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HEPKESSENTATIVE ENGLISH POEMS.



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Representative English Poems

Selected and Edited with Introduction & Notes by

G. S. Brett

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PREFATORY NOTE.

IN preparing this book I have been guided by particular considerations and principles. As it was intended, 'in the first instance, for students in our Indian Colleges, the notes have been compiled to suit their requirements. This explains the absence of many classical quotations which notes written for English students would naturally contain. It also explains the form of many of the notes which are not, it is hoped, too elaborate and yet contain the information required for an intelligent study of the poems.

In India, especially, annotation is a disease: we can hardly hope to stop its ravages, but it is at least not necessary to assist its work. Notes should instruct the pupil, educate him, and lighten his work. The last quality is necessary, but not of prime importance: the former are the essential features of a good book of notes. It is by no means easy to make a book of notes into an instrument of education. The guiding ideas in this case are the following:—The student should be encouraged to work and not thwarted by excessive difficulty. To this end I have employed, where possible, the method of giving references to illustrative passages; primarily to

those contained in the book, thus inducing the reader to compare ideas or words in different contexts; secondarily to passages in other works, which are quoted so that the reference may be of use even if other works are not consulted. If the student will look up the passages in their original context, so much the better; if not, he will at least see before him the example to which reference is made. In so varied a collection as this, even supposing other books are not available, the method of comparison can be applied and the habit of comparative study inculcated if the teacher will assist and direct. To avoid the peculiarly deadening effect of reading references which are useless because the works in question are not available, all that might be called abstruse has been avoided.

It is impossible for the most experienced teacher to foresee where difficulties will arise for individual students: the solution of these must be left to the teacher, whose aid and direct oral instruction is assumed throughout as the proper supplement to annotation.

With reference to the poems selected, no justification is required except perhaps in one case. The insertion of a translation (I)ryden, Juvenal *Satire* x) may seem hardly correct. The justification is twofold: first, in consideration of the style of the writer and the poem translated, it may well be upheld that the work selected is representative of the temper and method of the period to which it belongs: secondly, it was necessary to include Johnson's *Vanity of Human Wishes*. This poem cannot be properly understood without the original, which it imitates—and, where knowledge of the original is not to be assumed, the next best means of explanation

is a version of the original. Experience leads me to think that a study of Dryden's translation will not be without advantage to many English readers of Johnson's poem; for many certainly read Johnson who do not know Juvenal, and lose thereby most of its educative significance.

In the Introduction I have attempted nothing more than an indication of the line of development of which the poems are representative. I have not attempted to give lives of the poets; this study can only be effectively carried out by consulting works on the subject. I have indicated from time to time those that appear most suitable to the class of students for whom these poems are selected.

In conclusion, it is a pleasure to confess what will be obvious to many, that this collection follows the lines of Professor Hales' *Longer English Poems*. The idea of this compilation arose at 'first from the desire to supply for India" students a book which had the advantages of that collection in many respects and, at the same time, did not present the same difficulties: for while the *Longer English Poems* represents a method of annotation and a wealth of learning that merits nothing but praise, it includes much that is unintelligible to the mind innocent of Greek or Latin and omits much that is required by one who approaches English as a foreign tongue.

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INTRODUCTION.

THE "spacious times of great Elizabeth" produced poetry of the widest comprehension and variety. The romantic note is heard chiefly in Spenser. This may be traced to the influence of Italian models, most of all to the work of Ariosto: but it was an influence exerted through the medium of earlier poets in England. The effect is consequently refracted, as it were: a broken light of romance illumines work which is essentially English. Mediaeval colouring and Italian sentiment combine to produce a result which is exotic in character, and, on the whole, perversely unnatural. Spenser is to be reckoned among those whose genius has produced poetry in spite of their peculiar rules and ambitions: such men, in the perspective of time, seem less effective in proportion as their work lacks the vital power and sincerity of great literature.

This lack of grip on life and close union of imagination with feeling to a large extent enervates Spenser's work. The defect was remedied by the dramatists whose art was the expression not only of soaring thoughts and bright imaginations, but also of the creeping life of the earth, the stern struggle and the mean realism of common existence. Consequently Milton,

inheriting the advantages not only of classic models but also of all that had since adorned the buskin'd stage, shows from the first characteristics that are the unmistakeable signs of enduring work.

The shorter poems by which Milton is here represented belong to his earlier years. Previous to these (1629) he had written the great ode, entitled *Hymn on the Nativity*. The greatness of this production has never been called in question : compared, however, with the poet's later work it shows faults which time was to remedy. The language is elegant, but inclined to exuberance : the subject is over-weighted with learning : in short, there is an element of immaturity, which would perhaps hardly call for comment if it were not the work of one whose maturity was transcendent in its quality. Three years after this ode Milton wrote *L'Allegro* and *Il Penseroso* (1632-3). These twin poems are significant for several reasons. Primarily they are dramatic in substance. In both there is evidence of careful study expended upon human characteristics. Each of them portrays a living being, presented, indeed, in only one out of many possible moods ; presented, that is, as an abstraction, but none the less real and vivid, moving and thinking as the cultured man does move and think when life gives him leisure. Hereafter Milton was to treat characters and temperaments on a larger scale, and fill his theatre with many figures : at present one actor appears at a time : each poem is a study, isolated as the studies of a painter who elaborates individually the figures that are to make a group in the great picture.

In addition to the dramatic character, significant both for its indication of the influences which were moulding

the poet and in reference to his future development, there are in these poems other characteristics that call for remark. "Taken together," says Grwynn, "the two poems express fully Milton's youth in its dignity, its austere beauty, its full-fed and learned imagination." Learning is always a characteristic of Milton's work: but great learning is by no means always conducive to the production of great poetry. Here, however, Milton has overcome the difficulty which learning occasions, the tendency to heaviness. He has overcome this by the creative touch which converts the underlying knowledge into a glow of associations. His mythology combines tradition with imagination: his allusions deepen the emotional effect without laboriousness or intrusiveness: the classic names of the pastoral legend; the great heroes of ancient and mediaeval romance; the mystical embodiments of philosophy and music; all are woven into the tissue of changing moods and emotions. Dignity and austerity are qualities of Milton's work which strike the reader forcibly. As effects they are due partly to the matter and partly to the style. Milton treats of the more comprehensive elements in human character: his theme is the pervasive moods, the trend of temperament, rather than the impetuous sallies of feeling which inspire lyrical verse. This is what is sometimes called a "metaphysical" element: and it deserves the title in so far as that name implies a tendency to neglect the superficial and lay bare the unapparent. With this tendency to penetrativeness and depth he combines a peculiar smoothness of versification, an elusive skill in making poetry a "linked sweetness long drawn out."

The qualities thus briefly indicated as the important elements in these two poems are apparent also in the *Lycidas*. This no less than the others is suffused with the classical atmosphere, such a rich glow as only comes from a mind that has kindled as well as collected its material. In this more than the others there is the conscious use of names that ring through the lines as they ring again and again in the *Paradise Lost*: there is, also, the same smoothness of verse, assisted by the separation of the rhymed endings. Lastly, there is in this poem a new note, the note of personal feeling and direct reference to current themes. The question,

"What boots it with incessant care
To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade?"

is more than an artificial formula used to grace a dead poet: the pilot of the Galilean Lake speaks as one who has been roused beyond all appeasing and stirred to a bitterness beyond expression. *Lycidas* is indeed remarkable for the alternation of passion and contemporary fact with calm reflection and ancient idylls. St. Peter's speech is not so unique as it at first appears: the personal element in the poem keeps piercing through like rock in a field of flowers; it appears and it abides; with degrees of repression, but never lost entirely. This is a new note in poetry significant of changed conditions. The age of dalliance, silken idleness, and courts of love sink further away from us at every line: poetry is destined for a time to develop in the direction of drama, toward prose and fact; and, leaving the more fanciful tracks, ally itself with direct thought and forms of expression akin to rhetoric and conversation.

II.

While Milton was writing *Paradise Lost* there appeared another poet in whom the tendencies of the age were to be further developed. Dryden produces on us an impression totally different from that of his great contemporary. The difference is not hard to define. It is due, as a matter of tone, to the increased desire for strength as opposed to ornament. Meretricious ornament has already been to a great extent removed : poetry now seems to consciously rejoice in nakedness. The result of this movement may best be described in a simile. Hitherto poesy has been as a flowering plant, at once natural, delicate, and ornate: now it has become as the metal, pure gold indeed and exquisitely worked, but its finish is of art and not of nature. It has been said that the verse of Dryden has "the ring of a great bronze coin thrown down on marble." That is very true in outline and detail: the verse is so entirely of the forum, so altogether fitted for the marble floor and the audience of men: cast it down on the damp earth in the dews of early morning and you will get no sound, and the moving winds and the young birds will not echo its tones.

It would hardly be correct to ascribe this phenomenon to the invasion of poetry by prose. As both were in the making, such a remark would be anachronistic. It is rather the consciousness of an audience that characterises the new move, not an artistic or romantic audience before whom it is legitimate to appear in fantastic attire; but an audience of living men in earnest about their daily lives. Such an audience condemns before-

hand any sign of palavering: it wants to know what the speaker has to say: he must make his points quickly and incisively or he will be left alone on his platform. At this time the user becomes master, the demand regulates the supply: the poet cares no longer to charm the ear of a gracious lady or win the prize at a contest of wits: he speaks for the strenuous, the politician, the lawyer, or the professed "literary man," and shapes his language accordingly.

In this consciousness of an audience we find the explanation of Dryden's qualities. To be recondite is no virtue in a speaker: clearness and vigour are more essential: and in accordance with this fact all attention now centres on expression. Every phrase is shaped and fitted into its place: there is a finality of utterance about each sentiment. This finality is decidedly a fault: the "finite and finished" is what poetry should avoid: the infinite, the unfinishable, the eternally suggestive is its province. It is a paradox but a truth that a finished style is only compatible with an intensely suggestive subject: an unsuggestive subject in a finished phrase is all limitations.

So far we have been dealing with the "Augustan Age," the period which includes the two chief figures of Dryden and Pope. The general characteristics are common: in detail there is considerable difference. This difference can be measured to some extent by the odes of Dryden.

Pope's consciousness of an audience is never dimmed. He is the incarnate spirit of the period, not a wandering genius but a dweller before mirrors. Nature and circumstances made him pre-eminently plastic: he took the

mould of his surroundings as few men have done: his genius was limited accordingly. Pope has summed up his age and his work in a phrase:

"Art is Nature to advantage drest,
What oft was thought but ne'er so well exprest."

As Professor Hales remarks, he "sets" gems: the labour of the mine is for others, but thought *in* the rough can be brought to him as to a master in the art of polishing.

The peculiar quality of this period is emphatically brought home to us by the doubts which periodically arise about it. When men ask whether a production is poetry or not the question is usually due to want either of form or matter. In spite of protests from the learned, the average man still demands verse for his poetry, and will accept as "poetry" anything that is continuously metrical. Prose, he thinks, is chiefly matter. Consequently a little form makes a poem, and much form makes a good poem. The poetical spirit is a welcome addition, but the spirit without the form is unrecognisable.

Pope carries the excess of form over matter to such a pitch that the common consciousness has an uncomfortable feeling that the art is too clever: the reader begins to doubt whether there is not a point at which he may be duped, and mistake an artist in language for a poet. Hence the question arises, "Is this poetry?"

It is no one's business to dictate valuations: the facts must speak for themselves. It is, however, very essential to remember that any man who uses words significantly as well as artistically is wielding ideas. Pope is far removed from the type of writer who sacrifices matter to form. His phrases are not only verbally felicitous;

they are also studies in the art of expression, of moulding ideas: to express a thing as it has never been expressed before is to illuminate it: and the illumination of a thought may be achieved by either romantic or rational associations. If then Pope can claim, as he certainly can, that he compresses into his phrases great significance, he may enjoy the merit of such an achievement and not be denied the title of poet, the name of "creator."

In his own field Pope remains unsurpassed. Expression has reached its highest perfection. Dryden is superior to Pope as a whole exactly because he is not so excessively focussed on one point. Dryden in his odes shows another side of his genius, a power to move in less formal metres, and to subordinate language to emotion. This trait must be carefully remembered: it gave to Dryden's work a touch of fervour, and preserved the memory of possibilities in poetry other than those which Pope was exhausting,

III.

Johnson as a poet is somewhat of a paradox. He belongs to the classical school in two senses. His style and manner are "Augustan," but he has no sympathy with the "tricks of the trade" and he was far superior to Pope in learning. His most successful work is adaptation: in a drama he has not enough art to suppress his individuality: so long as he moves in classic style among realities which he can himself feel, he is impressive with the power of the great preacher. Comprehensiveness and suggestiveness are mingled in his poems with close

logic and a definite "moral." His poetry is really oratory in verse; it thunders in moral indignation, makes its lessons concrete through history, weighs, balances, and decides. In vigour Johnson equals Dryden: in phraseology he often closely rivals Pope: but no one can really feel that Johnson is an *English* poet: he thinks in Latin, writes in long phrases and long words: and leaves his reader with the impression that as poetry the work is a good prize essay, and for a prize essay it is remarkably good poetry.

IV.

The history of literary development is a subject in which it is undesirable to attempt too great accuracy of delimitation. The treatment must not follow the ideal of the mathematical sciences: it is better to be content with blurred outlines than to falsify the picture. Consequently in what is here said about classification and relationship *It* should be understood that the idea of growth is never to be lost; there is more than mere succession, more than the continuation of tradition or the conscious correction of ideas; there is, over and above those, the interacting social and spiritual forces which make up the spirit of an age.

This preliminary caution is the more necessary because we now find it possible to make a classification that is interesting and helpful. After the period of "Johnsonese" we can trace a divided path of progress. One track is pursued by Collins and Gray, the other by Goldsmith. In the former case we have originality in style without originality in content or spirit; in the latter the orthodox form clothes a new spirit.

Johnson himself really combined two elements ultimately incompatible. A "classical" form cannot contain an ardent spirit; it is no fit vehicle for passionate expression : it is an old bottle in which new wine cannot be stored. Hence there arises the feeling that new modes of expression must be either revived or evolved. Now " classical " as used of the Dryden-Pope-Johnson period is a very restricted term. A comparison of the classical stylo of Milton with the classical method of Pope reveals at once the difference. For Pope, whom we take as most typical, a "classic" style means a perfectly formed and regular metre, a reign of law in poetry. But it is possible to have strict laws without such excessive formality, and an "irregular" metre may have a regular form. In brief, it was possible to be "classical" in many ways, and the time was ripe for a change : Greek influences superseded Latin.

In Collins and Gray we have imitations of Greek models. After Pope the work of Collins strikes the reader as fresh and original. This is probably the most correct way of judging him, namely relatively. If we set up an absolute standard Collins obtains less commendation. His metre is varied and lyrical, but the innovation in style is not supported by spiritual freedom. In thought and phrase Collins remains unemancipated ; his vivid imagination does not trust itself to soar: it is the traditional scene that he paints again with, as a rule, traditional colours: he remains subjective, nervous, sensitive to form and colour ; but does not exhibit the strength of one to whom poetry is a great calling.

Gray has a strong similiarity to Collins in general tone and character. Collins is subjective, lacking in

robust power, with only an occasional significant gleam of naturalism. Gray is equally subjective, but the strength of the scholar comes to his aid : he does not fear his audience, knowing his own superiority; he polishes the perfect line and refines the metaphor, content to entrust his meaning to the notes. In this subtle combination of weakness and strength lies the problem of estimating Gray.

Professor Saintsbury considers Gray an over-rated poet; his personification is at fault and his phraseology too formal: his poetry has earned praise largely because it is an imitation, and has been judged principally on that basis : the *Elegy* is a very second-rate piece of work. This opinion, qualified by praise of the workmanship in the poems, represents one school of critics, who may be divided, I think, into those who do and those who do not value the *Elegy* as good poetry. In his odes Gray is in full-dress; he is working subjectively, self-consciously, as one that "makes a poem": his power of visualisation gave him the painter's standpoint, and just as the painter produces that which is secondary to nature and yet is destined, on account of its fixity, to be subject to severer tests of judgment than any work of nature, so Gray is well aware that all who can (a limited bench at that time) will sit in judgment on this lifeless crystallisation of passion and feeling; if it is to pass this microscopic investigation it must be flawlessly perfect. So long as the theme is formal there is every likelihood that such a method of word-construction will prove satisfactory. When the subject is such as will throw the style into relief, Gray is in the most unfavourable conditions; his picture is hung in a bad light. The

Elegy is thus a severe test. It has feeling and a peculiarly sentimental touch: it is often valued very highly by those who know little or nothing of style or of Gray's other works: it is not infrequently the treasured memory of school-days or the choice piece in a popular collection. Now, coming where and when it does, these are most significant signs. The critic may praise Collins for reviving naturalism; the poet may look back to Collins as the herald of later romanticism; but of the two it is Gray that has taken hold of the public mind.

In poetry public taste is hardly to be trusted: it cannot be accepted as final; but it may well be cited as a witness. Gwynn has expressed the popular view when he says "It is in the Elegy that Gray is wholly exempt from insincerity. . . . In its magical opening we have again the simplicity of great art in the broad, bold strokes; the passion of feeling." Dr. Johnson said: "Had Gray written often thus, it had been vain to blame and useless to praise him:" this opinion did not come from the dogmatic head of the formal satirist; it was the Dr. Johnson of the great tears that spoke there. But no mere sentimental effusion could have won that opinion: with the depth of feeling, the direct personalism of the sentiment, is combined the scholar's desire for perfection, the "labour of the file" which Gray never neglected. By the time the poem was finished the glow of its first creation was cooling: it has been touched and retouched till it is no longer possible for reflection to say that it is natural at all; only the unreflective reader feels the wide sympathy of its melancholy, the solemn note of spiritual isolation which finds an eternal echo

so long as "within this sea of life enisled We many millions live alone."

If we find in Gray or Collins only an occasional touch of naturalism, a flickering self-assertion of human nature, in Goldsmith we find a wealth of feeling. In Goldsmith, paradoxically enough, the classic form is retained. Gray and Collins are classic in spirit and Greek in form; Goldsmith is Augustan in form and modern in spirit. The incompatibility of these two, classic form and a feeling for humanity and nature, is nowhere more clearly shown. The verse is elegant and finished; even Pope could not excel the smooth aptness of many lines: but without the superiority of Pope or the massiveness of Johnson's moralising the style cannot impress us. As a poet Goldsmith is a failure: prose was his proper medium: his mind was indeed poetical in its largeness of sympathy and delicacy of sentiment: but these qualities make poetical prose, which can be delightful: change the medium, and for excellent prose we get prosaic poetry for which the world has little use now. After Goldsmith English literature seems to take a new course, and the representative of this new phase, Cowper, definitely introduces us to the style of poetry which is soon to eclipse all others, the poetry of the Romantic School.

The qualities and characteristics of this school will be most clearly understood when we have considered the individual poets, of whom each has his own peculiar and distinctive marks. For the present it will be sufficient to point out the character of Romanticism in its most elementary form.

The first qualification for a Romantic poet is the

power to feel: his work must be work of the heart rather than the head; he must lose himself in the subject without conscious pose or visible art; he must appeal to the sentiments of men wherever there are beings with souls to perceive the beauty of nature. Simplicity of theme and universality of appeal are closely allied; the Romantic poet consciously aims at both. As a result we have a new conception of poetry in respect both of matter and of form. The matter is to be "the commonest stuff of life," and the form will vary with the theme. Of these two qualities no better example could be found than Cowper. We are conscious at every page of a *new* atmosphere, a tone of homeliness and ease which has not hitherto been found *in* the greater palaces of the Muse. Milton's grace is the refinement of culture with all the reserve that clings to the cultured temperament: the "classical" writers have no talent for private communings. Society for them means incessant conversation, unlimited 'wit," the repartee of the frivolous at Hampton Court or the paradoxical verdicts of a literary tyrant. In opposition to all this Cowper definitely sets himself to be homely, to write on small things, to write unconventionally under the impulse of the moment, to enter into the feelings of animals, and to animate nature with the breath of fancy. Other influences were soon to guide the genius of this new spirit, but before those influences were operative, we recognise in English poetry the definite exhaustion of the classical conception of poetry and the natural arising of new tendencies.

Cowper is thus historically interesting as the link between Pope and Wordsworth, the mediator in the

transition from the polished style of an artificial age to the no less polished though far different style of the poet of nature. When the transition is made, helped by other conditions, there is indeed a spring-time of poetry. More than one influence was at work at this time. All the emotions and aspirations which we still associate with the name of the French Revolution were then stirring and quickening the souls of thoughtful men : as yet the inspiration was not marred by sordidness; the enthusiast could look through time to the age of equality and fraternity without too vivid a sense of the brutality that human nature had not yet outgrown. To many the disillusioning came quickly, and was keenly felt: but we must not think too much of the political fact; that was merely an effect; the causality was the property of a far wider phase of development. In philosophy and in science speculation was growing to a new view: a sense of the unity of man with nature was infused into the few who could appreciate Kant (known generally through Coleridge's writings), and this idea was partly mystical, partly interpreted as fact. The doctrines of Kant were certainly not intended to be taken "mystically" in the ordinary sense of the term ; it is strange that they should be so perverted : and yet the process is intelligible. The idea that every object which occupies my mind is really not that foreign something outside of me which it appears to be, but a reality which has all its best elements, its form, its associations, its vitality, from my active thinking, was easily converted into a subject for mystical reflection; the attempt to think it out in imagery makes the world of common objects a dream-world: the mind rising to the heights

of abstraction with that peculiar power of picturing the abstract which belongs to creative imaginations, suddenly reels, overtaken by those "fallings from us, vanishings" which mark the limit of such thinking.

But such realisations depend on mood and disposition; with the changes of succeeding moods nature appears at one time absorbed into man, a pattern in his thought, a projected image vividly illusionary; at another time it seems rather the eternal, the background, the real before which he passes, a small and insignificant fragment of the great whole; in either case there is always the whole to embrace both, and in that idea the mind rests. Unity was the new acquisition of thought, unity of present with the past, man with nature, poetry with life. Different phases of this complex development are expressed in different poets; a consideration of the individuals is required to fill in this outline of the temper of the movement.

The great men of this period are so far individualistic that it is necessary to describe each one separately; beyond the general features of Romanticism they have little in common; their differences are differences of quality which cannot be treated as greater or less degrees of one quality. The fantastic spirit of Coleridge delighted in the marvellous: he is at his best when telling a simple story and weaving into it an infinite suggestiveness. Wherever he goes there go with him wonder and sympathy. Such a poem as *Genevieve* (*Golden Treasury*, ccxI.) is the very essence of Coleridge; beneath the spell of the story, in itself romantic and very simple, the spirit of the girl is held fast; there is no direct appeal, no word of personal feeling, but

the passion slowly concentrates about the two living figures; the knight and his lady melt like ghosts into the unapparent: they were but symbols of the universal, the eternal; and as they creep back into the past from which they came, the universal and the eternal have already taken on a new form and love is born again. The essence of poetical mysticism is the power to move in definite and concrete imagery with an abiding consciousness of the indefinite and the abstract. The *verse-writer* who attempts this sort of thing fails at once by thinking that the indefinite and the abstract is only to be expressed by vague phrases. On the contrary, it is psychologically true that in moments of great mental tension insignificant details impress us abnormally; the *poet* knows this instinctively, and feels his way to the springs of wonder and terror along the pathway of the obvious. As a dog is paralysed with fear when the invisible thread draws the bone across the floor, so the heart of man sinks before the simplest event, so long as it stands out sure and undeniable, but without definite cause. In the *Ancient Manner* Coleridge reaches the highest point of this art: it is true that much of the poem is "sensational"; but it is an error to think that its power lies in the machinery of rolling seas, spirits, phantom ships and the like. On the contrary, the secret of the poem is best revealed in the line "He holds him with his glittering eye." From that point onward the keynote of mysticism is struck: the "skinny hand" may be dropped but the power to hold remains; it becomes, so to speak, disembodied by the mariner's concession and stands alone, a power unseen, but unavoidable. When once this feeling for the significance

of small details has been aroused, all details will attain the same power; there is no reason to be given, and none is required: as the nervous animal starts at every sound, so the full-strung intellect vibrates to the smallest touch.

The life of Coleridge was not that of the hard-headed and calculating man. At times he existed literally in the mid-region between earth and cloud, fact and fancy. Naturally sensitive and endowed with a nervous system "'all akin to visions wide and spirits of the air," he was from the first more able to appreciate the wonderful than the actual. Had he tried to pile wonder on wonder the result must have been disaster. As it is we feel that he is always trying to keep his feet on the solid earth, to weigh down the fantastic with the earthly, to chain all the spirits of the air down to one time and moment. It is this persistent actualising of the unreal, this condensation of invisible vapours into dew, this ingenious striving to put into our commonplace language the visions we cannot see, that enables Coleridge to carry us with him into the realms of his fancy.

While the spirit of his work is foremost in importance, Coleridge also excels in perfection of language. This will be obvious to any reader capable of appreciating strength in simplicity, and can be passed over with one remark. Coleridge employs the artifice of repeating a line at varying intervals, not verbatim but *in* form, producing the effect of an echo. This is most noticeable in *Genevieve*. As a literary device it is to be compared with "apt alliteration's artful aid "; but while alliteration is concerned with mere sound and its aesthetic effect,

this artifice tends to produce a rhythm of thought, and, with skilful handling, is more effective than alliteration by reason of having more body and exciting a greater response.

The affinity between Coleridge and Wordsworth is obvious. It may be summed up in a phrase : they both had a use for nature. Similarly their divergence can be marked in a phrase : that use was different in each case. Their difference as poets is identical with their differences as men. When Coleridge came down from the clouds of fancy to actualise his dreams, Wordsworth was rising on a golden ladder of imagination to the heaven of serene reflection. Wordsworth is the man of sane and sober temperament to whom the intoxication of feeling comes rarely and as a climax. When the "frenzy" comes upon the poet, it comes always tempered with the gentle scepticism of the habitually rational man: he views himself thus carried beyond himself, and knows that he is on the mountain that overlooks the Promised Land, but not in an atmosphere fit for daily life.

In Wordsworth we recognise the greatest of this great galaxy ; and that supremacy is due to the fact that he combines the qualities of poet and prophet. He does not write in order to compose: in his least work the language, when adequate, is not more than adequate. Beneath the words swells the great spirit whose range is through all time. The depth of Wordsworth is felt more and more as years progress because he penetrated to the universal laws and speaks of that which rules both heaven and earth with the accents of an intellectual love. The poet's place is secured

for ever by this combination of lofty thought with warmth of feeling.

It is very necessary to recognise and appreciate the deep sympathy and real feeling which Wordsworth always shows : otherwise the simplicity may mislead or the aloofness of his reflective moods make us content to think him coldly speculative. A temperate and sober tone is natural to him; coldness is not. On the other hand, there is immeasurable difference between the glow of Wordsworth and the passionate blaze of Byron's tempestuous muse. Wordsworth is intensely human, but not "personal." The individual of whom he speaks is always a type, and when he is subjective it is always of himself as a type that he speaks: the universal may be individual in form . or reference, but it is never "personal" in that sense of the word from which we derive the subtle term "personalities." Wordsworth could not descend to "personalities": Byron could, for he lived by temper. Temper is the salt of human nature, but it is an unstable element: in excess it is a vice, in defect it is contemptible; guided by reason it is lofty; uncontrolled it is a stirrer up of sedition among the passions. If we are to sum up Byron it must be in that one word temper, the "spirit" of Plato's athletes of war; for by that idea alone can we comprehend the strange discords of his life.

Wordsworth, Byron, and Shelley are representatives of three phases of one spirit. In Wordsworth the spirit is broad, rationalistic, and equable. In Byron it is indeed extensive but without the quality of breadth : it is narrowed and concentrated into passion, varying with hour and climate and circumstances. Somewhere

between the two, and yet apart from both, stands Shelley. In him the same spirit was manifest but peculiarly etherealised; he does not hold our attention as a man embodying a spirit; he seems rather to be a spirit thickly veiled in human form, "a pard-like spirit beautiful and swift." Between them the three cover the whole area of Romanticism, save for two other fields of thought. Of these one is occupied by Scott, and may be called the field of historical romance; the other by Keats, the poet of the senses, the aesthetic romance. Scott has more distinctive individuality than any of the others. It is true that in the other four the expressions of the spirit are wholly definite, distinctive, and individual in that sense. But Scott stands apart from these as one to whom the personalities of Byron, the mysticism of Wordsworth, and the airy metaphysics of Shelley are alike foreign. His romance is realism, the real as we see it with the glamour of age about it, touched and refined by a true poet, and yet more near to our childhood and its simple fables than either of the others. In a word, Scott relied upon the objective, the given event or scene, for the majority of his effects: he has a genius for telling a story effectively and writing unequalled "lifts": the dash and the swing of his song hurry us along through stirring scenes of war and passion: his cavaliers love and ride away; even the deserted lady pines for the faithless lover in an atmosphere so romantic that one feels the music and listens for the singer's voice, forgetting to pity the mourner. Scott ranks with Byron in one respect: they both have vitality. But Scott could lose himself in his subject; Byron only rarely wrote without introspection. Keats,

like Scott, gives one the impression of being in a class apart from his compeers. His peculiar tone of sensuousness probably accounts for this. No one has expressed with more refinement the mere enjoyment of feeling. Sensuousness in him was a passion for the beauty of touch and sight: he has the spirit of one whose hand loves the touch of velvet, whose eye rejoices in rich colouring, whose whole attention can be absorbed in the simple details of refinement that make luxury. The *Eve of St. Agnes* is full of these long-drawn sensations: at one time it is the richness of dress (xxvi.); at another the very quintessence of epicurism lingering over the thought of luscious dainties. We know from his life that Keats had a peculiarly hedonistic vein in his composition, a power to value pleasure for its own sake. In this phase of his work he is the poet of mere feeling. He was, however, quite conscious of his own shortcomings, and strove zealously to rise above himself. To some extent he succeeded: at any rate the age that produced *Endymion* was out-lived: Greek influences assisted to give form and dignity to these too unrestrained abandonments of self to sense. Time did not allow Kewas to grow into a man with moral depth of feeling: to the last that element of great poetry is lacking; but very much else is given us. It would be hard to find anyone who more completely merited the name poet, without qualifications, than does Keats. We speak of others as poet and prophet or poet and philosopher, qualifying and justifying their greatness with some reference extraneous to poetry. Keats lives because of his poetic quality; the sense of beauty in objects combined with sense of beauty in language sums up his equipment; but two such quali-

ties carry a man far, and some of Keats' verses are not to be matched, for sheer charm, in the whole range of English literature.

We have been able so far to choose and name one feature that would make each poet a living individuality for the reader. In Coleridge and Wordsworth natural mysticism is the prominent element; in Scott romance blends with history and legend; in Byron passion, with all its variations, sets the keynote; the aesthetic trend of a sensuous temperament dominates the work of Keats. Lastly we come to Shelley. If we call him indefinable, we may also say that recognition of his indefinableness is his best definition. With a violent nature, excessively unstable, Shelley could hardly be expected to achieve great work. At the same time he has summed up himself, to some extent, as others saw him: "A pard-like spirit beautiful and swift." Shelley's temperament seems to have been mixed without being balanced. His lack of centralisation and self-control was nurtured by him as a creed, projected as the creed of universal liberty. Liberty meant for him the absence of material bondage, visible contracts and positive laws. As a war against convention this was doubtless serviceable; in an age of excessive formalism the free lance runs his tilt for the good of all. But Shelley never recognises how far the written law is a mere crystallisation of fact: he does not stop to see how much of custom is a mere precipitate of life: he has never realised that life holds in solution all possible laws. In his poetry the universal law attracts him; but he has seized it on the wrong side, the side of satisfaction and attainment without remembrance of

repulse, defeat, and compromise. "All things by a law divine In one another's being mingle," he cries, "and why not I with thine ?" Why not ? Shelley's life is the answer; to live as men we must be individuals, only partly absorbing the life of others, only partly able to give our own : Shelley desired to take and leave as his moods suggested: it was not the law of man or of society that he finally violated, but the law of nature: worshipped in the universal, in the particular it was resented. However little we like it, this is the nature that shines through the poetry. On its good side it is the germ of abandonment to the life and joy of nature, the source of sympathy with skylark and west wind; on the bad side, it is petulantly resentful, gushing, irritable under restraint, especially when the restraint was a feeling of wrong inflicted; for Shelley's sentiments were better than his theories, though his actions were often unworthy of his ideals.

There is a tendency in modern literature to explain a man's worth through his biography. This is often an injustice ; it frequently means that we come to the work with prejudiced mind: we see *in* it what would never have been imagined without previously aroused suspicions. This may be, often of course it is, "insight" into a writer's meaning; more frequently it is confusion. We are no longer in the "Philistine" state when we should refuse to read Shelley because he was an "atheist." Are we yet beyond the point when we can allow the beauty of a poetical aspiration without inwardly thinking of the poet's life and its inconsistencies? I think not; and therefore it is better not to mix the two things. If we look at Shelley's work in verse and think

of it as it came to us before we were satiated with biographical details or numbed by consequent cynicism, what can we honestly say for it?

I think the ordinary reader would name as its first striking quality a sense of rapture. Sometimes this is the exultation of passion; more frequently it is pure ecstasy, the rising into an atmosphere in which the mind revels. At these times Shelley comes near to Wordsworth: as in Wordsworth the human mind can experience

" High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised."

so Shelley says:

" O World ! O Life ! O Time !
On whose last steps I climb,
Wondering at that whereon I stood before."

And we feel the same sense of abstraction, of looking at our naked selves in a moment of revelation. When the rapture is passionate it still remains ethereal: such a line as

" Life of Life thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them,"

is the utterance of a man who could clothe even an abstract form with the experiences of love.

Rapture, then, is the first and most striking quality of Shelley's work; rapture of love, of abandonment to nature, of political zeal, in fact rapture in all its forms. No one is more Sibylline in his utterances than Shelley: no one is, at his best, so obviously enthusiastic, filled with a divine frenzy. But this is not all. There is keen observation in his work, and

particularly observation of the human mind ; in detail Shelley has a psychology wonderfully subtle. Such a line as

"Leave the self-contempt implanted
In young spirits sense-enchanted "

is the expression of one who had watched the reactions of the mind and knew the revulsion of feeling when passion subsides. " Swift as a Thought by the snake memory stung " is a phrase that cannot be surpassed for terseness and accuracy. Lastly, in language too, Shelley can attain the heights of perfection. The influence of Greek literature is more apparent in him than in any of the others; not indeed the stern ideal that inspires a *Laodamia*, but the buoyancy of a pagan world content in the last resort to enjoy all things that live and move, people the world with fancies where it threatened to be cold or unresponsive, and live for a brief time within the limits set for man between overweening insolence and abject submission. Yet with all this perfection it has been truly said that Shelley lacks substance, and that want is and will be acutely felt. It may not be true that finally Shelley's prose will outlive his poetry ; it certainly is true that Shelley is likely to lose his hold on men in proportion as the "power of Wordsworth increases. "A spirit, beautiful and swift," he is too much like the winged messenger of the gods, a brilliant vision with divine utterance; but one that afterwards falls into suspicion as something not real, explained away as a cloud mistaken for a man, such a creation of fancy as lives in the heart of myth when myths have withered under the touch of rationalism.

The poetry of this brilliant period, of Byron, Shelley, and Keats, was in a sense superficial. Keats has openly avowed this superficiality as the virtue of poetry, declaring:

"And they shall be accounted poet-kings
Who simply tell the most heart-easing things."

He rejects historical matter, "the death-day of empires": science and philosophy are merely destructive of "illusions": "do not all charms fly At the mere touch of cold philosophy?" In short, poetry claimed to be a thing apart, a mood not wedded to common life nor owing any allegiance to reason. The reaction came, after a pause, in the work of Tennyson, Browning, and Matthew Arnold. It came, as reactions often do, with a force that carried its exponents beyond the line of the golden mean. Tennyson descends from the hill of the muses into the common arena where men were arguing the respective claims of faith and service. Browning grasps perpetually at the detail of thought and feeling, great in his defects, but none the less defective, stubbornly refusing to be a singer, striving to weld together paradoxical philosophy, religious beliefs, and the grand humanity of a broad mind. Tennyson distinguishes himself by the exquisiteness of his work, Browning by the massive power of thought, and there is no denying the greatness of both. Art in Tennyson and irrepresentable life in Browning leave their distinctive marks on the work of these poets. Their success is to be measured with due regard to their situation; seriousness and weight are not to be introduced into poetry by any but the most skilful hand: to achieve that task genius is required.

It has not been possible to include in this book any specimen of Matthew Arnold's work. The omission is only in part to be regretted. The Hellenism of Arnold makes him most valuable to a developed mind, and his reflective melancholy is most intelligible to those who can be, in some degree, spectators of all time. In short, he is one whom "the advanced student" should study when he is able to read and comprehend as a whole the exposition of life which our modern poets attempt to give. In allying itself with history, politics, religion, and philosophy, poetry enters upon a new phase, and demands from the student a corresponding width of learning and sympathy if he is to fully appreciate its significance.

NOTE.

THE following books may be consulted to amplify this sketch, particularly the last section, which is purposely left as a mere indication :

- (a) Stephen Gwynn : *The Masters of English Literature*.
- (b) *Handbooks of English Literature* (ed. by Prof. Hales), especially *The Age of Milton*, *The Age of Wordsworth*, and *The Age of Tennyson*.
- (c) Matthew Arnold: *Essays in Criticism*,: Second Series.
- (d) R. H. Hutton : *Literary Essays*.
- (e) E. Gosse: *Eighteenth Century Literature*.
- (f) Special writers are treated at greater length in the English Men of Letters Series. The student should read Milton (M. Pattison) and Wordsworth (F. W. H. Myers) at least.

MILTON.

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. 10
But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In Heav'n yclept Euphrosyne,
And by merf heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sisters Graces more
To ivy-crowned Bacchus bore;
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr with Aurora playing
As he met her once a-Maying, 20
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew

L'ALLEGRO.

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 ye 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 unreprieved 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 sweetbriar, 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;
Some time walking not unseer
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,

Right against the eastern gate,
Where the great Sun begins his state, 60
Rob'd in flames and amber light,
The clouds in thousand liveries dight,
While the plowman near at hand
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid 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 landskip round it measures, 70
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. 80
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis met
Are at their savory 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. 90

Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,
When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound

L'ALLEGRO.

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 holyday,
Till the livelong daylight fail;
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale, 100
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 lanthorn 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 hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubbar fiend, 110
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength;
And crop-full 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.
Tower'd cities please us then,
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of Peace, high triumphs hold, 120
With store of ladies whose bright eyes
Eain 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. 130

Then to the well-trod stage anon,
 If Jonson's learned sock be on,
 Or sweetest Shakespeare, 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, 140
 With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
 The melting voice thro' mazes running,
 Untwisting all the chains that tie
 The hidden soul of harmony ;
 That Orpheus' self may heave his head
 From golden slumber on a bed
 Of heapt Elysian flowers, and hear
 Such strains as would have won the ear
 Of Pluto, to have quite set free
 His half -regain 'd Eurydice. 150
 These delights if thou canst give,
 Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

IL PENSEROSO.

HENCH, vain deluding Joys,
 The brood of Folly without father bred !
 How little you bestead,
 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 sunbeams,
 Or likest hovering dreams,
 The fickle pensioners of Morpheus train. 10

IL PENSEBOSO.

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 powers offended;
Yet thou art higher far descended ;
Thee bright-haired 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, stedfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of Cipres lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn !
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step and musing gait
Ana looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes ;
There held in holy passion still,
Forget thy self 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,

IL PENSEROSO.

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
Most musical, most nielanchoty !
Thee, chauntress, oft the woods among
I woo to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry, smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's 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,

IL PENSEROSO.

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 tower,
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 daemons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Seme time let gorgeous Tragedy
In scepter'd pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
On 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 Musæus 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 wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride;
And if ought else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung,
Of turneys and of trophies hung,

Of forests and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear. 120

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frowning as she was wont
With the Attick boy to hunt,
But kercheft 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 130
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 and 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, 140
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from Day's garish eye,
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort 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 eyelids laid ; 160
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.

IL PENSEROSO.

But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowed roof,
With antique pillars massy proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light. 160

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 ecstasies,
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 170
Of every star that Heav'n doth shew
And every 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.

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 10
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, 20
And, as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud ;
For we were nursed 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,
Batt'ning our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at ev'ning bright 30
Towards Heav'n's descent had slop'd his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to th' oaten flute,
Rough Satyrs danc'd, and Fauns with clov'n heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long,
And old Damætas 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 40
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 shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless
deep 50

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.
Ay 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, 60
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 uncessant 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 70
(Thet 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,
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears;
Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistening foil

Set off to th' world, nor in broad Rumour lies, 80
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 Heav'n expect thy meed.

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood,
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood ;
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea. 90

He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beaked promontory ;
They knew not of his story,
And sage Hippotades their answer brings :
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd,
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark 100
Built in th' eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscrib'd with woe.
Ah ! who hath reft (quoth he) my dearest pledge ?
Last came, and last did go,
The pilot of the Galilean lake ;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain 110
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain) ;
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake :
How well could I have spar'd for thee, young Swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold?

Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest;
Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to
hold

A sheep-hook, or have learn'd ought else the least 120
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs !
What recks it them ? What need they ? they are sped ;
And when they list their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw ;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind, and the rank mist they draw,
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread ;
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said ;
But that two-handed engine at the door 130
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams ; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells, and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamelled eyes,
That on the green turf suck the honied showers, 140
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.
Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attir'd woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears;
Bid Amaranthus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears, 150

To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise,
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,
Or whether thou to our moist vows denied
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old, 160
Where the great vision of the guarded mount
Looks towards Namancos and Bayona's hold ;
Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth ;
And, O ye Dolphins, waft the hapless youth.

Weep no more, woful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head, 169
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky.
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves;
Where other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.
There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move, 180
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to to oaks and rills,

While the still Morn went out with sandals gray;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay ;
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills, 190
And now was dropt into the western bay;
At last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue;
To-morrow to fresh woods and pastures new.

DRYDEN.

JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE.

LOOK round the habitable world, how few
Know their own God ; or knowing it, pursue.
How void of reason are our hopes and fears !
What in the conduct of our life appears
So well designed, so luckily begun,
But, when we have our wish, we wish undone ?

Whole houses, of their whole desires possess,
Are often ruined, at their own request.
In wars, and peace, things hurtful we require,
When made obnoxious to our own desire.

With laurels some have fatally been crowned ;
Some, who the depths of eloquence have found,
In that unnavigable stream were drowned.

The brawny fool, who did his vigour boast,
In that presuming confidence was lost:
But more have been by avarice oppress,
And heaps of money crowded in the chest :
Unwieldy sums of wealth, which higher mount
Than files of marshalled figures can account.
To which the stores of Croesus, in the scale,
Would look like little dolphins, when they sail
In the vast shadow of the British whale.

For this, in Nero's arbitrary time,
When virtue was a guilt, and wealth a crime,
B.P. B

A troop of cut-throat guards were sent, to seize
The rich men's goods, and gut their palaces :
The mob, commissioned by the government,
Are seldom to an empty garret sent.
The fearful passenger, who travels late,
Charged with the carriage of a paltry plate, 30
Shakes at the moonshine shadow of a rush;
And sees a red-coat rise from every bush :
The beggar sings, even when he sees the place
Beset with thieves, and never mends his pace.

Of all the vows, the first and chief request
Of each, is to be richer than the rest:
And yet no doubts the poor man's draught control ;
He dreads no poison in his homely bowl.
Then fear the deadly drug, when gems divine
Enchase the cup, and sparkle in the wine. 40

Will you not now the pair of sages praise,
Who the same end pursued, by several ways?
One pitied, one contemned the woeful times :
One laughed at follies, one lamented crimes :
Laughter is easy ; but the wonder lies,
What store of brine supplied the weeper's eyes.
Democritus could feed his spleen, and shake
His sides and shoulders till he felt them ache ;
Though in his country town no lictors were,
Nor rods, nor axe, nor tribune did appear : 50
Nor all the foppish gravity of show,
Which cunning magistrates on crowds bestow :

What had he done, had he beheld, on high
Our Praetor seated, in mock majesty ;
His chariot rolling o'er the dusty place,
While, with dumb pride, and a set formal face,
He moves, in the dull ceremonial track,
With Jove's embroidered coat upon his back :
A suit of hangings had not more oppress
His shoulders, than that long, laborious vest. 60

A heavy geegaw (called a crown), that spread
 About his temples, drowned his narrow head :
 And would have crushed it with the massive freight,
 But that a sweating slave sustained the weight:
 A slave in the same chariot seen to ride,
 To mortify the mighty madman's pride.
 Add now the imperial eagle, raised on high.
 With golden beak (the mark of majesty).
 Trumpets before, and on the left and right,
 A cavalcade of nobles, all in white : 70
 In their own natures false and flattering tribes,
 But made his friends, by places and by bribes.

In his own age, Democritus could find
 Sufficient cause to laugh at human kind :
 Learn from so great a wit; a land of bogs
 With ditches fenced, a heaven fat with fogs,
 May form a spirit fit to sway the State ;
 And make the neighbouring monarchs fear their fate.

He laughs at all the vulgar cares and fears ;
 At their vain triumphs, and their vainer tears : 80
 An equal temper in his mind he found,
 When fortune flattered him, and when she frowned.
 'Tis plain, from hence, that what our vows request,
 Are hurtful things, or useless at the best.

Some ask for envied power ; which public hate
 Pursues, and hurries headlong to their fate :
 Down go the titles ; and the statue crowned,
 Is by base hands in the next river drowned.
 The guiltless horses and the chariot wheel
 The same effects of vulgar fury feel : 90
 The smith prepares his hammer for the stroke,
 While the lunged bellows hissing fire provoke ;
 Sejanus, almost first of Roman names,
 The great Sejanus crackles in the flames :
 Formed in the forge, the pliant brass is laid
 On anvils ; and of head **and** limbs **are made**,

Pans, cans, and washpots, a whole kitchen trade.

Adorn your doors with laurels; and a bull,
Milk white, and large, lead to the Capitol;
Sejanus with a rope, is dragged along; 100
The sport and laughter of the giddy throng !
Good Lord, they cry, what Ethiop lips he has,
How foul a snout, and what a hanging face !
By Heaven, I never could endure his sight;
But say, how came his monstrous crimes to light?
What is the charge, and who the evidence
(The saviour of the nation and the prince?)
Nothing of this; but our old Caesar sent
A noisy letter to his parliament:
Nay, sirs, if Caesar wrote, I ask no more, 110
He's guilty ; and the question's out of door.
How goes the mob? (for that's a mighty thing,)
When the king's trump, the mob are for the king :
They follow fortune, and the common cry
Is still against the rogue condemned to die.

But the same very mob, that rascal crowd,
Had cried Sejanus, with a shout as loud ;
Had his designs (by fortune's favour blest)
Succeeded, and the Prince's age opprest.
But long, long since, the times have changed their face,
The people grown degenerate and base: 120
Not suffered now the freedom of their choice,
To make their magistrates, and sell their voice.

Our wise fore-fathers, great by sea and land,
Had once the power and absolute command;
All offices of trust, themselves disposed ;
Raised whom they pleased, and whom they pleased
deposed.

But we who give our native rights away,
And our enslaved posterity betray,
Are now reduced to beg an alms, and go 130
On holidays to see a puppet show.

There was a damned design, cries one, no doubt;
 For warrants are already issued out:
 I met Brutidius in a mortal fright;
 He's dipped for certain, and plays least in fight;
 I fear the rage of our offended Prince,
 Who thinks the Senate slack in his defence!
 Come let us haste, our loyal zeal to show,
 And spurn the wretched corps of Caesar's foe:
 But let our slaves be present there, lest they 140
 Accuse their masters, and for gain betray.
 Such were the whispers of those jealous times,
 About Sejanus' punishment, and crimes.

Now tell me truly, would'st thou change thy fate
 To be, like him, first Minister of State?
 To have thy levees crowded with resort,
 Of a depending, gaping, servile Court:
 Dispose all honours of the sword and gown,
 Grace with a nod, and ruin with a frown;
 To hold thy Prince in pupil age, and sway 150
 That monarch, whom the mastered world obey?
 "While he, intent on secret lusts alone,
 Lives to himself, abandoning the throne;
 Cooped in a narrow isle, observing dreams
 With flattering wizards, and erecting schemes!

I well believe, thou would'st be great as he;
 For every man's a fool to that degree;
 All with the dire prerogative to kill;
 Even they would have the power, who want the will:
 But would'st thou have thy wishes understood, 160
 To take the bad together with the good?
 Would'st thou not rather choose a small renown,
 To be the mayor of some poor paltry town,
 Bigly to look, and barbarously to speak;
 To pound false weights, and scanty measures break?
 Then, grant we that Sejanus went astray
 In every wish, and knew not how to pray:

For he who grasped the world's exhausted store
Yet never had enough, but wished for more,
Raised a top-heavy tower, of monstrous height, 170
Which mouldering, crushed him underneath the weight.

What did the mighty Pompey's fall beget?
It ruined him, who greater than the great,
The stubborn pride of Roman nobles broke;
And bent their haughty necks beneath his yoke:
What else, but his immoderate lust of power,
Prayers made and granted in a luckless hour?
For few usurpers to the shades descend
By a dry death, or with a quiet end.

The boy, who scarce has paid his entrance down
To his proud pedant, or declined a noun, 181
(So small an elf, that when the days are foul,
He and his satchel must be borne to school,)
Yet prays, and hopes, and aims at nothing less,
To prove a Tully, or Demosthenes:
But both those orators, so much renowned,
In their own depths of eloquence were drowned.
The hand and head were never lost, of those
Who dealt in doggerel, or who punned in prose.

Fortune foretuned the dying notes of Rome: 190
Till I, thy consul sole, consoled thy doom.
His fate had crept below the lifted swords,
Had all his malice been to murder words.
I rather would be Maevius, thrash'd for rhymes
Like his, the scorn and scandal of the times,
Than that philippic fatally divine,
Which is inscribed the second, should be mine.
Nor he, the wonder of the Grecian throng,
Who drove them with the torrent of his tongue,
Who shook the theatres, and swayed the State 200
Of Athens, found a more propitious fate.
Whom, born beneath a boding horoscope,
His sire, the blear-eyed Vulcan of a shop,

From Mars his forge, sent to Minerva's schools,
To learn the unlucky art of wheedling fools.

With itch of honour, and opinion, vain,
All things beyond their native worth we strain :
The spoils of war, brought to Feretrian Jove,
An empty coat of armour hung above
The conqueror's chariot, and in triumph borne, 210
A streamer from a boarded galley torn,
A chap-fallen beaver loosely hanging by
The cloven helm, an arch of victory,
On whose high convex sits a captive foe,
And sighing casts a mournful look below ;
Of every nation, each illustrious name,
Such toys as these have cheated into fame :
Exchanging solid quiet, to obtain
The windy satisfaction of the brain.

So much the thirst of honour fires the blood ; 220
So many would be great, so few be good.
For who would virtue for herself regard,
Or wed, without the portion of reward ?
Yet this mad chase of fame, by few pursued,
Has drawn destruction on the multitude :
This avarice of praise in times to come,
Those long inscriptions, crowded on the tomb,
Should some wild fig-tree take her native bent,
And heave below the gaudy monument,
Would crack the marble titles, and disperse 230
The characters of all the lying verse.
For sepulchres themselves must crumbling fall
In Time's abyss, the common grave of all.

Great Hannibal within the balance lay ;
And tell how many pounds his ashes weigh ;
Whom Afric was not able to contain,
Whose length runs level with the Atlantic main,
And wearies fruitful Nilus, to convey
His sun-beat waters by so long a way ;

Which Ethiopia's double clime divides, 240
And elephants in other mountains hides.
Spain first he won, the Pyrenaeans past,
And steepy Alps, the mounds that Nature cast:
And with corroding juices, as he went,
A passage through the living rocks he rent.
Then, like a torrent, rolling from on high,
He pours his head-long race on Italy ;
In three victorious battles overrun ;
Yet still uneasy, cries there's nothing done,
Till, level with the ground, their gates are laid ; 250
And Punic flags on Roman towers displayed.
Ask what a face belonged to his high fame :
His picture scarcely would deserve a frame :
A sign-post dauber would disdain to paint
The one-eyed hero on his elephant.
Now what's his end, O charming glory ! say
What rare fifth act to crown his huffing play?
In one deciding battle overcome,
He flies, is banished from his native home :
Begs refuge in a foreign court, and there 260
Attends, his mean petition to prefer ;
Repulsed by surly grooms, who wait before
The sleeping tyrant's interdicted door.

What wond'rous sort of death has Heaven designed,
Distinguished from the herd of human kind,
For so untamed, so turbulent a mind
Nor swords at hand, nor hissing darts afar,
Are doomed to avenge the tedious bloody war,
But poison, drawn through a ring's hollow plate,
Must finish him; a sucking infant's fate. 270
Go, climb the rugged Alps, ambitious fool,
To please the boys, and be a theme at school.

One world sufficed not Alexander's mind ;
Cooped up, he seemed in earth and seas confined:
And, struggling, stretched his restless limbs about

The narrow globe, to find a passage out.
 Yet entered in the brick-built town, he tried
 The tomb, and found the straight dimensions wide :
 "Death only this mysterious truth unfolds,
 The mighty soul, how small a body holds." 280

Old Greece a tale of Athos would make out,
 Cut from the continent, and sailed about;
 Seas hid with navies, chariots passing o'er
 The channel, on a bridge from shore to shore:
 Rivers, whose depth no sharp beholder sees,
 Drunk at an army's dinner, to the lees ;
 With a long legend of romantic things,
 Which in his cups the boosy poet sings.
 But how did he return, this haughty brave,
 Who whipped the winds, and made the sea his slave?
 (Though Neptune took unkindly to be bound ; 291
 And Eurys never such hard usage found
 In his Æolian prison underground ;)
 What God so mean, even he who points the way,
 So merciless a tyrant to obey !
 But how returned he, let us ask again ?
 In a poor skiff he passed the bloody main,
 Choked with the slaughtered bodies of his train.
 For fame he prayed, but let the event declare
 He had no mighty pennyworth of his prayer. 300

Jove grant me length of life, and years good store
 Heap on my bended back, I ask no more.
 Both sick and healthful, old and young conspire
 In this one silly mischievous desire.

In youth, distinctions infinite abound ;
 No shape, or feature, just alike are found;
 The fair, the black, the feeble, and the strong ;
 But the same foulness does to age belong,
 The self-same palsy, both in limbs and tongue.

His senses lost, behold a new defeat, 310
 The soul dislodging from another seat.

What music, or enchanting voice, can cheer
A stupid, old, impenetrable ear?
No matter in what place, or what degree
Of the full theatre he sits to see ;
Cornets and trumpets cannot reach his ear :
Under an actor's nose, he's never near.

This dotard of his broken back complains,
One his legs fail, and one his shoulders pains :
Another is of both his eyes bereft; 320
And envies who has one for aiming left.
A fifth, with trembling lips expecting stands,
As in his childhood, crammed by other's hands;
One, who at sight of supper opened wide
His jaws before, and whetted grinders tried ;
Now only yawns, and waits to be supplied :
Like a young swallow, when with weary wings
Expected food her fasting mother brings.

Well, yet suppose his senses are his own,
He lives to be chief mourner for his son : 330
Before his face his wife and brother burns;
He numbers all his kindred in their urns.
These are the fines he pays for living long ;
And dragging tedious age in his own wrong:
Griefs always green, a household still in tears,
Sad poms : a threshold thronged with daily biers;
And liveries of black for length of years.

I hasten to our own ; nor will relate
Great Mithridates, and rich Croesus' fate;
Whom Solon wisely counselled to attend 340
The name of happy, till he knew his end.

That Marius was an exile, that he fled,
Was taken, in ruined Carthage begged his bread,
All these were owing to a life too long:
For whom had Rome beheld so happy, young!
High in his chariot, and with laurel crowned,
When he had led the Cimbrian captives round

The Roman streets ; descending from his state,
In that bleat hour he should have begged his fate ;
Then, then, he might have died of all admired, 350
And his triumphant soul with shouts expired.

Campania, fortune's malice to prevent,
To Pompey an indulgent favour sent:
But public prayers imposed on Heaven, to *give*
Their much-loved leader an unkind reprieve.
The city's fate and his conspired to save
The head, reserved for an Egyptian slave.

To Venus, the fond mother makes a prayer,
That all her sons and daughters may be fair :
True, for the boys a mumbling vow she sends ; 360
But for the girls, the vaulted temple rends :
They must be finished pieces : 'tis allowed
Diana's beauty made Latona proud :
And pleased, to see the wondering people pray
To the new-rising sister of the day.

And yet Lucretia's fate would bar that vow :
And fair Virginia would her fate bestow
On Rutna ; and change her faultless make
For the foul rumple of her camel-back.

What then remains ? Are we deprived of will, 370
Must we not wish, for fear of wishing ill ?
Receive my counsel, and securely move ;
Intrust thy fortune to the powers above.
Leave them to manage for thee, and to grant
What their unerring wisdom sees thee want:
In goodness as in greatness they excel ;
Ah that we loved ourselves but half so well !
We, blindly by our headstrong passions led,
Are hot for action, and desire to wed ;
Then wish for heirs ; but to the gods alone 380
Our future offspring, and our wives, are known ;
The audacious strumpet, and ungracious son.

Yet, not to rob the priests of pious gain,

JUVENAL'S TENTH SATIRE.

That altars be not wholly built in vain ;
Forgive the gods the rest, and stand confined
To health of body, and content of mind :
A soul, that can securely death defy,
And count it Nature's privilege to die ;
Serene and manly, hardened to sustain
The load of life, and exercised in pain :
Guiltless of hate, and proof against desire ;
That all things weighs, and nothing can admire:
That dares prefer the toils of Hercules
To dalliance, banquets, and ignoble ease.

The path to peace is virtue: what I show,
Thyself may freely on thyself bestow :
Fortune was never worshipped by the wise;
But, set aloft by fools, usurps the skies.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

1.

'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 abound,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)
The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride,
In flow'r 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.

2.

Timotheus, plac'd on high
Amid the tuneful quire,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre ;
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heav'nly joys inspire. 20
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 spires 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 sovereign of the world.
The list'ning crowd admire the lofty sound, 30
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.

3.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair, and ever young.
The jolly god in triumph comes; 40
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums ;
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shews 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, 50
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

4.

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 heaven and earth defied,
Chang'd his hand, and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse,
Soft pity to infuse ; 60
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And weltering 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 looks the joyless victor sate, 70
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below ;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

5.

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. 80
 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 Thais 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. 90
 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 vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

6.

Now strike the golden lyre again ;
 A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
 Break his bands of sleep asunder, 100
 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 their hair,
 And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ! 110
 Behold a ghastly band,
 Each a torch in his hand !

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battail were slayn,
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 Pei'sian abodes,
And glitt'ring temples of their hostile gods. 120
The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
And the king seiz'd a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fir'd another Troy.

7.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre, 130
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: 140
She drew an angel down.

POPE.

AN ESSAY ON MAN :

IN FOUR EPISTLES TO HENRY ST. JOHN,
LORD BOLINGBROKE.

EPISTLE I.

AWAKE, my St. John ! leave all meaner things
To low ambition, and the pride of kings.
Let us (since life can little more supply
Than just to look about us, and to die,)
Expatiate free o'er all this scene of man ;
A mighty maze ! but not without a plan ;
A wild, where weeds and flow'rs promiscuous shoot;
Or garden, tempting with forbidden fruit.
Together let us beat this ample field,
Try what the open, what the covert yield ; 10
The latent tracts, the giddy heights, explore
Of all who blindly creep, or sightless soar;
Eye nature's walks, shoot folly as it flies,
And catch the manners living as they rise,
Laugh where we must, be candid where we can ;
But vindicate the ways of God to man.
Say first, of God above, or man below,
What can we reason, but from what we know?
Of man, what see we but his station here,
From which to reason, or to which refer ? 20

AN ESSAY ON MAN :

Thro' worlds unnumber'd the' the God be known,
'Tis ours to trace him only in our own.
He, who thro' vast immensity can pierce,
See worlds on worlds compose one universe,
Observe how system into system runs,
What other planets circle other suns,
What varied being peoples every star,
May tell why Heav'n has made us as we are.
But of this frame the bearings and the ties,
The strong connections, nice dependencies,
Gradations just, has thy pervading soul
Look'd thro' ? or can a part contain the whole ?

Is the great chain, that draws all to agree,
And drawn supports, upheld by God or thee ?
Presumptuous man ! the reason wouldst thou find,
Why form'd so weak, so little, and so blind ?
First, if thou canst, the harder reason guess,
Why form'd no weaker, blinder, and no less ?
Ask of thy mother earth, why oaks are made
Taller or stronger than the weeds they shade ?
Or ask of yonder argent fields above,
Why Jove's Satellites are less than Jove ?

Of systems possible, if 'tis confest
That wisdom infinite must form the best,
Where all must full or not coherent be,
And all that rises, rise in due degree;
Then, in the scale of reas'ning life, 'tis plain,
There must be somewhere, such a rank as man :
And all the question (wrangle e'er so long)
Is only this, if God has plac'd him wrong ?

Respecting man whatever wrong we call,
May, must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, tho' laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's, one single can its end produce;
Yet serves to second too some other use.

So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal ;
'Tis but a part we see, and not a whole. 60

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
His fiery course or drives him o'er the plains ;
When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god :
Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
Why doing, suffering, check'd, impell'd ; and why
This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heav'n in fault ;
Say rather, man's as perfect as he ought : 70
His knowledge measured to his state and place,
His time a moment, and a point his space.
If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
What matter, soon or late, or here or there ?
The blest to-day is as completely so,
As who began a thousand years ago.

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate,
All but the page prescrib'd, their present state :
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know :
Or who could suffer being here below? 80
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play ?
Pleas'd to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future ! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle mark'd by Heav'n :
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurl'd,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world. 90

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar ;
Wait the great teacher death, and God adore.

What future bliss, he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never *is*, but always *to be* blest:
 The soul, uneasy and confin'd from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutor'd mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears him in the wind ; 100
 His soul proud science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk, or milky way ;
 Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
 Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
 Some safer world in depth of woods embrac'd,
 Some happier island in the wat'ry 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 ; 110
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence ;
 Call imperfection what thou fancy'st such,
 Say, Here he gives too little, there too much :
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust;
 If man alone ingross not Heav'n's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there: 120
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God.
 In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies ;
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be **gods**.
 Aspiring to be gods, **if** angels **fell**,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:

And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of order, sins against th' Eternal Cause. 130

Ask for what end the heav'nly bodies shine,
Earth for whose use ? pride answers, ' 'Tis for mine :
For me kind nature wakes her genial pow'r,
Suckles each herb, and spreads out every flow'r;
Annual for me, the grape, the rose renew
The juice nectareous, and the balmy dew ;
For me the mine a thousand treasures brings ;
For me health gushes from a thousand springs ;
Seas roll to waft me, suns to light me rise ;
My foot-stool earth, my canopy the skies.' 140

But errs not nature from this gracious end,
From burning suns where livid deaths descend,
When earthquakes swallow, or when tempests sweep
Towns to one grave, whole nations to the deep ?
'No ('tis replied) the first Almighty Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
Th' exceptions few ; some change since all began ;
And what created perfect?'—Why then man ?
If the great end be human happiness,
Then nature deviates ; and can man do less ? 150
As much that end a constant course requires
Of show'rs and sun-shine, as of man's desires ;
As much eternal springs and cloudless skies,
As men for ever temp'rate, calm, and wise.
If plagues or earthquakes break not Heav'n's design,
Why then a Borgia, or a Catiline ?
Who knows but He, whose hand the light'ning forms.
Who heaves old ocean, and who wings the storms ;
Pours fierce ambition in a Caesar's mind, 159
Or turns young Amnion loose to scourge mankind ?
From pride, from pride our very reas'ning springs ;
Account for moral as for nat'ral things :
Why charge we heaven in those, in these acquit ?
In both to reason right is to submit.

Better for us, perhaps, it might appear,
Were there all harmony, all virtue here ;
That never air or ocean felt the wind,
That never passion discompos'd the mind.
But all subsists by elemental strife ;
And passions are the elements of life. 170
The gen'ral order, since the whole began,
Is kept in nature, and is kept in man.

What would this man ? Now upward will he soar,
And little less than angel, would be more ;
Now looking downwards, just as griev'd appears
To want the strength of bulls, the fur of bears.
Made for his use all creatures if he call,
Say what their use, had he the pow'rs of all ;
Nature to these, without profusion, kind,
The proper organs, proper pow'rs assign'd ; 180
Each seeming want compensated of course,
Here with degrees of swiftness, there of force ;
All in exact proportion to the state ;
Nothing to add, and nothing to abate.
Each beast, each insect, happy in its OWL :
Is Heav'n unkind to man, and man alone ?
Shall he alone, whom rational we call,
Be pleas'd with nothing, if not blest with all ?

The bliss of man (could pride that blessing find)
Is not to act or think beyond mankind ; 190
No pow'rs of body, or of soul to share,
But what his nature and his state can bear.
Why has not man a microscopic eye ?
For this plain reason, man is not a fly.
Say what the use, were finer optics giv'n,
V inspect a mite, not comprehend the heav'n ?
Or touch, if tremblingly alive all o'er,
To smart and agonize at ev'ry pore ?
Or, quick effluvia darting thro' the brain,
Die of a rose in aromatic pain ? 200

If nature thunder'd in his op'ning ears,
And stunn'd him with the music of the spheres,
How would he wish that Heav'n had left him still
The whisp'ring zephyr, and the purling rill ?
Who finds not Providence all good and wise,
Alike in what it gives, and what denies ?

Far as creation's ample range extends,
The scale of sensual, mental pow'rs ascends :
Mark how it mounts to man's imperial race,
From the green myriads in the peopled grass: 210
What modes of sight betwixt each wide extreme,
The mole's dim curtain, and the lynx's beam :
Of smell, the headlong lioness between,
And hound sagacious on the tainted green :
Of hearing, from the life that fills the flood,
To that which warbles through the vernal wood ?
The spider's touch, how exquisitely fine !
Feels at each thread, and lives along the line:
In the nice bee, what sense so subtly true
From pois'nous herbs extracts the healing dew ? 220
How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half reas'ning elephant, with thine !
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier ?
For ever sep'rate, yet for ever near '
Remembrance and reflection how allied ;
What thin partitions sense from thought divide ?
And middle natures, how they long to join,
Yet never pass th' insuperable line !
Without this just gradation, could they be
Subjected, these to those, or all to thee ? 230
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy reason all these pow'rs in one ?

See, thro' this air, this ocean, and this earth,
All matter quick, and bursting into birth.
Above, how high progressive life may g6 !
Around, how wide ! how deep extend below 1

Vast chain of being ! which from God began,
Natures ethereal, human, angel, man,
Beast, bird, fish, insect, what no eye can see,
No glass can reach ; from infinite to thee, 240
From thee to nothing. On superior pow'rs
Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
Or in the full creation leave a void,
Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroy'd:
From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
Tenth or ten thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

And, if each system in gradation roll
Alike essential to th' amazing whole,
The least confusion but in one, not all
That system only, but the whole must fall. 250
Let earth unbalanc'd from her orbit fly,
Planets and suns run lawless thro' the sky ;
Let ruling angels from their spheres be hurl'd,
Being on being wreck'd, and world on world ;
Heav'n's whole foundations to their centre nod,
And nature tremble to the throne of God.
All this dread order break—for whom ? for thee ?
Vile worm !—oh madness ! pride ! impiety !

What if the foot, ordain'd the dust to tread,
Or hand, to toil, aspir'd to be the head ? 260
What if the head, the eye, or ear repin'd
To serve mere engines to the ruling mind ?
Just as absurd for any part to claim
To be another, in this gen'ral frame ;
Just as absurd, to mourn the tasks or pains
The great directing Mind of all ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
Whose body nature is, and God the soul ;
That, chang'd thro' all, and yet in all the same,
Great in the earth, as in th' ethereal frame, 270
Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees,

EPISTLE I.

Lives thro' all life, extends thro' all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent;
Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart;
As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns,
As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
To him no high, no low, no great, no small;
He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all.

Cease then, nor order imperfection name :
Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
Know thy own point: this kind, this due degree
Of blindness, weakness, Heav'n bestows on thee.
Submit. In this, or any other sphere,
Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear:
Safe in the hand of one disposing Pow'r,
Or in the natal, or the mortal hour.
All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
All chance, direction which thou canst not see;
All discord, harmony not understood ;
All partial evil, universal good ;
And, spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
One truth is clear, * Whatever is, is right.'

EPISTLE II.

KNOW then thyself, presume not God to scan,
The proper study of mankind is man.
Plac'd on this isthmus of a middle state,
A being darkly wise, and rudely great:
With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
With too much weakness for the Stoic's pride,
He hangs between ; in doubt to act, or rest;
In doubt to deem himself a god, or beast;
In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
Born but to die, and reas'ning but to err ;

Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
Whether he thinks too little or too much :
Chaos of thought and passion, all confus'd;
Still by himself abus'd or disabus'd ;
Created half to rise, and half to fall;
Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all;
Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurl'd :
The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science guides,
Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides; 20
Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
Go, soar with Plato to th' empyreal sphere,
To the first good, first perfect, and first fair;
Or tread the mazy round his follow'rs trod,
And quitting sense call imitating God ;
As eastern priests in giddy circles run,
And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
Go, teach eternal wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself, and be a fool ! 30

Superior beings, when of late they saw
A mortal man unfold all nature's law,
Admir'd such wisdom in an earthly shape,
And shew'd a Newton as we shew an ape.

Could he,"whose rules the rapid comet bind,
Describe or fix one movement of his mind?
Who saw its fires here rise, and there descend,
Explain his own beginning, or his end ;
Alas what wonder! man's superior part
Uncheck'd may rise, and climb from art to art; 40
But when his own great work is but begun,
What reason weaves, by passion is undone.

Trace science then, with modesty thy guide ;
First strip off all her equipage of pride ;
Deduct what is but vanity or dress,
Or learning's luxury, or idleness;

Or tricks to shew the stretch of human brain,
 Mere curious pleasure, or ingenious pain ;
 Expunge the whole, or lop th' excrescent parts
 Of all our vices have created arts ; 50
 Then see how little the remaining sum,
 Which serv'd the past, and must the times to come !

Two principles in human nature reign ;
 Self-love, to urge, and reason, to restrain ;
 Nor this a good, nor that a bad we call,
 Each works its end, to move or govern all :
 And to their proper operation still
 Ascribe all Good, to their improper, 111.

Self-love, the spring of motion, acts the soul ;
 Reason's comparing balance rules the whole. 60
 Man, but for that, no action could attend,
 And, but for this, were active to no end :
 Fix'd like a plant on his peculiar spot,
 To draw nutrition, propagate, and rot:
 Or, meteor-like, flame lawless thro' the void,
 Destroying others, by himself destroy'd.

Most strength the moving principle requires ;
 Active its task, it prompts, impels, inspires.
 Sedate and quiet, the comparing lies,
 Form'd but to check, delib'rate, and advise. 70
 Self-love, still stronger, as its objects nigh ;
 Reason's at distance, and in prospect lie :
 That sees immediate good by present sense ;
 Reason, the future and the consequence.
 Thicker than arguments, temptations throng,
 At best more watchful this, but that more strong.
 The action of the stronger to suspend,
 Reason still use, to reason still attend.
 Attention habit and experience gains ;
 Each strengthens reason, and self-love restrains. 80
 Let subtle schoolmen teach these friends to fight,
 More studious to divide than to unite ;

And grace and virtue, sense and reason split,
With all the rash dexterity of wit.
Wits, just like fools, at war about a name,
Have full as oft no meaning, or the same.
Self-love and reason to one end aspire,
Pain their aversion, pleasure their desire ;
But greedy that, its object would devour,
This taste the honey, and not wound the tiow'r : ' 90
Pleasure, or wrong or rightly understood,
Our greatest evil, or our greatest good.

Modes of self-love the passions we may call ;
'Tis real good, or seeming, moves them all :
But since not ev'ry good we can divide,
And reason bids us for our own provide,
Passions, tho' selfish, if their means be fair,
List under Reason, and deserve her care ;
Those, that imparted, court a nobler aim,
Exalt their kind, and take some virtue's name. 100

In lazy apathy let Stoics boast
Their virtue fix'd ; 'tis fix'd as in a frost ;
Contracted all, retiring to the breast ;
But strength of mind is exercise, not rest :
The rising tempest puts in act the soul,
Parts it may ravage, but preserves the whole.
On life's vast ocean diversely we sail,
Reason the card, but passion is the gale ;
Nor God alone in the still calm we find,
Ho mounts the storm, and walks upon the wind. 110

Passions, like elements, tho' born to fight,
Yet, mix'd and soften'd, in his work unite :
These 'tis enough to temper and employ ;
But what composes man, can man destroy ?
Suffice that reason keep to nature's road,
Subject, compound them, follow her and God.
Love, hope, and joy, fair pleasure's smiling train,
Hate, fear, and grief, the family of pain,

These mixt with art, and to due bounds confin'd,
 Make and maintain the balance of the mind : 120
 The lights and shades, whose well accorded strife
 Gives all the strength and colour of our life.

Pleasures are ever in our hands or eyes ;
 And, when *in* act they cease, in prospect rise :
 Present to grasp, and future still to find,
 The whole employ of body and of mind.
 All spread their charms, but charm not all alike ;
 On diff'rent senses diff'rent objects strike ;
 Hence diff'rent passions more or less inflame,
 As strong or weak, the organs of the frame ; 130
 And hence one master passion in the breast,
 Like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest.

As man, perhaps, the moment of his breath,
 Receives the lurking principle of death ;
 The young disease, that must subdue at length,
 Grows with his growth, and strengthens with his
 strength :

So, cast and mingled with his very frame,
 The mind's disease, its ruling passion came ;
 Each vital humour which should feed the whole,
 Soon flows to this, in body and in soul: 140
 Whatever warms the heart, or fills the head,
 As the mind opens, and its functions spread,
 Imagination plies her dang'rous art,
 And pours it all upon the peccant part.
 Nature its mother, habit is its nurse ;
 "Wit, spirit, faculties, but make it worse ;
 Reason itself but gives it edge and pow'r,
 As heav'n's blest beam turns vinegar more sour.

We, wretched subjects tho' to lawful sway,
 In this weak queen some fav'rite still obey : 160
 Ah ! if she lend not arms, as **well** as rules,
 What can she more than tell us we are fools ?
Teach us to mourn our nature, not **to mend,**

A sharp accuser, but a helpless friend!
 Or from a judge turn pleader, to persuade
 The choice we make, or justify it made ;
 Proud of an easy conquest all along,
 She but removes weak passions for the strong :
 So, when small humours gather to a gout,
 The doctor fancies he has driven them out. 160

Yes, nature's road must ever be preferred ;
 Reason is here no guide, but still a guard ;
 'Tis hers to rectify, not overthrow,
 And treat this passion more as friend than foe ;
 A mightier pow'r the strong direction sends,
 And sev'ral men impels to sev'ral ends :
 Like varying winds by other passions tost,
 This drives them constant to a certain coast.
 Let pow'r or knowledge, gold or glory, please,
 Or (oft more strong than all) the love of ease ; 170
 Thro' life 'tis followed, ev'n at life's expence ;
 The merchant's toil, the sage's indolence,
 The monk's humility, the hero's pride,
 All, all alike, find reason on their side.

Th' Eternal Art educing good from ill,
 Grafts on this passion our best principle :
 'Tis thus the mercury of man is fix'd,
 Strong grows the virtue with his nature mix'd ;
 The dross cements what else were too refin'd,
 And *in* one int'rest body acts with mind. 180

As fruits, ungrateful to the planter's care,
 On savage stocks inserted, learn to bear ;
 The surest virtues thus from passions shoot,
 Wild nature's vigour working at the root.
 What crops of wit and honesty appear
 From spleen, from obstinacy, hate or fear!
 See anger, zeal and fortitude supply ;
 Ev'n av'rice, prudence; sloth, philosophy ;
 Lust, thro' some certain strainers **well refin'd,**

Is gentle love, and charms all womankind ; 190
Envy, to which th' ignoble mind's a slave,
Is emulation in the learn'd or brave ;
Nor virtue, male or female, can we name,
But what will grow on pride, or grow on shame.

Thus nature gives us (let it check our pride)
The virtue nearest to our vice allied :
Reason the byas turns to good from ill,
And Nero reigns a Titus, if he will.
The fiery soul abhorr'd in Catiline,
In Decius charms, in Curtius is divine : 200
The same ambition can destroy or save,
And makes a patriot as it makes a knave.

This light and darkness in our chaos join'd,
What shall divide ? The god within the mind.

Extremes in nature equal ends produce,
In man they join to some mysterious use ;
Tho' each by turns the other's bound invade,
As, in some well-wrought picture, light and shade,
And oft so mix, the diff'rence is too nice
Where ends the virtue, or begins the vice. 210

Fools ! who from hence into the notion fall,
That vice or virtue there is none at all.
If white and black blend, soften, and unite
A thousand ways, is there no black or white ?
Ask your own heart, and nothing is so plain ;
'Tis to mistake them costs the time and pain..

Vice is a monster of so frightful mien,
As, to be hated, needs but to be seen ;
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace, 220
But where th' extreme of vice, was ne'er agreed:
Ask where's the North ? at York, 'tis on the Tweed ;
In Scotland, at the Orcades ; and there,
At Greenland, Zembla, or the Lord knows ; where
No creature owns it in the first degree,

But thinks his neighbour farther gone than he :
Ev'n those who dwell beneath its very zone,
Or never feel the rage, or never own ;
What happier natures shrink at with affright,
The hard inhabitant contends is right. 230

Virtuous and vicious ev'ry man must be,
Few in th' extreme, but all in the degree ;
The rogue and fool by fits is fair and wise;
And ev'n the best, by fits, what they despise.
'Tis but by parts we follow good or ill ;
For, vice or virtue, self directs it still ;
Each individual seeks a sev'ral goal ;
But Heav'n's great view is one, and that the whole.
The counter-works each folly and caprice ;
That disappoints th' effect of ev'ry vice ; 240
That happy frailties to all ranks apply'd,
Shame to the virgin, to the matron pride,
Fear to the statesman, rashness to the chief,
To kings presumption, and to crowds belief ;
That virtue's ends from vanity can raise,
Which seeks no int'rest, no reward but praise ;
And build on wants, and on defects of mind,
The joy, the peace, the glory of mankind.

Heav'n forming each on other to depend,
A master, or a servant, or a friend, 250
Bids each on other for assistance call,
'Till one man's weakness grows the strength of all.
Wants, frailties, passions, closer still ally
The common int'rest, or endear the tie.
To these we owe true friendship, love sincere,
Each home-felt joy that love inherits here ;
Yet from the same we learn, in its decline,
Those joys, those loves, those int'rests to resign ;
Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,
To welcome death, and calmly pass away. 260

Whate'er the passion—knowledge, fame, or pelf,

Not one will change his neighbour with himself.
 The learn'd is happy nature to explore,
 The fool is happy that he knows no more ;
 The rich is happy in the plenty giv'n,
 The poor contents him with the care of Heav'n.
 See the blind beggar dance, the cripple sing,
 The sot a hero, lunatic a king ;
 The starving chemist in his golden views
 Supremely blest, the poet in his muse. 270
 See some strange comfort ev'ry state attend,
 And pride bestow'd on all, a common friend :
 See some fit passion ev'ry age supply,
 Hope travels thro', nor quits us when we die.

Behold the child, by nature's kindly law,
 Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
 Some livelier play-thing gives his youth delight,
 A little louder but as empty quite :
 Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
 And beads and pray'r-books are the toys of age:
 Pleas'd with his bauble still, as that before ; 281
 Till tir'd he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Mean-while opinion gilds with varying rays
 Those painted clouds that beautify our days;
 Each want of happiness by hope supply'd,
 And each vacuity of sense by pride :
 These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
 In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
 One prospect lost, another still we gain ;
 And not a vanity is giv'n in vain ; 290
 Ev'n mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
 The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
 See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
 Tis this, Tho' man's a fool, yet God is wise.

AN ESSAY ON MAN :

EPISTLE TIL

HERE then we rest; 'The Universal Cause
Acts to one end, but acts by various laws.'
In all the madness of superfluous health,
The trim of pride, the impudence of wealth,
Let this great truth be present night and day ;
But most be present, if we preach or pray.

Look round our world; behold the chain of love
Combining all below and all above.
See plastic nature working to this end,
The single atoms each to other tend,
Attract, attracted to, the next in place
Fom'd and impell'd its neighbour to embrace.
See matter next, with various life endued,
Press to one centre still, the gen'ral good.
See dying vegetables life sustain,
See life dissolving vegetate again :
All forms that perish other forms supply,
(By turns we catch the vital breath, and die)
Like bubbles on the sea of matter borrr ,
They rise, they break, and to that sea return.
Nothing is foreign ; parts relate to whole ;
One all-extending, all-preserving soul
Connects each being, greatest with the least;
Made beast in aid of man, and man of beast;
All serv'd, all serving : nothing stands alone ;
The chain holds on, and where it ends, unknown.

Has God, thou fool! work'd solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him as kindly spread the flow'ry lawn :
Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?
Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat ?
Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.

The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain ?
 The birds of heav'n shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year ?
 Part pays, and justly, the deserving steer : 40
 The hog, that plows not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know, nature's children all divide her care ;
 The fur that warms a monarch, warm'd a bear.
 While man exclaims, ' See all things for my use !'
 ' See man for mine !' replies a pamper'd goose :
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for *one*, not one for all.

Grant that the pow'rful still the weak control ;
 Be man the wit and tyrant of the whole : 50
 Nature that tyrant checks ; he only knows,
 And helps, another creature's wants and woes.
 Say, will the falcon, stooping from above,
 Smit with her varying plumage, spare the dove ?
 Admires the jay the insect's gilded wings ?
 Or hears the hawk when Philomela sings 1
 Man cares for all: to birds he gives his woods,
 To beasts his pastures, and to fish his floods ;
 For some his int'rest prompts him to provide,
 For more his pleasure, yet for more his pride : 60
 All feed on one vain patron, and enjoy
 Th' extensive blessing of his luxury.
 That very life his learned hunger craves,
 He saves from famine, from the savage saves;
 Nay, feasts the animal he dooms his feast,
 And, till he ends the being, makes it blest:
 Which sees no more the stroke, or feels the **pain**,
 Than favour'd man by touch ethereal slain.
 The creature had his feast of life before;
 Thou; too must perish, when thy feast is **o'er** 1 70

To each unthinking being, Heav'n a friend,
 Gives not the useless knowledge of its end :
 To man imparts it; but with such a view
 As, while he dreads it, makes him hope it too:
 The hour conceal'd, and so remote the fear,
 Death still draws nearer, never seeming near.
 Great standing miracle! that Heav'n assign'd
 Its only thinking thing this turn of mind.

Whether with reason, or with instinct blest,
 Know, all enjoy that pow'r which suits them best; 80
 To bliss alike by that direction tend,
 And find the means proportion'd to their end.
 Say, where full instinct is th' unerring guide,
 What Pope or Council can they need beside ?
 Reason, however able, cool at best,
 Cares not for service, or but serves when prest,
 Stays 'till we call, and then not often near;
 But honest instinct comes a volunteer,
 Sure never to o'er-shoot, but just to hit;
 While still too wide or short is human wit; 90
 Sure by quick nature happiness to gain,
 Which heavier reason labours at in vain.
 This too serves always, reason never long ;
 One must go right, the other may go wrong.
 See then the acting and comparing pow'rs
 One in their nature, which are two in ours;
 And reason raise o'er instinct as you can,
 In this 'tis God directs, in that 'tis man.

Who taught the nations of the field and flood
 To shun their poison, and to choose their food? 100
 Prescient, the tides or tempests to withstand,
 Build on the wave, or arch beneath the sand?
 Who made the spider parallels design,
 Sure as De Moivre, without rule or line?
 Who bid the stork, Columbus-like, explore
 Heavens not **his own, and worlds unknown before?**

Who calls the council, states the certain day,
Who forms the phalanx, and who points the way ?

God, in the nature of each being, founds
Its proper bliss, and sets its proper bounds: 110
But as he fram'd a whole the whole to bless,
On mutual wants built mutual happiness :
So from the first, eternal order ran,
And creature link'd to creature, man to man.
Whate'er of life all-quick'ning ether keeps,
Or breathes thro' air, or shoots beneath the deeps,
Or pours profuse on earth, one nature feeds
The vital flame, and swells the genial seeds.
Not man alone, but all that roam the wood,
Or wing the sky, or roll along the flood, 120
Each loves itself, but not itself alone,
Each sex desires alike, 'till two are one.
Nor ends the pleasure with the fierce embrace :
They love themselves, a third time, in their race.
Thus beast and bird their common charge attend,
The mothers nurse it, and the sires defend ;
The young dismiss'd to wander earth or air,
There stops the instinct, and there ends the care ;
The link dissolves, each seeks a fresh embrace,
Another love succeeds, another race. 130
A. longer care man's helpless kind demands ;
That longer care contracts more lasting bands :
Reflection, reason, still the ties improve,
At once extend the int'rest and the love :
With choice we fix, with sympathy we burn ;
Each virtue in each passion takes its turn ;
And still new needs, new helps, new habits rise,
That graft benevolence on charities.
Still as one brood, and as another rose,
These nat'ral love maintain'd, habitual those: 140
The last, scarce ripen'd into perfect man,
Saw helpless him from whom their life began,:

Mem'ry and forecast just returns engage,
 That pointed back to youth, this on to age ;
 While pleasure, gratitude, and hope combin'd,
 Still spread the int'rest and preserv'd the kind.

Nor think, in nature's state they blindly trod ;
 The state of nature was the reign of God :
 Self-love and social at her birth began,
 Union the bond of ail things, and of man. 150
 Pride then was not; nor arts, that pride to aid ;
 Man walk'd with beast, joint tenant of the shade ;
 The same his table, and the same his bed ;
 No murder cloth'd him, and no murder fed.
 In the same temple, the resounding wood,
 All vocal beings hymn'd their equal God :
 The shrine with gore unstain'd, with gold undrest,
 Unbrib'd, unbloody, stood the blameless priest:
 Heav'n's attribute was universal care,
 And man's prerogative, to rule, but spare. 160
 Ah ! how unlike the man of times to come !
 Of half that live the butcher and the tomb ;
 Who, foe to nature, hears the gen'ral groan,
 Murders their species, and betrays his own.
 But just disease to luxury succeeds,
 And ev'ry death its own avenger breeds ;
 The fury-passions from that blood began,
 And turn'd on man a fiercer savage, man.

See him from nature rising slow to art!
 To copy instinct then was reason's part; 170'
 Thus then to man the voice of nature spake,—
 *Go, from the creatures thy instructions take :
 Learn from the birds what food the thickets yield ;
 Learn from the beasts the physic of the field;
 Thy arts of building from the bee receive ;
 Learn of the mole to plow, the worm to weave ;
 Learn of the little nautilus to sail,
 Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.

Here too all forms of social union find,
And hence let reason, late, instruct mankind : 180
Here subterranean works and cities see ;
There towns aerial on the waving tree.
Learn each small people's genius, policies,
The ants' republic, and the realm of bees ;
How those in common all their wealth bestow,
And anarchy without confusion know ;
And these for ever, tho' a monarch reign,
Their sep'rate cells and properties maintain.
Mark what unvaried laws preserve each state,
Laws wise as nature, and as fix'd as fate. 190
In vain thy reason finer webs shall draw,
Entangle justice in her net of law,
And right, too rigid, harden into wrong ;
Still for the strong too weak, the weak too strong.
Yet go ! and thus o'er all the creatures sway,
Thus let the wiser make the rest obey ;
And for those arts mere instinct could afford,
Be crown'd as monarchs, or as gods ador'd.'
Great, nature spoke ; observant man obey'd ;
Cities were built, societies were made : 200
Here rose one little state ; another near
Grew by like means, and join'd thro' love or fear.
Did here the trees with ruddier burdens bend,
And there the streams in purer rills descend ?
What war could ravish, commerce could bestow,
And he return'd a friend, who came a foe.
Converse and love mankind might strongly draw,
"When love was liberty, and nature law.
Thus states were form'd ; the name of king unknown,
'Till common int'rest plac'd the sway in one. 210
'Twas virtue only (or in arts or arms,
Diffusing blessings, or averting harms)
The same which in a sire the sons obey'd,
A prince the father of a people made.

'Till then, by nature crown'd, each patriarch sate,
 King, priest, and parent, of his growing state ;
 On him, their second Providence, they hung,
 Their law his eye, their oracle his tongue.
 He from the wond'ring furrow call'd the food,
 Taught to command the fire, control the flood, 220
 Draw forth the monsters of th' abyss profound,
 Or fetch th' aerial eagle to the ground,
 'Till drooping, sick'ning, dying they began
 Whom they rever'd as God to mourn as man :
 Then, looking up from sire to sire, explor'd
 One great first Father, and that first ador'd ;
 Or plain tradition that this All begun,
 Convey'd unbroken faith from sire to son ;
 The worker from the work distinct was known,
 And simple reason never sought but one. 230
 Ere wit oblique had broke that steady light,
 Man, like his Maker, saw that all was right ;
 To virtue, in the paths of pleasure trod,
 And own'd a father when he own'd a God.
 Love all the faith, and all th' allegiance then ;
 For nature knew no right divine in men,
 No ill could fear in God ; and understood
 A sov'reign being, but a sov'reign good.
 True faith, true policy, united ran,
 That was but love of God, and this of man. 240

Who first taught souls enslav'd, and realms undone,
 Th' enormous faith of many made for one ;
 That proud exception to all nature's laws,
 T' *invert* the world, and counter-work its cause ?
 Force . st made conquest, and that conquest, law ;
 'Till superstition taught the tyrant awe,
 Then shar'd the tyranny, then lent it aid,
 And gods of conqu'rors, slaves of subjects made :
 She, midst the lightning's blaze, and thunder's sound,
 When rock'd the mountains, and when groan'd the ground,

She taught the weak to bend, the proud to pray, 251
 To pow'r unseen, and mightier far than they :
 She, from the rending earth, and bursting skies,
 Saw gods descend, and fiends infernal rise :
 Here fix'd the dreadful, there the blest abodes ;
 Fear made her devils, and weak hope her gods ;
 Gods partial, changeful, passionate, unjust,
 Whose attributes were rage, revenge or lust;
 Such as the souls of cowards might conceive,
 And, form'd like tyrants, tyrants would believe. 260
 Zeal then, not charity, became the guide ;
 And hell was built on spite, and heav'n on pride.
 Then sacred seem'd th' ethereal vault no more ;
 Altars grew marble then, and reek'd with gore:
 Then first the flamen tasted living food ;
 Next his grim idol smear'd with human blood ;
 With heav'n's own thunders shook the world below,
 And play'd the god an engine on his foe.

So drives self-love, thro' just, and thro' unjust,
 To one man's pow'r, ambition, lucre, lust: 270
 The same self-love, in all, becomes the cause
 Of what restrains him, government and laws.
 For what one likes, if others like as well,
 What serves one will, when many wills rebel ?
 How shall he keep, what, sleeping or awake,
 A weaker may surprise, a stronger take ?
 His safety must his liberty restrain :
 All join to guard what each desires to gain.
 Forc'd into virtue thus by self-defence,
 Ev'n kings learn'd justice and benevolence : 280
 Self-love forsook the path it first pursu'd,
 And found the private in the public good.

'Twas then the studious head or gen'rous mind,
 Follow'r of God, or friend of human-kind,
 Poet or patriot, rose but to restore
 The faith and moral nature gave before;

Relum'd her ancient light, not kindled new,
 If not God's image, yet his shadow drew :
 Taught pow'r's due use to people and to kings,
 Taught nor to slack, nor strain its tender strings,
 The less, or greater, set so justly true, 291
 That touching one must strike the other too ;
 'Till jarring int'rests of themselves create
 Th' according music of a well-mix'd state.
 Such is the world's great harmony, that springs
 From order, union, full consent of things;
 Where small and great, where weak and mighty, made
 To serve, not suffer, strengthen, not invade;
 More pow'rful each as needful to the rest,
 And in proportion as it blesses blest; 300
 Draw to one point, and to one centre bring
 Beast, man, or angel, servant, lord, or king.

For forms of government let fools contest ;
 Whate'er is best administer'd is best:
 For modes of faith, let graceless zealots fight;
 His can't be wrong whose life is in the right:
 In faith and hope the world will disagree,
 But all mankind's concern is charity :
 All must be false that thwart this one great end;
 And all of God, that bless mankind, or mend. 310

Man, like the gen'rous vine, supported lives ;
 The strength he gains is from th' embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yot make at once their circle round the sun ;
 So two consistent motions act the soul ;
 And *one* regards itself, and *one* the whole.

Thus God and nature link'd the gen'ral frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

EPISTLE IV.

OH happiness ! our being's end and aim !
Good, pleasure, ease, content ? whate'er thy name :
That something still which prompts th' eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'er-look'd, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed ! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou deign'st to grow ?
Fair op'ning to some court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine ? 10
Twin'd with the wreaths Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reap'd in iron harvests of the field ?
Where grows ! where grows it not ? If vain our toil
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil :
Fix'd to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or ev'ry where :
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And hed from monarchs, St. John ! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learn'd the way ! The learn'd are blind ;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind ; 20
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 swell'd to gods, confess ev'n virtue vain ;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in ev'ry thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness ?
Take nature's path, and mad opinion's leave ;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive ; 30
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell ;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well ;
And mourn our various portions as we please,

AN ESSAY ON MAN:

Equal is common sense, and common ease.

Remember, man, the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by gen'ral laws ;
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind :
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride,
No cavern'd hermit, rests self-satisfied :
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or would fix a friend :
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink :
Each has his share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find the pleasure pays not half the pain.

Order is heav'n's first law; and this confest,
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.
Heav'n 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 :
Heav'n breathes thro' ev'ry member of the **whole**
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
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 call'd, vnhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,

While those are plac'd in hope, and these in fear: 70
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 pil'd on mountains, to the skies ?
Heav'n 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. 80
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 th' advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains : 90
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 woe !
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 god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust ! 100
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife !
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life ?
Say, was it virtue, more tho' heav'n 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 Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sicken'd, and each gale was death ?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heav'n a parent to the poor and me? 110

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 improv'd it all.
We just as wisely might of Heav'n 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* 120
Think we, like some weak prince, th' Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws ?

Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires,
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires ?
In air or sea new motions be imprest,
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? 130
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 heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell;
It Calvin feel heav'n's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God. 140
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 Ciesar—but for Titus too ;
 And which more blest, who chain'd his country, say,
 Or he whose virtue sigh'd to lose a day ?

'But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.'
 What then ? is the reward of virtue bread ? 150

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 pow'r, and ev'ry earthly thing,
 'Why bounded pow'r? why private? why no king ?
 Nay, why external for internal giv'n ? 161

Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n ?
 Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while He has more to give :
 Immense the pow'r, immense were the demand ;
 Say, at what part of nature will they stand ?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sun-shine, and the heart-felt joy,
 Is virtue's prize : a better would you fix ?
 Then give humility a coach and six, 170

Justice a conq'ror's sword, or truth a gown,
 Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man ! will Heav'n 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 or for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life

Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assign'd,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind. 180
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 human-kind, 190
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 apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crown'd.
' What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl!'
I'll tell you, friend : a wise man and a fool. 200
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. 210
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go 1 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 ; 220
 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 : 230
 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, ev'n before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
 The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own. 240
 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 Caesar 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 ; 250
 When what t'oblivion better were resign'd,
 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 out-weighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas;
 And more true joy Marcellus exil'd feels,
 Than Csesar with a senate at his heels.

In parts superior what advantage lies ?
 Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise ? 260
 'Tis but to know how little can be known ;
 To see all others' faults, and feel our own :
 Condemn'd in bus'ness 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: 270
 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 risk'd, 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. 280
 If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shin'd,
 The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind :
 Or ravish'd with the whistling of a name,
 See Cromwell, damn'd to everlasting fame 1
 If all, united, thy ambition call,

From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
 There, in the rich, the honour'd, fam'd 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 ! 290
 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 rais'd the hero sunk the man :
 Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
 But stain'd with blood, or ill exchang'd for gold:
 Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
 Or infamous for piunder'd provinces.
 O wealth ill-fated ! which no act of fame
 E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame ! 300
 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 noon-tide ray,
 Compute the morn and ev'ning 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. 310
 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, tho' e'er so bless'd,
 And but more relish'd as the more distress'd :
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears : 320
 Good, from each object, from each place acquir'd,

For ever exercis'd, yet never tir'd ;
 Never elated, while one man's oppress'd ;
 Never dejected, while another's bless'd ;
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue is to gain.

See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow !
 "Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find ;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road, 331

But looks through nature up to nature's God :
 Pursues that chain which links th' immense design,
 Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine ;
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below ;
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in love of God, and love of man. . 340

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal,
 And opens still, and opens on his soul ;
 'Till lengthen'd on to faith, and unconfin'd,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
 He sees, why nature plants in man alone
 Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown :
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are giv'n in vain, but what they seek they find;)
 Wise is her present; she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss ; 350
 At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest.

Self-love thus push'd to social, to divine,
 Gives thee to make thy neighbour's blessing thine.
 Is this too little for the boundless heart?
 Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, **life, and sense,**

In one close system of benevolence :
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of bliss but height of charity. 360

God loves from whole to parts : but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake,
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake ;
The centre mov'd, a circle strait succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads ;
Friend, parent, neighbour, first it will embrace ;
His country next ; and next all human race ;
Wide and more wide, th' o'erflo wings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind ; 370
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.

Come then, my friend, my genius, come along ;
Oh master of the poet, and the song !
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends,
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise ;
Form'd by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe ; 380
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh ! while along the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame ;
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale ?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher, and friend ? 390
That, urg'd by thee, I turn'd the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart ;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light ;

Shew'd erring pride, whatever is, is right;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim ;
That true self-love and social are the same ;
That virtue only makes our bliss below ;
And all our knowledge is, ourselves to know.

JOHNSON.

THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

LET observation, with extensive view,
Survey mankind, from China to Peru ;
Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
And watch the busy scenes of crowded lifes
Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
Where wav'ring man, betray'd by vent'rous pride
To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
As treach'rous phantoms in the mist delude,
Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good ; 10
How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
How nations sink, by darling schemes oppress'd,
When Vengeance listens to the fool's request.
Fate wings with ev'ry wish th' afflictive dart,
Each gift of nature and each grace of art;
With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
Impeachment stops the speaker's pow'rful breath,
And restless fire precipitates on death. 20

But, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
Wide-wasting pest! that rages unconfin'd,
And crowds with crimes the records of mankind :

For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws :
Wealth heap'd on wealth nor truth nor safety buys ;
The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell, where rival kings command,
And dubious title shakes the madd'd land, 30
When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
Low sculks the hind beneath the rage of pow'r,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tow'r,
Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

The needy traveller, serene and gay,
Walks the wide heath, and sings his toil away.
Does envy seize thee 1 Crush th' upbraiding joy,
Increase his riches, and his peace destroy : 40
New fears in dire vicissitude invade ;
The rustling brake alarms, and quiv'ring shade ;
Nor light nor darkness bring his pain relief,—
One shows the plunder, and one hides the thief.

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales;
Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.

Once more, Democritus, arise on earth,
With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth, 50
See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest.
Thou who couldst laugh where want enchain'd caprice,
Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
Where wealth unlov'd without a mourner died ;
And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride;
Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
And senates heard before they judg'd a cause; 60

How wouldst thou shake at Britain's modish tribe,
Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe !
Attentive truth and nature to descry,
And pierce each scene with philosophic eye.
To thee were Solemn toys or empty show
The robes of pleasure and the veils of woe :
All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.

Such was the scorn that fill'd the sage's mind,
Renew'd at ev'ry glance on human kind. 70
How just that scorn ere yet thy voice declare,
Search ervery state, and canvass ev'ry pray'r.

Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great ;
Delusive Fortune hears th' incessant call :
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend ;
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end ;
Love ends with hope ; the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more ; 80
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies ;
From ev'ry room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright palladium of the place,
And smoked in kitchens, or in auction sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold ;
For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroick worth, benevolence divine :
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th' indignant wall. 90

But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes' doom, or guard her fav'rites' zeal ?
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings ;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot throats,
And ask no questions but the price of votes ;

"With weekly libels and septennial ale,
Their wish is full to riot and to rail.

In full-blown dignity see Wolsey stand,
Law in his voice, and fortune in his hand : 100
To him the church, the realm, their pow'rs consign,
Thro' him the rays of regal bounty shine,
Turn'd by his nod the stream of honour flows,
His smile alone security bestows :
Still to new heights his restless wishes tow'r,
Claim leads to claim, and pow'r advances pow'r ;
Till conquest unresisted ceas'd to please,
And rights submitted left him none to seize.
At length his sov'reign frowns ;—the train of state
Mark the keen glance, and watch the sign to hate.
Where-e'er he turns he meets a stranger's eye ; 111
His suppliants scorn him, and his followers fly :
Now drops at once the pride of awful state,
The golden canopy, the glitt'ring plate,
The regal palace, the luxurious board,
The liv'ried army, and the menial lord.
With age, with cares, with maladies oppress'd,
He seeks the refuge of monastick rest.
Grief aids disease, remember'd folly stings,
And his last sighs reproach the faith of kings. 120

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

What gave great Villiers to th' assassin's knife,
And fix'd disease on Harley's closing life ? 130
What murder'd Wentworth and what exil'd Hyde,
By kings protected, and to kings ally'd?

What but their wish indulg'd in courts to shine,
And pow'r too great to keep or to resign ?

When first the college rolls receive his name,
The young enthusiast quits his ease for fame ;
Resistless burns the fever of renown,
Caught from the strong contagion of the gown :
O'er Bodley's dome his future labours spread,
And Bacon's mansion trembles o'er his head. 140
Are these thy views? Proceed, illustrious youth,
And Virtue guard thee to the throne of Truth !
Yet should thy soul indulge the gen'rous heat,
Till captive Science yields her last retreat;
Should Reason guide thee with her brightest ray,
And pour on misty Doubt resistless day;
Should no false kindness lure to loose delight,
Nor praise relax, nor difficulty fright;
Should tempting Novelty thy cell refrain,
And Sloth effuse her opiate fumes in vain ; 150
Should Beauty blunt on fops her fatal dart,
Nor claim the triumph of a letter'd heart;
Should no Disease thy torpid veins invade,
Nor Melancholy's phantoms haunt thy shade ;
Yet hope not life from grief or danger free,
Nor think the doom of man revers'd for thee:
Deign on the passing world to turn thine eyes,
And pause awhile from learning, to be wise ;
There mark what ills the scholar's life assail—
Toil, envy, want, the patron, and the jail. 160
See nations slowly wise, and meanly just,
To buried merit raise the tardy bust.
If dreams yet natter, once again attend,
Hear Lydiat's life and Galileo's end.

Nor deem, when Learning her last prize bestows,
The glitt'ring eminence exempt from foes:
See, when the vulgar 'scape, despis'd or aw'd,
Rebellion's vengeful talons seize on Laud!

From meaner minds tho' smaller fines content,
The plundered palace or sequestered rent, 170
Mark'd out by dang'rous parts he meets the shock,
And fatal Learning leads him to the block :
Around his tomb let Art and Genius weep,
But hear his death, ye blockheads, hear and sleep.

The festal blazes, the triumphal show,
The ravish'd standard, and the captive foe,
The Senate's thanks, the gazette's pompous tale,
With force resistless o'er the brave prevail.
Such bribes the rapid Greek o'er Asia whirl'd ;
For such the steady Romans shook the world ; 180
For such in distant lands the Britons shine,
And stain with blood the Danube or the Rhine:
This pow'r has praise, that virtue scarce can warm,
Till fame supplies the universal charm.
Yet Reason frowns on War's unequal game,
Where wasted nations raise a single name,
And mortgag'd states their grandsires' wreaths regret,
From age to age in everlasting debt;
Wreaths which at last the dear-bought right convey
To rust on medals, or on stones decay. 190

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquer'd lord of pleasure and of pain;
No joys to him pacifick scepters yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
Behold surrounding kings their pow'rs combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign : 200
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain;
"Think nothing gain'd," he cries, "till naught remain,
"On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
"And all be mine beneath the polar sky."

The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern Famine guards the solitary coast,
And Winter barricades the realms of Frost:
He comes ; nor want nor cold his course delay ;—
Hide, blushing Glory, hide Pultowa's day : 210
The vanquish'd hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemn'd a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose and slaves debate.
But did not Chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound?
Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
His fall was destin'd to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand. 220
He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

All times their scenes of pompous woes afford,
From Persia's tyrant to Bavaria's lord.
In gay hostility and barb'rous pride,
With half mankind embattled at his side,
Great Xerxes comes to seize the certain prey,
And starves exhausted regions in his way.
Attendant Flatt'ry counts his myriads o'er,
Till counted myriads soothe his pride no more ; 230
Fresh praise is try'd till madness fires his mind,—
The waves he lashes, and enchains the wind;
New pow'rs are claim'd, new pow'rs are still Sestow'd,
Till rude resistance lops the spreading god.
The daring Greeks deride the martial show,
And heap their vallies with the gaudy foe.
Th' insulted sea with humbler thoughts he gains;
A single skiff to speed his flight remains;
Th' encumber'd oar scarce leaves the dreaded coast
Through purple billows and a floating host. 240

The bold Bavarian, in a luckless hour,
Tries the dread summits of Cesarean pow'r,
With unexpected legions bursts away,
And sees defenceless realms receive his sway:
Short sway!—fair Austria spreads her mournful charms;
The queen, the beauty, sets the world in arms;
From hill to hill the beacon's rousing blaze
Spreads wide the hope of plunder and of praise;
The fierce Croatian and the wild Hussar,
With all the sons of ravage crowd the war. 250
The baffled prince in honour's flatt'ring bloom
Of hasty greatness finds the fatal doom,
His foes' derision and his subjects' blame,
And steals to death from anguish and from shame.

Enlarge my life with multitude of days!
In health, in sickness, thus the suppliant prays;
Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know,
That life protracted is protracted woe.
Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
And shuts up all the passages of joy: 260
In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
The fruit autumnal and the vernal flow'r;
With listless eyes the dotard views the store:
He views, and wonders that they please no more.
Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
And Luxury with sighs her slave resigns.
Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alas! would touch th' impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witness'd Orpheus near,
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble pow'rs attend, 271
Nor sweeter musick of a virtuous friend;
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave or positively wrong.
The still returning tale and ling'ring jest
Perplex the fawning niece and pampered guest,

While growing hopes scarce awe the gath'ring sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expence, 280
Improve his heady rage with treach'rous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumber'd maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguish'd Av'rice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt and mortgages of lands;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies. 290

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

Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings; 300
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns.
Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated Friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away ;
New forms arise, and diff'rent views engage,
Superfluous lags the vet'ran on the stage,
Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
And bids afflicted worth retire to peace. 310

But few there are whom hours like these await,
Who set unclouded in the gulphs of Fate.

From Lydia's monarch should the search descend,
By Solon caution'd to regard his end,
In life's last scene what prodigies surprise—
Fears of the brave, and follies of the wise !
From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show.

The teeming mother, anxious for her race,
Begs for each birth the fortune of a face : 320
Yet Vane could tell what ills from beauty spring;
And Sedley curs'd the form that pleas'd a king.
Ye nymphs of rosy lips and radiant eyes,
Whom Pleasure keeps too busy to be wise;
Whom joys with soft varieties invite,—
By day the frolick, and the dance by night;
Who frown with vanity, who smile with art,
And ask the latest fashion of the heart,
What care, what rules, your heedless charms shall save,
Each nymph your rival, and each youth your slave ?
Against your fame with fondness hate combines, 331
The rival batters, and the lover mines.
With distant voice neglected Virtue calls;
Less heard and less, the faint remonstrance falls:
Tir'd with contempt, she quits the slipp'ry reign,
And Pride and Prudence take her seat in vain.
In crowd at once, where none the pass defend,
The harmless freedom and the private friend.
The guardians yield, by force superior ply'd :
To Int'rest, Prudence; and to Flattery, Pride. 340
Here Beauty falls betray'd, despis'd, distress'd,
And hissing Infamy proclaims the rest.

Where then shall Hope and Fear their objects find?
Must dull Suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?—

Enquirer, cease ; petitions yet remain,
Which heav'n may hear ; nor deem religion vain. 350
Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
But leave to heav'n the measure and the choice ;
Safe in his pow'r, whose eyes discern afar
The secret ambush of a specious pray'r.
Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,
Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ; 360
For love, which scarce collective man can fill ;
For patience, sov'reign o'er transmuted ill ;
For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat :
These goods for man the laws of heav'n ordain ;
These goods he grants, who grants the pow'r to gain ;
With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
And makes the happiness she does not find.

GRAY.

ELEGY.

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD.

THE curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The plowman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that, from yonder ivy-mantled tow'r,
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wand'ring near her secret bow'r,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mould'ring heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing Morn,
The swallow twitt'ring from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure; 30
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of pow'r,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike th' inevitable hour.
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault,
If Mem'ry o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where thro' the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise. 40

Can storied urn, or animated bust,
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flatt'ry soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or wak'd to ecstasy the living lyre.

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Bich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll; 50
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear:
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that, with dauntless breast,
The little Tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their hist'ry in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad: nor circumscrib'd alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confin'd;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet ev'n these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
 This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
 Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
 Nor cast one longing ling'ring look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
 Some pious drops the closing eye requires ; 90
 Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
 Ev'n in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who mindful of th' unhonour'd Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tales relate;
 If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
 "Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
 Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
 To meet the sun upon the upland lawn. 100

"There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

"Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Mutt'ring his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
 Or craz'd with' care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

"One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
 Along the heath and near his fav'rite tree ; 110
 .Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

"The next, with dirges due in sad array
 Slow thro' the church-way path we saw him borne.
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Grav'd on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown :
 Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy mark'd him for her own. 120

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Mis'ry all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('twas all he wish'd) a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

THE BAED.

I. 1.

" RUIN seize thee, ruthless King!
 Confusion on thy banners wait;
 Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing,
 They mock the air with idle state.
 Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
 Nor e'en thy virtues, Tyrant, shall avail
 To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
 From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears !"ⁿ
 Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
 Of the first Edward scattered wild dismay, 10
 As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
 He wound with toilsome march his long array.
 Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance:
 " To arms !" cried Mortimer, and couch'd his qmVring
 lance.

I. 2.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Rob'd in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood
(Loose his beard, and hoary hair
Stream'd, like a meteor, to the troubled air), 20
And with a Master's hand and Prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre.

"Hark, how each giant-oak, and desert cave,
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, oh King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;
Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

1. 3.

"Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hushed the stormy main : 30
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimnion bow his cloud-top'd head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie,
Smear'd with gore, and ghastly pale:
Far, far aloof th' affrighted ravens sail;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear, as the light that visits these sad eyes, 40
Dear, as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep.
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land:

With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.

II. 1.

"Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race : 50
Give ample room, and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year, and mark the night,
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro⁵ Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hanga
The scourge of heaven. What terrors round him wait!
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined, 61
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

II. 2.

" Mighty Victor, mighty Lord !
Low on his funeral couch he lies!
No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noontide beam were born?
Gone to salute the rising morn. 70
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the Zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded vessel goes;
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm ;
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening-prey.

II. 3.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare,
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast:
Close by the regal chair 80
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse?
Long years of havock urge their destin'd course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
"With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek Usurper's holy head ! 90
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twin'd with her blushing foe, we spread:
The bristled Boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er th' accursed loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

III. 1.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof. The thread is spun.)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove. The work is done.) 100
Stay, oh stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unblest'd, unpitied, here to mourn :
In yon bright track, that fires the western skies,
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But oh ! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glitt'ring skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight !
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!

No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail.
All hail, ye genuine kings, Britannia's issue, hail! 110

III. 2.

"Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear ;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine !
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-line ;
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face,
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play, 120
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring, as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heav'n her many-colour'd wings.

III. 3.

"The verse adorn again
Fierce War and faithful Love
And Truth severe—by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast. 130
A voice, as of the Cherub-Choir,
Gales from blooming Eden bear;
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud,
Rais'd by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood,
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.

Enough for me : with joy I see

The different doom our fates assign : 140

Be thine Despair, and scept'red Care ;

To triumph and to die are mine."

He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height

Deep in the roaring tide he plung'd to endless night.

GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

SWEET AUBURN ! loveliest village of the plain ;
Where health and plenty cheered the labouring swain,
Where smiling spring its earliest visit paid,
And parting summer's lingering blooms delayed:
Dear lovely bowers of innocence and ease,
Seats of my youth, when every sport could please,
How often have I loitered o'er thy green,
Where humble happiness endeared each scene!
How often have I paused on every charm,
The sheltered cot, the cultivated farm,
The never-failing brook, the busy mill,
The decent church that topt the neighbouring hill,
The hawthorn bush, with seats beneath the shade,
For talking age and whispering lovers made !
How often have I blest the coming day,
When toil remitting lent its turn to play,
And all the village train, from labour free,
Led up their sports beneath the spreading tree,
While many a pastime circled in the shade,
The young contending as the old surveyed ;
And many a gambol frolicked o'er the ground,
And sleights of art and feats of strength went round.
And still, as each repeated pleasure tired.
Succeeding sports the mirthful band inspired;

The dancing pair that simply sought renown
By holding out to tire each other down;
The swain mistrustless of his smutted face,
While secret laughter tittered round the place;
The bashful virgin's side-long looks of love,
The matron's glance that would those looks reprove. 30
These were thy charms, sweet village ! sports like these,
With sweet succession, taught even toil to please:
These round thy bowers their cheerful influence shed :
These were thy charms—but all these charms are fled.

Sweet smiling village, loveliest of the lawn,
Thy sports are fled, and all thy charms withdrawn ;
Amidst thy bowers the tyrant's hand is seen,
And desolation saddens all thy green :
One only master grasps the whole domain,
And half a tillage stints thy smiling plain. 40
No more thy glassy brook reflects the day,
But, choked with sedges, works its weedy way;
Along thy glades, a solitary guest,
The hollow sounding bittern guards its nest;
Amidst thy desert walks the lapwing flies,
And tires their echoes with unvaried cries;
Sunk are thy bowers in shapeless ruin all,
And the long grass o'ertops the mouldering wall;
And trembling, shrinking from the spoiler's hand,
Far, far away thy children leave the land. 50

Ill fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
Where wealth accumulates, and men decay :
Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade;
A breath can make them, as a breath has made:
But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what **life required, but gave no more:** 60

His best companions, innocence and health;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
These gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

Sweet Auburn! parent of the blissful hour,
Thy glades forlorn confess the tyrant's power.
Here, as I take my solitary rounds
Amidst thy tangling walks and ruined grounds,
And, many a year elapsed, return to view
Where once the cottage stood, the hawthorn grew,
Remembrance wakes with all her busy train,
Swells at my breast, and turns the past to pain.

In all my wanderings round this world of care,
In all my griefs—and GOD has given my share—
I still had hopes, my latest hours to crown,
Amidst these humble bowers to lay me down;
To husband out life's taper at the close,
And keep the flame from wasting by repose:
I still had hopes, for pride attends us still,
Amidst the swains to show my book-learned skill,
Around my fire an evening group to draw,
And tell of all I felt, and all I saw;
And, as an hare whom hounds and horns pursue
Pants to the place from whence at first she flew,
I still had hopes, my long vexations past,
Here to return—and die at home at last.

O blest retirement, friend to life's decline,
Retreats from care, that never must be mine,
How happy he who crowns in shades like these
A youth of labour with an age of ease ; 100
Who quits a world where strong temptations try,
And, since 'tis hard to combat, learns to fly!
For him no wretches, born to work and weep,
Explore the mine, or tempt the dangerous deep;
No surly porter stands in guilty state,
To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
But on he moves to meet his latter end,
Angels around befriending Virtue's friend ;
Bends to the grave with unperceived decay,
While resignation gently slopes the way ; 110
And, all his prospects brightening to the last,
His heaven commences ere the world be past!

Sweet was the sound, when oft at evening's close
Up yonder hill the village murmur rose.
There, as I past with careless steps and slow,
The mingling notes came softened from below;
The swain responsive as the milk-maid sung,
The sober herd that lowed to meet their young,
The noisy geese that gabbled o'er the pool,
The playful children just let loose from school, 120
The watch-dog's voice that bayed the whispering wind,
And the loud laugh that spoke the vacant mind;—
These all in sweet confusion sought the shade,
And filled each pause the nightingale had made.
But now the sounds of population fail,
No cheerful murmurs fluctuate in the gale,
No busy steps the grass-grown foot-way tread,
For all the bloomy flush of life is fled.
All but yon widowed, solitary thing,
That feebly bends beside the plashy spring: 130
She, wretched matron, forced in age, for bread,
To strip the brook with mantling cresses spread,

To pick her wintry faggot from the thorn,
To seek her nightly shed, and weep till morn ;
She only left of all the harmless train,
The sad historian of the pensive plain.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild ;
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose. 140
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a year;
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change his place;
Unpractised he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More skilled to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train;
He chid their wanderings but relieved their pain 150
The long remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away,
Wept o'er his wounds or tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe; 160
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
And e'en his failings leaned to Virtue's side;
But in his duty prompt at every call,
He watched and wept, he prayed and felt for all;
And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,

He tried each art, reproved each dull delay,
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way. 170

Beside the bed where parting life was laid,
And sorrow, guilt, and pain by turns dismayed,
The reverend champion stood. At his control
Despair and anguish fled the struggling soul;
Comfort came down the trembling wretch to raise,
And his last faltering accents whispered praise.

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway,
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray. 180
The service past, around the pious man,
With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile
And plucked his gown to share the good man's smile.
His ready smile a parent's warmth express;
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distress:
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm, 190
Tho' round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school.
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew:
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face; 200
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned.

Yet he was kind, or, if severe *in* aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew:
Twas certain he could write, and cypher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And even the story ran that he could gauge: 210
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For, even tho' vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length and thundering sound
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around ;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

But past is all his fame. The very spot
Where many a time he triumphed is forgot.
Near yonder thorn, that lifts its head on high,
Where once the sign-post caught the passing eye, 220
Low lies that house where nut-brown draughts inspired,
Where grey-beard mirth and smiling toil retired,
Where village statesmen talked with looks profound,
And news much older than their ale went round.
Imagination fondly stoops to trace
The parlour splendours of that festive place:
The white-washed wall, the nicely sanded floor,
The vanished clock that clicked behind the door;
The chest contrived a double debt to pay,
A bed by night, a chest of drawers by day; 230
The pictures placed for ornament and use,
The twelve good rules, the royal game of goose;
The hearth, except when winter chill'd the day,
With aspen boughs and flowers and fennel gay;
While broken tea-cups wisely kept for shew,
Banged o'er the chimney, glistened in a row.

Vain transitory splendours! could not all
Relieve the tottering mansion from its fall?
Obscure it sinks, nor shall it more impart
An hour's importance to the poor man's heart. 246

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

Thither no more the peasant shall repair
To sweet oblivion of his daily care;
No more the farmer's news, the barber's tale,
No more the wood-man's ballad shall prevail;
No more the smith his dusky brow shall clear,
Relax his ponderous strength, and lean to hear;
The host himself no longer shall be found
Careful to see the mantling bliss go round;
Nor the coy maid, half willing to be prest,
Shall kiss the cup to pass it to the rest.

Yes! let the rich deride, the proud disdain,
These simple blessings of the lowly train;
To me more dear, congenial to my heart,
One native charm, than all the gloss of art;
Spontaneous joys, where Nature has its play,
The soul adopts, and owns their first born sway,
Lightly they frolic o'er the vacant mind,
Unenvied, unmolested, unconfined.
But the long pomp, the midnight masquerade,
With all the freaks of wanton wealth arrayed—
In these, ere oriflurs half their wish obtain,
The toiling pleasure sickens into pain ;
And, e'en while fashion's brightest arts decoy,
The heart distrusting asks if this be joy.

Ye friends to truth, ye statesman who survey
The rich man's joys increase, the poor's decay,
'Tis yours to judge, how wide the limits stand
Between a splendid and an happy land.
Proud swells the tide with loads of freighted ore,
And shouting Folly hails them from her shore;
Hoards e'en beyond the miser's wish abound,
And rich men flock from all the world around.
Yet count our gains. This wealth is but a name
That leaves our useful products still the same.
Not so the loss. The man of wealth and pride
Takes up a space that many poor supplied;

Space for his lake, his park's extended bounds,
 Space for his horses, equipage, and hounds :
 The robe that wraps his limbs in silken sloth
 Has robbed the neighbouring fields of half their growth;
 His seat, where solitary sports are seen, 281
 Indignant spurns the cottage from the green :
 Around the world each needful product flies,
 For all the luxuries the world supplies ;
 While thus the land adorned for pleasure all
 In barren splendour feebly waits the fall.

As some fair female unadorned and plain,
 Secure to please while youth confirms her reign,
 Slights every borrowed charm that dress supplies,
 Nor shares with art the triumph of her eyes ; 290
 But when those charms are past, for charms are frail,
 When time advances, and when lovers fail,
 She then shines forth, solicitous to bless,
 In all the glaring impotence of dress.
 Thus fares the land by luxury betrayed :
 In nature's simplest charms at first arrayed,
 But verging to decline, its splendours rise;
 Its vistas strike, its palaces surprize:
 While, scou'ged by famine from the smiling land,
 The mournful peasant leads his humble band, 300
 And while he sinks, without one arm to save,
 The country blooms—a garden and a grave.

Where then, ah ! where, shall poverty reside,
 To scape the pressure of contiguous pride?
 If to some common's fenceless limits strayed
 He drives his flock to pick the scanty blade,
 Those fenceless fields the sons of wealth divide,
 And even the bare-worn common is denied.

•If to the city sped—what waits him there?
 To see profusion that he must not share; 310
 To see ten thousand baneful arts combined
 To pamper luxury, and thin mankind;

To see those joys the sons of pleasure know
Extorted from his fellow-creature's woe.
Here while the courtier glitters in brocade,
There the pale artist plies the sickly trade ;
Here while the proud their long-drawn pomps display,
There the black gibbet glooms beside the way.
The dome where pleasure holds her midnight reign
Here, richly deckt, admits the gorgeous train: 320
Tumultuous grandeur crowds the blazing square,
The rattling chariots clash, the torches glare.
Sure scenes like these no troubles e'er annoy!
Sure these denote one universal joy !
Are these thy serious thoughts?—Ah, turn thine eyes
Where the poor houseless shivering female lies.
She once, perhaps, in village plenty blest,
Has wept at tales of innocence distress;
Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn : 330
Now lost to all; her friends, her virtue fled,
Near her betrayer's door she jays her head,
And, pinch'd with cold, and skrinkling from the shower,
With heavy heart deplores that luckless hour,
When idly first, ambitious of the town,
She left her wheel and robes of country brown.

Do thine, sweet Auburn,—thine, the loveliest train,—
Do thy fair tribes participate her pain ?
Even now, perhaps, by cold and hunger led,
At proud men's doors they ask a little bread! 340

Ah, no I To distant climes, a dreary scene,
Where half the convex world intrudes between,
Through torrid tracts with fainting steps they go,
Where wild Altama murmurs to their woe.
Far different there from all that charm'd before
The various terrors of that horrid shore;
Those blazing suns that dart a downward ray,
And fiercely shed intolerable day ;

Those matted woods, where birds forget to sing,
 But silent bats in drowsy clusters cling; 350
 Those poisonous fields with rank luxuriance crowned,
 Where the dark scorpion gathers death around;
 Where at each step the stranger fears to wake
 The rattling terrors of the vengeful snake ;
 Where crouching tigers wait their hapless prey,
 And savage men more murderous still than they;
 While oft in whirls the mad tornado flies,
 Mingling the ravaged landscape with the skies.
 Far different these from every former scene,
 The cooling brook, the grassy vested green, 360
 The breezy covert of the warbling grove,
 That only sheltered thefts of harmless love.

Good Heaven! what sorrows gloom'd that parting day,
 That called them from their native walks away;
 When the poor exiles, every pleasure past,
 Hung round the bowers, and fondly looked their last,
 And took a long farewell, and wished in vain
 For seats like these beyond the western main,
 And shuddering still to face the distant deep,
 Returned and wept, and still returned to weep. 370
 The good old sire the first prepared to go
 To new found worlds, and wept for others' woe;
 But for himself, in conscious virtue brave,
 He only wished for worlds beyond the grave.
 His lovely daughter, lovelier in her tears,
 The fond companion of his helpless years,
 Silent went next, neglectful of her charms,
 And left a lover's for a father's arms.
 With louder plaints the mother spoke her woes,
 And blest the cot where every pleasure rose, 380
 And kissed her thoughtless babes with many a **tear**,
 And clasped them close, in sorrow doubly dear,
 Whilst her fond husband strove to lend relief
 In all the silent manliness of grief.

O luxury! thou curat by Heaven's decree,
How ill exchanged are things like these for **thee**!
How do thy potions, with insidious joy,
Diffuse their pleasure only to destroy!
Kingdoms by thee, to sickly greatness grown,
Boast of a florid vigour not their own. 390
At every draught more large and large they grow,
A bloated mass of rank unwieldy woe;
Till sapped their strength, and every part unsound,
Down, down they sink, and spread a ruin round.

Even now the devastation is begun,
And half the business of destruction done;
Even now, methinks, as pondering here I stand,
I see the rural virtues leave the land.
Down where yon anchoring vessel spreads the sail,
That idly waiting flaps with every gale, 400
Downward they move, a melancholy band,
Pass from the shore, and darken all the strand.
Contented toil, and hospitable care,
And kind connubial tenderness, are there;
And piety with wishes placed above,
And steady loyalty, and faithful love.
And thou, sweet Poetry, thou loveliest maid,
Still first to fly where sensual joys invade;
Unfit in these degenerate times of shame
To catch the heart, or strike for honest fame; 410
Dear charming nymph, neglected and decried,
My shame in crowds, my solitary pride ;
Thou source of all my bliss, and all my woe,
That found'st me poor at first, and keep'st me so ;
Thou guide by which the nobler arts excel,
Thou nurse of every virtue, fare thee well!
Farewell, and O! where'er thy voice be tried,
On Torno's cliffs, or Pambamarca's side,
Whether where equinoctial fervours glow,
Or winter wraps the polar world **in snow**, 420

Still let thy voice, prevailing over time,
Redress the rigours of the inclement clime ;
Aid slighted truth with thy persuasive strain ;
Teach erring man to spurn the rage of gain ;
Teach him, that states of native strength possess,
Tho' very poor, may still be very blest;
That trade's proud empire hastes to swift decay,
As ocean sweeps the laboured mole away ;
While self-dependent power can time defy,
As rocks resist the billows and the sky.

COWPER.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF JOHN GILPIN :

SHOWING HOW HE WENT FARTHER THAN HE INTENDED AND
CAME SAFE HOME AGAIN.

JOHN GILPIN was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear,
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair 10
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied, "I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear,
Therefore it shall be done. 20

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF

"I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find, 30
That though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin. 40

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels,
Were never folk so glad,
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

Tor saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin, 60
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down stairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

60

"Good lack!" quoth he—"yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword,
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

70

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
With caution and good heed.

80

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF

So, "Fair and softly," John he cried,
But John he cried in vain ;
That trot became a gallop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot sit upright, 90
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig. 100

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung ;
A. bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all; 110
And every soul cried out, " Well done I "
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
" He carries weight! " " He rides a race ! "
" 'Tis for a. thousand pound ! "

And still, as fast as he drew near,
 'Twas wonderful to view,
How in a trice the turnpike-men
 Their gates wide open threw. 120

And now, as he went bowing down
 His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind" his back
 Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
 Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
 As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
 With leathern girdle braced ; 130
For all might see the bottle-necks
 Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
 These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
 Of Edmonton so gay ;

And there he threw the Wash about
 On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
 Or a wild goose at play. 140

At Edmonton his loving wife
 From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
 To see how he did ride.

" Stop, stop, John Gilpin !—Here's the house !"
 They all at once did cry ;
" The dinner waits, and we are tired ;"—
 Said Gilpin—" So a m I ! "

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there ! 150
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong?
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend the calender's
His horse at last stood still. 160

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbour in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him :

" What news ? what news ? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
"Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke; 170
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come,
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here,—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in; 180

Whence straight he came with hat and wig;
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus showed his ready wit,
"My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face ;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case." 190

Said John, "It is my wedding-day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine ;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine." 200

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig :
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why ?—they were too big. 210

THE DIVERTING HISTORY OF

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well." 220

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain :
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein ;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frightened steed he frightened more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels, 230
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry :

"Stop thief ! stop thief !—a highwayman !"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit. 240

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The toll-men thinking, as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town ;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, Long live the king !
And Gilpin, long live he ! 250
And when he next doth ride abroad
May I be there to see !

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOW-WORM.

A NIGHTINGALE, that all day long
Had cheered the village with his song,
Nor yet at eve his note suspended,
Nor yet when eventide was ended,
Began to feel, as well he might,
The keen demands of appetite ;
When, looking eagerly around,
He spied far off, upon the ground,
A something shining in the dark,
And knew the glow-worm by his spark ; 10
So stooping down from hawthorn top,
He thought to put him in his crop.
The worm, aware of his intent,
Harangued him thus, right eloquent—

"Did you admire my lamp," quoth he,
"As much as I your minstrelsy,
You would abhor to do me wrong,
As much as I to spoil your song ;
For 'twas the self-same Power divine
Taught you to sing and me to shine ; 20
That you with music, I with light,
Might beautify, and cheer the night."

The songster heard his short oration,

And, warbling out his approbation,
Released him, as my story tells,
And found a supper somewhere else.

Hence jarring sectaries may learn
Their real interest to discern ;
That brother should not war with brother,
And worry and devour each other;
But sing and shine by sweet consent,
Till life's poor transient night is spent,
Respecting, in each other's case,
The gifts of nature and of grace.

30

Those Christians best deserve the name
Who studiously make peace their aim;
Peace both the duty and the prize
Of him that creeps and him that flies.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

PART I.

IT is an ancient Mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three.
"By thy long grey beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?"

"The Bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin ;
The guests are met, the feast is set:
Mayst hear the merry din."

He holds him with his skinny hand,
"There was a ship," quoth he. 10
"Hold off! unhand me, grey-beard loon ! "
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The Wedding-Guest stood still,
And listens like a three years' child:
The Mariner hath his will.

The Wedding-Guest sat on a stone:
He cannot chuse but hear ;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 20

"The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the lighthouse top.

"The Sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he !
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

"Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon——" 30
The Wedding-Guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she ;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The Wedding-Guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot chuse but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner. 40

" And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong :
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

"With sloping masts and dipping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled. 50

"And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold :
And ice, mast-high, came floating by,
As green as emerald.

"And through the drifts the snowy clifts
Did send a dismal sheen :
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

"The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around : 60
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound !

"At length did cross an Albatross.
Thorough the fog it came ;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hail'd it in God's name.

"It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew.
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through. 70

"And a good south wind sprung up behind;
The Albatross did follow,
And every day, for food or play,
Came to the mariners' hollo !

"In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine ;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
Glimmered the white moon-shine."

"God save thee, ancient Mariner !
From the fiends that plague thee thus !— 80
Why look'st thou so?"—"With my cross-bow
I shot the Aibatross."

PART II.

" The Sun now rose upon the right:
Out of the sea came he,
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

" And the good south wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow,
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariners' hollo ! 90

" And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe :
For all averred, I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
' Ah wretch !' said they, ' the bird to slay,
That made the breeze to blow !'

" Nor dim nor red, like God's own head
The glorious Sun uprist:
Then all averred, I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist. 100
" 'Twas right,' said they, ' such birds to slay,
That bring the fog and mist.'

" The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free ;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

" Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be ;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea ! 110

" All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody Sun, at noon,
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the Moon.

"Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion ;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

"Water, water, everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink ;
Water, water, everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink. 120

"The very deep did rot : O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

"About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white. 130

"And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so ;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

"And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

"Ah ! well-a-day what evil looks
Had I from old and young !
Instead of the cross, the Albatross
About my neck was hung." 140

PART III.

"There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.

A weary time ! a weary time !
How glazed each weary eye,
When, looking westward, I beheld
A something in the sky.

" At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist; 150
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

" A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared :
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged and tacked and veered.

" With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail ;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood !
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood, 160
And cried, A sail! a sail !

" With throats unslacked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call :
Gramercy ! they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

" See ! see ! (I cried) she tacks no more !
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel! 170

" The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done !
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright Sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the Sun.

"And straight the Sun was flecked with bars,
(Heaven's Mother send us grace !)
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face. 180

"Alas! (thought I, and my heart beat loud)
How fast she nears and nears !
Are those her sails that glance in the Sun
Like restless gossameres ?

"Are those her ribs through which the Sun,
Did peer, as through a grate ?
And is that Woman all her crew ?
Is that a Death ? and are there two ?
Is Death that woman's mate?

"Her lips were red, her looks were free, 190
Her locks were yellow as gold :
Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The Nightmare Life-in-Death was she
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

"The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice ;
'The game is done ! I've won, I've won !'
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

"The Sun's rim dips; the stars rush out;
At one stride comes the dark ; 200
With far-heard whisper o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

"We listened and looked sideways up !
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip !
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white ;

"I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away ;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay. 240

"I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gusht,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

"I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye, 251
And the dead were at my feet.

"The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they :
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

• "An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirt from on high ;
But oh ! more horrible than that
Is the curse in a dead man's eye! 260
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

"The moving Moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide :
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside—

" Her beams bemoaned the sultry main,
Like April hoar-frost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay,
The charmed water burnt away 270
A still and awful red.

"Beyond the shadow of the ship,
I watched the water-snakes:
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

"Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire :
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track 280
Was a flash of golden fire. "

"O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare :
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware :
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

"The selfsame moment I could pray ;
And from my neck so free
The Albatross fell off, and sank 290
Like lead into the sea."

PART v.

"Oh Sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole !
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
Shu sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

"The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew ;
And when I awoke, it rained. 300

"My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank ;

Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

"I moved, and could not feel my limbs :
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

"And soon I heard a roaring wind :
It did not come anear ;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere. 310

"The upper air burst into life !
And a hundred fire-flags sheen,
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

"And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge ;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud,
The Moon was at its edge. 321

"The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The Moon was at its side :
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

"The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the Moon
The dead men gave a groan. 330

"They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

"The helmsman steered, the ship moved on ;
Yet never a breeze up blew ;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes,
Where they were wont to do ;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew. 340

"The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me."

"I fear thee, ancient Mariner !"
"Be calm, thou Wedding-Guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corpses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

"For when it dawned—they dropped their arras, 350
And clustered round the mast;
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

"Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the Sun ;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
"Now mixed, now one by one.

"Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are, 360
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

"And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

" It ceased ; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June, 370
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

"Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe :
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

" Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid : and it was he
That made the ship to go. 380
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

"The Sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean :
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length,
"With a short uneasy motion.

"Then, like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound: 390
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swoond.

"How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard, and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

" 'Is it he ?' quoth one, 'Is this the man ?
By Him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross. 40

" 'The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow.'

"The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew ;
Quoth he, 'The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do.'"

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

" 'But tell me, tell me! speak again, 41
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?'"

SECOND VOICE.

" 'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the Moon is cast—
" If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see ! how graciously 42
She looketh down on him.'

FIRST VOICE.

" 'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without or wave or wind?'

SECOND VOICE.

"The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

"Fly, brother, fly ! more high, more high !
Or we shall be belated :
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.'

"I woke, and we were sailing on 430
As in a gentle weather :
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high ;
The dead men stood together.

"All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter :
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the Moon did glitter.

"The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away :
I could not draw my eyes from theirs, 440
Nor turn them up to pray.

"And now this spell was snap: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

"Like one that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head ;
Because he knows, a frightful fiend 450
Doth close behind him tread.

"But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made :
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

"It raised my hair, it fann'd my cheek,
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

"Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship, 460
Yet she sailed softly too :
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

"Oh ! dream of joy ! is this indeed
The light-house top I see?
Is this the hill ? is this the kirk ?
Is this mine own countree ?

"We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God, 470
Or let me sleep away ! '

"The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn !
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the Moon.

"The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock :
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

"And the bay was white with silent light, 480
Till, rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

"A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were :
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
Oh, Christ! what saw I there!

"Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And by the holy rood !
A man all light, a seraph-man, 490
On every corse there stood.

"This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light ;

" This seraph-band, each waved his hand,
No voice did they impart—
No voice ; but oh ! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

"But soon I heard the dash of oars, 500
I heard the Pilot's cheer ;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

"The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in heaven ! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

"I saw a third—I heard his voice :
It is the Hermit good !
He singeth loud his godly hymns 510
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood."

PART VII.

"This Hermit good lives in'that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears !
He loves to talk with marineres
That come from a far countree.

"He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump : 520
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak stump.

"The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
' Why, this is strange, I trow !
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?⁵

"' Strange, by my faith !' the Hermit said—
' And they answered not our cheer.
The planks looked warped ! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere ! 530
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

"' Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest-brook along ;
When the ivy-tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below,
That eats the she-wolf s young.⁵

"' Dear Lord ! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a-feared.'—' Push on, push on !' 640
Said the Hermit cheerily.

"The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred ;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

"Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay:
The ship went down like lead.

"Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But, swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

"Upon the whirl, where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round ;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

"I moved *my* lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

"I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy *go*,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
' Ha ! ha ! ' quoth he, ' full plain I see,
The Duvil knows how to row.'

"And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land !
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

"O shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man !'
The Hermit crossed his brow.
' Say quick,' quoth he, ' I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou ?'

"Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woeful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

"Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

"I pass, like night, from land to land ;
I have strange power of speech ;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach. 590

"What loud uproar bursts from that door !
The wedding-guests are there :
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride-maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer.

"O Wedding-Guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea :
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be. 600

"O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk,
With a goodly company !—

"To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay !

"Farewell, farewell! but this I tell 610
To thee, thou Wedding-Guest !—
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

"He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all."

The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone : and now the Wedding-Guest 620
Turned from the Bridegroom's door.

He went like one that hath been stunned,
Arid is of sense forlorn :
A sadder and a wiser man
He rose the morrow morn.

WORDSWORTH.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

I.

THERE was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight
 To me did seem
 Apparelled in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it has been of yore ;—
 Turn whereso'er I may,
 By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more!

II.

 The rainbow comes and goes, 10
 And lovely is the rose;
 The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare;
 Waters on a starry night
 Are beautiful and fair ;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath past away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound 20
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief;
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong.
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea 30
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday 1
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy **shouts, thou** happy
shepherd boy !

Ye blessed creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal; 40
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it **all**.
Oh, evil day ! if I were sullen
While the earth herself is adorning
This sweet May morning ;
And the children are pulling,
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm

The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learned art—
 A wedding or a festival,
 A mourning or a funeral;
 And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song:
 Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife;
 But it will not be long
 Ere this be thrown aside,
 And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part,
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied age,
That Life brings with her in her equipage ;
 As if his whole vocation
 Were endless imitation.

vIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best philosopher, who yet dost keep **110**
Thy heritage; thou eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep

High instincts, before which our mortal nature
 Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may, 150
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal silence ; truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor man nor boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
 Can utterly abolish or destroy ! 160
 Hence in a season of calm weather,
 Though inland far we be,
 Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither;
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
 And let the young lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound ! 170
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;

We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind, 180
In the primal sympathy
Which having been, must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring
Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye fountains, meadows, hills, and groves,
Forebode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquished one delight, 190
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they :
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality !
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live, 200
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

SCOTT.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

THE Baron of Smaylho'me rose with day,
He spurr'd his courser on,
Without stop or stay, down the rocky way,
That leads to Brotherstone.

He went not with the bold Buccleuch,
His banner broad to rear;
He went not 'gainst the English yew,
To lift the Scottish spear.

Yet his plate-jack was braced, and his helmet was laced,
And his vaunt-brace of proof he wore; 10
At his saddle-gerthe was a good steel sperthe,
Full ten pound weight and more.

The Baron return'd in three days' space,
And his looks were sad and sour;
And weary was his courser's pace,
As he reach'd his rocky tower.

He came not from where Ancram Moor
Ban red with English blood;
Where the Douglas true, and the bold Buccleuch,
'Gainst keen Lord Evers stood. 20

Yet was his helmet hack'd and hew'd,
His acton pierced and tore,
His axe and his dagger with blood imbrued,—
But it was not English gore.

He lighted at the Chapellage,
He held him close and still;
And he whistled thrice for his little foot-page,
His name was English Will.

"Come thou hither, my little foot-page,
Come hither to my knee ; 30
Though thou art young, and tender of age,
I think thou art true to me.

"Come, tell me all that thou hast seen,
And look thou tell me true !
Since I from Smaylho'me tower have been,
What did thy lady do?"—

"My lady, each night, sought the lonely light,
That burns on the wild Watchfold ;
For, from height to height, the beacons bright
Of the English foemen told. 40

"The bittern clamour'd from the moss,
The wind blew loud and shrill;
Yet the craggy pathway she did cross
To the eiry Beacon Hill.

"I watch'd her steps, and silent came
Wh3re she sat her on a stone ;—
No watchman stood by the dreary flame,
It burned all alone.

"The second night I kept her in sight,
Till to the fire she came, 50
And, by Mary's might! an Armed Knight
Stood by the lonely flame.

"And many a word that warlike lord
Did speak to my lady there ;
But the rain fell fast, and loud blew the blast,
And I heard not what they were.

"The third night there the sky was fair,
And the mountain-blast was still,
As again I watch'd the secret pair,
On the lonesome Beacon Hill. 60

"And I heard her name the midnight hour,
And name this holy eve ;
And say, ' Come this night to thy lady's bower;
Ask no bold Baron's leave.

" * He lifts his spear with the bold Buccleuch ;
His lady is all alone ;
The door she'll undo, to her knight so true,
On the eve of good St. John.'—

" ' I cannot come ; I must not come ;
I dare not come to thee ; 70
On the eve of St. John I must wander alone :
In thy bower I may not be.'—

" ' Now, out on thee, fainthearted knight !
Thou shouldst not say me nay ;
For the eve is sweet, and when lovers meet,
Is worth the whole summer's day.

" ' And I'll chain the blood-hound, and the warder shall
not sound,
And rushes shall be strew'd on the stair;
So, by the black rood-stone, and by holy St. John,
I conjure thee, my love, to be there !' 80

" " Though the blood-hound be mute, and the rush beneath
my foot,
And the warder his bugle should not blow,
B.F. K

Yet there sleepeth a priest in the chamber to the east,
And my footstep he would know.'—

" 'O fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east,
For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en ;
And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
For the soul of a knight that is slayne.'—

" He turn'd him around, and grimly he frown'd;
Then he laugh'd right scornfully— 90
'He who says the mass-rite for the soul of that knight,
May as well say mass for me :

" ' At the lone midnight hour, when bad spirits have power,
In thy chamber will I be.'—
With that he was gone, and my lady left alone,
And no more did I see."

Then changed, I trow, was that bold Baron's brow,
From the dark to the blood-red high ;
"Now, tell me the mien of the knight thou hast seen,
For, by Mary, he shall die !"— 100

"His arms shone full bright, in the beacon's red light;
His plume it was scarlet and blue;
On his shield was a hound, in a silver leash bound,
And his crest was a branch of the yew."—

"Thou liest, thou liest, thou little foot-page,
Loud dost thou lie to me!
For that knight is cold, and low laid in the mould,
All under the Eildon-tree."

" Yet hear but my word, my noble lord !
For I heard her name his name ; 110
And that lady bright, she called the knight
Sir Richard of Coldinghame."—

The bold Baron's brow then changed, I trow,
From high blood-red to pale—

"The grave is deep and dark—and the corpse is stiff and stark—

So I may not trust thy tale.

"Where fair Tweed flows round holy Melrose,

And Eildon slopes to the plain,

Full three nights ago, by some secret foe,

That gay gallant was slain. 120

"The varying light deceived thy sight,

And the wild winds drown'd the name ;

For the Dryburgh bells ring, and the white monks do sing,

For Sir Richard of Coldinghame !"

He pass'd the court-gate, and he oped the tower-gate,

And he mounted the narrow stair,

To the bartizan-seat, where, with maids that on her wait,

He found his lady fair.

That lady sat in mournful mood;

Look'd over hill and vale; 130

Over Tweed's fair flood, and Mertoun's wood,

And all down Teviotdale.

"Now hail, now hail, thou lady bright!"—

"Now hail, thou Baron true !

What news, what news, from Ancram fight?

What news from the bold Buccleuch ?"

"The Ancram moor is red with gore,

For many a southern fell;

And Buccleuch has charged us, evermore,

To watch our beacons well."— 140

The lady blush'd red, but nothing she said :

Nor added the Baron a word :

Then she stepp'd down the stair to her chamber fair,

And so did her moody lord.

In sleep the lady mourn'd, and the Baron toss'd and turn'd,
And oft to himself he said,—
"The worms around him creep, and his bloody grave is
deep . . .
It cannot give up the dead !"—

It was near the ringing of matin-bell,
The night was well-nigh done, 150
When a heavy sleep on that Baron fell,
On the eve of good St. John.

The lady look'd through the chamber fair,
By the light of a dying flame ;
And she was aware of a knight stood there—
Sir Richard of Coldingharne !

"Alas ! away, away !" she cried,
"For the' holy Virgin's sake !"—
"Lady, I know who sleeps by thy side;
But, lady, he will not awake. 160

"By Eildon-tree, for long nights three,
In bloody grave have I lain ;
The mass and the death-prayer are said for me,
But, lady, they are said in vain.

"By the Baron's brand, near Tweed's fair strand,
Most foully slain, I fell;
And my restless sprite on the beacon's height,
For a space is doom'd to dwell.

"At our trysting-place, for a certain space,
I must wander to and fro; 170
But I had not had power to come to thy bower
Had'st thou not conjured me so."—

Love mastered fear—her brow she cross'd;
"How, Richard, hast thou sped?
And art thou saved, or art thou lost?"—
The vision shook his head!

"Who spilleth life, shall forfeit life;
So bid thy lord believe :
That lawless love is guilt above,
This awful sign receive." 180

He laid his left palm on an oaken beam;
His right upon her hand ;
The lady shrunk, and fainting sunk,
For it scorch'd like a fiery brand.

The sable score, of fingers four,
Remains on that board impress'd;
And for evermore that lady wore
A covering on her wrist.

There is a nun in Dryburgh bower,
Ne'er looks upon the sun ;
There is a monk in Melrose tower,
He speaketh word to none. 190

That nun, who ne'er beholds the day,
That monk, who speaks to none—
That nun was Sniaylho'me's Lady gay,
That monk the bold Baron.

BYRON.

MAZEPPA.

I.

'TWAS after dread Pultowa's day,
When fortune left the royal Swede,
Around a slaughter'd army lay,
No more to combat and to bleed.
The power and glory of the war,
Faithless as their vain votaries, men,
Had pass'd to the triumphant Czar,
And Moscow's walls were safe again,
Until a day more dark and drear,
And a more memorable year,
Should give to slaughter and to shame
A mightier host and haughtier name ;
A greater wreck, a deeper fall,
A shock to one—a thunderbolt to all.

II.

Such was the hazard of the die ;
The wounded Charles was taught to fly
By day and night through field and flood,
Stain'd with his own and subjects' blood ;
For thousands fell that flight to aid :
And not a voice was heard t' upbraid
Ambition in his humbled hour,

When truth had nought to dread from power.
His horse was slain, and Gieta gave
His own—and died the Russian's slave.
This too sinks after many a league
Of well sustain'd, but vain fatigue ;
And in the depths of forests, darkling
The watch-fires in the distance sparkling—

The beacons of surrounding foes—
A king must Jay his limbs at length. 30

Are these the laurels and repose
For which the nations strain their strength ?
They laid him by a savage tree,
In outworn nature's agony ;
His wounds were stiff, his limbs were stark—
The heavy hour was chill and dark ;
The fever in his blood forbade
A transient slumber's fitful aid :
And thus it was ; but yet through all,
Kinglike the monarch bore his fall, 40
And made, in this extreme of ill,
His pangs the vassals of his will :
All silent and subdued were they,
As once the nations round him lay.

III.

A band of chiefs !—alas, how few,
Since but the fleeting of a day
Had thinn'd it ; but this wreck was true
And chivalrous : upon the clay
Each sate him down, all sad and mute,
Beside his monarch and his steed ; 50
For danger levels man and brute,
And all are fellows in their need.
Among the rest, Mazeppa made
His pillow in an old oak's shade—
Himself as rough, and scarce less old,

MAZEPPA.

The Ukraine's Hetman, calm and bold;
But first, outspent with his long course,
The Cossack prince rubbed down his horse,
And made for him a leafy bed,
 And smooth'd his fetlocks and his mane,
 And slack'd his girth, and stripp'd his rein,
And joy'd to see how well he fed ;
For until now he had the dread
His wearied courser might refuse
To browse beneath the midnight dews:
But he was hardy as his lord,
And little cared for bed and board ;
But spirited and docile too,
Whate'er was to be done, would do.
Shaggy and swift, and strong of limb,
All Tartar-like he carried him ;
Obey'd his voice, and came at call,
And knew him in the midst of all:
Though thousands were around—and Night,
Without a star, pursued her flight—
That steed from sunset until dawn
His chief would follow like a fawn.

IV.

This done, Mazeppa spread his cloak
And laid his lance beneath his oak,
Felt if his arms in order good
The long day's march had well withstood—
If still the powder fill'd the pan,
 And flints unloosen'd kept their lock—
His sabre's hilt and scabbard felt,
And whether they had chafed his belt;—
And next the venerable man,
From out his haversack and can,
 Prepared and spread his slender stock,
And to the monarch and his men «

The whole or portion offer'd then, 90
With far less of inquietude
Than courtiers at a banquet would.
And Charles of this his slender share
With smiles partook a moment there,
To force of cheer a greater show,
And seem above both wounds and woe ;
And then he said, " Of all our band,
Though firm of heart and strong of hand,
In skirmish, march, or forage, none
Can less have said or more have done 100
Than thee, Mazeppa ! On the earth
So fit a pair had never birth,
Since Alexander's days till now,
As thy Bucephalus and thou ;
All Scythia's fame to thine should yield,
For pricking on o'er flood and field."
Mazeppa answered,—" I'll betide
The school wherein I learn'd to ride !"
Quoth Charles,—" Old Hetman, wherefore so,
Since thou hast learn'd the art so well?" 110
Mazeppa said,—"'Twere long to tell;
And we have many a league to go,
With every now and then a blow,
And ten to one at least the foe,
Before our steeds may graze at ease
Beyond the swift Borysthenes :
And, sire, your limbs have need of rest,
And I will be the sentinel
Of this your troop."—" But I request,"
Said Sweden's monarch, " thou wilt tell 120
This tale of thine, and I may reap,
Perchance, from this the boon of sleep ;
For at this moment from my eyes
The hope of present slumber flies."
" Well, sire, with such a hope I'll track

MAZEPPA.

My seventy years of memory back :
 I think 'twas in my twentieth spring,—
 Ay, 'twas—when Casimir was king—
 John Casimir,—I was his page
 Six summers in my earlier age : 130
 A learned monarch, faith ! was he,
 And most unlike your majesty :
 He made no wars, and did not gain
 New realms to lose them back again ;
 And (save debates in Warsaw's Diet)
 He reign'd in most unseemly quiet:
 Not that he had no cares to vex ;
 He loved the muses and the sex :
 And sometimes these so fro ward are,
 They made him wish himself at war ; 140
 But soon, his wrath being o'er, he took
 Another mistress, or new book :
 And then he gave prodigious fetes—
 All Warsaw gather'd round his gates
 To gaze upon his splendid court,
 And dames, and chiefs, of princely port;
 He was the Polish Solomon :
 So sung his poets, all but one,
 Who, being unpension'd, made a satire,
 And boasted that he could not flatter. 150
 It was a court of jousts and mimes,
 Where every courtier tried at rhymes;
 Even I for once produced some verses,
 And signed my odes ' Despairing Thyrsis.'
 There was a certain Palatine,
 A count of far and high descent,
 Kich as a salt or silver mine:
 And he was proud, ye may divine,
 As if from heaven he had been sent:
 He had such wealth in blood and ore 160
 As few could match beneath the throne ;

And he would gaze upon his store,
 And o'er his pedigree would pore,
 Until by some confusion led,
 Which almost look'd like want of head,
 He thought their merits were his own.

His wife was not of his opinion—

His junior she by thirty years,
 Grew daily tired of his dominion ;
 And after wishes, hopes, and fears,

170

To virtue a few farewell tears,
 A restless dream or two, some glances
 At Warsaw's youth, some songs, and dances,
 Awaited but the usual chances,
 Those happy accidents which render
 The coldest dames so very tender,
 To deck her Count with titles given,
 'Tis said, as passports into heaven ;
 But, strange to say, they rarely boast
 Of these who have deserved them most.

180

v.

"I was a goodly stripling then:

At seventy years I so may say,
 That there were few, or boys or men,

Who, in my dawning time of day,
 Of vassal or of knight's degree,
 Could vie in vanities with me;
 For I had strength, youth, gaiety,
 A port, not like to this ye see,
 But smooth, as all is rugged now ;

For time, and care, and war, have plough'd 190
 My very soul from out my brow ;

And thus I should be disavow'd
 By all my kind and kin, could they
 Compare my day and yesterday.
 This change was wrought, too, long ere age

MAZEPPA.

Had ta'en my features for his page:
With years, ye know, have not declined
My strength, my courage, or my mind,
Or at this hour I should not be
Telling old tales beneath a tree, 200
With starless skies my canopy.

But let me on : Theresa's form—
Methinks it glides before me now,
Between me and yon chestnuts bough,
The memory is so quick and warm ;
And yet I find no words to tell
The shape of her I loved so well.
She had the Asiatic eye,
Such as our Turkish neighbourhood
Hath mingled with our Polish blood, 210

Dark as above us is the sky ;
But through it stole a tender light,
Like the first moon rise of midnight;
Large, dark, and swimming in the stream,
Which seem'd to melt to its own beam;
All love, half languor, and half fire,
Like saints that at the stake expire,
And lift their raptured looks on high,
As though it were a joy to die.
A brow like a midsummer lake, 220

Transparent with the sun therein,
When waves no murmur dare to make,
And heaven beholds her face within.
A cheek and lip—but why proceed?

I loved her then—I love her still;
And such as I am, love indeed

In fierce extremes—in good and ill.
But still we love even in our rage,
And haunted to our very age
With the vain shadow of the past, 230
As is Mazeppa to the last.

VI.

"We met—we gazed—I saw, and sigh'd ;
 She did not speak, and yet replied !
 There are ten thousand tones and signs
 We hear and see, but none defines—
 Involuntary sparks of thought,
 Which strike from out the heart o'er-wrought,
 And form a strange intelligence,
 Alike mysterious and intense,
 Which link the burning chain that binds, 240
 Without their will, young hearts and minds ;
 Conveying, as the electric wire,
 We know not how, the absorbing fire.—
 I saw, and sigh'd—in silence wept,
 And still reluctant distance kept,
 Until I was made known to her,
 And we might then and there confer
 Without suspicion—then, even then,
 I long'd, and was resolved to speak,
 But on my lips they died again, 250
 The accents tremulous and weak,
 Until one hour.—There is a game
 A frivolous and foolish play,
 Wherewith we wile away the day ;
 It is—I have forgot the name—
 And we to this, it seems, were set,
 By some strange chance, which I forget:
 I reck'd not if I won or lost,
 It was enough for me to be
 So near to hear, and oh ! to see 260
 The being whom I loved the most!
 I watched her as a sentinel,
 (May ours this dark night watch as well!)
 Until I saw, and thus it was,
 That she was pensive, nor perceived

MAZEPPA.

Her occupation, nor was grieved
Nor glad to lose or gain; but still
Play'd on for hours, as if her will
Yet bound her to the place, though not
That hers might be the winning lot. 270

Then through my brain the thought did pass,
Even as a flash of lightning there,
That there was something in her air
Which would not doom me to despair;
And on the thought my words broke forth,

All incoherent as they were;
Their eloquence was little worth,
But yet she listen'd—'tis enough—
Who listens once will listen twice;
Her heart, be sure, is not of ice, 280
And one refusal no rebuff.

VII.

"I loved, and was beloved again—
They tell me, sire, you never knew
Those gentle frailties ; if tis true,
I shorten all my joy or pain;
To you 'twould seem absurd as vain:
But all men are not born to reign,
Or o'er their passions, or as you
Thus o'er themselves and nations too.
I am—or rather was—a prince, 290

A chief of thousands, and could lead
Them on where each would foremost bleed;
But could not o'er myself evince
The like control.—But to resume:

I loved, and was beloved again;
In sooth, it is a happy doom,
But yet where happiest ends in pain.—
We met in secret, and the hour
Which led me to that lady's bower

Was fiery Expectation's dower, 300
 My days and nights were nothing—all
 Except that hour which doth recall
 In the long lapse from youth to age
 No other like itself—I'd give
 The Ukraine back again to live
 It o'er once more, and be a page,
 The happy page, who was the lord
 Of one soft heart, and his own sword,
 And had *no* other gem nor wealth
 Save nature's gift of youth and health.— 310
 We met in secret—doubly sweet,
 Some say, they find it so to meet ;
 I know not that—I would have given
 My life but to have call'd her mine
 In the full view of earth and heaven ;
 For I did oft and long repine
 That we could only meet by stealth.

VIII.

"For lovers there are many eyes,
 And such there were on us : the devil
 On such occasions should be civil— 320
 The devil!—I'm loth to do him wrong ;
 It might be some untoward saint
 Who would not be at rest too long,
 But to his pious bile *give* vent:—
 But one fair night, some lurking spies
 Surprised and seized us both.
 The Count was something more than wroth—
 I was unarm'd ; but if in steel,
 All cap-a-pie from head to heel,
 What 'gainst their numbers could I do ? 330
 'Twas near his castle, far away
 From city or from succour near,
 And almost on the break of day ;

I did not think to see another,
 My moments seem'd reduced to few ;
 And with one prayer to Mary Mother,
 And it may be a saint or two,
 As I resign'd me to my fate,
 They led me to the castle gate:
 Theresa's doom I never knew, 340
 Our lot was henceforth separate.
 An angry man, ye may opine,
 Was he, the proud Count Palatine;
 And he had reason good to be,
 But he was most enraged lest such
 An accident should chance to touch
 Upon his future pedigree ;
 Nor less amazed that such a blot
 His noble 'scutcheon should have got,
 While he was highest of his line ; 350
 Because unto himself he seem'd
 The first of men, nor less he deem'd
 In others' eyes, and most in mine.
 'Sdeath, with a *page!*—perchance a king
 Had reconciled him to the thing ;
 But with a stripling of a *page!*—
 I felt—but cannot paint—his rage.

IX.

"'Bring forth the horse !' The horse was brought;
 In truth, he was a noble steed,
 A Tartar of the Ukraine breed, 360
 Who look'd as though the speed of thought
 Were in his limbs ; but he was wild,
 Wild as the wild deer, and untaught,
 With spur and bridle undefiled—
 'Twas but a day he had been caught;
And snorting, with erected mane,
And struggling fiercely, but in vain,

In the full foam of wrath and dread
 To me the desert-born was led:
 They bound me on, that menial throng, 370
 Upon his back with many a thong,
 Then loosed him with a sudden lash—
 Away !—away !—and on we clash !—
 Torrents less rapid and less rash.

X.

" Away ! away ! my breath was gone,
 I saw not where he hurried on :
 'Twas scarcely yet the break of day.
 And on he foam'd—away !—away !—
 The last of human sounds which rose,
 As I was darted from my foes, 380
 Was the wild shout of savage laughter,
 Which on the wind came roaring after
 A moment from that rabble rout;
 With sudden wrath I wrench'd my head,
 And snapp'd the cord which to the mane
 Had bound my neck in lieu of rein,
 And, writhing half my form about,
 Howl'd back my curse ; but 'midst the tread,
 The thunder of my courser's speed,
 Perchance they did not hear nor heed: 390
 It vexes me—for I would fain
 Have paid their insult back again.
 I paid it well in after days ;
 There is not of that castle-gate,
 Its drawbridge and portcullis weight,
 Stone, bar, moat, bridge, or barrier left;
 Nor of its field a blade of grass,
 Save what grows on a ridge of wall,
 Where stood the hearthstone of the hall;
 And many a time ye there might pass, 400
 Nor dream that e'er that fortress was.

I saw its turrets in a blaze,
 Their crackling battlements all cleft,
 And the hot lead pour down like rain
 From off the scorch'd and blackening roof,
 Whose thickness was not vengeance-proof.

They little thought that day of pain,
 When launch'd, as on the lightning's flash,
 They bade me to destruction dash,

That one day I should come again, 410
 With twice five thousand horse, to thank

The Count for his uncourteous ride.

They play'd me then a bitter prank,

When, with the wild horse for my guide,
 They bound me to his foaming flank.

At length I play'd them one as frank—

For time at last sets all things even—

And if we do but watch the hour,

There never yet was human power

Which could evade, if unforgiven, 420

The patient search and vigil long

Of him who treasures up a wrong.

XI.

"Away, away, my steed and I,

Upon the pinions of the wind,

All human dwellings left behind ;

We sped like meteors through the sky,

When with its crackling sound the night

Is chequer'd with the northern light;

Town—village—none were on our track,

But a wild plain of far extent, 430

And bounded by a forest black ;

And, save the scarce seen battlement

On distant heights of some strong hold,

Against the Tartars built of old,

No trace of man. The year before

A Turkish army had march'd o'er;
And where the Spain's hoof hath trod,
The verdure flies the bloody sod ;—
The sky was dull, and dim, and grey,
And a tow breeze crept moaning by— 440
I could have answered with a sigh—
But fast we fled, away, away,—
And I could neither sigh nor pray ;
And my cold sweat-drops fell like rain
Upon the courser's bristling mane ;
But, snorting still with rage and fear,
He flew upon his far career;
At times I almost thought, indeed,
He must have slacken'd in his speed :
But no—my bound and slender frame 450
Was nothing to his angry might.
And merely like a spur became ;
Each motion which I made to free
My swoll'n limbs from their agony
Increased his fury and affright ;
I tried my voice—'twas faint and low,
But yet he swerved as from a blow ;
And, starting to each accent, sprang
As from a sudden trumpet's clang ;
Meantime my cords were wet with gore, 460
Which, oozing through my limbs, ran o'er ;
And in my tongue the thirst became
A something fierier than flame

XII.

" We near'd the wild wood—'twas so wide,
I saw no bounds on either side ;
'Twas studded with old sturdy trees,
That bent not to the roughest breeze
Which howls down from Siberia's waste,
And strips the forest in its haste;

MAZEPPA.

But these were few and far between, 470
 Set thick with shrubs more young and green,
 Luxuriant with their annual leaves,
 Ere strewn by those autumnal eves,
 That nip the forest's foliage dead,
 Diseolour'd with a lifeless red,
 Which stands thereon like stiffen'd gore,
 Upon the slain when battle's o'er,
 And some long winter's night hath shed
 Its frosts o'er every torn bless head,
 So cold and stark the raven's beak 480
 May peck unpierced each frozen cheek :
 'Twas a wild waste of underwood,
 And here and there a chestnut stood,
 The strong oak, and the hardy pine ;
 But far apart—and well it were,
 Or else a different lot were mine—
 The boughs gave way, and did not tear
 My limbs ; and I found strength to bear
 My wounds, already scarr'd with cold—
 My bonds forbade to loose my hold. 490
 We rustled through the leaves like wind,
 Left shrubs, and trees, and wolves behind ;
 By night I heard them on the track,
 Their troop came hard upon our back,
 With their long gallop, which can tire
 The hound's deep hate and hunter's fire:
 Where'er we flew they follow'd on,
 Nor left us with the morning sun ;
 Behind I saw them, scarce a rood,
 At daybreak winding through the wood, 500
 And through the night had heard their feet
 Their stealing, rustling step-repeat.
 Oh ! how I wish'd for spear or sword,
 At least to die amidst the horde,
 And perish—if it must be so—

At bay, destroying many a foe.
 When first my courser's race begun,
 I wish'd the goal already won ;
 But now I doubted strength and speed.
 Vain doubt! his swift and savage breed 610
 Had nerved him like the mountain roe ;
 Nor faster falls the blinding snow
 Which whelms the peasant near the door
 Whose threshold he shall cross no more,
 Bewilder'd with the dazzling blast,
 Than through the forest-paths he passed,
 Untired, untamed, and worse than wild ;
 All furious as a favour'd child
 Balk'd of its wish ; or fiercer still—
 A woman piqued—who has her will. 520

XIII.

"The wood was pass'd ; 'twas more than noon,
 But chill the air, although in June ;
 Or it might be my veins ran cold—
 Prolong'd endurance tames the bold ;
 And I was then not what I seem,
 But headlong as a wintry stream,
 And wore my feelings out before
 I well could count their causes o'er :
 And what with fury, fear, and wrath.
 The tortures which beset my path, 530
 Cold, hunger, sorrow, shame, distress,
 Thus bound in nature's nakedness ;
 Sprung from a race whose rising blood.
 When stirr'd beyond its calmer mood,
 And trodden hard upon, is like
 The rattlesnake's, in act to strike.
 What marvel if this worn-out trunk
 Beneath its woes a moment sunk ?
 The earth gave way, the skies roll'd round,

I seem'd to sink upon the ground ; 540
 But err'd, for I was fastly bound.
 My heart turn'd sick, my brain grew sore ;
 And throb'd awhile, then beat no more :
 The skies spun like a mighty wheel ;
 I saw the trees like drunkards reel,
 And a slight flash sprang o'er my eyes,
 Which saw no further: he who dies
 Can die no more than then I died.
 O'ertortured by that ghastly ride,
 I felt the blackness come and go, 550
 And strove to wake ; but could not make
 My senses climb up from below :
 I felt as on a plank at sea,
 When all the waves that dash o'er thee
 At the same time upheave and whelm,
 And hurl thee towards a desert realm.
 My undulating life was as
 The fancied lights that flitting pass
 Our shut eyes in deep midnight, when
 Fever begins upon the brain ; 560
 But soon it pass'd, with little pain,
 But a confusion worse than such :
 I own that I should deem it much,
 Dying, to feel the same again !
 And yet I do suppose we must
 Feel far more ere we turn to dust:
 No matter ; I have bared my brow
 Full in Death's face—before—and now.

XIV.

" My thoughts came back; where was I? cold,
 And numb, and giddy: pulse by pulse 570
 Life reassumed its lingering hold,
 And throb by throb—till grown a pang
 Which for a moment could convulse,

My blood renown'd, though thick and chill;
My ear with uncouth noises rang,
My heart began once more to thrill;
My sight return'd, though dim, alas !
And thicken'd, as it were, with glass.
Methought the dash of waves was nigh ;
There was a gleam, too, of the sky 580
Studded with stars ;—it is no dream :
The wild horse swims the wilder stream !
The bright, broad river's gushing tide
Sweeps, winding onward, far and wide,
And we are half-way, struggling o'er
To yon unknown and silent shore.
The waters broke my hollow trance,
And with a temporary strength
My stiffen'd limbs were rebaptized ;
My courser's broad breast proudly braves, 590
And dashes off the ascending waves,
And onward we advance !
We reach the slippery shore at length,
A haven I but little prized,
For all behind was dark and drear,
And all before was night and fear.
How many hours of night or day
In those suspended pangs I lay,
I could not tell ; I scarcely knew
If this were human breath I drew. 600

xv.

" With glossy skin, and dripping mane,
And reeling limbs, and reeking flank,
The wild steed's sinewy nerves still strain
Up the repelling bank.
We gain the top ; a boundless plain
Spreads through the shadow of the night,
And onward, onward, onward, seems

Like precipices in our dreams,
To stretch beyond the sight;
And here and there a speck of white, 610
Or scatter'd spot of dusky green,
In masses broke into the light,
As rose the moon upon my right:
But nought distinctly seen
In the dim waste would indicate
The omen of a cottage gate ;
No twinkling taper from afar
Stood like a hospitable star ;
Not even an ignis-fatuus rose
To make him merry with ray woes : 620
That very cheat had cheer'd me then !
Although detected, welcome still,
Reminding me, through every ill,
Of the abodes of men.

XVI.

"Onward we went, but slack and slow;
His savage force at length o'erspent,
The drooping courser, faint and low,
Or feebly moaning went.
A sickly infant had had power
To guide him forward in that hour; 630
But useless all to me :
His new-born tameness nought avail'd—
My limbs were bound : my force had fail'd.
Perchance, had they been free,
With feeble effort still I tried
To rend the bonds so starkly tied,
But still it was in vain ;
My limbs were only wrung the more,
And soon the idle strife gave o'er,
Which but prolong'd their pain : 640
The dizzy race seem'd almost done,

Although no goal was nearly won :
Some streaks announced the coming sun-

How slow, alas, he came !

Methought that mist of dawning grey
Would never dapple into day ;
How heavily it roll'd away—

Before the eastern flame
Rose crimson, and deposed the stars,
And call'd the radiance from their cars, 650
And fill'd the earth, from his deep throne,
With lonely lustre, all his own.

XVII.

"Up rose the sun: the mists were curl'd
Back from the solitary world

Which lay around, behind, before :

What boot'd it to traverse o'er
Plain, forest, river? Man nor brute,
Nor dint of hoof, nor print of foot,
Lay in the wild luxuriant soil ;

No sign of travel—none of toil ; 660
The very air was mute ;

And not an insect's shrill small horn,
Nor matin bird's new voice, was borne
From herb nor thicket. Many a werst,
Panting as if his heart would burst,
The weary brute still stagger'd on ;
And still we were—or seem'd —alone.

At length, while reeling on our way,
Methought I heard a courser neigh,
From out yon tuft of blackening firs. 670
Is it the wind those branches stirs ?

No, no ! from out the forest prance

A trampling troop ; I see them come !
In one vast squadron they advance !

I strove to cry—my lips were dumb.

The steeds rush on in plunging pride;
But where are they the reins to guide?
A thousand horse—iind none to ride !
"With flowing tail, and flying mane,
Wide nostrils, never stretch'd by pain, 680
Mouths bloodless to the bit or rein,
And feet that iron never shod,
And flanks unscarr'd by spur or rod,
A thousand horse, the wild, the free,
Like waves that follow o'er the sea,
Came thickly thundering on,
As if our faint approach to meet;
The sight re-nerved my courser's feet,
A moment staggering, feebly fleet,
A moment, with a faint low neigh, 690
He answered, and then fell.
With gasps and glazing eyes he lay,
And reeking limbs immoveable,
His first and last career is done !
On came the troop—they saw him stoop,
They saw me strangely bound along
His back with many a bloody thong:
They stop—they start—they snuif the air,
Gallop a moment here and there,
Approach, retire, wheel round and round, 700
Then plunging back with sudden bound,
Headed by one black mighty steed,
Who seem'd the patriarch of his breed,
Without a single speck or hair
Of white upon his shaggy hide:
They snort, they foam, neigh, swerve aside,
And backward to the forest fly,
By instinct, from a human eye.
They left me there to my despair,
Link'd to the dead and stiffening wretch, 710
Whose lifeless limbs beneath me stretch,

Relieved from that unwonted weight,
 From whence I could not extricate
 Nor him, nor me ;—and there we lay,
 The dying on the dead !
 I little deem'd another day
 Would see my houseless, helpless head.

" And there from morn till twilight bound,
 I felt the heavy hours toil round,
 With just enough of life to see 720
 My last of suns go down on me,
 In hopeless certainty of mind,
 That makes us feel at length resign'd
 To that which our foreboding years
 Present the worst and last of fears
 Inevitable—even a boon,
 Nor more unkind for coming soon ;
 Yet shunn'd and dreaded with such care,
 As if it only were a snare

That prudence might escape : 730
 At times both wish'd for and implored,
 At times sought with self-pointed sword,
 Yet still a dark and hideous close
 To even intolerable woes.

And welcome in no shape.
And, strange to say, the sons of pleasure,
 They who have revell'd beyond measure
 In beauty, wassail, wine, and treasure,
 Die calm, or calmer, oft than he 740
 Whose heritage was misery :
 For he who hath in turn run through
All that was beautiful and new,

Hath nought to hope, and nought to leave:
 And, save the future (which is view'd
 Not quite as men are base or good,
 But as their nerves may be endued),

MAZEPPA.

With nought perhaps to grieve :
 The wretch still hopes his woes must end,
 And Death, whom he should deem his friend,
 Appears, to his distemper'd eyes, 750
 Arrived to rob him of his prize,
 The tree of his new Paradise.
 To-morrow would have given him all,
 Repaid his pangs, repair'd his fall:
 To-morrow would have been the first
 Of days no more deplored or curst,
 But bright, and long, and beckoning years,
 Seen dazzling through the mist of tears,
 Guerdon of many a painful hour ;
 To-morrow would have given him power 760
 To rule, to shine, to smite, to save—
 And must it dawn upon his grave ?

XVIII.

" The sun was sinking—still I lay
 Chain'd to the chill and stiffening steed;
 I thought to mingle there our clay,
 And my dim eyes of death had need,
 No hope arose of being freed :
 I cast my last looks up the sky,
 And there between me and the sun
 I saw the expecting raven fly, 770
 Who scarce would wait till both should die,
 Ere his repast begun.
 He flew, and perch'd, then flew once more,
 And each time nearer than before ;
 I saw his wing through twilight flit,
 And once so near me he alit,
 I could have smote, but lack'd the strength;
 But the slight motion of my hand,
 And feeble scratching of the sand,
 The exerted 'throat's faint struggling noise, 780

Which scarcely could be call'd a voice,
 Together scared him off at length.—
 I know no more—my latest-dream
 Is something of a lovely star
 Which fix'd my dull eyes from afar,
 And went and came with wandering beam,
 And of the cold, dull, swimming, dense
 Sensation of recurring sense,
 And then subsiding back to death,
 And then again a little breath, 790
 A little thrill, a short suspense,
 An icy sickness curdling o'er
 My heart, and sparks that cioss'd my brain—
 A gasp, a throb, a start of pain,
 A sigh, and nothing more.

XIX.

"I woke—Where was I?—Do I see
 A human face look down on me?
 And doth a roof above me close?
 Do these limbs on a couch repose?
 Is this a chamber where I lie? 800
 And is it mortal, yon bright eye,
 That watches me with gentle glance?
 I close my own again once more,
 As doubtful that the former trance
 Could not as yet be o'er.
 A slender girl, long-hair'd, and tall,
 Sate watching by the cottage wall;
 The sparkle of her eye I caught,
 Even with my first return of thought;
 For ever and anon she threw 810
 A prying, pitying glance on me
 With her black eyes so wild and free:
 I gazed, and gazed, until I knew
 No vision it could be,—

But that I lived, and was released
 From adding to the vulture's feast:
 And when the Cossack maid beheld
 My heavy eyes at length unseal'd,
 She smiled, and I essay'd to speak,
 But fail'd—and she approach'd, and made 820
 With lip and finger signs that said,
 I must not strive as yet to break
 The silence, till my strength should be
 Enough to leave my accents free ;
 And then her hand on mine she laid,
 And smooth'd the pillow for my head,
 And stole along on tiptoe tread,
 And gently oped the door, and spake
 In whispers—ne'er was voice so sweet!
 Even music follow'd her light feet ;— 830
 But those she call'd were not awake.
 And she went forth ; but, ere she pass'd,
 Another look on me she cast,
 Another sign she made, to say
 That I had nought to fear, that all
 Were near, at my command or call,
 And she would not delay
 Her due return :—while she was gone,
 Methought I felt too much alone.

XX.

"She came with mother and with sire— 840
 What need of more ! — I will not tire
 With long recital of the rest
 Since I became the Cossack's guest.
 They found me senseless on the plain—
 They bore me to the nearest hut—
 They brought me into life again—
 Me—one day o'er their realm to reign !
 Thus the vain fool who strove to glut

His rage, refining on my pain,
Sent me forth to the wilderness, 850
Bound, naked, bleeding, and alone,
To pass the desert to a throne,—
What mortal his own doom may guess?
Let none despond, let none despair!
To-morrow the Borysthenes
May see our coursers graze at ease
Upon his Turkish bank; and never
Had I such welcome for a river
As I shall yield when safely there.
Comrades, good night!"—The Hetman threw 860
His length beneath the oak-tree shade,
With leafy couch already made,
A bed nor comfortless nor new
To him, who took his rest whene'er
The hour arrived, no matter where;
His eyes the hastening slumbers steep.
And if ye marvel Charles forgot
To thank his tale, *he* wondered not—
The king had been an hour asleep.

KEATS.

ISABELLA; OR, THE POT OF BASIL.

A STORY FROM BOCCACCIO.

I.

FAIR Isabel, poor simple Isabel!

Lorenzo, a young palmer in Love's eye !
They could not in the self-same mansion dwell
Without some stir of heart, some malady ;
They could not sit at meals but feel how well
It soothed each to be the other by ;
They could not, sure, beneath the same roof sleep
But to each other dream, and nightly weep.

II.

With every morn their love grew tenderer,
With every eve deeper and tenderer still; 10
He might not in house, field, or garden stir,
But her full shape would all his seeing fill;
And his continual voice was pleasanter
To her, than noise of trees or hidden rill;
Her lute-string gave an echo of his name,
She spoilt her half-done broidery with the same.

III.

He knew whose gentle hand was at the latch,
Before the door had given her to hie eyes;

And from her chamber-window he would catch
 Her beauty farther than the falcon spies ; 20
 And constant as her vespers would he watch,
 Because her face was turn'd to the same skies;
 And with sick longing all the night outwear,
 To hear her morning-step upon the stair.

IV.

A whole long month of May in this sad plight
 Made their cheeks paler by the break of June:
 "To-morrow will I bow to my delight,
 To-morrow will I ask my lady's boon."—
 "O may I never see another night,
 Lorenzo, if thy lips breathe not love's tune."— 30
 So spake they to their pillows ; but, alas,
 Honeyless days and days did he let pass ;

V.

Until sweet Isabella's untouch'd cheek
 Fell sick within the rose's just domain,
 Fell thin as a young mother's, who doth seek
 By every lull to cool her infant's pain :
 "How ill she is," said he, "I may not speak,
 And yet I will, and tell my love all plain:
 If looks speak love-laws, I will drink her tears,
 And at the least 'twill startle off her cares." 40

VI.

So said he one fair morning, and all day
 His heart beat awfully against his side;
 And to his heart he inwardly did pray
 For power to speak; but still the ruddy tide
 Stifled his voice, and pulsed resolve away—
 Fever'd his high conceit of such a bride,
 Yet brought him to the meekness of a child :
 Alas! when passion is both meek and wild 1

VII.

So once more he had waked and anguished
 A dreary night of love and misery,
 If Isabel's quick eye had not been wed
 To every symbol on his forehead high ;
 She saw it waxing very pale and dead,
 And straight all flush'd ; so, lisped tenderly,
 " Lorenzo ! "—here she ceased her timid quest,
 But in her tone and look he read the rest.

VIII.

"O Isabella, I can half perceive
 That I may speak my grief into thine ear ;
 If thou didst ever anything believe,
 Believe how I love thee, believe how near
 My soul is to its doom : I would not grieve
 Thy hand by unwelcome pressing, would not fear
 Thine eyes by gazing ; but I cannot live
 Another night, and not my passion shrive.

IX.

" Love ! thou art leading me from wintry cold,
 Lady ! thou ledest me to summer clime,
 And I must taste the blossoms that unfold
 In its ripe warmth this gracious morning time."
 So said, his erewhile timid lips grew bold,
 And poesied with hers in dewy rhyme :
 Great bliss was with them, and great happiness
 Grew, like a lusty flower in June's caress.

X.

Parting they seem'd to tread upon the air,
 Twin roses by the zephyr blown apart
 Only to meet again more close, and share
 The inward fragrance of each other's heart.

She, to her chamber gone, a ditty fair
Sang, of delicious love and honey'd dart;
He with light steps went up a western hill,
And bade the sun farewell, and joy'd his fill. 80

XI.

All close they met again, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
All close they met, all eves, before the dusk
Had taken from the stars its pleasant veil,
Close in a bower of hyacinth and musk,
Unknown of any, free from whispering tale.
Ah ! better had it been for ever so,
Than idle ears should pleasure in their woe.

XII.

Were they unhappy then ?—It cannot be—
Too many tears for lovers have been shed, 90
Too many sighs give we to them in fee,
Too much of pity after they are dead,
Too many doleful stories do we see,
Whose matter in bright gold were best be read ;
Except in such a page where Theseus' spouse
Over the pathless waves towards him bows.

XIII.

But, for the general award of love,
The little sweet doth kill much bitterness;
Though Dido silent is in under-grove,
And Isabella's was a great distress, 100
Though young Lorenzo in warm Indian clove
Was not embalm'd, this truth is not the less—
Even bees, the little almsmen of spring-bowers,
Know there is richest juice in poison-flowers.

XIV.

With her two brothers this fair lady dwelt,
Enriched from ancestral merchandize,

And for them many a weary hand did swelt
 In torched mines and noisy factories,
 And many once proud-quiver'd loins did melt
 In blood from stinging whip;—with hollow eyes 110
 Many all day in dazzling river stood,
 To take the rich-ored driftings of the flood.

XV.

For them the Ceylon diver held his breath,
 And went all naked to the hungry shark ;
 For them his ears gush'd blood ; for them in death
 The seal on the cold ice with piteous bark
 Lay full of darts ; for them alone did seethe
 A thousand men in troubles wide and dark :
 Half-ignorant, they turn'd an easy wheel,
 That set sharp racks at work, to pinch and peel. 120

XVI.

Why were they proud? Because their marble founts
 Gush'd with more pride than do a wretch's tears?—
 Why were they proud? Because fair orange-mounts
 Were of more soft ascent than lazar stairs?—
 Why were they proud? Because red-lined accounts
 Were richer than the songs of Grecian years?—
 Why were they proud? again we ask aloud,
 Why in the name of Glory were they proud?

XVII.

Yet were these Florentines as self-retired
 In hungry pride and gainful cowardice, 130
 As two close Hebrews in that land inspired,
 Paled in and vineyarded from beggar-spies;
 The hawks of ship-mast forests—the untired
 And pannier'd mules for ducats and old lies—
 Quick cat's-paws on the generous stray-away,—
 Great wits in Spanish, Tuscan, and Malay,

XVIII.

How was it these same ledger-men could spy
Fair Isabella in her downy nest?
How could they find out in Lorenzo's eye
A straying from his toil? Hot Egypt's pest 140
Into their vision covetous and sly!
How could these money-bags see east and west?—
Yet so they did—and every dealer fair
Must see behind, as doth the hunted hare.

XIX.

O eloquent and famed Boccaccio!
Of thee we now should ask forgiving boon,
And of thy spicy myrtles as they blow,
And of thy roses amorous of the moon,
And of thy lilies, that do paler grow
Now they can no more hear thy ghittern's tune, 150
For venturing syllables that ill beseem
The quiet glooms of such a piteous theme.

XX.

Grant thou a pardon here, and then the tale
Shall move on soberly, as it is meet;
There is no other crime, no mad assail
To make old prose in modern rhyme more sweet:
But it is done—succeed the verse or fail—
To honour thee, and thy gone spirit greet;
To stead thee as a verse in English tongue,
An echo of thee in the north-wind sung. 160

xxl.

These brethren having found by many signs
What love Lorenzo for their sister had,
And how she loved him too, each unconfines
His bitter thoughts to other, well nigh mad

That he, the servant of their trade designs,
 Should in their sister's love be blithe and glad,
 When 'twas their plan to coax her by degrees
 To some high noble and his olive-trees.

XXII.

And many a jealous conference had they,
 And many times they bit their lips alone,
 Before they fix'd upon a surest, way
 To make the youngster for his crime atone ;
 And at the last, these men of cruel clay
 Cut Mercy with a sharp knife to the bone;
 For they resolved in some forest dim
 To kill Lorenzo, and there bury him.

xxIII.

So on a pleasant morning, as he leant
 Into the sun-rise, o'er the balustrade
 Of the garden-terrace, towards him they bent
 Their footing through the dews ; and to him said,
 "You seem there in the quiet of content,
 Lorenzo, and we are most loth to invade
 Calm speculation ; but if you are wise,
 Bestride your steed while cold is in the skies.

xxIV.

"To-day we purpose, ay, this hour we mount
 To spur three leagues towards the Apennine;
 Come down, we pray thee, ere the hot sun count
 His dewy rosary on the eglantine."
 Lorenzo, courteously as he was wont,
 Bow'd a fair greeting to these serpents' whine ;
 And went in haste, to get in readiness,
 With belt, and spur, and bracing huntsman's dress.

XXV.

And as he to the court-yard pass'd along,
 Each third step did he pause, and liston'd oft

If he could hear his lady's matin-song,
Or the light whisper of her footstep soft;
And as he thus over his passion hung,
He heard a laugh full musical aloft;
When, looking up, he saw her features bright
Smile through an in-door lattice, all delight. 200

XXVI.

"Love, Isabel I" said he, "I was in pain
Lest I should miss to bid thee a good morrow :
Ah ! what if I should lose thee, when so fain
I am to stifle all the heavy sorrow
Of a poor three hours' absence? but we'll gain
Out of the amorous dark what day doth borrow.
Good bye ! I'll soon be back."—"Good bye !" said she :—
And as he went she chanted merrily.

XXVII.

So the two brothers and their murder'd man
Rode past fair Florence, to where Arno's stream 210
Gurgles through straiten'd banks, and still doth fan
Itself with dancing bulrush, and the bream
Keeps head against the freshets. Sick and wan
The brothers' faces in the ford did seem,
Lorenzo's flush with love.—They pass'd the water
Into a forest quiet for the slaughter.

XXVIII.

There was Lorenzo slain and buried in,
There in that forest did his great love cease;
Ah ! when a soul doth thus its freedom win,
It aches in loneliness—is ill at peace
As the break-covert blood-hounds of such sin :
They dipp'd their swords in the water, and did
Their horses homeward, with convulsed spur,
Each richer by his being a murderer.

XXIX.

They told their sister how, with sudden speed,
Lorenzo had ta'en ship for foreign lands,
Because of some great urgency and need
In their affairs, requiring trusty hands.
Poor Girl! put on thy stifling widow's weed,
And 'scape at once from Hope's accursed bands ; 230
To-day thou wilt not see him, nor to-morrow,
And the next day will be a day of sorrow.

XXX.

She weeps alone for pleasures not to be;
Sorely she wept until the night came on,
And then, instead of love, O misery !
She brooded o'er the luxury alone :
His image in the dark she seem'd to see,
And to the silence made a gentle moan,
Spreading her perfect arms upon the air, 239
And on her couch low murmuring " Where ? O where ?"

XXXI.

But Selfishness, Love's cousin, held not long
Its fiery vigil in her single breast;
She fretted for the golden hour, and hung
Upon the time with feverish unrest—
Not long—for soon into her heart a throng
Of higher occupants, a richer zest,
Came tragic ; passion not to be subdued,
And sorrow for her love in travels rude.

XXXII.

In the mid days of autumn, on their eves
The breath of Winter comes from far away, 250
And the sick west continually bereaves
Of some gold tinge, and plays a roundelay

Of death among the bushes and the leaves,
 To make all bare before he dares to stray
 From his north cavern. So sweet Isabel
 By gradual decay from beauty fell,

xxxIII.

Because Lorenzo came not. Oftentimes
 She ask'd her brothers, with an eye all pale,
 Striving to be itself, what dungeon climes
 Could keep him off so long? They spake a tale 260
 Time after time, to quiet her. Their crimes
 Came on them, like a smoke from Hinnom's vale;
 And every night in dreams they groan'd aloud,
 To see their sister in her snowy shroud.

xxxIV.

And she had died in drowsy ignorance,
 But for a thing more deadly dark than all;
 It came like a fierce potion, drunk by chance,
 Which saves a sick man from the feather'd pall
 For some few gasping moments; like a lance,
 Waking an Indian from his cloudy hall 270
 With 'ruel pierce, and bringing him again
 Sense of the gnawing lire at heart and brain.

xxxv.

It was a vision.—In the drowsy gloom,
 The dull of midnight, at her couch's foot
 Lorenzo stood, and wept: the forest tomb
 Had marr'd his glossy hair which once could shoot
 Lustre into the sun, and put cold doom
 Upon his lips, and taken the soft lute
 From his lorn voice, and past his loamed ears
 Had made a miry channel for his tears. 280

xxxvi.

Strange sound it was, when the pale shadow spake;
 For there was striving, in its piteous tongue,

To speak as when on earth it was awake,
 And Isabella on its music hung:
 Languor there was in it, and tremulous shake,
 As in a palsied Druid's harp unstrung;
 And through it moan'd a ghostly under-song,
 Like hoarse night-gusts sepulchral briars among.

XXXVII.

Its eyes, though wild, were still all dewy bright
 With love, and kept all phantom fear aloof 290
 From the poor girl by magic of their light,
 The while it did unthread the horrid woof
 Of the late darken'd time,—the murderous spite
 Of pride and avarice,—the dark pine roof
 In the forest,—and the sodden turfed dell,
 Where, without any word, from stabs he fell.

XXXVIII.

Saying moreover, "Isabel, my sweet!
 Red whortle-berries droop above my head,
 And a large flint-stone weighs upon my feet;
 Around me beeches and high chestnuts shea 300
 Their leaves and prickly nuts; a sheep-fold bleat
 Comes from beyond the river to *my* bed:
 Go, shed one tear upon my heather-bloom,
 And it shall comfort me within the tomb.

XXXIX.

" I am a shadow now, alas ! alas !
 Upon the skirts of human-nature dwelling
 Alone : I chant alone the holy mass,
 While little sounds of life are round me knelling.
 And glossy bees at noon do fieldward pass,
 And many a chapel bell the hour is telling, 310
 Paining me through : those sounds grow strange to me,
 And thou art distant in Humanity.

XL.

"I know what was, I feel full well what is,
And I should rage, if spirits could go mad ;
Though I forget the taste of earthly bliss,
That paleness warms my grave, as though I had
A Seraph chosen from the bright abyss
To be my spouse : thy paleness makes me glad ;
Thy beauty grows upon me, and I feel
A greater love through all my essence steal. 320

XLI.

The Spirit mourn'd "Adieu !"—dissolved, and left
The atom darkness in a slow turmoil ;
As when of healthful midnight sleep bereft,
Thinking on rugged hours and fruitless toil,
We put our eyes into a pillowy cleft,
And see the spangly gloom froth up and boil :
It made sad Isabella's eyelids ache,
And in the dawn she started up awake ;

XLII.

"Ah ! ha !" said she, "I knew not this hard life,
I thought the worst was simple misery ; 330
I thought some Fate with pleasure or with strife
Portion'd us—happy days, or else to die ;
But there is crime—a brother's bloody knife !
Sweet Spirit, thou hast school'd my infancy :
I'll visit thee for this, and kiss thine eyes,
And greet thee morn and even in the skies."

XLIII.

When the full morning came, she had devised
How she might secret to the forest hie ;
How she might find the clay, so dearly prized,
And sing to it one latest lullaby ; 340

How her short absence might be unsurmised,
While she the inmost of the dream would try.
Resolved, she took with her an aged nurse,
And went into that dismal forest-hearse.

XLIV.

See, as they creep along the river side,
How she doth whisper to that aged Dame,
And, after looking round the champaign wide,
Shows her a knife.—"What feverous hectic flame
Burns in thee, child?—What good can thee betide,
That thou shouldst smile again?"—The evening came,
And they had found Lorenzo's earthy bed ; 351
The flint was there, the berries at his head.

XLV.

Who hath not loiter'd in a green church-yard,
And let his spirit, like a demon-mole,
Work through the clayey soil and gravel hard,
To see skull, coffin'd bones, and funeral stole ;
Pitying each form that hungry Death had marr'd,
And filling it once more with human soul ?
Ah! this is holiday to what was felt
When Isabella by Lorenzo knelt. 360

XLVI.

She gazed into the fresh-thrown mould, as though
One glance did fully all its secrets tell ;
Clearly she saw, as other eyes would know
Pale limbs at bottom of a crystal well ;
Upon the murderous spot she seem'd to grow,
Like to a native lily of the dell:
Then with her knife, all sudden, she began
To dig more fervently than misers can.

XLVII.

Soon she turn'd up a soiled glove, whereon
Her silk had play'd in purple phantasies; 370

She kiss'd it with a lip more chill than stone,
And put it in her bosom, where it dries
And freezes utterly unto the bone
Those dainties made to still an infant's cries:
Then 'gan she work again ; nor stay'd her care,
But to throw back at times her veiling hair.

XLVIII.

That old nurse stood beside her wondering,
Until her heart felt pity to the core
At sight of such a dismal labouring,
And so she kneeled, with her locks all hoar, 380
And put her lean hands to the horrid thing:
Three hours they labour'd at this travail sore;
At last they felt the kernel of the grave,
And Isabella did not stamp and rave.

XLIX.

Ah ! wherefore all this wormy circumstance ?
Why linger at the yawning tomb so long?
O for the gentleness of old Romance,
The simple plaining of a minstrel's song!
Fair reader, at the old tale take a glance,
For here, in truth, it does not well belong 390
To speak :—O turn thee to the very tale,
And taste the music of that vision pale.

L.

With duller steel than the Persean sword
They cut away no formless monster's head,
But one, whose gentleness did well accord
With death, as life. The ancient harps have said,
Love never dies, but lives, immortal Lord:
If Love impersonate was ever dead,
Pale Isabella kiss'd it, and low moan'd.
'Twas love; cold,—dead indeed, but not dethroned. 400

LI.

In anxious secrecy they took it home,
And then the prize was all for Isabel:
She calm'd its wild hair with a golden comb,
And all around each eye's sepulchral ceil
Pointed each fringed lash ; the smeared loam
With tears, as chilly as a dripping well,
She drench'd away :—and still she comb'd, and kept
Sighing all day—and still she kiss'd, and wept.

LII.

Then in a silken scarf,—sweet with the dews
Of precious flowers pluck'd in Araby, 410
And divine liquids come with odorous ooze
Through the cold serpent-pipe refresh fully,—
She wrapp'd it up; and for its tomb did choose
A garden-pot, wherein she laid it by,
And cover'd it with mould, and o'er it set
Sweet Basil, which her tears kept ever wet.

LIII.

And she forgot the stars, the moon, and sun,
And she forgot the blue above the trees,
And she forgot the dells where waters run,
And she forgot the chilly autumn breeze ; 420
She had no knowledge when the day was done,
And the new morn she saw not: but in peace
Hung over her sweet Basil evermore,
And moisten'd it with tears unto the core.

LIV.

And so she ever fed it with thin tears,
Whence thick, and green, and beautiful it grew,
So that it smelt more balmy than its peers
Of Basil-tufts in Florence ; for it drew

Nurture besides, and life, from human fears,
From the fast mouldering head there shut from view :
So that the jewel, safely casketed, 431
Came forth, and in perfumed leafits spread.

LV.

O Melancholy, linger here awhile !
O Music, Music, breathe despondingly !
O Echo, Echo, from some sombre isle,
Unknown, Lethean, sigh to us—O sigh !
Spirits in grief, lift up your heads, and smile;
Lift up your heads, sweet Spirits, heavily,
And make a pale light in your cypress glooms,
Tinting with silver wan your marble tombs. 440

LVI.

Moan hither, all ye syllables of woe,
From the deep throat of sad Melpomene!
Through bronzed lyre in tragic order go,
And touch the strings into a mystery ;
Sound mournfully upon the winds and low ;
For simple Isabel is soon to be
Among the dead : She withers, like a palm
Cut by an Indian for its juicy balm.

LVII.

O leave the palm to wither by itself;
Let not quick Winter chill its dying hour; 450
It may not be—those Baalites of pelf,
Her brethren, noted the continual shower
From her dead eyes : and many a curious elf,
Among her kindred, wonder'd that such dower
Of youth and beauty should be thrown aside
By one mark'd out to be a Noble's bride.

LVIII.

And, furthermore, her brethren wonder'd much
Why she sat drooping by the Basil green,

And why it flourish'd, as by magic touch;
 Greatly they wonder'd what the thing might mean :
 They could not surely give belief, that such 461
 A very nothing would have power to wean
 Her from her own fair youth, and pleasures gay,
 And even remembrance of her love's delay.

LIX.

Therefore they watch'd a time when they might sift
 This hidden whim ; and long they watch'd in vain ;
 For seldom did she go to chapel-shrift,
 And seldom felt she any hunger-pain ;
 And when she left, she hurried back, as swift
 As bird on wing to breast its eggs again ; 470
 And, patient as a hen-bird, sat her there
 Beside her Basil, weeping through her hair.

LX.

Yet they contrived to steal the Basil-pot,
 And to examine it in secret place:
 The thing was vile with green and livid spot,
 And yet they knew it was Lorenzo's face :
 The guerdon of their murder they had got,
 And so left Florence in a moment's space,
 Never to turn again.—Away they went,
 With blood upon their heads, to banishment. 480

LXI.

O Melancholy, turn thine eyes away I
 O Music, Music, breathe despondingly!
 O Echo, Echo, on some other day,
 From isles Lethean, sing to us—O sigh!
 Spirits of grief, sing not your " Well-a-way !"
 For Isabel, sweet Isabel, will die;
 Will die a death too lone and incomplete,
 Now they have ta'en away her Basil sweet.

LXII.

Piteous she look'd on dead and senseless things,
Asking for her lost Basil amorously ; 490
And with melodious chuckle in the strings
Of her lorn voice, she oftentimes would cry
After the Pilgrim in his wanderings,
To ask him where her Basil was ; and why
'Twas hid from her : " For cruel 'tis," said she,
" To steal my Basil-pot away from me."

LXIII.

And so she pined, and so she died forlorn,
Imploring for her Basil to the last.
No heart was there in Florence but did mourn
In pity of her love, so overcast. 500
And a sad ditty of this story born
From mouth to mouth through all the country pass'd:
Still is the burthen sung—" O cruelty,
To steal my Basil-pot away from me !"

SHELLEY.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

PART FIRST.

A SENSITIVE Plant in a garden grew,
And the young winds fed it with silver dew,
And it opened its fan-like leaves to the light,
And closed them beneath the kisses of night.

And the Spring arose on the garden fair,
Like the Spirit of Love felt everywhere ;
And each flower and herb on Earth's dark breast
Rose from the dreams of its wintry rest.

But none ever trembled and panted with bliss
In the garden, the field, or the wilderness,
Like a doe in the noontide with love's sweet want,
As the companionless Sensitive Plant.

The snowdrop, and then the violet,
Arose from the ground with warm rain wet,
And their breath was mixed with fresh odour, sent
From the turf, like the voice and the instrument.

Then the pied wind-flowers and the tulip tall,
And narcissi, the fairest among them all,
Who gaze on their eyes in the stream's recess,
Till they die of their own dear loveliness;

And the Naiad-like lily of the vale,
Whom youth makes so fair and passion so pale,
That the light of its tremulous bells is seen
Through their pavilions of tender green;

And the hyacinth purple, and white, and blue,
Which flung from its bells a sweet peal anew
Of music so delicate, soft, and intense,
It was felt like an odour within the sense ;

And the rose like a nymph to the bath addrest,
Which unveiled the depth of her glowing breast, 30
Till, fold after fold, to the fainting air
The soul of her beauty and love lay bare:

And the wand-like lily, which lifted up,
As a Maenad, its moonlight-coloured cup,
Till the fiery star, which is its eye,
Gazed through clear dew on the tender sky ;

And the jessamine faint, and the sweet tuberose,
The sweetest flower for scent that blows ;
And all rare blossoms from every clime
Grew in that garden in perfect prime. 40

And on the stream whose inconstant bosom
Was pranked under boughs of embowering blossom,
With golden and green light, slanting through
Their heaven of many a tangled hue,

Broad water lilies lay tremulously,
And starry river-buds glimmered by,
And around them the soft stream did glide and dance
With a motion of sweet sound and radiance.

And the sinuous paths of lawn and of moss, 50
Which led through the garden along and across,
Some open at once to the sun and the breeze,
Some lost among bowers of blossoming trees,

Were all paved with daisies and delicate bells
As fair as the fabulous asphodels,
And flowrets which drooping as day drooped too
Fell into pavilions, white, purple, and blue,
To roof the glow-worm from the evening dew.

And from this undefiled Paradise
The flowers (as an infant's awakening eyes
Smile on its mother, whose singing sweet 60
Can first lull, and at last must awaken it),

When Heaven's blithe winds had unfolded them,
As mine-lamps enkindle a hidden gem,
Shone smiling to Heaven, and every one
Shared joy in the light of the gentle sun ;

For each one was interpenetrated
With the light and the odour its neighbour shed,
Like young lovers whom youth and love make dear
Wrapped and filled by their mutual atmosphere. 69

But the Sensitive Plant which could give small fruit
Of the love which it felt from the leaf to the root,
Received more than all, it loved more than ever,
Where none wanted but it, could belong to the giver.

For the Sensitive Plant has no bright flower;
Radiance and odour are not its dower;
It loves, even like Love, its deep heart is full,
It desires what it has not, the beautiful !

The light winds which from unsustaining wings
Shed the music of many murmurings;
The beams which dart from many a star 80
Of the flowers whose hues they bear afar;

The plumed insects swift and free,
Like golden boats on a sunny sea,
Laden with light and odour, which pass
Over the gleam of the living grass ;

The unseen clouds of the dew, which lie
Like fire in the flowers till the sun rides high,
Then wander like spirits among the spheres,
Each cloud faint with the fragrance it bears;

The quivering vapours of dim noontide, 90
Which like a sea o'er the warm earth glide,
In which every sound, and odour, and beam,
Move, as reeds in a single stream;

Each and all like ministering angels were
For the Sensitive Plant sweet joy to bear,
Whilst the lagging hours of the day went by
Like windless clouds o'er a tender sky.

And when evening descended from heaven above,
And the Earth was all rest, and the air was all love,
And delight, tho' less bright, was far more deep, 100
And the day's veil fell from the world of sleep,

And the beasts, and the birds, and the insects were
drowned

In an ocean of dreams without a sound ;
Whose waves never mark, tho' they ever impress
The light sand which paves it, consciousness;

(Only overhead the sweet nightingale
Ever sang more sweet as the day might fail,
And snatches of its Elysian chant
Were mixed with the dreams of the Sensitive Plant.)

The Sensitive Plant was the earliest 110
Up-gathered into the bosom of rest;
A sweet child weary of its delight,
The feeblest and yet the favourite,
Gradled within the embrace of night.

PART SECOND.

There was a Power in this sweet place,
An Eve in this Eden; a ruling grace
Which to the flowers did they waken or dream,
Was as God is to the starry scheme.

A Lady, the wonder of her kind,
Whose form was upborne by a lovely mind 120
Which, dilating, had moulded her mien and motion
Like a sea-flower unfolded beneath the ocean,

Tended the garden from morn to even :
And the meteors of that sublunar heaven,
Like the lamps of the air when night walks forth,
Laughed round her footsteps up from the Earth!

She had no companion of mortal race,
But her tremulous breath and her flushing face
Told, whilst the morn kissed the sleep from her eyes
That her dreams were less slumber than Paradise : 130

As if some bright Spirit for her sweet sake
Had deserted heaven while the stars were awake,
As if yet around her he lingering were,
Tho' the veil of daylight concealed him from her.

Her step seemed to pity the grass it prest;
You might hear by the heaving of her breast,
That the coming and going of the wind
Brought pleasure there and left passion behind..

And wherever her airy footstep trod,
Her trailing hair from the grassy sod 140
Erased its light vestige, with shadowy sweep,
Like a sunny storm o'er the dark green deep.

I doubt not the flowers of that garden sweet
Rejoiced in the sound of her gentle feet;

I doubt not they felt the spirit that came
From her glowing fingers thro' all their frame.

She sprinkled bright water from the stream
On those that were faint with the sunny beam;
And out of the cups of the heavy flowers
She emptied the rain of the thunder showers. 150

She lifted their heads with her tender hands,
And sustained them with rods and osier bands ;
If the flowers had been her own infants she
Could never have nursed them more tenderly.

And all killing insects and gnawing worms,
And things of obscene and unlovely forms,
She bore in a basket of Indian woof,
Into the rough woods far aloof,

In a basket, of grasses and wild-flowers full,
The freshest her gentle hands could pull 160
For the poor banished insects, whose intent,
Although they did ill, was innocent.

But the bee and the beamlike ephemeris
Whose path is the lightning's, and soft moths that kiss
The sweet lips of the flowers, and harm not, did she
Make her attendant angels be.

And many an antenatal tomb,
Where butterflies dream of the life to come,
She left clinging round the smooth and dark
Edge of the odorous cedar barque. 170

This fairest creature from earliest spring
Thus moved through the garden ministering
All the sweet season of summer tide,
And ere the first leaf looked brown—she died 1

PART THIRD.

Three days the flowers of the garden fair,
Like stars when the moon is awakened, were,
Or the waves of Baiæ, ere luminous
She floats up through the smoke of Vesuvius.

And on the fourth, the Sensitive Plant
Felt the sound of the funeral chaunt, 180
And the steps of the bearers, heavy and slow,
And the sobs of the mourners deep and low ;

The weary sound and the heavy breath,
And the silent motions of passing death,
And the smell, cold, oppressive, and dank,
Sent through the pores of the coffin plank ;

The dark grass, and the flowers among the grass,
Were bright with tears as the crowd did pass ;
From their sighs the wind caught a mournful tone,
And sate in the pines, and gave groan for groan. 190

The garden, once fair, became cold and foul,
Like the corpse of her who had been its soul,
Which at first was lovely as if in sleep,
Then slowly changed, till it grew a heap
To make men tremble who never weep.

Swift summer into the autumn flowed,
And frost in the mist of the morning rode,
Though the noonday sun looked clear and bright,
Mocking the spoil of the secret night.

The rose leaves, like flakes of crimson snow, 200
Paved the turf and the moss below.
The lilies were drooping, and white, and wan,
Like the head and the skin of a dying man.

And Indian plants, of scent and hue
The sweetest that ever were fed on dew,
Leaf by leaf, day after day,
Were massed into the common clay.

And the leaves, brown, yellow, and gray, and red,
And white with the whiteness of what is dead,
Like troops of ghosts on the dry wind past; 210
Their whistling noise made the birds aghast.

And the gusty winds waked the winged seeds,
Out of their birthplace of ugly weeds,
Till they clung round many a sweet flower's stem,
Which rotted into the earth with them.

The water-blooms under the rivulet
Fell from the stalks on which they were set;
And the eddies drove them here and there,
As the winds did those of the upper air.

Then the rain came down, and the broken stalks, 220
Were bent and tangled across the walks ;
And the leafless network of parasite bowers
Massed into ruin ; and all sweet flowers.

Between the time of the wind and the snow,
All loathliest weeds began to grow,
Whose coarse leaves were splashed with many a speck,
Like the water-snake's belly and the toad's back.

And thistles, and nettles, and darnels rank,
And the dock, and henbane, and hemlock dank,
Stretched out its long and hollow shank, 230
And stifled the air till the dead wind stank.

And plants, at whose names the verse feels loath,
Filled the place with a monstrous undergrowth,
Prickly, and pulpous, and blistering, and blue,
Livid, and starred with a lurid dew.

And agarics, and fungi, with mildew and mould
Started like mist from the wet ground cold ;
Pale, fleshy, as if the decaying dead
With a spirit of growth had been animated !

Spawn, weeds, and filth, a leprous scum, 240
Made the running rivulet thick and dumb
And at its outlet flags huge as stakes
Dammed it up with roots knotted like water snakes.

And hour by hour, when the air was still,
The vapours arose which have strength to kill:
At morn they were seen, at noon they were felt,
At night they were darkness no star could melt.

And unctuous meteors from spray to spray
Crept and flitted in broad noonday
Unseen ; every branch on which they alit 250
By a venomous blight was burned and bit.

The Sensitive Plant like one forbid
Wept, and the tears within each lid
Of its folded leaves which together grew
Were changed to a blight of frozen glue.

For the leaves soon fell, and the branches soon
By the heavy axe of the blast were hewn ;
The sap shrank to the root through every pore
As blood to a heart that will beat no more.

For Winter came : the wind was his whip : 260
One choppy finger was on his lip:
He had torn the cataracts from the hills
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles;

His breath was a chain which without a sound
The earth, and the air, and the water bound;
He came, fiercely driven, in his chariot-throne
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone

Then the weeds which were forms of living death
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath.
Their decay and sudden flight from frost 270
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost!

And under the roots of the Sensitive Plant
The moles and the dormice died for want:
The birds dropped stiff from the frozen air
And were caught in the branches naked and bare.

First there came down a thawing rain
And its dull drops froze on the boughs again,
Then there steamed up a freezing dew
Which to the drops of the thaw-rain grew;

And a northern whirlwind, wandering about 280
Like a wolf that had smelt a dead child out,
Shook the boughs thus laden, and heavy and stiff,
And snapped them off with his rigid griff.

When winter had gone and spring came back
The Sensitive Plant was a leafless wreck ;
But the mandrakes, and toadstools, and docks, and
darnels,
Rose like the dead from their ruined charnels.

CONCLUSION.

Whether the Sensitive Plant, or that
Which within its boughs like a spirit sat
Ere its outward form had known decay, 290
Now felt this change, I cannot say.

Whether that lady's gentle mind,
No longer with the form combined
Which scattered love, as stars do light,
Found sadness, where it left delight,

I **dare** not guess ; but in this life
Of error, ignorance, and strife,
Where nothing is, but all things seem,
And we the shadows of the dream,

It is a modest creed, and yet 300
Pleasant if one considers it,
To own that death itself must be,
Like all the rest, **a** mockery.

That garden sweet, that lady fair,
And all sweet shapes and odours there,
In truth have never past away :
'Tis we, 'tis ours, are changed; not they.

For love, and beauty, and delight,
There is no death nor change: their might
Exceeds our organs, which endure 310
No light, being themselves obscure.

TENNYSON.

THE LOTOS-EATERS.

'COURAGE!' he said, and pointed toward the land,
'This mounting wave will roll us shoreward soon.'
In the afternoon they came unto a land
In which it seemed always afternoon.
All round the coast the languid air did swoon,
Breathing like one that hath a weary dream.
Full-faced above the valley stood the moon;
And like a downward smoke, the slender stream
Along the cliff to fall and pause and fall did seem.

A land of streams! some, like a downward smoke,
Slow-dropping veils of thinnest lawn, did go;
And some thro' wavering lights and shadows broke,
Rolling a slumbrous sheet of foam below.
They saw the gleaming river seaward flow
From the inner land: far off, three mountain-tops,
Three silent pinnacles of aged snow,
Stood sunset-flush'd; and, dew'd with showery drops,
Up-clomb the shadowy pine above the woven copse.

The charmed sunset linger'd low adown
In the red West: thro' mountain clefts the dale
Was seen far inland, and the yellow down
Border'd with palm, and many a winding vale
And meadow, set with slender galingale;

A land where all things always seemed the same!
And round about the keel with faces pale,
Dark faces pale against that rosy flame,
The mild-eyed melancholy Lotos-eaters came.

Branches they bore of that enchanted stem,
Laden with flower and fruit, whereof they gave
To each, but whoso did receive of them, 30
And taste, to him the gushing of the wave
Far far away did seem to mourn and rave
On alien shores ; and if his fellow spake,
His voice was thin, as voices from the grave;
And deep-asleep he seem'd, yet all awake,
And music in his ears his beating heart did make.

They sat them down upon the yellow sand,
Between the sun and moon upon the shore;
And sweet it was to dream of Fatherland,
Of child, and wife, and slave ; but evermore 40
Most weary seem'd the sea, weary the oar,
Weary the wandering fields of barren foam.
Then some one said, ' We will return no more ;
And all at once they sang, 'Our island home
Is far beyond the wave ; we will no longer roam.'

CHORIC SONG.

I.

THERE is sweet music here that softer falls
Than petals from blown roses on the grass,
Or night-dews on still waters between walls
Of shadowy granite, in a gleaming pass;
Music that gentlier on the spirit lies, 60
Than tir'd eyelids upon tir'd eyes;
Music that brings sweet sleep down from the blissful skies.
Here are cool mosses deep,
And thro' the moss the ivies creep,

And in the stream the long-leaved flowers weep,
And from the craggy ledge the poppy hangs in sleep.

II.

Why are we weigh'd upon with heaviness,
And utterly consumed with sharp distress,
While all things else have rest from weariness?
All things have rest: why should we toil alone, 60
We only toil, who are the first of things,
And make perpetual moan,
Still from one sorrow to another thrown:
Nor ever fold our wings,
And cease from wanderings,
Nor steep our brows in slumber's holy balm ;
Nor harken what the inner spirit sings,
' There is no joy but calm !'
Why should we only toil, the roof and crown of things?

III.

Lo! in the middle of the wood, 70
The folded leaf is woo'd from out the bud
With winds upon the branch, and there
Grows green and broad, and takes no care,
Sun-steep'd at noon, and in the moon
Nightly dew-fed ; and turning yellow
Falls, and floats adown the air.
Lo ! sweeten'd with the summer light,
The full-juiced apple, waxing over-mellow,
Drops in a silent autumn night.
All its allotted length of days, 80
The flower ripens in its place,
Ripens and fades, and falls, and hath no toil,
Fast-rooted in the fruitful soil.

IV.

Hateful is the dark-blue sky,
Vaulted o'er the dark-blue sea.

Death is the end of life; ah, why
Should life all labour be?
Let us alone. Time driveth onward fast,
And in a little while our lips are dumb.
Let us alone. What is it that will last? 90
All things are taken from us, and become
Portions and parcels of the dreadful Past.
Let us alone. What pleasure can we have
To war with evil? Is there any peace
In ever climbing up the climbing wave?
All things have rest, and ripen toward the grave
In silence; ripen, fall and cease:
Give U3 long rest or death, dark death, or dreamful ease.

v.

How sweet it were, hearing the downward stream,
With half-shut eyes ever to seem 100
Falling asleep in a half-dream I
To dream and dream, like yonder amber light,
Which will not leave the myrrh-bush on the height;
To hear each other's whisper'd speech;
Eating the Lotos day by day,
To watch the crisping ripples on the beach,
And tender curving lines of creamy spray;
To lend our hearts and spirits wholly
To the influence of mild-minded melancholy:
To muse and brood and live again in memory, 110
With those old faces of our infancy
Heap'd over with a mound of grass,
Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass !

VI.

Dear is the memory of our wedded lives,
And dear the last embraces of our wives
And their warm tears : but all hath suffer'd change:
For surely now our household hearths are cold :
Our sons inherit us: our looks are strange:

And we should come like ghosts to trouble joy.
 Or else the island princes over-bold 120
 Have eat our substance, and the minstrel sings
 Before them of the ten years' war in Troy,
 And our great deeds, as half-forgotten things.
 Is there confusion in the little isle?
 Let what is broken so remain.
 The Gods are hard to reconcile ;
 'Tis hard to settle order once again.
 There is confusion worse than death,
 Trouble on trouble, pain on pain,
 Long labour unto aged breath, 130
 Sore task to hearts worn out by many wars
 And eyes grown dim with gazing on the pilot-stars.

VII.

But, propt on beds of amaranth and moly,
 How sweet (while warm airs lull us, blowing lowly)
 With half-dropt eyelid still,
 Beneath a heaven dark and holy,
 To watch the long bright river drawing slowly
 His waters from the purple hill—
 To hear the dewy echoes calling
 From cave to cave thro' the thick-twined vine— 140
 To watch the emerald-colour'd water falling
 Thro' many a wov'n acanthus-wreath divine !
 Only to hear and see the far-off sparkling brine,
 Only to hear were sweet, stretch'd out beneath the pine.

VIII.

The Lotos blooms below the barren peak :
 The Lotos blows by every winding creek :
 All day the wind breathes low with mellower tone :
 Thro' every hollow cave and alley lone
 Round and round the spicy downs the yellow Lotos-dust
 is blown.

We have had enough of action, and of motion we, 150
Roll'd to starboard, roll'd to larboard, when the surge was
 seething free,

Where the wallowing monster spouted his foam-fountains
 in the sea.

Let us swear an oath, and keep it with an equal mind,

In the hollow Lotos-land to live and lie reclined

On the hills like Gods together, careless of mankind.

For they lie beside their nectar, and the bolts are hurl'd

Far below them in the valleys, and the clouds are lightly
 curl'd

Round their golden houses, girdled with the gleaming
 world:

Where they smile in secret, looking over wasted lands,

Blight and famine, plague and earthquake, roaring deeps
 and fiery sands, 160

Clanging fights, and flaming towns, and sinking ships, and
 praying hands.

But they smile, they find a music centred in a doleful
 song

Steaming up, a lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong,

Like a tale of little meaning tho' the words are trrong;

Chanted from an ill-used race of men that cleave the soil,

Sow the seed, and reap the harvest with enduring toil,

Storing yearly little dues of wheat, and wine and oil;

Till they perish and they suffer—some, 'tis whisper'd—
 down in hell

Suffer endless anguish, others in Elysian valleys dwell,

Resting weary limbs at last on beds of asphodel. 170

Surely, surely, slumber is more sweet than toil, the shore

Than labour in the deep mid-ocean, wind and wave and

 oar;

Oh rest ye, brother mariners, we will not wander more.

ULYSSES.

ULYSSES.

IT little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws unto a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees : all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone ; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known ; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honour'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
For ever and for ever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use !
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—

Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' slow degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, Centred in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail 40
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.
There lies the port; the vessel puffs her sail :
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old ;
Old age hath yet his honour and his toil ; 50
Death closes all: but something ere the end
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks :
The long day wanes : the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows ; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths 60
Of all the western stars, until I die.
It may be that the gulfs will wash us down;
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides ; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven ; that which we are, we are;
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield. 70

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

I READ, before my eyelids dropt their shade,
 ' *The Legend of Good Women*,' long ago
Sung by the morning star of song, who made
 His music heard below ;

Dan Chaucer, the first warbler, whose sweet breath
 Preluded those melodious bursts that fill
The spacious times of great Elizabeth
 With sounds that echo still.

And, for a while, the knowledge of his art
 Held me above the subject, as strong gales
Hold swollen clouds from raining, tho' my heart,
 Brimful of those wild tales,

Charged both mine eyes with tears. In every land
 I saw, wherever light illumineth,
Beauty and anguish walking hand in hand
 The downward slope to death.

Those far-renowned brides of ancient song
 Peopled the hollow dark, like burning stars,
And I heard sounds of insult, shame, and wrong,
 And trumpets blown for wars ;

And clattering flints batter'd with clanging hoofs ;
 And I saw crowds in column'd sanctuaries ;
And forms that pass'd at windows and on roofs
 Of marble palaces;

Corpses across the threshold ; heroes tall
 Dislodging pinnacle and parapet
Upon the tortoise creeping to the wall;
 Lances in ambush set;

And high shrine-doors burst thro' with heated blasts
That run before the fluttering tongues of fire; 30
White surf wind-scatter'd over sails and masts,
And ever climbing higher ;

Squadrons and squares of men in brazen plates,
Scaffolds, still sheets of water, divers woes,
Ranges of glimmering vaults with iron grates,
And hush'd seraglios.

So shape chased shape as swift as, when to land
Bluster the winds and tides the self-same way,
Crisp foam-flakes scud along the level sand,
Torn from the fringe of spray. 40

I started once, or seem'd to start in pain,
Resolved on noble things, and strove to speak,
As when a great thought strikes along the brain,
And flushes all the cheek.

And once my arm was lifted to hew down
A cavalier from off his saddle-bow.
That bore a lady from a leaguer'd town ;
And then, I know not how,

All those sharp fancies, by down-lapsing thought
Stream'd onward, lost their edges, and did creep 50
Roll'd on each other, rounded, smooth'd, and brought
Into the gulfs of sleep.

At last methought that I had wander'd far
In an old wood: fresh-wash'd in coolest dew
The maiden splendours of the morning star
Shook in the stedfast blue.

Enormous elm-tree-boles did stoop and lean
Upon the dusky brushwood underneath
Their broad curved branches, fledged with clearest green,
New from its silken sheath. 60

The dim red morn had died, her journey done,
And with dead lips smiled at the twilight plain,
Half-fall'n across the threshold of the sun,
Never to rise again.

There was no motion in the dumb dead air,
Not any song of bird or sound of rill;
Gross darkness of the inner sepulchre
Is not so deadly still

As that wide forest. Growths of jasmine turn'd
Their humid arms festooning tree to tree, 70
And at the root thro' lush green grasses burn'd
The red anemone.

I knew the flowers, I knew the leaves, I knew
The tearful glimmer of the languid dawn
On those long, rank, dark wood-walks drench'd in dew,
Leading from lawn to lawn.

The smell of violets, hidden in the green,
Pour'd back into my empty soul and frame
The times when I remember to have been
Joyful and free from, blame. 80

And from within me a clear under-tone
Thrill'd thro' mine ears in that unblissful clime,
' Pass freely thro' : the wood is all thine own,
Until the end of time.'

At length I saw a lady within call,
Stillter than chisell'd marble, standing there ;
A daughter of the gods, divinely tall,
And most divinely fair.

Her loveliness with shame and with surprise
Froze my swift speech: she turning on my face 90
The star-like sorrows of immortal eyes,
Spoke slowly in her place.

'I had great beauty : ask thou not my name:
No one can be more wise than destiny.
Many drew swords and died. Where'er I came
I brought calamity.'

' No marvel, sovereign lady : in fair field
Myself for such a face had boldly died,'
I answer'd free ; and turning I appeal'd
To one that stood beside.

100

But she with sick and scornful looks averse,
To her full height her stately stature draws ;
' My youth,' she said, ' was blasted with a curse:
This woman was the cause.

' I was cut off from hope in that sad place,
Which men call'd Aulis in those iron years :
My father held his hand upon his face;
I, blinded with my tears,

' Still strove to speak : my voice was thick with sighs
As in a dream. Dimly I could descry
The stern black-bearded kings with wolfish eyes,
Waiting to see me die.

110

' The high masts flicker'd as they lay afloat;
The crowds, the temples, waver'd, and the shore;
The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;
Touch'd ; and I knew no more.'

Whereto the other with a downward brow :
I would the white cold heavy-plunging foam,
Whirl'd by the wind, had roli'd me deep below,
Then when I left my home.'

120

Her slow full words sank thro' the silence drear,
As thunder-drops fall on a sleeping sea:
Sudden I heard a voice that cried, 'Come **here**,
That I may look on thee.'

I turning saw, throned on a flowery rise,
One sitting on a crimson scarf unroll'd ;
A queen, with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes,
Brow-bound with burning gold.

She, flashing forth a haughty smile, began :
' I govern'd men by change, and so I sway'd 130
All moods. 'Tis long since I have seen a man.
Once, like the moon, I made

' The ever-shifting currents of the blood
According to my humour ebb and flow.
I have no men to govern in this wood :
That makes my only woe.

' Nay—yet it chafes me that I could not bend
One will ; nor tame and tutor with mine eye
That dull cold-blooded Caesar. Prythee, friend,
Where is Mark Antony ? 140

'The man, my lover, with whom I rode sublime
On Fortune's neck : we sat as God by God:
The Nilus would have risen before his time
And flooded at our nod.

' We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit
Lamps which out-burn'd Canopus. O my life
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,
The flattery and the strife,

'And the wild kiss, when fresh from war's alarms
My Hercules, my Roman Antony, 150
My mailed Bacchus leapt into my arms,
Contented there to die !

And there he died: and when I heard my name
Sigh'd forth with life I would not brook my fear
Of the other: with a worm I balk'd his fame.
What else was left? look here!'

(With that she tore her robe apart, and half
The polish'd argent of her breast to sight
Laid bare. Thereto she pointed with a laugh,
Showing the aspick's bite.) 160

'I died a Queen. The Roman soldier found
Me lying dead, my crown about my brows,
A name for ever !—lying robed and crown'd,
Worthy a Roman spouse.'

Her warbling voice, a lyre of widest range
Struck by all passion, did fall down and glance
From tone to tone, and glided thro' all change
Of liveliest utterance.

When she made pause I knew not for delight;
Because with sudden motion from the ground 170
She raised her piercing orbs, and fill'd with light
The interval of sound.

Still with their fires Love tipt his keenest darts;
As once they drew into two burning rings
All beams of Love, melting the mighty hearts
Of captains and of kings.

Slowly my sense undazzled. Then I heard
A noise of some one coming thro' the lawn,
And singing clearer than the crested bird
That claps his wings at dawn. 180

'The torrent brooks of hallow'd Israel
From craggy hollows pouring, late and soon,
Sound all night long, in falling thro' the dell,
Far-heard beneath the moon.

'The balmy moon of blessed Israel
Floods all the deep-blue gloom with beams divine :

All night the splinter'd crags that wall the dell
With spires of silver shine.'

As one that museth where broad sunshine laves
The lawn by some cathedral, thro' the door 190
Hearing the holy organ rolling waves
Of sound on roof and floor

Within, and anthem sung, is charm'd and tied
To where he stands,—so stood I, when that flow
Of music left the lips of her that died
To save her father's vow ;

The daughter of the warrior Gileadite,
A maiden pure ; as when she went along
From Mizpeh's tower'd gate with welcome light,
With timbrel and with song. 200

My words leapt forth : 'Heaven heads the count of crimes
With that wild oath.' She render'd answer high :
'Not so, nor once alone: a thousand times
I would be born and die.

* Single I grew, like some green plant, whose root
Creeps to the garden water-pipes beneath,
Feeding the flower ; but ere my flower to fruit
Changed, I was ripe for death.

' My God, my land, my father—these did move
Me from my bliss of life, that Nature gave, 210
Lower'd softly with a threefold cord of love
Down to a silent grave.

'And I went mourning, "No fair Hebrew boy
Shall smile away my maiden blame among
The Hebrew mothers"—emptied of all joy,
Leaving the dance and song,

'Leaving the olive-gardens far below,
Leaving the promise of my bridal bower,
The valleys of grape-loaded vines that glow
Beneath the battled tower. 220

'The light white cloud swam over us. Anon
We heard the lion roaring from his den ;
We saw the large white stars rise one by one,
Or, from the darken'd glen,

'Saw God divide the night with flying flame,
And thunder on the everlasting hills.
I heard Him, for He spake, and grief became
A solemn scorn of ills.

'When the next moon was roll'd into the sky,
Strength came to me that equall'd my desire. 230
How beautiful a thing it was to die
For God and for my sire !

'It comforts me in this one thought to dwell,
That I subdued me to my father's will ;
Because the kiss he gave me, ere I fell,
Sweetens the spirit still.

'Moreover it is written that my race
Hew'd Ammon, hip and thigh, from Aroer
On Arnon unto Minneth.' Here her face
Glow'd, as I look'd at her. 240

She lock'd her lips: she left me where I stood:
'Glory to God,' she sang, and past afar,
Thridding the sombre boskage of the wood,
Toward the morning-star.

Losing her carol I stood pensively,
As one that from a casement leans his head,

When midnight bells cease ringing suddenly,
And the old year is dead.

' Alas ! alas ! ' a low voice, full of care,
Murmur'd beside me : ' Turn and look on me : 250
I am that Rosamond, whom men call fair,
If what I was I be.

' Would I had been some maiden coarse and poor!
O me, that I should ever see the light!
Those dragon eyes of anger'd Eleanor
Do hunt me, day and night.'

She ceased in tears, fallen from hope and trust:
To whom the Egyptian : ' O, you tamely died !
You should have clung to Fulvia's waist, and thrust
The dagger thro' her side.' 260

With that sharp sound the white dawn's creeping beams,
Stol'n to my brain, dissolved the mystery
Of folded sleep. The captain of my dreams
Ruled in the eastern sky.

Morn broaden'd on the borders of the dark,
Ere I saw her, who clasp'd in her last trance
Her murder'd father's head, or Joan of Arc,
A light of ancient France;

Or her who knew that Love can vanquish Death,
Who kneeling, with one arm about her king, 270
Drew forth the poison with her balmy breath,
Sweet as new buds in Spring.

No memory labours longer from the deep
Gold-mines of thought to lift the hidden ore
That glimpses, moving up, than I from sleep
To gather and tell o'er

Eaeh little sound and sight. With what dull pain
Compass'd, how eagerly I sought to strike
Into that wondrous tract of dreams again!

But no two dreams are like.

280

As when a soul laments, which hath been blest,
Desiring what is mingled with past years,
In yearnings that can never be exprest
By signs or groans or tears;

Because all words, tho' cull'd with choicest art,
Failing to give the bitter of the sweet,
Wither beneath the palate, and the heart
Faints, faded by its heat.

BROWNING.

RABBI BEN EZRA.

I.

GROW old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made:
Our times are in His hand
Who saith "A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half; trust God: see all nor be afraid!"

II.

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed "Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall?"
Not that, admiring stars, 10
It yearned "Nor Jove, nor Mars;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them
all!"

III.

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark!
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Where man but formed to feed 20
 On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men ;
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
 crammed beast ?

V.

Rejoice we are allied
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive
 A spark disturbs our clod ;
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

VI.

Then, welcome each rebuff 31
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain !
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
 Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the
 throe !

VII.

For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail:
 What I aspired to be, 40
 And was not, comforts me :
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the
 scale.

VIII.

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,

Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
 To man, propose this test—
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use :
 I own the Past profuse 50
 Of power each side, perfection every turn :
 Eyes, ears took in their dole.
 Brain treasured up the whole ;
 Should not the heart beat once "How good to live and
 learn?"

X.

Not once beat "Praise be Thine!
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too:
 Perfect I call Thy plan :
 Thanks that I was a man !
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!"

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh ; 61
 Our soul in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest;
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

XII.

Let us not always say
 "Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !" 70
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry "All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps
 soul!"

XIII.

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for aye removed
From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

xv.

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold:
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, ail lay in dispute; I shall know, being old.

XVI.

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey :
A whisper from the west
Shoots—"Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day."

XVII.

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,

Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
 "This rage was right i' the main, 100
 That acquiescence vain :
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past."

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX.

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth, 110
Toward making, than repose on aught found made:
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedest age: wait death nor be afraid!

XX.

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone. 120

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last.

xxII.

Now, who shall arbitrate ?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
 Ten, who in ears and eyes 130
 Match me : we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that: whom shall my soul believe ?

XXIII.

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called "work," must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand,
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb, 140
 So passed in making up the main account;
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount:

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped;
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me,
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI.

Ay, note that Potter's wheel, 151
 That metaphor 1 and feel

Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 " Since life fleets, all is change; the Past gone, seize
 to-day !"

XXVII.

Fool! All that is, at all,
 Lasts ever, past recall;
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure:
 What entered into thee, 160
That was, is, and shall be:
 Time's wheel runs back or stops: Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrcst:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX.

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves 170
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Scull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

XXX.

Look not thou down but up !
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips a-glow!
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
 earth's wheel ? 180

XXXI.

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men ;
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst:

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work:
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in Thy hand ! 190
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same!

MULEYKEH.

IF a stranger passed the tent of Hoseyn, he cried "A
 churl's!"
 Or haply "God help the man who has neither salt nor
 bread !"
 —"Nay," would a friend exclaim, "he needs nor pity nor
 scorn
 More than who spends small thought on the shore-sand,
 picking pearls,
 —Holds but in light esteem the seed-sort, bears instead
 On his breast a moon-like prize, some orb which of night
 makes morn.
 "What if no flocks and herds enrich the son of Sinan?
 They went when his tribe was mulct, ten thousand camels
 the due,
 Blood-value paid perforce for a murder done of old.

' God gave them, let them go !' But never since time
began, 10

Muleykeh, peerless mare, owned master the match of you,
And you are my prize, my Pearl: I laugh at men's land
and gold!"

"So in the pride of his soul laughs Hoseyn—and right, I
say.

Do the ten steeds run a race of glory? Outstripping all,
Ever Muleykeh stands first steed at the victor's staff.

Who started, the owner's hope, gets shamed and named,
that day.

'Silence,' or, last but one, is 'The Cuffed,' as we use to
call

Whom the paddock's lord thrusts forth. Bight, H6seyn, I
say, to laugh !"

"Boasts he Muleykeh the Pearl?" the stranger replies:
"Be sure

On him I waste nor scorn nor pity, but lavish both 20

On Duhl the son of Sheyban, who withers away in heart

For envy of H6seyn's luck. Such sickness admits no cure.

A certain poet has sung, and sealed the same with an oath,

*For the vulgar—flocks and herds! The Pearl is a prize
apart."

Lo, Duhl the son of Sheyban comes riding to Hoseyn's
tent

And he casts his saddle down, and enters and "Peace!"
bids he.

"You are poor, I know the cause: my plenty shall mend
the wrong.

'Tis said of your Pearl—the price of a hundred camels
spent

In her purchase were scarce ill paid; such prudence is far
from me

Who proffer a thousand. Speak 1 Long parley may last
too long." 30

Said H6seyn "You feed your beasts a many, of famous
breed,

Slit-eared, unblemished, fat, true offspring of Muzennem:
There stumbles no weak-eyed she in the line as it climbs
the hill.

But I love Muleykeh's face: her forefront whitens indeed
Like a yellowish wave's cream-crest. Your camels—go gaze
on them!

Her fetlock is foam-splashed too. Myself am the richer
still."

A year goes by : lo, back to the tent again rides Duhl.

"You are open-hearted, ay—moist-handed, a very prince.

Why should I speak of sale? Be the mare your simple
gift!

My son is pined to death for her beauty : my wife prompts

⁴Fool, 40

Beg for his sake the Pearl! Be God the rewarder, since
God pays debts seven for one: who squanders on Him
shows thrift."

Said Hoseyn "God gives each man one life, like a lamp,
then gives

That lamp due measure of oil: lamp lighted—hold high,
wave wide

Its comfort for others to share ! once quench it, what help
is left?

The oil of your lamp is your son: I shine while Muleykeh
lives.

Would I beg your son to cheer my dark if Mul6ykeh
died?

It is life against life: what good avails to the life-bereft?"

Another year, and—hist! What craft is it Duhl designs ?

He alights not at the door of the tent as he did last
time, 50

But, creeping behind, he gropes his stealthy way by the
trench

Half-round till he finds the flap in the folding, for night
combines
With the robber—and such is he: Duhl, covetous up to-
crime,
Must wring from H6seyn's grasp the Pearl, by whatever
the wrench.

"He was hunger-bitten, I heard: I tempted with half my
store,
And a gibe was all my thanks. Is he generous like Spring
dew?
Account the fault to me who chaffered with such an one!
He has killed, to feast chance comers, the creature he
rode : nay, more—
For a couple of singing-girls his robe has he torn in two:
I will beg ! Yet I nowise gained by the tale of my wife
and son. 60

" I swear by the Holy House, my head will I never wash
Till I filch his Pearl away. Fair dealing I tried, then
guile,
And now I resort to force. He said we must live or die :
Let him die, then,—let me live ! Be bold—but not too
rash !
I have found me a peeping-place: breast, bury your
breathing while
I explore for myself! Now, breathe ! He deceived me
not, the spy !

" As he said—there lies in peace H6seyn—how happy !
Beside
Stands tethered the Pearl: thrice winds her headstall
about his wrist:
'Tis therefore he sleeps so sound—the moon through the
roof reveals.
And, loose on his left, stands too that other, known far
and wide, 70

Buheyseh, her sister born : fleet is she yet ever missed
The winning tail's fire-flash a-stream past the thunderous
heels.

"No less she stands saddled and bridled, this second, in
case some thief
Should enter and seize and fly with the first, as I mean
to do.
What then ? The Pearl is the Pearl: once mount her we
both escape."
Through the skirt-fold in glides Duhl,—so a serpent
disturbs no leaf
In a bush as he parts the twigs entwining a nest: clean
through,
He is noiselessly at his work : as he planned, he performs
the rape.

He has set the tent-door wide, has buckled the girth, has
clipped
The headstall away from the wrist he leaves thrice bound
as before. 80
He springs on the Pearl, is launched on the desert like
bolt from bow,
Up starts our plundered man : from his breast though
the heart be ripped,
Yet his mind has the mastery: behold, in a minute
more,
He is out and off and away on Buh6yseh, whose worth
we know !

And H6seyh—his blood turns flame, he has learned long
since to ride,
And Buheyseh does her part,—they gain—they are gaining
fast
On the fugitive pair, and Duhl has Ed-DarraJ to cross
and quit,

And to reach the ridge El-Saban,—no safety till that be
spied !

And Buheyseh is, bound by bound, but a horse-length off
at last,

For the Pearl has missed the tap of the heel, the touch of
the bit. 90

She shortens her stride, she chafes at her rider the strange
and queer:

Buh6yseh is mad with hope—beat sister she shall and
must

Though Duhl, of the hand and heel so clumsy, she has to
thank.

She is near now, nose by tail—they are neck by croup—
joy ! fear !

What folly makes Hoseyn shout " Dog Duhl, Damned son
of the Dust,

Touch the right ear and press with your foot my Pearl's
left flank !"

And Duhl was wise at the word, and Muleykeh as prompt
perceived

Who was urging redoubled pace, and to hear him was to
obey,

And a leap indeed gave she, and vanished for ever
more.

And H6seyn looked one long last look as who, all
bereaved, 100

Looks, fain to follow the dead so far as the living may:
Then he turned BuhSyseh's neck slow homeward, weeping
sore.

And, lo, in the sunrise, still sat H6seyn upon the ground
Weeping: and neighbours came, the tribesmen of Benu-
Asdd

In the vale of green Er-Rass, and they questioned him
of his griet;

And he told from first to last how, serpent-like, Duhl
 had wound
His way to the nest, and how Duhl rode like an ape, so
 bad!
And how Buh6yseh did wonders, yet Pearl remained with
 the thief.

And they jeered him, one and all: "Poor Hoseyn is-
 crazed past hope !
How else had he wrought himself his ruin, in fortune's
 spite? 110
To have simply held the tongue were a task for a boy or
 girl,
And here were Muleykeh again, the eyed like an antelope,
The child of his heart by day, the wife of his breast by
 night!"—
"And the beaten in speed!" wept Hoseyn: "You never
 have loved my Pearl."

NOTES.

MILTON.

L'ALLEGRO.

ON this poem and *Il Pemmroso* see Mark Pattison, *Milton* (English Men of Letters), pp. 24-29. "The two idylls breathe the free air of spring and summer, and of the fields round Horton. They are thoroughly naturalistic; the choicest expression our language has yet found of the fresh charm of country life, not as that life is lived by the peasant, but as it is felt by a young and lettered student, issuing at early dawn, or at sunset, into the fields from his chamber and his books." The difference between the attitudes toward nature of the peasant and the lettered student should be traced through the poems. "Milt is not a man of the fields, but of books. His life is in his study, and when he steps abroad into the air he carries his study-thoughts with him. He does look at nature, but he sees her through books" (p. 27). "In Milton, nature is not put forward as the poet's theme. His theme is man, in the two contrasted moods of joyous emotion or grave reflection."

For a good analysis of both poems see the *Golden Treasury*, Book ii., notes by W. Bell. Masson's notes should be consulted: also the notes by A. W. Verity in the Pitt Press Series. For the life of Milton the student should consult Mark Pattison's *Milton* (English Men of Letters). The three poems here given belong to the 'Horton period,' as Pattison calls it, from 1632-1639.

1. Hence: go hence, go from here.

loathed, loathsome.

2. Melancholy. Milton imitates the classical (Greek and Latin) habit of describing the lineage of a divinity. It is only in manner that Milton follows his models: his genealogies are not repetitions of classical mythology, but original and framed to suit his purposes, as doubtless those of Homer and Hesiod

were originally imaginative, relating to ideas personified. Melancholy (lit. *black bile') is primarily one of the four humours, and denotes a dark, bilious, and generally surly type of man. The main features being darkness and repulsiveness, we are furnished with a key to the choice of parents, the repulsive Cerberus being the male and Night the female parent. The fact that (a) Cerberus in classical mythology has no descendants, or (b) Night is described as the wife of Darkness and mother of the Sky and the Day, need not trouble us if we understand Milton's intention.

Cerberus: the entrance to the lower world was guarded by this monster, a dog with three heads, and snakes for hair. He was kind to those that would enter, but allowed none to go out. Does Milton mean to suggest that man easily becomes melancholy, but escapes from the hell of depression only by divine aid?

3. **Stygian:** adjective from 'Styx,' the river of the lower world, on the further bank of which lived Cerberus.

forlorn: past participle of *for-leosen*, utterly lost, abandoned, desolate.

5. **uncouth** : couth is the past participle of *cunnan*, to know ; hence 'uncouth' means unknown, strange, and so uncivilised ; not in the range of civilisation.

6. **brooding:** the word is connected with 'breeding,' and is properly used of animals that sit on eggs to hatch them. So 'brood' is used of the young (cp. *II Penseroso*, line 2 : 'the brood of folly'). Here the word is used in a figurative sense, for the place is thought of as so dark that no light ever comes, because Darkness, like a bird jealous of its eggs, completely covers and protects it from all intrusion. For a use of this word, which is partly figurative and partly exact, cp. *Par, Lost*, vii. 243:

" On the watery calm
His brooding wings the Spirit of God outspread
And vital virtue infused."

7. **night-raven.** The raven, so called because of its raucous cry. is a black bird, usually regarded as a bird of ill-omen ; sings, i.e. makes its sound, the proper sense of the word being sound or resound, as in Shakespeare, *Richard II.* ii. 1. 263 :

" We hear this fearful tempest sing."

8. **ebon shades:** the common noun is ebony, denoting a hard black wood. The original is the Hebrew *eben*, a stone ; which came through the Latin into French as *ebene*, pronounced as three syllables. This form accounts for the fact that in Spenser we have 'heben bow,' a bow of black wood. The connection of

ideas is **well** illustrated in Shakespeare, *Love's Labour Lost*, iv. 3. 247 :

" *King*. By heaven, thy love is black as ebony.
Biron. Is ebony like her ? O wood divine !
 A wife of such wood were felicity. . . .
King. O paradox ! Black is the badge of Hell,
 The hue of dungeons and the suit of night."

8. **low-brow'd** : overhanging, like the scowling brows of the melancholy man.

10. **Cimmerian**. " In the *Odyssey* the Cimmerians are a people dwelling beyond the ocean stream in a land of perpetual darkness ; afterwards the name was given to a people in the region of the Black Sea (whence Crimea)."—*Masson*.

The word 'Cimmerian' belongs properly to the people, not to 'desert': it is here to be taken with the word 'dark,' i.e. in a desert dark as that in which the Cimmerians live.

11. All the art of metre and language has been employed to make us feel the repulsiveness of Melancholy: now we break with a new metre into a bright and joyous atmosphere.

fair and free : beautiful in figure and graceful in movement. So Chaucer in the *Knights Tale*,

" Of fayre young Venus, fresh and free."

The idea in 'free' is that of suppleness.

yclept: a word compounded of 'clept,' past participle of 'clepe.' A.S. *clipian*, to call, and the prefix 'y.' It is sometimes thought that the prefix y (frequently i or l) is exclusively the sign of a past participle. On the contrary, it seems to be merely intensive and capable of being added to any part of a verb, or even to a noun. The two words 'yclept' and 'ywis' are the only ones in any sense common, but we have in Milton's sonnet *On Shakespeare*,

" Under a star-pointing pyramid,"

where the verb is not in the past participle.

12. **Euphrosyne** : here again we have a mythology which is more concerned with the imaginative linking of ideas than the reproduction of classic lore. Euphrosyne is in Greek mythology one of the three Graces who are the embodiments of all that is graceful and gracious in life. The word 'Euphrosyne' signifies light-hearted, and so one who lightens the heart.

13. **heart-easing**. She and her two sisters were the daughters of Zeus, and related to Oceanus on the mother's side. As Zeus, the father of all, is most intimately related to the idea of the sky, this means that Joy is the child of the bright heavens and the ever-moving gleaming sea. Milton takes, as his guiding

ideas, distinctively human feelings—the thrill of love and the ecstacy of wine—and so gives as parents of Joy, Venus (Love) and Bacchus (god of the vine).

14. at a birth : at one birth.

15. *i.e.* Aglaia and Thalia.

16. ivy-crowned : Bacchus is variously represented as wearing vine and ivy leaves. Probably at first Bacchus was little more than the personification of the pleasures of drunkenness, but in the hands of the Greek and Latin poets he rapidly developed into the concrete representation of fertility in nature, and was associated with Demeter, the goddess of corn (Ceres, whence cereal), with reference to vegetable fertility, while the worship originally due to him was increased by the addition of rites indicating that he presided over human generation. In the festivals of Athens he is "the god who gives increase and luxury to vineyard and tree. For he is a kindly and gentle power, terrible only to his enemies, and born for joy and blessing to mankind. His gifts bring strength and healing to the body, gladness and forgetfulness of care to the mind, whence he was called Lyaeus, or the loosener of care." To Bacchus is attributed the mirth of society, and the ivy was the symbol of faithful companionship.

17. Or whether: the construction changes here. We should expect "Whom either lovely Venus (14)—or, as some sager sing, the frolic wind . . ." If we say, "Whether lovely Venus bore thee, or whether the frolic wind . . ." we still get no construction, because this would be a clause dependent on some verb (*e.g.* 'I cannot say') which is not given. We must therefore first take the 'or' as indicating an 'either' which has been omitted in lino 14. 'Whether' then conies in as merely indicating the fact of an alternative; as we say in common language, 'how am I to know whether you can?' *i.e.* whether you can or can not. The passage can then be read thus: "Whom either lovely Venus bore, or perhaps (for we know not which of the two accounts is right) it is better to say the wind, etc." Clearly Milton means us to understand that there is a choice, and that the second is the better story.

19. **Zephyr** : the gentle wind of the west. This story is more delicate and ethereal in its touch, and Milton probably gave two Accounts because he felt that all mirth is not of one kind., not all boisterous and social, but in part a joy born from the beauty of nature.

24. **buxom**: for bucksome, full of bending (A.S. *beugan*, to bend). It has various meanings all derived from the idea of bending, as (a) obedient, (b) yielding, as in the 'buxom air' (*Par. Lost*, ii. 842), (c) springing or bouncing; and so in general, lively.

debonair: bland, having attractive manners. The word is simply three French words (*de*, of; *bon*, good; *air*, style or manners) written as one.

25. **Haste** thee : in this and like phrases the pronoun is not the direct but the indirect object, being a dative of reference or ethic dative. In some cases this was still obvious as late as Shakespeare's time ('knock me this door': cp. note 1. 27), but very soon all trace of the original syntax was lost, and the pronoun treated as the object of the verb.

26. **Jollity.** This is an interesting and peculiar word. The word 'jolly' is in older English 'Ioly' or 'ioli,' and must be taken as connected with the root in 'yollen,' a middle English word meaning to make a loud noise (yell) either in lamentation or to express joy. The word 'yule' from the same origin is the name of the greatest festival in the English calendar. 'Jollity' then means loud merriment. The form is that of a Latin word : cp. 'frivolity,' which is in Latin *frivolitas*, and probably arose either from coining a form *jollitas*, or, what is more likely, from confusing it with 'joviality' (*jovialitas*), which is a Latin word, and has practically the same meaning. The fact that the word has only one 'l' in the early form prevents us from making it equal 'joylike.'

27. **Quips** : a jest, a smart retort; connected with the word 'whip,' and used to denote particularly a retort with a sting in it. The word survives in 'quibble.'

Cranks : turn of humour. 'Crank' equals 'crook' or 'bend,' then anything irregular, as we call a man a 'crank' when he does not follow the regular custom. It occurs as a verb in Shakespeare, *Hen. IV.* iii. 1. 98 : "See how this river comes me cranking in" (comes twisting in so as to take away from me my land).

Wiles : same word as guile, meaning innocent trickery. A good example of a 'wile' will be found in Goldsmith's *Deserted village*, line 26 : that whole passage is a concrete putting of the ideas implied in these personifications.

28. **wreathed:** forming wreaths or successive wrinkles in the cheek: cp. 31, 'wrinkled care.'

29. **Hebe.** "Such wreathed smiles as hang on the cheek of Hebe and are wont to appear on dimpled cheeks." Hebe was the goddess of youth who served the gods with nectar.

30. **dimple** : i.e. dipple or a little dip or hollow : used of the hollow formed in the cheek by smiling. The prototype of this and all such passages is Sophocles, *Antigone*, 781: "Love unconquered in the battle, thou that ruinst men's wealth and in the tender cheek of youth keepest thy watch."

31. **care** is the object,
wrinkled : cp. line 28.

32. **holding both his sides**: cp. the phrase 'laugh till you split' and 'make your sides shake with laughter.'

33. **trip it**: cp. Scott's favourite phrase 'to ruffle it' in the Elizabethan language used in *Kenihooith*; or Shakespeare, *Sonnets*, "Bears it out even to the edge of doom," i.e. bears out the bearing, endures the enduring; so here 'trip it' means 'trip the tripping.'

34. **fantastic toe** : cp. *Comus*, 143 :

" Come, knit hands, and beat the ground
 In a light fantastic round " ;

also 962 :

" Here be without duck or nod
 Other trippings to be trod
 Of lighter toes, . . . "

The phrase means 'Come and dance some dainty dance. 'Fantastic' means that which appeals to the imagination, something delicate, dainty, and fairylike. It does not mean, as it would now, grotesque; nor, on the other hand, does it mean unrestrained (v. note *ad loc.* in *G.T.*), for the movement must be rhythmic : what it does mean is that the dance will not be stately or formal, but such a dance as would suit a Lydian measure and charm the beholder with its 'wanton heed and giddy cunning' (v. 140, n.).

36. **Liberty**: is naturally associated with Love and Laughter. The *Anatomy of Melancholy* had mentioned loss of liberty as a cause of melancholy. In Samoa a feast called the 'feast of freedom' (*eleutheria*) was held in honour of Eros, because he, as the god of love, secured freedom to men by uniting them in mutual affection. The association of Freedom and the mountains is modern. Editors quote from Wordsworth :

" Two voices are there—one is of the sea,
 One of the mountains . . . "

and Tennyson :

" Of old sat Freedom on the heights."

The association probably arose from the observation that it was in such countries as Greece, Switzerland, and Wales that independence was most marked.

38. **admit me of**: a combination of 'admit me to' and 'make me one of.'

crew: same word as crowd, a company.

40. **free**: Milton frequently adds a second adjective in this way ; both words qualify 'pleasure.'

43. **watch-tower:** *i.e.* high up; cp. Shakespeare:

" Hark the lark at Heaven's gate sings
When Phoebus 'gins arise " ;

and Shelley:

" that from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart."

Shelley also employs the idea of a tower:

" Like a highborn maiden
In a palace tower "

(v. *To a Skylark*, stanzas 1 and 9).

44. **dappled** : spotted, here means grey flecked with red. Skeat connects the word with 'dip, dipple' (v. note, line 30), and quotes Shakespeare, *Much Ado About Nothing*, v. 3. 27 :

** Dapples the drowsy east with spots of grey."

The quotation seems to show that the word was at least generally supposed to come from 'dab' (dabble), a natural mistake.

45. This is a line about which there has been much dispute, founded, in my opinion, on a mistake. The interpretations offered are these: (a) Hales: "The verb 'to come' depends upon the verb 'to hear' in line 41. He wishes to hear the lark begin its flight, and then to hear it come to his window and give him good morning."

As to the objections to this, I quote the note in the *Golden Treasury* edition by Mr. Bell: "The only difficulties connected with this interpretation are (1) that in making the lark alight at the window of a human dwelling Milton seems to be forgetful of a lark's habits; (2) that the verb 'hear' is usually followed by an infinite without 'to . . .' These difficulties are removed by saying that Milton was not accurate in his knowledge of nature, and the distance from 'hear' makes it necessary to insert 'to.'" As regards this defence, the first point is immaterial; but I cannot think that *distance* can ever make it necessary to introduce into the sentence a word which would not be correct anywhere. The length of a sentence does sometimes cause a false sequence or the repetition of a connecting word, but it cannot be a reason for such a construction as 'to hear to come.' Prof. Masson, regarding this as nonsense, says that 'to come' depends on 'admit': it follows that it is not the lark at all but L'Allegro that comes and bids good morrow—to whom? Apparently himself!

It appears that these interpretations are based on the idea that we have in these lines a perfect sequence of ideas: 'to live,' 'to hear,' * to come,' all seem as though they *should* follow after one verb, such as 'admit'; but, while admitting that they should, all that I can say is that they do not. Hence I would

take 'to come' purely on its own merits, without reference to an apparent sequence (which, in fact, no one can work out), and explain it as meaning 'till the dawn rises, destined after its rising to come and wake me.' Now we see that it is not the grammar but the train of thought which has become entangled (cp. line 17), as is usually the case in sentences which are too long. I take it that the whole passage marks definite steps in the progress of the day, thus: "(1) Let me enjoy all pleasures from the earliest moment of consciousness when the lark is heard (41-3), on through the breaking dawn (44), until the light streams in and wakens me (45-48); (2) then I shall feel the charm of renewed life in the outer world (49-56), and (3) go forth myself, by which time the Sun will be fully up (57-62) and men will have begun their daily labours (63-88)." The dominating ideas are (a) the progress of the day's life and (b) the variety of pleasure to be got at every changing moment. It is not unnatural that the reference should vary rather suddenly.

Was Shelley thinking of this passage when he wrote :

" Fairer far than this fair day,
Which, like thee, to those in sorrow
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough year just awake . . . ?"

—*The Invitation.*

50. **rear** : the last shadows of Night, which retreats before the conquering day.

53. **list'ning**: to be connected with line 46: "at my window bid good morrow to me . . . oft listening," *i.e.* who often lie and listen.

57. **walking**: as in line 53, understand 'mo,' 'I who often walk.'

not unseen: not shunning observation as does II Penseroso (v. II *Pen.* 65).

60. **begins his state** : begins his royal progress, or begins to hold his court. A king is said to go anywhere 'in* state' when he goes with full pomp and retinue, as a king indeed.

62. **dight**: arrayed, properly dighted, from the verb 'to dight.' This is an absolute clause, "the clouds being arrayed in the colours of the sun": livery means the dress delivered to a servant by his master, and generally of a particular colour or pattern, so that others might know to whom the **man** belonged. Hence the colours the sun reflects upon the clouds are called its colours (livery). Cp. 'wearing his College colours,' and the **use of the idea in the Merchant of Venice**, ii. 1. I:

" Mislike me not for my complexion,
The shadow'd livery of the burning sun."

67. tale: number; to tell the tale is to count up the number of the sheep.

69. Straight: straightway, immediately.

70. round: "while it (my eye) scans the surrounding scenery." The nouns in the following lines are in apposition to 'pleasures.'

71. fallows gray: 'fallow' means properly pale yellow, and is regularly used of land that is not under cultivation. Farmers generally give the land a rest after it has borne two or three crops, and it *lies fallow.' Here the word is used to denote land which has been ploughed but is now grass-grown. *Lawn' denotes a grassy upland which is smooth (cp. *II Pen.* 66). Such permanent pasture-land was generally covered with trees, and probably 'russet' means strewn with autumn leaves. By comparison with this the open land would have a gray gleam in the sun, especially if there was any hoar frost (1. 55).

russet: reddish brown.

75. pied: variegated, like a magpie.

77. Towers: L'Allegro is a man of a lively imagination, given to poetic fancies. In these lines we have all the furniture of romantic tales.

80. cynosure: from the Greek (*kynos* and *oura*) word meaning 'dog's tail,' a name given to the tail of the constellation called the *Little Bear.' As the Phoenician sailors fixed their eyes on this when steering their ships, it came to be used metaphorically for any object at which man gazes; just as 'haven' is used of any end or aim which is the completion of labour.

81. Hard by: 'by' means near (to be taken with 'smokes') and 'hard' is intensive, very near.

82. From: notice that this governs a clause here.

83. Corydon, **Thyrsis**, Phyllis: typical names taken from the pastoral poems of the classical poets.

85. **mess**: a dish served up, the word being totally distinct from 'mess'—a muddle or mixture—and connected with Latin *missum*, sent.

89. Or, if: having dressed the meal she hurries out either to bind the sheaves, if it is the time of corn-harvest, or, if it is the hay-harvest, to gather it into piles in the meadow. The sentence is irregular in the same way as at line 17, the second clause being only loosely added to the former. A second verb has to be supplied to govern 'haycock,' such as *goes to the,' though the idea of binding really persists to the end.

90. **tann'd**: sun-dried.

haycock: pile of hay. The word denotes the first process of *piling* the hay in the field, after which it is taken away to be *stacked*.

91. **secure**: cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 288.

92. **upland**: not merely on the upper slopes, but also *far from civilisation': cp. the derived significance of 'heathen' or *pagan': so 'rude.'

hamlet: little home, a tiny village; cp. Gray, *Elegy*; 16.

94. **rebeck**: "an instrument of music having catgut strings, and played with a bow: but originally with only two strings, then with three, till it was exalted into the more perfect violin with four strings" (Nares, quoted by Hales). The instrument is sometimes called 'ribibe' (Chaucer), the word being derived from the Persian *rubab*, Arabic *rabab*. The rebeck was played by the village musician very much as the sarangi is played by the strolling musician in India.

95. **many a**: see Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 19 (note).

To: i.e. 'for' them. Cp. the phrase in the Bible, "We have piped unto you, and ye have not danced" (St. Luke, vii. 32).

96. **chequer'd**: having alternate patches of darkness and brightness. This is exactly described in the passage which the editors quote from Shakespeare, *Titus Andronicus*, ii. 3. 14:

"The green leaves quiver with the cooling wind,
And make a chequer'd shadow on the ground."

97. **come**: agrees with 'young and old,' meaning 'having come out' (past part.) to play: infinite of purpose after a verb of motion. Cp. line 45.

98. **Bunshine**: noun used as adjective.

99. **livelong**: long as life. In modern language *lifelong* means literally as long as life, and *livelong* is merely very emphatic for long, excessively long: generally used when anxiety makes the time seem endless, as in *Macbeth*, ii. 3. 64:

"the obscure bird
Clamoured the livelong night."

100. **Then to**: then they proceed to. We commonly say, 'Then on to.'

102. **Mab**. For the powers of this fairy see an exaggerated description in *Borneo and Juliet* (i. 4. 55). The student should look through the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, and note the employment of the fairies there. Mr. Bell (*G.T.*, note *ad loc.*) quotes from Ben Jonson:

"When about the oream bowls sweet,
You and all your elves do meet,
This is Mab, the mistress-fairy,
That doth nightly rob the dairy,
She that pinches country-wencches,
If they scrub not clean their benches."

junkets: for juncates, something served **up** on a juncus or reed : at first used only of cream cheeses, but afterwards of any delicacy ; finally junketing was used for festivity of any kind.

105. **friar's lanthorn** : the clause is adjectival; they all relate their experiences; one (a girl, she) had been pinched ; another (a man, he), who had had experience of the friar's lanthorn, told also how the spirit called the drudging goblin, etc. There is no confusion of the two stories ; only the man is introduced with a remark intended to show that he was an authority on these subjects. Friar's lanthorn is here put for the Will o' the Wisp or Jaek o' Lanthorn, the light moving on marshy places which the lost traveller mistakes for a light in a window and vainly pursues.

110. **lubbar fiend** : 'him' in this line is the indirect case ; cp. line 25. 'Fiend' is pronounced 'fend' ; 'lubber' means clumsy, and Milton can hardly have meant Robin Goodfellow, a small and active fairy, but rather some creature like Caliban in *The Tempest*; there was much confusion of these 'spirits,' among writers.

112. **Basks**: here transitively, warms at . . .

113. **crop - full**: crop is the stomach of a fowl: so here * with his stomach filled': cp. Browning, *Rabbi ben Ezra*, 24.

114. **matin**, properly morning, so morning-song or call: matins means morning prayers; 'rings' here equals 'sounds'; cp. 'sings' in line 7.

115. The tales being done, absolute construction.

120. **weeds** : garments such as are worn in times of peace.

triumphs : pageants, such as are described by Scott in *Kenilworth*.

121. **store of**: large supply of, many.

The nobles arrange pageants that they may compete in contests of body or mind, inspired by the bright looks of admiring ladies, the fairest and noblest of whom awards the prize to the winner.

122. **influence**: it was supposed that every man was born under a star; the influence or in-flowing from this controlled his destiny. Here the ladies are likened to stars as they sit up above the lists, and by gazing upon their favourites give them strength to conquer.

judge : the subject is 'who,' understood from 'whose,' a very natural transference, since the ladies judge the prize by seeing **who** wins.

123. **wit, or arms** : two different kinds of contest **are** denoted

here. 'Arms' denotes the ordinary tilting in the ring or lists : 'wit' the competitions of the 'Courts of Love,' which were common in France during the twelfth century and after.

124. **grace** : properly, 'thanks'; cp. to say a grace, to give thanks.

whom : of her whom.

Hymen : in classical mythology the god of marriage : hence the line means *let there often be marriages and marriage feasts.' The torch is symbolic of family life, which both in Greece and Rome was typified in the ever-burning hearth. When the bride left her mother's house she took with her the ancestral fire of her house, being preceded by a torch lighted at her parents' home. Taper formerly meant torch, but is now only used for a small wax candle.

saffron robe : a robe of bright yellow. The veil which the bride wore was yellow, that being considered a lucky colour. The Roman poet Catullus speaks of Hymen as wearing yellow shoes, and he is represented in ancient pictures as bearing a torch and a yellow veil.

128. **Mask** : a play, such as *Comus* : not so serious as a drama, and generally intended to convey a moral.

129. **Such sights** : Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes*, l. 39, elaborates the idea:

"Numerous as shadows haunting fairily
The brain new-stuffed, in youth, with triumphs gay
Of old romance."

Cp. *II Penseroso*, 6.

132. **learned** : note the adjectives here: the *learned Jonson' and the 'natural Shakespeare' became stock phrases.

sock : here means low slipper such as was worn by the comic actor in Rome : hence sock suggests both comedy and a classical style. Cp. *II Pen.* 102. Dry den says :

"Great Fletcher never treads in buskins here
Nor gentler Jonson dares in socks appear."

—*Mac Flecknoe*, 72.

133. **Fancy's child** : L'Allegro repairs to the theatre if a company is acting either a comedy by the learned Jonson or a romantic play by Shakespeare, the very soul of imagination, whose songs are free and artless as those of a bird in the woods. Milton emphasises the naturalness of Shakespeare's romances in comparison with the studied art of Jonson. The words are not to be taken as referring to all Shakespeare's works, but only to those lighter plays which L'Allegro would go to see. **In his epitaph on Shakespeare, Milton expresses the same idea of ease**

in language, but adds to the *Fancy' of this passage depth of thought (conceiving) :

" For whilst, to the shame of slow-endeavouring art,
Thy easy numbers flow, and that each heart
Hath, from the leaves of thy unvalued book,
Those Delphic lines with deep impression took,
Then thou, our fancy of itself bereaving,
Dost make us marble with too much conceiving."

135. against: as a protection against fretful worries, eating, i.e. gnawing at the heart: we say 'he is eating out his heart' for sorrow. This word is from Anglo-Saxon *frittan*, to eat, devour; for 'fretted' in a different sense, cp. note to Gray's *Elegy*, line 39.

136. Lydian: the music particularly suited to L'Allegro; the other kinds of music among the Greeks were (a) the Dorian, which was stately and suited to inspire courage and endurance, and (b) the Phrygian, which went to the other extreme and was connected with unrestrained revelry. Music with the Greeks was always associated with movement, and it was held that the actions of the body produced or denoted the corresponding mental conditions. The Lydian was relaxing, not exactly sensuous, but 'soft' and soothing.

The whole passage can best be explained by a paraphrase; "Wrap me in the atmosphere of tender music set to such poetry as never dies; (let the strains be) such as may penetrate to the soul that goes out to them; let the turns of the music, now rising, now falling, with full cadences and unbroken (linked) melodies, free with the naturalness of perfect art (141) and inter-twined (mazes) with the harmonious (melting) accents of the singer, unbind for me that harmony which the cares of life keep a prisoner in my soul."

143. Cp. *Merchant of Venice*, v. 1. 61 :

" Such harmony is in immortal souls,
But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it."

145. That: so that.

150. half-regain'd. Orpheus, in Greek mythology, was a musician of such power that the trees and rocks followed his lyre. His wife Eurydice died, and Orpheus, descending to the nether world, persuaded Pluto, the king of the dead, to let her return to the upper world. Permission was granted on condition that Orpheus would not look on her until they arrived in the upper world. Half-way up he looked back, and Eurydice vanished again into Hades. Cp. *II Pen.* 105. Orpheus was said to be the son of the Muse Calliope, and was born in Thrace. After the loss of Eurydice he hated all women, and in

consequence was torn in pieces by the Thracian Maenads (worshippers of Bacchus, women who held wild revels): his head and lyre were cast into the Hebrus (river of Thrace), and, floating down into the Aegean Sea, were carried over to the island of Lesbos, a story which was probably framed as a fanciful explanation of the excellence of Lesbian poetry (v. note to *Lycidas*, 59). The best known lines on Orpheus are in Shakespeare's *King Henry VIII.* iii. 1. 3 :

" Orpheus with his lute made trees,
And the mountain tops that freeze,
Bow themselves when he did sing."

This song is sung because the King says :

" My soul grows sad with troubles,"
and ends with

" In sweet music is such art,
Killing care and grief of heart."

IL PENSEROSO.

FOR the date of this poem v. Introductory note to *L'Allegro*. For further notes the student may consult the *Golden Treasury*, Bk. ii., Masson, and Verity.

1. Hence: cp. *L'Allegro*. The student should read the lines by J. Fletcher on 'Melancholy,' beginning :

" Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
In which you spend your folly."—*G.T.* cxxxii.

vain : empty, the opposite of 'true': now used to mean proud, conceited ; but for the other use cp. *Ecclesiastes*, ch. i. v. 2, "vanity of vanities . . . all is vanity."

2. father : i.e. the offspring of pure folly.

brood ... bred : note that these words are allied, and see note to *L'Allegro*, line 6.

3. bestead: stead properly means place ; to bestead is to put in a place or to be in a place. Hence, 'to ill bestead' is to be in an evil position, to be in bad circumstances. The phrase then comes to mean 'to be at hand,' to assist (the Latin word assist meant at first to stand beside, and then to support, help, or side with) : so 'how little you bestead' means 'how little help you give,' 'how unprofitable you are.' For the use of stead as a noun, op. bedstead, homestead, etc., and 'instead of,' in place of.

4. **fixed** : *i. e.* on some high aim : fill, satisfy.

5. **idle** : the opposite of 'fixed mind.'

6. **fond** : foolish ; 'fonnen,' meaning to be foolish. From the idea of acting unwisely on account of affection, the word comes to mean simply loving.

possess: fill foolish imaginations with glittering images as close together and as countless as the motes that dance so busily in the sun's rays. The best commentary on this line is Gray's imitation in the *Progress of Poesy*, line 118, where, speaking of his own poetic imagination, he says :

" Yet oft before his infant eyes would run

Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray."

Cp. L'*Allegro*, 129 and note.

9. **likest**: notice that a second alternative comparison is introduced by 'or,' as in L' *Allegro*, 17. The shapes are like motes, 'or, better still, like dreams.' We should now say 'most like ' rather than ' likest.'

10. **fickle**: not coming regularly: pensioners, dependent retainers.

Morpheus: god of sleep; cp. morphia, the drug that gives sleep; but strictly according to Greek mythology, Morpheus is the god of dreams and the brother of Sleep and Death ; v. 146.

train : v. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 17.

11. **hail** : 'health to you,' a form of greeting; cp. salute, which has the same meaning from the Latin side (salutary). In the East the greeting generally refers to peace rather than health (salaam).

Melancholy: a different melancholy from that which has already been called 'loathed.' Of this pensive mood Fletcher says in the poem referred to above, " Nothing's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy." This mood has been described by Gray as his own experience : " Mine you are to know is a white Melancholy, or rather Leucocholy, for the most part; which though it seldom laughs or dances, nor even amounts to what one calls joy or pleasure, yet is a good easy sort of a state." (M. Arnold, *Essays in Criticism*, Second Series, 'Thomas Gray.')

13. **saintly visage** : the defence of melancholy is something of a paradox. We naturally think of gloom and black garments : these are still wanted for this melancholy, but the reasons are different: "thy angelio countenance is too radiant for our 'human eyes." Milton may also mean to suggest what Fletcher says:

" there's nought in life so sweet
If man were wise to see it
But only melancholy";

this mood is not so obvious and comprehensible as that of the cheerful man.

14. **hit**: from the idea of hitting a target (in archery) when the arrow falls neither too far nor too short, comes the idea of exactly suiting. A light may be too dim or too bright to suit the eye, and so not *hit.'

16. **Wisdom's hue**: In England clergymen and professors, if they do not wear black clothes, would always be arrayed in black gowns when performing their duties.

17. **but**: i.e. 'black indeed,' but not the blackness of 'ebon shades' (L'*Allegro*, 8); this is rather such blackness as in our estimation would suit, etc.

18. **Memnon's sister**: Memnon, son of Tithonus and Dawn, was king of the Ethiopians. He fought in the Trojan war and was killed. There is a *column of Memnon' near Thebes, in Egypt, which is said to utter a sound when the sun rises. There is no mention elsewhere of any sister of Memnon, and the phrase must be taken to mean any beautiful Egyptian princess.

19. **Cassiopeia**: wife of Cepheus, a king of Ethiopia. According to the legend she boasted that she was more beautiful than the Nereids (daughters of Nereus). As Nereus was a sea-god this was impiety, and to punish her Poseidon, the king of the sea, sent into her land a sea-monster, which could only be removed from the land by the sacrifice of Cassiopeia's daughter Andromeda. (For this legend in modern verse see Kingsley's *Andromeda*.) There is a constellation called Cassiopeia, hence the epithet 'starred.'

20. **above The sea nymphs**: i.e. above that of, the beauty of the sea-nymphs.

21. **powers**: here means divinity, godhead.

23. **Vesta**: Vesta bore thee to Saturn. As in L' *Allegro*, the genealogy is fanciful and suited to the nature of the character described. Vesta is the type of chastity and the calm beauty of home life. Saturn was the son of Uranus (Sky) and Gaia (Earth): the name means 'Sower'; he was one of the earliest gods of Latium (Italy), as was natural when agriculture was important in that land. His wife was Ops or Wealth. The Romans tried to identify their gods with the Greek deities, and Saturn was said to be the same as Kronos. The Greek god Kronos was the son of Ouranos (Sky) and Gaia (Earth), and ruled the world before Zeus. Both the Roman and the Greek god were regarded as the authors of civilisation on the earth, and the reign of Saturn was called the 'Golden Age,' when peace reigned on earth and all men were happy. There is a planet called Saturn, under the influence of which men become melancholy; hence a **saturnine disposition** means a gloomy,

revengeful temperament. As in the case of 'black' above, Milton takes the adjective generally used, but interprets it to denote a temperament sober rather than sombre, calm rather than gloomy.

long of yore: many years ago; cp. 'of old.' These are adverbial phrases.

25. His daughter she: an independent but not an absolute clause: hence read, 'she was his daughter,' not 'she *being* his daughter.'

26. mixture: in the time of Saturn it was not a crime to marry one so closely related. Mixture, i.e. mixture of blood by marriage (cp. 'blood-relation'); the word 'mixture' is regularly used in Greek of marriages. This line explains 'solitary' above: Kronos (Time) has a wife, but the necessity of populating the earth makes it necessary to take another wife, and there is only his own daughter. It is true that Kronos was said to devour his own children, but that is a nature-myth, just as we say that Time devours as well as produces all things, and it is unlikely that Milton would introduce that idea here: he does not wish Melancholy to be related to savage cruelty.

29. Ida: Mt. Ida in Crete where Jove was brought up.

30. yet: as yet.

fear of **Jove**: Jove dethroned his father.

31. **pensive**: thoughtful; cp. the title *penseroso*.

32. steadfast: constant, with fixed mind (v. line 4). The word means fixed in a place (v. note, line 3).

demure: i.e. *de (bons) mœurs*, of good manners. Cp. *debonair*, a similar compound (*L'Allegro*, 24).

33. **grain**: dye. The first meaning of the word is 'a small seed,' as in 'a grain of corn': then an insect of the genus *coccus*, 'the dried body or rather the ovary of which furnishes a variety of red dyes'; then one of the dyes so procured. Hence grain is used by Milton and other English poets for Tyrian purple. So Shakespeare says 'your purple in grain beard' (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 2. 96). In *Comus*, 750, Milton writes 'cheeks of sorry grain.'

"As grain was a very strong dye, so that the colour of cloth dyed in grain never came out, but seemed to be part of the texture itself, the word came to signify the 'texture, fibre' of a cloth or wood. An ingrained fault is one that has become of the very texture of a man's character."—*Verity*.

35. **sable**: see Gray, *The Bard*, 17 and note,

stole: the stole as worn by Roman ladies was a garment '* longer than the body, slit open at the top on either side and

fastened together by clasps ; **it** had either no sleeves or half-sleeves." Milton means here merely a long robe; the word **is** still used technically of part of a clergyman's dress.

Clpres : is really the Latin *crispiis* and the modern crape. In one writer we find crape defined as *cipres*, cobweb lawn (texture fine as cobwebs). The spelling with a capital seems due to the idea that the word is the same as Cyprus. Crape is now generally black and used for mourning. Milton does not distinguish crape from lawn (fine linen), but means by Cypres lawn a fine kind of linen. It is here used for a veil to drape the head, stole being used for veil, as in Spenser.

36. **decent**: v. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 12. In *II Pen.* 125 we have *comely,' which is the English for *decent.'

38. **even step** : come in thy usual majestic manner, with equal steps and slow movement. The uneven or jerky stride is generally associated with nervousness and irritability : the even step bespeaks a calm mind. Aristotle says " the high-minded man, moreover, ought to move slowly "; a high-pitched voice and hasty step denote a small-minded man (*Ethics*, iv. 3).

39. **commercing with**: dealing with, trafficking with : the idea being that the pensive man has sympathy with and receives inspiration from the spirits of heaven.

40. **sitting in thy eyes** : thy whole being concentrated in that gaze.

rapt, enraptured, properly means carried away by exaltation of spirit.

41. **passion** : the opposite of action, used here of a state almost of trance in which the person gives himself up to influences from without. The word now generally means a strong affection of the mind, anger especially.

still: held still, i.e. motionless.

42. **to marble**: so lose consciousness of all around that thou becomest as marble : ' to' for 'into,' as in 'turned to stone,' etc, Cp. the lines quoted on *L'Allegro*, 133, 'dost make us marble.'

43. **leaden**: "leaden-coloured eyesockets betoken melancholy, or excess of thoughtfulness."—*Maam*.

44. **as fast**: as firmly, constantly, as before thou didst fix them on the heavens.

46. **Spare** : scanty, the opposite of lavish.

Fast: frugality.

doth diet And hears : for 'doth diet and doth hear.' Diet means primarily a mode of life : hence here the phrase means *shares the life of the gods'; but the word in Chaucer's time **had** already come to mean 'an allowance of food,' and so '**diet**

with' suggests chiefly 'sharing the food of.' As the result of abstinence from earthly food, the thoughtful man can

" feed on thoughts that voluntary move

Harmonious numbers ; as the wakeful bird

Sings darkling, and, in shadiest covert hid,

Tunes her nocturnal note."—*Par. Lost*, iii. 37.

In these, as in many other passages, Milton combines the ideas of thoughtful contemplation and the nightingale's song:

" 'Less Philomel will deign a song."

51. chiefest: as chief is itself superlative in sense, this is a double superlative. As Milton avoids double superlatives, we may perhaps take 'chief' here as meaning simply *important'; it then could have a superlative.

52. yon : properly an adjective, here used as an adverb.

53. fiery-wheeled throne : to understand this the student must read chapter x. of the book of *Ezekiel* in the Bible, where the throne seen in the vision has four wheels guided by Cherubim, a fire burning in the midst. It is described in *Paradise Lost*, vi. 750, which see. There is no authority for naming one of the cherubim as Milton does.

55. hist along: "softly call to thy side Silence that speaks not, unless (instead of Silence) the Nightingale will sing." 'Hist,' imperative of 'to hist,' to call softly.

56. Philomel: Greek *Philomela*, lover of melody. The Thracian prince Tereus married Procne, and then, asserting that Procne was dead, seduced her sister Philomela. Fearing discovery, he cut out Philomela's tongue and concealed her in a grove. She managed to communicate with her sister, and they conspired to kill the son of Tereus. When Tereus was on the point of slaying them, Procne was changed into a swallow, Tereus into a hawk, and Philomela into a nightingale.

deign: think fit to sing.

57. plight: either (a) strain, something plaited, or (b) condition, sad state. The words are different in origin and meaning, but it is difficult to say which of them Milton intended.

58. the rugged brow of Night: charming away the gloom, that makes night forbidding, with so sweet a strain that the Moon pauses over the oak in which she is wont to sing.

59. Cynthia: feminine form of Cynthus, belonging to Cynthus. Cynthus was the mountain in the island of Delos on which Artemis, the moon-goddess, was born.

yoke : a pair, pair of dragons. Cp. yoke of oxen.

66. smooth-shaven : with close-cropped grass.

68. noon: from *nonus*, ninth; denoted first the **ninth** hour of day, then the service held at the ninth hour. **When this** service

was put at midday, it was still called the nones or noon service, and from that the word was used to mean midday, or the time when the sun is at its highest, and finally the highest point.

72. **Stooping:** i.e. "behold the moon riding and often stooping, appearing as though she were bowing her head." The 'as if' denotes the effect produced on the beholder, who none the less knows that in fact it is the cloud that is moving, not the moon.

73. **plat:** plot, stretch of land.

74. **curfew** (French, *couvrefeu*, cover or extinguish your fire) : a bell rung about nine o'clock in the evening as a signal that all fires must be put out. This custom, introduced in the time of William I., was still in force in Milton's days.

75. wide-waterd : either bordering on wide water (the sea) or washed by the sea over a long stretch. Milton is thinking of a man who walks on the sea-cliffs at night above some village built in the angle of a sweeping bay.

76. **Swinging: slow:** some take this to refer to the bell, but 'roar' seems a wholly unsuitable word for a bell heard in the distance. Though the noun is 'shore' the real centre of thought is the water : "I hear from afar the curfew ringing in the village below where the shore is washed by the sea that breaks along it for miles."

77. **air:** weather.

78. **still:** cp. 41.

removed : remote, retired, secluded.

80. **counterfeit a gloom :** makes the light appear in the guise of darkness, play the part of darkness. Milton describes this 'twilight,' or middle state between darkness and light, in *Par. Lost*, i. 62:

"A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
As one great furnace flamed ; yet from those flames
No light, but rather darkness visible,
Served only to discover sights of woe."

counterfeit: v. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 201.

taught: frequently used of inanimate things: v. Goldsmith,, *Deserted Village*, 32.

83. **bellman :** night watchman who acted as policeman, patrolling the streets and calling the hours. His voice is a 'drowsy charm' as it soothes the inmate of the house to sleep. For drowsy = causing sleep, cp. Shakespeare, *Othello*, iii. 3. 330:

"Not poppy nor mandragora.
Nor all the drowsy syrups of the world,
Shall ever medicine thee to that sweet sleep
Which thou owedst yesterday."

84. To bless (cp. *L'All.* 45): *i.e.* 'uttered in order to bless and protect . . .'

85-102. "Or let me study either (*a*) the works of Hermes, or (*b*) of Plato, or (*c*) of later philosophers, or (*d*) ancient dramas, or (*e*) modern plays (tragedies)."

87. out-watch: outdo in watching, watch longer than the Bear: *i.e.* 'let me read until dawn has quenched all the stars.'

the Bear: the constellation so called.

88. thrice great Hermes. The ancient Egyptian philosopher named Thot was identified with Hermes by the Greeks and called 'trismegistus,' thrice great, or greatest of the great; a large number of works on the secrets of nature were ascribed to him, though really written as late as the fourth century A.v. With 'thrice great' cp. "thrice blessed they that master so their blood" (*Midsummer Night's Dream*, i. 1. 74). The word 'thrice' has no numerical significance: it denotes quality, not quantity.

unsphere. The word 'sphere' refers to the Ptolemaic Astronomy, in which the earth was regarded as the centre round which the stars revolved, the whole being a compact body made of sphere within sphere. Plato represents the soul as dwelling in a star when it is not in the body: so 'unsphere' means 'take out of his sphere,' bring back from his dwelling-place among the stars.' [With unsphere cp. *unwind*, *i.e.* reverse an action, and note that in 'unfinished' the 'un' has a different (negative) sense.] In *Paradise Lost* (iii. 416) Milton writes:

"Thus they in Heaven above the starry sphere";
and in the *Hymn on the Nativity*, Peace setting out from Heaven:

"came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere"
(*i.e.* the revolving universe or system of spheres).

92. mansion: dwelling-place. The soul is thought of as something capable of existing outside the body (fleshly nook), and returning to a deathless existence in the heavens.

93. And of those demons. This is generally explained as a loose construction after 'unfold,' *i.e.* 'call down Plato to tell us of (unfold an account of) those worlds . . . and of those demons.' It is simpler to take it as meaning 'call down the spirit of Plato . . . and the spirits of those demons that.' We should then have references to (1) 'philosophy' before Plato, (2) Plato, (3) 'philosophy' (!) after Plato. The idea of 'demons' (*daimones*) found in Plato was greatly elaborated in the Middle Ages, when alchemy and other secret (occult) sciences flourished. The chief system was that of the Rosicrucians, which was expounded by Fludd and others about this time as a serious doctrine. (*Il Penseroso*, written 1636: Fludd wrote his chief works between

1626-1636.) In Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* there is explicit reference to mediaeval theories. This evidence seems to prove that lines 93-96 do not refer to Plato, and therefore cannot be taken with 'unfold.'

94. **fire**, etc. : *i.e.* in the four elements. The demons are spirits (not *fiends* or enemies of mankind, but merely disembodied existences) which dwell in the elements fire, air, water (flood), and earth. Pope in his *Rape of the Loch* (canto i.) makes fun of the Rosicrucian system ; v. canto i. lines 57-8 :

" For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire."

95. **true consent**: real and active sympathy. By reason of their nature the spirits are in harmony with the planets and the elements, and can therefore control the influence of planets or events in nature. For this reason the magic arts were employed to call up spirits and bind them to perform what was demanded of them.

98. **sceptred pall**: royal state. Pall (Latin, *palla*), properly 'a long robe.'

99. **Presenting** : to put on the stage, to stage.

Thebes : *i.e.* the Thebes in Boeotia (Greece), which is connected with the subjects of several famous Greek tragedies.

Pelops' line : descendants of Pelops. The subject of a Greek tragedy was usually the working-out of some ancestral curse or the effects in later generations of the father's crimes. The Greeks believed that the sins of the fathers were visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation ; hence the *innocent* children suffered for the father's guilt. This Suffering of the good for crimes not their own was the great tragic theme for the Greeks. The ' line ' is Tantalus, Pelops, Atreus, Agamemnon. Tantalus slew his son Pelops, but the gods revived him. Pelops slew Myrtilus and so renewed the curse on the house. Atreus conspired with his brother Thyestes to slay their younger brother. Thyestes slays Atreus and Agamemnon is slain by his own wife and the son of Thyestes. This furnishes the theme of the Trilogy of Aeschylus. [Trilogy means sequence of three plays—namely, here (1) Agamemnon—in which that hero is slain; (2) Choephoraë—in which the son (Orestes) kills the wife of Agamemnon in revenge ; (3) Eumenides—the vengeance of Heaven on Orestes and his final release from the doom.] (For an exposition of this idea of a doom, v. Gray, *The Bard*.)

100. **tale of Troy** : told in Homer, but here the reference is to plays founded on the legends of Troy. Troy is 'divine' because Troy was said to have been founded by Ilus (hence called Ilium, *cp.* *Iliad*, the story of Ilium or Troy), the son of Tros (whenoe

the other name Troia). Tros was the grandson of Dardanus, a son of Zeus. Ilus being directly descended from Zeus, Troy is called a city of divine origin. This genealogy accounts for the way in which the gods engage in the Trojan War.

102. **Ennobled** : conferred nobility on, raised the tone of : cp. the phrase 'he graced the meeting with his presence.' Cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 178 :

"His looks adorned the venerable place."

huskin'd: v. *L'Allegro*, 132, note. The buskin was a high boot worn by tragic actors. The reference here is to Shakespeare's tragedies, his romantic dramas having been noticed in *L'Allegro*, 133. We may imagine that Hamlet would be the favourite play of *Il Penseroso*.

stag's: i.e. the drama as literature: "such modern plays as are worthy of a place in the history of the tragic drama.

104. **Musaeus** : mythical singer or bard said to have lived before Homer, and to have been the son of Orpheus and Selene (Moon). The relation between Muse and Musaeus is obvious.

105. v. *L'Allegro*, 150, note.

109. Mm that: Chaucer, the reference being to the *Canterbury Tales*, of which the 'Squire's Tale' was left unfinished. The characters here named occur in that tale. Cambus Khan (here spelt Cambuscan, and wrongly accented on the second syllable) is Chaucer's Cambinskan, i.e. Gengis Khan (died 1227 probably), and Chaucer himself "names Gengis Khan (the first Grand Khan), but his description really *applies to* Kuhlai Khan, his grandson" (Skeat). In the tale, while Cambuscan is holding a birth-day festival, a knight enters the Hall of State and announces that the King of Araby and Ind had sent him (1) a steed of brass that could carry him anywhere in twenty-four hours ; (2) a mirror in which future events could be seen and a ring that enabled its wearer to understand the language of birds : these two were for his daughter Canace. The tale ends with a promise that the Poet will "speak of Algarsif and how he won his wife Theodora, and of Camballo who fought in the lists for Canace and married her."

111. Camball: Camballo and Algarsif were Canace's brothers.

112. **who** : Chaucer, as above, calls him Camballo, i.e. another Camballo, probably in mistake. Spenser (*Faerie Queen*, iv. 3) makes the suitors fight *against* Camballo, the brother, which is another mistake (v. Skeat). In Spenser the husband's name is given as Sir Priamond.

113. **virtuous** : full of magic power : Chaucer (line 145) writes : "The vertu of the ring, if ye wol here, Is this," etc. For the 'virtue,'⁵ v. note, line 109.

116. if aught: the 'if' goes with 'aught' rather than the verb; otherwise 'if' would introduce a subordinate clause and the sentence be incomplete. The construction is imitated from the Latin *si quid*, if anything, *i.e.* "if [there is] anything [which] great bards have sung beside these ..." We usually say 'whatever else.'

118. turney: cp. *L'Allegro*, 123: used of tilting in the lists: same word as Tournament, which is only a lengthened form of Turney or Tournay, French, *toumer*, to turn.

Trophies hung:: spoils of victory now hung up as memorials. Il Fenseroso does not join in such rough sports himself: he enjoys the romantic flavour of knightly prowess as told in books. *L'Allegro* preferred the stir and bustle of the scene itself.

119. forests: the poets here referred to are obviously Dante, Spenser, Tasso and Ariosto. [When and where did these live?] Milton called Spenser 'sage and serious,' and Tasso wrote a work called the *Enchanted Forest*.

120. more is meant: poems which have a hidden significance, allegorical poems, such as the *Faerie Queen*.

121. Night: may'st thou, Night, during thy progress through the colourless (pale) heavens, often see me thus occupied: cp. 1. 87, *outwatch the Bear.' Now we pass to the clay.

pale: notice that here everything is colourless: in *L'Allegro* brilliant colouring is introduced wherever it is possible.

122. civil: *i.e.* like a citizen. The Latin word *civilis* was used particularly to mean 'in a manner becoming a citizen' (*civili modo*), *i.e.* modest or unassuming. When a man assumed royal state, as did Sulla, Pompey, and Caesar, he acted in an *uncivil* manner, an arrogant, tyrannical way. Hence the word comes to mean *modest simply, and is here opposed to "Where the sun begins his state" (*L'Allegro*, 60). Milton uses the term with full consciousness of its classical significance.

123. tricked: adorned, generally implying extravagance or excess. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iii. 6. 80, "And this they can perfectly in the phrase of war, which they trick up with new-timed oaths." Cp. *Lycidas*, 170.

frowned: from the French *froncer*, to wrinkle; then of the hair, 'wrinkled and curled.' The lines mean 'till morn appears in sober garb, not in the gaudy splendour which she used to don when she wooed the Attic boy, but . . .'

124. Attic: pertaining to Attica, the district of which Athens is capital; hence often equals 'Athenian.' Eos (Dawn) was said to have fallen in love with Cephalus while he was hunting.

125. kercheft: *i.e.* kerchiefed, having the head covered. The noun is 'kerchief,' that which covers the head (French, *couirrir-chef*; cp. cw-few), then any small cloth (cp. pocket-hand-

kerchief). Here the actual 'kerchief' is a cloud, and the verb is used in its original sense.

comely : becoming ; v. line 36.

126. **piping** : while the winds whistle through and shake (rock) the trees ; cp. Keats, *Stanzas* :

" The north (*i.e.* wind) can not undo them (the branches)
With a sleety *whistle* through them."

loud : loudly.

127. **usher'd** : generally 'ushered in,' conducted to.

128. **his fill** : fill as noun means the amount required to fill or satisfy one ; hence here 'blown his fill' = blown enough blowing to satisfy him, and 'fill' is cognate objective.

129. **Ending** : goes with shower. When the shower ceases there follows the sound of drops falling from the eaves.

130. **minute** : as in minute-gun, falling at intervals of a minute : then simply falling at distinct intervals, not continuously.

133. **arched** : "When the Sun is high, lead me to groves where the paths are so covered (arched over) by the twining branches of the trees that the light is dim. . . ."

134. **brown** : not black, as of night. This is a touch of accurate observation which Milton repeats. *Par. Lost*, iv. 254:

" Where the impierced shade
Imbrownd the noon-tide bowers."

(Quoted in *G. T.* note *ad loc.*)

Sylvan : short for Sylvanus, properly Silvanus, who was an old Italian divinity, the god of woods (*silva*, a wood).

136. **rude** : now generally used to mean 'impolite.' From meaning 'uncultured' it came to mean 'lacking in sensibility,' and so not caring for the feelings of others. We still say *a rude shock,' *i.e.* a shock not tempered to one's sensitiveness. Here it means practically 'profane,' *i.e.* not reverencing the sanctity of the groves (hallowed haunt) in which the god lived. The adjectives are transposed : 'the rude stroke of the uplifted (heaved) axe.'

140. **Profaner** : profane literally means 'before the temple,' *i.e.* not admitted to the temple, uninitiated : cp. *fanatic*, one who is always in the temple, so one afflicted with religious-mania. The comparative means 'somewhat profane.'

141. **garish** : from vb. to *gare* ; staring, objectionally bright.

142. **bee with honey'd thigh**. Editors note that the pollen, not the honey, is on the thigh of a bee.

143. **flowery work** : work among the flowers, from which the pollen and honey are gathered.

sing : v. *L'Allegro*, line 7.

145. **consort**: literally 'sharing one's lot,' companion, generally in the phrase 'King's Consort' (wife); when the Queen rules in her own right her husband is not * King' but 'Prince Consort.' Milton enumerates two of the companions of Sleep (sound of bees and murmur of water), and suggests there are others ; cp. Tennyson, *Princess*, 6 :

" but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees."

146. **dewy** : cp. Keble, *Christian Year* (1827), * Evening ':

" When the soft *dews* of kindly sleep
My wearied eyelids gently *steej*)."

The idea is common in Greek and Latin poetry. " Sleep was represented in [classical] art in very various forms and situations, and frequently with the wings of an eagle (symbolising all-conquering power) or a butterfly (gentleness) on his forehead, and a poppy-stalk and a horn, from which he dropped slumber upon those whom he lulls to rest" (*Class. Dirt.*). As sleep is associated with night, in which dew falls, the 'drops' were naturally thought of as 'dew.' Shakespeare uses 'golden dew' and 'honey-heavy dew' (Hales, *ad loc.*).

147-150: "Let these sounds (the waters, etc.) entice to me the God of Sleep who flies with wings from which fall the dews of slumber : let some fanciful dream flutter beside him, revealed to me in a series of insubstantial but lifelike figures, [which I may see though my eyes are closed because they are] gently applied to my eyelids. This is a difficult passage : for other views see Hales (*Longer English Poems*, note *ad loc.*), Bell (*G.T.* note *ad loc.*) and Masson. It seems clear that Milton thinks (1) of the Dream coming in the train of Sleep ; (2) of the one dream as containing, and so exhibiting, many different pictures; (3) of the impression being conveyed to the brain when the eyes are closed, and therefore 'seen' only in the sense in which pressure on the eyelid produces the sensation of light when the eye is closed.

148. **airy** : cp Shakespeare, *Tempest*, iv. 1. 148 :

" These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air . . .
. . . . The great globe itself,
Yea, all which it inherits, shall dissolve
And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
Leave not a rack behind. We are such stuff
As dreams are made on." . . .

So Milton's dream is an 'insubstantial pageant,' **made of thin air** (cp. *V Allegro* 129).

155. **due:** owed, *i.e.* my feet which ought to walk. . . . Due is from the Latin word *debitum*, from which 'debt' conies; cp. owe and ought.

156. **pale:** bounds, as in 'the pale of civilisation.'

studious cloister: a retired or secluded place devoted to learning.

157. **love:** *i.e.* never fail to love the roof supported by lofty arches and ancient pillars strong by reason of their thickness.

proof: generally in a compound means 'proof against,' *e.g.* fire-proof safe, a safe that resists fire. Here the word is not so used, and does not mean proof against the mass or weight of the roof, but 'strong on account of its massiveness.'

159. **storied:** in which a story is depicted, *i.e.* windows of stained glass on which are depicted persons and events. Cp. Keats, *Eve of St. Agnes*, xxiv., describing a 'casement high,'

'* And diamonded with panes of quaint device,

Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,"

in which are depicted * twilight saints and dim emblazoning.'

dight: *L'Allegro*, 62.

160. **religious** : suitable to religious meditations.

161. **blow:** the word which denotes the way sound is produced in an instrument is frequently used intransitively to denote the sound. Thus, the trumpet blows, the drum beats, and here, the organ * blows,' *i.e.* is blown, or 'sounds.'

162. **quire** = choir, chorus, number of singers. The form quire is now never used, but there is a word 'quire,' a measure of paper, which is not connected with quire = choir, but probably comes from Latin *quater-nns*, meaning a set of four sheets of paper.

165. **ecstasies:** "create such transports in my soul that I shall be freed from the bondage of the flesh and enter into a Heaven of rapture." Cp. with dissolve, *L'Allegro*, 136 and 143, 'untwisting all the chains' (v. note). 'Melting' in *L'Allegro*, 142, does not mean what * dissolve' means here.

169. **hairly** : of coarse cloth.

170. **spell:** learn, pore over.

174. "Till the experience acquired through many years enables me to utter such wisdom as prophets have." By 'prophets' Milton means poets whose wisdom makes them utter eternal truths. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, in. 34:

"Those other two, equalled with me in fate,

So were I equalled with them in renown,

Blind Thamyris and blind Maeonides (Homer),

And Tiresias and Phineus, prophets old."

LYCIDAS.

ON this poem see *Milton*, by Mark Pattison (English Men of Letters) :

" Like the L: *Allegro* and *II Penseroso*, *Lycidaa* is laid out on the lines of the accepted pastoral fiction ; like them it offers exquisite touches of idealised rural life. But *Lycidos* opens up a deeper vein of feeling, a patriot passion so vehement and dangerous that, like that which stirred the Hebrew prophet, it is compelled to veil itself from power, or from sympathy, in utterance made purposely enigmatical." This applies particularly to the passage beginning "Last come and last did go." The poem was written in 1637, on the occasion of the death of Edward King, Fellow of Christ's College, Cambridge, who was drowned at sea. The poem is an elegy, *a study in the pastoral manner' of which Theocritus and Moschus are the chief classical types. On this poem, see the notes by A. W. Verity, in his edition of *Gomua and Lycidas*: there are notes also in the *Golden Treasury*, Bk. ii., and in Masson's edition.

1. The laurel is the sacred tree of Apollo, god of Song; myrtle, the flower of Venus, may denote affection ; ivy was associated with Bacchus (*L'Allegro*, 16), and so with poetry, as the Festival of Dionysus was the season when poems were 'published,' i.e. publicly recited.

2. **sere** = dry or withered : the ivy is ever green.

3. harsh : of taste, unripe,

crude : undeveloped.

4. rude (cp. *II Penseroso*, 136) : here means *not respecting your unripeness,' not waiting until the *due season.'

forc'd: compelled by circumstances. Milton means he is compelled to resume writing poetry before his mind is matured.

6. **dear** : " painful necessity and a sorrowful event that touches me closely." 'Dear' is often found in this sense, not meaning, as it usually does, (1) costly, or (2) beloved, but that which comes home to a man as 'dear peril,' *to rue it dearly.'

7. **compels**: the constraint and occasion being one subject have a singular verb.

season due (cp. *II Penseroso*, 155): "disturb you before the season at which you ought to be disturbed."

8. **prime**: complete manhood: properly the first and so the best, first in quality not in time. King died in his 25th year.

9. **peer**: Latin, *par*, 'equal.'

11. **to sing**: knew the art of song, was a poet.

build : compose (*i.e.* put together); construct (structure) conveys the same metaphor.

12. **must**: goes with 'float unwept'; I cannot allow him to go unmourned.'

watery bier: the sea called a 'bier,' "because the waters bear the body" (Verity). Bier, that on which a body is carried to the grave, from A.S. *beran*, to carry.

13. **welter**: roll, cp. wallow.

to : at the mercy of. 'To' is more unusual than 'in' would be, but also more impressive of the body moving only in response to every changing wind.

14. **melodious tear**: tuneful expression of sorrow, *i.e.* some record in verse, some elegy.

15. **Sisters of the Sacred Well**: the Nine Muses who haunted the sacred fountain on Mt. Helicon in Boeotia.

16. **seat of Jove**: this is an invention, intended to give the idea that the inspiration is sacred.

17. The connection runs thus: "Begin a strain of loud lament: do not refuse this duty or plead shyness: [I must mourn my friend and] I hope that my death, too, will be celebrated in song."

20. **destin'd urn**: 'bring good fortune to my ashes.'

urn: the vessel prepared to contain the ashes when the body is burned; then, generally, any burying-place (cp. Gray's *Elegy*, 41). 'My destin'd urn' here means 'me when I have met the fate appointed for me.'

22. **sable shroud** : shroud is a winding-sheet; but as this is never *sable* (v. *II Pen.* 35), we must either suppose the words mean 'black coffin,' or 'black pall,' or, metaphorically, 'the darkness in which I am shrouded' (v. *G.T.* note *ad loc.*).

23-36. The facts of the friendship between Milton and King are here expressed in the language of the pastoral poems in which shepherds speak.

23. **nursed**: *i.e.* brought up at the same college, Christ's College, Cambridge.

24. **Fed** : followed the same pursuits.

25. **lawns** : v. L' *Allegro*, 71 note : "before the upland pastures were illuminated by the Dawn."

27. **afield**: a=on, cp. 'aloft'; here practically equals 'into.'

28. **gray-fly**: *i.e.* 'together we heard the gray-fly at the time when she (the gray-fly) Winds her horn.'

winds her horn: *i.e.* makes a loud humming. It is not clear

what animal is intended, but 'sultry' denotes some creature that flies at midday.

29. **Battening.** There are three stages: (1) early morn, (2) sultry noon, (3) dewy eve. Hence 'battening' does not mean 'heard the gray-fly while battening,' but 'together we (1) drove afield, (2) heard the gray-fly, (3) batted our flocks at eve.' *Batten* is usually intransitive, *grow fat': here it is transitive = 'make fat' [cp. the double use of 'fatten'].

31. **sloped:** "had begun to drive his chariot down from the highest point of the heavens toward the west." The heavenly bodies are generally spoken of in classical poetry as chariots, the chariot of the Sun being commonest: hence 'wheel' here.

westering: running to the west. Skeat explains the termination 'ern' as from a verb meaning 'to run,' so 'northern' = running to the north. In modern use 'western' would mean either in the west or coming from the west. Tennyson writes in *Locksley Hall*:

"Many a night from yonder ivied casement, ere I went to rest,
Did I look on great Orion sloping slowly to the west."
The star here referred to is Hesperus.

32. **mute:** here = 'unuttered, lost in silence.'⁵

33. **Temper'd:** attuned, set to the music of.

oaten flute: the oat (v. line 88) made into a pipe. Verity (note to this passage) refers to *Comus*, 345: 'sound of pastoral reed with oaten stops.' The instrument referred to is the syrinx which Pan is said to have invented: he "cut a reed into seven (or nine) pieces, and joined them together with wax to form the instrument called a syrinx or 'Pan's pipe.'" The reed is called 'oaten' because the classical word (*avena*) denoted (1) the stalk or stem of the oat, (2) a reed or reed-pipe. So when he wishes to be disrespectful Milton calls these 'reeds' straws (l. 124); but it is not to be supposed that straws were ever used as musical instruments. [From *syrinx* we get syringe, a tube for injecting fluids.]

34. **Satyrs and Fauns:** woodland deities. Originally they were depicted as partly animal, to symbolise their wantonness and cruelty: the lower parts are generally those of a goat (clov'n heel).

36. **Damaetas:** a reference to one of the college tutors.

40. **gadding:** straggling.

41. **echoes:** cp. Shelley, *Adonais* (*Elegy on Keats*), xv.:

"Lost Echo sits amid the voiceless mountains,
And feeds her grief with his remember'd lay.

Sinoe she can mimic not his lips. . . ."

As the poet is dead and his voice is no longer echoed, Echo herself is said to be silent for sorrow. The idea comes from Greek pastoral poetry.

44. **Fanning** : *i.e.* "moving their loaves like fans" (Verity).
to : in harmony with.

45. **canker** : canker-worm which destroys young blossoms.

46. **taint-worm**. Editors quote from Sir Thomas Browne on *Vulgar Errors* : "There is found in the summer a kind of spider, called a tainct (taint) of a red colour . . . accounted a deadly poison unto cows and horses."

weanling. 'Wean' means to accustom, and is now used only of accustoming a child to other nourishment than its mother's milk. So 'weanling,' a little animal just weaned (cp. 'fledgeling'—a little bird just covered with feathers). 'Yeanling' is a different word.

47. **frost** : a late frost coming after warm weather destroys the early buds.

wardrobe : lit. guard of robes, chest for clothes; then the clothes themselves.

48. **whitethorn** : the hawthorn, whose bloom is white,

blows : blooms.

49. **ear** : 'when heard by him.' This is the meaning given in G.T. note. The word is probably meant to suggest that the death of Lycidas deprives the shepherds of their best musician (they *hear* him no more).

50 **Where were ye**. This appeal is made to the Muses, as though the death of Lycidas was due to their neglect.

52. **steep** : a mountain near the scene of the shipwreck which happened off the coast of Wales ; possibly Milton means Kerig-i-Druiddion in Denbigh, as that was a burying-place of the Druids.

54. **shaggy top of Mona** : wooded heights of Anglesey (for 'shaggy,' cp. Gray, *Bard*, i. 1. 11).

55. **Deva** : Dee, which flows into the Irish Channel. " Wizard (prophetic), because it was supposed to foretell, by changing its course, good or ill events for England and Wales " (Verity).

wizard = wise + ard, an intensive suffix ; cp. sluggard, braggart.

56. **fondly** : foolishly; v. *II Pen.* 6.

57. **Had ye been there** : these words indicate the dream : the dream is, " Had ye been there, ye might have saved him." This is an idle dream, for "what could that (*i.e.* your presence) have availed ?"

58. **could** : *i.e.* what power had she to help ('for'). This **use** of the verb is different from its use as a mere **auxiliary**.

59. v. *L'Allegro*, 150 **and** note.

61. **rout**, mob, crowd of Maenads or women who took part in the Bacchic festivals. See L' *Allegro*, 150 and note.

64. **boot**: A.S. *bot*=profit; cp. bootless, and 'to boot,' i.e. to one's profit; 'better' comes from this root. 'What boots it' means *what good is it.'

uncessant: incessant is more accurate, as the word (*cessant*) and the prefix (*in*) are then of the same language, Latin.

65. trade : i.e. poetry.

66. strictly : 'strict' means drawn tight, constructed ; hence 'strictly' means rigorously, without any deviation.

67-69. " Would it not be better to desert our trade and give ourselves up to pleasures?" The opposition is between the strenuous and the idle man, the ambitious and the indolent. Amaryllis and Neaera are not special individuals or references to Buchanan's poems, but types of those who induce the shepherd to give up 'laborious days' and enjoy *delights.'

70. This line answers the question indirectly by giving the reason of the poet's strenuousness. When the love of fame excites a man, he scorns delights without hesitation.

71. last: i.e. latest, last to go. The phrase is most probably a reminiscence of Tacitus (*Hist.* iv. 6), who says " the desire of glory, even among the wise, is stripped off last."

73. **when we** hope to find ... and think to blaze ... (then) Comes...

75. blind : not discriminating.

Fury, here used for Fate. It was to the Fates Clotho, Lachesis, and Atropos, that the Greeks assigned the duties of weaving the web of life, appointing the limit, and cutting the thread. This act causes the death of the man, hence cutting the thread is referred to as 'slitting the thin spun life.'

76. But not: i.e. but does not slit, put an end to, the praise.

77. **Phoebus** : i.e. Apollo, as god of song.

ears : to remind the poet that he was forgetting one thing—namely, that the Fates may destroy life on earth, but not 'fame in Heaven.' This is better than Masson's idea that the ear is mentioned because " the tingling of a person's ear is a sign that people are talking of him," and also accords with Virgil (*Eclogue*, vi. 3. 4), whose phrase Milton may well have imitated.

78. **Fame** is not an earthly thing: neither in its earthly setting, wherein it appears to the world, nor in renown, does it abide (Mies'). The construction is, "Fame is not (1) a plant that grows . . . nor (2) a thing that is valued only for its setting, nor (3) a thing valued for what others think of it."

79. **glistering** foil: brilliant setting, foil being from L. *folium*, leaf, gold leaf used as setting for jewels. The idea is that true

Fame is not the same thing as that in which the fame is displayed; e.g. an author's fame may be 'set off to the world' in his book, but his true fame consists neither in the quality of that work nor the reception it gets (rumour), but in God's judgment of it. This is easier to understand if we think of one who fails on earth either to realise his ideal or gain a hearing: for him there is no less 'fame in Heaven.' The 'glistening foil' is indifferent to the jewel, which may be good or bad; rumour gives a sort of fame to murderer and saint alike: beyond these standards is the last pronouncing of judgment (83). Cp. *Rabbi ben Ezre*, xxiii. "Not on the vulgar mass," etc.

85. Arethuse: the fountain Arethusa in Syracuse is typical of Sicilian, and the Mincius, a river which runs into the Po (N. Italy), of Latin pastoral poetry.

honoured: as being near Mantua, the birthplace of Virgil.

87. That strain.: i.e. lines 64 to 84 have been a digression outside the range of pastoral poetry.

88. oat: pastoral pipe; cp. note, line 33.

89. listens: a loose way of saying "proceeds to narrate what I heard from . . ."

The herald of the sea is Triton.

90. plea: defence.

96. Hippotades: the ending -ades or -ides denotes 'son of': the son of Hippotes is Aeolus, the god of the winds in classical mythology. He kept them imprisoned in a cave, and was responsible if any one escaped.

99. Fanope, a Nereid, i.e. daughter of Nereus, who was the eldest son of Pontus (Sea) and Gaia (Earth). He had fifty daughters (hence the remark, 'all her sisters'). See *Faerie Qucene*, iv. 11. 49.

103. Camus: Latinised form of Cam, the river of Cambridge. As representative of that University he comes to mourn the loss of so promising a student as Lycidas (King).

sire: op. such phrases as 'Father Thames' and the classical Father Tiber:

"O Tiber, father Tiber,
To whom the Romans pray."

went: i.e. wended, passed along with slow foot (from 'wend').

104. hairy: the river is reedy.

bonnet: i.e. having sedge for his bonnet, having sedge to cover his head.

106. **sanguine flower;** the construction runs: "And inscribed with [marks of] woe on the edge like to [just as] that sanguine

flower [is inscribed]." Sanguine, literally blood-stained, also used to mean purple. The flower is the Hyacinth. Hyacinthus was a son of the Spartan King, Amyclas. Apollo loved him, and Zephyrus, being jealous, blew aside a quoit which Apollo was throwing, so that it killed the youth. The god changed his blood into the flower hyacinth, which was supposed to be marked with the letters at at (ai ai), the 'exclamation of grief. The reeds of Camus are branded with grief for Lycidas as the flower of Apollo is with grief for Hyacinthus. For a similar delicate mixture of realism and poetry, cp. Shelley, *Adonais*, xvi. "To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear," etc.

107. **pledge** : children, as the pledge of mutual love between husband and wife were called 'pignora' (pledges). Hence pledge here means child.

109. **pilot** : v. *Matthew*, xvi. 18. St. Peter is brought in here because he was regarded as the head of the Catholic Church, and King had intended to become a clergyman. Before becoming a disciple of Christ Peter was a fisherman on the Sea (not lake) of Galilee.

110. **keys** : Christ says to Peter : "I will give unto thee the keys of the kingdom of Heaven." The words, originally metaphorical, were given an exact meaning in vulgar tradition which also fixed the number as two. The student should read Ruskin's very acute treatment of these lines in 'Sesame and Lilies' (*King's Treasures*, §§ 20-24).

massy : v. *II Pen.* 158.

112. **mitred** : wearing a mitre, a reference to the belief that Peter was the first Bishop of the Church.

113. **spared for thee** : i.e. given away in order to keep you.

114. **"bellies' sake** : those who for base motives, mere greed of gain, enter the Church.

115. **fold** : Christ is often called the Good Shepherd and the Church are his sheep. To St. Peter he gave the injunction, * Feed my lambs'; the pastoral character of the language is therefore fitting.

118. **worthy** : i.e. being themselves neither worthy nor invited.

119. **Blind mouths** : spiritually blind and wholly occupied in devouring whatever they can obtain.

122. **Sped** : What do they care? They have all *they* want: they have attained their desires (and ignore the wants of the neglected sheep).

123. **list** : caring nothing for duty, they preach when they please, but their sermons are bad performances (124), and their congregations, desiring spiritual food to sustain them, get only

windy oratory and rank verbiage, so that their faith becomes enfeebled and corrupted.

124. **scrannel**: they are like shepherds who play harshly on thin pipes of the worst material. *Scrannel* means lean, and has a double significance, just as we say a 'thin' as opposed to a 'full-bodied' sound. Note the power of this line, which gives three points : (1) bad playing, (2) bad construction of instrument, (3) bad material.

128. **wolf**: Roman Catholic Church. The use of the word is explained by reference to *Matthew*, vii. 16: "Beware of false prophets which come to you in sheep's clothing, but inwardly are ravening wolves" (quoted in *G. T.* note *ad loc.*). *Verity* (*Coinus and Lycidas*, p. 146) very aptly quotes :

" Help us to save free conscience from the paw
Of hireling wolves, whose gospel is their maw."

—*Sonnet to Cromwell.*

130. **two-handed engine**: *i.e.* instrument wielded with two hands, an axe ; here means that 'reformation is close at hand and will soon enter in and destroy all evil.' For other interpretations see notes in *G. T.*, also *Verity's* edition ; the phrase is shaped by a recollection of *St. Matthew's Gospel*, iii. 10: "And now also the axe is laid unto the root of the trees: therefore every tree which bringeth not forth good fruit is hewn down, and cast into the fire."

132. **Alpheus** : a river in Elis (Peloponnese): this river-god was mythically connected with Arethusa (85), and here typifies the current of pastoral poetry which had been interrupted by 11. 108-131.

136. **use**: dwell.

137. **wanton**: cp. note.

138. **swart star**: *i.e.* star which makes swarthy or dark; dog-star as symbol of the hottest time of the year when things become sunburnt. The line means "whose lap is so low (136) and closely shaded that the heat of the sun scarcely ever penetrates to it."

139. **quaint**: dainty, a meaning due to the false idea that the word came from *comptus*. It is really derived from *L. cogniuis*, *F. coint*, known.

142. **rathe**; positive form for the comparative rather : means early.

forsaken: because it is so early it dies forsaken by the sun, *i.e.* for want of summer's heat.

144. **freaked** : variegated, spotted. 'Freak' meaning spot is now only found in the diminutive 'freckle.'

149. **Amaranthus** : the word is from the Greek, meaning ' undying,' a type of immortality.

151. **laureate hearse** : bier of a poet. Laureate is still used of a poet: it means crowned with laurel, the plant associated with Apollo as god of poetry (cp. line 1). " ' Hoarse,' from Latin *hirpax*, a harrow, originally meant a triangular frame shaped like a harrow for holding lights at a church service . . . later it was applied to the illumination at a funeral, and then to almost everything connected with a funeral" (Verity, *ad loe*).

158. **monstrous** : inhabited by monsters. This ' world' is the region beneath the sea.

159. **moist vows** : the corpse had not been found, and hence is said to be ' denied to' the mourners, whose ' tearful prayers' are uttered over an empty bier. ' Vow,' properly of a gift promised (vowed) to a god if a prayer was fulfilled : hence simply ' prayer' or ' request.'

160. **Bellerus** : "Perhaps now thy body has been swept down to the Cornish coast where dwells the old Bellerus of the fable, and where St. Michael sits guarding his mount that faces toward Spain." ' Bellerus,' coined by Milton from *Bellerimn*, the Latin name for Land's End : there is no such person known.

161. **vision**: as 'fable' is used for 'known in fable,' so 'vision' is used for 'seen in a vision,' St. Michael, the Archangel, having been seen in a vision on the mount since called St. Michael's.

162. **Namancos**: this and Bayona are places in Galicia, on the northern coast of Spain ; it is probable that Milton saw them on Mercator's *Atlas* {v. Verity's note on this line).

163. **angel**: St. Michael.

ruth: pity. Cp. Shelley, *Adonais*, xvi.:

" With dew all turned to tears, odour to sighing ruth."

165. The thought here changes from death as it appears to the mourner, a loss, an end of existence, to that other life which Lycidas has reached. The student should compare the similar transition in *Adonais*, xxxix.

166. **your sorrow**: for whom you grieve.

168. **So sinks the day-star** : *i.e.* for a time only. The thought is more fully expressed by Shelley :

" The splendours of the firmament of time
May be eclipsed, but are extinguished not."

—*Adonais*, xliv.

170. **tricks** : v. Il *Pen*. note to 1. 123.

spangled ore : sparkling beams of gold.

173. Him: for the account of Christ's walking on the water, see *St. Matthew*, xiv. 22.

175. oozy: covered with soft mud.

176. unexpressive: inexpressible; cp. Shakespeare, *As You Like It*, iii. 2. 10:

" Run, run, Orlando; carve on every tree

The fair, the chaste, and unexpressive she."

nuptial: in the language of the Bible, Christ is the Bridegroom with whom the saints are made one in a union symbolically called a marriage, the heavenly nuptials being a mystic union of souls.

178-180. v. *Revelations*, xix. 9, from which the language of this passage is taken.

183. genius : guardian deity. A transition is here made from Christian to Pagan ideas. In Latin poetry every place has a guardian spirit, usually the spirit of some hero who had perished on the spot.

184. recompense: Heaven's reward, by which Lycidas is compensated for his death: he will be allowed to do good on earth as a spirit in place of the good he might have done if he had lived. ' Large' seems to mean 'unusually great,' and is perhaps intended as an explanation of the fact that Lycidas has power on earth as well as reward in Heaven.

188. quills : a reed, oaten pipe.

189. Doric : pastoral; the pastoral poems of Theocritus and other, were written in the Doric dialect of Greek, not in Ionic or Attic.

190. stretched: lengthened the shadows. These two lines denote two different stages of sunset, and so give a more calm and gradual close to the poem.

DRYDEN.

JUVENAL, SATIRE X.

[V. H. W. = Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes.*]

JUVENAL was a Roman poet, born 67 A.D., died 147 A.D. His principal work is a series of sixteen satires: these have been preserved to a large extent complete. The satire here given in translation is the tenth, a satire on human ambition. Chaucer sums up the purpose of the satire in *Troilus and Criseide*, iv. 25 : "O Juvenall lord, true is thy sentence That little wenen folke

what is to yerne, that they ne finden in hir desire offence, For cloud of errour ne lette hem disoerne What best is " (v. Mayor, Juvenal, sat. x. note). Those who read Latin should consult J. E. B. Mayor's copious notes on this satire. The original is in hexameters, a metre rarely successful in English. Dryden uses the Iambic Pentameter. In reference to this metre Gray says :

" Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder cloth'd and long-resounding pace."
—*Progress of Poesy*, 103.

2. **pursue** : how few of those who know what is good for them ever seriously strive to attain it.

6. **But** : *i.e.* "What is so well planned *as not* to make us, when we have reached the end, wish we had never planned it ? " " What desire is there the satisfaction of which does not bring regret ? "

7. **Houses** : families.

8. **request** : they do not request to be ruined, but that which they pray for brings ruin on them (cp. *V.H. W.* lines 13, 14).

9. **require** : this is the verb from which 'request' comes; here used in the original sense of 'ask for': in modern prose 'require' = 'needs.'

10. **obnoxious** : originally meant (in Latin) simply 'subject to,' 'liable to,' especially in the phrase 'obnoxious to punishment,' 'liable to be punished.' Here the line means, "When we are made subject to (slaves of) our own desire, we choose what is harmful (not being guided by reason, but desire)." The word is obsolete in this sense : it now means 'harmful.'

11. **laurels** : *i.e.* have found that glory only brought danger and death. 'Laurels' is used for any victor's crown, and may mean military or civil glory (*Wars and Peace*, line 9): probably line 11 means military glory as 12, 13 refer to civil glory (in the law-courts).

14. **Fool**. Milo of Crotona, in South Italy, lived in the time of Darius the Great (Herodotus, iii. 137). In 510 B.C. he was leader of the army of Croton. An oak had been partially split open with wedges; Milo said he could split it himself, and, inserting his body and arms, had the wedges removed; the oak then closed, gripping him fast, and he was devoured by wolves.

16. **More** : *i.e.* more have been ruined by excessive wealth than by pride in their muscular strength {v. line 14}.

18. **Unwieldy** : cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 65:

" Along the lawn where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous **pomp** repose."

(v. *V. H. W.* 26.)

19. Account: keep count of, express (in figures).

20. **Croesus**, king of Lydia, 560-546 B.C. He is the stock example of great wealth (v. *History of Greece* for that period).

scale: the balance; hence 'to which . . . scale' means 'compared with which'—literally 'weighed against which . . .' (cp. lines 234-5).

21. **Whale**. Britain was the extreme point to which the Romans penetrated westward: it was thus regarded as a land of monsters, and its seas were popularly said to be full of strange creatures. The whale was sometimes found in the Mediterranean Sea, but more rarely than in the Atlantic.

23. Arbitrary time: tyrannical rule.

24. Wealth a crime. Wealthy men were generally tried for some offence and sentenced to death, that the emperor might appropriate their goods. 'For this' = for having wealth, a troop, etc. Juvenal mentions Longinus, Seneca, and Lateranus as examples of this treatment. In A.D. 62 Seneca was accused of being too wealthy: in 65 A.D. he was accused of joining a conspiracy, and, to avoid a worse fate, bled himself to death by opening his veins in a hot bath.

26. gut: as noun = intestine; as verb, 'to gut' is to destroy utterly. A fire is said to gut a house when it burns out all the interior.

28. **garret**: the poor escape notice.

29. fearful: full of fear; generally now means *causing* fear.

30. charged with: commissioned to carry. 'To charge' is properly 'to load,' and then 'to entrust' a man with anything.

32. **red coat**: a common way of referring to soldiers who wear red coats. The line means "the man who is entrusted with the duty of conveying to its owner some silver or gold, however trifling its value, expects to be attacked by soldiers." Juvenal says 'robbers,' but Dryden means to suggest that the robbers are the servants of the emperor. As the Roman soldier did not wear a 'red coat,' this is a violent anachronism.

35. **Vow**: Latin *votum*, a wish; v. *Lycidas*, 159.

40. **Enchase**: are worked into the design. 'To enchase' is properly to adorn with raised (embossed) work; 'chase' is only a shortened and less correct form.

41. **Pair of sages**. Democritus of Abdera, in Thrace (born 460 B.C.), was called the 'Laughing Philosopher.' He is noted for (1) his doctrine of atoms, which through Leucippus, Epicurus, and Lucretius became a scientific theory of the universe (v. p. 132), and (2) his assertion that happiness is the end of life, also developed by Epicurus. Heraclitus of Ephesus (died 501 B.C.),

was known as the 'Weeping Philosopher,' because he was cynical, and more inclined to despise or lament over than laugh at the follies of men. They 'pursued the same end,' *i.e.* the correction of human vices, by 'several,' *i.e.* their own *peculiar* methods, described in 43-44.

46. brine: saltwater; here 'tears.'

47. spleen: satisfy his disgust. The 'spleen' is symbolic of anger or disgust because it secretes bile, and bile is supposed to give bitterness to the nature of man (cp. 'melancholic,' literally 'black bile').

48. sides: cp. Milton, *L' Allegro*, 32 and note, 'em: for them.

49. Though: this is to be taken with line 53. Democritus found enough material upon which to vent his wrath (feed his spleen) in a place where there were no lictors, etc. What would he have said if he had seen the pomp of a city magistrate?

lictors: in Roman towns they were the attendants who accompanied a magistrate to clear the way. They carried an axe tied up in a bundle of rods, symbolic of the magistrate's power to punish by death or flogging (50). They had to carry out sentences of this kind.

50. Tribune: there were (1) military, (2) plebeian tribunes at Rome. Here the reference is to the plebeian, *i.e.* those who were elected by the plebs or common people. They were representatives of the people, who were supposed to champion the rights of the common people against the encroachment of the nobles.

54. Praetor: the highest office in Rome was the praetorship. mock majesty. In the days of the Republic the praetor had real importance; under the Empire his chief function was the management of state shows instituted to humour the populace. The 'place' is the Circus at Rome.

58-64. " The road (for the procession) was strewn with flowers. The presiding magistrate led the way standing on a lofty chariot drawn by white horses, crowned with laurel. He wore the garb of a triumphant general, the broad folds of the gold-worked toga over the tunic embroidered with palm leaves, bearing in his hand the ivory sceptre with the eagle. A gold crown of oak leaves, set with jewels, was held over his head by a public slave " (Mayor's note to Juvenal, x. 36-46).

58. Jove's: when not required it was kept in the temple of Jupiter (Jove).

59. hangings: *i.e.* he might have worn a pair of curtains with no less discomfort.

61. **gew-gaw**: the root is that of the verb 'give'; the form giff-gaff is also found: hence the meaning 'something given away,' a worthless showy article, a bauble.

62. **narrow**: denoting small intellect: 'drowned' means completely concealed, 'swamped.'

63. **massy**: cp. *II Pen.* 158. Here = massive.

65. **seen to ride**: absolute construction, 'being seen to ride.'
"A public slave rode in the chariot itself, holding over him the crown of jewels set in gold, and kept saying to him, Look back, *i.e.* consider well thy past and future life, and be not elated by thy present state nor overweening in pride" (quoted by Mayor in his note to Juvenal, x. 41). The Romans had a superstitious fear that excessive prosperity led to ruin if the successful man by his pride offended Heaven. The slave is generally said to have repeated continually the phrase, 'remember you are mortal,' to prevent the exulting hero from thinking himself a god. This is the ceremony of the processions allowed to generals who had made extensive contests: it is 'formal' (11. 56-7) now because the day of great victories was passed, and this scene is only a vulgar show.

67. **eagle**: the Roman standard was an eagle mounted on a long pole or shaft.

75. **aland of bogs**: *i.e.* Abdera, where Democritus was born. The people of Abdera were noted for their stupidity; none the less some great men came from it, spirits 'fit to rule a kingdom.'

76. **heaven**: atmosphere.

81. **equal**: *i.e.* level, undisturbed.

86. **their**: the construction changes from 'power' to 'those endowed with power'; we should expect 'its' rather than 'they.'

87. **titles**: tablets recording the great man's merits (cp. 1. 230).

92. **lung'd**: having lungs, *i.e.* breathing, or sending forth breath.

94. **Great Sejanus**: *i.e.* his statue is burned. In 1870 the statue of Napoleon was similarly treated in Paris (Mayor, Juvenal, x. 58), and there are many other examples in history.

Sejanus: the favourite of Tiberius, second emperor of Rome. He fell into disfavour in 31 A.D. "when apparently at the summit of his greatness."

98. **a hull**: *i.e.* make sacrifice to Jupiter as though for a great victory.

100. **rope**: Sejanus was executed, and his body dragged by a **rope** along the streets. In spite of his greatness he was **treated** like a common criminal.

104. **his sight**: the sight of him.

106. **charge**: he conspired against his patron Tiberius. There was no trial (108), but Tiberius having made preparations, retired from Rome and sent a letter to the Senate darkly hinting, in windy phrases, at his desires (lines 108-110).

107. **saviour**: this line is not represented in the original; it refers to 'evidence,' 'who was witness and (by his evidence) saved us and our emperor?'

111. **out of door**: irrelevant, not to be discussed.

113. **Trump**: the master card in a game; so 'to be trumps,' to be superior to (the sentence is 'when the king is trump').

117. **cried Sejanus**: shouted for Sejanus. Cp. Tennyson, *Literary Squabbles*:

" When one small touch of Charity
Could lift them nearer God-like state,
Than if the crowded orb should cry
Like those who cried Diana great."

119. **prince's age**: i.e. aged prince: "had his conspiracy succeeded, and had he crushed (conquered) the aged prince (Tiberius)."

123. **sell their voice**: sell their votes. Note the irony here: the people have now (under the Emperors) lost their freedom, but that freedom (when they had it) was misused, for the people *sold* their votes, and so were *slaves then* to greed.

134. **Brutidius**: in Juvenal the passage is obscure, and it is not clear here whether the crime of Brutidius was defenuing Sejanus or too feebly defending the Emperor. He was a famous orator of the day, and had probably committed himself (he's dipped) by defending Sejanus before he saw what the result must be.

135. **He's dipped**: he has certainly committed himself, and now does not show himself more than he can help.

146. **levees**: receptions held when a noble is getting up (from French, *se lever*, to arise).

resort: i.e. with congregating of the crowd. The word is now generally used of a place, e.g. 'a holiday resort.'

148. **sword and gown**: have at disposal all military and civil posts.

149. **Grace**: show favour (op. "send us grace," *Ancient Mariner*, 178).

154-5. **Isle**: Juvenal says, "Would you be considered guardian of a Prince (Emperor) who sits on the narrow rock of Capreae with a crowd of Chaldaean (seers)?"

Capreae : an island off the coast of Campania (Italy) was the favourite resort of Tiberius.

narrow : (1) actually, being eleven miles across, (2) in contrast to his empire, the world as then known.

wizards (lit. very wise men, v. *Lycidas*, 55 n.) are the astrologers called Chaldaeans, just as a man who is mean is called 'a Jew,' without reference to his actual nationality.

155. **schemes** : i.e. plans, maps of the heavens, as required for astrology.

159. **Wish** : i.e. wish for.

164. **Bigly** : we generally say 'look big,' the adv. not being used.

barbarously: not like a city-bred or cultured man. The word is formed to imitate a sound (bar-bar, cp. 'babble') and was applied by the Greeks to all non-Greeks, meaning talkers in a foreign tongue, foreigners, and so those who had no culture.

165. **Pound** : to put in an enclosure, to officially confiscate; his duties are to confiscate false weights and destroy under-sized measures, such as corn-dealers might use to cheat their customers (distinguish (1) pound as here, (2) pound, to crush).

168. **exhausted** : i.e. exhausted the world's store of wealth to make his private fortune ; gathered into his own hands all the wealth of the world.

172. **Pompey**, called the Great.

173. It. The connexion is, "what but lust of power (176) ruined Pompey ? It was lust of power that ruined also . . ."

him. Caius Julius Caesar, who overcame (greater than) Pompey (the Great) and enslaved Rome. [For Pompey and Caesar, v. *History of Rome*, 78-44 B.C.; *Dictionary of Biography*; Shakespeare's *Julius Caesar*.] This was an age in which men first attained fame as generals, and then desired to become rulers at Rome. Pompey made his reputation as a general in Spain, Africa, and Italy at the age of thirty (B.C. 78). He became consul in 70 B.C. His administrative powers were small, and his influence began to decline. Caesar, a far shrewder man, undermined Pompey's influence at Rome, while he built up a reputation for himself in Gaul (58-51 B.C.). At last there was open war between these two, and Caesar finally conquered Pompey (at Pharsalia, 48 B.C.), who fled to Egypt, and was assassinated there. Caesar then ruled in Rome until he too was murdered (B.C. 44).

179. **Dry death** : bloodless end.

182. **elf**: v. *Ancient Mariner*, line 275; here means 'mischievous creature.'

days are foal: weather bad.

183. **satchel**: from Latin *sacellum*, a little saccus (sack) or bag in which books are carried.

185. **To prove** : "Nothing less than this, that he may prove." The words 'to prove' come after prays, hopes, aims, being in apposition, as a second object, to 'nothing less.'

Tully : Marcus Tullius Cicero, the Roman orator (B.C. 106-43).

Demosthenes : the Athenian orator (B.C. 385-322).

187. **drowned**: after the death of Caesar Rome was ruled by a Council of Three (Triumvirate), one of whom, Marcus Antonius, hated Cicero for certain speeches made against himself by that orator. By his order Cicero was murdered.

Demosthenes: opposed Philip of Macedon in his Philippics [*i.e.* speeches against Philip]. After the capture of Athens, Demosthenes, expecting that Alexander would take revenge upon him for those speeches, poisoned himself.

189. **doggerel**: *i.e.* a bad poet or orator escapes punishment; it is the great man's work (fatally divine) that brings destruction on him.

hand and head : the *head* that composed the oration and the *hand* that wrote it were brought to Antony.

190-191. Cicero was vain of his poetry, which was as bad as his speeches were good. He wrote a long poem on his consulship (63 B.C.), of which one line was universally derided :

" O fortunatam natam me consule Romam "

(O fortunate Rome born in my consulship).

Dryden has tried to produce the jingle of the original lines.

192. " He would have escaped death if he had confined himself to writing bad poetry."

194. **Maevius** : a stock name for a bad poet. It is used in Virgil.

196. **fatally divine**: causing his death by its excellence. "I would rather be a bad poet than lose my life for writing so glorious a speech."

The **Philippic** here is Cicero's second speech against Antony, called 'Philippic' in imitation of the speeches of Demosthenes.

198. **Nor he** : Demosthenes, who controlled the public assemblies at Athens with his flowing (fluent) eloquence (torrent of his tongue). 'Nor he' goes with 'found': 'nor did he . . . find' would be natural in prose.

202. **boding**: cp. *Deserted Village*, 199 n.: "born under unfavourable circumstances."

203. **Vulcan** : the god of all workers in iron. Demosthenes was the son of a blacksmith, in a sense (v. line 205).

204. **Mars his forge** : this form was frequently used to denote the genitive case, as 'the King his law' for 'the King's law.' Dryden uses it here to avoid an awkward word (Mars's). This is called a 'forge' of Mars (god of war) because the 'forge' was really a sword factory.

Minerva. These are the Latin titles of Greek gods : Vulcan = Hephaestos, Mars = Ares, Minerva = Athene. As Demosthenes was a Greek, Greek names would have been more suitable. Athene was the goddess of wisdom, hence 'Minerva's schools' means 'places where wisdom is taught.'

207. native : inborn, natural.

strain: force, exaggerate.

208. spoils of war: here follows a mock description of the triumphal procession of a victorious general.

211. streamer : the pennant or flag taken from some captured ship.

Galley: called by the Romans ' trireme,' a ship driven by rowers pulling tiers of oars.

212. chap-fallen : Mayor translates the original of Juvenal, "a cheekpiece dangling from the battered casque." Dryden has changed the idea somewhat; he says, "a plume drooping from a cloven helmet, almost cut away, but still hanging like a fallen jaw."

chap-fallen: 'chap' or 'chop'=jaw : hence 'chap-fallen' means with drooping jaws, disconsolate (as in *Hamlet*, v. 1. 212). Here the plume (beaver) looks wretched and bedraggled, and so is called 'disconsolate.'

hanging toy : hanging from the helm by only a slender (loose) attachment, barely remaining attached to.

216. **name** : for 'person.'

225. **multitude** : especially in the civil wars of Rome between Caesar and Pompey.

228. **fig-tree** : " if some fig-tree follows the natural course of its growth (*i.e.* does not turn aside) and raise up from below (heave below) the masonry."

bent: inclination, tendency.

230. **would** : *it* would.

titles : cp. line 87.

characters: literally that which is impressed, the letters carved on the tablet. Cp. Gray, *Bard*, line 52 n.

234. **balance**: weigh the great Hannibal and see what he is worth now that he is dead. Op. 'scale,' line 20.

Hannibal: note the historical detail of this passage. He was a Carthaginian (251. Carthage was in Africa), born in 249 B.C., and went to Spain at the age of thirteen with his father : in 220 B.C. he became commander-in-chief in Spain, and crossed the Pyrenees in 218, extending the Carthaginian empire northward. This brought him into direct collision with Rome, which desired expansion westward from Italy. He crossed the Alps in 218 B.C. and won the battles of Trebia and Cannae (216 B.C.): after a long struggle he was conquered in 202 B.C. at Zama and fled to Bithynia, where he took poison to escape the vengeance of Rome (183 B.C.).

244. **corroding juices** : according to Livy (xxi. 37) the soldiers of Hannibal first piled up stacks of wood and set them alight; they then softened the red-hot rocks by pouring vinegar on them. The crossing of the Alps was a wonderful performance, which gave rise to many legends.

251. **Punic** : Carthaginian.

displayed: are displayed.

255. **one-eyed** : Hannibal lost one eye while making his way through the marshy lowlands of the "Arno (North Italy). He had lost all his elephants but one, on which he rode himself (217 B.C.).

257. **huffing:** to huff is to blow with the mouth, swagger ; ' huffing play ' means * blustering boastful life.'

261. **Attends:** is kept waiting, waits before the door which he is forbidden to enter (interdicted). This refers to his residence in Bithynia.

269. **ring's plate** : Hannibal is said to have always worn a ring in which was concealed the poison that ended his life.

272. **theme:** *i.e.* a subject which would be set for prize-day speeches.

273. **Alexander** : Alexander of Macedon ; it is said that when his tutor told him there were many worlds he wept, saying: " I do not own even one."

277. **brick-built town:** Babylon, erected by Alexander, 323 B.C. There he died. The walls of Babylon were built of brick, and on this account attracted much attention, stone being more commonly used.

tried : he made trial of the tomb and found its narrow limits too wide for his wants then. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry IV.* Pt. I. v. 4. 89 :

" When that this body did contain a spirit,
A kingdom for it was too small a bound ;
But now two paces of the vilest earth
Is room enough."

278. **Strait:** narrow, constricted (strict and straight are from the same root).

281. Athos: Xerxes came to the throne of Persia in 485 B.C. He decided to attack Greece : a canal, a mile and a half long, was cut across the isthmus of Mt. Athos to avoid the danger of sailing round it. The winter of 481-480 B.C. was spent at Sardis. The Hellespont was bridged (284), but a storm swept away the bridge : the engineers were beheaded, and 300 lashes inflicted on the rebellious waters (290). The whole force was massed at Doriscus in Thrace : thence they marched to Therma 'drinking whole rivers dry as they went.' The end of the expedition was the ruinous defeat of Persia at the Battle of Salamis, 480 B.C. (v. *History of Greece*, 490 B.C.-480 B.C.).

288. bousy : bouse = booze, to drink deeply, become drunk.

289. brave = hero: cp. *Alexander's Feast*, 92, "gaz'd on the fair" ; also line 15, "None but the brave deserve the fair."

291. took unkindly to be bound: i.e. took the being bound unkindly, was displeased at being bound. Neptune, the god of the sea, resents the insult to the Hellespont.

292. Euros : the east wind, here for 'the winds' as Neptune for 'the waters.'

293. Aeolian : Aeolus was described in classical mythology as keeping the winds shut up in a cave underground (cp. *Lycidas*, 97).

294. points the way: Mercury (Hermes of the Greeks) was the messenger-god; his statues were placed at cross-roads labelled with directions for travellers.

295. to obey : so mean as to obey.

297. skiff: cp. *Ancient Mariner*, line 523.

299. event: as in Latin, 'result'; literally 'outcome.'

300. penn'worth : penny-worth ; he did not get his full return, his money's worth.

303. conspire : literally, breathe together, agree. The idea of *plotting* is secondary.

306. no shape: a peculiar phrase which really means *no two shapes* are alike, or 'no shape is like any other': the misconstruction is due to uniting these two possible sentences.

310. **His senses lost:** absolute construction.

311. **dislodging:** goes with defeat.

314. **degree:** rank; primarily position in a scale. Here, as often, it has a double significance: (1) the actual place, (2) the price of the seat or its rank : i.e. however much he pays he cannot buy the power to hear.

317. *i.e.* though right under the actor's nose, the old man cannot get near enough to hear a word.

319. **his legs fail**: *i.e.* complains that his legs fail.

331. **burns**: die and are burnt on the pyre. The verb is singular because the subjects are thought of separately.

334. **dragging**: dragging out; making his life last through a wearisome old age with nothing but injury to himself.

336. **Pomps**: here funeral processions,

biers: *Lycidaa*, 12.

liveries: cp. *L' Allegro*, 62.

338. **our own**: men of our own country.

339. **Mithridates**: Mithridates VI., King of Pontus. He fought against Rome for many years, against Sulla, *e.g.* in 86 B.C., and was finally defeated in B.C. 66. He was the victim of plots, chiefly made by his own sons, and finally took poison in 63 B.C.(?) (v. *Hist. of Borne and Dictionary of Biography*).

Croesus: cp. line 20. The story is given by the Greek writer, Herodotus. Solon, a famous wise man, travelled to Sardis, possibly in 559 B.C. Croesus asked him who was the happiest man he knew. Solon mentioned two, but Croesus was angry that his own name was not mentioned. Solon said, "In everything we must have regard to the end, how it will fall out at last." Croesus was afterwards defeated by Cyrus and put on a pyre to be burnt alive: he called out * Solon' three times, and Cyrus, learning the story, spared him, remembering that he too might one day come to grief.

340. **attend the name**: wait till the end before calling himself happy.

342. **Marius**: Caius Marius (155-86 B.C.) began life as a farm labourer: joined the army of Scipio in Africa, and served under Metellus in the same country. His great popularity led him to pose as champion of the people, and the popular vote gave him the consulship in spite of the opposition of the nobles. He took the place of Metellus, and quickly conquered Jugurtha, King of Numidia (106 B.C.). He was six times consul, but finally succumbed to Sulla. A price was set on his head, and he was sought hiding in the marshes of the river Liris: he was allowed to escape, and after wandering for some time in the region of Carthage (425), came back to Rome as leader of a party. Here he became consul for the seventh time (86 B.C.), but being too old to compete with Sulla, committed suicide (v. *History of Rome*).

347. **Cumbrian**: the Cimbri attacked Italy first in 113 B.C. from Germany: they crossed the Alps, and were crushed by Marius at Aquae Sextiae, 102 B.C.

349. **Begged his fate** : prayed that his life might end.

353. **Pompey**: v. lines 172-3. The slave here is Pothinus, a eunuch, at that time practically ruler of Egypt. 'The head,' i.e. the life. The actual head was kept and presented to Caesar when he arrived in Egypt.

358. **fond** : foolish.

361. **rends** : she rends the roof of the temple, her prayers are so loud.

362. **finished** : perfect productions.

allowed : i.e. why do you rebuke the mother for such wishes, when even Latona was proud of her Diana. Artemis (Latin, *Diana*) was the daughter of Zeus and Latona or Leda.

365. **sister** : i.e. of the other nymphs.

new-rising: the coming beauty, she who will outshine all others. For the idea, cp. "Gone to hail the rising morn"—Gray, *The Bard*, l. 70.

366. **bar** : prevent her from uttering that wish.

Lucretia : the Rape of Lucretia is the most famous story of seduction in Rome. Lucretia was the victim of Sextus Tarquinius, and committed suicide in her shame. Virginia was a girl whom the Decemvir Appius Claudius desired to marry; as she was already betrothed, he meditated violence, but her father stabbed her to save her good name. Both these are examples of good women, on whom beauty alone brought disaster.

369. **rumple**: wrinkle or crease, here used of the hump of a hunchback (camel back).

385. **stand confined** : "leave the gods unharassed in respect of other things, and remain with your desires limited to. . . ."

391. **desire**: passions.

392. **admire** : be amazed at, lose control of oneself in admiration. In modern use the sense of the word is weakened.

393. **Hercules** : the type, in classical mythology, of laborious virtue. The story of the Choice of Hercules exemplifies this : in his youth he had to choose between two goddesses, Virtue and Pleasure, and chose Virtue.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

THIS poem, classed as an ode, was written in 1697. It is the second of two odes composed by Dryden for the festival of St. Cecilia: the former had been written in 1687. St. Cecilia was a Christian martyr who died at Rome 320 A.D. She was

considered the patron saint of music, particularly church music, and in the Roman and Anglican calendars November 22nd is the day made sacred to her memory; the festival was revived in 1683. She is said in the legends to have invented the organ. According to the earlier legends it was her chastity that drew down from heaven the angel who came to visit her. Afterwards it was said that her music was the reason for the angel's coming. See Chaucer's *Seconde Nonnes Tale* for the story. This poem has been annotated in the *Golden Treasury*, notes to Book II. .lxvii. See also note to G. T. Bk. II. ii.

1. **"Twas** : There is here a sort of rhetorical ellipsis. He means, "It was at the royal feast that what follows happened" (Hales). The construction is found most naturally where the 'it' is a temporal subject and the proper subject follows (as *Ancient Manner*, line 1, or Moore's "'Tis the last rose of summer"); here the word 'it' practically stands for everything after line 2.

won : i.e. for the winning of Persia.

2. **son**: Alexander the Great, son of Philip II. of Macedon ; v. *History of Greece*, 336-323 B.C. There were two expeditions against the Persians: (a) 333 B.c., when the Persians were defeated at Issus; (b) after the expedition to Egypt, Alexander struck at Babylon: he finally crushed Darius at Gaugamela, 331 B.c.: after the battle Babylon surrendered. From Babylon Alexander went to Susa, the Persian capital; thence through Central Asia to the royal palaces of Persia in Persis. Here he stayed for four months, and this is the scene of the poem.

3. **awful**: awe-inspiring.

8. **desert in arms**: so, i. e. with such silken luxury, should those be rewarded who have earned rest by glorious deeds.

9. **Thais** : an Athenian courtesan. Many of these women were renowned for their intellectual brilliance as well as their beauty. As women were not equal with men among the Greeks, the more brilliant of them purchased emancipation at the price of character.

11. **youth**: either 'youth and beauty' is one phrase, or the line runs : "flower of youth and pride of beauty." The second is the better.

15. **None** : usually plural, but as=not one is quite correctly used with a singular verb.

16. **Timotheus**: a Theban musician. "The more celebrated Timotheus, a native of Miletus, died some thirty years before Alexander's conquest of Persia."

17. **quire** : v. *II Pemeroso*, 162.

21. **began** from Jove : *i.e.* the first theme is the hero's descent from Jove. In both Greek and Latin poetry we find this custom is a tradition with court poets. The legend here used is that which makes Jupiter Ammon (the Libyan Jupiter) the father of Alexander. He is supposed to have appeared to Olympias in the form of a serpent (24).

25. **Sublime**: towering high, with uplifted head. The head is to be imagined as rising above the coils which appear to carry it. The phrase is common. Cp. Gray, *Progress of Poesy*, 95 :

" that rode sublime

Upon the seraph-wings of extasy "

(v. Tennyson, *Dream of Fair Women*, 144).

26. Olympia : Olympias, wife of Philip and mother of Alexander.

press'd : hastened.

31. present deity : from the Latin *praesens divus* : the phrase means ' a god made manifest, revealed, to us.'

35. Assumes : behaves as though he were a god, pretends to rule the universe by his rod, and seems to himself to be shaking earth and the heavens (as Jove does when he nods his head).

43. honest=handsome (Latin, *honestus*).

44. **give breath** : *i.e.* blow the hautboys. The word hautboys, from French *haut-bois* (also spelt oboe, as it is pronounced), denotes ' a wind instrument of wood, sounded through a double reed.'

5°. **Fought... o'er again**: cp. Goldsmith, *Deserted Village*, 158, where the old soldier

" Shouldered his crutch and shewed how fields were won."

' To fight over again' is to repeat in imagination the actual scene.

56. **His**: *i.e.* Alexander's : "and while he (Alexander) defied Heaven and Earth, he (Timotheus) changed his (Timotheus') hand and check'd his (Alexander's) pride."

61. **Darius**: *i.e.* the opponent whom Alexander had defeated at Gaugamela. He fled to the east from Ecbatana, intending to reach Bactria, but Bessus, the satrap of Bactria, made him prisoner, and when, on the approach of Alexander, he refused to flee, he was stabbed and left to die on the road.

The events recorded in this poem happened during Alexander's stay in Persis. During that time Darius was at Ecbatana. He was indeed ' fallen from his high estate,' but not yet ' weltering; in his blood.' This is therefore an anachronism.

65. **weltering**: v. *Lycidas*, 13.

71. **Eevolving** : pondering in his changed mood.

76. degree : *i.e.* was next in order, was the passion most akin to the present mood. Mr. Bell (G.T.) quotes *Twelfth Night*, iii. 1, "I pity you." 'That's a degree to (*i.e.* toward) love.' The idea in the word 'degree' is that of the rungs of a ladder, and it can be used like 'step,' in 'a step nearer achievement.'

79. Lydian: *L'Alleg.* 136.

89. The many: *i.e.* the vulgar crowd. The Greek phrase generally has a contemptuous tone, which is not wholly lost in the English form.

92. the fair=fair one : more usually it denotes a class, as in line 15.

102. horrid: literally bristling; then of anything harsh, startling.

104. As : *i.e.* he stares as though awakened from the dead and still in a state of bewilderment.

amazed : in the older sense, 'astounded.'

108, snakes : the Furies have snakes for hair, and when excited these snakes raise ('rear') themselves up. 'They' before rear means the Furies ; in the next two lines it means the snakes.

125. Helen : ep. Marlowe, *Dr. Faustus*,

"The face that launched a thousand ships
And burned the topless towers of Ilium."

Helen fired Troy in the sense that for her sake the Greeks undertook the siege : Thais fires this second Troy (Persepolis) literally; it is not burnt for the sake of Thais, but merely as a result of drunken revelry.

"The story is that one night when Alexander and his companions had drunk deep at a royal festival, Thais . . . flung out among the tipsy carousers the idea of burning down the house of the malignant foe who had burned the temples of Greece. The mad words of the woman inspired a wild frenzy and whirled the revellers forth, armed with torches, to accomplish the barbarous deed. Alexander hurled the first brand. . . . But before the fire had done its work the king's head was cool, and he commanded the fire to be quenched" (Bury, *Hist. of Greece*).

126. The power of music has been shown: the invention of the organ increased that power by (1) enlarging the scope, (2) making it possible to sustain the notes (136).

140. v. lines 30-37.

141. v. Introductory note.

POPE.

ESSAY ON MAN.

THE DESIGN.

HAVING proposed to write some pieces on human life and manners, such as (to use my Lord Bacon's expression) *came home to men's busiriess and bosoms*, I thought it more satisfactory to begin with considering Man in the abstract, his nature and his state ; since, to prove any moral duty, to enforce any moral precept, or to examine the perfection or imperfection of any creature whatsoever, it is necessary first to know what condition and relation it is placed in, and what is the proper end and purpose of its being.

The science of human nature is, like all other sciences, reduced to a few clear points. There are not many certain truths in this world. It is therefore in the anatomy of the mind as in that of the body ; more good will accrue to mankind by attending to the large, open, and perceptible parts, than by studying too much such finer nerves and vessels, the conformations and uses of which will for ever escape our observation. The disputes are all upon these last, and I will venture to say, they have less sharpened the wits than the hearts of men against each other, and have diminished the practice, more than advanced the theory of morality. If I could flatter myself that this Essay has any merit, it is in steering betwixt the extremes of doctrines seemingly opposite, in passing over terms utterly unintelligible, and in forming a temperate yet not inconsistent, and a short yet not imperfect, system of ethics.

This I might have done in prose ; but I chose verse, and even rhyme, for two reasons. The one will appear obvious ; that principles, maxims, or precepts so written, both strike the reader more strongly at first, and are more easily retained by him afterwards. The other may seem odd, but it is true ; I found I could express them more shortly this way than in prose itself ; and nothing is more certain, than that much of the force as well as grace of arguments or instructions depends on their conciseness. I was unable to treat this part of my subject more in detail, without becoming dry and tedious ; or more poetically, without sacrificing perspicuity to ornament, without wandering from the precision, or breaking the chain of reasoning. If any man can unite all these without any diminution of any of them, I freely confess he will compass a thing above my capacity.

What is now published, is only to be considered as a general map of Man, marking out no more than the greater parts, their

extent, their limits, and their connection, but leaving the particular to be more fully delineated in the charts which are to follow. Consequently, these Epistles in their progress (if I have health and leisure to make any progress) will be less dry, and more susceptible of poetical ornament. I am here only opening the fountains, and clearing the passage. To deduce the rivers, to follow them in their course, and to observe their effects, may be a task more agreeable.

[This is in a sense a philosophical poem. There is little to be gained by trying to estimate the exact character or value of the philosophy. Pope attempts to give, in a popular style, the subject or the *Theodicee* of Leibnitz: the result is a rather shallow exaltation of Providence: "the moral view, which Pope shared with his age, is deficient in both regards, the emotional as well as the scientific" (Pattison, p. 9): the poem exhibits a concept of man which is shallow and undignified, combined with an idea of God which is inadequate and irrational. "The argument is said to have been supplied to Pope by Bolingbroke" (v. line 1): the work is part of a larger poem, never completed. It was published first anonymously, Part i. appearing in 1732; in 1734 Part iv. came out with the author's name.]

The reader should consult the edition by Mark Pattison, which is full of learning: the introduction there given should be carefully studied.]

EPISTLE I.

ARGUMENT.

*Of the nature and state of man with respect to
the universe.*

Of Man in the abstract.—I. That we can judge only with regard to our own system, being ignorant of the relation of systems and things, 17. II. That man is not to be deemed imperfect, but a being suited to his place and rank in the creation, agreeable to the general order of things, and conformable to ends and relations to him unknown, 35. III. That it is partly upon his ignorance of future events, and partly upon the hope of a future state, that all his happiness in the present depends, 77. IV. The pride of aiming at more knowledge, and pretending to more perfection, the cause of man's error and misery. The impiety of putting himself in the place of God, and judging of the fitness or unfitness, perfection or imperfection, justice or injustice, of His dispensations, 113. V. The absurdity of conoeiting himself the final cause of the creation, or expecting that perfection in the moral world, which is not in the natural, 131. VI. The unreasonableness of his complaints against Providence, while on the one hand he demands the perfections of the angels, and on the other the bodily qualifications of the brutes, though, to possess

any of the sensitive faculties in a higher degree, would render him miserable, 173. VII. That throughout the whole visible world, an universal order and gradation in the sensual and mental faculties is observed, which causes a subordination of creature to creature, and of all creatures to man. The gradations of sense, instinct, thought, reflection, reason; that reason alone counter-veils all the other faculties, 207. VIII. How much further this order and subordination of living creatures may extend, above and below us; were any part of which broken, not that part only, but the whole connected creation must be destroyed, 233. IX. The extravagance, madness, and pride of such a desire, 259. X. The consequence of all, the absolute submission due to Providence, both as to our present and future state, 281.

1. **St. John** : Henry St. John, afterwards Viscount Bolingbroke (b. 1678, d. 1751). He attained fame as a statesman and as a writer on philosophical subjects (see iv. 390).

5. **Expatriate**; literally 'walk abroad' (Latin, *ex, spatior*). Cp. the sentiment of the *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 1. See line 97.

6. **maze** : labyrinth ; used of a place constructed with winding paths, so as to form a puzzle. Cp. *Rape of the Lock*, ii. 285 :

" Some thrird the mazy ringlets of her hair."

9. **beat**: in sport the beaters traverse a piece of ground in order to rouse the game.

10. **covert**: originally both 'open' and 'covert' were adjectives : they naturally come to be used as nouns. For 'covert' we often use 'cover,' i.e. a place covered or protected in a way that affords a hiding place for quarry (e.g. 'to take cover').

13. as it flies : the phrase is taken from the language of sport; both 'as it flies' and 'as they rise' mean 'on the wing,' i.e. just as we can see them in their living actuality.

16. **vindicate** : Milton says, " And justify the ways of God to men " (*Par. Lost*, i. 26).

18. **What can we reason** : i.e. what can we know by reasoning over and above what is given to us in our experience. This implies that the knowledge we derive from our senses is all we can have.

27. **varied being** : various types of animate life.

peoples : populates, fills with people.

29. **frame** : the world regarded as a structure.

30. **nice** : like 'just,' the word comes to mean 'exact.' A 'nice distinction' is a fine or subtle distinction. Originally it meant foolish (Latin *nescius*, ignorant), then fastidious, and finally delicate in discrimination (cp. 1. 220).

33. **the great chain**: i.e. the bond which holds together all

the parts in harmony and keeps them in this state (supports them when drawn together). Cp. Tennyson, *The Passing of Arthur*:

" For so the whole round world is every way
Bound by gold chains about the feet of God."

The idea, which has been frequently used by poets, is found in Plato, *Republic*, Book x. There the spirits travel till they come to "a place from whence they looked down on a straight pillar of light, stretching across the whole heaven and earth. . . . Arriving at the centre of the light they saw that its extremities were fastened by chains to the sky. For this light binds the sky together, and thus holds together the whole revolving universo " (Davies and Vaughan, transl. 364).

For the general idea of lines 21 to 34 the student should read Milton, *Par. Lost*, Book iii., where Satan traverses the universe. For a possible source of Pope's idea, see Waller, *On the Danger His Majesty Escaped*, v. 168 :

" The chain that's fixed to the throne of Jove,
On which the fabric of the world depends,
One link dissolved, the whole creation ends."

See line 237. M. Pattison quotes these lines to illustrate line 237. They are more apposite here.

42. Satellites: pronounced as four syllables. The planet Jupiter has four satellites, *i.e.* companions, bodies that revolve round it.

43. possible : the theory of Leibnitz, that this is 'the best of all possible worlds,' is here referred to.

45. full : where there can be no void, because a void would make coherence impossible. This refers to the philosophical disputes on the question of a void or the existence of a space which contained nothing. Some held that this was not possible, others that a void was necessary to make motion possible.

46. due degree : another aspect of the question of continuity. Just as some considered that no space could be left empty, so some held that all created things formed a scale from lowest to highest forms, in which no form was missing, *i.e.* there were no gaps. This idea has been elaborated in more modern evolutionary doctrines.

51. Respecting man: what we call wrong from a human point of view must be right when considered from the point of view of the universe. This distinction of the partial or human view and the divine or universal view was a commonplace in philosophy and theology.

54. God's: in God's works, one single movement can achieve the purposed end.

55. **some other use**: "For we see the whole world and each part thereof so compacted that as long as each thing performeth only that work which is natural unto it, it thereby preserveth both other things and also itself " (Hooker, *Eccl. Polity*, i. 9. 1, quoted by M. Pattison).

64. **Egypt's god** : the sacred bull at Memphis, called Apis.

79. **From brutes what** men : hides from brutes what men know.

82. **Had he thy reason** : cp. Wordsworth, *Ode*, 11. 35-37, where the idea of animal happiness as compared with human reflectiveness is further elaborated.

87. **equal** : impartial. For the origin of the example see *St. Matthew*, x. 29 : "** Are not two sparrows sold for a farthing ? and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father." The lines of Pope suggest the cynical view that God cares no more for man than for a sparrow. This is not what is meant. Pope means that in the sight of God all things are equally precious : the superiority of man, who thinks himself 'principal of all,' and guarded by a special Providence, is the vain imagination of a limited mind.

90. now a bubble burst: Pope is very fond of this repetition of 'now' to express contrasts.

98. **expatiates** : v. line 5.

99. **Indian** : "On the basis of an account written by William Penn, Pope composed the famous passage in his *Essay on Man*" (quoted by M. Pattison). The North American Indian is intended.

102. **solar** walk : ecliptic, the path of the sun.

106. **happier island** : the Islands of the Blest is an ancient form of the idea of heaven, and common to many races. The conception of the place and nature of heaven varies with the principal ideas of happiness which the tribe or nation favours. Cp. Tennyson, *Ulysses*, 64 :

" It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles
And see the great Achilles whom we knew."

113. **sense** : by the standard of the senses.

117. **gust**: from the Latin *gustus*, taste; cp. disgust, distaste. Cp. Shakespeare, *Timon of Athens* :

" To kill I grant is sin's extremest gust."

Also Milton, *Par. Lost*, x. 565.

123. **reasoning pride** : intellectual pride, or a pride due to reasoning in neglect of the facts.

129. **but wishes** : does no more than wish to . . .

132. mine : man makes himself the final cause of all creation.

133. genial: productive, generative.

140. foot-stool : *Isaiah*, lxvi. 1, " Thus saith the Lord, the heaven is my throne and the earth is my footstool."

143. earthquakes : " In Feb. 1732 Chili was visited by an earthquake that lasted twenty-seven days and swallowed up the whole city of St. Jago and persons innumerable " (M. Pattison).

146. partial: particular, not universal.

156. Borgia : the argument is that as physical evil is permitted so moral evil is allowed ; both, though evils to us, have some part in the universal scheme, and so are, from that point of view, good.

Caesar Borgia, a son of Roderigo Borgia, who afterwards became Pope Alexander VI. He assassinated his brother, and when he was a cardinal formed a plot to poison nine other cardinals. The plot miscarried, and the poison was drunk by himself and his father. The father died, but Caesar recovered. The new Pope being his enemy, he became an adventurer, and was finally killed in battle in 1507.

Catiline : v. ii. 199. L. Sergius Catiline was a young Roman who took advantage of the unsettled condition of Rome to form a plot for overturning the constitution. He was a profligate youth whom circumstances made a public menace. He died B.C. 62.

160. Ammon: Alexander of Macedon (d. 323 B.C.). The god Ammon or Zeus Ammon had a shrine in the Libyan desert, which Alexander visited. It was natural that so great a hero should be given a divine lineage (v. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, l. 24), and the legend that Zeus (Jove) was the father of Alexander accounts for this story, in which, on his arrival, the priests hailed him as the son of the god. Milton (*Paradise Lost*, ix. 498) mentions ' Ammonian Jove' with Olympias.

174. **angel**: Ps. viii. 5, "For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels."

190. beyond **mankind** : beyond the human sphere.

193. microscopic eye : Locke, *Essay on Human Understanding*, Bk. ii. Ch. 23, " If man had a microscopical eye and could penetrate into the secret composition and radical texture of bodies, he would not make any advantage by the change."

195. **optics** : here means eyes.

196. **comprehend the heaven** : M. Pattison notes that Locke says the microscopical eye would be useless, because it would have no practical value. Pope gives us another view implying that gain in one direction would be loss in another.

197. or touch: what would be the gain if touch were tremblingly alive so that we smarted, etc., or what would be the gain if the sense of smell were so developed that we died overcome by the scent of a rose?

201. thunder'd : Locke (*loc. cit.*): "If our sense of hearing were but one thousand times quicker than it is, how would a perpetual noise distract us."

202. music of the spheres : the idea that the planets move according to laws was at first expressed by speaking of their 'harmony.' This harmony or ratio of relative distances apart was figuratively called a harmony, because the discovery that musical sounds varied in accordance with the length of the chord which was vibrating led to the opposite notion that the distance of each heavenly body from the centre could be formulated as its 'note' in the order of the universe. It must be remembered that Pythagoras (about B.C. 540) started with the measurement of chords of different lengths, to which weights were attached. From this we see how the idea of harmony as a metaphor for relative positions would arise. The poetical nature of the analogy has caused it to be used through all ages with emphasis on the *music* of the spheres, and not on the mathematical significance of the idea. The influence of the Platonic view probably caused this development, so far as literary allusions are concerned. So Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, (v. i. 60) says :

" There's not the smallest orb which thou behold'st
But in his *motion* like an angel *sings*" etc.,
and Milton, *Hymn on the Nativity*, l. 125 :

" Ring out, ye crystal spheres," etc.

204. purling : babbling or rippling.

210. green : the adjective is transposed.

212. curtain : retina, beam: flash of the eye. These two words suggest passive and active sight respectively : the object hardly produces any impression on the mole, while the lynx detects what is hardly visible.

214. tainted: carrying scent. Cp. Johnson, "tainted gales" (*Vanity of Human Wishes*, 46).

219. nice : cp. line 30 and line 323.

223. barrier: pronounced 'bar-rear,'⁵ rhyming with 'near.

225. Remembrance : the distinction intended here is the same as that between 'instinct' and 'reason' in line 221. 'Remembrance' denotes the mechanical association supposed to be effected by the ideas in the mind: 'reflection' is that active side of mental life which in man is the basis of reason, and for want of which the animal fails to reason.

226. **sense ... thought**: the same contrast of passive receptivity and active combination of ideas.

227. **middle**: intermediate, interposed between the extremes.

long to join: i.e. join sense to thought, and so pass the dividing line. The thought is somewhat confused, because an animal that does not think can hardly be supposed to wish to think. The idea, however, that all nature strives upward is as old as Aristotle, and we naturally attribute this striving to conscious effort.

232. **all these powers in one** : "Not that reason is to be considered as the result of a combination of various instincts, but as a power of a superior order" (Dugald Stewart, *Elements of Philosophy* : quoted by M. Pattison, note *ad loc.*).

234. **quick** : i.e. living. The 'quick and the dead' is a phrase found in the Bible; the word is practically a noun in that phrase : as adjective it is used to mean (1) living (not common), (2) rapid.

For the idea of this passage the student should compare Shelley, *Adonais* xix. :

" Through wood and stream and field and hill and ocean

A quickening life from the Earth's heart has burst,"
and compare the tone and character of Pope's view with the pantheism of Shelley.

237. chain of being: series of created natures from angels down to minutest insects. God is first and highest, but, as Creator rather than created, stands outside the series.

240. No **glass can reach** : no magnifying glass or microscope is powerful enough to enable us to see it.

241. **From thee to nothing** : a close parallel is found in Young, *Night Thoughts*, 'Night,' i. :

" Midway from nothing to the Deity."

244-246. Cp. the lines from Wharton quoted in note on line 33.

267-280. These lines express the idea which has come down to us in many forms from the original idea of a world soul. It is not necessary or likely that Pope meant to imply a purely Pantheistic view: in the Bible (*Acts*, xvii. 28) the words, "In Him we live and move and have our being," are applied to God in a sense that is not Pantheistic.

270. **ethereal**: ether is the fifth and subtlest element. The adjective here means 'celestial,' the heavens as opposed to earth.

275. **informs** : gives form to. The word in this sense is only used as a technical term of a spiritual force which gives form to a material body.

278. **burns** : cp. line 110. The word 'seraph' comes from a Hebrew word meaning 'to burn,' hence the word is particularly applicable ; see *Ezekiel*, i. 13 : "As for the likeness of the living creatures, their appearance was like burning coals of fire . . . and the fire was bright, and out of the fire went forth lightning." In verse 14 the explanation is given in the words, *'And the living creatures ran and returned as the appearance of a flash of lightning." The ideas of purity and swift motion give rise to the analogy between spiritual beings and fire.

280. **equals** : regards as equal; man thinks of himself as vastly superior. This is his delusion : in God's sight each being has its own place and value.

282. **proper** : peculiar to.

283. **point**: place in the universe ; see Ep. ii. line 1.

286. **Secure**: sure that thou hast as much happiness as thy nature can enjoy.

EPISTLE II.

ARGUMENT.

*Of the nature and state of man with respect to himself,
as an individual.*

- I. The business of man not to pry into God, but to study himself. His middle nature: his powers and frailties, 1. The limits of his capacity, 19. II. The two principles of man, self-love and reason, both necessary, 53. Self-love the stronger, and why, 67. Their end the same, 81. III. The passions, and their use, 93. The predominant passion, and its force, 131. Its necessity, in directing men to different purposes, 165. Its providential use, in fixing our principle, and ascertaining our virtue, 175. IV. Virtue and vice joined in our mixed nature; the limits near, yet the things separate and evident: What is the office of reason, 203. V. How odious vice in itself, and how we deceive ourselves into it, 217. VI. That, however, the ends of Providence and general good are answered in our passions and imperfections, 231. How usefully these are distributed in all orders of men, 241. How useful they are to society, 249. And to individuals, in every state, 261, and every age of life, 271.

1. **Know then thyself**: this line takes up the subject from Ep. i. 283. The origin of both phrases, here and in i. 283, is the ancient maxim, 'Know thyself,' which was attributed to the oracle of Apollo at Delphi. The idea originally conveyed was that speculation on the universe was useless: it was first necessary to comprehend one's own nature.

3. **isthmus** : the parallel of man's position with that of a piece-

of land between two seas is put more definitely in Cowley, *Ode on Life*:

"Vain, weak built isthmus, which dost proudly rise
Up betwixt two eternities."—M. Pattison, note *ad loc.*

4. darkly wise : having obscure knowledge only.

rudely great: rude in the sense of unpolished, unrefined, suggesting power which lacks proper direction. Cp. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 234, and Milton, *Lycidas*, 4.

5. sceptic side: sceptic, properly meaning one who examines or criticises (Greek, *skepsis*, a looking at, inspecting), came to denote popularly one who disbelieves in anything not evident to the senses. Pope means that man has rational faculties which compel him to believe more than he can see (cp. Tennyson, *In Memoriam*, stanza 1, "Believing where we cannot prove"). An extreme sceptical position is illustrated by the maxims of Gorgias of Leontium (about 427 B.C.), who asserted (1) nothing exists, (2) if anything exists it cannot be known.

6. **Stoic**: another example of man's middle state. Just as in matters of the intellect he can neither know all things nor deny all things, so in the moral sphere he cannot attain the ideal and will not sink contentedly to the state of the beast (line 8). The popular use of the term 'Stoic' implies stern morality and lofty endurance, ignoring physical comforts. The Stoics were a school or philosophical sect, followers of Zeno of Citium (340-205 B.C.) : they had an elaborate doctrine of logic, ethics, and physics, but the name in popular use implies little more than the opposite of Epicurean, Epicurus (341-270) having founded another school which popular tradition incorrectly represents as devoted to ease and sensual pleasures.

11. **Alike** in ignorance: in either case equally ignorant, whether, etc.

23. **empyrean**: here scanned as 'empyrean'; there is also the word 'empyrean.' The word denotes the region of fire, and was originally the name of the seventh and outermost sphere when the universe was said to be composed of seven spheres, with the earth in the centre. The term soon came to signify heaven : it is frequently found in Milton, who understood the Ptolemaic astronomy.

24. **first good**: Plato explained uniformity in Nature by the doctrine of Ideas or guiding principles, which had been used in the creation of all things. These principles were figuratively spoken of as divine, and having their dwelling-place 'above the heavens.' The 'first good' here means the idea of the good which precedes the existence of all good things in our world.

25. **mazy**: v, i. 6.

26. **quitting sense**, etc. : call abandonment of sense knowledge by the title, 'imitating God.' Pattison points out that Plotinus first taught that knowledge of God was attained by ecstasy, *i. e.* by a condition entirely opposed to the ordinary state of mind. Pope not only means that knowledge got from the senses is ignored, but also the condition itself is akin to madness.

34. Newton : Sir Isaac, died 1727. The meaning of this line is obscure : "Do the superior beings admire the aspiring intelligence or ridicule the presumption of man?" (Pattison). The real purport of the comparison seems to be that as an ape acquires sagacity without knowing its own limitations, which man can see, so even the greatest man has limitations which are only clearly understood by a superior intellect.

44. pride: display, pomp; cp. below, 'vanity or dress.'

49. lops: cp. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 234.

50. Of all our vices, etc. : "Of all those devices of luxury which our vices have created into arts" (Pattison). The idea is that our vices give rise to some arts : if the vices were cured the arts would cease to exist.

59. **acts**: modern 'actuates,' causes to act.

61. **but** for **that**: *i.e.* except for self-love man would do nothing, and but for reason could not direct his acts to an end.

76. more watchful this : reason as more watchful often shows us an end which self-love [that more strong] overrules. Aristotle discusses the question, "Why does a man act wrongly when he knows what is right?" and the answer is that reason gives a universal law which the individual does not apply to himself in practice ; *e.g.* knowing that wine is bad for him, the man with gout will yield to his desire for the pleasure of drinking it. The Latin poet says, "I see and approve the better, yet pursue the worse" (*video meliora proboque deteriora sequor*); and St. Paul speaks of the "law in my members" warring against the law in the soul.

81. **schoolmen**: the scholastic philosophers, a name given to the divines of the Middle Ages.

82. **to divide**: more anxious to make subtle distinctions than to recognise the unity of our nature.

83. **grace**: the schoolmen divide natural gifts from acquired virtues. Goodness may be to some extent natural to a man, given by the grace of God: there is also the goodness a man attains by struggle against temptations. The schoolmen distinguished 'not being able to sin,' *i.e.* being free from temptation by nature, and 'being able not to sin,' *i.e.* feeling the temptation, but having strength to resist (*non posse peccare* and *posse non peccare*).

91. wrong: i.e. wrongly or rightly understood.

94. seeming-: the distinction is derived from Aristotle. The pursuit of pleasure often brings pain, not because pain was the end, but because the pleasure was not properly comprehended as involving painful results.

98. List: enlist, serve under the direction of. Some beings act for the good of others : on this theory such altruistic action must be due to the belief that greater pleasure will be gained this way, so that altruism is an indirect form of egoism.

101. apathy : freedom from the passions. The term 'lazy' is incorrect (Pattison), as the Stoics advocated activity in public affairs while they deprecated any such absorption in worldly affairs as would make a man's happiness dependent on circumstances (position, wealth) over which he had ultimately no real control.

108. card : *carte* (French) or *chart* (Latin, *charta*).

113. employ: passions should not be crushed, as popular 'stoicism' suggests, but employed. This involves the idea that a passion or power of feeling is a force which is neither good nor bad : it is the end that is good or bad. A good pleasure, e.g., is pleasure in something that is good.

132. Aaron's serpent: v. *Exodus*, vii. 11-12.

139. vital humour. A humour (Latin, *humor*: cp. the English 'humid') is properly a fluid contained in the body. The humours were said to be of four kinds, and from their mixture arise the temperaments. Later theories developed the idea, and the number of humours was increased: they were classified as vital (life-giving or healthy) and morbid or life-destroying.

167. Like varying: winds: while other passions vary like changing winds, and drive men in different directions, this ruling passion, whatever it is, keeps them to one course.

181. As fruits : " This is very negligently worded. It is the savage stock, not the fruit, which is ungrateful, and which learns to bear by being grafted upon " (Pattison).

ungrateful: in the sense of 'owing nothing to.' As the wild tree takes a graft, and so supplies the vigour and sap required for the fruit, which is a cultivated product, so our passions supply natural vigour for the virtues which social intercourse has produced (lines 188-190). While it is true that the lines are needlessly obscure, I think there is reason for the wording, and I would modify Pattison's note with the remark that Pope thinks of virtue as something (a) artificially produced, (b) ingrafted on the natural passions. Similarly the planter first produces the plant and then ingrafts the seed or cutting, **in** either case the 'fruit' in a general sense both of his labours **and**

of the plant, upon the wild tree: the result is an artificial product nourished and sustained by a natural (uncultivated) vigour. A good example is that of line 190, which refers to chivalry or gallantry : for these are a product of social restraints combined with sentiments based on sexual instincts.

196. The virtue nearest to our vice: Aristotle represented virtues as means or middle courses between vices. Thus thrift would be the mean between extravagance and miserliness. In this case the virtue is not nearer one vice than another. Pope's line does not stand examination, but he clearly means that energy, *e.g.*, is given to a man rather than sloth when his tendency is to rashness rather than excessive caution. But the idea that a virtue is allied to a vice is nonsense: the idea can only be expressed by taking a neutral point, and speaking of the extremes as developments of the neutral principle toward excess or defect. Thus courage may increase to rashness or brute ferocity, and decrease to cowardice. Much depends on the point of view chosen, since cowardice might again be thought of as excess of fear rather than defect of courage. Pope, however, is thinking of the physical basis of the passions, and takes his point of view accordingly.

197. *byas* : an unusual spelling of 'bias,' the weight put in the wooden ball used in the game of bowls. As the weight is not in the centre it causes the ball to roll from the straight course to one side or other.

198. Nero : the Emperor of Rome, 54-68 A.D.

Titus : Emperor from 79 to 81 A.D.

199. Catiline : *v.* note on i. 156.

200. Decius : his full name was Publius Decius Mus. He is a stock example of devotion, for when at the battle of Vesuvius it was said that victory would rest with the side which lost its general, he sacrificed himself.

Curtius : the hero of a legend, according to which a deep gulf opened in the Forum at Rome and could only be closed by the noblest of gifts to the gods. Mettius Curtius leaped in, saying that the life of a brave man was the noblest of all offerings (362 B.C.).

201. **same ambition**: Pope takes a cynical view if he means this literally : it implies that the noble Decius and the infamous Catiline had the same desire (love of fame), though they fulfilled it in different ways.

252. **one man's weakness**: the weakness of the individual caused separate individuals to unite into a society. This was the theory of the origin of society advocated by Hobbes. 'One man's weakness' here means the weakness of a man when not

part of a society or community, in the original state of solitude when life was a war of all against all.

268. **sot**: properly fool, then stupid from drugs, and particularly wine; drunkard.

269. **chemist**: generally called alchemists. While the words are identical, chemist usually denotes a person concerned with either (1) selling drugs, or (2) the science of chemistry. Alchemist, on the other hand, is a word associated with the mediaeval notions of a universal substance of which all things are forms. If this were true, it should be possible to convert anything to the primary substance and back to another form: thus lead might be converted to gold; and the possibility of turning other metals into gold made men devote their lives to the pursuit of researches, out of which chemistry afterwards grew (consult Scott, *Kenilworth*, for a picture of an alchemist).

275. **Behold**, etc.: cp. Wordsworth, *Ode*, line 85:

"Behold the child among his new-born blisses."

279. Scarfs: more generally scarves. "Scarf, in the sense of a badge of honour, was in Pope's day appropriated to doctors of divinity" (Pattison).

garter: the symbol of the Knights of the Garter, an order of knighthood instituted by Edward III.

280. heads: from *biddan*, to pray, so prayers. The instrument used for counting prayers was a string of little bails (glass or wood), hence called beads.

EPISTLE III.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man with respect to society.

- I. The whole universe one system of society, 7. Nothing made wholly for itself, nor yet wholly for another, 27. The happiness of animals mutual, 49. II. Reason or instinct operate alike to the good of each individual, 79. III. Reason or instinct operate also to society in all animals, 109. How far society carried by instinct, 115. How much farther by Reason, 131. IV. Of that which is called the state of nature, 143. Reason instructed by instinct in the invention of arts, 169, and in the forms of society, 179. V. Origin of political societies, 199. Origin of monarchy, 207. VI. Patriarchal government, 212. Origin of true religion and government, from the same principle of love, 231. Origin of superstition and tyranny, from the same principle of fear, 241. The influence of self-love operating to the social and public good, 269. Restoration of true religion and government on their first principle, 283. Mixt government, 288. Various forms of each, and the true end of all, 303.

4. **trim** : usually an adjective meaning adorned. As a noun it denotes the fitting equipment; cp. Milton, *Ode to Nativity*, 33 :

" Nature hath dofft her gaudy trim."

9. **plastic** : ' having the power to give form.' The word is generally used in the passive sense, 'receptive of form,' 'easily moulded.' This use is, as Pattison remarks, incorrect. Compare Shelley, *Adonais*, xliii.:

" While the one spirit's plastic stress
Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling there
All new successions to the form they wear."

13. **mutter next**: lines 10-12 describe the origin of matter in its first form. The atomic theory was first propounded by Leucippus, developed by Democritus (v. p. 77), and preserved chiefly in the Epicurean philosophy. The atoms were indivisible particles occupying all space and moving through space ; as the motion was not in a straight line, collision ensued—some became entangled with others, and thus there arose composite forms such as air, water, earth. Atoms of one nature tend to associate themselves, heavy with heavy, light with light, and so on : differences of kind thus become expressed as affinity. The idea of affinity was also expressed by other writers as dependent on intrinsic qualities in the atoms. 'Matter' denotes organised matter, the product of the activity of the atoms.

16. **vegetate again** : return to the level of vegetable life. Cp. Shelley, *Adonais*, xx.:

" The leprous corpse touched by this spirit tender
Exhales itself in flowers of gentle breath."

So Fitzgerald, translation of Omar Khayyam, xix.:

" 1 sometimes think than never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled."

Shaftesbury, *Characteristics*, says, " The vegetables by their death sustain the animals, and animal bodies dissolved enrich the earth and raise again the vegetable world " (note by Pattison *ad loc.*).

38. **vindicate** : establish their claim to . . .

50. **wit**: intelligence.

68. **touch ethereal**: v. line i. 270. The phrase is here used of lightning. Pope remarks in a note, " Several of the ancients, and many of the orientals since, esteemed those who were struck by lightning as sacred persons, and the particular favourites of heaven." This explains what Pope means by 'favoured man,' though his opinion is actually an error.

104. **De Moivre**: more correctly Moivre. Abraham Moivre was a famous mathematician, a French exile who settled in

England; a friend and contemporary of Newton : born 1667, died 1754.

118. The **vital flame** : many reasons combined to make the ancients (principally the Stoics) regard the vital principle as being of the nature of fire, principally the phenomenon of heat in the body. As a scientific theory, the doctrine was known as the theory of the vital caloric, *i.e.* heat-substance (Latin *color*, heat). For the idea, cp. Shelley, *Adonau*, xix., quoted in note on i. 234.

124. **race** : the relation of altruism to egoism is here definitely stated. It is self-love, which (1) dictates self-preservation (121), (2) leads to sexual union (122), and (3) is the basis of parental affection where the creature devotes itself to rearing the young.

125. attend: wait on: we say now 'attend to.' The charge is 'common' as being a responsibility shared by the two parents, whether beasts or birds.

134. interest: self-love of line 149.

135. **fix**: apparently intransitive (Pattison), meaning 'abide,' as in the phrase, "Abide by your choice."

136. virtue...passion: cp. ii. 183.

140. natural love. The first element is, as Aristotle had indicated, natural affection. This is then elaborated into a duey, filial pity, sanctioned by custom and enforced by common opinion. Lastly, the individual sees that he must depend in his old age upon his offspring : he supports the traditional affection for one's parents from perception of its utility.

149. **Self-love**: self-love and social love both began at the beginning of all things. Thus Pope now contradicts the theory that social unity has grown up out of a state of individualism and independence: he contradicts the long argument just used to prove that altruism develops out of egoism. Considerations of poetic effect lead him to ignore the line of reasoning that he may digress into the subject of the Golden Age.

162. **tomb**: an idea taken from Lucretius, v. 993. The animals are, as it were, buried in the man, whose system contains their dead bodies.

165. **Just**: appointed by God in the nature of things. The word suggests the idea of 'right' or fitness in the relation of punishment to crime.

168. **fiercer**: *i.e.* fiercer than he was before.

177. **nautilus**. Holmes, *Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, makes elaborate use of this idea (chap. iv. sub *fin.*) : "I will read you a few lines suggested by looking at a section of those chambered shells to which is given the name of 'Pearly Nautilus.' We need not trouble ourselves about the distinction between

this and the 'Paper Nautilus,' the Argonauts of the ancients. The name applied to both [i.e. *nautilus*, the root of which means 'ship'; cp. nautical, navigation] shows that each has long been compared to a ship. . . .

" This is the ship of pearl, which poets feign
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted where the siren sings
And coral reefs lie bare,

Where the cold sea maids rise to sun their streaming hair." Pope and Holmes both suggest that the creature *sails*. The naturalist J. S. Wood might almost have had the passage from Holmes in his mind when he says: "There is just as much likelihood of seeing a mermaid curl her hair as of witnessing a nautilus under sail." The nautilus does move in a manner that might be called rowing : it does not sail.

183. policies : modern usage distinguishes 'policies,' meaning plans or designs, from 'polities,' meaning constitutions. Here 'policies' is used where we should use 'polities.'

213. The same which in a sire. The same virtue which made the sire head of the family made the prince head of the state. The origin of the state is here traced to the family. First the family unites under its natural head ; then families unite under the tribal head ; and, finally, the state is united under a king, who is father to them all metaphorically, as he was at first literally (see lines 215-6, and note the word 'patriarch,' father-rule).

231. wit oblique. The idea is from the effect of passing rays of light through a prism. As the white light is thus divided up into many coloured lights, so the human mind (by its own perversity) creates many apparent differences in what is naturally simple (i.e. not complex). The same idea is more elaborately expressed in Shelley, *Adonais*, lii. :

" Life, like a dome of many-coloured glass,
Stains the white radiance of eternity."

236. right divine', an allusion to the 'divine right of kings,' as upheld by the royalists of the seventeenth century.

242. **enormous faith**: that belief, unparalleled in nature, that 'many are made for one.' The word 'enormous' here means irregular, out of all normal proportions (e, norma), i.e. an 'exception to all nature's laws. The words, 'many made for one,' form a clause governed by 'of.'

247. **shar'd the tyranny**: superstitious awe, such as gave kings a god-like (divine) right, began in time to supply the place of force, and assisted the tyrant in maintaining his superiority.

260. formed: such gods as, being formed like tyrants, the tyrants would believe in.

261. Zeal: charity.

263. ethereal vault: the heavens, which were previously a temple : v. line 156.

266. flamen : a priest among the Romans.

267. heaven's own thunders: the priest pretended that these powers were under his control, and that the god would, at his command, punish the disobedient.

play'd : *i.e.* used the god as an engine of war, to be directed against his foes.

engine : here of a catapult or similar weapon of war; ' play'd' means brought into action, or caused to act in a certain direction.

273. For what one likes : the lines are to be read thus : " For what serves that which one likes, if others like as well, or one will when many wills rebel?" *i.e.* " What can one man's wishes (or will) avail against the wishes (or wills) of many?" If the comma is not printed after ' For,' the meaning may be : " What does one will avail for?" *i.e.* for obtaining or keeping what one likes, etc.

286. moral: morality which nature gave.

294. according: harmonious, 'accord' being the opposite of 'discord.'

311. generous: cp. i. 133 and Gray, *Elegy*, 51.

vine: in classical poetry the vine is usually spoken of as wedded to the elm. This became a classic example of one kind of strength depending on another: the strength of the vine to uphold the weight of its fruit depends upon its power to grip the supporting tree (312).

315. act: transitive ; cp. iv. 201.

EPISTLE IV.

ARGUMENT.

Of the nature and state of man in respect to happiness.

- L False notions of happiness, philosophical and popular, answered, 19. II. It is the end of all men, and attainable by all, 29. God intends happiness to be equal; and to be so, it must be social, since all particular happiness depends on general, and since he governs by general, not particular laws, 35. As it is necessary for order, and the peace and welfare of society, that external goods should be unequal, happiness is not made to

consist in these, 49. But notwithstanding that inequality, the balance of happiness among mankind is kept even by providence, by the two passions of hope and fear, 67. III. What the happiness of individuals is, as far as is consistent with the constitution of this world; and that the good man has here the advantage, 77. The error of imputing to virtue what are only the calamities of nature, or of fortune, 93. IV. The folly of expecting that God should alter his general laws in favour of particulars, 121. V. That we are not judges who are good; but that whoever they are, they must be happiest, 181. VI. That external goods are not the proper rewards, but often inconsistent with, or destructive of virtue, 167. That even these can make no man happy without virtue: Instanced in riches, 185. Honours, 193. Nobility, 205. Greatness, 217. Fame, 237. Superior talents, 259. "With pictures of human infelicity in men possessed of them all, 269." VII. That virtue only constitutes a happiness, whose object is universal, and whose prospect eternal, 309. That the perfection of virtue and happiness consists in a conformity to the order of Providence here, and a resignation to it here and hereafter, 326.

3. eternal sigh : cp. i. 95. O. W. Holmes has put this idea in common language in his verses entitled, "What We All Think":

" That *but for this* our souls were free,
And *but for that* our lives were blest;
That in some season yet to be
Our cares will leave us time to rest."

9. shine: here used as a substantive: " Does happiness flourish in free access to the splendours of a court or in the possession of wealth?"

10. **flaming**: a false transference of the adjective, which applies to the diamond when exposed to light, out not to its condition underground.

11. The fame of the poet.

12. The fame of the soldier.

20. **This bide** : the pronouns are intended to denote different schools. In line 21 'action' is meant for the Epicureans, ' ease' for the Stoics, according to Pope's notes. " It would have been better if the poet had not added these brief notes, for they are misleading" (Morris). So line 23 is meant for the Epicureans, 24 for the Stoics, and 26 for the Sceptics.

31. **Obvious** : in its literal sense of *lying in the way.'

40. **hearkens to the kind** : every blessing which the *individual* finds to be such, in some way tends to supply the wants of the *species*.

53. **confess** : here almost in the sense of proclaim, profess.

55. v. iii. 112.

57. the thing : *i.e.* the essential thing, the point.

66. externals : material wealth, anything other than the inner disposition, the gifts of Fortune mentioned in the next line.

70. hope : those who have not wealth have the blessings of hope : those who have wealth suffer the disadvantages of fear. Cp. Johnson's picture in *Vanity of Human Wishes*, line 37.

73. rise : " He had in his mind Virgil's description, borrowed from Homer, of the attempt made by the giants in their war against the gods, to scale the heavens by heaping Ossa upon Pelion and Olympus upon Ossa " (Elwin).

99. Falkland : killed in the battle of Newbury, 1643. Clarendon, *Hist. of the Great Rebellion*, says his death was " a loss which no time will suffer to be forgotten, and no success or good fortune could repair."

100. Turenne : Viscount Turenne died 1675. He was a famous general during the 'Thirty Years' War and under Louis XIV. The term 'god-like' is not justified by fact.

101. Sidney : Sir Philip Sidney died 1586 at the battle of Zutphen. He was the hero of a story in which he is said in his dying moments to have given to a wounded soldier the water brought to quench his own thirst.

104. Digby : Robert Digby, died 1726. Pope wrote his epitaph. The 'sire,' Lord William Digby, lived to be ninety-two.

107. Marseilles' good bishop: Monsieur de Belsunce, who during the plague in 1720 risked his life to save the sufferers.

109. in life if long : *i.e.* if any period of time in our life can be called long. The phrase is apparently added to imply that any length of time would be too short for the life of one so loved.

110. parent: Pope's mother, died 1733, aged ninety-one.

112. There : *i.e.* in physical evil, while moral evil is due to the will of men.

116. improved : ironically ; man by his so-called improvement has increased or perpetuated evils that would naturally have ceased.

119. virtuous son: as Cain slew Abel, so the father, by his vices, ruins the son who inherits the disease from him. We blame heaven for sending that disease when really it is the father who should be blamed. The point is that we ignore natural causation when we blame heaven: the 'eternal cause' merely brings about due effects.

123. Ætna: the philosopher Empedocles is said to have leaped into the crater of Ætna, hoping by his total disappearance to gain the reputation of a god. Morris quotes Milton,

Par. Lost, iii. 470. The reference here is very vague, and Pope seems confused between Empedocles, who sought for death, and Pliny, who was overtaken by an eruption of Vesuvius. It was only in the latter case that the mountain was required to 'recall her fires.'

126. **Bethel**: "Hugh Bethel, a country gentleman of Yorkshire, whose brother, Slingsby Bethel, was M.P. for the city of London. He suffered from asthma" (Pattison).

130. **Chartres**: Colonel Francis Chartres, here mentioned because of his reputation for vice. As heaven does not change its laws to benefit the good (Bethel), so it does not change them to punish the bad (Chartres).

137. **Calvin**: born 1509, died 1564 at Geneva. He was head of the Reformed or Presbyterian Church. The reference here is more particularly to the doctrine of Predestination, which says that among all men only a few are chosen for salvation, those called 'the elect.' As Pope says, "There may be some 'elect,' but who but God can tell us who they are?"

145. **Cæsar** : from Addison, *Cato*, Act v. sc. 1 :
 " This world, 'tis true,
 Was made for Caesar."—Pattison.

Titus : v. ii. 198.

148. **virtue**: Suetonius, *Life of Titus*: "Recollecting at supper that he had not in the whole course of the day conferred any favour on anyone, he uttered those memorable and justly commented words, * My friends, I have lost a day !'" (quoted by Pattison).

192. **wants** : *i.e.* lacks.

199. **cowl**: pronounced at this time 'cool.'

201. **acts the monk** : " He alluded to Philip V. of Spain, who resigned his crown to his son, Jan. 10th, 1724, and retired to a monastery (like his great predecessor, Charles V.)" (Elwin, quoted by Morris).

204. **prunella**: "Johnson: Prunella = a kind of stuff of which clergymen's gowns are made" (Pattison).

205. **strings** : the ribbons of various orders.

206. **That**: *i.e.* stuck o'er with titles. For historical examples see the life of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, and the reign of George II.

208. **Lucrece**: v. Dryden, *Juv. Sat.* x. 366.

220. **Macedonia's madman** : Alexander.

Swede: v. *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1. 192.

225. **Not less alike** : resumes from 219, " heroes are much the same."

226. sly **slow**: Morris, note *in loc.*, quotes *Richard II.* i. 3. 150:

" The sly slow hours shall not determinate
The dateless limit of thy dear exile."

235. Aurelius : Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, surnamed Pius (the Good), was an emperor of Rome (161-180 A.D.). He is known in the history of literature by his *Meditations*.

bleed : as Pattison points out, the term is inaccurate. Socrates, who was poisoned with a cup of hemlock (399 B.C.), was a philosopher of Athens, whose doctrines were condemned by his enemies as tending to pervert the minds of the citizens. He was tried and condemned to death on this charge : the apology or defence of Soorates has been preserved by his pupil, Plato.

240. Tully's : Marcus Tullius Cicero.

244. Eugene : Prince Eugene of Savoy, d. 1736. " He shared with Marlborough the glory of Blenheim, and after the conclusion of the war of the Spanish Succession by the Treaty of Utrecht, won fresh laurels by beating the Turks " (Morris).

247. A wit's a feather, etc.: " Alluding to the pen with which the wit writes, and the baton or truncheon which was the symbol of the authority of the general " (Pattison). This, which is probably the right interpretation, implies that each is primarily a man: a general is not more than man ; he is merely a man with a baton.

252. Is hung on high: the criminal who should be ignored is given a harmful notoriety by being publicly executed.

256. huzzas : pronounced ' huzzays ' at this time.

257. Marcellus: here denotes the Duke of Ormond, while Caesar stands for Walpole. Marcus Marcellus belonged to the party of Pompey whom Julius Caesar finally defeated at Pharsalus (B.C. 49): he then retired to the island of Mitylene, where he lived in studious seclusion. Similarly James, Duke of Ormond, on the accession of George I., was impeached and retired to France, while Harley, Duke of Oxford, remained at Court.

259. **parts** : qualities ; cp. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 171.

277. **ribbons** : same as strings in line 205.

278. **Umbra**: the Latin for a shadow, probably here without any particular reference. Sir Billy is a reference to Sir William Yonge, who had been made Knight of the Bath.

279. **dirt**: cp. the common phrase 'filthy lucre.'

280. Gripus: the Duke of Marlborough. Cp. Johnson, *V.H. W.* 317.

281. Bacon: Francis Bacon, Lord Verulam (1560-1626). Pope's famous line is an exaggeration, but Bacon was in fact accused of taking bribes and pleaded guilty.

283. the whistling of a name : " Alluding to the proverb ' the fowler's whistle the bird's death'" (Pattison). Cromwell is here represented as urged on his course by the attractions of fame ('a name'). See Gray, *Elegy*, 1. 60 and note. Pope, as Pattison points out, relies upon 'social prejudices' for his estimates of historical characters: also probably upon expressions in earlier poetry.

303. storied : here used in the same way as by Gray, *Elegy*, 1. 41, and Milton, *II Pen.* 1. 58, meaning adorned with that which tells the story of past events. As the arches are hung with trophies, so the halls are adorned with pictures or tapestry.

311. The only point: when virtue is made the ground of happiness there is no fear of disaster (the fall), for there is no excess in virtue : it is a mean in itself. Fame or wealth may be pursued too far : virtue cannot be (" without satiety tho' e'er so blest"). Pope is here again thinking of Aristotle's doctrine of the mean.

JOHNSON.

VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES.

THIS poem, published in 1749, is an adaptation of the Tenth Satire of Juvenal, and should be compared throughout with that poem. Johnson also adapted Juvenal's Third Satire in his poem, *London*. [D. = Dryden's Translation.]

1. observation: let us observe and survey.

6-10: After this comprehensive survey you will be able to say to what an extent men's passions lay traps for them in the winding paths of life whose course is hidden in obscurity. Man, by nature changeable, thinking in his conceit that he needs no guide, ventures amid these paths with none to help him, and, tricked by every elusive semblance of real prosperity, avoids his true good, thinking it evil; and wildly pursues advantages that melt like thin air in his grasp.

The significance of line 10 should be carefully noted.

13. darling: the schemes they most cherished. The point is in the fact that our own choice leads inevitably to a ruin we do not foresee (D. 8).

14. *i.e.* Heaven punishes fools best by granting their requests.

15. afflictive : afflicting. Fate hastens the doom of a man by granting him his desires.

wing's with: *i.e.* the dart is winged with, furnished with wings, or made swift and sure by the employment of each man's natural tendencies. For 'dart' cp. Shakespeare :

" The slings and arrows of outrageous Fortune."

—*Hamlet*, iii. 1. 58,

16. gift: *i.e.* by granting natural gifts or acquired graces to a man his doom is assured.

19-20: Impeachment: these two lines explain 'fatal' in 17 and 18 : because the orator's words have power he is impeached, because his ambition (fire) is restless it hurries him on to destruction (D. 180-205).

21. knowing and the bold: two types, the cunning man and the rash simpleton.

22. massacre of gold : due to gold or lust of wealth.

30. madded: a dispute about the succession disturbs the country, frenzied with excitement. 'Madded' from 'madden,' to be mad: also used as transitive, to make mad. Gray uses the word correctly in the *Elegy*, 73, "madding crowd." The common use now is the second, but in the form 'maddened' (probably by analogy with 'weakened,' etc.).

31. statutes: when laws are passed to confiscate what has not been taken as plunder.

32. vassal. The vassal "creeps beneath the sword."

33. hind: a peasant, here = vassal: "the servant escapes because the great (power) in their vengeance (rage) do not care to attack him."

36. vultures: the agents of the victor swarm around like birds of prey to seize the wealthy man's property (D. 25-28).

37. needy: *i.e.* the traveller, because he is poor, goes safely (D. 33).

39. upbraiding Joy: the innocent mirth which irritates you conscious of degrading fears.

41. New fears: now that he has become rich he is attacked by dreadful fears, continuously changing.

vicissitude : a Latin word = a succession of changes.

44. One Bhows: daylight reveals his wealth to the thief who attacks by night.

46. tainted gales: the prayers for wealth rise like unhealthy vapours, making the air corrupt (tainted) and oppressive (loaded).

48. gaping": Latin *inhians*, gaping for a thing, waiting open-mouthed for the wealth he will get when the owner dies (heir).

49. Democritus: D. 41 note.

50. cheerful wisdom: a reference to his doctrine that the best life consisted in a state of serenity which rises above ordinary fears and ambitions.

51. motley life: "As yon laughed at the various follies of your own time, laugh now at those same follies in their modern forms: the folly of mankind, under ever-changing forms, gives you an exhaustless theme for your satire."

53. smile: *i.e.* find something ludicrous where. . . . The following lines describe the state of things in the times of Democritus as (comparatively) ideal. Hence the meaning is "if you could find food for laughter then, how violent would your laughter be now (62)." The description of the age of Democritus is purposely an exaggeration.

56. sycophant: properly one who gives information. The word is of Greek origin and means one who 'shows the fig': it is not known what this phrase really means: possibly it means one who gives information against another for exporting figs from Attica.

fed by pride: kept by a patron who was proud of the number of his retainers.

58. mayor's: *i.e.* the Lord Mayor's Show.

65. To thee were: 'robes' and 'veils' are the subjects.

67. All: all those who rejoice or grieve hypocritically are objects of thy mirth.

72. canvass: examine, sift, as one might select the good from the bad by means of a sieve or by straining through canvas.

73. Preferment: the patron whose favour secures their advancement. ['Prefer,' lit. 'put before,' was commonly used in this sense of advancing, promoting.]

76. evaporate and **fall**: cp. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. (referring to Wolsey):

" From that full meridian of my glory,
I haste now to my setting: I shall fall
Like a bright exhalation in the evening."

Johnson seems to have had Shakespeare in his mind all through this passage.

81. **growing names**: opposed to 'sinking statesmen,' men whose power is beginning and will increase. Cp. Gray, *The Bard*, 70: "Gone to salute the *rising* morn."

84. **palladium**: originally a legendary statue in Troy, on whose preservation the safety of the city depended. Rome also-

had a palladium, said to have been brought from Troy by Aeneas. The name afterwards came to be used very generally for a sacred emblem. Here the idea is that, up to the time of his fall, the statesman's portrait was cherished as that on which all prosperity depended.

86. yields the frame : the favourite is so mean that he keeps the frame for the new patron's picture.

90. **indignant** wall: cp. the fall of Sejanus (D. 93).

93. Through Freedom's sons: i.e. she will not hear, because the people, once bold and free, are now too servile to make that remonstrance which once ended in degrading nobles and limiting the power of kings. As example, see *English History*, 1604, when the House of Commons remonstrated against (1) any control of elections, (2) imprisonment of members. In 1626, Parliament of Charles I. impeaches Buckingham; 1628, Petition of Rights; 1637, Hampden protests against ship-money; 1641, the Grand Remonstrance; 1649, Charles succumbs to Parliament.

97. **septennial ale**: carousing at the time of election. The Septennial Act was passed 1716.

98. full: satisfied to the full.

99. **Wosey**: 1471-1530. See history of his life and Shakespeare's *Henry VIII*. Act iii.

109. Creighton says: "So long as his royal master remained true to him he could defy all hostility. But now that the king, too, had turned against him, his sole support had given way, and the hungry pack of enemies was unloosed."

118. **monastic** : i.e. Leicester Abbey, where he died.

124. **Trent**: i.e. not on the Thames, not in the capital, but in some provincial and obscure spot.

129. **Villiers**: Duke of Buckingham; v. *History of England*, 1628.

130. **Harley**: in the reign of Queen Anne.

131. **Wentworth**, afterwards Earl Strafford; v. *English History*; Charles I.

132. **By kings protected**: "Strafford was not tried really for treason against the king, in whose interest he had acted, but for treason against the state."

allied: James II. married Anne Hyde in 1661.

138. **contagion of the gown**: atmosphere of learning.

139. **Bodley's dome**: the Bodleian Library, named after its founder, Thomas Bodley (died 1612). "He dreams of acquiring more learning than all the books in the Bodleian contain."

140. **Bacon's mansion.** "There is a tradition that the study of Friar Bacon, built on an arch over the bridge, will fall when a man greater than Bacon shall pass under it. To prevent so shocking an accident, it was pulled down many years since" (Johnson's note, quoted by Hales). The reference is to Roger Bacon (died 1272), not to be confused with Francis Bacon.

143. **generous:** by derivation means full of good breeding (*generosus*), so noble ; we say, "A generous animal," meaning a well-bred animal, full of 'quality.' 'Heat' here means enthusiasm ; cp. 'fever of renown.'

149. refrain: *i.e.* refrain herself from thy cell.

153. torpid: either torpid through over-study or (proleptically) made torpid by the disease.

164. Lydiat's life : Lydiat died 1646. He was famous as a theologian and mathematician.

Galileo: lived from 1564-1642. Through him the views of Copernicus superseded the Ptolemaic system of astronomy. He incurred the hatred of the Church of Rome, and died finally of a slow fever. His treatment at the hands of the Inquisition is the standing example of science oppressed by bigotry.

168. Laud : 1573-1644. He advised the king on the subject of a new prayer-book for Scotland: hence he was regarded as its author. In 1640 the Scots, having gained a victory, demanded his punishment: the Commons impeach him (1643), and he was sacrificed to conciliate "the Scots. Strafford and Laud represented the king's views in State and Church respectively. Hence their downfall was part of the movement against arbitrary government. The word 'rebellion,' used of the action of the people against Charles, shows that Johnson was a Jacobite.

169. smaller fines: in the case of less important people, smaller penalties (such as confiscation) satisfy (the victors): his importance brings him to the block:

171. parts: qualities.

179. **Greek** : refers to the conquests of Alexander (see *History of Greece* and notes to *Alexander's Feast*).

180. steady Romans : Alexander overran in thirteen years as much land as the Romans acquired in two hundred. The main dates in the growth of Roman power are, 265 B.C., Rome mistress of Italy; 201 B.C., defeat of Hannibal at Zana makes her mistress of the West. The conquest of the East was achieved by (1) the conquest of Greece under Flaminius, 200-195 B.C. ; (2) formation of kingdom of Asia, 191-178 B.C. By 133 B.C. the work of conquest was completed. Further extensions were made under Caesar in Gaul and Britain (58-51 B.C.) and under the emperors.

182. **Danube**: refers to battles in the reign of George II. (Dettingen, Fontenoy, etc. : v. *History of England*).

183. warm : grow enthusiastic. "Praise has such power that even a brave man would not be fired to do great deeds without the hope of praise."

185. Reason frowns : i.e. war is an irrational occupation, for even in case of success one man has the reward while a whole nation is wasted (devastated), and future generations are burdened with the debt.

192. Swedish Charles: this is the example chosen to balance Hannibal (D. 234). The description should be closely compared with a history of his reign. He is described by Voltaire as having a body of iron and a spirit that nothing could quench (193). Born in 1682, he became king at the age of fifteen. The kings of Denmark and Poland combined to rob him of his kingdom, but he forced the King of Denmark to 'capitulate' in 1700 and the King of Poland to 'resign' in 1701 (line 200). These successes fired the spirit of Charles, and he determined to attack Russia (Moscow's walls, 203). After much fighting in Saxony and other parts, he massed his troops in 1707 to attack Russia. The expedition miscarried, and in 1708-9 he was overtaken by the severe cold of a winter in Russia. He maintained himself till spring, and then attacked Pultava (Pultowa), where he was completely defeated. He spent three years in Turkey (214) in very humiliating circumstances. He then returned to Sweden, and undertook the invasion of Norway (1718). At the siege of Friedrickshalle he was shot on the ramparts, and it was thought afterwards that he had been shot by one of his own troops : this has been disproved.

220. dubious hand: may refer to suspicions of treachery, or simply mean that his death was undistinguished.

225. gay hostility : a peculiar phrase, meaning that they do not take their fighting seriously. A campaign is a time of gaiety and display ('pride').

226. embattled: v. *Dream of Fair Women*, 220.

227. **Xerxes** : succeeded Darius as King of Persia, 485 B.C., and undertook the invasion of Greece. Herodotus speaks of forty-six nations as following him, and makes the numbers mount up to two million four hundred thousand. This is exaggeration. The total was probably about 300,000 land troops and eight hundred triremes. The Hellespont was crossed by means of a bridge: this was swept away at first, but rebuilt. In his rage at the destruction of the bridge, Xerxes beheaded the engineers and inflicted 300 lashes on the waves (232).

234. **rude**: the Greeks show no reverence for the 'god,' but put a limit to his extravagances (v. *Lycidaa*, 4). The passage

contrasts the childishness and display of Xerxes with the stern simplicity of the Greek. The Eastern monarch had expected awe and submission : when resisted, his power, like his divinity, prove an empty show.

237. insulted: v. note, line 227. The final defeat of this expedition was at Salamis in 480 B.C.

241. bold Bavarian: Charles Albert, Elector of Bavaria, laid claim to the kingdom of Bohemia on the death of Charles VI.

This passage suggests that the Elector and Maria Theresa fought for the position of head of the Holy Roman Empire. This is possibly what Johnson thought, and it is a common error. The fact is that the Elector of Bavaria contested Maria Theresa's right to succeed her father in the duchy of Austria: as a woman she could make no claim to the position of Holy Roman Emperor. It was her husband, Francis of Lorraine, whom the Elector defeated as candidate for that office.

249. Croatian : this is a double adjective. The people are the Croats: their country Croatia, a district of Hungary, comprising Croatia and Slavonia.

Hussar : " A name given to the light cavalry of Poland and Hungary about 1600" (Hales).

250. sons of ravage: adventurers who 'swell the ranks.'

251. honour's nattering bloom: in the seductive charms of fame and the desire to become great quickly, he finds that ruin which is the appointed end of such ambition.

fatal: correctly used to mean 'destined,' not, as in 'a fatal wound,' meaning 'deadly.'

257. **state** : the real conditions of human existence.

260. passages of joy : the faculties through which all pleasure is obtained, e.g. sight (263), taste (265), hearing (268).

268. lenitives : the harmonies which *soothe* pain.

270. witness'd : bore witness to, testified to the approach of Orpheus (see *L'Allegro*, 150, and the line there quoted, "Made trees and the mountain tops," etc.).

273. **dictates** : he becomes dogmatic, incessantly delivering opinions which are either whimsical, though seriously asserted by him, or actually incorrect.

275. still **returning** : repetition of one's own experiences, and the habit of telling jokes in a tedious manner, are signs of his dotage.

276. **fawning niece** : she humours him in the hope of inheriting his wealth, though even this hope, more nearly accomplished every day ('growing'), hardly induces her to hide her contempt.

279. **guests**: i.e. those who are not kinsmen, but hope to gain the inheritance by bringing his kinsmen into disfavour.

281. **improve** : increase by skilfully stimulating.

heady: one type of passion is that of the man whose anger is violent and uncontrolled. Such a man used to be called 'cerebrosus' (*cerebrum*, brain), because of the flushed face due to blood rushing up to the head.

282. **make his will**; the double meaning can hardly be accidental : (1) control his decisions, (2) affect his 'will' in the legal sense, his bequests.

287. **turns** : handles.

295. **endears**, i.e. endears him to others, makes him a 'general favourite' (297).

300. **press** : oppress. Cp. 284, where the word means 'hasten on,' 'urge.'

303. **kindred merit**: a kinsman who, like himself, had led a good life, dies, and is buried.

304. **lacerated Friendship** : the death of an old friend afflicts him.

307. **New forms arise** : the changes which time brings make him feel that his generation is past and he is no longer wanted.

313. **From Lydia's monarch** : " If we begin our review of the fate of mankind from Lydia's monarch, we find the same conditions in the earliest as in the latest times."

The reference is to Croesus, King of Lydia (560-546 B.C.) : his wealth was enormous, and has become proverbial. His career of conquest was checked by Cyrus, who defeated him and took his capital, Sardis. " So great had been the wealth and might of Croesus, so dizzy the height of his power, that none deemed his overthrow possible ; and the sheer and sudden fall into nothingness made perhaps a deeper and more abiding impression on the imagination of Hellas than any other historical event" (Bury, *History of Greece*, 225).

314. **Solon** : one of the legends about Croesus asserts that in his evil plight " there came into his mind a word which Solon had said to him, ' that no man could be called happy so long as he was alive.'"

317. **Marlborough**: the remark applies to Swift, who died after becoming practically mad (1744), but hardly to Marlborough, who in spite of physical weakness retained his faculties to the last.

320. **the fortune of a face**: prays that each child may be beautiful.

322. **Sedley**: the daughter of Sir Charles Sedley (1639-1701). She was the mistress of James II., was made Countess of Dorchester; died 1717.

329. What care : neither the anxiety of your parents nor good precepts will save you.

330. nymph : the rival beauty ruins her by slander as the-lover does by flattery.

331. with fondness hate combines : the two forces which are indicated should be distinguished carefully. 'Hate' denotes the slanderer anxious to ruin : 'fondness' denotes the lover whose passion leads, without intention, to the same end.

336. Pride and Prudence : the downfall begins with loss of true principles. In their place come shallow principles guiding her to maintain a semblance of propriety when virtue is already abandoned. These new principles are easily overcome by their respective vices: prudence, which is merely desire to have the advantage of appearing good, yields to the desire for other advantages; goodness maintained only by personal pride is sacrificed when pride, fed by flattery, becomes an inducement to vice.

346. darkling: adverb. Cp. *Paradise Lost*, Book iii. line 39.

354. The secret ambush : the evil consequences which result if an apparently harmless prayer is granted.

361. collective man : a love which is universal, a comprehensive benevolence.

362. Patience: a power to suffer and be strong, thus converting evil into good.

368. makes the happiness. For the sentiment cp. Milton., *Paradise Lost*, Book i.:

"The mind is its own place and in itself
Can make a Heaven of Hell, a Hell of Heaven."

GRAY.

THE ELEGY.

THE Elegy was published in 1751 anonymously. The churchyard referred to is that of Stoke Pogis (1. 14), but there is no attempt at confining the ideas to mere reproduction of that scene.

For other notes see Tovey, *Gray's English Poems*, and the, *Golden Treasury*, Book iii., notes by J. H. Fowler.

1. curfew: cp. II *Penseroso*, 75.

parting: here in the sense of 'departing.' Cp. Goldsmith,

6. **all the air**: the subject is *stillness.'

14. **heaves**: here used intransitively. The scenery of this verse is reproduced from the poet's memories of the churchyard at Stoke Pogis, a village in Buckinghamshire. The yew existed there until recent times, spreading over the graves.

16. **rude**: uncultivated, unrefined. Cp. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 234. Particular point is lent to this line by the fact that the poor are generally buried outside the church, the rich inside. Cp. line 39.

24. **envied**: for which they compete, which each strives to get first.

31. **Grandeur**: as Ambition stands for 'the ambitious,' so Grandeur is used for 'the grand, the wealthy and great.'

32. **annals**: the record of lives in which there were few striking events, and those comparatively unimportant.

35. **awaits**: it is usually thought that the preceding words are the subject, and consequently 'await' is generally printed. Gray wrote 'awaits,' meaning the hour of death waits for us all. Death comes alike to (a) those who pride themselves on high descent, (ft) those who hold high offices, (c) those who excel in beauty or (d) enjoy the advantages of wealth.

36. **paths**: note that the word is plural; whatever road we pursue the end is the same.

39. **aisle**: literally 'a wing' (French, *aile*); used for the sides of a church, the parts between the pillars and the outside walls. Being narrower than the nave or centre they appear long. The vault here is the roof, which is pictured as a dome, ornamented with bands or ribs of stone forming a pattern on the surface of the roof. The derivation of the word is uncertain, but possibly it comes from the Latin *ferrata*, i.e. 'furnished with iron,' because these bands were like iron bars. (See Tovey, *Gray's English Poems*, note on this line.)

41. **storied**: cp. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 403. The inscription on the urn tells the story of the man's life, and the bust is a lifelike representation. 'Animated' is used of the inanimate bust to emphasise the contrast between the living man and the statue, so like and yet so unlike.

43. **provoke**: literally 'call forth,' so 'rouse to life.' Can the attractions of power and office put life into the dead, or the flattery which the great enjoy console them when death has made them incapable of hearing it or feeling its charm? There are two points in these lines: first, the impossibility of returning to life; secondly, the uselessness after death of all that made life pleasant. The implication is that the humble are as **well off after** death as the great.

44. dull cold: editors quote *Henry VIII.* iii. 2. 434 :

" And when I am forgotten, as I shall be,
And sleep in dull cold marble."

48. living lyre : cp. *The Bard*, 22, and *The Progress of Poesy*, line 2 :

" And give to rapture all thy trembling strings."

The lyro is described as 'living' under the touch of a master hand.

50. unroll : we say open, but the books of the Romans were rolled and had to be unrolled to be read.

51. Chill Penury: poverty quenched their lofty aspirations, labour and want numbed the souls naturally sensitive and cooled the blood that once ran hot in their veins. 'Genial' etymologically suggests a life-giving power (cp. 'generous,' p. 32), and the idea of creative power is combined in the phrase of the poet with that of general vitality. 'Rage' is used of enthusiasm, a word that properly denotes the state of being inspired, 'filled with a god' ; just as frenzy is used by Shakespeare, " the poet's eye in a fine frenzy rolling."

53. many a : cp. *L' Allegro*, 95.

57. village-Hampden: the names in these lines are chosen as typical of fame in (a) patriotic, (b) poetic, and (c) evil achievements. The comparisons differ slightly. The first is a comparison of quantity: the village hero does what Hampden did, namely, withstand a tyrant, but on a much smaller scale. The village genius is prevented by his lack of education from becoming a poet at all: he fails to become famous. The third for similar reasons fails to become great, but in this case he is blessed by circumstances, for he fails to become infamous. The last is therefore in a sense a compensating factor. For Hampden, see *History of England*, 1637, "The Ship-money Trial." On Cromwell, cp. Pope, *Essay on Man*, iv. 284, and note the view of Cromwell implied in these lines; it should be compared with the expressions of Milton and the views of Carlyle and other historians who have presented Cromwell's life with less prejudice.

61. The applause: their lot forbid, circumstances prevented them from (a) becoming great orators or (b) winning fame as fearless champions of liberty or (c) bringing prosperity to their country by good legislation. In the previous lines Gray gives us typical names: here he cites typical acts which suggest names such as (a) Pitt, (b) Algernon Sidney, (c) Walpole. Hampden would be as good an example as Algernon Sydney. The latter was executed after the Rye House Plot (see *History of England*, 1682).

64. nation's eyes : be so prominent in political affairs that his acts make the history of a nation.

65. circumscrib'd: the subject is *their lot': circumstances not only cramped the growth of their virtues, but also set limits to their power of doing harm. The poet here returns to the idea expressed before by the name of Cromwell.

71-2. Debase their genius by employing it in the service of a patron.

73. madding : *i.e. because they* lived far away from the degrading struggles of life in crowded cities. 'Madding' here in the sense of acting madly, struggling wildly for wealth or position (v. Johnson, *V. H. W.*'30).

78. still: might mean always, but it seems better to take it as meaning 'still remaining.'

85. For who, etc. The connection is : on the tombstones are engraved the texts by which the peasant is consoled in his last hours. Not the rich only, but also the poor, require this consolation, for, however humble a man's lot may be, no one ever surrenders life, made dear by its cares and troubles, to the oblivion of the grave without pangs of regret. In face of death life seems bright and pleasant, and cannot be relinquished without sorrow. The phrase, "to dumb Forgetfulness a prey," is to be taken after 'relinquished,' meaning that at death man surrenders his life to oblivion. It is not necessary to decide whether or not this means that men fear to be forgotten by their friends : the idea is rather that, whatever happens, the man himself will no longer share the life which goes on upon earth after his death. Tovey aptly quotes Milton, *P.L.* ii. 146 :

" For who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
These thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated Night
Devoid of sense and motion ? "

90. pious : the original meaning of the word is 'dutiful,' with special reference to the duty of children to their parents.

92. wonted fires : Aristotle discussed the question whether the dead are affected by the actions and fortunes of the living. Milton's phrase, "devoid of sense," indicates that he would have answered in the negative himself. Gray's view that some feeling survives death seems to support the opinion that line 85 means that men fear to be forgotten after death. With the interpretation of line 85 given above we can avoid any contradiction.

95. chance: perchance.

100. lawn: cp. *Lycidas*, 25-7.

108. **crossed in hopeless love** : to be crossed in love is to love without a return of affection.

119. **Fair Science**: the Muse or Goddess of learning smiled upon his birth : in spite of his humble birth he was endowed with great intellectual powers.

THE BARD.

GRAY published *The Bard*, together with the *Progress of Poesy*, in 1757. The following note appeared in the preface to that edition : "The following Ode is founded on a Tradition current in Wales, that Edward the First, when he completed the conquest of that country, ordered all the Bards, that fell into his hands, to be put to death." The legend has no historical basis.

For further details about the poem, see Tovey, *Gray's English Poems*. The *Golden Treasury*, Book iii., contains this poem, annotated by J. H. Fowler; the introduction in both these editions should be read.

1. The curse uttered by the Bard is placed first, and coming thus suddenly, like a clap of thunder after a silence, is more effective than if it had been introduced by a description of the situation.

2. May your army be scattered in defeat, though now in the full pride of bloody victories, your battle-flags flaunt in the air with useless pomp.

4. Cp. Shakespeare, *King John*, v. i.72. ** Mocking the air with colours idly spread" (Gray). The idea is that this display of gleaming banners is an insult to the air.

5. *i.e.* "Neither helm nor," etc. "The hauberk was a texture of steel ringlets, or rings interwoven, forming a coat of mail, that sat close to the body and adapted itself to every motion" (Gray).

8. "From the effects of the curses the Welsh have uttered against you and the memory of the woes they have suffered" (*On Cambria*, v. line 11).

9. "The crested adder's pride—Dryden, *Indian Queen*" (Gray). Here 'crested pride' means 'the pick of his plumed warriors.'

11. v. map of Wales. Gray in his note says : "Snowdon was a name given by the Saxons to that mountainous tract which the Welch [Welsh] themselves call Craigan-eryri [craggs or cliffs of the eagles, line .38]; it included all the highlands of Carnarvonshire and Merionethshire, as far east as the river Conway.

Gray uses the name Snowdon 'in a wide sense' for any part of the 'mountainous tract' in North Wales.

During the reign of Henry III. the Welsh helped the English barons, and, owing to the disturbed state of England, Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, succeeded in gaining more power than such a dependent prince ought to have had. Edward I. (1272-1307 A.D.) began in 1277 to invade Wales, and Llewellyn was forced to do homage, but allowed to keep as his principality Anglesea and the district of Snowdon. In 1282 David, the brother of Llewellyn, in spite of the kindness shown to him by Edward, suddenly attacked Hawarden Castle, thus declaring war on the English. The campaign then began in two places; in the south the Welsh were led by Llewellyn, in the north by David. Llewellyn was slain in December, 1282, and in the spring of 1283 the English forced a way into the passes of the north (Snowdon district). 'Stout Gló'ster,' Gilbert de Clare, Earl of Gloucester, had subdued South Wales in 1282, and was now with the king's forces in the north. Edward de Mortimer had been with the king from the first. They were both 'Lords-Marchers' (Gray), i.e. Lords of the Marches or borderlands between England and Wales; they were therefore prominent leaders in this expedition.

17. sable: an animal of the weasel kind with black fur; hence came to mean 'black.' Cp. *II Penseroso*, 35.

18. In this, as in many of his descriptions, Gray reproduces in words what has been (or might be) presented in a picture. "The image was taken from a well-known picture of Raphael, representing the supreme being in the vision of Ezekiel" (Gray). The passage reminds one of some of Blake's great conceptions. Keble writes of Balaam (*Christian Year*, second Sunday after Easter): "Thy wild hair floating on the eastern breeze" (quoted by Tovey).

haggard: "A metaphor taken from an unreclaimed hawk" (Gray). The word conveys the ideas of *wild' and so 'fierce': in modern use it generally implies 'worn and weary.' Shakespeare uses it (*Othello*, iii. 3. 260) when Othello says of Desdemona:

" If I do prove her haggard,
Though that her jesses were my dear heart-strings,
I'd whistle her off and let her down the wind."

19. The construction is ambiguous: 'loose' is best taken as adjective, "his *loose* beard and *hoary* hair." 'Loose' practically means untrimmed, long and unkempt.

20. So Milton of a flag (*Paradise Lost*, i. 537):

"Shone like a meteor, streaming to the wind."—Gray.

26. Hoarser than usual.

28. These names, **Hoel, Llewellyn, Cadwallo, Urien, Modred**, must be taken as typical of the spirit of Welsh poetry. Hoel was the son of a Prince of Wales. "Llewellyn's lay" may mean either a song about Llewellyn or a song composed by him. One bard named Urien died in 560, and a Modred "fought under King Arthur in 542"; but the bards mentioned here are supposed to have been recently slain (since 1277 at least). Gray wrote a poem entitled "The Death of Hoel," a translation of a Latin version of a sixth century Welsh poem,

34-5. v. map of Wales. Arvon, for Caernarvon = Caer-yn-Arvon, the camp in Arvon.

37. "All nature revolts at the cruel death of the sacred bards : birds of prey, the raven and the eagle, though famished, avoid with instinctive horror the feast which such a crime has offered them" (Tovey).

40-41. "As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

(Shakespeare, *Jul. Caes.* ii. 1. 289) Caray.

43. The metre becomes more rapid and impassioned as the vision grows on the bard. "I will mourn them no longer, for though they are dead their spirits keep watch, haunting the cliffs, dread apparitions waiting to avenge the land of their fathers."

47. They join with me in these awful incantations.

48. See *Lycidas*, 75 ("the thin-spun life"), and note. Although there are many classical precedents, Gray connects his ideas with the Scandinavian legends. These he had been studying about this time, and his ode, *The Fatal Sisters*, works out the same theme. (Cp. in that poem lines 6, 7 :

"Where the dusky warp we strain,
Weaving many a soldier's doom."

Line 20, "Tis the woof of victory," etc.)

Cp. *The Fatal Sisters*, line 9 :

"See the griesly texture grow."

Tissue and texture are from one root, meaning to weave: 'tissue,' the woven substance or the web (not necessarily cloth, cp. 'spider's web').

bloody : preparing a doom of bloody deaths.

49. The standard criticism on this passage is the remark of Johnson : "They are oalled upon to 'weave the warp and weave the woof perhaps with no great propriety." What is woven is the web. Threads are first fixed perpendicularly on the loom: this is the warp; through these passes the shuttle carrying the cross-threads or woof. But Johnson's remark is pedantic, for

not only do both woof and warp enter into *the* composition of the web, but also great dramatic effect is attained by thus dwelling on each part, especially as the words (weave, warp, woof, winding, Edward) admit of very effective alliteration. Line 98 shows that Gray knew the woof was made from the thread carried in the shuttle.

50. The song which is now being chanted by the Bards is an incantation, and as such is thought of as producing the effects it describes. Hence the bards are now consigning the race of Edward to the grave, and the dirge is therefore called the winding sheet.

51. There is to be no sparing of room, no economy of space ; which means, on the other hand, that they will be lavish in the horrors to which the race is to be doomed.

52. character: literally a figure *stamped* or impressed on a material, *e.g.* the head on a coin. The idea is that of figures such as are represented on tapestry. (Cp. 96, '* Stamp we our vengeance deep.")

of hell: hellish, *i.e.* fearful, ghastly. Cp. in *The Fatal Sisters*, line 2:

"Haste, the loom of Hell prepare."

53. Note how the repetition and emphasis of detail ('night') increase the horror here, as in line 49.

55. The roof of the castle at Berkley, a town in Gloucestershire, on the river Severn. Edward the Second was murdered in this castle in a peculiarly barbarous manner, A.D. 1327.

56. agonizing: struggling, writhing in agony.

57. Cp. Shakespeare, *Henry VIII.* Pt. ill. i. 4. Ill:

"She-wolf of France, but worse than wolves of France."

The idea expressed is partly literal, for Edward was slain in a way that was intended to leave no external traces. Edward II. married Isabella of France in 1308. In 1325 Isabella went over to France and there conspired to overthrow the Despensers, Edward's favourites. Edward and the Despensers finally fell into the hands of the insurgents, and were put to death in different ways.

58. **mangled** : proleptic use, 'tearest and mangiest thy mate.'

59. 'He who is destined to hang.' The verb may be (1) intransitive or (2) transitive. If it is intransitive we should expect a comma at 'hangs': and the 'scourge of heaven' should be put in capital letters as a name in apposition to 'who.' It seems better, therefore, to take it as transitive: 'he who will inflict on thy country (France) the punishment which heaven decrees (for thy crimes).' The words 'of heaven' imply that

the conquests of Edward III. in France were the vengeance of God upon Isabella's country.

60. The ideas here are confused, for though the victories were won over France they were victories for Isabella's son, and therefore hardly a vengeance upon her.

61. His victorious career produces Panic and Flight before his arrival, and he leaves behind him death, sorrow, and desolation.

Amazement now means only astonishment; it used to have a stronger meaning, more like the modern use of dumbfounded. The passage is an example of Gray's personification.

63. The high-sounding epithets make more impressive the manner of his death, when he was deserted by all.

60. Cp. *Elegy*, 1. 90: "Some pious drops the closing eye requires."

67. **sable** : cp. 1. 17. Edward, the *Black Prince*, was so called either because he was swarthy of countenance or because he wore black armour.

69. Is the sable warrior fled? Yes. Is that swarm (of courtiers) also fled? The courtiers' dependence upon royal favour is expressed by likening them to ephemeral insects, warmed into life by the genial favour of the king.

70. The man whose glory is waning is deserted by the courtiers who hurry away to greet the next ruler.

71. At first the world smiles on them, and fortune favours their plans : like a ship the state sails before the wind, fair to behold, and moving majestically across the sea of days; those who fill the high places are still young, and in their course they are guided only by desire of pleasure: they think not how utterly they are in the power of the storm that even now lies in wait to wreck them when the night is falling.

These lines describe the magnificence of the reign of Richard the Second.

Fair laughs: the common phrase is 'smiling morn,' which is here intensified.

Zephyr is the west wind, warm and gentle.

76. **expects**: rather stronger than its ordinary use in modern English: 'lies in wait for.'

77-82. Though the feast is prepared, spirits standing by prevent him from touching it. Notice here (1) Gray follows that account of Richard's death which says he was starved. Shakespeare had followed other authorities in representing him as "felled with a stroke of a pollax which Sir Piers [Exton] gave him upon his head." (2) This is represented as a vengeance upon him for the crimes of his ancestors: like the Furies in Virgil (*Aen.* vi. 603) these two spirits mock him by placing

before him the feast and at the same time refusing him enough to keep him alive. Gray does not wish to imply that any such scene ever occurred : the point is that, being a king, he should have a regal feast, while, in fact, he is starving.

82. Note the oxymoron, scowling a smile. This expression of the face, a smile that i's baleful,' is usually called a grin, *e.g.* "a grinning Death's head." Smile always indicates a kindly feeling; but here the point undoubtedly is to contrast the sufferings of the king with the pleasure his tormentors feel.

83. "Ruinous civil wars of York and Lancaster" (Gray). 'Bray' is to be taken as a verb : it implies a sudden and loud noise: the *battle* 'brays' in respect of its din; but the poet compresses the ideas by making the *din* 'bray.'

85. Through long years destruction continues as Fate has decreed, and many are slain on both sides.

86. **kindred**: this is a civil war.

mow: Gray must have thought of the scythed chariots of earlier days and the passages they could cut through a massed force. Similarly, Time with his scythe thins the ranks of the opposing armies.

87. "Henry the Sixth, George Duke of Clarence, Edward the Fifth, Richard Duke of York, etc., believed to be murdered secretly in the Tower of London. The oldest part of the structure is vulgarly attributed to Julius Caesar" (Gray).

90. The **Usurper** is Henry the Sixth ; his consort, the brave Margaret of Anjou ; his father, Henry V.

91. **Above, below**: *i.e.* on the loom. The roses are white (of York) and red (of Lancaster). Notice 'twin'd': this seems to suggest a union, *i.e.* a marriage. The marriage referred to might be that of Henry VII. with Elizabeth of York (suggested by Dr. Bradshaw). On this see Tovey's note : "If there is here a reference to marriage (as I incline to think) rather than the grapple of foes, it is probably to the marriage of Edward IV. [Yorkist] with the Lancastrian, Elizabeth Woodville, Lady Grey." The children of this marriage were the princes murdered in the Tower ('infant-gore'), and therefore the context supports this interpretation.

93. **Boar**: Richard III., whose badge was a silver boar.

infant-gore : the princes murdered in 1483.

94. depicted under the roses on this web.

95. **accursed** : depicting the curse and causing it.

96. Cp. 1. 52 n.

98. Cp. 1. 49 n.

99. **Half of thy heart:** imitation of a Latin phrase : cp. 'apple of the eye,' used of something near and dear. Here the reference is to Edward's noble wife, Eleanor of Castile. She is said to have saved Edward's life when he was bitten by a snake. Cp. Tennyson, *Dream of Fair Women*, line 271.

100. End of the chorus of Bards: in 101 the Bard addresses them, speaking alone. The vision he sees represents the rule of *Welsh* monarchs in England, the fitting counterpart to the present depressed condition of Wales.

106. The 'scenes' are thought of as only partial revelations : only the skirt or edge is seen.

109. " It was the common belief of the Welsh nation that King Arthur was still alive in Fairyland, and should return again to reign over Britain " (Gray). The kings are bailed as 'genuine,' i.e. of the true line; the Tudors (Henry VII.) were descended through Sir Owen Tudor from the ancient princes of Wales.

112. **Sublime:** cp. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 25.

115. Elizabeth : line 113 refers to Elizabeth's court.

117. **lion-port:** stately carriage or bearing. Port, by its derivation, suggests behaviour, the way a person carries himself. Cp. 'deportment.'

awe-commanding : more usually *awe-inspiring*.

118. **Attempered:** moderated to her virgin grace, made to harmonise with the natural grace of a woman. 'Sweet' is to be taken as an adjective, denoting the result.

119. "Great efflorescence of poetry in the reign of Elizabeth ; it centres round her court, and she is often the object of its homage, hence 'round her.' And it is, fittingly, the sound of lyric poetry, the music of the harp, that the Bard's ear first catches, to tell him that his art, spite of the tyrant's barbarity, will not be lost" (Tovey).

121. " Taliessin, Chief of the Bards, flourished in the sixth century. His works are still preserved, and his memory held in high veneration among his countrymen " (Gray). Gray says "both Merlin and Taliessin had prophesied that the Welsh should regain their sovereignty over this island. But, though the hards lived in the sixth century, the prophecies alluded to are not older than the twelfth century." Gray himself seems to have suspected that they did not date so far back as the sixth century.

123. There are many parallels in literature to the phrase here used, the nearest is Shelley's :

" And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest."

— *To a Skylark*, 1. 10.

" The poets are filled with new inspiration, and rising to the

heaven of song, pour forth their various strains in rich exuberance."

125. Once more poets celebrate in their verses 'Fierce War,' etc.

127. Cp. Spenser's *Fairie Queen*-. "Fierce wars and faithful loves shall moralise my song " (Gray).

128. Cp. Milton, *II Pen.* 102 n.: here used of Shakespeare's tragedy.

129. pleasing Pain: a reference to the pleasure derived from tragic scenes. Perhaps Gray remembered Locke's phrase, 'pleasing horror.'

131. Milton.

132. The scene of *Paradise Lost* is laid in Eden.

133. " The succession of Poets after Milton's time " (Gray).

134. As sounds die away in the distance when long *past*, so those which are still far away in the future are said to be 'lost,' expiring, faint. Gray does not mean that poetry gradually comes to an end, but that some of the poets are too far off (in the future) to be audible to the prophet.

135. " Foolish man, destroyer of the sacred bards, dost thou think by the slaughter which thou hast ordered, to put an end for ever to the life of Poetry?" The death of these bards (sanguine) only obscures (cloud) for a time the brilliance of song, as a mist dims the sun.

137. Cp. *Lycidae*, 168-171.

golden-flood : streams of light; here of the brilliant outbreak of poetry described in ll. 125-135.

GOLDSMITH.

THE DESERTED VILLAGE.

THE Deserted Village was first published in 1770. Its success was immediate and great. The description is probably based upon recollection, with a considerable admixture of imaginative work. The creative element in the poem is confined to uniting various scenes into one picture. Goldsmith relied upon actual experiences for his material; but he has not therefore limited himself to one time or place. Doubtless the village in which Goldsmith spent his earlier days (Lissoy, in Ireland) was chiefly in his mind; but it is not correct to identify Auburn with this or any other place.

2. **swain**: a young man or peasant. The word is Scandinavian in form, the Anglo-Saxon form being *swan*. The sense of the word is 'becoming strong,' just as 'maiden' means one who is *growing up'; and as 'maid' is used for 'serving-maid,' so 'swain' comes to mean the young man serving on a farm, and then simply 'farm-labourer.' [Cp. boatswain, coxswain, *i.e.* swain of the cock or boat.]

4. parting: departing; cp. 1. 171, and Gray's *Elegy*, 1. 1.

delayed: an unusual use of the verb as intransitive: "here, when summer drew to a close, the flowers bloomed late as if unwilling to leave the spot." For 'lingering,' in the sense of being unwilling to lose or leave a place, cp. Gray, *Elegy*, 1. 88.

5. bower: A.S. *bur*, chamber; here=rural dwelling.

6. Seats: abode, *residence*; not a place where one *sits*, but rather where one *settles*. The root is the same in 'seat,' 'subside,' and 'reside,' but the shades of meaning vary.

10. These nouns (cot, farm, etc.) are in apposition to 'charm.'

12. **decent**: a Latin word meaning 'adorning gracefully without display' (cp. *II. Pen.* 36).

14. **talking**: talkative, gossiping loudly, in opposition to the 'whispering' of the lovers.

age: *i.e.* the aged, as in Shakespeare's line:

"Crabbed Age and Youth cannot live together."

16. *i.e.* the day which was a holiday, "when the pressure of work was relaxed and labour gave place to amusements."

remitting: generally transitive, as in 'remit a debt' or in 'a remittance,' *i.e.* a sum of money sent back. Here it is intransitive=relaxing, slackening.

lend: implies that the change was temporary; the coming of the holiday allowed amusements to have their turn. Cp. Scott, *The Maid of Neidpath*:

"And love in life's extremity
Can lend an hour of cheering."

17. The long line of villagers. 'Train,' from *trahere* (Latin), to draw or drag, so a long succession of objects. Cp. 1. 252.

18. **led up**: began; so we say now 'lead off,' meaning 'to go first.'

19. many **a**: an idiom due to confusion. 'Many' is connected with Sanskrit *maksha* (Skeat, *Etym. Dict.*), and in early English meant 'a multitude.' It was therefore at first a noun. Shakespeare has "A many of our bodies shall no doubt find native graves" (*Henry V.* iv. 3. 95). Afterwards 'many of' was corrupted into 'many a,' meaning simply 'many.' "The village-green was filled with children playing at various games."

22. **sleight**: slyness, cunning.

art: of acquired skill; opposed to (natural) 'strength.' "One after another exhibited skilful tricks or deeds of strength." With 'went around,' cp. 'circled,' **1. 19**.

feat = fact, something done, so deed.

23. As each kind of game became wearisome through repetition, the crowd of revellers refreshed their zeal by changing their occupation.

26. **hold out**: to keep on in spite of fatigue. In lines 25-30, each clause describes a 'sport' (1. 24) and looks forward to **1. 31**.

27. **mistrustless** : *i.e.* free from mistrust, not suspecting.

32. **taught**: sometimes used in the sense of 'made,' 'made toil pleasant.' It implies that the quality is gradually acquired, toil not being pleasant by nature. Cp. **1. 159**.

35. **lawn**: cp. *L'Allegro*, 71. Here the word denotes what is called a 'plain' in 1. 1.

36. *i.e.* are withdrawn, have gone away, the verb being used intransitively.

37. **hand** : handiwork, the work of the tyrant's hand.

39. **only**: single, an adjective ; cp. 'an only child.'

40. This line is typical of the way Goldsmith compresses his ideas, a trick of composition most highly developed when an author first formulates his ideas in prose and then constructs the verse. "The plain, being only partly cultivated, is deprived of its former prosperous appearance." There is no need to try and decide whether this is due to the land being converted into enclosures for preserving game, or to the decay of men (1. 52). Both causes have been at work

44. **bittern**: a bird of the heron kind, solitary in its habits, and haunting swamps or reedy marshes and other desolate places. Its deep hollow-sounding note is usually heard in the breeding season. The prophet Isaiah (eh. xiv. v. 23), foretelling the desolation of Babylon, says "I will also make it a possession for the bittern and pools of water" (Morris and Stevens, *ad loc*).

lapwing: a bird of the peewit or plover kind. Goldsmith chooses two birds that never *sing* in any sense, but utter plaintive cries. This emphasises the change from the former days of merriment.

51. Note here the significance of the second clause; "that land fares ill, and becomes the victim of rapidly increasing evils, in which wealth," etc.

54. The breath is here the word of a king.

59. Men obtained all that was needful without excessive **labour** (**light**, easy). The ideal of life is simplicity, **requiring**

little and obtaining it without the exhaustion which makes existence mere drudgery.

63. This is a very pregnant phrase. Trade has no affection for the land, thinking only of profit: the traders come and go and have no permanent interest: they are 'unfeeling,' as they care nothing for the sentiments which attached the swain to his ancestral home. For 'train,' implying succession, cp. 1. 17.

65. The word 'hamlets' in 1. 64 shows that here the reference is to the estates of the rich, which are 'unwieldy' and 'cumbersome' because they are more than one man can properly manage or enjoy. The great objection to the wealthy is that they appropriate more than they can use, taking for one estate what previously was enough for whole villages (1. 64).

67. The verb is to be taken from 1. 66: "here have settled [repose] wealth and all its artificial contrivances,"

every want: i.e. all the artificial desires which wealth brings, as opposed to 1. 70.

68. **folly pays to pride:** every pain which men are foolish enough to endure *in* the interests of false pride. The wealthy, having to maintain a position in society, are burdened with troubles the poor never know.

78. **tangling:** intransitive; an unusual use of the word, which means 'twisting together,' and should be transitive.

79. **elapsed:** an absolute clause.

80. **Where:** the place where.

81. **train:** i.e. sequence of ideas.

84. **share:** i.e. has given me my share, the expression meaning 'my full share'; if anything, more than my share.

85. **to crown:** the construction is awkward. The words 'to crown' and 'to lay me down' being used as nouns in apposition, the lines must be paraphrased: I retained the hope that I should lay me down amid these humble bowers, and this I thought of as the crowning perfection of my last days.

For the use of 'crown,' cp. 1. 99.

87. **husband:** economise; cp. Shakespeare, *Macbeth*, ii. 1. 4: "there's husbandry in heaven: their candles are all out" (the stars are not shining).

out: i.e. to the end, as in Shakespeare, *Sonnets*:

"Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out e'en to the edge of doom."

92. **felt: saw:** for 'had felt,' 'had seen.'

93. Cp. in the Bible (*Psalms* 42): "As the hart panteth **after** the water brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

95. An absolute clause, op. 1. 79.

99. **crown**: cp. 1. 85.

101. **world**: the outer world; to leave home is 'to go out into the world.'

104. **tempt**: 'make trial of,' the literal meaning.

105. **guilty state**: wearing the livery of a master whose wealth is ill-gotten. It also implies that the man is paid to perform these services against his conscience.

106. **famine**: beggars.

108. Absolute clause.

109. Cp. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, lines 291-2.

110. **slopes**: makes the descent easy. To go down the hill of life is a regular synonym for growing old. Cp. J. Collins' "To-morrow" {G.T. ccvi.):

"In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining."

115. **careless**: free from anxiety.

117. **responsive**: answering to. Cp. Collins' *The Passions*, 1. 36. The word generally implies sympathy (readily responding to, as in "responsive to the appeal") and the word is intended to suggest that idea.

121. **bayed**: bark at. Cp. Shakespeare, *Julius Caesar*, i v. 3. 27:
"I had rather be a dog and bay the moon."

122. **vacant**: at ease. Cp. 'vacation' (holiday): not, as often said, equal to 'silly,' 'empty-headed.'

132. **mantling**: "[forced] to gather from the surface of the brook the cresses which cover it." 'Mantle' means 'cloak': so 'to mantle' is 'to cover like a cloak' (cp. 'to cloak'); v. Shakespeare, *Merchant of Venice*, i. 1. 88:

"There are a sort of men whose visages

Do cream and mantle like a standing pool,"

where the words denote the collection of green scum which covers standing water.

134. **nightly**: cp. Milton, *II. Pen.* 1. 84.

139. **disclose**: leave bare to the view, as opposed to its former state when thick shrubs concealed it.

142. **passing**: i.e. surpassing the others, extremely rich compared with them. The word is frequently used in this sense, as in the phrase 'passing fair.'

146. **fashioned**: adapted to changing circumstances. There is an old song about a "Vicar of Bray":

"And this is law, I will maintain

Until my dying day, sir:

That whatsoever king shall reign

I'll be the Vicar of Bray, sir."

This Vicar was a Papist under Henry VIII and a Protestant under Edward VI.; he was a Papist again under Mary, and once more became a Protestant in the reign of Elizabeth.

155. bade: for 'bidden.'

158. fields: battle-fields; so 'battles.'

159. learned: cp. l. 32.

161. Careless: cp. line 288 n.; here means 'not anxious to.' The best explanation of the meaning is l. 159: "forget their vices in (his pity for) their woe."

162. He relieved the sufferings of the poor before enquiring whether they deserved relief.

Charity : here means deliberate and well-calculated giving as opposed to spontaneous warm-hearted generosity. The opposite frame of mind is well described in the *Citizen of the World*, Letter 23: "The wants and merits of the Petitioners are canvassed by the people: neither passion nor pity finds a place in the cool discussion." There is an old proverb which says, "He gives twice who gives quickly" (*Bis dat qui cito dat*).

164. Virtue's side : if he had a fault it was his excessive goodness of heart. So we say a man is "generous to a fault"; i.e. to a degree which is excessive and so faulty. Similarly, we say, "It is better to err on the right side" as, e.g., to come too early rather than too late.

165. call: i.e. when sent for by the sick.

169. He used every device to improve them, chiding the unresponsive, describing the joys of heaven and setting an example of holy living.

171. parting:: v. *Elegy*, l. 1.

172. dismayed: made weak through fear : "Beside the dying man who was overcome alternately by sorrow for his past deeds, consciousness of deserving the penalties of hell, and the pains he suffered, stood . . ."

173. At Ms control: those usually 'under his control.' Here 'control' means 'command' or 'influence': the good man, by his goodness, opposes and keeps in check the evil spirits.

179. double. The emphasis is on 'his': the force of truth is increased when preached by one who practises it.

181. past: another absolute clause.

187. He dedicated to their service his power of loving and sympathising; i.e. he thought of others, not of himself; but he was not so absorbed in human affairs as to forget God and Heaven.

189. This simile is generally said to have been copied from a French poet, the Abbe de Chaulieu, 1639-1720. The sentence

cannot be said to have any construction as it stands; in prose it might run thus: "[Though he was surrounded by earthly cares yet his mind was fixed on Heaven], as a tall cliff may be surrounded by clouds up to a certain point, and yet have sunshine always about its head." The anacoluthon [want of sequence] in the sentence is due to the last line having for its subject 'eternal sunshine'; we should expect the cliff to be the subject throughout.

190. leaves the **storm** : rises above the cloud line. Cp. Goldsmith's *Traveller*; 31-33 :

" E'en now where Alpine solitudes ascend
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend ;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear."

194. **furze**: gorse, whin, or whinbush, a prickly shrub which has brilliant yellow flowers (gay); it bears no fruit and is practically valueless (unprofitably).

197. to view: stern to look at. This use of the active for passive infinitive is an idiom; cp. 'house to let' for 'house to be let.' The development of the idiom is assisted by the fact that the word after 'to' is often mistaken for a noun, e.g. 'view' here.

199. **boding**: from A.S. *biddan*, 'to command,' *bid*. Then 'to announce,' to give a message. Here it means that their knowledge of their guilt announced to them beforehand their (probable) punishment. Some take 'boding' to mean that the master's appearance foretells their fate; but the two lines contain two distinct ideas. The master's face does not produce a 'boding' or apprehension, but *settles* the question.

200. Those whose sense of guilt made them anticipate punishment had learned to judge from the master's face their fate on that day.

disaster: from Greek *astron*, 'a star'; keeps up the idea of the word 'trace' (foretell).

201. **counterfeited** : reproduced without genuine feeling. The word is most common in reference to coiners who reproduce the form of the coin in a debased metal: then generally 'a spurious imitation.' Cp. *Il. Pen.* 80.

202. **many a**; v. 1. 19 n.

205. **augment**: A.S. *awiht* (cp 'wiht' and 'wight'), anything: negative *ne-awite*, naught. If he was in any respect too severe, it was because he was anxious they should become learned.

208. The village schoolmaster is 'passing learned' just as the preacher was 'passing rich'—by comparison. He has acquired writing and arithmetic (cypher), elementary mensura-

tion (measure), the principles of the calendar, and the art of estimating the capacity of a cask.

cipher: Arabic *sifr*, denotes the figure '0' primarily, and then any figure. This word *sifr* was written in Latin 'works *zephyrum* (the ending 'um' making it analogous with neuter nouns), hence Italian *zefiro*=zero, which denotes '0,' and is *not* used for number in general. This is a good example of the genesis of two words from one root, the one growing more general, the other more special.

209. terms: here means simply times or seasons (not the legal terms, or vacations appointed for courts).

tides: the 'moveable feasts,' such as Eastertide, the date of which can be calculated for any particular year. In the case of 'immoveable feasts,' as *e.g.* Christmas, where the *date* and not the *day* is fixed, no such calculation is required.

The question as to what the above words really denote must be considered from a common-sense point of view. Why should a simple villager be interested in the beginning or ending of Law Terms? why Should a man in an inland village concern himself with tides of the sea? There being no ostensible reason, we may assume that other explanations are required, though these would naturally occur first to a reader whose education makes them as well known to him as they were unknown to the schoolmaster. In support of this interpretation we have in Shakespeare, *King John*, iii. 1. 86:

** What hath this day done

That it in golden letters should be set

Among the high tides in the calendar?"

and in the *Sonnets*: "Buy terms divine (*i.e.* 'heavenly periods') in selling hours of dross" (quoted by W. H. Sharp).

211. parson: called 'preacher' 1. 140. 'Parson,' like 'person,' comes from the Latin *per* + *sono*, literally 'I speak through.' *Persona*, the noun, first means the mask through which an actor speaks; but as the mask was *typical*, *i.e.* the same mask was always worn for the same character in the play, the word came to mean either the original individual in the drama or the part as distinct from the player. For example, there might be a 'mask' of Othello: then the *persona* called Othello would be either (1) the Moor himself or (2) the part of the Moor in the play. From the second sense of 'part in a play' the word comes to mean 'actor' or representative. In this sense we find a preacher called in Latin *persona ecclesiae*, representative of the church, from which came 'parson' as a specific title.

220. sign-post: sign-board hung in front of an inn bearing its name and a picture, *e.g.* "The White Horse." The board

being often hung on an iron bar projecting from the wall could hardly be called a 'post': in many cases it was supported on a post in front of and away from the building.

224. Ale is best when matured (old): news is best when fresh: here either (1) the ale is new and the news is old or (2) the ale is old but the news is older still. The second is the better interpretation: there is no reason why the ale should not be old: the news is old because there was no post and no newspaper.

229. Designed so as to serve two purposes.

debt: something owed, a duty, or function.

231. Some think this means that the pictures not only adorned the wall but also concealed holes in the paper. This seems unsatisfactory: It is better to take 'pictures' in a wide sense to include anything hung on the walls: we can then include the 'twelve good rules,' and 'the game of goose' which were for use as well as ornament. The line does not mean that pictures naturally ornamental were also made useful, but rather that no purely ornamental works were admitted: the place was too poor for anything that was not in the first instance useful (v. 235).

The student should read Letter 29 in *The Citizen of the World*.

232. the **twelve good rules**: namely, (1) Urge no healths, (2) Profane no divine ordinances, (3) Touch no state matters, (4) Reveal no secrets, (5) Pick no quarrels, (6) Make no comparisons, (7) Maintain no ill opinions, (8) Keep no bad company, (9) Encourage no vice, (10) Make no long meals, (11) Repeat no grievances, (12) Lay no wagers. These were attributed to Charles I.

232. **royal game of goose**: "A game played with dice and counters on a board divided into compartments. At every fourth and fifth compartment a goose was depicted; and if a player's counter happened to be moved on to one of these, he might move forward twice as many squares as the number thrown by the die" (Sharp).

234. **gay**: i. e. the hearth was gay with flowers and fennel.

225. **stoops**: condescends; cp. "She *Stoops to Conquer*," a title of one of Goldsmith's plays.

248. **bliss**: the beer in which they find so much happiness,

mantling: v. 1. 132, "covered with foam."

249. **pressed**: liking to be asked or urged.

250. **kiss**: it was commonly thought that if a woman touched the cup with her lips the wine tasted sweeter; a touch of gallantry which the rustics do not forget.

251. Cp. *Ehgy*, lines 29-32.

254. gloss of art: artificial polish ; cp. 'polite,' which means 'polished.' It is assumed that rustic simplicity is genuine and the politeness of the city-bred man is not genuine. Lines 253-258 are to be contrasted with 259-264.

259. long pomp : long and wearisome ceremonies.

260. **wanton**: unrestrained, not kept within due limits.

262. The pleasure becomes a toil and, as they grow sick of it, produces pain.

308. common is denied : *i.e.* the use of common land is denied to the poor man. The history of the 'enclosure of common land' here referred to should be studied. The poet represents it as pure injustice. Legally all land belonged to the crown, and the right of the commons had grown up from the fact that much land was left without definite assignment. In the reign of Edward III. began the enclosing of land for sheep, as the wool industry was then the most important: in the time of Henry VIII. the lands confiscated from the monasteries were allotted on the condition that they should be tilled; but this, was evaded, and the labourers were thrown out of work in increasing numbers. So far there was no injustice, but only the unavoidable disturbance of the agriculturist consequent on the increased attention paid to pasturing. But to this purely economic trouble was added the reaction of commerce; for those who had made their money in trade desired to attain the status of the landed gentry, and therefore bought land which they did not use in any productive way, and which therefore did not support labour to any great extent. The two sides to the question are well put by Lecky, *History of England*, vi. 194 : "Great tracts which had once been inhabited only by a wretched and thinly scattered population sunk in poverty, idleness and crime, became the fertile and prosperous home of thriving industry. At the same time multitudes of poor men who, without any legal right, had found a home upon the common land, were driven away homeless and without compensation."

267. **how** wide the limits stand: *i.e.* how wide is the space between the end of one and the beginning of the other. There is really a mixture of ideas here, 'wide' belonging to the space between, not to the limits themselves.

269. **Our exports increase** : are we really flourishing ?

279. **silken sloth**: the silken garment in which his slothful limbs are wrapped has cost as much as the value of half the country's crop, and, as this will not be put into use for further production, it is lost to the country. The student should note that Goldsmith is here developing a definite economic theory,, and consider how far it is right.

282. needful: i.e. needed by us, who therefore ought not to export them.

288. secure : without care, sure of pleasing : opposed to 1. 293, "solicitous to bless"; notice (a) sinecure, (b) secure, (c) sure, are all forms of the same word (*sine*, without; *cura*, care).

297. vistas: its trim avenues strike the eye, and palaces start up everywhere. These are the artificial works which take the place of natural products.

304. contiguous : to escape the encroachments of the tyrant who is now his neighbour. Cp. *The Traveller*, line 177 :

" Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all ;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head
To shame the meanness of his humble shed."

316. artist: one who plies a trade, whom we should now call artisan, artist being restricted in modern use to one skilled in the fine arts (e.g. 'painting').

317. poms : cp. note on line 259 ; here it denotes the train of retainers by whom they were followed.

318. glooms : presents a sad spectacle ; cp. line 363.

323. The spectator is supposed to reflect upon the scene, and, caught by the outward show, thinks no troubles can come near these happy people. The next passage contradicts this, and shows that the pleasure of some is bought at the price of ruin to others.

330. Sweet as: the construction is slightly confused between 'sweet looks' and 'sweetly peeps': the simplest way to put the line in prose is to say, "as sweetly as the ..." for the word 'adorn' has caused the change of cons traction.

336. wheel: spinning-wheel.

344. Altama: a river in Georgia, United States, America. Emigration is represented as an even worse fate. The first colony reached Georgia in 1733.

362. thefts of harmless love : 'stolen kisses' of lovers. This is probably, though not certainly, a case of false rhyme.

363. gloomed: cp. line 318; here the word is transitive. With 'parting' in this line, cp. Gray's *Elegy*, line 1. Here the meaning is 'day of departing': there it means 'departing day.'

402. strand: there can be no doubt that by 'strand' the poet means 'shore': the virtues or the virtuous people, leaving the shore, take with them all the light of life ; and so 'darken, leave in darkness the country their presence had lighted.

412. solitary: in solitude. The lines lament the decline of poetry, which is such, that to be called a poet is a disgrace, though the Muse still has charms for some.

418. Torno : a river between Sweden and Russia.

Pambamarca: one of the summits of the Andes, near Quito in South America.

424. rage of: passion for ; 'rage' is frequently used for any excessive feeling, though in common use it is confined to the emotion of anger.

428. laboured mole. 'Mole' (Latin *moles*, mass) is used specifically for a breakwater or mass of masonry erected to keep out the sea or break its force. 'Laboured,' costing much labour.

COWPER.

JOHN GILPIN.

THE full title is "The diverting history of John Gilpin; showing how he went farther than he intended, and came safe home again." The subject may have been suggested by a poem, "The Merry Jest of the Sergeant and Frere," written by Sir Thomas More in his youth : "It is certain that the adventure of the London citizen riding to Edmonton existed in a separate shape, and was related to Cowper by Lady Austen as a humorous story she had heard in her childhood, little anticipating the celebrity it was to acquire under his hands" (Bell, in his edition of *Cowper's Poems*, ii. 116). For the life of Cowper, see Goldwin Smith's *Cowper* (English Men of Letters). In that life, chapter vi. deals with the period of Cowper's life to which these poems belong : v. p. 89, "These, the sunniest days of Cowper's life, however, gave birth to many of those short poems which are perhaps his best, certainly his most popular works, and which will probably keep his name alive when the *Task* is read only in extracts." Cowper's genius, when he was free from morbid depression, "played like a fountain of light on all the little incidents of his quiet life . . . the highest and brightest jet of all being *John Gilpin*."

3. train-band: what we should call a volunteer. The word used here as an adjective is properly a noun ; for trained-band.

eke: also; cp. 92. Connected with Anglo-Saxon *edcan*, to increase : it properly means *in addition.'

23. calender: one who calenders, *i.e.* presses between **rollers** (cp. cylinder).

39. all agog: the French *gogues* means glee, jollity. To be 'on gog' or 'agog' thus means to be in a state of merriment, excited.

49. saddle-tree : the wooden frame-work of a saddle.

97. neck or nought: the common phrase is 'neck or nothing'; meaning 'no half measures.'

100. running such a rig: acting in so frivolous a manner, capering in such a way. 'Rig' is connected with 'wriggle,' to perform antics, generally of unbecoming conduct.

113. who but he: ungrammatical for 'him'; meaning 'he and no other,' 'who else could it be?'

115. weight: the bottles are thought to be weights. A jockey in a race has to carry weight if he is himself below the weight required.

128. basted: 'to baste' is to put fat on to meat when it is being cooked, preventing it from burning. Here the flanks of the horse steam like meat that is basted, the wine on the hot flanks being compared to the fat which the cook puts on roasting meat.

139. trundling mop: the mop is an instrument, usually a bunch of cloth on the end of a pole, used for cleauing purposes: a servant, after using the mop, whirls it round between her hands and the water flies off in all directions.

trundling: spinning, revolving.

174. forebode: cp. *Deserted Village*, 199: "if I correctly calculate the future."

178. pin: this phrase is an interesting study in the evolution of a phrase. 'Pin' means 'peg' or 'bolt.' It was then used for one of a row of pegs let into a drinking vessel to regulate the quantity which each person drank: so 'a pin' came to mean 'a drink,' 'a carouse.' "In merry pin" means, therefore, 'in such a jovial humour.'

223. trice: an instant. 'To trice,' is 'to pull,' 'to jerk,' 'to make a sudden movement': so "in a trice" means 'in the time of a sudden action'; cp. the phrase, "done in a flash."

THE NIGHTINGALE AND GLOWWORM.

1. A nightingale: Cowper says in a letter to Mr. Unwin, "My whisking wit has produced the following, the subject of which is more important than the manner in which I have treated it seems to imply; but a fable may speak truth, and all truth is sterling; I only premise that in the philosophical

tract in the Register I found it asserted that the glowworm is the nightingale's food." The moral is pointed in the last lines. Cowper would have agreed with Tennyson that

" Truth embodied in a tale
Shall enter in at lowly doors."—*In Mem.* xxxvi.

COLERIDGE.

THE ANCIENT MARINER.

THE incident of the Albatross was taken by Coleridge from a book entitled *A Voyage round the World by the way of the Great South Sea*, by Shelvocke. In that book the 'second captain' of the ship shoots an albatross which continually hovered near the ship. The interpretation of the incident is to be attributed entirely to Coleridge (see Hales, *Longer English Poems*, note on this poem). This poem was published in 1798 in *Lyrical Ballads*, but was afterwards revised. It is one of the poems written in 1797, when Wordsworth and Coleridge were on a tour together, and some details were suggested by Wordsworth.

1. It is : cp. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, line 1.

2. one of three : he (*i.e.* the Mariner) stops a man who was walking along with two others.

3. By : as in the formula of an oath, "to swear by." Here the full sentence would be "I beseech thee by . . . to tell me wherefore." The 'one of three' speaks lines 3-8.

6. next of kin: next to him in respect of kin, *i.e.* his nearest relation. It was therefore important for him to arrive in time.

8. Mayst: thou mayst, meaning thou canst.

11. Hold off: hold yourself off, keep away.

unhand: take off your hand, loose your grip. The force of 'un' here is that of reversing an action. Cp. *II. Pen.* 88.

loon: also spelt 'lown': means 'clumsy idiot.' Cp. *Macbeth*, v. 3. 11, where Macbeth calls his servant a "cream-faced loon" (cowardly idiot), and *Othello*, ii. 3. 95: "With that he called the tailor lown" (for charging too much). [Quoted by Skeat, *Etym. Diet.*]

12. Eftsoons: eft = aft, old and obsolete positive of 'after.' 'Aft' is still used as an adverb to denote the stern of a ship. The word therefore means, "thereupon (immediately after that) he let fall his hand."

13. He holds him: note the art, much used in this type of

poetry, of simple repetition for effect. Perhaps the best example of this is Coleridge's poem "Love" (G. T. ccxi.).

16. hath his will: does just as he pleases. The weird character of the poem is introduced by this situation: though using no physical force, the Mariner detains the guest.

23. Below: as they move out to sea, owing to the convexity of the earth's surface, the *highest* object (not the largest) remains visible longest.

25. left: they were therefore sailing southward.

36. minstrelsy: not the music but the musicians. This line recalls Chaucer, *Squire's Tale*, 268, where Cambynskan holds a birthday feast: "Toforr him gooth the loud minstralcy" (In front of him go minstrels playing loudly).

38. The repetition makes, as it were, a refrain embedded in the poem (v. note, line 13).

46. As **who** pursued: like one that is pursued.

47. Still treads the shadow: the idea is that when a pursuer is close upon the pursued, the shadow of the pursuer falls in front of the pursued, who therefore treads on it. Though unable to turn round, being too hard pressed, the pursued knows from the shadow that his enemy is upon him, and is raising his hand to strike; so he *bends his head.'

50. aye: ever, continuously, without pause or relief.

52. it: a temporal subject; the idea is either that the cold grew (cp. 'It rains'=the rain rains), or, more probably, the atmosphere, the general condition of things, was cold.

54. green as emerald: a correct description of the appearance of an iceberg.

55. **drifts**: when the drifting snow did not obscure the view, we saw the dismal gleam of icebergs.

clifts = cliffs, ice mountains.

57. ken: primarily meant, 'make to know,' then 'to know': generally (as here) means simply 'discern.'

62. **swoond**: swoon, fainting fit: "like noises heard in the head at the time of swooning." The simile is peculiar, but maintains the idea that all these events are unreal, dreamlike.

63. **cross**: cross our track.

69. **ice did split**. In the Arctic or Antarctic regions there are ice-bergs and ice-fields. The former would crush the ship, but it frequently happens in Arctic expeditions that a ship becomes 'ice bound,' i.e. shut in by fields of ice.

71. **south wind**. In line 44, they *sail south* before a *north* wind. The Albatross has brought them luck, and the wind changes, taking them back.

76. **vespers.** Vesper is the same word as Hesper (evening star) and denotes the evening; it was then used for *evening prayers,' and so here means 'nine days': (cp. note on 'noon,' II. **Pen.** 68).

79. The listener breaks in, for the Mariner's face grows ghastly with horror.

81. **cross-bow:** a weapon shaped like a bow with a cross-piece for shooting bolts; it was a development of the bow as used with arrows.

83. **right.** Contrast line 25: the course is now northward, in accordance with line 71.

92. 'em: them; ethical dative, worked or produced or caused woe for them.

93. **averred:** declared true (cp. verity, verily, etc.).

95. to slay: for having slain.

98. uprist: here for uprised—a weak form of the preterite (for 'uprose'). In Chaucer the word is a noun (*Knight's Tale*, i. 193).

99. Note the repetition with a difference. The opinion of his companion changes ('Twas right').

101. **'Twas:** cp. line 1.

102. **That:** after such, 'as' is more usual. In a sentence like "the conditions were such that nothing could be done," the construction is different. Here, 'that' produces emphasis by breaking the sequence; "such birds, namely the birds that," or "such birds as those that."

104. **followed free:** the track of the ship was visible behind because of the calmness of the sea: in a storm no furrow follows.

116. **stuck:** there are two verbs 'to stick'—(1) to pierce (of which 'sting' is a form), a strong verb; (2) to adhere, cling. Thus in 'pigsticking' we have (1): in 'the stamp sticks,' we have (2). (2) may be used transitively (cp. 'stick a stamp' with 'stick a pig'), or intransitively, as here = we remained fixed in one place.

127. **reel and rout:** reel means (1) a spindle for winding yarn, as in 'a reel of cotton'; (2) as a verb, reel means to go round, to stagger. The Scotch 'reel' is a different word, and means *a dance.' Rout means a crowd; cp. *Lycidas*, 61:

"The rout that made the hideous roar."

Here 'reel' is probably the Scotch word and means 'a dance': "in reel and rout" then means 'in dancing crowds.'

128. **death-fires:** the phosphorescent lights on the sea. These coloured (130) lights were popularly connected with magic.

133. **Nine fathom**: the singular is frequently used for plural where the compound denotes one idea: cp. five-pound note. Here 'nine fathom' is practically an adverb qualifying 'deep.' Cp. *Tempest*, i. 2. 396:

"Full fathom five thy father lies."

139: **well-a-day**. The original phrase is 'well away,' of which the original form is 'weilawei,' i.e. 'wa-la-wa, woe! lo! woe!' a very strong exclamation of sorrow. The word being entirely misunderstood became 'well away' (perhaps meaning 'weal is away,' i.e. prosperity is gone), and then 'well-a-day,' which is taken to mean 'alas for the day!'

152. **wist**: preterite of A.S. *witan*, to know.

156. **tack**: 'tack,' to change one's course.

veered: 'veer' suggests sudden swerving; it is generally used of the wind, and denotes uncertain and fluctuating movements. Op. in Longfellow's *Wreck of the Hesperus*:

"And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
The smoke now west, now south."

164. **Oramercy**: for *grand merci*, French for 'great thanks,' used as a mere emphatic exclamation without reference to the meaning.

170. **steadies**: moves steadily. The keel is said to be upright when a ship does not 'heel,' i.e. turn over to one side.

177. **flecked**: properly spotted, but generally, as here, in the sense of 'streaked.'

178. **Heaven's Mother**: Mary, the mother of Christ, is worshipped by the Roman Catholics as no less divine than Christ. Hence many forms of oath, 'By Our Lady,' 'marry'; cp. line 294.

send us grace: grant us her favour.

184. **goasameres**: 'Gossamer,' properly 'God-summer.' In German called the threads of our Lady Mary (v. note, line 183), "from the legend that the gossamer is the remnant of our Lady's winding-sheet, which fell away in fragments when she was taken up to heaven. It is this divine origin which is indicated by the first syllable of the English term" (Wedgwood, quoted by Hales *ad loc.*). Skeat condemns this explanation, and thinks the word is 'goose-summer,' i.e. the down from plants seen in the summer, and like the down on a goose.

190. **free**: bold, immodest.

194. **thicks**: thickens, freezes.

209. **clonal**): strong form for 'climbed.'

222. It: the subject is repeated (redundantly) to give emphasis. So Shelley wrote:

" The wandering airs they faint,"

and

" The nightingale's complaint

It dies upon her heart "

{*The Indian Serenade*, lines 9, 12-13}.

231. This body. The Guest expresses fear : the Mariner says, " Fear not, I did not die ; so I am not now an unearthly being."

245. or **ever**: a common idiomatic phrase: ' or' is the same word as ' ere,' and ' ever' is intensive, ' before over'; cp. " What-ever is he doing?" and similar phrases for the intensive use of 'ever.'

254. rot **nor reek** : they neither rotted nor became foul, which would have happened if they had died a natural death.

262. I could not die. The woman had won when she gambled for him (line 197), so that Death could not claim him.

268! **spread** : i.e. spread out, lying before me looking white like hoar frost in April (in the silver light of the moon). The cause of the appearance here described is partly the moon and partly the phosphorescent gleam of the water (cp. lines 274-275, and ' hoary' in 276).

270. **charmed** : laid under a magic spell.

275. reared: raised themselves, leaped up. Cp. *Alexander's Feast*, 108.

elfish: a sprite, generally a mischievous spirit. The usual word is ' elfin,' which is an adjective ('elfen' cp. ' golden,' etc.) used as a noun.

287. blessed them unaware : the curse came upon him for wanton cruelty; so soon as kindness of nature returns to him he can pray, and the power of the curse is destroyed. The poem is thus an allegory {v. lines 400, 408, 612}.

288. **selfsame**: self denotes one's own person; so "this and no other" : it comes to mean practically ' same,' and in this compound=very, that very, self-identical moment.

294. **Mary Queen** : v. line 178 note.

297. **silly**: originally happy, then simple, foolish. Here probably in the sense of * happy, ' being wet after so long a time.

308. **ghost**: spirit released from the body. The sense of ' spectre' is a secondary meaning.

312. **sere**: v. *Lycidas*, line 2.

314. **fire-flags sheen** : i.e. bright lightnings. It is tempting to take ' sheen' as a verb (=shine), but Coleridge probably knew ' sheen' and ' shine' were not the same, and ' sneen' can only be

used as adjective or noun. Here it is an adjective, and 'they' in the next line is redundant (cp. lines 237 and 222 note): the sentence then is, "a hundred, bright flashes of lightning were hurried hither and thither."

352. Sweet **sounds** : the theory that the soul was a harmony was held by the ancients {v. Plato's dialogue *Phaedo*), but not in this sense, harmony meaning proportion of parts or the being as realised in such a harmony of parts (cp. 'Music of the spheres'). In the *Phaedo* (§86) we read, "When the body is in a manner strung and held together by the elements of hot and cold, wet and dry, then the soul is the harmony or due proportionate admixture of them." It follows that when the 'harmony' is destroyed, the soul is destroyed. Simmias had argued that when a lyre is destroyed, the mortal instrument is 'dead,' but the immortal harmony, the 'soul' of the instrument, cannot be so destroyed, and this was probably the proper view. The soul was often thought to be a subtle form of matter and passed out of the mouth at death, so it is not unnatural that these two ideas should be combined in this passage. From what follows it is clear that the soul is an invisible thing which revealed its presence to man in sound, just as the angels are "the choir of heaven," the invisible voices (cp. 397 seq.).

399. Him : i.e. by Christ.

418. If he **may know** : the ocean looks up to the moon (416-7) to see if he can find out which way to go, i.e. to receive his orders. The action of the moon on the ocean in influencing tides suggests this idea.

419. **smooth** or **grim** : in calm or storm.

428. **slow** and **slow**: (1) adj. for adverb, (2) positive for the more usual comparative, slower and slower. Though no rule can be laid down, the use of an adjective for an adverb generally indicates that the interest is in the noun, not the verb; here the ship, not the motion.

435. **enamel-dungeon** : charnel (cp. 'carnal'), from Latin *caro*, flesh, means 'containing corpses': cp. Milton, *Comus*, 471, "charnel-vaults and sepulchres." Charnel-dungeon means a dungeon filled with dead men's bones.

438. **The pang, the curse** : i.e. the distortion of countenance caused by the death-agony, and the expression with which they cursed. . . .

450. Cp. line 47.

465. **light-house top** : cp. lines 23-4. The order is correctly inverted as the ships come in : cp. Tennyson, *Princess*, iv.:

"Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail

That brings our friends *up from the under-world*."

466. For **kirk**, v. line 603.

470. let **me** be **awake** : he fears it is a dream, and prays either to be sure he is awake and the 'dream' is real, or to remain dreaming always, but *not* to wake and 'find it was a dream,' *i.e.* lose it altogether.

492. each; the construction changes, as though for 'seraph-band' we had had *seraph-men.'

502. **away**: *i.e.* from the seraph-men.

512. **shrieve** : shrive, hear a confession. 'Shrive' is allied to 'scribe' (as 'inscribe,' write in), and means (1) write a law, (2) write down a penalty : in the religion of the Roman Catholics the priest can absolve, give absolution to, a man from crimes (*i.e.* set him free from all penalties after death) by hearing his confession and appointing a penance.

512. **wash away ... the blood** : absolve me from the crime of slaying.

523. **Bkiff-boat** : 'skiff,' allied to a ship, means 'a boat.' Here the phrase is either redundant or means ship's boat.

535. ivy-tod : cp. Gray, *Elegy*, line 9. 'Tod' = bush.

538. **fiend**: properly 'enemy,' then evil spirit. 'Demon' means a spirit good or bad ; 'liend' always a devil or evil spirit.

559. telling : was re-echoing. The approach of the holy man puts to fight the spirit that had borne up the ship.

565. go: goeth crazy here means 'is crazy,' not 'becomes crazy,' but is crazy in all his goings, in his ways and actions.

575. **crossed** : made the sign of the cross on.

595. **vesper-bell**: cp. line 76 n.

603. **kirk**: a church. The original word is Greek *kuriakon*, place of the Lord; from which come 'kirk' (still used in Scotland) and 'church.'

612. This is the moral of the whole story; it was wanton cruelty towards one of God's creatures that caused all the trouble and put the Mariner in the power of the evil spirits.

623. **forlorn** : cp. L'*Allegro*, line 3. Properly the word means 'lost': it was then used with a genitive of reference (of sense, in respect of sense) and this acquired the force of 'deprived,' from which the phrase 'forlorn of something,' came to mean 'that has lost something' (here his senses).

625. **morrow**: properly means 'morning,' the sense of 'next day' being secondary and derivative (as in 'on the morrow' = on the next day). Here 'morrow-morn' = morning of the next day.

WOKDSWORTH.

ODE.

THE Ode was written partly in 1803, partly in 1806. This poem is more often read than studied. It deserves and repays study; and, though it is not possible in this place to enter into a detailed discussion, the following points may be suggested for further consideration.

Popular opinion thinks of Wordsworth vaguely as the anti-thesis of Plato. "Plato," it is said, "thought that in life we improved, while Wordsworth thinks that we degenerate." This probably was in some sense the first idea with which Wordsworth began; but as his mind dwelt on the theme there emerged a second line of thought. Plato was concerned mainly with an intellectual problem—the nature and origin of our knowledge. From this point of view it is natural to think of life as a progress, a gradual evolution of latent powers. The doctrine of Reminiscence accounts for the possibility of any knowledge by the theory of an existence previous to this earthly life, an existence in the divine world of unmixed truth and beauty. It is with a rich endowment of ideas that the soul begins its life, but, as it were, encumbered with useless matter, rising like a sea-god from the ocean, about whom cling shells and sea-weed. Strenuous labour can bring that soul along the weary road of knowledge until it is freed from all that hinders its activity or mars its beauty, and so stands, at last, upon the heights from which it descended into existence on earth.

Such in brief was the Platonic idea. It is obvious that Wordsworth moves on similar lines of thought; the differences are the points of interest. In the first place Wordsworth begins with a sentiment, the feeling of loss, of the inability to experience the same keen sensations as Nature could arouse in days when the world was still a wonder and a wild delight. He ends characteristically enough with a thought, not a sentiment. Combined with the expression of yearning, for that which is lost we find a new theme, the recognition of compensation. At first it seems as though life was nothing but loss, an inevitable drifting away from the gates of Paradise, a slow but sure forgetting of the 'imperial palace' whence we came, with nothing before us but the prospect of perpetual loss and at the last complete darkness. If such is our lot, how much better the life of the animal: the animal can enjoy without reflection, be young without forebodings, and grow old without regrets. If this life were all, the animal would be blessed above all; but at that 'if' comes the turning point. Discontent, lofty aspirations, the

power to look before and after, all these are not merely displaced powers intruding uselessly on an existence that might be one unruffled day of mirth: they are rather our warrant for joining in the happiness of the earth; for, if we had no reason for thinking that our essence was more than mortal, the pleasures of earth themselves could have no charm.

It is in this turning away from the first sentiment that we see the effect of time and reflection on the construction of the poem. The result is a deepening of the thought which is too frequently overlooked. Whatever there may be of Platonism in the general idea, the detail of the Ode does not move toward Platonism. The distracting influence was primarily a poem by Herbert Vaughan, entitled *The Retreat* which combines with the so-called Platonism of the eighteenth century a very unplatonian tone due to Christianity. Wordsworth draws his inspiration in part from Vaughan, but he was not the man to copy anyone. It is his own ripe reflection that we have expressed in the Ode, and the ripeness brings with it a singular richness and depth.

Nature presents itself at first as the good, the beautiful, the sinless. The early poets dream of a pastoral Arcadia: "the state of nature" has been the war cry of more than one political or ethical creed born in days of general depression: in brief, Nature shares with the Unconscious the honour of being all that man is not. But this primitive view is destined to speedy collapse. Is the life of the animal after all so very ideal? Is it not after all more cursed than blest by its limitations? Do we sincerely wish to give up this 'pleasing anxious' existence to have in its place mere pleasures of the sense? The fallacy that creeps into the thought is the fallacy of thinking that we might gain the irresponsibility of the animal without sacrificing our powers of intellectual appreciation: when once it is clearly recognised that the balances of life hang level, that for every care, every responsibility, every faculty we resign, the scale of pleasure must sink; then we retract, and appreciate the significance of life. So for Wordsworth finally it is not the sentiment that prevails: it is the thought, the reasoning, and, looking no more at the joys of childhood, he turns about and faces the future, putting his trust in the faith that looks through death and the years that had already in some measure brought the philosophic mind. In this respect we find Wordsworth more satisfactory than Shelley, whose skylark seems more blessed than man. If we would hear again among the poets the note of courage and exultation in the greatness of man's nature, we must turn to Browning, who casts behind him all ideas of a life free from cares. He says:

" Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without":

they may be 'finite and finished clods,' but in them there is no

trace of the divine fire that purges and elevates : they live 'untroubled by a spark,' born and buried in a darkness which the human intellect shrinks from conceiving.

16. a **glorious birth**. The line has a double suggestion : of the sunrise after night and of the life-giving power of the sun.

21. **tabor**: the word comes from the Arabic *tambur*, meaning a kind of lute or guitar with a long neck and six brass strings.

22. To me **alone** : the joy of the animal is contrasted with the sentiments of man, which combine with mere feeling an element of reflection. So Shelley in *The Skylark* contrasts the irresponsible joyousness of the bird with the tendency in human thought to 'look before and after,' which is the reason why "our sincerest laughter with some tears is fraught."

23. The cataract: Wordsworth dwells here on sounds. Tennyson, using natural scenery to introduce a similar analogy ("Our echoes roll from soul to soul"), speaks of the appearance, "And the wild cataract leaps in glory" (v. the song in *The Princess*, "The splendour falls on castle walls").

27. **throng**: literally, coming in crowds : "I hear innumerable sounds echoing through the mountains."

28. **fields of sleep**: the fields that have been wrapped in sleep.

32. **May** : always the month of joyous life in the poets. The animal shares the gladness which is the very heart of the season.

38. **jubilee** : gladness ; literally a shout of joy.

40. **coronal**: the emphasis is on 'my' ; not your head only, but mine also, is crowned with joy. 'Coronal,' a crown or garland, here used metaphorically of joy itself.

51. **But there's a tree**: here again the reflective element, absent in the joy of the animal, is introduced, as modifying the gladness of the man. He cannot merely enjoy the beauty of the scene : something in it speaks of that which is no more (53).

56. **visionary gleam** : to be understood from line 5. It is that celestial light which was the glory of the dream of youth.

78. **kind** : the word has almost the sense of 'nature,' as in the phrase of Shakespeare, "Milk of humankindness" (often quoted wrongly). Earth has yearnings in harmony with her nature, of the same kind as herself : i.e. there are earthly joys which satisfy the earthly, the animal, for example ; they do not satisfy man, because he is not a true child of earth, only a foster child: he yearns for the imperial palace to which he belongs by nature and for joys that earth cannot give.

86. **pigmy**: the word etymologically denotes that which measures as much as the length of the arm from elbow to knuckles, about thirteen and a half inches. As a noun the word is used in Homer for a race of men described as living on

the southern shores of the river Okeanus and being warred upon by the cranes. Herodotus apparently knew of the races in Africa which are abnormally undersized : these were discovered by Stanley in 1888. Cp. Milton, *Paradise Lost*, i. 575 :

" that small infantry

Warred on by cranes,"

and line 780:

" [They] Now less than smallest dwarfs, in narrow room
Throng numberless : like that Pygmaean race
Beyond the Indian mount."

88. Fretted: cp. 192, and Gray, *Elegy*, 39. The expression conveys the idea that the child is preoccupied, and resents the interruptions of his mother's kisses.

95. this ... then : 'this' denotes the present occupation ; 'then' denotes the change to another. Compare with this passage Pope, *Essay on Man*, ii. 275.

102. cons: " From Ancient English *cannian*, as 'ken' from 'caiman' " (Hales), means to get to know, study.

103. humorous stage: 'humour' is a word that has become specialised in common language : it properly denotes all moods, whether grave or gay. Cp. the title of Ben Jonson's play, *Every Man in His Humor*.

104. persons : characters, from *persona*, the mask worn by an actor (v. *Deserted Village*, 211 and note).

111. **eye among the blind**: men are blind to these visions; thou alone canst see them.

120. **a presence**, etc. So Shelley speaks of Keats :

" He is made one with Nature : there is heard
His voice in all her music, from the moan
Of thunder to the song of night's sweet bird ;
He is a presence to be felt and known
In darkness and in light."—*Adonais*, xlii.

The word is not vague in its significance, but very indefinite: the ideas of all-pervasiveness and immateriality are subtly combined in it.

123. **provoke** : op. Gray, *Elegy*, 43. The child 'provokes' the years in the sense that he desires and strives to be 'grown up.'

141. **obstinate questions**: I am thankful not only for the simplicity of childhood, but also for the persistent doubts which it is the nature of our minds to raise with regard to the perceptions of sense and objects of sense, those moments in which all earthly things seem to sink into nothingness, leaving us face to face with the eternity beyond. The meaning of these and the following lines is this: there are moments in life when we see

through the veil of earthly reality into the reality that lies beyond, moments of exaltation in which we are lifted up to transcendent heights. These are the visions which compensate for the loss of 'that vision splendid' which years take from us : they are even more worthy of 'thanks and praise,' because they are more mature, more lasting and significant than the dreams of childhood (175).

148. But for: resuming the construction from 141. These visions are the return which the spirit can make to those eternal truths which are its birthright and inheritance. They are its first affections, because they are not derived from experience, but are innate, brought with us * from God who is our home.'

152. master light: the earthly light shows us the earthly objects; the heavenly reveals what lies beyond the earthly vision. There is doubtless here a recollection of Plato's analogy in the *Republic* between the sun, which enables us to see the objects of visual perception, and the Idea of the Good, which, as the supreme intellectual standpoint, enables us to see the objects of intellectual comprehension. Wordsworth, however, is not thinking of intellectual qualifications : he refers to

"the eye made quiet by the power

"Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,"

which enables us to 'see into the life of things.' For a full description of the power here mentioned the student should read the "Lines composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey."

158. Nor man nor boy: neither the absorption in routine which manhood brings nor the wayward passions of immaturity.

181. must ever be: which is more than mortal in its origin, and therefore eternal in its nature.

190. only: i.e. only one delight, namely, to live, etc.

SCOTT.

THE EVE OF ST. JOHN.

THIS poem belongs to a group entitled "Contributions to Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," which comprises a few poems written in 1802 in imitation of the ancient ballad. This poem is founded on an ancient Irish tradition. It cannot be said that these poems represent Scott's best work. Apart from the longer poems, such as the *Lady of the Lake*, Scott shows his genius most clearly in songs and lilts, such as *County Guy* or *The Maid of Neidpath*. This poem is none the less very typical of Scott's attitude toward poetry in respect of both style and matter.

I. Smaylho'me: Smallholm Tower is situated in the north of Roxburghshire.

4. Brotherstone : a heath near Smallholm.

5. Buccleuch: Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch; v. note, line 17.

7. yew : the bow of yew-wood.

9. plate-jack : plate-armour, coat of mail.

10. vaunt-brace : also in the form 'vambrace' or 'vantbrace' (pronounced 'vant-brass'); the latter form shows the derivation from *avant-bras*, French for 'before the arm,' i.e. the piece of armour protecting the fore-arm.

I I. sperthe : a battle-axe ; form of 'sparth,' " perhaps akin to spear" (*Cent. Diet.*).

17. Ancram Moor. This battle was fought in 1545 between a mixed army, chiefly English under Lord Evers and a Scotch army under Sir Walter Scott of Buccleuch, Norman Lesley, and others. The battle was really the conclusion of a long series of raids, and by their victory the Scots avenged many a bloody deed of pillage.

22. acton: derived through the French *acoton*, from Arabic *al-qftun*, cotton ; a quilted vest or tunic worn under the coat of mail.

25. chapellage : the precincts, neighbourhood of a chapel.

79. rood-stone: a crucifix of black marble, called the black-rood of Melrose. The word rood means primarily rod, thence a cross, particularly the cross placed in the centre of a mediaeval church.

86. Dryburgh : Dry burgh Abbey, near Melrose.

98. blood-red high: flushed with the high colour, bright red, of passion.

108. Bildon-tree : the Eildon Hills are a low range immediately above Melrose. The Eiidon Tree was famous as the place where Thomas the Rhymer delivered his prophecies (v. Scott's poem *Thomas the Rhymer*, in three parts, Part i. line 4). At this time it was presumably in existence : when it disappeared its site was marked by the Eiidon Tree Stone.

127. bartizan-Beat: the bartizan is a small turret projecting from a tower. The word is said not to be found in literature before Scott: it is an architectural term. Compare *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto iv. 20 :

" On battlement and bartizan
Gleamed axe, and spear, and partisan."

138. southron : man of the south, Englishman.

155. **stood there** : for * standing there'; the construction is a mixture of 'who stood there' and 'standing there.'

165. **brand**: sword.

188. **covering**: some spirits are said in legends to scorch by their touch : others have a cold touch.

193. **That nun** : there appears to have been a woman who, in fulfilment of a vow, lived in a dark vault of Dryburgh Abbey and only came out at night. This woman lived about 1745. Scott has utilised the legend to adorn this story.

BYRON.

MAZEPPA.

THE story is recorded in Voltaire's history of Charles XII. Byron has followed the details of the story very closely. There is no subject more suited to the genius of Byron than this wild ride, a dramatic story in itself, and told under dramatic conditions. Byron cannot refrain from a satiric touch at the conclusion, a veiled apology to the reader for so dull a story !

Stanza I. **Pultowa**: v. Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, note 1. 192, "A day more dark and drear." Napoleon marched on Moscow, 1812 A.D. He succeeded in capturing the city, and the greater part of it was destroyed. The army of Napoleon was practically annihilated by the fearful winter during which the retreat from Moscow was effected.

Stanza n. **hazard of the die**: 'die' is from *datum*, Latin for something given or thrown, a cube used in gaming ; plural, 'dice.' This phrase means 'the fortune of the venture,' his 'luck.'

Stanza in. **Ukraine's Hetman** : 'Hetman' is a German word, English 'headman.' Among the Cossacks it denoted the headman of each community. The Ukraine Cossacks had a hetman until the time of Catherine II.

Stanza Iv. **flint's unloosen'd kept their lock**: guns were at one time fired by means of a match. After the seventeenth century the flint-lock was used, in which fire is produced by a flint striking the hammer. Now this is superseded by the percussion lock, the hammer striking on the cap of the cartridge.

Bucephalus : name of Alexander's famous horse.

Borysthenes : ancient name of the Dnieper.

John Casimlr: "John Casimir, the last of the Vasa kings, had in 1648 renounced his orders to succeed his brother on the Polish

Throne. . . . Poland was saved by its allies from the attack of Charles X. of Sweden, but the Peace of Oliva was followed by a renewal of the long struggle with Russia for the hazardous right of ruling the turbulent Cossacks of the Ukraine" (*Cambridge Mod. hist.* v. 349).

Palatine: from the Latin *palatinus*, attached to a court. In mediaeval France and Germany it was a special title, denoting a high administrative or judicial officer. A count palatine was "an officer appointed by the German emperors to exercise certain imperial privileges."

who have deserved ; the subject is 'they': "they who have most deserved these titles rarely boast of them."

Stanza v. for his page : because time writes upon the features the record of the years.

Stanza vi. strike from out: flash out of ; the verb here is used intransitively, probably from confusion with the idea of a spark being struck out, i.e. caused by striking steel on flint. With this passage compare *Childe Harold*, Canto iv. stanza 23 .

"And slight withal may be the things which bring
Back on the heart the weight which it would fling
Aside for ever : it may be a sound—
A tone of music—summer's eve—or spring—
A flower—the wind—the ocean—which shall wound,
Striking the electric chain wherewith we are darkly bound.
[24.] And how and why we know not, nor can trace
Home to its cloud this lightning of the mind."

Stanza VII. Or o'er: either o'er their passions, or as you, etc. The occurrence of 'or' and 'o'er' twice is bad.

where happiest: in those cases in which love brings greatest happiness, the end is pain.

Stanza VIII. All cap-a-pie: if I had been armed in steel, even fully armed from head to foot. 'Cap-a-pie' properly means from head to foot.

Stanza xi. ehequer'd ; cp. L' *Allegro*, 96.

Spahi's hoof: 'spahi,' Turkish *sipdhi* (sepoy), a Turkish cavalryman ; here used of cavalry (hoof of the horse). This Turkish army is said to have come 'the year before.' As the Hetman is now (1709) seventy and this was when he was twenty, the invasion referred to should be in 1659. The Turks were in fact fighting in Transylvania and with Hungary in 1658-1661.

Stanza xii. strown by those autumnal eves: cp. Keats, *Isabella*, stanza xxxii., where this same idea is expressed.

scarred *with* cold ; apparently means closed, covered over, by the action of the cold.

Stanza xvII. werst: *i.e.* verst, a Roman measure of distance.

bloodless to the bit: not yet wounded by a bit or by the hands of a rider pulling at the reins.

which is viewed: the future may be viewed with terror or calmness; the state of mind depends not so much on the character of the man as on his constitution.

Stanza XVIII. begun: this is the participial form: 'began' is grammatically required.

Stanza xix. due return: her return at the proper time. 'Due is connected with debt, that which is owed, that which ought to be (cp. duty). Milton writes:

"Eve, due at the hour, prepares

For dinner sundry meats (*Par. Lost*, v. 303),

i.e. punctually.

KEATS.

ISABELLA.

THE subject of this poem is taken from the *Decameron* of Boccaccio. Boccaccio was by birth a Florentine, born in 1313. The word 'Decameron' means 'ten days,' and the book called the *Decameron* is a collection of stories supposed to have been told to each other by a company of Florentines in 1348, during the year of the great pestilence. Many of the stories were taken from older sources, such as the tales of the Troubadours; some can be traced to their origin, but others are original. The story which Keats has put into verse is the fifth story of the Fourth Day. The original, which has been followed with no important changes, begins thus: "There lived, at Messina, three young merchants, who were brothers, and left very rich by their father: they had an only sister, a lady of worth and beauty, who was unmarried. Now they kept a youth by way of factor, to manage their affairs, called Lorenzo. . . ." At the end we are told, "but in some time afterwards, the thing became public, which gave rise to this song:

'Most cruel and unkind was he

That of my flowers deprived me,' etc."

From this we may conjecture that the story was an old tale preserved in the popular songs of the period.

The poem of Keats was published in 1820.

2. palmer: properly a pilgrim who has been to the Holy Land and returned, bringing a palm-branch. It then came to mean a monk, and is here used in the sense of 'devotee,' worshipper.

6. the other by : *i.e.* to be by the other, beside the other.

34. the rose's just domain: *i.e.* became pale, where the cheek should have been rosy red.

36. cool: the child being feverish.

42. His heart beat awfully: Keats is fond of elaborating the details of an emotional state. Cp. with this *Eve of St. Agnes*, xxiii. :

" No uttered syllable, or, woe betide !

But to her heart her heart was voluble,

Paining with eloquence her balmy side.

As though a tongueless nightingale should swell

Her throat in vain and die, *heart-stifled*, in her dell."

46. Fever'd his high conceit: raised his thoughts of Isabella to a height of feverish passion,

conceit: same as concept, conception, notion.

49. had : *i. e.* would have.

51. wed to every symbol: *i.e.* always watching his countenance for every change of expression ; her eye is wedded to his forehead in the sense of being always attentive to, always fixed upon it.

54. straight all flush'd: alternately growing pale and then flushing.

straight: straightway, immediately.

62. fear: cause to fear; *i.e.* make her, by his gazing, turn away her eyes in timid modesty.

64. shrive : properly, confess and receive absolution of sins; here in the sense of confess my love.

82. before the dusk had taken : a rather ' quaint conceit'; the dusk is described as veiling the stars, being the period after sunset before the sky grows bright again with moon and stars. As they had to escape detection, both daylight and moonlight were objectionable. Stars probably were in the sense of heavenly bodies, including the moon.

86. whispering tale : with none to spy upon them and gossip about them. The last line means: never to have been heard of would have been better than a fate which makes them the subject of a tale. It is their *woe* that has given them a place in literature.

91. in fee: op. Wordsworth's *Sonnet on Venice* :

" Once did she hold the gorgeous East in fee."

To give in fee means to give in tribute (cp. Gray, *Elegy*, 80, "the tribute of a sigh"); ' to hold in fee,' to hold as tributary.

94. in bright gold : *i.e.* the tale of lovers who were ill-fated is generally told with reference to their sorrows (doleful). It

should rather be an account of their joys, for their joy outweighed all sorrow.

were best be read : which it were (would be) best to read. The construction cannot be justified.

95. **Theseus' spouse**. Except, that is, in such a story as that of Phaedra, where love was a crime. Theseus, before marrying Phaedra, had been married to Antiope and had a son Hippolytus. Phaedra fell in love with her own step-son, was rejected, and finally, after causing the death of Hippolytus, slew herself.

96. **such a page where** : such a page as that in which.

99. **under-grove**: grove of the nether world; v. Teunyson, *Dream of Fair Women*, line 83.

107. **swelt**: A.S. *sweltan*, to die; came to mean 'faint with heat,' from mixture with *sweal*, to burn away slowly.

119. **an easy wheel**: the owners, like a man who controls a great machine by means of a small wheel, can with ease by a command set in motion forces that *pinch and peel' the actual labourer.

120. **peel**: strip, plunder. Cp. pill, pillage.

129. **self-retired** : withdrawn into themselves, self-centred.

131. **close Hebrews** : miserly Jews.

13? **hawks** : these lines describe the qualities of these men ; they were (1) birds of prey who lived in forests of ships' masts (i.e. possessed many ships), (2) hard-working beasts of burden, toiling for wealth, (3) swift as the wild cat to spring on the unwary traveller.

140. **Hot Egypt's pest**: may the dust of Egypt destroy the eyes of the miserly wretches. If the word 'pest' is to be taken to mean plague, the reference will be to the Bible, *Exodus*, x. 22 (account of the plagues), " And there was a thick darkness in all the land of Egypt three days : they saw not one another, neither rose any from his place for three days."

142. **east and west**: i.e. both ways at once; how could they both tend to their business and yet be able to detect the signs of love ?

145. **Boccaccio** : as the original author ; v. Introd.

146. **forgiving boon** : the kindness which consists in forgiveness or pardon.

150. **ghittern**: better 'gittern' or 'giter'n' (cp. guitar, zither, etc.), a kind of guitar.

159. **stead** : cp. *Il Penseroso*, line 3.

174. **Cut Mercy**: utterly put an end to all thoughts of mercy.

182. **invade** : interrupt, break in upon.

190. **serpents' whine**: to these men as they spoke this hypocritically. The serpent is typical of guile, and 'whine' denotes the unmanly, sneaking way in which they spoke.

206. **day doth** borrow : the parting by day will be a loss repaid by the meeting at night.

209. murder'd : already doomed, and past all help.

229. widow's **weed** : garments of mourning.

241. Selfishness: Love is selfish, as the lover thinks of his (or her) own gain or loss. With Isabella this mood of desire gives place to solicitude for the welfare of her beloved. She thinks no more of her solitary state ['single breast'], but of Lorenzo and the discomforts of his situation ('travels rude').

248. rude : cp. Johnson, *V.H. W.* 234.

262. Hinnom's vale : Gehenna, the valley of Hinnom, south of Jerusalem. In this valley children were offered up to Moloch ; the sacrifice was made by burning. So the crime comes upon them like the smoke of the sacrifices from Gehenna.

264. To **see**, etc. : they groan aloud as they dream, for they are haunted by visions of their sister lying dead in her shroud.

290. phantom fear : such fear as phantoms arouse.

292. horrid woof: cp. Gray, *Bard*, 49 ; the meaning here is 'the horrible tale,' 'the tissue of horrors.'

312. **Humanity**: far from me, because of the great distance fixed between the dead and the living.

321-328. The vision ceases, the image departs without dividing the darkness in which it had glowed; but that darkness is in turmoil, shot through with light like the light that gleams before our eyes when the face is pressed down upon the pillow. The idea of these lines is (1) that the vision is insubstantial, the darkness is not divided (atom) by its going, it does not 'cleave the darkness' as anything substantial would; (2) that none the less it has its effect: it is a real vision, as real as the light before the eyes when one 'sees stars.'

326. **spangly** gloom, darkness spangled, made brilliant with points of light.

334. **school'd** my **infancy**: taught my simple innocence what life really means. Hitherto I thought life contained only pleasire and pain : I now learn that there is also something else—crime.

342. the **inmost**: try to the uttermost, put to the most penetrating test.

356. **stole** : cp. // *Pen.* 35.

370. **phantasies** : upon which she had worked in silk ornamental patterns. 'Fantasies' here denotes something derived

from the imagination, ornamental rather than useful, or significant.

374. those dainties : her delicate breasts.

385. wormy circumstance : cp. Milton, *On the Death of a Fair Infant*,

" Or that thy beauties lie in wormy bed,
Hid from the world in a low-delved tomb."

393. Persean: belonging to Perseus, the hero who rescued Andromeda.

Perseus was son of Danae. Acrisius, the father of Danae, sent her and her child adrift on the sea, because an oracle had said that the son of Danae would kill Acrisius. The sea carried the mother and child to Seriphos. The king of this island fell in love with Danae, and hoping to get rid of Perseus sent him to slay the Gorgon, Medusa. The glance of a Gorgon turned the beholder to stone ; but Perseus overcame this difficulty by using a mirror, which enabled him to see where to strike without encountering the Gorgon's glance.

412. serpent-pipe : curved or twisted pipe, serpent referring to the shape. Here apparently denotes a flask for unguents.

451. Baalites : worshippers of Baal, the Babylonian Bel. The word properly means 'lord,' and is found usually in compounds as Baai-Zebub (Beelzebub). Baal was the evil deity whose qualities are such that he stands for the devil in the ordinary language of the Bible. The phrase, "Baalites of pelf," may therefore be translated, "followers of the devil of wealth." In the Bible and in Milton the god of wealth is Mammon. With Baalites used here, cp. Milton, "sons of Belial."

485. **Well-away!**: v. note, *Ancient Mariner*, 139.

493. **the Pilgrim**: Isabella is here described as mad. In her distraction she talks to Lorenzo as though he were still alive and travelling (v. stanza xxix.), and mingles this with her confused memories of the pot of Basil.

SHELLEY.

THE SENSITIVE PLANT.

FOR a brief account of Shelley the student cannot do better than read the Introduction to *Poems of Shelley*, selected and arranged by Stopford A. Brooke (Golden Treasury Series). It is there pointed out that Shelley's earlier work shows a much wider sympathy with humanity; afterwards a reaction came, and "the special Shelley element, which fled from man into the recesses

of his own heart, or communed with the ideal nature which he made for himself out of the apparent world, began to absorb him, and finally drove out the other." The Sensitive Plant, "the companionless flower," is Shelley, oppressed with a sense of his own spiritual solitude. The tone of the poem is intensely personal, and natural objects, as also in *The Skylark*, are made the medium of purely human sentiments. This power of endowing natural objects with the attributes of conscious life is one aspect of Shelley's pantheistic trend of thought. If other poems develop this mood more fully, none is more suffused with it than *The Sensitive Plant*. Under its influence we feel all nature alive with the keenest powers of feeling, close to man in its feelings, and yet divided from man and shut off for ever in speechless isolation. The peculiar quality of this poem is to be found in the way distinctions are thus obliterated and different realms of nature thus fused: while, at the same time, the personal and particular, rather than the universal, view of passion and emotions is the poet's actual theme. The Lady of the Garden had her antitype, Shelley said, in the lady (Mrs. Williams) who inspired his later expressions of passionate emotion.

16. like the voice: the breath and the odour mingle as a voice and an instrument mingle. The breath and the odour are the same and yet different, just as the voice and the instrument produce the same effect (sound) but in different kinds. Sheiky was fond of this analogy; compare the verse:

" Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory;
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken."

Cp. line 28.

18. narcissi : Narcissus was the son of a river god (Cephisus). He was loved by the nymph Echo, but rejected her love. Aphrodite (goddess of love) punished him for this by inspiring him with a passion for his own reflexion which he saw in a fountain: in desire for this he pined away. Cp. *Adonais*, xvi.:

* To Phoebus was not Hyacinth so dear
Nor to himself Narcissus. . . ."

25. hyacinth: "that sanguine flower inscribed with woe," *Lycidae*, 106, where see note.

29. address: arrayed; from the meaning 'prepare,' 'make ready,' as in Shakespeare, *Henry V.* iii. 3:

" To-morrow for the march are we address'd."

34. Maenad: the word means 'frenzied'; it was applied particularly to the women who joined in the revels of Bacchus, the wine-god. v. *L'Allegro*, 150, note.

42. **pranked**: adorned, decorated.

56. **Fell into pavilions**: the flowers, falling, lie on the turf like tents pitched in a field.

103-4. **Whose waves**: the dreams come and go like waves on an ocean; they leave no permanent work on the consciousness which underlies them, as the sand over which waves pass may remain unmarked by them.

PART II.

124. **the meteors**: the lady moves in this heaven of flowers like a moon among stars. With this idea compare Byron:

"She walks in beauty like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies."

167. **antenatal tomb**: the chrysalis in which the caterpillar lies entombed until it comes forth in a new birth as a butterfly

PART III.

223. **Massed into ruin**. Ruin properly denotes a fallen mass, such as a house that has collapsed. This phrase means "fell and formed piles or masses of decayed vegetation." The plant which once by its interlacing boughs (net work) clinging to a frame or to some tree (parasite) formed a bower, now fades and falls to the ground.

232. **loth**: names not to be mentioned in poetry; names suggestive of all that is disgusting.

248. **unctuous meteors**: bright insects, flashing in this night of desolation (though actually it is day); unctuous apparently in the sense of slimy.

283. **griff**: grip, 'icy grasp.'

TENNYSON.

THE speaker is Ulysses. After the fall of Troy, Ulysses or, in the Greek form, Odysseus, wandered for many years before reaching his home. The *Odyssey* of Homer is an account of these adventures in twenty-four books of hexameter verse; the word 'Odyssey' being the Anglicised form of 'Odysseia,' i.e. affairs of Odysseus. In Book ix. of that poem we are told how Odysseus came to the land of the Lotus-Eaters, so called because they 'feed on food of flowers.' The comrades of Odysseus, becoming friendly with the Lotus-Eaters, eat of the Lotus; the effect is to deprive them of all desire for labour or an active life.

Tennyson's poem, founded on this incident, is to be read as an allegory. The lotus is typical in all literature of 'silken idleness': its name is an epitome of all the allurements that seduce men from the resolve "to spurn delights and live laborious days." As Milton (*Lycidas*, 64) asks :

" Were it not better done, as others use,
To sport with Amaryllis in the shade ? "

so the weary sailor asks what profit lies in toil, and (unlike Milton) decides that there is none. It is probably on account of this relation of the poem to life in general that Tennyson makes it so peculiarly impersonal. There is nothing to indicate the original setting; and yet the poem is not a fragment, a translation of an isolated passage : it is rather a re-interpretation of a particular episode into the language of every time and place.

The inner meaning of the second poem is best described by Tennyson himself : ** *Ulysses* was written soon after Arthur Hallam's death, and gave my feeling about the need of going forward and learning the struggle of life, perhaps more simply than anything in *In Memoriam*"

The poems as given here belong to the year 1842. The *Dream of Fair Women* was first published in 1832. The *Lotus-Eaters* underwent considerable changes between 1833 and 1842, when it attained the present finish and perfection. The poem entitled *Sea Fairies*, published in 1830, contains the germs of *The Lotus-Eaters*.

(See Stopford Brooke, *Tennyson* ; also, *Alfred Lord Tennyson, A Memoir* : by his Son.)

THE LOTUS-EATERS.

4. afternoon : because life is never troubled with the labours characteristic of morning.

8. downward smoke: In *The Princess*, vii. 198-200, Tennyson wrote :

" The monstrous ledges slope and spill

Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke."

The word ' smoke' is here used of the thin vapour which clings about a falling sheet of water, and which is merely the fine spray caused by the resistance of the air.

9. pause : not to be taken of any actual arrest of the cataract by rocks below, but of the *apparent* absence of motion (did *seem* to pause) which a smooth sheet of water presents.

11. slow-dropping: adjectival, the whole phrase being in apposition to ' some.' The sheet of water hangs over the front of the rock like a veil of fine muslin.

lawn properly means fine linen.

Mr. Stephen Gwynn (*Masters of English Literature*, p. 41) says that the stanza of Spenser's *Faery Queene*, Bk. i. c. i. 41, "resembles and perhaps surpasses the splendid opening of Tennyson's *Lotus-Eaters* :

' And more to lulle him in his slumber soft
A trickling stream from high rock tumbling downe,
And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
Mixt with a murmuring winde, much like the sowme
Of swarming Bees, did cast him in a swowne.
No other noyse nor peoples troublous cryes,
As still are wont t'annoy the walled towme,
Might there be heard ; but careless Quiet lyes
Wrapt in eternal silence farre from enimes.' "

18. **up-clomb** : climbed up, mounted the slope so as to tower above the tangled brushwood. 'Clomb,' preterite of 'climb,' now obsolete.

19. **charmed** : held by the charm of the scene.

adown: hero as adverb, low down ; from O.E. *of-dune*, from the hill.

21. **down** : from *dune*, a hill or stretch of upland.

36. **beating heart**: the lotus, like a drug, makes the external world seem like the vision of a dream, while that which is normally unnoticed suddenly comes into prominence. Tennyson is usually accurate and minute in his descriptions of states of the body or mind.

37. **them** : a dative after an intransitive verb.

38. **sun and moon**: the sun is setting in the West and the moon rising in the East.

42. **barren foam**: the sea in Homer is always the *unharvested, that which no man can cultivate.

56. **poppy**: appropriately associated with sleep. Cp. *II Pen-geroso*, 147-150, note.

61. **first of thing's**: cp. below, 69, "the roof and crown of things." Man is the highest product of creative power.

71. With this stanza compare *St. Luke*, xii. 27 : "Consider the lilies how they grow: they toil not, they spin not; and yet I say unto you, that Solomon in all his glory was not arrayed like one of these."

118. **inherit us** : are actually in possession of the property to which they succeed.

133. **amaranth**: [*a + maranth*] from the Greek word meaning to wither, with the negative prefix : a fabulous plant that never withered.

moly: a magical plant which was given by Hermes to Odys-

seus to counteract the potions of Circe, the sorceress, whose charms turned men to swine.

152. monster : the whale.

153. equal mind : unwavering determination.

155. careless: qualifies (1) 'Gods,' (2) 'us . . . to live.' This idea of the gods is Epicurean in origin and in character : it savours of the cynicism which is natural to those who cease from struggling in the world of hopes and ambitions. The groans of men are as music in the ears of the gods 'that do live lightly.'

172. oar : cp. for a similar picture of peace :

" Summers of the snakeless meadow, unlaborious earth and oarless sea."

(Tennyson's poem *To Virgil*, v.)

ULYSSES.

1. It : cp. Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, line 1.

2. "barren crags: Ulysses was king of Ithaca, a rocky island on the coast of Greece, near the Corinthian Gulf.

3. mete and dole: measure and dispense ('dole,' deal out). The words imply small and insignificant affairs. Ulysses finds the detail of existence unendurable: the island folk are uncultured, they follow a dull routine and have no sympathy with the wider outlook and restless activity of the confirmed wanderer.

7. lees : dregs, to 'drink to the lees' is to drain to the bottom, all times : at all times. Cp. always.

8. I . . . suffer'd greatly: for the description of Odysseus, see Homer, *Odyssey*, i. 3-5: "And he saw the cities and learned the spirit of many men, and many woes did he suffer in his heart upon the sea, trying to secure his own life and the return of his comrades."

10. scudding drifts : wind-driven clouds.

Hyades: a constellation, so-called because their rising and setting were accompanied by squalls. (By derivation the name denotes 'the rainy ones.')

11. Text the dim sea : raised storms upon the sea and obscured it with mist.

13. Mucn have I seen: the original Greek phrase was in Keats' mind when he wrote of the world of literature :

" Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold

And many goodly states and kingdoms seen."

(Sonnet, *On first looking into Chapman's Homer*.)

15. Myself, etc. : an absolute clause.

16. peer: equal. Cp. note to Milton, *Lycidas*, 9, "and hath not left his peer."

24. As the' to breathe : as though the mere continuation of existence was worthy to be called life. If many lives could be given me, even they would be too short for all my plans: in fact only a small part of one life now remains to me.

27. something more : every' hour is not only a brief time saved from the eternal silence ; it is also the possibility of activity and progress.

30. yearning : absolute construction.

35. discerning: having the discretion required for. Tele-machus is pictured as having all those virtues which his father lacked : he is "great in all that is small," and probably "small in all that is great."

40. decent: we should say 'proper,' i.e. careful of all that makes propriety, conventional correctness; "with that sense of propriety which does not fail in . . ."

45. gloom : look gloomy.

47. frolic: cp. L' *Allegro*, 18.

58. smite: with the oar. The ancient ship was furnished with both sails and oars (v. 'Triremo' in *Classical Diet.*).

60. the baths : in the Homeric poems the earth is encircled by Oceanus, a great belt of water at the end of all land. The earth being flat and thus fringed with water, the stars descend, wher they set, into the water.

64. Achilles: son of Peleus, who was King of the Thessalian tribe called Myrmidons. As his mother was Thetis, daughter of Nereus, he was of divine descent. He figures in Homer as the chief Greek hero, the only one who can withstand Hector, the Trojan champion. The *Iliad* begins from the day when the wrath of Achilles made him retire from the fighting: it ends when Achilles, moved by grief for the death of Patroolus, his friend, comes forth again and wins the battle for the Greeks.

68. heroic hearts : i.e. courageous men all alike in temper or mettle. 'Temper' is here used as it is used of a sword, to denote quality.

70. not to yield: with this strong ending, cp. Milton, *P.L.* i. 106 :

" The unconquerable will
And study of revenge, immortal hate
And courage never to submit or yield."

A DREAM OF FAIR WOMEN.

2. **The Legend:** in this poem Geoffrey Chaucer celebrates the fidelity of ten women; the only one common to Chaucer and Tennyson is Cleopatra.

Dan: for 'don,' Latin *dominus*, sir or master.

6. **melodious bursts.** Chaucer lived from 1340 A.D. to 1400 A.D. " Nothing more fully proves the precocity as it were of Chaucer's genius than the long gap which succeeds him. Nearly two hundred years had to elapse from the time when he made his pilgrimage before English literature could show anything worthy to be set beside the *Canterbury Tales*. But when the new burst of poetry came, it came with a rush" (Gwynn, *Masters of English Literature*, p. 21).

18. **hollow dark** : the void space in which the figures seem to move in a dream.

22. **sanctuaries:** the crowds are women and the infirm who take refuge in a sacred building. To take sanctuary is a regular phrase for seeking protection against attack in the shelter of a church.

27. **tortoise** : the name given to the device by which a Roman army approached the wall of a besieged town. It was at first a covering formed by the shields, each man holding up his shield so that the line of men advancing together was covered with a roof of shields (v. *Classical Dict.*, 'Testudo'). Afterwards a kind of shed was placed on wheels, and under cover of this the approach was made. The name was given because the men advancing under the shields presented the appearance of a tortoise moving under its shell. The ' heroes tall' cast down part of the wail to crush the assailants.

55. **maiden:** so 'virgin' is used to denote a fresh, unsullied state; cf. Tennyson, *Princess*, vi.:

" And in the Vestal entry shriek'd
The virgin marble under iron heels "

(i.e. marble hitherto untrodden by men).

71. **Lush** : short for 'lushious,' a corruption of 'lustious'; here means luxuriant.

80. **free from blame** : the innocence of childhood. So Vaughan, *The Retreat*, speaks of childhood as a time

" Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound."

85. **a lady:** the first vision is that of Helen (see *Alexander's Feast*, line 125, note). Helen, a daughter of Zeus **and** Leda,

was manled to Menelaus. Paris carried her away to Troy; the Trojan War was undertaken to bring her back.

100. To one: the second figure is that of Iphigenia, daughter of Agamemnon. She was sacrificed at Aulis in order to appease the gods and obtain a fair wind for the voyage to Troy. More than one legend is attached to this incident. It was said that Artemis snatched her away in the hour of death and took her to the land of the Tauri in the Thracian Chersonese (now the Crimea). Tennyson follows the account which says she was actually sacrificed. In the other legend she becomes a priestess of Artemis.

101. averse: keeping her face turned away with looks of disgust and scorn.

110. Dimly: as death creeps on ; cp. *The Princess*, iv.:

" When unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square."

125. rise: rising ground, bank.

128. Brow-bound : bound in respect of her brows.

130. I govern'd men. Cleopatra was the daughter of Ptolemy Auletes and the last queen of Egypt (69-30 B.C.). She was the mistress of Julius Caesar until his murder. Antony was appointed, after Caesar's death, ruler of Asia and the East. Cleopatra so completely charmed him by her wit and beauty that he divorced his wife Octavia, sister of Octavianus (afterwards the Emperor Augustus), and married her. Octavianus conquered Antony at the battle of Actium (B.C. 31). Antony slew himself, hearing that she was dead. She slew herself to avoid being carried to Rome to adorn a triumph. The manner of her death is unknown : certainly she was not killed by an asp, for no marks were found on her body: that legend is due entirely to the fact that the asp was the emblem of Egyptian royalty.

133. currents of the blood: the woman is here likened to the moon ; she attracts man as the moon attracts the sea, causing its tides. The same idea is more fully expressed in the lines

" You are the powerful moon of my blood's sea,
To make it ebb and flow into my face
As your looks change."

(Quoted from Ford, *Witch of Edmonton*, ii. 2, by Rowe and Webb, note on this line.) Tennyson uses the same idea in *Locksley Hall*: " Trust me, cousin, all the current of my being sets to thee."

137. Nay: correcting the words ' my only woe.' She adds: " Nay there is another; I still fret at the memory of my failure to bend one will."

141. **rode sublime**: v. note to Dryden, *Alexander's Feast*, 25. The word means 'uplifted,' and so lifted above the common level: here it implies 'uplifted to divine power'; so that Fortune, the goddess of human destiny, was subject to them.

143. **Nilus**: used for 'Nile' to keep up the idea of the gods as being inferior to them. For similar personification compare Camus in *Lycidas*, 103.

nod: cp. "affects to nod," *Alexander's Feast*, 36. They too could 'assume the god' and rule the Universe.

145. **Libyan**: African, more particularly Egyptian. The phrase means 'when I was in Libya' as opposed to the present situation.

146. **Canopus**: a star in the southern hemisphere,
out-burn: the lamps of the festival were not extinguished before morn; cp. *II Pen.* 87, "outwatch the Bear."

150. **Hercules ... Bacchus**: the; hero of her memories combines the qualities of the strong warrior with those of the god of love and wine. Antony claimed to be descended from Hercules, whom he often imitated.

For Bacchus, see *Alexander's Feast*, line 45.

154. **brook my fear**: in spite of her faults Cleopatra is brave and proud; she will die rather than live in fear of the conqueror. She probably dreaded being taken to Rome and exhibited among the captives in a triumph: by dying she 'balked his fame, i.e. deprived him of the chance of winning glory by capturing and exhibiting one so famous.

155. **worm**: the asp; cp. Shakespeare, *Antony and Cleopatra*. v. 2. 243:

"Hast thou the pretty worm of Nilus there,
That kills and pains not?"

The form 'aspick' is taken from Shakespeare: it is the Provencal form of the old French *aspe*. On this legend v. note to line 130.

177. **undazzled**: the word 'dazzle' is only used of the effect of light. For the senses in general, 'dazed' is generally used. Here 'dazzle' is employed because the charm that held his senses was derived from her brilliant eyes. In 'undazzled' the prefix 'un' is like that in 'untwisting' *L' Allegro*, 143), implying the reverse process. The phrase 'he left it undone' would mean 'it was not done': 'he undid it' means 'he made undone that which had been done': e.g. 'all his work was undone' generally means that what he had achieved was annulled. 'Undazzled' is here intransitive: 'recovered from their stupor.'

178. **lawn**: cp. *L'Allegro*. 71.

179. **crested bird**: the cock: cp. *L'Allegro*, 47.

193. **and anthem sung:** hearing the organ and the singing of the anthem ; cp. *Alexander's Feast*, line], " for Persia won."

197. **Gtleadite** : the story is told in the Bible, *Judges*, chap. xi. Jephthah was prince of Gilead, a district in Canaan. He went to war with the Ammonites and made a vow that if he conquered them he would offer up to God " whatsoever came forth from his house to meet him " on his return. His daughter Miriam came, and was accordingly sacrificed. Tennyson says she "died to save" the vow, *i.e.* gave her life that the vow might be kept. It is doubtful whether it was necessary in such cases to slay the victim. She might be 'devoted,' *i.e.* given up to the service of God in fulfilment of a vow, and this would be done by isolating her : she would remain a virgin and serve at some shrine or temple. These cases are examples of early customs, not fully understood. Miriam and Iphigenia are probably analogous cases. There is a legend that Agamemnon vowed to the goddess Artemis whatever the year brought forth that was loveliest. Iphigenia was born and 'devoted' by being isolated at some shrine of Artemis, like a vestal virgin at Rome. The other story is probably some perversion of this more rational story.

199. **Mizpeh** : her father's home.

welcome light : light-hearted welcome, not knowing her doom

201. **Heaven heads:** Heaven puts that first of all crimes as being the greatest. The line recalls the bitterness of the line of Lucretius, who gives a vivid description of Iphigenia's sacrifice, and adds, " Tan turn religio potuit suadere malorum," (such great crimes could religion induce a man to commit). This crime too was done in the name of religion : God condemns the act.

214. **maiden blame:** the blame which attaches to one who remains a maiden ; the ideal expressed in the Bible is always to be " a mother in Israel."

218. **the promise** : the expectation of children.

220. **battled** : embattled, fortified, from the French *emhastiller* (cp. Bastille); not connected with battle. In Johnson, *Vanity of Human Wishes*, 226 ("With half mankind embattled at his side"), we have a totally different word, found in Gower, Spenser, and Shakespeare (*Henry V.* iv. 2, " The English are embattled").

229. **next morn** : *Judges*, xi. 37, she said, "Let me alone two months that I may go up and down upon the mountains and bewail my virginity. . . . And it came to pass at the end of two months that she returned unto her father." Tennyson

represents her as becoming resigned to her fate during this period.

243. **Thridding** : threading.

boskage: 'bosk' means a clump of bushes; "cognate with bush, bouquet, French *bois*, wood" (Verity). The word 'bosky' is found in Shakespeare and Milton. With 'boskage' cp. foliage, herbage. 'Boscage' in Old French means a grove.

251. Rosamond : the mistress of Henry II. His wife, Eleanor of Guienne, discovered the intrigue, and is said to have poisoned her. She was a daughter of Walter de Clifford. She died about 1176.

259. Fulvia : the name of the first wife of Mark Antony. Cleopatra means, " You should have struggled against Eleanor as I would have resisted the wife of Antony." Fulvia, in 41 B.C., raised a rebellion against Octavius Caesar, hoping to draw Antony from Egypt and Cleopatra.

263. **folded** : shut off from the outer world. Cp. *Princess*, iv.:

" But thine are fancies hatched in silken-folded idleness."

The captain : the morning star.

266. her, who clasp'd : Margaret Roper, the daughter of Sir Thomas More. She is said to have kept his skull as a sacred relic, and died with it in her arms. Sir Thomas More was executed 1535.

267. **Joan** of Arc : v. *History of England*, 1428.

269. her who **knew** : Elinor of Castile, wife of Edward I. There is a legend that she sucked the poison from a wound in his arm. Love vanquished Death because the fear of death was overcome by love : she risked her life to save his (v. Gray, *Bard*, 99).

273. **No memory** : no man ever strives more to revive a half-forgotten thought than I did to recall my dreams.

275. **glimpses** : glints, shows a glimpse of itself.

283. Our yearnings can never be expressed, because, however skilfully our words are chosen, they fail to give the exact flavour of mingled sweetness and bitterness. Like medicinal herbs that should allay a fever, they fail through lack of the bitter elements; and consequently the fire of longing, like a fever within, consumes the heart.

Tennyson has dwelt elsewhere on the failure of words to express feeling, notably in *In Memoriam*, stanza v.:

" I sometimes hold it half a sin
To put in words the grief I feel,
For words, like Nature, half reveal
And half conceal the Soul within."

An experience, when reproduced in words, loses the sting, the poignancy of its first occurrence. Similarly, if one tries to reproduce a dream, the peculiar character it had before is lost past recovery. The connexion of these last two stanzas with the former may be shown thus: I tried to revive my dream mood; the second reverie had lost the charm of the first: for no repetition of a dream is as vivid as the dream itself; just as no account of an event is like the actual experience.

BROWNING.

RABBI BEN EZRA was published in 1864. It is a didactic poem, "the expression of a religious philosophy," put into the mouth of a learned Jew, whose language is naturally rich in Biblical phrases and Old Testament metaphors. "The most striking feature of Rabbi ben Ezra's philosophy is his estimate of age. According to him the soul is eternal, but it completes the first stage of its experience in the earthly life; and the climax of the earthly life is attained, not in the middle of it, but at its close. Age is therefore a period not only of rest, but of fruition." The Rabbi ben Ezra was a Jewish theologian of the Middle Ages, born at Toledo in 1092, died 1187.

Muleykeh, an old Arabian story, was published in 1880 in the second series of *Dramatic Idyls* [see *A Handbook to the Works of Robert Browning*, by Mrs. Sutherland Orr].

RABBI BEN EZRA.

The theme of this poem is worked out as follows:

I. Youth is not the best of life. II. Youth has its desires, doubts and ambitions: it is uncertain and at the same time too ambitious, in. This is in its way good: it is a divine element in us. iv. Life is more than mere animal enjoyment, v. Man is like God rather than like the animals, vi. We should therefore not undervalue the pains that refine the spirit, vii. We often succeed most when we seem to fail: this is because it is not the result but the effort which really counts: "If I fail, yet I have straggled," says the man. VIII. If a man devote himself solely to bodily development he cannot thereby advance his soul. ix. This does not mean that the body should be neglected: it does its share for the spirit, x. And man may praise God with his body. xi. The life of the flesh has its charms, xii. To be ever at war with the body is not good. xiii. Physical age means spiritual growth: the life of the body is the development of the soul, xlv.-xxi. In age man has a period of clear insight

into truth, xxiii.-xxv. Then it is clear that the inner life is what must ultimately be judged, not mere outward achievement. xxvi. Time moulds us : it may pass away, but God and the soul abide, xxviii. Time has its use in shaping the soul. xxix. It may be that the particular buoyancy of youth is passed : death comes near us. xxx. But we look beyond the present to the great hereafter, XXXI.-II. In life we must never forget the purpose for which we are made : when the making is complete the real use begins : as the master uses the cup made by the potter, so God uses the soul which life has only prepared for the completeness of eternity.

xiv. **indue** : a classical (Latin) word, 'put on.'

xv. Young : when I was young, 'in youth.'

XXIX. What though: life is here compared with the steps in the process of shaping the pot. The Potter (1) forms the base with its grooves ; (2) ends at the rim and its adornments. So life (1) begins with love and laughter, and (2) ends with the grave and dissolution of the body (senses). In both cases, each part is equally necessary and valuable.

MULEYKEH.

4. more **than** : he does not need pity and scorn any more than one who, collecting pearls, neglects the small ones (seed-sort) because he has found one of great price. Hoseyn has "neither salt nor bread" ! This matters not while he has Muleykeh. The idea of this verse may be derived from the Biblical parallel : "The kingdom of heaven is like unto a merchant man seeking goodly pearls ; who, when he had found one pearl of great price, went and sold all that he had, and bought it" (*St. Matthew*, xiii. 45).

5. **Holds but**: the subject is '[one] who.'

8. **mulct**: a Latin word, 'fined.'

18. **Whom**: him whom.

44. **lamplighted** : when the lamp is lighted. Cp. *St. Luke's Gospel*, xi. 33, "No man, when he hath lighted a candle, putteth it in a secret place, neither under a bushel, but on a candle stick, that they which come in may see the light."

46. **I shine**: Muleykeh is the light of my life, as your son is the light of your life.

55. **hunger-bitten**: this stanza sums up the former accounts (1) of the attempt to buy the mare ; (2) of the attempt to make Hoseyn give it away.

60. **I will beg** : this really represents what Duhl said before: I said then, "he is tender-hearted: I will beg," but that plan failed.

71. **fleet is she** : she is swift, yet she never succeeded in overtaking Muleykeh, who always wins, flashing past the others with streaming tail.

93. **Though Duhl**: though her victory is really due to the clumsy riding of Duhl.

of **the** : descriptive genitive ; he whose hand and heel are clumsy.

114. **And the beaten** : *i.e.* she would be called not only "child of his heart," etc., but also "the beaten." "No one who had loved the horse as I have, could have allowed her to incur that shame."

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