them therewith, but with such a one as is commensurable to their legs, except here the elephant, which hath indeed a short neck (for the excessive weight of his head and teeth, which to a long neck would have been unsupportable), but is provided with a trunk, wherewith, as with a hand, he takes up his food and drink, and brings it to his mouth. I say the necks of birds and quadrupeds are commensurate to their legs, so that they which have long legs have long necks, and they that have short legs short ones, as is seen in the crocodile, and all lizards; and those that have no legs, as they do not want necks, so neither have they any, as fishes. This equality between the length of the legs and neck, is especially seen in beasts that feed constantly upon grass, whose necks and legs are always very near equal; very near, I say, because the neck must necessarily have some advantage, in that it cannot hang perpendicularly down, but must incline a little. Moreover, because this sort of creatures must needs hold their heads down in an inclining posture for a considerable time together, which would be very laborious and painful for the muscles; therefore on each side the ridge of the vertebres of the neck, nature hath placed an *aponeurosis*, or nervous ligament of a great thickness and strength, apt to stretch and shrink again as need requires, and void of sense, extending from the head (to which, and the next vertebres of the neck, it is fastened at that end) to the middle vertebres of the back (to which it is knit at the other), to assist them to support the head in that posture, which aponeurosis is taken notice of by the vulgar by the name of fixfax, or pack-wax, or whitleather. It is also very observable in fowls that wade in the water, which, having long legs, have also necks answerably long. Only in these too there is an exception, exceeding worthy to be noted; for some waterfowl, which are palmipeds, or whole-footed, have very long necks, and yet but short legs, as swans and geese, and some Indian birds; wherein we may observe the admirable providence of Nature. For such birds as were to search and gather their food, whether herbs or insects, in the bottom of pools and deep waters, have long necks for that purpose, though their legs, as is most convenient for swimming, be but short. Whereas there are no land-fowl to be seen with short legs and long necks, but all have their necks in length commensurate to their legs. This instance is the more considerable, because the atheists' usual flam will not here help them out. For, say they, there were many animals of disproportionate parts, and of absurd and uncouth shapes, produced at first, in the infancy of the world; but because they could not gather their food to perform other functions necessary to maintain life, they soon perished, and were lost again. For these birds, we see, can gather their food upon land conveniently enough, notwithstanding the length of their necks; for example, geese graze upon commons, and can feed themselves fat upon land. Yet is there not one land-bird which hath its neck thus disproportionate to its legs; nor one water one neither, but such as are destined by nature in such manner as we have mentioned to search and gather their food; for nature makes not a long neck to no purpose.

[*God's Exhortation to Activity.*]

Methinks by all this provision for the use and service of man, the Almighty interpretatively speaks to him in this manner: 'I have now placed thee in a spacious and well-furnished world; I have endued thee with an ability of understanding what is beautiful and proportionable, and have made that which is so agreeable and delightful to thee; I have provided thee with materials whereon to exercise and employ thy art and strength; I have given thee an excellent instrument, the hand, accommodated to make use of them all; I have distinguished the earth into hills and valleys, and plains, and meadows, and woods; all these parts capable of culture and improvement by thy industry; I have committed to thee for thy assistance in thy labours of ploughing, and carrying, and drawing, and travel, the laborious ox, the patient ass, and the strong and serviceable horse; I have created a multitude of seeds for thee to make choice out of them, of what is most pleasant to thy taste, and of most wholesome and plentiful nourishment; I have also made great variety of trees, bearing fruit both for food and physic, those, too, capable of being meliorated and improved by transplantation, stercoration, incision, pruning, watering, and other arts and devices. Till and manure thy fields, sow them with thy seeds, extirpate noxious and unprofitable herbs, guard them from the invasions and spoil of beasts, clear and fence in thy meadows and pastures, dress and prune thy vines, and so rank and dispose them as is most suitable to the climate; plant thee orchards, with all sorts of fruit-trees, in such order as may be most beautiful to the eye, and most comprehensive of plants; gardens for culinary herbs, and all kinds of

sallading; for delectable flowers, to gratify the eye with their agreeable colours and figures, and thy scent with their fragrant odours; for odoriferous and evergreen shrubs and suffrutices; for exotic and medicinal plants of all sorts; and dispose them in that comely order as may be most pleasant to behold, and commodious for access. I have furnished thee with all materials for building, as stone, and timber, and slate, and lime, and clay, and earth, whereof to make bricks and tiles. Deck and bespangle the country with houses and villages convenient for thy habitation, provided with out-houses and stables for the harbouring and shelter of thy cattle, with barns and granaries for the reception, and custody, and storing up thy corn and fruits. I have made thee a sociable creature, *zoon politikon*, for the improvement of thy understanding by conference, and communication of observations and experiments; for mutual help, assistance, and defence, build thee large towns and cities with straight and well-paved streets, and elegant rows of houses, adorned with magnificent temples for my honour and worship, with beautiful palaces for thy princes and grandees, with stately halls for public meetings of the citizens and their several companies, and the sessions of the courts of judicature, besides public porticos and aqueducts. I have implanted in thy nature a desire of seeing strange and foreign, and finding out unknown countries, for the improvement and advance of thy knowledge in geography, by observing the bays, and creeks, and havens, and promontories, the outlets of rivers, the situation of the maritime towns and cities, the longitude and latitude, &c., of those places; in politics, by noting their government, their manners, laws, and customs, their diet and medicine, their trades and manufactures, their houses and buildings, their exercises and sports, &c. In physiology, or natural history, by searching out their natural rarities, the productions both of land and water, what species of animals, plants, and minerals, of fruits and drugs, are to be found there, what commodities for bartering and permutation, whereby thou mayest be enabled to make large additions to natural history, to advance those other sciences, and to benefit and enrich thy country by increase of its trade and merchandise. I have given thee timber and iron to build the hulls of ships, tall trees for masts, flax and hemp for sails, cables and cordage for rigging. I have armed thee with courage and hardiness to attempt the seas, and traverse the spacious plains of that liquid element; I have assisted thee with a compass, to direct thy course when thou shalt be out of all ken of land, and have nothing in view but sky and water. Go thither for the purposes before-mentioned, and bring home what may be useful and beneficial to thy country in general, or thyself in particular.'

I persuade myself, that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man, in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country-houses, with regular gardens, and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burthened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.

If a country thus planted and adorned, thus polished and civilised, thus improved to the height by all manner of culture for the support and sustenance, and convenient entertainment of innumerable multitudes of people, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable Scythia, without houses, without plantations, without corn-fields or vineyards, where the roving hordes of the savage and truculent inhabitants transfer themselves from place to place in wagons, as they can find pasture and forage for their cattle, and live upon milk, and flesh roasted in the sun, at the pommels of their saddles; or a rude and unpolished America, peopled with slothful and naked Indians—instead of well-built houses, living in pitiful huts and cabins, made of poles set end-ways; then surely the brute beast's condition and manner of living, to which what we have mentioned doth nearly approach, is to be esteemed better than man's, and wit and reason was in vain bestowed on him.

[*All Things not Made for Man.*]

There are infinite other creatures without this earth, which no considerate man can think were made only for man, and have no other use. For my part, I cannot believe that all the things in the world were so made for man, that they have no other use.

For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable to think that bodies of such vast magnitude as the fixed stars were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a multitude of them there are, that do not so much as twinkle, being, either by reason of their distance or of their smallness, altogether invisible to the naked eye, and only discoverable by a telescope; and it is likely, perfecter telescopes than we yet have may bring to light many more; and who knows how many lie out of the ken of the best telescope that can possibly be made? And I believe there are many species in nature, even in this sublunary world, which were never yet taken notice of by man, and consequently of no use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of use to, those who shall live after us in future ages. But though in this sense it be not true that all things were made for man, yet thus far it is, that all the creatures in the world may become way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our wits and understandings, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us subject of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing, then, we do believe and assert that all things were in some sense made for us, we are thereby obliged to make use of them for those purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this end of their creation. Now, some of them serve only to exercise our minds. Many others there be which might probably serve us to good purpose, whose uses are not discovered, nor are they ever like to be, without pains and industry. True it is, many of the greatest inventions have been accidentally stumbled upon, but not by men supine and careless, but busy and inquisitive. Some reproach methinks it is to learned men, that there should be so many animals still in the world whose outward shape is not yet taken notice of or described, much less their way of generation, food, manners, uses, observed.

Ray published, in 1672, a *Collection of English Proverbs*, and, in 1700, *A Persuasive to a Holy Life*. The latter possesses the same rational and solid character which distinguishes his scientific and physico-theological works. From a posthumous volume of his correspondence published by Derham, we extract the following affecting letter, written on his deathbed to Sir Hans Sloane:—

'Dear Sir—The best of friends. These are to take a final leave of you as to this world: I look upon myself as a dying man. God requite your kindness expressed anyways towards me a hundredfold; bless you with a confluence of all good things in this world, and eternal life and happiness hereafter; grant us a happy meeting in heaven. I am, Sir, eternally yours—JOHN RAY.'

THOMAS STANLEY—SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE—ANTHONY WOOD—ELIAS ASHMOLE—JOHN AUBREY—THOMAS RYMER.

During this period there lived several writers of great industry, whose works, though not on subjects calculated to give the names of the authors much popular celebrity, have yet been of considerable use to subsequent literary men. THOMAS STANLEY (1625–1678) is the author of an erudite and bulky compilation, entitled *The History of Philosophy; containing the Lives, Opinions, Actions, and Discourses of the Philosophers of every Sect.* Of this the first volume appeared in 1655, and the fourth in 1662. Its style is uncouth and obscure;* and the work, though still resorted to as a mine of information, has been in other respects superseded by more elegant and less voluminous productions. SIR WILLIAM DUGDALE (1605–1686) was highly distinguished for his knowledge of heraldry and antiquities. His work entitled *The Baronage of England*, is esteemed as without a rival in its own department; and his *Antiquities of Warwickshire Illustrated* (1656), has been placed in the foremost rank of county histories. He published also a *History of St Paul's Cathedral*; and three volumes of a great work entitled *Monasticon Anglicanum* (1655–1673), intended to embrace the history of the monastic and other religious foundations which existed in England before the Reformation. Besides several other publications, Dugdale left a large collection of manuscripts, which are now to be found in the Bodleian library at Oxford, and at the Herald's college. ANTHONY WOOD (1632–1695), a native of Oxford, was addicted to similar pursuits. He published, in 1691, a well-known work entitled *Athenæ Oxonienses*, being an account of the lives and writings of almost all the eminent authors educated at Oxford, and many of those educated at the university of Cambridge. This book has been of much utility to the compilers of biographical works, though, in point of composition and impartiality, it is held in little esteem. Wood appears to have been a respecter of truth, but to have been frequently misled by narrow-minded prejudices and hastily-formed opinions. His style is poor and vulgar, and his mind seems to have been the reverse of philosophical. He compiled also a work on the history and antiquities of the university of Oxford, which was published only in Latin, the translation into that language being made by Dr Fell, bishop of Oxford. ELIAS ASHMOLE (1617–1692), a famous antiquary and virtuoso, was a friend of Sir William Dugdale, whose daughter he married. In the earlier part of his life he was addicted to astrology and alchemy, but afterwards devoted his attention more exclusively to antiquities, heraldry, and the collection of coins and other rarities. His most celebrated work, entitled *The Institution, Laws, and Ceremonies of the Most Noble Order of the Garter*, was published in 1672. A collection of rarities, books, and manuscripts, which he presented to the university of Oxford, constituted the foundation of the Ashmolean museum now existing there. JOHN AUBREY (1626–1700) studied at Oxford, and, while there, aided in the collection of materials for Dugdale's 'Monasticon Anglicanum;' at a later period, he furnished valuable assistance to Anthony Wood. His only published work is a collection of popular superstitions relative to dreams, portents, ghosts, witchcraft, &c., under the title of *Miscellanies*. His manuscripts, of which many are preserved in the Ashmolean museum and the library of the Royal Society, prove his researches to have been very extensive, and have furnished much useful information to later antiquaries. Aubrey has been too harshly censured by Gifford as a credulous fool; yet it must be admitted that his power of discriminating truth from falsehood was by no means remarkable. Three volumes, published in 1813, under the title of *Letters written by Eminent Persons in the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries, &c. with Lives of Eminent Men*, are occupied principally by very curious literary anecdotes, which Aubrey communicated to Anthony Wood. THOMAS RYMER, a distinguished historical antiquary, is the last of his class whom we shall mention at present. Having been appointed royal historiographer in

Thomas Rymer.

1692, he availed himself of the opportunities of research which his office afforded him, and in 1704 began to publish a collection of public treaties and compacts, under the title of *Fœdera, Conventiones, et cujuscunque generis Acta Publica, inter Reges Angliæ et alios Principes, ab anno* 1101. Of this work he published fifteen volumes folio, being assisted in his labours by Robert Sanderson, another industrious antiquary, by whom five more were added after Rymer's death in 1715. The 'Fœdera,' though immethodical and ill digested, is a highly valuable publication, and, indeed, is indispensable to those who desire to be accurately acquainted with the history of England. Fifty-eight manuscript volumes, containing a great variety of historical materials collected by Rymer, are preserved in the British museum.

TOM D'URFEY AND TOM BROWN.

Very different in character from these grave and ponderous authors were their contemporaries TOM D'URFEY and TOM BROWN, who entertained the public in the reign of William III. with occasional whimsical compositions both in prose and verse, which are now valued only as conveying some notion of the taste and manners of the time. D'Urfey's comedies, which possess much farcical humour, have long been considered too licentious for the stage. As

* Take the following sentence as a specimen: 'Scepticism is a faculty opposing phenomena and intelligibles all manner of ways; whereby we proceed through the equivalence of contrary things and speeches, first to suspension, then to indisturbance.'

a merry and facetious companion, his society was greatly courted, and he was a distinguished composer of jovial and party songs. In the 29th number of 'The Guardian,' Steele mentions a collection of sonnets published under the title *of Laugh and be Fat, or Pills to Purge Melancholy*; at the same time censuring the world for ungratefully neglecting to reward the jocose labours of D'Urfey, 'who was so large a contributor to this treatise, and to whose humorous productions so many rural squires in the remotest part of this island are obliged for the dignity and state which corpulency gives them.' In the 67th number of the same work, Addison humorously solicits the attendance of his readers at a play for D'Urfey's benefit. The produce seems to have relieved the necessities of the poet, who continued to give forth his drolleries till his death in 1723. Tom Brown, who died in 1704, was a 'merry fellow' and libertine, who, having by his immoral conduct lost the situation of schoolmaster at Kingston-upon-Thames, became a professional author and libeller in the metropolis. His writings, which consist of dialogues, letters, poems, and other miscellanies, display considerable learning as well as shrewdness and humour, but are deformed by obscene and scurrilous buffoonery. From the ephemeral nature of the subjects, very few of them can now be perused with interest; indeed the following extracts comprise nearly all the readable passages that can with delicacy be presented in these modern times.

[*Letter from Scarron in the Next World to Louis XIV.*]

All the conversation of this lower world at present runs upon you; and the devil a word we can hear in any of our coffee-houses, but what his Gallic majesty is more or less concerned in. 'Tis agreed on by all our virtuosos, that since the days of Diocletian, no prince has been so great a benefactor to hell as yourself; and as much a master of eloquence as I was once thought to be at Paris, I want words to tell you how much you are commended here for so heroically trampling under foot the treaty of Ryswick, and opening a new scene of war in your great climacteric, at which age most of the princes before you were such recreants, as to think of making up their scores with heaven, and leaving their neighbours in peace. But you, they say, are above such sordid precedents; and rather than Pluto should want men to people his dominions, are willing to spare him half a million of your own subjects, and that at a juncture, too, when you are not overstocked with them.

This has gained you a universal applause in these regions; the three Furies sing your praises in every street: Bellona swears there's never a prince in Christendom worth hanging besides yourself; and Charon bustles for you in all companies. He desired me about a week ago to present his most humble respects to you, adding, that if it had not been for your majesty, he, with his wife and children, must long ago been quartered upon the parish; for which reason he duly drinks your health every morning in a cup of cold Styx next his conscience. * *

Last week, as I was sitting with some of my acquaintance in a public-house, after a great deal of impertinent chat about the affairs of the Milanese, and the intended siege of Mantua, the whole company fell a-talking of your majesty, and what glorious exploits you had performed in your time. Why, gentlemen, says an ill-looked rascal, who proved to be Herostratus, for Pluto's sake let not the grand monarch run away with all your praises. I have done something memorable in my time too; 'twas I who, out of the *gaieté de cœur*, and to perpetuate my name, fired the famous temple of the Ephesian Diana, and in two hours consumed that magnificent structure, which was two hundred years a-building; therefore, gentlemen, lavish not away all your praises, I beseech you, upon one man, but allow others their share. Why, thou diminutive inconsiderable wretch, said I in a great passion to him, thou worthless idle loggerhead, thou pigmy in sin, thou Tom Thumb in iniquity, how dares such a puny insect, as thou art, have the impudence to enter the lists with Louis le Grand? Thou valuest thyself upon firing a church, but how! when the mistress of the house was gone out to assist Olympias. 'Tis plain, thou hadst not the courage to do it when the goddess was present, and upon the spot. But what is this to what my royal master can boast of, that had destroyed a hundred and a hundred such foolish fabrics in his time. * *

He had no sooner made his exit, but, cries an odd sort of a spark, with his hat buttoned up before, like a country scraper, Under favour, sir, what do you think of me? Why, who are you? replied I to him. Who am I, answered he; why, Nero, the sixth emperor of Rome, that murdered my —— Come, said I to him, to stop your prating, I know your history as well as yourself, that murdered your mother, kicked your wife down stairs, despatched two apostles out of the world, begun the first persecution against the Christians, and lastly, put your master Seneca to death. [These actions are made light of, and the sarcastic shade proceeds—] Whereas, his most Christian majesty, whose advocate I am resolved to be against all opposers whatever, has bravely and generously starved a million of poor Hugonots at home, and sent t'other million of them a-grazing into foreign countries, contrary to solemn edicts, and repeated promises, for no other provocation, that I know of, but because they were such coxcombs as to place him upon the throne. In short, friend Nero, thou mayest pass for a rogue of the third or fourth class; but be advised by a stranger, and never show thyself such a fool as to dispute the pre-eminence with Louis le Grand, who has murdered more men in his reign, let me tell thee, than thou hast murdered times, for all thou art the vilest thrummer upon cat-gut the sun ever beheld. However, to give the devil his due, I will say it before thy face, and behind thy back, that if thou hadst reigned as many years as my gracious master has done, and hadst had, instead of Tigellinus, a Jesuit or two to have governed thy conscience, thou mightest, in all probability, have made a much more magnificent figure, and been inferior to none but the mighty monarch I have been talking of.

Having put my Roman emperor to silence, I looked about me, and saw a pack of grammarians (for so I guessed them to be by their impertinence and noise) disputing it very fiercely at the next table; the matter in debate was, which was the most heroical age; and one of them, who valued himself very much upon his reading, maintained, that the heroical age, properly so called, began with the Theban, and ended with the Trojan war, in which compass of time that glorious constellation of heroes, Hercules, Jason, Theseus, Tidæus, with Agamemnon, Ajax, Achilles, Hector, Troilus, and Diomedes flourished; men that had all signalised themselves by their personal gallantry and valour. His next neighbour argued very fiercely for the age wherein Alexander founded the Grecian monarchy, and saw so many noble generals and commanders about him. The third was as obstreperous for that of Julius Cæsar, and managed his argument with so much heat, that I expected every minute when these puppies would have gone to loggerheads in good earnest. To put an end to your controversy, gentlemen, says I to them, you may talk till your lungs are foundered; but this I positively assert, that the present age we live in is the most heroical age, and that my master, Louis le Grand, is the greatest hero of it. Hark you me, sir, how do you make that appear I

cried the whole pack of them, opening upon me all at once. By your leave, gentlemen, answered I, two to one is odds at foot-ball; but having a hero's cause to defend, I find myself possessed with a hero's vigour and resolution, and don't doubt but I shall bring you over to my party. That age, therefore, is the most heroical which is the boldest and bravest; the ancients, I grant you, got drunk and cut throats as well as we do; but, gentlemen, they did not sin upon the same foot as we, nor had so many discouragements to deter them; * * so 'tis a plain case, you see, that the heroism lies on our side. To apply this, then, to my royal master; he has filled all Christendom with blood and confusion; he has broke through the most solemn treaties sworn at the altar; he has strayed and undone infinite numbers of poor wretches; and all this for his own glory and ambition, when he's assured that hell gapes every moment for him. Now, tell me, whether your Jasons, your Agamemnons, or Alexanders, durst have ventured so heroically; or whether your pitiful emperors of Germany, your mechanic kings of England and Sweden, or your lousy states of Holland, have courage enough to write after so illustrious a copy.

Thus, sir, you may see with what zeal I appear in your majesty's behalf, and that I omit no opportunity of magnifying your great exploits to the utmost of my poor abilities. At the same time, I must freely own to you, that I have met with some rough-hewn saucy rascals, that have stopped me in my full career when I have been expatiating upon your praises, and have so dumbfounded me with their villanous objections, that I could not tell how to reply to them.

An Exhortatory Letter to an Old Lady that Smoked Tobacco.

Madam—Though the ill-natured world censures you for smoking, yet I would advise you, madam, not to part with so innocent a diversion. In the first place, it is healthful; and, as Galen rightly observes, is a sovereign remedy for the toothache, the constant persecutor of old ladies. Secondly, tobacco, though it be a heathenish weed, it is a great help to Christian meditations; which is the reason, I suppose, that recommends it to your parsons, the generality of whom can no more write a sermon without a pipe in their mouths, than a concordance in their hands; besides, every pipe you break may serve to put you in mind of mortality, and show you upon what slender accidents man's life depends. I knew a dissenting minister who, on fast-days, used to mortify upon a rump of beef, because it put him, as he said, in mind that all flesh was grass; but, I am sure, much more is to be learnt from tobacco. It may instruct you that riches, beauty, and all the glories of the world, vanish like a vapour. Thirdly, it is a pretty plaything. Fourthly, and lastly, it is fashionable, at least 'tis in a fair way of becoming so. Cold tea, you know, has been a long while in reputation at court, and the gill as naturally ushers in the pipe, as the sword-bearer walks before the lord mayor.

[*An Indian's Account of a London Gaming-House.*]

The English pretend that they worship but one God, but for my part I don't believe what they say; for besides several living divinities, to which we may see them daily offer their vows, they have several other inanimate ones to whom they pay sacrifices, as I have observed at one of their public meetings, where I happened once to be.

In this place there is a great altar to be seen, built round and covered with a green *wachum*, lighted in the midst, and encompassed by several persons in a sitting posture, as we do at our domestic sacrifices. At the very moment I came into the room, one of those, who I supposed was the priest, spread upon the altar certain leaves which he took out of a little book that he held in his hand. Upon these leaves were represented certain figures very awkwardly painted; however, they must needs be the images of some divinities; for, in proportion as they were distributed round, each one of the assistants made an offering to it, greater or less, according to his devotion. I observed that these offerings were more considerable than those they make in their other temples.

After the aforesaid ceremony is over, the priest lays his hand in a trembling manner, as it were, upon the rest of the book, and continues some time in this posture, seized with fear, and without any action at all. All the rest of the company, attentive to what he does, are in suspense all the while, and the unmoveable assistants are all of them in their turn possessed by different agitations, according to the spirit which happens to seize them. One joins his hands together, and blesses Heaven; another, very earnestly looking upon his image, grinds his teeth; a third bites his fingers, and stamps upon the ground with his feet. Every one of them, in short, makes such extraordinary postures and contortions, that they seem to be no longer rational creatures. But scarce has the priest returned a certain leaf, but he is likewise seized by the same fury with the rest. He tears the book, and devours it in his rage, throws down the altar, and curses the sacrifice. Nothing now is to be heard but complaints and groans, cries and imprecations. Seeing them so transported and so furious, I judge that the God that they worship is a jealous deity, who, to punish them for what they sacrifice to others, sends to each of them an evil demon to possess him.

Laconics, or New Maxims of State and Conversation.

Though a soldier in time of peace is like a chimney in summer, yet what wise man would pluck down his chimney because his almanac tells him it is the middle of June!

War, as the world goes at present, is a nursery for the gallows, as Hoxton is for the meetings, and Bartholomew fair for the two playhouses.

Covetousness, like jealousy, when it has once taken root, never leaves a man but with his life. A rich banker in Lombard Street, finding himself very ill, sent for a parson to administer the last consolations of the church to him. While the ceremony was performing, old Gripewell falls into a fit. As soon as he was a little recovered, the doctor offered the chalice to him. 'No no,' cries he; 'I can't afford to lend you above twenty shillings upon't; upon my word I can't now.'

Though a clergyman preached like an angel, yet he ought to consider that two hour-glasses of divinity are too much at once for the most patient constitution. In the late civil wars, Stephen Marshal split his text into twenty-four parts. Upon this, one of the congregation immediately runs out of church. 'Why, what's the matter?' says a neighbour. 'Only going for my night-gown and slippers, for I find we must take up quarters here to-night.'

If your friend is in want, don't carry him to the tavern, where you treat yourself as well as him, and entail a thirst and headache upon him next morning. To treat a poor wretch with a bottle of Burgundy, or fill his snuff-box, is like giving a pair of lace ruffles to a man that has never a shirt on his back. Put something into his pocket.

What is sauce for a goose is sauce for a gander. When any calamities befell the Roman empire, the pagans used to lay it to the charge of the Christians: when Christianity became the imperial religion, the Christians returned the same compliment to the pagans.

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That which passes for current doctrine at one juncture, and in one climate, won't do so in another. The cavaliers, in the beginning of the troubles, used to trump up the 12th of the *Romans* upon the parliament; the parliament trump'd it upon the army, when they would not disband; the army back again upon the parliament, when they disputed their orders. Never was poor chapter so unmercifully tossed to and fro again.

Not to flatter ourselves, we English are none of the most constant and easy people in the world. When the late war pinched us, Oh! when shall we have a peace and trade again? We had no sooner a peace, but, Huzza, boys, for a new war! and that we shall soon be sick of.

It may be no scandal for us to imitate one good quality of a neighbouring nation, who are like the turf they burn, slow in kindling, but, when once thoroughly lighted, keep their fire.

What a fine thing it is to be well-mannered upon occasion! In the reign of King Charles II., a certain worthy divine at Whitehall thus addressed himself to the auditory at the conclusion of his sermon:—'In short, if you don't live up to the precepts of the gospel, but abandon yourselves to your irregular appetites, you must expect to receive your reward in a certain place, which 'tis not good manners to mention here.'

To quote St Ambrose, or St Jerome, or any other red-lettered father, to prove any such important truth as this, That virtue is commendable, and all excess to be avoided, is like sending for the sheriff to come with the *posse comitatus* to disperse a few boys at foot-ball, when it may be done without him.

Some divines make the same use of fathers and councils as our beaus do of their canes, not for support or defence, but mere ornament or show; and cover themselves with fine cobweb distinctions, as Homer's gods did with a cloud.

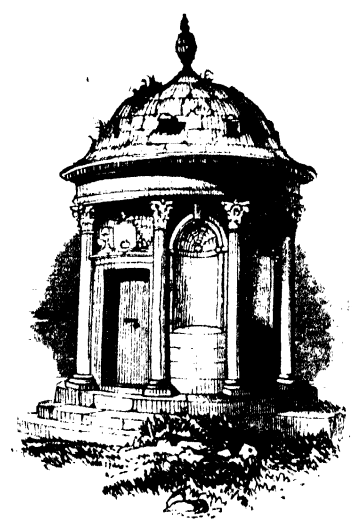
Some books, like the city of London, fare the better for being burnt.

'Twas a merry saying of Rabelais, that a man ought to buy all the bad books that come out, because they will never be printed again.

SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE.

During this period Scotland produced many eminent men, but scarcely any who attempted composition in the English language. The difference between the common speech of the one country and that which was used in the other, had been widening ever since the days of Chaucer and James I., but particularly since the accession of James VI. to the English throne; the Scotch remaining stationary or declining, while the English was advancing in refinement of both structure and pronunciation. Accordingly, except the works of Drummond of Hawthornden, who had studied and acquired the language of Drayton and Jonson, there did not appear in Scotland any estimable specimen of vernacular prose or poetry between the time of Maitland and Montgomery and that of SIR GEORGE MACKENZIE, Lord Advocate under Charles II. and James II. (1636–1691), who seems to have been the only learned man of his time that maintained an acquaintance with the lighter departments of contemporary English literature. Sir George was a friend of Dryden, by whom he is mentioned with great respect; and he himself composed poetry, which, if it has no other merit, is at least in pure English, and appears to have been fashioned after the best models of the time. He also wrote some moral essays, which possess the same merits. These are entitled, *On Happiness; The Religious Stoic; Solitude Preferred to Public Employment; Moral Gallantry; The Moral History of Frugality;* and *Reason.* Sir George Mackenzie is one of the standard writers on the law of Scotland, and likewise published various political and antiquarian tracts. An important historical production of his pen, entitled *Memoirs of the Affairs of Scotland, from the Restoration of Charles II.*, lay undiscovered in manuscript till the present century, and was not printed till 1821. Though personally disposed to humanity and moderation, the severities which he was instrumental in perpetrating against the covenanters, in his capacity of Lord Advocate under a tyrannical government, excited against him a degree of popular odium which has not even yet entirely subsided.

Sir George Mackenzie.



Sir George Mackenzie's Monument, Grayfriars churchyard, Edinburgh.

He is more honourably distinguished as the founder of the library of the Faculty of Advocates in Edinburgh. At the Revolution, he retired to England,

where his death took place in 1691. With the exception of his essays, the only compositions bearing a resemblance to English, which appeared in Scotland during the seventeenth century, were controversial pamphlets in politics and divinity, now generally forgotten.

From the following specimens, the reader will perceive that Sir George Mackenzie was less successful in verse than in prose; and that even in the latter, his sentences are sometimes incorrectly and loosely constructed. The fourth extract is curious as a strong expression of his opinion of the more violent and enthusiastic religionists of his time.

[*Praise of a Country Life.*]

O happy country life! pure like its air;
Free from the rage of pride, the pangs of care.
Here happy souls lie bathed in soft content,
And are at once secure and innocent.
No passion here but love: here is no wound
But that by which lovers their names confound
On barks of trees, whilst with a smiling face
They see those letters as themselves embrace.
Here the kind myrtles pleasant branches spread;
And sure no laurel casts so sweet a shade.
Yet all these country pleasures, without love,
Would but a dull and tedious prison prove.
But oh! what woods [and] parks [and] meadows lie
In the blest circle of a mistress' eye!
What courts, what camps, what triumphs may one find
Display'd in Celia, when she will be kind!
What a dull thing this lower world had been,
If heavenly beauties were not sometimes seen!
For when fair Celia leaves this charming place,
Her absence all its glories does deface.

[*Against Envy.*]

We may cure envy in ourselves, either by considering how useless or how ill these things were, for which we envy our neighbours; or else how we possess as much or as good things. If I envy his greatness, I consider that he wants my quiet: as also I consider that he possibly envies me as much as I do him; and that when I begun to examine exactly his perfections, and to balance them with my own, I found myself as happy as he was. And though many envy others, yet very few would change their condition even with those whom they envy, all being considered. And I have oft admired why we have suffered ourselves to be so cheated by contradictory vices, as to contemn this day him whom we envied the last; or why we envy so many, since there are so few whom we think to deserve as much as we do. Another great help against envy is, that we ought to consider how much the thing envied costs him whom we envy, and if we would take it at the price. Thus, when I envy a man for being learned, I consider how much of his health and time that learning consumes: if for being great, how he must flatter and serve for it; and if I would not pay his price, no reason I ought to have what he has got. Sometimes, also, I consider that there is no reason for my envy: he whom I envy deserves more than he has, and I less than I possess. And by thinking much of these, I repress their envy, which grows still from the contempt of our neighbour and the overrating ourselves. As also I consider that the perfections envied by me may be advantageous to me; and thus I check myself for envying a great pleader, but am rather glad that there is such a man, who may defend my innocence: or to envy a great soldier, because his valour may defend my estate or country. And when any of my countrymen begin to raise envy in me, I alter the scene, and begin to be glad that Scotland can boast of so fine a man; and I remember, that though now I am angry at him when I compare him with myself, yet if I were discoursing of my nation abroad, I would be glad of that merit in him which now displeases me. Nothing is envied but what appears beautiful and charming; and it is strange that I should be troubled at the sight of what is pleasant. I endeavour also to make such my friends as deserve my envy; and no man is so base as to envy his friend. Thus, whilst others look on the angry side of merit, and thereby trouble themselves, I am pleased in admiring the beauties and charms which burn them as a fire, whilst they warm me as the sun.

[*Fame.*]

I smile to see underling pretenders, and who live in a country scarce designed in the exactest maps, sweat and toil for so unmassy a reputation, that, when it is hammered out to the most stretching dimensions, will not yet reach the nearest towns of a neighbouring country: whereas, examine such as have but lately returned from travelling in most flourishing kingdoms, and though curiosity was their greatest errand, yet ye will find that they scarce know who is chancellor or president in these places; and in the exactest histories, we hear but few news of the famousest pleaders, divines, or physicians; and by soldiers these are undervalued as pedants, and these by them as madcaps, and both by philosophers as fools.

[*Bigotry.*]

I define bigotry to be a laying too much stress upon any circumstantial point of religion or worship, and the making all other essential duties subservient thereto. * *

The first pernicious effect of bigotry is, that it obtrudes on us things of no moment as matters of the greatest importance. Now, as it would be a great defect in a man's sense to take a star for the sun, or in an orator to insist tenaciously on a point which deserved no consideration, so it must be a much greater error in a Christian to prefer, or even to equal, a mere circumstance to the solid points of religion.

But these mistakes become more dangerous, by inducing their votaries to believe that, because they are orthodox in these matters, they are the only people of God, and all who join not are aliens to the commonwealth of Israel. And from this springs, first, that they, as friends of God, may be familiar with Him, and, as friends do one to another, may speak to Him without distance or premeditation. * * Bigotry having thus corrupted our reasoning in matters of religion, it easily depraves it in the whole course of our morals and politics.

The bigots, in the second place, proceed to fancy that they who differ from them are enemies to God, because they differ from God's people; and then the Old Testament is consulted for expressions denouncing vengeance against them: all murders become sacrifices, by the example of Phineas and Ehud; all rapines are hallowed by the Israelites borrowing the earrings of the Egyptians; and rebellions have a hundred forced texts of Scripture brought to patronise them. But I oftentimes wonder where they find precedents in the Old Testament for murdering and robbing men's reputation, or for lying so impudently for what they think the good old cause, which God foreseeing, has commanded us not to lie, even for his sake.

The third link of this chain is—That they, fancying themselves to be the only Israel, conclude that God sees no sin in them, all is allowable to them; and (as one of themselves said) 'they will be as good to God another way.'

The fourth is—That such as differ from them are bastards, and not the true sons of God, and therefore they ought to have no share of this earth or its government: hence flow these holy and useful maxims—Dominion is founded in grace, and the saints have the only right to govern the earth: which being once upon an occasion earnestly pressed in Cromwell's little parliament, it was answered by the president of his council—That the saints deserved all things, but that public employment was such a drudgery, that it would be unjust to condemn the saints to it; and that the securest way to make the commonwealth happy, was to leave them in a pious retirement, interceding for the nation at the throne of grace.

The fifth error in their reasoning is—That seeing their opinions flow immediately from heaven, no earthly government can condemn anything they do in prosecution of these their opinions; thence it is that they raise seditions and rebellions without any scruple of conscience: and, believing themselves the darlings and friends of God, they think themselves above kings, who are only their servants and executioners.

It may seem strange that such principles as bigotry suggests should be able to produce so strange effects; and many fanciful persons pretend it to be from God, because it prevails so. But this wonder will be much lessened if we consider, first, that the greatest part of mankind are weak or dishonest, and both these support bigotry with all their might. Many virtuous men also promote its interest from a mistaken good nature, and vain men from a design of gaining popularity. Those who are disobliged by the government, join their forces with it to make to themselves a party; and those who are naturally unquiet or factious, find in it a pleasant divertisement; whereas, on the other side, few are so concerned for moderation and truth, as the bigots are for their beloved conceits.

There is also a tinsel devotion in it, which dazzles the eyes of unthinking people; and this arises either from the new zeal, that, like youth, is still vigorous, and has not as yet spent itself so as that it needs to languish; or else from the bigot's being conscious that his opinions need to be disguised under this hypocritical mask.

Severity also increases the number and zeal of bigots. Human nature inclines us wisely to that pity which we may one day need; and few pardon the severity of a magistrate, because they know not where it may stop. I have known also some very serious men, who have concluded, that since magistrates have not oftentimes in other things a great concern for devotion, their forwardness against these errors must arise either from the cruelty of their temper, or from some hid design of carrying on a particular interest, very different from, and ofttimes inconsistent with, the religious zeal they pretend. And generally, the vulgar believe that all superiors are inclined to triumph over those who are subjected to them; many have also a secret persuasion that the magistrates are still in league with the national church and its hierarchy, which they suspect to be supported by them because it maintains their interest, and they are apt to consider churchmen but as pensioners, and so as partisans, to the civil magistrate.

[*Virtue more Pleasant than Vice.*]

The first objection, whose difficulty deserves an answer, is, that virtue obliges us to oppose pleasures, and to accustom ourselves with such rigours, seriousness, and patience, as cannot but render its practice uneasy. And if the reader's own ingenuity supply not what may be rejoined to this, it will require a discourse that shall have no other design besides its satisfaction. And really to show by what means every man may make himself easily happy, and how to soften the appearing rigours of philosophy, is a design which, if I thought it not worthy of a sweeter pen, should be assisted by mine; and for which I have, in my current experience, gathered together some loose reflections and observations, of whose cogency I have this assurance, that they have often moderated the wildest of my own straying inclinations, and so might pretend to a more prevailing ascendant over such whose reason and temperament make them much more reclaimable. But at present my answer is, that philosophy enjoins not the crossing of our own inclinations, but in order to their accomplishment; and it proposes pleasure as its end, as well as vice, though, for its more fixed establishment, it sometimes commands what seems rude to such as are strangers to its intentions in them. Thus temperance resolves to heighten the pleasures of enjoyment, by defending us against all the insults of excess and oppressive loathing; and when it lessens our pleasures, it intends not to abridge them, but to make them fit and convenient for us; even as soldiers, who, though they propose not wounds and starvings, yet, if without these they cannot reach those laurels to which they climb, they will not so far disparage their own hopes, as to think they should fix them upon anything whose purchase deserves not the suffering of these. Physic cannot be called a cruel employment, because, to preserve what is sound, it will cut off what is tainted; and these vicious persons, whose laziness forms this doubt, do answer it, when they endure the sickness of drunkenness, the toiling of avarice, the attendance of rising vanity, and the watchings of anxiety; and all this to satisfy inclinations, whose shortness allows little pleasures, and whose prospect excludes all future hopes. Such as disquiet themselves by anxiety (which is a frequently repeated self-murder), are more tortured than they could be by the want of what they pant after; that longed-for possession of a neighbour's estate, or of a public employment, makes deeper impressions of grief by their absence, than their enjoyment can repair. And a philosopher will sooner convince himself of their not being the necessary integrants of our happiness, than the miser will, by all his assiduousness, gain them.

[*Avarice.*]

The best plea that avarice can make, is, that it provides against those necessities which otherwise would have made us miserable; but the love of money deserves not the name of avarice, whilst it proceeds no farther. And it is then only to be abhorred, when it cheats and abuses us, by making us believe that our necessities are greater than they are, in which it treats us as fools, and makes us slaves. But it is indeed most ridiculous in this, that ofttimes, after it has persuaded men that a great estate is necessary, it does not allow them to make use of any suitable proportion of what they have gained; and since nothing can be called necessary but what we need to use, all that is laid up cannot be said to be laid up for necessity. And so this argument may have some weight when it is pressed by luxury, but it is ridiculous when it is alleged by avarice.

I have, therefore, ofttimes admired how a person that thought it luxury to spend two hundred pounds, toiled as a slave to get four hundred a-year for his heir. Either he thought an honest and virtuous man should not exceed two hundred pounds in his expense, or not; if he thought he should not, why did he bribe his heir to be luxurious, by leaving him more? If he thought his heir could not live upon so little, why should he who gained it defraud himself of the true use?

I know some who preserve themselves against ava-

rice, by arguing often with their own heart that they have twice as much as they expected, and more than others who they think live very contentedly, and who did bound their designs in the beginning with moderate hopes, and refuse obstinately to enlarge, lest they should thus launch out into an ocean that has no shore.

To meditate much upon the folly of others who are remarkable for this vice, will help somewhat to limit it; and to rally him who is ridiculous for it, may influence him and others to contemn it. I must here beg rich and avaricious men's leave, to laugh as much at their folly as I could do at a shepherd who would weep and grieve because his master would give him no more beasts to herd, or at a steward, because his lord gave him no more servants to feed. Nor can I think a man, who, having gained a great estate, is afraid to live comfortably upon it, less ridiculous than I would do him, who, having built a convenient, or it may be a stately house, should choose to walk in the rain, or expose himself to storms, lest he should defile and profane the floor of his almost idolised rooms. They who think that they are obliged to live as well as others of the same rank, do not consider that every man is only obliged to live according to his present estate. And, therefore, this necessity will also grow with our estates; and this temptation rather makes our necessities endless, than provides against them. And he who, having a paternal estate of a hundred pounds a-year, will not be satisfied to live according to it, will meet with the same difficulty when he comes to an estate of ten thousand pounds; and, like the wounded deer, he flies not from the dart, but carries it along with him. We are but stewards, and the steward should not be angry that he has not more to manage; but should be careful to bestow what he has; and if he do so, neither his master nor the world can blame him.

[*The True Path to Esteem.*]

I have remarked in my own time, that some, by taking too much care to be esteemed and admired, have by that course missed their aim; whilst others of them who shunned it, did meet with it, as if it had fallen on them whilst it was flying from the others; which proceeded from the unfit means these able and reasonable men took to establish their reputation. It is very strange to hear men value themselves upon their honour, and their being men of their word in trifles, when yet that same honour cannot tie them to pay the debts they have contracted, upon solemn promise of secure and speedy repayment; starving poor widows and orphans to feed their lusts; and adding thus robbery and oppression to the dishonourable breach of trust. And how can we think them men of honour, who, when a potent and foreign monarch is oppressing his weaker neighbours, hazard their very lives to assist him, though they would rail at any of their acquaintance, that, meeting a strong man fighting with a weaker, should assist the stronger in his oppression!

The surest and most pleasant path to universal esteem and true popularity, is to be just; for all men esteem him most who secures most their private interest, and protects best their innocence. And all who have any notion of a Deity, believe that justice is one of his chief attributes; and that, therefore, whoever is just, is next in nature to Him, and the best picture of Him, and to be reverenced and loved. But yet how few trace this path! most men choosing rather to toil and vex themselves, in seeking popular applause, by living high, and in profuse prodigalities, which are entertained by injustice and oppression; as if rational men would pardon robbers because they feasted them upon a part of their own spoils; or did let them see fine and glorious shows, made for the honour of the giver upon the expense of the robbed spectators. But when a virtuous person appears great by his merit, and obeyed only by the charming force of his reason, all men think him descended from that heaven which he serves, and to him they gladly pay the noble tribute of deserved praises.

NEWSPAPERS IN ENGLAND.

In a former section, we gave an account of the origin of newspapers, and mentioned the political use to which they were turned in England during the civil war. After the Restoration, their contentions were lessened, but the diversity of their contents increased. *The Kingdom's Intelligencer*, which was begun in London in 1662, contained a greater variety of useful information than any of its predecessors; it had a sort of obituary, notices of proceedings in parliament and in the law-courts, &c. Some curious advertisements also appear in its columns, such as—'The Faculties' Office for granting licenses (by act of parliament) to eat flesh in any part of England, is still kept at St Paul's Chain, near St Paul's churchyard.' The following warning is given to the public against a literary piracy:—'There is stolen abroad a most false and imperfect copy of a poem, called *Hudibras*, without name either of printer or bookseller, as fitting so lame and spurious an impression. The true and perfect edition, printed by the author's original, is sold by Richard Marriot, under St Dunstan's church in Fleet Street; that other nameless impression is a cheat, and will but abuse the buyer as well as the author, whose poem deserves to have fallen into better hands.' It would appear that efforts had been made, even at this early period, to report parliamentary speeches; for we find, by Lord Mountmorres's History of the Irish Parliament, that a warm debate occurred in that body during the year 1662, relative to the propriety of allowing the publication of its debates in the English diurnals; and the Speaker, in consequence, wrote to Sir Edward Nicholls, secretary of state, to enjoin a prohibition.

In 1663, another paper called '*The Intelligencer*, published for the satisfaction and information of the people,' was started by Roger L'Estrange. This venal author espoused with great warmth the cause of the crown on all occasions; and Mr Nicholls tells us that he infused into his newspapers more information, more entertainment, and more advertisements, than were contained in any succeeding paper whatever, previous to the reign of Queen Anne. L'Estrange continued his journal for two years, but dropped it upon the appearance of the *London Gazette* (first called the *Oxford Gazette*, owing to the earlier numbers being issued at Oxford, where the court was then holding, and the parliament sitting, in consequence of the plague raging in London): the first number was published on the 4th of February 1665. So rife did these little *books of news*, as they were called, become at this time, that between the years 1661 and 1668, no less than seventy of them were published under various titles; some of them of the most fantastic, and others of a very sarcastic description. For example, we have the *Mercurius Fumigosus, or the Smoking Nocturnal; Mercurius Meretrix; Mercurius Radamanthus; Public Occurrences, truly stated, with allowance! News from the Land of Chivalry, being the pleasant and delectable History and Wonderful and Strange Adventures of Don Rugero de Strangmento, Knight of the Squeaking Fiddlestick*, &c. Then, when we get about the time of the famed Popish Plot, we have the *Weekly Visions of the Popish Plot; Discovery of the Mystery of Iniquity*, &c. On

the 12th May 1680, L'Estrange, who had then started a second paper, called the *Observator*, first exercised his authority as licenser of the press, by procuring to be issued a 'proclamation for suppressing the printing and publishing unlicensed newsbooks and pamphlets of news, because it has become a common practice for evil-disposed persons to vend to his majesty's people all the idle and malicious reports that they could collect or invent, contrary to law; the continuance whereof would in a short time endanger the peace of the kingdom: the same manifestly tending thereto, as has been declared by all his majesty's subjects unanimously.' The charge for inserting advertisements (then untaxed) we learn from the *Jockey's Intelligencer*, 1683, to be 'a shilling for a horse or coach, for notification, and sixpence for renewing;' also in the *Observator Reformed*, it is announced that advertisements of *eight lines* are inserted for one shilling; and Morphew's *County Gentleman's Courant*, two years afterwards, says, that 'seeing promotion of trade is a matter that ought to be encouraged, the price of advertisements is *advanced* to 2d. per line!' The publishers at this time, however, seem to have been sometimes sorely puzzled for news to fill their sheets, small as they were; but a few of them got over the difficulty in a sufficiently ingenious manner. Thus, the *Flying Post*, in 1695, announces, that 'if any gentleman has a mind to oblige his country friend or correspondent with this account of public affairs, he may have it for 2d., of J. Salisbury, at the Rising Sun in Cornhill, on a sheet of fine paper; *half of which being blank*, he may thereon write his own private business, or the material news of the day.' And again, *Dawker's News Letter*—'This letter will be done up on good writing-paper, and blank space left, that any gentleman may write his own private business. It will be useful to improve the younger sort in writing a curious hand!' Another publisher, with less wit or more honesty than these, had recourse to a curious enough expedient for filling his sheet: whenever there was a dearth of news, he filled up the blank part with a portion of the Bible; and in this way is said to have actually gone through the whole of the New Testament and the greater part of the Psalms of David.

Fifth Period.

REIGNS OF WILLIAM III., ANNE, AND GEORGE I. [1689 TO 1727.]

POETS.

THE thirty-eight years embraced by these reigns produced a class of writers in prose and poetry, who, during the whole of the eighteenth century, were deemed the best, or nearly the best, that the country had ever known. The central period of twelve years, which compose the reign of Anne (1702-14), was, indeed, usually styled the *Augustan Era of English Literature*, on account of its supposed resemblance in intellectual opulence to the reign of the Emperor Augustus. This opinion has not been followed or confirmed in the present age. The praise due to good sense, and a correct and polished style, is allowed to the prose writers, and that due to a felicity in painting artificial life, is awarded to the poets; but modern critics seem to have agreed to pass over these qualities as of secondary moment, and to hold in greater estimation the writings of the times preceding the Restoration, and of our own day, as being more boldly original, both in style and in thought, more imaginative, and more sentimental. The Edinburgh Review appears to state the prevailing sentiment in the following sentences.—'Speaking generally of that generation of authors, it may be said that, as poets, they had no force or greatness of fancy, no pathos and no enthusiasm, and, as philosophers, no comprehensiveness, depth, or originality They are sagacious, no doubt, neat, clear, and reasonable; but for the most part, cold, timid, and superficial.' The same critic represents it as their chief praise that they corrected the indecency, and polished the pleasantry and sarcasm, of the vicious school introduced at the Restoration. 'Writing,' he continues, 'with infinite good sense, and great grace and vivacity, and, above all, writing for the first time in a tone that was peculiar to the upper ranks of society, and upon subjects that were almost exclusively interesting to them, they naturally figured as the most accomplished, fashionable, and perfect writers which the world had ever seen, and made the wild, luxuriant, and humble sweetness of our earlier authors appear rude and untutored in the comparison.' While there is general truth in these remarks, it must at the same time be observed, that the age produced several writers, who, each in his own line, may be called extraordinary. Satire, expressed in forcible and copious language, was certainly carried to its utmost pitch of excellence by Swift. The poetry of elegant and artificial life was exhibited, in a perfection never since attained, by Pope. The art of describing the manners, and discussing the morals of the passing age, was practised for the first time, with unrivalled felicity, by Addison. And with all the licentiousness of Congreve and Farquhar, it may be fairly said that English comedy was in their hands what it had never been before, and has scarcely in any instance been since.

MATTHEW PRIOR.

It was in some respects a disadvantage to the poets of this period that most of them enjoyed a considerable degree of worldly prosperity and importance, such as has too rarely blessed the community of authors. Some filled high diplomatic and official situations, and others were engaged in schemes of politics and ambition, where offices of state and the ascendency of rival parties, not poetical or literary laurels, were the prizes contended for. Familiar and constant in-

tercourse with the great on the part of authors, has a tendency to fix the mind on the artificial distinctions and pursuits of society, and to induce a tone of thought and study adapted to such associates. Now, it is certain that high thoughts and imaginations can only be nursed in solitude; and though poets may gain in taste and correctness by mixing in courtly circles, the native vigour and originality of genius, and the steady worship of truth and nature, must be impaired by such a course of refinement. It is evident that most of the poetry of this period, exquisite as it is in gaiety, polish, and sprightliness of fancy, possesses none of the lyrical grandeur and enthusiasm which redeem so many errors in the older poets. The French taste is visible in most of its strains; and where excellence is attained, it is not in the delineation of strong passions, or in bold fertility of invention. Pope was at the head of this school, and was master even of higher powers. He had access to the haunted ground of imagination, but it was not his favourite or ordinary walk. Others were content with humbler worship, with propitiating a minister or a mistress, reviving the conceits of classic mythology, or satirising, without seeking to reform, the fashionable follies of the day. One of the most agreeable and accomplished of the number was MATTHEW PRIOR, born in 1664. Some accounts give the honour of his birth to Wimborne, in Dorsetshire, and others to the city of London. His father died early, and Matthew was brought up by his uncle, a vintner at Charing Cross, who sent him to Westminster school. He was afterwards taken home to assist in the business of the inn; and whilst there, was one day seen by the Earl of Dorset *reading Horace*. The earl generously undertook the care of his education; and in his eighteenth year, Prior was entered of St John's college, Cambridge. He distinguished himself during his academical career, and amongst other copies of verses, produced, in conjunction with the Honourable Charles Montagu, the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, in ridicule of Dryden's 'Hind and Panther.' The Earl of Dorset did not forget the poet he had snatched from obscurity. He invited him to London, and obtained for him an appointment as secretary to the Earl of Berkeley, ambassador to the Hague. In this capacity Prior obtained the approbation of King William, who made him one of the gentlemen of his bedchamber. In 1697 he was appointed secretary to the embassy on the treaty of Ryswick, at the conclusion of which he was presented with a considerable sum of money by the lords justices. Next year he was ambassador at the court of Versailles; and after some other temporary honours and appointments, was made a commissioner of trade. In 1701, he entered the House of Commons as representative for the borough of East-Grimstead, and abandoning his former friends the Whigs, joined the Tories in impeaching Lord Somers. This came with a peculiarly bad grace from Prior, for the charge against Somers was, that he had advised the partition treaty, in which treaty the poet himself had acted as agent. He evinced his patriotism, however, by afterwards celebrating in verse the battles of Blenheim and Ramilies. When the Whig government was at length overturned, Prior became attached to Harley's administration, and went with Bolingbroke to France in 1711, to negotiate a treaty of peace. He lived in splendour in Paris, was a favourite of the French monarch, and enjoyed all the honours of ambassador. He returned to London in 1715; and the Whigs being again in office, he was committed to custody on a charge of high-treason. The accusation against Prior was, that he had held clandestine conferences with the French plenipotentiary, though, as he justly replied, no treaty was ever made without private interviews and preliminaries. The Whigs were indignant at the disgraceful treaty of Utrecht; but Prior only shared in the culpability of the government. The able but profligate Bolingbroke was the master-spirit that prompted the humiliating concession to France. After two years' confinement, the poet was released without a trial. He had in the interval written his poem of *Alma*; and being now left without any other support than his fellowship of St John's college, he continued his studies, and produced his *Solomon*, the most elaborate of his works. He had also recourse to the publication of a collected edition of his poems, which was sold to subscribers for five guineas, and realised the sum of £4000. An equal sum was presented to Prior by the Earl of Oxford, and thus he had laid up a provision for old age. He was ambitious only of comfort and private enjoyment. These, however, he did not long possess; for he died on the 18th of September 1721, at Lord Oxford's seat at Wimpole, being at the time in the fifty-seventh year of his age.

The works of Prior range over a variety of style and subject—odes, songs, epistles, epigrams, and tales. His longest poem, 'Solomon,' is of a serious character, and was considered by its author to be his best production, in which opinion he is supported by Cowper. It is the most moral, and perhaps the most correctly written; but the tales and lighter pieces of Prior are undoubtedly his happiest efforts. In these

he displays that 'charming ease' with which Cowper says he embellished all his poems, added to the lively illustration and colloquial humour of his master, Horace. No poet ever possessed in greater perfection the art of graceful and fluent versification. His narratives flow on like a clear stream, without break or fall, and interest us by their perpetual good humour and vivacity, even when they wander into metaphysics, as in 'Alma,' or into licentiousness, as in his tales. His expression was choice and studied, abounding in classical allusions and images (which were then the fashion of the day), but without any air of pedantry or constraint. Like Swift, he loved to versify the common occurrences of life, and relate his personal feelings and adventures. He had, however, no portion of the dean's bitterness or misanthropy, and employed no stronger weapons of satire than raillery and arch allusion. He sported on the surface of existence, noting its foibles, its pleasures, and eccentricities, but without the power of penetrating into its recesses, or evoking the higher passions of our nature. He was the most natural of artificial poets—a seeming paradox, yet as true as the old maxim, that the perfection of art is the concealment of it.

For My Own Monument.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Epitaph Extempore.

Nobles and heralds, by your leave,
Here lies what once was Matthew Prior,
The son of Adam and of Eve;
Can Stuart or Nassau claim higher?

An Epitaph.

Interr'd beneath this marble stone,
Lie sauntering Jack and idle Joan.
While rolling threescore years and one
Did round this globe their courses run;
If human things went ill or well,
If changing empires rose or fell,
The morning past, the evening came,
And found this couple just the same.
They walk'd and ate, good folks: What then?
Why, then they walk'd and ate again;
They soundly slept the night away;
They did just nothing all the day.
Nor sister either had nor brother;
They seemed just tallied for each other.
Their Moral and Economy
Most perfectly they made agree;
Each virtue kept its proper bound,
Nor trespass'd on the other's ground.
Nor fame nor censure they regarded;
They neither punish'd nor rewarded.
He cared not what the footman did;
Her maids she neither prais'd nor chid:
So every servant took his course,
And, bad at first, they all grew worse.
Slothful disorder fill'd his stable,
And sluttish plenty deck'd her table.
Their beer was strong, their wine was port;
Their meal was large, their grace was short.
They gave the poor the remnant meat,
Just when it grew not fit to eat.
They paid the church and parish rate,
And took, but read not, the receipt;
For which they claim'd their Sunday's due,
Of slumbering in an upper pew.
No man's defects sought they to know,
So never made themselves a foe.
No man's good deeds did they commend,
So never rais'd themselves a friend.
Nor cherish'd they relations poor,
That might decrease their present store;
Nor barn nor house did they repair,
That might oblige their future heir.
They neither added nor confounded;
They neither wanted nor abounded.
Nor tear nor smile did they employ
At news of public grief or joy.
When bells were rung and bonfires made,
If ask'd, they ne'er denied their aid;
Their jug was to the ringers carried,
Whoever either died or married.
Their billet at the fire was found,
Whoever was depos'd or crown'd.
Nor good, nor bad, nor fools, nor wise,
They would not learn, nor could advise;
Without love, hatred, joy, or fear,
They led—a kind of—as it were;
Nor wish'd, nor car'd, nor laugh'd, nor cried;
And so they liv'd, and so they died.

The Garland.

The pride of every grove I chose,
The violet sweet and lily fair,
The dappled pink and blushing rose,
To deck my charming Chloe's hair.

At morn the nymph vouchsaf'd to place
Upon her brow the various wreath;
The flowers less blooming than her face,
The scent less fragrant than her breath.

The flowers she wore along the day,
And every nymph and shepherd said,
That in her hair they look'd more gay
Than glowing in their native bed.

Undress'd at evening, when she found
Their odours lost, their colours past,
She chang'd her look, and on the ground
Her garland and her eyes she cast.

That eye dropp'd sense distinct and clear,
As any muse's tongue could speak,
When from its lid a pearly tear
Ran trickling down her beauteous cheek.

Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, explain
This change of humour; prithee tell—
That falling tear—what does it mean?

She sigh'd, she smil'd; and to the flowers
Pointing, the lovely mor'list said,
See, friend, in some few fleeting hours,
See yonder, what a change is made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of May
And that of beauty are but one;
At morn both flourish bright and gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and gone.

[*Abra's Love for Solomon.*]

[From 'Solomon on the Vanity of the World.']

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
That made my softer hours their solemn care,
Before the rest affected still to stand,
And watch'd my eye, preventing my command.
Abra, she so was call'd, did soonest haste
To grace my presence; Abra went the last;
Abra was ready ere I call'd her name;
And, though I call'd another, Abra came.
Her equals first observ'd her growing zeal,
And laughing, gloss'd that Abra serv'd so well.
To me her actions did unheeded die,
Or were remark'd but with a common eye;
Till, more appris'd of what the rumour said,
More I observ'd peculiar in the maid.
The sun declin'd had shot his western ray,
When, tir'd with business of the solemn day,
I purpos'd to unbend the evening hours,
And banquet private in the women's bowers.
I call'd before I sat to wash my hands
(For so the precept of the law commands):
Love had ordain'd that it was Abra's turn
To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
With awful homage, and submissive dread,
The maid approach'd, on my declining head
To pour the oils: she trembled as she pour'd:
With an unguarded look she now devour'd
My nearer face; and now recall'd her eye,
And heav'd, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.
And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain?
What can thy imagery of sorrow mean?
Secluded from the world and all its care,
Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear?
For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
Ne'er felt love's anger, or receiv'd his dart.
Abash'd she blush'd, and with disorder spoke:
Her rising shame adorn'd the words it broke.
If the great master will descend to hear
The humble series of his handmaid's care;
O! while she tells it, let him not put on
The look that awes the nations from the throne!
O! let not death severe in glory lie
In the king's frown and terror of his eye!
Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain;
And, though to mention be to suffer pain,
If the king smile whilst I my wo recite,
If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
O! witness earth beneath, and heaven above!
For can I hide it? I am sick of love;
If madness may the name of passion bear,
Or love be call'd what is indeed despair.
Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
The inward bent and motion of our souls!
Why hast thou plac'd such infinite degrees
Between the cause and cure of my disease?
The mighty object of that raging fire,
In which, unpitied, Abra must expire.
Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,
At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon;
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepar'd the feast;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, toss'd by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the lov'd dog declare his master near.
On my declining neck and open breast
I should have lull'd the lovely youth to rest,
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stol'n my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and deck'd my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power;
Without a crime my passion had aspir'd,
Found the lov'd prince, and told what I desir'd.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting temper'd light from crystal streams;
Ruddy as gold his cheek; his bosom fair
As silver; the curl'd ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
Ivory, with sapphires interspers'd, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polish'd marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I? where am I? wretched maid!
Die, Abra, die: too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire to meet his high embrace,
And blessing stamp'd upon thy future race;
To bid attentive nations bless thy womb,
With unborn monarchs charg'd, and Solomons to come.
Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid! and oh, unhappy tale! * *
I saw her; 'twas humanity; it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaim'd her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I intreated her, who well deserv'd;
I call'd her often, for she alway serv'd.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produc'd delight.
Whene'er I revell'd in the women's bowers
(For first I sought her but at looser hours),
The apples she had gather'd smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat:
But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not deck'd the feast.

Dishonour'd did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins form'd the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill.
One show'd too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hush'd, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seem'd distinguish'd from the rest,
And better mien disclos'd, as better drest.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confin'd its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Render'd its panting whiteness more confess'd;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improv'd,
And she more lovely grew, as more belov'd.

The Thief and the Cordelier.—A Ballad.

To the tune of 'King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.'

Who has e'er been at Paris, must needs know the Grève,
The fatal retreat of th' unfortunate brave;
Where honour and justice most oddly contribute
To ease heroes' pains by a halter and gibbet.
Derry down, down, hey derry down.

There death breaks the shackles which force had put on,
And the hangman completes what the judge but begun;
There the 'squire of the pad, and the knight of the post,
Find their pains no more baulk'd, and their hopes no more cross'd,
Derry down, &c.

Great claims are there made, and great secrets are known;
And the king, and the law, and the thief, has his own;
But my hearers cry out, What a deuce dost thou ail?
Cut off thy reflections, and give us thy tale.
Derry down, &c.

'Twas there, then, in civil respect to harsh laws,
And for want of false witness to back a bad cause,
A Norman, though late, was obliged to appear;
And who to assist, but a grave Cordelier?
Derry down, &c.

The 'squire, whose good grace was to open the scene,
Seem'd not in great haste that the show should begin;
Now fitted the halter, now travers'd the cart;
And often took leave, but was loath to depart.
Derry down, &c.

What frightens you thus, my good son? says the priest,
You murder'd, are sorry, and have been confess'd.
O father! my sorrow will scarce save my bacon;
For 'twas not that I murder'd, but that I was taken.
Derry down, &c.

Pough, prithee ne'er trouble thy head with such fancies;
Rely on the aid you shall have from St Francis;
If the money you promis'd be brought to the chest,
You have only to die; let the church do the rest.
Derry down, &c.

And what will folks say, if they see you afraid?
It reflects upon me, as I knew not my trade;
Courage, friend, for to-day is your period of sorrow;
And things will go better, believe me, to-morrow.
Derry down, &c.

To-morrow! our hero replied in a fright;
He that's hang'd before noon, ought to think of to-night;
Tell your beads, quoth the priest, and be fairly truss'd up,
For you surely to-night shall in paradise sup.
Derry down, &c.

Alas! quoth the 'squire, howe'er sumptuous the treat,
Parbleu! I shall have little stomach to eat;
I should therefore esteem it great favour and grace,
Would you be so kind as to go in my place.
Derry down, &c.

That I would, quoth the father, and thank you to boot;
But our actions, you know, with our duty must suit:
The feast I proposed to you, I cannot taste,
For this night, by our order, is marked for a fast.
Derry down, &c.

Then, turning about to the hangman, he said,
Despatch me, I prithee, this troublesome blade;
For thy cord and my cord both equally tie,
And we live by the gold for which other men die.
Derry down, &c.

The Cameleon.

As the Cameleon, who is known
To have no colours of his own;
But borrows from his neighbour's hue,
His white or black, his green or blue;
And struts as much in ready light,
Which credit gives him upon sight,
As if the rainbow were in tail,
Settled on him and his heirs male:
So the young squire, when first he comes
From country school to Will's or Tom's,
And equally, in truth, is fit
To be a statesman, or a wit;
Without one notion of his own,
He saunters wildly up and down,
Till some acquaintance, good or bad,
Takes notice of a staring lad,
Admits him in among the gang;
They jest, reply, dispute, harangue;
He acts and talks, as they befriend him,
Smear'd with the colours which they lend him.
Thus, merely as his fortune chances,
His merit or his vice advances.
If haply he the sect pursues,
That read and comment upon news;
He takes up their mysterious face;
He drinks his coffee without lace;
This week his mimic tongue runs o'er
What they have said the week before;
His wisdom sets all Europe right,
And teaches Marlborough when to fight.
Or if it be his fate to meet
With folks who have more wealth than wit,
He loves cheap port, and double bub,
And settles in the Humdrum Club;
He learns how stocks will fall or rise;
Holds poverty the greatest vice;
Thinks wit the bane of conversation;
And says that learning spoils a nation.
But if, at first, he minds his hits,
And drinks champaign among the wits;
Five deep he toasts the towering lasses;
Repeats you verses wrote on glasses;
Is in the chair; prescribes the law;
And 's lov'd by those he never saw.

Protogenes and Apelles.

When poets wrote and painters drew,
As nature pointed out the view;
Ere Gothic forms were known in Greece,
To spoil the well-proportion'd piece;
And in our verse ere monkish rhymes
Had jangled their fantastic chimes;
Ere on the flowery lands of Rhodes,
Those knights had fixed their dull abodes,
Who knew not much to paint or write,
Nor car'd to pray, nor dar'd to fight:
Protogenes, historians note,
Liv'd there, a burgess, scot and lot;
And, as old Pliny's writings show,
Apelles did the same at Co.
Agreed these points of time and place,
Proceed we in the present case.
Piqu'd by Protogenes's fame,
From Co to Rhodes Apelles came,
To see a rival and a friend,
Prepar'd to censure, or commend;
Here to absolve, and there object,
As art with candour might direct.
He sails, he lands, he comes, he rings:
His servants follow with the things:
Appears the governante of th' house,
For such in Greece were much in use
If young or handsome, yes or no,
Concerns not me or thee to know.
Does Squire Protogenes live here?
Yes, sir, says she, with gracious air
And curtsy low, but just cah'd out
By lords peculiarly devout,
Who came on purpose, sir, to borrow
Our Venus for the feast to-morrow,
To grace the church; 'tis Venus' day:
I hope, sir, you intend to stay,
To see our Venus! 'tis the piece
The most renown'd throughout all Greece:
So like th' original, they say:
But I have no great skill that way.
But, sir, at six ('tis now past three),
Dromo must make my master's tea:
At six, sir, if you please to come,
You'll find my master, sir, at home.
Tea, says a critic big with laughter,
Was found some twenty ages after;
Authors, before they write, should read.
'Tis very true; but we'll proceed.
And, sir, at present would you please
To leave your name.—Fair maiden, yes.
Reach me that board. No sooner spoke
But done. With one judicious stroke,
On the plain ground Apelles drew
A circle regularly true:
And will you please, sweetheart, said he,
To show your master this from me?
By it he presently will know
How painters write their names at Co.
He gave the pannel to the maid.
Smiling and curtsying, Sir, she said,
I shall not fail to tell my master:
And, sir, for fear of all disaster,
I'll keep it my own self: safe bind,
Says the old proverb, and safe find.
So, sir, as sure as key or lock—
Your servant, sir—at six o'clock.
Again at six Apelles came,
Found the same prating civil dame.
Sir, that my master has been here,
Will by the board itself appear.
If from the perfect line be found
He has presum'd to swell the round,
Or colours on the draught to lay,
'Tis thus (he order'd me to say),
Thus write the painters of this isle;
Let those of Co remark the style.
She said, and to his hand restor'd
The rival pledge, the missive board.
Upon the happy line were laid
Such obvious light and easy shade,
The Paris' apple stood confess'd,
Or Leda's egg, or Chloe's breast.
Apelles view'd the finish'd piece;
And live, said he, the arts of Greece!
Howe'er Protogenes and I
May in our rival talents vie;
Howe'er our works may have express'd
Who truest drew, or colour'd best,
When he beheld my flowing line,
He found at least I could design:
And from his artful round, I grant,
That he with perfect skill can paint.
The dullest genius cannot fail
To find the moral of my tale;
That the distinguish'd part of men,
With compass, pencil, sword, or pen,
Should in life's visit leave their name
In characters which may proclaim
That they with ardour strove to raise
At once their arts and country's praise;
And in their working, took great care
That all was full, and round, and fair.

[*Richard's Theory of the Mind.*]

[From 'Alma.']

I say, whatever you maintain
Of Alma[1] in the heart or brain,
The plainest man alive may tell ye,
Her seat of empire is the belly.
From hence she sends out those supplies,
Which make us either stout or wise:
Your stomach makes the fabric roll
Just as the bias rules the bowl.
The great Achilles might employ
The strength design'd to ruin Troy;
He dined on lion's marrow, spread
On toasts of ammunition bread;
But, by his mother sent away
Amongst the Thracian girls to play,
Effeminate he sat and quiet—
Strange product of a cheese-cake diet! * *
Observe the various operations
Of food and drink in several nations.
Was ever Tartar fierce or cruel
Upon the strength of water-gruel?
But who shall stand his rage or force
If first he rides, then eats his horse?
Sallads, and eggs, and lighter fare,
Tune the Italian spark's guitar;
And, if I take Dan Congreve right,
Pudding and beef make Britons fight.
Tokay and coffee cause this work
Between the German and the Turk:
And both, as they provisions want,
Chicane, avoid, retire, and faint. * *

As, in a watch's fine machine,
Though many artful springs are seen;
The added movements, which declare
How full the moon, how old the year,
Derive their secondary power
From that which simply points the hour;
For though these gimcracks were away
(Quare[2] would not swear, but Quare would say),
However more reduced and plain,
The watch would still a watch remain:
But if the horal orbit ceases,
The whole stands still, or breaks to pieces,

[1] The mind. [2] Probably a noted watchmaker of the day.

Is now no longer what it was,
And you may e'en go sell the case.
So, if unprejudiced you scan
The goings of this clock-work, man,
You find a hundred movements made
By fine devices in his head;
But 'tis the stomach's solid stroke
That tells his being what's o'clock.
If you take off this *rhetoric* trigger,
He talks no more in trope and figure;
Or clog his *mathematic* wheel,
His buildings fall, his ship stands still;
Or, lastly, break his *politic* weight,
His voice no longer rules the state:
Yet, if these finer whims are gone,
Your clock, though plain, will still go on:
But, spoil the organ of digestion,
And you entirely change the question;
Alma's affairs no power can mend;
The jest, alas! is at an end;
Soon ceases all the worldly bustle,
And you consign the corpse to Russel.[1]

JOSEPH ADDISON.

The prose works of Addison constitute the chief source of his fame; but his muse proved the architect of his fortune, and led him first to distinction. From his character, station, and talents, no man of his day exercised a more extensive or beneficial influence on literature. JOSEPH ADDISON, the

J Addison.

son of an English dean, was born at Milston, Wiltshire, in 1672. He distinguished himself at Oxford by his Latin poetry, and appeared first in English verse by an address to Dryden, written in his twenty-second year. It opens thus

How long, great poet! shall thy sacred lays
Provoke our wonder, and transcend our praise!
Can neither injuries of time or age
Damp thy poetic heat, and quench thy rage?
Not so thy Ovid in his exile wrote;
Grief chill'd his breast, and check'd his rising thought;
Pensive and sad, his drooping muse betrays
The Roman genius in its last decays.

[1] Probably an undertaker.

The youthful poet's praise of his great master is confined to his translations, works which a modern eulogist would scarcely select as the peculiar glory of Dryden. Addison also contributed an Essay on Virgil's Georgics, prefixed to Dryden's translation. His remarks are brief, but finely and clearly written. At the same time, he translated the fourth Georgic, and it was published in Dryden's Miscellany, issued in 1693, with a warm commendation from the aged poet on the 'most ingenious Mr Addison of Oxford.' Next year he ventured on a bolder flight—*An Account of the Greatest English Poets*, addressed to Mr H. S. (supposed to be the famous Dr Sacheverell), April 3, 1694. This Account is a poem of about 150 lines, containing sketches of Chaucer, Spenser, Cowley, Milton, Waller, &c. We subjoin the lines on the author of the Faery Queen, though, if we are to believe Spence, Addison had not then read the poet he ventured to criticise:—

Old Spenser next, warm'd with poetic rage,
In ancient tales amus'd a barbarous age;
An age, that yet uncultivate and rude,
Where'er the poet's fancy led, pursued
Through pathless fields, and unfrequented floods,
To dens of dragons and enchanted woods.
But now the mystic tale, that pleas'd of yore,
Can charm an understanding age no more;
The long-spun allegories fulsome grow,
While the dull moral lies too plain below.
We view well-pleased, at distance, all the sights
Of arms and palfreys, battles, fields, and fights,
And damsels in distress, and courteous knights.
But when we look too near, the shades decay,
And all the pleasing landscape fades away.

This subdued and frigid character of Spenser shows that Addison wanted both the fire and the fancy of the poet. His next production is equally tame and commonplace, but the theme was more congenial to his style: it is *A Poem to His Majesty, Presented to the Lord Keeper*. Lord Somers, then the keeper of the great seal, was gratified by this compliment, and became one of the steadiest patrons of Addison. In 1699, he procured for him a pension of £300 a-year, to enable him to make a tour in Italy. The government patronage was never better bestowed. The poet entered upon his travels, and resided abroad two years, writing from thence a poetical *Letter from Italy to Charles Lord Halifax*, 1701. This is the most elegant and animated of all his poetical productions. The classic ruins of Rome, the 'heavenly figures' of Raphael, the river Tiber, and streams 'immortalised in song,' and all the golden groves and flowery meadows of Italy, seem, as Pope has remarked, 'to have raised his fancy, and brightened his expressions.' There was also, as Goldsmith observed, a strain of political thinking in the Letter, that was then new to our poetry. He returned to England in 1702. The death of King William deprived him of his pension, and appeared to crush his hopes and expectations; but being afterwards engaged to celebrate in verse the battle of Blenheim, Addison so gratified the lord-treasurer, Godolphin, by his 'gazette in rhyme,' that he was appointed a commissioner of appeals. He was next made under secretary of state, and went to Ireland as secretary to the Marquis of Wharton, lord-lieutenant. The queen also made him keeper of the records of Ireland. Previous to this (in 1707), Addison had brought out his opera of *Rosamond*, which was not successful on the stage. The story of fair Rosamond would seem well adapted for

dramatic representation; and in the bowers and shades of Woodstock, the poet had materials for scenic description and display. The genius of Addison, however, was not adapted to the drama; and his opera being confined in action, and written wholly in rhyme, possesses little to attract either readers or spectators. He wrote also a comedy, *The Drummer, or the Haunted House*, which Steele brought out after the death of the author. This play contains a fund of quiet natural humour, but has not strength or breadth enough of character or action for the stage. Addison next entered upon his brilliant career as an essayist, and by his papers in the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian, left all his contemporaries far behind in this delightful department of literature. In these papers, he first displayed that chaste and delicate humour, refined observation, and knowledge of the world, which now form his most distinguishing characteristics; and in his *Vision of Mirza*, his *Reflections in Westminster Abbey*, and other of his graver essays, he evinced a more poetical imagination and deeper vein of feeling than his previous writings had at all indicated. In 1713, his tragedy of *Cato* was brought upon the stage. Pope thought the piece deficient in dramatic interest, and the world has confirmed his judgment; but he wrote a prologue for the tragedy in his happiest manner, and it was performed with almost unexampled success. Party spirit ran high: the Whigs applauded the liberal sentiments in the play, and their cheers were echoed back by the Tories, to show that they did not apply them as censures on themselves. After all the Whig enthusiasm, Lord Bolingbroke sent for Booth the actor, who personated the character of Cato, and presented him with fifty guineas, in acknowledgment, as he said, of his defending the cause of liberty so well against a perpetual dictator (a hit at the Duke of Marlborough). Poetical eulogiums were showered upon the author, Steele, Hughes, Young, Tickell, and Ambrose Philips, being among the writers of these encomiastic verses. The queen expressed a wish that the tragedy should be dedicated to her, but Addison had previously designed this honour for his friend Tickell; and to avoid giving offence either to his loyalty or his friendship, he published it without any dedication. It was translated into French, Italian, and German, and was performed by the Jesuits in their college at St Omers. 'Being,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'in form and essence rather a French than an English play, it is one of the few English tragedies which foreigners have admired.' The unities of time and place have been preserved, and the action of the play is consequently much restricted. Cato abounds in generous and patriotic sentiments, and contains passages of great dignity and sonorous diction; but the poet fails to unlock the sources of passion and natural emotion. It is a splendid and imposing work of art, with the grace and majesty, and also the lifelessness, of a noble antique statue. Addison was now at the height of his fame. He had long aspired to the hand of the countess-dowager of Warwick, whom he had first known by becoming tutor to her son, and he was united to her in 1716. The poet 'married discord in a noble wife.' His marriage was as unhappy as Dryden's with Lady Elizabeth Howard. Both ladies awarded to their husbands 'the heraldry of hands, not hearts,' and the fate of the poets should serve as beacons to warn ambitious literary adventurers. Addison received his highest political honour in 1717 when he was made secretary of state; but he held the office only for a short time. He wanted the physical boldness and ready resources of an effective public speaker, and was unable to defend his measures in parliament. He is also said to have been slow and fastidious in the discharge of the ordinary duties of office. When he held the situation of under secretary, he was employed to send word to Prince George at Hanover of the death of the queen, and the vacancy of the throne; but the critical nicety of the author overpowered his official experience, and Addison was so distracted by the choice of expression, that the task was given to a clerk, who boasted of having done what was too hard for Addison. The love of vulgar wonder may have exaggerated the poet's inaptitude for business, but it is certain he was no orator. He retired from the principal secretaryship with a pension of £1500 per annum, and during his retirement, engaged himself in writing a work on the

Addison's Walk, Magdalen College, Oxford.

Evidences of the Christian Religion, which he did not live to complete. He was oppressed by asthma and dropsy, and was conscious that he should die at comparatively an early age. Two anecdotes are related of his deathbed. He sent, as Pope relates, a message by the Earl of Warwick to Gay, desiring to see him. Gay obeyed the summons; and Addison begged his forgiveness for an injury he had done him, for which, he said, he would recompense him if he recovered. The nature or extent of the injury he did not explain, but Gay supposed it referred to his having prevented some preferment designed for him by the court. At another time, he requested an interview of the Earl of Warwick, whom he was anxious to reclaim from a dissipated and licentious life. 'I have sent for you,' he said, 'that you may see in what peace a Christian can die.' The event thus calmly anticipated took place in Holland house on the 17th of June 1719. A minute or critical review of the daily life of Addison, and his intercourse with his literary associates, is calculated to diminish our reverence and affection. The quarrels of rival wits have long been proverbial, and Addison was also soured by political differences and contention. His temper was jealous and taciturn

(until thawed by wine); and the satire of Pope, that he could 'bear no rival near the throne,' seems to have been just and well-founded. His quarrels with Pope and Steele throw some disagreeable shades among the lights and beauties of the picture; but enough will still remain to establish Addison's title to the character of a good man and a sincere Christian. The uniform tendency of all his writings is his best and highest eulogium. No man can dissemble upon paper through years of literary exertion, or on topics calculated to disclose the bias of his tastes and feelings, and the qualities of his heart and temper. The display of these by Addison is so fascinating and unaffected, that the impression made by his writings, as has been finely remarked, is 'like being recalled to a sense of something like that original purity from which man has been long estranged.'

Holland House.

A 'Life of Addison,' in two volumes, by Lucy Aiken, published in 1843, contains several letters supplied by a descendant of Tickell. This work is written in a strain of unvaried eulogium, and is frequently unjust to Steele, Pope, and the other contemporaries of Addison. The most interesting of the letters were written by Addison during his early travels; and though brief, and often incorrect, contain touches of his inimitable pen. He thus records his impressions of France:—'Truly, by what I have yet seen, they are the happiest nation in the world. 'Tis not in the power of want or slavery to make 'em miserable. There is nothing to be met with in the country but mirth and poverty. Every one sings, laughs, and starves. Their conversation is generally agreeable; for if they have any wit or sense, they are sure to show it. They never mend upon a second meeting, but use all the freedom and familiarity at first sight that a long intimacy or abundance of wine can scarce draw from an Englishman. Their women are perfect mistresses in this art of showing themselves to the best advantage. They are always gay and sprightly, and set off the worst faces in Europe with the best airs. Every one knows how to give herself as charming a look and posture as Sir Godfrey Kneller could draw her in.'

After some further experience, he recurs to the same subject:—'I have already seen, as I informed you in my last, all the king's palaces, and have now seen a great part of the country; I never thought there had been in the world such an excessive magnificence or poverty as I have met with in both together. One can scarce conceive the pomp that appears in everything about the king; but at the same time it makes half his subjects go bare-foot. The people are, however, the happiest in the world, and enjoy from the benefit of their climate and natural constitution such a perpetual mirth and easiness of temper, as even liberty and plenty cannot bestow on those of other nations. Devotion and loyalty are everywhere at their greatest height, but learning seems to run very low, especially in the younger people; for all the rising geniuses have turned their ambition another way, and endeavoured to make their fortunes in the army. The belles lettres in particular seem to be but short-lived in France.'

In acknowledging a present of a snuff-box, we see traces of the easy wit and playfulness of the Spectator:—'About three days ago, Mr Boeher put a very pretty snuff-box in my hand. I was not a little pleased to hear that it belonged to myself, and was much more so when I found it was a present from a gentleman that I have so great an honour for. You do not probably foresee that it would draw on you the trouble of a letter, but you must blame yourself for it. For my part, I can no more accept of a snuff-box without returning my acknowledgments, than I can take snuff without sneezing after it. This last, I must own to you, is so great an absurdity, that I should be ashamed to confess it, were not I in hopes of correcting it very speedily. I am observed to have my box oftener in my hand than those that have bin used to one these twenty years, for I can't forbear taking it out of my pocket whenever I think of Mr Dashwood. You know Mr Bays recommends snuff as a great provocative to wit, but you may produce this letter as a standing evidence against him. I have, since the beginning of it, taken above a dozen pinches, and still find myself much more inclined to sneeze than to jest. From whence I conclude, that wit and tobacco are not inseparable; or to make a pun of it, tho' a man may be master of a snuff-box,

"Non cuicunque datum est habere Nasum."

I should be afraid of being thought a pedant for my quotation, did not I know that the gentleman I am writing to always carrys a Horace in his pocket.'

The same taste which led Addison, as we have seen, to censure as fulsome the wild and gorgeous genius of Spenser, made him look with indifference, if not aversion, on the splendid scenery of the Alps: 'I am just arrived at Geneva,' he says, 'by a very troublesome journey over the Alps, where I have been for some days together shivering among the eternal snows. My head is still giddy with mountains and precipices, and you can't imagine how much I am pleased with the sight of a plain, that is as agreeable to me at present as a shore was about a year ago, after our tempest at Genoa.'

The matured powers of Addison show little of this tame prosaic feeling. The higher of his essays, and his criticism on the Paradise Lost, betray no insensibility to the nobler beauties of creation, or the sublime effusions of genius. His conceptions were enlarged, and his mind expanded, by that literary study and reflection from which his political ambition never divorced him even in the busiest and most engrossing period of his life.

[*From the Letter from Italy.*]

For wheresoe'er I turn my ravish'd eyes,
Gay gilded scenes and shining prospects rise;
Poetic fields encompass me around,
And still I seem to tread on classic ground;[1]
For here the muse so oft her harp has strung,
That not a mountain rears its head unsung;
Renown'd in verse each shady thicket grows,
And every stream in heavenly numbers flows. * *
See how the golden groves around me smile,
That shun the coast of Britain's stormy isle;
Or when transplanted and preserved with care,
Curse the cold clime, and starve in northern air.
Here kindly warmth their mounting juice ferments
To nobler tastes, and more exalted scents;
Even the rough rocks with tender myrtle bloom,
And trodden weeds send out a rich perfume.
Bear me, some god, to Baia's gentle seats,
Or cover me in Umbria's green retreats;
Where western gales eternally reside,
And all the seasons lavish all their pride;
Blossoms, and fruits, and flowers together rise,
And the whole year in gay confusion lies. * *
How has kind heaven adorn'd the happy land,
And scatter'd blessings with a wasteful hand!
But what avail her unexhausted stores,
Her blooming mountains, and her sunny shores,
With all the gifts that heaven and earth impart,
The smiles of nature, and the charms of art,
While proud oppression in her valleys reigns,
And tyranny usurps her happy plains?
The poor inhabitant beholds in vain
The redd'ning orange, and the swelling grain:
Joyless he sees the growing oils and wines,
And in the myrtle's fragrant shade repines:
Starves in the midst of nature's bounty curst,
And in the loaded vineyard dies for thirst.
O liberty, thou goddess heavenly bright,
Profuse of bliss, and pregnant with delight!
Eternal pleasures in thy presence reign,
And smiling plenty leads thy wanton train;
Eas'd of her load, subjection grows more light,
And poverty looks cheerful in thy sight;
Thou mak'st the gloomy face of nature gay,
Giv'st beauty to the sun, and pleasure to the day.
Thee, goddess, thee, Britannia's isle adores;
How has she oft exhausted all her stores,
How oft in fields of death thy presence sought,
Nor thinks the mighty prize too dearly bought!
On foreign mountains may the sun refine
The grape's soft juice, and mellow it to wine;
With citron groves adorn a distant soil,
And the fat olive swell with floods of oil:
We envy not the warmer clime, that lies
In ten degrees of more indulgent skies;
Nor at the coarseness of our heaven repine,
Though o'er our heads the frozen Pleiads shine:
'Tis liberty that crowns Britannia's isle,
And makes her barren rocks and her bleak mountains smile.

Ode.

How are thy servants blest, O Lord!
How sure is their defence!
Eternal wisdom is their guide,
Their help Omnipotence.

In foreign realms, and lands remote,
Supported by thy care,
Through burning climes I pass'd unhurt,
And breathed in tainted air.

Thy mercy sweeten'd every soil,
Made every region please;
The hoary Alpine hills it warm'd,
And smooth'd the Tyrrhene seas.

Think, O my soul! devoutly think,
How, with affrighted eyes,
Thou saw'st the wide-extended deep
In all its horrors rise.

Confusion dwelt on every face,
And fear in every heart,
When waves on waves, and gulfs on gulfs,
O'ercame the pilot's art.

Yet then from all my griefs, O Lord!
Thy mercy set me free;
Whilst in the confidence of prayer
My soul took hold on thee.

For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave,*
I knew thou wert not slow to hear,
Nor impotent to save.

The storm was laid, the winds retir'd,
Obedient to thy will;
The sea that roar'd at thy command,
At thy command was still.

In midst of dangers, fears, and death,
Thy goodness I'll adore;
I'll praise thee for thy mercies past,
And humbly hope for more.

My life, if thou preserv'st my life,
Thy sacrifice shall be;
And death, if death must be my doom,
Shall join my soul to thee.

Ode.

The spacious firmament on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
Th' unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wond'rous tale,
And nightly to the list'ning earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

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

[1] Malone states that this was the first time the phrase *classic ground*, since so common, was ever used. It was ridiculed by some contemporaries as very quaint and affected.

* "The earliest composition that I recollect taking any pleasure in was the Vision of Mirza, and a hymn of Addison's, beginning, "How are thy servants blest, O Lord!" I particularly remember one half-stanza, which was music to my boyish ear:

"For though in dreadful whirls we hung
High on the broken wave."'

Burns—Letter to Dr Moore.

[*The Battle of Blenheim.*]

[From 'The Campaign.']

But now the trumpet terrible from far,
In shriller clangours animates the war;
Confed'rate drums in fuller concert beat,
And echoing hills the loud alarm repeat:
Gallia's proud standards to Bavaria's join'd,
Unfurl their gilded lilies in the wind;
The daring prince his blasted hopes renews,
And while the thick embattled host he views
Stretch'd out in deep array, and dreadful length,
His heart dilates, and glories in his strength.

The fatal day its mighty course began,
That the griev'd world had long desir'd in vain;
States that their new captivity bemoan'd,
Armies of martyrs that in exile groan'd,
Sighs from the depth of gloomy dungeons heard,
And prayers in bitterness of soul preferr'd;
Europe's loud cries, that providence assail'd,
And Anna's ardent vows, at length prevail'd;
The day was come when Heav'n design'd to show
His care and conduct of the world below.

Behold, in awful march and dread array
The long-extended squadrons shape their way!
Death, in approaching, terrible, imparts
An anxious horror to the bravest hearts;
Yet do their beating breasts demand the strife,
And thirst of glory quells the love of life.
No vulgar fears can British minds control;
Heat of revenge, and noble pride of soul,
O'erlook the foe, advantag'd by his post,
Lessen his numbers, and contract his host;
Though fens and floods possess'd the middle space,
That unprovok'd they would have fear'd to pass;
Nor fens nor floods can stop Britannia's bands,
When her proud foe rang'd on their borders stands.

But O, my muse, what numbers wilt thou find
To sing the furious troops in battle join'd!
Methinks I hear the drum's tumultuous sound,
The victor's shouts and dying groans confound;
The dreadful burst of cannon rend the skies,
And all the thunder of the battle rise.
'Twas then great Marlbro's mighty soul was prov'd,
That, in the shock of charging hosts unmov'd,
Amidst confusion, horror, and despair,
Examin'd all the dreadful scenes of war;
In peaceful thought the field of death survey'd,
To fainting squadrons sent the timely aid,
Inspir'd repuls'd battalions to engage,
And taught the doubtful battle where to rage.
So when an angel, by divine command,
With rising tempests shakes a guilty land,
Such as of late o'er pale Britannia pass'd,
Calm and serene he drives the furious blast,
And, plea'sd th' Almighty's orders to perform,
Rides in the whirlwind, and directs the storm.

[The concluding simile of the angel has been much celebrated, and was so admired by the lord treasurer, that on seeing it, without waiting for the completion of the poem, he rewarded the poet by appointing him, in the place of Mr Locke (who had been promoted), a commissioner of appeals.]

[*From the Tragedy of Cato.*]

Act iv.—Scene iv.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Portius. Misfortune on misfortune! grief on grief!
My brother Marcus ——
Cato. ——— Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his post? has he given way?
Did he look tamely on, and let them pass?
Portius. Scarce had I left my father, but I met him
Borne on the shields of his surviving soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with wounds.
Long at the head of his few faithful friends
He stood the shock of a whole host of foes;
Till obstinately brave, and bent on death,
Opprest with multitudes, he greatly fell.
Cato. I'm satisfied.
Portius. ——— Nor did he fall before
His sword had pierced through the false heart of Syphax.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary traitor
Grin in the pangs of death, and bite the ground.
Cato. Thanks to the gods! my boy has done his duty.
Portius, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His urn near mine.
Portius. ——— Long may they keep asunder!
Lucius. O Cato! arm thy soul with all its patience;
See where the corse of thy dead son approaches!
The citizens and senators, alarmed,
Have gather'd round it, and attend it weeping.
Cato. [meeting the corpse.]
Welcome, my son! here lay him down, my friends,
Full in my sight, that I may view at leisure
The bloody corse, and count those glorious wounds.
How beautiful is death, when earn'd by virtue!
Who would not be that youth? what pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our country!
Why sits this sadness on your brows, my friends?
I should have blushed if Cato's house had stood
Secure, and flourished in a civil war.
Portius, behold thy brother, and remember
Thy life is not thy own when Rome demands it.
Juba. Was ever man like this! [*Aside.*
Cato. ——— Alas! my friends,
Why mourn you thus? let not a private loss
Afflict your hearts. 'Tis Rome requires our tears.
The mistress of the world, the seat of empire,
The nurse of heroes, the delight of gods,
That humbled the proud tyrants of the earth,
And set the nations free, Rome is no more.
O liberty! O virtue! O my country!
Juba. Behold that upright man! Rome fills his eyes
With tears that flow'd not o'er his own dead son.
[*Aside.*
Cato. Whate'er the Roman virtue has subdued,
The sun's whole course, the day and year, are Cæsar's.
For him the self-devoted Decii died,
The Fabii fell, and the great Scipios conquered:
Even Pompey fought for Cæsar. Oh! my friends!
How is the toil of fate, the work of ages,
The Roman empire fallen! O curst ambition!
Fallen into Cæsar's hands! our great forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his country.
Juba. While Cato lives, Cæsar will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of empire.
Cato. Cæsar ashamed! has not he seen Pharsalia?
Lucius. Cato, 'tis time thou save thyself and us.
Cato. Lose not a thought on me, I'm out of danger.
Heaven will not leave me in the victor's hand.
Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd Cato.
But oh! my friends, your safety fills my heart
With anxious thoughts: a thousand secret terrors
Rise in my soul: how shall I save my friends!
'Tis now, O Cæsar, I begin to fear thee!
Lucius. Cæsar has mercy, if we ask it of him.
Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, Cato did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
The virtue of my friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my heart is troubled for thy sake.
Should I advise thee to regain Numidia,
Or seek the conqueror?

Juba. ——— If I forsake thee
Whilst I have life, may heaven abandon Juba!
Cato. Thy virtues, prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one day make thee great; at Rome, hereafter,
'Twill be no crime to have been Cato's friend.
Portius, draw near! My son, thou oft has seen
Thy sire engaged in a corrupted state,
Wrestling with vice and faction: now thou seest me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of success:
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy paternal seat, the Sabine field,
Where the great Censor toiled with his own hands,
And all our frugal ancestors were blest
In humble virtues and a rural life.
There live retired; pray for the peace of Rome;
Content thyself to be obscurely good.
When vice prevails, and impious men bear sway,
The post of honour is a private station.
Portius. I hope my father does not recommend
A life to Portius that he scorns himself.
Cato. Farewell, my friends! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the victor's clemency,
Know, there are ships prepared by my command
(Their sails already opening to the winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for port.
Is there aught else, my friends, I can do for you?
The conqueror draws near. Once more farewell!
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet
In happier climes, and on a safer shore,
Where Cæsar never shall approach us more.
[*Pointing to his dead son.*
There the brave youth, with love of virtue fired,
Who greatly in his country's cause expired,
Shall know he conquer'd. The firm patriot there
(Who made the welfare of mankind his care),
Though still, by faction, vice, and fortune crost,
Shall find the generous labour was not lost.

Act V.—Scene I.

[CATO, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand PLATO'S book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.]

It must be so—Plato, thou reason'st well!—
Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
This longing after immortality?
Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
'Tis the divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
And intimates eternity to man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
Through what variety of untried being,
Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
The wide, th' unbounded prospect, lies before me;
But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a power above us,
(And that there is, all nature cries aloud
Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
And that which he delights in must be happy.
But when? or where? This world was made for
Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.
[*Laying his hand on his sword.*
Thus am I doubly arm'd: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the wars of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

What means this heaviness that hangs upon me?
This lethargy that creeps through all my senses?
Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with care,
Sinks down to rest. This once I'll favour her,
That my awaken'd soul may take her flight,
Renew'd in all her strength, and fresh with life,
An offering fit for heaven. Let guilt or fear
Disturb man's rest: Cato knows neither of them;
Indifferent in his choice to sleep or die.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

JONATHAN SWIFT, one of the most remarkable men of the age, was born in Dublin in 1667. His father was steward to the society of the King's Inns, but died in great poverty before the birth of his distinguished son. Swift was supported by his uncle; and the circumstances of want and dependence with

Jonat: Swift.

which he was early familiar, seem to have sunk deep in his haughty soul. 'Born a posthumous child,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'and bred up an object of charity, he early adopted the custom of observing his birth-day as a term, not of joy, but of sorrow, and of reading, when it annually recurred, the striking passage of Scripture in which Job laments and execrates the day upon which it was said in his father's house "that a man-child was born."' Swift was sent to Trinity college, Dublin, which he left in his twenty-first year, and was received into the house of Sir William Temple, a distant relation of his mother. Here Swift met King William, and indulged hopes of preferment, which were never realised. In 1692 he repaired to Oxford, for the purpose of taking his degree of M.A., and shortly after obtaining this distinction he resolved to quit the establishment of Temple and take orders in the Irish church. He procured the prebend of Kilroot, in the diocese of Connor, but was soon disgusted with the life of an obscure country clergyman with an income of £100 a-year. He returned to Moorpark, the house of Sir William Temple, and threw up his living at Kilroot. Temple died in 1699, and the poet was glad to accompany Lord Berkeley to Ireland in the capacity of chaplain. From this nobleman he obtained the rectory of Aghar, and the vicarages of Laracor and Rathveggan; to which

was afterwards added the prebend of Dunlavin, making his income only about £200 per annum. At Moorpark, Swift had contracted an intimacy with Miss Hester Johnson, daughter of Sir William Temple's steward, and, on his settlement in Ireland, this lady, accompanied by another female of middle age, went to reside in his neighbourhood. Her future life was intimately connected with that of Swift, and he has immortalised her under the name of Stella.

In 1701, Swift became a political writer on the side of the Whigs, and on his visits to England, he associated with Addison, Steele, and Arbuthnot. In 1710, conceiving that he was neglected by the ministry, he quarrelled with the Whigs, and united with Harley and the Tory administration. He was received with open arms. 'I stand with the new people,' he writes to Stella, 'ten times better than ever I did with the old, and forty times more caressed.' He carried with him shining weapons for party warfare — irresistible and unscrupulous satire, steady hate, and a dauntless spirit. From his new allies, he received, in 1713, the deanery of St Patrick's. During his residence in England, he had engaged the affections of another young lady, Esther Vanhomrigh, who, under the name of Vanessa, rivalled Stella in poetical celebrity, and in personal misfortune. After the death of her father, this young lady and her sister retired to Ireland, where their father had left a small property near Dublin. Human nature has, perhaps, never before or since presented the spectacle of a man of such transcendent powers as Swift involved in such a pitiable labyrinth of the affections. His pride or ambition led him to postpone indefinitely his marriage with Stella, to whom he was early attached. Though, he said, he 'loved her better than his life a thousand millions of times,' he kept her hanging on in a state of hope deferred, injurious alike to her peace and her reputation. Did he fear the scorn and laughter of the world, if he should marry the obscure daughter of Sir William Temple's steward? He dared not afterwards, with manly sincerity, declare his situation to Vanessa, when this second victim avowed her passion. He was flattered that a girl of eighteen, of beauty and accomplishments, sighed for 'a gown of forty-four,' and he did not stop to weigh the consequences. The removal of Vanessa to Ireland, as Stella had gone before, to be near the presence of Swift—her irrepressible passion, which no coldness or neglect could extinguish—her life of deep seclusion, only chequered by the occasional visits of Swift, each of which she commemorated by planting with her own hand a laurel in the garden where they met — her agonizing remonstrances, when all her devotion and her offerings had failed, are touching beyond expression.

'The reason I write to you,' she says, 'is because I cannot tell it to you, should I see you. For when I begin to complain, then you are angry; and there is something in your looks so awful, that it strikes me dumb. O! that you may have but so much regard for me left, that this complaint may touch your soul with pity. I say as little as ever I can. Did you but know what I thought, I am sure it would move you to forgive me, and believe that I cannot help telling you this, and live.'

To a being thus agitated and engrossed with the strongest passion, how poor, how cruel, must have seemed the return of Swift!

Cadenus, common forms apart,
In every scene had kept his heart;
Had sighed and languished, vowed and writ,
For pastime, or to show his wit;
But books, and time, and state affairs,
Had spoiled his fashionable airs;
He now could praise, esteem, approve,
But understood not what was love:
His conduct might have made him styled
A father, and the nymph his child.
That innocent delight he took
To see the virgin mind her book,
Was but the master's secret joy
In school to hear the finest boy.

The tragedy continued to deepen as it approached the close. Eight years had Vanessa nursed in solitude the hopeless attachment. At length she wrote to Stella, to ascertain the nature of the connexion between her and Swift; the latter obtained the fatal letter, and rode instantly to Marley abbey, the residence of the unhappy Vanessa. 'As he entered the apartment,' to adopt the picturesque language of Scott in recording the scene, 'the sternness of his countenance, which was peculiarly formed to express the stronger passions, struck the unfortunate Vanessa with such terror, that she could scarce ask whether he would not sit down. He answered by flinging a letter on the table; and instantly leaving the house, mounted his horse, and returned to Dublin. When Vanessa opened the packet, she only found her own letter to Stella. It was her death-warrant. She sunk at once under the disappointment of the delayed yet cherished hopes which had so long sickened her heart, and beneath the unrestrained wrath of him for whose sake she had indulged them. How long she survived this last interview is uncertain, but the time does not seem to have exceeded a few weeks.'*

Even Stella, though ultimately united to Swift, dropped into the grave without any public recognition of the tie; they were married in secrecy in the garden of the deanery, when on her part all but life had faded away. The fair sufferers were deeply avenged. But let us adopt the only charitable—perhaps the just—interpretation of Swift's conduct; the malady which at length overwhelmed his reason might then have been lurking in his frame; the heart might have felt its ravages before the intellect. A comparison of dates proves that it was some years before Vanessa's death that the scene occurred which has been related by Young, the author of the 'Night Thoughts.' Swift was walking with some friends in the neighbourhood of Dublin. Perceiving he did not follow us,' says Young, 'I

* The talents of Vanessa may be seen from her letters to Swift. They are further evinced in the following Ode to Spring, in which she alludes to her unhappy attachment:—

Hail, blushing goddess, beauteous Spring!
Who in thy jocund train dost bring
Loves and graces—smiling hours—
Balmy breezes—fragrant flowers;
Come, with tints of rosate hue,
Nature's faded charms renew!
Yet why should I thy presence hail?
To me no more the breathing gale
Comes fraught with sweets, no more the rose
With such transcendent beauty blows,
As when Cadenus blest the scene,
And shared with me those joys serene.
When, unperceived, the lambent fire
Of friendship kindled new desire;
Still listening to his tuneful tongue,
The truths which angels might have sung,
Divine imprest their gentle sway,
And sweetly stole my soul away.
My guide, instructor, lover, friend,
Dear names, in one idea blend;
Oh! still conjoined, your incense rise,
And waft sweet odours to the skies!

went back, and found him fixed as a statue, and earnestly gazing upward at a noble elm, which in its uppermost branches was much decayed. Pointing at it, he said, "I shall be like that tree; I shall die at the top." ' The same presentiment finds expression in his exquisite imitation of Horace (book ii. satire 6.), made in conjunction with Pope:—

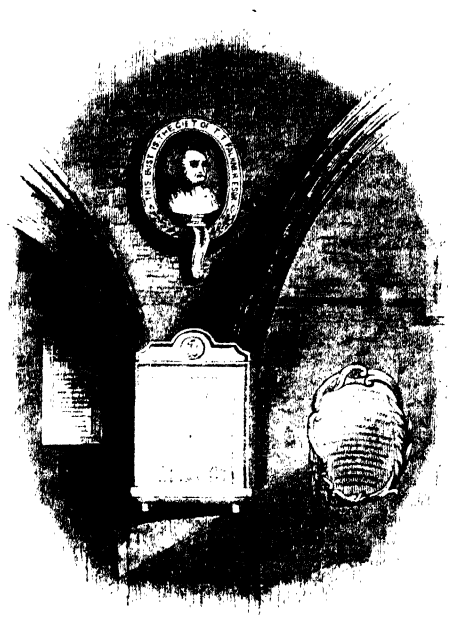
I've often wished that I had clear
For life six hundred pounds a-year,
A handsome house to lodge a friend,
A river at my garden's end,
A terrace-walk, and half a rood
Of land, set out to plant a wood.
Well, now I have all this and more,
I ask not to increase my store;
But here a grievance seems to lie,
All this is mine but till I die;
I can't but think 'twould sound more clever,
To me and to my heirs for ever.
If I ne'er got or lost a groat
By any trick or any fault;
And if I pray by reason's rules,
And not like forty other fools,
As thus, 'Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
To grant me this and 'tother acre;
Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
Direct my plough to find a treasure!'
But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;
Preserve, Almighty Providence!
Just what you gave me, competence,
And let me in these shades compose
Something in verse as true as prose.

Swift was at first disliked in Ireland, but the *Drapier's Letters* and other works gave him unbounded popularity. His wish to serve Ireland was one of his ruling passions; yet it was something like the instinct of the inferior animals towards their offspring; waywardness, contempt, and abuse were strangely mingled with affectionate attachment and ardent zeal. Kisses and curses were alternately on his lips. Ireland, however, gave Swift her whole heart—he was more than king of the rabble. After various attacks of deafness and giddiness, his temper became ungovernable, and his reason gave way. Truly and beautifully has Scott said, 'the stage darkened ere the curtain fell.' Swift's almost total silence during the last three years of his life (for the last year he spoke not a word) appals and overawes the imagination. He died on the 19th of October 1745, and was interred in St Patrick's cathedral, amidst the tears and prayers of his countrymen. His fortune, amounting to about £10,000, he left chiefly to found a lunatic asylum in Dublin, which he had long meditated.

He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad,
And showed, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.

Gulliver's Travels and the *Tale of a Tub* must ever be the chief corner-stones of Swift's fame. The purity of his prose style renders it a model of English composition. He could wither with his irony and invective; excite to mirth with his wit and invention; transport as with wonder at his marvellous powers of grotesque and ludicrous combination, his knowledge of human nature (piercing quite through the deeds of men), and his matchless power of feigning reality, and assuming at pleasure different characters and situations in life. He is often disgustingly coarse and gross in his style and subjects; but his grossness is always repulsive, not seductive.

Swift's poetry is perfect, exactly as the old Dutch artists were perfect painters. He never attempted to rise above this 'visible diurnal sphere.' He is



Tomb of Swift in Dublin cathedral.

content to lash the frivolities of the age, and to depict its absurdities. In his too faithful representations, there is much to condemn and much to admire. Who has not felt the truth and humour of his *City Shower*, and his description of *Morning*? Or the liveliness of his *Grand Question Debated*, in which the knight, his lady, and the chambermaid, are so admirably drawn? His most ambitious flight is his *Rhapsody on Poetry*, and even this is pitched in a pretty low key. Its best lines are easily remembered;

Not empire to the rising sun,
By valour, conduct, fortune won;
Not highest wisdom in debates
For framing laws to govern states;
Not skill in sciences profound,
So large to grasp the circle round,
Such heavenly influence require,
As how to strike the Muses' lyre.

Not beggar's brat on bulk begot,
Not bastard of a pedler Scot,
Not boy brought up to cleaning shoes,
The spawn of Bridewell or the stews,
Not infants dropt, the spurious pledges
Of gipsies littering under hedges,
Are so disqualified by fate
To rise in church, or law, or state,
As he whom Phœbus in his ire
Hath blasted with poetic fire.

Swift's verses on his own death are the finest example of his peculiar poetical vein. He predicts what his friends will say of his illness, his death, and his reputation, varying the style and the topics to suit each of the parties. The versification is easy and flowing, with nothing but the most familiar and commonplace expressions. There are some little touches of homely pathos, which are felt like trickling tears, and the effect of the piece altogether is electrical: it carries with it the strongest conviction of its sincerity and truth; and we see and feel

(especially as years creep on) how faithful a depicter of human nature, in its frailty and weakness, was the misanthropic dean of St Patrick's.

[*A Description of the Morning.*]

Now hardly here and there a hackney-coach
Appearing showed the ruddy morn's approach.
The slipshod 'prentice from his master's door
Had pared the dirt, and sprinkled round the floor.
Now Moll had whirled her mop with dexterous airs,
Prepared to scrub the entry and the stairs.
The youth with broomy stumps began to trace
The kennel's edge, where wheels had worn the place.
The small-coal man was heard with cadence deep,
Till drown'd in shriller notes of chimney-sweep:
Duns at his lordship's gate began to meet;
And brick-dust Moll had screamed through half the street.
The turnkey now his flock returning sees,
Duly let out a-nights to steal for fees;
The watchful bailiffs take their silent stands,
And schoolboys lag with satchels in their hands.

[*A Description of a City Shower.*]

Careful observers may foretell the hour
(By sure prognostics) when to dread a shower.
While rain depends, the pensive cat gives o'er
Her frolics, and pursues her tail no more.
Returning home at night, you'll find the sink
Strike your offended sense with double stink.
If you be wise, then go not far to dine;
You'll spend in coach-hire more than save in wine.
A coming shower your shooting corns presage,
Old aches will throb, your hollow tooth will rage:
Sauntering in coffee-house is Dulman seen;
He damns the climate, and complains of spleen.
Meanwhile the south, rising with dabbled wings,
A sable cloud athwart the welkin flings,
That swilled more liquor than it could contain,
And, like a drunkard, gives it up again.
Brisk Susan whips her linen from the rope,
While the first drizzling shower is borne aslope;
Such is that sprinkling, which some careless quean
Flirts on you from her mop—but not so clean:
You fly, invoke the gods; then turning, stop
To rail; she, singing, still whirls on her mop.
Not yet the dust had shunned the unequal strife,
But, aided by the wind, fought still for life,
And wafted with its foe by violent gust,
'Twas doubtful which was rain, and which was dust.
Ah! where must needy poet seek for aid,
When dust and rain at once his coat invade?
Sole coat, where dust cemented by the rain
Erects the nap, and leaves a cloudy stain!
Now in contiguous drops the flood comes down,
Threatening with deluge this devoted town.
To shops in crowds the daggled females fly,
Pretend to cheapen goods, but nothing buy.
The Templar spruce, while every spout's a-broach,
Stays till 'tis fair, yet seems to call a coach.
The tucked-up sempstress walks with hasty strides,
While streams run down her oiled umbrella's sides.
Here various kinds, by various fortunes led,
Commence acquaintance underneath a shed.
Triumphant Tories and desponding Whigs,
Forget their feuds, and join to save their wigs.
Boxed in a chair the beau impatient sits,
While spouts run clattering o'er the roof by fits;
And ever and anon with frightful din
The leather sounds; he trembles from within.
So when Troy chairmen bore the wooden steed,
Pregnant with Greeks impatient to be freed
(Those bully Greeks, who, as the moderns do,
Instead of paying chairmen, run them through),
Laocoon struck the outside with his spear,
And each imprisoned hero quaked for fear.
Now from all parts the swelling kennels flow,
And bear their trophies with them as they go:
Filths of all hues and odours seem to tell
What street they sailed from by their sight and smell.
They, as each torrent drives, with rapid force,
From Smithfield or St 'Pulchre's shape their course,
And in huge confluence joined at Snowhill ridge,
Fall from the conduit prone to Holborn Bridge.
Sweepings from butchers' stalls, dung, guts, and blood,
Drowned puppies, stinking sprats, all drenched in mud,
Dead cats, and turnip-tops, come tumbling down the flood.

Baucis and Philemon.

[Imitated from the Eighth Book of Ovid.—Written about the year 1708.]

In ancient times, as story tells,
The saints would often leave their cells,
And stroll about, but hide their quality,
To try good people's hospitality.
It happened on a winter night
(As authors of the legend write),
Two brother hermits, saints by trade,
Taking their tour in masquerade,
Disguised in tattered habits, went
To a small village down in Kent;
Where, in the strollers' canting strain,
They begged from door to door in vain;
Tried every tone might pity win,
But not a soul would let them in.
Our wandering saints in woful state,
Treated at this ungodly rate,
Having through all the village past,
To a small cottage came at last,
Where dwelt a good old honest yeoman,
Called in the neighbourhood Philemon,
Who kindly did the saints invite
In his poor hut to pass the night.
And then the hospitable sire
Bid Goody Baucis mend the fire,
While he from out the chimney took
A flitch of bacon off the hook,
And freely from the fattest side
Cut out large slices to be fried;
Then stepped aside to fetch them drink,
Filled a large jug up to the brink,
And saw it fairly twice go round;
Yet (what was wonderful) they found
'Twas still replenished to the top,
As if they ne'er had touched a drop.
The good old couple were amazed,
And often on each other gazed:
For both were frighted to the heart,
And just began to cry—'What art?'
Then softly turned aside to view,
Whether the lights were burning blue.
The gentle pilgrims, soon aware on't,
Told them their calling and their errant:
Good folks, you need not be afraid,
We are but saints, the hermits said;
No hurt shall come to you or yours;
But, for that pack of churlish boors,
Not fit to live on Christian ground,
They and their houses shall be drowned:
While you shall see your cottage rise,
And grow a church before your eyes.
They scarce had spoke, when fair and soft,
The roof began to mount aloft;
Aloft rose every beam and rafter,
The heavy wall climbed slowly after.
The chimney widened, and grew higher,
Became a steeple with a spire.

The kettle to the top was hoist,
And there stood fastened to a joist;
But with the up-side down, to show
Its inclination for below:
In vain; for some superior force,
Applied at bottom, stops its course;
Doomed ever in suspense to dwell,
'Tis now no kettle, but a bell.
A wooden jack, which had almost
Lost by disuse the art to roast,
A sudden alteration feels,
Increased by new intestine wheels:
And, what exalts the wonder more,
The number made the motion slower;
The flier, which, thought 't had leaden feet,
Turned round so quick, you scarce could see't.
Now, slackened by some secret power,
Can hardly move an inch an hour.
The jack and chimney, near allied,
Had never left each other's side:
The chimney to a steeple grown,
The jack would not be left alone;
But, up against the steeple reared,
Became a clock, and still adhered:
And still its love to household cares,
By a shrill voice at noon, declares;
Warning the cook-maid not to burn
That roast meat, which it cannot turn.
The groaning chair was seen to crawl,
Like a huge snail, half up the wall;
There stuck aloft in public view,
And, with small change, a pulpit grew.
The porringers, that in a row
Hung high, and made a glittering show,
To a less noble substance changed,
Were now but leathern buckets ranged.
The ballads pasted on the wall,
Of Joan of France, and English Moll,
Fair Rosamond, and Robin Hood,
The Little Children in the Wood,
Now seemed to look abundance better,
Improved in picture, size, and letter;
And high in order placed, describe
The heraldry of every tribe.
A bedstead of the antique mode,
Compact of timber many a load;
Such as our grandsires went to use,
Was metamorphosed into pews;
Which still their ancient nature keep,
By lodging folks disposed to sleep.
The cottage, by such feats as these,
Grown to a church by just degrees;
The hermits then desire their host
To ask for what he fancied most.
Philemon, having paused a while,
Returned them thanks in homely style;
Then said, my house is grown so fine,
Methinks I still would call it mine:
I'm old, and fain would live at ease;
Make me the parson, if you please.
He spoke, and presently he feels
His grazier's coat fall down his heels:
He sees, yet hardly can believe,
About each arm a pudding sleeve:
His waistcoat to a cassock grew,
And both assumed a sable hue;
But being old, continued just
As threadbare and as full of dust.
His talk was now of tithes and dues;
Could smoke his pipe, and read the news:
Knew how to preach old sermons next,
Vamped in the preface and the text:
At christenings well could act his part,
And had the service all by heart:
Wished women might have children fast,
And thought whose sow had farrowed last:
Against dissenters would repine,
And stood up firm for right divine:
Found his head filled with many a system,
But classic authors—he ne'er missed them.
Thus having furbished up a parson,
Dame Baucis next they played their farce on:
Instead of home-spun coifs, were seen
Good pinners, edged with Colberteen:
Her petticoat, transformed apace,
Became black satin flounced with lace.
Plain Goody would no longer down;
'Twas Madam, in her grogram gown.
Philemon was in great surprise,
And hardly could believe his eyes:
Amazed to see her look so prim;
And she admired as much at him.
Thus, happy in their change of life,
Were several years the man and wife:
When on a day, which proved their last,
Discoursing o'er old stories past,
They went by chance, amidst their talk,
To the churchyard to fetch a walk;
When Baucis hastily cried out,
My dear, I see your forehead sprout!
Sprout, quoth the man, what's this you tell us?
I hope you don't believe me jealous?
But yet, methinks, I feel it true;
And really yours is budding too——
Nay——now I cannot stir my foot;
It feels as if 'twere taking root.
Description would but tire my Muse;
In short, they both were turned to yews.
Old Goodman Dobson, of the green,
Remembers he the trees hath seen;
He'll talk of them from noon to night,
And goes with folks to show the sight;
On Sundays, after evening prayer,
He gathers all the parish there;
Points out the place of either yew,
Here Baucis, there Philemon grew.
'Till once a parson of our town,
To mend his barn, cut Baucis down;
At which, 'tis hard to be believed,
How much the other tree was grieved;
Grew scrubby, died a-top, was stunted;
So the next parson stubbed and burnt it.

[*Verses on his own Death.*]

As Rochefoucault his maxims drew
From nature, I believe them true:
They argue no corrupted mind
In him; the fault is in mankind.
This maxim more than all the rest
Is thought too base for human breast:
'In all distresses of our friends
We first consult our private ends;
While nature, kindly bent to ease us,
Points out some circumstance to please us.'
If this perhaps your patience move,
Let reason and experience prove.
We all behold with envious eyes
Our equal raised above our size.
I love my friend as well as you;
But why should he obstruct my view?
Then let me have the higher post;
Suppose it but an inch at most.
If in a battle you should find
One whom you love of all mankind,
Had some heroic action done,
A champion killed, or trophy won;
Rather than thus be overtopt,
Would you not wish his laurels cropt?
Dear honest Ned is in the gout,
Lies racked with pain, and you without:

How patiently you hear him groan!
How glad the case is not your own!
What poet would not grieve to see
His brother write as well as he?
But, rather than they should excel,
Would wish his rivals all in hell?
Her end when emulation misses,
She turns to envy, stings, and hisses:
The strongest friendship yields to pride,
Unless the odds be on our side.
Vain human kind! fantastic race!
Thy various follies who can trace?
Self-love, ambition, envy, pride,
Their empire in our hearts divide.
Give others riches, power, and station,
'Tis all on me a usurpation.
I have no title to aspire;
Yet, when you sink, I seem the higher.
In Pope I cannot read a line,
But with a sigh I wish it mine:
When he can in one couplet fix
More sense than I can do in six,
It gives me such a jealous fit,
I cry, Pox take him and his wit.
I grieve to be outdone by Gay
In my own humorous biting way.
Arbuthnot is no more my friend,
Who dares to irony pretend,
Which I was born to introduce,
Refined it first, and showed its use.
St John,[1] as well as Pulteney,[2] knows
That I had some repute for prose;
And, till they drove me out of date,
Could maul a minister of state.
If they have mortified my pride,
And made me throw my pen aside;
If with such talents heaven hath blest 'em,
Have I not reason to detest 'em?
To all my foes, dear fortune, send
Thy gifts, but never to my friend:
I tamely can endure the first;
But this with envy makes me burst.
Thus much may serve by way of proem;
Proceed we therefore to our poem.
The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 'tis hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.
That old vertigo in his head
Will never leave him, till he's dead.
Besides, his memory decays:
He recollects not what he says;
He cannot call his friends to mind;
Forgets the place where last he dined;
Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
He told them fifty times before.
How does he fancy we can sit
To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
But he takes up with younger folks,
Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
Or change his comrades once a quarter:
In half the time he talks them round,
There must another set be found.
For poetry, he's past his prime;
He takes an hour to find a rhyme:
His fire is out, his wit decayed,
His fancy sunk, his muse a jade.
I'd have him throw away his pen—
But there's no talking to some men.
And then their tenderness appears
By adding largely to my years:
He's older than he would be reckoned,
And well remembers Charles the Second.
He hardly drinks a pint of wine;
And that, I doubt, is no good sign.
His stomach, too, begins to fail;
Last year we thought him strong and hale;
But now he's quite another thing;
I wish he may hold out till spring.
They hug themselves and reason thus:
It is not yet so bad with us.
In such a case they talk in tropes,
And by their fears express their hopes.
Some great misfortune to portend
No enemy can match a friend.
With all the kindness they profess,
The merit of a lucky guess
(When daily how-d'ye's come of course,
And servants answer, 'Worse and worse!')
Would please them better than to tell,
That, God be praised! the dean is well.
Then he, who prophesied the best,
Approves his foresight to the rest:
'You know I always feared the worst,
And often told you so at first.'
He'd rather choose that I should die,
Than his prediction prove a lie.
Not one foretells I shall recover,
But all agree to give me over.
Yet, should some neighbour feel a pain
Just in the parts where I complain,
How many a message would he send!
What hearty prayers, that I should mend!
Inquire what regimen I kept?
What gave me ease, and how I slept?
And more lament when I was dead,
Than all the snivellers round my bed.
My good companions, never fear;
For, though you may mistake a year,
Though your prognostics run too fast,
They must be verified at last.
Behold the fatal day arrive!
How is the dean? he's just alive.
Now the departing prayer is read;
He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
Before the passing-bell begun,
The news through half the town has run;
Oh! may we all for death prepare!
What has he left? and who's his heir?
I know no more than what the news is;
'Tis all bequeathed to public uses.
To public uses! there's a whim!
What had the public done for him?
Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
He gave it all—but first he died.
And had the dean in all the nation
No worthy friend, no poor relation?
So ready to do strangers good,
Forgetting his own flesh and blood!
Now Grub Street wits are all employed;
With elegies the town is cloyed:
Some paragraph in every paper
To curse the dean, or bless the drapier.
The doctors, tender of their fame,
Wisely on me lay all the blame.
We must confess his case was nice;
But he would never take advice.
Had he been ruled, for aught appears,
He might have lived these twenty years;
For when we opened him, we found
That all his vital parts were sound.
From Dublin soon to London spread,
'Tis told at court the dean is dead.

[1] Lord Viscount Bolingbroke.
[2] William Pulteney, Esq., created Earl of Bath.

And Lady Suffolk[1] in the spleen
Runs laughing up to tell the queen;
The queen so gracious, mild, and good,
Cries, 'Is he gone! 'tis time he should.
He's dead, you say, then let him rot!
I'm glad the medals were forgot.
I promised him, I own; but when?
I only was the princess then;
But now as consort of the king,
You know 'tis quite another thing.'[2]
Now Charteris,[3] at Sir Robert's[4] levee,
Tells with a sneer the tidings heavy;
'Why, if he died without his shoes
(Cries Bob), I'm sorry for the news:
Oh, were the wretch but living still,
And in his place my good friend Will![5]
Or had a mitre on his head,
Provided Bolingbroke was dead!'
Now Curle[6] his shop from rubbish drains:
Three genuine tomes of Swift's Remains!
And then to make them pass the glibber,
Revised by Tibbalds, Moore, and Cibber.
He'll treat me, as he does my betters,
Publish my will, my life, my letters;[7]
Revive the libels born to die,
Which Pope must bear, as well as I.
Here shift the scene, to represent
How those I love my death lament.
Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
A week, and Arbuthnot a day.
St John himself will scarce forbear
To bite his pen, and drop a tear.
The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
'I'm sorry—but we all must die!'
Indifference clad in wisdom's guise,
All fortitude of mind supplies;
For how can stony bowels melt
In those who never pity felt?
When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,
Resigning to the will of God.
The fools my juniors by a year
Are tortured with suspense and fear;
Who wisely thought my age a screen,
When death approached, to stand between;
The screen removed, their hearts are trembling,
They mourn for me without dissembling.
My female friends, whose tender hearts
Have better learned to act their parts,
Receive the news in doleful dumps:
'The dean is dead (pray, what is trumps?)
Then, Lord, have mercy on his soul!
(Ladies, I'll venture for the vole.)
Six deans, they say, must bear the pall.
(I wish I knew what king to call.)
Madam, your husband will attend
The funeral of so good a friend:
No, madam, 'tis a shocking sight;
And he's engaged to-morrow night:
My Lady Club will take it ill,
If he should fail her at quadrille.
He loved the dean—(I lead a heart)
But dearest friends, they say, must part.

His time was come, he ran his race;
We hope he's in a better place.'
Why do we grieve that friends should die?
No loss more easy to supply.
One year is past; a different scene!
No further mention of the dean,
Who now, alas! no more is missed,
Than if he never did exist.
Where's now the favourite of Apollo?
Departed: and his works must follow;
Must undergo the common fate;
His kind of wit is out of date.
Some country squire to Lintot goes,[1]
Inquires for Swift in verse and prose.
Says Lintot, 'I have heard the name;
He died a year ago.' 'The same.'
He searches all the shop in vain.
'Sir, you may find them in Duck-Lane.[2]
I sent them, with a load of books,
Last Monday to the pastry-cook's.
To fancy they could live a year!
I find you're but a stranger here.
The dean was famous in his time,
And had a kind of knack at rhyme.
His way of writing now is past;
The town has got a better taste.
I keep no antiquated stuff,
But spick-and-span I have enough.
Pray, but do give me leave to show 'em;
Here's Colley Cibber's birth-day poem;
This ode you never yet have seen
By Stephen Duck upon the queen.
Then here's a letter finely penned
Against the Craftsman and his friend;
It clearly shows that all reflection
On ministers is disaffection.
Next, here's Sir Robert's vindication,
And Mr Henley's[3] last oration.
The hawkers have not got them yet;
Your honour please to have a set?'
* * *
Suppose me dead; and then suppose
A club assembled at the Rose,
Where, from discourse of this and that,
I grow the subject of their chat.
'The dean, if we believe report,
Was never ill-received at court.
Although ironically grave,
He shamed the fool, and lashed the knave.
To steal a hint was never known,
But what he writ was all his own.'
'Sir, I have heard another story;
He was a most confounded Tory,
And grew, or he is much belied,
Extremely dull, before he died.'
'Can we the Drapier then forget?
Is not our nation in his debt?
'Twas he that writ the Drapier's letters!'
'He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp—all one to him.
But why would he, except he slobbered,
Offend our patriot, great Sir Robert,
Whose counsels aid the sovereign power
To save the nation every hour?

[1] The Countess of Suffolk (formerly Mrs Howard), a lady of the queen's bed-chamber.

[2] Queen Caroline had, when princess, promised Swift a present of medals, which promise was never fulfilled.

[3] Colonel Francis Charteris, of infamous character, on whom an epitaph was written by Dr Arbuthnot.

[4] Sir Robert Walpole, then first minister of state, afterwards Earl of Orford.

[5] William Pulteney, Esq., the great rival of Walpole.

[6] An infamous bookseller, who published things in the dean's name, which he never wrote.

[7] For some of these practices he was brought before the House of Lords.

[1] Bernard Lintot, a bookseller. See Pope's 'Dunciad' and Letters.

[2] A place where old books are sold.

[3] Commonly called Orator Henley, a quack preacher in London, of great notoriety in his day.

What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!'
'Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name:
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no right or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.
He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.
He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Charteris.
He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.
He followed David's lesson just;
In princes never put his trust:
And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.'
'Alas, poor dean! his only scope
Was to be held a misanthrope.
This into general odium drew him,
Which, if he liked, much good may't do him.
His zeal was not to lash our crimes,
But discontent against the times:
For, had we made him timely offers
To raise his post, or fill his coffers,
Perhaps he might have truckled down,
Like other brethren of his gown.
For party he would scarce have bled:
I say no more—because he's dead.
What writings has he left behind?
I hear they're of a different kind:
A few in verse; but most in prose:
Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:
All scribbled in the worst of times,
To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;
To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender:
Or libels yet concealed from sight,
Against the court, to show his spite:
Perhaps his travels, part the third;
A lie at every second word——
Offensive to a loyal ear:
But—not one sermon, you may swear.'
'As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought 'em;
But this I know, all people bought 'em,
As with a moral view designed,
To please, and to reform mankind:
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.'

The Grand Question Debated:

Whether Hamilton's Bawn should be turned into a Barrack or a Malt-house. 1729.*

Thus spoke to my lady the knight[1] full of care:
Let me have your advice in a weighty affair.
This Hamilton's Bawn,[2] whilst it sticks on my hand,
I lose by the house what I get by the land;
But how to dispose of it to the best bidder,
For a *barrack* or *malt-house*, we now must consider.
First, let me suppose I make it a malt-house,
Here I have computed the profit will fall to us;
There's nine hundred pounds for labour and grain,
I increase it to twelve, so three hundred remain;
A handsome addition for wine and good cheer.
Three dishes a day, and three hogsheads a year:
With a dozen large vessels my vault shall be stored;
No little scrub joint shall come on my board:
And you and the dean no more shall combine
To stint me at night to one bottle of wine;
Nor shall I, for his humour, permit you to purloin
A stone and a quarter of beef from my sirloin.
If I make it a barrack, the crown is my tenant;
My dear, I have pondered again and again on't:
In poundage and drawbacks I lose half my rent,
Whatever they give me I must be content,
Or join with the court in every debate;
And rather than that I would lose my estate.
Thus ended the knight: thus began his meek wife;
It *must* and *shall* be a barrack, my life.
I'm grown a mere mopus; no company comes,
But a rabble of tenants and rusty dull rums.[3]
With parsons what lady can keep herself clean?
I'm all over daubed when I sit by the dean.
But if you will give us a barrack, my dear,
The captain, I'm sure, will always come here;
I then shall not value his deanship a straw,
For the captain, I warrant, will keep him in awe;
Or should he pretend to be brisk and alert,
Will tell him that chaplains should not be so pert;
That men of his coat should be minding their prayers,
And not among ladies to give themselves airs.
Thus argued my lady, but argued in vain;
The knight his opinion resolved to maintain.
But Hannah,[4] who listened to all that was past,
And could not endure so vulgar a taste,
As soon as her ladyship called to be drest,
Cried, Madam, why, surely my master's possest.
Sir Arthur the maltster! how fine it will sound!
I'd rather the bawn were sunk under ground.
But, madam, I guessed there would never come good,
When I saw him so often with Darby and Wood.[5]
And now my dream's out; for I was a-dreamed
That I saw a huge rat; O dear, how I screamed!
And after, methought, I had lost my new shoes;
And Molly she said I should hear some ill news.

* Swift spent almost a whole year (1728-9) at Gosford, in the north of Ireland, the seat of Sir Arthur Acheson, assisting Sir Arthur in his agricultural improvements, and lecturing, as usual, the lady of the manor upon the improvement of her health by walking, and her mind by reading. The circumstance of Sir Arthur letting a ruinous building called Hamilton's Bawn to the crown for a barrack, gave rise to one of the dean's most lively pieces of fugitive humour.—*Scott's Life of Swift.* A bawn is strictly a place near a house enclosed with mud or stone walls to keep the cattle.

[1] Sir Arthur Acheson, an intimate friend of the poet. Sir Arthur was ancestor of the present Earl of Gosford.

[2] A large old house belonging to Sir Arthur, two miles from his residence.

[3] A cant word in Ireland for a poor country clergyman.

[4] My lady's waiting-maid.

[5] Two of Sir Arthur's managers.

Dear madam, had you but the spirit to tease,
You might have a barrack whenever you please:
And, madam, I always believed you so stout,
That for twenty denials you would not give out.
If I had a husband like him, I *quarter*,
'Till he gave me my will, I would give him no rest; * *
But, madam, I beg you contrive and invent,
And worry him out, 'till he gives his consent.
Dear madam, whene'er of a barrack I think,
An I were to be hanged I can't sleep a wink:
For if a new crotchet comes into my brain,
I can't get it out, though I'd never so fain.
I fancy already a barrack contrived,
At Hamilton's Bawn, and the troop is arrived;
Of this, to be sure, Sir Arthur has warning,
And waits on the captain betimes the next morning.
Now see when they meet how their honours behave,
Noble captain, your servant—Sir Arthur, your slave;
You honour me much—the honour is mine—
'Twas a sad rainy night—but the morning is fine.
Pray how does my lady?—my wife's at your service.
I think I have seen her picture by Jervis.
Good morrow, good captain—I'll wait on you down—
You shan't stir a foot—you'll think me a clown—
For all the world, captain, not half an inch farther—
You must be obeyed—your servant, Sir Arthur;
My humble respects to my lady unknown—
I hope you will use my house as your own.
'Go bring me my smock, and leave off your prate,
Thou hast certainly gotten a cup in thy pate.'
Pray madam, be quiet: what was it I said?
You had like to have put it quite out of my head.
Next day, to be sure, the captain will come
At the head of his troop, with trumpet and drum;
Now, madam, observe how he marches in state;
The man with the kettle-drum enters the gate;
Dub, dub, adub, dub. The trumpeters follow,
Tantara, tantara, while all the boys hollow.
See now comes the captain all daubed with gold lace;
O, la! the sweet gentleman, look in his face;
And see how he rides like a lord of the land,
With the fine flaming sword that he holds in his hand;
And his horse, the dear *creter*, it prances and rears,
With ribbons in knots at its tail and its ears;
At last comes the troop, by the word of command,
Drawn up in our court, when the captain cries, Stand.
Your ladyship lifts up the sash to be seen
(For sure I had dizened you out like a queen),
The captain, to show he is proud of the favour,
Looks up to your window, and cocks up his beaver.
(His beaver is cocked; pray, madam, mark that,
For a captain of horse never takes off his hat;
Because he has never a hand that is idle,
For the right holds the sword, and the left holds the bridle);
Then flourishes thrice his sword in the air,
As a compliment due to a lady so fair;
(How I tremble to think of the blood it hath spilt!)
Then he lowers down the point, and kisses the hilt.
Your ladyship smiles, and thus you begin:
Pray captain, be pleased to alight and walk in.
The captain salutes you with congee profound,
And your ladyship curtsies half way to the ground.
Kit, run to your master, and bid him come to us.
I'm sure he'll be proud of the honour you do us;
And, captain, you'll do us the favour to stay,
And take a short dinner here with us to-day;
You're heartily welcome; but as for good cheer,
You come in the very worst time of the year.
If I had expected so worthy a guest——
Lord, madam! your ladyship sure is in jest;
You banter me, madam, the kingdom must grant——
You officers, captain, are so complaisant.
'Hist, hussy, I think I hear somebody coming'——
No, madam, 'tis only Sir Arthur a-humming.

To shorten my tale (for I hate a long story),
The captain at dinner appears in his glory;
The dean and the doctor[1] have humbled their pride,
For the captain's intreated to sit by your side;
And, because he's their betters, you carve for him first,
The parsons for envy are ready to burst;
The servants amazed are scarce ever able
To keep off their eyes, as they wait at the table;
And Molly and I have thrust in our nose
To peep at the captain in all his fine clothes;
Dear madam, be sure he's a fine spoken man,
Do but hear on the clergy how glib his tongue ran;
'And madam,' says he, 'if such dinners you give,
You'll never want parsons as long as you live;
I ne'er knew a parson without a good nose,
But the devil's as welcome wherever he goes;
G— d—me, they bid us reform and repent,
But, z—s, by their looks they never keep lent;
Mister curate, for all your grave looks, I'm afraid
You cast a sheep's eye on her ladyship's maid;
I wish she would lend you her pretty white hand
In mending your cassock, and smoothing your band;
(For the dean was so shabby, and looked like a ninny,
That the captain supposed he was curate to Jenny).
Whenever you see a cassock and gown,
A hundred to one but it covers a clown;
Observe how a parson comes into a room,
G— d—me, he hobbles as bad as my groom;
A scholar, when just from his college broke loose,
Can hardly tell how to cry *bo* to a goose;
Your *Noreds*, and *Blutarks*, and *Omurs*,[2] and stuff,
By G—, they don't signify this pinch of snuff.
To give a young gentleman right education,
The army's the only good school of the nation;
My schoolmaster called me a dunce and a fool,
But at cuffs I was always the cock of the school;
I never could take to my book for the blood o' me,
And the puppy confessed he expected no good o' me.
He caught me one morning coquetting his wife,
But he mauled me; I ne'er was so mauled in my life;
So I took to the road, and what's very odd,
The first man I robbed was a parson by G—.
Now, madam, you'll think it a strange thing to say,
But the sight of a book makes me sick to this day.'
Never since I was born did I hear so much wit,
And, madam, I laughed till I thought I should split.
So then you looked scornful, and snift at the dean,
As who should say, *Now, am I skinny and lean?*[3]
But he durst not so much as once open his lips,
And the doctor was plaguily down in the hips.
Thus merciless Hannah ran on in her talk,
Till she heard the dean call, Will your ladyship walk?
Her ladyship answers, I'm just coming down.
Then turning to Hannah and forcing a frown,
Although it was plain in her heart she was glad,
Cried, 'Hussy, why sure the wench is gone mad;
How could these chimeras get into your brains?
Come hither, and take this old gown for your pains.
But the dean, if this secret should come to his ears,
Will never have done with his jibes and his jeers.
For your life not a word of the matter, I charge ye;
Give me but a barrack, a fig for the clergy.'

ALEXANDER POPE.

United with Swift in friendship and in fame, but possessing far higher powers as a poet, and more refined taste as a satirist, was ALEXANDER POPE, born in London May 22, 1688. His father, a linen-draper, having acquired an independent fortune, retired to Binfield, in Windsor Forest. He was a Roman Catholic, and the young poet was partly

[1] Dr Jenny, a clergyman in the neighbourhood.
[2] Ovids, Plutarchs, Homers. [3] Nicknames for my lady.

educated by the family priest. He was afterwards sent to a Catholic seminary at Twyford, near Win-

chester, where he lampooned his teacher, was severely punished, and afterwards taken home by his parents. He educated himself, and attended no school after his twelfth year! The whole of his early life was that of a severe student. He was a poet in his infancy.

> As yet a child, and all unknown to fame,
> I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.

The writings of Dryden became the more particular object of his admiration, and he prevailed upon a friend to introduce him to Will's coffeehouse, which Dryden then frequented, that he might have the gratification of seeing an author whom he so enthusiastically admired. Pope was then not more than twelve years of age. He wrote, but afterwards destroyed, various dramatic pieces, and at the age of sixteen composed his *Pastorals*, and his imitations of Chaucer. He soon became acquainted with most of the eminent persons of the day both in politics and literature. In 1711 appeared his *Essay on Criticism*, unquestionably the finest piece of argumentative and reasoning poetry in the English language. The work is said to have been composed two years before publication, when Pope was only twenty-one. The ripeness of judgment which it displays is truly marvellous. Addison commended the 'Essay' warmly in the Spectator, and it instantly rose into great popularity. The style of Pope was now formed and complete. His versification was that of his master, Dryden, but he gave the heroic couplet a peculiar terseness, correctness, and melody. The essay was shortly afterwards followed by the *Rape of the Lock*. The stealing of a lock of hair from a beauty of the day, Miss Arabella Fermor, by her lover, Lord Petre, was taken seriously, and caused an estrangement between the families, and Pope wrote his poem to make a jest of the affair, 'and laugh them together again.' In this he did not succeed, but he added greatly to his reputation by the effort. The *machinery* of the poem, founded upon the Rosicrucian theory, that the elements are inhabited by spirits, which they called sylphs, gnomes, nymphs, and salamanders, was added at the suggestion of Dr Garth and some of his friends. Sylphs had been previously mentioned as invisible attendants on the fair, and the idea is shadowed out in Shakspeare's 'Ariel,' and the amusements of the fairies in the 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' But Pope has blended the most delicate satire with the most lively fancy, and produced the finest and most brilliant mock-heroic poem in the world. 'It is,' says Johnson, 'the most airy, the most ingenious, and the most delightful of all Pope's compositions.' The *Temple of Fame* and the *Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady*, were next published; and in 1713 appeared his *Windsor Forest* which was chiefly written so early as 1704. The latter was evidently founded on Denham's 'Cooper's Hill,' which it far excels. Pope was, properly speaking, no mere descriptive poet. He made the picturesque subservient to views of historical events, or to sketches of life and morals. But most of the 'Windsor Forest' being composed in his earlier years, amidst the shades of those noble woods which he selected for the theme of his verse, there is in this poem a greater display of sympathy with external nature and rural objects than in any of his other works. The lawns and glades of the forest, the russet plains, and blue hills, and even the 'purple dyes' of the 'wild heath,' had struck his young imagination. His account of the dying pheasant is a finished picture—

> See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
> And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
> Short is his joy, he feels the fiery wound,
> Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
> Ah! what avail his glossy varying dyes,
> His purple crest and scarlet-circled eyes;
> The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
> His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold!

Another fine painting of external nature, as picturesque as any to be found in the purely descriptive poets, is the winter piece in the 'Temple of Fame'—

> So Zembla's rocks (the beauteous work of frost)
> Rise white in air, and glitter o'er the coast;
> Pale suns, unfelt, at distance roll away,
> And on the impassive ice the lightnings play;
> External snows the growing mass supply,
> Till the bright mountains prop the incumbent sky:
> As Atlas fixed, each hoary pile appears,
> The gathered winter of a thousand years.

Pope now commenced his translation of the Iliad. At first the gigantic task oppressed him with its difficulty, but he grew more familiar with Homer's images and expressions, and in a short time was able to despatch fifty verses a-day. Great part of the manuscript was written upon the backs and covers of letters, evincing that it was not without reason he was called *paper-sparing* Pope. The poet obtained a clear sum of £5320, 4s. by this translation: his exclamation—

> And thanks to Homer, since I live and thrive,
> Indebted to no prince or peer alive—

was, however, scarcely just, if we consider that this large sum was in fact a 'benevolence' from the upper classes of society, good-naturedly designed to reward his literary merit. The fame of Pope was not advanced in an equal degree with his fortune by his labours as a translator. The 'fatal facility' of his rhyme, the additional false ornaments which he imparted

to the ancient Greek, and his departure from the nice discrimination of character and speech which prevails in Homer, are faults now universally admitted. Cowper (though he failed himself in Homer) justly remarks, that the Iliad and Odyssey in Pope's hands 'have no more the air of antiquity than if he had himself invented them.' The success of the Iliad led to the translation of the Odyssey; but Pope called in his friends Broome and Fenton as assistants. These two coadjutors translated twelve books, and the notes were compiled by Broome. Fenton received £300, and Broome £500, while Pope had £2885, 5s. The Homeric labours occupied a period of twelve years—from 1713 to 1725. The improvement of his pecuniary resources enabled the poet to remove from the shades of Windsor Forest to a situation nearer the metropolis. He purchased a lease of a house and grounds at Twickenham, to

Pope's Villa, Twickenham.

which he removed with his father and mother, and where he continued to reside during the remainder of his life. This classic spot, which Pope delighted to improve, and where he was visited by ministers of state, wits, poets, and beauties, is now greatly defaced.* Whilst on a visit to Oxford in 1716, Pope commenced, and probably finished, the most highly poetical and passionate of his works, the *Epistle from Eloisa to Abelard*. The delicacy of the poet in veiling over the circumstances of the story, and at the same time preserving the ardour of Eloisa's passion, the beauty of his imagery and descriptions, the exquisite melody of his versification, rising and falling like the tones of an Eolian harp, as he successively portrays the tumults of guilty love, the deepest penitence, and the highest devotional rapture, have never been surpassed. If less genial tastes and a love of satire withdrew Pope from those fountain-springs of the Muse, it was obviously from no want of power in the poet to display the richest hues of imagination, or the finest impulses of the human mind. The next literary undertaking of our author was an edition of Shakspeare, in which he attempted, with but indifferent success, to establish the text of the mighty poet, and explain his obscurities. In 1733, he published his *Essay on Man*, being part of a course of moral philosophy in verse which he projected. The 'Essay' is now read, not for its philosophy, but for its poetry. Its metaphysical distinctions are neglected for those splendid passages and striking incidents which irradiate the poem. In lines like the following, he speaks with a mingled sweetness and dignity superior to his great master Dryden:—

Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never is, but always to be blest.
The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo! the poor Indian, whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has given
Behind the cloud-topped hill a humbler heaven;
Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Oh Happiness! our being's end and aim,
Good, Pleasure, Ease, Content, whate'er thy name;
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which, still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise!
Plant of celestial seed! if dropped below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow?
Fair opening to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?

* Pope's house was not large, but sufficiently commodious for the wants of an English gentleman whose friends visited himself rather than his dwelling, and who were superior to the necessity of stately ceremonials. On one side it fronted to the road, which it closely adjoined; on the other, to a narrow lawn sloping to the Thames. A piece of pleasure-ground, including a garden, was cut off by the public road; an awkward and unpoetical arrangement, which the proprietor did his best to improve. After the poet's death, the villa was purchased by Sir William Stanhope, and subsequently by Lord Mendip, who carefully preserved everything connected with it; but, being in 1807 sold to the Baroness Howe, it was by that lady taken down, that a larger house might be built near its site. Now (1843), the place is the property of —— Young, Esq.; the second house has been enlarged into two, and further alterations are contemplated. The grounds have suffered a complete change since Pope's time, and a monument which he erected to his mother on a hillock at their further extremity has been removed. The only certain remnants of the poet's mansion are the vaults upon which it was built, three in number, the central one being connected with a tunnel, which, passing under the road, gives admission to the rear grounds, while the side ones are of the character of grottos, paved with square bricks, and stuck over with shells. It is curious to find over the central stone of the entrance into the left of these grottos, a large ammonite, and over the other, the piece of hardened clay in which its cast was left. Pope must have regarded these merely as curiosities, or *lusus naturæ*, little dreaming of the wonderful tale of the early condition of our globe which they assist in telling. A short narrow piazza in front of the grottos is probably 'the evening colonnade' of the lines on the absence of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu. The taste with which Pope laid out his grounds at Twickenham (five acres in all), had a marked effect on English landscape gardening. The Prince of Wales took the design of his garden from the poet's; and Kent, the improver and embellisher of pleasure grounds, received his best lessons from Pope. He aided materially in banishing the stiff formal Dutch style.

Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fixed to no spot is Happiness sincere;
'Tis nowhere to be found, or everywhere;
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, ST JOHN! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way! The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease;
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess even virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in everything, or doubt of all.

Pope's future labours were chiefly confined to satire. In 1727 he published, in conjunction with his friend Swift, three volumes of *Miscellanies*, in prose and verse, which drew down upon the authors a torrent of invective, lampoons, and libels, and ultimately led to the *Dunciad*, by Pope. This elaborate and splendid satire displays the fertile invention of the poet, the variety of his illustration, and the unrivalled force and facility of his diction; but it is now read with a feeling more allied to pity than admiration—pity that one so highly gifted should have allowed himself to descend to things so mean, and devote the end of a great literary life to the infliction of retributary pain on every humble aspirant in the world of letters. 'I have often wondered,' says Cowper, 'that the same poet who wrote the "Dunciad" should have written these lines—

> That mercy I to others show,
> That mercy show to me.

Alas for Pope, if the mercy he showed to others was the measure of the mercy he received.' Sir Walter Scott has justly remarked, that Pope must have suffered the most from these wretched contentions. It is known that his temper was ultimately much changed for the worse. Misfortunes were also now gathering round him. Swift was fast verging on insanity, and was lost to the world; Atterbury and Gay died in 1732; and next year his venerable mother, whose declining years he had watched with affectionate solicitude, also expired. Between the years 1733 and 1740, Pope published his inimitable Epistles, Satires, and Moral Essays, addressed to his friends Bolingbroke, Bathurst, Arbuthnot, &c., and containing the most noble and generous sentiments, mixed up with withering invective and the fiercest denunciations. In 1742 he added a fourth book to the 'Dunciad,' displaying the final advent of the goddess to destroy order and science, and to substitute the kingdom of the dull upon earth. The point of his individual satire, and the richness and boldness of his general design, attest the undiminished powers and intense feeling of the poet. Next year Pope prepared a new edition of the four books of the 'Dunciad,' and elevated Colley Cibber to the situation of hero of the poem. This unenviable honour had previously been enjoyed by Theobald, a tasteless critic and commentator on Shakspeare; but in thus yielding to his personal dislike of Cibber, Pope injured the force of his satire. The laureate, as Warton justly remarks, 'with a great stock of levity, vanity, and affectation, had sense, and wit, and humour; and the author of the "Careless Husband" was by no means a proper king of the dunces.' Cibber was all vivacity and conceit—the very reverse of personified dulness,

> Sinking from thought to thought, a vast profound.

Political events came in the rear of this accumulated and vehement satire to agitate the last days of Pope. The anticipated approach of the Pretender led the government to issue a proclamation prohibiting every Roman Catholic from appearing within ten miles of London. The poet complied with the proclamation; and he was soon afterwards too ill to be in town. This 'additional proclamation from the Highest of all Powers,' as he terms his sickness, he submitted to without murmuring. A constant state of excitement, added to a life of ceaseless study and contemplation, operating on a frame naturally delicate and deformed from birth, had completely exhausted the powers of Pope. He complained of his inability to think; yet, a short time before his death, he said, 'I am so certain of the soul's being immortal, that I seem to feel it within me as it were by intuition.' Another of his dying remarks was, 'There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship; and, indeed, friendship itself is only a part of virtue.' He died at Twickenham on the 30th of May, 1744.

The character and genius of Pope have given rise to abundance of comment and speculation. The occasional fierceness and petulance of his satire cannot be justified, even by the coarse attacks of his opponents, and must be ascribed to his extreme sensibility, to over-indulged vanity, and to a hasty and irritable temper. His sickly constitution debarring him from active pursuits, he placed too high a value on mere literary fame, and was deficient in the manly virtues of sincerity and candour. At the same time he was a public benefactor, by stigmatising the vices of the great, and lashing the absurd pretenders to taste and literature. He was a fond and steady friend; and in all our literary biography, there is nothing finer than his constant undeviating affection and reverence for his venerable parents.

> Me let the tender office long engage,
> To rock the cradle of reposing age;
> With lenient arts extend a mother's breath,
> Make languor smile, and smooth the bed of death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep at least one parent from the sky.
>
> *Prologue to the Satires.*

As a poet, it would be absurd to rank Pope with the greatest masters of the lyre; with the universality of Shakspeare, or the sublimity of Milton. He was undoubtedly more the poet of artificial life and manners than the poet of nature. He was a nice observer and an accurate describer of the phenomena of the mind, and of the varying shades and gradations of vice and virtue, wisdom and folly. He was too fond of point and antithesis, but the polish of the weapon was equalled by its keenness. 'Let us look,' says Campbell, 'to the spirit that points his antithesis, and to the rapid precision of his thoughts, and we shall forgive him for being too antithetic and sententious.' His wit, fancy, and *good sense*, are as remarkable as his satire. His elegance has never been surpassed, or perhaps equalled: it is a combination of intellect, imagination, and taste, under the direction of an independent spirit and refined moral feeling. If he had studied more in the school of nature and of Shakspeare, and less in the school of Horace and Boileau; if he had cherished the frame and spirit in which he composed the 'Elegy' and the 'Eloisa,' and forgot his too exclusive devotion to that which inspired the 'Dunciad,' the world would have hallowed his memory with a still more affectionate and permanent interest than even that which waits on him as one of our most brilliant and accomplished English poets.

Mr Campbell in his 'Specimens' has given an eloquent estimate of the general powers of Pope, with reference to his position as a poet:—'That Pope was neither so insensible to the beauties of nature, nor

so indistinct in describing them, as to forget the character of a genuine poet, is what I mean to urge, without exaggerating his picturesqueness. But before speaking of that quality in his writings, I would beg leave to observe, in the first place, that the faculty by which a poet luminously describes objects of art, is essentially the same faculty which enables him to be a faithful describer of simple nature; in the second place, that nature and art are to a greater degree relative terms in poetical description than is generally recollected; and thirdly, that artificial objects and manners are of so much importance in fiction, as to make the exquisite description of them no less characteristic of genius than the description of simple physical appearances. The poet is "creation's heir." He deepens our social interest in existence. It is surely by the liveliness of the interest which he excites in existence, and not by the class of subjects which he chooses, that we most fairly appreciate the genius or the life of life which is in him. It is no irreverence to the external charms of nature to say, that they are not more important to a poet's study than the manners and affections of his species. Nature is the poet's goddess; but by nature, no one rightly understands her mere inanimate face, however charming it may be, or the simple landscape-painting of trees, clouds, precipices, and flowers Why, then, try Pope, or any other poet, exclusively by his powers of describing inanimate phenomena? Nature, in the wide and proper sense of the word, means life in all its circumstances—nature, moral as well as external. As the subject of inspired fiction, nature includes artificial forms and manners. Richardson is no less a painter of nature than Homer. Homer himself is a minute describer of works of art; and Milton is full of imagery derived from it. Satan's spear is compared to the pine, that makes "the mast of some great ammiral;" and his shield is like the moon, but like the moon artificially seen through the glass of the Tuscan artist. The "spirit-stirring drum, the ear-piercing fife, the royal banner, and all the quality, pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious war," are all artificial images. When Shakspeare groups into one view the most sublime objects of the universe, he fixes on "the cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces, the solemn temples." Those who have ever witnessed the spectacle of the launching of a ship of the line, will perhaps forgive me for adding this to the examples of the sublime objects of artificial life. Of that spectacle I can never forget the impression, and of having witnessed it reflected from the faces of ten thousand spectators. They seem yet before me. I sympathise with their deep and silent expectation, and with their final burst of enthusiasm. It was not a vulgar joy, but an affecting national solemnity. When the vast bulwark sprang from her cradle, the calm water on which she swung majestically round, gave the imagination a contrast of the stormy element in which she was soon to ride. All the days of battle and nights of danger which she had to encounter, all the ends of the earth which she had to visit, and all that she had to do and to suffer for her country, rose in awful presentiment before the mind; and when the heart gave her a benediction, it was like one pronounced on a living being.'

The Messiah.

Ye nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:
To heavenly themes sublimer strains belong.
The mossy fountains and the sylvan shades,
The dreams of Pindus and the Aonian maids,
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire,
Who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the bard begun:
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!
From Jesse's root behold a branch arise,
Whose sacred flower with fragrance fills the skies:
The ethereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move,
And on its top descends the mystic Dove.
Ye heavens! from high the dewy nectar pour,
And in soft silence shed the kindly shower.
The sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,
From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.
All crimes shall cease, and ancient frauds shall fail;
Returning Justice lift aloft her scale;
Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,
And white-robed Innocence from heaven descend.
Swift fly the years, and rise the expected morn!
Oh, spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!
See, nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,
With all the incense of the breathing spring!
See lofty Lebanon his head advance!
See nodding forests on the mountains dance!
See spicy clouds from lowly Sharon rise,
And Carmel's flowery top perfume the skies!
Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert cheers;
Prepare the way! a God, a God appears!
A God, a God! the vocal hills reply;
The rocks proclaim the approaching Deity.
Lo! earth receives him from the bending skies;
Sink down, ye mountains; and ye valleys rise;
With heads declined, ye cedars homage pay;
Be smooth, ye rocks: ye rapid floods, give way!
The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:
Hear him, ye deaf: and all ye blind, behold!
He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,
And on the sightless eyeball pour the day:
'Tis he the obstructed paths of sound shall clear,
And bid new music charm the unfolding ear:
The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,
And leap exulting like the bounding roe.
No sigh, no murmur, the wide world shall hear;
From every face he wipes off every tear.
In adamantine chains shall death be bound,
And hell's grim tyrant feel the eternal wound.
As the good shepherd tends his fleecy care,
Seeks freshest pasture, and the purest air;
Explores the lost, the wandering sheep directs,
By day o'ersees them, and by night protects;
The tender lambs he raises in his arms,
Feeds from his hand and in his bosom warms;
Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage,
The promised father of the future age.
No more shall nation against nation rise,
Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes;
Nor fields with gleaming steel be covered o'er,
The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more:
But useless lances into scythes shall bend,
And the broad falchion in a ploughshare end.
Then palaces shall rise; the joyful son
Shall finish what his short-lived sire begun;
Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield,
And the same hand that sowed, shall reap the field.
The swain in barren deserts with surprise
Sees lilies spring, and sudden verdure rise;
And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear
New falls of water murmuring in his ear.
On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,
The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods.
Waste sandy valleys, once perplexed with thorn,
The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:
To leafless shrubs the flowery palms succeed,
And odorous myrtle to the noisome weed.
The lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,
And boys in flowery bands the tiger lead:
The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,
And harmless serpents lick the pilgrim's feet.
The smiling infant in his hand shall take
The crested basilisk and speckled snake;

Pleased the green lustre of the scales survey,
And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.
Rise, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise!
Exalt thy towery head, and lift thy eyes!
See a long race thy spacious courts adorn!
See future sons and daughters yet unborn,
In crowding ranks on every side arise,
Demanding life, impatient for the skies!
See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend!
See thy bright altars thronged with prostrate kings,
And heaped with products of Sabean springs.
For thee Idume's spicy forests blow,
And seeds of gold in Ophir's mountains glow.
See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
And break upon thee in a flood of day!
No more the rising sun shall gild the morn,
Nor evening Cynthia fill her silver horn;
But lost, dissolved in thy superior rays,
One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze
O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine
Revealed, and God's eternal day be thine!
The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away;
But fixed his word, his saving power remains;
Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own Messiah reigns!

[*The Toilet.*]

[From 'The Rape of the Lock.']

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box:
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

[*Description of Belinda and the Sylphs.*]

[From the same.]

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
Than issuing forth, the rival of his beams
Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames.
Fair nymphs and well-drest youths around her shone,
But every eye was fixed on her alone.
On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose,
Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those.
Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide;
If to her share some female errors fall,
Look on her face, and you'll forget them all.
This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.
With hairy springes we the birds betray,
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey;
Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.
The advent'rous baron the bright locks admired;
He saw, he wished, and to the prize aspired.
Resolved to win, he meditates the way,
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
For when success a lover's toil attends,
Few ask if fraud or force attained his ends.
For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
Propitious heaven, and every power adored;
But chiefly Love—to Love an altar built,
Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves,
And all the trophies of his former loves;
With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fire.
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize;
The powers gave ear, and granted half his prayer,
The rest the winds dispersed in empty air.
But now secure the painted vessel glides,
The sunbeams trembling on the floating tides:
While melting music steals upon the sky,
And softened sounds along the waters die;
Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay.
All but the Sylph, with careful thoughts oppressed,
The impending woe sat heavy on his breast.
He summons straight his denizens of air;
The lucid squadrons round the sails repair.
Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,
That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
Some to the sun their insect wings unfold,
Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;
Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew,
Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes;
While every beam new transient colours flings,
Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
Amid the circle on the gilded mast,
Superior by the head was Ariel placed;
His purple pinions opening to the sun,
He raised his azure wand and thus begun:—
Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear;
Fays, fairies, genii, elves, and dæmons, hear!
Ye know the spheres, and various tasks assigned
By laws eternal to the aërial kind.
Some in the fields of purest ether play,
And bask and whiten in the blaze of day;
Some guide the course of wandering orbs on high,
Or roll the planets through the boundless sky;
Some, less refined, beneath the moon's pale light
Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,
Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,
Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
Others on earth o'er human race preside,
Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:
Of these the chief the care of nations own,
And guard with arms divine the British throne.

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

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care;
Some dire disaster, or by force or slight;
But what, or where, the fates have wrapped in night.
Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
Or some frail China-jar receive a flaw,
Or stain her honour, or her new brocade,
Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade;
Or lose her heart or necklace at a ball;
Or whether heaven has doomed that Shock must fall.
Haste, then, ye spirits! to your charge repair:
The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care;
The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign;
And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine;
Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock;
Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.
To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
We trust the important charge, the petticoat:
Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,
Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale.
Form a strong line about the silver bound,
And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,
Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye:
Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain,
While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
Or alum styptics with contracting power
Shrink his thin essence like a shrivelled flower:
Or, as Ixion fixed, the wretch shall feel
The giddy motion of the whirling mill;
In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend:
Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair,
Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

[*From the Epistle of Eloisa to Abelard.*]

In these deep solitudes and awful cells,
Where heavenly-pensive contemplation dwells,
And ever-musing melancholy reigns,
What means this tumult in a vestal's veins?
Why rove my thoughts beyond this last retreat?
Why feels my heart its long-forgotten heat?
Yet, yet I love!—From Abelard it came,
And Eloisa yet must kiss the name.

Dear, fatal name! rest ever unrevealed,
Nor pass these lips in holy silence sealed:
Hide it, my heart, within that close disguise,
Where, mixed with God's, his loved idea lies:
O, write it not, my hand—the name appears
Already written—wash it out, my tears!
In vain lost Eloisa weeps and prays,
Her heart still dictates, and her hand obeys.

Relentless walls! whose darksome round contains
Repentant sighs, and voluntary pains:
Ye rugged rocks, which holy knees have worn!
Ye grots and caverns shagged with horrid thorn!
Shrines, where their vigils pale-eyed virgins keep!
And pitying saints, whose statues learn to weep!
Though cold like you, unmoved and silent grown,
I have not yet forgot myself to stone.
All is not heaven's while Abelard has part,
Still rebel nature holds out half my heart;
Nor prayers nor fasts its stubborn pulse restrain,
Nor tears for ages taught to flow in vain.

Soon as thy letters trembling I unclose,
That well-known name awakens all my woes.
Oh, name for ever sad, for ever dear;
Still breathed in sighs, still ushered with a tear!
I tremble, too, where'er my own I find,
Some dire misfortune follows close behind.
Line after line my gushing eyes o'erflow,
Led through a sad variety of wo:
Now warm in love, now withering in my bloom,
Lost in a convent's solitary gloom!
There storm religion quenched the unwilling flame,
There died the best of passions, love and fame.

Yet write, oh write me all, that I may join
Griefs to thy griefs, and echo sighs to thine!
Nor foes nor fortune take this power away;
And is my Abelard less kind than they?
Tears still are mine, and those I need not spare;
Love but demands what else were shed in prayer:
No happier task these faded eyes pursue;
To read and weep is all they now can do.

Then share thy pain, allow that sad relief;
Ah, more than share it, give me all thy grief.
Heaven first taught letters for some wretch's aid,
Some banished lover, or some captive maid;
They live, they speak, they breathe what love inspires,
Warm from the soul, and faithful to its fires.
The virgin's wish without her fears impart,
Excuse the blush, and pour out all the heart,
Speed the soft intercourse from soul to soul,
And waft a sigh from Indus to the pole. * *
Ah, think at least thy flock deserves thy care,
Plants of thy hand, and children of thy prayer;
From the false world in early youth they fled,
By thee to mountains, wilds, and deserts led.
You raised these hallowed walls; the desert smiled,
And paradise was opened in the wild.
No weeping orphan saw his father's stores
Our shrines irradiate, or emblaze the floors;
No silver saints, by dying misers given,
Here bribed the rage of ill-requited heaven:
But such plain roofs as piety could raise,
And only vocal with the Maker's praise.
In these lone walls (their day's eternal bound)
These moss-grown domes with spiry turrets crowned,
Where awful arches make a noon-day night,
And the dim windows shed a solemn light;
Thy eyes diffused a reconciling ray,
And gleams of glory brightened all the day.
But now no face divine contentment wears,
'Tis all blank sadness or continual tears.
See how the force of others' prayers I try,
O pious fraud of amorous charity!
But why should I on others' prayers depend?
Come thou, my father, brother, husband, friend!
Ah, let thy handmaid, sister, daughter, move,
And all those tender names in one, thy love!
The darksome pines that o'er yon rocks reclined,
Wave high, and murmur to the hollow wind;
The wand'ring streams that shine between the hills,
The grots that echo to the tinkling rills,
The dying gales that pant upon the trees,
The lakes that quiver to the curling breeze;
No more these scenes my meditation aid,
Or lull to rest the visionary maid.
But o'er the twilight groves and dusky caves,
Long sounding isles, and intermingled graves,
Black Melancholy sits, and round her throws
A death-like silence, and a dread repose:

Her gloomy presence saddens all the scene,
Shades every flower, and darkens every green,
Deepens the murmur of the falling floods,
And breathes a browner horror on the woods. * *
What scenes appear where'er I turn my view!
The dear ideas, where I fly, pursue,
Rise in the grove, before the altar rise,
Stain all my soul, and wanton in my eyes.
I waste the matin lamp in sighs for thee;
Thy image steals between my God and me;
Thy voice I seem in every hymn to hear,
With every bead I drop too soft a tear.
When from the censer clouds of fragrance roll,
And swelling organs lift the rising soul,
One thought of thee puts all the pomp to flight,
Priests, tapers, temples, swim before my sight;
In seas of flame my plunging soul is drowned,
While altars blaze, and angels tremble round.
While prostrate here in humble grief I lie,
Kind virtuous drops just gathering in my eye;
While praying, trembling in the dust I roll,
And dawning grace is opening on my soul:
Come, if thou dar'st, all charming as thou art!
Oppose thyself to heaven; dispute my heart;
Come, with one glance of those deluding eyes
Blot out each bright idea of the skies;
Take back that grace, those sorrows, and those tears;
Take back my fruitless penitence and prayers;
Snatch me, just mounting, from the blest abode;
Assist the fiends, and tear me from my God!
No, fly me, fly me! far as pole from pole;
Rise Alps between us! and whole oceans roll!
Ah, come not, write not, think not once of me,
Nor share one pang of all I felt for thee.
Thy oaths I quit, thy memory resign;
Forget, renounce me, hate whate'er was mine.
Fair eyes, and tempting looks (which yet I view!)
Long loved, adored ideas, all adieu!
Oh grace serene! Oh virtue heavenly fair!
Divine oblivion of low-thoughted care!
Fresh-blooming hope, gay daughter of the sky!
And faith, our early immortality!
Enter, each mild, each amicable guest:
Receive, and wrap me in eternal rest!
See in her cell sad Eloisa spread,
Propt on some tomb, a neighbour of the dead.
In each low wind methinks a spirit calls,
And more than echoes talk along the walls.
Here, as I watched the dying lamps around,
From yonder shrine I heard a hollow sound.
'Come, sister, come! (it said, or seemed to say)
Thy place is here; sad sister, come away;
Once like thyself, I trembled, wept, and prayed,
Love's victim then, though now a sainted maid:
But all is calm in this eternal sleep;
Here grief forgets to groan, and love to weep,
Even superstition loses every fear;
For God, not man, absolves our frailties here.'
I come, I come! prepare your roseate bowers,
Celestial palms, and ever-blooming flowers;
Thither, where sinners may have rest, I go,
Where flames refined in breasts seraphic glow:
Thou, Abelard! the last sad office pay,
And smooth my passage to the realms of day.
See my lips tremble, and my eyeballs roll,
Suck my last breath, and catch my flying soul!
Ah no!—in sacred vestments may'st thou stand,
The hallowed taper trembling in thy hand;
Present the cross before my lifted eye,
Teach me at once, and learn of me to die.
Ah then, thy once-loved Eloisa see!
It will be then no crime to gaze on me.
See from my cheek the transient roses fly!
See the last sparkle languish in my eye!
Till every motion, pulse, and breath be o'er,
And even my Abelard be loved no more.
Oh death, all-eloquent! you only prove
What dust we dote on, when 'tis man we love.
Then, too, when fate shall thy fair frame destroy
(That cause of all my guilt, and all my joy),
In trance ecstatic may thy pangs be drowned,
Bright clouds descend, and angels watch thee round;
From opening skies thy streaming glories shine,
And saints embrace thee with a love like mine!
May one kind grave unite each hapless name,
And graft my love immortal on thy fame!
Then, ages hence, when all my woes are o'er,
When this rebellious heart shall beat no more,
If ever chance two wand'ring lovers brings
To Paraclete's white walls and silver springs,
O'er the pale marble shall they join their heads,
And drink the falling tears each other sheds;
Then sadly say, with mutual pity moved,
'Oh may we never love as these have loved!'

Elegy on an Unfortunate Lady.

What beck'ning ghost, along the moonlight shade,
Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?
'Tis she!—but why that bleeding bosom gored?
Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?
O ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell,
Is it, in heaven, a crime to love too well?
To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,
To act a lover's or a Roman's part?
Is there no bright reversion in the sky
For those who greatly think, or bravely die?
Why bade ye else, ye powers! her soul aspire
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?
Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes;
The glorious fault of angels and of gods:
Thence to their images on earth it flows,
And in the breasts of kings and heroes glows.
Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen prisoners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like eastern kings, a lazy state they keep,
And close confined to their own palace sleep.
From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)
Fate snatched her early to the pitying sky.
As into air the purer spirits flow,
And separate from their kindred dregs below;
So flew the soul to its congenial place,
Nor left one virtue to redeem her race.
But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,
Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!
See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,
These cheeks now fading at the blast of death;
Cold is that breast which warmed the world before,
And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.
Thus, if eternal justice rules the ball,
Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:
On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,
And frequent hearses shall besiege your gates:
There passengers shall stand, and, pointing, say
(While the long funerals blacken all the way),
Lo! these were they, whose souls the furies steeled,
And cursed with hearts unknowing how to yield.
Thus unlamented pass the proud away
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learned to glow
For others' good, or melt at others' wo.
What can atone (O ever injured shade!)
Thy fate unpitied, and thy rites unpaid?
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear
Pleased thy pale ghost, or graced thy mournful bier:
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were closed,
By foreign hands thy decent limbs composed,
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorned,
By strangers honoured, and by strangers mourned!

What though no friends in sable weeds appear,
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,
And bear about the mockery of wo
To midnight dances and the public show?
What though no weeping loves thy ashes grace,
Nor polished marble emulate thy face?
What though no sacred earth allow thee room,
Nor hallowed dirge be muttered o'er thy tomb?
Yet shall thy grave with rising flowers be dressed,
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow;
There the first roses of the year shall blow;
While angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by thy relics made.
So, peaceful rests, without a stone, a name,
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.
How loved, how honoured once, avails thee not,
To whom related, or by whom begot;
A heap of dust alone remains of thee;
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be!

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,
Deaf the praised ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.
Even he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,
Shall shortly want the generous tear he pays;
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart;
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,
The muse forgot, and thou beloved no more!

[*Happiness Depends, not on Goods, but on Virtue.*]

[From the 'Essay on Man.']

Order is Heaven's first law; and this confessed,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All nature's difference keeps all nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance, is not the thing:
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts, if each alike possessed,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.

Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heaven's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear;
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.

Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heaven still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise.

Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words—Health, Peace, and Competence.
But Health consists with temperance alone;
And Peace, oh virtue! Peace is all thy own.
The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain;
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosperous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.

Oh blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue wo!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See godlike Turenne prostrate on the dust!
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though heaven ne'er gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire?
Why, full of days and honour, lives the sire?
Why drew Marscilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates nature, and here wanders will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall,
Short, and but rare, till man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of heaven complain
That righteous Abel was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease.
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his favourites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be impressed,
Oh blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres' head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree.
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heaven's own spirit feil;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right. This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too;
And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.'
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil;
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain;
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
'No—shall the good want health, the good want power?'
Add health and power, and every earthly thing;
'Why bounded power? why private? why no king?'
Nay, why external for internal given?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while he has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,

Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
Then give Humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heaven reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sigh'st thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life,
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
The lover and the love of humankind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.

Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in men has some small difference made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
'What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?'
I'll tell you, friend—a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk;
Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow:
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles, and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by kings, or whores of kings:
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.

Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies:
'Where, but among the heroes and the wise?'
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find,
Or make, an enemy of all mankind!
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward further than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise:
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes:
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great!
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign, or bleed
Like Socrates, that man is great indeed.

What's fame? a fancied life in others' breath—
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have; and what's unknown,
The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade,
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As justice tears his body from the grave;
When what to oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all other faults, and feel our own:
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.

Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they 'mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, would-st thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribbons, if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life?
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife;
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all united thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honoured, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray:
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
Ere taught to shine, or sanctified from shame!
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade,
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
'Virtue alone is happiness below.'
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling Folly wears,
Less pleasing far than Virtue's very tears:

Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
For ever exercised, yet never tired;
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blest;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.

[*From the Prologue to the Satires, Addressed to Arbuthnot.*]

P. Shut up the door, good John! fatigued I said,
Tie up the knocker; say I'm sick, I'm dead.
The dog-star rages! nay, 'tis past a doubt,
All bedlam or Parnassus is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.
What walls can guard me, or what shades can hide?
They pierce my thickets, through my grot they glide.
By land, by water, they renew the charge;
They stop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is sacred, not the church is free,
Even Sunday shines no Sabbath day to me;
Then from the mint walks forth the man of rhyme,
Happy to catch me just at dinner time.
Is there a parson, much bemused in beer,
A maudlin poetess, a rhyming peer,
A clerk, foredoomed his father's soul to cross,
Who pens a stanza, when he should engross?
Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls?
All fly to Twit'nam, and in humble strain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whose giddy son neglects the laws,
Imputes to me and my damned works the cause:
Poor Cornus sees his frantic wife elope,
And curses wit, and poetry, and Pope.
Friend to my life! (which did you not prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle song)
What drop or nostrum can this plague remove?
Or which must end me, a fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm sped;
If foes, they write; if friends, they read me dead.
Seized and tied down to judge, how wretched I;
Who can't be silent, and who will not lie:
To laugh were want of goodness and of grace;
And to be grave, exceeds all power of face.
I sit with sad civility; I read
With honest anguish, and an aching head;
And drop at last, but in unwilling ears,
This saving counsel, 'Keep your piece nine years.'
'Nine years!' cries he, who high in Drury Lane,
Lulled by soft zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before term ends,
Obliged by hunger, and request of friends:
'The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it;
I'm all submission; what you'd have it, make it.'
Three things another's modest wishes bound,
My friendship, and a prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon sends to me: 'You know his grace;
I want a patron; ask him for a place.'
Pitholeon libelled me—'but here's a letter
Informs you, sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
Dare you refuse him? Curll invites to dine,
He'll write a journal, or he'll turn divine.'
Bless me! a packet—''Tis a stranger sues,
A virgin tragedy, an orphan muse.'
If I dislike it, 'furies, death, and rage!'
If I approve, 'commend it to the stage.'
There (thank my stars) my whole commission ends,
The players and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fired that the house reject him, ''Sdeath! I'll print it,
And shame the fools—your interest, sir, with Lintot.'
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
'Not, sir, if you revise it, and retouch.'
All my demurs but double his attacks:
At last he whispers, 'Do, and we go snacks.'
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
'Sir, let me see your works and you no more.' * *
You think this cruel? Take it for a rule,
No creature smarts so little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcerned canst hear the mighty crack:
Pit, box, and gallery, in convulsions hurled,
Thou stand'st unshook amidst a bursting world.
Who shames a scribbler? Break one cobweb through,
He spins the slight, self-pleasing thread anew:
Destroy his fib or sophistry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again;
Throned in the centre of his thin designs,
Proud of a vast extent of flimsy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has poet yet, or peer,
Lost the arched eyebrow, or Parnassian sneer?
And has not Colly still his lord and whore?
His butchers Henley, his freemasons Moor?
Does not one table Bavius still admit?
Still to one bishop Philips seem a wit?
Still Sappho—*A.* Hold; for God's sake—you'll offend—
No names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I, too, could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like these—*P.* One flatterer's worse than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learned are right,
It is the slaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worse when they repent.
One dedicates in high heroic prose,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grub-street will my fame defend,
And, more abusive, calls himself my friend.
This prints my letters, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, 'Subscribe, subscribe!'
There are, who to my person pay their court:
I cough like Horace, and though lean, am short.
Ammon's great son one shoulder had too high,
Such Ovid's nose, and, 'Sir! you have an eye!'
Go on, obliging creatures, make me see
All that disgraced my betters, met in me.
Say for my comfort, languishing in bed,
'Just so immortal Maro held his head;'
And when I die, be sure you let me know
Great Homer died three thousand years ago.
Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipped me in ink; my parents', or my own?
As yet a child, nor yet a fool to fame,
I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came.
I left no calling for this idle trade,
No duty broke, no father disobeyed:
The muse but served to ease some friend, not wife;
To help me through this long disease, my life;
To second, Arbuthnot! thy art and care,
And teach the being you preserved, to bear.
But why then publish? Granville the polite,
And knowing Walsh, would tell me I could write;
Well-natured Garth, inflamed with early praise,
And Congreve loved, and Swift endured my lays;
The courtly Talbot, Somers, Sheffield read,
Even mitred Rochester would nod the head,
And St John's self (great Dryden's friends before)
With open arms received one poet more.
Happy my studies, when by these approved!
Happier their author, when by these beloved!
From these the world will judge of men and books,
Not from the Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.
Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure description held the place of sense?
Like gentle Fanny's was my flowery theme,
A painted mistress, or a purling stream.
Yet then did Gildon draw his venal quill;
I wished the man a dinner, and sat still.
Yet then did Dennis rave in furious fret;
I never answered; I was not in debt.
If want provoked, or madness made them print,
I waged no war with bedlam or the mint.

Did some more sober critic come abroad;
If wrong, I smiled; if right, I kissed the rod.
Pains, reading, study, are their just pretence,
And all they want is spirit, taste, and sense.
Commas and points they set exactly right,
And 'twere a sin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one sprig of laurels graced these ribalds,
From slashing Bentley down to piddling Tibbalds;
Each wight, who reads not, and but scans and spells,
Each word-catcher, that lives on syllables,
Even such small critics some regard may claim,
Preserved in Milton's or in Shakspeare's name.
Pretty! in amber to observe the forms
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.
Were others angry? I excused them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's secret standard in his mind,
That casting-weight pride adds to emptiness,
This, who can gratify? for who can guess?
The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown,
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year;
He who, still wanting, though he lives on theft,
Steals much, spends little, yet has nothing left:
And he, who now to sense, now nonsense leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning;
And he, whose fustian's so sublimely bad,
It is not poetry, but prose run mad:
All these my modest satire bade translate,
And owned that nine such poets made a Tate.
How did they fume, and stamp, and roar, and chafe!
And swear, not Addison himself was safe.
Peace to all such! but were there one whose fires
True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires:
Blest with each talent and each art to please,
And born to write, converse, and live with ease:
Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caused himself to rise:
Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
And, without sneering, teach the rest to sneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike;
Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend;
Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged;
Like Cato, give his little senate laws,
And sit attentive to his own applause;
While wits and Templars every sentence raise,
And wonder with a foolish face of praise.
Who but must laugh, if such a man there be?
Who would not weep, if Atticus were he?*

* * *

Cursed be the verse, how well soe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give virtue scandal, innocence a fear,
Or from the soft-eyed virgin steal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmless neighbour's peace,
Insults fallen worth, or beauty in distress;
Who loves a lie, lame slander helps about,
Who writes a libel, or who copies out;
That fop, whose pride affects a patron's name,
Yet absent wounds an author's honest fame:
Who can *your* merit *selfishly* approve,
And show the *sense* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injured, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you say,
And, if he lie not, must at least betray: * *
Who reads, but with a lust to misapply,
Makes satire a lampoon, and fiction lie;
A lash like mine no honest man shall dread,
But all such babbling blockheads in his stead.
Let Sporus tremble*— *A.* What! that thing of silk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of asses' milk?
Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;
Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred spaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
As shallow streams run dimpling all the way;
Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,
Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies;
His wit all seesaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
And he himself one vile antithesis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,
Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expressed:
A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,
Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.
Not fortune's worshipper, nor fashion's fool;
Not lucre's madman, nor ambition's tool;
Not proud nor servile: be one poet's praise,
That, if he pleased, he pleased by manly ways;
That flattery even to kings he held a shame,
And thought a lie in verse or prose the same;
That not in fancy's maze he wandered long,
But stooped to truth, and moralised his song;
That not for fame, but virtue's better end,
He stood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laughed at the loss of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The distant threats of vengeance on his head;
The blow, unfelt, the tear he never shed;
The tale revived, the lie so oft o'erthrown,
The imputed trash, and dulness not his own;
The morals blackened when the writings 'scape,
The libelled person, and the pictured shape;
Abuse on all he loved, or loved him, spread,
A friend in exile, or a father dead;
The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
Perhaps yet vibrates on his sovereign's ear.
Welcome to thee, fair Virtue, all the past;
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome even the last!

The Man of Ross.†

[From the Moral Essays. Epistle III.]

But all our praises why should lords engross?
Rise, honest Muse! and sing the Man of Ross:

* The jealousy betwixt Addison and Pope, originating in literary and political rivalry, broke out into an open rupture by the above highly-finished and poignant satire. When Atterbury read it, he saw that Pope's strength lay in satirical poetry, and he wrote to him not to suffer that talent to be unemployed.

* Lord Hervey.

† The Man of Ross was Mr John Kyrle, who died in 1724, aged 90, and was interred in the church of Ross, in Herefordshire. Mr Kyrle was enabled to effect many of his benevolent purposes by the assistance of liberal subscriptions. Pope had been in Ross, on his way from Lord Bathurst's to Lord Oxford.

Pleased Vaga echoes through her winding bounds,
And rapid Severn hoarse applause resounds.
Who hung with woods yon mountain's sultry brow?
From the dry rock who bade the waters flow?
Not to the skies in useless columns tost,
Or in proud falls magnificently lost;
But clear and artless, pouring through the plain,
Health to the sick, and solace to the swain.
Whose causeway parts the vale with shady rows?
Whose seats the weary traveller repose?
Who taught the heaven-directed spire to rise?
'The Man of Ross,' each lisping babe replies.
Behold the market-place with poor o'erspread!
The Man of Ross divides the weekly bread:
He feeds yon almshouse, neat, but void of state,
Where age and want sit smiling at the gate:
Him portioned maids, apprenticed orphans blessed,
The young who labour, and the old who rest.
Is any sick? the Man of Ross relieves,
Prescribes, attends, and med'cine makes and gives.
Is there a variance? enter but his door,
Baulked are the courts, and contest is no more:
Despairing quacks with curses fled the place,
And vile attorneys, now a useless race.
B. Thrice happy man, enabled to pursue
What all so wish, but want the power to do!
O say, what sums that generous hand supply?
What mines to swell that boundless charity?
P. Of debts and taxes, wife and children clear,
This man possessed five hundred pounds a-year.
Blush, grandeur, blush! proud courts, withdraw your blaze;
Ye little stars! hide your diminished rays.
B. And what! no monument, inscription, stone?
His race, his form, his name almost unknown?
P. Who builds a church to God, and not to fame,
Will never mark the marble with his name:
Go, search it there, where to be born and die,
Of rich and poor makes all the history;
Enough, that virtue filled the space between;
Proved by the ends of being to have been.
When Hopkins dies, a thousand lights attend
The wretch, who living saved a candle's end:
Shouldering God's altar a vile image stands,
Belies his features, nay, extends his hands;
That live-long wig, which Gorgon's self might own,
Eternal buckle takes in Parian stone.
Behold what blessings wealth to life can lend!
And see what comfort it affords our end!

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,
The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,
On once a flock-bed, but repaired with straw,
With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
The George and Garter dangling from that bed
Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,
Great Villiers lies—alas! how changed from him,
That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!
Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
The bower of wanton Shrewsbury and love;
Or just as gay, at council, in a ring
Of mimic statesmen, and their merry king.
No wit to flatter, left of all his store!
No fool to laugh at, which he valued more.
There, victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
And fame, this lord of useless thousands ends.

The Dying Christian to his Soul.

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

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

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

We may quote, as a specimen of the melodious versification of Pope's Homer, the well-known moonlight scene, which has been both extravagantly praised and censured. Wordsworth and Southey unite in considering the lines and imagery as false and contradictory. It will be found in this case, as in many passages of Dryden, that, though natural objects be incorrectly described, the beauty of the language and versification elevates the whole into poetry of a high imaginative order. Pope followed the old version of Chapman, which we also subjoin:—

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bliss the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

Chapman's version is as follows:—

This speech all Trojans did applaud, who from their traces loosed
Their sweating horse, which severally with headstalls they reposed,
And fastened by their chariots; when others brought from town
Fat sheep and oxen instantly; bread, wine, and hewed down
Huge store of wood; the winds transferred into the friendly sky
Their supper's savour; to the which they sat delightfully,
And spent all night in open field; fires round about them shined,
As when about the silver moon, when air is free from wind,
And stars shine clear, to whose sweet beams, high prospects, and the brows
Of all steep hills and pinnacles, thrust up themselves for shows;
And even the lowly valleys gay to glitter in their sight,
When the unmeasured firmament bursts to disclose her light,
And all the signs in heaven are seen, that glad the shepherd's heart;
Lo, many fires disclosed their beams, made by the Trojan part

Before the face of Ilion, and her bright turrets showed
A thousand courts of guard kept fires, and every guard allowed
Fifty stout men, by whom their horse eat oats, and hard-white corn,
And all did wilfully expect the silver-thronëd morn.

Cowper's translation is brief, but vivid and distinct:—

As when around the clear bright moon, the stars
Shine in full splendour, and the winds are hushed,
The groves, the mountain-tops, the headland heights
Stand all apparent, not a vapour streaks
The boundless blue, but ether opened wide
All glitters, and the shepherd's heart is cheered.

THOMAS TICKELL.

The friendship of Addison has shed a reflected light on some of his contemporaries, and it elevated them, in their own day, to considerable importance. Amongst these was THOMAS TICKELL (1686–1740), born at Bridekirk, near Carlisle, and educated at Oxford. He was a writer in the Spectator and Guardian, and when Addison went to Ireland as secretary to Lord Sunderland, Tickell accompanied him, and was employed in public business. He published a translation of the first book of the Iliad at the same time with Pope. Addison and the Whigs pronounced it to be the best, while the Tories ranged under the banner of Pope. The circumstance led to a breach of the friendship betwixt Addison and Pope, which was never healed. Addison continued his patronage of Tickell, made him his under secretary of state, and left him the charge of publishing his works. Tickell had elegance and tenderness as a poet, but was deficient in variety and force. His ballad of 'Colin and Lucy' is worth all his other works. It has the simplicity and pathos of the elder lyrics, without their too frequent coarseness and abrupt transitions. His 'Elegy on the Death of Addison' is considered by Johnson one of the most elegant and sublime funeral poems in the language. The author's own friend, Steele, considered it only 'prose in rhyme!' The following extract contains the best verses in the elegy:—

Oft let me range the gloomy aisles alone,
Sad luxury! to vulgar minds unknown,
Along the walls where speaking marbles show
What worthies form the hallowed mould below;
Proud names! who once the reins of empire held,
In arms who triumphed, or in arts excelled;
Chiefs graced with scars, and prodigal of blood,
Stern patriots, who for sacred freedom stood;
Just men by whom impartial laws were given,
And saints who taught and led the way to heaven.
Ne'er to these chambers where the mighty rest,
Since their foundation came a nobler guest;
Nor e'er was to the bowers of bliss conveyed
A fairer spirit, or more welcome shade.
In what new region to the just assigned,
What new employments please the unbodied mind?
A wingëd virtue through the ethereal sky,
From world to world unwearied does he fly;
Or curious trace the long laborious maze
Of Heaven's decrees, where wondering angels gaze?
Does he delight to hear bold seraphs tell
How Michael battled, and the dragon fell;
Or, mixed with milder cherubim, to glow
In hymns of love not ill essayed below?
Or dost thou warn poor mortals left behind?
A task well suited to thy gentle mind.
Oh! if sometimes thy spotless form descend,
To me thy aid, thou guardian genius! lend.
When rage misguides me, or when fear alarms,
When pain distresses, or when pleasure charms,
In silent whisp'rings purer thoughts impart,
And turn from ill a frail and feeble heart;
Lead through the paths thy virtue trod before,
Till bliss shall join, nor death can part no more.
That awful form which, so the Heavens decree,
Must still be loved, and still deplored by me,
In nightly visions seldom fails to rise,
Or roused by Fancy, meets my waking eyes.
If business calls, or crowded courts invite,
The unblemished statesman seems to strike my sight;
If in the stage I seek to soothe my care,
I meet his soul, which breathes in Cato there;
If pensive to the rural shades I rove,
His step o'ertakes me in the lonely grove;
'Twas there of just and good he reasoned strong,
Cleared some great truth, or raised some serious song;
There patient showed us the wise course to steer,
A candid censor, and a friend severe;
There taught us how to live, and (oh! too high
The price for knowledge) taught us how to die.
Thou hill! whose brow the antique structures grace,
Reared by bold chiefs of Warwick's noble race;
Why, once so loved, whene'er thy bower appears,
O'er my dim eyeballs glance the sudden tears!
How sweet were once thy prospects fresh and fair,
Thy sloping walks, and unpolluted air!
How sweet the glooms beneath thy aged trees,
Thy noontide shadow, and thy evening breeze!
His image thy forsaken bowers restore,
Thy walks and airy prospects charm no more;
No more the summer in thy glooms allayed,
Thy evening breezes, and thy noonday shade.

Colin and Lucy.—A Ballad.

Of Leinster, famed for maidens fair,
Bright Lucy was the grace,
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so sweet a face;

Till luckless love and pining care
Impaired her rosy hue,
Her coral lips and damask cheeks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen a lily pale
When beating rains descend?
So drooped the slow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.

By Lucy warned, of flattering swains
Take heed, ye easy fair!
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjured swains! beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking, at her window thrice
The raven flapped his wing.

Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,
And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round:

'I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows
In early youth I die.
Was I to blame because his bride
Was thrice as rich as I?

Ah, Colin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone;
Nor thou, fond maid! receive his kiss,
Nor think him all thy own.

To-morrow in the church to wed,
Impatient both prepare;
But know, fond maid! and know, false man!
That Lucy will be there.

Then bear my corse, my comrades! bear,
This bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
I in my winding sheet.'

She spoke; she died. Her corpse was borne
The bridegroom blithe to meet;
He in his wedding trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Then what were perjured Colin's thoughts?
How were these nuptials kept?
The bridesmen flocked round Lucy dead,
And all the village wept.

Confusion, shame, remorse, despair,
At once his bosom swell;
The damps of death bedewed his brow;
He shook, he groaned, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no more!
The varying crimson fled,
When stretched before her rival's corpse
She saw her husband dead.

Then to his Lucy's new made grave
Conveyed by trembling swains,
One mould with her, beneath one sod,
For ever he remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen;
With garlands gay and true-love knots
They deck the sacred green.

But, swain forsworn! whoe'er thou art,
This hallowed spot forbear;
Remember Colin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SIR SAMUEL GARTH.

Sir Samuel Garth, an eminent physician, published in 1696 his poem of *The Dispensary*, to aid the college of physicians in a war they were then waging with the apothecaries. The latter had ventured to *prescribe*, as well as *compound* medicines; and the physicians, to outbid them in popularity, advertised that they would give advice *gratis* to the poor, and establish a dispensary of their own for the sale of cheap medicines. The college triumphed; but in 1703 the House of Lords decided that apothecaries were entitled to exercise the privilege which Garth and his brother physicians resisted. Garth was a popular and benevolent man, a firm Whig, yet the early encourager of Pope; and when Dryden died, he pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's remains. With Addison, he was, politically and personally, on terms of the closest intimacy. Garth died in 1718. The 'Dispensary' is a mock heroic poem in six cantos. Some of the leading apothecaries of the day are happily ridiculed; but the interest of the satire has passed away, and it did not contain enough of the *life* of poetry to preserve it. A few lines will give a specimen of the manner and the versification of the poem. It opens in the following strain:—

Speak, goddess! since 'tis thou that best canst tell,
How ancient leagues to modern discord fell;
And why physicians were so cautious grown
Of others' lives, and lavish of their own;
How by a journey to the Elysian plain,
Peace triumphed, and old time returned again.
Not far from that most celebrated place,[1]
Where angry justice shows her awful face;
Where little villains must submit to fate,
That great ones may enjoy the world in state;
There stands a dome,[2] majestic to the sight,
And sumptuous arches bear its oval height;
A golden globe, placed high with artful skill,
Seems, to the distant sight, a gilded pill;
This pile was, by the pious patron's aim,
Raised for a use as noble as its frame;
Nor did the learned society decline
The propagation of that great design;
In all her mazes, Nature's face they viewed,
And, as she disappeared, their search pursued.
Wrapt in the shade of night the goddess lies,
Yet to the learned unveils her dark disguise,
But shuns the gross access of vulgar eyes.
Now she unfolds the faint and dawning strife
Of infant atoms kindling into life;
How ductile matter new meanders takes,
And slender trains of twisting fibres makes;
And how the viscous seeks a closer tone,
By just degrees to harden into bone;
While the more loose flow from the vital urn,
And in full tides of purple streams return;
How lambent flames from life's bright lamps arise,
And dart in emanations through the eyes;
How from each sluice a gentle torrent pours,
To slake a feverish heat with ambient showers;
Whence their mechanic powers the spirits claim;
How great their force, how delicate their frame;
How the same nerves are fashioned to sustain
The greatest pleasure and the greatest pain;
Why bilious juice a golden light puts on,
And floods of chyle in silver currents run;
How the dim speck of entity began
To extend its recent form, and stretch to man; * *
Why envy oft transforms with wan disguise,
And why gay Mirth sits smiling in the eyes; * *
Whence Milo's vigour at the Olympic's shown,
Whence tropes to Finch, or impudence to Sloane;
How matter, by the varied shape of pores
Or idiots frames, or solemn senators.
Hence 'tis we wait the wondrous cause to find,
How body acts upon impassive mind;
How fumes of wine the thinking part can fire,
Past hopes revive, and present joys inspire;
Why our complexions oft our soul declare,
And how the passions in the features are;
How touch and harmony arise between
Corporeal figure, and a form unseen;
How quick their faculties the limbs fulfil,
And act at every summons of the will;
With mighty truths, mysterious to descry,
Which in the womb of distant causes lie.
But now no grand inquiries are descried;
Mean faction reigns where knowledge should preside;
Feuds are increased, and learning laid aside;
Thus synods oft concern for faith conceal,
And for important nothings show a zeal:
The drooping sciences neglected pine,
And Pæan's beams with fading lustre shine.
No readers here with hectic looks are found,
Nor eyes in rheum, through midnight-watching drowned:
The lonely edifice in sweats complains
That nothing there but sullen silence reigns.

[1] Old Bailey. [2] The College of Physicians.

This place, so fit for undisturbed repose,
The god of sloth for his asylum chose;
Upon a couch of down in these abodes,
Supine with folded arms, he thoughtless nods;
Indulging dreams his godhead lull to ease,
With murmurs of soft rills, and whispering trees:
The poppy and each numbing plant dispense
Their drowsy virtue and dull indolence;
No passions interrupt his easy reign,
No problems puzzle his lethargic brain:
But dark oblivion guards his peaceful bed,
And lazy fogs hang lingering o'er his head.

The following is from a grandiloquent address by Colocynthus, a keen apothecary:—

Could'st thou propose that we, the friends of fates,
Who fill churchyards, and who unpeople states,
Who baffle nature, and dispose of lives,
Whilst Russel, as we please, or starves or thrives,
Should e'er submit to their despotic will,
Who out of consultation scarce can skill?
The towering Alps shall sooner sink to vales,
And leeches, in our glasses, swell to whales;
Or Norwich trade in instruments of steel,
And Birmingham in stuffs and druggets deal!
Alleys at Wapping furnish us new modes,
And Monmouth Street, Versailles, with riding-hoods;
The sick to the Hundreds in pale throngs repair,
And change the Gravel-pits for Kentish air.
Our properties must on our arms depend;
'Tis next to conquer, bravely to defend.
'Tis to the vulgar death too harsh appears;
The ill we feel is only in our fears.
To die, is landing on some silent shore,
Where billows never break, nor tempests roar:
Ere well we feel the friendly stroke, 'tis o'er.
The wise through thought the insults of death defy;
The fools through blessed insensibility.
'Tis what the guilty fear, the pious crave:
Sought by the wretch, and vanquished by the brave.
It eases lovers, sets the captive free;
And, though a tyrant, offers liberty.

Garth wrote the epilogue to Addison's tragedy of Cato, which ends with the following pleasing lines:—

Oh, may once more the happy age appear,
When words were artless, and the thoughts sincere;
When gold and grandeur were unenvied things,
And courts less coveted than groves and springs.
Love then shall only mourn when truth complains,
And constancy feel transport in his chains;
Sighs with success their own soft language tell,
And eyes shall utter what the lips conceal:
Virtue again to its bright station climb,
And beauty fear no enemy but time;
The fair shall listen to desert alone,
And every Lucia find a Cato's son.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE.

SIR RICHARD BLACKMORE was one of the most fortunate physicians, and the most persecuted poets, of this period. He was born of a good family in Wiltshire, and took the degree of M.A. at Oxford in 1676. He was in extensive medical practice, was knighted by King William III., and afterwards made censor of the college of physicians. In 1695, he published *Prince Arthur*, an epic poem, which he says he wrote amidst the duties of his profession, in coffeehouses, or in passing up and down the streets! Dryden, whom he had attacked for licentiousness, satirised him for writing 'to the rumbling of his chariot-wheels.' Blackmore continued writing, and published a series of epic poems on King Alfred, Queen Elizabeth, the Redeemer, the Creation, &c. All have sunk into oblivion; but Pope has preserved his memory in various satirical allusions. Addison extended his friendship to the Whig poet, whose private character was exemplary and irreproachable. Dr Johnson included Blackmore in his edition of the poets, but restricted his publication of his works to the poem of 'Creation,' which, he said, 'wants neither harmony of numbers, accuracy of thought, nor elegance of diction.' Blackmore died in 1729. The design of 'Creation' was to demonstrate the existence of a Divine Eternal Mind. He recites the proofs of a Deity from natural and physical phenomena, and afterwards reviews the systems of the Epicureans and the Fatalists, concluding with a hymn to the Creator of the world. The piety of Blackmore is everywhere apparent in his writings; but the genius of poetry too often evaporates amidst his commonplace illustrations and prosing declamation. One passage of 'Creation' (addressed to the disciples of Lucretius) will suffice to show the style of Blackmore, in its more select and improved manner:—

You ask us why the soil the thistle breeds;
Why its spontaneous birth are thorns and weeds;
Why for the harvest it the harrow needs?
The Author might a nobler world have made,
In brighter dress the hills and vales arrayed,
And all its face in flowery scenes displayed:
The glebe untilled might plenteous crops have borne,
And brought forth spicy groves instead of thorn:
Rich fruit and flowers, without the gardener's pains,
Might every hill have crowned, have honoured all the plains:
This Nature might have boasted, had the Mind
Who formed the spacious universe designed
That man, from labour free, as well as grief,
Should pass in lazy luxury his life.
But he his creature gave a fertile soil,
Fertile, but not without the owner's toil,
That some reward his industry should crown,
And that his food in part might be his own.
But while insulting you arraign the land,
Ask why it wants the plough, or labourer's hand;
Kind to the marble rocks, you ne'er complain
That they, without the sculptor's skill and pain,
No perfect statue yield, no basso relievo,
Or finished column for the palace give.
Yet if from hills unlaboured figures came,
Man might have ease enjoyed, though never fame.
You may the world of more defect upbraid,
That other works by Nature are unmade:
That she did never, at her own expense,
A palace rear, and in magnificence
Out-rival art, to grace the stately rooms;
That she no castle builds, no lofty domes.
Had Nature's hand these various works prepared,
What thoughtful care, what labour had been spared?
But then no realm would one great master show,
No Phidias Greece, and Rome no Angelo.
With equal reason, too, you might demand
Why boats and ships require the artist's hand;
Why generous Nature did not these provide,
To pass the standing lake, or flowing tide?
You say the hills, which high in air arise,
Harbour in clouds, and mingle with the skies,
That earth's dishonour and encumbering load,
Of many spacious regions man defraud;
For beasts and birds of prey a desolate abode.
But can the objector no convenience find
In mountains, hills, and rocks, which gird and bind
The mighty frame, that else would be disjoined?
Do not those heaps the raging tide restrain,
And for the dome afford the marble vein?
Does not the rivers from the mountains flow,
And bring down riches to the vale below?

See how the torrent rolls the golden sand
From the high ridges to the flatter land.
The lofty lines abound with endless store
Of mineral treasure and metallic ore.

AMBROSE PHILIPS.

Among the Whig poets of the day, whom Pope's enmity raised to temporary importance, was AMBROSE PHILIPS (1671–1749). He was a native of Leicestershire, educated at Cambridge, and patronised by the Whig government of George I. He was a commissioner of the collieries, held some appointments in Ireland, and sat for the county of Armagh in the Irish House of Commons. The works of Philips consist of three plays, some miscellaneous poems, translations, and pastorals. The latter were published in the same miscellany with those of Pope, and were injudiciously praised by Tickell as the finest in the English language. Pope resented this unjust depreciation of his own poetry by an ironical paper in the Guardian, calculated to make Philips appear ridiculous. Ambrose felt the satire keenly, and even vowed to take personal vengeance on his adversary, by whipping him with a rod in Button's coffeehouse. A paper war ensued, and Pope immortalised Philips as—

The bard whom pilfered pastorals renown,
Who turns a Persian tale for half-a-crown;
Just writes to make his barrenness appear,
And strains from hard-bound brains eight lines a-year.

The pastorals are certainly poor enough; but Philips was an elegant versifier, and Goldsmith has eulogised part of his epistle to Lord Dorset, as 'incomparably fine.'

A fragment of Sappho, translated by Philips, is a poetical gem so brilliant, that Warton thought Addison must have assisted in its composition:—

Blessed as the immortal gods is he,
The youth who fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while,
Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this deprived my soul of rest,
And raised such tumults in my breast;
For while I gazed in transport tossed,
My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My bosom glowed; the subtle flame
Ran quickly through my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung;
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chilled,
My blood with gentle horrors thrilled;
My feeble pulse forgot to play;
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

Epistle to the Earl of Dorset.

COPENHAGEN, March 9, 1709.

From frozen climes, and endless tracts of snow,
From streams which northern winds forbid to flow,
What present shall the Muse to Dorset bring,
Or how, so near the pole, attempt to sing?
The hoary winter here conceals from sight
All pleasing objects which to verse invite.
The hills and dales, and the delightful woods,
The flowery plains, and silver-streaming floods,
By snow disguised, in bright confusion lie,
And with one dazzling waste fatigue the eye.
No gentle-breathing breeze prepares the spring,
No birds within the desert region sing.
The ships, unmoved, the boisterous winds defy,
While rattling chariots o'er the ocean fly.
The vast leviathan wants room to play,
And spout his waters in the face of day.
The starving wolves along the main sea prowl,
And to the moon in icy valleys howl.
O'er many a shining league the level main
Here spreads itself into a glassy plain:
There solid billows of enormous size,
Alps of green ice, in wild disorder rise.
And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow:
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes:
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise:
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frighted birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.
When, if a sudden gust of wind arise,
The brittle forest into atoms flies;
The crackling wood beneath the tempest bends
And in a spangled shower the prospect ends:
Or, if a southern gale the region warm,
And by degrees unbind the wintry charm,
The traveller a miry country sees,
And journeys sad beneath the dropping trees:
Like some deluded peasant, Merlin leads
Through fragrant bowers, and through delicious meads;
While here enchanted gardens to him rise,
And airy fabrics there attract his eyes,
His wandering feet the magic paths pursue,
And, while he thinks the fair illusion true,
The trackless scenes disperse in fluid air,
And woods, and wilds, and thorny ways appear:
A tedious road the weary wretch returns,
And, as he goes, the transient vision mourns.

The First Pastoral.

LOBBIN.

If we, O Dorset! quit the city-throng,
To meditate in shades the rural song,
By your command, be present; and, O bring
The Muse along! The Muse to you shall sing
Her influence, Buckhurst, let me there obtain,
And I forgive the famed Sicilian swain.
Begin.—In unluxurious times of yore,
When flocks and herds were no inglorious store,
Lobbin, a shepherd boy, one evening fair,
As western winds had cooled the sultry air,
His numbered sheep within the fold now pent,
Thus plained him of his dreary discontent;
Beneath a hoary poplar's whispering boughs,
He, solitary, sat, to breathe his vows.
Venting the tender anguish of his heart,
As passion taught, in accents free of art;
And little did he hope, while, night by night,
His sighs were lavished thus on Lucy bright.
'Ah! well-a-day, how long must I endure
This pining pain? Or who shall speed my cure?
Fond love no cure will have, seek no repose,
Delights in grief, nor any measure knows:
And now the moon begins in clouds to rise;
The brightening stars increase within the skies;

The winds are hushed; the dews distil; and sleep
Hath closed the eyelids of my weary sheep:
I only, with the prowling wolf, constrained
All night to wake: with hunger he is pained,
And I with love. His hunger he may tame;
But who can quench, O cruel love! thy flame?
Whilom did I, all as this poplar fair,
Upraise my heedless head, then void of care,
'Mong rustic routs the chief for wanton game;
Nor could they merry make, till Lobbin came.
Who better seen than I in shepherd's arts,
To please the lads, and win the lasses' hearts?
How deftly, to mine oaten reed so sweet,
Wont they upon the green to shift their feet?
And, wearied in the dance, how would they yearn
Some well-devisëd tale from me to learn?
For many songs and tales of mirth had I,
To chase the loitering sun adown the sky:
But ah! since Lucy coy deep-wrought her spite
Within my heart, unmindful of delight,
The jolly grooms I fly, and, all alone,
To rocks and woods pour forth my fruitless moan.
Oh! quit thy wonted scorn, relentless fair,
Ere, lingering long, I perish through despair.
Had Rosalind been mistress of my mind,
Though not so fair, she would have proved more kind
O think, unwitting maid, while yet is time,
How flying years impair thy youthful prime!
Thy virgin bloom will not for ever stay,
And flowers, though left ungathered, will decay:
The flowers, anew, returning seasons bring!
But beauty faded has no second spring.
My words are wind! She, deaf to all my cries,
Takes pleasure in the mischief of her eyes.
Like frisking heifer, loose in flowery meads,
She gads where'er her roving fancy leads;
Yet still from me. Ah me! the tiresome chase!
Shy as the fawn, she flies my fond embrace.
She flies, indeed, but ever leaves behind,
Fly where she will, her likeness in my mind.
No cruel purpose in my speed I bear;
'Tis only love; and love why should'st thou fear?
What idle fears a maiden breast alarm!
Stay, simple girl; a lover cannot harm;
Two sportive kidlings, both fair-flecked, I rear,
Whose shooting horns like tender buds appear:
A lambkin too, of spotless fleece, I breed,
And teach the fondling from my hand to feed:
Nor will I cease betimes to cull the fields
Of every dewy sweet the morning yields:
From early spring to autumn late shalt thou
Receive gay girlonds, blooming o'er thy brow:
And when—but why these unavailing pains?
The gifts alike, and giver, she disdains;
And now, left heiress of the glen, she'll deem
Me, landless lad, unworthy her esteem;
Yet was she born, like me, of shepherd-sire,
And I may fields and lowing herds acquire.
O! would my gifts but win her wanton heart,
Or could I half the warmth I feel impart,
How would I wander, every day, to find
The choice of wildings, blushing through the rind!
For glossy plums how lightsome climb the tree,
How risk the vengeance of the thrifty bee.
Or, if thou deign to live a shepherdess,
Thou Lobbin's flock, and Lobbin shall possess;
And fair my flock, nor yet uncomely I,
If liquid fountains flatter not; and why
Should liquid fountains flatter us, yet show
The bordering flowers less beauteous than they grow?
O come, my love! nor think the employment mean,
The dams to milk, and little lambkins wean;
To drive afield, by morn, the fattening ewes,
Ere the warm sun drink up the coolly dews;
While with my pipe, and with my voice, I cheer
Each hour, and through the day detain thine ear.
How would the crook beseem thy lily hand!
How would my younglings round thee gazing stand!
Ah, witless younglings! gaze not on her eye:
Thence all my sorrow; thence the death I die.
Oh, killing beauty! and oh, sore desire!
Must then my sufferings but with life expire?
Though blossoms every year the trees adorn,
Spring after spring I wither, nipt with scorn:
Nor trow I when this bitter blast will end,
Or if yon stars will e'er my vows befriend.
Sleep, sleep, my flock; for happy ye may take
Sweet nightly rest, though still your master wake.'

Now to the waning moon the nightingale,
In slender warblings, tuned her piteous tale.
The love-sick shepherd, listening, felt relief,
Pleased with so sweet a partner in his grief,
Till, by degrees, her notes and silent night
To slumbers soft his heavy heart invite.

JOHN GAY.

The Italian opera and English pastorals—both sources of fashionable and poetical affectation—were driven out of the field at this time by the easy, indolent, good-humoured JOHN GAY, who seems to have been the most artless and the best-beloved of all the Pope and Swift circle of wits and poets. Gay was

born at Barnstaple, in Devonshire, in 1688. He was of the ancient family of the Le Gays of Oxford and Devonshire; but his father being in reduced circumstances, the poet was put apprentice to a silk-mercer in the Strand, London. He disliked this mercenary employment, and at length obtained his discharge from his master. In 1711, he published his *Rural Sports*, a descriptive poem, dedicated to Pope, in which we may trace his joy at being emancipated from the drudgery of a shop:—

But I, who ne'er was blessed by Fortune's hand,
Nor brightened ploughshares in paternal land;
Long in the noisy town have been immured,
Respired its smoke, and all its cares endured.

Fatigued at last, a calm retreat I chose,
And soothed my harassed mind with sweet repose,
Where fields, and shades, and the refreshing clime
Inspire the sylvan song, and prompt my rhyme.

Next year, Gay obtained the appointment of domestic secretary to the Duchess of Monmouth, on which he was cordially congratulated by Pope, who took a warm interest in his fortunes. His next work was his *Shepherd's Week, in Six Pastorals*, written to throw ridicule on those of Ambrose Philips; but containing so much genuine comic humour, and entertaining pictures of country life, that they became popular, not as satires, but on account of their intrinsic merits, as affording 'a prospect of his own country.' In an address to the 'courteous reader,' Gay says, 'Thou wilt not find my shepherdesses idly piping on oaten reeds, but milking the kine, tying up the sheaves; or, if the hogs are astray, driving them to their styes. My shepherd gathereth none other nosegays but what are the growth of our own fields; he sleepeth not under myrtle shades, but under a hedge; nor doth he vigilantly defend his flock from wolves, because there are none.' This matter-of-fact view of rural life has been admirably followed by Crabbe, with a moral aim and effect to which Gay never aspired. About this time the poet also produced his *Trivia, or the Art of Walking the Streets of London*, and *The Fan*, a poem in three books. The former of these is in the mock-heroic style, in which he was assisted by Swift, and gives a graphic account of the dangers and impediments then encountered in traversing the narrow, crowded, ill-lighted, and vice-infested thoroughfares of the metropolis. His paintings of city life are in the Dutch style, low and familiar, but correctly and forcibly drawn. The following sketch of the frequenters of book-stalls in the streets may still be verified:—

Volumes on sheltered stalls expanded lie,
And various science lures the learned eye;
The bending shelves with ponderous scholiasts groan,
And deep divines, to modern shops unknown;
Here, like the bee, that on industrious wing
Collects the various odours of the spring,
Walkers at leisure learning's flowers may spoil,
Nor watch the wasting of the midnight oil;
May morals snatch from Plutarch's tattered page,
A mildewed Bacon, or Statgyra's sage:
Here sauntering 'prentices o'er Otway weep,
O'er Congreve smile, or over D'Urfey sleep;
Pleased sempstresses the Lock's famed Rape unfold;
And Squirts* read Garth till apozems grow cold.

The poet gives a lively and picturesque account of the great frost in London, when a fair was held on the river Thames:—

O, roving muse! recall that wondrous year
When winter reigned in bleak Britannia's air;
When hoary Thames, with frosted oziers crowned,
Was three long moons in icy fetters bound.
The waterman, forlorn, along the shore,
Pensive reclines upon his useless oar:
See harnessed steeds desert the stony town,
And wander roads unstable not their own;
Wheels o'er the hardened water smoothly glide,
And raze with whitened tracks the slippery tide;
Here the fat cook piles high the blazing fire,
And scarce the spit can turn the steer entire;
Booths sudden hide the Thames, long streets appear,
And numerous games proclaim the crowded fair.

So, when a general bids the martial train
Spread their encampment o'er the spacious plain,
Thick-rising tents a canvass city build,
And the loud dice resound through all the field.

In 1713, Gay brought out a comedy entitled *The Wife of Bath*; but it failed of success. His friends were anxious in his behalf, and next year (July 1714), he writes with joy to Pope—'Since you went out of the town, my Lord Clarendon was appointed envoy-extraordinary to Hanover, in the room of Lord Paget; and by making use of those friends, which I entirely owe to you, he has accepted me for his secretary.' The poet accordingly quitted his situation in the Monmouth family, and accompanied Lord Clarendon on his embassy. He seems, however, to have held it only for about two months; for on the 23d of September of the same year, Pope welcomes him to his native soil, and counsels him, now that the queen was dead, to write something on the king, or prince, or princess. Gay was an anxious expectant of court favour, and he complied with Pope's request. He wrote a poem on the princess, and the royal family went to see his play of *What D'ye Call It?* produced shortly after his return from Hanover, in 1714. The piece was eminently successful; and Gay was stimulated to another dramatic attempt of a similar nature, entitled *Three Hours After Marriage*. Some personal satire and indecent dialogues in this piece, together with the improbability of the plot, sealed its fate with the public. It soon fell into disgrace; and its author being afraid that Pope and Arbuthnot would suffer injury from their supposed connexion with it, took 'all the shame on himself.' Gay was silent and dejected for some time; but in 1720 he published his poems by subscription, and realised a sum of £1000. He received, also, a present of South-Sea stock, and was supposed to be worth £20,000, all of which he lost by the explosion of that famous delusion. This serious calamity to one fond of finery in dress and living only prompted to farther literary exertion. In 1724, Gay brought out another drama, *The Captives*, which was acted with moderate success; and in 1726 he wrote a volume of fables, designed for the special improvement of the Duke of Cumberland, who certainly did not learn mercy or humanity from them. The accession of the prince and princess to the throne seemed to augur well for the fortunes of Gay; but he was only offered the situation of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses, and considering this an insult, he rejected it. His genius proved his best patron. In 1726, Swift came to England, and resided two months with Pope at Twickenham. Among other plans, the dean of St Patrick suggested to Gay the idea of a Newgate pastoral, in which the characters should be thieves and highwaymen, and the *Beggar's Opera* was the result. When finished, the two friends were doubtful of the success of the piece, but it was received with unbounded applause. The songs and music aided greatly its popularity, and there was also the recommendation of political satire; for the quarrel between Peachum and Lockit was an allusion to a personal collision between Walpole and his colleague, Lord Townsend. The spirit and variety of the piece, in which song and sentiment are so happily intermixed with vice and roguery, still render the 'Beggar's Opera' a favourite with the public; but as Gay has succeeded in making highwaymen agreeable, and even attractive, it cannot be commended for its moral tendency. Of this we suspect the Epicurean author thought little. The opera had a run of sixty-three nights, and became the rage of town and country. Its success had also

* Squirt is the name of an apothecary's boy in Garth's 'Dispensary.'

the effect of giving rise to the English opera, a species of light comedy enlivened by songs and music, which for a time supplanted the Italian opera, with all its exotic and elaborate graces. Gay tried a sequel to the 'Beggar's Opera,' under the title of *Polly*; but as it was supposed to contain sarcasms on the court, the lord chamberlain prohibited its representation. The poet had recourse to publication; and such was the zeal of his friends, and the effect of party spirit, that while the 'Beggar's Opera' realised for him only about £400, 'Polly' produced a profit of £1100 or £1200. The Duchess of Marlborough gave £100 as her subscription for a copy. Gay had now amassed £3000 by his writings, which he resolved to keep 'entire and sacred.' He was at the same time received into the house of his kind patrons the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, with whom he spent the remainder of his life. His only literary occupation was composing additional fables, and corresponding occasionally with Pope and Swift. A sudden attack of inflammatory fever hurried him out of life in three days. He died on the 4th of December 1732. Pope's letter to Swift announcing the event was indorsed by the latter: 'On my dear friend Mr Gay's death. Received, December 15th, but not read till the 20th, by an impulse foreboding some misfortune.' The friendship of these eminent men seems to have been sincere and tender; and nothing in the life of Swift is more touching or honourable to his memory, than those passages in his letters where the recollection of Gay melted his haughty stoicism, and awakened his deep though unavailing sorrow. Pope, always more affectionate, was equally grieved by the loss of him whom he has characterised as—

> Of manners gentle, of affections mild;
> In wit a man, simplicity a child.

Gay was buried in Westminster abbey, where a handsome monument was erected to his memory by the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry. The works of this easy and *loveable* son of the muses have lost much of their popularity. He has the licentiousness, without the elegance, of Prior. His fables are still, however, the best we possess; and if they have not the nationality or rich humour and archness of La Fontaine's, the subjects of them are light and pleasing, and the versification always smooth and correct. *The Hare with Many Friends* is doubtless drawn from Gay's own experience. In the *Court of Death*, he aims at a higher order of poetry, and marshals his 'diseases dire' with a strong and gloomy power. His song of *Black-Eyed Susan*, and the ballad beginning 'Twas when the seas were roaring,' are full of characteristic tenderness and lyrical melody. The latter is said by Cowper to have been the joint production of Arbuthnot, Swift, and Gay.

[*The Country Ballad Singer.*]

[From 'The Shepherd's Week.']

Sublimer strains, O rustic muse! prepare;
Forget awhile the barn and dairy's care;
Thy homely voice to loftier numbers raise,
The drunkard's flights require sonorous lays;
With Bowzybeus' songs exalt thy verse,
While rocks and woods the various notes rehearse.
'Twas in the season when the reapers' toil
Of the ripe harvest 'gan to rid the soil;
Wide through the field was seen a goodly rout,
Clean damsels bound the gathered sheaves about;
The lads with sharpened hook and sweating brow
Cut down the labours of the winter plough. * *
When fast asleep they Bowzybeus spied,
His hat and oaken staff lay close beside;
That Bowzybeus who could sweetly sing,
Or with the rosined bow torment the string;
That Bowzybeus who, with fingers' speed,
Could call soft warblings from the breathing reed;
That Bowzybeus who, with jocund tongue,
Ballads, and roundelays, and catches sung:
They loudly laugh to see the damsel's fright,
And in disport surround the drunken wight.
Ah, Bowzybee, why didst thou stay so long?
The mugs were large, the drink was wondrous strong!
Thou should'st have left the fair before 'twas night,
But thou sat'st toping till the morning light.
Ciccly, brisk maid, steps forth before the rout,
And kissed with smacking lip the snoring lout
(For custom says, 'Whoe'er this venture proves,
For such a kiss demands a pair of gloves').
By her example Dorcas bolder grows,
And plays a tickling straw within his nose.
He rubs his nostril, and in wonted joke
The sneering strains with stammering speech bespoke:
To you, my lads, I'll sing my carols o'er;
As for the maids, I've something else in store.
No sooner 'gan he raise his tuneful song,
But lads and lasses round about him throng.
Not ballad-singer placed above the crowd
Sings with a note so shrilling sweet and loud;
Nor parish-clerk, who calls the psalm so clear,
Like Bowzybeus soothes the attentive ear.
Of nature's laws his carols first begun,
Why the grave owl can never face the sun.
For owls, as swains observe, detest the light,
And only sing and seek their prey by night.
How turnips hide their swelling heads below,
And how the closing coleworts upwards grow;
How Will-a-wisp misleads night faring clowns
O'er hills, and sinking bogs, and pathless downs.
Of stars he told that shoot with shining trail,
And of the glow-worm's light that gilds his tail.
He sung where woodcocks in the summer feed,
And in what climates they renew their breed
(Some think to northern coasts their flight they tend,
Or to the moon in midnight hours ascend);
Where swallows in the winter's season keep,
And how the drowsy bat and dormouse sleep;
How nature does the puppy's eyelid close,
Till the bright sun has nine times set and rose
(For huntsmen by their long experience find,
That puppies still nine rolling suns are blind).
Now he goes on, and sings of fairs and shows,
For still new fairs before his eyes arose.
How pedlers' stalls with glittering toys are laid,
The various fairings of the country maid.
Long silken laces hang upon the twine,
And rows of pins and amber bracelets shine;
How the tight lass knives, combs, and scissors spies,
And looks on thimbles with desiring eyes.
Of lotteries next with tuneful note he told,
Where silver spoons are won, and rings of gold.
The lads and lasses trudge the street along,
And all the fair is crowded in his song.
The mountebank now treads the stage, and sells
His pills, his balsams, and his ague-spells;
Now o'er and o'er the nimble tumbler springs,
And on the rope the venturous maiden swings;
Jack Pudding, in his party-coloured jacket,
Tosses the glove, and jokes at every packet.
Of raree-shows he sung, and Punch's feats,
Of pockets picked in crowds, and various cheats.
Then sad he sung 'The Children in the Wood,'
(Ah, barbarous uncle, stained with infant blood!)
How blackberries they plucked in deserts wild,
And fearless at the glittering faulchion smiled;
Their little corpse the robin-redbreasts found,
And strewed with pious bill the leaves around.
(Ah, gentle birds! if this verse lasts so long,
Your names shall live for ever in my song.)

For 'Buxom Joan' he sung the doubtful strife,
How the sly sailor made the maid a wife.
To louder strains he raised his voice, to tell
What woful wars in 'Chevy Chase' befell,
When 'Percy drove the deer with hound and horn;
Wars to be wept by children yet unborn!'
Ah, Witherington! more years thy life had crowned,
If thou hadst never heard the horn or hound!
Yet shall the squire, who fought on bloody stumps,
By future bards be wailed in doleful dumps.
'All in the land of Essex' next he chaunts,
How to sleek mares starch Quakers turn gallants:
How the grave brother stood on bank so green—
Happy for him if mares had never been!
Then he was seized with a religious qualm,
And on a sudden sung the hundredth psalm.
He sung of 'Taffy Welsh' and 'Sawney Scot,'
'Lilly-bullero' and the 'Irish Trot.'
Why should I tell of 'Bateman' or of 'Shore.'
Or 'Wantley's Dragon' slain by valiant Moore,
'The Bower of Rosamond,' or 'Robin Hood,'
And how the 'grass now grows where Troy town stood!'
His carols ceased: the listening maids and swains
Seem still to hear some soft imperfect strains.
Sudden he rose, and, as he reels along,
Swears kisses sweet should well reward his song.
The damsels laughing fly; the giddy clown
Again upon a wheat-sheaf drops adown;
The power that guards the drunk his sleep attends,
Till, ruddy, like his face, the sun descends.

[*Walking the Streets of London.*]

[From 'Trivia.']

Through winter streets to steer your course aright,
How to walk clean by day, and safe by night;
How jostling crowds with prudence to decline,
When to assert the wall, and when resign,
I sing; thou, Trivia, goddess, aid my song,
Through spacious streets conduct thy bard along;
By thee transported, I securely stray
Where winding alleys lead the doubtful way;
The silent court and opening square explore,
And long perplexing lanes untrod before.
To pave thy realm, and smooth the broken ways,
Earth from her womb a flinty tribute pays:
For thee the sturdy pavior thumps the ground,
Whilst every stroke his labouring lungs resound;
For thee the scavenger bids kennels glide
Within their bounds, and heaps of dirt subside.
My youthful bosom burns with thirst of fame,
From the great theme to build a glorious name;
To tread in paths to ancient bards unknown,
And bind my temples with a civic crown:
But more my country's love demands my lays;
My country's be the profit, mine the praise!
When the black youth at chosen stands rejoice,
And 'clean your shoes' resounds from every voice;
When late their miry sides stage-coaches show,
And their stiff horses through the town move slow;
When all the Mall in leafy ruin lies,
And damsels first renew their oyster cries;
Then let the prudent walker shoes provide,
Not of the Spanish or Morocco hide;
The wooden heel may raise the dancer's bound,
And with the scalloped top his step be crowned:
Let firm, well-hammered soles protect thy feet
Through freezing snows, and rains, and soaking sleet.
Should the big last extend the shoe too wide,
Each stone will wrench the unwary step aside;
The sudden turn may stretch the swelling vein,
Thy cracking joint unhinge, or ankle sprain;
And, when too short the modish shoes are worn,
You'll judge the seasons by your shooting corn.
Nor should it prove thy less important care,
To choose a proper coat for winter's wear.
Now in thy trunk thy D'Oily habit fold,
The silken drugget ill can fence the cold;
The frieze's spongy nap is soaked with rain,
And showers soon drench the camblet's cockled grain;
True Witney[1] broadcloth, with its shag unshorn,
Unpierced is in the lasting tempest worn:
Be this the horseman's fence, for who would wear
Amid the town the spoils of Russia's bear?
Within the roquelaure's clasp thy hands are pent,
Hands, that, stretched forth, invading harms prevent.
Let the looped bavaroy the fop embrace,
Or his deep cloak bespattered o'er with lace.
That garment best the winter's rage defends,
Whose ample form without one plait depends;
By various names[2] in various counties known,
Yet held in all the true surtout alone;
Be thine of kersey firm, though small the cost,
Then brave unwet the rain, unchilled the frost.
If the strong cane support thy walking hand,
Chairmen no longer shall the wall command;
Even sturdy carmen shall thy nod obey,
And rattling coaches stop to make thee way:
This shall direct thy cautious tread aright,
Though not one glaring lamp enlighten night.
Let beaux their canes, with amber tipt, produce;
Be theirs for empty show, but thine for use.
To gilded chariots while they loll at ease,
And lazily insure a life's disease;
While softer chairs the tawdry load convey
To court, to White's,[3] assemblies, or the play;
Rosy-complexioned Health thy steps attends,
And exercise thy lasting youth defends.
Imprudent men Heaven's choicest gifts profane:
Thus some beneath their arm support the cane;
The dirty point oft checks the careless pace,
And miry spots the clean cravat disgrace.
Oh! may I never such misfortune meet!
May no such vicious walkers crowd the street!
May Providence o'ershade me with her wings,
While the bold Muse experienced danger sings!

Song.

Sweet woman is like the fair flower in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic around.

But when once plucked, 'tis no longer alluring,
To Covent-Garden 'tis sent (as yet sweet),
There fades, and shrinks, and grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is trod under feet.

[*The Poet and the Rose.*]

[From the 'Fables.']

I hate the man who builds his name
On ruins of another's fame:
Thus prudes, by characters o'erthrown,
Imagine that they raise their own;
Thus scribblers, covetous of praise,
Think slander can transplant the bays.
Beauties and bards have equal pride,
With both all rivals are decried:
Who praises Lesbia's eyes and feature,
Must call her sister 'awkward creature;'
For the kind flattery's sure to charm,
When we some other nymph disarm.
As in the cool of early day
A poet sought the sweets of May,
The garden's fragrant breath ascends,
And every stalk with odour bends;
A rose he plucked, he gazed, admired,
Thus singing, as the muse inspired—

[1] A town in Oxfordshire.
[2] A Joseph, wrap-rascal, &c.
[3] A chocolate-house in St James's Street.

'Go, Rose, my Chloe's bosom grace;
How happy should I prove,
Might I supply that envied place
With never-fading love!
There, Phenix-like, beneath her eye,
Involved in fragrance, burn and die.
Know, hapless flower! that thou shalt find
More fragrant roses there:
I see thy withering head reclined
With envy and despair!
One common fate we both must prove;
You die with envy, I with love.'
'Spare your comparisons,' replied
An angry Rose, who grew beside.
'Of all mankind, you should not flout us;
What can a poet do without us?
In every love-song roses bloom;
We lend you colour and perfume.
Does it to Chloe's charms conduce,
To found her praise on our abuse?
Must we, to flatter her, be made
To wither, envy, pine, and fade?'

The Court of Death.

Death, on a solemn night of state,
In all his pomp of terror sate:
The attendants of his gloomy reign,
Diseases dire, a ghastly train!
Crowd the vast court. With hollow tone,
A voice thus thundered from the throne:
'This night our minister we name,
Let every servant speak his claim;
Merit shall bear this ebon wand.'
All, at the word, stretched forth their hand.
Fever, with burning heat possessed,
Advanced, and for the wand addressed:
'I to the weekly bills appeal,
Let those express my fervent zeal;
On every slight occasion near,
With violence I persevere.'
Next Gout appears with limping pace,
Pleads how he shifts from place to place;
From head to foot how swift he flies,
And every joint and sinew plies;
Still working when he seems supprest,
A most tenacious stubborn guest.
A haggard spectre from the crew
Crawls forth, and thus asserts his due:
'Tis I who taint the sweetest joy,
And in the shape of love destroy.
My shanks, sunk eyes, and noseless face,
Prove my pretension to the place.'
Stone urged his overgrowing force;
And, next, Consumption's meagre corse,
With feeble voice that scarce was heard,
Broke with short coughs, his suit preferred:
'Let none object my lingering way;
I gain, Like Fabius, by delay;
Fatigue and weaken every foe
By long attack, secure, though slow.'
Plague represents his rapid power,
Who thinned a nation in an hour.
All spoke their claim, and hoped the wand.
Now expectation hushed the band,
When thus the monarch from the throne:
'Merit was ever modest known.
What, no physician speak his right!
None here! but fees their toils requite.
Let then Intemperance take the wand,
Who fills with gold their zealous hand.
You, Fever, Gout, and all the rest
(Whom wary men as foes detest),
Forego your claim. No more pretend;
Intemperance is esteemed a friend;
He shares their mirth, their social joys,
And as a courted guest destroys.
The charge on him must justly fall,
Who finds employment for you all.'

The Hare and Many Friends.

Friendship, like love, is but a name,
Unless to one you stint the flame.
The child, whom many fathers share,
Hath seldom known a father's care.
'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
On many, rarely find a friend.
A Hare, who in a civil way,
Complied with everything, like GAY,
Was known by all the bestial train,
Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
Her care was never to offend,
And every creature was her friend.
As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend.
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship every burden's light.
The Horse replied: Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see thee thus;
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.
She next the stately Bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
Love calls me hence; a favourite cow
Expects me near yon barley-mow;
And when a lady's in the case,
You know, all other things give place.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.
The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm,
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.
The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained:
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.
She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage?
Older and abler passed you by;
How strong are those, how weak am I!
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart;
But dearest friends, alas! must part.
How shall we all lament! Adieu!
For, see, the hounds are just in view!

The Lion, the Tiger, and the Traveller.

Accept, young prince, the moral lay,
And in these tales mankind survey;

With early virtues plant your breast,
The specious arts of vice detest.
Princes, like beauties, from their youth
Are strangers to the voice of truth;
Learn to contemn all praise betimes,
For flattery is the nurse of crimes:
Friendship by sweet reproof is shown
(A virtue never near a throne);
In courts such freedom must offend,
There none presumes to be a friend.
To those of your exalted station,
Each courtier is a dedication.
Must I, too, flatter like the rest,
And turn my morals to a jest?
The muse disdains to steal from those
Who thrive in courts by fulsome prose.
But shall I hide your real praise,
Or tell you what a nation says?
They in your infant bosom trace
The virtues of your royal race;
In the fair dawning of your mind
Discern you generous, mild, and kind:
They see you grieve to hear distress,
And pant already to redress.
Go on, the height of good attain,
Nor let a nation hope in vain:
For hence we justly may presage
The virtues of a riper age.
True courage shall your bosom fire,
And future actions own your sire.
Cowards are cruel, but the brave
Love mercy, and delight to save.
A Tiger, roaming for his prey,
Sprung on a Traveller in the way;
The prostrate game a Lion spies,
And on the greedy tyrant flies;
With mingled roar resounds the wood,
Their teeth, their claws, distil with blood;
Till, vanquished by the Lion's strength,
The spotted foe extends his length.
The man besought the shaggy lord,
And on his knees for life implored;
His life the generous hero gave.
Together walking to his cave,
The Lion thus bespoke his guest:
What hardy beast shall dare contest
My matchless strength? You saw the fight,
And must attest my power and right.
Forced to forego their native home,
My starving slaves at distance roam;
Within these woods I reign alone;
The boundless forest is my own.
Bears, wolves, and all the savage brood,
Have dyed the regal den with blood.
These carcasses on either hand,
Those bones that whiten all the land,
My former deeds and triumphs tell,
Beneath these jaws what numbers fell.
True, says the man, the strength I saw
Might well the brutal nation awe:
But shall a monarch, brave like you,
Place glory in so false a view?
Robbers invade their neighbour's right.
Be loved; let justice bound your might.
Mean are ambitious heroes' boasts
Of wasted lands and slaughtered hosts.
Pirates their power by murders gain:
Wise kings by love and mercy reign.
To me your clemency hath shown
The virtue worthy of a throne.
Heaven gives you power above the rest,
Like Heaven, to succour the distrest.
The case is plain, the monarch said;
False glory hath my youth misled;
For beasts of prey, a servile train,
Have been the flatterers of my reign.
You reason well. Yet tell me, friend,
Did ever you in courts attend?
For all my fawning rogues agree,
That human heroes rule like me.

Sweet William's Farewell to Black-Eyed Susan.

All in the downs the fleet was moored,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard,
Oh! where shall I my true love find?
Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true,
If my sweet William sails among the crew?

William, who high upon the yard
Rocked with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sighed, and cast his eyes below:
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And (quick as lightning) on the deck he stands.

So sweet the lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
(If chance his mate's shrill call he hear),
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lip those kisses sweet.

O! Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds! my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind;
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

If to fair India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view,
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

Though battle call me from thy arms,
Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
Though cannons roar, yet, safe from harms,
William shall to his dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread;
No longer must she stay aboard;
They kissed, she sighed, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land,
Adieu! she cries, and waved her lily hand.

A Ballad.

[From the 'What-d'ye-call-it?']

'Twas when the seas were roaring
With hollow blasts of wind,
A damsel lay deploring,
All on a rock reclined.
Wide o'er the foaming billows
She cast a wistful look;
Her head was crowned with willows,
That trembled o'er the brook.

Twelve months are gone and over,
And nine long tedious days;
Why didst thou, venturous lover,
Why didst thou trust the seas?
Cease, cease thou cruel ocean,
And let my lover rest:
Ah! what's thy troubled motion
To that within my breast?

The merchant robbed of pleasure,
Sees tempests in despair;
But what's the loss of treasure,
To losing of my dear!
Should you some coast be laid on,
Where gold and diamonds grow,
You'd find a richer maiden,
But none that loves you so.

How can they say that nature
Has nothing made in vain;
Why then, beneath the water,
Should hideous rocks remain?
No eyes the rocks discover
That lurk beneath the deep,
To wreck the wandering lover,
And leave the maid to weep.

All melancholy lying,
Thus wailed she for her dear;
Repaid each blast with sighing,
Each billow with a tear.
When o'er the white wave stooping
His floating corpse she spied,
Then, like a lily drooping,
She bowed her head, and died.

THOMAS PARNELL.

Another friend of Pope and Swift, and one of the popular authors of that period, was THOMAS PARNELL (1679–1718). His father possessed considerable estates in Ireland, but was descended of an English family long settled at Congleton, in Cheshire. The poet was born and educated in Dublin,

Thomas Parnell.

went into sacred orders, and was appointed archdeacon of Clogher, to which was afterwards added, through the influence of Swift, the vicarage of Finglass, in the diocese of Dublin, worth £400 a-year. Parnell, like Swift, disliked Ireland, and seems to have considered his situation there a cheerless and irksome banishment. As permanent residence at their livings was not then insisted upon on the part of the clergy, Parnell lived chiefly in London. He married a young lady of beauty and merit, Miss Anne Minchen, who died a few years after their union. His grief for her loss preyed upon his spirits (which had always been unequal), and hurried him into intemperance. He died on the 18th of October 1718, at Chester, on his way to Ireland. Parnell was an accomplished scholar and a delightful companion. His life was written by Goldsmith, who was proud of his distinguished countryman, considering him the last of the great school that had modelled itself upon the ancients. Parnell's works are of a miscellaneous nature—translations, songs, hymns, epistles, &c. His most celebrated piece is the *Hermit*, familiar to most readers from their infancy. Pope pronounced it to be 'very good,' and its sweetness of diction and picturesque solemnity of style must always please. His *Night Piece on Death* was indirectly preferred by Goldsmith to Gray's celebrated Elegy; but few men of taste or feeling will subscribe to such an opinion. In the 'Night Piece,' Parnell meditates among the tombs. Tired with poring over the pages of schoolmen and sages, he sallies out at midnight to the churchyard—

How deep yon azure dyes the sky!
Where orbs of gold unnumbered lie;
While through their ranks, in silver pride,
The nether crescent seems to glide.
The slumbering breeze forgets to breathe,
The lake is smooth and clear beneath,
Where once again the spangled show
Descends to meet our eyes below.
The grounds, which on the right aspire,
In dimness from the view retire:
The left presents a place of graves,
Whose wall the silent water laves.
That steeple guides thy doubtful sight
Among the livid gleams of night.
There pass, with melancholy state,
By all the solemn heaps of fate,
And think, as softly sad you tread
Above the venerable dead,
'Time was, like thee, they life possessed,
And time shall be that thou shalt rest.'
Those with bending osier bound,
That nameless heave the crumbled ground,
Quick to the glancing thought disclose
Where toil and poverty repose.
The flat smooth stones that bear a name,
The chisel's slender help to fame
(Which, ere our set of friends decay,
Their frequent steps may wear away),
A middle race of mortals own,
Men, half ambitious, all unknown.
The marble tombs that rise on high,
Whose dead in vaulted arches lie,
Whose pillars swell with sculptured stones,
Arms, angels, epitaphs, and bones;
These all the poor remains of state,
Adorn the rich, or praise the great,
Who, while on earth in fame they live,
Are senseless of the fame they give.

The Hermit.

Far in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.

A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose—
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,

And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),
He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The morn was wasted in the pathless grass,
And long and lonesome was the wild to pass;
But, when the southern sun had warmed the day,
A youth came posting o'er a crossing way;
His raiment decent, his complexion fair,
And soft in graceful ringlets waved his hair;
Then, near approaching, 'Father, hail!' he cried,
And, 'Hail, my son!' the reverend sire replied.
Words followed words, from question answer flowed,
And talk, of various kind, deceived the road;
Till each with other pleased, and loath to part,
While in their age they differ, join in heart.
Thus stands an aged elm in ivy bound,
Thus useful ivy clasps an elm around.

Now sunk the sun; the closing hour of day
Came onward, mantled o'er with sober gray;
Nature, in silence, bid the world repose,
When, near the road, a stately palace rose.
There, by the moon, through ranks of trees they pass,
Whose verdure crowned their sloping sides with grass.
It chanced the noble master of the dome
Still made his house the wandering stranger's home;
Yet still the kindness, from a thirst of praise,
Proved the vain flourish of expensive ease.
The pair arrive; the liveried servants wait;
Their lord receives them at the pompous gate;
The table groans with costly piles of food,
And all is more than hospitably good.
Then led to rest, the day's long toil they drown,
Deep sunk in sleep, and silk, and heaps of down.
At length 'tis morn, and, at the dawn of day,
Along the wide canals the zephyrs play;
Fresh o'er the gay parterres the breezes creep,
And shake the neighbouring wood to banish sleep.
Up rise the guests, obedient to the call,
An early banquet decked the splendid hall;
Rich luscious wine a golden goblet graced,
Which the kind master forced the guests to taste.
Then, pleased and thankful, from the porch they go;
And, but the landlord, none had cause of wo;
His cup was vanished; for in secret guise,
The younger guest purloined the glittering prize.

As one who spies a serpent in his way,
Glistening and basking in the summer ray,
Disordered stops to shun the danger near,
Then walks with faintness on, and looks with fear;
So seemed the sire, when, far upon the road,
The shining spoil his wily partner showed.
He stopped with silence, walked with trembling heart,
And much he wished, but durst not ask to part;
Murmuring he lifts his eyes, and thinks it hard
That generous actions meet a base reward.
While thus they pass, the sun his glory shrouds,
The changing skies hang out their sable clouds;
A sound in air presaged approaching rain,
And beasts to covert scud across the plain.
Warned by the signs, the wandering pair retreat
To seek for shelter at a neighbouring seat.
'Twas built with turrets on a rising ground,
And strong, and large, and unimproved around;
Its owner's temper, timorous and severe,
Unkind and griping, caused a desert there.
As near the miser's heavy door they drew,
Fierce rising gusts with sudden fury blew;
The nimble lightning, mixed with showers, began,
And o'er their heads loud rolling thunders ran;
Here long they knock, but knock or call in vain,
Driven by the wind, and battered by the rain.
At length some pity warmed the master's breast
('Twas then his threshold first received a guest);
Slow creaking turns the door with jealous care,
And half he welcomes in the shivering pair;
One frugal faggot lights the naked walls,
And Nature's fervour through their limbs recalls;
Bread of the coarsest sort, with meagre wine,
(Each hardly granted), served them both to dine;
And when the tempest first appeared to cease,
A ready warning bid them part in peace.
With still remark, the pondering hermit viewed,
In one so rich, a life so poor and rude;
And why should such (within himself he cried)
Lock the lost wealth a thousand want beside?
But what new marks of wonder soon take place
In every settling feature of his face,
When, from his vest, the young companion bore
That cup, the generous landlord owned before,
And paid profusely with the precious bowl,
The stinted kindness of this churlish soul!

But now the clouds in airy tumult fly;
The sun emerging, opes an azure sky;
A fresher green the smelling leaves display,
And, glittering as they tremble, cheer the day:
The weather courts them from their poor retreat,
And the glad master bolts the weary gate.
While hence they walk, the pilgrim's bosom wrought
With all the travail of uncertain thought:
His partner's acts without their cause appear;
'Twas there a vice, and seemed a madness here:
Detesting that, and pitying this, he goes,
Lost and confounded with the various shows.
Now night's dim shades again involve the sky;
Again the wanderer's want a place to lie;
Again they search, and find a lodging nigh.
The soil improved around, the mansion neat,
And neither poorly low, nor idly great;
It seemed to speak its master's turn of mind,
Content, and not for praise, but virtue, kind.
Hither the walkers turn their weary feet,
Then bless the mansion, and the master greet.
Their greeting fair, bestowed with modest guise,
The courteous master hears, and thus replies:—

'Without a vain, without a grudging heart,
To him who gives us all, I yield a part;
From him you come, for him accept it here,
A frank and sober, more than costly cheer!'
He spoke, and bid the welcome table spread,
Then talked of virtue till the time of bed;
When the grave household round his hall repair,
Warned by a bell, and close the hours with prayer.
At length the world, renewed by calm repose,
Was strong for toil; the dappled morn arose;
Before the pilgrims part, the younger crept
Near a closed cradle where an infant slept,
And writhed his neck: the landlord's little pride,
O strange return! grew black, and gasped, and died!
Horror of horrors! what! his only son!
How looked our hermit when the fact was done!
Not hell, though hell's black jaws in sunder part,
And breathe blue fire, could more assault his heart.

Confused, and struck with silence at the deed,
He flies, but trembling, fails to fly with speed;
His steps the youth pursues: the country lay
Perplexed with roads; a servant showed the way;
A river crossed the path; the passage o'er
Was nice to find; the servant trod before;
Long arms of oaks an open bridge supplied,
And deep the waves beneath them bending glide.
The youth, who seemed to watch a time to sin,
Approached the careless guide, and thrust him in;
Plunging he falls, and rising, lifts his head,
Then flashing turns, and sinks among the dead.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
'Detested wretch!'—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;
Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair;
Celestial odours breathe through purpled air;
And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
And moves in all the majesty of light.
Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do;
Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
And in a calm, his settling temper ends,
But silence here the beauteous angel broke
(The voice of Music ravish'd as he spoke):—
'Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
In sweet memorial rise before the throne:
These charms success in our bright region find,
And force an angel down to calm thy mind;
For this commissioned, I forsook the sky:
Nay, cease to kneel—thy fellow servant I.
Then know the truth of government divine,
And let these scruples be no longer thine.
The Maker justly claims that world he made;
In this the right of Providence is laid;
Its sacred majesty through all depends
On using second means to work his ends:
'Tis thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
The power exerts his attributes on high;
Your action uses, nor controls your will,
And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
What strange events can strike with more surprise,
Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes?
Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.
The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run!
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 'twas my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back?
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail!
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind: this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more.'
On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew;
Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
His master took the chariot of the sky;
The fiery pomp ascending left the view;
The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
'Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done.'
Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
And passed a life of piety and peace.

MATTHEW GREEN.

MATTHEW GREEN (1696–1737) was author of a poem, *The Spleen*, which received the praises of Pope and Gray. He was born in 1696, of dissenting parentage, and enjoyed a situation in the custom-house. His disposition was cheerful; but this did not save him from occasional attacks of low spirits, or spleen, as the favourite phrase was in his time. Having tried all imaginable remedies for his malady, he conceived himself at length able to treat it in a philosophical spirit, and therefore wrote the above-mentioned poem, which adverts to all its forms, and their appropriate remedies, in a style of comic verse resembling Hudibras, but which Pope himself allowed to be eminently original. Green terminated a quiet inoffensive life of celibacy in 1737, at the age of forty-one.

'The Spleen' was first published by Glover, the author of 'Leonidas,' himself a poet of some pretensions in his day. Gray thought that 'even the wood-notes of Green often break out into strains of real poetry and music.' As 'The Spleen' is almost unknown to modern readers, we present a few of its best passages. The first that follows contains one line (marked by Italic) which is certainly one of the happiest and wisest things ever said by a British author. It seems, however, to be imitated from Shakspeare—

Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
And he retires.

[*Cures for Melancholy.*]

To cure the mind's wrong bias, spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green;
Some hilly walks; all exercise;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the spleen;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequined away the fit.
Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some particulars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools—— * *
Who buzz in rhyme, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf;
Deep tragedies that make us laugh;
Folks, things prophetic to dispense,
Making the past the future tense;
The popish dubbing of a priest;
Fine epitaphs on knaves deceased;
A miser starving to be rich;
The prior of Newgate's dying speech;
A jointured widow's ritual state;
Two Jews disputing tête-à-tête;
New almanacs composed by seers;
Experiments on felons' ears;
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye;
A coquette's April-weather face;
A Queen'brough mayor behind his mace,
And fops in military show,
Are sovereign for the case in view.
If spleen-fogs rise at close of day,
I clear my evening with a play,
Or to some concert take my way.
The company, the shine of lights,
The scenes of humour, music's flights,
Adjust and set the soul to rights.

In rainy days keep double guard,
Or spleen will surely be too hard;
Which, like those fish by sailors met,
Fly highest while their wings are wet.
In such dull weather, so unfit
To enterprise a work of wit;
When clouds one yard of azure sky,
That's fit for simile, deny,
I dress my face with studious looks,
And shorten tedious hours with books.
But if dull fogs invade the head,
That memory minds not what is read,
I sit in window dry as ark,
And on the drowning world remark:
Or to some coffeehouse I stray
For news, the manna of a day,
And from the hipped discourses gather,
That politics go by the weather. * *
Sometimes I dress, with women sit,
And chat away the gloomy fit;
Quit the stiff garb of serious sense,
And wear a gay impertinence,
Nor think nor speak with any pains,
But lay on fancy's neck the reins. * *
Law, licensed breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease;
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By the magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the spleen. * *
I never game, and rarely bet,
Am loath to lend or run in debt.
No Compter-writs me agitate;
Who moralising pass the gate,
And there mine eyes on spendthrifts turn,
Who vainly o'er their bondage mourn.
Wisdom, before beneath their care,
Pays her upbraiding visits there,
And forces folly through the grate
Her panegyric to repeat.
This view, profusely when inclined,
Enters a caveat in the mind:
Experience, joined with common sense,
To mortals is a providence.
Reforming schemes are none of mine;
To mend the world's a vast design:
Like theirs, who tug in little boat
To pull to them the ship afloat,
While to defeat their laboured end,
At once both wind and stream contend:
Success herein is seldom seen,
And zeal, when baffled, turns to spleen.
Happy the man, who, innocent,
Grieves not at ills he can't prevent;
His skiff does with the current glide,
Not puffing pulled against the tide.
He, paddling by the scuffling crowd,
Sees unconcerned life's wager rowed,
And when he can't prevent foul play,
Enjoys the folly of the fray. * *
Yet philosophic love of ease
I suffer not to prove disease,
But rise up in the virtuous cause
Of a free press, and equal laws. * *
Since disappointment galls within,
And subjugates the soul to spleen,
Most schemes, as money snares, I hate,
And bite not at projector's bait.
Sufficient wrecks appear each day,
And yet fresh fools are cast away.
Ere well the bubbled can turn round,
Their painted vessel runs aground;
Or in deep seas it oversets
By a fierce hurricane of debts;
Or helm-directors in one trip,
Freight first embezzled, sink the ship. * *

When Fancy tries her limning skill
To draw and colour at her will,
And raise and round the figures well,
And show her talent to excel,
I guard my heart, lest it should woo
Unreal beauties Fancy drew,
And, disappointed, feel despair
At loss of things that never were.

[*Contentment—A Wish.*]

Forced by soft violence of prayer,
The blithsome goddess soothes my care;
I feel the deity inspire,
And thus she models my desire:
Two hundred pounds half-yearly paid,
Annuity securely made,
A farm some twenty miles from town,
Small, tight, salubrious, and my own;
Two maids that never saw the town,
A serving-man not quite a clown,
A boy to help to tread the mow,
And drive, while t'other holds the plough;
A chief, of temper formed to please,
Fit to converse and keep the keys;
And better to preserve the peace,
Commissioned by the name of niece;
With understandings of a size,
To think their master very wise.
May heaven (as's all I wish for) send
One genial room to treat a friend,
Where decent cupboard, little plate,
Display benevolence, not state.
And may my humble dwelling stand
Upon some chosen spot of land:
A pond before full to the brim,
Where cows may cool, and geese may swim;
Behind, a green, like velvet neat,
Soft to the eye, and to the feet;
Where odorous plants in evening fair
Breathe all around ambrosial air;
From Eurus, foe to kitchen ground,
Fenced by a slope with bushes crowned,
Fit dwelling for the feathered throng,
Who pay their quit-rents with a song;
With opening views of hill and dale,
Which sense and fancy do regale,
Where the half-cirque, which vision bounds,
Like amphitheatre surrounds:
And woods impervious to the breeze,
Thick phalanx of embodied trees;
From hills through plains in dusk array,
Extended far, repel the day;
Here stillness, height, and solemn shade,
Invite, and contemplation aid:
Here nymphs from hollow oaks relate
The dark decrees and will of fate;
And dreams, beneath the spreading beech
Inspire, and docile fancy teach;
While soft as breezy breath of wind,
Impulses rustle through the mind:
Here Dryads, scorning Phœbus' ray,
While Pan melodious pipes away,
In measured motions frisk about,
Till old Silenus puts them out.
There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green;
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow Sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy top-knots deck her hair,
And silver streams through meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills,
From plaything urns pour down the rills.
Thus sheltered free from care and strife,
May I enjoy a calm through life;

See faction, safe in low degree,
As men at land see storms at sea,
And laugh at miserable elves,
Not kind, so much as to themselves,
Cursed with such souls of base alloy,
As can possess, but not enjoy;
Debarred the pleasure to impart
By avarice, sphincter of the heart;
Who wealth, hard earned by guilty cares,
Bequeath untouched to thankless heirs;
May I, with look ungloomed by guile,
And wearing virtue's livery-smile,
Prone the distressed to relieve,
And little trespasses forgive;
With income not in fortune's power,
And skill to make a busy hour;
With trips to town, life to amuse,
To purchase books, and hear the news,
To see old friends, brush off the clown,
And quicken taste at coming down,
Unhurt by sickness' blasting rage,
And slowly mellowing in age,
When fate extends its gathering gripe,
Fall off like fruit grown fully ripe,
Quit a worn being without pain,
Perhaps to blossom soon again.

ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA.

'It is remarkable,' says Mr Wordsworth, 'that excepting *The Nocturnal Reverie*, and a passage or two in the *Windsor Forest* of Pope, the poetry of the period intervening between the publication of "Paradise Lost" and the "Seasons," does not contain a single new image of external nature.' The 'Nocturnal Reverie' was written by ANNE, COUNTESS OF WINCHELSEA, the daughter of Sir William Kingsmill, Southampton, who died in 1720. Her lines are smoothly versified, and possess a tone of calm and contemplative observation:—

A Nocturnal Reverie.

In such a night, when every louder wind
Is to its distant cavern safe confined,
And only gentle zephyr fans his wings,
And lonely Philomel still waking sings;
Or from some tree, famed for the owl's delight,
She, holloaing clear, directs the wanderer right:
In such a night, when passing clouds give place,
Or thinly veil the heaven's mysterious face;
When in some river overhung with green,
The waving moon and trembling leaves are seen;
When freshened grass now bears itself upright,
And makes cool banks to pleasing rest invite,
Whence springs the woodbine, and the bramble rose,
And where the sleepy cowslip sheltered grows;
Whilst now a paler hue the foxglove takes,
Yet chequers still with red the dusky brakes;
When scattered glow-worms, but in twilight fine,
Show trivial beauties watch their hour to shine;
Whilst Salisbury stands the test of every light,
In perfect charms and perfect virtue bright:
When odours which declined repelling day,
Through temperate air uninterrupted stray;
When darkened groves their softest shadows wear,
And falling waters we distinctly hear;
When through the gloom more venerable shows
Some ancient fabric, awful in repose;
While sunburnt hills their swarthy looks conceal,
And swelling haycocks thicken up the vale:
When the loosed horse now, as his pasture leads,
Comes slowly grazing through the adjoining meads,
Whose stealing pace and lengthened shade we fear,
Till torn-up forage in his teeth we hear;
When nibbling sheep at large pursue their food,
And unmolested kine rechew the cud;
When curlews cry beneath the village walls,
And to her straggling brood the partridge calls;
Their short-lived jubilee the creatures keep,
Which but endures whilst tyrant man does sleep;
When a sedate content the spirit feels,
And no fierce light disturbs, whilst it reveals;
But silent musings urge the mind to seek
Something too high for syllables to speak;
Till the free soul to a composedness charmed,
Finding the elements of rage disarmed,
O'er all below a solemn quiet grown,
Joys in the inferior world, and thinks it like her own:
In such a night let me abroad remain,
Till morning breaks, and all's confused again;
Our cares, our toils, our clamours are renewed,
Or pleasures seldom reached again pursued.

The following is another specimen of the correct and smooth versification of the countess, and seems to us superior to the 'Nocturnal Reverie:'

Life's Progress.

How gaily is at first begun
Our life's uncertain race!
Whilst yet that sprightly morning sun,
With which we just set out to run,
Enlightens all the place.

How smiling the world's prospect lies,
How tempting to go through!
Not Canaan to the prophet's eyes,
From Pisgah, with a sweet surprise,
Did more inviting show.

How soft the first ideas prove
Which wander through our minds!
How full the joys, how free the love,
Which does that early season move,
As flowers the western winds!

Our sighs are then but vernal air,
But April drops our tears,
Which swiftly passing, all grows fair,
Whilst beauty compensates our care,
And youth each vapour clears.

But oh! too soon, alas! we climb,
Scarce feeling we ascend
The gently-rising hill of Time,
From whence with grief we see that prime,
And all its sweetness end.

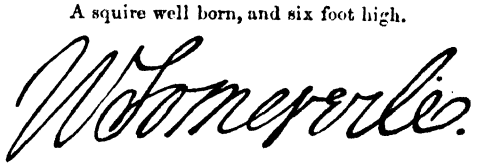
The die now cast, our station known,
Fond expectation past:
The thorns which former days had sown,
To crops of late repentance grown,
Through which we toil at last.

Whilst every care's a driving harm,
That helps to bear us down;
Which faded smiles no more can charm,
But every tear's a winter storm,
And every look's a frown.

WILLIAM SOMERVILLE.

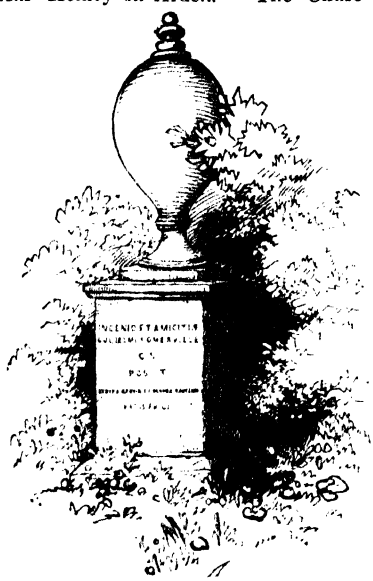
The author of *The Chase* is still included in our editions of the poets, but is now rarely read or consulted. WILLIAM SOMERVILLE (1682–1742), was, as he tells Allan Ramsay, his brother-poet,

A squire well born, and six foot high.



His estate lay in Warwickshire, and brought him in £1500 per annum. He was generous, but extravagant, and died in distressed circumstances, 'plagued

and threatened by wretches,' says Shenstone, 'that are low in every sense, and forced to drink himself into pains of the body to get rid of the pains of the mind.' He died in 1742, and was buried at Wotton, near Henley-on-Arden. 'The Chase' is in



Urn erected by Shenstone to Somerville.

blank verse, and contains practical instructions and admonitions to sportsmen. The following is an animated sketch of a morning in autumn, preparatory to 'throwing off the pack':—

Now golden Autumn from her open lap
Her fragrant bounties showers; the fields are shorn;
Inwardly smiling, the proud farmer views
The rising pyramids that grace his yard,
And counts his large increase; his barns are stored,
And groaning staddles bend beneath their load.
All now is free as air, and the gay pack
In the rough bristly stubbles range unblamed;
No widow's tears o'erflow, no secret curse
Swells in the farmer's breast, which his pale lips
Trembling conceal, by his fierce landlord awed:
But courteous now he levels every fence,
Joins in the common cry, and halloos loud,
Charmed with the rattling thunder of the field.
Oh bear me, some kind power invisible!
To that extended lawn where the gay court
View the swift racers, stretching to the goal;
Games more renowned, and a far nobler train,
Than proud Elean fields could boast of old.
Oh! were a Theban lyre not wanting here,
And Pindar's voice, to do their merit right!
Or to those spacious plains, where the strained eye,
In the wide prospect lost, beholds at last
Sarum's proud spire, that o'er the hills ascends,
And pierces through the clouds. Or to thy downs,
Fair Cotswold, where the well-breathed beagle climbs,
With matchless speed, thy green aspiring brow,
And leaves the lagging multitude behind.
Hail, gentle Dawn! mild, blushing goddess, hail!
Rejoiced I see thy purple mantle spread
O'er half the skies; gems pave thy radiant way,
And orient pearls from every shrub depend.
Farewell, Cleora; here deep sunk in down,
Slumber secure, with happy dreams amused,
Till grateful streams shall tempt thee to receive
Thy early meal, or thy officious maids;
The toilet placed shall urge thee to perform
The important work. Me other joys invite;
The horn sonorous calls, the pack awaked,
Their matins chant, nor brook thy long delay.
My courser hears their voice; see there with ears
And tail erect, neighing, he paws the ground;
Fierce rapture kindles in his reddening eyes,
And boils in every vein. As captive boys
Cowed by the ruling rod and haughty frowns
Of pedagogues severe, from their hard tasks,
If once dismissed, no limits can contain
The tumult raised within their little breasts,
But give a loose to all their frolic play;
So from their kennel rush the joyous pack;
A thousand wanton gaieties express
Their inward ecstacy, their pleasing sport
Once more indulged, and liberty restored.
The rising sun that o'er the horizon peeps,
As many colours from their glossy skins
Beaming reflects, as paint the various bow
When April showers descend. Delightful scene!
Where all around is gay; men, horses, dogs;
And in each smiling countenance appears
Fresh blooming health, and universal joy.

Somerville wrote a poetical address to Addison, on the latter purchasing an estate in Warwickshire. In his verses to Addison,' says Johnson, 'the couplet which mentions Clio is written with the most exquisite delicacy of praise; it exhibits one of those happy strokes that are seldom attained.' Addison, it is well-known, signed his papers in the 'Spectator' with the letters forming the name of Clio. The couplet which gratified Johnson so highly is as follows:—

When panting virtue her last efforts made,
You brought your Clio to the virgin's aid.

In welcoming Addison to the banks of Avon, Somerville does not scruple to place him above Shakspeare as a poet!

In heaven he sings; on earth your muse supplies
The important loss, and heals our weeping eyes:
Correctly great, she melts each flinty heart
With equal genius, but superior art.

Gross as this misjudgment is, it should be remembered that Voltaire also fell into the same. The cold marble of Cato was preferred to the living and breathing creations of the 'myriad-minded' magician.

ALLAN RAMSAY.

The Scottish muse had been silent for nearly a century, excepting when it found brief expression in some stray song of broad humour or simple pathos, chanted by the population of the hills and dales. The genius of the country was at length revived in all its force and nationality, its comic dialogue, Doric simplicity and tenderness, by ALLAN RAMSAY, whose very name is now an impersonation of Scottish scenery and manners. The religious austerity of the Covenanters still hung over Scotland, and damped the efforts of poets and dramatists; but a freer spirit found its way into the towns, along with the increase of trade and commerce. The higher classes were in the habit of visiting London, though the journey was still performed on horseback; and the writings of Pope and Swift were circulated over the North. Clubs and taverns were rife in Edinburgh, in which the assembled wits loved to indulge in a pleasantry that often degenerated to excess. Talent was readily known and appreciated; and when Ramsay appeared as an author, he found the nation ripe for his native humour, his 'manners-painting strains,' and his lively original sketches

of Scottish life. Allan Ramsay was born in 1686, in the village of Leadhills, Lanarkshire, where his

Allan Ramsay.

father held the situation of manager of Lord Hopeton's mines. When he became a poet, he boasted that he was of the 'auld descent' of the Dalhousie family, and also collaterally 'sprung from a Douglas loin.' His mother, Alice Bower, was of English parentage, her father having been brought from Derbyshire to instruct the Scottish miners in their art. Those who entertain the theory, that men of genius usually partake largely of the qualities and dispositions of their mother, may perhaps recognise some of the Derbyshire blood in Allan Ramsay's frankness and joviality of character. His father died while the poet was in his infancy; but his mother marrying again in the same district, Allan was brought up at Leadhills, and put to the village school, where he acquired learning enough to enable him, as he tells us, to read Horace 'faintly in the original.' His lot might have been a hard one, but it was fortunately spent in the country till he had reached his fifteenth year; and his lively temperament enabled him, with cheerfulness—

To wade through glens wi' chorking feet,
When neither plaid nor kilt could fend the weet;
Yet blythely wad he bang out o'er the brae,
And stend o'er burns as light as ony rae,
Hoping the morn[1] might prove a better day.

At the age of fifteen, Allan was put apprentice to a wig-maker in Edinburgh—a light employment suited to his slender frame and boyish *smartness*, but not very congenial to his literary taste. His poetical talent, however, was more observant than creative, and he did not commence writing till he was about twenty-six years of age. He then penned an address to the 'Easy Club,' a convivial society of young men, tinctured with Jacobite predilections, which were also imbibed by Ramsay, and which probably formed an additional recommendation to the favour of Pope and Gay, a distinction that he afterwards enjoyed. Allan was admitted a member of this 'blythe society,' and became their poet laureate. He wrote various light pieces, chiefly of a local and humorous description, which were sold at a penny each, and became exceedingly popular. He also sedulously courted the patronage of the great, subduing his Jacobite feelings, and never selecting a fool for his patron. In this mingled spirit of prudence and poetry, he contrived

To theek the out, and line the inside.
Of mony a douce and witty pash,
And baith ways gathered in the cash.

In the year 1712 he married a writer's daughter, Christiana Ross, who was his faithful partner for more than thirty years. He greatly extended his reputation by writing a continuation to King James's 'Christ's Kirk on the Green,' executed with genuine humour, fancy, and a perfect mastery of the Scottish language. Nothing so rich had appeared since the strains of Dunbar or Lindsay. What an inimitable sketch of rustic life, coarse, but as true as any by Teniers or Hogarth, is presented in the first stanza of the third canto!—

Now frae the east nook of Fife the dawn
Speeled westlins up the lift;
Carles wha heard the cock had craw'n,
Begoud to rax and rift;
And greedy wives, wi' girning thrawn,
Cried lasses up to thrift;
Dogs barkëd, and the lads frae hand
Banged to their breeks like drift
By break of day.

Ramsay now left off wig-making, and set up a bookseller's shop, 'opposite to Niddry's Wynd.' He next appeared as an editor, and published two works, *The Tea Table Miscellany*, being a collection of songs, partly his own; and *The Evergreen*, a collection of Scottish poems written before 1600. He was not well qualified for the task of editing works of this kind, being deficient both in knowledge and taste. In the 'Evergreen,' he published, as ancient poems, two pieces of his own, one of which, *The Vision*, exhibits high powers of poetry. The genius of Scotland is drawn with a touch of the old heroic Muse:—

Great daring darted frae his ee,
A braid-sword shogled at his thie,
On his left arm a targe;
A shining spear filled his right hand,
Of stalwart make in bane and brawnd,
Of just proportions large;
A various rainbow-coloured plaid
Owre his left spaul he threw,
Down his braid back, frae his white head,
The silver wimplers grew.
Amazed, I gazed,
To see, led at command,
A stampant and rampant
Fierce lion in his hand.

In 1725 appeared his celebrated pastoral drama, *The Gentle Shepherd*, of which two scenes had previously been published under the titles of *Patie and Roger*, and *Jenny and Meggy*. It was received with universal approbation, and was republished both in London and Dublin. When Gay visited Scotland in company with his patrons, the Duke and Duchess of Queensberry, he used to lounge in Allan Ramsay's shop, and obtain from him explanations of some of the Scottish expressions, that he might communicate them to Pope, who was a great admirer of the poem. This was a delicate and marked compliment, which Allan must have felt, though he

[1] To-morrow.

had previously represented himself as the vicegerent of Apollo, and equal to Homer! He now removed to a better shop, and instead of the Mercury's head which had graced his sign-board, he put up 'the presentment of two brothers' of the Muse, Ben Jonson and Drummond. He next established a circulating library, the first in Scotland. He associated on familiar terms with the leading nobility, lawyers, wits, and literati of Scotland, and was the Pope or Swift of the North. His son, afterwards a distinguished artist, he sent to Rome for instruction. But the prosperity of poets seems liable to an uncommon share of crosses. He was led by the promptings of a taste then rare in Scotland to expend his savings in the erection of a theatre, for the performance of the regular drama. He wished to keep his 'troop' together by the 'pith of reason;' but he did not calculate on the pith of an act of parliament in the hands of a hostile magistrate. The statute for licensing theatres prohibited all dramatic exhibitions without special license and the royal letters-patent; and on the strength of this enactment the magistrates of Edinburgh shut up Allan's theatre, leaving him without redress. To add to his mortification, the envious poetasters and strict religionists of the day attacked him with personal satires and lampoons, under such titles as—'A Looking-Glass for Allan Ramsay;' 'The Dying Words of Allan Ramsay;' and 'The Flight of Religious Piety from Scotland, upon the account of Ramsay's lewd books, and the hell-bred playhouse comedians,' &c. Allan endeavoured to enlist President Forbes and the judges on his side by a poetical address, in which he prays for compensation from the legislature—

> Syne, for amends for what I've lost,
> *Edge me into some canny post.*

His circumstances and wishes at this crisis are more particularly explained in a letter to the president, which now lies before us:—

'Will you,' he writes, 'give me something to do? Here I pass a sort of half idle scrimp life, tending a trifling trade, that scarce affords me the needful. Had I not got a parcel of guineas from you, and such as you, who were pleased to patronise my subscriptions, I should not have had a gray groat. I think shame (but why should I, when I open my mind to one of your goodness?) to hint that I want to have some small commission, when it happens to fall in your way to put me into it.'*

It does not appear that he either got money or a *post*, but he applied himself attentively to his business, and soon recruited his purse. A citizen-like good sense regulated the life of Ramsay. He gave over poetry 'before,' he prudently says, 'the coolness of fancy that attends advanced years should make me risk the reputation I had acquired.'

> Frae twenty-five to five-and-forty,
> My muse was nowther sweer nor dorty;
> My Pegasus wad break his tether
> E'en at the shagging of a feather,
> And through ideas scour like drift,
> Streaking his wings up to the lift;
> Then, then, my soul was in a low,
> That gart my numbers safely row.
> But eild and judgment 'gin to say,
> Let be your sangs, and learn to pray.

About the year 1743, his circumstances were sufficiently flourishing to enable him to build himself a small octagon-shaped house on the north side of the Castle hill, which he called Ramsay Lodge, but which some of his waggish friends compared to a

Ramsay Lodge.

goose pie. He told Lord Elibank one day of this ludicrous comparison. 'What,' said the witty peer, 'a goose pie! In good faith, Allan, now that I see you in it, I think the house is not ill named.' He lived in this singular-looking mansion (which has since been somewhat altered) twelve years, and died of a complaint that had long afflicted him, scurvy in the gums, on the 7th of January 1758, at the age of seventy-two. So much of pleasantry, good humour, and worldly enjoyment, is mixed up with the history of Allan Ramsay, that his life is one of the 'green and sunny spots' in literary biography. His genius was well rewarded; and he possessed that turn of mind which David Hume says it is more happy to possess than to be born to an estate of ten thousand a-year—a disposition always to see the favourable side of things.

Ramsay's poetical works are sufficiently various; and one of his editors has ambitiously classed them under the heads of serious, elegiac, comic, satiric, epigrammatical, pastoral, lyric, epistolary, fables and tales. He wrote trash in all departments, but failed in none. His tales are quaint and humorous, though, like those of Prior, they are too often indelicate. *The Monk and Miller's Wife*, founded on a poem of Dunbar, is as happy an adaptation of an old poet as any of Pope's or Dryden's from Chaucer. His lyrics want the grace, simplicity, and beauty which Burns breathed into these 'wood-notes wild,' designed alike for cottage and hall; yet some of those in the 'Gentle Shepherd' are delicate and tender; and others, such as *The last time I came o'er the Moor*, and *The Yellow-haired Laddie*, are still favourites with all lovers of Scottish song. In one of the least happy of the lyrics there occurs this beautiful image:—

> How joyfully my spirits rise,
> When dancing she moves finely, O;
> I guess what heaven is by her eyes,
> Which sparkle so divinely, O.

His *Lochaber no More* is a strain of manly feeling and unaffected pathos. The poetical epistles of

* From the manuscript collections in Culloden House.

Ramsay were undoubtedly the prototypes of those by Burns, and many of the stanzas may challenge comparison with them. He makes frequent classical allusions, especially to the works of Horace, with which he seems to have been well acquainted, and whose gay and easy turn of mind harmonised with his own. In an epistle to Mr James Arbuckle, the poet gives a characteristic and minute painting of himself:—

Imprimis, then, for tallness, I
Am five foot and four inches high;
A black-a-viced snod dapper fellow,
Nor lean, nor overlaid wi' tallow;
With phiz of a Morocco cut,
Resembling a late man of wit,
Auld gabbet Spec, who was sae cunning
To be a dummie ten years running.
Then for the fabric of my mind,
'Tis mair to mirth than grief inclined:
I rather choose to laugh at folly,
Than show dislike by melancholy;
Well judging a sour heavy face
Is not the truest mark of grace.
I hate a drunkard or a glutton,
Yet I'm nae fae to wine and mutton:
Great tables ne'er engaged my wishes,
When crowded with o'er mony dishes;
A healthfu' stomach, sharply set,
Prefers a back-sey[1] piping het.
I never could imagine 't vicious
Of a fair fame to be ambitious:
Proud to be thought a comic poet,
And let a judge of numbers know it,
I court occasion thus to show it.

Ramsay addressed epistles to Gay and Somerville, and the latter paid him *in kind*, in very flattering verses. In one of Allan's answers is the following picturesque sketch, in illustration of his own contempt for the stated rules of art:—

I love the garden wild and wide,
Where oaks have plum trees by their side;
Where woodbines and the twisting vine
Clip round the pear tree and the pine;
Where mixed jonquils and gowans grow,
And roses 'midst rank clover blow
Upon a bank of a clear strand,
In wimplings led by nature's hand;
Though docks and brambles here and there
May sometimes cheat the gardener's care,
Yet this to me's a paradise
Compared with prime cut plots and nice,
Where nature has to art resigned,
Till all looks mean, stiff, and confined. * *
Heaven Homer taught; the critic draws
Only from him and such their laws:
The native bards first plunge the deep
Before the artful dare to leap.

The 'Gentle Shepherd' is the greatest of Ramsay's works, and perhaps the finest pastoral drama in the world. It possesses that air of primitive simplicity and seclusion which seems indispensable in compositions of this class, at the same time that its landscapes are filled with life-like beings, who interest us from their character, situation, and circumstances. It has none of that studied pruriency and unnatural artifice which are intruded into the 'Faithful Shepherdess' of Fletcher, and is equally free from the tedious allegory and forced conceits of most pastoral poems. It is a genuine picture of Scottish life, but of life passed in simple rural employments, apart from the guilt and fever of large towns, and reflecting only the pure and unsophisticated emotions of our nature. The affected sensibilities and feigned distresses of the *Corydons* and *Delias* find no place in Ramsay's clear and manly page. He drew his shepherds from the life, placed them in scenes which he actually saw, and made them speak the language which he every day heard—the free idiomatic speech of his native vales. His art lay in the beautiful selection of his materials—in the grouping of his well-defined characters—the invention of a plot, romantic yet natural—the delightful appropriateness of every speech and auxiliary incident, and in the tone of generous sentiment and true feeling which sanctifies this scene of humble virtue and happiness. The love of his 'gentle' rustics is at first artless and confiding, though partly disguised by maiden coyness and arch humour; and it is expressed in language and incidents alternately amusing and impassioned. At length the hero is elevated in station above his mistress, and their affection assumes a deeper character from the threatened dangers of a separation. Mutual distress and tenderness break down reserve. The simple heroine, without forgetting her natural dignity and modesty, lets out her whole soul to her early companion; and when assured of his unalterable attachment, she not only, like Miranda, 'weeps at what she is glad of,' but, with the true pride of a Scottish maiden, she resolves to study 'gentler charms,' and to educate herself to be worthy of her lover. Poetical justice is done to this faithful attachment, by both the characters being found equal in birth and station. The poet's taste and judgment are evinced in the superiority which he gives his hero and heroine, without debasing their associates below their proper level; while a ludicrous contrast to both is supplied by the underplot of Bauldy and his courtships. The elder characters in the piece afford a fine relief to the youthful pairs, besides completing the rustic picture. While one scene discloses the young shepherds by 'craigy bields' and 'crystal springs,' or presents Peggy and Jenny on the bleaching green—

A trotting burnie wimpling through the ground—

another shows us the snug thatched cottage, with its barn and peat-stack, or the interior of the house, with a clear *ingle* glancing on the floor, and its inmates happy with innocent mirth and rustic plenty. The drama altogether makes one proud of peasant life and the virtues of a Scottish cottage. By an ill-judged imitation of Gay, in his 'Beggar's Opera,' Ramsay interspersed songs throughout the 'Gentle Shepherd,' which interrupt the action of the piece, and too often merely repeat, in a diluted form, the sentiments of the dialogue. These should be removed to the end of the drama, leaving undisturbed the most perfect delineation of rural life and manners, without vulgar humility or affectation, that ever was drawn.

[*Ode from Horace.*]

Look up to Pentland's towering tap,
Buried beneath great wreaths of snaw,
O'er ilka cleugh, ilk scaur, and slap,
As high as ony Roman wa'.

Driving their ba's frae whins or tee,
There's no ae gowfer to be seen,
Nor douser fowk wysing ajee
The biast bouls on Tamson's green.

Then fling on coals, and ripe the ribs,
And beek the house baith but and ben;
That mutchkin stoup it hauds but dribs,
Then let's get in the tappit hen.

[1] A sirloin.

Good claret best keeps out the cauld,
And drives away the winter soon;
It makes a man baith gash and bauld,
And heaves his saul beyond the moon.

Leave to the gods your ilka care,
If that they think us worth their while;
They can a rowth of blessings spare,
Which will our fashious fears beguile.

For what they have a mind to do,
That will they do, should we gang wud;
If they command the storms to blaw,
Then upo' sight the hailstanes thud.

But soon as e'er they cry, 'Be quiet,'
The blattering winds dare nae mair move,
But cour into their caves, and wait
The high command of supreme Jove.

Let neist day come as it thinks fit,
The present minute's only ours;
On pleasure let's employ our wit,
And laugh at fortune's feckless powers.

Be sure ye dinna quat the grip
Of ilka joy when ye are young,
Before auld age your vitals nip,
And lay ye twafald o'er a rung.

Sweet youth's a blythe and heartsome time;
Then, lads and lasses, while it's May,
Gae pou the gowan in its prime,
Before it wither and decay.

Watch the saft minutes of delight,
When Jenny speaks beneath her breath;
And kisses, laying a' the wyte
On you, if she kep ony skaith.

'Haith, ye're ill-bred,' she'll smiling say;
'Ye'll worry me, you greedy rook;'
Syne frae your arms she'll rin away,
And hide hersell in some dark nook.

Her laugh will lead you to the place,
Where lies the happiness you want,
And plainly tells you to your face,
Nineteen naysays are half a grant.

Now to her heaving bosom cling,
And sweetly toolie for a kiss,
Frae her fair finger whup a ring,
As token of a future bliss.

These benisons, I'm very sure,
Are of the gods' indulgent grant;
Then, surly carles, whisht, forbear
To plague us with your whining cant.

[In this instance, the felicitous manner in which Ramsay has preserved the Horatian ease and spirit, and at the same time clothed the whole in a true Scottish garb, renders his version greatly superior to Dryden's English one. For comparison, two stanzas of the latter are subjoined:—

Secure those golden early joys,
That youth unsoured with sorrow bears,
Ere withering time the taste destroys
With sickness and unwieldy years.
For active sports, for pleasing rest,
This is the time to be possest;
The best is but in season best.

The appointed hour of promised bliss,
The pleasing whisper in the dark,
The half unwilling willing kiss,
The laugh that guides thee to the mark,
When the kind nymph would coyness feign,
And hides but to be found again;
These, these are joys the gods for youth ordain.]

Song.

Tune—Bush Aboon Traquair.

At setting day and rising morn,
With soul that still shall love thee,
I'll ask of heaven thy safe return,
With all that can improve thee.
I'll visit aft the birken bush,
Where first thou kindly told me
Sweet tales of love, and hid thy blush,
Whilst round thou didst enfold me.
To all our haunts I will repair,
By greenwood shaw or fountain;
Or where the summer day I'd share
With thee upon yon mountain:
There will I tell the trees and flowers,
From thoughts unfeigned and tender;
By vows you're mine, by love is yours
A heart which cannot wander.

The last Time I came o'er the Moor.

The last time I came o'er the moor,
I left my love behind me;
Ye powers! what pain do I endure,
When soft ideas mind me!
Soon as the ruddy morn displayed
The beaming day ensuing,
I met betimes my lovely maid,
In fit retreats for wooing.

Beneath the cooling shade we lay,
Gazing and chastely sporting;
We kissed and promised time away,
Till night spread her black curtain.
I pitied all beneath the skies,
E'en kings, when she was nigh me;
In raptures I beheld her eyes,
Which could but ill deny me.

Should I be called where cannons roar,
Where mortal steel may wound me;
Or cast upon some foreign shore,
Where dangers may surround me;
Yet hopes again to see my love,
To feast on glowing kisses,
Shall make my cares at distance move,
In prospect of such blisses.

In all my soul there's not one place
To let a rival enter;
Since she excels in every grace,
In her my love shall centre.
Sooner the seas shall cease to flow,
Their waves the Alps shall cover,
On Greenland ice shall roses grow,
Before I cease to love her.

The next time I go o'er the moor,
She shall a lover find me;
And that my faith is firm and pure,
Though I left her behind me:
Then Hymen's sacred bonds shall chain
My heart to her fair bosom;
There, while my being does remain,
My love more fresh shall blossom.

Lochaber No More.

Farewell to Lochaber, and farewell my Jean,
Where heartsome with thee I've mony day been;
For Lochaber no more, Lochaber no more,
We'll maybe return to Lochaber no more.
These tears that I shed they are a' for my dear,
And no for the dangers attending on wear;
Though bore on rough seas to a far bloody shore,
Maybe to return to Lochaber no more.

Though hurricanes rise, and rise every wind,
They'll ne'er make a tempest like that in my mind;
Though loudest of thunder on louder waves roar,
That's naething like leaving my love on the shore.
To leave thee behind me my heart is sair pained;
By ease that's inglorious no fame can be gained;
And beauty and love's the reward of the brave,
And I must deserve it before I can crave.

Then glory, my Jeany, man plead my excuse;
Since honour commands me, how can I refuse?
Without it I ne'er can have merit for thee,
And without thy favour I'd better not be.
I gae then, my lass, to win honour and fame,
And if I should luck to come gloriously hame,
I'll bring a heart to thee with love running o'er,
And then I'll leave thee and Lochaber no more.

[*Rustic Courtship.*]

[From the 'Gentle Shepherd.'—Act I.]

Hear how I served my lass I love as well
As ye do Jenny, and with heart as leal.
Last morning I was gay and early out,
Upon a dike I leaned, glowering about,
I saw my Meg come linkin' o'er the lee;
I saw my Meg, but Meggy saw na me;
For yet the sun was wading through the mist,
And she was close upon me e'er she wist;
Her coats were kiltit, and did sweetly shaw
Her straight bare legs that whiter were than snaw.
Her cockernony snooded up fu' sleek,
Her haffet locks hang waving on her cheek;
Her cheeks sae ruddy, and her e'en sae clear;
And oh! her mouth's like ony hinny pear.
Neat, neat she was, in bustine waistcoat clean,
As she came skiffing o'er the dewy green.
Blythsome I cried, 'My bonny Meg, come here,
I ferly wherefore ye're so soon asteer?
But I can guess, ye're gaun to gather dew.'
She scoured away, and said, 'What's that to you?'
'Then, fare-ye-weel, Meg-dorts, and e'en's ye like,'
I careless cried, and lap in o'er the dike.
I trow, when that she saw, within a crack,
She came with a right thieveless errand back.
Misca'd me first; then bade me hound my dog,
To wear up three waff ewes strayed on the bog.
I leugh; and sae did she; then with great haste
I clasped my arms about her neck and waist;
About her yielding waist, and took a fouth
Of sweetest kisses frae her glowing mouth.
While hard and fast I held her in my grips,
My very saul came louping to my lips.
Sair, sair she flet wi' me 'tween ilka smack,
But weel I kend she meant nae as she spak.
Dear Roger, when your jo puts on her gloom,
Do ye sae too, and never fash your thumb.
Seem to forsake her, soon she'll change her mood;
Gae woo anither, and she'll gang clean wud.

[*Dialogue on Marriage.*]

PEGGY and JENNY.

Jenny. Come, Meg, let's fa' to wark upon this green
This shining day will bleach our linen clean;
The water clear, the lift unclouded blue,
Will mak them like a lily wet wi' dew.
Peggy. Gae far'er up the burn to Habbie's How,
There a' the sweets o' spring and summer grow:
There 'tween twa birks, out ower a little lin,
The water fa's and maks a singin' din;
A pool breast-deep, beneath as clear as glass,
Kisses wi' easy whirls the bordering grass.
We'll end our washing while the morning's cool;
And when the day grows het, we'll to the pool,
There wash oursells—'tis healthfu' now in May,
And sweetly cauler on sae warm a day.
Jenny. Daft lassie, when we're naked, what'll ye say
Gif our twa herds come brattling down the brae,
And see us sae?—that jeering fallow Pate
Wad taunting say, 'Haith, lasses, ye're no blate!'
Peggy. We're far frae ony road, and out o' sight;
The lads they're feeding far beyont the height.
But tell me, now, dear Jenny, we're our lane,
What gars ye plague your wooer wi' disdain?
The neebours a' tent this as weel as I,
That Roger loes ye, yet ye carena by.
What ails ye at him? Troth, between us twa,
He's wordy you the best day e'er ye saw.
Jenny. I dinna like him, Peggy, there's an end;
A herd mair sheepish yet I never kend.
He kames his hair, indeed, and gaes right snug,
Wi' ribbon knots at his blue bannet lug,
Whilk pensily he wears a thought a-jee,
And spreads his gartens diced beneath his knee;
He falds his o'erlay down his breast wi' care,
And few gang trigger to the kirk or fair:
For a' that, he can neither sing nor say,
Except, 'How d'ye?'—or, 'There's a bonny day.'
Peggy. Ye dash the lad wi' constant slighting pride,
Hatred for love is unco sair to bide:
But ye'll repent ye, if his love grow cauld—
What like's a dorty maiden when she's auld?
Like dawted wean, that tarrows at its meat,
That for some feckless whim will orp and greet;
The lave laugh at it, till the dinner's past,
And syne the fool thing is obliged to fast,
Or scart anither's leavings at the last.
Fy! Jenny, think, and dinna sit your time.
Jenny. I never thought a single life a crime.
Peggy. Nor I: but love in whispers lets us ken,
That men were made for us, and we for men.
Jenny. If Roger is my jo, he kens himsell,
For sic a tale I never heard him tell.
He glowrs and sighs, and I can guess the cause;
But wha's obliged to spell his hums and haws?
Whene'er he likes to tell his mind mair plain,
I'se tell him frankly ne'er to do't again.
They're fools that slavery like, and may be free;
The chiels may a' knit up themsells for me.
Peggy. Be doing your wa's; for me, I hae a mind
To be as yielding as my Patie's kind.
Jenny. Heh lass! how can ye loe that rattle-skull?
A very deil, that aye maun hae his wull;
We'll soon hear tell, what a poor fechting life
You twa will lead, sae soon's ye're man and wife.
Peggy. I'll rin the risk, nor hae I ony fear,
But rather think ilk langsome day a year,
Till I wi' pleasure mount my bridal-bed,
Where on my Patie's breast I'll lean my head.
Jenny. He may, indeed, for ten or fifteen days,
Mak meikle o' ye, wi' an unco fraise,
And daut ye baith afore fouk, and your lane;
But soon as his newfangledness is gane,
He'll look upon you as his tether-stake,
And think he's tint his freedom for your sake.
Instead then o' lang days o' sweet delight,
Ae day be dumb, and a' the neist he'll flyte:
And maybe, in his barleyhoods, ne'er stick
To lend his loving wife a loundering lick.
Peggy. Sic coarse-spun thoughts as thae want pith to move
My settled mind; I'm ower far gane in love.
Patie to me is dearer than my breath;
But want o' him, I dread nae other skaith.
There's nane o' a' the herds that tread the green
Has sic a smile, or sic twa glancing een:
And then he speaks wi' sic a taking art—
His words they thirle like music through my heart.
How blythely can he sport, and gently rave,
And jest at feckless fears that fright the lave!

Ilk day that he's alane upon the hill,
He reads fell books that teach him meikle skill.
He is——but what need I say that or this?
I'd spend a month to tell you what he is!
In a' he says or does, there's sic a gate,
The rest seem coofs compared wi' my dear Pate.
His better sense will lang his love secure;
Ill-nature hefts in sauls that's weak and poor.
Jenny. Hey, *Bonny lass o' Branksome!* or't be lang,
Your witty Pate will put you in a sang.
Oh, 'tis a pleasant thing to be a bride;
Syne whingeing getts about your ingle-side,
Yelping for this or that wi' fasheous din:
To mak them brats, then ye maun toil and spin.
Ae wean fa's sick, ane scads itsell wi' broe,
Ane breaks his shin, anither tines his shoe;
The *Deil gaes o'er Jock Webster*, hame grows hell,
And Pate misca's ye waur than tongue can tell!
Peggy. Yes, it's a heartsome thing to be a wife,
When round the ingle-edge young sprouts are rife.
Gif I'm sae happy, I shall hae delight
To hear their little plaints, and keep them right.
Wow! Jenny, can there greater pleasure be,
Than see sic wee tots toolying at your knee;
When a' they ettle at—their greatest wish,
Is to be made o' and obtain a kiss?
Can there be toil in tenting day and night
The like o' them, when love maks care delight?
Jenny. But poortith, Peggy, is the warst o' a';
Gif o'er your heads ill-chance should begg'ry draw,
But little love or canty cheer can come
Frae duddy doublets, and a pantry toom.
Your nowt may die—the spate may bear away
Frae aff the howms your dainty rucks o' hay.
The thick-blawn wreaths o' snaw, or blashy thows,
May smoor your wathers, and may rot your ewes.
A dyvour buys your butter, woo, and cheese,
But, or the day o' payment, breaks, and flees.
Wi' gloomin' brow, the laird seeks in his rent;
It's no to gie; your merchant's to the bent.
His honour maunna want—he poinds your gear;
Syne, driven frae house and hald, where will ye steer?
Dear Meg, be wise, and live a single life;
Troth, it's nae mows to be a married wife.
Peggy. May sic ill luck befa' that silly she
Wha has sic fears, for that was never me.
Let fouk bode weel, and strive to do their best;
Nae mair's required; let Heaven mak out the rest.
I've heard my honest uncle often say,
That lads should a' for wives that's virtuous pray;
For the maist thrifty man could never get
A weel-stored room, unless his wife wad let:
Wherefore nocht shall be wanting on my part,
To gather wealth to raise my shepherd's heart:
Whate'er he wins, I'll guide wi' canny care,
And win the vogue at market, tron, or fair,
For halesome, clean, cheap, and sufficient ware.
A flock o' lambs, cheese, butter, and some woo,
Shall first be sald to pay the laird his due;
Syne a' behind's our ain. Thus, without fear,
Wi' love and rowth, we through the warld will steer;
And when my Pate in bairns and gear grows rife,
He'll bless the day he gat me for his wife.
Jenny. But what if some young giglet on the green,
Wi' dimpled cheeks and twa bewitching een,
Should gar your Patie think his half-worn Meg,
And her kenn'd kisses, hardly worth a feg!
Peggy. Nae mair o' that—Dear Jenny, to be free,
There's some men constanter in love than we:
Nor is the ferly great, when nature kind
Has blest them wi' solidity o' mind.
They'll reason calmly, and wi' kindness smile,
When our short passions wad our peace beguile:
Sae, whensoe'er they slight their maiks at hame,
It's ten to ane the wives are maist to blame.
Then I'll employ wi' pleasure a' my art
To keep him cheerfu', and secure his heart.
At e'en, when he comes weary frae the hill,
I'll hae a' things made ready to his will;
In winter, when he toils through wind and rain,
A bleezing ingle, and a clean hearthstane;
And soon as he flings by his plaid and staff,
The seething pat's be ready to tak aff;
Clean hag-a-bag I'll spread upon his board,
And serve him wi' the best we can afford;
Good humour and white bigonets shall be
Guards to my face, to keep his love for me.
Jenny. A dish o' married love right soon grows cauld,
And dosens down to nane, as fouk grow auld.
Peggy. But we'll grow auld thegither, and ne' find
The loss o' youth, when love grows on the mind.
Bairns and their bairns mak sure a firmer tie,
Than aught in love the like of us can spy.
See yon twa elms that grow up side by side,
Suppose them some years syne bridegroom and bride;
Nearer and nearer ilka year they've prest,
Till wide their spreading branches are increast,
And in their mixture now are fully blest:
This shields the ither frae the eastlin blast,
That, in return, defends it frae the wast.
Sae as stand single (a state sae liked by you!)
Beneath ilk storm, frae every airt, maun bow.
Jenny. I've done—I yield, dear lassie; I maun yield;
Your better sense has fairly won the field,
With the assistance of a little fae
Lies darned within my breast this mony a day.
Peggy. Alake, poor prisoner! Jenny, that's no fair,
That ye'll no let the wee thing tak the air:
Haste, let him out; we'll tent as weel's we can,
Gif he be Bauldy's or poor Roger's man.
Jenny. Anither time's as good—for see, the sun
Is right far up, and we're not yet begun
To freath the graith—if cankered Madge, our aunt,
Come up the burn, she'll gie's a wicked rant:
But when we've done, I'll tell ye a' my mind;
For this seems true—nae lass can be unkind.

DRAMATISTS.

The dramatic literature of this period was, like its general poetry, polished and artificial. In tragedy, the highest name is that of Southerne, who may claim, with Otway, the power of touching the passions, yet his language is feeble compared with that of the great dramatists, and his general style low and unimpressive. Addison's 'Cato' is more properly a classical poem than a drama—as cold and less vigorous than the tragedies of Jonson. In comedy, the national taste is apparent in its faithful and witty delineations of polished life, of which Wycherley and Congreve had set the example, and which was well continued by Farquhar and Vanbrugh. Beaumont and Fletcher first introduced what may be called comedies of intrigue, borrowed from the Spanish drama; and the innovation appears to have been congenial to the English taste, for it still pervades our comic literature. The vigorous exposure of the immorality of the stage by Jeremy Collier, and the essays of Steele and Addison, improving the taste and moral feeling of the public, a partial reformation took place of those nuisances of the drama which the Restoration had introduced. The Master of the Revels, by whom all plays had to be licensed, also aided in this work of retrenchment; but a glance at even those *improved* plays of the reign of William III. and his successors, will show that ladies frequenting the theatres had still occasion to wear masks, which Colley Cibber says they usually did on the first days of acting of a new play.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE.

THOMAS SOUTHERNE (1659–1746) may be classed either with the last or the present period. His life was long, extended, and prosperous. He was a native of Dublin, but came to England, and enrolled himself in the Middle Temple as a student of law. He afterwards entered the army, and held the rank of captain under the Duke of York, at the time of Monmouth's insurrection. His latter days were spent in retirement, and in the possession of a considerable fortune.

Southerne wrote ten plays, but only two exhibit his characteristic powers, namely, *Isabella, or the Fatal Marriage*, and *Oroonoko*. The latter is founded on an actual occurrence; Oroonoko, an African prince, having been stolen from his native kingdom of Angola, and carried to one of the West India islands. The impassioned grandeur of Oroonoko's sufferings, his bursts of horror and indignation at the slave trade, and his unhappy passion for Imoinda are powerful and pathetic. In the following scene, the hero and heroine unexpectedly meet after a long absence:—

Oroo. My soul steals from my body through my eyes
All that is left of life I'll gaze away,
And die upon the pleasure.
Lieut. This is strange!
Oroo. If you but mock me with her image here:
If she be not Imoinda—
[*She looks upon him and falls in a swoon; he runs to her.*
Ha! she faints!
Nay, then, it must be she— it is Imoinda!
My heart confesses her, and leaps for joy,
To welcome her to her own empire here. [*Kisses her.*
Imoinda! oh, thy Oroonoko calls.
Imo. (*Recovering.*) My Oroonoko! Oh! I can't believe
What any man can say. But if I am
To be deceived, there's something in that name,
That voice, that face— [*Stares at him.*
Oh! if I know myself, I cannot be mistaken.
[*Embraces him.*
Oroo. Never here:
You cannot be mistaken: I am yours,
Your Oroonoko, all that you would have;
Your tender, loving husband.
Imo. All, indeed,
That I would have: my husband! then I am
Alive, and waking to the joys I feel:
They were so great, I could not think 'em true;
But I believe all that you say to me:
For truth itself, and everlasting love,
Grows in this breast, and pleasure in these arms.
Oroo. Take, take me all; inquire into my heart
(You know the way to every secret there),
My heart, the sacred treasury of love:
And if, in absence, I have misemployed
A mite from the rich store; if I have spent
A wish, a sigh, but what I sent to you,
May I be cursed to wish and sigh in vain,
And you not pity me.
Imo. Oh! I believe,
And know you by myself. If these sad eyes,
Since last we parted, have beheld the face
Of any comfort, or once wished to see
The light of any other heaven but you,
May I be struck this moment blind, and lose
Your blessed sight, never to find you more.
Oroo. Imoinda! Oh! this separation
Has made you dearer, if it can be so,
Than you were ever to me. You appear
Like a kind star to my benighted steps,
To guide me on my way to happiness:
I cannot miss it now. Governor, friend,
You think me mad; but let me bless you all,
Who any ways have been the instruments
Of finding her again. Imoinda's found!
And everything that I would have in her.
[*Embraces her.*
Bland. Sir, we congratulate your happiness; I do most heartily.
Lieut. And all of us: but how it comes to pass——
Oroo. That would require
More precious time than I can spare you now.
I have a thousand things to ask of her,
And she as many more to know of me.
But you have made me happier, I confess,
Acknowledge it, much happier than I
Have words or power to tell you. Captain, you,
Even you, who most have wronged me, I forgive.
I wo'not say you have betrayed me now:
I'll think you but the minister of fate,
To bring me to my loved Imoinda here.
Imo. How, how shall I receive you? how be worthy
Of such endearments, all this tenderness?
These are the transports of prosperity,
When fortune smiles upon us.
Oroo. Let the fools
Who follow fortune live upon her smiles;
All our prosperity is placed in love;
We have enough of that to make us happy.
This little spot of earth you stand upon
Is more to me than the extended plains
Of my great father's kingdom. Here I reign
In full delights, in joys to power unknown;
Your love my empire, and your heart my throne.
[*Exeunt.*

Mr Hallam says that Southerne was the first English writer who denounced (in this play) the traffic in slaves and the cruelties of their West Indian bondage. This is an honour which should never be omitted in any mention of the dramatist. 'Isabella' is more correct and regular than 'Oroonoko,' and the part of the heroine affords scope for a tragic actress, scarcely inferior in pathos to Belvidera. Otway, however, has more depth of passion, and more vigorous delineation of character. The plot of 'Isabella' is simple. In abject distress, and believing her husband, Biron, to be dead, Isabella is hurried into a second marriage. Biron returns, and the distress of the heroine terminates in madness and death. Comic scenes are interspersed throughout Southerne's tragedies, which, though they relieve the sombre colouring of the main action and interest of the piece, are sometimes misplaced and unpleasant.

[*Return of Biron.*]

A Chamber—Enter ISABELLA.

Isa. I've heard of witches, magic spells, and charms,
That have made nature start from her old course;
The sun has been eclipsed, the moon drawn down
From her career, still paler, and subdued
To the abuses of this under world.
Now I believe all possible. This ring,
This little ring, with necromantic force,
Has raised the ghost of pleasure to my fears;
Conjured the sense of honour and of love
Into such shapes, they fright me from myself!
I dare not think of them.

Enter NURSE.

Nurse. Madam, the gentleman's below.
Isa. I had forgot; pray, let me speak with him;
[*Exit Nurse.*
'his ring was the first present of my love
'o Biron, my first husband; I must blush
To think I have a second. Biron died

(Still to my loss) at Candy; there's my hope.
Oh, do I live to hope that he died there?
It must be so; he's dead, and this ring left,
By his last breath, to some known faithful friend,
To bring me back again;
That's all I have to trust to.

Enter Biron. (Isabella looking at him.)

My fears were woman's—I have viewed him all;
And let me, let me say it to myself,
I live again, and rise but from his tomb.
Bir. Have you forgot me quite?
Isa. Forgot you!
Bir. Then farewell my disguise, and my misfortunes!
My Isabella!
[*He goes to her; she shrieks, and faints.*
Isa. Ha!
Bir. Oh! come again;
Thy Biron summons thee to life and love;
Thy once-loved, ever-loving husband calls—
Thy Biron speaks to thee.
Excess of love and joy, for my return,
Has overpowered her. I was to blame
To take thy sex's softness unprepared;
But sinking thus, thus dying in my arms,
This ecstacy has made my welcome more
Than words could say. Words may be counterfeit,
False coined, and current only from the tongue,
Without the mind; but passion's in the soul,
And always speaks the heart.
Isa. Where have I been? Why do you keep him from me?
I know his voice; my life, upon the wing,
Hears the soft lure that brings me back again;
'Tis he himself, my Biron.
Do I hold you fast,
Never to part again?
If I must fall, death's welcome in these arms.
Bir. Live ever in these arms.
Isa. But pardon me;
Excuse the wild disorder of my soul;
The joy, the strange surprising joy of seeing you,
Of seeing you again, distracted me.
Bir. Thou everlasting goodness!
Isa. Answer me:
What hand of Providence has brought you back
To your own home again?
Oh, tell me all,
For every thought confounds me.
Bir. My best life! at leisure all.
Isa. We thought you dead; killed at the siege of Candy.
Bir. There I fell among the dead;
But hopes of life reviving from my wounds,
I was preserved but to be made a slave.
I often writ to my hard father, but never had
An answer; I writ to thee too.
Isa. What a world of wo
Had been prevented but in hearing from you!
Bir. Alas! thou could'st not help me.
Isa. You do not know how much I could have done;
At least, I'm sure I could have suffered all;
I would have sold myself to slavery,
Without redemption; given up my child,
The dearest part of me, to basest wants.
Bir. My little boy!
Isa. My life, but to have heard
You were alive.
Bir. No more, my love; complaining of the past,
We lose the present joy. 'Tis over price
Of all my pains, that thus we meet again!
I have a thousand things to say to thee.
Isa. Would I were past the hearing. [*Aside.*
Bir. How does my child, my boy, my father too?
I hear he's living still.
Isa. Well, both; both well;
And may he prove a father to your hopes,
Though we have found him none.
Bir. Come, no more tears.
Isa. Seven long years of sorrow for your loss
Have mourned with me.
Bir. And all my days to come
Shall be employed in a kind recompense
For thy afflictions. Can't I see my boy?
Isa. He's gone to bed; I'll have him brought to you.
Bir. To-morrow I shall see him; I want rest
Myself, after this weary pilgrimage.
Isa. Alas! what shall I get for you?
Bir. Nothing but rest, my love. To-night I would not
Be known, if possible, to your family:
I see my nurse is with you; her welcome
Would be tedious at this time;
To-morrow will do better.
Isa. I'll dispose of her, and order everything
As you would have it. [*Exit.*
Bir. Grant me but life, good Heaven, and give the means
To make this wondrous goodness some amends;
And let me then forget her, if I can.
O! she deserves of me much more than I
Can lose for her, though I again could venture
A father and his fortune for her love!
You wretched fathers, blind as fortune all!
Not to perceive that such a woman's worth
Weighs down the portions you provide your sons.
What is your trash, what all your heaps of gold,
Compared to this, my heartfelt happiness?
What has she, in my absence, undergone?
I must not think of that; it drives me back
Upon myself, the fatal cause of all.

Enter Isabella.

Isa. I have obeyed your pleasure;
Everything is ready for you.
Bir. I can want nothing here; possessing thee,
All my desires are carried to their aim
Of happiness; there's no room for a wish,
But to continue still this blessing to me;
I know the way, my love. I shall sleep sound.
Isa. Shall I attend you?
Bir. By no means;
I've been so long a slave to others' pride,
To learn, at least, to wait upon myself;
You'll make haste after?
Isa. I'll but say my prayers, and follow you.
[*Exit Biron.*
My prayers! no, I must never pray again.
Prayers have their blessings, to reward our hopes,
But I have nothing left to hope for more.
What Heaven could give I have enjoyed; but now
The baneful planet rises on my fate,
And what's to come is a long life of wo;
Yet I may shorten it.
I promised him to follow—him!
Is he without a name? Biron, my husband—
My husband! Ha! What then is Villeroy?
Oh, Biron, hadst thou come but one day sooner!
[*Weeping.*
What's to be done? for something must be done.
Two husbands! married to both,
And yet a wife to neither. Hold, my brain—
Ha! a lucky thought
Works the right way to rid me of them all;
All the reproaches, infamies, and scorns,
That every tongue and finger will find for me.
Let the just horror of my apprehensions
But keep me warm; no matter what can come.
'Tis but a blow; yet I will see him first,
Have a last look, to heighten my despair,
And then to rest for ever.

NICHOLAS ROWE.

NICHOLAS ROWE was also bred to the law, and forsook it for the tragic drama. He was born in 1673 of a good family in Devonshire, and during the earlier years of manhood, lived on a patrimony

Nicholas Rowe.

of L.300 a-year in chambers in the Temple. His first tragedy, *The Ambitious Stepmother*, was performed with great success, and it was followed by *Tamerlane*, *The Fair Penitent*, *Ulysses*, *The Royal Convert*, *Jane Shore*, and *Lady Jane Gray*. Rowe, on rising into fame as an author, was munificently patronised. The Duke of Queensberry made him his secretary for public affairs. On the accession of George I., he was made poet-laureate and a surveyor of customs; the Prince of Wales appointed him clerk of his council; and the Lord Chancellor gave him the office of secretary for the presentations. Rowe was a favourite in society. It is stated that his voice was uncommonly sweet, and his observations so lively, and his manners so engaging, that his friends, amongst whom were Pope, Swift, and Addison, delighted in his conversation. Yet it is also reported by Spence, that there was a certain superficiality of feeling about him, which made Pope, on one occasion, declare him to have no heart. Rowe was the first editor of Shakspeare entitled to the name, and the first to attempt the collection of a few biographical particulars of the immortal dramatist. He was twice married, and died in 1718, at the age of forty-five.

In addition to the dramatic works we have enumerated, Rowe was the author of two volumes of miscellaneous poetry, which scarcely ever rises above dull and respectable mediocrity. His tragedies are passionate and tender, with an equable and smooth style of versification, not unlike that of Ford. His 'Jane Shore' is still occasionally performed, and is effective in the pathetic scenes descriptive of the sufferings of the heroine. 'The Fair Penitent' was long a popular play, and the 'gallant gay Lothario' was the prototype of many stage seducers and romance heroes. Richardson elevated the character in his Lovelace, giving at the same time a purity and sanctity to the sorrows of his Clarissa, which leave Rowe's Calista immeasurably behind. The incidents of Rowe's dramas are well arranged for stage effect; they are studied and prepared in the manner of the French school, and were adapted to the taste of the age. As the study of Shakspeare and the romantic drama has advanced in this country, Rowe has proportionally declined, and is now but seldom read or acted. His popularity in his own day is best seen in the epitaph by Pope—a beautiful and tender effusion of friendship, which, however, is perhaps not irreconcilable with the anecdote preserved by Mr Spence:—

Thy relics, Rowe, to this sad shrine we trust,
And near thy Shakspeare place thy honoured bust;
Oh! next him, skilled to draw the tender tear,
For never heart-felt passion more sincere;
To nobler sentiment to fire the brave,
For never Briton more disdained a slave.
Peace to thy gentle shade, and endless rest!
Blest in thy genius, in thy love, too, blest!
And blest, that timely from our scene removed,
Thy soul enjoys the liberty it loved.

[*Penitence and Death of Jane Shore.*]

JANE SHORE, her HUSBAND, and BELMOUR.

Bel. How fare you, lady?
Jane S. My heart is thrilled with horror.
Bel. Be of courage;
Your husband lives! 'tis he, my worthiest friend.
Jane S. Still art thou there? still dost thou hover round me?
Oh, save me, Belmour, from his angry shade!
Bel. 'Tis he himself! he lives! look up.
Jane S. I dare not.
Oh, that my eyes could shut him out for ever!
Shore. Am I so hateful, then, so deadly to thee,
To blast thy eyes with horror? Since I'm grown
A burden to the world, myself, and thee,
Would I had ne'er survived to see thee more.
Jane S. Oh! thou most injured—dost thou live, indeed?
Fall then, ye mountains, on my guilty head!
Hide me, ye rocks, within your secret caverns;
Cast thy black veil upon my shame, oh night!
And shield me with thy sable wing for ever.
Shore. Why dost thou turn away? Why tremble thus?
Why thus indulge thy fears, and in despair
Abandon thy distracted soul to horror?
Cast every black and guilty thought behind thee,
And let 'em never vex thy quiet more.
My arms, my heart, are open to receive thee,
To bring thee back to thy forsaken home,
With tender joy, with fond forgiving love.
Let us haste.
Now, while occasion seems to smile upon us,
Forsake this place of shame, and find a shelter.
Jane S. What shall I say to you? But I obey.
Shore. Lean on my arm.
Jane S. Alas! I'm woundrous faint:
But that's not strange, I have not ate these three days.
Shore. Oh, merciless!
Jane S. Oh! I am sick at heart!
Shore. Thou murderous sorrow!
Wo't thou still drink her blood, pursue her still?
Must she then die? Oh, my poor penitent!
Speak peace to thy sad heart: she hears me not:
Grief masters every sense.

Enter CATESBY with a Guard.

Cates. Seize on 'em both, as traitors to the state!
Bel. What means this violence?
[*Guards lay hold on Shore and Belmour.*

Cates. Have we not found you,
In scorn of the protector's strict command,
Assisting this base woman, and abetting
Her infamy?
Shore. Infamy on thy head!
Thou tool of power, thou pander to authority!
I tell thee, knave, thou know'st of none so virtuous,
And she that bore thee was an Ethiop to her.
Cates. You'll answer this at full: away with 'em.
Shore. Is charity grown treason to your court?
What honest man would live beneath such rulers?
I am content that we should die together.
Cates. Convey the men to prison; but for her—
Leave her to hunt her fortune as she may.
Jane S. I will not part with him: for me!—for me!
Oh! must he die for me?
[*Following him as he is carried off—she falls.*
Shore. Inhuman villains!
[*Breaks from the Guards.*
Stand off! the agonies of death are on her!
She pulls, she gripes me hard with her cold hand.
Jane S. Was this blow wanting to complete my ruin?
Oh! let me go, ye ministers of terror.
He shall offend no more, for I will die,
And yield obedience to your cruel master.
Tarry a little, but a little longer,
And take my last breath with you.
Shore. Oh, my love!
Why dost thou fix thy dying eyes upon me
With such an earnest, such a piteous look,
As if thy heart were full of some sad meaning
Thou couldst not speak?
Jane S. Forgive me! but forgive me!
Shore. Be witness for me, ye celestial host,
Such mercy and such pardon as my soul
Accords to thee, and begs of heaven to show thee;
May such befall me at my latest hour,
And make my portion blest or curst for ever!
Jane S. Then all is well, and I shall sleep in peace;
'Tis very dark, and I have lost you now:
Was there not something I would have bequeathed you?
But I have nothing left me to bestow,
Nothing but one sad sigh. Oh! mercy, heaven!
[*Dies.*

[*Calista's Passion for Lothario.*]

A Hall—CALISTA and LUCILLA.

Cal. Be dumb for ever, silent as the grave,
Nor let thy fond, officious love disturb
My solemn sadness with the sound of joy.
If thou wilt soothe me, tell some dismal tale
Of pining discontent and black despair;
For, oh! I've gone around through all my thoughts,
But all are indignation, love, or shame,
And my dear peace of mind is lost for ever.
Luc. Why do you follow still that wandering fire,
That has misled your weary steps, and leaves you
Benighted in a wilderness of wo,
That false Lothario? Turn from the deceiver;
Turn, and behold where gentle Altamont
Sighs at your feet, and woos you to be happy.
Cal. Away! I think not of him. My sad soul
Has formed a dismal, melancholy scene,
Such a retreat as I would wish to find;
An unfrequented vale, o'ergrown with trees
Mossy and old, within whose lonesome shade
Ravens and birds ill-omened only dwell:
No sound to break the silence, but a brook
That bubbling winds among the weeds: no mark
Of any human shape that had been there,
Unless a skeleton of some poor wretch
Who had long since, like me, by love undone,
Sought that sad place out to despair and die in.
Luc. Alas! for pity.
Cal. There I fain would hide me
From the base world, from malice, and from shame;
For 'tis the solemn counsel of my soul
Never to live with public loss of honour:
'Tis fixed to die, rather than bear the insolence
Of each affected she that tells my story,
And blesses her good stars that she is virtuous.
To be a tale for fools! Scorned by the women,
And pitied by the men. Oh! insupportable!
Luc. Oh! hear me, hear your ever faithful creature;
By all the good I wish you, by all the ill
My trembling heart forebodes, let me intreat you
Never to see this faithless man again—
Let me forbid his coming.
Cal. On thy life,
I charge thee, no; my genius drives me on;
I must, I will behold him once again;
Perhaps it is the crisis of my fate,
And this one interview shall end my cares.
My labouring heart, that swells with indignation,
Heaves to discharge the burden; that once done,
The busy thing shall rest within its cell,
And never beat again.
Luc. Trust not to that:
Rage is the shortest passion of our souls;
Like narrow brooks that rise with sudden showers,
It swells in haste, and falls again as soon;
Still as it ebbs the softer thoughts flow in,
And the deceiver, love, supplies its place.
Cal. I have been wronged enough to arm my temper
Against the smooth delusion; but, alas!
(Chide not my weakness, gentle maid, but pity me),
A woman's softness hangs about me still;
Then let me blush, and tell thee all my folly
I swear I could not see the dear betrayer
Kneel at my feet, and sigh to be forgiven,
But my relenting heart would pardon all,
And quite forget 'twas he that had undone me.
[*Exit Lucilla.*
Ha! Altamont! Calista, now be wary,
And guard thy soul's excesses with dissembling:
Nor let this hostile husband's eyes explore
The warring passions and tumultuous thoughts
That rage within thee, and deform thy reason.

WILLIAM LILLO.

The experiment of domestic tragedy, founded on sorrows incident to real life in the lower and middling ranks, was tried with considerable success by WILLIAM LILLO, a jeweller in London. Lillo was born in 1693, and carried on business successfully for several years, dying in 1739, with property to a considerable amount, and an estate worth £60 per annum. Being of a literary turn, this respectable citizen devoted his leisure hours to the composition of three dramas, *George Barnwell*, *Fatal Curiosity*, and *Arden of Feversham*. A tragedy on the latter subject had, it will be recollected, appeared about the time of Shakspeare. At this early period of the drama, the style of Lillo may be said to have been also shadowed forth in the Yorkshire tragedy, and one or two other plays founded on domestic occurrences. These, however, were rude and irregular, and were driven off the stage by the romantic drama of Shakspeare and his successors. Lillo had a competent knowledge of dramatic art, and his style was generally smooth and easy. To the masters of the drama he stands in a position similar to that of Defoe, compared with Cervantes or Sir Walter Scott. His 'George Barnwell' describes the career of a London apprentice hurried on to ruin and murder by an infamous woman, who at last delivers him up to justice and to an ignominious death. The characters are naturally delineated; and we have no doubt it was correctly said that 'George Barnwell' drew more

tears than the rants of Alexander the Great. His 'Fatal Curiosity' is a far higher work. Driven by destitution, an old man and his wife murder a rich stranger who takes shelter in their house, and they discover, but too late, that they have murdered their son, returned after a long absence. The harrowing details of this tragedy are powerfully depicted; and the agonies of Old Wilmot, the father, constitute one of the most appalling and affecting incidents in the drama. The execution of Lillo's plays is unequal, and some of his characters are dull and commonplace; but he was a forcible painter of the dark shades of humble life. His plays have not kept possession of the stage. The taste for murders and public executions has declined; and Lillo was deficient in poetical and romantic feeling. The question, whether the familiar cast of his subjects was fitted to constitute a more genuine or only a subordinate walk in tragedy, is discussed by Mr Campbell in the following eloquent paragraph:—

'Undoubtedly the genuine delineation of the human heart will please us, from whatever station or circumstances of life it is derived. In the simple pathos of tragedy, probably very little difference will be felt from the choice of characters being pitched above or below the line of mediocrity in station. But something more than pathos is required in tragedy; and the very pain that attends our sympathy requires agreeable and romantic associations of the fancy to be blended with its poignancy. Whatever attaches ideas of importance, publicity, and elevation to the object of pity, forms a brightening and alluring medium to the imagination. Athens herself, with all her simplicity and democracy, delighted on the stage to

"let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptred pall come sweeping by."

Even situations far depressed beneath the familiar mediocrity of life, are more picturesque and poetical than its ordinary level. It is, certainly, on the virtues of the middling rank of life that the strength and comforts of society chiefly depend, in the same manner as we look for the harvest not on cliffs and precipices, but on the easy slope and the uniform plain. But the painter does not, in general, fix on level countries for the subjects of his noblest landscapes. There is an analogy, I conceive, to this in the moral painting of tragedy. Disparities of station give it boldness of outline. The commanding situations of life are its mountain scenery — the region where its storm and sunshine may be portrayed in their strongest contrast and colouring.'

[*Fatal Curiosity.*]

Young WILMOT, unknown, enters the house of his parents, and delivers them a casket, requesting to retire an hour for rest.

AGNES, the mother, alone, with the casket in her hand.

Agnes. Who should this stranger be? And then this casket—
He says it is of value, and yet trusts it,
As if a trifle, to a stranger's hand.
His confidence amazes me. Perhaps
It is not what he says. I'm strongly tempted
To open it, and see. No; let it rest.
Why should my curiosity excite me
To search and pry into the affairs of others,
Who have to employ my thoughts so many cares
And sorrows of my own? With how much ease
The spring gives way! Surprising! most prodigious!
My eyes are dazzled, and my ravished heart
Leaps at the glorious sight. How bright's the lustre,
How immense the worth of those fair jewels!
Ay, such a treasure would expel for ever
Base poverty and all its abject train;
The mean devices we're reduced to use
To keep out famine, and preserve our lives
From day to day; the cold neglect of friends;
The galling scorn, or more provoking pity
Of an insulting world. Possessed of these,
Plenty, content, and power, might take their turn,
And lofty pride bare its aspiring head
At our approach, and once more bend before us.
A pleasing dream! 'Tis past; and now I wake
More wretched by the happiness I've lost;
For sure it was a happiness to think,
Though but a moment, such a treasure mine.
Nay, it was more than thought. I saw and touched
The bright temptation, and I see it yet.
'Tis here—'tis mine—I have it in possession.
Must I resign it? Must I give it back?
Am I in love with misery and want,
To rob myself, and court so vast a loss?
Retain it then. But how? There is a way.
Why sinks my heart? Why does my blood run cold?
Why am I thrilled with horror? 'Tis not choice,
But dire necessity, suggests the thought.

Enter OLD WILMOT.

Old Wilmot. The mind contented, with how little pains
The wandering senses yield to soft repose,
And die to gain new life! He's fallen asleep
Already—happy man! What dost thou think,
My Agnes, of our unexpected guest?
He seems to me a youth of great humanity:
Just ere he closed his eyes, that swam in tears,
He wrung my hand, and pressed it to his lips;
And with a look that pierced me to the soul,
Begged me to comfort thee: and—Dost thou hear me?
What art thou gazing on? Fie, 'tis not well.
This casket was delivered to you closed:
Why have you opened it? Should this be known,
How mean must we appear!

Agnes. And who shall know it?

O. Wil. There is a kind of pride, a decent dignity
Due to ourselves, which, spite of our misfortunes,
May be maintained and cherished to the last.
To live without reproach, and without leave
To quit the world, shows sovereign contempt
And noble scorn of its relentless malice.

Agnes. Shows sovereign madness, and a scorn of sense!
Pursue no further this detested theme:
I will not die. I will not leave the world
For all that you can urge, until compelled.

O. Wil. To chase a shadow, when the setting sun
Is darting his last rays, were just as wise
As your anxiety for fleeting life,
Now the last means for its support are failing:
Were famine not as mortal as the sword,
This warmth might be excused. But take thy choice:
Die how you will, you shall not die alone.

Agnes. Nor live, I hope.

O. Wil. There is no fear of that.

Agnes. Then we'll live both.

O. Wil. Strange folly! Where's the means?

Agnes. The means are there; those jewels.

O. Wil. Ha! take heed:
Perhaps thou dost but try me; yet take heed.
There's nought so monstrous but the mind of man
In some conditions may be brought to approve;
Theft, sacrilege, treason, and parricide,
When flattering opportunity enticed,
And desperation drove, have been committed
By those who once would start to hear them named.

Agnes. And add to these detested suicide,
Which, by a crime much less, we may avoid.

O. Wil. The inhospitable murder of our guest?
How couldst thou form a thought so very tempting,
So advantageous, so secure, and easy;
And yet so cruel, and so full of horror?
Agnes. 'Tis less impiety, less against nature,
To take another's life than end our own.
O. Wil. It is no matter, whether this or that
Be, in itself, the less or greater crime:
Howe'er we may deceive ourselves or others,
We act from inclination, not by rule,
Or none could act amiss. And that all err,
None but the conscious hypocrite denies.
O, what is man, his excellence and strength,
When in an hour of trial and desertion,
Reason, his noblest power, may be suborned
To plead the cause of vile assassination!
Agnes. You're too severe: reason may justly plead
For her own preservation.
O. Wil. Rest contented:
Whate'er resistance I may seem to make,
I am betrayed within: my will's seduced,
And my whole soul infected. The desire
Of life returns, and brings with it a train
Of appetites, that rage to be supplied.
Whoever stands to parley with temptation,
Does it to be o'ercome.
Agnes. Then nought remains
But the swift execution of a deed
That is not to be thought on, or delayed.
We must despatch him sleeping: should he wake,
'Twere madness to attempt it.
O. Wil. True, his strength,
Single, is more, much more than ours united;
So may his life, perhaps, as far exceed
Ours in duration, should he 'scape this snare.
Generous, unhappy man! O what could move thee
To put thy life and fortune in the hands
Of wretches mad with anguish!
Agnes. By what means?
By stabbing, suffocation, or by strangling,
Shall we effect his death?
O. Wil. Why, what a fiend!
How cruel, how remorseless, how impatient,
Have pride and poverty made thee!
Agnes. Barbarous man!
Whose wasteful riots ruined our estate,
And drove our son, ere the first down had spread
His rosy cheeks, spite of my sad presages,
Earnest intreaties, agonies, and tears,
To seek his bread 'mongst strangers, and to perish
In some remote inhospitable land.
The loveliest youth in person and in mind
That ever crowned a groaning mother's pains!
Where was thy pity, where thy patience then?
Thou cruel husband! thou unnatural father!
Thou most remorseless, most ungrateful man!
To waste my fortune, rob me of my son;
To drive me to despair, and then reproach me.
O. Wil. Dry thy tears:
I ought not to reproach thee. I confess
That thou hast suffered much: so have we both.
But chide no more: I'm wrought up to thy purpose.
The poor ill-fated unsuspecting victim,
Ere he reclined him on the fatal couch,
From which he's ne'er to rise, took off the sash
And costly dagger that thou saw'st him wear;
And thus, unthinking, furnished us with arms
Against himself. Which shall I use?
Agnes. The sash.
If you make use of that, I can assist.
O. Wil. No.
'Tis a dreadful office, and I'll spare
Thy trembling hands the guilt. Steal to the door,
And bring me word if he be still asleep. [*Exit Agnes.*
Or I'm deceived, or he pronounced himself
The happiest of mankind. Deluded wretch!
Thy thoughts are perishing; thy youthful joys,
Touched by the icy hand of grisly death,
Are withering in their bloom. But though extinguished,
He'll never know the loss, nor feel the bitter
Pangs of disappointment. Then I was wrong
In counting him a wretch: to die well pleased
Is all the happiest of mankind can hope for.
To be a wretch is to survive the loss
Of every joy, and even hope itself,
As I have done. Why do I mourn him then?
For, by the anguish of my tortured soul,
He's to be envied, if compared with me.

WILLIAM CONGREVE.

The comedies of CONGREVE abound more than any others, perhaps, in the English language, in witty dialogue and lively incident, but their licentiousness has banished them from the stage. The life of this eminent dramatic writer was a happy and prosperous one. He was born in 1672, in Ireland, according to one account, or at Bardsey, near Leeds, as others have represented. He was of a good family, and his father held a military employment in Ireland, where the poet was educated. He studied the law in the middle temple, but began early to write for the stage. His *Old Bachelor* was produced in his twenty-first year, and acted with great applause. Lord Halifax conferred appointments on him in the customs and other departments of public service, worth £600 per annum. Other plays soon appeared; the *Double Dealer* in 1694, *Love for Love* in 1695, the *Mourning Bride*, a tragedy, in 1697, and the *Way of the World* in 1700. In 1710 he published a collection of miscellaneous poems; and his good fortune still following him, he obtained, on the accession of George I., the office of secretary for the island of Jamaica, which raised his emoluments to about £1200 per annum. Basking in the sunshine of opulence and courtly society, Congreve wished to forget that he was an author, and when Voltaire waited upon him, he said he would rather be considered a gentleman than a poet. 'If you had been merely a gentleman,' said the witty Frenchman, 'I should not have come to visit you.' A complaint in the eyes, which terminated in total blindness, afflicted Congreve in his latter days: he died at his house in London on the 29th of January 1729. Dryden complimented Congreve as one whom every muse and grace adorned; and Pope dedicated to him his translation of the Iliad. What higher literary honours could have been paid a poet whose laurels were all gained, or at least planted, by the age of twenty-seven? One incident in the history of Congreve is too remarkable to be omitted. He contracted a close intimacy with the Duchess of Marlborough (daughter of the great duke), sat at her table daily, and assisted in her household management. On his death, he left the bulk of his fortune, amounting to about £10,000, to this eccentric lady, who honoured him with a splendid funeral. 'The corpse lay in state under the ancient roof of the Jerusalem chamber, and was interred in Westminster Abbey. The pall was borne by the Duke of Bridgewater, Lord Cobham, the Earl of Wilmington, who had been speaker, and was afterwards first lord of the treasury, and other men of high consideration. Her grace laid out her friend's bequest in a superb diamond necklace, which she wore in honour of him; and if report is to be believed, showed her regard in ways much more extraordinary. It is said that she had a statue of him in ivory, which moved by clockwork, and was placed daily at her table; that she had a wax doll made in imitation of him, and that the feet of this doll were regularly blistered and

anointed by the doctors, as poor Congreve's feet had been when he suffered from the gout."* This idol of fashion and literature has been removed by the just award of posterity from the high place he once occupied. His plays are generally without poetry or imagination, and his comic genius is inextricably associated with sensuality and profaneness. We admire his brilliant dialogue and repartee, and his exuberance of dramatic incident and character; but the total absence of the higher virtues which ennoble life—the beauty and gracefulness of female virtue, the feelings of generosity, truth, honour, affection, modesty, and tenderness—leaves his pages barren and unproductive of any permanent interest or popularity. His glittering artificial life possesses but few charms to the lovers of nature or of poetry, and is not recommended by any moral purpose or sentiment. The 'Mourning Bride,' Congreve's only tragedy, possesses higher merit than most of the serious plays of that day. It has the stiffness of the French school with no small affectation of fine writing, without passion, yet it possesses poetical scenes and language. The opening lines have often been quoted:—

Music has charms to soothe a savage breast,
To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
I've read that things inanimate have moved,
And, as with living souls, have been informed
By magic numbers and persuasive sound.

Dr Johnson considered the description of the cathedral in the following extract as forming the most poetical paragraph in the whole range of the drama—finer than any one in Shakspeare!

ALMERIA—LEONORA.

Alm. It was a fancied noise, for all is hushed.
Leon. It bore the accent of a human voice.
Alm. It was thy fear, or else some transient wind
Whistling through hollows of this vaulted aisle.
We'll listen.
Leon. Hark!
Alm. No; all is hushed and still as death. 'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads
To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity. It strikes an awe
And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
And monumental caves of death look cold,
And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.
Leon. Let us return; the horror of this place
And silence will increase your melancholy.
Alm. It may my fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; show me Anselmo's tomb,
Lead me o'er bones and skulls and mouldering earth
Of human bodies; for I'll mix with them;
Or wind me in the shroud of some pale corse
Yet green in earth, rather than be the bride
Of Garcia's more detested bed: that thought
Exerts my spirits, and my present fears
Are lost in dread of greater ill.

It is difficult by quotation to convey an idea of Congreve's comedies. He does not shine in particular passages, but in a constant stream of wit and liveliness, and the quick interchange of dialogue and incident. He was a master of dramatic rules and art. Nothing shows more forcibly the taste or inclination of the present day for the poetry of nature and passion, instead of the conventional world of our ancestors in the drama, than the neglect into which the works of Congreve have fallen, even as literary productions.

[Gay Young Men upon Town.]

[From 'The Old Bachelor.']

BELMOUR—VAINLOVE.

Bel. Vainlove, and abroad so early! Good morrow. I thought a contemplative lover could no more have parted with his bed in a morning, than he could have slept in it.

Vain. Belmour, good morrow. Why, truth on't is, these early sallies are not usual to me; but business, as you see, sir—[*Showing letters*]—and business must be followed, or be lost.

Bel. Business! And so must time, my friend, be close pursued or lost. Business is the rub of life, perverts our aim, casts off the bias, and leaves us wide and short of the intended mark.

Vain. Pleasure, I guess you mean.

Bel. Ay, what else has meaning!

Vain. Oh, the wise will tell you——

Bel. More than they believe or understand.

Vain. How; how, Ned! a wise man say more than he understands!

Bel. Ay, ay, wisdom is nothing but a pretending to know and believe more than we really do. You read of but one wise man, and all that he knew was—that he knew nothing. Come, come, leave business to idlers, and wisdom to fools; they have need of them. Wit be my faculty, and pleasure my occupation; and let father Time shake his glass. Let low and earthly souls grovel till they have worked themselves six foot deep into a grave. Business is not my element; I roll in a higher orb, and dwell——

Vain. In castles i' th' air of thy own building—that's thy element, Ned.

[A Swaggering Bully and Boaster.]

[From the same.]

SIR JOSEPH WITTOL—SHARPER—CAPTAIN BLUFF.

Sir Jos. Oh, here he comes. Ay, my Hector of Troy; welcome, my bully, my back; egad, my heart has gone pit-a-pat for thee.

Bluff. How now, my young knight? Not for fear, I hope? He that knows me must be a stranger to fear.

Sir Jos. Nay, egad, I hate fear ever since I had like to have died of a fright. But——

Bluff. But! Look you here, boy; here's your antidote; here's your Jesuit's Powder for a shaking fit. But who hast thou got with ye; is he of mettle?—[*Laying his hand on his sword.*

Sir Jos. Ay, bully, a smart fellow; and will fight like a cock.

Bluff. Say you so? Then I honour him. But has he been abroad? for every cock will fight upon his own dunghill.

Sir Jos. I don't know; but I'll present you.

Bluff. I'll recommend myself. Sir, I honour you; I understand you love fighting. I reverence a man that loves fighting. Sir, I kiss your hilts.

Sharper. Sir, your servant, but you are misinformed; for unless it be to serve my particular friend, as Sir Joseph here, my country, or my religion, or in some very justifiable cause, I am not for it.

Bluff. Oh, I beg your pardon, sir; I find you are not of my palate; you can't relish a dish of fighting without some sauce. Now, I think fighting for fighting's sake is sufficient cause. Fighting to me is religion and the laws!

Sir Jos. Ah, well said, my hero! Was not that great, sir? By the Lord Harry, he says true; fight-

* Edinburgh Review, vol. 72. p. 527.

ing is meat, drink, and clothes to him. But, Back, this gentleman is one of the best friends I have in the world, and saved my life last night. You know I told you.

Bluff. Ay, then I honour him again. Sir, may I crave your name?

Sharper. Ay, sir; my name's Sharper.

Sir Jos. Pray, Mr Sharper, embrace my Back; very well. By the Lord Harry, Mr Sharper, he is as brave a fellow as Cannibal; are you not, Bully-Back?

Sharper. Hannibal, I believe you mean, Sir Joseph?

Bluff. Undoubtedly he did, sir. Faith, Hannibal was a very pretty fellow; but, Sir Joseph, comparisons are odious. Hannibal was a very pretty fellow in those days, it must be granted. But alas, sir, were he alive now, he would be nothing, nothing in the earth.

Sharper. How, sir? I make a doubt if there be at this day a greater general breathing.

Bluff. Oh, excuse me, sir; have you served abroad, sir?

Sharper. Not I, really, sir.

Bluff. Oh, I thought so. Why, then, you can know nothing, sir. I am afraid you scarce know the history of the late war in Flanders with all its particulars.

Sharper. Not I, sir; no more than public letters or Gazette tell us.

Bluff. Gazette! Why, there again now. Why, sir, there are not three words of truth, the year round, put into the Gazette. I'll tell you a strange thing now as to that. You must know, sir, I was resident in Flanders the last campaign, had a small post there; but no matter for that. Perhaps, sir, there was scarce anything of moment done but a humble servant of yours that shall be nameless was an eye-witness of. I wont say had the greatest share in't—though I might say that too, since I name nobody, you know. Well, Mr Sharper, would you think it? In all this time, as I hope for a truncheon, that rascally Gazette-writer never so much as once mentioned me. Not once, by the wars! Took no more notice than as if Noll Bluff had not been in the land of the living.

Sharper. Strange!

Sir Jos. Yet, by the Lord Harry, 'tis true, Mr Sharper; for I went every day to coffee-houses to read the Gazette myself.

Bluff. Ay, ay; no matter. You see, Mr Sharper, after all, I am content to retire—live a private person. Scipio and others have done so.

Sharper. Impudent rogue. [*Aside.*

Sir Jos. Ay, this modesty of yours. Egad, if he put in for't, he might be made general himself yet.

Bluff. Oh, fie no, Sir Joseph; you know I hate this.

Sir Jos. Let me but tell Mr Sharper a little, how you ate fire once out of the mouth of a cannon; egad he did; those impenetrable whiskers of his have confronted flames.

Bluff. Death! What do you mean, Sir Joseph?

Sir Jos. Look you now, I tell he is so modest, he'll own nothing.

Bluff. Pish; you have put me out; I have forgot what I was about. Pray, hold your tongue, and give me leave—— [*Angrily.*

Sir Jos. I am dumb.

Bluff. This sword I think I was telling you of, Mr Sharper. This sword I'll maintain to be the best divine, anatomist, lawyer, or casuist in Europe; it shall decide a controversy, or split a cause.

Sir Jos. Nay, now, I must speak; it will split a hair; by the Lord Harry, I have seen it!

Bluff. Zounds! sir, it is a lie; you have not seen it, nor sha'nt see it: sir, I say you can't see. What d'ye say to that, now?

Sir Jos. I am blind.

Bluff. Death! had any other man interrupted me.

Sir Jos. Good Mr Sharper, speak to him; I dare not look that way.

Sharper. Captain, Sir Joseph is penitent.

Bluff. Oh, I am calm, sir; calm as a discharged culverin. But 'twas indiscreet, when you know what will provoke me. Nay, come, Sir Joseph; you know my heat's soon over.

Sir Jos. Well, I am a fool sometimes, but I'm sorry.

Bluff. Enough.

Sir Jos. Come, we'll go take a glass to drown animosities.

[*Scandal and Literature in High Life.*]

[From 'The Double-Dealer.']

CYNTHIA—LORD and LADY FROTH—BRISK.

Lady F. Then you think that episode between Susan the dairy-maid and our coachman is not amiss. You know, I may suppose the dairy in town, as well as in the country.

Brisk. Incomparable, let me perish! But, then, being an heroic poem, had not you better call him a charioteer. Charioteer sounds great. Besides, your ladyship's coachman having a red face, and you comparing him to the sun—and you know the sun is called 'heaven's charioteer.'

Lady F. Oh! infinitely better; I am extremely beholden to you for the hint. Stay; we'll read over those half a score lines again. [*Pulls out a paper.*] Let me see here; you know what goes before—the comparison, you know. [*Reads*]

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say.

Brisk. I am afraid that simile won't do in wet weather, because you say the sun shines *every* day.

Lady F. No; for the sun it wont, but it will do for the coachman; for you know there's most occasion for a coach in wet weather.

Brisk. Right, right; that saves all.

Lady F. Then I don't say the sun shines all the day, but that he peeps now and then; yet he does shine all the day, too, you know, though we don't see him.

Brisk. Right; but the vulgar will never comprehend that.

Lady F. Well, you shall hear. Let me see—

For as the sun shines every day,
So of our coachman I may say,
He shows his drunken fiery face
Just as the sun does, more or less.

Brisk. That's right; all's well, all's well. *More or less.*

Lady F. [*Reads*]

And when at night his labour's done,
Then, too, like heaven's charioteer, the sun—

Ay, charioteer does better—

Into the dairy he descends,
And there his whipping and his driving ends;
There he's secure from danger of a bilk;
His fare is paid him, and he sets in milk.

For Susan, you know, is Thetis, and so——

Brisk. Incomparable well and proper, egad! But I have one exception to make: don't you think *bilk* (I know it's a good rhyme)—but don't you think *bilk* and *fare* too like a hackney coachman?

Lady F. I swear and vow I'm afraid so. And yet our John was a hackney coachman when my lord took him.

Brisk. Was he? I'm answered, if John was a hackney coachman. You may put that in the marginal notes; though, to prevent criticism, only mark it with a small asterisk, and say, 'John was formerly a hackney coachman.'

Lady F. I will; you'd oblige me extremely to writ notes to the whole poem.

Brisk. With all my heart and soul, and proud the vast honour, let me perish!

Lord F. Hee, hee, hee! my dear, have you done Wont you join with us? We were laughing at m Lady Whister and Mr Sneer.

Lady F. Ay, my dear, were you? Oh! filthy M Sneer; he's a nauseous figure, a most fulsamic fo Foh! He spent two days together in going abou Covent Garden to suit the lining of his coach with h complexion.

Lord F. O silly! Yet his aunt is as fond of hi as if she had brought the ape into the world herself.

Brisk. Who? my Lady Toothless? O, she's a mo tifying spectacle; she's always chewing the cud lik an old ewe.

Lord F. Foh!

Lady F. Then she's always ready to laugh whe Sneer offers to speak; and sits in expectation of hi no-jest, with her gums bare, and her mouth open.

Brisk. Like an oyster at low ebb, egad! Ha, ha, ha

Cynthia. [*Aside.*] Well, I find there are no fools s inconsiderable in themselves, but they can rende other people contemptible by exposing their infir mities.

Lady F. Then that t'other great strapping lady; can't hit of her name; the old fat fool that paints s exorbitantly.

Brisk. I know whom you mean. But, deuce tak me, I can't hit of her name either. Paints, d'ye say Why, she lays it on with a trowel. Then she has a great beard that bristles through it, and makes he look as if she were plastered with lime and hair, le me perish!

Lady F. Oh! you made a song upon her, Mr Brisk

Brisk. Hee, egad! so I did. My lord can sing it.

Cynthia. O good, my lord; let us hear it.

Brisk. 'Tis not a song neither. It's a sort of epigram, or rather an epigrammatic sonnet. I don't know what to call it, but it's satire. Sing it, my lord.

Lord F. [*Sings*]

Ancient Phyllis has young graces;
'Tis a strange thing, but a true one;
Shall I tell you how?
She herself makes her own faces,
And each morning wears a new one;
Where's the wonder now?

Brisk. Short, but there's salt in't. My way of writing, egad!

[*From Love for Love.*]

ANGELICA—SIR SAMPSON LEGEND—TATTLE—MRS FRAIL MISS PRUE—BEN LEGEND and SERVANT.

[In the character of *Ben*, Congreve gave the first humorous and natural representation of the English sailor, afterwards so fertile and amusing a subject of delineation with Smollett and other novelists and dramatists.]

Ben. Where's father?

Serv. There, sir; his back's towards you.

Sir S. My son, Ben! Bless thee, my dear boy; body o' me, thou art heartily welcome.

Ben. Thank you, father; and I'm glad to see you.

Sir S. Odsbud, and I'm glad to see thee. Kiss me, boy; kiss me again and again, dear Ben.

[*Kisses him.*

Ben. So, so; enough, father. Mess, I'd rather kiss these gentlewomen.

Sir S. And so thou shalt. Mrs Angelica, my son Ben.

Ben. Forsooth, if you please. [*Salutes her.*] Nay, Mistress, I'm not for dropping anchor here; about ship i'faith. [*Kisses Frail.*] Nay, and you too, my little cock-boat—so. [*Kisses Miss.*]

Tattle. Sir, you are welcome ashore.

Ben. Thank you, thank you, friend.

Sir S. Thou hast been many a weary league, Ben, since I saw thee.

Ben. Ay, ay, been! been far enough, an that be all. Well, father, and how do you all at home? How does brother Dick and brother Val?

Sir S. Dick! body o'me, Dick has been dead these two years; I writ you word when you were at Leghorn.

Ben. Mess, that's true: marry, I had forgot. Dick's dead, as you say. Well, and how? I have a many questions to ask you. Well, you be not married again, father, be you?

Sir S. No, I intend you shall marry, Ben; I would not marry for thy sake.

Ben. Nay, what does that signify?—an you marry again, why, then, I'll go to sea again; so there's one for t'other, an that be all. Pray don't let me be your hindrance; e'en marry a God's name, an the wind sit that way. As for my part, mayhap I have no mind to marry.

Mrs Frail. That would be a pity; such a handsome young gentleman.

Ben. Handsome! he, he, he; nay, forsooth, an you be for joking, I'll joke with you, for I love my jest, an the ship were sinking, as we say at sea. But I'll tell you why I don't much stand towards matrimony. I love to roam about from port to port, and from land to land: I could never abide to be port-bound, as we call it. Now, a man that is married has, as it were, I'ye see, his feet in the bilboes, and mayhap mayn't get them out again when he would.

Sir S. Ben's a wag.

Ben. A man that is married, d'ye see, is no more like another man than a galley-slave is like one of us free sailors. He is chained to an oar all his life; and mayhap forced to tug a leaky vessel into the bargain.

Sir S. A very wag! Ben's a very wag! only a little rough; he wants a little polishing.

Mrs F. Not at all; I like his humour mightily: it's plain and honest; I should like such a humour in a husband extremely.

Ben. Say'n you so, forsooth? Marry, and I should like such a handsome gentlewoman hugely. How say you, mistress? would you like going to sea? Mess, you're a tight vessel, and well rigged. But I'll tell you one thing, an you come to sea in a high wind, lady, you mayn't carry so much sail o' your head. Top and top-gallant, by the mess.

Mrs F. No? why so?

Ben. Why, an you do, you may run the risk to be verset, and then you'll carry your keels above water; he, he, he.

Angelica. I swear Mr Benjamin is the veriest wag n nature—an absolute sea wit.

Sir S. Nay, Ben has parts; but, as I told you before, hey want a little polishing. You must not take anyhing ill, madam.

Ben. No; I hope the gentlewoman is not angry; I ean all in good part; for if I give a jest, I take a est; and so, forsooth, you may be as free with me.

Ang. I thank you, sir; I am not at all offended. But methinks, Sir Sampson, you should leave him lone with his mistress. Mr Tattle, we must not hinder lovers.

Tattle. Well, Miss, I have your promise.

[*Aside to Miss.*

Sir S. Body o' me, madam, you say true. Look ou, Ben, this is your mistress. Come, Miss, you nust not be shame-faced; we'll leave you together.

Miss Prue. I can't abide to be left alone; may not ny cousin stay with me?

Sir S. No, no; come, let us away.

Ben. Look you, father; mayhap the young woman mayn't take a liking to me.

Sir S. I warrant thee, boy; come, come, we'll be gone; I'll venture that.

BEN and MISS PRUE.

Ben. Come, mistress, will you please to sit down? for an you stand astern a that'n, we shall never grapple together. Come, I'll haul a chair; there, an you please to sit, I'll sit beside you.

Miss Prue. You need not sit so near one; if you have anything to say, I can hear you farther off; I an't deaf.

Ben. Why, that's true as you say, nor I an't dumb; I can be heard as far as another. I'll heave off to please you. [*Sits farther off.*] An we were a league asunder, I'd undertake to hold discourse with you, an 'twere not a main high wind indeed, and full in my teeth. Look you, forsooth, I am as it were bound for the land of matrimony; 'tis a voyage, d'ye see, that was none of my seeking; I was commanded by father; and if you like of it, mayhap I may steer into your harbour. How say you, mistress? The short of the thing is, that if you like me, and I like you, we may chance to swing in a hammock together.

Miss P. I don't know what to say to you, nor I don't care to speak with you at all.

Ben. No? I'm sorry for that. But pray, why are you so scornful?

Miss P. As long as one must not speak one's mind, one had better not speak at all, I think; and truly I wont tell a lie for the matter.

Ben. Nay, you say true in that; it's but a folly to lie; for to speak one thing, and to think just the contrary way, is, as it were, to look one way and to row another. Now, for my part, d'ye see, I'm for carrying things above-board; I'm not for keeping anything under hatches; so that if you ben't as willing as I, say so a God's name; there's no harm done. Mayhap you may be shame-faced; some maidens, thof they love a man well enough, yet they don't care to tell'n so to's face. If that's the case, why, silence gives consent.

Miss P. But I'm sure it is not so, for I'll speak sooner than you should believe that; and I'll speak truth, though one should always tell a lie to a man; and I don't care, let my father do what he will. I'm too big to be whipt; so I'll tell you plainly, I don't like you, nor love you at all, nor never will, that's more. So there's your answer for you, and don't trouble me no more, you ugly thing.

Ben. Look you, young woman, you may learn to give good words, however. I spoke you fair, d'ye see, and civil. As for your love or your liking, I don't value it of a rope's end; and mayhap I like you as little as you do me. What I said was in obedience to father: I fear a whipping no more than you do. But I tell you one thing, if you should give such language at sea, you'd have a cat o' nine tails laid across your shoulders. Flesh! who are you? You heard t'other handsome young woman speak civilly to me of her own accord. Whatever you think of yourself, I don't think you are any more to compare to her than a can of small beer to a bowl of punch.

Miss P. Well, and there's a handsome gentleman, and a fine gentleman, and a sweet gentleman, that was here, that loves me, and I love him; and if he sees you speak to me any more, he'll thrash your jacket for you, he will; you great sea-calf.

Ben. What! do you mean that fair-weather spark that was here just now? Will he thrash my jacket? Let'n, let'n, let'n—but an he comes near me, mayhap I may give him a salt-eel for's supper, for all that. What does father mean, to leave me alone, as soon as I come home, with such a dirty dowdy? Sea-calf! I an't calf enough to lick your chalked face, you cheese-curd you. Marry thee! oons, I'll marry a Lapland witch as soon, and live upon selling contrary winds and wrecked vessels.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH.

SIR JOHN VANBRUGH united what Mr Leigh Hunt calls the 'apparently incompatible geniuses' of comic writer and architect. His *Blenheim* and *Castle Howard* have outlived the *Provoked Wife* or the *Relapse*; yet the latter were highly popular once; and even Pope, though he admits his want of *grace*, says that he never wanted *wit*. Vanbrugh was the son

Autograph and Seal of Vanbrugh.

of a successful sugar-baker, who rose to be an esquire, and comptroller of the treasury chamber, besides marrying the daughter of Sir Dudley Carlton. It is doubtful whether the dramatist was born in the French Bastile, or the parish of St Stephen's, Walbrook. The time of his birth was about the year 1666, when Louis XIV. declared war against England. It is certain he was in France at the age of nineteen, and remained there some years. In 1695, he was appointed secretary to the commission for endowing Greenwich hospital; and two years afterwards appeared his play of the 'Relapse' and the 'Provoked Wife;' *Æsop*, the *False Friend*, the *Confederacy*, and other dramatic pieces followed. Vanbrugh was now highly popular. He made his design of 'Castle Howard' in 1702, and Lord Carlisle appointed him clarencieux king-at-arms, a heraldic office, which gratified Vanbrugh's vanity. In 1706, he was commissioned by Queen Anne to carry the habit and ensigns of the order of the garter to the elector of Hanover; and in the same year he commenced his design for the great national structure at Blenheim. He built various other mansions, was knighted by George I., and appointed comptroller of the royal works. He died, aged sixty, in 1726. At the time of his death, Vanbrugh was engaged on a comedy, the *Provoked Husband*, which Colley Cibber finished with equal talent. The architectural designs of Vanbrugh have been praised by Sir Joshua Reynolds for their display of imagination, and their originality of invention. Though ridiculed by Swift and other wits of the day for heaviness and incongruity of design, Castle Howard and Blenheim are noble structures, and do honour to the boldness of conception and picturesque taste of Vanbrugh.

As a dramatist, the first thing in his plays which strikes the reader is the lively ease of his dialogue. Congreve had more wit, but less nature, and less genuine unaffected humour and gaiety. Vanbrugh drew more from living originals, and depicted the manners of his times—the coarse debauchery of the country knight, the gallantry of town-wits and fortune hunters, and the love of French intrigue and French manners in his female characters. Lord Foppington, in the 'Relapse,' is the original of most of those empty coxcombs who abound in modern comedy, intent only on dress and fashion. When he loses his mistress, he consoles himself with this reflection:—'Now, for my part, I think the wisest thing a man can do with an aching heart is to put on a serene countenance; for a philosophical air is the most becoming thing in the world to the face of

a person of quality. I will therefore bear my disgrace like a great man, and let the people see I am above an affront. [*Aloud.*] Dear Tom, since things are thus fallen out, prithee give me leave to wish thee joy. I do it *de bon cœur*—strike me dumb! You have married a woman beautiful in her person, charming in her airs, prudent in her conduct, constant in her inclinations, and of a nice morality—split my wind pipe!'

The young lady thus eulogised, Miss Hoyden, is the lively, ignorant, romping country girl to be met with in most of the comedies of this period. In the 'Provoked Wife,' the coarse pot-house valour and absurdity of Sir John Brute (Garrick's famous part) is well contrasted with the fine-lady airs and affectation of his wife, transported from the country to the hot-bed delicacies of London fashion and extravagance. Such were the scenes that delighted our play-going ancestors, and which still please us, like old stiff family portraits in their grotesque habiliments, as pictures of a departed generation.

These portraits of Vanbrugh's were exaggerated and heightened for dramatic effect; yet, on the whole, they are faithful and characteristic likenesses. The picture is not altogether a pleasing one, for it is dashed with the most unblushing licentiousness. A tone of healthful vivacity, and the absence of all hypocrisy, form its most genial feature. 'The license of the times,' as Mr Leigh Hunt remarks, 'allowed Vanbrugh to be plain spoken to an extent which was perilous to his animal spirits;' but, like Dryden, he repented of these indiscretions; and if he had lived, would have united his easy wit and nature to scenes inculcating sentiments of honour and virtue.

[*Picture of the Life of a Woman of Fashion.*]

[Sir John Brute, in the 'Provoked Wife,' disguised in his lady's dress, joins in a drunken midnight frolic, and is taken by the Constable and Watchmen before a Justice of the Peace.]

Justice. Pray, madam, what may be your ladyship's common method of life? if I may presume so far.

Sir John. Why, sir, that of a woman of quality.

Justice. Pray, how may you generally pass your time, madam? Your morning, for example?

Sir John. Sir, like a woman of quality. I wake about two o'clock in the afternoon—I stretch, and make a sign for my chocolate. When I have drank three cups, I slide down again upon my back, with my arms over my head, while my two maids put on my stockings. Then, hanging upon their shoulders, I'm trailed to my great chair, where I sit and yawn for my breakfast. If it don't come presently, I lie down upon my couch, to say my prayers, while my maid reads me the playbills.

Justice. Very well, madam.

Sir John. When the tea is brought in, I drink twelve regular dishes, with eight slices of bread and butter; and half an hour after, I send to the cook to know if the dinner is almost ready.

Justice. So, madam.

Sir John. By that time my head is half dressed, I hear my husband swearing himself into a state of perdition that the meat's all cold upon the table; to amend which I come down in an hour more, and have it sent back to the kitchen, to be all dressed over again.

Justice. Poor man!

Sir John. When I have dined, and my idle servants are presumptuously set down at their ease to do so too, I call for my coach, to go to visit fifty dear friends, of whom I hope I never shall find one at home while I shall live.

Justice. So! there's the morning and afternoon pretty well disposed of. Pray, how, madam, do you pass your evenings?

Sir John. Like a woman of spirit, sir; a great spirit. Give me a box and dice. Seven's the main! Oons, sir, I set you a hundred pound! Why, do you think women are married now-a-days to sit at home and mend napkins? Oh, the Lord help your head!

Justice. Mercy on us, Mr Constable! What will this age come to?

Const. What will it come to indeed, if such women as these are not set in the stocks!

Fable.

A Band, a Bob-wig, and a Feather,
Attacked a lady's heart together.
The Band in a most learned plea,
Made up of deep philosophy,
Told her if she would please to wed
A reverend beard, and take, instead
Of vigorous youth,
Old solemn truth,
With books and morals, into bed,
How happy she would be!

The Bob he talked of management,
What wondrous blessings heaven sent
On care, and pains, and industry:
And truly he must be so free
To own he thought your airy beaux,
With powdered wig and dancing shoes,
Were good for nothing—mend his soul!
But prate, and talk, and play the fool.

He said 'twas wealth gave joy and mirth,
And that to be the dearest wife
Of one who laboured all his life
To make a mine of gold his own,
And not spend sixpence when he'd done,
Was heaven upon earth.

When these two blades had done, d'ye see,
The Feather (as it might be me)
Steps out, sir, from behind the screen,
With such an air and such a mien—
Like you, old gentleman—in short,
He quickly spoiled the statesman's sport.
It proved such sunshine weather,
That you must know, at the first beck
The lady leaped about his neck,
And off they went together!

GEORGE FARQUHAR.

George Farquhar was a better artist, in stage effect and happy combinations of incident and character, than any of this race of comic writers. He has an uncontrollable vivacity and love of adventure, which still render his comedies attractive both on the stage and in the closet. Farquhar was an Irishman, born in Londonderry in 1678, and, after some college irregularity, he took to the stage. Happening accidentally to wound a brother actor in a fencing scene, he left the boards at the age of eighteen, and procured a commission in the army from the Earl of Orrery. His first play, *Love and a Bottle*, came out at Drury Lane in 1698; the *Constant Couple* in 1700; the *Inconstant* in 1703; the *Stage-Coach* in 1704; the *Twin Rivals* in 1705; the *Recruiting Officer* in 1706; and the *Beaux' Stratagem* in 1707. Farquhar was early married to a lady who had deceived him by pretending to be possessed of a fortune, and he sunk a victim to ill health and over exertion in his thirtieth year. A letter written shortly before his death to Wilks the actor, possesses a touching brevity of expression:—'Dear Bob, I have not anything to leave thee to perpetuate my memory but two helpless girls.

Look upon them sometimes, and think of him that was to the last moment of his life thine—GEORGE FARQUHAR.' One of these daughters, it appears, married a 'low tradesman,' and the other became a servant, while their mother died in circumstances of the utmost indigence.

The 'Beaux' Stratagem' is Farquhar's best comedy. The plot is admirably managed, and the disguises of Archer and Aimwell form a ludicrous, yet natural series of incidents. Boniface, the landlord, is still one of our best representatives of the English innkeeper, and there is genius as well as truth in the delineation. Scrub, the servant, is equally true and amusing; and the female characters, though as free spoken, if not as frail as the fine-bred ladies of Congreve and Vanbrugh, are sufficiently discriminated. Sergeant Kite, in the 'Recruiting Officer,' is an original picture of low life and humour rarely surpassed. Farquhar has not the ripe wit of Congreve, or of our best comic writers. He was the Smollett, not the Fielding of the stage. His characters are lively; and there is a quick succession of incidents, so amusing and so happily contrived to interest the audience, that the spectator is charmed with the variety and vivacity of the scene.

'Farquhar,' says Leigh Hunt, 'was a good-natured, sensitive, reflecting man, of so high an order of what may be called the *town* class of genius, as to sympathise with mankind at large upon the strength of what he saw of them in little, and to extract from a quintessence of good sense an inspiration just short of the romantic and imaginative; that is to say, he could turn what he had experienced in common life to the best account, but required in all cases the support of its ordinary associations, and could not project his spirit beyond them. He felt the little world too much, and the universal too little. He saw into all false pretensions, but not into all true ones; and if he had had a larger sphere of nature to fall back upon in his adversity, would probably not have died of it. The wings of his fancy were too common, and grown in too artificial an air, to support him in the sudden gulfs and aching voids of that new region, and enable him to beat his way to their green islands. His genius was so entirely social, that notwithstanding what appeared to the contrary in his personal manners, and what he took for his own superiority to it, compelled him to assume in his writings all the airs of the most received town ascendency; and when it had once warmed itself in this way, it would seem that it had attained the healthiness natural to its best condition, and could have gone on for ever, increasing both in enjoyment and in power, had external circumstances been favourable. He was becoming gayer and gayer, when death, in the shape of a sore anxiety, called him away as if from a pleasant party, and left the house ringing with his jest.'

[*Humorous Scene at an Inn.*]

BONIFACE.—AIMWELL.

Bon. This way, this way, sir.

Aim. You're my landlord, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, sir, I'm old Will Boniface; pretty well known upon this road, as the saying is.

Aim. Oh, Mr Boniface, your servant.

Bon. Oh, sir, what will your honour please to drink, as the saying is?

Aim. I have heard your town of Litchfield much famed for ale; I think I'll taste that.

Bon. Sir, I have now in my cellar ten tun of the best ale in Staffordshire: 'tis smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy, and will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style.

Aim. You're very exact, I find, in the age of your ale.

Bon. As punctual, sir, as I am in the age of my children: I'll show you such ale. Here, tapster, broach number 1706, as the saying is. Sir, you shall taste my anno domini. I have lived in Litchfield, man and boy, above eight-and-fifty years, and I believe have not consumed eight-and-fifty ounces of meat.

Aim. At a meal, you mean, if one may guess by your bulk?

Bon. Not in my life, sir; I have fed purely upon ale: I have ate my ale, drank my ale, and I always sleep upon my ale.

Enter Tapster with a Tankard.

Now, sir, you shall see——Your worship's health: [*Drinks*]—Ha! delicious, delicious: fancy it Burgundy; only fancy it—and 'tis worth ten shillings a quart.

Aim. [*Drinks*] 'Tis confounded strong.

Bon. Strong! it must be so, or how would we be strong that drink it?

Aim. And have you lived so long upon this ale, landlord?

Bon. Eight-and-fifty years, upon my credit, sir; but it killed my wife, poor woman, as the saying is.

Aim. How came that to pass?

Bon. I don't know how, sir; she would not let the ale take its natural course, sir; she was for qualifying it every now and then with a dram, as the saying is; and an honest gentleman, that came this way from Ireland, made her a present of a dozen bottles of usquebaugh—but the poor woman was never well after; but, however, I was obliged to the gentleman, you know.

Aim. Why, was it the usquebaugh that killed her?

Bon. My Lady Bountiful said so. She, good lady, did what could be done: she cured her of three tympanies: but the fourth carried her off: but she's happy, and I'm contented, as the saying is.

Aim. Who's that Lady Bountiful you mentioned?

Bon. Odds my life, sir, we'll drink her health: [*Drinks*]—My Lady Bountiful is one of the best of women. Her last husband, Sir Charles Bountiful, left her worth a thousand pounds a-year; and I believe she lays out one-half on't in charitable uses for the good of her neighbours.

Aim. Has the lady any children?

Bon. Yes, sir, she has a daughter by Sir Charles; the finest woman in all our county, and the greatest fortune. She has a son, too, by her first husband, 'Squire Sullen, who married a fine lady from London t'other day; if you please, sir, we'll drink his health [*Drinks.*]

Aim. What sort of a man is he?

Bon. Why, sir, the man's well enough: says little, thinks less, and does nothing at all, faith; but he's a man of great estate, and values nobody.

Aim. A sportsman, I suppose?

Bon. Yes, he's a man of pleasure; he plays at whist, and smokes his pipe eight-and-forty hours together sometimes.

Aim. A fine sportsman, truly!—and married, you say?

Bon. Ay; and to a curious woman, sir. But he's my landlord, and so a man, you know, would not—— Sir, my humble service [*Drinks.*] Though I value not a farthing what he can do to me; I pay him his rent at quarter-day; I have a good running trade; I have but one daughter, and I can give her——but no matter for that.

Aim. You're very happy, Mr Boniface: pray, what other company have you in town?

Bon. A power of fine ladies; and then we have the French officers.

Aim. Oh, that's right; you have a good many of those gentlemen; pray, how do you like their company?

Bon. So well, as the saying is, that I could wish we had as many more of 'em. They're full of money, and pay double for everything they have. They know, sir, that we paid good round taxes for the making of 'em; and so they are willing to reimburse us a little; one of 'em lodges in my house [*Bell rings.*] I beg your worship's pardon; I'll wait on you in hal a minute.

[*From the Recruiting Officer.*]

SCENE—The Market-Place.

Drum beats the Grenadier's March. Enter SERGEANT KITE followed by THOMAS APPLETREE, COSTAR PEARMAIN, and the MOB.

Kite [*Making a speech.*] If any gentlemen, soldiers or others, have a mind to serve his majesty, and pul down the French king; if any 'prentices have severe masters, any children have undutiful parents; if any servants have too little wages, or any husband a bad wife, let them repair to the noble Sergeant Kite, at the sign of the Raven, in this good town of Shrewsbury, and they shall receive present relief and entertainment. [*Drum.*] Gentlemen, I don't beat my drums here to ensnare or inveigle any man; for you must know, gentlemen, that I am a man of honour besides, I don't beat up for common soldiers; no, I list only grenadiers—grenadiers, gentlemen. Pray, gentlemen, observe this cap—this is the cap of honour—it dubs a man a gentleman in the drawing of a trigger and he that has the good fortune to be born six foot high, was born to be a great man. Sir, will you give me leave to try this cap upon your head?

Cost. Is there no harm in't? Wont the cap list me?

Kite. No, no; no more than I can. Come, let me see how it becomes you.

Cost. Are you sure there is no conjuration in it?—no gunpowder plot upon me?

Kite. No, no, friend; don't fear, man.

Cost. My mind misgives me plaguily. Let me see it. [*Going to put it on.*] It smells woundily of sweat and brimstone. Smell, Tummas.

Tho. Ay, wauns does it.

Cost. Pray, sergeant, what writing is this upon the face of it?

Kite. The crown, or the bed of honour.

Cost. Pray now, what may be that same bed of honour?

Kite. Oh, a mighty large bed!—bigger by half than the great bed at Ware—ten thousand people may lie in it together, and never feel one another.

Cost. But do folk sleep sound in this same bed of honour?

Kite. Sound!—ay, so sound that they never wake.

Cost. Wauns! I wish that my wife lay there.

Kite. Say you so? then I find, brother——

Cost. Brother! hold there, friend; I am no kindred to you that I know of yet. Look ye, sergeant, no coaxing, no wheedling, d'ye see. If I have a mind to list, why, so; if not, why, 'tis not so; therefore take your cap and your brothership back again, for I am not disposed at this present writing. No coaxing, no brothering me, faith.

Kite. I coax! I wheedle! I'm above it, sir; I have served twenty campaigns; but, sir, you talk well, and I must own you are a man every inch of you; a pretty, young, sprightly fellow! I love a fellow with a spirit; but I scorn to coax: 'tis base; though, I must say, that never in my life have I seen a man better built. How firm and strong he treads!—he steps like a castle!—but I scorn to wheedle any man! Come, honest lad! will you take share of a pot?

Cost. Nay, for that matter, I'll spend my penny with the best he that wears a head; that is, begging your pardon, sir, and in a fair way.

Kite. Give me your hand, then; and now, gentlemen, I have no more to say but this—here's a purse of gold, and there is a tub of humming ale at my quarters; 'tis the king's money and the king's drink; he's a generous king, and loves his subjects. I hope, gentlemen, you wont refuse the king's health?

All Mob. No, no, no.

Kite. Huzza, then!—huzza for the king and the honour of Shropshire.

All Mob. Huzza!

Kite. Beat drum. [*Exeunt shouting. Drum beating the Grenadier's March.*

SCENE—The Street.

Enter KITE, with COSTAR PEARMAIN in one hand, and THOMAS APPLETREE in the other, drunk.

KITE Sings.

Our 'prentice Tom may now refuse
To wipe his scoundrel master's shoes,
For now he's free to sing and play
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c. [*The mob sing the chorus.*

We shall lead more happy lives
By getting rid of brats and wives,
That scold and brawl both night and day,
Over the hills and far away.
Over, &c.

Kite. Hey, boys! thus we soldiers live! drink, sing, dance, play; we live, as one should say—we live—'tis impossible to tell how we live—we are all princes; why, why you are a king, you are an emperor, and I'm a prince; now, an't we?

Tho. No, sergeant; I'll be no emperor.

Kite. No!

Tho. I'll be a justice-of-peace.

Kite. A justice-of-peace, man!

Tho. Ay, wauns will I; for since this pressing act, they are greater than any emperor under the sun.

Kite. Done; you are a justice-of-peace, and you are a king, and I'm a duke, and a rum duke; an't I?

Cost. I'll be a queen.

Kite. A queen!

Cost. Ay, of England; that's greater than any king of them all.

Kite. Bravely said, faith! Huzza for the queen. *Huzza.*] But harkye, you Mr Justice, and you Mr Queen, did you ever see the king's picture?

Both. No, no, no.

Kite. I wonder at that; I have two of them set in gold, and as like his majesty; God bless the mark!—see here, they are set in gold.

[*Takes two broad pieces out of his pocket; presents one to each.*

Tho. The wonderful works of nature! [*Looking at it.*

What's this written about? here's a posy, I believe. Ca-ro-lus! what's that, sergeant?

Kite. Oh, Carolus? why, Carolus is Latin for King George; that's all.

Cost. 'Tis a fine thing to be a scollard. Sergeant, will you part with this? I'll buy it on you, if it come within the compass of a crown.

Kite. A crown! never talk of buying; 'tis the same thing among friends, you know. I'll present them to ye both: you shall give me as good a thing. Put them up, and remember your old friend when I am over the hills and far away.

[*They sing, and put up the money.*

Enter PLUME, the Recruiting Officer, singing.

Over the hills and over the main,
To Flanders, Portugal, or Spain;
The king commands, and we'll obey,
Over the hills and far away.

Come on, my men of mirth, away with it; I'll make one among you. Who are these hearty lads?

Kite. Off with your hats; 'ounds! off with your hats; this is the captain; the captain.

Tho. We have seen captains afore now, mun.

Cost. Ay, and lieutenant-captains too. 'Sflesh! I'll keep on my nab.

Tho. And I'se scarcely doff mine for any captain in England. My vether's a freeholder.

Plume. Who are those jolly lads, sergeant?

Kite. A couple of honest brave fellows, that are willing to serve their king: I have entertained them just now as volunteers, under your honour's command.

Plume. And good entertainment they shall have: volunteers are the men I want; those are the men fit to make soldiers, captains, generals.

Cost. Wounds, Tummas, what's this! are you listed?

Tho. Flesh! not I: are you, Costar?

Cost. Wounds! not I.

Kite. What! not listed? ha, h.., ha! a very good jest, i'faith.

Cost. Come, Tummas, we'll go home.

Tho. Ay, ay, come.

Kite. Home! for shame, gentlemen; behave yourselves better before your captain. Dear Thomas! honest Costar!

Tho. No, no; we'll be gone.

Kite. Nay, then, I command you to stay: I place you both sentinels in this place for two hours, to watch the motion of St Mary's clock you, and you the motion of St Chad's; and he that dares stir from his post till he be relieved, shall have my sword in his belly the next minute.

Plume. What's the matter, sergeant? I'm afraid you are too rough with these gentlemen.

Kite. I'm too mild, sir; they disobey command, sir; and one of them should be shot for an example to the other. They deny their being listed.

Tho. Nay, sergeant, we don't downright deny it neither; that we dare not do, for fear of being shot; but we humbly conceive, in a civil way, and begging your worship's pardon, that we may go home.

Plume. That's easily known.* Have either of you received any of the king's money?

Cost. Not a brass farthing, sir.

Kite. They have each of them received one and twenty shillings, and 'tis now in their pockets.

Cost. Wounds! if I have a penny in my pocket but a bent sixpence, I'll be content to be listed and shot into the bargain.

Tho. And I: look ye here, sir.

Cost. Nothing but the king's picture, that the sergeant gave me just now.

Kite. See there, a guinea; one-and-twenty shillings; 'tother has the fellow on't.

Plume. The case is plain, gentlemen: the goods are found upon you. Those pieces of gold are worth one-and-twenty shillings each.

Cost. So, it seems that Carolus is one-and-twenty shillings in Latin!

Tho. 'Tis the same thing in Greek, for we are listed.

Cost. Flesh; but we an't, Tummas: I desire to be carried before the mayor, captain.

[*Captain and Sergeant whisper the while.*

Plume. 'Twill never do, Kite; your tricks will ruin me at last. I wont lose the fellows though, if I can help it. Well, gentlemen, there must be some trick in this; my sergeant offers to take his oath that you are fairly listed.

Tho. Why, captain, we know that you soldiers have more liberty of conscience than other folks; but for me or neighbour Costar here to take such an oath, 'twould be downright perjuration.

Plume. Look ye, rascal, you villain! if I find that you have imposed upon these two honest fellows, I'll trample you to death, you dog! Come, how was it?

Tho. Nay, then, we'll speak. Your sergeant, as you say, is a rogue; an't like your worship, begging your worship's pardon; and——

Cost. Nay, Tummas, let me speak; you know I can read. And so, sir, he gave us those two pieces of money for pictures of the king, by way of a present.

Plume. How? by way of a present? the rascal! I'll teach him to abuse honest fellows like you. Scoundrel, rogue, villain!

[*Beats off the Sergeant, and follows.*

Both. O brave noble captain! huzza! A brave captain, faith!

Cost. Now, Tummas, Carolus is Latin for a beating. This is the bravest captain I ever saw. Wounds! I've a month's mind to go with him.

Enter PLUME.

Plume. A dog, to abuse two such honest fellows as you. Look ye, gentlemen, I love a pretty fellow; I come among you as an officer to list soldiers, not as a kidnapper to steal slaves.

Cost. Mind that, Tummas.

Plume. I desire no man to go with me, but as I went myself. I went a volunteer, as you or you may do now; for a little time carried a musket, and now I command a company.

Tho. Mind that, Costar. A sweet gentleman.

Plume. 'Tis true, gentlemen, I might take an advantage of you; the king's money was in your pockets—my sergeant was ready to take his oath you were listed; but I scorn to do a base thing; you are both of you at your liberty.

Cost. Thank you, noble captain. Icod, I can't find in my heart to leave him, he talks so finely.

Tho. Ay, Costar, would he always hold in this mind.

Plume. Come, my lads, one thing more I'll tell you: you're both young tight fellows, and the army is the place to make you men for ever: every man has his lot, and you have yours. What think you of a purse of French gold out of a monsieur's pocket, after you have dashed out his brains with the butt end of your firelock, eh?

Cost. Wauns! I'll have it. Captain, give me a shilling; I'll follow you to the end of the world.

Tho. Nay, dear Costar! do'na; be advised.

Plume. Here, my hero; here are two guineas for thee, as earnest of what I'll do farther for thee.

Tho. Do'na take it; do'na, dear Costar.

[*Cries, and pulls back his arm.*

Cost. I will, I will. Waunds! my mind gives me that I shall be a captain myself: I take your money, sir, and now I am a gentleman.

Plume. Give me thy hand; and now you and I will travel the world o'er, and command it wherever we tread. Bring your friend with you, if you can.

[*Aside.*

Cost. Well, Tummas, must we part?

Tho. No, Costar; I cannot leave thee. Come, captain, I'll e'en go along with you too; and if you have two honester simpler lads in your company than we two have been, I'll say no more.

Plume. Here, my lad. [*Gives him money.*] Now, your name?

Tho. Tummas Appletree.

Plume. And yours?

Cost. Costar Pearmain.

Plume. Well said, Costar. Born where?

Tho. Both in Herefordshire.

Plume. Very well. Courage, my lads. Now, we'll [*Sings.*] Over the hills and far away;
Courage, boys, it's one to ten
But we return all gentlemen;
While conquering colours we display,
Over the hills and far away.
Kite, take care of them.

Enter KITE.

Kite. An't you a couple of pretty fellows, now? Here you have complained to the captain; I am to be turned out, and one of you will be sergeant. Which of you is to have my halberd?

Both. I.

Kite. So you shall—in your guts. March, you scoundrels! [*Beats them off.*

Among the other successful writers for the stage, may be instanced COLLEY CIBBER (1671–1757), an actor and manager, whose comedy, the *Careless Husband*, is still deservedly a favourite. Cibber was a lively amusing writer, and his *Apology for his Life* is one of the most entertaining autobiographies of the language. When Pope displaced Theobald, to install Cibber as hero of the 'Dunciad,' he suffered his judgment to be blinded by personal vindictiveness and prejudice. Colley Cibber was vain, foolish, and sometimes ridiculous, but never a dunce. SIR RICHARD STEELE was also a dramatic author, and obtained from George I. a patent, appointing him manager and governor of the royal company of comedians. Steele's play, the *Conscious Lovers*, combines moral instruction with amusement, but is rather insipid and languid both on and off the stage. The *Distrest Mother*, translated from Racine, was brought out by AMBROSE PHILIPS, the friend of Addison, and was highly successful. AARON HILL adapted the *Zara* of Voltaire to the English theatre, and wrote some original dramas, which entitled him, no less than his poems, to the niche he has obtained in Pope's 'Dunciad.' A more legitimate comic writer appeared in MRS SUSANNA CENTLIVRE (1667-1723), an Irish lady, whose life and writings were immoral, but who possessed considerable dramatic skill and talent. Her comedies, the *Busy Body*, *The Wonder, a Woman keeps a Secret*, and *A Bold Stroke for a Wife*, are still favourite acting plays. Her plots and incidents are admirably arranged for stage effect, and her characters well discriminated. Mrs Centlivre had been some time an actress, and her experience had been of service to her in writing for the stage.

ESSAYISTS.

THE age now under notice does not derive greater lustre from its poets and comic dramatists, than from its originating a new and peculiar kind of literature, which consisted in short essays on men and manners, published periodically. Papers containing news had been established in London, and other large cities, since the time of the civil war; but the idea of issuing a periodical sheet, commenting on the events of private life, and the dispositions of ordinary men, was never before entertained either in England or elsewhere. In France, it must be allowed, the celebrated Montaigne had published in the sixteenth century a series of essays, of which manners formed the chief topic. Still more recently, La Bruyere, another French author, had published his *Characters*, in which the artificial life of the court of Louis XIV. was sketched with minute fidelity, and the most ingenious sarcasm. But it was now for the first time that any writer ventured to undertake a work, in which he should meet the public several times each week with a brief paper, either discussing some feature of society, or relating some lively tale, allegory, or anecdote.

SIR RICHARD STEELE—JOSEPH ADDISON.

The credit of commencing this branch of literature is due to SIR RICHARD STEELE, a gentleman of English parentage, born in Ireland while his father acted as secretary to the Duke of Ormond, Lord-

Sir Richard Steele.

Lieutenant of that kingdom. Through the duke's influence, Steele was placed at the Charter-house school in London, where a warm and long-continued friendship between him and Addison took its rise. He thence removed, in 1692, to Merton college, Oxford; but after spending several years in desultory study, became so enamoured of the military profession, that, in spite of the dissuasion of his friends, and his failure to procure an appointment, he enlisted as a private soldier in the horse-guards. In this step, by which the succession to a relation's estate in Wexford was lost, he gave a striking manifestation of that recklessness which unfortunately distinguished him through life. In the army, his wit, vivacity, and good humour, speedily rendered him such a favourite, that the officers of his regiment, desirous to have him among themselves, procured for him the rank of an ensign. Thus situated, he plunged deeply into the fashionable follies and vices of the age, enlarging, however, by such conduct, that knowledge of life and character which proved so useful to him in the composition of his works. During this course of dissipation, being sometimes visited by qualms of conscience, he drew up, for the purpose of self-admonition, a small treatise entitled *The Christian Hero*, and afterwards published it as a still more powerful check upon his irregular passions. Yet it does not appear that even

the attention thus drawn to his conduct, and the ridicule excited by the contrast between his principles and practice, led to any perceptible improvement. In order to enliven his character, and so diminish the occasion of mirth to his comrades, he produced, in 1701, a comedy entitled *The Funeral, or Grief à-la-mode*, in which, with much humour, there is combined a moral tendency superior to that of most of the dramatic pieces of the time. Steele, though personally too much a rake, made it a principle to employ his literary talents only in the service of virtue. In 1703, he sent forth another successful comedy, called *The Tender Husband, or The Accomplished Fools;* and in the year following was represented his third, entitled *The Lying Lover*, the strain of which proved too serious for the public taste. The ill success which it experienced deterred him from again appearing as a dramatist till 1722, when his admirable comedy, *The Conscious Lovers*, was brought out with unbounded applause. 'The great, the appropriate praise of Steele,' says Dr Drake, 'is to have been the first who, after the licentious age of Charles II., endeavoured to introduce the Virtues on the stage. He clothed them with the brilliancy of genius; he placed them in situations the most interesting to the human heart; and he taught his audience not to laugh at, but to execrate vice, to despise the lewd fool and the witty rake, to applaud the efforts of the good, and to rejoice in the punishment of the wicked.'*

After the failure of 'The Lying Lover,' which, he says, 'was damned for its piety,' Steele conceived the idea of attacking the vices and foibles of the age through the medium of a lively periodical paper. Accordingly, on the 12th of April 1709, he commenced the publication of the *Tatler*, a small sheet designed to appear three times a-week, 'to expose,' as the author stated, 'the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour.' Steele, who had then reached his thirty-eighth year, was qualified for his task by a knowledge of the world, acquired in free converse with it, and by a large fund of natural humour; his sketches, anecdotes, and remarks, are accordingly very entertaining. To conciliate the ordinary readers of news, a part of each paper was devoted to public and political intelligence; and the price of each number was one penny. At first, the author endeavoured to conceal himself under the fictitious name of Isaac Bickerstaff, which he borrowed from a pamphlet by Swift; but his real name soon became known, and his friend Addison then began to assist him with a few papers upon more serious subjects than he himself was able or inclined to discuss, and also with various articles of a humorous character. When the work had extended to the 271st number, which was published on the 2d of January 1711, the editor was induced, by a consideration of the inconvenience of writing such a work without personal concealment, to give it up, and to commence a publication nearly similar in plan, and in which he might assume a new disguise. This was the more celebrated *Spectator*, of which the first number appeared on the 1st of March 1711. The 'Spectator' was published daily, and each number was invariably a complete essay, without any admixture of politics. Steele and Addison were conjunct in this work from its commencement, and they obtained considerable assistance from a few other writers, of whom the chief were Thomas Tickell, and a gentleman named Budgell. The greater part of the light and humorous sketches are by Steele; while Addison contributed most of the articles in which there is any grave reflection or elevated feeling. In the course of the work, several fictitious persons were introduced as friends of the supposed editor, partly for amusement, and partly for the purpose of quoting them on occasions where their opinions might be supposed appropriate. Thus, a country gentleman was described under the name of Sir Roger de Coverley, to whom reference was made when matters connected with rural affairs were in question. A Captain Sentry stood up for the army; Will Honeycomb gave law on all things concerning the gay world; and Sir Andrew Freeport represented the commercial interest. Of these characters, Sir Roger was by far the most happily delineated: it is understood that he was entirely a being of Addison's imagination; and certainly, in the whole round of English fiction, there is no character delineated with more masterly strokes of humour and tenderness. The 'Spectator,' which extended to six hundred and thirty-five numbers, or eight volumes, is not only much superior to the 'Tatler,' but stands at the head of all the works of the same kind that have since been produced; and, as a miscellany of polite literature, is not surpassed by any book whatever. All that regards the *smaller morals* and decencies of life, elegance or justness of taste, and the improvement of domestic society, is touched upon in this paper with the happiest combination of seriousness and ridicule: it is also entitled to the praise of having corrected the existing style of writing and speaking on common topics, which was much vitiated by slang phraseology and profane swearing. The 'Spectator' appeared every morning in the shape of a single leaf, and was received at the breakfast tables of most persons of taste then living in the metropolis, and had a large sale.

During the year 1713, while the publication of the 'Spectator' was temporarily suspended, Steele, with the same assistance, published the *Guardian*, which was also issued daily, and extended to a hundred and seventy-five numbers, or two volumes. It ranks in merit between the 'Spectator' and 'Tatler,' and is enriched by contributions of Pope, Berkeley, and Budgell. Addison's papers occur almost exclusively in the second volume, where they are more numerous than those of Steele himself. Of two hundred and seventy-one papers of which the 'Tatler' is composed, Steele wrote one hundred and eighty-eight, Addison forty-two, and both conjointly thirty-six. Of six hundred and thirty-five 'Spectators,' Addison wrote two hundred and seventy-four, and Steele two hundred and forty. And of one hundred and seventy-six 'Guardians,' Steele wrote eighty-two, and Addison fifty-three.

The beneficial influence of these publications on the morality, piety, manners, and intelligence of the British people, has been extensive and permanent. When the 'Tatler' first appeared, the ignorance and immorality of the great mass of society in England were gross and disgusting. By the generality of fashionable persons of both sexes, literary and scientific attainments were despised as pedantic and vulgar. 'That general knowledge which now circulates in common talk, was then rarely to be found. Men not professing learning were not ashamed of ignorance; and in the female world, any acquaintance with books was distinguished only to be censured.'* Politics formed almost the sole topic of conversation among the gentlemen, and scandal among the ladies; swearing and indecency were fashionable vices; gaming and drunkenness abounded; and the practice

* Essays Illustrative of the Tatler, &c. i. 57.

* Johnson's Life of Addison.

of duelling was carried to a most irrational excess. In the theatre, as well as in society, the corruption of Charles II.'s reign continued to prevail; and men of the highest rank were the habitual encouragers of the coarse amusements of bull-baiting, bear-baiting, and prize-fighting. To the amelioration of this wretched state of public taste and manners did Steele and Addison apply themselves with equal zeal and success, operating by the means thus stated in the Spectator:—'I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermittent starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day, till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates, that he brought philosophy down from heaven to inhabit among men; I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.'

Of the excellent effects produced by the essays of Steele and Addison, we possess the evidence not only of the improved state of society and literature which has since prevailed, but likewise of writers contemporary with the authors themselves. All speak of a decided and marked improvement in society and manners.

'The acquisition,' says Dr Drake, 'of a popular relish for elegant literature, may be dated, indeed, from the period of the publication of the "Tatler;" to the progress of this new-formed desire, the "Spectator" and "Guardian" gave fresh acceleration; nor has the impulse which was thus received for a moment ceased to spread and propagate its influence through every rank of British society. To these papers, in the department of polite letters, we may ascribe the following great and never-to-be-forgotten obligations. They, it may be affirmed, first pointed out, in a popular way, and with insinuating address, the best authors of classical antiquity and of modern times, and infused into the public mind an enthusiasm for their beauties; they, calling to their aid the colouring of humour and imagination, effectually detected the sources of bad writing, and exposed to never-dying ridicule the puerilities and meretricious decorations of false wit and bloated composition; they first rendered criticism familiar and pleasing to the general taste, and excited that curiosity, that acuteness and precision, which have since enabled so many classes of readers to enjoy, and to appreciate with judgment, the various productions of genius and learning.

To the essays of Addison, in particular, are we likewise indebted for the formation of a style beyond all former precedent pure, fascinating, and correct, that may be said to have effected a revolution in our language and literature, and which, notwithstanding all the refinements of modern criticism, is still entitled to the praise of a just and legitimate model.

In the "Spectator," moreover, was the public first presented with a specimen of acute analysis in the papers on the sources and pleasures of the imagination; they form a disquisition which, while it instructed and delighted the unlearned reader, led the way, though the arrogance of the literati of the present day may disclaim the debt, to what has been termed by modern ostentation *philosophical* criticism.

To the circulation of these volumes also may be ascribed the commencement of a just taste in the fields of fancy and picturesque beauty. The critique on Milton, the inimitable ridicule on the Gothic style of gardening, and the vivid descriptions of rural elegance, the creations either of nature or of art, which are dispersed through the pages of the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," soon disseminated more correct ideas of simplicity in the formation of landscape, and more attractive views of sublimity and beauty in the loftier regions of true poetry.

In fact, from the perusal of these essays, that large body of the people included in the middle class of society first derived their capability of judging of the merits and the graces of a refined writer; and the nation at large gradually, from this epoch, became entitled to the distinguished appellations of literary and critical. The readers of the "Spectator" had been thoroughly imbued with the fine enthusiasm for literature which characterised the genius of Addison; they had felt and admired the delicacy, the amenity, and the purity of his composition, and were soon able to balance and adjust by comparison the pretensions of succeeding candidates for fame.' * *

If in taste and literature such numerous benefits were conferred upon the people through the medium of these papers, of still greater importance were the services which they derived from them in the department of *manners* and *morals*. Both public and private virtue and decorum, indeed, received a firmer tone and finer polish from their precepts and examples; the acrimony and malevolence that had hitherto attended the discussion of political opinion were in a short time greatly mitigated; and the talents which had been almost exclusively occupied by controversy, were diverted into channels where elegance and learning mutually assisted in refining and purifying the passions.'

The success and utility of the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian,' led to the appearance, throughout the eighteenth century, of many works similar in form and purpose; but of these, with the exception of the *Rambler*, *Adventurer*, *Idler*, *World*, *Connoisseur*, *Mirror*, and *Lounger*, none can be said to have obtained a place in the standard literature of our country. Of the productions just named, an account will be given when we come to speak of the authors principally concerned in them; and with respect to the others, it is sufficient to remark, that so slender is their general merit, that from forty-one of the best among them, Dr Drake has been able to compile only four volumes of papers above mediocrity.*

Notwithstanding the high excellence which must be attributed to the 'British Essayists,' as this class of writings is usually called, it cannot be concealed, that since the beginning of the present century, their popularity has undergone a considerable decline. This, we think, may easily be accounted for. All that relates in them to temporary fashions and absurdities, is now, for the most part, out of date; while many of the vices and rudenesses which they attack, have either been expelled from good society by their own influence, or are now fallen into such general discredit, that any formal exposure of them appears tedious and unnecessary. Add to this, that innumerable popular works of distinguished excellence, on the same class of subjects, have appeared in later times, so that the essayists are no longer in undisputed possession of the field which they originally and so honourably occupied. Since the age of

* The selection was published in 1811, under the title of 'The Gleaner; a Series of Periodical Essays, selected and arranged from scarce or neglected volumes. By Nathan Drake, M.D.' 8vo.

Queen Anne, moreover, there has come into request a more vigorous, straightforward, and exciting style of writing than that of Steele, or even of Addison, so that the public taste now demands to be stimulated by something more lively and piquant than what seemed to our grandmothers the *ne plus ultra* of agreeable writing. Yet, after making every abatement, it is certain that there are in these collections so many admirably written essays on subjects of abiding interest and importance — on characters, virtues, vices, and manners, which will chequer society while the human race endures— that a judicious selection can never fail to present indescribable charms to the man of taste, piety, philanthropy, and refinement. In particular, the humorous productions of Addison, which to this day have never been surpassed, will probably maintain a popularity coexistent with our language itself.

But to return to the biography of Sir Richard Steele. While conducting the 'Tatler,' and for some years previously to its commencement, he occupied the post of Gazette writer under the Whig ministry; and for the support which he gave them in the political department of that work, he was rewarded in 1710 with an appointment as one of the commissioners of the Stamp-office. When the Tories the same year came into power, an attempt was made to win over his services, by allowing him to retain office, and holding out hopes of farther preferment; but Steele, true to his principles, preserved silence on politics for several years, till at length, in the 'Guardian' of 28th April 1713, he entered into a controversy with a famous Tory paper called the 'Examiner,' in which Dr Swift at that time wrote with great force and virulence. In this step, the patriotism of Steele prevailed over his interest, for he shortly afterwards, in a manly letter to Lord Oxford, resigned the emoluments which he derived from government. Thus freed from trammels, he entered with the utmost alacrity into political warfare, to which he was excited by the danger that seemed, towards the close of Queen Anne's reign, to threaten the Protestant succession. Not content with wielding the pen, he procured a seat in parliament; from which, however, he was speedily expelled, in consequence of the freedom with which he commented on public affairs in one of his pamphlets. For these efforts against the Tory party, he was, on the accession of George I., rewarded with the post of surveyor to the royal stables at Hampton court. He obtained once more a seat in parliament, was knighted by the king, and in 1717 visited Edinburgh as one of the commissioners of forfeited estates. While in the northern metropolis, he made a hopeless attempt to bring about a union of the English and Scotch churches; and also furnished a proof of his humorous disposition, by giving a splendid entertainment to a multitude of beggars and decayed tradesmen, collected from the streets. Two years afterwards, he offended the ministry by strenuously opposing a bill which aimed at fixing permanently the number of peers, and prohibiting the king from creating any, except for the purpose of replacing extinct families. By this proceeding he not only lost a profitable theatrical patent which he had enjoyed for some years, but became embroiled in a quarrel with his old friend Addison, which arose during a war of pamphlets, in which Addison took the side of the ministry. That eminent person forgot his dignity so far as to speak of Steele as 'Little Dicky, whose trade it was to write pamphlets;' and it is highly creditable to Steele, that, notwithstanding so gross an insult, he retained both the feeling and the language of respect for his antagonist, and was content with administering a mild reproof through the medium of a quotation from the tragedy of Cato. 'Every reader,' says Dr Johnson, 'surely must regret that these two illustrious friends, after so many years passed in confidence and endearment, in unity of interest, conformity of opinion, and fellowship of study, should finally part in acrimonious opposition. Such a controversy was *bellum plusquam civile*,' as Lucan expresses it. Why could not faction find other advocates? But among the uncertainties of the human state, we are doomed to number the instabilities of friendship.'* During his long intercourse with Addison, Steele, though completely eclipsed by his friend, never evinced towards him the slightest symptom of envy or jealousy, but, on the contrary, seems to have looked up to him with uniform admiration and respect.

Though Steele realised considerable sums by his writings, as well as by his places under government, and the theatrical patent, and farther increased his resources by marrying a lady of fortune in South Wales, he was always at a loss for money, which, it may be said, he could neither want nor keep. With many amiable features of character—such as good-nature, vivacity, candour, urbanity, and affection—and with a high admiration of virtue in the abstract, his conduct, as we have seen, was frequently inconsistent with the rules of propriety—a circumstance which is attributed in part to his pecuniary embarrassments. Being once reproached by Whiston, a strange but disinterested enthusiast in religion, for giving a vote in parliament contrary to his former professed opinions, he replied, 'Mr Whiston, you can walk on foot, but I cannot;' a sentiment which, if serious, certainly lays him open to the severest censure. But on various trying occasions, his political virtue stood firm; and it is only justice to mention, that when his affairs became involved shortly before his death, he retired into Wales solely for the purpose of doing justice to his creditors, at a time when he had the fairest prospect of satisfying their claims to the uttermost farthing.† He died at Llangunnor, near Caermarthen, in 1729. By the

Steele's House at Llangunnor.

publication of his private correspondence in 1787, from the originals in the British Museum, his character has been exhibited in a very amiable light; and it would be difficult to point out any productions more imbued with tender feeling than the letters written to his wife, both before and after marriage.

* Life of Addison.

† See Bishop Hoadly's works, vol. i. p. xix.

In manner as well as matter, the writings of Steele are inferior to those of Addison. He aimed only at giving his papers 'an air of common speech;' and though improved by the example of Addison, his style never attained to accuracy or grace. Vivacity and ease are the highest qualities of his composition. He had, however, great fertility of invention, both [illegible] incident an[illegible] His [illegible]rsonages [illegible] rawn with dramatic spirit, and wit[illegible] a livelin[illegible]ness and airy facility, that blinds the [illegible] to his defects. The Spectator Club, with its fine portraits of r Roger de Coverley, Sir Andrew Freeport, Will Honeycomb, &c., will ever remain a monument of the felicity of his fancy, and his power of seizing upon the shades and peculiarities of character. If Addison heightened the humour and interest of the different scenes, to Steele belongs the merit of the original design, and the first conception of the actors.

We have already spoken of the prose style of Addison, and Dr Johnson's eulogium on it has almost passed into a proverb in the history of our literature. 'Whoever wishes,' says the critic and moralist, 'to attain an English style, familiar but not coarse, and elegant but not ostentatious, must give his days and nights to the volumes of Addison.' There he will find a rich but chaste vein of humour and satire—lessons of morality and religion divested of all austerity and gloom—criticism at once pleasing and profound—and pictures of national character and manners that must ever charm from their vivacity and truth. The mind of Addison was so happily constituted, that all its faculties appear to have been in healthy vigour and due proportion, and to have been under the control of correct taste and principles. Greater energy of character, or a more determined hatred of vice and tyranny, would have curtailed his usefulness as a public censor. He led the nation gently and insensibly to a love of virtue and constitutional freedom, to a purer taste in morals and literature, and to the importance of those everlasting truths which so warmly engaged his heart and imagination. Besides his inimitable essays, Addison wrote *Remarks on Several Parts of Italy in the years* 1701, 1702, 1703, in which he has considered the passages of the ancient poets that have any relation to the places and curiosities he saw. The style of this early work is remarkable for its order and simplicity, but seldom rises into eloquence. He published also *Dialogues on the Usefulness of Ancient Medals, especially in relation to the Latin and Greek Poets*, a treatise uniting patient research and originality of thought and conception. Pope addressed some beautiful lines to Addison on these Dialogues, in which he has complimented him with his usual felicity and grace:—

Touched by thy hand, again Rome's glories shine;
Her gods and godlike heroes rise to view,
And all her faded garlands bloom anew.
Nor blush these studies thy regard engage:
These pleased the fathers of poetic rage;
The verse and sculpture bore an equal part,
And art reflected images to art.

The learning of Addison is otherwise displayed in his unfinished treatise on the *Evidences of the Christian Religion*, in which he reviews the heathen philosophers and historians who advert to the spread of Christianity, and also touches on a part of the subject now more fully illustrated—the fulfilment of the Scripture prophecies. The *Whig Examiners* of Addison are clever, witty, party productions. He ridicules his opponents without bitterness or malice, yet with a success that far outstripped competition. When we consider that this great ornament of our literature died at the age of forty-seven, and that the greater part of his manhood was spent in the discharge of important official duties, we are equally surprised at the extent of his learning and the variety and versatility of his genius.

We select the following papers by Steele from the 'Tatler,' 'Spectator,' and 'Guardian.'

[*Agreeable Companions and Flatterers.*]

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me do these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that or to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had

the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you, if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities (as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them). It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have, indeed, one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me, and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skilful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

Terence introduces a flatterer talking to a coxcomb, whom he cheats out of a livelihood, and a third person on the stage makes on him this pleasant remark, 'This fellow has an art of making fools madmen.' The love of flattery is indeed sometimes the weakness of a great mind; but you see it also in persons who otherwise discover no manner of relish of anything above mere sensuality. These latter it sometimes improves, but always debases the former. A fool is in himself the object of pity till he is flattered. By the force of that, his stupidity is raised into affectation, and he becomes of dignity enough to be ridiculous. I remember a droll, that upon one's saying the times are so ticklish that there must great care be taken what one says in conversation, answered with an air of surliness and honesty, If people will be free, let them be so in the manner that I am, who never abuse a man but to his face. He had no reputation for saying dangerous truths; therefore when it was repeated, You abuse a man but to his face! Yes, says he, I flatter him.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know, is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autumn's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone, Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms.

[*Quack Advertisements.*]

It gives me much despair in the design of reforming the world by my speculations, when I find there always arise, from one generation to another, successive cheats and bubbles, as naturally as beasts of prey and those which are to be their food. There is hardly a man in the world, one would think, so ignorant as not to know that the ordinary quack-doctors, who publish their abilities in little brown billets, distributed to all who pass by, are to a man impostors and murderers; yet such is the credulity of the vulgar, and the impudence of these professors, that the affair still goes on, and new promises of what was never done before are made every day. What aggravates the jest is, that even this promise has been made as long as the memory of man can trace it, and yet nothing performed, and yet still prevails. As I was passing along to-day, a paper given into my hand by a fellow without a nose, tells us as follows what good news is come to town, to wit, that there is now a certain cure for the French disease, by a gentleman just come from his travels.

'In Russel Court, over against the Cannon Ball, at the Surgeons' Arms, in Drury Lane, is lately come from his travels a surgeon, who hath practised surgery and physic, both by sea and land, these twenty-four years. He, by the blessing, cures the yellow jaundice, green-sickness, scurvy, dropsy, surfeits, long sea voyages, campaigns, &c., as some people that has been lame these thirty years can testify; in short, he cureth all diseases incident to men, women, or children.'

If a man could be so indolent as to look upon this havoc of the human species which is made by vice and ignorance, it would be a good ridiculous work to comment upon the declaration of this accomplished traveller. There is something unaccountably taking among the vulgar in those who come from a great way off. Ignorant people of quality, as many there are of such, dote excessively this way; many instances of which every man will suggest to himself, without my enumeration of them. The ignorants of lower order, who cannot, like the upper ones, be profuse of their money to those recommended by coming from a distance, are no less complaisant than the others; for they venture their lives for the same admiration.

'The doctor is lately come from his travels, and has practised both by sea and land, and therefore cures the green-sickness, long sea voyages, and campaigns.' Both by sea and land! I will not answer for the distempers called 'sea voyages and campaigns,' but I daresay that of green-sickness might be as well taken care of if the doctor stayed ashore. But the art of managing mankind is only to make them stare a little to keep up their astonishment;

to let nothing be familiar to them, but ever to have something in their sleeve, in which they must think you are deeper than they are. There is an ingenious fellow, a barber, of my acquaintance, who, besides his broken fiddle and a dried sea-monster, has a twine-cord, strained with two nails at each end over his window, and the words, 'rainy, dry, wet,' and so forth, written to denote the weather, according to the rising or falling of the cord. We very great scholars are not apt to wonder at this; but I observed a very honest fellow, a chance customer, who sat in the chair before me to be shaved, fix his eye upon this miraculous performance during the operation upon his chin and face. When those and his head also were cleared of all incumbrances and excrescences, he looked at the fish, then at the fiddle, still grubling in his pockets, and casting his eye again at the twine and the words writ on each side; then altered his mind as to farthings, and gave my friend a silver six pence. The business, as I said, is to keep up the amazement; and if my friend had only the skeleton and kit, he must have been contented with a less payment. But the doctor we were talking of, adds to his long voyages the testimony of some people 'that has been thirty years lame.' When I received my paper, a sagacious fellow took one at the same time, and read until he came to the thirty years' confinement of his friends, and went off very well convinced of the doctor's sufficiency. You have many of these prodigious persons, who have had some extraordinary accident at their birth, or a great disaster in some part of their lives. Anything, however foreign from the business the people want of you, will convince them of your ability in that you profess. There is a doctor in Mouse Alley, near Wapping, who sets up for curing cataracts upon the credit of having, as his bill sets forth, lost an eye in the emperor's service. His patients come in upon this, and he shows his muster-roll, which confirms that he was in his imperial majesty's troops; and he puts out their eyes with great success. Who would believe that a man should be a doctor for the cure of bursten children, by declaring that his father and grandfather were born bursten? But Charles Ingoltson, next door to the Harp in Barbican, has made a pretty penny by that asseveration. The generality go upon their first conception, and think no further; all the rest is granted. They take it that there is something uncommon in you, and give you credit for the rest. You may be sure it is upon that I go, when, sometimes, let it be to the purpose or not, I keep a Latin sentence in my front; and I was not a little pleased when I observed one of my readers say, casting his eye on my twentieth paper, 'More Latin still? What a prodigious scholar is this man!' But as I have here taken much liberty with this learned doctor, I must make up all I have said by repeating what he seems to be in earnest in, and honestly promise to those who will not receive him as a great man, to wit, 'That from eight to twelve, and from two till six, he attends for the good of the public to bleed for threepence.'

[*Story-Telling.*]

Tom Lizard told us a story the other day, of some persons which our family know very well, with so much humour and life, that it caused a great deal of mirth at the tea-table. His brother Will, the Templar, was highly delighted with it; and the next day being with some of his Inns-of-court acquaintance, resolved (whether out of the benevolence or the pride of his heart, I will not determine) to entertain them with what he called 'a pleasant humour enough.' I was in great pain for him when I heard him begin; and was not at all surprised to find the company very little moved by it. Will blushed, looked round the room, and with a forced laugh, 'Faith, gentlemen,' said he, 'I do not know what makes you look so grave: it was an admirable story when I heard it.'

When I came home, I fell into a profound contemplation upon story-telling, and, as I have nothing so much at heart as the good of my country, I resolved to lay down some precautions upon this subject.

I have often thought that a story-teller is born, as well as a poet. It is, I think, certain that some men have such a peculiar cast of mind, that they see things in another light than men of grave dispositions. Men of a lively imagination and a mirthful temper will represent things to their hearers in the same manner as they themselves were affected with them; and whereas serious spirits might perhaps have been disgusted at the sight of some odd occurrences in life, yet the very same occurrences shall please them in a well-told story, where the disagreeable parts of the images are concealed, and those only which are pleasing exhibited to the fancy. Story-telling is therefore not an art, but what we call a 'knack;' it doth not so much subsist upon wit as upon humour; and I will add, that it is not perfect without proper gesticulations of the body, which naturally attend such merry emotions of the mind. I know very well that a certain gravity of countenance sets some stories off to advantage, where the hearer is to be surprised in the end. But this is by no means a general rule; for it is frequently convenient to aid and assist by cheerful looks and whimsical agitations. I will go yet further, and affirm that the success of a story very often depends upon the make of the body, and the formation of the features, of him who relates it. I have been of this opinion ever since I criticised upon the chin of Dick Dewlap. I very often had the weakness to repine at the prosperity of his conceits, which made him pass for a wit with the widow at the coffee-house, and the ordinary mechanics that frequent it; nor could I myself forbear laughing at them most heartily, though upon examination I thought most of them very flat and insipid. I found, after some time, that the merit of his wit was founded upon the shaking of a fat paunch, and the tossing up of a pair of rosy jowls. Poor Dick had a fit of sickness, which robbed him of his fat and his fame at once; and it was full three months before he regained his reputation, which rose in proportion to his floridity. He is now very jolly and ingenious, and hath a good constitution for wit.

Those who are thus adorned with the gifts of nature, are apt to show their parts with too much ostentation. I would therefore advise all the professors of this art never to tell stories but as they seem to grow out of the subject-matter of the conversation, or as they serve to illustrate or enliven it. Stories that are very common are generally irksome; but may be aptly introduced, provided they be only hinted at and mentioned by way of allusion. Those that are altogether new, should never be ushered in without a short and pertinent character of the chief persons concerned, because, by that means, you may make the company acquainted with them; and it is a certain rule, that slight and trivial accounts of those who are familiar to us, administer more mirth than the brightest points of wit in unknown characters. A little circumstance in the complexion or dress of the man you are talking of, sets his image before the hearer, if it be chosen aptly for the story. Thus, I remember Tom Lizard, after having made his sisters merry with an account of a formal old man's way of complimenting, owned very frankly that his story would not have been worth one farthing, if he had made the hat of him whom he represented one inch narrower. Besides the marking distinct characters, and selecting pertinent circumstances, it is likewise necessary to leave off in time, and end smartly; so that there is a kind of drama in the forming of a story; and the manner of con-

ducting and pointing it is the same as in an epigram. It is a miserable thing, after one hath raised the expectation of the company by humorous characters and a pretty conceit, to pursue the matter too far. There is no retreating; and how poor is it for a story-teller to end his relation by saying, 'That's all!'

As the choosing of pertinent circumstances is the life of a story, and that wherein humour principally consists, so the collectors of impertinent particulars are the very bane and opiates of conversation. Old men are great transgressors this way. Poor Ned Poppy—he's gone!—was a very honest man, but was so excessively tedious over his pipe, that he was not to be endured. He knew so exactly what they had for dinner when such a thing happened, in what ditch his bay horse had his sprain at that time, and how his man John—no, it was William—started a hare in the common field, that he never got to the end of his tale. Then he was extremely particular in marriages and intermarriages, and cousins twice or thrice removed, and whether such a thing happened at the latter end of July or the beginning of August. He had a marvellous tendency likewise to digressions; insomuch, that if a considerable person was mentioned in his story, he would straightway launch out into an episode of him; and again, if in that person's story he had occasion to remember a third man, he broke off, and gave us his history, and so on. He always put me in mind of what Sir William Temple informs us of the tale-tellers in the north of Ireland, who are hired to tell stories of giants and enchanters to lull people asleep. These historians are obliged, by their bargain, to go on without stopping; so that after the patient hath, by this benefit, enjoyed a long nap, he is sure to find the operator proceeding in his work. Ned procured the like effect in me the last time I was with him. As he was in the third hour of his story, and very thankful that his memory did not fail him, I fairly nodded in the elbow chair. He was much affronted at this, till I told him, 'Old friend, you have your infirmity, and I have mine.'

But of all evils in story-telling, the humour of telling tales one after another in great numbers, is the least supportable. Sir Harry Pandolf and his son gave my Lady Lizard great offence in this particular. Sir Harry hath what they call a string of stories, which he tells over every Christmas. When our family visits there, we are constantly, after supper, entertained with the Glastonbury Thorn. When we have wondered at that a little, 'Ay, but father,' saith the son, 'let us have the Spirit in the Wood.' After that hath been laughed at, 'Ay, but father,' cries the booby again, 'tell us how you served the robber.' 'Alack-a-day,' saith Sir Harry with a smile, and rubbing his forehead, 'I have almost forgot that, but it is a pleasant conceit to be sure.' Accordingly he tells that and twenty more in the same independent order, and without the least variation, at this day, as he hath done, to my knowledge, ever since the Revolution. I must not forget a very odd compliment that Sir Harry always makes my lady when he dines here. After dinner he says, with a feigned concern in his countenance, 'Madam, I have lost by you to-day.' 'How so, Sir Harry?' replies my lady. 'Madam,' says he, 'I have lost an excellent appetite.' At this his son and heir laughs immoderately, and winks upon Mrs Annabella. This is the thirty-third time that Sir Harry hath been thus arch, and I can bear it no longer.

As the telling of stories is a great help and life to conversation, I always encourage them, if they are pertinent and innocent, in opposition to those gloomy mortals who disdain everything but matter of fact. Those grave fellows are my aversion, who sift everything with the utmost nicety, and find the malignity of a lie in a piece of humour pushed a little beyond exact truth. I likewise have a poor opinion of those who have got a trick of keeping a steady countenance, that cock their hats and look glum when a pleasant thing is said, and ask, 'Well, and what then!' Men of wit and parts should treat one another with benevolence; and I will lay it down as a maxim, that if you seem to have a good opinion of another man's wit, he will allow you to have judgment.

Having given these samples of Steele's composition, we now add some of the best of Addison's pieces:—

There lived some years since, within my neighbourhood, a very grave person, an upholsterer, who seemed a man of more than ordinary application to business. He was a very early riser, and was often abroad two or three hours before any of his neighbours. He had a particular carefulness in the knitting of his brows, and a kind of impatience in all his motions, that plainly discovered he was always intent on matters of importance. Upon my inquiry into his life and conversation, I found him to be the greatest newsmonger in our quarter; that he rose before day to read the Postman; and that he would take two or three turns to the other end of the town before his neighbours were up, to see if there were any Dutch mails come in. He had a wife and several children; but was much more inquisitive to know what passed in Poland than in his own family, and was in greater pain and anxiety of mind for King Augustus's welfare than that of his nearest relations. He looked extremely thin in a dearth of news, and never enjoyed himself in a westerly wind. This indefatigable kind of life was the ruin of his shop; for about the time that his favourite prince left the crown of Poland, he broke and disappeared.

This man and his affairs had been long out of my mind, till about three days ago, as I was walking in St James's Park, I heard somebody at a distance hemming after me: and who should it be but my old neighbour the upholsterer? I saw he was reduced to extreme poverty, by certain shabby superfluities in his dress; for notwithstanding that it was a very sultry day for the time of the year, he wore a loose greatcoat and a muff, with a long campaign wig out of curl; to which he had added the ornament of a pair of black garters buckled under the knee. Upon his coming up to me, I was going to inquire into his present circumstances, but was prevented by his asking me, with a whisper, whether the last letters brought any accounts that one might rely upon from Bender? I told him, none that I heard of; and asked him whether he had yet married his eldest daughter? He told me no: But pray, says he, tell me sincerely, what are your thoughts of the king of Sweden? for though his wife and children were starving, I found his chief concern at present was for this great monarch. I told him, that I looked upon him as one of the first heroes of the age. But pray, says he, do you think there is anything in the story of his wound? And finding me surprised at the question, Nay, says he, I only propose it to you. I answered, that I thought there was no reason to doubt of it. But why in the heel, says he, more than in any other part of the body? Because, said I, the bullet chanced to light there.

This extraordinary dialogue was no sooner ended, but he began to launch out into a long dissertation upon the affairs of the north; and after having spent some time on them, he told me he was in a great perplexity how to reconcile the Supplement with the English Post, and had been just now examining what the other papers say upon the same subject. The

Daily Courant, says he, has these words, We have advices from very good hands, that a certain prince has some matters of great importance under consideration. This is very mysterious; but the Postboy leaves us more in the dark, for he tells us that there are private intimations of measures taken by a certain prince, which time will bring to light. Now the Postman, says he, who used to be very clear, refers to the same news in these words: The late conduct of a certain prince affords great matter of speculation. This certain prince, says the upholsterer, whom they are all so cautious of naming, I take to be ————. Upon which, though there was nobody near us, he whispered something in my ear, which I did not hear, or think worthy my while to make him repeat.*

We were now got to the upper end of the Mall where were three or four very odd fellows sitting together upon the bench. These I found were all of them politicians, who used to sun themselves in that place every day about dinner time. Observing them to be curiosities in their kind, and my friend's acquaintance, I sat down among them.

The chief politician of the bench was a great asserter of paradoxes. He told us, with a seeming concern that by some news he had lately read from Muscovy it appeared to him that there was a storm gathering in the Black Sea, which might in time do hurt to the naval forces of this nation. To this he added, that for his part he could not wish to see the Turk driven out of Europe, which he believed could not but be prejudicial to our woollen manufacture. He then told us, that he looked upon the extraordinary revolutions which had lately happened in those parts of the world, to have risen chiefly from two persons who were not much talked of; and those, says he, are Prince Menzikoff and the Duchess of Mirandola. He backed his assertions with so many broken hints, and such a show of depth and wisdom, that we gave ourselves up to his opinions.

The discourse at length fell upon a point which seldom escapes a knot of true born Englishmen: Whether, in case of a religious war, the Protestants would not be too strong for the Papists? This we unanimously determined on the Protestant side. One who sat on my right hand, and, as I found by his discourse, had been in the West Indies, assured us, that it would be a very easy matter for the Protestants to beat the pope at sea; and added, that whenever such a war does break out, it must turn to the good of the Leeward Islands. Upon this, one who sat at the end of the bench, and, as I afterwards found, was the geographer of the company, said, that in case the Papists should drive the Protestants from these parts of Europe, when the worst came to the worst, it would be impossible to beat them out of Norway and Greenland, provided the northern crowns hold together, and the Czar of Muscovy stand neuter.

He further told us for our comfort, that there were vast tracts of lands about the pole, inhabited neither by Protestants nor Papists, and of greater extent than all the Roman Catholic dominions in Europe.

When we had fully discussed this point, my friend the upholsterer began to exert himself upon the present negotiations of peace, in which he deposed princes, settled the bounds of kingdoms, and balanced the power of Europe, with great justice and impartiality.

I at length took my leave of the company, and was going away; but had not gone thirty yards, before the upholsterer hemmed again after me. Upon his advancing towards me with a whisper, I expected to hear some secret piece of news, which he had not thought fit to communicate to the bench; but instead of that, he desired me in my ear to lend him half-a-crown. In compassion to so needy a statesman, and to dissipate the confusion I found he was in, I told him, if he pleased I would give him five shillings, to receive five pounds of him when the great Turk was driven out of Constantinople; which he very readily accepted, but not before he had laid down to me the impossibility of such an event, as the affairs of Europe now stand.

* The prince here alluded to so mysteriously was the so-called Pretender, James Stuart, son of King James II.

[*The Vision of Mirza.*]

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

On the 5th day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, Surely, said I, man is but a shadow, and life a dream. Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceedingly sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

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

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Cast thine eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the vale of misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?' 'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this

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

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

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

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

I here fetched a deep sigh. 'Alas,' said I, 'man was made in vain!—how is he given away to misery and mortality!—tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!' The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity, but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it.' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers, and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle that I might fly away to those happy seats, but the genius told me there was no passage to them except through the Gates of Death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching farther than thine eye, or even thine imagination, can extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them. Every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza! habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him.' I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating, but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels, grazing upon the sides of it.

[*Sir Roger De Coverley's Visit to Westminster Abbey.*]

My friend Sir Roger de Coverley told me the other night that he had been reading my paper upon Westminster Abbey, 'in which,' says he, 'there are a great many ingenious fancies.' He told me, at the same time, that he observed I had promised another paper upon the tombs, and that he should be glad to go and see them with me, not having visited them since he had read history. I could not at first imagine how this came into the knight's head, till I recollected that he had been very busy all last summer upon Baker's Chronicle, which he has quoted several times in his disputes with Sir Andrew Freeport since his last coming to town. Accordingly, I promised to call upon him the next morning, that we might go together to the abbey.

I found the knight under the butler's hands, who always shaves him. He was no sooner dressed, than he called for a glass of the widow Truby's water,

which he told me he always drank before he went abroad. He recommended to me a dram of it at the same time, with so much heartiness, that I could not forbear drinking it. As soon as I had got it down, I found it very unpalatable; upon which the knight, observing that I had made several wry faces, told me that he knew I should not like it at first, but that it was the best thing in the world against the stone or gravel.

I could have wished, indeed, that he had acquainted me with the virtues of it sooner; but it was too late to complain, and I knew what he had done was out of good will. Sir Roger told me further, that he looked upon it to be very good for a man whilst he stayed in town, to keep off infection, and that he got together a quantity of it upon the first news of the sickness being at Dantzic: when of a sudden, turning short to one of his servants, who stood behind him, he bade him call a hackney-coach, and take care that it was an elderly man that drove it.

He then resumed his discourse upon Mrs Truby's water, telling me that the widow Truby was one who did more good than all the doctors and apothecaries in the country; that she distilled every poppy that grew within five miles of her; that she distributed her medicine *gratis* among all sorts of people; to which the knight added, that she had a very great jointure, and that the whole country would fain have it a match between him and her; 'and truly,' says Sir Roger, 'if I had not been engaged, perhaps I could not have done better.'

His discourse was broken off by his man's telling him he had called a coach. Upon our going to it, after having cast his eye upon the wheels, he asked the coachman if his axletree was good. Upon the fellow's telling him he would warrant it, the knight turned to me, told me he looked like an honest man, and went in without further ceremony.

We had not gone far, when Sir Roger, popping out his head, called the coachman down from his box, and upon presenting himself at the window, asked him if he smoked. As I was considering what this would end in, he bade him stop by the way at any good tobacconist's, and take in a roll of the best Virginia. Nothing material happened in the remaining part of our journey, till we were set down at the west end of the abbey.

As we went up the body of the church, the knight pointed at the trophies upon one of the new monuments, and cried out, 'A brave man, I warrant him!' Passing afterwards by Sir Cloudesley Shovel, he flung his head that way, and cried, 'Sir Cloudesley Shovel! a very gallant man!' As we stood before Busby's tomb, the knight uttered himself again after the same manner, 'Dr Busby! a great man! he whipped my grandfather; a very great man! I should have gone to him myself, if I had not been a blockhead; a very great man!'

We were immediately conducted into the little chapel on the right hand. Sir Roger, planting himself at our historian's elbow, was very attentive to everything he said, particularly to the account he gave us of the lord who had cut off the king of Morocco's head. Among several other figures, he was very well pleased to see the statesman Cecil upon his knees; and concluding them all to be great men, was conducted to the figure which represents that martyr to good housewifery, who died by the prick of a needle. Upon our interpreter's telling us that she was a maid of honour to Queen Elizabeth, the knight was very inquisitive into her name and family; and after having regarded her finger for some time, 'I wonder,' says he, 'that Sir Richard Baker has said nothing of her in his Chronicle.'

We were then conveyed to the two coronation chairs, where my old friend, after having heard that the stone underneath the most ancient of them, which was brought from Scotland, was called Jacob's pillar, sat himself down in the chair; and looking like the figure of an old Gothic king, asked our interpreter, 'what authority they had to say that Jacob had ever been in Scotland?' The fellow, instead of returning him an answer, told him 'that he hoped his honour would pay his forfeit.' I could observe Sir Roger a little ruffled upon being thus trepanned; but our guide not insisting upon his demand, the knight soon recovered his good humour, and whispered in my ear, that 'if Will Wimble were with us, and saw those two chairs, it would go hard but he would get a tobacco-stopper out of one or t'other of them.'

Sir Roger, in the next place, laid his hand upon Edward III.'s sword, and leaning upon the pommel of it, gave us the whole history of the Black Prince; concluding, that in Sir Richard Baker's opinion, Edward III. was one of the greatest princes that ever sat upon the English throne.

We were then shown Edward the Confessor's tomb; upon which Sir Roger acquainted us, that 'he was the first who touched for the evil:' and afterwards Henry IV.'s; upon which he shook his head, and told us 'there was fine reading in the casualties of that reign.'

Our conductor then pointed to that monument where there is the figure of one of our English kings without a head; and upon giving us to know that the head, which was of beaten silver, had been stolen away several years since; 'Some Whig, I'll warrant you,' says Sir Roger; 'you ought to lock up your kings better; they will carry off the body too, if you do not take care.'

The glorious names of Henry V. and Queen Elizabeth gave the knight great opportunities of shining, and of doing justice to Sir Richard Baker, 'who,' as our knight observed with some surprise, 'had a great many kings in him, whose monuments he had not seen in the abbey.'

For my own part, I could not but be pleased to see the knight show such an honest passion for the glory of his country, and such a respectful gratitude to the memory of its princes.

I must not omit, that the benevolence of my good old friend, which flows out towards every one he converses with, made him very kind to our interpreter, whom he looked upon as an extraordinary man; for which reason he shook him by the hand at parting, telling him that he should be very glad to see him at his lodgings in Norfolk Buildings, and talk over these matters with him more at leisure.

[*The Works of Creation.*]

I was yesterday about sunset walking in the open fields, until the night insensibly fell upon me. I at first amused myself with all the richness and variety of colours which appeared in the western parts of heaven. In proportion as they faded away and went out, several stars and planets appeared one after another, until the whole firmament was in a glow. The blueness of the ether was exceedingly heightened and enlivened by the season of the year, and by the rays of all those luminaries that passed through it. The galaxy appeared in its most beautiful white. To complete the scene, the full moon rose at length in that clouded majesty which Milton takes notice of, and opened to the eye a new picture of nature, which was more finely shaded, and disposed among softer lights, than that which the sun had before discovered to us.

As I was surveying the moon walking in her brightness, and taking her progress among the constellations, a thought rose in me which I believe very often perplexes and disturbs men of serious and contem-

David himself fell into it in that
> I consider the heavens the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained, what is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou regardest him?' In the same manner, when I considered that infinite host of stars, or, to speak more philosophically, of suns, which were then shining upon me, with those innumerable sets of planets or worlds which were moving round their respective suns—when I still enlarged the idea, and supposed another heaven of suns and worlds rising still above this which we discovered, and these still enlightened by a superior firmament of luminaries, which are planted at so great a distance, that they may appear to the inhabitants of the former as the stars do to us—in short, while I pursued this thought, I could not but reflect on that little insignificant figure which I myself bore amidst the mensity of God's works.

Were the sun which enlightens this part of the creation, with all the host of planetary worlds that move about him, utterly extinguished and annihilated, they would not be missed more than a grain of sand upon the sea-shore. The space they possess is so exceedingly little in comparison of the whole, that it would scarce make a blank in the creation. The chasm would be imperceptible to an eye that could take in the whole compass of nature, and pass from one end of the creation to the other: as it is possible there may be such a sense in ourselves hereafter, or in creatures which are at present more exalted than ourselves. We see many stars by the help of glasses which we do not discover with our naked eyes; and the finer our telescopes are, the more still are our discoveries. Huygenius carries this thought so far, that he does not think it impossible there may be stars whose light has not yet travelled down to us since their first creation. There is no question but the universe has certain bounds set to it; but when we consider that it is the work of infinite power prompted by infinite goodness, with an infinite space to exert itself in, how can our imagination set any bounds to it?

To return, therefore, to my first thought; I could not but look upon myself with secret horror as a being that was not worth the smallest regard of one who had so great a work under his care and superintendency. I was afraid of being overlooked amidst the immensity of nature, and lost among that infinite variety of creatures which in all probability swarm through all these immeasurable regions of matter.

In order to recover myself from this mortifying thought, I considered that it took its rise from those narrow conceptions which we are apt to entertain of the divine nature. We ourselves cannot attend to many different objects at the same time. If we are careful to inspect some things, we must of course neglect others. This imperfection which we observe in ourselves is an imperfection that cleaves in some degree to creatures of the highest capacities, as they are creatures; that is, beings of finite and limited natures. The presence of every created being is confined to a certain measure of space, and consequently his observation is stinted to a certain number of objects. The sphere in which we move, and act, and understand, is of a wider circumference to one creature than another, according as we rise one above another in the scale of existence. But the widest of these our spheres has its circumference. When, therefore, we reflect on the divine nature, we are so used and accustomed to this imperfection in ourselves, that we cannot forbear in some measure ascribing it to Him in whom there is no shadow of imperfection. Our reason indeed assures us that his attributes are infinite; but the poorness of our conceptions is such, that it cannot forbear setting bounds to everything it contemplates, until our reason comes again to our succour, and throws down all those little prejudices which rise in us unawares, and are natural to the mind of man.

We shall, therefore, utterly extinguish this melancholy thought of our being overlooked by our Maker, in the multiplicity of his works and those objects among which he seems employed, if we consider, in the first place, that he is omnipresent; and, in the second, that he is omniscient.

If we consider him in his omnipresence, his being passes through, actuates, and supports the whole frame of nature. His creation, and every part of it, is full of him. There is nothing he has made that is either so distant, so little, or so inconsiderable, which he does not essentially inhabit. His substance is within the substance of every being, whether material or immaterial, and as intimately present to it as that being is to itself. It would be an imperfection in him were he able to remove out of one place into another, or to withdraw himself from anything he has created, or from any part of that space which is diffused and spread abroad to infinity. In short, to speak of him in the language of the old philosopher, he is a being whose centre is everywhere, and his circumference nowhere.

In the second place, he is omniscient as well as omnipresent. His omniscience, indeed, necessarily and naturally flows from his omnipresence: he cannot but be conscious of every motion that arises in the whole material world, which he thus essentially pervades; and of every thought that is stirring in the intellectual world, to every part of which he is thus intimately united. Several moralists have considered the creation as the temple of God, which he has built with his own hands, and which is filled with his presence. Others have considered infinite space as the receptacle, or rather the habitation, of the Almighty. But the noblest and most exalted way of considering this infinite space is that of Sir Isaac Newton, who calls it the *sensorium* of the Godhead. Brutes and men have their *sensoriola*, or little sensoriums, by which they apprehend the presence and perceive the actions of a few objects that lie contiguous to them. Their knowledge and observation turn within a very narrow circle. But as God Almighty cannot but perceive and know everything in which he resides, infinite space gives room to infinite knowledge, and is, as it were, an organ to omniscience.

Were the soul separate from the body, and with one glance of thought should start beyond the bounds of the creation—should it for millions of years continue its progress through infinite space with the same activity—it would still find itself within the embrace of its Creator, and encompassed round with the immensity of the Godhead. While we are in the body, he is not less present with us because he is concealed from us. 'Oh that I knew where I might find him!' says Job. 'Behold I go forward, but he is not there; and backward, but I cannot perceive him: on the left hand where he does work, but I cannot behold him: he hideth himself on the right hand that I cannot see him.' In short, reason as well as revelation assures us that he cannot be absent from us, notwithstanding he is undiscovered by us.

In this consideration of God Almighty's omnipresence and omniscience, every uncomfortable thought vanishes. He cannot but regard everything that has being, especially such of his creatures who fear they are not regarded by him. He is privy to all their thoughts, and to that anxiety of heart in particular which is apt to trouble them on this occasion: for as it is impossible he should overlook any of his creatures, so we may be confident that he [illegible] eye of mercy those who endeavour to

themselves to his notice, and in an unfeigned humility of h ink themselves unworthy that he should be ul of them.

EUSTACE BUDGELL.

EUSTACE BUDGELL has already been mentioned as one of the contributors to the 'Spectator.' He was a relation of Addison, who patronised him with much kindness, and procured for him several lucrative offices in Ireland. Thirty-seven numbers of the 'Spectator' are ascribed to Budgell; and though Dr Johnson says that these were either written by Addison, or so much improved by him that they were made in a manner his own,* there seems to be no sufficient authority for the assertion, which, in itself, appears somewhat improbable, as Addison was not likely to allow another to obtain the credit due to himself. It is true that the style and humour resemble those of Addison; but as the two writers were much together, a successful attempt on Budgell's part to imitate the productions of his friend, was probable enough. In 1717, Budgell, who, notwithstanding the good sense and sound morality of his writings in the 'Spectator,' was a man of extreme vanity and revengeful feeling, had the imprudence to lampoon the Irish viceroy, by whom he had been deeply offended; the result of which was his dismissal from office, and return to England. During the prevalence of the South-Sea scheme, he lost a fortune of £20,000, and subsequently figured principally as a virulent party writer, and an advocate of free-thinking. At length his declining reputation suffered a mortal blow by the establishment against him of the charge of having forged a testament in his own favour. It is to this circumstance that Pope alludes in the couplet—

Let Budgell charge low Grub Street on my quill,
And write whate'er he please—except my will.

Some years afterwards, this wretched man, finding life unsupportable, deliberately committed suicide, by leaping from a boat while shooting London Bridge. This took place in 1737. There was found in his bureau a slip of paper, on which he had written—

What Cato did, and Addison approved,
Cannot be wrong.

But in this he certainly misrepresented the opinion of Addison, who has put the following words into the mouth of the dying Cato:—

—— Yet methinks a beam of light breaks in
On my departing soul. Alas! I fear
I've been too hasty. O ye powers that search
The heart of man, and weigh his inmost thoughts,
If I have done amiss, impute it not.
The best may err, but you are good.

The contributions of Budgell to the 'Spectator' are distinguished by the letter X. We select one of them, on

[*The Art of Growing Rich.*]

Lucian rallies the philosophers in his time, who could not agree whether they should admit riches into the number of real goods; the professors of the severer sects threw them quite out, while others as resolutely inserted them.

I am apt to believe, that as the world grew more polite, the rigid doctrines of the first were wholly discarded; and I do not find any one so hardy at present as to deny that there are very great advantages in the enjoyment of a plentiful fortune. Indeed the best and wisest of men, though they may possibly despise a good part of those things which the world calls pleasures, can, I think, hardly be insensible of that weight and dignity which a moderate share of wealth adds to their characters, counsels, and actions.

We find it is a general complaint in professions and trades, that the richest members of them are chiefly encouraged, and this is falsely imputed to the ill-nature of mankind, who are ever bestowing their favours on such as least want them; whereas, if we fairly consider their proceedings in this case, we shall find them founded on undoubted reason; since, supposing both equal in their natural integrity, I ought, in common prudence, to fear foul play from an indigent person, rather than from one whose circumstances seem to have placed him above the bare temptation of money.

This reason also makes the commonwealth regard her richest subjects as those who are most concerned for her quiet and interest, and consequently fitted to be intrusted with her highest employments. On the contrary, Catiline's saying to those men of desperate fortunes who applied themselves to him, and of whom he afterwards composed his army, that 'they had nothing to hope for but a civil war,' was too true not to make the impressions he desired.

I believe I need not fear but that what I have said in praise of money will be more than sufficient with most of my readers to excuse the subject of my present paper, which I intend as an essay on 'The ways to raise a man's fortune, or the art of growing rich.'

The first and most infallible method towards the attaining of this end is thrift: all men are not equally qualified for getting money, but it is in the power of every one alike to practise this virtue; and I believe there are few persons who, if they please to reflect on their past lives, will not find, that had they saved all those little sums which they have spent unnecessarily, they might at present have been masters of a competent fortune. Diligence justly claims the next place to thrift; I find both these excellently well recommended to common use in the three following Italian proverbs:—

'Never do that by proxy which you can do yourself.'
'Never defer that until to-morrow which you can do to-day.'
'Never neglect small matters and expenses.'

A third instrument in growing rich is method in business, which, as well as the two former, is also attainable by persons of the meanest capacities.

The famous De Witt, one of the greatest statesmen of the age in which he lived, being asked by a friend how he was able to despatch that multitude of affairs in which he was engaged? replied, That his whole art consisted in doing one thing at once. If, says he, I have any necessary despatches to make, I think of nothing else until those are finished; if any domestic affairs require my attention, I give myself up wholly to them until they are set in order.

In short, we often see men of dull and phlegmatic tempers arriving to great estates, by making a regular and orderly disposition of their business; and that, without it, the greatest parts and most lively imaginations rather puzzle their affairs, than bring them to a happy issue.

From what has been said, I think I may lay it down as a maxim, that every man of good common sense may, if he pleases, in his particular station of life, most certainly be rich. The reason why we sometimes see that men of the greatest capacities are not so, is either because they despise wealth in comparison of something else, or, at least, are not content to be getting an estate, unless they may do it their own

* See Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iii.

way, and at the same time enjoy all the pleasures and gratifications of life.

But besides these ordinary forms of growing rich, it must be allowed that there is room for genius as well in this as in all other circumstances of life.

Though the ways of getting money were long since very numerous, and though so many new ones have been found out of late years, there is certainly still remaining so large a field for invention, that a man of an indifferent head might easily sit down and draw up such a plan for the conduct and support of his life, as was never yet once thought of.

We daily see methods put in practice by hungry and ingenious men, which demonstrate the power of invention in this particular.

It is reported of Scaramouche, the first famous Italian comedian, that being in Paris, and in great want, he bethought himself of constantly plying near the door of a noted perfumer in that city, and when any one came out who had been buying snuff, never failed to desire a taste of them: when he had by this means got together a quantity made up of several different sorts, he sold it again at a lower rate to the same perfumer, who, finding out the trick, called it *Tabac de mille fleurs*, or 'Snuff of a thousand flowers.' The story farther tells us, that by this means he got a very comfortable subsistence, until, making too much haste to grow rich, he one day took such an unreasonable pinch out of the box of a Swiss officer, as engaged him in a quarrel, and obliged him to quit this ingenious way of life.

Nor can I in this place omit doing justice to a youth of my own country, who, though he is scarce yet twelve years old, has, with great industry and application, attained to the art of beating the grenadiers' march on his chin. I am credibly informed, that by this means he does not only maintain himself and his mother, but that he is laying up money every day, with a design, if the war continues, to purchase a drum at least, if not a pair of colours.

I shall conclude these instances with the device of the famous Rabelais, when he was at a great distance from Paris, and without money to bear his expenses thither. This ingenious author being thus sharp set, got together a convenient quantity of brick-dust, and having disposed of it into several papers, writ upon one, 'poison for monsieur,' upon a second, 'poison for the dauphin,' and on a third, 'poison for the king.' Having made this provision for the royal family of France, he laid his papers so that his landlord, who was an inquisitive man, and a good subject, might get a sight of them.

The plot succeeded as he desired; the host gave immediate intelligence to the secretary of state. The secretary presently sent down a special messenger, who brought up the traitor to court, and provided him at the king's expense with proper accommodations on the road. As soon as he appeared, he was known to be the celebrated Rabelais; and his powder upon examination being found very innocent, the jest was only laughed at; for which a less eminent droll would have been sent to the galleys.

Trade and commerce might doubtless be still varied a thousand ways, out of which would arise such branches as have not yet been touched. The famous Doily is still fresh in every one's memory, who raised a fortune by finding out materials for such stuffs as might at once be cheap and genteel. I have heard it affirmed, that, had not he discovered this frugal method of gratifying our pride, we should hardly have been so well able to carry on the last war.

I regard trade not only as highly advantageous to the commonwealth in general, but as the most natural and likely method of making a man's fortune, having observed, since my being a Spectator in the world, greater estates got about 'Change than at Whitehall or St James's. I believe I may also add, that the first acquisitions are generally attended with more satisfaction, and as good a conscience.

I must not, however, close this essay without observing, that what has been said is only intended for persons in the common ways of thriving, and is not designed for those men who, from low beginnings, push themselves up to the top of states and the most considerable figures in life. My maxim of saving is not designed for such as these, since nothing is more usual than for thrift to disappoint the ends of ambition; it being almost impossible that the mind should be intent upon trifles, while it is, at the same time, forming some great design.

I may therefore compare these men to a great poet, who, as Longinus says, while he is full of the most magnificent ideas, is not always at leisure to mind the little beauties and niceties of his art.

I would, however, have all my readers take great care how they mistake themselves for uncommon geniuses and men above rule, since it is very easy for them to be deceived in this particular.

JOHN HUGHES.

Very different from Budgell's character was that of JOHN HUGHES, the other principal contributor to the 'Spectator.' To this individual, who was distinguished by a mild, amiable, contented, and pious disposition, and considerable abilities as a pleasing writer, are attributed two papers and several letters in the 'Tatler,' eleven papers and thirteen letters in the 'Spectator,' and two papers in the 'Guardian.' The high reputation which he at one time enjoyed as a writer of poetry, has now justly declined. In translation, however, both in poetry and prose, he made some highly successful efforts. Of several dramatic pieces which he produced, *The Siege of Damascus* alone has escaped from oblivion. In this play, the morality, diction, and imagery, claim much admiration; but it is too little fitted to move the passions to be a favourite on the stage. Though still occasionally acted, it affords greater pleasure in the closet. So highly did Addison esteem the talent of Hughes, that he requested him to furnish the fifth act of 'Cato;' and it was not till some progress had been made in the labour, that a change of purpose on Addison's part interfered. In the opinion of Dr Joseph Warton, 'Hughes was very capable of writing this fifth act. "The Siege of Damascus" is a better tragedy than "Cato," though Pope affected to speak slightingly of its author.'* The reputation of Hughes was well sustained by the manner in which he edited the works of Spenser. The virtues of this estimable person (who died in 1720, at the age of forty-three) were affectionately commemorated by Sir Richard Steele, in a publication called *The Theatre*. 'All the periodical essays of Hughes,' says Dr Drake, 'are written in a style which is, in general, easy, correct, and elegant: they occasionally exhibit wit and humour; and they uniformly tend to inculcate the best precepts, moral, prudential, and religious.'† One of his best is on

[Ambition.]

If we look abroad upon the great multitude of mankind, and endeavour to trace out the principles of action in every individual, it will, I think, seem highly probable that ambition runs through the whole species, and that every man, in proportion to the vigour of his complexion, is more or less actuated by

* Note to Pope's prologue to Cato.
† Drake's Essays, iii. 50.

it. It is, indeed, no uncommon thing to meet with men who, by the natural bent of their inclinations, and without the discipline of philosophy, aspire not to the heights of power and grandeur; who never set their hearts upon a numerous train of clients and dependencies, nor other gay appendages of greatness; who are contented with a competency, and will not molest their tranquillity to gain an abundance; but it is not therefore to be concluded that such a man is not ambitious: his desires may have cut out another channel, and determined him to other pursuits; the motive, however, may be still the same; and in these cases likewise the man may be equally pushed on with the desire of distinction.

Though the pure consciousness of worthy actions abstracted from the views of popular applause, in a generous mind an ample reward, yet the desire of distinction was doubtless implanted in our natures as an additional incentive to exert ourselves in virtuous excellence.

This passion, indeed, like all others, is frequently perverted to evil and ignoble purposes, so that we may account for many of the excellencies and follies of life upon the same innate principle, to wit, the desire of being remarkable; for this, as it has been differently cultivated by education, study, and converse, will bring forth suitable effects, as it falls in with an ingenuous disposition or a corrupt mind; it does accordingly express itself in acts of magnanimity or selfish cunning, as it meets with a good or weak understanding. As it has been employed in embellishing the mind or adorning the outside, it renders the man eminently praiseworthy or ridiculous. Ambition, therefore, is not to be confined only to one passion or pursuit; for as the same humours, in constitutions otherwise different, affect the body after different manners, so the same aspiring principle within us sometimes breaks forth upon one object, sometimes upon another.

It cannot be doubted but that there is as great a desire of glory in a ring of wrestlers or cudgel-players, as in any other more refined competition for superiority. No man that could avoid it would ever suffer his head to be broken but out of a principle of honour. This is the secret spring that pushes them forward; and the superiority which they gain above the undistinguished many, does more than repair those wounds they have received in the combat. It is Mr Waller's opinion, that Julius Cæsar, had he not been master of the Roman empire, would in all probability have made an excellent wrestler.

'Great Julius, on the mountains bred,
A flock perhaps or herd had led;
He that the world subdued, had been
But the best wrestler on the green.'

That he subdued the world, was owing to the accidents of art and knowledge: had he not met with those advantages, the same sparks of emulation would have kindled within him, and prompted him to distinguish himself in some enterprise of a lower nature. Since, therefore, no man's lot is so unalterably fixed in this life, but that a thousand accidents may either forward or disappoint his advancement, it is, methinks, a pleasant and inoffensive speculation, to consider a great man as divested of all the adventitious circumstances of fortune, and to bring him down in one's imagination to that low station of life, the nature of which bears some distant resemblance to that high one he is at present possessed of. Thus one may view him exercising in miniature those talents of nature which, being drawn out by education to their full length, enable him for the discharge of some important employment. On the other hand, one may raise uneducated merit to such a pitch of greatness, as may seem equal to the possible extent of his improved capacity.

Thus nature furnishes a man with a general appetite of [illegible]tion determines it to this or that particular object. The desire of distinction is not, I think, in any instance more observable than in the variety of outsides and new appearances which the modish part of the world are obliged to provide, in order to make themselves remarkable; for anything glaring or particular, either in behaviour or apparel, is known to have this good effect, that it catches the eye, and will not suffer you to pass over the person so adorned without due notice and observation. It has likewise, upon this account, been frequently resented as a very great slight, to leave any gentleman out of a lampoon or satire, who has as much right to be there as his neighbour, because it supposes the person not eminent enough to be taken notice of. To this passionate fondness for distinction, are owing various frolicsome and irregular practices, as sallying out into nocturnal exploits, breaking of windows, singing of catches, beating the watch, getting drunk twice a day, killing a great number of horses, with many other enterprises of the like fiery nature; for certainly many a man is more rakish and extravagant than he would willingly be, were there not others to look on and give their approbation.

One very common, and at the same time the most absurd ambition that ever showed itself in human nature, is that which comes upon a man with experience and old age, the season when it might be expected he should be wisest; and therefore it cannot receive any of those lessening circumstances which do, in some measure, excuse the disorderly ferments of youthful blood: I mean the passion for getting money, exclusive of the character of the provident father, the affectionate husband, or the generous friend. It may be remarked, for the comfort of honest poverty, that this desire reigns most in those who have but few good qualities to recommend them. This is a weed that will grow in a barren soil. Humanity, good nature, and the advantages of a liberal education, are incompatible with avarice. It is strange to see how suddenly this abject passion kills all the noble sentiments and generous ambitions that adorn human nature; it renders the man who is over-run with it a peevish and cruel master, a severe parent, an unsociable husband, a distant and mistrustful friend. But it is more to the present purpose to consider it as an absurd passion of the heart, rather than as a vicious affection of the mind. As there are frequent instance[illegible] be met with of a proud humility, so this passion, contrary to most others, affects applause, by avoiding all show and appearance; for this reason, it will not sometimes endure even the common decencies of apparel. 'A covetous man will call himself poor, that you may soothe his vanity by contradicting him.' Love, and the desire of glory, as they are the most natural, so they are capable of being refined into the most delicate and rational passions. It is true, the wise man who strikes out of the secret paths of a private life, for honour and dignity, allured by the splendour of a court, and the unfelt weight of public employment, whether he succeeds in his attempts or not, usually comes near enough to this painted greatness to discern the daubing; he is then desirous of extricating himself out of the hurry of life, that he may pass away the remainder of his days in tranquillity and retirement.

It may be thought, then, but common prudence in man not to change a better state for a worse, nor ever to quit that which he knows he shall take up again with pleasure; and yet if human life be not a little moved with the gentle gales of hope and fears, there may be some danger of its stagnating in an unmanly indolence and security. It is a known story of Domitian, that after he had possessed himself of the Roman empire, his desires turned upon catching

flies. Active and masculine spirits in the vigour of youth neither can nor ought to remain at rest; if they debar themselves from aiming at a noble object, their desires will move downwards, and they will feel themselves actuated by some low and abject passion. Thus, if you cut off the top branches of a tree, and will not suffer it to grow any higher, it will not therefore cease to grow, but will quickly shoot out at the bottom. The man, indeed, who goes into the world only with the narrow views of self-interest, who catches at the applause of an idle multitude, as he can find no solid contentment at the end of his journey, so he deserves to meet with disappointments in his way; but he who is actuated by a nobler principle, whose mind is so far enlarged as to take in the prospect of his country's good, who is enamoured with that praise which is one of the fair attendants of virtue, and values not those acclamations which are not seconded by the impartial testimony of his own mind; who repines not at the low station which Providence has at present allotted him, but yet would willingly advance himself by justifiable means to a more rising and advantageous ground; such a man is warmed with a generous emulation; it is a virtuous movement in him to wish and to endeavour that his power of doing good may be equal to his will.

The man who is fitted out by nature, and sent into the world with great abilities, is capable of doing great good or mischief in it. It ought, therefore, to be the care of education to infuse into the untainted youth early notices of justice and honour, that so the possible advantages of good parts may not take an evil turn, nor be perverted to base and unworthy purposes. It is the business of religion and philosophy not so much to extinguish our passions, as to regulate and direct them to valuable well-chosen objects; when these have pointed out to us which course we may lawfully steer, it is no harm to set out all our sail; if the storms and tempests of adversity should rise upon us, and not suffer us to make the haven where we would be, it will, however, prove no small consolation to us in these circumstances, that we have neither mistaken our course, nor fallen into calamities of our own procuring.

Religion, therefore, were we to consider it no farther than as it interposes in the affairs of this life, is highly valuable, and worthy of great veneration; as it settles the various pretensions and otherwise interfering interests of mortal men, and thereby consults the harmony and order of the great community; as it gives a man room to play his part and exert his abilities; as it animates to actions truly laudable in themselves, in their effects beneficial to society; as it inspires rational ambition, corrects love, and elevates desire.

MISCELLANEOUS WRITERS.

DANIEL DEFOE.

The political contests of this period engaged a host of miscellaneous writers. The most powerful and effective belonged to the Tory or Jacobite party; but the Whigs possessed one unflinching and prolific champion—DANIEL DEFOE—the father or founder of the English novel. This excellent writer was a native of London, the son of a St Giles butcher, and Dissenter. Daniel was born in 1661, and was intended to be a Presbyterian minister, but entered into trade. He joined the insurrection of the Duke of Monmouth, but escaped punishment; and when the Revolution came, was one of its steadiest friends and warmest admirers. He was successively a hosier, a tile-maker, and a woollen-merchant; but without success. As an author, he made, in 1699, a lucky venture. His *True-born Englishman*, a poetical satire on the foreigners, and a defence of King William and the Dutch, had an almost unexampled sale. Defoe was in reality no poet, but he could reason

Daniel Defoe.

in verse, and had an unlimited command of homely and forcible language. The opening lines of this satire have often been quoted—

> Wherever God erects a house of prayer,
> The devil always builds a chapel there;
> And 'twill be found upon examination,
> The latter has the largest congregation.

Various political tracts followed from the active pen of our author. In 1702 he wrote an ironical treatise against the High Church party, entitled *The Shortest Way with the Dissenters*, which was voted a libel by the House of Commons; and the author being apprehended, was fined, pilloried, and imprisoned. He wrote a hymn to the pillory, which he wittily styled

> A hieroglyphic state-machine,
> Condemned to punish fancy in;

and Pope alluded to the circumstance with the spirit of a political partisan, not that of a friend to literature or liberty, in his 'Dunciad'—

> Earless on high stood unabashed Defoe.

The political victim lay nearly two years in Newgate, during which he carried on a periodical work, *The Review*, published twice a week. The character of Defoe, notwithstanding his political persecution, must have stood high; for he was employed by the cabinet of Queen Anne on a mission to Scotland to advance the great measure of the Union, of which he afterwards wrote a history. He again tried his hand at political irony, and was again thrown into prison, and fined £800. Neither Whig nor Tory could understand Defoe's ironical writings. His confinement this time lasted, however, only a few months. Admonished by dear-bought experience, our author now abandoned politics, and in 1719 appeared his *Robinson Crusoe*. The extraordinary success of this work prompted him to write a variety of other fictitious narratives, as *Moll Flanders*, *Captain Singleton*, *Duncan Campbell*, *Colonel Jack*, *The History of the Great Plague in London in* 1665, &c. When he had exhausted this vein, he applied himself to a *Political History of the Devil*, *A System of Magic*, *The Complete English Tradesman*, *A Tour Through Great Britain*, and other works. The life of this active and voluminous writer was closed in

April 1731. It seems to have been one of continued struggle with want, dulness, and persecution. He died insolvent, author of *two hundred and ten* books and pamphlets. Posterity has separated the wheat from the chaff of Defoe's writings: his political tracts have sunk into oblivion; but his works of fiction still charm by their air of truth, and the simple natural beauty of their style. As a novelist, he was the father of Richardson, and partly of Fielding; as an essayist, he suggested the 'Tatler and 'Spectator;' and in grave irony he may have given to Swift his first lessons. The intensity of feeling characteristic of the dean—his merciless scorn and invective, and fierce misanthropy—were unknown to Defoe, who must have been of a cheerful and sanguine temperament; but in identifying himself with his personages, whether on sea or land, and depicting their adventures, he was not inferior to Swift. His imagination had no visions of surpassing loveliness, nor any rich combinations of humour and eccentricity; yet he is equally at home in the plain scenes of English life, in the wars of the cavaliers, in the haunts of dissipation and infamy, in the roving adventures of the buccaneers, and in the appalling visitations of the Great Plague. The account of the plague has often been taken for a genuine and authentic history, and even Lord Chatham believed the *Memoirs of a Cavalier* to be a true narrative. In scenes of diablerie and witchcraft, he preserves the same unmoved and truth-like demeanour. The apparition of Mrs Veal at Canterbury, 'the eighth of September 1705,' seems as true and indubitable a fact as any that ever passed before our eyes. Unfortunately, the taste or circumstances of Defoe led him mostly into low life, and his characters are generally such as we cannot sympathise with. The whole arcana of roguery and villany seem to have been open to him. His experiences of Newgate were not without their use to the novelist. It might be thought that the good taste which led Defoe to write in a style of such pure and unpretending English, instead of the inflated manner of vulgar writers, would have dictated a more careful selection of his subjects, and kept him from wandering so frequently into the low and disgusting purlieus of vice. But this moral and tasteful discrimination seems to have been wholly wanting. He was too good and religious a man to break down the distinctions between virtue and crime. He selected the adventures of pirates, pickpockets, courtesans, and other characters of the same stamp, because they were likely to sell best, and made the most attractive narrative; but he nowhere holds them up for imitation. He evidently felt most at home where he had to descend, not to rise, to his subject. The circumstances of Robinson Crusoe, his shipwreck and residence in the solitary island, invest that incomparable tale with more romance than any of his other works. 'Pathos,' says Sir Walter Scott, 'is not Defoe's general characteristic; he had too little delicacy of mind. When it comes, it comes uncalled, and is created by the circumstances, not sought for by the author. The excess, for instance, of the natural longing for human society which Crusoe manifests while on board of the stranded Spanish vessel, by falling into a sort of agony, as he repeated the words, "Oh, that but one man had been saved!—oh, that there had been but one!" is in the highest degree pathetic. The agonizing reflections of the solitary, when he is in danger of being driven to sea, in his rash attempt to circumnavigate his island, are also affecting.' To these striking passages may be added the description of Crusoe's sensations on finding the foot-print on the sand—an incident conceived in the spirit of poetry. The character of Friday, though his appearance on the scene breaks the solitary seal of the romance, is a highly interesting and pleasing delineation, that gives a charm to savage life. The great success of this novel induced the author to write a continuation to it, in which Crusoe is again brought among the busy haunts of men; the attempt was hazardous, and it proved a failure. The once solitary island, peopled by mariners and traders, is disenchanted, and becomes tame, vulgar, and commonplace. The relation of adventures, not the delineation of character and passion, was the forte of Defoe. His invention of common incidents and situations seems to have been unbounded; and those minute references and descriptions 'immediately lead us,' as has been remarked by Dunlop in his History of Fiction, 'to give credit to the whole narrative, since we think they would hardly have been mentioned unless they had been true. The same circumstantial detail of facts is remarkable in "Gulliver's Travels," and we are led on by them to a partial belief in the most improbable narrations.' Defoe, however, is more natural even than Swift; and his style, though inferior in directness and energy, is more copious. He was strictly an original writer, with strong clear conceptions ever rising up in his mind, which he was able to embody in language equally perspicuous and forcible. He had both read and seen much, and treasured up an amount of knowledge and observation certainly not equalled by the store of any writer of that day. When we consider the misfortunes and sufferings of Defoe; that his spirit had been broken, and his means wasted, by persecution; that his health was struck down by apoplexy, and upwards of fifty-five years had passed over him—his composition of 'Robinson Crusoe,' and the long train of fictions which succeeded it, must appear a remarkable instance of native genius, self-reliance, and energy of character.

The power of Defoe in feigning reality, or *forging the handwriting of nature*, as it has been forcibly termed, may be seen in the narrative of Mrs Veal's apparition; which, as complete in itself, and suited to our limits, we subjoin. It was prefixed to a religious book, 'Drelincourt on Death,' and had the effect of drawing attention to an otherwise unsaleable and neglected work. The imposition was a bold one—perhaps the least defensible of all Defoe's inventions; and there is, as Sir Walter Scott observes, 'a matter-of-fact business-like style in the whole account of the transaction, which bespeaks ineffable powers of self-possession.'

A true Relation of the Apparition of one Mrs Veal, the next day after her Death, to one Mrs Bargrave, at Canterbury, the Eighth of September, 1705, *which Apparition recommends the perusal of Drelincourt's Book of Consolations against the Fears of Death.*

This thing is so rare in all its circumstances, and on so good authority, that my reading and conversation has not given me anything like it. It is fit to gratify the most ingenious and serious inquirer. Mrs Bargrave is the person to whom Mrs Veal appeared after her death; she is my intimate friend, and I can avouch for her reputation for these last fifteen or sixteen years, on my own knowledge; and I can confirm the good character she had from her youth to the time of my acquaintance. Though, since this relation, she is calumniated by some people that are friends to the brother of Mrs Veal who appeared, who think the relation of this appearance to be a reflection, and endeavour what they can to blast Mrs Bargrave's reputation, and to laugh the story out of countenance.

But by the circumstance thereof, and the cheerful disposition of Mrs Bargrave, notwithstanding the ill usage of a very wicked husband, there is not yet the least sign of dejection in her face; nor did I ever hear her let fall a desponding or murmuring expression; nay, not when actually under her husband's barbarity, which I have been a witness to, and several other persons of undoubted reputation.

Now, you must know Mrs Veal was a maiden gentlewoman of about thirty years of age, and for some years last past had been troubled with fits, which were perceived coming on her by her going off from her discourse very abruptly to some impertinence. She was maintained by an only brother, and kept his house in Dover. She was a very pious woman, and her brother a very sober man to all appearance; but now he does all he can to null and quash the story. Mrs Veal was intimately acquainted with Mrs Bargrave from her childhood. Mrs Veal's circumstances were then mean; her father did not take care of his children as he ought, so that they were exposed to hardships. And Mrs Bargrave in those days had as unkind a father, though she wanted neither for food nor clothing; while Mrs Veal wanted for both, insomuch that she would often say, 'Mrs Bargrave, you are not only the best, but the only friend I have in the world; and no circumstance of life shall ever dissolve my friendship.' They would often condole each other's adverse fortunes, and read together Drelincourt upon Death, and other good books; and so, like two Christian friends, they comforted each other under their sorrow.

Some time after, Mr Veal's friends get him a place in the custom-house at Dover, which occasioned Mrs Veal, by little and little, to fall off from her intimacy with Mrs Bargrave, though there was never any such thing as a quarrel; but an indifferency came on by degrees, till at last Mrs Bargrave had not seen her in two years and a-half, though above a twelvemonth of the time Mrs Bargrave hath been absent from Dover, and this last half year, has been in Canterbury about two months of the time, dwelling in a house of her own.

In this house, on the eighth of September, one thousand seven hundred and five, she was sitting alone in the forenoon, thinking over her unfortunate life, and arguing herself into a due resignation to Providence, though h[illegible]d hard: And,' id she, 'I have been provided for hitherto, and doubt not but I shall be still, and am well satisfied that my afflictions shall end when it is most fit for me.' And then took up her sewing work, which she had no sooner done but she hears a knocking at the door; she went to see who was there, and this proved to be Mrs Veal, her old friend, who was in a riding habit. At that moment of time the clock struck twelve at noon.

'Madam,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'I am surprised to see you, you have been so long a stranger;' but told her she was glad to see her, and offered to salute her, which Mrs Veal complied with, till their lips almost touched, and then Mrs Veal drew her hand across her own eyes, and said, 'I am not very well,' and so waived it. She told Mrs Bargrave she was going a journey, and had a great mind to see her first. 'But,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'how can you take a journey alone? I am amazed at it, because I know you have a fond brother.' 'Oh,' says Mrs Veal, 'I gave my brother the slip, and came away, because I had so great a desire to see you before I took my journey.' So Mrs Bargrave went in with her into another room within the first, and Mrs Veal sat her down in an elbow-chair, in which Mrs Bargrave was sitting when she heard Mrs Veal knock. 'Then,' says Mrs Veal, 'my dear friend, I am come to renew our old friendship again, and beg your pardon for my breach of it; and if you can forgive me, you are the best of women.' 'Oh,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'do not mention such a thing; I have not had an uneasy thought about it; I can easily forgive it.' 'What did you think of me?' said Mrs Veal. Says Mrs Bargrave, 'I thought you were like the rest of the world, and that prosperity had made you forget yourself and me.' Then Mrs Veal reminded Mrs Bargrave of the many friendly offices she did her in former days, and much of the conversation they had with each other in the times of their adversity; what books they read, and what comfort in particular they received from Drelincourt's Book of Death, which was the best, she said, on the subject ever wrote. She also mentioned Dr Sherlock, and two Dutch books, which were translated, wrote upon death, and several others. But Drelincourt, she said, had the clearest notions of death, and of the future state, of any who had handled that subject. Then she asked Mrs Bargrave whether she had Drelincourt? She said, 'Yes.' Says Mrs Veal, 'Fetch it.' And so Mrs Bargrave goes up stairs, and brings it down. Says Mrs Veal, 'Dear Mrs Bargrave, if the eyes of our faith were as open as the eyes of our body, we should see numbers of angels about us for our guard. The notions we have of Heaven now are nothing like what it is, as Drelincourt says; therefore be comforted under your afflictions, and believe that the Almighty has a particular regard to you, and that your afflictions are marks of God's favour; and when they have done the business they are sent for, they shall be removed from you. And believe me, my dear friend, believe what I say to you, one minute of future happiness will infinitely reward you for all your sufferings. For I can never believe (and claps her hand upon her knee with great earnestness, which, indeed, ran through most of her discourse) that ever God will suffer you to spend all your days in this afflicted state. But be assured that your afflictions shall leave you, or you them, in a short time.' She spake in that pathetical and heavenly manner, that Mrs Bargrave wept several times, she was so deeply affected with it.

Then Mrs Veal mentioned Dr Kenrick's Ascetic, at the end of which he gives an account of the lives of the primitive Christians. Their pattern she recommended to our imitation, and said, 'Their conversation was not like this of our age. For now,' says she, 'there is nothing but vain frothy discourse, which is far different from theirs. Theirs was to edification, and to build one another up in faith, so that they were not as we are, nor are we as they were. But,' said she, 'we ought to do as they did; there was a hearty friendship among them; but where is it now to be found?' Says Mrs Bargrave, 'It is hard indeed to find a true friend in these days.' Says Mrs Veal, 'Mr Norris has a fine copy of verses, called Friendship in Perfection, which I wonderfully admire. Have you seen the book?' says Mrs Veal. 'No,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'but I have the verses of my own writing out.' 'Have you?' says Mrs Veal; 'then fetch them;' which she did from above stairs, and offered them to Mrs Veal to read, who refused, and waived the thing, saying, 'holding down her head would make it ache;' and then desiring Mrs Bargrave to read them to her, which she did. As they were admiring Friendship, Mrs Veal said, 'Dear Mrs Bargrave, I shall love you for ever.' In these verses there is twice used the word 'Elysian.' 'Ah!' says Mrs Veal, 'these poets have such names for Heaven.' She would often draw her hand across her own eyes, and say, 'Mrs Bargrave, do not you think I am mightily impaired by my fits?' 'No,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'I think you look as well as ever I knew you.'

After this discourse, which the apparition put in much finer words than Mrs Bargrave said she could pretend to, and as much more than she can remember (for it cannot be thought that an hour and three

quarters' conversation could all be retained, though the main of it she thinks she does), she said to Mrs Bargrave she would have her write a letter to her brother, and tell him she would have him give rings to such and such; and that there was a purse of gold in her cabinet, and that she would have two broad pieces given to her cousin Watson.

Talking at this rate, Mrs Bargrave thought that a fit was coming upon her, and so placed herself on a chair just before her knees, to keep her from falling to the ground, if her fits should occasion it; for the elbow-chair, she thought, would keep her from falling on either side. And to divert Mrs Veal, as she thought, took hold of her gown sleeve several times, and commended it. Mrs Veal told her it was a scoured silk, and newly made up. But for all this, Mrs Veal persisted in her request, and told Mrs Bargrave she must not deny her. And she would have her tell her brother all their conversation when she had opportunity. 'Dear Mrs Veal,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'this seems so impertinent, that I cannot tell how to comply with it; and what a mortifying story will our conversation be to a young gentleman. Why,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'it is much better, methinks, to do it yourself.' 'No,' says Mrs Veal, 'though it seems impertinent to you now, you will see more reasons for it hereafter.' Mrs Bargrave, then, to satisfy her importunity, was going to fetch a pen and ink, but Mrs Veal said, 'Let it alone now, but do it when I am gone; but you must be sure to do it;' which was one of the last things she enjoined her at parting, and so she promised her.

Then Mrs Veal asked for Mrs Bargrave's daughter; she said she was not at home. 'But if you have a mind to see her,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'I'll send for her.' 'Do,' says Mrs Veal; on which she left her, and went to a neighbour's to see her; and by the time Mrs Bargrave was returning, Mrs Veal was got without the door, in the street, in the face of the beast-market, on a Saturday (which is market-day), and stood ready to part as soon as Mrs Bargrave came to her. She asked her why she was in such haste. She said she must be going, though perhaps she might not go her journey till Monday; and told Mrs Bargrave she hoped she should see her again at her cousin Watson's, before she went whither she was going. Then she said she would take her leave of her, and walked from Mrs Bargrave, in her view, till a turning interrupted the sight of her, which was three quarters after one in the afternoon.

Mrs Veal died the 7th of September, at twelve o'clock at noon, of her fits, and had not above four hours' senses before her death, in which time she received the sacrament. The next day after Mrs Veal's appearance, being Sunday, Mrs Bargrave was mightily indisposed with a cold and a sore throat, that she could not go out that day; but on Monday morning she sends a person to Captain Watson's, to know if Mrs Veal was there. They wondered at Mrs Bargrave's inquiry, and sent her word she was not there, nor was expected. At this answer, Mrs Bargrave told the maid she had certainly mistook the name, or made some blunder. And though she was ill, she put on her hood, and went herself to Captain Watson's, though she knew none of the family, to see if Mrs Veal was there or not. They said they wondered at her asking, for that she had not been in town; they were sure, if she had, she would have been there. Says Mrs Bargrave, 'I am sure she was with me on Saturday almost two hours.' They said it was impossible, for they must have seen her if she had. In comes Captain Watson, while they were in dispute, and said that Mrs Veal was certainly dead, and the escutcheons were making. This strangely surprised Mrs Bargrave, when she sent to the person immediately who had the care of them, and found it true. Then she related the whole story to Captain Watson's family; and what gown she had on, and how striped; and that Mrs Veal told her that it was scoured. Then Mrs Watson cried out, 'You have seen her indeed, for none knew, but Mrs Veal and myself, that the gown was scoured.' And Mrs Watson owned that she described the gown exactly; 'for,' said she, 'I helped her to make it up.' This Mrs Watson blazed all about the town, and avouched the demonstration of the truth of Mrs Bargrave's seeing Mrs Veal's apparition. And Captain Watson carried two gentlemen immediately to Mrs Bargrave's house, to hear the relation from her own mouth. And when it spread so fast, that gentlemen and persons of quality, the judicious and sceptical part of the world, flocked in upon her, it at last became such a task, that she was forced to go out of the way; for they were in general extremely satisfied of the truth of the thing, and plainly saw that Mrs Bargrave was no hypochondriac, for she always appears with such a cheerful air and pleasing mien, that she has gained the favour and esteem of all the gentry; and it is thought a great favour if they can but get the relation from her own mouth. I should have told you before, that Mrs Veal told Mrs Bargrave that her sister and brother-in-law were just come down from London to see her. Says Mrs Bargrave, 'How came you to order matters so strangely?' 'It could not be helped,' said Mrs Veal. And her brother and sister did come to see her, and entered the town of Dover just as Mrs Veal was expiring. Mrs Bargrave asked her whether she would drink some tea. Says Mrs Veal, 'I do not care if I do; but I'll warrant you this mad fellow (meaning Mrs Bargrave's husband) has broke all your trinkets.' 'But,' says Mrs Bargrave, 'I'll get something to drink in for all that;' but Mrs Veal waived it, and said, 'It is no matter; let it alone;' and so it passed.

All the time I sat with Mrs Bargrave, which was some hours, she recollected fresh sayings of Mrs Veal. And one material thing more she told Mrs Bargrave, that old Mr Bretton allowed Mrs Veal ten pounds a-year, which was a secret, and unknown to Mrs Bargrave till Mrs Veal told her.

Mrs Bargrave never varies in her story, which puzzles those who doubt of the truth, or are unwilling to believe it. A servant in the neighbour's yard adjoining to Mrs Bargrave's house, heard her talking to somebody an hour of the time Mrs Veal was with her. Mrs Bargrave went out to her next neighbour's the very moment she parted with Mrs Veal, and told her what ravishing conversation she had with an old friend, and told the whole of it. Drelincourt's Book of Death is, since this happened, bought up strangely. And it is to be observed, that, notwithstanding all the trouble and fatigue Mrs Bargrave has undergone upon this account, she never took the value of a farthing, nor suffered her daughter to take anything of any body, and therefore can have no interest in telling the story.

But Mr Veal does what he can to stifle the matter, and said he would see Mrs Bargrave: but yet it is certain matter of fact that he has been at Captain Watson's since the death of his sister, and yet never went near Mrs Bargrave; and some of his friends report her to be a liar, and that she knew of Mr Bretton's ten pounds a-year. But the person who pretends to say so, has the reputation to be a notorious liar among persons whom I know to be of undoubted credit. Now, Mr Veal is more of a gentleman than to say she lies, but says a bad husband has crazed her; but she needs only present herself, and it will effectually confute that pretence. Mr Veal says he asked his sister on her death-bed whether she had a mind to dispose of anything? And she said no. Now, the things which Mrs Veal's apparition would have disposed of, were so trifling, and nothing of justice aimed at in the disposal, that the design of it appears to me to be only in order to make Mrs Bargrave so

to demonstrate the truth of her appearance, as to satisfy the world of the reality thereof, as to what she had seen and heard; and to secure her reputation among the reasonable and understanding part of mankind. And then, again, Mr Veal owns that there was a purse of gold; but it was not found in her cabinet, but in a comb-box. This looks improbable; for that Mrs Watson owned that Mrs Veal was so very careful of the key of her cabinet, that she would trust nobody with it; and if so, no doubt she would not trust her gold out of it. And Mrs Veal's often drawing her hands over her eyes, and asking Mrs Bargrave whether her fits had not impaired her, looks to me, as if she did it on purpose to remind Mrs Bargrave of her fits, to prepare her not to think it strange that she should put her upon writing to her brother, to dispose of rings and gold, which looked so much like a dying person's request; and it took accordingly with Mrs Bargrave as the effect of her fits coming upon her, and was one of the many instances of her wonderful love to her and care of her, that she should not be affrighted, which, indeed, appears in her whole management, particularly in her coming to her in the day-time, waiving the salutation, and when she was alone; and then the manner of her parting, to prevent a second attempt to salute her.

Now, why Mr Veal should think this relation a reflection (as it is plain he does, by his endeavouring to stifle it), I cannot imagine; because the generality believe her to be a good spirit, her discourse was so heavenly. Her two great errands were, to comfort Mrs Bargrave in her affliction, and to ask her forgiveness for her breach of friendship, and with a pious discourse to encourage her. So that, after all, to suppose that Mrs Bargrave could hatch such an invention as this from Friday noon till Saturday noon (supposing that she knew of Mrs Veal's death the very first moment), without jumbling circumstances, and without any interest too, she must be more witty, fortunate, and wicked, too, than any indifferent person, I daresay, will allow. I asked Mrs Bargrave several times if she was sure she felt the gown? She answered modestly, 'If my senses be to be relied on, I am sure of it.' I asked her if she heard a sound when she clapped her hands upon her knee? She said she did not remember she did, but said she appeared to be as much a substance as I did who talked with her. 'And I may,' said she, 'be as soon persuaded that your apparition is talking to me now, as that I did not really see her; for I was under no manner of fear, and received her as a friend, and parted with her as such. I would not,' says she, 'give one farthing to make any one believe it; I have no interest in it; nothing but trouble is entailed upon me for a long time, for aught I know; and had it not come to light by accident, it would never have been made public.' But now she says she will make her own private use of it, and keep herself out of the way as much as she can; and so she has done since. She says she had a gentleman who came thirty miles to her to hear the relation; and that she had told it to a roomful of people at the time. Several particular gentlemen have had the story from Mrs Bargrave's own mouth.

This thing has very much affected me, and I am as well satisfied as I am of the best-grounded matter of fact. And why we should dispute matter of fact, because we cannot solve things of which we can have no certain or demonstrative notions, seems strange to me; Mrs Bargrave's authority and sincerity alone would have been undoubted in any other case.

[*The Great Plague in London.*]

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river, and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection, to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked a while also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts? Alas! sir, says he, almost desolate; all dead or sick: Here are very few families in this part, or in that village, pointing at Poplar, where half of them are not dead already, and the rest sick. Then he, pointing to one house, There they are all dead, said he, and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief, says he, ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night. Then he pointed to several other houses. There, says he, they are all dead, the man and his wife and five children. There, says he, they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses. Why, says I, what do you here all alone? Why, says he, I am a poor desolate man: it hath pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead. How do you mean then, said I, that you are not visited? Why, says he, that is my house, pointing to a very little low boarded house, and there my poor wife and two children live, said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them. And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

But, said I, why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood? Oh, sir, says he, the Lord forbid; I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and, blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want. And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. Well, says I, honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all? Why, sir, says he, I am a waterman, and there is my boat, says he, and the boat serves me for a house; I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night, and what I get I lay it down upon that stone, says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; and then, says he, I halloo and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it.

Well, friend, says I, but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times? Yes, sir, says he, in the way I am employed there does. Do you see there, says he, five ships lie at anchor? pointing down the river a good way below the town; and do you see, says he, eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder? pointing above the town. All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I

sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto.

Well, said I, friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?

Why, as to that, said he, I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, o lie by the side, and they hoist it on board; if I did I think they are in no danger from me, for I neve go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, no of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them.

Nay, says I, but that may be worse, for you mus have those provisions of somebody or other; and sinc all this part of the town is so infected, it is dar gerous so much as to speak with anybody; for th village, said I, is, as it were, the beginning of London though it be at some distance from it.

That is true, added he, but you do not understan me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, an sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and bu there; then I go to single farm-houses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, an butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldo come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night.

Poor man! said I, and how much hast thou gotten for them?

I have gotten four shillings, said he, which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, an some flesh; so all helps out.

Well, said I, and have you given it them yet?

No, said he, but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman! says he, she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord! Here he stopt, and wept very much.

Well, honest friend, said I, thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned t the will of God; he is dealing with us all in judg ment.

Oh, sir, says he, it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!

Say'st thou so, said I; and how much less is my faith than thine! And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundati was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family t bind him to attendance, which I had not; and min was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for, indeed, I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some farther talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called Robert, Robert; he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds, God has sent it all, give thanks to him. When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

Well, but, says I to him, did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?

Yes, yes, says he, you shall hear her own it. So he calls again, Rachel, Rachel, which, it seems, was her name, did you take up the money? Yes, said she. How much was it? said he. Four shillings and a groat, said she. Well, well, says he, the Lord keep you all; and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him, Hark thee, friend, said I, come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee; so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before, Here, says I, go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in him as thou dost: so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

[*The Troubles of a Young Thief.*]

[From the 'Life of Colonel Jack.']

I have often thought since that, and with some mirth too, how I had really more wealth than I knew what to do with [five pounds, his share of the plunder]; for lodging I had none, nor any box or drawer to hide my money in, nor had I any pocket, but such as I say s full of holes; I knew nobody in the world that ould go and desire them to lay it up for me; for eing a poor, naked, ragged boy, they would presently ay I had robbed somebody, and perhaps lay hold of e, and my money would be my crime, as they say it often is in foreign countries; and now, as I was full of wealth, behold I was full of care, for what to do to ecure my money I could not tell; and this held me o long, and was so vexatious to me the next day, hat I truly sat down and cried.

Nothing could be more perplexing than this money was to me all that night. I carried it in my hand a good while, for it was in gold all but 14s.; and that is to say, it was four guineas, and that 14s. was more difficult to carry than the four guineas. At last I sat down and pulled off one of my shoes, and put the four guineas into that; but after I had gone awhile, my shoe hurt me so I could not go, so I was fain to sit down again, and take it out of my shoe, and carry it in my hand; then I found a dirty linen rag in the street, and I took that up, and wrapt it altogether, and carried it in that a good way. I have often since heard people say, when they have been talking of money hat they could not get in, I wish I had it in a foul clout: in truth, I had mine in a foul clout; for it was foul, according to the letter of that saying, but it served me till I came to a convenient place, and then I sat down and washed the cloth in the kennel, and so then put my money in again.

Well, I carried it home with me to my lodging in the glass-house, and when I went to go to sleep, I knew not what to do with it; if I had let any of the black crew I was with know of it, I should have been smothered in the ashes for it, or robbed of it, or some trick or other put upon me for it; so I knew not what to do, but lay with it in my hand, and my hand in

my bosom; but then sleep went from my eyes. Oh, the weight of human care! I, a poor beggar boy, could not sleep, so soon as I had but a little money to keep, who, before that, could have slept upon a heap of brick-bats, stones, or cinders, or anywhere, as sound as a rich man does on his down bed, and sounder too.

Every now and then dropping asleep, I should dream that my money was lost, and start like one frightened; then, finding it fast in my hand, try to go to sleep again, but could not for a long while; then drop and start again. At last a fancy came into my head, that if I fell asleep, I should dream of the money, and talk of it in my sleep, and tell that I had money; which, if I should do, and one of the rogues should hear me, they would pick it out of my bosom, and of my hand too, without waking me; and after that thought I could not sleep a wink more; so I passed that night over in care and anxiety enough, and this, I may safely say, was the first night's rest that I lost by the cares of this life, and the deceitfulness of riches.

As soon as it was day, I got out of the hole we lay in, and rambled abroad in the fields towards Stepney, and there I mused and considered what I should do with this money, and many a time I wished that I had not had it; for, after all my ruminating upon it, and what course I should take with it, or where I should put it, I could not hit upon any one thing, or any possible method to secure it; and it perplexed me so, that at last, as I said just now, I sat down and cried heartily.

When my crying was over, the case was the same; I had the money still, and what to do with it I could not tell: at last it came into my head that I should look out for some hole in a tree, and see to hide it there, till I should have occasion for it. Big with this discovery, as I then thought it, I began to look about me for a tree; but there were no trees in the fields about Stepney or Mile-end that looked fit for my purpose; and if there were any, that I began to look narrowly at, the fields were so full of people, that they would see if I went to hide anything there, and I thought the people eyed me, as it were, and that two men in particular followed me to see what I intended to do.

This drove me further off, and I crossed the road at Mile-end, and in the middle of the town went down a lane that goes away to the Blind Beggar's at Bethnal Green. When I got a little way in the lane, I found a footpath over the fields, and in those fields several trees for my turn, as I thought; at last, one tree had a little hole in it, pretty high out of my reach, and I climbed up the tree to get it, and when I came there, I put my hand in, and found, as I thought, a place very fit; so I placed my treasure there, and was mighty well satisfied with it; but behold, putting my hand in again, to lay it more commodiously, as I thought, of a sudden it slipped away from me, and I found the tree was hollow, and my little parcel was fallen in out of my reach, and how far it might go in I knew not; so that, in a word, my money was quite gone, irrecoverably lost; there could be no room so much as to hope ever to see it again, for 'twas a vast great tree.

As young as I was, I was now sensible what a fool I was before, that I could not think of ways to keep my money, but I must come thus far to throw it into a hole where I could not reach it: well, I thrust my hand quite up to my elbow, but no bottom was to be found, nor any end of the hole or cavity; I got a stick of the tree, and thrust it in a great way, but all was one; then I cried, nay, roared out, I was in such a passion; then I got down the tree again, then up again, and thrust in my hand again till I scratched my arm and made it bleed, and cried all the while most violently; then I began to think I had not so much as a halfpenny of it left for a halfpenny roll, and I was hungry, and then I cried again: then I came away in despair, crying and roaring like a little boy that had been whipped; then I went back again to the tree, and up the tree again, and thus I did several times.

The last time I had gotten up the tree, I happened to come down not on the same side that I went up and came down before, but on the other side of the tree, and on the other side of the bank also; and behold, the tree had a great open place in the side of it close to the ground, as old hollow trees often have; and looking in the open place, to my inexpressible joy there lay my money and my linen rag, all wrapped up just as I had put it into the hole: for the tree being hollow all the way up, there had been some moss or light stuff, which I had not judgment enough to know was not firm, that had given way when it came to drop out of my hand, and so it had slipped quite down at once.

I was but a child, and I rejoiced like a child, for I hollowed quite out aloud when I saw it; then I ran to it and snatched it up, hugged and kissed the dirty rag a hundred times; then danced and jumped about, ran from one end of the field to the other, and, in short, I knew not what, much less do I know now what I did, though I shall never forget the thing; either what a sinking grief it was to my heart when I thought I had lost it, or what a flood of joy overwhelmed me when I had got it again.

While I was in the first transport of my joy, as I have said, I ran about, and knew not what I did; but when that was over, I sat down, opened the foul clout the money was in, looked at it, told it, found it was all there, and then I fell a-crying as violently as I did before, when I thought I had lost it.

[*Advice to a Youth of Rambling Disposition.*]

[From 'Robinson Crusoe.']

Being the third son of the family, and not bred to any trade, my head began to be filled very early with rambling thoughts. My father, who was very ancient, had given me a competent share of learning, as far as house education and a country free school generally go, and designed me for the law: but I would be satisfied with nothing but going to sea; and my inclination to this led me so strongly against the will—nay, the commands—of my father, and against all the intreaties and persuasions of my mother and other friends, that there seemed to be something fatal in that propension of nature, tending directly to the life of misery which was to befall me.

My father, a wise and grave man, gave me serious and excellent counsel against what he foresaw was my design. He called me one morning into his chamber, where he was confined by the gout, and expostulated very warmly with me upon this subject. He asked me what reasons, more than a mere wandering inclination, I had for leaving my father's house and my native country, where I might be well introduced, and had a prospect of raising my fortune by application and industry, with a life of ease and pleasure. He told me it was only men of desperate fortunes on one hand, or of aspiring superior fortunes on the other, who went abroad upon adventures, to rise by enterprise, and make themselves famous in undertakings of a nature out of the common road; that these things were all either too far above me, or too far below me; that mine was the middle state, or what might be called the upper station of low life, which he had found, by long experience, was the best state in the world—the most suited to human happiness; not exposed to the miseries and hardships, the labour and sufferings, of the mechanic part of mankind, and

not embarrassed with the pride, luxury, ambition, and envy, of the upper part of mankind. He told me I might judge of the happiness of this state by this one thing, namely, that this was the state of life which all other people envied; that kings have frequently lamented the miserable consequences of being born to great things, and wished they had been placed in the middle of the two extremes, between the mean and the great; that the wise man gave his testimony to this, as the just standard of true felicity, when he prayed to have neither poverty nor riches.

He bade me observe it, and I should always find that the calamities of life were shared among the upper and lower part of mankind; but that the middle station had the fewest disasters, and was not exposed to so many vicissitudes as the higher or lower part of mankind; nay, they were not subjected to so many distempers and uneasinesses, either of body or mind, as those were who, by vicious living, luxury, and extravagances on one hand, or by hard labour, want of necessaries, and mean or insufficient diet on the other hand, bring distempers upon themselves by the natural consequences of their way of living; that the middle station of life was calculated for all kind of virtues, and all kind of enjoyments; that peace and plenty were the handmaids of a middle fortune; that temperance, moderation, quietness, health, society, all agreeable diversions, and all desirable pleasures, were the blessings attending the middle station of life; that this way men went silently and smoothly through the world, and comfortably out of it; not embarrassed with the labours of the hands or of the head; not sold to a life of slavery for daily bread, or harassed with perplexed circumstances, which rob the soul of peace and the body of rest; not enraged with the passion of envy, or the secret burning lust of ambition for great things — but in easy circumstances, sliding gently through the world, and sensibly tasting the sweets of living without the bitter; feeling that they are happy, and learning, by every day's experience to know it more sensibly.

After this he pressed me earnestly, and in the most affectionate manner, not to play the young man, or to precipitate myself into miseries, which nature, and the station of life I was born in, seem to have provided against; that I was under no necessity of seeking my bread; that he would do well for me, and endeavour to enter me fairly into the station of life which he had been just recommending to me; and that, if I was not very easy and happy in the world, it must be my mere fate, or fault, that must hinder it; and that he should have nothing to answer for, having thus discharged his duty, in warning me against measures which he knew would be to my hurt. In a word, that as he would do very kind things for me, if I would stay and settle at home as he directed, so he would not have so much hand in my misfortunes as to give me any encouragement to go away; and, to close all, he told me I had my elder brother for my example, to whom he had used the same earnest persuasions to keep him from going into the Low Country wars, but could not prevail, his young desires prompting him to run into the army, where he was killed; and though he said he would not cease to pray for me, yet he would venture to say to me, that if I did take this foolish step, God would not bless me—and I would have leisure hereafter to reflect upon having neglected his counsel, when there might be none to assist in my recovery.

BERNARD MANDEVILLE.

BERNARD MANDEVILLE, author of *The Fable of The Bees*, was a nervous and graphic writer, who squandered upon useless and lax speculations powers that would have fitted him admirably for being a novelist or essayist. He was born in Holland in 1670, but seems early to have come to England, where he practised as a physician. After some obscure works, Mandeville produced, in 1723, his celebrated *Fable of The Bees, or Private Vices Made Public Benefits*, which was soon rendered conspicuous by being presented by the grand jury of Middlesex, on account of its immoral and pernicious tendency. Bishop Berkeley answered the arguments of the Fable, and Mandeville replied in *Letters to Dion*. He also published *Free Thoughts on Religion*, and *An Inquiry into the Origin of Honour, and the Usefulness of Christianity in War*, both of which, like his Fable, were of questionable tendency. He died in 1733.

The satire of Mandeville is general, not individual; yet his examples are strong and lively pictures. He describes the faults and corruptions of different professions and forms of society, and then attempts to show that they are subservient to the grandeur and worldly happiness of the whole. If mankind, he says, could be cured of the failings they are naturally guilty of, they would cease to be capable of forming vast, potent, and polite societies. His object was chiefly to *divert* the reader, being conscious that mankind are not easily reasoned out of their follies. Another of the paradoxes of Mandeville is, that charity schools, and all sorts of education, are injurious to the lower classes. The view which he takes of human nature is low and degrading enough to have been worthy the adoption of Swift; and some of his descriptions are not inferior to those of the dean. For example:

[*Flattery of the Great.*]

If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining qualities of prime ministers, and the great favourites of princes, that are so finely painted in dedications, addresses, epitaphs, funeral sermons, and inscriptions, I answer, *There*, and nowhere else. Where would you look for the excellency of a statue but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the polished outside only that has the skill and labour of the sculptor to boast of; what is out of sight is untouched. Would you break the head or cut open the breast to look for the brains or the heart, you would only show your ignorance, and destroy the workmanship. This has often made me compare the virtues of great men to your large China jars: they make a fine show, and are ornamental even to a chimney. One would, by the bulk they appear in, and the value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful; but look into a thousand of them, and you will find nothing in them but dust and cobwebs.

[*Society Compared to a Bowl of Punch.*]

Abundance of moderate men I know that are enemies to extremes will tell me that frugality might happily supply the place of the two vices, prodigality and avarice; that if men had not so many profuse ways of spending wealth, they would not be tempted to so many evil practices to scrape it together, and consequently that the same number of men, by equally avoiding both extremes, might render themselves more happy, and be less vicious without than they could with them. Whoever argues thus, shows himself a better man than he is a politician. Frugality is like honesty, a mean starving virtue, that is only fit for small societies of good peaceable men, who are contented to be poor so they may be easy; but in a large stirring nation, you may have soon enough of it. 'Tis an idle dreaming virtue that employs no hands, and therefore very useless in a trading country, where there are vast numbers that one way or other must be all set to work. Prodigality has a thousand

inventions to keep people from sitting still, that frugality would never think of; and as this must consume a prodigious wealth, so avarice again knows innumerable tricks to rake it together, which frugality would scorn to make use of.

Authors are always allowed to compare small things to great ones, especially if they ask leave first; but to compare great things to mean trivial ones is unsufferable, unless it be in burlesque; otherwise, I would compare the body politic (I confess the simile is very low) to a bowl of punch. Avarice should be the souring, and prodigality the sweetening of it. The water I would call the ignorance, folly, and credulity of the floating insipid multitude; whilst wisdom, honour, fortitude, and the rest of the sublime qualities of men, which, separated by art from the dregs of nature, the fire of glory has exalted and refined into a spiritual essence, should be an equivalent to brandy. I don't doubt but a Westphalian, Laplander, or any other dull stranger that is unacquainted with the wholesome composition, if he was to taste the several ingredients apart, would think it impossible they should make any tolerable liquor. The lemons would be too sour, the sugar too luscious, the brandy, he will say, is too strong ever to be drunk in any quantity, and the water he will call a tasteless liquor, only fit for cows and horses; yet experience teaches us that the ingredients I named, judiciously mixed, will make an excellent liquor, liked of and admired by men of exquisite palates.*

[*Pomp and Superfluity.*]

If the great ones of the clergy, as well as the laity, of any country whatever, had no value for earthly pleasures, and did not endeavour to gratify their appetites, why are envy and revenge, so raging among them, and all the other passions, improved and refined upon in courts of princes more than anywhere else; and why are their repasts, their recreations, and whole manner of living, always such as are approved of, coveted, and imitated by the most sensual people of the same country? If, despising all visible decorations, they were only in love with the embellishments of the mind, why should they borrow so many of the implements, and make use of the most darling toys, of the luxurious? Why should a lord treasurer, or a bishop, or even the Grand Signior, or the Pope of Rome, to be good and virtuous, and endeavour the conquest of his passions, have occasion for greater revenues, richer furniture, or a more numerous attendance as to personal service, than a private man? What virtue is it the exercise of which requires so much pomp and superfluity as are to be seen by all men in power? A man has as much opportunity to practise temperance that has but one dish at a meal, as he that is constantly served with three courses and a dozen dishes in each. One may exercise as much patience and be as full of self-denial on a few flocks, without curtains or tester, as in a velvet bed that is sixteen foot high. The virtuous possessions of the mind are neither charge nor burden: a man may bear misfortunes with fortitude in a garret, forgive injuries a-foot, and be chaste, though he has not a shirt to his back; and therefore I shall never believe but that an indifferent skuller, if he was intrusted with it, might carry all the learning and religion that one man can contain, as well as a barge with six oars, especially if it was but to cross from Lambeth to Westminster; or that humility is so ponderous a virtue, that it requires six horses to draw it.

* This simile of Mandevillo may have suggested the very humorous one in the 'Rejected Addresses,' where Cobbett is made to say—'England is a large earthenware pipkin. John Bull is the beef thrown into it. Taxes are the hot water he boils in. Rotten boroughs are the fuel that blazes under this same pipkin. Parliament is the ladle that stirs the hodge-podge.'

ANDREW FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

Andrew Fletcher, born in 1653, the son of a Scottish knight, succeeded early to the family estate of Saltoun, and represented the shire of Lothian in the Scottish parliament in the reign of Charles II. He opposed the arbitrary designs of the Duke of York, afterwards James II., and retired to Holland. His estate was confiscated; but he returned to England with the Duke of Monmouth in 1685. Happening, in a personal scuffle, to kill the mayor of Lynn, Fletcher again went abroad, and travelled in Spain. He returned at the period of the Revolution, and took an active part in Scottish affairs. His opinions were republican, and he was of a haughty unbending temper; 'brave as the sword he wore,' according to a contemporary, 'and bold as a lion: a sure friend, and an irreconcilable enemy: would lose his life readily to serve his country, and would not do a base thing to save it.' Fletcher opposed the union of Scotland with England in 1707, believing, with many zealous but narrow-sighted patriots of that day, that it would eclipse the glory of ancient Caledonia. He died in 1716. Fletcher wrote several political discourses. One of these, entitled *An Account of a Conversation concerning a Right Regulation of Governments for the Common Good of Mankind, in a Letter to the Marquis of Montrose, the Earls of Rothes, Roxburgh, and Haddington, from London, the first of December*, 1703, is forcibly written, and contains some strong appeals in favour of Scottish independence, as well as some just and manly sentiments. In this letter occurs a saying often quoted, and which has been (by Lord Brougham and others) erroneously ascribed to the Earl of Chatham: 'I knew a very wise man that believed *that if a man were permitted to make all the ballads, he need not care who should make the laws of a nation.*' The newspaper may now be said to have supplanted the ballad; yet, during the late war, the naval songs of Dibdin fanned the flame of national courage and patriotism. An excessive admiration of the Grecian and Roman republics led Fletcher to eulogise even the slavery that prevailed in those states. He represents their condition as happy and useful; and, as a contrast to it, he paints the state of the lowest class in Scotland in colours that, if true, show how frightfully disorganised the country was at that period. In his *Second Discourse on the Affairs of Scotland*, 1698, there occurs the following sketch:—

'There are at this day in Scotland (besides a great many poor families very meanly provided for by the church boxes, with others who, by living on bad food, fall into various diseases) *two hundred thousand people begging from door to door.* These are not only no way advantageous, but a very grievous burden to so poor a country. And though the number of them be perhaps double to what it was formerly, by reason of this present great distress, yet in all times there have been about one hundred thousand of those vagabonds, who have lived without any regard or subjection either to the laws of the land, or even those of God and nature. No magistrate could ever be informed, or discover, which way one in a hundred of these wretches died, or that ever they were baptised. Many murders have been discovered among them; and they are not only a most unspeakable oppression to poor tenants (who, if they give not bread, or some kind of provision, to perhaps forty such villains in one day, are sure to be insulted by them), but they rob many poor people who live in houses distant

from any neighbourhood. In years of plenty, many thousands of them meet together in the mountains, where they feast and riot for many days; and at country weddings, markets, burials, and the like public occasions, they are to be seen, both men and women, perpetually drunk, cursing, blaspheming, and fighting together. These are such outrageous disorders, that it were better for the nation they were sold to the galleys or West Indies, than that they should continue any longer to be a burden and curse upon us.'

JONATHAN SWIFT.

The most powerful and original prose writer of this period was DR SWIFT, the celebrated dean of St Patrick's. We have already noticed his poetry, which formed only a sort of interlude in the strangely mingled drama of his life. None of his works were written for mere fame or solitary gratification. His restless and insatiate ambition prompted him to wield his pen as a means of advancing his interests, or expressing his personal feelings, caprices, or resentment. In a letter to Bolingbroke, he says—'All my endeavours, from a boy, to distinguish myself, were only for want of a great title and fortune, that I might be used like a lord by those who have an opinion of my parts—whether right or wrong, it is no great matter; and so the reputation of wit or great learning does the office of a blue ribbon, or of a coach and six horses.' This was but a poor and sordid ambition, and it is surprising that it bore such fruit. The first work of any importance by Swift was a political tract, written in 1701, to vindicate the Whig patriots, Somers, Halifax, and Portland, who had been impeached by the House of Commons. The author was then of the ripe age of thirty-four; for Swift, unlike his friend Pope, came but slowly to the maturity of his powers. The treatise was entitled *A Discourse of the Contests and Dissensions between the Nobles and Commons of Athens and Rome*. It is plainly written, without irony or eloquence. One sentence (the last in the fourth chapter) closes with a fine simile. 'Although,' he says, 'most revolutions of government in Greece and Rome began with the tyranny of the people, yet they generally concluded in that of a single person: so that an usurping populace is its own dupe; a mere underworker, and a purchaser in trust for some single tyrant, whose state and power may advance to their own ruin, with as blind an instinct as those worms that die with weaving magnificent habits for beings of a superior nature to their own.' Swift's next work was his *Battle of the Books*, written to support his patron, Sir William Temple, in his dispute as to the relative merits of ancient and modern learning. 'The Battle of the Books' exhibits all the characteristics of Swift's style, its personal satire, and strong racy humour. These qualities were further displayed in his *Tale of a Tub*, written about the same time, and first published in 1704. The object of his powerful satire was here of a higher cast; it was to ridicule the Roman Catholics and Presbyterians, with a view of exalting the High Church of England party. His three heroes, Peter, Martin, and Jack, represent Popery, the Church of England, and the Protestant dissenters; and their adventures, if not very decorous, are at least irresistibly ludicrous. How any clergyman could write and publish in such a strain on religious subjects, must ever remain a marvel. But Swift published anonymously. He soon grew dissatisfied with the Whigs, and his next publications united him with the Tory party. In 1708 appeared his *Sentiments of a Church of England Man, in Respect to Religion and Government*, his *Letters on the Sacramental Test*, *Argument against the Abolition of Christianity*, and *Predictions for the Year* 1708, *by Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.* Various political tracts followed, the most conspicuous of which are, *The Conduct of the Allies*, published in 1712, and *The Public Spirit of the Whigs*, in 1714. The latter incensed the Duke of Argyle and other peers so much, that a proclamation offering a reward of £300 was issued for the discovery of the author. In 1713, Swift was rewarded with the deanery of St Patrick's in Dublin; but the destruction of all his hopes of further preferment followed soon after, on the accession of the House of Hanover to the throne, and the return of the Whig party to power. He withdrew to Ireland, a disappointed man, full of bitterness against many of the men and things of his age. His feelings partly found vent in several works which he published on national subjects, and which rendered him exceedingly popular—*A Proposal for the Universal Use of Irish Manufactures*, and *Letters by M. B. Drapier* against Wood's patent for supplying Ireland with a copper coinage. His talents were in full vigour, and his mind, ever active, poured forth a vast number of slight pieces on the topics of the day. In 1726 appeared *Gulliver's Travels*, the most original and extraordinary of all his productions. A few of his friends—Pope, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot—were in the secret as to the authorship of this satirical romance; but it puzzled the world in no ordinary degree, and this uncertainty tended to increase the interest and attraction of the work. While courtiers and politicians recognised in the adventures of Gulliver many satirical allusions to the court and politics of England—to Walpole, Bolingbroke, the Prince of Wales, the two contending parties in the state, and various matters of secret history—the great mass of ordinary readers saw and felt only the wonder and fascination of the narrative. The appearance, occupations, wars, and pursuits of the tiny Lilliputians—the gigantic Brobdingnagians—the fearful, misanthropic picture of the Yahoos—with the philosophic researches at Laputa—all possessed novelty and attraction for the mere unlearned reader, who was alternately agitated with emotions of surprise, delight, astonishment, pity, and reprobation. The charm of Swift's style, so simple, pure, and unaffected, and the apparent earnestness and sincerity with which he dwells on the most improbable circumstances, are displayed in full perfection in Gulliver, which was the most carefully finished of all his works. Some tracts on ecclesiastical questions, and the best of his poetry, were afterwards produced. His other prose works were, *A History of the Four Last Years of Queen Anne* (not published till long after his death), *Polite Conversation*, a happy satire on the frivolities of fashionable life, and *Directions for Servants*, a fragment which also appeared after his death, and on which he bestowed considerable pains. It exemplifies the habit of minute observation which distinguished Swift, and which sometimes rendered him no very agreeable inmate of a house. Various editions of Swift's works have been published, but the best and most complete is that by Sir Walter Scott, in nineteen volumes. His rank as a writer has long since been established. In originality and strength he has no superior, and in wit and irony—the latter of which

> —— he was born to introduce,
> Refined it first, and showed its use—

he shines equally pre-eminent. He was deficient in purity of taste and loftiness of imagination. The frequency with which he dwells on gross and disgusting images, betrays a callousness of feeling that

olly de[l] im from the purer regions of

Laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair;

though it was still, as Coleridge has remarked, 'the soul of Rabelais dwelling in a dry place.' Of the 'serious air' of Cervantes, which Pope has also bestowed on his friend, the traces are less frequent and distinct. We can scarcely conceive him to have ever read the 'Faery Queen' or 'Midsummer Night's Dream.' The palpable and familiar objects of life were the sources of his inspiration; and in fictitious narrative, he excels, like Richardson and Defoe, by painting and grouping minute particulars, that impart to his most extravagant conceptions an air of sober truth and reality. Always full of [illegible]ervation, his clear perspicuous style When exhausted by the works of imaginative writers, or the ornate periods of statesmen and philosophers, the plain, earnest, and manly pages of Swift, his strong sense, keen observation, and caustic wit, are felt to be a legacy of inestimable value. He was emphatically *a master* in English literature, and as such, with all his faults, is entitled to our reverence.

The satirical vein of Swift is well exemplified in his 'Argument against Abolishing Christianity,' the very title of which is a specimen of grave irony. It runs as follows:—'An Argument to prove that the Abolishing of Christianity in England may, as things now stand, be attended with some inconveniences, and perhaps not produce those many good effects proposed thereby.' Two specimens of this tract are presented.

[*Inconveniences from a Proposed Abolition of Christianity.*]

I am very sensible how much the gentlemen of wit and pleasure are apt to murmur and be shocked at the sight of so many duggle-tail parsons, who happen to fall in their way, and offend their eyes; but, at the same time, those wise reformers do not consider what an advantage and felicity it is for great wits to be always provided with objects of scorn and contempt, in order to exercise and improve their talents, and divert their spleen from falling on each other, or on themselves; especially when all this may be done without the least imaginable danger to their persons. And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were abolished, how could the free-thinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning, be able to find another subject so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? What wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of from those whose genius, by continual practice, hath been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would, therefore, be never able to shine or distinguish themselves on any other subject? We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take away the greatest, perhaps the only topic we have left? Who would ever have suspected Asgill for a wit or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand to provide them with materials? What other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a

and distingui[illegible]

such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would immediately have sunk into silence and oblivion.

Nor do I think it wholly groundless, or my fears altogether imaginary, that the abolishing of Christianity may, perhaps, bring the church in danger, or at least put the senate to the trouble of another securing vote. I desire I may not be misunderstood; I am far from presuming to affirm or think that the church is in danger at present, or as things now stand, but we know not how soon it may be so, when the Christian religion is repealed. As plausible as this project seems, there may a dangerous design lurk under it. Nothing can be more notorious than that the atheists, deists, socinians, anti-trinitarians, and other subdivisions of free-thinkers, are persons of little zeal for the present ecclesiastical establishment. Their declared opinion is for repealing the sacramental test; they are very indifferent with regard to ceremonies; nor do they hold the *jus divinum* of episcopacy. Therefore this may be intended as one politic step towards altering the constitution of the church established, and setting up presbytery in its stead; which I leave to be farther considered by those at the helm.

And therefore if, notwithstanding all I have said, it shall still be thought necessary to have a bill brought in for repealing Christianity, I would humbly offer an amendment, that, instead of the word *Christianity*, may be put *religion* in general; which I conceive will much better answer all the good ends proposed by the projectors of it. For as long as we leave a being a God and his Providence, with all the necessary consequences which curious and inquisitive men will be apt to draw from such premises, we do not strike at the root of the evil, although we should ever so effectually annihilate the present scheme of the Gospel. For of what use is freedom of thought, if it will not produce freedom of action, which is the sole end, how remote soever in appearance, of all objections against Christianity? And therefore the free-thinkers consider it a sort of edifice, wherein all the parts have such a mutual dependence on each other, that if you happen to pull out one single nail, the whole fabric must fall to the ground.

[*Arguments for the Abolition of Christianity Treated.*]

It is likewise urged, that there are by computation in this kingdom above ten thousand parsons, whose revenues, added to those of my lords the bishops, would suffice to maintain at least two hundred young gentlemen of wit and pleasure, and free-thinking, enemies to priestcraft, narrow principles, pedantry, and prejudices, who might be an ornament court and town; and then, again, so great a numl of able [bodied] divines might be a recruit to our fleet and armies. This, indeed, appears to be a consideration of some weight; but then, on the other side, several things deserve to be considered likewise: as, first, whether it may not be thought necessary that in certain tracts of country, like what we call parishes, there should be one man at least of abilities to read and write. Then it seems a wrong computation, that the revenues of the church throughout this island would be large enough to maintain two hundred young gentlemen, or even half that number, after the present refined way of living, that is, to allow each of them such a rent as, in the modern form of speech, would make them easy. * * *

Another advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity, is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other public edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word if I call this a cavil. I readily own there hath been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the

churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut up, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure, is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate house? are not the taverns and coffeehouses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physic? is not Sunday the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where more care to appear in the foremost box with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniences or incitements to sleep?

There is one advantage, greater than any of the foregoing, proposed by the abolishing of Christianity: that it will utterly extinguish parties among us, by removing those factious distinctions of high and low church, of Whig and Tory, Presbyterian and Church of England, which are now so many grievous clogs upon public proceedings, and are apt to dispose men to prefer the gratifying themselves, or depressing their adversaries, before the most important interest of the

I confess, if it were certain that so great an advantage would redound to the nation by this expedient, I would submit, and be silent; but will any man say, that if the words drinking, cheating, lying, stealing, were by act of parliament ejected out of the English tongue and dictionaries, we should all awake next morning chaste and temperate, honest and just, and lovers of truth? Is this a fair consequence? Or if the physicians would forbid us to pronounce the words gout, rheumatism, and stone, would that expedient serve like so many talismans to destroy the diseases themselves Are party and faction rooted in men's hearts no deeper than phrases borrowed from religion, or founded upo no firmer principles? and is our own language so poor, that we cannot find other terms to express them? Are envy, pride, avarice, and ambition, such ill nomenclators, that they cannot furnish appellations for their owners? Will not heydukes and mamalukes; mandarines and pashaws, or any other words formed at pleasure, serve to distinguish those who are in the ministry from others who would be in it if they could? What, for instance, is easier than to vary the form of speech, and, instead of the word church, make it a question in politics, whether the Monument be in danger? Because religion was nearest at hand to furnish a few convenient phrases, is our invention so barren we can find no other? Suppose, for argument sake, that the Tories favoured Margarita, the Whigs Mrs Tofts, and the Trimmers Valentini,[1] would not Margaritians, Toftians, and Valentinians be very tolerable marks of distinction? The Prasini and Veniti, two most virulent factions in Italy, began (if I remember right) by a distinction of colours in ribbons; and we might contend with as good a grace about the dignity of the blue and the green, which would serve as properly to divide the court, the parliament, and the kingdom between them, as any terms of art whatsoever borrowed from religion. And therefore I think there is little force in this objection against Christianity, or prospect of so great an advantage as is proposed in the abolishing of it.

It is again objected, as a very absurd ridiculous custom, that a set of men should be suffered, much less employed and hired, to bawl one day in seven against the lawfulness of those methods most in use towards the pursuit of greatness, riches, and pleasure, which are the constant practice of all men alive. But this objection is, I think, a little unworthy so refined an age as ours. Let us argue this matter calmly: I appeal to the breast of any polite freethinker, whether, in the pursuit of gratifying a predominant passion, he hath not always felt a wonderful incitement by reflecting it was a thing forbidden; and therefore we see, in order to cultivate this taste, the wisdom of the nation hath taken special care that the ladies should be furnished with prohibited silks, and the men with prohibited wine. And indeed it were to be wished that some other prohibitions were promoted, in order to improve the pleasures of the town; which, for want of such expedients, begin already, as I am told, to flag and grow languid, giving way daily to cruel inroads from the spleen.

[1] Singers then in vogue.

[*Ludicrous Image of Fanaticism.*]

[From a 'Discourse on the Operation of the Spirit.']

It is recorded of Mahomet, that upon a visit he was going to pay in Paradise, he had an offer of several vehicles to conduct him upwards; as, fiery chariots, winged horses, and celestial sedans; but he refused them all, and would be borne to heaven on nothing but his ass. Now, this inclination of Mahomet, as singular as it seems, hath since been taken up by a great number of devout Christians, and doubtless with good reason. For, since that Arabian is known to have borrowed a moiety of his religious system from the Christian faith, it is but just he should pay reprisals to such as would challenge them; wherein the good people of England, to do them all right, have not been backward. For though there is not any other nation in the world so plentifully provided with carriages for that journey, either as to safety or ease, yet there are abundance of us who will not be satisfied with any other machine besides this of Mahomet.

A Meditation upon a Broomstick, according to the style and manner of the Hon. Robert Boyle's Meditations.

This single stick, which you now behold ingloriously lying in that neglected corner, I once knew in a flourishing state in a forest; it was full of sap, full of leaves, and full of boughs; but now in vain does the busy art of man pretend to vie with nature, by tying that withered bundle of twigs to its sapless trunk; it is now at best but the reverse of what it was, a tree turned upside down, the branches on the earth, and the root in the air; it is now handled by every dirty wench, condemned to do her drudgery, and, by a capricious kind of fate, destined to make her things clean, and be nasty itself; at length, worn out to the stumps in the service of the maids, it is either thrown out of doors, or condemned to the last use of kindling a fire. When I beheld this, I sighed, and said within myself, Surely mortal man is a broomstick! nature sent him into the world strong and lusty, in a thriving condition, wearing his own hair on his head, the proper branches of this reasoning vegetable, until the axe of intemperance has lopped off his green boughs, and left him a withered trunk; he then flies to art, and puts on a periwig, valuing himself upon an unnatural bundle of hairs, all covered with powder, that never grew on his head; but now, should this our broomstick pretend to enter the scene, proud of those birchen spoils it never bore, and all covered with dust, though the sweepings of the finest lady's chamber, we should be apt to ridicule and despise its vanity. Partial judges that we are of our own excellences, and other men's defaults!

But a broomstick, perhaps you will say, is an emblem of a tree standing on its head: and pray, what is man but a topsy-turvy creature, his animal

faculties perpetually mounted on his rational, his head where his heels should be—grovelling on the earth! and yet, with all his faults, he sets up to be a universal reformer and corrector of abuses, a remover [illegible]ces; rakes into every slut's corner of nature, [illegible]dden corruptions to the light, and raises a [illegible]re there was none before, sharing deeply all the while in the very same pollutions he pretends to sweep away. His last days are spent in slavery to women, and generally the least deserving; till, worn to the stumps, like his brother besom, he is either kicked out of doors, or made use of to kindle flames for others to warm themselves by.

[*Adventures of Gulliver in Brobdingnag.*]

[Thrown amongst a people described as about ninety feet high, Gulliver is taken in charge by a young lady connected with the court, who had two boxes made in which to keep him and carry him about.]

I should have lived happy enough in that country, if my littleness had not exposed me to several ridiculous and troublesome accidents, some of which I shall venture to relate. Glumdalclitch often carried me into the gardens of the court in my smaller box, and would sometimes take me out of it, and hold me in her hand, or set me down to walk. I remember, before the dwarf left the queen, he followed us one day into those gardens, and my nurse having set me down, he and I being close together, near some dwarf apple trees, I must need show my wit by a silly allusion between him and the trees, which happens to hold in their language as it doth in ours. Whereupon the malicious rogue watching his opportunity, when I was walking under one of them, shook it directly over my head, by which a dozen apples, each of them near as large as a Bristol barrel, came tumbling about my ears; one of them hit me on the back as I chanced to stoop, and knocked me down flat on my face; but I received no other hurt, and the dwarf was pardoned at my desire, because I had given the provocation.

Another day Glumdalclitch left me on a smooth grass-plat to divert myself, while she walked at some distance with her governess. In the meantime there suddenly fell such a violent shower of hail, that I was immediately by the force of it struck to the ground; and when I was down, the hail-stones gave me such cruel bangs all over the body, as if I had been pelted with tennis-balls; however, I made a shift to creep on all fours, and shelter myself by lying flat on my face, on the lee-side of a border of lemon thyme, but so bruised from head to foot, that I could not go abroad in ten days. Neither is this at all to be wondered at, because nature in that country observing the same proportion through all her operations, a hail-stone is near eighteen hundred times as large as one in Europe, which I can assert upon experience, having been so curious to weigh and measure them.

But a more dangerous accident happened to me in the same garden, when my little nurse, believing she had put me in a secure place, which I often intreated her to do, that I might enjoy my own thoughts, and having left my box at home to avoid the trouble of carrying it, went to another part of the garden with her governess and some ladies of her acquaintance. While she was absent, and out of hearing, a small white spaniel belonging to one of the chief gardeners, having got by accident into the garden, happened to range near the place where I lay; the dog, following the scent, came directly up, and taking me in his mouth ran straight to his master, wagging his tail, and set me gently on the ground. By good fortune he had been so well taught, that I was carried between his teeth without the least hurt, or even tearing my clothes. But the poor gardener, who knew me well, and had a great kindness for me, was in a terrible fright; he gently took me up in both his hands, and asked me how I did; but I was so amazed and out of breath, that I could not speak a word. In a few minutes I came to myself, and he carried me safe to my little nurse, who by this time had returned to the place where she left me, and was in cruel agonies when I did not appear, nor answer when she called: she severely reprimanded the gardener on account of his dog. But the thing was hushed up, and never known at court; for the girl was afraid of the queen's anger, and truly, as to myself, I thought it would not be for my reputation that such a story should go about.

This accident absolutely determined Glumdalclitch never to trust me abroad for the future out of her sight. I had been long afraid of this resolution, and therefore concealed from her some little unlucky adventures that happened in those times when I was left by myself. Once a kite, hovering over the garden, made a stoop at me, and if I had not resolutely drawn my hanger, and run under a thick espalier, he would have certainly carried me away in his talons. Another time, walking to the top of a fresh mole-hill, I fell to my neck in the hole, through which that animal had cast up the earth, and coined some lie, not worth remembering, to excuse myself for spoiling my clothes.

I cannot tell whether I were more pleased or mortified to observe in those solitary walks that the smaller birds did not appear to be at all afraid of me, but would hop about me, within a yard's distance, looking for worms and other food with as much indifference and security as if no creature at all were near them. I remember, a thrush had the confidence to snatch out of my hand, with his bill, a piece of cake that Glumdalclitch had just given me for my breakfast. When I attempted to catch any of these birds, they would boldly turn against me, endeavouring to peck my fingers, which I durst not venture within their reach; and then they would hop back unconcerned to hunt for worms or snails, as they did before. But one day I took a thick cudgel, and threw it with all my strength so luckily at a linnet, that I knocked him down, and seizing him by the neck with both my hands, ran with him in triumph to my nurse. However, the bird, who had only been stunned, recovering himself, gave me so many boxes with his wings on both sides of my head and body, though I held him at arm's length, and was out of the reach of his claws, that I was twenty times thinking to let him go. But I was soon relieved by one of our servants, who wrung off the bird's neck, and I had him next day for dinner by the queen's command. This linnet, as near as I can remember, seemed to be somewhat larger than an England swan.

The queen, who often used to hear me talk of my sea-voyages, and took all occasions to divert me when I was melancholy, asked me whether I understood how to handle a sail or an oar, and whether a little exercise of rowing might not be convenient for my health? I answered, that I understood both very well; for although my proper employment had been to be surgeon or doctor to the ship, yet often upon a pinch I was forced to work like a common mariner. But I could not see how this could be done in their country, where the smallest wherry was equal to a first-rate man-of-war among us, and such a boat as I could manage would never live in any of their rivers. Her majesty said if I would contrive a boat, her own joiner should make it, and she would provide a place for me to sail in. The fellow was an ingenious workman, and, by my instructions, in ten days finished a pleasure-boat, with all its tackling, able conveniently to hold eight Europeans. When it was finished, the queen was so delighted, that she ran with it in her lap to the king, who ordered it to be put in a cistern full of water with

me in it by way of trial; where I could not manage my two sculls, or little oars, for want of room. But the queen had before contrived another project. She ordered the joiner to make a wooden trough of three hundred feet long, fifty broad, and eight deep, which being well pitched, to prevent leaking, was placed on the floor along the wall in an outer room of the palace. It had a cock near the bottom to let out the water, when it began to grow stale; and two servants could easily fill it in half an hour. Here I often used to row for my own diversion, as well as that of the queen and her ladies, who thought themselves well entertained with my skill and agility. Sometimes I would put up my sail, and then my business was only to steer, while the ladies gave me a gale with their fans; and, when they were weary, some of the pages would blow my sail forward with their breath, while I showed my art by steering starboard or larboard, as I pleased. When I had done, Glumdalclitch always carried back my boat into her closet, and hung it on a nail to dry.

In this exercise I once met an accident, which had like to have cost me my life; for one of the pages having put my boat into the trough, the governess, who attended Glumdalclitch, very officiously lifted me up to place me in the boat, but I happened to slip through her fingers, and should infallibly have fallen down forty feet upon the floor, if, by the luckiest chance in the world, I had not been stopped by a corking-pin that stuck in the good gentlewoman's stomacher; the head of the pin passed between my shirt and the waistband of my breeches, and thus I was held by the middle in the air, till Glumdalclitch ran to my relief.

Another time, one of the servants whose office it was to fill my trough every third day with fresh water, was so careless as to let a huge frog (not perceiving it) slip out of his pail. The frog lay concealed till I was put into my boat, but then seeing a resting-place, climbed up, and made it lean so much on one side, that I was forced to balance it with all my weight on the other, to prevent overturning. When the frog was got in, it hopped at once half the length of the boat, and then over my head, backwards and forwards, daubing my face and clothes with its odious slime. The largeness of its features made it appear the most deformed animal that can be conceived. However, I desired Glumdalclitch to let me deal with it alone. I banged it a good while with one of my sculls, and at last forced it to leap out of the boat.

But the greatest danger I ever underwent in that kingdom was from a monkey, who belonged to one of the clerks of the kitchen. Glumdalclitch had locked me up in her closet, while she went somewhere upon business, or a visit. The weather being very warm, the closet-window was left open, as well as the windows and the door of my bigger box, in which I usually lived, because of its largeness and conveniency. As I sat quietly meditating at my table, I heard something bounce in at the closet-window, and skip about from one side to the other; whereat, although I were much alarmed, yet I ventured to look out, but not stirring from my seat; and then I saw this frolicsome animal frisking and leaping up and down, till at last he came to my box, which he seemed to view with great pleasure and curiosity, peeping in at the door and every window. I retreated to the farther corner of my room, or box, but the monkey looking in at every side put me into such a fright, that I wanted presence of mind to conceal myself under the bed, as I might easily have done. After some time spent in peeping, grinning, and chattering, he at last espied me, and reaching one of his paws in at the door, as a cat does when she plays with a mouse, although I often shifted place to avoid him, he at length seized the lappet of my coat (which, being made of that country's silk, was very thick and strong), and dragged me out. He took me up in his right fore-foot, and held me as a nurse does a child she is going to suckle, just as I have seen the same sort of creature do with a kitten in Europe; and when I offered to struggle, he squeezed me so hard, that I thought it more prudent to submit. I have good reason to believe that he took me for a young one of his own species, by his often stroking my face very gently with his other paw. In these diversions he was interrupted by a noise at the closet-door, as if somebody were opening it; whereupon he suddenly leaped up to the window, at which he had come in, and thence upon the leads and gutters, walking upon three legs, and holding me in the fourth, till he clambered up to a roof that was next to ours. I heard Glumdalclitch give a shriek at the moment he was carrying me out. The poor girl was almost distracted; that quarter of the palace was all in an uproar; the servants ran for ladders; the monkey was seen by hundreds in the court, sitting upon the ridge of a building, holding me like a baby in one of his fore-paws, and feeding me with the other, by cramming into my mouth some victuals he had squeezed out of the bag on one side of his chaps, and patting me when I would not eat; whereat many of the rabble below could not forbear laughing; neither do I think they justly ought to be blamed, for without question the sight was ridiculous enough to everybody but myself. Some of the people threw up stones, hoping to drive the monkey down; but this was strictly forbidden, or else very probably my brains had been dashed out.

The ladders were now applied, and mounted by several men, which the monkey observing, and finding himself almost encompassed, not being able to make speed enough with his three legs, let me drop on a ridge tile, and made his escape. Here I sat for some time, five hundred yards from the ground, expecting every moment to be blown down by the wind, or to fall by my own giddiness, and come tumbling over and over from the ridge to the eaves; but an honest lad, one of my nurse's footmen, climbed up, and putting me into his breeches-pocket, brought me down safe.

I was almost choked with the filthy stuff the monkey had crammed down my throat; but my dear little nurse picked it out of my mouth with a small needle, and then I fell a vomiting, which gave me great relief. Yet I was so weak, and bruised in the sides with the squeezes given me by this odious animal, that I was forced to keep my bed a fortnight. The king, queen, and all the court, sent every day to inquire after my health, and her majesty made me several visits during my sickness. The monkey was killed, and an order made that no such animal should be kept about the palace.

When I attended the king after my recovery to return him thanks for his favours, he was pleased to rally me a good deal upon this adventure. He asked me what my thoughts and speculations were while I lay in the monkey's paw; how I liked the victuals he gave me; his manner of feeding; and whether the fresh air on the roof had sharpened my stomach. He desired to know what I would have done upon such an occasion in my own country. I told his majesty that in Europe we had no monkeys except such as were brought for curiosities from other places, and so small, that I could deal with a dozen of them together, if they presumed to attack me. And as for that monstrous animal with whom I was so lately engaged (it was indeed as large as an elephant), if my fears had suffered me to think so far as to make use of my hanger (looking fiercely, and clapping my hand upon the hilt as I spoke) when he poked his paw into my chamber, perhaps I should have given him such a wound as would have made him glad to withdraw it with more haste than he put

it in. This I delivered in a firm tone, like a person who was jealous lest his courage should be called in question. However, my speech produced nothing else besides loud laughter, which all the respect due to his majesty from those about him could not make them contain. This made me reflect, how vain an attempt it is for a man to endeavour to do himself honour among those who are out of all degree of equality or comparison with him. And yet I have seen the moral of my own behaviour very frequent in England since my return, where a little contemptible varlet, without the least title to birth, person, wit, or common sense, shall presume to look with importance, and put himself upon a foot with the greatest persons of the kingdom.

[*Satire on Pretended Philosophers and Projectors.*]

[In the description of his fancied Academy of Lagado in Gulliver's Travels, Swift ridicules those quack pretenders to science and knavish projectors who were so common in his day, and whose schemes sometimes led to ruinous and distressing consequences.]

I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors, and I believe I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms.

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

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

There was a most ingenious architect, who had contrived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation; which he justified to me by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider.

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

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in, of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave as well as spin. And he proposed farther, that by employing spiders, the charge of dyeing silks would be wholly saved; whereof I was fully convinced when he showed me a vast number of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders; assuring us, that the webs would take a tincture from them; and as he had them of all hues, he hoped to fit everybody's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of certain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

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

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

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

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

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

several lines softly as they appeared upon the frame; and where they found three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys, who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places as the square bits of wood moved upside down.

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

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

I made my humblest acknowledgments to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness, and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine, the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon paper. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby at least this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such caution that he should have the honour entire without a rival.

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

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

The other was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health as well as brevity: for, it is plain, that every word we speak is in some degree a diminutation of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues, after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged in proportion to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlers among us, who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together; then put up their implements, help each other to resume their burdens, and take their leave. But, for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets and under his arms, enough to supply him, and in his house he cannot be at a loss; therefore the room where company meet to practise this art is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

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

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

In the school of political projectors I was but ill entertained, the professors appearing in my judgment wholly out of their senses, which is a scene that never fails to make me melancholy. These unhappy people were proposing schemes for persuading monarchs to choose favourites upon the score of their wisdom, capacity, and virtue; of teaching ministers to consult the public good; of rewarding merit, great abilities, and eminent services; of instructing princes to know their true interest, by placing it on the same foundation with that of their people; of choosing for employments persons qualified to exercise them; with many other wild impossible chimeras, that never entered before into the heart of man to conceive, and confirmed in me the old observation, that there is nothing so extravagant and irrational which some philosophers have not maintained for truth.

But, however, I shall so far do justice to this part of the academy, as to acknowledge that all of them were not so visionary. There was a most ingenious doctor, who seemed to be perfectly versed in the whole nature and system of government. This illustrious person had very usefully employed his studies in finding out effectual remedies for all diseases and corruptions to which the several kinds of public administration are subject by the vices or infirmities of those who govern, as well as by the licentiousness of those who are to obey. For instance, whereas all writers and reasoners have agreed that there is a strict universal resemblance between the natural and political body, can there be anything more evident than that the health of both must be preserved, and the diseases cured, by the same prescriptions. It is allowed that senates and great councils are often troubled with redundant, ebullient, and other peccant humours; with many diseases of the head, and more of the heart; with strong convulsions; with grievous contractions of the nerves and sinews in both hands, but especially the right; with spleen, flatus, vertigoes, and deliriums; with scrofulous tumours full of fœtid purulent matter; with sour frothy ructations; with canine appetites, and crudeness of digestion; besides many others needless to mention. This doctor therefore proposed, that upon the meeting of a senate, certain physicians should attend at the three first days of their sitting, and at the close of each day's debate

feel the pulses of every senator; after which, having maturely considered and consulted upon the nature of the several maladies, and the methods of cure, they should on the fourth day return to the senate-house, attended by their apothecaries stored with proper medicines; and, before the members sat, administer to each of them lenitives, aperitives, abstersives, corrosives, restringents, palliatives, laxatives, cephalalgics, icterics, apophlegmatics, acoustics, as their several cases required; and, according as these medicines should operate, repeat, alter, or omit them at the next meeting.

This project could not be of any great expense to the public, and might, in my poor opinion, be of much use for the despatch of business in those countries where senates have any share in the legislative power; beget unanimity, shorten debates, open a few mouths which are now closed, and close many more which are now open; curb the petulancy of the young, and correct the positiveness of the old; rouse the stupid, and damp the pert.

Again, because it is a general complaint that the favourites of princes are troubled with short and weak memories, the same doctor proposed, that whoever attended a first minister, after having told his business with the utmost brevity, and in the plainest words, should, at his departure, give the said minister a tweak by the nose, or a kick in the belly, or tread on his corns, or lug him thrice by both ears, or run a pin into his body, or pinch his arms black and blue, to prevent forgetfulness; and at every levee day repeat the same operation, until the business were done or absolutely refused.

He likewise directed that every senator in the great council of a nation, after he had delivered his opinion, and argued in the defence of it, should be obliged to give his vote directly contrary; because if that were done, the result would infallibly terminate in the good of the public.

When parties in a state are violent, he offered a wonderful contrivance to reconcile them. The method is this: You take a hundred leaders of each party; you dispose them into couples of such whose heads are nearest of a size; then let two nice operators saw off the occiput of each couple at the same time, in such manner that the brain may be equally divided. Let the occiputs thus cut off be interchanged, applying each to the head of his opposite party-man. It seems indeed to be a work that requireth some exactness; but the professor assured us, that, if it were dexterously performed, the cure would be infallible. For he argued thus: that the two half brains being left to debate the matter between themselves within the space of one skull, would soon come to a good understanding, and produce that moderation, as well as regularity of thinking, so much to be wished for in the heads of those who imagine they came into the world only to watch and govern its motions: and as to the difference of brains in quantity or quality, among those who are directors in faction, the doctor assured us, from his own knowledge, that it was a perfect trifle.

I heard a very warm debate between two professors, about the most commodious and effectual ways and means of raising money without grieving the subject. The first affirmed, the justest method would be to lay a certain tax upon vices and folly, and the sum fixed upon every man to be rated after the fairest manner by a jury of his neighbours. The second was of an opinion directly contrary; to tax those qualities of body and mind for which men chiefly value themselves; the rate to be more or less according to the degrees of excelling, the decision whereof should be left entirely to their own breast. The highest tax was upon men who are the greatest favourites of the other sex, and the assessments according to the number and natures of the favours they have received, for which they are allowed to be their own vouchers. Wit, valour, and politeness, were likewise proposed to be largely taxed, and collected in the same manner, by every person giving his own word for the quantum of what he possessed. But as to honour, justice, wisdom, and learning, they should not be taxed at all, because they are qualifications of so singular a kind, that no man will either allow them in his neighbour, or value them in himself.

The women were proposed to be taxed according to their beauty and skill in dressing, wherein they had the same privilege with the men, to be determined by their own judgment. But constancy, chastity, good sense, and good nature, were not rated, because they would not bear the charge of collecting.

To keep senators in the interest of the crown, it was proposed that the members should raffle for employments; every man first taking an oath, and giving security that he would vote for the court, whether he won or no; after which the losers had in their turn the liberty of raffling upon the next vacancy. Thus, hope and expectation would be kept alive; none would complain of broken promises, but impute their disappointments wholly to fortune, whose shoulders are broader and stronger than those of a ministry.

Another professor showed me a large paper of instructions for discovering plots and conspiracies against the government.

I told him, that in the kingdom of Tribnia, by the natives called Langden, where I had long sojourned, the bulk of the people consisted wholly of discoverers, witnesses, informers, accusers, prosecutors, evidences, swearers, together with their several subservient and subaltern instruments, all under the colours, the conduct, and pay of ministers and their deputies. The plots in that kingdom are usually the workmanship of those persons who desire to raise their own characters of profound politicians; to restore new vigour to a crazy administration; to stifle or divert general discontents; to fill their coffers with forfeitures; and raise or sink the opinion of public credit, as either shall best answer their private advantage. It is first agreed and settled among them what suspected persons shall be accused of a plot; then effectual care is taken to secure all their letters and other papers, and put the owners in chains. These papers are delivered to a set of artists very dexterous in finding out the mysterious meanings of words, syllables, and letters. For instance, they can decipher a close-stool to signify a privy-council; a flock of geese, a senate; a lame dog, an invader; the plague, a standing army; a buzzard, a minister; the gout, a high-priest; a gibbet, a secretary of state; a chamber-pot, a committee of grandees; a sieve, a court lady; a broom, a revolution; a mouse-trap, an employment; a bottomless pit, the treasury; a sink, a court; a cap and bells, a favourite; a broken reed, a court of justice; an empty tun, a general; a running sore, the administration.

When this method fails, they have two others more effectual, which the learned among them call acrostics and anagrams. First, they can decipher all initial letters into political meanings; thus, N shall signify a plot, B a regiment of horse, L a fleet at sea. Or, secondly, by transposing the letters of the alphabet, in any suspected paper, they can lay open the deepest designs of a discontented party. So, for example, if I should say in a letter to a friend, Our brother Tom hath just got the piles, a man of skill in this art would discover how the same letters which compose that sentence may be analysed into the following words—Resist—a plot is brought home—the tower. And this is the anagramatic method.

The professor made me great acknowledgments for communicating these observations, and promised to make honourable mention of me in his treatise.

We have just religion enough to make us *hate*, but not enough to make us *love* one another.

When we desire or solicit anything, our minds run wholly on the good side or circumstances of it; when it is obtained, our mind runs only on the bad ones.

When a true genius appeareth in the world, you may know him by this infallible sign, that the dunces are all in confederacy against him.

I am apt to think that, in the day of judgment there will be small allowance given to the wise fo their want of morals, or to the ignorant for their wan of faith, because both are without excuse. This renders the advantages equal of ignorance and knowledge. But some scruples in the wise, and some vice in the ignorant, will perhaps be forgiven upon th strength of temptation to each.

It is pleasant to observe how free the present age i in laying taxes on the next: 'Future ages shall tall of this; this shall be famous to all posterity:' whereas their time and thoughts will be taken up about pre sent things, as ours are now.

It is in disputes as in armies, where the weaker sid setteth up false lights, and maketh a great noise, tha the enemy may believe them to be more numerous and strong than they really are.

I have known some men possessed of good qualities which were very serviceable to others, but useless t themselves; like a sun-dial on the front of a house, t inform the neighbours and passengers, but not th owner within.

If a man would register all his opinions upon love politics, religion, learning, &c., beginning from hi youth, and so go on to old age, what a bundle of incon sistencies and contradictions would appear at last!

The stoical scheme of supplying our wants by lop ping off our desires, is like cutting off our feet whe we want shoes.

The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making nets, not in making cages.

The power of fortune is confessed only by the miserable, for the happy impute all their success to prudence and merit.

Ambition often puts men upon doing the meanest offices: so, climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping.

Censure is the tax a man payeth to the public for being eminent.

No wise man ever wished to be younger.

An idle reason lessens the weight of the good ones you gave before.

Complaint is the largest tribute heaven receives, and the sincerest part of our devotion.

The common fluency of speech in many men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words: for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.

To be vain is rather a mark of humility than pride. Vain men delight in telling what honours have been done them, what great company they have kept, and the like; by which they plainly confess that these honours were more than their due, and such as their friends would not believe if they had not been told: whereas a man truly proud thinks the greatest honours below his merit, and consequently scorns to boast. I therefore deliver it as a maxim, that whoever desires the character of a proud man, ought to conceal his vanity.

Every man desireth to live long, but no man would be old.

If books and laws continue to increase as they have done for fifty years past, I am in some concern for future ages, how any man will be learned, or any man a lawyer.

A nice man is a man of nasty ideas. [How true of Swift himself!]

If a man maketh me keep my distance, the comfort is, he keepeth his at the same time.

Very few men, properly speaking, *live* at present, but are providing to live another time.

Praise is the daughter of present power.

Princes in their infancy, childhood, and youth, are said to discover prodigious parts and wit, to speak things that surprise and astonish: strange, so many hopeful princes, so many shameful kings! If they happen to die young, they would have been prodigies of wisdom and virtue: if they live, they are often prodigies indeed, but of another sort.

The humour of exploding many things under the name of trifles, fopperies, and only imaginary goods, is a very false proof either of wisdom or magnanimity, and a great check to virtuous actions. For instance, with regard to fame; there is in most people a reluctance and unwillingness to be forgotten. We observe, even among the vulgar, how fond they are to have an inscription over their grave. It requireth but little philosophy to discover and observe that there is no intrinsic value in all this; however, if it be founded in our nature, as an incitement to virtue, it ought not to be ridiculed.

[*Overstrained Politeness, or Vulgar Hospitality.*]

[From 'The Tatler.']

Those inferior duties of life which the French call *les petites morales*, or the smaller morals, are with us distinguished by the name of good manners or breeding. This I look upon, in the general notion of it, to be a sort of artificial good sense, adapted to the meanest capacities, and introduced to make mankind easy in their commerce with each other. Low and little understandings, without some rules of this kind, would be perpetually wandering into a thousand indecencies and irregularities in behaviour; and in their ordinary conversation, fall into the same boisterous familiarities that one observeth amongst them when a debauch hath quite taken away the use of their reason. In other instances, it is odd to consider, that for want of common discretion, the very end of good breeding is wholly perverted; and civility, intended to make us easy, is employed in laying chains and fetters upon us, in debarring us of our wishes, and in crossing our most reasonable desires and inclinations. This abuse reigneth chiefly in the country, as I found to my vexation, when I was last there, in a visit I made to a neighbour about two miles from my cousin. As soon as I entered the parlour, they put me into the great chair that stood close by a huge fire, and kept me there by force, until I was almost stifled. Then a boy came in great hurry to pull off my boots, which I in vain opposed, urging, that I must return soon after dinner. In the meantime, the good lady whispered her eldest daughter, and slipped a key into her hand. The girl returned instantly with a beer-glass half full of *aqua mirabilis* and syrup of gilly-flowers. I took as much as I had a mind for; but madam vowed I should drink it off (for she was sure it would do me good, after coming out of the cold air), and I was forced to obey; which absolutely took away my stomach. When dinner came in, I had a mind to sit at a distance from the fire; but they told me it was as much as my life was worth, and set me with my back just against it. Although my appetite were quite gone, I resolved to force down as much as I could; and de-

sired the leg of a pullet. Indeed, Mr Bickerstaff, says the lady, you must eat a wing to oblige me; and so put a couple upon my plate. I was persecuted at this rate during the whole meal. As often as I called for small beer, the master tipped the wink, and the servant brought me a brimmer of October. Some time after dinner, I ordered my cousin's man, who came with me, to get ready the horses, but it was resolved I should not stir that night; and when I seemed pretty much bent upon going, they ordered the stable door to be locked; and the children hid my cloak and boots. The next question was, what I would have for supper? I said I never eat anything at night; but was at last, in my own defence, obliged to name the first thing that came into my head. After three hours spent chiefly in apologies for my entertainment, insinuating to me, 'That this was the worst time of the year for provisions; that they were at a great distance from any market; that they were afraid I should be starved; and that they knew they kept me to my loss,' the lady went and left me to her husband (for they took special care I should never be alone). As soon as her back was turned, the little misses ran backwards and forwards every moment; and constantly as they came in or went out, made a curtsy directly at me, which in good manners I was forced to return with a bow, and, your humble servant, pretty Miss. Exactly at eight the mother came up, and discovered by the redness of her face that supper was not far off. It was twice as large as the dinner, and my persecution doubled in proportion. I desired at my usual hour to go to my repose, and was conducted to my chamber by the gentleman, his lady, and the whole train of children. They importuned me to drink something before I went to bed; and upon my refusing, at last left a bottle of *stingo*, as they called it, for fear I should wake and be thirsty in the night. I was forced in the morning to rise and dress myself in the dark, because they would not suffer my kinsman's servant to disturb me at the hour I desired to be called. I was now resolved to break through all measures to get away; and after sitting down to a monstrous breakfast of cold beef, mutton, neats'-tongues, venison-pasty, and stale beer, took leave of the family. But the gentleman would needs see me part of my way, and carry me a short cut through his own grounds, which he told me would save half a mile's riding. This last piece of civility had like to have cost me dear, being once or twice in danger of my neck, by leaping over his ditches, and at last forced to alight in the dirt; when my horse, having slipped his bridle, ran away, and took us up more than an hour to recover him again. It is evident, that none of the absurdities I met with in this visit proceeded from an ill intention, but from a wrong judgment of complaisance, and a misapplication in the rules of it.

ALEXANDER POPE.

In 1737 Pope published, by subscription, a volume of letters between himself and his literary friends, including Swift, Bolingbroke, Gay, and Arbuthnot. Part of the collection had been previously obtained by surreptitious means, and printed by Curll, a notorious publisher of that day. Johnson and Warton conceived that Pope had connived at this breach of private confidence; but it has been satisfactorily shown that the poet was ignorant of the publication, and that his indignation on discovering it was expressed with all the warmth of sincerity. The letters excited the curiosity of the public; and Pope complied with the general intreaty to give a genuine edition of his correspondence. Additions were afterwards made to the collection, which went through several editions. The experiment was new to the public. 'Pope's epistolary excellence,' says Johnson, 'had an open field; he had no English rival, living or dead.' The letters of Lord Bacon, Strafford, and other statesmen, had been published, but they descended little into the details of familiar life. Sprat suppressed the correspondence of Cowley, under the impression, finely expressed by an old writer, that private letters are commonly of too tender a composition to thrive out of the bosom in which they were first planted; and the correspondence of Pope was the first attempt to interest the public in the sentiments and opinions of literary men, and the expression of private friendship. As literature was the business of Pope's life, and composition his first and favourite pursuit, he wrote always with a view to admiration and fame. He knew that if his letters to his friends did not come before the public in a printed shape, they would be privately circulated, and might affect his reputation with those he was ambitious of pleasing. Hence he seems always to have written with care. His letters are generally too elaborate and artificial to have been the spontaneous effusions of private confidence. Many of them are beautiful in thought and imagery, and evince a taste for picturesque scenery and description, that it is to be regretted the poet did not oftener indulge. Others, as the exquisite one describing a journey to Oxford, in company with Bernard Lintot, possess a fine vein of comic humour and observation. Swift was inferior to Pope as a letter-writer, but he discloses more of his real character. He loved Pope as much as he could any man, and the picture of their friendship, disclosed in their correspondence, is honourable to both. They had both risen to eminence by their own talents; they had mingled with the great and illustrious; had exchanged with each other in private their common feelings and sentiments; had partaken of the vicissitudes of public affairs; seen their friends decay and die off; and in their old age, mourned over the evils and afflictions incident to the decline of life. Pope's affection soothed the jealous irritability and misanthropy of Swift, and survived the melancholy calamity which rendered his friend one of the most pitiable and affecting objects among mankind.

[*On Sickness and Death.*]

To Sir Richard Steele.—*July* 15, 1712.

You formerly observed to me that nothing made a more ridiculous figure in a man's life than the disparity we often find in him sick and well; thus one of an unfortunate constitution is perpetually exhibiting a miserable example of the weakness of his mind, and of his body, in their turns. I have had frequent opportunities of late to consider myself in these different views, and, I hope, have received some advantage by it, if what Waller says be true, that

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
Lets in new light through chinks that Time has made.

Then surely sickness, contributing no less than old age to the shaking down this scaffolding of the body, may discover the inward structure more plainly. Sickness is a sort of early old age; it teaches us a diffidence in our earthly state, and inspires us with the thoughts of a future, better than a thousand volumes of philosophers and divines. It gives so warning a concussion to those props of our vanity, our strength and youth, that we think of fortifying ourselves within, when there is so little dependence upon our out-works. Youth at the very best is but a betrayer of human life in a gentler and smoother manner than age: it is like a stream that nourishes a

plant upon a bank, and causes it to flourish and blossom to the sight, but at the same time is undermining it at the root in secret. My youth has dealt more fairly and openly with me; it has afforded several prospects of my danger, and given me an advantage not very common to young men, that the attractions of the world have not dazzled me very much; and I begin, where most people end, with a full conviction of the emptiness of all sorts of ambition, and the unsatisfactory nature of all human pleasures. When a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am even as unconcerned as was that honest Hibernian, who, being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, 'What care I for the house? I am only a lodger.' I fancy it is the best time to die when one is in the best humour; and so excessively weak as I now am, I may say with conscience, that I am not at all uneasy at the thought that many men, whom I never had any esteem for, are likely to enjoy this world after me. When I reflect what an inconsiderable little atom every single man is, with respect to the whole creation, methinks it is a shame to be concerned at the removal of such a trivial animal as I am. The morning after my exit, the sun will rise as bright as ever, the flowers smell as sweet, the plants spring as green, the world will proceed in its old course, people will laugh as heartily, and marry as fast, as they were used to do.* The memory of man (as it is elegantly expressed in the Book of Wisdom) passeth away as the remembrance of a guest that tarrieth but one day. There are reasons enough, in the fourth chapter of the same book, to make any young man contented with the prospect of death 'For honourable age is not that which standeth in length of time, or is measured by number of years. But wisdom is the gray hair to man, and an unspotted life is old age. He was taken away speedily, lest wickedness should alter his understanding, or deceit beguile his soul,' &c.—I am your, &c.

[*Pope to Swift—On his Retirement.*]

January 18, 1714.

Whatever apologies it might become me to make at any other time for writing to you, I shall use none now, to a man who has owned himself as splenetic as a cat in the country. In that circumstance, I know by experience a letter is a very useful as well as an amusing thing: if you are too busied in state affairs to read it, yet you may find entertainment in folding it into divers figures, either doubling it into a pyramidical, or twisting it into a serpentine form: or if your disposition should not be so mathematical, in taking it with you to that place where men of studious minds are apt to sit longer than ordinary; where, after an abrupt division of the paper, it may not be unpleasant to try to fit and rejoin the broken lines together. All these amusements I am no stranger to in the country, and doubt not (by this time) you begin to relish them in your present contemplative situation.

I remember, a man who was thought to have some knowledge in the world used to affirm, that no people in town ever complained they were forgotten by their friends in the country; but my increasing experience convinces me he was mistaken, for I find a great many here grievously complaining of you upon this score. I am told further, that you treat the few you correspond with in [illegible]t style, and tell them you admire [illegible]r insolence in disturbing your meditations, or even inquiring of your retreat; but this I will not positively assert, because I never received any such insulting epistle from you. My Lord Oxford says you have not written to him once since you went; but this perhaps may be only policy in him or you! and I, who am half a Whig, must not entirely credit anything he affirms. At Button's, it is reported you are gone to Hanover, and that Gay goes only on an embassy to you. Others apprehend some dangerous state treatise from your retirement; and a wit, who affects to imitate Balsac, says, that the ministry now are like those heathens of old, who received their oracles from the woods. The gentlemen of the Roman Catholic persuasion are not unwilling to credit me, when I whisper, that you are gone to meet some Jesuits commissioned from the court of Rome, in order to settle the most convenient methods to be taken for the coming of the Pretender. Dr Arbuthnot is singular in his opinion, and imagines your only design is to attend at full leisure to the life and adventures of Scriblerus. This, indeed, must be granted of greater importance than all the rest; and I wish I could promise so well of you. The top of my own ambition is to contribute to that great work; and I shall translate Homer by the by. Mr Gay has acquainted you what progress I have made in it. I cannot name Mr Gay, without all the acknowledgments which I shall ever owe you on his account. If I writ this in verse, I would tell you you are like the sun, and, while men imagine you to be retired or absent, are hourly exerting your influence, and bringing things to maturity for their advantage. Of all the world, you are the man (without flattery) who serve your friends with the least ostentation; it is almost ingratitude to thank you, considering your temper; and this is the period of all my letter which, I fear, you will think the most impertinent. I am, with the truest affection, yours, &c.

[*Pope in Oxford.*]

To Mrs Martha Blount.—1716.

Nothing could have more of that melancholy which once used to please me, than my last day's journey; for, after having passed through my favourite woods in the forest, with a thousand reveries of past pleasures, I rid over hanging hills, whose tops were edged with groves, and whose feet watered with winding rivers, listening to the falls of cataracts below, and the murmuring of the winds above; the gloomy verdure of Stonor succeeded to these, and then the shades of the evening overtook me. The moon rose in the clearest sky I ever saw, by whose solemn light I paced on slowly, without company, or any interruption to the range of my thoughts. About a mile before I reached Oxford, all the bells tolled in different notes; the clocks of every college answered one another, and sounded forth (some in deeper, some a softer tone) that it was eleven at night. All this was no ill preparation to the life I have led since among those old walls, venerable galleries, stone porticos, studious walks, and solitary scenes of the university. I wanted nothing but a black gown and a salary, to be as mere a book-worm as any there. I conformed myself to the college hours, was rolled up in books, lay in one of the most ancient, dusky parts of the university, and was as dead to the world as any hermit of the desert. If anything was alive or awake in me, it was a little vanity, such as even those good men used to entertain, when the monks *of their own order* extolled their piety and abstraction. For I found myself received with a sort of respect, which this idle part of mankind, the learned, pay to their own species; who are as considerable here, as the busy, the gay, and the ambitious are in your world.

* It is important to remember that Pope, when he wrote in this manner, was only twenty-four.

[*Pope to Lady Mary Wortley Montagu on the Continent.*]

1717.

Madam—I no more think I can have too many of your letters, than that I could have too many writings to entitle me to the greatest estate in the world; which I think so valuable a friendship as yours is equal to. I am angry at every scrap of paper lost, as at something that interrupts the history of my title; and though it is but an odd compliment to compare a fine lady to Sibyl, your leaves, methinks, like hers, are too good to be committed to the winds; though I have no other way of receiving them but by those unfaithful messengers. I have had but three, and I reckon in that short one from Dort, which was rather a dying ejaculation than a letter. But I have so great an opinion of your goodness, that had I received none, I should not have accused you of neglect or insensibility. I am not so wrong-headed as to quarrel with my friends the moment they don't write; I'd as soon quarrel at the sun the minute he did not shine, which he is hindered from by accidental causes, and is in reality all that time performing the same course, and doing the same good offices as ever.

You have contrived to say in your last the two most pleasing things to me in nature; the first is, that whatever be the fate of your letters, you will continue to write in the discharge of your conscience. This is generous to the last degree, and a virtue you ought to enjoy. Be assured, in return, my heart shall be as ready to think you have done every good thing, as yours can be to do it; so that you shall never be able to favour your absent friend, before he has thought himself obliged to you for the very favour you are then conferring.

The other is, the justice you do me in taking what I write to you in the serious manner it was meant; it is the point upon which I can bear no suspicion, and in which, above all, I desire to be thought serious: it would be the most vexatious of all tyranny, if you should pretend to take for raillery what is the mere disguise of a discontented heart, that is unwilling to make you as melancholy as itself; and for wit, what is really only the natural overflowing and warmth of the same heart, as it is improved and awakened by an esteem for you: but since you tell me you believe me, I fancy my expressions have not at least been entirely unfaithful to those thoughts, to which I am sure they can never be equal. May God increase your faith in all truths that are as great as this! and depend upon it, to whatever degree your belief may extend, you can never be a bigot.

If you could see the heart I talk of, you would really think it a foolish good kind of thing, with some qualities as well deserving to be half laughed at, and half esteemed, as any in the world: its grand foible, in regard to you, is the most like reason of any foible in nature. Upon my faith, this heart is not, like a great warehouse, stored only with my own goods, with vast empty spaces to be supplied as fast as interest or ambition can fill them up; but it is every inch of it let out into lodgings for its friends, and shall never want a corner at your service; where I dare affirm, madam, your idea lies as warm and as close as any idea in Christendom. * *

If this distance (as you are so kind as to say) enlarges your belief of my friendship, I assure you it has so extended my notion of your value, that I begin to be impious on your account, and to wish that even slaughter, ruin, and desolation, might interpose between you and Turkey; I wish you restored to us at the expense of a whole people. I barely hope you will forgive me for saying this, but I fear God will scarce forgive me for desiring it.

Make me less wicked, then. Is there no other expedient to return you and your infant in peace to the bosom of your country? I hear you are going to Hanover; can there be no favourable planet at this conjuncture, or do you only come back so far to die twice? Is Eurydice once more snatched to the shades? If ever mortal had reason to hate the king, it is I; for it is my misfortune to be almost the only innocent man whom he has made to suffer, both by his government at home and his negotiations abroad.

[*Death of Two Lovers by Lightning.*]

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.—1718.

* * I have a mind to fill the rest of this paper with an accident that happened just under my eyes, and has made a great impression upon me. I have just passed part of this summer at an old romantic seat of my Lord Harcourt's, which he lent me.* It overlooks a common field, where, under the shade of a haycock, sat two lovers, as constant as ever were found in romance, beneath a spreading beech. The name of the one (let it sound as it will) was John Hewet; of the other, Sarah Drew. John was a well-set man, about five-and-twenty; Sarah, a brown woman of eighteen. John had for several months borne the labour of the day in the same field with Sarah; when she milked, it was his morning and evening charge to bring the cows to her pail. Their love was the talk, but not the scandal, of the whole neighbourhood; for all they aimed at was the blameless possession of each other in marriage. It was but this very morning that he had obtained her parents' consent, and it was but till the next week that they were to wait to be happy. Perhaps this very day, in the intervals of their work, they were talking of their wedding-clothes; and John was now matching several kinds of poppies and field-flowers to her complexion, to make her a present of knots for the day. While they were thus employed (it was on the last of July), a terrible storm of thunder and lightning arose, that drove the labourers to what shelter the trees or hedges afforded. Sarah, frightened and out of breath, sunk on a haycock, and John (who never separated from her) sat by her side, having raked two or three heaps together to secure her. Immediately there was heard so loud a crack as if heaven had burst asunder. The labourers, all solicitous for each other's safety, called to one another: those that were nearest our lovers hearing no answer, stepped to the place where they lay: they first saw a little smoke, and after, this faithful pair—John with one arm about his Sarah's neck, and the other held over her face, as if to screen her from the lightning. They were struck dead, and already grown stiff and cold in this tender posture. There was no mark or discolouring on their bodies, only that Sarah's eyebrow was a little singed, and a small spot between her breasts. They were buried the next day in one grave, where my Lord Harcourt, at my request, has erected a monument over them. Of the following epitaphs which I made, the critics have chosen the godly one: I like neither, but wish you had been in England to have done this office better: I think it was what you could not have refused me on so moving an occasion.

When Eastern lovers feed the funeral fire,
On the same pile their faithful pair expire;
Here pitying Heaven that virtue mutual found,
And blasted both that it might neither wound.
Hearts so sincere the Almighty saw well pl
Sent his own lightning, and the victims sai

* The house of Stanton Harcourt in Oxfordshire. Here Pope translated part of the Odyssey. He particularly describes it in the subsequent letter, in a style which recalls the grave humour of Addison, and foreshadows the Bracebridge Hall of Washington Irving. A view of the house and of the church beside which were buried the lightning-struck lovers is on next page.

Think not, by rigorous judgment seized,
A pair so faithful could expire;
Victims so pure Heaven saw well pleased,
And snatched them in celestial fire.

Live well, and fear no sudden fate:
When God calls virtue to the grave,
Alike 'tis justice, soon or late,
Mercy alike to kill or save.
Virtue unmoved can hear the call,
And face the flash that melts the ball.

Upon the whole, I cannot think these people unhappy. The greatest happiness, next to living as they would have done, was to die as they did. The greatest honour people of this low degree could have, was to be remembered on a little monument; unless you will give them another—that of being honoured with a tear from the finest eyes in the world. I know you have tenderness; you must have it; it is the very emanation of good sense and virtue: the finest minds, like the finest metals, dissolve the easiest.

[*Description of an Ancient English Country Seat.*]

To Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

Dear Madam—It is not possible to express the least part of the joy your return gives me; time only and experience will convince you how very sincere it is. I excessively long to meet you, to say so much, so very much to you, that I believe I shall say nothing. I have given orders to be sent for, the first minute of your arrival (which I beg you will let them know at Mr Jervas's). I am fourscore miles from London, a short journey compared to that I so often thought at least of undertaking, rather than die without seeing you again. Though the place I am in is such as I would not quit for the town, if I did not value you more than any, nay, everybody else there; and you will be convinced how little the town has engaged my affections in your absence from it, when you know what a place this is which I prefer to it; I shall therefore describe it to you at large, as the true picture of a genuine ancient country-seat.

Stanton Harcourt, Oxfordshire.

You must expect nothing regular in my description of a house that seems to be built before rules were in fashion: the whole is so disjointed, and the parts so detached from each other, and yet so joining again, one cannot tell how, that (in a poetical fit) you would imagine it had been a village in Amphion's time, where twenty cottages had taken a dance together, were all out, and stood still in amazement ever since. A stranger would be grievously disappointed who should ever think to get into this house the right way. One would expect, after entering through the porch, to be let into the hall; alas! nothing less, you find yourself in a brewhouse. From the parlour you think to step into the drawing-room; but, upon opening the iron-nailed door, you are convinced by a flight of birds about your ears, and a cloud of dust in your eyes, that it is the pigeon-house. On each side our porch are two chimneys, that wear their greens on the outside, which would do as well within, for whenever we make a fire, we let the smoke out of the windows. Over the parlour-window hangs a sloping balcony, which time has turned to a very convenient penthouse. The top is crowned with a very venerable tower, so like that of the church just by, that the jackdaws build in it as if it were the true steeple.

The great hall is high and spacious, flanked with long tables, images of ancient hospitality; ornamented with monstrous horns, about twenty broken pikes, and a matchlock musket or two, which they say were used in the civil wars. Here is one vast arched window, beautifully darkened with divers scutcheons of painted glass. There seems to be great propriety in this old manner of blazoning upon glass, ancient families being like ancient windows, in the course of generations seldom free from cracks. One shining pane bears date 1286. The youthful face of Dame Elinor owes more to this single piece than to all the glasses she ever consulted in her life. Who can say after this that glass is frail, when it is not half so perishable as human beauty or glory? For in another pane you see the memory of a knight preserved, whose marble nose is mouldered from his monument in the

church adjoining. And yet, must not one sigh to reflect that the most authentic record of so ancient a family should lie at the mercy of every boy that throws a stone? In this hall, in former days, have dined gartered knights and courtly dames, with ushers, sewers, and seneschals; and yet it was but the other night that an owl flew in hither, and mistook it for a barn.

This hall lets you up (and down) over a very high threshold, into the parlour. It is furnished with historical tapestry, whose marginal fringes do confess the moisture of the air. The other contents of this room are a broken-bellied virginal, a couple of crippled velvet chairs, with two or three mildewed pictures of mouldy ancestors, who look as dismally as if they came fresh from hell with all their brimstone about them. These are carefully set at the further corner; for the windows being everywhere broken, make it so convenient a place to dry poppies and mustard-seed in, that the room is appropriated to that use.

Next this parlour lies (as I said before) the pigeon-house, by the side of which runs an entry that leads, on one hand and the other, into a bed-chamber, a buttery, and a small hole called the chaplain's study. Then follow a brewhouse, a little green and gilt parlour, and the great stairs, under which is the dairy. A little further on the right, the servants' hall; and by the side of it, up six steps, the old lady's closet, which has a lattice into the said hall, that, while she said her prayers, she might cast an eye on the men and maids. There are upon this ground-floor in all twenty-four apartments, hard to be distinguished by particular names; among which I must not forget a chamber that has in it a large antiquity of timber, which seems to have been either a bedstead or a cider-press.

Our best room above is very long and low, of the exact proportion of a band-box: it has hangings of the finest work in the world; those, I mean, which Arachne spins out of her own bowels: indeed the roof is so decayed, that after a favourable shower of rain, we may (with God's blessing) expect a crop of mushrooms between the chinks of the floors.

All this upper storey has for many years had no other inhabitants than certain rats, whose very age renders them worthy of this venerable mansion, for the very rats of this ancient seat are gray. Since these had not quitted it, we hope at least this house may stand during the small remainder of days these poor animals have to live, who are now too infirm to remove to another: they have still a small subsistence left them in the few remaining books of the library.

I had never seen half what I have described, but for an old starched gray-headed steward, who is as much an antiquity as any in the place, and looks like an old family picture walked out of its frame. He failed not, as we passed from room to room, to relate several memoirs of the family; but his observations were particularly curious in the cellar: he showed where stood the triple rows of butts of sack, and where were ranged the bottles of tent for toasts in the morning: he pointed to the stands that supported the iron-hooped hogsheads of strong beer; then stepping to a corner, he lugged out the tattered fragment of an unframed picture: 'This,' says he, with tears in his eyes, 'was poor Sir Thomas, once master of the drink I told you of: he had two sons (poor young masters!) that never arrived to the age of this beer; they both fell ill in this very cellar, and never went out upon their own legs.' He could not pass by a broken bottle without taking it up to show us the arms of the family on it. He then led me up the tower, by dark winding stone steps, which landed us into several little rooms, one above another; one of these was nailed up, and my guide whispered to me the occasion of it. It seems the course of this noble blood was a little interrupted about two centuries ago by a freak of the Lady Frances, who was here taken with a neighbouring prior; ever since which, the room has been made up. The ghost of Lady Frances is supposed to walk here; some prying maids of the family formerly reported that they saw a lady in a fardingale through the key-hole; but this matter was hushed up, and the servants forbid to talk of it.

I must needs have tired you with this long letter; but what engaged me in the description was, a generous principle to preserve the memory of a thing that must itself soon fall to ruin; nay, perhaps, some part of it before this reaches your hands. Indeed, I owe this old house the same gratitude that we do to an old friend that harbours us in his declining condition, nay, even in his last extremities. I have found this an excellent place for retirement and study, where no one who passes by can dream there is an inhabitant, and even anybody that would visit me dares not venture under my roof. You will not wonder I have translated a great deal of Homer in this retreat; any one that sees it will own I could not have chosen a fitter or more likely place to converse with the dead. As soon as I return to the living, it shall be to converse with the best of them. I hope, therefore, very speedily to tell you in person how sincerely and unalterably I am, madam, your, &c.

I beg Mr Wortley to believe me his most humble servant.

[*Pope to Gay—On his Recovery.*]

1722.

I faithfully assure you, in the midst of that melancholy with which I have been so long encompassed, in an hourly expectation almost of my mother's death, there was no circumstance that rendered it more unsupportable to me than that I could not leave her to see you. Your own present escape from so imminent danger I pray God may prove less precarious than my poor mother's can be, whose life at best can be but a short reprieve, or a longer dying. But I fear even that is more than God will please to grant me; for these two days past, her most dangerous symptoms are returned upon her; and unless there be a sudden change, I must in a few days, if not in a few hours, be deprived of her. In the afflicting prospect before me, I know nothing that can so much alleviate it as the view now given me (Heaven grant it may increase!) of your recovery. In the sincerity of my heart, I am excessively concerned not to be able to pay you, dear Gay, any part of the debt, I very gratefully remember, I owe you on a like sad occasion, when you was here comforting me in her last great illness. May your health augment as fast as, I fear, hers must decline! I believe that would be very fast. May the life that is added to you be passed in good fortune and tranquillity, rather of your own giving to yourself, than from any expectations or trust in others! May you and I live together, without wishing more felicity or acquisitions than friendship can give and receive without obligations to greatness! God keep you, and three or four more of those I have known as long, that I may have something worth the surviving my mother! Adieu, dear Gay, and believe me (while you live and while I live), your, &c.

[*Sketch of Autumn Scenery.*]

To Mr Digby.—*October* 10, 1723.

Do not talk of the decay of the year; the season is good when the people are so. It is the best time in the year for a painter; there is more variety of colours in the leaves; the prospects begin to open, the thinner woods over the valleys, and th

high canopies of trees to the higher arch of heaven the dews of the morning impearl every thorn, and scatter diamonds on the verdant mantle of the earth the forests are fresh and wholesome. What would you have? The moon shines too, though not fo lovers, these cold nights, but for astronomers.

[*Pope to Bishop Atterbury, in the Tower.*]

May 17, 1723.

Once more I write to you, as I promised, and thi once, I fear, will be the last! The curtain will soo be drawn between my friend and me, and nothir left but to wish you a long good-night.[1] May yo enjoy a state of repose in this life not unlike tha sleep of the soul which some have believed is to suc ceed it, where we lie utterly forgetful of that worl from which we are gone, and ripening for that t which we are to go. If you retain any memory o the past, let it only image to you what has pleasec you best; sometimes present a dream of an absent friend, or bring you back an agreeable conversation But, upon the whole, I hope you will think less of the time past than of the future, as the former has been less kind to you than the latter infallibly will be. Do not envy the world your studies; they will tend to the benefit of men against whom you can have no complaint; I mean of all posterity: and, perhaps, at your time of life, nothing else is worth your care What is every year of a wise man's life but a censure or critic on the past? Those whose date is the shortest, live long enough to laugh at one half of it the boy despises the infant, the man the boy, the philosopher both, and the Christian all. You may now begin to think your manhood was too much a puerility, and you will never suffer your age to be but a second infancy. The toys and baubles of your childhood are hardly now more below you, than those toys of our riper and our declining years, the drums and rattles of ambition, and the dirt and bubbles of avarice. At this time, when you are cut off from a little society, and made a citizen of the world at large, you should bend your talents, not to serve a party or a few, but all mankind. Your genius should mount above that mist in which its participation and neighbourhood with earth long involved it; to shine abroad, and to heaven, ought to be the business and the glory of your present situation. Remember it was at such a time that the greatest lights of antiquity dazzled and blazed the most, in their retreat, in their exile, or in their death. But why do I talk of dazzling or blazing?—it was then that they did good, that they gave light, and that they became guides to mankind.

Those aims alone are worthy of spirits truly great, and such I therefore hope will be yours. Resentment, indeed, may remain, perhaps cannot be quite extinguished in the noblest minds; but revenge never will harbour there. Higher principles than those of the first, and better principles than those of the latter, will infallibly influence men whose thoughts and whose hearts are enlarged, and cause them to prefer the whole to any part of mankind, especially to so small a part as one's single self.

Believe me, my lord, I look upon you as a spirit entered into another life, as one just upon the edge of immortality, where the passions and affections must be much more exalted, and where you ought to despise all little views and all mean retrospects. Nothing is worth your looking back; and, therefore, look forward, and make (as you can) the world look after you. But take care that it be not with pity, but with esteem and admiration.

I am, with the greatest sincerity and passion for your fame as well as happiness, your, &c.

[1] The bishop went into exile the following month.

Pope was one of the authors of the *Memoirs of Martinus Scriblerus*, where he has lavished much wit on subjects which are now mostly of little interest. He has ridiculed 'Burnet's History of his Own Times' with infinite humour in *Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish*; and he contributed several papers to the 'Guardian.' His prose works contain also a collection of *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, a few of which are here subjoined:—

[*Party Zeal.*]

There never was any party, faction, sect, or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead. However, such instruments are necessary to politicians; and perhaps it may be with states as with clocks, which must have some dead weight hanging at them, to help and regulate the motion of the finer and more useful parts.

[*Acknowledgment of Error.*]

A man should never be ashamed to own he has been in the wrong, which is but saying, in other words, that he is wiser to day than he was yesterday.

[*Disputation.*]

What Tully says of war may be applied to disputing; it should be always so managed, as to remember that the only true end of it is peace; but generally true disputants are like true sportsmen, their whole delight is in the pursuit; and a disputant no more cares for the truth than the sportsman for the hare.

[*Censorious People.*]

Such as are still observing upon others, are like those who are always abroad at other men's houses, reforming everything there, while their own runs to ruin.

[*Growing Virtuous in Old Age.*]

When men grow virtuous in their old age, they only make a sacrifice to God of the devil's leavings.

[*Lying.*]

He who tells a lie is not sensible how great a task he undertakes; for he must be forced to invent twenty more to maintain one.

[*Hostile Critics.*]

Get your enemies to read your works, in order to mend them; for your friend is so much your second-self, that he will judge, too, like you.

[*Sectarian Differences.*]

There is nothing wanting to make all rational and disinterested people in the world of one religion, but that they should talk together every day.

[*How to be Reputed a Wise Man.*]

A short and certain way to obtain the character of a reasonable and wise man is, whenever any one tells you his opinion, to comply with him.

[*Avarice.*]

The character of covetousness is what a man generally acquires more through some niggardliness or ill grace in little and inconsiderable things, than in expenses of any consequence. A very few pounds a year would ease that man of the scandal of avarice.

[*Minister Acquiring and Losing Office.*]

A man coming to the water-side, is surrounded by all the crew; every one is officious, every one making applications, every one offering his services; the whole bustle of the place seems to be only for him. The same man going from the water-side, no noise made about him, no creature takes notice of him, all let him pass with utter neglect! The picture of a minister when he comes into power, and when he goes out.

[*Receipt to make an Epic Poem.*]

[From 'The Guardian.']

It is no small pleasure to me, who am zealous in the interests of learning, to think I may have the honour of leading the town into a very new and uncommon road of criticism. As that kind of literature is at present carried on, it consists only in a knowledge of mechanic rules, which contribute to the structure of different sorts of poetry; as the receipts of good housewives do to the making puddings of flour, oranges, plums, or any other ingredients. It would, methinks, make these my instructions more easily intelligible to ordinary readers, if I discoursed of these matters in the style in which ladies, learned in economics, dictate to their pupils for the improvement of the kitchen and larder.

I shall begin with Epic Poetry, because the critics agree it is the greatest work human nature is capable of. I know the French have already laid down many mechanical rules for compositions of this sort, but at the same time they cut off almost all undertakers from the possibility of ever performing them; for the first qualification they unanimously require in a poet is a genius. I shall here endeavour (for the benefit of my countrymen) to make it manifest that Epic Poems may be made 'without a genius;' nay, without learning or much reading. This must necessarily be of great use to all those poets who confess they never read, and of whom the world is convinced they never learn. What Moliere observes of making a dinner, that any man can do it with money; and, if a professed cook cannot without, he has his art for nothing: the same may be said of making a poem; it is easily brought about by him that has a genius; but the skill lies in doing it without one. In pursuance of this end, I shall present the reader with a plain and certain recipe, by which even sonneteers and ladies may be qualified for this grand performance.

I know it will be objected, that one of the chief qualifications of an Epic Poet, is to be knowing in all arts and sciences. But this ought not to discourage those that have no learning, as long as indexes and dictionaries may be had, which are the compendium of all knowledge. Besides, since it is an established rule, that none of the terms of those arts and sciences are to be made use of, one may venture to affirm, our poet cannot impertinently offend on this point. The learning which will be more particularly necessary to him, is the ancient geography of towns, mountains, and rivers. For this let him take Cluverius, value four-pence.

Another quality required, is a complete skill in languages. To this I answer, that it is notorious persons of no genius have been oftentimes great linguists. To instance in the Greek, of which there are two sorts; the original Greek, and that from which our modern authors translate. I should be unwilling to promise impossibilities; but, modestly speaking, this may be learned in about an hour's time with ease. I have known one who became a sudden professor of Greek immediately upon application of the left-hand page of the Cambridge Homer to his eye. It is, in these days, with authors as with other men, the well-bred are familiarly acquainted with them at first sight: and as it is sufficient for a good general to have surveyed the ground he is to conquer, so it is enough for a good poet to have seen the author he is to be master of. But to proceed to the purpose of this paper.

For the Fable.—'Take out of any old poem, history-book, romance, or legend (for instance, Geoffrey of Monmouth, or Don Belianis of Greece), those parts of story which afford most scope for long descriptions: put these pieces together, and throw all the adventures you fancy into one tale. Then take a hero whom you may choose for the sound of his name, and put him into the midst of these adventures: there let him work for twelve hours; at the end of which, you may take him out ready prepared to conquer or to marry; it being necessary that the conclusion of an Epic Poem be fortunate.'

To make an Episode. 'Take any remaining adventure of our former collection, in which you could no way involve your hero; or any unfortunate accident that was too good to be thrown away; and it will be of use, applied to any other person who may be lost and evaporate in the course of the work, without the least damage to the composition.'

For the Moral and Allegory. 'These you may extract out of the Fable afterwards at your leisure. Be sure you strain them sufficiently.'

For the Manners.—'For those of the hero, take all the best qualities you can find in all the celebrated heroes of antiquity; if they will not be reduced to a consistency, lay them all on a heap upon him. But be sure they are qualities which your patron would be thought to have; and to prevent any mistake which the world may be subject to, select from the alphabet those capital letters that compose his name, and set them at the head of a dedication before your poem. However, do not absolutely observe the exact quantity of these virtues, it not being determined whether or no it be necessary for the hero of a poem to be an honest man.——For the under characters, gather them from Homer and Virgil, and change the name as occasion serves.'

For the Machines.—'Take of deities, male and female, as many as you can use; separate them into two equal parts, and keep Jupiter in the middle. Let Juno put him in a ferment, and Venus mollify him. Remember on all occasions to make use of volatile Mercury. If you have need of devils, draw them out of Milton's Paradise, and extract your spirits from Tasso. The use of these machines is evident; for since no Epic Poem can possibly subsist without them, the wisest way is to reserve them for your greatest necessities. When you cannot extricate your hero by any human means, or yourself by your own wits, seek relief from Heaven, and the gods will do your business very readily. This is according to the direct prescription of Horace in his Art of Poetry.

> Nec deus intersit, nisi dignus vindice nodus
> Inciderit————
>
> Never presume to make a god appear,
> But for a business worthy of a god.—ROSCOMMON.

That is to say, a poet should never call upon the gods for their assistance, but when he is in great perplexity.'

For the Descriptions.—For a Tempest. 'Take Eurus, Zephyr, Auster, and Boreas, and cast them together into one verse: add to these, of rain, lightning, and of thunder (the loudest you can), *quantum sufficit*. Mix your clouds and billows well together until they foam, and thicken your description here and there with a quicksand. Brew your tempest well in your head before you set it a-blowing.'

For a Battle. 'Pick a large quantity of images and descriptions from Homer's Iliads, with a spice of

two of Virgil; and if there remain any overplus, you may lay them by for a skirmish. Season it well with similes, and it will make an excellent battle.'

For Burning a Town. 'If such a description be necessary, because it is certain there is one in Virgil, Old Troy is ready burnt to your hands. But if you fear that would be thought borrowed, a chapter or two of the Theory of the Conflagration, well circumstanced, and done into verse, will be a good succedaneum.'

As for Similes and Metaphors, they may be found all over the creation; the most ignorant may gather them; but the danger is in applying them. For this advise with your bookseller.

For the Language.—(I mean the diction.) 'Here it will do well to be an imitator of Milton, for you will find it easier to imitate him in this than anything else. Hebraisms and Grecisms are to be found in him, without the trouble of learning the languages. I knew a painter, who (like our poet) had no genius, make his daubings to be thought originals by setting them in the smoke. You may, in the same manner, give the venerable air of antiquity to your piece, by darkening it up and down with Old English. With this you may be easily furnished upon any occasion by the dictionary commonly printed at the end of Chaucer.

I must not conclude without cautioning all writers without genius in one material point; which is, never to be afraid of having too much fire in their works. I should advise rather to take their warmest thoughts, and spread them abroad upon paper, for they are observed to cool before they are read.

DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT.

DR JOHN ARBUTHNOT, the friend of Pope, Swift, Gay, and Prior, was associated with his brother wits in some of the humorous productions of the day, called forth chiefly by political events. They were all Jacobites, and keenly interested in the success of their party. Arbuthnot was born at a place of the same name in Kincardineshire, and having studied medicine, repaired to London, where he became known as an author and a wit. He wrote an *Examination of Dr Woodward's Account of the Deluge*, and an *Essay on the Usefulness of Mathematical Learning*. In 1709 Arbuthnot was appointed physician in ordinary to the queen. The satirical *Memoirs of the Extraordinary Life, Works, and Discoveries of Martinus Scriblerus*, published in Pope's works, was chiefly, if not wholly, written by Arbuthnot. The design of this work, as stated by Pope, is to ridicule all the false tastes in learning, under the character of a man of capacity, that had dipped into every art and science, but injudiciously in each. Cer- the model of the witty authors; but though they may have copied his grave irony with success, the fine humanity and imagination of the Spanish novelist are wholly wanting in Scriblerus. It is highly probable, however, that the character of Cornelius Scriblerus suggested to Sterne the idea of Walter Shandy. His oddities and absurdities about the education of his son (in scribing which Arbuthnot evinces his curious learn- are fully equal to Sterne. are thrown out amidst the ridicule and pedantry of Scriblerus; and what are now termed *object lessons* in some schools, may have been derived from such ludicrous passages as the following:—'The old gentleman so contrived it, to make everything contribute to the improvement of his knowledge, even to his very dress. He invented for him a geographical suit of clothes, which might give him some hints of that science, and likewise some knowledge of the commerce of different nations. He had a French hat with an African feather, Holland shirts and Flanders lace, English cloth lined with Indian silk; his gloves were Italian, and his shoes were Spanish. He was made to observe this, and daily catechised thereupon, which his father was wont to call "travelling at home." *He never gave him a fig or an orange, but he obliged him to give an account from what country it came.*'

A more complete and durable monument of the wit and humour of Arbuthnot is his *History of John Bull*, published in 1712, and designed to ridicule the Duke of Marlborough, and render the nation discontented with the war. The allegory in this piece is well sustained, and the satirical allusions poignant and happy. Of the same description is Arbuthnot's *Treatise concerning the Altercation or Scolding of the Ancients*, and his *Art of Political Lying*. always pointed, and rich in classical allusion, without being acrimonious or personally offensive. Of the serious performances of Arbuthnot, the most valuable is a series of dissertations on ancient coins, weights, and measures. He published also some medical works. After the death of Queen Anne, when, both as a physician and a politician, Arbuthnot suffered a heavy loss, he applied himself closely to his profession, and continued his unaffected cheerfulness and good nature. In his latter years he suffered much from ill health: he died in 1735. The most severe and dignified of the occasional productions of Dr Arbuthnot is his epitaph on Colonel Chartres, a notorious gambler and money-lender of the day, tried and condemned for attempting to commit a rape:—

'Here continueth to rot the body of Francis Chartres, who, with an inflexible constancy, and inimitable uniformity of life, persisted, in spite of age and infirmities, in the practice of every human vice, excepting prodigality and hypocrisy; his insatiable avarice exempted him from the first, his matchless impudence from the second. Nor was he more singular in the undeviating pravity of his manners than successful in accumulating wealth; for, without trade or profession, without trust of public money, and without bribe-worthy service, he acquired, or more properly created, a ministerial estate. He was the only person of his time who could cheat with the mask of honesty, retain his primeval meanness when possessed of ten thousand a-year, and having daily deserved the gibbet for what he did, was at last condemned to it for what he could not do. Oh, indignant reader! think not his life useless to mankind. Providence connived at his execrable designs, to give to after ages a conspicuous proof and example of how small estimation is exorbitant wealth in the sight of God, by his bestowing it on the most unworthy of all mortals.'

The History of John Bull.

CHAP. I.—*The Occasion of the Law-Suit.*—I need not tell you of the great quarrels that happened in our neighbourhood since the death of the late Lord Strutt;[1] how the parson[2] and a cunning attorney[3] got him to settle his estate upon his cousin Philip Baboon,[4] to the great disappointment of his cousin Esquire South.[5] Some stick not to say, that the parson and the attorney forged a will, for which they were well paid by the family of the Baboons. Let that be as

[1] Charles II. of Spain died without issue, and [2] Cardinal Portocarero, and the [3] Marshal of Harcourt, employed, as is supposed, by the house of Bourbon, prevailed upon him to make a will, by which he settled the succession of the Spanish monarchy upon [4] Philip Bourbon, Duke of Anjou, though his right had by the most solemn renunciations been barred in favour of [5] the Archduke, Charles of Austria.

it will, it is matter of fact, that the honour and estate have continued ever since in the person of Philip Baboon.

You know that the Lord Strutts have for many years been possessed of a very great landed estate, well-conditioned, wooded, watered, with coal, salt, tin, copper, iron, &c., all within themselves; that it has been the misfortune of that family to be the property of their stewards, tradesmen, and inferior servants, which has brought great incumbrances upon them; at the same time, their not abating of their expensive way of living has forced them to mortgage their best manors. It is credibly reported, that the butcher's and baker's bill of a Lord Strutt that lived two hundred years ago, are not yet paid.

When Philip Baboon came first to the possession of the Lord Strutt's estate, his tradesmen, as is usual upon such occasions, waited upon him to wish him joy and bespeak his custom; the two chief were John Bull[1] the clothier, and Nic. Frog the linen-draper.[2] They told him that the Bulls and Frogs had served the Lord Strutts with drapery ware for many years, that they were honest and fair dealers, that their bills had never been questioned, that the Lord Strutts lived generously, and never used to dirty their fingers with pen, ink, and counters; that his lordship might depend upon their honesty; that they would use him as kindly as they had done his predecessors. The young lord seemed to take all in good part, and dismissed them with a deal of seeming content, assuring them he did not intend to change any of the honourable maxims of his predecessors.

Chap. II.—*How Bull and Frog grew jealous that the Lord Strutt intended to give all his custom to his grandfather, Lewis Baboon.*[3]—It happened unfortunately for the peace of our neighbourhood, that this young lord had an old cunning rogue, or (as the Scots call it) *a false loom* of a grandfather, that one might justly call a Jack of all trades;[4] sometimes you would see him behind his counter selling broad-cloth, sometimes measuring linen; next day he would be dealing in mercery ware; high heads, ribbons, gloves, fans, and lace, he understood to a nicety; Charles Mather could not bubble a young beau better with a toy; nay, he would descend even to the selling of tape, garters, and shoebuckles. When shop was shut up, he would go about the neighbourhood and earn half-a-crown by teaching the young men and maidens to dance. By these methods he had acquired immense riches, which he used to squander[5] away at back-sword, quarter-staff, and cudgel-play, in which he took great pleasure, and challenged all the country. You will say it is no wonder if Bull and Frog should be jealous of this fellow. 'It is not impossible (says Frog to Bull) but this old rogue will take the management of the young lord's business into his hands; besides, the rascal has good ware, and will serve him as cheap as anybody. In that case, I leave you to judge what must become of us and our families; we must starve, or turn journeymen to old Lewis Baboon; therefore, neighbour, I hold it advisable that we write to young Lord Strutt to know the bottom of this matter.'

Chap. III.—*A copy of Bull and Frog's Letter to Lord Strutt.*—My Lord—I suppose your lordship knows that the Bulls and the Frogs have served the Lord Strutts with all sorts of drapery-ware time out of mind; and whereas we are jealous, not without reason, that your lordship intends henceforth to buy of your grandsire, old Lewis Baboon, this is to inform your lordship that this proceeding does not suit with the circumstances of our families, who have lived and made a good figure in the world by the generosity of the Lord Strutts. Therefore we think fit to acquaint your lordship, that you must find sufficient security[1] to us, our heirs and assigns, that you will not employ Lewis Baboon; or else we will take our remedy at law, clap an action upon you of L.20,000 for old debts, seize and distrain your goods and chattels, which, considering your lordship's circumstances, will plunge you into difficulties from which it will not be easy to extricate yourself; therefore we hope, when your lordship has better considered on it, you will comply with the desire of, your loving friends, John Bull, Nic. Frog.

Some of Bull's friends advised him to take gentler methods with the young lord; but John naturally loved rough play. It is impossible to express the surprise of the Lord Strutt upon the receipt of this letter. He was not flush in ready either to go to law, or clear old debts, neither could he find good bail. He offered to bring matters to a friendly accommodation, and promised upon his word of honour that he would not change his drapers. But all to no purpose, for Bull and Frog saw clearly that old Lewis would have the cheating of him.

Chap. IV.—*How Bull and Frog went to Law with Lord Strutt about the Premises, and were joined by the rest of the Tradesmen.*—All endeavours of accommodation between Lord Strutt and his drapers proved vain; jealousies increased; and indeed it was rumoured abroad that Lord Strutt had bespoke his new liveries of old Lewis Baboon. This coming to Mrs Bull's[2] ears, when John Bull came home, he found all his family in an uproar. Mrs Bull, you must know, was very apt to be choleric. 'You sot,' says she, 'you loiter about alehouses and taverns, spend your time at billiards, ninepins, or puppet-shows, or flaunt about the streets in your new gilt chariot, never minding me nor your numerous family. Don't you hear how Lord Strutt has bespoke his liveries at Lewis Baboon's shop? Don't you see how that old fox steals away your customers, and turns you out of your business every day, and you sit like an idle drone with your hands in your pockets? Fie upon it! up, man; rouse thyself; I'll sell to my shift before I'll be so used by that knave.' You must think Mrs Bull had been pretty well tuned up by Frog, who chimed in with her learned harangue. No further delay now, but to counsel learned in the law they go, who unanimously assured them both of the justice and infallible success of their lawsuit.

I told you before, that old Lewis Baboon was a sort of a Jack of all trades, which made the rest of the tradesmen jealous, as well as Bull and Frog; they, hearing of the quarrel, were glad of an opportunity of joining against old Lewis Baboon, provided that Bull and Frog would bear the charges of the suit; even lying Ned,[3] the chimney sweeper of Savoy, and Tom,[4] the Portugal dustman, put in their claims; and the cause was put into the hands of Humphry Hocus,[5] the attorney.

A declaration was drawn up to show, 'That Bull

[1] The English and [2] the Dutch congratulated Philip upon a succession, which they were not able to prevent; but to disappoint the ambition of [3] Louis XIV., and hinder the French nation, whose [4] trade and character are thus described, and whose king had a [5] strong disposition to war, from becoming too potent, an alliance was formed to 'procure a reasonable satisfaction to the house of Austria for its pretensions to the Spanish succession, and sufficient

[1] security to England and Holland for their dominions, navigation, and commerce, and to prevent the union of the two monarchies, France and Spain.' To effect these purposes, Queen Anne was, by [2] the parliament, precipitated into the war as a principal. Among her allies were [3] the Duke of Savoy and [4] the king of Portugal; and [5] John Churchill, Duke of Marlborough, was appointed general-in-chief of the confederate army.

and Frog had undoubted right by prescription to be drapers to the Lord Strutts; that there were several old contracts to that purpose; that Lewis Baboon had taken up the trade of clothier and draper, without serving his time or purchasing his freedom; that he sold goods that were not marketable without the stamp; that he himself was more fit for a bully than a tradesman, and went about through all the country fairs challenging people to fight prizes, wrestling and cudgel-play; and abundance more to this purpose.

CHAP. V.—*The true characters of John Bull, Nic Frog, and Hocus.*—For the better understanding the following history, the reader ought to know, that Bull in the main, was an honest plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him: if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accompts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion; for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously. By plain and fair dealing, John had acquired some plums, and might have kept them, had it not been for his unhappy lawsuit.

Nic. Frog was a cunning sly rogue, quite the reverse of John in many particulars; covetous, frugal minded domestic affairs; would pinch his belly to save his pocket; never lost a farthing by careless servants or bad debtors. He did not care much for any sort of diversions, except tricks of high German artists, and legerdemain; no man exceeded Nic. in these; yet, it must be owned, that Nic. was a fair dealer, and in that way acquired immense riches.

Hocus was an old cunning attorney; and though this was the first considerable suit that ever he was engaged in, he showed himself superior in address to most of his profession; he kept always good clerks; he loved money, was smooth-tongued, gave good words, and seldom lost his temper; he was not worse than an infidel, for he provided plentifully for his family; but he loved himself better than them all: the neighbours reported that he was henpecked, which was impossible by such a mild-spirited woman as his wife was.[1]

CHAP. VI.—*Of the various success of the Lawsuit.*—Law is a bottomless pit; it is a cormorant, a harpy that devours everything. John Bull was flattered by the lawyers, that his suit would not last above a year or two at most; that before that time he would be in quiet possession of his business; yet ten long years did Hocus steer his cause through all the meanders of the law, and all the courts. No skill, no address was wanting; and, to say truth, John did not starve his cause; there wanted not yellow-boys to fee counsel, hire witnesses, and bribe juries. Lord Strutt was generally cast, never had one verdict in his favour;[2] and John was promised that the next, and the next, would be the final determination. But alas! that final determination and happy conclusion was like an enchanted island; the nearer John came to it, the further it went from him. New trials upon new points still arose; new doubts, new matters to be cleared; in short, lawyers seldom part with so good a cause till they have got the oyster, and their clients the shell. John's ready money, book-debts, bonds, mortgages, all went into the lawyer's pockets. Then John began to borrow money upon bank-stock and East India bonds. Now and then a farm went to pot. At last[1] it was thought a good expedient to set up Esquire South's title to prove the will forged, and dispossess Philip Lord Strutt at once. Here again was a new field for the lawyers, and the cause grew more intricate than ever. John grew madder and madder; wherever he met any of Lord Strutt's servants, he tore off their clothes. Now and then you would see them come home naked, without shoes, stockings, and linen. As for old Lewis Baboon, he was reduced to his last shift, though he had as many as any other. His children were reduced from rich silks to Doily stuffs, his servants in rags and bare-footed; instead of good victuals, they now lived upon neck-beef and bullock's liver. In short, nobody got much by the matter but the men of law.

CHAP. VII.—*How John Bull was so mightily pleased with his success, that he was going to leave off his trade and turn Lawyer.*—It is wisely observed by a great philosopher, that habit is a second nature. This was verified in the case of John Bull, who, from an honest and plain tradesman, had got such a haunt about the courts of justice, and such a jargon of law words, that he concluded himself as able a lawyer as any that pleaded at the bar or sat on the bench: He was overheard one day talking to himself after this manner:—'How capriciously does fate or chance dispose of mankind! How seldom is that business allotted to a man for which he is fitted by nature! It is plain I was intended for a man of law: how did my guardians mistake my genius in placing me, like a mean slave, behind a counter! Bless me! what immense estates these fellows raise by the law; besides, it is the profession of a gentleman. What a pleasure is it to be victorious in a cause, to swagger at the bar. What a fool am I to drudge any more in this woollen trade: for a lawyer I was born, and a lawyer I will be: one is never too old to learn.'[2] All this while John had conned over such a catalogue of hard words, as were enough to conjure up the devil; these he used to babble indifferently in all companies, especially at coffee-houses; so that his neighbour tradesmen began to shun his company as a man that was cracked. Instead of the affairs at Blackwell-hall and price of broad cloth, wool, and baizes, he talks of nothing but actions upon the case, returns, capias, alias capias, demurrers, venire facias, replevins, supersedeas's, certioraris, writs of error, actions of trover and conversion, trespasses, precipes and dedimus. This was matter of jest to the learned in law; however, Hocus and the rest of the tribe encouraged John in his fancy, assuring him that he had a great genius for law, that they questioned not but in time he might raise money enough by it to reimburse him all his charges; that, if he studied, he would undoubtedly arrive to the dignity of a lord chief justice.[3] As for the advice of honest friends and neighbours, John despised it; he looked upon them as fellows of a low genius, poor grovelling mechanics. John reckoned it more honour to have got one favourable verdict, than to have sold a bale of broad-cloth. As for Nic. Frog, to say the truth, he was more prudent; for, though

[1] The Duchess of Marlborough was in reality a termagant.

[2] The war was carried on against France and Spain with great success, and a peace might have been concluded upon the principles of the alliance; but a partition of the Spanish dominions in favour of the house of Austria, and an engagement that the same person should never be king of France and Spain, were not now thought sufficient.

[1] It was insisted that the will in favour of Philip was contrary to treaty; and there was a parliamentary declaration for continuing the war, till he should be dethroned.

[2] The manners and sentiments of the nation became extravagant and chimerical.

[3] Hold the balance of power.

he followed his lawsuit closely, he neglected not his ordinary business, but was both in court and in his shop at the proper hours. * *

PART II. CHAP. I.—*The character of John Bull's Mother.*[1]—John had a mother, whom he loved and honoured extremely; a discreet, grave, sober, good-conditioned, cleanly old gentlewoman as ever lived; she was none of your cross-grained, termagant, scolding jades, that one had as good be hanged as live in the house with, such as are always censuring the conduct, and telling scandalous stories of their neighbours, extolling their own good qualities, and undervaluing those of others. On the contrary, she was of a meek spirit, and, as she was strictly virtuous herself, so she always put the best construction upon the words and actions of her neighbours, except where they were irreconcilable to the rules of honesty and decency. She was neither one of your precise prudes, nor one of your fantastical old belles, that dress themselves like girls of fifteen; as she neither wore a ruff, forehead-cloth, nor high-crowned hat, so she had laid aside feathers, flowers, and crimpt ribbons in her head-dress, furbelo scarfs, and hooped petticoats. She scorned to patch and paint, yet she loved to keep her hands and her face clean. Though she wore no flaunting laced ruffles, she would not keep herself in a constant sweat with greasy flannel; though her hair was not stuck with jewels, she was not ashamed of a diamond cross: she was not, like some ladies, hung about with toys and trinkets, tweezer-cases, pocket-glasses, and essence bottles; she used only a gold watch and an almanac, to mark the hours and the holidays.

Her furniture was neat and genteel, well fancied with a bon gout. As she affected not the grandeur of a state with a canopy, she thought there was no offence in an elbow-chair; she had laid aside your carving, gilding, and japan work, as being too apt to gather dirt; but she never could be prevailed upon to part with plain wainscot and clean hangings. There are some ladies that affect to smell a stink in everything; they are always highly perfumed, and continually burning frankincense in their rooms; she was above such affectation, yet she never would lay aside the use of brooms and scrubbing brushes, and scrupled not to lay her linen in fresh lavender.

She was no less genteel in her behaviour, well-bred, without affectation, in the due mean between one of your affected curtsying pieces of formality, and your romps that have no regard to the common rules of civility. There are some ladies that affect a mighty regard for their relations: we must not eat to-day, for my uncle Tom, or my cousin Betty, died this time ten years; let's have a ball to-night, it is my neighbour such-a-one's birth-day. She looked upon all this as grimace, yet she constantly observed her husband's birth-day, her wedding-day, and some few more.

Though she was a truly good woman, and had a sincere motherly love for her son John, yet there wanted not those who endeavoured to create a misunderstanding between them, and they had so far prevailed with him once, that he turned her out of doors,[2] to his great sorrow, as he found afterwards, for his affairs went on at sixes and sevens.

She was no less judicious in the turn of her conversation and choice of her studies, in which she far exceeded all her sex; your rakes that hate the company of all sober grave gentlewomen, would bear hers; and she would, by her handsome manner of proceeding, sooner reclaim them than some that were more sour and reserved. She was a zealous preacher up of chastity, and conjugal fidelity in wives, and by no means a friend to the new-fangled doctrine of the indispensable duty of cuckoldom; though she advanced her opinions with a becoming assurance, yet she never ushered them in, as some positive creatures will do, with dogmatical assertions—this is infallible; I cannot be mistaken; none but a rogue can deny it. It has been observed, that such people are oftener in the wrong than anybody.

Though she had a thousand good qualities, she was not without her faults, amongst which one might perhaps reckon too great lenity to her servants, to whom she always gave good counsel, but often too gentle correction. I thought I could not say less of John Bull's mother, because she bears a part in the following transactions.

CHAP. II.—*The character of John Bull's sister*[1] *Peg, with the quarrels that happened between Master and Miss in their childhood.*—John had a sister, a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; anybody would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel stepdame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness; and no wonder, for John was the darling; he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master lay in the best apartment, with his bedchamber towards the south sun; miss lodged in a garret, exposed to the north wind, which shrivelled her countenance. However, this usage, though it stunted the girl in her growth, gave her a hardy constitution; she had life and spirit in abundance, and knew when she was ill-used: now and then she would seize upon John's commons, snatch a leg of a pullet, or a bit of good beef, for which they were sure to go to fisty-cuffs. Master was indeed too strong for her; but miss would not yield in the least point, but even when master has got her down, she would scratch and bite like a tiger; when he gave her a cuff on the ear, she would prick him with her knitting-needle. John brought a great chain one day to tie her to the bedpost, for which affront miss aimed a penknife at his heart.[2] In short, these quarrels grew up to rooted aversions; they gave one another nick-names; she called him gundy-guts, and he called her lousy Peg, though the girl was a tight clever wench as any was; and through her pale looks you might discern spirit and vivacity, which made her not, indeed, a perfect beauty, but something that was agreeable. It was barbarous in parents not to take notice of these early quarrels, and make them live better together, such domestic feuds proving afterwards the occasion of misfortunes to them both. Peg had, indeed, some odd humours and comical antipathy, for which John would jeer her. 'What think you of my sister Peg (says he), that faints at the sound of an organ, and yet will dance and frisk at the noise of a bag-pipe!' 'What's that to you, gundy-guts! (quoth Peg) everybody's to choose their own music.' Then Peg had taken a fancy not to say her pater noster, which made people imagine strange things of her. Of the three brothers that have made such a clutter in the world, Lord Peter, Martin, and Jack,[3] Jack had of late been her inclinations: Lord Peter she detested; nor did Martin stand much better in her good graces; but Jack had found the way to her heart. * *

[1] The church of England.

[2] In the rebellion of 1641.

[1] The nation and church of Scotland.

[2] Henry VIII., to unite the two kingdoms under one sovereign, offered his daughter Mary to James V. of Scotland, this offer was rejected, and followed by a war: to this event probably the author alludes. See page 306 of this volume.

[3] The Pope, Luther, and Calvin.

The following extract will serve as a specimen of Dr Arbuthnot's serious composition. It is taken from an essay on the

Usefulness of Mathematical Learning.

The advantages which accrue to the mind by mathematical studies, consist chiefly in these things 1st, In accustoming it to *attention*. 2d, In giving it habit of *close* and *demonstrative reasoning*. 3d, In freeing it from *prejudice, credulity, and superstition*.

First, the mathematics make the mind attentive to the objects which it considers. This they do by entertaining it with a great variety of truths, which are delightful and evident, but not obvious. Truth is the same thing to the understanding as music to the ear and beauty to the eye. The pursuit of it does really as much gratify a natural faculty implanted in us by our wise Creator, as the pleasing of our senses: only in the former case, as the object and faculty are more spiritual, the delight is the more pure, free from the regret, turpitude, lassitude, and intemperance, that commonly attend sensual pleasures. The most part of other sciences consisting only of probable reasonings, the mind has not where to fix, and wanting sufficient principles to pursue its searches upon, gives them over as impossible. Again, as in mathematical investigations truth may be found, so it is not always obvious. This spurs the mind, and makes it diligent and attentive. * *

The second advantage which the mind reaps from mathematical knowledge, is a habit of clear, demonstrative, and methodical reasoning. We are contrived by nature to learn by imitation more than by precept; and I believe in that respect reasoning is much like other inferior arts (as dancing, singing, &c.), acquired by practice. By accustoming ourselves to reason closely about quantity, we acquire a habit of doing so in other things. It is surprising to see what superficial inconsequential reasonings satisfy the most part of mankind. A piece of wit, a jest, a simile, or a quotation of an author, passes for a mighty argument: with such things as these are the most part of authors stuffed; and from these weighty premises they infer their conclusions. This weakness and effeminacy of mankind, in being persuaded where they are delighted, have made them the sport of orators, poets, and men of wit. Those *lumina orationis* are indeed good diversion for the fancy, but are not [illegible] business of the understanding; and where a man pretends to write on abstract subjects in a scientifical method, he ought not to debauch in them. Logical precepts are more useful, nay, they are absolutely necessary, for a rule of formal arguing in public disputations, and confounding an obstinate and perverse adversary, and exposing him to the audience or readers. But, in the search of truth, an imitation of the method of the geometers will carry a man farther than all the dialectical rules. Their analysis is the proper model we ought to form ourselves upon, and imitate in the regular disposition and progress of our inquiries; and even he who is ignorant of the nature of mathematical analysis, uses a method somewhat analogous to it. The *composition* of the geometers, or their method of demonstrating truths already found out, namely, by definitions of words agreed upon, by self-evident truths, and propositions that have been already demonstrated, is practicable in other subjects, though not to the same perfection, the natural want of evidence in the things themselves not allowing it; but it is imitable to a considerable degree. I dare appeal to some writings of our own age and nation, the authors of which have been mathematically inclined. I shall add no more on this head, but that one who is accustomed to the methodical systems of truths which the geometers have reared up in the several branches of those sciences which they have cultivated, will hardly bear with the confusion and disorder of other sciences, but endeavour, as far as he can, to reform them.

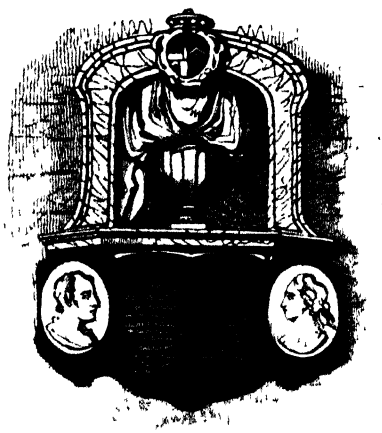
Thirdly, mathematical knowledge adds vigour to the mind, frees it from prejudice, credulity, and superstition. This it does in two ways: 1st, By accustoming us to examine, and not to take things upon trust. 2d, By giving us a clear and extensive knowledge of the system of the world, which, as it creates in us the most profound reverence of the Almighty and wise Creator, so it frees us from the mean and narrow thoughts which ignorance and superstition are apt to beget. * * The mathematics are friends to religion, inasmuch as they charm the passions, restrain the impetuosity of imagination, and purge the mind from error and prejudice. Vice is error, confusion, and false reasoning; and all truth is more or less opposite to it. Besides, mathematical studies may serve for a pleasant entertainment for those hours which young men are apt to throw away upon their vices; the delightfulness of them being such as to make solitude not only easy, but desirable.

LORD BOLINGBROKE.

HENRY ST JOHN VISCOUNT BOLINGBROKE was in his own day the most conspicuous and illustrious of that friendly band of Jacobite wits and poets who adorned the reigns of Anne and George I. He is now the least popular of the whole. St John was descended from an ancient family, and was born at Battersea, in Surrey, in 1672. He was educated at Eton and Oxford. After some years of dissipation he entered parliament, and was successively secretary at war and secretary of state. He was elevated

to the peerage in 1712. On the death of Queen Anne, the seals of office were taken from him, and he was threatened with impeachment for the share he had taken in negotiating the treaty of Utrecht. Bolingbroke retired to France, and entered into the Pretender's service as secretary. Here, also, he became unpopular, and was accused of neglect and incapacity. Dismissed from his second secretaryship, he had recourse to literature, and produced his *Reflections on Exile*, and a letter to Sir William Wyndham, containing a defence of his conduct. In 1723 he obtained a full pardon, and returned to England; his family inheritance was restored to him, but he was excluded from the House of Lords. He commenced an active opposition to Walpole, and wrote a number of political tracts against the Whig ministry. In 1735 he retired again to France, and resided there seven years, during which time he produced his *Letters on the Study of History*, and a *Letter on the True Use of Retirement*. The last ten years of his life were spent at Battersea. In 1749 appeared his *Letters on the Spirit of Patriotism*, and *Idea of a Patriot King*, with a preface by David Mallet, which led to a bitter and acrimonious war of pamphlets. Bolingbroke's treatise had been put into the hands of Pope, that he might have a few copies printed for private circulation. After the death of Pope, it was found that an impression of 1500 had been printed, and this Bolingbroke affected to consider a heinous breach of

trust. The transaction arose from Pope's admiration of his friend; he had 'not only expended his time in correcting the work, but his money in printing it, without any possibility of deriving from it either credit or advantage.' The anger of Bolingbroke is more justly considered to have been only a pretext, the real ground of offence being the poet's preference of Warburton, to whom he left the valuable property in his printed works. Bolingbroke died in 1751, and



Bolingbroke's Monument in Battersea Church.

Mallet (to whom he had left all his manuscripts) published a complete edition of his works in five volumes. A series of essays on religion and philosophy, first published in this collection, disclosed the noble author as an opponent of Christianity. Of lofty irregular views and character, vain, ambitious, and vindictive, yet eloquent and imaginative, we may admire, but cannot love Bolingbroke. The friendship of Pope was the brightest gem in his coronet; yet by one ungrateful and unfeeling act he sullied its lustre, and,

> Like the base Judean, threw a pearl away
> Richer than all his tribe.

The writings of Bolingbroke are animated by momentary or factious feeling, rather than by any fixed principle or philosophical views. In expression he is often vivid and felicitous, with a rambling yet lively style, and a power of moral painting that presents pictures to the eye of the mind. In one of his letters to Swift, we find him thus finely moralising—'We are both in the decline of life, my dear dean, and have been some years going down the hill; let us make the passage as smooth as we can. Let us fence against physical evil by care, and the use of those means which experience must have pointed out to us; let us fence against moral evil by philosophy. We may, nay (if we will follow nature and do not work up imagination against her plainest dictates) we shall, of course, grow every year more indifferent to life, and to the affairs and interests of a system out of which we are soon to go. This is much better than stupidity. The decay of passion strengthens philosophy, for passion may decay, and stupidity not succeed. *Passions* (says Pope, our divine, as you will see one time or other) are the *gales* of life; let us not complain that they do not blow a storm. What hurt does age do us in subduing what we toil to subdue all our lives? It is now six in the morning; I recall the time (and am glad it is over) when about this hour I used to be going to bed surfeited with pleasure, or jaded with business; my head often full of schemes, and my heart as often full of anxiety. Is it a misfortune, think you, that I rise at this hour refreshed, serene, and calm; that the past and even the present affairs of life stand like objects at a distance from me, where I can keep off the disagreeable, so as not to be strongly affected by them, and from whence I can draw the others nearer to me? Passions, in their force, would bring all these, nay, even future contingencies, about my ears at once, and reason would ill defend me in the scuffle.'

A loftier spirit of philosophy pervades the following eloquent sentence on the independence of the mind with respect to external circumstances and situation:—'Believe me, the providence of God has established such an order in the world, that of all which belongs to us, the least valuable parts can alone fall under the will of others. Whatever is best is safest, lies most out of the reach of human power, can neither be given nor taken away. Such is this great and beautiful work of nature—the world. Such is the mind of man, which contemplates and admires the world, where it makes the noblest part. These are inseparably ours; and as long as we remain in one, we shall enjoy the other. Let us march, therefore, intrepidly, wherever we are led by the course of human accidents. Wherever they lead us, on what coast soever we are thrown by them, we shall not find ourselves absolutely strangers. We shall meet with men and women, creatures of the same figure, endowed with the same faculties, and born under the same laws of nature. We shall see the same virtues and vices flowing from the same general principles, but varied in a thousand different and contrary modes, according to that infinite variety of laws and customs which is established for the same universal end—the preservation of society. We shall feel the same revolutions of seasons; and the same sun and moon will guide the course of our year. The same azure vault, bespangled with stars, will be everywhere spread over our heads. There is no part of the world from whence we may not admire those planets, which roll, like ours, in different orbits round the same central sun; from whence we may not discover an object still more stupendous, that army of fixed stars hung up in the immense space of the universe, innumerable suns, whose beams enlighten and cherish the unknown worlds which roll around them; and whilst I am ravished by such contemplations as these, whilst my soul is thus raised up to heaven, it imports me little what ground I tread upon.'

[*National Partiality and Prejudice.*]

There is scarce any folly or vice more epidemical among the sons of men than that ridiculous and hurtful vanity by which the people of each country are apt to prefer themselves to those of every other; and to make their own customs, and manners, and opinions, the standards of right and wrong, of true and false. The Chinese mandarins were strangely surprised, and almost incredulous, when the Jesuits showed them how small a figure their empire made in the general map of the world. * * Now, nothing can contribute more to prevent us from being tainted with this vanity, than to accustom ourselves early to contemplate the different nations of the earth, in that vast map which history spreads before us, in their rise and their fall, in their barbarous and civilised states, in the likeness and unlikeness of them all to one another, and of each to itself. By frequently renewing this prospect to the mind, the Mexican with his cap and coat of feathers, sacrificing a human victim to his god, will not appear more savage to our eyes than the Spaniard with a hat on his head, and a gonilla round

his neck, sacrificing [illegible] to his ambition, his avarice, and even the wantonness of his cruelty. I might show, by a multitude of other examples, how history prepares us for experience, and guides us in it; and many of these would be both curious and important. I might likewise bring several other instances, wherein history serves to purge the mind of those national partialities and prejudices that we are apt to contract in our education, and that experience for the most part rather confirms than removes; because it is for the most part confined, like our education. But I apprehend growing too prolix, and shall therefore conclude this head by observing, that though an early and proper application to the study of history will contribute extremely to keep our minds free from a ridiculous partiality in favour of our own country, and a vicious prejudice against others, yet the same study will create in us a preference of affection to our own country. There is a story told of Abgarus. He brought several beasts taken in different places to Rome, they say, and let them loose before Augustus; every beast ran immediately to that part of the circus where a parcel of earth taken from his native soil had been laid. *Credat Judæus Apella.* This tale might pass on Josephus; for in him, I believe, I read it; but surely the love of our country is a lesson of reason, not an institution of nature. Education and habit, obligation and interest, attach us to it, not instinct. It is, however, so necessary to be cultivated, and the prosperity of all societies, as well as the grandeur of some, depends upon it so much, that orators by their eloquence, and poets by their enthusiasm, have endeavoured to work up this precept of morality into a principle of passion. But the examples which we find in history, improved by the lively descriptions and the just applauses or censures of historians, will have a much better and more permanent effect than declamation, or song, or the dry ethics of mere philosophy.

[*Absurdity of Useless Learning.*]

Some [histories] are to be read, some are to be studied, and some may be neglected entirely, not only without detriment, but with advantage. Some are the proper objects of one man's curiosity, some of another's, and some of all men's; but all history is not an object of curiosity for any man. He who improperly, wantonly, and absurdly makes it so, indulges a [illegible]etite; the curiosity of one, like the other, devours ravenously, and without distinction, whatever falls in [illegible] way, but neither of them digests. They he[illegible] crudity upon crudity, and nourish and improve nothing but their distemper. Some such characters I have known, though it is not the most common extreme into which men are apt to fall. One of them I knew in this country. He joined to a more than athletic strength of body a prodigious memory, and to both a prodigious industry. He had read almost constantly twelve or fourteen hours a-day for five-and-twenty or thirty years, and had heaped as much learning as could be crowded into a [illegible]. In the course of my acquaintance with him, [illegible]ted him once or twice, not oftener; for I found this mass of learning of as little use to me as to the owner. The man was communicative enough; but nothing was distinct in his mind. How could it be otherwise? he had never spared time to think; all was [illegible]pull for they repeat exactly the hour of the day, and tell you neither more nor less than you desire to know. But when you asked this man a question, he overwhelmed you by pouring forth all that the several [illegible] of your question recalled to his memory; and if he omitted anything, it was that very thing to which the sense of the whole question should have led him or confined him. To ask him a question was to wind up a spring in his memory, that rattled on with vast rapidity and confused noise, till the force of it was spent; and you went away with all the noise in your ears, stunned and uninformed. I never left him that I was not ready to say to him, *Dieu vous fasse la grace de devenir moins savant!*—['God grant you a decrease of learning!']—a wish that La Mothe le Vayer mentions upon some occasion or other, and that he would have done well to have applied to himself upon many.

He who reads with discernment and choice, will acquire less learning, but more knowledge; and as this knowledge is collected with design, and cultivated with art and method, it will be at all times of immediate and ready use to himself and others.

Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
All ranged in order, and disposed with grace;
Nor thus alone the curious eye to please,
But to be found, when need requires, with ease.

You remember the verses, my lord, in our friend's Essay on Criticism, which was the work of his childhood almost; but is such a monument of good sense and poetry, as no other, that I know, has raised in his riper years.

He who reads without this discernment and choice, and, like Bodin's pupil, resolves to read all, will not have time, no, nor capacity neither, to do anything else. He will not be able to think, without which it is impertinent to read; nor to act, without which it is impertinent to think. He will assemble materials with much pains, and purchase them at much expense, and have neither leisure nor skill to frame them into proper scantlings, or to prepare them for use. To what purpose should he husband his time, or learn architecture? he has no design to build. But then, to what purpose all these quarries of stone, all these mountains of sand and lime, all these forests of oak and deal?

[*Unreasonableness of Complaints of the Shortness of Human Life.*]

I think very differently from most men, of the time we have to pass, and the business we have to do, in this world. I think we have more of one, and less of the other, than is commonly supposed. Our want of time, and the shortness of human life, are some of the principal commonplace complaints, which we prefer against the established order of things; they are the grumblings of the vulgar, and the pathetic lamentations of the philosopher; but they are impertinent and impious in both. The man of business despises the man of pleasure for squandering his time away; the man of pleasure pities or laughs at the man of business for the same thing; and yet both concur superciliously and absurdly to find fault with the Supreme Being for having given them so little time. The philosopher, who mispends it very often as much as the others, joins in the same cry, and authorises this impiety. Theophrastus thought it extremely hard to die at ninety, and to go out of the world when he had just learned how to live in it. His master Aristotle found fault with nature for treating man in this respect worse than several other animals; both very unphilosophically! and I love Seneca the better for his quarrel with the Stagirite on this head. We see, in so many instances, the just proportion of things, according to their several relations to one another, that philosophy should lead us to conclude this proportion preserved, even where we cannot discern it; instead of leading us to conclude that it is not preserved where we do not discern it, or where we think that we see

the contrary. To conclude otherwise is shocking presumption. It is to presume that the system of the universe would have been more wisely contrived, if creatures of our low rank among intellectual natures had been called to the councils of the Most High; or that the Creator ought to mend his work by the advice of the creature. That life which seems to our self-love so short, when we compare it with the ideas we frame of eternity, or even with the duration of some other beings, will appear sufficient, upon a less partial view, to all the ends of our creation, and of a just proportion in the successive course of generations. The term itself is long; we render it short; and the want we complain of flows from our profusion, not from our poverty. We are all arrant spendthrifts; some of us dissipate our estates on the trifles, some on the superfluities, and then we all complain that we want the necessaries of life. The much greatest part never reclaim, but die bankrupts to God and man. Others reclaim late, and they are apt to imagine, when they make up their accounts, and see how their fund is diminished, that they have not enough remaining to live upon, because they have not the whole. But they deceive themselves; they were richer than they thought, and they are not yet poor. If they husband well the remainder, it will be found sufficient for all the necessaries, and for some of the superfluities, and trifles too, perhaps, of life; but then the former order of expense must be inverted, and the necessaries of life must be provided, before they put themselves to any cost for the trifles or superfluities.

Let us leave the men of pleasure and of business, who are often candid enough to own that they throw away their time, and thereby to confess that they complain of the Supreme Being for no other reason than this, that he has not proportioned his bounty to their extravagance. Let us consider the scholar and philosopher, who, far from owning that he throws any time away, reproves others for doing it; that solemn mortal, who abstains from the pleasures, and declines the business of the world, that he may dedicate his whole time to the search of truth and the improvement of knowledge. When such a one complains of the shortness of human life in general, or of his remaining share in particular, might not a man, more reasonable, though less solemn, expostulate thus with him:—'Your complaint is indeed consistent with your practice; but you would not possibly renew your complaint if you reviewed your practice. Though reading makes a scholar, yet every scholar is not a philosopher, nor every philosopher a wise man. It cost you twenty years to devour all the volumes on one side of your library; you came out a great critic in Latin and Greek, in the oriental tongues, in history and chronology; but you were not satisfied. You confessed that these were the *literæ nihil sanantes*, and you wanted more time to acquire other knowledge. You have had this time; you have passed twenty years more on the other side of your library, among philosophers, rabbis, commentators, schoolmen, and whole legions of modern doctors. You are extremely well versed in all that has been written concerning the nature of God, and of the soul of man, about matter and form, body and spirit, and space and eternal essences, and incorporeal substances, and the rest of those profound speculations. You are a master of the controversies that have arisen about nature and grace, about predestination and free will, and all the other abstruse questions that have made so much noise in the schools, and done so much hurt in the world. You are going on, as fast as the infirmities you have contracted will permit, in the same course of study; but you begin to foresee that you shall want time, and you make grievous complaints of the shortness of human life. Give me leave now to ask you how many thousand years God must prolong your life in order to reconcile you to his wisdom and goodness? It is plain, at least highly probable, that a life as long as that of the most aged of the patriarchs would be too short to answer your purposes; since the researches and disputes in which you are engaged have been already for a much longer time the objects of learned inquiries, and remain still as imperfect and undetermined as they were at first. But let me ask you again, and deceive neither yourself nor me, have you, in the course of these forty years, once examined the first principles and the fundamental facts on which all those questions depend, with an absolute indifference of judgment, and with a scrupulous exactness, with the same that you have employed in examining the various consequences drawn from them, and the heterodox opinions about them? Have you not taken them for granted in the whole course of your studies? Or, if you have looked now and then on the state of the proofs brought to maintain them, have you not done it as a mathematician looks over a demonstration formerly made—to refresh his memory, not to satisfy any doubt? If you have thus examined, it may appear marvellous to some that you have spent so much time in many parts of those studies, which have reduced you to this hectic condition of so much heat and weakness. But if you have not thus examined, it must be evident to all, nay, to yourself on the least cool reflection, that you are still, notwithstanding all your learning, in a state of ignorance. For knowledge can alone produce knowledge; and without such an examination of axioms and facts, you can have none about inferences.'

In this manner one might expostulate very reasonably with many a great scholar, many a profound philosopher, many a dogmatical casuist. And it serves to set the complaints about want of time, and the shortness of human life, in a very ridiculous but a true light.

[*Pleasures of a Patriot.*]

Neither Montaigne in writing his essays, nor Descartes in building new worlds, nor Burnet in framing an antediluvian earth, no, nor Newton in discovering and establishing the true laws of nature on experiment and a sublimer geometry, felt more intellectual joys, than he feels who is a real patriot, who bends all the force of his understanding, and directs all his thoughts and actions, to the good of his country. When such a man forms a political scheme, and adjusts various and seemingly independent parts in it to one great and good design, he is transported by imagination, or absorbed in meditation, as much and as agreeably as they; and the satisfaction that arises from the different importance of these objects, in every step of the work, is vastly in his favour. It is here that the speculative philosopher's labour and pleasure end. But he who speculates in order to act, goes on and carries his scheme into execution. His labour continues, it varies, it increases; but so does his pleasure too. The execution, indeed, is often traversed, by unforeseen and untoward circumstances, by the perverseness or treachery of friends, and by the power or malice of enemies; but the first and the last of these animate, and the docility and fidelity of some men make amends for the perverseness and treachery of others. Whilst a great event is in suspense, the action warms, and the very suspense, made up of hope and fear, maintain no unpleasing agitation in the mind. If the event is decided successfully, such a man enjoys pleasure proportionable to the good he has done—a pleasure like to that which is attributed to the Supreme Being on a survey of his works. If the event is decided otherwise, and usurping courts or overbearing parties prevail, such a man has still the testimony of his conscience, and a sense of the honour

uired, to soothe his mind and support his
For although the course of state affairs be
who meddle in them like a lottery, yet it is
a lottery wherein no good man can be a loser; he
may be reviled, it is true, instead of being applauded,
and may suffer violence of many kinds. I will no
y, like Seneca, that the noblest spectacle whic
a virtuous man suffering, and
with afflictions; but this I will say, that
nd Cato, driven out of the forum, and dragged
n, enjoyed more inward pleasure, and main-
more outward dignity, than they who insulted
, and who triumphed in the ruin of their coun-

[*Wise, Distinguished from Cunning Ministers.*]

We may observe much the same difference between wisdom and cunning, both as to the objects they propose and to the means they employ, as we observe between the visual powers of different men. One sees distinctly the objects that are near to him, their immediate relations, and their direct tendencies: and a sight like this serves well enough the purpose of those who concern themselves no further. The cunning minister is one of those: he neither sees, nor is concerned to see, any further than his personal interests and the support of his administration require. If such a man overcomes any actual difficulty, avoids any immediate distress, or, without doing either of these effectually, gains a little time, by all the low artifice which cunning is ready to suggest and baseness of mind to employ, he triumphs, and is flattered by his mercenary train on the great event; which amounts often to no more than this, that he got into distress by one series of faults, and out of it by an other. The wise minister sees, and is concerned to see, further, because government has a further concern: he sees the objects that are distant as well as those that are near, and all their remote relations, and even their indirect tendencies. He thinks of fame as well as of applause, and prefers that, which to be enjoyed must be given, to that which may be bought. He considers his administration as a single day in the great year of government; but as a day that is affected by those which went before, and that must affect those which are to follow. He combines, therefore, and compares all these objects, relations, and tendencies; and the judgment he makes on an entire, not a partial survey of them, is the rule of his conduct. That scheme of the reason of state, which lies open before a wise minister, contains all the great principles of government, and all the great interests of his country: so that, as he prepares some events, he prepares against others, whether they be likely to happen during his administration, or in some future time.

LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU.

Few persons, and especially ladies, have united so much solid sense and learning to wit, fancy, and lively powers of description, as LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU. In epistolary composition she has very few equals, and scarcely a superior. Horace Walpole may be more witty and sarcastic, and Cowper more unaffectedly natural, pure, and delightful; yet if we consider the variety and novelty of the objects described in Lady Mary's letters, the fund of and observation they display, the just re- of them, and the grace of her style, s hesitate in placing her below any letter-writer that England has yet produced. This accomplished lady was the eldest daughter of the Duke of Kingston, and was born in 1690. She was educated, like her brothers, in the Latin, Greek, and French languages. In 1712 she married Mr Edward Wortley Montagu, and on her husband being appointed a commissioner of the treasury, she was introduced to the courtly and polished circles, and made the friendship of Addison, Pope, Gay, and the other distinguished literati of that period. Her personal beauty and the charms

Lady Mary Wortley Montagu.

of her conversation were then unrivalled. In 1716, her husband was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and Lady Mary accompanied him to Constantinople. During her journey and her residence in the Levant, she corresponded with her sister the Countess of Mar, Lady Rich, Mr Pope, &c., delineating European and Turkish scenery and manners with accuracy and minuteness. On observing among the villagers in Turkey the practice of inoculating for the small-pox, she became convinced of its utility and efficacy, and applied it to her own son, at that time about three years old. By great exertions, Lady Mary afterwards established the practice of inoculation in England, and conferred a lasting benefit on her native country and on mankind. In 1718, her husband being recalled from his embassy, she returned to England, and, by the advice of Pope, settled at Twickenham. The rival wits did not long continue friends. Pope seems to have entertained for Lady Mary a passion warmer than friendship. He wrote high-flown panegyrics and half-concealed love-letters to her, and she treated them with silent contempt or ridicule. On one occasion, he is said to have made a tender *declaration*, which threw the lady into an immoderate fit of laughter, and made the sensitive poet ever afterwards her implacable enemy. Lady Mary also wrote verses, town eclogues, and epigrams, and Pope confessed that she had too much wit for him. The cool cession of the lady of rank and fashion, joi sarcastic powers, proved an overma jealous retired author, tremblingly alive to . In 1739, her health having decl ly Mary again left England to reside abroad. Her husband (who seems to have been little more than a decent appendage to his accomplished wife) remained at home. She visited Rome, Naples, &c., and settled at Louverre, in the Venetian territory,

whence she corresponded freely and fully with her female friends and relatives. Mr Montagu died in 1761, and Lady Mary was prevailed upon by her daughter, the Countess of Bute, to return to England. She arrived in October 1761, but died in the following year. Her letters were first printed surreptitiously in 1763. A more complete edition of her works was published in five volumes in 1803; and another, edited by her great-grandson, Lord Wharncliffe, with additional letters and information, in 1837. The letters from Constantinople and France have been printed in various shapes. The wit and talent of Lady Mary are visible throughout the whole of her correspondence, but there is often a want of feminine softness and delicacy. Her desire to convey scandal, or to paint graphically, leads her into offensive details, which the more decorous taste of the present age can hardly tolerate. She described what she saw and heard without being scrupulous; and her strong masculine understanding, and carelessness as to refinement in habits or expressions, render her sometimes apparently unamiable and unfeeling. As models of the epistolary style, easy, familiar, and elegant, no less than as pictures of foreign scenery and manners, and fashionable gossip, the letters of Lady Mary must, however, ever maintain a high place in our national literature. They are truly *letters*, not critical or didactic essays, enlivened by formal compliment and elaborate wit, like the correspondence of Pope.

[*To E. W. Montagu, Esq.—In prospect of Marriage.*]

* * One part of my character is not so good, nor t'other so bad, as you fancy it. Should we ever live together, you would be disappointed both ways; you would find an easy equality of temper you do not expect, and a thousand faults you do not imagine. You think if you married me I should be passionately fond of you one month, and of somebody else the next. Neither would happen. I can esteem, I can be a friend; but I don't know whether I can love. Expect all that is complaisant and easy, but never what is fond, in me. You judge very wrong of my heart, when you suppose me capable of views of interest, and that anything could oblige me to flatter anybody. Was I the most indigent creature in the world, I should answer you as I do now, without adding or diminishing. I am incapable of art, and 'tis because I will not be capable of it. Could I deceive one minute, I should never regain my own good opinion; and who could bear to live with one they despised!

If you can resolve to live with a companion that will have all the deference due to your superiority of good sense, and that your proposals can be agreeable to those on whom I depend, I have nothing to say against them.

As to travelling, 'tis what I should do with great pleasure, and could easily quit London upon your account; but a retirement in the country is not so disagreeable to me, as I know a few months would make it tiresome to you. Where people are tied for life, 'tis their mutual interest not to grow weary of one another. If I had all the personal charms that I want, a face is too slight a foundation for happiness. You would be soon tired with seeing every day the same thing. Where you saw nothing else, you would have leisure to remark all the defects: which would increase in proportion as the novelty lessened, which is always a great charm. I should have the displeasure of seeing a coldness, which, though I could not reasonably blame you for, being involuntary, yet it would render me uneasy; and the more, because I know a love may be revived which absence, inconstancy, or even infidelity, has extinguished; but there is no returning from a degout given by satiety.

[*To the Same—On Matrimonial Happiness.*]

* If we marry, our happiness must consist in loving one another: 'tis principally my concern to think of the most probable method of making that love eternal. You object against living in London; I am not fond of it myself, and readily give it up to you, though I am assured there needs more art to keep a fondness alive in solitude, where it generally preys upon itself. There is one article absolutely necessary—to be ever beloved, one must be ever agreeable. There is no such thing as being agreeable without a thorough good humour, a natural sweetness of temper, enlivened by cheerfulness. Whatever natural funds of gaiety one is born with, 'tis necessary to be entertained with agreeable objects. Anybody capable of tasting pleasure, when they confine themselves to one place, should take care 'tis the place in the world the most agreeable. Whatever you may now think (now, perhaps, you have some fondness for me), though your love should continue in its full force, there are hours when the most beloved mistress would be troublesome. People are not for ever (nor is it in human nature that they should be) disposed to be fond: you would be glad to find in me the friend and the companion. To be agreeably the last, it is necessary to be gay and entertaining. A perpetual solitude, in a place where you see nothing to raise your spirits, at length wears them out, and conversation insensibly falls into dull and insipid. When I have no more to say to you, you will like me no longer. How dreadful is that view! You will reflect, for my sake you have abandoned the conversation of a friend that you liked, and your situation in a country where all things would have contributed to make your life pass in (the true *volupté*) a smooth tranquillity. *I* shall lose the vivacity which should entertain you, and *you* will have nothing to recompense you for what you have lost. Very few people that have settled entirely in the country, but have grown at length weary of one another. The lady's conversation generally falls into a thousand impertinent effects of idleness; and the gentleman falls in love with his dogs and his horses, and *out* of love with everything else. I am not now arguing in favour of the town; you have answered me as to that point. In respect of your health, 'tis the first thing to be considered, and I shall never ask you to do anything injurious to that. But 'tis my opinion, 'tis necessary to be happy, that we neither of us think any place more agreeable than that where we are. * *

[*To Mr Pope—Eastern Manners and Language.*]

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

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

I read over your Homer here with an infinite pleasure, and find several little passages explained that I did not before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being yet retained. I don't wonder to find more remains here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any other country; the Turks not taking that pains to introduce their own manners, as has been generally practised by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite. It would be too tedious to you to point out all the passages that relate to pre-

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

I should have told you, in the first place, that the eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic and Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language. And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or lady, as it would be to speak broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you will be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity, by sending you a faithful copy of the verses that Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning; and whether or no he is capable of writing good verse, you may be sure that on such an occasion he would not want the assistance of the best poets in the empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a sample of their finest poetry; and I don't doubt you'll be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling the *Song of Solomon*, which was also addressed to a royal bride.

The nightingale now wanders in the vines:
Her passion is to seek roses.

I went down to admire the beauty of the vines:
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.[1]

The wished possession is delayed from day to day;
The cruel sultan Achmet will not permit me
To see those cheeks, more vermilion than roses.

I dare not snatch one of your kisses;
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Your eyes are black and lovely,
But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

The wretched Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
One dart from your eyes has pierced through my heart.

Ah! when will the hour of possession arrive?
Must I yet wait a long time?
The sweetness of your charms has ravished my soul.

Ah, sultana! stag-eyed—an angel amongst angels!
I desire, and my desire remains unsatisfied.
Can you take delight to prey upon my heart?

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

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

Crown of my life!—fair light of my eyes!
My sultana!—my princess!
I rub my face against the earth—I am drowned in scalding tears—I rave!
Have you no compassion? Will you not turn to look upon me?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation; and if you were acquainted with my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. * *

[*To Mrs S. C.—Inoculation for the Small-pox.*]

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

* * Apropos of distempers, I am going to tell you a thing that will make you wish yourself here. The small-pox, so fatal and so general amongst us, is here entirely harmless, by the invention of *ingrafting*, which is the term they give it. There is a set of old women who make it their business to perform the operation every autumn, in the month of September, when the great heat is abated. People send to one another to know if any of their family has a mind to have the small-pox; they make parties for this purpose, and when they are met (commonly fifteen or sixteen together), the old woman comes with a nutshell full of the matter of the best sort of small-pox, and asks what vein you please to have opened. She immediately rips open that you offer to her with a large needle (which gives you no more pain than a common scratch), and puts into the vein as much matter as can lie upon the head of her needle, and after that binds up the little wound with a hollow bit of shell; and in this manner opens four or five veins. The Grecians have commonly the superstition of opening one in the middle of the forehead, one in each arm, and one on the breast, to mark the sign of the cross; but this has a very ill effect, all these wounds leaving little scars, and is not done by those that are not superstitious, who choose to have them in the legs, or that part of the arm that is concealed. The children or young patients play together all the rest of the day, and are in perfect health to the eighth. Then the fever begins to seize them, and they keep their beds two days, very seldom three. They have very rarely above twenty or thirty in their faces, which never mark; and in eight days' time, they are as well as before their illness. Where they are wounded, there remain running sores during the distemper, which I don't doubt is a great relief to it. Every year thousands undergo this operation; and the French ambassador says pleasantly, that they take the small-pox here by way of diversion, as they take the waters in other countries. There is no example of any one that has died in it; and you may believe I am well satisfied of the safety of this experiment, since I intend to try it on my dear little son.

[1] Sir W. Jones, in the Preface to his Persian Grammar, objects to this translation. The expression is merely analogous to the *Boôpis* of Homer.

I am patriot enough to take pains to bring this useful invention into fashion in England; and I should not fail to write to some of our doctors very particularly about it, if I knew any one of them that I thought had virtue enough to destroy such a considerable branch of their revenue for the good of mankind. But that distemper is too beneficial to them, not to expose to all their resentment the hardy wight that should undertake to put an end to it. Perhaps, if I live to return, I may, however, have courage to war with them. Upon this occasion, admire the heroism in the heart of your friend, &c.

[*To Lady Rich—France in* 1718.]

PARIS, *Oct.* 10, O. S., 1718.

* * The air of Paris has already had a good effect upon me; for I was never in better health, though I have been extremely ill all the road from Lyons to this place. You may judge how agreeable the journey has been to me, which did not want that addition to make me dislike it. I think nothing so terrible as objects of misery, except one had the God-like attribute of being capable to redress them; and all the country villages of France show nothing else. While the post-horses are changed, the whole town comes out to beg, with such miserable starved faces, and thin tattered clothes, they need no other eloquence to persuade one of the wretchedness of their condition. This is all the French magnificence till you come to Fountainbleau, where you are showed one thousand five hundred rooms in the king's hunting palace. The apartments of the royal family are very large, and richly gilt; but I saw nothing in the architecture or painting worth remembering. * *

I have seen all the beauties, and such —— (I can't help making use of the coarse word) nauseous creatures! so fantastically absurd in their dress! so monstrously unnatural in their paints! their hair cut short, and curled round their faces, and so loaded with powder, that it makes it look like white wool! and on their cheeks to their chins, unmercifully laid on a shining red japan, that glistens in a most flaming manner, so that they seem to have no resemblance to human faces. I am apt to believe that they took the first hint of their dress from a fair sheep newly ruddled. 'Tis with pleasure I recollect my dear pretty countrywomen: and if I was writing to anybody else, I should say that these grotesque daubers give me still a higher esteem of the natural charms of dear Lady Rich's auburn hair, and the lively colours of her unsullied complexion.

[*To the Countess of Bute—Consoling her in Affliction.*]

LOUVRE, *Aug.* 20, 1752.

My dear Child—'Tis impossible to tell you to what degree I share with you in the misfortune that has happened. I do not doubt your own reason will suggest to you all the alleviations that can serve on so sad an occasion, and will not trouble you with the commonplace topics that are used, generally to no purpose, in letters of consolation. Disappointments ought to be less sensibly felt at my age than yours; yet I own I am so far affected by this, that I have need of all my philosophy to support it. However, let me beg of you not to indulge a useless grief, to the prejudice of your health, which is so necessary to your family. Everything may turn out better than you expect. We see so darkly into futurity, we never know when we have real cause to rejoice or lament. The worst appearances have often happy consequences, as the best lead many times into the greatest misfortunes. Human prudence is very straitly bounded. What is most in our power, though little so, is the disposition of our own minds. Do not give way to melancholy; seek amusements; be willing to be diverted, and insensibly you will become so. Weak people only place a merit in affliction. A grateful remembrance, and whatever honour we can pay to their memory, is all that is owing to the dead. Tears and sorrow are no duties to them, and make us incapable of those we owe to the living.

I give you thanks for your care of my books. I yet retain, and carefully cherish, my taste for reading. If relays of eyes were to be hired like post-horses, I would never admit any but silent companions; they afford a constant variety of entertainment, which is almost the only one pleasing in the enjoyment, and inoffensive in the consequence. I am sorry your sight will not permit you a great use of it: the prattle of your little ones, and friendship of Lord Bute, will supply the place of it. My dear child, endeavour to raise your spirits, and believe this advice comes from the tenderness of your most affectionate mother.

[*To the Same—On Female Education.*]

LOUVRE, *Jan.* 28, *N. S.*, 1753.

Dear Child—You have given me a great deal of satisfaction by your account of your eldest daughter. I am particularly pleased to hear she is a good arithmetician; it is the best proof of understanding: the knowledge of numbers is one of the chief distinctions between us and brutes. If there is anything in blood, you may reasonably expect your children should be endowed with an uncommon share of good sense. Mr Wortley's family and mine have both produced some of the greatest men that have been born in England; I mean Admiral Sandwich, and my grandfather, who was distinguished by the name of Wise William. I have heard Lord Bute's father mentioned as an extraordinary genius, though he had not many opportunities of showing it; and his uncle, the present Duke of Argyll, has one of the best heads I ever knew. I will therefore speak to you as supposing Lady Mary not only capable, but desirous of learning; in that case by all means let her be indulged in it. You will tell me I did not make it a part of your education; your prospect was very different from hers. As you had much in your circumstances to attract the highest offers, it seemed your business to learn how to live in the world, as it is hers to know how to be easy out of it. It is the common error of builders and parents to follow some plan they think beautiful (and perhaps is so), without considering that nothing is beautiful which is displaced. Hence we see so many edifices raised, that the raisers can never inhabit, being too large for their fortunes. Vistas are laid open over barren heaths, and apartments contrived for a coolness very agreeable in Italy, but killing in the north of Britain: thus every woman endeavours to breed her daughter a fine lady, qualifying her for a station in which she will never appear, and at the same time incapacitating her for that retirement to which she is destined. Learning, if she has a real taste for it, will not only make her contented, but happy in it. No entertainment is so cheap as reading, nor any pleasure so lasting. She will not want new fashions, nor regret the loss of expensive diversions, or variety of company, if she can be amused with an author in her closet. To render this amusement complete, she should be permitted to learn the languages. I have heard it lamented that boys lose so many years in mere learning of words: this is no objection to a girl, whose time is not so precious: she cannot advance herself in any profession, and has therefore more hours to spare; and as you say her memory is good, she will be very agreeably employed this way. There are two cautions to be given on this subject: first, not to think herself learned when she can read Latin, or

even Greek. Languages are more properly to be called vehicles of learning than learning itself, as may be observed in many schoolmasters, who, though perhaps critics in grammar, are the most ignorant fellows upon earth. True knowledge consists in knowing things, not words. I would further wish her a linguist than to enable her to read books in their originals, that are often corrupted, and are always injured, by translations. Two hours' application every morning will bring this about much sooner than you can imagine, and she will have leisure enough besides to run over the English poetry, which is a more important part of a woman's education than it is generally supposed. Many a young damsel has been ruined by a fine copy of verses, which she would have laughed at if she had known it had been stolen from Mr Waller. I remember, when I was a girl, I saved one of my companions from destruction, who communicated to me an epistle she was quite charmed with. As she had naturally a good taste, she observed the lines were not so smooth as Prior's or Pope's, but had more thought and spirit than any of theirs. She was wonderfully delighted with such a demonstration of her lover's sense and passion, and not a little pleased with her own charms, that had force enough to inspire such elegancies. In the midst of this triumph, I showed her that they were taken from Randolph's poems, and the unfortunate transcriber was dismissed with the scorn he deserved. To say truth, the poor plagiary was very unlucky to fall into my hands; that author being no longer in fashion, would have escaped any one of less universal reading than myself. You should encourage your daughter to talk over with you what she reads; and as you are very capable of distinguishing, take care she does not mistake pert folly for wit and humour, or rhyme for poetry, which are the common errors of young people, and have a train of ill consequences. The second caution to be given her (and which is most absolutely necessary), is to conceal whatever learning she attains, with as much solicitude as she would hide crookedness or lameness: the par- draw on her the envy, and consequently the most inveterate hatred, of all he and s, which will certainly be at least three parts of her acquaintance. The use of knowledge in our sex, beside the amusement of solitude, is to moderate the passions, and learn to be contented with a small expense, which are the certain effects of a studious life; and it may be preferable even to that fame which men have engrossed to themselves, and will not suffer us to share. You will tell me I have not observed this rule myself; but you are mistaken: it is only inevitable accident that has given me any reputation that way. I have always carefully avoided it, and ever thought it a misfortune. The explanation of this paragraph would occasion a long digression, which I will not trouble you with, it being my present design only to say what I think useful for the instruction of my granddaughter, which I have much at heart. If she has the same inclination (I should say passion) for learning that I was born with, history, geography, and philosophy will furnish her with materials to pass away cheerfully a longer life than is allotted to mortals. I believe there are few heads capable of making Sir Isaac Newton's calculations, but the result of them is not difficult to be understood by a moderate capacity. Do not fear this should make her affect the character of Lady ——, or Lady ——, or Mrs ——; those women are ridiculous, not have learning, but because they have it inks herself a complete historian, after

It is a saying of Thucydides, that ignorance is bold, and knowledge reserved. Indeed it is impossible to be far advanced in it without being more humbled an elated by

ng. At the same time I neither exclude work nor drawing. I think it is as scandalous for a woman not to know how to use a needle, as for a man not to know how to use a sword. I was once extremely fond of my pencil, and it was a great mortification to me when my father turned off my master, having made a considerable progress for the short time I learned. My over-eagerness in the pursuit of it had brought a weakness in my eyes, that made it necessary to leave off; and all the advantage I got was the improvement of my hand. I see by hers that practice will make her a ready writer: she may attain it by serving you for a secretary, when your health or affairs make it troublesome to you to write yourself; and custom will make it an agreeable amusement to her. She cannot have too many for that station of life which will probably be her fate. The ultimate end of your education was to make you a good wife (and I have the comfort to hear that you are one); hers ought to be to make her happy in a virgin state. I will not say it is happier, but it is undoubtedly safer, than any marriage. In a lottery, where there is (at the lowest computation) ten thousand blanks to a prize, it is the most prudent choice not to venture. I have always been so thoroughly persuaded of this truth, that, notwithstanding the flattering views I had for you (as I never intended you a sacrifice to my vanity), I thought I owed you the justice to lay before you all the hazards attending matrimony: you may recollect I did so in the strongest manner. Perhaps you may have more success in the instructing your daughter; she has so much company at home, she will not need seeking it abroad, and will more readily take the notions you think fit to give her. As you were alone in my family, it would have been thought a great cruelty to suffer you no companions of your own age, especially having so many near relations, and I do not wonder their opinions influenced yours. I was not sorry to see you not determined on a single life, knowing it was not your father's intention; and contented myself with endeavouring to make your home so easy, that you might not be in haste to leave it.

I am afraid you will think this a very long insignificant letter. I hope the kindness of the design will excuse it, being willing to give you every proof in my power that I am your most affectionate mother.

METAPHYSICIANS.

Two distinguished philosophical writers adorn this period, Shaftesbury and Berkeley. Both were accomplished and elegant authors, and both, in their opinions, influenced other minds. The *moral sense* of the former was adopted by Hutcheson, and the *idealism* of Berkeley was reproduced by Hume.

EARL OF SHAFTESBURY.

ANTHONY ASHLEY COOPER, the third Earl of Shaftesbury, was born in London in 1671. After a careful private education, he travelled for some time, and in 1693 entered the House of Commons. Five years afterwards, he repaired to Holland, and cultivated the society of Bayle and Le Clerc. On his return he succeeded to the earldom, and spoke frequently in the House of Lords. All his parliamentary appearances were creditable to his talents, and honourable to his taste and feelings. His first pub- on was in 1708, *A Letter on Enthusia* by the extravagance of the French prophe

zeal had [illegible]erated. In 1709 appeared his *[illegible]oralists, a Philosophical [illegible]ly*, and *Sensus Communis*, an essay upon the freedom of wit and humour. In this latter production he vindicates the use of ridicule as a test of truth. In 1710 he published another slight work, a *Soliloquy, or Advice to an Author*. Soon afterwards ill health compelled Lord Shaftesbury to seek a warmer climate. He fixed on Naples, where he died in February 1713, at the early age of forty-two. A complete collection of his works was published in 1716, in three volumes, under the general title of *Characteristics of Men, Manners, Opinions, and Times*.

Earl of Shaftesbury.

The style of Shaftesbury is lofty and musical. He bestowed great pains on the construction of his sentences, and the labour is too apparent. Desirous also of blending the nobleman and man of the world with the author, a tone of assumption and familiarity deforms some of his arguments and illustrations. He was an ardent admirer of the ancients, and in his dialogue entitled 'The Moralists,' has adopted in a great measure the elevated style of his favourite Plato. With those who hold in like estimation the works of that 'divine philosopher,' and who are willing to exchange continuity, precision, and simplicity, for melody and stateliness of diction, 'The Moralists' cannot fail to be regarded, as it was by Leibnitz and Monboddo, with enthusiastic admiration.

The religious tendency of Shaftesbury's writings has been extensively discussed. That he is a powerful and decided champion against the atheists, is universally admitted; but with respect to his opinion of Christianity, different views have been entertained. To any one, however, who candidly considers the tone of levity and disparagement in which, in many parts of the 'Characteristics,' he speaks of revelation, a future state, and some other Christian doctrines, we think it will appear that Dr Leland had good reason to include him among the authors replied to in his 'View of the Principal Deistical Writers.' The representation of Shaftesbury's views given by that eminent divine in his fifth and sixth letters, seems to us well supported, and free from prejudice. A perusal of the 'Characteristics' will make it evident that much of the controversy which the work has occasioned has arisen from the inconsistent opinions expressed in its different parts.

As a moralist, Lord Shaftesbury holds the conspicuous place of founder of that school of philosophers by whom virtue and vice are regarded as naturally and fundamentally distinct, and who consider man to be endowed with a 'moral sense' by which these are discriminated, and at once approved of or condemned, without reference to the self-interest of him who judges. In opposition to Hobbes, he maintains that the nature of man is such as to lead to the exercise of benevolent and disinterested affections in the social state; and he earnestly inculcates the doctrine, that virtue is more conducive than vice to the temporal happiness of those who practise it. He speaks of 'conscience, or a natural sense of the odiousness of crime and injustice;' and remarks, that as, in the case of objects of the external senses, 'the shapes, motions, colours, and proportions of these latter being presented to our eye, there necessarily results a beauty or deformity, according to the different measure, arrangement, and disposition of their several parts; so, in behaviour and actions, when presented to our understanding, there must be found, of necessity, an apparent difference, according to the regularity and irregularity of the subjects.' The mind, says he, 'feels the soft and harsh, the agreeable and disagreeable, in the affections; and finds a foul and fair, a harmonious and a dissonant, as really and truly here as in any musical numbers, or in the outward forms or representations of sensible things. Nor can it withhold its admiration and ecstacy, its aversion and scorn, any more in what relates to one than to the other of these subjects.' 'However false or corrupt it be within itself, it finds the difference, as to beauty and comeliness, between one heart and another; and accordingly, in all disinterested cases, must approve in some measure of what is natural and honest, and disapprove what is dishonest and corrupt.' This doctrine, which in the pages of Shaftesbury is left in a very imperfect state, has been successfully followed out by Dr Hutcheson of Glasgow, and subsequently adopted and illustrated by Reid, Stewart, and Brown.*

[*Platonic Representation of the Scale of Beauty and Love.*]

[From 'The Moralists.'†]

I have now a better idea of that melancholy you discovered; and, notwithstanding the humorous turn you were pleased to give it, I am persuaded it has a different foundation from any of those fantastical

* Gray the poet, who had almost as cordial a hatred as Swift for philosophical novelties, has given a sarcastic view of Shaftesbury's merits as an author, in a letter to his college friend, Stonehewer:—

'You say you cannot conceive how Lord Shaftesbury came to be a philosopher in vogue; I will tell you: First, he was a lord; secondly, he was as vain as any of his readers; thirdly, men are very prone to believe what they do not understand; fourthly, they will believe anything at all, provided they are under no obligation to believe it; fifthly, they love to take a new road, even when that road leads nowhere; sixthly, he was reckoned a fine writer, and seemed always to mean more than he said. Would you have any more reasons? An interval of about forty years has pretty well destroyed the charm. A dead lord ranks but with commoners; vanity is no longer interested in the matter, for the new road has become an old one.'

† This passage receives from Sir James Mackintosh the high praise 'that there is scarcely any composition in our language more lofty in its moral and religious sentiments, or more exquisitely elegant and musical in its diction.'

causes I then assigned to it. Love, doubtless, is at the bottom, but a nobler love than such as common beauties inspire.

Here, in my turn, I began to raise my voice, and imitate the solemn way you had been teaching me. Knowing as you are (continued I), well knowing and experienced in all the degrees and orders of beauty, in all the mysterious charms of the particular forms, you rise to what is more general; and with a larger heart, and mind more comprehensive, you generously seek that which is highest in the kind. Not captivated by the lineaments of a fair face, or the well-drawn proportions of a human body, you view the life itself, and embrace rather the mind which adds the lustre, and renders chiefly amiable.

Nor is the enjoyment of such a single beauty sufficient to satisfy such an aspiring soul. It seeks how to combine more beauties, and by what coalition of these to form a beautiful society. It views communities, friendships, relations, duties; and considers by what harmony of particular minds the general harmony is composed, and common weal established. Nor satisfied even with public good in one community of men, it frames itself a nobler object, and with enlarged affection seeks the good of mankind. It dwells with pleasure amidst that reason and those orders on which this fair correspondence and goodly interest is established. Laws, constitutions, civil and religious rites; whatever civilises or polishes rude mankind; the sciences and arts, philosophy, morals, virtue; the flourishing state of human affairs, and the perfection of human nature; these are its delightful prospects, and this the charm of beauty which attracts it.

Still ardent in this pursuit (such is its love of order and perfection), it rests not here, nor satisfies itself with the beauty of a part, but extending further its communicative bounty, seeks the good of all, and affects the interest and prosperity of the whole. True to its native world and higher country, 'tis here it seeks order and perfection, wishing the best, and hoping still to find a just and wise administration. And since all hope of this were vain and idle, if no Universal Mind presided; since, without such a supreme intelligence and providential care, the distracted universe must be condemned to suffer infinite calamities, 'tis here the generous mind labours to discover that healing cause by which the interest of the whole is securely established, the beauty of things, and the universal order happily sustained.

This, Palemon, is the labour of your soul; and this its melancholy: when unsuccessfully pursuing the supreme beauty, it meets with darkening clouds which intercept its sight. Monsters arise, not those from Libyan deserts, but from the heart of man more fertile, and with their horrid aspect cast an unseemly reflection upon nature. She, helpless as she is thought, and working thus absurdly, is contemned, the government of the world arraigned, and Deity made void. Much is alleged in answer, to show why nature errs; and when she seems most ignorant or perverse in her productions, I assert her even then as wise and provident as in her goodliest works. For 'tis not then that men complain of the world's order, or abhor the face of things, when they see various interests mixed and interfering; natures subordinate, of different kinds, opposed one to another, and in their different operations submitted, the higher to the lower. 'Tis, on the contrary, from this order of inferior and superior things, that we admire the world's beauty, founded thus on contrarieties; whilst from such various and disagreeing principles a universal concord is established.

Thus in the several orders of terrestrial forms, a resignation is required—a sacrifice and mutual yielding of natures one to another. The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth, and raise again the vegetable world. The numerous insects are reduced by the superior kinds of birds and beasts; and these again are checked by man, who in his turn submits to other natures, and resigns his form, a sacrifice in common to the rest of things. And if in natures so little exalted or pre-eminent above each other, the sacrifice of interests can appear so just, how much more reasonably may all inferior natures be subjected to the superior nature of the world!—that world, Palemon, which even now transported you, when the sun's fainting light gave way to these bright constellations, and left you this wide system to contemplate.

Here are those laws which ought not, nor can submit to anything below. The central powers which hold the lasting orbs in their just poise and movement, must not be controlled to save a fleeting form, and rescue from the precipice a puny animal, whose brittle frame, however protected, must of itself so soon dissolve. The ambient air, the inward vapours, the impending meteors, or whatever else is nutrimental or preservative of this earth, must operate in a natural course; and other good constitutions must submit to the good habit and constitution of the all-sustaining globe. Let us not wonder, therefore, if by earthquakes, storms, pestilential blasts, nether or upper fires, or floods, the animal kinds are oft afflicted, and whole species perhaps involved at once in common ruin. Nor need we wonder if the interior form, the soul and temper, partakes of this occasional deformity, and sympathises often with its close partner. Who is there that can wonder either at the sicknesses of sense or the depravity of minds inclosed in such frail bodies, and dependent on such pervertible organs?

Here, then, is that solution you require, and hence those seeming blemishes cast upon nature. Nor is there ought in this beside what is natural and good. 'Tis *good* which is predominant; and every corruptible and mortal nature, by its mortality and corruption, yields only to some better, and all in common to that best and highest nature which is incorruptible and immortal.

BISHOP BERKELEY.

Dr George Berkeley, to whom Pope assigned 'every virtue under heaven,' was born at Thomastown, in the county of Kilkenny, in 1684. He was distinguished at Dublin university for his proficiency in mathematical studies, and became a fellow of Trinity college. In 1709 appeared his *Theory of Vision*, and in 1710 the *Principles of Human Knowledge*. In 1713 he published his *Three Dialogues between Hylas and Philonous*, in which his ideal system was developed in language singularly animated and imaginative. He now became acquainted with Swift, Pope, Steele, and the other members of that brilliant circle, by whom he seems to have been sincerely beloved. He accompanied the Earl of Peterborough, as chaplain and secretary, in his embassy to Sicily, and afterwards travelled on the continent as tutor to Mr Ashe, son of the Bishop of Clogher. This second excursion engaged him upwards of four years. While abroad, we find him writing thus justly and finely to Pope: 'As merchants, antiquaries, men of pleasure, &c., have all different views in travelling, I know not whether it might not be worth a poet's while to travel, in order to store his mind with strong images of nature. Green fields and groves, very meadows and purling streams, are nowhere such perfection as in England; but if you would know lightsome days, warm suns, and blue skies, you must come to Italy; and to enable a man to describe rocks and precipices, it is absolutely necessary

that he pass the Alps.' While at Paris, Berkeley visited the French philosopher Malebranche, then in ill health, from a disease of the lungs. A dispute ensued as to the ideal system, and Malebranche was so impetuous in argument, that he brought on a violent increase of his disorder, which carried him off in a few days. This must have been a more than ideal disputation to the amiable Berkeley, who could not but be deeply afflicted by such a tragic result. On his return, he published a Latin tract, *De Motu*, and an essay on the fatal South-Sea Scheme in 1720. Pope introduced him to the Earl of Burlington, and by that nobleman he was recommended to the Duke of Grafton, lord-lieutenant of Ireland. His grace made Berkeley his chaplain, and afterwards appointed him to the deanery of Derry. It was soon evident, however, that personal aggrandisement was never an object of interest with this benevolent philosopher. He had long been cherishing a project, which he announced as a 'scheme for converting the savage Americans to Christianity, by a college to be erected in the Summer Islands, otherwise called the Isles of Bermuda.' In this college, he most 'exorbitantly proposed,' as Swift humorously remarked, 'a whole hundred pounds a-year for himself, forty pounds for a fellow, and ten for a student.' No anticipated difficulties could daunt him, and he communicated his enthusiasm to others. Coadjutors were obtained, a royal charter was granted, and Sir Robert Walpole promised a sum of £20,000 from the government to promote the undertaking. In 1728 Berkeley and his friends sailed for Rhode Island. There they remained for seven years; but the minister proved faithless: the promised sum was never paid, and the philosopher returned to Europe. In his forced retirement, he had applied himself to his literary pursuits, and in 1732 he published *The Minute Philosopher*, a series of moral and philosophical dialogues. Fortune again smiled on Berkeley: he became a favourite with Queen Caroline, and in 1734 was appointed to the bishopric of Cloyne. Lord Chesterfield afterwards offered him the see of Clogher, which was double the value of that of Cloyne; but he declined the preferment. Some useful tracts were afterwards published by the bishop, including one on tar-water, which he considered to possess high medicinal virtues. Another of his works is entitled *The Querist; containing several Queries proposed to the Consideration of the Public*. In 1752 he removed with his family to Oxford, to superintend the education of one of his sons; and, conscious of the impropriety of residing apart from his diocese, he endeavoured to exchange his bishopric for some canonry or college at Oxford. Failing of success, he wrote to resign his bishopric, worth £1400 per annum; but the king declared that he should die a bishop, though he gave him liberty to reside where he pleased. This incident is honourable to both parties. In 1753 the good prelate died suddenly at his residence at Oxford, and his remains were interred in Christ-church, where a monument was erected to his memory. The life of Berkeley presents a striking picture of patient labour and romantic enthusiasm, learning and genius, benevolence and worth. His dislike to the pursuits and troubles of ambition are thus expressed by him to a friend in 1747:—'In a letter from England, which I told you came a week ago, it was said that several of our Irish bishops were earnestly contending for the primacy. Pray, who are they? I thought Bishop Stone was only talked of at present. I ask this question merely out of curiosity, and not from any interest, I assure you. I am no man's rival or competitor in this matter. I am not in love with feasts, and crowds, and visits, and late hours, and strange faces, and a hurry of affairs, often insignificant. For my own private satisfaction, I had rather be master of my time than wear a diadem. I repeat these things to you, that may not seem to have declined all steps to the primacy out of singularity, or pride, or stupidity, but from solid motives.' As for the argument from the opportunity of doing good, I observe, that duty obliges men in high station not to decline occasions of doing good; but duty doth not oblige men to solicit such high stations.' He was a poet as well as a mathematician and philosopher, and had he cultivated the lighter walks of literature, might have shone with lustre in a field which he but rarely visited. He wrote some essays for the 'Guardian' of his friend Steele; and when inspired with his transatlantic mission, he penned the following fine moral verses, that seem to shadow forth the fast accomplishing greatness of the new world:—

Verses on the Prospect of Planting Arts and Learning in America.

The Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true:

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools:

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

The works of Berkeley form an important landmark in metaphysical science. At first his valuable and original 'Theory of Vision' was considered

mediate and natural objects of sight from the *seemingly instantaneous* conclusions which experience and habit teach us to draw from them in our earliest infancy; or, in the more concise metaphysical language of a later period, to draw the line between the *original* and the *acquired perceptions* of the eye.'* The ideal system of Berkeley was written to expose the sophistry of materialism, but it is defective and erroneous. He attempts to prove that extension and figure, hardness and softness, and all other sensible qualities, are mere *ideas* of the mind, which cannot possibly exist in an insentient substance—a theory which, it has been justly remarked, tends to unhinge the whole frame of the human understanding, by shaking our confidence in those principles of belief which form an essential part of its constitution. Our ideas be

* Dugald Stewart.

'evidently considered not as states of the individual mind, but as separate things existing in it, and capable of existing in other minds, but in them alone; and it is in consequence of these assumptions that his system, if it were to be considered as a system of scepticism, is chiefly defective. But having, as he supposed, these ideas, and conceiving that they did not perish when they ceased to exist in his mind, since the same ideas recurred at intervals, he deduced, from the necessity which there seemed for some omnipresent mind, in which they might exist during the intervals of recurrence, the necessary existence of the Deity; and if, indeed, as he supposed, ideas be something different from the mind itself, recurring only at intervals to created minds, and incapable of existing but in mind, the demonstration of some infinite omnipresent mind, in which they exist during these intervals of recurrence to finite minds, must be allowed to be perfect. The whole force of the pious demonstration, therefore, which Berkeley flattered himself with having urged irresistibly, is completely obviated by the simple denial, that ideas are anything more than the mind itself affected in a certain manner; since, in this case, our ideas exist no longer than our mind is affected in that particular manner which constitutes each particular idea; and to say that our ideas exist in the divine mind, would thus be to say, only, that our mind itself exists in the divine mind. There is not the sensation of colour in addition to the mind, nor the sensation of fragrance in addition to the mind; but the sensation of colour is the mind existing in a certain state, and the sensation of fragrance is the mind existing in a different state.'* The style of Berkeley has been generally admired: it is clear and unaffected, with the easy grace of the polished philosopher. A love of description and of external nature is evinced at times, and possesses something of the freshness of Izaak Walton.

[*Industry.*]

[From 'An Essay towards preventing the Ruin of Great Britain,' written soon after the affair of the South-Sea Scheme.]

Industry is the natural sure way to wealth; this is so true, that it is impossible an industrious free people should want the necessaries and comforts of life, or an idle enjoy them under any form of government. Money is so far useful to the public, as it promoteth industry, and credit having the same effect, is of the same value with money; but money or credit circulating through a nation from hand to hand, without producing labour and industry in the inhabitants, is direct gaming.

It is not impossible for cunning men to make such plausible schemes, as may draw those who are less skilful into their own and the public ruin. But surely there is no man of sense and honesty but must see and own, whether he understands the game or not, that it is an evident folly for any people, instead of prosecuting the old honest methods of industry and frugality, to sit down to a public gaming-table and play off their money one to another.

The more methods there are in a state for acquiring riches without industry or merit, the less there will be of either in that state: this is as evident as the ruin that attends it. Besides, when money is shifted from hand to hand in such a blind fortuitous manner, that some men shall from nothing acquire in an instant vast estates, without the least desert; while others are as suddenly stripped of plentiful fortunes, and left on the parish by their own avarice and credulity, what can be hoped for on the one hand but abandoned luxury and wantonness, or on the other but extreme madness and despair?

In short, all projects for growing rich by sudden and extraordinary methods, as they operate violently on the passions of men, and encourage them to despise the slow moderate gains that are to be made by an honest industry, must be ruinous to the public, and even the winners themselves will at length be involved in the public ruin. * *

God grant the time be not near when men shall say, 'This island was once inhabited by a religious, brave, sincere people, of plain uncorrupt manners, respecting inbred worth rather than titles and appearances, assertors of liberty, lovers of their country, jealous of their own rights, and unwilling to infringe the rights of others; improvers of learning and useful arts, enemies to luxury, tender of other men's lives, and prodigal of their own; inferior in nothing to the old Greeks or Romans, and superior to each of those people in the perfections of the other. Such were our ancestors during their rise and greatness; but they degenerated, grew servile flatterers of men in power, adopted Epicurean notions, became venal, corrupt, injurious, which drew upon them the hatred of God and man, and occasioned their final ruin.'

[*Prejudices and Opinions.*]

Prejudices are notions or opinions which the mind entertains without knowing the grounds and reasons of them, and which are assented to without examination. The first notions which take possession of the minds of men, with regard to duties social, moral, and civil, may therefore be justly styled prejudices. The mind of a young creature cannot remain empty; if you do not put into it that which is good, it will be sure to receive that which is bad.

Do what you can, there will still be a bias from education; and if so, is it not better this bias should lie towards things laudable and useful to society? This bias still operates, although it may not always prevail. The notions first instilled have the earliest influence, take the deepest root, and generally are found to give a colour and complexion to the subsequent lives of men, inasmuch as they are in truth the great source of human actions. It is not gold, or honour, or power, that moves men to act, but the opinions they entertain of those things. Hence it follows, that if a magistrate should say, 'No matter what notions men embrace, I will take heed to their actions,' therein he shows his weakness; for, such as are men's notions, such will be their deeds.

For a man to do as he would be done by, to love his neighbour as himself, to honour his superiors, to believe that God scans all his actions, and will reward or punish them, and to think that he who is guilty of falsehood or injustice hurts himself more than any one else; are not these such notions and principles as every wise governor or legislator would covet above all things to have firmly rooted in the mind of every individual under his care? This is allowed even by the enemies of religion, who would fain have it thought the offspring of state policy, honouring its usefulness at the same time that they disparage its truth. What, therefore, cannot be acquired by every man's reasoning, must be introduced by precept, and riveted by custom; that is to say, the bulk of mankind must, in all civilised societies, have their minds, by timely instruction, well seasoned and furnished with proper notions, which, although the grounds or proofs thereof be unknown to them, will nevertheless influence their conduct, and so far render them useful members of the state. But if you strip men of these their notions, or, if you will, prejudices, with regard to modesty, decency, justice, charity, and the

* Dr Thomas Brown.

like, you will soon find them so many monsters, utterly unfit for human society.

I desire it may be considered that most men want leisure, opportunity, or faculties, to derive conclusions from their principles, and establish morality on a foundation of human science. True it is (as St Paul observes) that the 'invisible things of God, from the creation of the world, are clearly seen;' and from thence the duties of natural religion may be discovered. But these things are seen and discovered by those alone who open their eyes and look narrowly for them. Now, if you look throughout the world, you shall find but few of these narrow inspectors and inquirers, very few who make it their business to analyse opinions, and pursue them to their rational source, to examine whence truths spring, and how they are inferred. In short, you shall find all men full of opinions, but knowledge only in a few.

It is impossible, from the nature and circumstances of human kind, that the multitude should be philosophers, or that they should know things in their causes. We see every day that the rules, or conclusions alone, are sufficient for the shopkeeper to state his account, the sailor to navigate his ship, or the carpenter to measure his timber; none of which understand the theory, that is to say, the grounds and reasons either of arithmetic or geometry. Even so in moral, political, and religious matters, it is manifest that the rules and opinions early imbibed at the first dawn of understanding, and without the least glimpse of science, may yet produce excellent effects, and be very useful to the world; and that, in fact, they are so, will be very visible to every one who shall observe what passeth round about him.

It may not be amiss to inculcate, that the difference between prejudices and other opinions doth not consist in this, that the former are false and the latter true; but in this, that the former are taken upon trust, and the latter acquired by reasoning. He who hath been taught to believe the immortality of the soul, may be as right in his notion as he who hath reasoned himself into that opinion. It will then by no means follow, that because this or that notion is a prejudice, it must be therefore false. The not distinguishing between prejudices and errors is a prevailing oversight among our modern free-thinkers.

There may be, indeed, certain mere prejudices or opinions, which, having no reasons either assigned or assignable to support them, are nevertheless entertained by the mind, because they are intruded betimes into it. Such may be supposed false, not because they were early learned, or learned without their reasons, but because there are in truth no reasons to be given for them.

Certainly if a notion may be concluded false because it was early imbibed, or because it is with most men an object of belief rather than of knowledge, one may by the same reasoning conclude several propositions of Euclid to be false. A simple apprehension of conclusions, as taken in themselves, without the evidence of science, is what falls to the share of mankind in general. Religious awe, the precepts of parents and masters, the wisdom of legislators, and the accumulated experience of ages, supply the place of proofs and reasonings with the vulgar of all ranks; I would say that discipline, national constitution, and laws human or Divine, are so many plain landmarks which guide them into the paths wherein it is presumed they ought to tread.

[*From 'Maxims Concerning Patriotism.'*]

A man who hath no sense of God or conscience would you make such a one guardian to your child? If not, why guardian to the state?

A fop, or man of pleasure, makes but a scurvy patriot.

such thing as an honest man, you may be sure is himself a knave.

The patriot aims at his private good in the public. The knave makes the public subservient to his private interest. The former considers himself as part of a whole, the latter considers himself as the whole.

Moral evil is never to be committed; physical evil may be incurred either to avoid a greater evil, or to procure a good.

When the heart is right, there is true patriotism.

The fawning courtier and the surly squire often mean the same thing—each his own interest.

Ferments of the worst kind succeed to perfect inaction.

HISTORICAL, CRITICAL, AND THEOLOGICAL WRITERS.

In these departments we have no very distinguished names, unless it be that of Bentley as a classical critic.

LAWRENCE ECHARD.

Lawrence Echard (1671-1730) was a voluminous writer and historian. After receiving education at the university of Cambridge, he entered into orders, and obtained the livings of Welton and Elkington in Lincolnshire. In 1712 he was preferred to the archdeaconry of Stowe, and became also a prebendary in the cathedral of Lincoln. His leisure was devoted to historical pursuits, and he published a *History of England*, a *General Ecclesiastical History*, a *History of Rome*, a *General Gazetteer*, &c. His History of England was attacked by Calamy and Oldmixon; but it long maintained its ground; and his Ecclesiastical History has been often reprinted. Without aiming at philosophical analysis or investigation, Echard was a careful compiler, with competent learning and judgment.

JOHN STRYPE.

John Strype (1643-1737) was a laborious collector and literary antiquary. His works illustrations of ecclesiastical history and of periods of strong national interest and they are now reckoned among the most valuable of our standard memorials. The writings of Strype consist of a *Life of Archbishop Cranmer* (1694), a *Life of Sir Thomas Smith* (1698), a *Life of Bishop Aylmer* (1701), a *Life of Sir John Cheke* (1705), *Annals of the Reformation*, four volumes (1709-31), a *Life of Archbishop Grindal* (1710), *Life and Letters of Archbishop Parker* (1711), *Life of Archbishop Whitgift* (1718), *Ecclesiastical Memorials* three volumes (1721). He also edited Stow's Survey of London, and part of Dr Lightfoot's works. Strype was the son of a foreign refugee, John Van Stryp, a native of Brabant, who fled to England on account of his religion, and followed the business of a silk merchant. The son received a classical education at Cambridge, and entering into holy orders, became successively curate of Theydon-Boys, in Essex, preacher in Low Leyton, rector of Terring, in Sussex, and lecturer at Hackney. He resigned his clerical charges in 1724, and from this time till his death, which happened in his ninety-fourth year, he resided at Hackney with Mr Harris, an apothecary, who was married to his granddaughter. Faithful and laborious, Strype was highly respected by the dignitaries of the church of England. A correct and elegant reprint of his works has proceeded from the Clarendon press at Oxford.

POTTER AND KENNETT.

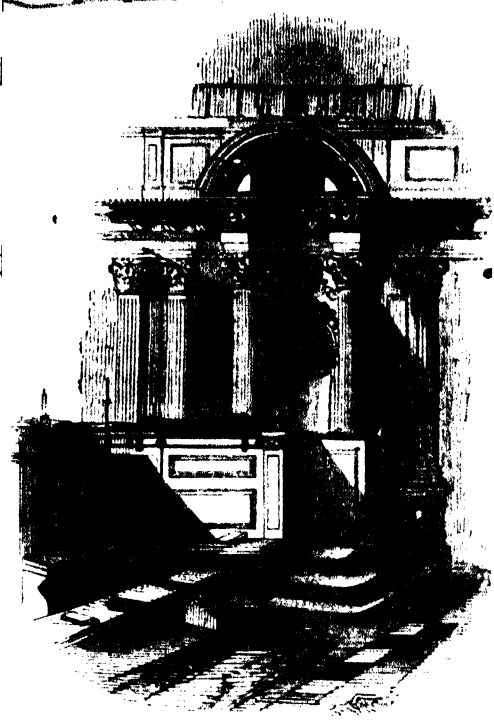
Dr Potter (1674-1747), archbishop of Canterbury, is known as author of a valuable work on the antiquities of Greece, in two volumes octavo. The researches of modern philologists, especially among the Germans, have greatly enriched this department of literature; but Potter led the way, and supplied a groundwork for future scholars. He also edited the writings of Lycophron, and wrote several theological treatises and discourses on church government, which were collected and printed at Oxford in 1753, in three volumes. With the learning of the English hierarchy, Dr Potter is said to have united too much of the pomp and pride which occasionally mark its dignitaries; and it is related that he disinherited his son for marrying below his rank in life.

Basil Kennett (1674-1714) performed for Roman antiquities what Archbishop Potter did for Grecian. His *Romæ Antiquæ Notitia*, or the Antiquities of Rome, in one volume octavo, was a respectable contribution to historical literature, and for nearly a century held its place as the standard work upon the subject. It was then partly superseded by the Roman Antiquities of Dr Adam; but recent times have seen both thrown into the background, in consequence of the vast additions which have been made to our knowledge of ancient Rome, its people, and their institutions, chiefly by German scholars, and partly by the investigations at Pompeii and Herculaneum. Kennett was educated at Corpus Christi college, Oxford, and became chaplain to the English factory at Leghorn, where he was in danger from the Inquisition. He was greatly esteemed by his contemporaries for his learning, piety, and modesty. Besides his Roman Antiquities, he wrote *Lives of the Grecian Poets*, an *Exposition of the Creed*, and a collection of sermons.

RICHARD BENTLEY.

Dr Richard Bentley (1662–1742) was perhaps the greatest classical scholar that England has produced. He was educated at Cambridge, and became chaplain to Stillingfleet, bishop of Worcester. He was afterwards appointed preacher of the lecture instituted by Boyle for the defence of Christianity, and delivered a series of discourses against atheism. In these Bentley introduced the discoveries of Newton as illustrations of his argument, and the lectures were highly popular. His next public appearance was in the famous controversy with the Honourable Charles Boyle, Earl of Orrery, relative to the genuineness of the Greek epistles of Phalaris. This controversy we have already spoken of in our section on Sir William Temple. Most of the wits and scholars of that period joined with Boyle against Bentley; but he triumphantly established his position that the epistles are spurious, while the poignancy of his wit and sarcasm, and the sagacity evinced in his conjectural emendations, were unequalled among his Oxford opponents. Bentley was afterwards made master of Trinity college, Cambridge; and in 1716 he was also appointed regius professor of divinity. His next literary performances were an edition of Horace, and editions of Terence and Phædrus. The talent he had displayed in making emendations on the classics, tempted him, in an 'evil hour,' to edit Milton's Paradise Lost in the same spirit. The critic was then advanced in years, and had lost some portion of his critical sagacity and discernment, while it is

into the [illegible]
the English poet. His edition was a d



Bentley's Seat, in Trinity College Chapel.

Some of his *emendations* destroy the happiest and choicest expressions of the poet. The sublime line,

'No light, but rather darkness visible,'

Bentley renders,

'No light, but rather a transpicuous gloom.'

Another fine Miltonic passage—

'Our torments also may in length of time
Become our elements,'

is reduced into prose as follows:—

'Then, as 'twas well observed, our torments may
Become our elements.'

Such a critic could never have possessed poetical sensibility, however extensive and minute might be his verbal knowledge of the classics. Bentley died at Cambridge in 1742. He seems to have been the impersonation of a combative spirit. His college life was spent in continual war with all who were officially connected with him. He is said one day, on finding his son reading a novel, to have remarked —'Why read a book that you cannot quote?'—a saying which affords an amusing illustration of the nature and object of his literary studies.

[*Authority of Reason in Religious Matters.*]

We profess ourselves as much concerned, and as truly as [the deists] themselves are, for the use and authority of reason in controversies of faith. We look upon right reason as the native lamp of the soul, placed and kindled there by our Creator, to conduct us in the whole course of our judgments and actions. True reason, like its divine Author, never is itself deceived, nor ever deceives any man. Even revelation itself is not shy nor unwilling to ascribe its own

first credit and fundamental authority to the test and testimony of reason. Sound reason is the touchstone to distinguish that pure and genuine gold from baser metals; revelation truly divine, from imposture and enthusiasm: so that the Christian religion is so far from declining or fearing the strictest trials of reason, that it everywhere appeals to it; is defended and supported by it; and indeed cannot continue, in the Apostle's description (James i. 27), 'pure and undefiled' without it. It is the benefit of reason alone, under the Providence and Spirit of God, that we ourselves are at this day a reformed orthodox church: that we departed from the errors of popery, and that we knew, too, where to stop; neither running into the extravagances of fanaticism, nor sliding into the indifferency of libertinism. Whatsoever, therefore, is inconsistent with natural reason, can never be justly imposed as an article of faith. That the same body is in many places at once, that plain bread is not bread; such things, though they be said with never so much pomp and claim to infallibility, we have still greater authority to reject them, as being contrary to common sense and our natural faculties; as subverting the foundations of all faith, even the grounds of their own credit, and all the principles of civil life.

So far are we from contending with our adversaries about the dignity and authority of reason; but then we differ with them about the exercise of it, and the extent of its province. For the deists there stop, and set bounds to their faith, where reason, their only guide, does not lead the way further, and walk along before them. We, on the contrary, as (Deut. xxxiv.) Moses was shown by divine power a true sight of the promised land, though himself could not pass over to it, so we think reason may receive from revelation some further discoveries and new prospects of things, and be fully convinced of the reality of them; though itself cannot pass on, nor travel those regions; cannot penetrate the fund of those truths, nor advance to the utmost bounds of them. For there is certainly a wide difference between what is contrary to reason, and what is superior to it, and out of its reach.

DR FRANCIS ATTERBURY.

Dr Francis Atterbury (1662–1731), an Oxford divine and zealous high churchman, was one of the combatants in the critical warfare with Bentley about the epistles of Phalaris. Originally tutor to Lord Orrery, he was, in 1713, rewarded for his Tory zeal by being named Bishop of Rochester. Under the new dynasty and Whig government, his zeal carried him into treasonable practices, and, in 1722, he was apprehended on suspicion of being concerned in a plot to restore the Pretender, and was committed to the Tower. A bill of pains and penalties was preferred against him, and he was deposed and outlawed. Atterbury now went into exile, and resided first at Brussels and afterwards at Paris, continuing to correspond with Pope, Bolingbroke, and his other Jacobite friends, till his death. The works of this accomplished, but restless and aspiring prelate, consist of four volumes of sermons, some visitation charges, and his epistolary correspondence, which was extensive. His style is easy and elegant, and he was a very impressive preacher. The good taste of Atterbury is seen in his admiration of Milton, before fashion had sanctioned the applause of the great poet. His letters to Pope breathe the utmost affection and tenderness. The following farewell letter to the poet was sent from the Tower, April 10, 1723:—

'Dear Sir—I thank you for all the instances of your friendship, both before and since my misfortunes. A little time will complete them, and separate you and me for ever. But in what part of the world soever I am, I will live mindful of your sincere kindness to me; and will please myself with the thought that I still live in your esteem and affection as much as ever I did; and that no accident of life, no distance of time or place, will alter you in that respect. It never can me, who have loved and valued you ever since I knew you, and shall not fail to do it when I am not allowed to tell you so, as the case will soon be. Give my faithful services to Dr Arbuthnot, and thanks for what he sent me, which was much to the purpose, if anything can be said to be to the purpose in a case that is already determined. Let him know my defence will be such, that neither my friends need blush for me, nor will my enemies have great occasion to triumph, though sure of the victory. I shall want his advice before I go abroad in many things. But I question whether I shall be permitted to see him or anybody, but such as are absolutely necessary towards the despatch of my private affairs. If so, God bless you both! and may no part of the ill fortune that attends me ever pursue either of you. I know not but I may call upon you at my hearing, to say somewhat about my way of spending my time at the deanery, which did not seem calculated towards managing plots and conspiracies. But of that I shall consider. You and I have spent many hours together upon much pleasanter subjects; and, that I may preserve the old custom, I shall not part with you now till I have closed this letter with three lines of Milton, which you will, I know, readily, and not without some degree of concern, apply to your ever affectionate, &c.

Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them soon;
The world was all before him where to choose
His place of rest, and Providence his guide.'

[*Usefulness of Church Music.*]

The use of vocal and instrumental harmony in divine worship I shall recommend and justify from this consideration: that they do, when wisely employed and managed, contribute extremely to awaken the attention and enliven the devotion of all serious and sincere Christians; and their usefulness to this end will appear on a double account, as they remove the ordinary hindrances of devotion, and as they supply us further with special helps and advantages towards quickening and improving it.

By the melodious harmony of the church, the ordinary hindrances of devotion are removed, particularly these three; that engagement of thought which we often bring with us into the church from what we last converse with; those accidental distractions that may happen to us during the course of divine service; and that weariness and flatness of mind which some weak tempers may labour under, by reason even of the length of it.

When we come into the sanctuary immediately from any worldly affair, as our very condition of life does, alas! force many of us to do, we come usually with divided and alienated minds. The business, the pleasure, or the amusement we left, sticks fast to us, and perhaps engrosses that heart for a time, which should then be taken up altogether in spiritual addresses. But as soon as the sound of the sacred hymns strikes us, all that busy swarm of thoughts presently disperses: by a grateful violence we are forced into the duty that is going forward, and, as indevout and backward as we were before, find ourselves on the sudden seized with a sacred warmth, ready to cry out, with holy David, 'My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed; I will sing and give praise.' Our misapplication of mind at such times is often so great, and we so deeply immersed

in it, that there needs some very strong and powerful charm to rouse us from it; and perhaps nothing is of greater force to this purpose than the solemn and awakening airs of church music.

For the same reason, those accidental distraction that may happen to us are also best cured by it. The strongest minds, and best practised in holy duties, may sometimes be surprised into a forgetfulness of what they are about by some violent outward impressions; and every slight occasion will serve to call off the thoughts of no less willing though much weaker worshippers. Those that come to see, and to be seen here, will often gain their point; will draw and detain for a while the eyes of the curious and unwary. A passage in the sacred story read, an expression used in the common forms of devotion, shall raise a foreign reflection, perhaps, in musing and speculative minds, and lead them on from thought to thought, and point to point, till they are bewildered in their own imaginations. These, and a hundred other avocations will arise and prevail; but when the instruments of praise begin to sound, our scattered thoughts presently take the alarm, return to their post and to their duty, preparing and arming themselves against their spiritual assailants.

Lastly, even the length of the service itself becomes a hindrance sometimes to the devotion which it was meant to feed and raise; for, alas! we quickly tire in the performance of holy duties; and as eager and unwearied as we are in attending upon secular business and trifling concerns, yet in divine offices, I fear, the expostulation of our Saviour is applicable to most of us, 'What! can ye not watch with me one hour?' This infirmity is relieved, this hindrance prevented or removed, by the sweet harmony that accompanies several parts of the service, and returning upon us at fit intervals, keeps our attention up to the duties when we begin to flag, and makes us insensible of the length of it. Happily, therefore, and wisely is it so ordered, that the morning devotions of the church, which are much the longest, should share also a greater proportion of the harmony which is useful to enliven them.

But its use stops not here, at a bare removal of the ordinary impediments to devotion; it supplies us also with special helps and advantages towards furthering and improving it. For it adds dignity and solemnity to public worship; it sweetly influences and raises our passions whilst we assist at it, and makes us do our duty with the greatest pleasure and cheerfulness; all which are very proper and powerful means towards creating in us that holy attention and erection of mind, the most reasonable part of this our reasonable service.

Such is our nature, that even the best things, and most worthy of our esteem, do not always employ and detain our thoughts in proportion to their real value, unless they be set off and greatened by some outward circumstances, which are fitted to raise admiration and surprise in the breasts of those who hear or behold them. And this good effect is wrought in us by the power of sacred music. To it we, in good measure, owe the dignity and solemnity of our public worship; which else, I fear, in its natural simplicity and plainness, would not so strongly strike, or so deeply affect the minds, as it ought to do, of the sluggish and inattentive, that is, of the far greatest part of mankind. But when voice and instruments are skilfully adapted to it, it appears to us in a majestic air and shape, and gives us very awful and reverent impressions, which while they are upon us, it is impossible for us not to be fixed and composed to the utmost. We are then in the same state of mind that the devout patriarch was when he awoke from his holy dream, and ready with him to say to ourselves, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not! How dreadful is this place! This is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

Further, the availableness of harmony to promote a pious disposition of mind will appear from the great influence it naturally has on the passions, which, when well directed, are the wings and sails of the mind, that speed its passage to perfection, and are of particular and remarkable use in the offices of devotion; for devotion consists in an ascent of the mind towards God, attended with holy breathings of soul, and a divine exercise of all the passions and powers of the mind. These passions the melody of sounds serves only to guide and elevate towards their proper object; these it first calls forth and encourages, and then gradually raises and inflames. This it does to all of them, as the matter of the hymns sung gives an occasion for the employment of them; but the power of it is chiefly seen in advancing that most heavenly passion of love, which reigns always in pious breasts, and is the surest and most inseparable mark of true devotion; which recommends what we do in virtue of it to God, and makes it relishing to ourselves; and without which all our spiritual offerings, our prayers, and our praises, are both insipid and unacceptable. At this our religion begins, and at this it ends; it is the sweetest companion and improvement of it here upon earth, and the very earnest and foretaste of heaven; of the pleasures of which nothing further is revealed to us, than that they consist in the practice of holy music and holy love, the joint enjoyment of which, we are told, is to be the happy lot of all pious souls to endless ages.

Now, it naturally follows from hence, which was the last advantage from whence I proposed to recommend church music, that it makes our duty a pleasure, and enables us, by that means, to perform it with the utmost vigour and cheerfulness. It is certain, that the more pleasing an action is to us, the more keenly and eagerly are we used to employ ourselves in it; the less liable are we, while it is going forward, to tire, and droop, and be dispirited. So that whatever contributes to make our devotion taking, within such a degree as not at the same time to dissipate and distract it, does, for that very reason, contribute to our attention and holy warmth of mind in performing it. What we take delight in, we no longer look upon as a task, but return to always with desire, dwell upon with satisfaction, and quit with uneasiness. And this it was which made holy David express himself in so pathetical a manner concerning the service of the sanctuary: 'As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God. When, oh when, shall I come to appear before the presence of God?' The ancients do sometimes use the metaphor of an army when they are speaking of the joint devotions put up to God in the assembly of his saints. They say we there meet together in troops to do violence to heaven; we encompass, we besiege the throne of God, and bring such a united force, as is not to be withstood. And I suppose we may as innocently carry on the metaphor as they have begun it, and say, that church music, when decently ordered, may have as great uses in this army of supplicants, as the sound of the trumpet has among the host of the mighty men. It equally rouses the courage, equally gives life, and vigour, and resolution, and unanimity, to these holy assailants.

DR SAMUEL CLARKE.

DR SAMUEL CLARKE, a distinguished divine, scholar, and metaphysician, was born at Norwich (which his father represented in parliament) on the 11th of October, 1675. His powers of reflection and abstraction are said to have been developed when a mere boy. His biographer, Whiston, relates

that 'one of his parents asked him, when he was very young, Whether God could do every thing? He answered, Yes! He was asked again, Whether God could tell a lie? He answered, No! And he understood the question to suppose that this was the only thing that God could not do; nor durst he say, so young was he then, that he thought there was anything else which God could not do; while yet he well remembered, that he had even then a clear conviction in his own mind, that there was one thing which God could not do—that he could not annihilate that space which was in the room where they were.' This opinion concerning the necessary existence of space became a leading feature in the mind of the future philosopher. At Caius' college, Cambridge, Clarke cultivated natural philosophy with such success, that in his twenty-second year he published an excellent translation of Rohault's Physics, with notes, in which he advocated the Newtonian system, although that of Descartes was taught by Rohault, whose work was at that time the text-book in the university. 'And this certainly,' says Bishop Hoadly, 'was a more prudent method of introducing truth unknown before, than to attempt to throw aside this treatise entirely, and write a new one instead of it. The success answered exceedingly well to his hopes; and he may justly be styled a great benefactor to the university in this attempt. For by this means the true philosophy has, without any noise, prevailed; and to this day the translation of Rohault is, generally speaking, the standard text for lectures, and his notes the first direction to those who are willing to receive the reality and truth of things in the place of invention and romance.' Four editions of Clarke's translation of Rohault were required before it ceased to be used in the university; but at length it was superseded by treatises in which the Newtonian philosophy was avowedly adopted. Having entered the church, Clarke found a patron and friend in Dr Moore, bishop of Norwich, and was appointed his chaplain. Between the years 1699 and 1702, he published several theological essays on baptism, repentance, &c., and executed paraphrases of the four evangelists, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John. These tracts were afterwards published in two volumes. The bishop next gave him a living at Norwich; and his reputation stood so high, that in 1704 he was appointed to preach the Boyle lecture. His boyish musings on eternity and space were now revived. He selected as the subject of his first course of lectures, the *Being and Attributes of God* and the second year he chose the *Evidences of Natural and Revealed Religion*. The lectures were published in two volumes, and attracted notice and controversy from their containing Clarke's celebrated argument *a priori* for the existence of God, the germ of which is comprised in a *Scholium* annexed to Newton's Principia. According to Sir Isaac and his scholar, as immensity and eternity are not *substances*, but *attributes*, the immense and eternal Being, whose attributes they are, must exist of necessity also. The existence of God, therefore, is a truth that follows with demonstrative evidence from those conceptions of space and time which are inseparable from the human mind. Professor Dugald Stewart, though considering that Clarke, in pursuing this lofty argument, soared into regions where

'For when once we have ...iblished, from the evidences of design everywhere manifested around us, the existence of an intelligent and powerful *cause*, we are unavoidably led to apply to this cause our conceptions of *immensity* and *eternity*, and to conceive *Him* as filling the infinite extent of both with his presence and with his power. Hence we associate with the idea of God those awful impressions which are naturally produced by the idea of infinite space, and perhaps still more by the idea of endless duration. Nor is this all. It is from the immensity of space that the notion of infinity is originally derived; and it is hence that we transfer the expression, by a sort of metaphor, to other subjects. When we speak, therefore, of *infinite* power, wisdom, and goodness, our notions, if not wholly borrowed from space, are at least greatly aided by this analogy; so that the conceptions of immensity and eternity, if they do not of themselves *demonstrate* the existence of God, yet necessarily enter into the ideas we form of his nature and attributes.'* How beautifully has Pope clothed this magnificent conception in verse!—

'All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, *and God the soul;*
That, changed through all, and yet in all the same;
Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame;
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees;
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.' †

The followers of Spinoza built their pernicious theory upon the same argument of endless space; but Pope has spiritualised the idea by placing God as the soul of all, and Clarke's express object was to show that the subtleties they had advanced *against* religion, might be better employed in its favour. Such a mode of argument, however, is beyond the faculties of man; and Whiston only repeated a common and obvious truth, when he told Clarke that in the commonest weed in his garden were contained better arguments for the being and attributes of the Deity than in all his metaphysics.

The next subject that engaged the studies of Clarke was a *Defence of the Immateriality and Immortality of the Soul*, in reply to Mr Henry Dodwell and Collins. He also translated Newton's Optics into Latin, and was rewarded by his guide, philosopher, and friend, with a present of L.500. In 1709 he obtained the rectory of St James's, Westminster, took his degree of D.D., and was made chaplain in ordinary to the queen. In 1712 he edited a splendid edition of Cæsar's Commentaries, with corrections and emendations, and also gave to the world an elaborate treatise on the *Scripture Doctrine of the Trinity*. The latter involved him in considerable trouble with the church authorities; for Clarke espoused the Arian doctrine, which he also advocated in a series of sermons. He next appeared as a controversialist with Leibnitz, the German philosopher, who had represented to the Princess of Wales, afterwards the queen consort of George II., that the Newtonian philosophy was not only physically false, but injurious to religion. Sir Isaac Newton, at the request of the princess, entered the lists on the mathematical part of the controversy, and left the philosophical part of it to Dr Clarke. The result was triumphant for the English system; and Clarke, in 1717, collected and published the papers which had passed between him and Leibnitz. In 1724, he put to press a series of sermons, seventeen in number. Many of them are excellent, but others are tinctured with his metaphysical predilections. He aimed at rendering scriptural principle a precept conformable to what he calls eternal reason and the fitness of things, and hence his sermons have failed in becoming popu-

* Stewart's Dissertation, Encyclopædia Britannica

† Essay on Man.—Ep. I.

lar or useful. 'He who aspires,' 'to a reputation that shall survive opinion and of time, must aim at a character than that of a metaphysician.' In his practical sermons, however, there is much sound and admirable precept. In 1727, Dr Clarke was offered, but declined, the appointment of Master of the Mint, vacant by the death of his illustrious friend, Newton. The situation was worth £1500 a-year, and the disinterestedness and integrity of Clarke were strikingly evinced by his declining to accept an office of such honour and emoluments, because he could not reconcile himself to a secular employment. His conduct and character must have excited the admiration of the queen, for we learn from a satirical allusion in Pope's Moral Epistle on the Use of Riches (first published in 1731), that her majesty had placed a bust of Dr Clarke in her hermitage in the royal grounds. 'The doctor duly frequented the court,' says Pope in a note; 'but he should have added,' rejoins Warburton, 'with the innocence and disinterestedness of a hermit.' In 1729 Clarke published the first twelve books of the Iliad with a Latin version and copious annotations; and Homer has never had a more judicious or acute commentator. The last literary efforts of this indefatigable scholar were devoted to drawing up an *Exposition of the Church Catechism*, and preparing several volumes of sermons for the press. These were not published till after his death, which took place on the 17th of May 1729. The various talents and learning of Dr Clarke, and his easy cheerful disposition, earned for him the highest admiration and esteem of his contemporaries. As a metaphysician, he was inferior to Locke in comprehensiveness and originality, but possessed more skill and logical foresight (the natural result of his habits of mathematical study); and he has been justly celebrated for the boldness and ability with which he placed himself in the breach against the Necessitarians and Fatalists of his times. His moral doctrine (which supposes virtue to consist in the regulation of our conduct according to certain fitnesses which we perceive in things, or a peculiar congruity of certain relations to each other) being inconsequential unless we have previously distinguished the ends which are morally good from those that are evil, and limited the conformity to one of these classes, has been condemned by Dr Thomas Brown and Sir James Mackintosh.* His speculations were over-refined, and seem to have been coloured by his fondness for mathematical studies, in forgetfulness that mental philosophy cannot, like physical, be demonstrated by axioms and definitions in the manner of the exact sciences. On the whole, we may say, in the emphatic language of Mackintosh, that Dr Clarke was a man 'eminent at once as a divine, a mathematician, a metaphysical philosopher, and a philologer; and as the interpreter of Homer and Cæsar, the scholar of Newton, and the antagonist of Leibnitz, approved himself not unworthy of correspondence with the highest order of human spirits.'

[*Natural and Essential Difference of Right and Wrong.*]

The principal thing that can, with any colour of reason, seem to countenance the opinion of those who deny the natural and eternal difference of good and evil, is the difficulty there may sometimes be to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong; the variety of opinions that have obtained even among understanding and learned men, concerning certain questions of just and unjust, especially in political matters; and the many contrary laws that have been made in divers ages and in different countries concerning these matters. But as, in painting, two very different colours, by diluting each other very slowly and gradually, may, from the highest intenseness in either extreme, terminate in the midst insensibly, and so run one into the other, that it shall not be possible even for a skilful eye to determine exactly where the one ends and the other begins; and yet the colours may really differ as much as can be, not in degree only, but entirely in kind, as red and blue, or white and black: so, though it may perhaps be very difficult in some nice and perplexed cases (which yet are very far from occurring frequently) to define exactly the bounds of right and wrong, just and unjust (and there may be some latitude in the judgment of different men, and the laws of divers nations), yet right and wrong are nevertheless in themselves totally and essentially different; even altogether as much as white and black, light and darkness. The Spartan law, perhaps, which permitted their youth to steal, may, as absurd as it was, bear much dispute whether it was absolutely unjust or no; because every man, having an absolute right in his own goods, it may seem that the members of any society may agree to transfer or alter their own properties upon what conditions they shall think fit. But if it could be supposed that a law had been made at Sparta, or at Rome, or in India, or in any other part of the world, whereby it had been commanded or allowed that every man might rob by violence, and murder whomsoever he met with, or that no faith should be kept with any man, nor any equitable compacts performed, no man, with any tolerable use of his reason, whatever diversity of judgment might be among them in other matters, would have thought that such a law could have authorised or excused, much less have justified such actions, and have made them become good: because 'tis plainly not in men's power to make falsehood be truth, though they may alter the property of their goods as they please. Now if, in flagrant cases, the natural and essential difference between good and evil, right and wrong, cannot but be confessed to be plainly and undeniably evident, the difference between them must be also essential and unalterable in all, even the smallest, and nicest and most intricate cases, though it be not so easy to be discerned and accurately distinguished. For if, from the difficulty of determining exactly the bounds of right and wrong in many perplexed cases, it could truly be concluded that just and unjust were not essentially different by nature, but only by positive constitution and custom, it would follow equally, that they were not really, essentially, and unalterably different, even in the most flagrant cases that can be supposed; which is an assertion so very absurd, that Mr Hobbes himself could hardly vent it without blushing, and discovering plainly, by his secret self-condemnation,

* See Brown's Philosophy and the Dissertations of Stewart and Mackintosh. Warburton, in his notes on Pope, thus sums up the moral doctrine: 'Dr Clarke and Wollaston considered moral obligation as arising from the essential differences and relations of things; Shaftesbury and Hutcheson, as arising from the moral sense; and the generality of divines, as arising solely from the will of God. On these three principles practical morality has been built by these different writers.' 'Thus has God been pleased,' adds Warburton, 'to give three different excitements to the practice of virtue; that men of all ranks, constitutions, and educations, might find their account in one or other of them; something that would hit their palate, gratify their reason, or subdue their will. But this admirable provision for the support of virtue hath been in some measure defeated by its pretended advocates, who have sacrilegiously untwisted this threefold cord, and each running away with the part he esteemed the strongest, hath affixed that to the throne of God, as the golden chain that is to unite and draw all to it.'—*Divine Legation*, book i.

necessary and eternal differences of things, and certain fitnesses or unfitnesses of the application of different things, or different relations one to another, not depending on any positive constitutions, but founded unchangeably in the nature and reason of things, and unavoidably arising from the differences of the things themselves.

DR WILLIAM LOWTH.

Dr William Lowth (1661-1732) was distinguished for his classical and theological attainments, and the liberality with which he communicated his stores to others. He published a *Vindication of the Divine Authority and Inspiration of the Old and New Testaments* (1692), *Directions for the Profitable Reading of the Holy Scriptures*, *Commentaries on the Prophets*, &c. He furnished notes on Clemens Alexandrinus for Potter's edition of that ancient author, remarks on Josephus for Hudson's edition, and annotations on the ecclesiastical historians for Reading's Cambridge edition of those authors. He also assisted Dr Chandler in his Defence of Christianity from the Prophecies. His learning is said to have been equally extensive and profound, and he accompanied all his reading with critical and philological remarks. Born in London, Dr Lowth took his degrees at Oxford, and experiencing the countenance and support of the bishop of Winchester, became the chaplain of that prelate, a prebend of the cathedral of Winchester, and rector of Buriton.

DR BENJAMIN HOADLY.

Dr Benjamin Hoadly, successively bishop of Bangor, Hereford, Salisbury, and Winchester, was a prelate of great controversial ability, who threw the weight of his talents and learning into the scale of Whig politics, at that time fiercely attacked by the Tory and Jacobite parties. Hoadly was born in 1676. In 1706,* while rector of St Peter's-le-Poor, London, he attacked a sermon by Atterbury, and thus incurred the enmity and ridicule of Swift and Pope. He defended the revolution of 1688 and attacked the doctrines of divine right and passive obedience with such vigour and perseverance, that, in 1709, the House of Commons recommended him to the favour of the queen. Her majesty does not appear to have complied with this request; but her successor, George I., elevated him to the see of Bangor. Shortly after his elevation to the bench, Hoadly published a work against the nonjurors, and a sermon preached before the king at St James's, on the *Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ*. The latter excited a long and vehement dispute, known by the name of the Ban- in which forty or fifty tracts Lower House of Convocation took up Hoadly's works with warmth, and passed a censure upon them, as calculated to subvert the government and discipline of the church, npugn and impeach the regal supre ers ecclesiastical. The controversy was conducted ith unbecoming violence, and several bishops and other grave divines (the excellent Sherlock among he number) forgot the dignity of their station and he spirit of Christian charity in the heat of party warfare. Pope alludes sarcastically to Hoadly's sermon in the 'Dunciad'—

> Toland and Tindal, prompt at priests to jeer,
> Yet silent bowed to *Christ's no kingdom here.*

The truth, however, is, that there was 'nothing whatever in Hoadly's sermon injurious to the established endowments and privileges, nor to the discipline and government of the English church, even n theory. If this had been the case, he might have been reproached with some inconsistency in becoming so large a partaker of her honours and emoluments. He even admitted the usefulness of censures for open immoralities, though denying all church authority to oblige any one to external communion, or to pass any sentence which should determine the condition of men with respect to the favour or displeasure of God. Another great question in this controversy was that of religious liberty as a civil right, which the convocation explicitly denied. And another related to the much debated exercise of private judgment in religion, which, as one party meant virtually to take away, so the other perhaps unreasonably exaggerated.'* The style of Hoadly's controversial treatises is strong and logical, but without any of the graces of composition, and hence they have fallen into comparative oblivion. He was author of several other works, as *Terms of Acceptance*, *Reasonableness of Conformity*, *Treatise on the Sacrament*, &c. A complete edition of his works was published by his son in three folio volumes; his sermons are now considered the most valuable portion of his writings. There can be no doubt that the independent and liberal mind of Hoadly, aided by his station in the church, tended materially to stem the torrent of slavish submission which then prevailed in the church of England.

The first extract is from Hoadly's sermon on *The Nature of the Kingdom or Church of Christ*, preached before the king on 31st March, 1717, and which, as already mentioned, gave rise to the celebrated Bangorian controversy.

[*The Kingdom of Christ not of this World.*]

If, therefore, the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ, it is essential to it that Christ himself be the sole lawgiver and sole judge of his subjects, in all points relating to the favour or displeasure of Almighty God; and that all his subjects, in what station soever they may be, are equally subjects to him; and that no one of them, any more than another, hath authority either to make new laws for Christ's subjects, or to impose a sense upon the old ones, which is the same thing; or to judge, censure, or punish the servants of another master, in matters relating purely to conscience or salvation. If any person hath any other notion, either through a long use of words with inconsistent meanings, or through a negligence of thought, let him but ask himself whether the church of Christ be the kingdom of Christ or not; and if it be, whether this notion of it doth not absolutely exclude all other legislators and judges in matters relating to conscience or the favour of God, or whether it can be his king-

* Hoadly printed, in 1702, 'A Letter to the Rev. Mr Fleetwood, occasioned by his Essay on Miracles.' In the preface to a volume of tracts published in 1715, in which that letter was reprinted, the eminent author speaks of Fleetwood in the following terms:—'This contains some points, relating to the subject of miracles, in which I differed long ago from an excellent person, now advanced, by his merits, to one of the highest stations in the church. When it first appeared in the world, he had too great a soul to make the common return of resentment or contempt, or to esteem a difference of opinion expressed with civility, to be an unpardonable affront. So far from it, that he not only was pleased to express some good liking of the manner of it, but laid hold on an opportunity, which then immediately offered itself, of doing the writer very considerable piece of service. I think myself obliged upon this occasion, to acknowledge this in a public manner, wishing that such a procedure may at length cease to be uncommon and singular.'

* Hallam's Constitutional History of England.

dom if any mortal men have such a power of legislation and judgment in it. This inquiry will bring us back to the first, which is the only true account of the church of Christ, or the kingdom of Christ, in the mouth of a Christian; that it is the number of men whether small or great, whether dispersed or united who truly and sincerely are subjects to Jesus Christ alone as their lawgiver and judge in matters relating to the favour of God and their eternal salvation.

The next principal point is, that, if the church be the kingdom of Christ, and this 'kingdom be not of this world,' this must appear from the nature and end of the laws of Christ, and of those rewards and punishments which are the sanctions of his laws. Now, his laws are declarations relating to the favour of God in another state after this. They are declarations of those conditions to be performed in this world on our part, without which God will not make us happy in that to come. And they are almost all general appeals to the will of that God; to his nature, known by the common reason of mankind, and to the imitation of that nature, which must be our perfection. The keeping his commandments is declared the way to life, and the doing his will the entrance into the kingdom of heaven. The being subjects to Christ, is to this very end, that we may the better and more effectually perform the will of God. The laws of this kingdom, therefore, as Christ left them, have nothing of this world in their view; no tendency either to the exaltation of some in worldly pomp and dignity, or to their absolute dominion over the faith and religious conduct of others of his subjects, or to the erecting of any sort of temporal kingdom under the covert and name of a spiritual one.

The sanctions of Christ's law are rewards and punishments. But of what sort? Not the rewards of this world; not the offices or glories of this state; not the pains of prisons, banishments, fines, or any lesser and more moderate penalties; nay, not the much lesser negative discouragements that belong to human society. He was far from thinking that these could be the instruments of such a persuasion as he thought acceptable to God. But, as the great end of his kingdom was to guide men to happiness after the short images of it were over here below, so he took his motives from that place where his kingdom first began, and where it was at last to end; from those rewards and punishments in a future state, which had no relation to this world; and to show that his 'kingdom was not of this world,' all the sanctions which he thought fit to give to his laws were not of this world at all.

St Paul understood this so well, that he gives an account of his own conduct, and that of others in the same station, in these words: 'Knowing the terrors of the Lord, we persuade men:' whereas, in too many Christian countries since his days, if some who profess to succeed him were to give an account of their own conduct, it must be in a quite contrary strain: 'Knowing the terrors of this world, and having them in our power, we do not persuade men, but force their outward profession against their inward persuasion.'

Now, wherever this is practised, whether in a great degree or a small, in that place there is so far a change from a kingdom which is not of this world, to a kingdom which is of this world. As soon as ever you hear of any of the engines of this world, whether of the greater or the lesser sort, you must immediately think that then, and so far, the kingdom of this world takes place. For, if the very essence of God's worship be spirit and truth, if religion be virtue and charity, under the belief of a Supreme Governor and Judge, if true real faith cannot be the effect of force, and if there can be no reward where there is no willing choice—then, in all or any of these cases, to apply force or flattery, worldly pleasure or pain, is to act contrary to the interests of true religion, as it is plainly opposite to the maxims upon which Christ founded his kingdom; who chose the motives which are not of this world, to support a kingdom which is not of this world. And indeed it is too visible to be hid, that wherever the rewards and punishments are changed from future to present, from the world to come to the world now in possession, there the kingdom founded by our Saviour is, in the nature of it, so far changed, that it is become, in such a degree, what he professed his kingdom was not—that is, of this world; of the same sort with other common earthly kingdoms, in which the rewards are worldly honours, posts, offices, pomp, attendance, dominion; and the punishments are prisons, fines, banishments, galleys and racks, or something less of the same sort.

[*Ironical View of Protestant Infallibility.*]

[From the 'Dedication to Pope Clement XI., prefixed to Sir R. Steele's Account of the State of the Roman Catholic Religion throughout the World.']

Your holiness is not perhaps aware how near the churches of us Protestants have at length come to those privileges and perfections which you boast of as peculiar to your own: so near, that many of the most quick-sighted and sagacious persons have not been able to discover any other difference between us, as to the main principle of all doctrine, government, worship, and discipline, but this one, namely, that you *cannot* err in anything you determine, and we never *do*: that is, in other words, that you are infallible, and we always in the right. We cannot but esteem the advantage to be exceedingly on our side in this case; because we have all the benefits of infallibility without the absurdity of pretending to it, and without the uneasy task of maintaining a point so shocking to the understanding of mankind. And you must pardon us if we cannot help thinking it to be as great and as glorious a privilege in *us* to be always in the right, without the pretence to infallibility, as it can be in *you* to be always in the wrong, with it.

Thus, the synod of Dort (for whose unerring decisions public thanks to Almighty God are every three years offered up with the greatest solemnity by the magistrates in that country), the councils of the reformed in France, the assembly of the kirk of Scotland, and (if I may presume to name it) the convocation of England, have been all found to have the very same unquestionable authority which your church claims, solely upon the infallibility which resides in it; and the people to be under the very same strict obligation of obedience to their determinations, which with you is the consequence only of an absolute infallibility. The reason, therefore, why we do not openly set up an infallibility is, because we can do without it. Authority results as well from power as from right, and a majority of votes is as strong a foundation for it as infallibility itself. Councils that *may* err, never *do*: and besides, being composed of men whose peculiar business it is to be in the right, it is very immodest for any private person to think them not so; because this is to set up a private corrupted understanding above a public uncorrupted judgment.

Thus it is in the north, as well as the south; abroad, as well as at home. All maintain the exercise of the same authority in themselves, which yet they know not how so much as to speak of without ridicule in others.

In England it stands thus: The synod of Dort is of no weight; it determined many doctrines wrong. The assembly of Scotland hath nothing of a true authority; and is very much out in its scheme of doctrines, worship, and government. But the church

of England is vested with all authority, and justly challengeth all obedience.

If one crosses a river in the north, there it stands thus: The church of England is not enough reformed; its doctrines, worship, and government, have too much of antichristian Rome in them. But the kirk of Scotland hath a divine right from its only head, Jesus Christ, to meet and to enact what to it shall seem fit, for the good of his church.

Thus, we left you for your enormous unjustifiable claim to an unerring spirit, and have found out a way, unknown to your holiness and your predecessors, of claiming all the rights that belong to infallibility, even whilst we disclaim and abjure the thing itself.

As for us of the church of England, if we will believe many of its greatest advocates, we have bishops in a succession as certainly uninterrupted from the apostles, as your church could communicate it to us. And upon this bottom, which makes us a true church, *we* have a right to separate from *you;* but no persons living have a right to differ or separate from *us*. And they, again, who differ from us, value themselves upon something or other in which we are supposed defective, or upon being free from some superfluities which we enjoy; and think it hard, that any will be still going further, and refine upon their scheme of worship and discipline.

Thus we have indeed left *you;* but we have fixed ourselves in your seat, and make no scruple to resemble you in our defences of ourselves and censures of others whenever we think it proper.

We have all sufficiently felt the load of the two topics of *heresy* and *schism*. We have been persecuted hanged, burned, massacred (as your holiness well knows) for *heretics* and *schismatics*. But all this hath not made us sick of those two words. We can still throw them about us, and play them off upon others, as plentifully and as fiercely as they are dispensed to us from your quarter. It often puts me in mind (your holiness must allow me to be a little ludicrous, if you admit me to your conversation), it often, I say, puts me in mind of a play which I have seen amongst some merry people: a man strikes his next neighbour with all his force, and he, instead of returning it to the man who gave it, communicates it, with equal zeal and strength, to another; and this to another and so it circulates, till it returns perhaps to him who set the sport agoing. Thus your holiness begins the attack. You call *us* heretics and schismatics, and burn and destroy us as such; though, God knows, there is no more right anywhere to use heretics or schismatics barbarously, than those who think and speak as their superiors bid them. But so it is. *You* thunder out the sentence against *us*. We think it ill manners to give it *you* back again; but we throw it out upon the next brethren that come in our way and they upon others: and so it goes round, till some perhaps have sense and courage enough to throw it back upon those who first began the disturbance by pretending to authority where there can be none.

We have not indeed now the power of burning heretics, as our forefathers of the Reformation had. The civil power hath taken away the act which continued that glorious privilege to them, upon the remonstrance of several persons that they could not sleep whilst that act was awake. But then, everything on this side death still remains untouched to us: we can molest, harass, imprison, and ruin any man who pretends to be wiser than his betters. And the more unspotted the man's character is, the more necessary we think it to take such crushing methods. Since the toleration hath been authorised in these nations, the legal zeal of men hath fallen the heavier upon heretics (for it must always, it seems, be exercised upon some sort of persons or other); and amongst these, chiefly upon such as differ from us in points in which, above all others, a difference of opinion is most allowable; such as are acknowledged to be very abstruse and unintelligible, and to have been in all ages thought of and judged of with the same difference and variety.

CHARLES LESLIE.

Charles Leslie (1650–1722), author of a work still popular, *A Short and Easy Method with the Deists*, was a son of a bishop of Clogher, who is said to have been of a Scottish family. Educated at Trinity college, Dublin, Charles Leslie studied the

Charles Leslie.

law in London, but afterwards turned his attention to divinity, and in 1680 took orders. As chancellor of the cathedral of Connor, he distinguished himself by several disputations with Catholic divines, and by the boldness with which he opposed the pro-popish designs of King James. Nevertheless, at the revolution, he adopted a decisive tone of Jacobitism, from which he never swerved through life. Removing to London, he was chiefly engaged for several years in writing controversial works against quakers, Socinians, and deists, of which, however, none are now remembered, besides the little treatise of which the title has been given, and which appeared in 1699. He also wrote many occasional and periodical tracts in behalf of the house of Stuart, to whose cau talents and celebrity certainly lend no small Being for one of these publications obliged to leave the country, he repaired in 1713 to the court of the Chevalier at Bar le Duc, and was well received. James allowed him to have a chapel fitted up for the English service, and was even expected to lend a favourable ear to his arguments against popery; but this expectation proved vain. It was not possible for an earnest and bitter controversialist like Leslie to remain long at rest in such a situation, and we are not therefore surprised to find him return in disgust to England in 1721. He soon after died at his house of Glaslough, in the county of Monaghan. The works of this remarkable man have been collected in seven volumes (Oxford, 1832), and it must be allowed that they place their author very high in the list of controversial writers, genuity of the arguments

ss and pertinacity with which they are on all occasions followed out; but a modern reader signs to think of vivid talents spent, with -long perseverance, on discussions which so little to benefit mankind.

WILLIAM WHISTON.

William Whiston (1667–1752) was an able bu eccentric scholar, and so distinguished as a mathematician, that he was made deputy professor of mathematics in the university of Cambridge, and afterwards successor to Sir Isaac Newton, of whose principles he was one of the most successful expounders. Entering into holy orders, he became chaplain to the bishop of Norwich, rector of Lowestoffe, &c. He was also appointed Boyle lecturer in the university, but was at length expelled fo promulgating Arian opinions. He then went t London, where a subscription was made for him and he delivered a series of lectures on astronomy, which were patronised by Addison and Steele. Towards the close of his life, Whiston became a Baptist, and believed that the millennium was approaching, when the Jews would all be restored. Had he confined himself to mathematical studies, he would have earned a high name in science; but his time and attention were dissipated by his theological pursuits, in which he evinced more zeal than judgment. His works are numerous. Besides a *Theory of the Earth*, in defence of the Mosaic account of the creation, published in 1696, and some tracts on the Newtonian system, he wrote an *Essay on the Revelation of St John* (1706), *Sermons on the Scripture Prophecies* (1708), *Primitive Christianity Revived*, five volumes, (1712), *Memoirs of his own Life*, (1749-50), &c. An extract from the last mentioned book is subjoined:—

[*Anecdote of the Discovery of the Newtonian Philosophy.*]

After I had taken holy orders, I returned to the college, and went on with my own studies there, particularly the mathematics and the Cartesian philosophy, which was alone in vogue with us at that time. But it was not long before I, with immense pains, but no assistance, set myself with the utmost zeal to the study of Sir Isaac Newton's wonderful discoveries in his 'Philosophiæ Naturalis Principia Mathematica,' one or two of which lectures I had heard him read in the public schools, though I understood them not at all at that time—being indeed greatly excited thereto by a paper of Dr Gregory's, when he was professor in Scotland, wherein he had given the most prodigious commendations to that work, as not only right in all things, but in a manner the effect of a plainly divine genius, and had already caused several of his scholars to keep acts, as we call them, upon several branches of the Newtonian philosophy; while we at Cambridge, poor wretches, were ignominiously studying the fictitious hypotheses of the Cartesian, which Sir Isaac Newton had also himself done formerly, as I have heard him say. What the occasion of Sir Isaac Newton's leaving the Cartesian philosophy, and of discovering his amazing theory of gravity was, I have heard him long ago, soon after my first acquaintance with him, which was 1694, thus relate, and of which Dr Pemberton gives the like account, and somewhat more fully, in the preface to his explication of his philosophy. It was this: an inclination came into Sir Isaac's mind to try whether the same power did not keep the moon in her orbit, notwithstanding her projectile velocity, which he knew always tended to go along a straight line the tangent of that orbit, which makes stones and all heavy bodies with us fall downward, and which we call gravity? taking this postulatum, which had been thought of before, that such power might decrease in a duplicate proportion of the distances from the earth's centre. Upon Sir Isaac's first trial, when he took a degree of a great circle on the earth's surface, whence a degree at the distance of the moon was to be determined also, to be sixty measured miles only, according to the gross measures then in use, he was in some degree disappointed; and the power that restrained the moon in her orbit, measured by the versed sines of that orbit, appeared not to be quite the same that was to be expected had it been the power of gravity alone by which the moon was there influenced. Upon this disappointment, which made Sir Isaac suspect that this power was partly that of gravity and partly that of Cartesius's vortices, he threw aside the paper of his calculation, and went to other studies. However, some time afterward, when Monsieur Picart had much more exactly measured the earth, and found that a degree of a great circle was sixty-nine and a-half such miles, Sir Isaac, in turning over some of his former papers, lighted upon this old imperfect calculation, and, correcting his former error, discovered that this power, at the true correct distance of the moon from the earth, not only tended to the earth's centre, as did the common power of gravity with us, but was exactly of the right quantity; and that if a stone was carried up to the moon, or to sixty semi-diameters of the earth, and let fall downward by its gravity, and the moon's own menstrual motion was stopped, and she was let fall by that power which before retained her in her orbit, they would exactly fall towards the same point, and with the same velocity; which was therefore no other power than that of gravity. And since that power appeared to extend as far as the moon, at the distance of 240,000 miles, it was but natural, or rather necessary, to suppose it might reach twice, thrice, four times, &c., the same distance, with the same diminution, according to the squares of such distances perpetually: which noble discovery proved the happy occasion of the invention f the wonderful Newtonian philosophy.

DR PHILIP DODDRIDGE.

Dr Philip Doddridge, a distinguished nonconformist divine and author, was born in London, June 26, 1702. His grandfather had been ejected from the living of Shepperton, in Middlesex, by the act of uniformity in 1662; and his father, a man engaged in mercantile pursuits in London, married the only daughter of a German, who had fled from Prague to escape the persecution which raged in Bohemia, after the expulsion of Frederick, the Elector Palatine, when to abjure or emigrate were the only alternatives. The pious parents of Doddridge early instructed him in religious knowledge. 'I have heard him relate,' says his biographer, Mr Job Orton, 'that his mother taught him the history of the Old and New Testaments, before he could read, by the assistance of some Dutch tiles in the chimney in the room where they commonly sat; and her wise and pious reflections upon the stories there represented were the means of making some good impressions upon his heart, which never wore out; and therefore this method of instruction he frequently recommended to parents.' In 1712, Doddridge was sent to school at Kingston-upon-Thames; but both his parents dying within three years afterwards, he was removed to St Albans, and whilst there, was solemnly admitted, in his sixteenth year, a member of the nonconforming congregation. His religious impressions were ardent and sincere; and when, in 718, the Duchess of Bedford made him an offer to

educate him for the ministry in the church of England, Doddridge declined, from conscientious scruples, to avail himself of this advantage. A generous friend, Dr Clarke of St Albans, now stepped forward to patronise the studious youth, and in 1719 he was placed at an academy established at Kibworth, Leicestershire, for the education of dissenters. Here he resided three years, pursuing his studies for the ministry, and cultivating a taste for elegant literature. To one of his fellow-pupils who had condoled with him on being buried alive, Doddridge writes in the following happy strain:—'Here I stick close to those delightful studies which a favourable providence has made the business of my life. One day passeth away after another, and I only know that it passeth pleasantly with me. As for the world about me, I have very little concern with it. I live almost like a tortoise shut up in its shell, almost always in the same town, the same house, the same chamber; yet I live like a prince—not, indeed, in the pomp of greatness, but the pride of liberty; master of my books, master of my time, and, I hope I may add, master of myself. I can willingly give up the charms of London, the luxury, the company, the popularity of it, for the secret pleasures of rational employment and self-approbation; retired from applause and reproach, from envy and contempt, and the destructive baits of avarice and ambition. So that, instead of lamenting it as my misfortune, you should congratulate me upon it as my happiness, that I am confined in an obscure village, seeing it gives me so many valuable advantages to the most important purposes of devotion and philosophy, and, I hope I may add, usefulness too.' The obscure village had also further attractions. It appears from the correspondence of Doddridge (published by his great-grandson in 1829), that the young divine was of a susceptible temperament, and was generally in love with some fair one of the neighbourhood, with whom he kept up a constant and lively interchange of letters. The levity or gaiety of some of these epistles is remarkable in one of so staid and devout a public character. His style is always excellent—correct and playful like that of Cowper, and interesting from the very egotism and carelessness of the writer. To one of his female correspondents he thus describes his situation:—

'You know I love a country life, and here we have it in perfection. I am roused in the morning with the chirping of sparrows, the cooing of pigeons, the lowing of kine, the bleating of sheep, and, to complete the concert, the grunting of swine and neighing of horses. We have a mighty pleasant garden and orchard, and a fine arbour under some tall shady limes, that form a kind of lofty dome, of which, as a native of the great city, you may perhaps catch a glimmering idea, if I name the cupola of St Paul's. And then, on the other side of the house, there is a large space which we call a wilderness, and which, I fancy, would please you extremely. The ground is a dainty green sward; a brook runs sparkling through the middle, and there are two large fish-ponds at one end; both the ponds and the brook are surrounded with willows; and there are several shady walks under the trees, besides little knots of young willows interspersed at convenient distances. This is the nursery of our lambs and calves, with whom I have the honour to be intimately acquainted. Here I generally spend the evening, and pay my respects to the setting sun, when the variety and the beauty of the prospect inspire a pleasure that I know not how to express. I am sometimes so transported with these inanimate beauties, that I fancy I am like Adam in Paradise; only that I want an Eve, and have none but the birds of the air, and the beasts of the field, for my companions.'

To another lady, whom he styles 'aunt,' he addressed the following complimentary effusion, more like the epistle of a cavalier poet than of a nonconformist preacher:—

'You see, madam, I treat you with rustic simplicity, and perhaps talk more like an uncle than a nephew. But I think it is a necessary truth, that ought not to be concealed because it may possibly disoblige. In short, madam, I will tell you roundly, that if a lady of your character cannot bear to hear a word in her own commendation, she must rather resolve to go out of the world, or not attend to anything that is said in it. And if you are determined to indulge this unaccountable humour, depend upon it, that with a thousand excellent qualities and agreeable accomplishments, you will be one of the most unhappy creatures in the world. I assure you, madam, you will meet with affliction every day of your life. You frown when a home-bred unthinking boy tells you that he is extremely entertained with your letters. Surely you are in a downright rage whenever you converse with gentlemen of refined taste and solid judgment; for I am sure, let them be ever so much upon their guard, they cannot forbear tormenting you about an agreeable person, a fine air, a sparkling wit, steady prudence, and unaffected piety, and a thousand other things that I am afraid to name, although even I can dimly perceive them; or, if they have so much humility as not to talk of them to your face, you will be sure to hear of them at second hand. Poor aunt! I profess I pity you; and if I did but know any one circumstance of your character that was a little defective, I would be sure to expatiate upon it out of pure good nature.'

From his first sermon, delivered at the age of twenty, Doddridge became a marked preacher among the dissenters, and had calls to various congregations. In 1729 he settled at Northampton, and became celebrated for his abilities, diligence, and zeal. Here he undertook to receive pupils, and was so successful, that in a few years he engaged an assistant, to whom he assigned the care of the junior pupils, and the direction of the academy during his absence. He first appeared as an author in 1730, when he published a pamphlet on the *Means of Reviving the Dissenting Interest*. He afterwards applied himself to the composition of practical religious works. His *Sermons on the Education of Children* (1732), *Sermons to Young People* (1735), and *Ten Sermons on the Power and Grace of Christ, and the Evidences of his Glorious Gospel* (1736), were all well received by the public. In 1741 appeared his *Practical Discourses on Regeneration*, and in 1745 *The Rise and Progress of Religion in the Soul*. The latter forms a body of practical divinity and Christian experience which has never been surpassed by any work of the same nature. In 1747 appeared his still popular work, *Some Remarkable Passages in the Life of Colonel James Gardiner, who was slain by the Rebels at the Battle of Prestonpans, Sept.* 21, 1745. Gardiner was a brave Scottish officer, who had served with distinction under Marlborough, and was aid-de-camp to the Earl of Stair on his embassy to Paris. From a gay libertine life he was suddenly converted to one of the strictest piety, by what he conceived to be a supernatural interference, namely, a visible representation of Christ upon the cross, suspended in the air, amidst an unusual blaze of light, and accompanied by a declaration of the words, 'Oh, sinner! did I suffer this for thee, and are these the returns?' From the period of this vision till his death, twenty-six years afterwards, Colonel Gardiner maintained

the life and character of a sincere and zealous Christian, united with that of an intrepid and active officer. Besides several single sermons and charges delivered at the ordination of some of his brethren, Dr Doddridge published an elaborate work, the result of many years' study, entitled *The Family Expositor, Containing a Version and Paraphrase of the New Testament, with Critical Notes, and a Practical Improvement of each Section.* This compendium of Scriptural knowledge was received with the greatest approbation both at home and abroad, and was translated into several languages. Doddridge continued his useful and laborious life at Northampton for many years; but his health failing, he was, in 1751, advised to remove to a warmer climate for the winter. The generosity of his friends supplied ample funds for his stay abroad, and in September of the same year he sailed from Falmouth for Lisbon. He arrived there on the 21st of October, but survived only five days, dying October 26, 1751. The solid learning, unquestioned piety, and truly Catholic liberality and benevolence of Dr Doddridge, secured for him the warm respect and admiration of his contemporaries of all sects. He heartily wished and prayed for a greater union among Protestants, and longed for the happy time when, to use his own words, 'the question would be, not how much we may lawfully impose, and how much we may lawfully dispute, but on the one side what we may waive, and on the other what we may acquiesce in, from a principle of mutual tenderness and respect, without displeasing our common Lord, and injuring that great cause of original Christianity which he hath appointed us to guard.' As an author, the reputation of Doddridge depends chiefly on his 'Family Expositor,' to which the only objection that has been urged, is the occasional redundance of some of his paraphrases. His interpretation of particular texts and passages may also be variously judged of; but the solid learning and research of the author, his critical acuteness, and the persuasive earnestness of his practical reflections, render the work altogether an honour to English theological literature. Dr Doddridge was author of what Johnson calls 'one of the finest epigrams in the English language.' The subject is his family motto, 'Dum vivimus vivamus,' which, in its primary signification, is not very suitable to a Christian divine, but he paraphrased it thus:—

Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be;
I live in pleasure when I live to thee.

Our specimens of Doddridge are exclusively from his letters.

[*The Dangerous Illness of a Daughter.*]

[Written from Northampton, August 1740, to Mrs Doddridge.]

When I came down to prayer on Lord's day morning, at eight o'clock, immediately after the short prayer with which you know we begin family worship, Mrs Wilson (who has indeed showed a most prudent and tender care of the children, and managed her trust very well during your absence) came to me in tears, and told me that Mr Knott wanted to speak with me: I immediately guessed his errand, especially when I saw he was so overwhelmed with grief that he could scarcely utter it. It was natural to ask if my child were dead! He told me she was yet alive, but that the doctor had hardly any hopes at all, for she was seized at two in the morning with a chilliness, which was attended with convulsions. No one, my dear, can judge so well as yourself what I must feel on such an occasion; yet I found, as I had just before done in my secret retirements, a most lively sense of the love and care of God, and a calm sweet resignation to his will, though the surprise of the news was almost as great as if my child had been seized in full health; for everybody before told me she was quite in a safe and comfortable way. I had now no refuge but prayer, in which the countenances of my pupils, when I told them the story, showed how much they were disposed to join with me. I had before me Mr Clark's book of the Promises; and though I had quite forgotten it, yet so it happened that I had left off the Sabbath before, in the middle of a section, and at the beginning of the sixty-fifth page, so that the fresh words which came in course to be read were Matt. xxi. 22, 'And all things whatsoever ye shall ask in prayer, believing, you shall receive;' the next, 'If ye abide in me, and my words abide in you, ye shall ask what ye will, and it shall be done to you;' then followed, 'Whatsoever ye shall ask my Father in my name, he will give it you;' 'Ask and receive, that your joy may be full;' 'Whatsoever ye shall ask in my name that I will do, that the Father may be glorified in the Son;' 'If ye ask anything in my name I will do it;' and at last, 'The prayer of faith shall save the sick, and the Lord shall raise him up.' These scriptures falling thus undesignedly and unexpectedly in my way, at that moment, and thus directly following each other, in the order in which I have transcribed them, struck me and the whole family very sensibly; and I felt great encouragement earnestly to plead them in prayer, with a very firm persuasion that, one way or another, God would make this a very teaching circumstance to me and the family. Then Mr Bunyan came, and pleaded strongly against blistering her; but I told him it was matter of conscience to me to follow the prescriptions of the doctor, though I left the issue entirely to God, and felt a dependence in him alone. I then wrote you the hasty lines which I hope you received by the last post, and renewed my applications to God in secret, reviewing the promises which had so much astonished and revived me in the family, when those words, 'the prayer of faith shall save the sick,' came on my heart, as if it had been from the very mouth of God himself; so that I could not forbear replying, before I was well aware, 'then it *shall*;' and I was then enabled to pray with that penetrating sense of God's almighty power, and with that confidence in his love, which I think I never had before in an equal degree; and I thought I then felt myself much more desirous that the child might be spared, if it were but a little while, and from this illness, as in answer to prayer, than on account of her recovery simply, and in itself, or of my own enjoyment of her. I lay open all my heart before you, my dear, because it seems to me something of a singular experience. While I was thus employed, with an ardour of soul which, had it long continued, would have weakened and exhausted my spirits extremely, I was told that a gentleman wanted me: this grieved me exceedingly, till I found it was Mr Hutton, now of the Moravian church, whose Christian exhortations and consolations were very reviving to me. He said, among other things, 'God's will concerning you is, that you should be happy at all times, and in all circumstances; and particularly now, in this circumstance; happy in your child's life, happy in its health, happy in its sickness, happy in its death, happy in its resurrection!' He promised to go and pray for it, and said he had known great effects attending such a method.

So it was, that from that hour the child began to mend, as I wrote word to you by him that evening, and by Mr Offley yesterday morning. I cannot pre-

tend to say that I am assured she will recover; but I am fully persuaded, that if she does not, God will make her death a blessing to us; and I think she will be spared.

[*Happy Devotional Feelings of Doddridge.*]

[To Mrs Doddridge, from Northampton, October 1742.]

I hope, my dear, you will not be offended when I tell you that I am, what I hardly thought it possible, without a miracle, that I should have been, very easy and happy without you. My days begin, pass, and end in pleasure, and seem short because they are so delightful. It may seem strange to say it, but really so it is, I hardly feel that I want anything. I often think of you, and pray for you, and bless God on your account, and please myself with the hope of many comfortable days, and weeks, and years with you; yet I am not at all anxious about your return, or indeed about anything else. And the reason, the great and sufficient reason is, that I have more of the presence of God with me than I remember ever to have enjoyed in any one month of my life. He enables me to live for him, and to live with him. When I awake in the morning, which is always before it is light, I address myself to him, and converse with him, speak to him while I am lighting my candle and putting on my clothes, and have often more delight before I come out of my chamber, though it be hardly a quarter of an hour after my awaking, than I have enjoyed for whole days, or, perhaps, weeks of my life. He meets me in my study, in secret, in family devotions. It is pleasant to read, pleasant to compose, pleasant to converse with my friends at home; pleasant to visit those abroad—the poor, the sick; pleasant to write letters of necessary business by which any good can be done; pleasant to go out and preach the gospel to poor souls, of which some are thirsting for it, and others dying without it; pleasant in the week day to think how near another Sabbath is; but, oh! much, much more pleasant, to think how near eternity is, and how short the journey through this wilderness, and that it is but a step from earth to heaven.

I cannot forbear, in these circumstances, pausing a little, and considering whence this happy scene just at this time arises, and whether it tends. Whether God is about to bring upon me any peculiar trial, for which this is to prepare me; whether he is shortly about to remove me from the earth, and so is giving me more sensible prelibations of heaven, to prepare me for it; or whether he intends to do some peculiar services by me just at this time, which many other circumstances lead me sometimes to hope; or whether it be that, in answer to your prayers, and in compassion to that distress which I must otherwise have felt in the absence and illness of her who has been so exceedingly dear to me, and was never more sensibly dear to me than now he is pleased to favour me with this teaching experience; in consequence of which, I freely own I am less afraid than ever of any event that can possibly arise, consistent with his nearness to my heart, and the tokens of his paternal and covenant love. I will muse no further on the cause. It is enough, the effect is so blessed.

[*Vindication of Religious Opinions.*]

[Addressed, November 1742, to the Rev. Mr Bourne.]

Had the letter which I received from you so many months ago been merely an address of common friendship, I hope no hurry of business would have led me to delay so long the answer which civility and gratitude would in that case have required; or had it been to request any service in my power to you, sir, or to any of your family or friends, I would not willingly have neglected it so many days or hours: but when it contained nothing material, except an unkind insinuation, that you esteemed me a dishonest man, who, out of a design to please a party, had written what he did not believe, or, as you thought fit to express yourself, had 'trimmed it a little with the gospel of Christ,' I thought all that was necessary, after having fully satisfied my own conscience on that head, which, I bless God, I very easily did, was to forgive and pray for the mistaken brother who had done me the injury, and to endeavour to forget it, by turning my thoughts to some more pleasant, important, and useful subject. I imagined, sir, that for me to give you an assurance under my hand that I meant honestly, would signify very little, whether you did or did not already believe it; and as I had little particular to say on the doctrines to which you referred, I thought it would be of little use to send you a bare confession of my faith, and quite burdensome to enter into a long detail and examination of arguments which have on one side and the other been so often discussed, and of which the world has of late years been so thoroughly satiated.

On this account, sir, I threw aside the beginning of a long letter, which I had prepared in answer to yours, and with it your letter itself; and I believe I may safely say, several weeks and months have passed in which I have not once recollected anything relating to this affair. But I have since been certainly informed that you, interpreting my silence as an acknowledgment of the justice of your charge, have sent copies of your letter to several of your friends, who have been industrious to propagate them far and near! This is a fact which, had it not been exceedingly well attested, I should not have believed; but as I find it too evident to be questioned, you must excuse me, sir, if I take the liberty to expostulate with you upon it, which, in present circumstances, I apprehend to be not only justice to myself, but, on the whole, kindness and respect for you.

Though it was unkind readily to entertain the suspicions you express, I do not so much complain of your acquainting me with them; but on what imaginable humane or Christian principle could you communicate such a letter, and grant copies of it? With what purpose could it be done, but with a design of aspersing my character? and to what purpose could you desire my character to be reproached? Are you sure, sir, that I am not intending the honour of God and the good of souls, by my various labours of one kind and another—so sure of it, that you will venture to maintain at the bar of Christ, before the throne of God, that I was a person whom it was your duty to endeavour to discredit? for, considering me as a Christian, a minister, and a tutor, it could not be merely an indifferent action; nay, considering me as a man, if it was not a duty, it was a crime!

I will do you the justice, sir, to suppose you have really an ill opinion of me, and believe I mean otherwise than I write; but let me ask, what reason have you for that opinion? Is it because you cannot think me a downright fool, and conclude that every one who is not must be of your opinion, and is a knave if he does not declare that he is so? or is it from anything particular which you apprehend you know of my sentiments contrary to what my writings declare? He that searches my heart, is witness that what I wrote on the very passage you except against, I wrote as what appeared to me most agreeable to truth, and most subservient to the purposes of His glory and the edification of my readers; and I see no reason to alter it in a second edition, if I should reprint my Exposition, though I had infinitely rather the book should perish than advance anything contrary to the tenor of the gospel, and subversive to the souls of men. I guard against apprehending Christ to be a mere creature, or another God, inferior to the Father, or co-

ordinate with him. And you will maintain that I believe him to be so; from whence, sir, does your evidence of that arise? If from my writings, I apprehend it must be in consequence of some inference you draw from them, of laying any just foundation for which I am not at present aware; nor did I ever intend, I am sure, to say or intimate anything of the kind. If from report, I must caution you against rashly believing such reports. I have heard some stories of me, echoed back from your neighbourhood, which God knows to be as false as if I had been reported to have asserted the divine authority of the Alcoran! or to have written Hobbe's Leviathan; and I can account for them in no other way than by supposing, either that coming through several hands, every one mistook a little, or else that some people have such vivid dreams, that they cannot distinguish them from realities, and so report them as facts; though how to account for their propagating such reports so zealously, on any principles of Christianity or common humanity, especially considering how far I am from having offered them any personal injury, would amaze me, if I did not know how far *party* zeal debases the understandings of those who in other matters are wise and good. All I shall add with regard to such persons is, that I pray God this evil may not be laid to their charge.

I have seriously reflected with myself, whence it should come that such suspicions should arise of my being in what is generally called the Arian scheme, and the chief causes I can discover are these two: my not seeing the arguments which some of my brethren have seen against it in some disputed texts, and my tenderness and regard to those who, I have reason to believe, do espouse it, and whom I dare not in conscience raise a popular cry against! Nor am I at all fond of urging the controversy, lest it should divide churches, and drive some who are wavering, as indeed I myself once was, to an extremity to which I should be sorry to see such worthy persons, as some of them are, reduced.

Permit me, sir, on so natural an occasion, to conclude with expressing the pleasure with which I have heard that you of late have turned your preaching from a controversial to a more practical and useful strain. I am persuaded, sir, it is a manner of using the great talents which God has given you, which will turn to the most valuable account with respect to yourself and your flock; and if you would please to add another labour of love, by endeavouring to convince some who may be more open to the conviction from you than from others, that Christian candour does not consist in judging the hearts of their brethren, or virulently declaring against their supposed bigotry, it would be a very important charity to them, and a favour to, reverend and dear sir, your very affectionate brother and humble servant,

P. DODDRIDGE.

P. S.—I heartily pray that God may confirm your health, and direct and prosper all your labours, for the honour of his name and the Gospel of his Son.

The multiplicity of my business has obliged me to write this with so many interruptions, that I hope you will excuse the inaccuracies it may contain. My meaning I am sure is good, and, I hope, intelligible; and I am heartily willing that, with what measure I mete, it may be measured to me again.

DR WILLIAM NICOLSON—DR MATTHEW TINDAL—DR HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX.

DR WILLIAM NICOLSON (1655–1727), successively bishop of Carlisle and Londonderry, and lastly archbishop of Cashel, was a learned antiquary and investigator of our early records. He published *Historical Libraries of England, Scotland, and Ireland* (collected into one volume, in 1776), being a detailed catalogue or list of books and manuscripts referring to the history of each nation. He also wrote *An Essay on the Border Laws*, *A Treatise on the Laws of the Anglo-Saxons*, and *A Description of Poland and Denmark*. The only professional works of Dr Nicolson are a preface to Chamberlayne's Polyglott of the Lord's Prayer, and some able pamphlets on the Bangorian controversy.

DR MATTHEW TINDAL (1657–1733) was a zealous controversialist, in times when controversy was pursued with much keenness by men fitted for higher duties. His first attacks were directed against priestly power, but he ended in opposing Christianity itself; and Paine and other later writers against revelation, have drawn some of their weapons from the armoury of Tindal. Like Dryden, and many others, Tindal embraced the Roman Catholic religion when it became fashionable in the court of James II.; but he abjured it in 1687, and afterwards became an advocate under William III., from whom he received a pension of £200 per annum. He wrote several political and theological tracts, but the work by which he is chiefly known, is entitled *Christianity as Old as the Creation, or the Gospel a Republication of the Religion of Nature*. The tendency of this treatise is to discredit revealed religion: it was answered by Waterland; and Tindal replied by reiterating his former statements and arguments. He wrote a second volume to this work shortly before his death, but Dr Gibson, the bishop of London, interfered, and prevented its publication. Tindal left a legacy of £2000 to Eustace Budgell, one of the writers in the Spectator, and it was reported that Budgell had assisted in his friend's work against Christianity. Tindal's nephew was author of a continuation of Rapin's History of England.

DR HUMPHREY PRIDEAUX (1648–1724) was author of a still popular and valuable work, the *Connexion of the History of the Old and New Testament*, the first part of which was published in 1715, and the second in 1717. He wrote also a *Life of Mahomet* (1697), *Directions to Churchwardens* (1707), and *A Treatise on Tithes* (1710). Prideaux's 'Connexion' is a work of great research, connecting the Old with the New Testament by a luminous historical summary. Few books have had a greater circulation, it is invaluable to all students of divinity. Its author was highly respected for his learning and piety. He was archdeacon of Suffolk, and at one time Hebrew lecturer at Christ-church, Oxford. His extensive library of oriental books has been preserved in Clare Hall, Cambridge, to which college it was presented by himself.

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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