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BEFORE THE ROMANTICS

AN ANTHOLOGY OF THE ENLIGHTENMENT CHOSEN BY

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

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For

W. H. AUDEN

PREFACE

There are many good reasons, now, for exploring, and reading the writers and the poets of the Enlightenment; and this anthology emerges from one such individual exploration. Stand back, now, at this minute, and look at the writing of poetry. Who wrote— and remember that the Babel tower of Fonthill Abbey crashed, and that St. Paul's is still there—, who wrote—

> O dolphins of my delight I fed with crumbs
> Gambading through bright hoops of days,
> How much me now your acrobatics amaze
> Leaping my one-time ecstasies from Doldrums?

Who wrote—

> And there was many another name
> Dividing the sun's light like a prism
> With the rainbow colours of an "ism"?

I am not telling you, except to say, the two writers are celebrated, the volumes they write contain very much of such writing, that these volumes are treated almost uniformly with a public respect, and that both poems I have quoted from must have appealed as good poems to the editor of "The Penguin New Writing," because that is where they were printed. But ask yourself, not just whether these lines are not drivel, but whether they are anything except loose, ugly, detestable, liquefying drivel— drivel without style. Every period has drivel of its own kind, but where the laws of an age are clear and strong, and the law-givers clear-mouthed and deliberate, even the drivel has to conform somewhat, as it conformed in the teeming period for verse between 1650 *and* 1750. *The worst adjectives you can shy at the poorer—at all but the very poorest—verse of the Enlightenment are "empty" and "dull." There is one poet now on a big scale—one and perhaps not more than one—who is clear-mouthed and deliberate, and who proclaims* read Dryden —even more, read Pope; *and I believe they must be read, by*

readers (so that they can recognize), and by writers, so that they can put their talent into some shape; must be read if the generality of verse is not to go on liquefying, like a colony of inky-cap toadstools, into a black neo-romantic mixture. Some deep discoveries about the nature and function of the arts—whether of writing or painting or music—have been made in the last hundred and fifty years—the last twenty years—but it looks as if we were throwing those discoveries away—wasting them, simply because so many writers now are debasing themselves ridiculously to a new exclusive set of dogmas derived from the very things discovered. The Enlightenment tailed off in the same way, by making light a principle with nothing to enlighten.

It is not a reaction I want, not a neo-Georgian bank in red brick among the inky-caps that I would like to build; but, simply, the lean and active verse—and prose—of the Enlightenment, its active and strong habits of mind, do provide us with a control. And we can adapt and apply that control to all we have learned about the inner and curious workings of poetry and ourselves. William Law may have said, in 1740, *that our imaginations and desires "are the greatest Reality we have, and are the true* Formers *and* Raisers *of all that is real and solid in us," but the clear energy of the writing with which he thrusts forward that view—where else does he get it from but the Enlightenment's own belief in reason and uniform nature, belief in using a language so perspicuous and so definite that it can be followed by everyone? In Christopher Smart's fable, Reason refuses to marry the flamboyant and not too delicately clad Imagination, whose white, very white paps were excitingly covered with a crimson gauze; yet at least Reason offers always to be* there, *to proceed with her against Dullness, and be with her in every one of her sallies "for conduct's sake"; but the position now is that the two have been ignominiously divorced before they have even been to church, or to the registry office, or to bed. Imagination does not even make the offer. If I was after a neo-Georgian architecture in poetry, after a reaction, I should whip—well, say, the Welsh gut-and-gland-and-hair school (not the worst exponents of the art of sinking, by any means) with the sharp end of Boileau—*

A Poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a Fantastick mind:
There must be Care, and Time, and Skill, and Pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd Brains.
Yet sometimes Artless Poets, when the rage
Of a warm Fancy does their minds ingage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the Trumpet in their hand;
Their Fustian Muse each accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till their small stock of Learning quickly spent
Their Poem dyes for want of nourishment . . .
With Impudence the Laurel they invade
Resolv'd to like the Monsters they have made.

But still it would not hurt them to know that a Boileau (not to say a Dryden or a Pope) existed, as well as an Og, a Doeg, a Ramadan and a Timbertoes.

And considerable talents, any way, can sicken and be wasted in the bad air of an intellectual and spiritual slum.

But the anthology itself. It emerged, as I remarked, from an exploration; not to huff and to puff, or to admonish. It was made to show something of the variety and vigour of a hundred and fifty years of thinking, theorizing, and writing. The Matthew Arnold view of Pope and Dryden is still so strong, scholars or no, that it seemed to me useful to include several of the few things which are familiar, much especially of Dryden and Pope; but also to indicate how the rules and regulations failed—and they failed certainly in those two superlative writers—to flatten out all of what we call imagination. There is more "hunger of soul" bubbling up, here and there, in green patches in the Gobi of Reason than is allowed for in that popular estimate of the late seventeenth and the eighteenth centuries. Or so it seems to me. And if, for instance, Christopher Smart thinks Reason and Imagination cannot be married, they certainly do marry in his ordered verse, which I hope has quality and variety of image enough to satisfy even a neo-mystery-mongering Welshman. And one especial thing which characterizes poetical imagination between Dryden and Smart (not that it fails to go

beyond them into the early nineteenth century) I hope I have brought out in these selections—the gleam, the delight in the sharp glitter of objects, from the Cornish ore in Pope's grotto to Smart's cowslips shining like topaz or the points of light magnified and clarified in the sky by the new telescopes. In the Epilogue, the heart (for example, in Johnson) begins to beat more perceptibly, and to glow with a more decided warmth; and the plants begin to push up in the pavement—"For Flowers can see, and Pope's Carnations knew him." But who wants a pavement cluttered up and over with even the nicest plants?

One thing more. Poetry purists certainly dislike what they would call the dismemberment of poems, the extracting of bits and images—although bits and images are what most of us hold in our mind. But to extract in that way is necessary, absolutely so, if one is to be at all fair to the Enlightenment. Its poets—at any rate after Dryden—were usually at their best inside a long poem, and purist collectors, if I may say so, have put one off the time by filling anthologies with Phyllises, and Chloes and Corydons, in dry, monotonous little songs which reveal less of the realities of the poetic time than a collection of Shakespeare's lyrics would reveal of the realities of "The Tempest."

I have permitted myself, I think, one Chloe.

Another deterrent—the eighteenth century's own fault—has been the proud, self-satisfied habit of writing too much (however well) about the literary and political squabbles of the time. So I have avoided pieces which require an eighteenth-century Who's Who in the notes. I have not—and how tedious it would be in a book of this kind—I have not tried to indicate, in any detail, the exceedingly tricky flow and intermixture of idea and theory between Dryden and Johnson; which would be something for scholarship. But I hope, in choosing, that I have always remembered the main cleft dividing reason from "enthusiasm," nature as uniformity from nature as the undivided growth of the particular, the peculiar, the eccentric.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON.

KEYNSHAM,
January 30*th*, 1946.

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Dots at the beginning and the end make it clear that only part of a poem has been used. The title of the poems is always given in the notes, when they are not printed in full.

PART ONE: THE VIRTUOSOS

All, all of a piece throughout:
Thy Chase had a Beast in View;
Thy Wars brought nothing about;
Thy Lovers were all untrue.
'Tis well an Old Age is out,
And time to begin a New.

John Dryden, F.R.S. (1631-1700),
The Secular Masque.

Is it not evident, in these last hundred Years (when the Study of Philosophy has been the Business of all the Virtuosi *in* Christendom) *that almost a New Nature has been reveal'd to us? that more Errors of the School have been detected, more useful Experiments in Philosophy have been made, more noble Secrets in Opticks, Medecine, Anatomy, Astronomy, discover'd, than in all those credulous and doting Ages from* Aristotle *to us? So true it is that nothing spreads more fast than Science, when rightly and generally cultivated.*

John Dryden,
An Essay of Dramatick Poesy.

The great Principle and Foundation of all Virtue and Worth is placed in this, That a Man is able to deny himself *his own Desires, cross his own Inclinations, and purely follow what Reason directs as best, tho' the appetite lean the other way.*

John Locke (1632-1704),
Thoughts Concerning Education.

1. OF A LOUSE

(UNDER THE MICROSCOPE)

THIS is a Creature so officious, that 'twill be known to every-one at one time or other, so busie, and so impudent, that it will be intruding it self in every one's company, and so proud and aspiring withall, that it fears not to trample on the best, and affects nothing so much as a Crown; feeds and lives very high, and that makes it so saucy, as to pull any one by the ears that comes in its way, and will never be quiet till it has drawn blood: it is troubled at nothing so much as at a man that scratches his head, as knowing that man is plotting and contriving some mischief against it, and that makes it often time skulk into some meaner and lower place, and run behind a mans back, though it go very much against the hair: which ill conditions of it having made it better known than trusted, would exempt me from making any further description of it, did not my faithful *Mercury*, my *Microscope*, bring me other information of it. For this has discovered to me, by means of a very bright light cast on it, that it is a Creature of a very odd shape; it has a head . . . which seems almost Conical, but is a little flatted on the upper and under sides, at the biggest part of which, on either side behind the head (as it were, being the place where other Creatures ears stand) are placed its two black shining goggle eyes, looking backwards, and fenced with several more *cilia* or hairs that incompass it, so that it seems this Creature hath no very good foresight . . . I found, upon letting one creep on my hand, that it immediately fell to sucking, and did neither seem to thrust its nose very deep into the skin, nor to open any kind of mouth, but I could plainly perceive a small current of blood, which came directly from its snout and passed into its belly; and . . . there seemed a contrivance, somewhat resembling a Pump, Pair of Bellows, or Heart, for by a very swift *systole* and *diastole* the blood seem'd drawn from its nose, and forced into the body.

Robert Hooke, F.R.S. (1635-1703).

2. THE LITTLE ANIMALS OF ANTONY VAN LEEUWENHOEK

ABOUT two leagues from this town is an inland-sea, called Berkelse Sea, whose bottom in many places is very moorish. This water is in winter very clear, but about the beginning or in the midst of summer it grows whitish, and there are then small green clouds permeating it. Passing lately over this sea, at a time when it blew a fresh gale of wind, and observing the water as above described, I took some of it in a glass vessel, which having viewed the next day [*through his microscope*] I found moving in it several earthy particles, and some green streaks, spirally ranged . . . among all which there crawled abundance of little animals, some of which were roundish; others were of an oval figure: on these latter I saw two legs near the head, and two little fins on the other end of their body: others were somewhat larger than an oval, and these were very slow in their motion, and few in number. These animalcula had diverse colours, some being whitish, others pellucid; others had green and very shining little scales; others again were green in the middle, and before and behind white, others greyish. And the motion of most of them in the water was so swift and so various, upwards, downwards, and round about, that I confess I could not but wonder at it. I judge that some of these little creatures were above a thousand times smaller than the smallest ones, which I have hitherto seen in cheese, wheaten flour, mould, and the like.

Antony Van Leeuwenhoek, F.R.S. (1632-1723).

3. NATURE, ART, AND MICROSCOPES

I CANNOT here omit the Observations which have been made in these later times since we have had the use and improvement of the Microscope, concerning that great difference which by the help of that doth appear, betwixt *natural* and *artificial* things. Whatever is Natural doth by that appear, adorned with all imaginable Elegance and Beauty. There are such inimitable Gildings and Embroideries in the smallest Seeds of Plants, but especially in the parts of Animals, in the Head or

Eye of a small Fly; Such accurate Order and Symmetry in the frame of the most minute Creatures, a Lowse or a Mite, as no man were able to conceive without seeing of them. Whereas the most curious Works of Art, the sharpest and finest Needle doth appear a blunt rough Bar of Iron, coming from the Furnace of the Forge. The most accurate engravings or embossments seem such rude bungling deformed Works, as if they had been done with a Mattock or a Trowel. So vast a difference is there between the Skill of Nature, and the rudeness and imperfection of Art.

John Wilkins, F.R.S., Bishop of Chester (1614-1672).

4. CONVERSE WITH NATURE

LET it not suffice us to be Book-learn'd, to read what others have written, and to take upon Trust more Falshood than Truth; but let us ourselves examine Things as we have Opportunity, and converse with Nature as well as Books. Let us endeavour to promote and increase this Knowledge, and make new Discoveries, not so much distrusting our own Parts, or despairing of our own Abilities, as to think that our Industry can add nothing to the Invention of our Ancestors, or correct any of their Mistakes. Let us not think that the Bounds of Science are fix'd, like *Hercules's* Pillars, and inscrib'd with a *Ne plus ultra*; let us not think we have done when we have learn'd what they have deliver'd to us: The Treasures of Nature are inexhaustible; here is Employment enough for the vastest Parts, the most indefatigable Industries, the happiest Opportunities, the most prolix and undisturb'd Vacancies. *Multa venientis ævi populus ignota nobis sciet: Multa seculis tunc futuris, cum memoria nostri exoleverit reservantur. Pusilla res mundus est, nisi in eo quod quærat omnis mundus habeat.* Seneca Nat. Quest. lib. 7. cap. 31. *The People of the next Age shall know many Things unknown to us: Many are reserv'd for Ages then to come, when we shall be quite forgotten, no Memory of us remaining. The World would be a pitiful small Thing indeed, if it did not contain enough for the Enquiries of the whole World.* Yet, and again, *Epist.* 64, *Multum adhuc restat Operis, multumque restabit, nec ulli nato post*

mille sæcula præludetur occasio aliquid adhuc adjiciendi. Much Work still remains, and much will remain; neither to him that shall be born after a Thousand Ages, will Matter be wanting for new Additions to what hath already been invented. Much might be done, would we but endeavour; and nothing is insuperable to Pains and Patience. I know that a new Study at first seems very vast, intricate, and difficult; but after a little Resolution and Progress, after a Man becomes a little acquainted, as I may so say, with it, his Understanding is wonderfully clear'd up and enlarg'd, the Difficulties vanish, and the Thing grows easy and familiar. And for our Encouragement in this Study, observe what the Psalmist saith, Psal. cxi. 2. *The Works of the Lord are great, sought out of all them that have Pleasure therein.* Which tho' it be principally spoken of the Works of Providence, yet may as well be verify'd of the Works of the Creation.

John Ray (1627-1705).

5. THE ANATOMY OF A PLANT

THE *Staple* of the *Stuff* is so exquisitely fine, that no *Silk-worm* is able to draw any thing near so small a *Thred*. So that one who walks about with the meanest *Stick*, holds a Piece of Natures Handicraft, which far surpasses the most elaborate *Woof* or *Needle-Work* in the World.

Nehemiah Grew, F.R.S. (1641-1712).

6. AN INVESTIGATION OF ECHOS

AS for *Polysyllabical articulate Eccho's*, the strongest and best I have met with here, is in the Park at *Woodstock*, which in the Day time, little wind being stirring, returns very distinctly Seventeen Syllables, and in the Night, Twenty: I made experiment of it with these Words,

Quae nec reticere loquenti
Nec prior ipsa loqui didicit resonabilis Echo.

In the Day it would return only the last Verse, but in the

Night, about Twelve a Clock, I could also hear the last Word of the former *Hemistick* (*loquenti*). The Object of which Eccho, or the *Centrum phonocampticum*, I take to be the Hill with the Trees on the *summit* of it, about half a Mile distant from *Woodstock* Town, in the way thence to the Right Honourable the Earl of *Rochester's* Lodge: And the true place of the Speaker, or *Centrum phonicum*, the opposite Hill just without the Gate at the Towns-End, about Thirty Paces directly below the Corner of a Wall inclosing some Hay-ricks, near *Chaucer's*-House. . .

That this Eccho makes return of so many Syllables, and of a different number in the Day and Night, being indisputable and matter of fact; I proceed in the next place to the reasons of these certainties, which possibly to every body may not be so plain. First then, the causes why some *Eccho's* return more, and some fewer Syllables, I take to lye in the different distances of the objects (returning the Voice) from the place of the Speaker. . .

The reason of the difference between Day and Night, why it should return seventeen Syllables in the one, and twenty in the other, may lie, I suppose, in the various qualities, and constitution of the *medium*, in different seasons; the Air being much more quiet, and stockt with exhalations in the Night than Day which something retarding the quick Motion of the Voice to the Object, and its return to the Speaker somewhat more, (by reason the Voice must needs be weakened in the Reflection) must necessarily give space for the return of more Syllables. . .

It being my Lord *Bacon's* Opinion, That there are some Letters that an *Eccho* will hardly express, and particularly the Letter S, which, says he, being of an interior and hissing sound, the *Eccho* at *Pont Charenton* would not return; hereupon I tryed, as well as his Lordship, with the word *Satan*, beside many others of the same initial, but found the *Eccho* here neither so modest or affrighted, but that, though the Devil has been busy enough hereabout (as shall further be shewn near the End of this History) it would readily enough make use of his Name.

Just such another *Polysyllabical Eccho* we have at Magdalen

College, in the Water-walks, near the Bull-work called *Dover-Peer*; it repeats a whole *Hexameter* Verse, but not so strongly as *Woodstock*. *Robert Plot, F.R.S.* (1640-1696).

7. A SATIRE ON THE ROYAL SOCIETY

A LEARNED Man, whom once a Week
A hundred Virtuosos seek,
And like an Oracle apply to,
T' ask Questions, and admire, and lye to,
Who entertain'd them all of Course
(As Men take Wives for better or worse)
And pass'd them all for Men of Parts,
Though some but Sceptics in their Hearts:
For when they're cast into a Lump,
Their Talents equally must jump;
As Metals mixt, the rich and base
Do both at equal Values pass.
With these the ord'nary Debate
Was after News, and Things of State,
Which Way the dreadful Comet went?
In sixty-four, and what it meant!
What Nations yet are to bewail
The Operation of its Tail?
Or whether *France*, or *Holland* yet,
Or *Germany*, be in its Debt?
What Wars and Plagues in *Christendom*
Have happen'd since, and what to come?
What Kings are dead, how many Queens
And Princesses are poison'd since;
And who shall next of all by Turn
Make Courts wear black, and Tradesmen mourn?
What Parties next of Foot, or Horse,
Will rout, or routed be of Course?
What *German* Marches, and Retreats,
Will furnish the next Month's *Gazettes*?
What pestilent Contagion next,
And what Part of the World, infects?

What dreadful *Meteor*, and where,
Shall in the Heavens next appear?
And when again shall lay embargo
Upon the Admiral, the good ship Argo?
Why *Currents* turn in Seas of Ice
Some thrice a Day, and some but twice;
And why the Tides at Night and Noon,
Court, like *Caligula*, the Moon?
What is the nat'ral Cause why *Fish*
That always drink, do never piss;
Or whether in their Home, the Deep,
By Night or Day they ever sleep?
If Grass be green, or Snow be white,
But only as they take the Light?
Whether Possessions of the *Devil*,
Or mere Temptations do most evil?
What is't that makes all *Fountains* still
Within the Earth to run up Hill;
But on the Outside down again,
As if th' Attempt had been in vain?
Or what's the strange magnetic Cause,
The *Steel* on *Loadstone's* drawn, or draws,
The Star, the Needle, which the Stone
Has only been but touch'd upon?
Whether the North-star's Influence
With both does hold Intelligence;
(For red-hot Ir'n, held tow'rds the Pole,
Turns of itself to 't when 'tis cool.)
Or whether Male and Female screws
In th' Iron and Stone th' Effect produce?
What makes the Body of the Sun,
That such a rapid Course does run,
To draw no Tail behind through th' Air,
As *Comets* do, when they appear.
Which other *Planets* cannot do,
Because they do not burn, but glow?
Whether the *Moon* be Sea, or Land,
Or charcoal, or a quench'd Firebrand;
Or if the dark Holes that appear,

Are only Pores, not Cities there?
Whether the *Atmosphere* turn round,
And keep a just Pace with the Ground;
Or loiter lazily behind,
And clog the Air with Gusts of Wind?
Or whether *Crescents in the Wane*,
(For so an Author has it plain),
Do burn quite out, or wear away
Their Snuffs upon the Edge of Day?
Whether the *Sea* increase, or waste,
And, if it do, how long 'twil last?
Or, if the *Sun* approaches near
The Earth, how soon it will be there?
These were their learned Speculations,
And all their constant Occupations;
To measure *Wind*, and weigh the *Air*,
And turn a *Circle* to a *Square*;
To make a *Powder of the Sun*,
By which all Doctors should b' undone;
To find the *North-west* Passage out,
Although the farthest Way about;
If Chymists from a *Rose's* Ashes
Can raise the *Rose* itself in Glasses;
Whether the Line of *Incidence*
Rise from the object, or the Sense?
To stew th' *Elixir* in a Bath
Of Hope, Credulity, and Faith;
To explicate, by subtle Hints,
The grain of *Diamonds* and *Flints*
And in the Braying of an *Ass*
Find out the Treble and the Bass;
If *Mares* neigh alto, and a *Cow*
A double *Diapason* low.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

8. GARLIC FOR THE LOWER ORDERS

GARLICK, *allium*; dry towards excess; and tho' both by Spaniards and Italians, and the more southern people, familiarly

eaten, with almost every thing, and esteem'd of such singular vertue to help concoction, and thought a charm against all infection and poyson (by which it has obtain'd the name of the country-man's theriacle), we yet think it more proper for our northern rustics, especially living in uliginous and moist places, or such as use the sea; whilst we absolutely forbid it entrance into our sallets by reason of its intolerable rankness, and which made it so detested of old, that the eating of it was (as we read) part of the punishment for such as had committed the horridest crimes. To be sure, 'tis not for ladies palats, nor those who court them, farther than to permit a light touch on the dish, with a clove thereof, much better supplied by the gentler roccombo.

John Evelyn, F.R.S. (1620-1706).

9. VENETIA DIGBY: BONA ROBA

SHE was a most beautifull desireable creature; and being matura viro was left by her father to live with a tenant and servants at Enston-abbey (his land, or the earl of Derby's) in Oxfordshire; but as private as that place was, it seemes her beautie could not lye hid. The young eagles had espied her, and she was sanguine and tractable, and of much suavity (which to abuse was greate pittie).

In those dayes Richard, earle of Dorset (eldest son and heire to the Lord Treasurer, vide pedegree) lived in the greatest splendor of any nobleman of England. Among other pleasures that he enjoyed, Venus was not the least. This pretty creature's fame quickly came to his Lordship's eares, who made no delay to catch at such an opportunity.

I have now forgott who first brought her to towne, but I have heard my uncle Danvers say (who was her contemporary) that she was so commonly courted, and that by grandees, that 'twas written over her lodging one night in literis uncialibus,

PRAY COME NOT NEER,
FOR DAME VENETIA STANLEY LODGETH HERE.

The earle of Dorset, aforesayd, was her greatest gallant, who was extremely enamoured of her, and had one if not more

children by her. He setled on her an annuity of 500 li. per annum.

Among other young sparkes of that time, Sir Kenelme Digby grew acquainted with her, and fell so much in love with her that he married her, much against the good will of his mother; but he would say that "a wise man, and lusty, could make an honest woman out of a brothell-house." Sir Edmund Wyld had her picture (and you may imagine was very familiar with her), which picture is now (vide) at Droitwytch, in Worcestershire, at an inne, where now the towne keepe their meetings. Also at Mr. Rose's, a jeweller in Henrietta-street in Convent garden, is an excellent piece of hers, drawne after she was newly dead.

She had a most lovely and sweet-turn'd face, delicate darke-browne haire. She had a perfect healthy constitution; strong; good skin; well proportioned; much enclining to a Bona Roba (near altogether). Her face, a short ovall; darke-browne eie-browe, about which much sweetness, as also in the opening of her eie-lidds. The colour of her cheekes was just that of the damaske rose, which is neither too hott nor too pale. She was of a just stature, not very tall.

Sir Kenelme had severall pictures of her by Vandyke, etc. He had her hands cast in playster, and her feet, and her face. See Ben: Jonson's 2d volume, where he hath made her live in poetrey, in his drawing of her both body and mind:—

> " Sitting, and ready to be drawne,
> What makes these tiffany, silkes, and lawne,
> Embroideries, feathers, fringes, lace,
> When every limbe takes like a face! "—&c.

When these verses were made she had three children by Sir Kenelme, who are there mentioned, viz. Kenelme, George, and John.

She dyed in her bed suddenly. Some suspected that she was poysoned. When her head was opened there was found but little braine, which her husband imputed to her drinking of viper-wine; but spitefull woemen would say 'twas a viper-husband who was jealous of her that she would steale a leape. I have heard some say,—e.g. my cosen Elizabeth Falkner,—

that after her mariage she redeemed her honour by her strick't living. Once a yeare the earle of Dorset invited her and Sir Kenelme to dinner, where the earle would behold her with much passion, and only kisse her hand.

Sir Kenelme erected to her memorie a sumptuouse and stately monument at . . . Fryars (near Newgate-street) in the east end of the south aisle, where her bodie lyes in a vault of brick-worke, over which are three steps of black marble, on which was a stately altar of black marble with 4 inscriptions in copper gilt affixed to it: upon this altar her bust of copper gilt, all which (unlesse the vault, which was onely opened a little by the fall) is utterly destroyed by the great conflagration. Among the monuments in the booke mentioned in Sir Kenelm Digby's life, is to be seen a curious draught of this monument, with copies of the severall inscriptions.

About 1676 or 5, as I was walking through Newgate-street, I sawe Dame Venetia's bust standing at a stall at the Golden Crosse, a brasier's shop. I perfectly remembred it, but the fire had gott-off the guilding: but taking notice of it to one that was with me, I could never see it afterwards exposed to the street. They melted it downe. How these curiosities would be quite forgott, did not such idle fellowes as I am putt them downe!

John Aubrey, F.R.S. (1626-1697).

10. THE GEOMETRICAL BEE

THE *Bee*, a Creature of the lowest Forms of Animals, so that no Man can suspect it to have any considerable Measure of Understanding, or to have Knowledge of, much less to aim at any End, yet makes her Combs and Cells with that geometrical Accuracy, that she must needs be acted by an Instinct implanted in her by the wise Author of Nature; for first she plants them in a perpendicular Posture, and so close together as with Conveniency they may, beginning at the Top and working downwards, that so no Room may be lost in the Hive, and that she may have an easy Access to all the Combs and Cells: Besides, the Combs being wrought double, that is, with Cells on each Side, a common Bottom or Partition-Wall could not

in any other Site have so conveniently, if at all, receiv'd or contain'd the Honey; then she makes the particular Cells most geometrically and artificially, as the famous Mathematician *Pappus* demonstrates in the Preface to his third Book of *Mathematical Collections*. First of all (saith he, speaking of the Cells) it is convenient that they be of such Figures as may cohere one to another, and have common Sides, else there would be empty Spaces left between them to no Use, but to the weakening and spoiling of the Work, if any Thing should get in there; and therefore, tho' a round Figure be most capacious for the Honey, and most convenient for the *Bee* to creep into, yet did she not make choice of that, because then there must have been triangular Spaces left void. Now there are only three rectilineous and ordinate Figures which can serve to this Purpose; and inordinate, or unlike ones, must have been not only less elegant and beautiful, but unequal. (Ordinate Figures are such as have all their Sides and all their Angles equal.) The three ordinate Figures are, *Triangles*, *Squares*, and *Hexagons*; for the Space about any Point may be fill'd up either by six equilateral *Triangles*, or four *Squares*, or three *Hexagons*; whereas three *Pentagons* are too little, and three *Heptagons* too much. Of these three, the *Bee* makes Use of the *Hexagon*, both because it is more capacious than either of the other, provided they be of equal Compass, and so equal Matter spent in the Construction of each; and secondly, because it is most commodious for the *Bee* to creep into; and lastly, because in the other Figures more Angles and Sides must have met together at the same Point, and so the Work could not have been so firm and strong: Moreover, the Combs being double, the Cells on each Side the Partition are so order'd, that the Angles on one Side insist upon the Centers of the Bottoms of the Cells on the other Side, and not Angle upon or against Angle, which also must needs contribute to the Strength and Firmness of the Work. These Cells she fills with Honey for her Winter Provision, and curiously closes them up with Covers of Wax, that keep the included Liquor from spilling, and from external Injuries.

John Ray (1627-1705).

11. A COCKLE-SHELL OF WATER FROM THE OCEAN, OR CONFEST IGNORANCE THE WAY TO SCIENCE

WHEN I compare this *little* and *mean performance*, with the *vastness* of my subject; I am *discourag'd* by the *disproportion*: And methinks I have brought but a *Cockle-shell* of water from the *Ocean*:

Whatever I look upon within the *amplitude* of *heaven* and *earth*, is evidence of *humane ignorance*; For all things are a *great darkness* to us, and we are *so* unto our selves: The *plainest* things are as obscure, as the most confessedly *mysterious*; and the *Plants* we tread on, are as much above us, as the *Stars* and *Heavens*. The things that *touch* us are as *distant* from us, as the *Pole*; and we are as much *strangers* to *our selves*, as to the inhabitants of *America*.

Joseph Glanvill, F.R.S. (1636-1680).

12. MAN AND NATURE

THOSE Philosophers indeed who hold Man to be the only Creature in this sublunary World endu'd with Sense and Perception, and that all other Animals are mere Machines or Puppets, have some Reason to think that all Things here below were made for Man. But this Opinion seems to me too mean, and unworthy the Majesty, Wisdom, and Power, of God; nor can it well consist with his Veracity, instead of a Multitude of noble Creatures, endu'd with Life and Sense, and spontaneous Motion, as all Mankind till of late Years believ'd, and none ever doubted of (so that it seems we are naturally made to think so) to have stock'd the Earth with divers Sets of *Automata*, without all Sense and Perception, being wholly acted from without, by the impulse of external Objects.

But be this so; there are infinite other Creatures without this Earth, which no considerate Man can think were made only for Man, and have no other Use. For my Part, I cannot believe that all Things in the World were so made for Man, that they have no other Use.

For it seems to me highly absurd and unreasonable, to

think that Bodies of such vast Magnitude as the Fixed Stars, were only made to twinkle to us; nay, a Multitude of them there are, that do not so much as twinkle, being either by reason of their Distance, or of their Smallness, altogether invisible to the naked Eye, and only discoverable by a Telescope; and it is likely, perfecter Telescopes than we yet have, may bring to light many more; and who knows, how many lie out of the Ken of the best Telescope that can possibly be made? And, I believe, there are many Species in Nature, even in this sublunary World, which were never yet taken Notice of by Man, and consequently of no Use to him, which yet we are not to think were created in vain; but may be found out by, and of Use to, those who shall live after us in future Ages. But though in this Sense it be not true, that all Things were made for Man; yet, thus far it is, that all the Creatures in the World may be some Way or other useful to us, at least to exercise our Wits and Understandings, in considering and contemplating of them, and so afford us Subjects of admiring and glorifying their and our Maker. Seeing them, we do believe, and assert, that all Things were in some Sense made for us, we are thereby oblig'd to make Use of them for those Purposes for which they serve us, else we frustrate this End of their Creation. Now some of them serve only to exercise our Minds; many others there be, which might probably serve us to good Purpose, whose Uses are not discovered, nor are they ever like to be, without Pains and Industry. True it is, many of the greatest Inventions have been accidentally stumbled upon; but not by Men supine and careless, but busy and inquisitive. Some Reproach methinks it is to learned Men, that there should be so many Animals in the World, whose outward Shape is not yet taken Notice of, or describ'd, much less their Way of Generation, Food, Manners, Uses, observed. *John Ray* (1627-1705).

13. WOULD THE MOLE HAVE ADMIRED THE FINE GOLD?

MAN is by nature a contemplative creature, and God has furnished him with many objects to exercise his understanding

upon, which would be so far useless and lost, if man were not. Who should observe the motions of the stars, and the courses of these heavenly bodies, and all the wonders of nature? Who should pry into the secret virtues of plants, and other natural things, if there were not in the world, a creature endowed with reason and understanding? Would the beasts of the field study astronomy, or turn chymists, and try experiments in nature?

What variety of beautiful plants and flowers is there, which can be imagined to be of little other use but for the pleasure of man. And if man had not been, they would have lost their grace, and been trod down by the beasts of the field, without pity or observation; they would not have made them into garlands and nosegays. How many sorts of fruits are there which grow upon high trees, out of the reach of beasts! and indeed they take no pleasure in them. What would all the vast bodies of trees have served for, if man had not been to build with them, and make dwellings of them? Of what use would all the mines of metal have been, and of coal, and the quarries of stone? Would the mole have admired the fine gold? Would the beasts of the forest have built themselves palaces, or would they have made fires in their dens?

John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury (1630-1694).

14. MAN, NATURE, AND THE STARS

How is it possible that it should enter into the Thoughts of vain Man to believe himself the principal Part of God's Creation, or that all the rest was ordain'd for him, for his Service or Pleasure? Man, whose Follies we laugh at every Day, or else complain of them; whose Pleasures are Vanity, and his Passions stronger than his Reason; who sees himself every Way weak and impotent, hath no Power over external Nature, little over himself; cannot execute so much as his own good Resolutions, mutable, irregular, prone to Evil. Surely, if we made the least Reflection upon ourselves with impartiality, we should be asham'd of such an arrogant Thought. How few of these Sons of Men, for whom, they say, all Things were made, are the Sons of Wisdom? How few find the

Paths of Life? They spend a few Days in Folly and Sin, and then go down to the Regions of Death and Misery. And is it possible to believe that all Nature, and all Providence, are only or principally for their Sake? Is it not a more reasonable Character or Conclusion which the Prophet hath made, *Surely every Man is Vanity*? Man that comes into the World at the Pleasure of another, and goes out by an hundred Accidents; his Birth and Education generally determine his Fate here, and neither of those are in his own Power; his Wit also is as uncertain as his Fortune; he hath not the moulding of his own Brain, however a Knock on the Head makes him a Fool, stupid as the Beasts of the Field; and a little Excess of Passion or Melancholy makes him worse, Mad and Frantick. In his best Senses he is shallow, and of little Understanding; and in nothing more blind and ignorant than in Things sacred and divine; he falls down before a Stock or a Stone, and says, Thou art my God; he can believe Nonsense and Contradictions, and make it his Religion to do so. And is this the great Creature which God hath made *by the Might of his Power, and for the Honour* of his Majesty? Upon whom all Things must wait, to whom all Things must be subservient? Methinks we have noted Weaknesses and Follies enough in the Nature of Man; this need not be added as the Top and Accomplishment, *That with all these he is so vain as to think that all the rest of the World was made for his Sake.*

And as due Humility and the Consideration of our own Meanness ought to secure us from any such vain Opinion of ourselves, so the Perfection of other Beings ought to give us more Respect and Honour for them. With what Face can we pretend that Creatures far superior to us, and more excellent both in Nature and Condition, should be made for our Sake and Service? How preposterous would it be to ascribe such a Thing to our Maker, and how intolerable a Vanity in us to affect it? We that are next to the Brutes that perish, by a sacrilegious Attempt would make ourselves more considerable than the highest Dignities. It is thought to have been the Crime of *Lucifer*, who was thrown down from Heaven to Hell, that he affected an Equality with the Almighty; and to affect to be next to the Almighty is a Crime next to that.

We have no Reason to believe but that there are, at least, as many Orders of Beings above us, as there are Ranks of Creatures below us; there is a greater Distance sure betwixt us and God Almighty, than there is betwixt us and the meanest Worm; and yet we should take it very ill, if the Worms of the Earth should pretend that we were made for them. But to pass from the invisible World to the visible and corporeal—

Was that made only for our Sake? King *David* was more wise, and more just both to God and Man, in his viiith *Psalm*; where he says, *He wonders, when he considers the Heavens, that the Maker of them could think on Man.* He truly supposes the celestial Bodies, and the Inhabitants of them, much more considerable than we are, and reckons up only terrestrial Things as put in Subjection to Man. Can we then be so fond as to imagine all the corporeal Universe made for our Use? 'Tis not the millioneth Part of it that is known to us, much less useful; we can neither reach with our Eye, nor our Imagination, those Armies of Stars that lie far and deep in the boundless Heavens. If we take a good Glass, we discover innumerable more Stars in the Firmament than we can with our single Eye; and yet if you take a second Glass, better than the first, that carries the Sight to a greater Distance, you see more still lying beyond the other; and a third Glass that pierceth further, still makes new Discoveries of Stars; and so forwards, indefinitely and inexhaustedly for any Thing we know, according to the Immensity of the divine Nature and Power. Who can reckon up the Stars of the Galaxy, or direct us in the Use of them?

And can we believe that those and all the rest were made for us? Of those few Stars that we enjoy, or that are visible to the Eye, there is not a tenth Part that is really useful to Man; and no doubt if the principal End of them had been our Pleasure or Conveniency, they would have been put in some better Order in respect of the Earth. They lie carelessly scatter'd, as if they had been sown in the Heaven, like Seed, by Handfuls; and not by a skilful Hand neither. What a beautiful Hemisphere they would have made, if they had been plac'd in Rank and Order; if they had been all dispos'd into regular Figures, and the little ones set with due Regard

to the greater, then all finish'd and made up into one fair Piece or great Composition, according to the Rules of Art and Symmetry; what a surprizing Beauty this would have been to the Inhabitants of the Earth? What a lovely Roof to our little World? This indeed might have given one some Temptation, to have thought that they had been all made for us; but lest any such vain Imagination should now enter into our Thoughts, Providence (besides more important Reasons) seems on Purpose to have left them under that Negligence or Disorder, which they appear in to us. . .

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715).

15. THE DIVINITY OF THE MOON

THE moon which was anciently a principal deity, is so rude and mountainous a body, that 'tis a wonder speculative men, who consider'd how many, how various, and how noble functions belong to a sensitive soul, could think a mass of matter, so very remote from being fitly organiz'd, should be animated and govern'd by a true, living and sensitive soul.

Robert Boyle, F.R.S. (1627-1691).

16. THE ASTRAL FATES

. . There's but the twinkling of a *Star*
Between a Man of *Peace* and *War*,
A *Thief* and *Justice*, *Fool* and *Knave*,
A huffing *Officer* and a *Slave*,
A crafty *Lawyer* and *Pick-pocket*,
A great *Philosopher* and a *Blockhead*,
A formal *Preacher* and a *Player*,
A learn'd *Physitian* and *Man-slayer*.
As if Men from the Stars did suck
Old-age, *Diseases*, and *ill-luck*,
Wit, *Folly*, *Honor*, *Virtue*, *Vice*,
Trade, *Travel*, *Women*, *Claps*, *and Dice*;
And draw, with the first Air they breath,
Battel, and *Murther*, *Sudden Death*. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

17. SCIENCE AND THE STARS

THE twinkling spangles, the Ornaments of the upper world; lose their beauty and magnificence, while they are but the objects of our narrow'd senses: By them the *half* is not *told us*; and vulgar spectators see them, but as a confused huddle of petty *Illuminants*. But *Philosophy* doth right to those *immense sphears*, and advantagiously represents their Glories, both in the vastness of their *proportions*, and the regularity of their *motions*. If we would see the wonders of the *Globe* we dwell in, *Philosophy* must rear us above it.

Joseph Glanvill, F.R.S. (1636-1680).

18. NEAR AND FAR: LIFE ON STONEHENGE AND IN THE PLANETS

NAY, to shew you that they can see as far into a Milstone as *Descartes* himself, they have discovered that several, even of the most solid Bodies, are nothing but an immense swarm of imperceptible Animals: Do but consider this little Leaf; why it is a great World, of a vast extent, what Mountains, what Abysses are there in it? The Insects of one side, know no more of their fellow Creatures on t'other side, than you and I can tell what they are now doing at the Antipodes; is it not reason then that a great Planet should be inhabited? In the hardest Stones, for Example, in Marble, there are an infinity of Worms, which fill up the vacuums, and feed upon the substance of the Stone; fancy then millions of living Creatures to subsist many years on a grain of Sand; so that were the Moon but one continued Rock, she should be gnaw'd by these invisible Mites, (as if she were a green Cheese) rather than not be inhabited: in short, every thing is animated, and the Stones upon *Salisbury Plain* are as much alive as a Hive of Bees; imagine then these Animals which are yet undiscovered, and add them, and those which are but lately discover'd, to those we have always seen, you will find the Earth swarms with Inhabitants. Why then should Nature which

is fruitful to an excess here, be so very barren in the rest of the Planets?

Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, translated by Joseph Glanvill, F.R.S. (1636-1680).

19. THE ELEPHANT IN THE MOON

A LEARNED *Society* of late,
The Glory of a foreign State,
Agreed, upon a Summer's *Night*,
To search the *Moon* by her own Light;
To take an invent'ry of all
Her real estate, and personal;
And make an accurate Survey
Of all her Lands, and how they lay,
As true as that of *Ireland*, where
The sly Surveyors stole a Shire:
T' observe her Country, how 'twas planted,
With what sh'abounded most, or wanted;
And make the proper'st Observations
For settling of new Plantations,
If the *Society* should incline
T' attempt so glorious a Design.
  This was the Purpose of their meeting,
For which they chose a Time as fitting,
When, at the Full, her radiant Light
And Influence too were at their Height.
And now the lofty Tube, the Scale
With which they Heav'n itself assail,
Was mounted full against the *Moon*,
All all stood ready to fall on,
Impatient who should have the Honour
To plant an Ensign first upon her.
  When one, who for his deep Belief
Was Virtuoso then in chief,
Approv'd the most profound, and wise
To solve Impossibilities,
Advancing gravely, to apply
To th' optic glass his judging Eye,

Cry'd, Strange!—then reinforc'd his Sight
Against the *Moon* with all his Might,
And bent his penetrating Brow,
As if he meant to gaze her through;
When all the rest began t' admire,
And, like a Train, from him took Fire,
Surpris'd with Wonder, beforehand,
At what they did not understand,
Cry'd out, impatient to know what
The Matter was, they wonder'd at.
Quoth he, Th' Inhabitants o' th' *Moon*,
Who, when the *Sun* shines hot at Noon,
Do live in Cellars under ground,
Of eight Miles deep, and eighty round,
(In which at once they fortify
Against the Sun, and th' Enemy),
Which they count Towns and Cities there,
Because their People's civiler
Than those rude Peasants, that are found
To live upon the upper Ground,
Call'd *Privolvans*, with whom they are
Perpetually in open War;
And now both Armies, highly 'nrag'd,
Are in a bloody Fight engag'd,
And many fall on both Sides slain,
As by the Glass 'tis clear, and plain.
Look quickly then, that every one
May see the Fight, before 'tis done.
With that a great Philosopher,
Admir'd, and famous far and near,
As one of singular Invention,
But universal Comprehension,
Apply'd one Eye, and half a Nose,
Unto the optick Engine close:
For he had lately undertook
To prove, and publish in a Book,
That Men, whose nat'ral Eyes are out,
May, by more pow'rful Art, be brought
To see with th' empty Holes, as plain

As if their Eyes were in again;
And if they chanc'd to fail of those,
To make an Optick of a Nose,
As clearly it may, by those that wear
But Spectacles, be made appear,
By which both Senses being united,
Does render them much better sighted.
This great Man, having fix'd both Sights
To view the formidable Fights,
Observ'd his best, and then cry'd out,
The Battle's desperately fought;
The gallant *Subvolvani* rally,
And from their Trenches make a Sally
Upon the stubborn Enemy,
Who now begin to rout and fly.
These silly ranting *Privolvans*,
Have every Summer their Campains,
And muster, like the warlike Sons
Of *Raw-head* and of *Bloody-bones*,
As numerous as *Soland* Geese
I' th' Islands of the *Orcades*,
Courageously to make a Stand,
And face their Neighbours Hand to Hand,
Until the long'd-for Winter's come,
And then return in Triumph home,
And spend the rest o' th' Year in Lies,
And vap'ring of their Victories.
From th' old *Arcadians* th' are believ'd
To be, before the *Moon*, deriv'd,
And, when her Orb was new created,
To people her, were thence translated.
For, as th' *Arcadians* were reputed
Of all the *Grecians* the most stupid,
Whom nothing in the World could bring
To civil Life but fiddling,
They still retain the antique Course,
And Custom of their Ancestors;
And always sing and fiddle to
Things of the greatest Weight they do.

While thus the learn'd Man entertains
Th' Assembly with the *Privolvans*;
Another of as great renown,
And solid judgment in the *Moon*;
That understood her various Soils,
And which produc'd best *Genet-moyles*;
And in the Register of Fame
Had enter'd his long-living Name;
After he had por'd long and hard
I' th' Engine, gave a Start, and star'd—
Quoth he, a strange Sight appears
Than e'er was seen in all the Spheres,
A Wonder more unparalel'd,
Than ever mortal Tube beheld.
An Elephant from one of those
Two mighty Armies is broke loose,
And with the Horrour of the Fight
Appears amaz'd, and in a Fright;
Look quickly, lest the Sight of us
Should cause the startled Beast t'imboss.
It is a large one, far more great
Than e'er was bred in *Afric* yet;
From which we boldly may infer
The *Moon* is much the fruitfuller.
And since the mighty *Pyrrhus* brought
Those living Castles first, 'tis thought,
Against the *Romans*, in the Field,
It may an Argument be held,
(*Arcadia* being but a Piece,
As his Dominions were of *Greece*),
To prove what this illustrious Person
Has made so noble a Discourse on;
And amply satisfy'd us all
Of th' *Privolvans* Original.
That *Elephants* are in the *Moon*,
Though we had now discover'd none,
Is easily made manifest;
Since, from the greatest to the least,
All other Stars and Constellations

Have Cattle of all sorts of Nations;
And Heav'n, like a *Tartar's* Horde,
With great and numerous Droves is stor'd
And, if the *Moon* produce by Nature
A People of so vast a Stature,
'Tis consequent, she shou'd bring forth
Far greater Beasts, too, than the Earth;
(As by the best Accounts appears
Of all our great'st Discoverers),
And, that those monstrous Creatures there
Are not such Rarities as here.
Meanwhile the rest had had a Sight
Of all Particulars o' th' Fight;
And ev'ry Man with equal Care,
Perus'd of th' *Elephant* his Share,
Proud of his Int'rest in the Glory
Of so miraculous a Story;
When one, who for his Excellence
In height'ning Words, and shad'wing Sense,
And magnifying all he writ
With curious microscopick Wit,
Was magnify'd himself no less
In home and foreign Colleges,
Began, transported with the Twang
Of his own Trillo, thus t' harangue.
Most excellent and *virtuous* Friends,
This great Discovery makes amends
For all our unsuccessful Pains,
And lost Expense of Time and Brains.
For by this sole Phaenomenon,
We've gotten Ground upon the *Moon*;
And gain'd a Pass, to hold dispute
With all the Planets that stand out;
To carry this most *virtuous* War,
Home to the Door of every Star,
And plant th' Artillery of our Tubes
Against their proudest Magnitudes;
To stretch our Victories beyond
Th' Extent of planetary Ground,

And fix our Engines, and our Ensigns,
Upon the fixt Stars vast Dimensions,
(Which *Archimede*, so long ago,
Durst not presume to wish to do)
And prove, if they are other Suns,
As some have held Opinions;
Or Windows in the Empyreum,
From whence those bright Effluvias come
Like Flames of Fire (as others guess)
That shine i' the Mouths of Furnaces.
Nor is this all we have atchiev'd,
But more, henceforth to be believ'd,
And have no more our best Designs,
Because they're ours, believ'd ill Signs.
T' out-throw, and stretch, and to enlarge,
Shall now no more be laid t' our Charge;
Nor shall our ablest *Virtuosos*
Prove Arguments for Coffee-houses;
Nor those Devices, that are laid
Too truly on us, nor those made
Hereafter gain Belief among
Our strictest Judges, right, or wrong;
Nor shall our past Misfortunes more
Be charg'd upon the ancient Score;
No more our making old Dogs young
Make Men suspect us still i' th' Wrong;
Nor new-invented Chariots draw
The Boys to course us, without Law;
Nor putting Pigs t' a Bitch to nurse,
To turn 'em into Mungrel-Curs,
Make them suspect, our Sculs are brittle,
And hold too much Wit, or too little;
Nor shall our Speculations, whether
An Elder-stick will save the Leather
Of School-boy's Breeches from the Rod,
Make all we do appear as odd,
This one Discovery's enough
To take all former Scandals off—
But since the World's incredulous

Of all our Scrutinies, and us;
And with a Prejudice prevents
Our best and worse Experiments,
(As if th' were destin'd to miscarry,
In consort try'd, or solitary),
And since it is uncertain, when
Such Wonders will occur agen,
Let us as cautiously contrive
To draw an exact Narrative
Of what we every one can swear,
Our Eyes themselves have seen appear;
That, when we publish the Account,
We all may take our Oaths upon 't.
  This said, they all with one Consent
Agreed to draw up th' Instrument,
And, for the gen'ral Satisfaction,
To print it in the next *Transaction.*
But whilst the Chiefs were drawing up
This strange Memoir o' th' Telescope,
One, peeping in the Tube by Chance,
Beheld the *Elephant* advance,
And, from the West-side of the *Moon*,
To th' East was in a Moment gone.
This b'ing related gave a Stop
To what the rest were drawing up;
And every Man, amaz'd anew,
How it could possibly be true,
That any Beast should run a Race
So monstrous, in so short a Space,
Resolv'd, howe'er, to make it good,
At least, as possible as he cou'd,
And rather his own Eyes condemn,
Than question what h' had seen with them.
  While all were thus resolv'd; a Man
Of great Renown there, thus began—
'Tis strange, I grant! but who can say
What cannot be; what can, and may?
Especially at so hugely vast
A Distance, as this Wonder's plac't;

Where the least Error of the Sight
May shew Things false, but never right;
Nor can we try them, so far off,
By any sublunary Proof:
For who can say that *Nature* there
Has the same Laws, she goes by here?
Nor is it like, she has infus'd,
In every Species, there produc'd,
The same Efforts, she does confer
Upon the same Productions here;
Since those with us, of several Nations,
Have such prodigious Variations;
And she affects so much to use
Variety, in all she does.
Hence may b'infer'd, that, tho' I grant
We've seen i' th' *Moon* an *Elephant*,
That *Elephant* may differ so
From those upon the Earth below,
Both in his Bulk, and Force, and Speed,
As being of a diff'rent Breed;
That, tho' our own are but slow-pac't,
Theirs there may fly, or run as fast;
And yet be *Elephants* no less
Than those of *Indian* Pedigrees.
This said, another of great Worth,
Fam'd for his learned Works put forth,
Look'd wise, then said—All this is true,
And learnedly observ'd by you;
But there's another Reason for't,
That falls but very little short
Of mathematick Demonstration,
Upon an accurate Calculation,
And that is—As the *Earth* and *Moon*
Do both move contrary upon
Their Axes, the Rapidity
Of both their Motions cannot be,
But so prodigiously fast,
That vaster Spaces may be past
In less Time than the Beast has gone,

Though h'had no Motion of his own;
Which we can take no Measure of,
As you have clear'd by learned Proof.
This granted, we may boldly thence
Lay claim t'a nobler Inference;
And make this great Phaenomenon,
(Were there no other) serve alone,
To clear the grand Hypothesis
Of th' Motion of the *Earth* from this.
With this they all were satisfy'd,
As Men are wont o' th' bias'd side,
Applauded the profound Dispute,
And grew more gay and resolute,
By having overcome all doubt,
Than if it never had fall'n out;
And, to compleat their Narrative,
Agreed t'insert this strange Retrieve.
But, while they were diverted all
With wording the Memorial,
The Foot-boys, for Diversion too,
As having nothing else to do,
Seeing the *Telescope* at leisure,
Turn'd *Virtuosos* for their Pleasure;
Began to gaze upon the *Moon*,
As those they waited on, had done,
With Monkeys Ingenuity,
That love to practise, what they see;
When one, whose Turn it was to peep,
Saw something in the Engine creep,
And, viewing well, discover'd more
Than all the Learn'd had done before.
Quoth he, A little Thing is slunk
Into the long star-gazing Trunk,
And now is gotten down so nigh,
I have him just against mine Eye.
This being overheard by one
Who was not so far overgrown
In any virtuous Speculation,
To judge with mere Imagination,

Immediately he made a Guess
At solving all Appearances,
A Way far more significant
Than all their Hints of th' *Elephant*;
And found, upon a second View,
His own Hypothesis most true;
For he had scarce apply'd his Eye
To th' Engine, but immediately
He found, a *Mouse* was gotten in
The hollow Tube, and shut between
The two Glass-windows in Restraint
Was swell'd into an *Elephant*;
And prov'd the virtuous Occasion
Of all this learned Dissertation:
And, as a Mountain heretofore
Was great with Child, they say, and bore
A silly *Mouse*; this *Mouse*, as strange,
Brought forth a Mountain, in exchange.
Mean while, the rest in Consultation
Had penn'd the wonderful Narration;
And set their Hands, and Seals, and Wit
T' attest the Truth of what th'd writ;
When this accurst Phaenomenon
Confounded all th' had said or done.
For 'twas no sooner hinted at,
But th' all were in a Tumult strait,
More furiously enrag'd by far,
Than those that in the *Moon* made War,
To find so admirable a Hint,
When they had all agreed t' have seen't,
And were engag'd to make it out,
Obstructed with a paultry Doubt:
When one, whose Task was to determin,
And solve th' Appearances of Vermin;
Who'd made profound Discoveries
In Frogs, and Toads, and Rats, and Mice;
(Tho' not so curious, 'tis true,
As many a wise Rat-catcher knew)
After he had with Signs made Way

For something great he had to say;
This Disquisition
Is, half of it, in my Discission:
For, though the *Elephant*, as *Beast*,
Belongs of Right to all the rest,
The *Mouse*, being but a *Vermin*, none
Has Title to, but I alone;
And therefore hope, I may be heard,
In my own Province, with Regard.
It is no Wonder w're cry'd down,
And made the Talk of all the Town,
That rants and swears, for all our great
Attempts, we have done nothing yet,
If ev'ry one have Leave to doubt,
When some great Secret's half made out;
And, 'cause perhaps it is not true,
Obstruct, and ruin all we do.
As no great Act was ever done,
Nor ever can, with Truth alone,
If nothing else but Truth w' allow,
'Tis no great Matter what we do:
For Truth is too reserv'd, and nice,
T' appear in mix'd Societies;
Delights in solit'ry Abodes,
And never shows her self in Crowds;
A sullen little Thing, below
All Matters of Pretence and Show;
That deal in Novelty, and Change,
Not of Things true, but rare and strange,
To treat the World with what is fit
And proper to its natural Wit:
The World, that never sets Esteem
On what Things are, but what they seem;
And, if they be not strange and new,
Th' are ne'er the better for b'ing true;
For, what has Mankind gain'd by knowing
His little Truth, but his Undoing,
Which wisely was by Nature hidden,
And only for his Good forbidden?

And, therefore, with great Prudence does
The World still strive to keep it close;
For if all secret Truths were known,
Who would not be once more undone?
For Truth has always Danger in 't,
And here, perhaps, may cross some Hint
We have already agreed upon,
And vainly frustrate all we've done;
Only to make new work for *Stubs*,
And all the academick Clubs.
How much, then, ought we have a Care,
That no Man know above his Share;
Nor dare to understand, henceforth,
More than his Contribution's worth;
That those wh' have purchas'd of the *College*
A Share, or half a Share, of Knowledge,
And brought in none, but spent Repute,
Should not b' admitted to Dispute,
Nor any Man pretend to know
More than his Dividend come to?
For Partners have been always known
To cheat their publick Int'rest prone;
And, if we do not look to ours,
'Tis sure to run the self-same Course.
This said, the whole Assembly allow'd
The Doctrine to be right, and good;
And, from the *Truth* of what th' had heard,
Resolv'd to give *Truth* no Regard,
But, what was for their Turn, to vouch,
And either find, or make it such:
That 'twas more noble to create
Things like *Truth*, out of strong Conceit,
Than with vexatious Pains and Doubt,
To find, or think t' have found, her out.
This b'ing resolv'd, they, one by one,
Review'd the Tube, the *Mouse*, and *Moon*;
But still, the narrower they pry'd,
The more they were unsatisfy'd,
In no one Thing, they saw, agreeing;

As if th' had sev'ral Faiths of seeing.
Some swore, upon a second View,
That all th' had seen before was true,
And that they never would recant
One Syllable of th' *Elephant*;
Avow'd, his Snout could be no *Mouse's*,
But a true Elephant's Proboscis.
Others began to doubt, and waver,
Uncertain which o' th' two to favour;
And knew not whether to espouse
The cause of th' *Elephant*, or *Mouse*.
Some held no Way so orthodox
To try it, as the *Ballot-Box*;
And, like the Nation's Patriots,
To find, or make, the Truth by Votes:
Others conceiv'd it much more fit
T' unmount the Tube, and open it;
And, for their private Satisfaction,
To re-examine the Transaction,
And after explicate the rest,
As they should find Cause for the best.
To this, as th' only Expedient,
The whole Assembly gave Consent;
But, ere the Tube was half let down,
It clear'd the first Phaenomenon:
For, at the End, prodigious Swarms
Of Flies, and Gnats, like Men in Arms,
Had all past Muster, by mischance,
Both for the *Sub* and *Privolvans*.
This, b'ing discover'd, put them all
Into a fresh, and fiercer Brawl,
Asham'd, that Men so grave and wise
Should be chaldes'd by Gnats and Flies,
And take the feeble Insects' Swarms
For mighty Troops of Men at Arms;
As vain as those, who when the *Moon*
Bright in a crystal River shone,
Threw Casting-nets as su'tly at her,
To catch and pull her out o' th' Water.

But, when they had unscrew'd the Glass,
To find out where th' Impostor was,
And saw the *Mouse*, that by mishap,
Had made the *Telescope* a Trap,
Amaz'd, confounded, and afflicted,
To be so openly convicted,
Immediately they get them gone,
With this Discovery alone:
That those who greedily pursue
Things wonderful, instead of true;
That in their Speculations chuse
To make Discoveries strange News;
And Nat'ral History a Gazette
Of Tales stupendous, and far-fet;
Hold no Truth worthy to be known,
That is not huge, and overgrown,
And explicate Appearances,
Not as they are, but as they please;
In vain strive Nature to suborn,
And, for their Pains, are paid with Scorn.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

20. ARE THERE MANY SUCH SPACES?

YOU have made the Universe so large, *says she*, that I know not where I am, or what will become of me; what is it all to be divided into heaps confusedly, one among another? Is every Star the Centre of a Vortex, as big as ours? Is that vast space which comprehends our Sun and Planets, but an inconsiderable part of the Universe? And are there as many such spaces, as there are fix'd Stars? I protest it is dreadful. Dreadful, Madam, *said I*; I think it is very pleasant; when the Heavens were a little blue Arch, stuck with Stars, methought the Universe was too strait and close, I was almost stifled for want of Air; but now it is enlarg'd in heighth and breadth, and a thousand and a thousand Vortex's taken in,

I begin to breath with more freedom, and think the Universe to be incomparably more magnificent than it was before.

Bernard le Bovier de Fontenelle, translated by Joseph Glanvill, F.R.S. (1636-1680).

21. THE UNIVERSAL TOUCHSTONE

LET not Men therefore that would have a sight of Truth in its full extent, narrow and blind their own Prospect. Let not Men think there is no Truth but in the Sciences that they study, or the Books that they read. To prejudge other Mens Notions before we have looked into them, is not to shew their Darkness, but to put out our own Eyes. *Try all things, hold fast that which is good*, is a Divine Rule, coming from the Father of Light and Truth; and 'tis hard to know what other way Men can come at Truth, to lay hold of it, if they do not dig and search for it as for Gold and hid Treasure; but he that does so must have much Earth and Rubbish before he gets the pure Metal; Sand, and Pebbles, and Dross, usually lie blended with it, but the Gold is never the less Gold, and will enrich the Man that employs his Pains to seek and separate it. Neither is there any danger he should be deceived by the Mixture. Every Man carries about him a Touchstone, if he will make use of it to distinguish substantial Gold from superficial Glitterings, Truth from Appearances. And indeed the Use and Benefit of this Touchstone, which is natural Reason, is spoil'd and lost only by assumed Prejudices, overweening Presumption, and narrowing our Minds. The want of exercising it in the full extent of things intelligible, is that which weakens and extinguishes this noble Faculty in us. Trace it, and see whether it be not so. The Day Labourer in a Country Village has commonly but a small pittance of Knowledge, because his Ideas and Notions have been confined to the narrow Bounds of a poor Conversation and Employment: the low Mechanick of a Country Town does somewhat out-do him; Porters and Coblers of great Cities surpass them. A Country Gentleman, who leaving Latin and Learning in the University, removes thence to his Mansion House, and associates with Neighbours of the same strain, who relish nothing but Hunting and a

Bottle; with those alone he spends his time, with these alone he converses, and can away with no Company whose Discourse goes beyond what Claret and Dissoluteness inspires. Such a Patriot, formed in this happy way of Improvement, cannot fail, as we see, to give notable Decisions upon the Bench at Quarter Sessions, and eminent Proofs of his Skill in Politicks, when the Strength of his Purse and Party have advanced him to a more conspicuous Station. To such a one truly an ordinary Coffee-house Gleaner of the City is an errant Statesman, and as much superior to, as a Man conversant about *Whitehall* and the Court, is to an ordinary Shopkeeper.

John Locke (1632-1704).

22. WAX, PAPER, LIPS, FOREHEAD: AN UNDERGRADUATE'S LETTER

THOUGH I highly vallue your Magnificent presents, pardon mee if I must tell the world they are but imperfect Emblemes of your beauty; For the white and red of waxe and paper are but shaddowes of that vermillion and snowe in your lips and forehead. And the silver of the Inkhorne if it presume to vye whitenesse with your purer Skinne, must confesse it selfe blacker than the liquor it containes.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

23. THE LADY'S ANSWER

. . 'Tis not *those paultry counterfeit*
French Stones, which in our Eyes you set:
But our *Right Diamonds*, that inspire,
And set your Amorous Hearts on fire;
Nor can those false *St. Martins Beads*,
Which on our Lips you lay *for Reds*;
And make us wear, like *Indian Dames*,
Add Fewel to your Scorching Flames.
But those true Rubies of the Rock,
Which, in our Cabinets we lock.
'Tis not those Orient Pearls, our Teeth,
That you are so transported with:

But those we wear about our Necks,
Produce those *Amorous Effects.*
Nor is't those Threads of Gold, our *Hair,*
The *Perewigs you make us wear*:
But those bright Guinneys in our Chests,
That light the Wild Fire in your Breasts. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

24. MAGGOTS OF FLATTERY

An Ass will with his long Ears fray
The Flies, that tickle him, away;
But Man delights to have his Ears
Blown Maggots in by Flatterers.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

25. LOVE

. . 'Tis but an Ague that's reverst,
Whose hot fit takes the Patient first,
That after burns with cold as much
As I'm in *Greenland* does the touch;
Melts in the Furnace of desire
Like Glass, that's but the Ice of Fire;
And when his heat of Fancy's over,
Becomes as hard and frail a Lover:
For when he's with Love-powder laden,
And Prim'd and Cock'd by Miss, or Madam,
The smallest sparkle of an Eye
Gives Fire to his Artillery,
And off the loud Oaths go, but while
Th'are in the very Act, recoil.
Hence 'tis, so few dare take their chance
Without a sep'rate maintenance:
And Widows, who have try'd one Lover,
Trust none again till th'have made over;
Or if they doe, before they marry
The Foxes weigh the Geese they carry. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

26. ONE LONG NUPTIAL DAY

. . All my ambition will in you be crown'd;
And those white Arms shall be my Wishes bound.
Our Life shall be but one long nuptial Day,
And like chaf'd Odours melt in Sweets away;
Soft as the Night our M[illegible] shall be worn,
And chearful as the Birds that wake the Morn. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

27. THE SONG OF SECRET LOVE

ASTERIA. Shall I sing the Song you made of *Philocles*,
And call'd it *Secret-Love?*

QUEEN. Do, for that's all Kindness: And while thou
Sings't it, I can think nothing but what pleases me.

ASTERIA.

I feed a Flame within, which so torments me,
That it both pains my Heart, and yet contents me:
'Tis such a pleasing Smart, and I so love it,
That I had rather die than once remove it.

Yet he for whom I grieve, shall never know it,
My Tongue does not betray, nor my Eyes show it;
Not a Sigh nor a Tear my Pain discloses,
But they fall silently like Dew on Roses.

Thus to prevent my Love from being cruel,
My Heart's the Sacrifice, as 'tis the Fuel:
And while I suffer this to give him Quiet,
My Faith rewards my Love, though he deny it.

On his Eyes will I gaze, and there delight me;
While I conceal my Love, no Frown can fright me:
To be more happy, I dare not aspire;
Nor can I fall more low, mounting no higher.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

28. CONSTANCY OF MEANING: POETS, WATCH OUT

IF Men will not be at the Pains to declare the meaning of their Words, and Definitions of their Terms are not to be had; yet this is the least can be expected, that in all Discourses, wherein one Man pretends to instruct or convince another, he should *use the same Word constantly in the same Sense*: If this were done, (which no Body can refuse without great Disingenuity) many of the Books extant might be spared, many of the Controversies in Dispute would be at an end, several of those great Volumes, swollen with ambiguous Words, now used in one Sense, and by and by in another, would shrink into a very narrow compass; and many of the Philosophers (to mention no other) as well as Poets Works, might be contained in a Nut-shell. *John Locke* (1632-1704).

29. THE LANGUAGE OF SCIENCE

WHO can behold, without indignation, how many mists and uncertainties, these specious *Tropes* and Figures have brought on our Knowledg? How many rewards, which are due to more profitable and difficult *Arts*, have been still snatch'd away by the easie vanity of *fine speaking*? . . . Of all the Studies of men, nothing may sooner be obtain'd, than this vicious abundance of *Phrase*, this trick of *Metaphors*, this volubility of *Tongue*, which makes so great a noise in the World . . . It will suffice my present purpose, to point out, what has been done by the *Royal Society*, towards the correcting of its excesses in *Natural Philosophy*; to which it is, of all others, a most profest enemy.

They have therefore been most rigorous in putting into execution, the only Remedy that can be found for this *Extravagance*: and that has been, a constant Resolution, to reject all the amplifications, digressions, and swellings of style: to return back to the primitive purity, and shortness, when men deliver'd so many *things*, almost in an equal number of *words*. They have exacted from all their members, a close, naked, natural way of speaking; positive expressions; clear

senses; a native easiness; bringing all things as near the Mathematical plainness, as they can: and preferring the language of Artizans, Countrymen, and Merchants, before that, of Wits, or Scholars.

Thomas Sprat, F.R.S. (1635-1713).

30. THE GOLD: PILGRIM'S PROGRESS

. . My dark and cloudy words they do but hold
The Truth, as Cabinets inclose the Gold. . .

John Bunyan (1628-1688).

31. ARABIAN WINDS

. . So winds that tempests brew
When through Arabian Groves they take their flight,
Made wanton with rich Odours, lose their spight. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

32. PEPYS WADES IN SPICE

[My Lord Bruncker] and Sir Edmund Pooly carried me down into the hold of the India shipp, and there did show me the greatest wealth lie in confusion that a man can see in the world. Pepper scattered through every chink, you trod upon it; and in cloves and nutmegs I walked above the knees; whole rooms full. And silk in bales, and boxes of copper-plate, one of which I saw opened. Having seen this, which was as noble a sight as I ever saw in my life, I away on board the other ship. *Samuel Pepys* (1633-1703).

33. PRECIOUS STONES

. . In Eastern Quarries ripening precious Dew. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

34. SONG FROM "THE INDIAN EMPEROR"

A pleasant Grotto discover'd: In it a Fountain spouting: round about it Vasquez, Pizarro, *and other* Spaniards *lying carelessly unarm'd, and by them many* Indian *women, one of which sings the following Song.*

Ah fading Joy! how quickly art thou past!
Yet we thy Ruin haste.
As if the cares of human Life were few,
We seek out new:
And follow Fate, which would too fast pursue.

See how on every Bough the Birds express,
In their sweet Notes, their Happiness.
They all enjoy, and nothing spare;
But on their Mother Nature lay their care:
Why then should Man, the Lord of all below,
Such Troubles chuse to know,
As none of all his Subjects undergo?

Hark, hark, the Waters fall, fall, fall,
And with a murmuring Sound
Dash, dash, upon the Ground,
To gentle Slumbers call.

After the Song two Spaniards *arise and dance a* Saraband *with* Castanietas: *At the end of which,* Guyomar *and his* Indians *enter, and ere the* Spaniards *can recover their Swords, seize them.* *John Dryden* (1631-1700).

35. ZEMPOALLA'S DREAM

. . I dream'd before the Altar that I led
A mighty Lion in a twisted Thread;
I shook to hold him in so slight a Tie,
Yet had not Power to seek a Remedy:
When in the midst of all my Fears, a Dove
With hovering Wings, descended from above,

Flew to the Lion, and Embraces spread,
With Wings, like clasping Arms, about his Head,
Making that mur'muring Noise that cooing Doves
Use in the soft Expression of their Loves.
While I, fix'd by my Wonder, gaz'd to see
So mild a Creature with so fierce agree:
At last the gentle Dove turn'd from his Head,
And pecking try'd to break the slender Thread,
Which instantly she sever'd, and releas'd
From that small Bond the fierce and mighty Beast,
Who presently turn'd all his Rage on me,
And with his Freedom brought my Destiny. . .

Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698).

36. POETRY AND DELIGHT

I AM satisfied if it cause delight; for delight is the chief, if not the only end of poesy: instruction can be admitted but in the second place, for poesy only instructs as it delights. 'Tis true, that to imitate well is a poet's work; but to affect the soul, and excite the passions, and, above all, to move admiration (which is the delight of serious plays), a bare imitation will not serve. The converse, therefore, which a poet is to imitate, must be heightened with all the arts and ornaments of poesy; and must be such as, strictly considered, could never be supposed spoken by any without premeditation.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

37. GIBBERISH AND OBSCURITY

THERE is no such way to gain Admittance, or give Defence to strange and absurd Doctrines, as to guard them round about with Legions of obscure, doubtful and undefined Words: which yet make these Retreats more like the Dens of Robbers, or Holes of Foxes, than Fortresses of fair Warriours; which if it be hard to get them out of, it is not for the Strength that is in them, but the Briars and Thorns, and the Obscurity

of the Thickets they are beset with. For Untruth being unacceptable to the Mind of Man, there is no other Defence left for Absurdity, but Obscurity.

John Locke (1632-1704).

38. THE BRIGHT VISION

. . From the bright Vision's Head
A careless Veil of Lawn was loosely spread:
From her white Temples fell her shaded Hair,
Like cloudy Sun-shine, not too Brown nor Fair.
Her Hands, her Lips did Love inspire;
Her every Grace my Heart did fire:
But most her Eyes, which languish'd with desire. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

39. CIVILIZATION AND BARBARITY

i

I PERSUADE myself, that the bountiful and gracious Author of Man's Being and Faculties, and all Things else, delights in the Beauty of his Creation, and is well pleased with the Industry of Man, in adorning the Earth with beautiful Cities and Castles; with pleasant Villages and Country-Houses; with regular Gardens and Orchards, and Plantations of all Sorts of Shrubs and Herbs, and Fruits, for Meat, Medicine, or moderate Delight; with shady Woods and Groves, and Walks set with Rows of elegant Trees; *with Pastures cloathed with Flocks, and Valleys cover'd with Corn*, and Meadows burdened with Grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well-cultivated Region, from a barren and desolate Wilderness.

If a Country thus planted and adorn'd, thus polished and civilized, thus improved to the Height by all Manner of Culture for the Support and Sustenance, and convenient Entertainment of innumerable Multitudes of People, be not to be preferred before a barbarous and inhospitable *Scythia*, without Houses, without Plantations, without Corn-fields or Vineyards, where

the roving *Hords* of the savage and truculent Inhabitants transfer themselves from Place to Place in Waggons, as they can find Pasture and Forage for their Cattle, and live upon Milk, and Flesh roasted in the Sun, at the Pomels of their Saddles; or a rude and unpolished *America*, peopled with slothful and naked *Indians*, instead of well-built Houses, living in pitiful Huts and Cabbins, made of Poles set endways; then surely the brute Beasts Condition, and Manner of Living, to which, what we have mention'd doth nearly approach, is to be esteem'd better than Man's, and Wit and Reason was in vain bestowed on him.

John Ray (1627-1705).

ii

. . Let him new Worlds discover to the old,
And break up shining Mountains big with Gold. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

40. THE SPANISH SHIPS REACH MEXICO

MONTEZUMA. I sent thee to the Frontiers, quickly tell
The Cause of thy Return, are all things well?
GUYOMAR. I went, in order, Sir, to your Command,
To view the utmost Limits of the Land:
To that Sea-shore where no more World is found,
But foaming Billows breaking on the Ground,
Where, for a while, my Eyes no Object met
But distant Skies that in the Ocean set:
And low-hung Clouds that dipt themselves in Rain,
To shake their Fleeces on the Earth again.
At last, as far as I could cast my Eyes
Upon the Sea, somewhat methought did rise
Like blewish Mists, which still appearing more,
Took dreadful Shapes, and mov'd towards the Shore.
MONTEZUMA. What forms did these new Wonders represent?
GUYOMAR. More strange than what your Wonder can invent.
The Object I could first distinctly view
Was tall straight Trees which on the waters flew,

Wings on their Sides instead of Leaves did grow,
Which gather'd all the Breath the Winds could blow:
And at their Roots grew floating Palaces,
Whose out-blow'd Bellies cut the yielding Seas.
MONTEZUMA. What divine Monsters, O ye Gods, were these
That float in Air, and fly upon the Seas!
Came they alive or dead upon the Shore? . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

41. RULES OF LIFE

. . What makes a Knave a Child of God,
And one of us?—A Livelihood
What renders Beating out of Brains
And Murther Godliness?—Great Gains.
What's tender Conscience?—'Tis a Botch
That will not bear the gentlest touch,
But, breaking out, dispatches more
Than th'Epidemical'st Plague-sore.
What makes y'encroach upon our Trade,
And damn all others?—To be paid.
What's Orthodox and True Believing
Against a Conscience?—A good Living.
What makes Rebelling against Kings
A Good Old Cause? Administrings.
What makes all Doctrines plain and clear?
About Two hundred pounds a year.
And that which was prov'd true before,
Prov'd false again? Two hundred more.
What makes the Breaking of all Oaths
A holy Duty? Food and Cloaths.
What Laws and Freedom, Persecution?
B'ing out of Pow'r, and Contribution.
What makes a Church a Den of Thieves?—
A Dean and Chapter and White Sleeves. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

42. A CALF'S HEAD MEETING

. . In Dressing a Calve's Head, although
The Tongue and Brains together go,
Both keep so great a distance here,
'Tis strange, if ever they come near. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

43. MAXIMS

i. THE PEOPLE

THE Body of the People are generally either so dead that they cannot move, or so mad that they cannot be reclaimed: to be neither all in a Flame, nor quite cold, requireth more Reason than great Numbers can ever attain.

There is an accumulative Cruelty in a number of Men, though none in particular are ill-natured.

ii. RELIGION

Most Mens Anger about Religion is as if two Men should quarrel for a Lady they neither of them care for.

iii. THE WORLD

The Uncertainty of what is to come, is such a dark Cloud, that neither Reason nor Religion can quite break through it; the Condition of Mankind is to be weary of what we do know, and afraid of what we do not.

It is the Fools and Knaves that make the Wheels of the World turn. *They* are the *World*; those few who have Sense or Honesty sneak up and down single, but never go in Herds.

iv. MONEY

They who are of opinion that Money will do every thing, may very well be suspected to do everything for Money.

v. POPULARITY

Popularity is a Crime from the Moment it is sought; it is only a Virtue where Men have it whether they will or no.

It is generally an Appeal to the People from the Sentence given by Men of Sense against them.

It is stepping very low to get very high.

George Savile, Marquess of Halifax (1633-1695).

44. TYRANNY AND LAW

. . Will not *Fear*, *Favor*, *Bribe*, and *Grutch*,
The same Case sev'ral ways adjudge;
As seamen with the self-same *Gale*,
Will several different courses sail?
As when the Sea breaks o'er its bounds,
And overflows the level grounds;
Those *Banks* and *Dams*, that, like a *Screen*,
Did keep it out, now keep it in;
So, when *Tyrannical Usurpation*
Invades the freedom of a *Nation*,
The Laws o' th' Land, that were intended
To keep it out, are made defend it. . .

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

45. TIME'S WHITER SERIES

. . And now times whiter Series is begun,
Which in soft Centuries shall smoothly run. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

46. BEES

. . Like labouring Bees on a long Summer day,
Some sound the trumpet for the rest to swarm,
And some on bells of tasted lilies play.

With glewy wax some new foundations lay
Of virgin combs, which from the roof are hung. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

47. THE GOLDEN AGE

THE Fruits of the Earth were at first spontaneous, and the Ground, without being torn and tormented, satisfied the Wants or Desires of Man. When Nature was fresh and full, all Things flow'd from her more easily and more pure, like the first running of the Grape, or the Honey-comb; but now she must be prest and squeez'd, and her Productions taste more of the Earth and of Bitterness.

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715).

48. THE FIRE OF LONDON

i

EVERYBODY endeavouring to remove their goods, and flinging into the river or bringing them into lighters that lay off; poor people staying in their houses as long as till the very fire touched them, and then running into boats, or clambering by one pair of stairs by the water-side to another. And among other things, the poor pigeons, I perceive, were loth to leave their houses, but hovered about the windows and balconys till they were, some of them burned, their wings, and fell down.

ii

River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and goods swimming in the water, and only I observed that hardly one lighter or boat in three that had the goods of a house in, but there was a pair of Virginalls in it. Having seen as much as I could now, I away to White Hall by appointment; and there walked to St. James's Parke, and there met my wife and Creed and Wood and his wife, and walked to my boat;

and there upon the water again, and to the fire up and down, it still encreasing, and the wind great. So near the fire as we could for smoke; and all over the Thames, with one's face in the wind, you were almost burned with a shower of fire-drops. This is very true; so as houses were burned by these drops and flakes of fire, three or four, nay, five or six houses, one from another. When we could endure no more upon the water, we to a little ale-house on the Bankside, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it was dark almost, and saw the fire grow; and, as it grew darker, appeared more and more, and in corners and upon steeples, and between churches and houses, as far as we could see up the hill of the City, in a most horrid malicious bloody flame, not like the fine flame of an ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire only as one entire arch of fire from this to the other side of the bridge, and in a bow up the hill for an arch of above a mile long: it made me weep to see it. The churches, houses, and all on fire and flaming at once; and a horrid noise the flames made, and the cracking of houses at their ruine.

iii

Walked into Moorefields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the towne among the hot coles), and find that full of people, and poor wretches carrying their goods there, and every body keeping his goods together by themselves (and a great blessing it is to them that it is fair weather for them to keep abroad night and day); drank there, and paid two-pence for a plain penny loaf. Thence homeward . . . I also did see a poor cat taken out of a hole in the chimney, joyning to the wall of the Exchange, with the hair all burned off the body, and yet alive. *Samuel Pepys* (1633-1703).

iv

. . Night came, but without darkness or repose,
A dismal Picture of the gen'ral Doom;
Where Souls distracted when the Trumpet blows,
And half unready with their Bodies come.

Those who have Homes, when Home they do repair,
To a last Lodging call their wand'ring Friends:
Their short uneasie Sleeps are broke with Care,
To look how near their own Destruction tends.

Those who have none, sit round where once it was,
And with full Eyes each wonted Room require:
Haunting the yet warm Ashes of the place,
As murder'd Men walk where they did expire.

Some stir up Coals, and watch the Vestal fire,
Others in vain from sight of Ruin run;
And, while through burning Lab'rinths they retire,
With loathing Eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in Feilds like herded Beasts lie down,
To Dews obnoxious on the grassie Floor;
And while their Babes in Sleep their Sorrows drown,
Sad Parents watch the remnants of their Store.

While by the Motion of the Flames they guess
What Streets are burning now, and what are near,
An infant waking to the Paps would press,
And meets, instead of Milk, a falling Tear. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

49. THE LAST DAY AND THE FINAL FIRE

i. THE SIGNS

THE last Sign we shall take Notice of, is that of *falling Stars. And the Stars shall fall from Heaven*, says our Saviour, *Matt. xxiv.* 29. We are sure, from the Nature of the Thing, that this cannot be understood either of fixed Stars, or Planets; for if either of these should tumble from the Skies, and reach the Earth, they would break it all in Pieces or swallow it up, as the Sea does a sinking Ship; and at the same Time would put all the inferior Universe into Confusion. It is necessary therefore, by these Stars, to understand either fiery Meteors

falling from the Middle Region of the Air, or Comets and Blazing Stars. No doubt, there will be all sorts of fiery Meteors at that Time; and, amongst others, those that are called *falling Stars*; which, though they are not considerable singly, yet if they were multiplied in great Numbers, *falling* (as the Prophet says, *Isa. xxxiv.* 4.) *as Leaves from the Vine, or Figs from the Fig-tree*, they would make an astonishing Sight. But, I think, this Expression does chiefly refer to Comets, which are dead Stars, and may truly be said to fall from Heaven, when they leave their Seats above, and those æthereal Regions wherein they were fixed, and sink into this lower World; where they wander about with a Blaze in their Tail, or a Flame about their Head, as if they came on purpose to be the Messengers of some fiery Vengeance.

If Numbers of these blazing Stars should fall into our Heaven together, they would make a dreadful and formidable Appearance; and, I am apt to think, that Providence hath so contrived the Periods of their Motion, that there will be an unusual Concourse of them at that Time, within the View of the Earth, to be a Prelude to this last and most tragical Scene of the Sublunary World.

ii. The Last Day

The Countenance of the Heavens will be dark and gloomy; and a Veil drawn over the Face of the Sun. The Earth in a Disposition every where to break into open Flames. The Tops of the Mountains smoaking; the Rivers dry, Earthquakes in several Places; the Sea sunk and retired into its deepest Channel, and roaring, as against some mighty Storm. These Things will make the Day dead and melancholy; but the Night-Scenes will have more of Horror in them, when the *blazing Stars* appear, like so many Furies, with their lighted Torches, threatening to set all on Fire . . . Besides, the Air will be full of flaming Meteors, of unusual Forms and Magnitudes; Balls of Fire rowling in the Sky, and pointed Lightnings darted against the Earth; mixed with Claps of Thunder, and unusual Noises from the Clouds. The Moon and the Stars will be confused and irregular, both in their Light and Motions;

as if the whole Frame of the Heavens was out of Order, and all the Laws of Nature were broken or expired.

When all Things are in this languishing or dying Posture, and the Inhabitants of the Earth under the Fears of their last End; the Heavens will open on a sudden, and the Glory of God will appear. A Glory surpassing the Sun in its greatest Radiancy; which, though we cannot describe, we may suppose it will bear some resemblance, or Proportion, with those Representations that are made in Scripture, of *God upon his Throne*. This Wonder in the Heavens, whatsoever its Form may be, will presently attract the Eyes of all the Christian World. Nothing can more affect them than an Object so unusual, and so illustrious; and, that (probably) brings along with it their last Destiny, and will put a Period to all human Affairs . . . But that first Appearance, being far from the Earth, will seem to be only a great Mass of Light, without any distinct Form; till, by nearer Approaches, this bright Body shews itself to be an Army of Angels, with this King of Kings for their Leader. Then you may imagine how guilty Mankind will tremble and be astonished; and while they are gazing at this heavenly Host, the Voice of the *Archangel is heard*, the shrill Sound of the Trumpet reaches their Ears, and this gives the general Alarum to all the World: *For he cometh, for he cometh*, they cry, *to judge the Earth*. The crucified God is returned in Glory, to take Vengeance upon his Enemies: Not only upon those that pierced his sacred Body, with Nails, and with a Spear, as *Jerusalem*; but those that also pierce him every Day by their Profaneness, and hard Speeches, concerning his Person, and his Religion. Now they see that God, whom they have mocked, or blasphemed, laughed at his Meanness, or at his vain Threats; they see Him, and are confounded with Shame and Fear; and in the Bitterness of their Anguish and Despair, call for the Mountains to fall upon them, *Isa. ii.* 21. *Fly into the Clefts of the Rocks, and into the Caves of the Earth, for fear of the Lord, Rev. vi.* 16, 17, *and the Glory of His Majesty, when he ariseth to shake terribly the Earth.*

As it is not possible for us to express, or conceive the Dread, and Majesty of his Appearance; so neither can we, on the

other Hand, express the Passions and Consternation of the People that behold it. These Things exceed the Measures of Human Affairs, and of Human Thoughts; we have neither Words, nor Comparisons, to make them known by.

The greatest Pomp and Magnificence of the Emperors of the *East*, in their Armies, in their Triumphs, in their Inaugurations, is but like the Sport and Entertainment of Children, if compared with this Solemnity. When God condescends to an external Glory, with a visible Train and Equipage; when, from all the Provinces of his vast and boundless Empire, he summons his Nobles, as I may so say, the several Orders of Angels, and Archangels, to attend his Person; though we cannot tell the Form or Manner of this Appearance, we know there is nothing in our Experience, or in the whole History of this World, that can be a just Representation of the least Part of it. No Armies so numerous as the Host of Heaven; and in the midst of those bright Legions, in a flaming Chariot, will sit the Son of Man, when he comes to be glorified in his Saints, and triumph over his Enemies: And instead of the wild Noises of the Rabble, which makes a great Part of our Worldly State, this blessed Company will breathe their *Hallelujahs* into the open Air, and repeated Acclamations of *Salvation to God, which sits upon the Throne, and to the Lamb, Apoc. vii.* 10 : *Now is come Salvation and Strength, and the Kingdom of our God, and the Power of his Christ, ch. xii.* 10.

But I leave the rest to our silent Devotion and Admiration. Only give me leave, whilst this Object is before our Eyes, to make a short Reflection upon the wonderful History of our Saviour; and the different States which that sacred Person, within the Compass of our Knowledge, hath undergone. We now see him coming in the Clouds, in Glory and Triumph, surrounded with innumerable Angels: This is the same Person, who, so many hundred Years ago, entered *Jerusalem*, with another sort of Equipage, mounted upon an Ass's Colt, while the little People, and the Multitude cried, *Hosanna to the Son of* David. Nay, this is the same Person, that, at his first Coming into this World, was laid in a Manger, instead of a Cradle; a naked Babe dropt in a Crib at *Bethlehem*

(*Luke ii.* 12.) his poor Mother not having wherewithal to get her a better Lodging, when she was to be delivered of this sacred Burden. This helpless Infant, that often wanted a little Milk to refresh it, and support its Weakness; that hath often cryed for the Breast with Hunger and Tears, now appears to be the Lord of Heaven and Earth. If this Divine Person had fallen from the Clouds in a mortal Body, cloathed with Flesh and Blood, and spent his Life here amongst Sinners, that alone had been an infinite Condescension: But, as if it had not been enough to take upon him human Nature, he was content, for many Months, to live the Life of an Animal, or of a Plant, in the dark Cell of a Woman's Womb. *This is the Lord's Doing, it is marvellous in our Eyes!*

Neither is this all that is wonderful in the Story of our Saviour. If the Manner of his Death be compared with his present Glory, we shall think either the one or the other incredible. Look up first into the Heavens; see how they bow under him, and receive a new Light from the Glory of his Presence; then look down upon the Earth, and see a naked Body, hanging upon a cursed Tree in *Golgotha*, crucified between two Thieves, wounded, spit upon, mocked, abused. Is it possible to believe, that one, and the same Person, can act or suffer such different Parts? That he that is now Lord and Master of all Nature, not only of Death and Hell, and the Powers of Darkness, but of all Principalities in heavenly Places, is the same Infant *Jesus*, the same crucified *Jesus*, of whose Life and Death the Christian Records give us an Account? The History of this Person is the Wonder of this World; and not of this World only, but of the Angels above, that *desire to* look into it (1 Pet. i. 11, 12.). . .

iii. The Burning of the Mountains

In these three Ways, I conceive, the great Force of the Sea will be broken, and the mighty Ocean reduced to a standing Pool of putrid Waters, without Vent, and without Recruits. But there will still remain, in the Midst of the Channel, a great Mass of troubled Liquors, like Dregs in the Bottom of the Vessel; which will not be drunk up, till the Earth be all

on Fire, and Torrents of melted and sulphureous Matter flow from the Land, and mingle with this dead Sea. But let us now leave the Sea in this humble Posture, and go on to attack the Rocks and Mountains, which stand next in our Way.

See how scornfully they look down upon us, and bid Defiance to all the Elements; they have borne the Thunder and Lightning of Heaven, and all the Artillery of the Skies, for innumerable Ages; and do not fear the Crackling of Thorns and of Shrubs that burn at their Feet: Let the Towns and Cities of the Earth, say they, be laid in Ashes; let the Woods and Forests blaze away, and the fat Soil of the Earth fry in its own Grease; these Things will not affect us; we can stand naked in the midst of a Sea of Fire, with our Roots as deep as the Foundations of the Earth, and our Heads above the Clouds of the Air. Thus they proudly defy Nature; and it must be confessed, that these, being, as it were, the Bones of the Earth, when the Body is burning, will be the last consumed; and I am apt to think, if they could keep in the same Posture they stand in now, and preserve themselves from falling, the Fire could never get an entire Power over them. But Mountains are generally hollow, and that makes them subject to a double Casualty; first, of Earthquakes; secondly, of having their Roots eatèn away by Water or by Fire; but by Fire especially in this Case: For we suppose there will be innumerable subterraneous Fires smothering under Ground, before the general Fire breaks out: and these by corroding the Bowels of the Earth, will make it more hollow and more ruinous; and when the Earth is so far dissolved, that the Cavities within the Mountains are filled with Lakes of Fire, then the Mountains will sink, and fall into those boiling Cauldrons, which in Time will dissolve them, though they were as hard as Adamant. . .

iv. After the Conflagration: The Vanity and Transient Glory of the World

But if we suppose the Storm over, and that the Fire hath got an entire Victory over all other Bodies, and subdued everything to itself; the Conflagration will end in a Deluge of Fire, or in a Sea of Fire, covering the whole Globe of the

Earth: For, when the exterior Region of the Earth is melted into a Fluor, like molten Glass, or running Metal, it will, according to the Nature of other Fluids, fill all Vacuities and Depressions, and fall into a regular Surface, at an equal Distance every where from its Center.

This Sea of Fire, like the first Abyss, will cover the Face of the whole Earth, make a Kind of second Chaos, and leave a Capacity for another World to rise from it. But that is not our present Business. Let us only, if you please, to take Leave of this Subject, reflect, upon this Occasion, on the Vanity and transient Glory of all this habitable World; how, by the Force of one Element breaking loose upon the rest, all the Varieties of Nature, all the Works of Art, all the Labours of Men, are reduced to nothing; all that we admired and adored before, as great and magnificent, is obliterated or vanished; and another Form and Face of Things, plain, simple, and every where the same, overspreads the whole Earth.

Where are now the great Empires of the World, and their great Imperial Cities? Their Pillars, Trophies, and Monuments of Glory? Shew me where they stood, read the Inscription, tell me the Victor's Name.

What Remains, what Impressions, what Difference or Distinction do you see in this Mass of Fire? *Rome* itself, *eternal Rome*, the great City, the Empress of the World, whose Domination and Superstition, *antient* and *modern*, make a great Part of the History of this Earth; what is become of her now? She laid her Foundations deep, and her Palaces were strong and sumptuous: *She glorified herself, and lived deliciously; and said in her Heart, I sit a Queen, and shall see no Sorrow.* But her Hour is come, she is wiped away from the Face of the Earth, and buried in perpetual Oblivion. But it is not Cities only, and Works of Mens Hands, but the everlasting Hills, the Mountains and Rocks of the Earth, are melted as Wax before the Sun; *and their Place is no where found.* Here stood the *Alps*, a prodigious Range of Stone, the Load of the Earth, that covered many Countries, and reached their Arms from the Ocean to the *Black Sea*; this huge Mass of Stone is softened and dissolved, as a tender Cloud, into Rain. Here stood the *African* Mountains, and

Atlas with his Top above the Clouds. There was frozen *Caucasus*, and *Taurus*, and *Imaus*, and the Mountains of Asia. And yonder, towards the North, stood the *Riphæan* Hills, clothed in Ice and Snow. All these are vanished, dropped away as the Snow upon their Heads, and swallowed up in a red Sea of Fire, (*Revel. xv.* 3.). *Great and marvellous are thy Works, Lord God Almighty; just and true are thy Ways, thou King of Saints.* Hallelujah. *Thomas Burnet* (1635?-1715).

50. THE LAST DAY

. . When in mid-Air, the Golden Trump shall sound,
To raise the Nations under Ground;
When in the Valley of *Jehosaphat*
The Judging God shall close the Book of Fate;
And there the last *Assizes* keep
For those who Wake, and those who Sleep;
When rattling *Bones* together fly
From the four Corners of the Skie,
When Sinews o're the Skeletons are spread,
Those cloath'd with Flesh, and Life inspires the Dead;
The Sacred Poets first shall hear the Sound,
And formost from the Tomb shall bound:
For they are cover'd with the lightest Ground,
And streight, with in-born Vigour, on the Wing
Like mounting Larks, to the New Morning sing. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

51. ON THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

I

THE Day of Wrath, that Dreadful Day,
Shall the whole World in Ashes lay,
As *David* and the *Sibyls* say.

II

What Horror will invade the Mind,
When the strict Judge, who would be kind,
Shall have few Venial Faults to find?

III

The last loud Trumpet's wond'rous Sound
Shall through the rending Tombs rebound,
And wake the Nations under Ground.

IV

Nature and Death shall, with Surprize,
Behold the pale Offender rise,
And view the Judge with conscious Eyes.

V

Then shall, with Universal Dread,
The sacred Mystick Book be read,
To try the Living, and the Dead.

VI

The Judge ascends his Awful Throne,
He makes each secret Sin be known,
And all with Shame confess their own.

VII

O then! What Interest shall I make,
To save my last important Stake,
When the most Just have cause to quake.

VIII

Thou mighty, formidable King,
Thou Mercy's unexhausted Spring,
Some comfortable Pity bring!

IX

Forget not what my Ransom cost,
Nor let my Dear-bought Soul be lost,
In Storms of guilty Terror tost.

X

Thou who for me didst feel such Pain,
Whose precious Blood the Cross did stain,
Let not those Agonies be vain.

XI

Thou whom avenging Pow'rs obey,
Cancel my Debt (too great to pay)
Before the sad Accounting Day.

XII

Surrounded with Amazing Fears,
Whose Load my Soul with Anguish bears,
I sigh, I weep. Accept my Tears.

XIII

Thou who wer't mov'd with *Mary's* Grief,
And, by absolving of the Thief,
Hast giv'n me Hope, now give Relief.

XIV

Reject not my unworthy Pray'r,
Preserve me from that dang'rous Snare
Which Death and Gaping Hell prepare.

XV

Give my exalted Soul a Place,
Among thy chosen Right-hand Race;
The Sons of God, and Heirs of Grace.

XVI

From that Insatiable Abyss,
Where Flames devour, and Serpents hiss,
Promote me to thy Seat of Bliss.

XVII

Prostrate my Contrite Heart I rend,
My God, my Father, and my Friend;
Do not forsake me in my End.

XVIII

Well may they curse their Second Breath,
Who rise to a reviving Death.
Thou great Creator of Mankind,
Let Guilty Man Compassion find.

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1633?-1685).

52. A CHILD FROM A PLAGUE HOUSE

(*Sept.* 3*rd.* 1665) Church being done, my Lord Bruncker, Sir J. Minnis, and I up to the Vestry at the desire of the Justices of the Peace, Sir Theo. Biddulph and Sir W. Boreman and Alderman Hooker, in order to the doing something for the keeping of the plague from growing; but Lord! to consider the madness of the people of the town, who will (because they are forbid) come in crowds along with the dead corps to see them buried; but we agreed on some orders for the prevention thereof. Among other stories, one was very passionate, methought, of a complaint brought against a man in the towne for taking a child from London from an infected house. Alderman Hooker told us it was the child of a very able citizen in Gracious Street, a saddler, who had buried all the rest of his children of the plague, and himself and his wife now being shut up and in despair of escaping, did desire only to save the life of this little child; and so prevailed to have it received stark-naked into the arms of a friend, who brought it (having put it into new fresh clothes) to Greenwich; where upon hearing the story, we did agree it should be permitted to be received and kept in the towne.

Samuel Pepys (1633-1703).

53. HILLOCKS OF MORTALITY

. . Go to the dull Church-yard and see
Those Hillocks of Mortality.
Where proudest Man is only found
By a small swelling in the Ground.
What Crouds of Carcasses are made
Slaves to the Pickax and the Spade!
Dig but a foot, or two, to make
A Cold Bed, for thy dead Friends sake,
'Tis odds but in that scantling room,
Thou robb'st another of his Tomb,
Or in thy delving smit'st upon
A Shinbone, or a Cranion.
When th' Prison's full, what next can be
But the Grand Goal-Delivery?
The Great *Assize*, when the pale Clay
Shall gape, and render up its Prey;
When from the Dungeon of the Grave
The meager Throng themselves shall heave,
Shake off their Linnen Chains, and gaze
With wonder, when the World shall blaze,
Then climb the Mountains, scale the Rocks,
Force op'n the Deep's eternal Locks,
Beseech the Clifts to lend an Ear,
Obdurate they, and will not hear.
What? ne're a Cavern ne're a Grot
To cover from the common Lot?
No quite forgotten Hold, to ly
Obscur'd, and pass the reck'ning by?
No—there's a quick all-piercing Eye
Can through the Earth's dark Center pry,
Search into th' bowels of the Sea,
And comprehend Eternity. . .

Thomas Flatman (1637-1688).

54. DEATH LIKE A ROSE

. . A greater Sweetness on these Lips there grows,
Than Breath shut out from a new-folded Rose:
What lovely Charms on these cold Cheeks appear!
Could any one hate Death, and see it here? . .

Sir Robert Howard (1626-1698).

55. SEMANDRA'S DEATH

. . Oh! may those ravish'd Beauties fall to Earth
Gently, as wither'd Roses leave their Stalks:
May Death be mild to thee, as Love was cruel;
Calm, as the Spirits in a Trance decay;
And soft as those who sleep their Souls away. . .

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-1692).

56. SWEAR NOT AT ALL

ABOVE all take that dreadful story of *Dorothy Mately* an Inhabitant of *Ashover* in the County of *Darby*.

This *Dorothy Mately*, saith the Relator, was noted by the people of the Town to be a great Swearer, and Curser, and Lier, and Thief; (just like Mr. Badman). And the labour that she did usually follow, was to wash the Rubbish that came forth of the Lead Mines, and there to get sparks of *Lead-Ore*; and her usual way of asserting of things, was with these kind of Imprecations: *I would I might sink into the earth if it be not so, or I would God would make the earth open and swallow me up.* Now upon the 23. of *March*, 1660, this *Dorothy* was washing of Ore upon the top of a steep Hill, about a quarter of a mile from *Ashover*, and was there taxed by a Lad for taking of two single Pence out of his Pocket, (for he had laid his Breeches by, and was at work in his Drawers;) but she violently denyed it, wishing, *That the ground might swallow her up if she had them*: she also used the same wicked words on several other occasions that day.

Now one *George Hodgkinson* of *Ashover*, a man of good

report there, came accidently by where this *Dorothy* was, and stood still a while to talk with her, as she was washing her Ore; there stood also a little Child by her *Tub-side*, and another a distance away from her, calling aloud to her to come away; wherefore the said *George* took the Girle by the hand to lead her away to her that called her: But behold they had not gone above ten yards from *Dorothy*, when they heard her crying out for help; so looking back, he saw the *Woman*, and her *Tub*, and *Sive*, twirling round, and sinking into the ground. Then said the man, *Pray to God to pardon thy sin, for thou art never like to be seen alive any longer.* So she and her Tub twirled round, and round, till they sunk about three yards into the Earth, and then for a while staid. Then she called for help again, thinking, as she said, that she should stay there. Now the man though greatly amazed, did begin to think which way to help her, but immediately a great stone which appeared in the Earth, fell upon her head, and brake her Skull, and then the Earth fell in upon her and covered her. She was afterwards digged up, and found about four yards within ground, with the Boys two single Pence in her pocket, but her *Tub* and *Sive* could not be found.

John Bunyan (1628-1688).

57. TO MANLIUS TORQUATUS

THE Snows are gone, the Grass returns again,
New Leaves adorn the *Widow* Trees,
The unswoln Streams their narrow banks contain,
And softly rowl to quiet Seas.

The decent *Nymphs* with smiling *Graces* join'd,
Now naked dance i'th'open Air;
They dread no blasts, nor fear the Wind
That wanders thro their flowing Hair.

The nimble hour that turns the Circling Year
And swiftly whirls the pleasing Day,
Forewarns Thee to be *Mortal* in thy Care
Nor cramp thy Life with long delay:

The Spring the Winter, Summer wafts the Spring,
And Summer's beauty's quickly lost,
When drunken *Autumn* spreads his drooping Wing;
And next cold Winter creeps in Frost.

The Moon 'tis true her Monthly loss repairs,
She streight renews her borrow'd light;
But when black Death has turn'd our shining years,
There follows one *Eternal* Night.

When we shall view the gloomy *Stygian* Shore,
And walk amongst the mighty Dead,
Where *Tullus*, where *Aeneas* went before,
We shall be Dust, and empty shade.

Who knows if stubborn Fate will prove so kind,
And join to this another day?
What e'er is for thy greedy Heir design'd,
Will slip his Hands, and fly away.

When thou art gone, and *Minos* Sentence read,
Torquatus, there is no return,
Thy Fame, nor all thy learned Tongue can plead,
Nor goodness shall unseal the Urn.

For Chast *Hyppolitus Diana* strives,
She strives, but ah! she strives in vain:
Nor *Theseus* Care, and Pious force reprieves,
His Dear *Perithous* from his Chain.

Thomas Creech (1659-1700), *after Horace.*

58. ELLWOOD THE QUAKER AND THE THREE HEADS

WHEN we came first into *Newgate*, there lay (in a little By-place like a Closet, near the Room where we were Lodged) the Quartered Bodies of three Men; who had been Executed some Days before, for a real or pretended Plot: which was the Ground, or at least Pretext, for that Storm in the City,

which had caused this Imprisonment. The Names of these three Men were *Philips*, *Tongue* and *Gibs*: and the Reason why their Quarters lay so long there was, The Relations were all that while Petitioning to have leave to bury them: which at length with much ado was obtained for the Quarters; but not for the Heads, which were Ordered to be set up in some Parts of the City.

I saw the Heads, when they were brought up to be Boyled. The Hangman fetch'd them in a dirty Dust Basket, out of some By-Place; and setting them down amongst the Felons, he and they made Sport with them. They took them by the Hair, Flouting, Jeering and Laughing at them: and then giving them some ill Names, box'd them on the Ears and Cheeks. Which done, the Hangman put them into his Kettle, and parboyl'd them with *Bay-Salt* and *Cummin-Seed*; that to keep them from Putrefaction, and this to keep off the Fowls from seizing on them. The whole Sight (as well as that of the Bloody Quarters first, as this of the Heads afterwards) was both frightful and loathsome; and begat an Abhorrence in my Nature.

Thomas Ellwood (1639-1713).

59. DEATH

. . So many Monarchs with their mighty State,
Who rul'd the World, were over-rul'd by fate.
That haughty King, who lorded o'er the Main,
And whose stupendous Bridge did the wild Waves restrain,
(In vain they foam'd, in vain they threatned wreck,
While his proud Legions march'd upon their back:)
Him death, a greater Monarch, overcame;
Not spar'd his guards the more, for their immortal name.
The *Roman* chief, the *Carthaginian* dread,
Scipio, the Thunder Bolt of War, is dead,
And like a common Slave, by fate in triumph led.
The Founders of invented Arts are lost;
And Wits who made Eternity their boast.
Where now is *Homer*, who possest the Throne?
Th'immortal Work remains, the mortal Author's gone.

Democritus, perceiving age invade,
His Body weakn'd, and his mind decay'd,
Obey'd the summons with a cheerful face;
Made hast to welcom death, and met him half the race.
That stroke ev'n *Epicurus* cou'd not bar,
Though he in Wit surpass'd Mankind as far
As does the midday Sun the midnight Star.
And thou, dost thou disdain to yield thy breath,
Whose very Life is little more than Death?
More than one half by Lazy sleep possest;
And when awake, thy Soul but nods at best,
Day-Dreams and sickly thoughts revolving in thy breast.
Eternal troubles haunt thy anxious mind,
Whose cause and cure thou never hopst to find;
But still uncertain, with thyself at strife,
Thou wander'st in the *Labyrinth* of Life.
O! if the foolish race of man, who find
A weight of cares still pressing on their mind,
Cou'd find as well the cause of this unrest,
And all this burden lodg'd within the breast;
Sure they wou'd change their course, nor live as now,
Uncertain what to wish or what to vow.
Uneasie both in Countrey and in Town,
They search a place to lay their burden down.
One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,
And vainly thinks to leave behind the load:
But straight returns; for he's as restless there:
And finds there's no relief in open Air.
Another to his *Villa* wou'd retire,
And spurs as hard as if it were on fire;
No sooner enter'd at his Country door,
But he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore;
Or seeks the City which he left before.
Thus every man o're works his weary Will,
To shun himself, and to shake off his ill:
The shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still.
No prospect of repose, nor hope of ease;
The Wretch is ignorant of his disease;
Which known wou'd all his fruitless trouble spare;
For he wou'd know the World not worth his care;

Then wou'd he search more deeply for the cause;
And study Nature well, and Natures Laws:
For in this moment lies not the debate,
But on our future, fix'd, Eternal State;
That never changing state, which all must keep,
Whom Death has doom'd to everlasting sleep.
Why are we then so fond of mortal Life,
Beset with dangers, and maintain'd with strife?
A Life, which all our care can never save;
One Fate attends us; and one common Grave.
Besides, we tread but a perpetual round;
We ne're strike out, but beat the former ground,
And the same Maukish joyes in the same track are found.
For still we think an absent blessing best,
Which cloys, and is no blessing when possest;
A new arising wish expells it from the Breast.
The Feav'rish thirst of Life increases still;
We call for more and more, and never have our fill;
Yet know not what to-morrow we shall try,
What dregs of life in the last draught may lie:
Nor, by the longest life we can attain,
One moment from the length of death we gain;
For all behind belongs to his Eternal reign.
When once the Fates have cut the mortal Thred,
The Man as much to all intents is dead,
Who dyes to-day, and will as long be so,
As he who dy'd a thousand years ago.

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Lucretius.*

60. THE STORY OF JOHN COX

ATTENTIVE. *Now you talk of this. I did once know a man, a Barber, that took his own Raisor, and cut his own* Throat, *and then put his head out of his Chamber-window, to shew the neighbours what he had done, and after a little while died.*

WISEMAN. I can tell you a more dreadful thing than this: I mean as to the manner of doing the fact. There was about twelve years since, a man that lived at *Brafield* by *Northampton*,

(named *John Cox*) that murdered himself; the manner of his doing it was thus. He was a poor man, and had for some time been sick (and the time of his sickness was about the beginning of Hay-time :) and taking too many thoughts how he should live afterwards, if he lost his present season of work, he fell into deep despair about the world, and cryed out to his wife the morning before he killed himself, saying, *We are undone*. But quickly after, he desired his wife to leave the room, Because, said he, I will see if I can get any rest; so she went out: but he instead of sleeping, quickly took out his *Raisor*, and therewith cut up a great hole in his side, out of which he pulled, and cut off some of his guts, and threw them, with the blood up and down the Chamber. But this not speeding of him so soon as he desired, he took the same Raisor and therewith cut his own throat. His wife then hearing of him sigh and fetch his wind short, came again into the room to him, and seeing what he had done, she ran out and called in some Neighbours, who came to him where he lay in a bloody manner, frightfull to behold. Then said one of them to him, Ah! *John*, what have you done? are you not sorry for what you have done? He answered roughly, *'Tis too late to be sorry*. Then said the same person to him again, Ah! *John*, pray to God to forgive thee this bloody act of thine. At the hearing of which Exhortation he seemed much offended, and in an angry manner said, *Pray!* and with that flung himself away to the wall, and so after a few gasps died desperately. When he had turned him of his back, to the wall, the blood ran out of his belly as out of a boul, and soaked quite through the bed to the boards, and through the chinks of the boards it ran pouring down to the ground. Some said, that when the neighbours came to see him, he lay groaping with his hand in his bowels, reaching upward, as was thought, that he might have pulled or cut out his heart. 'Twas said also, that some of his Liver had been by him torn out and cast upon the boards, and that many of his guts hung out of the side of the bed on the side thereof. But I cannot confirm all particulars; but the general of the story, with these circumstances above mentioned, is true; I had it from a sober and credible person, who himself was one that saw

him in this bloody state, and that talked with him, as was hinted before.

Many other such dreadful things might be told you, but these are enough, and too many too, if God in his wisdom had thought necessary to prevent them.

ATTENTIVE. *This is a dreadful Story: and I would to God that it might be a warning to others to instruct them to fear before God, and pray, lest he gives them up to doe as* John Cox *hath done. For surely self-murderers cannot goe to Heaven: and therefore, as you have said, he that dieth by his own hands, is certainly gone to Hell.* *John Bunyan* (1628-1688).

61. THE EGYPTIAN DEAD

. . Now mighty pyramids the sight surprise,
On Masre's plain the spiral tow'rs arise.
Redousa here magnificently shrouds
Its lofty head among surrounding clouds:
By Saurid built, the daring structure stood
The fury of the universal flood.
Phacat and Samir's pointed tops ascend,
And o'er the fields their lengthening shades extend;
Their compass sacred to the dead remain,
Within eternal night and silence reign;
No lightsome ray salutes them from the sky,
But glaring lamps depending from on high,
With sickly gleams the hollow space supply.
Here ancient kings, embalm'd with wond'rous cost,
A long exemption from corruption boast:
In artless figures some are sitting plac'd,
With fruitless pomp, and idle ensigns grac'd;
While others stretch'd in sleeping postures lie,
On folding carpets of imperial dye:
Their hov'ring ghosts, pleas'd with this mimick pride,
Among the breathless carcases reside. . .

Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737).

62. THE ASPIRATION

How long, great God, how long must I
Immured in this dark Prison lye?
Where at the Grates and Avenues of *sense*
My Soul must *watch* to have *intelligence*,
Where but faint gleams of thee salute my sight,
Like *doubtful* Moonshine in a *Cloudy* night.
When shall I leave this magic Sphere,
And be all mind, all eye, all ear! . .

John Norris (1657-1711).

63. OUT OF LYCOPHRON

WHAT shall become of Man so wise,
When he dies?
None can tell
Whether he goes to Heaven or Hell;
Or after a few Moments dear,
He disappear,
And at last
Perish entirely like a Beast:
But Women, Wine and Mirth we know,
Are all the Joys he has below:
Let us then ply those Joys we have,
'Tis vain to think beyond the Grave;
Out of our reach the Gods have laid
Of Time to come th'Event,
And laugh to see the Fools afraid
Of what the Knaves invent.

Sir Charles Sedley (1639?-1701).

64. FAREWELL

TIR'D with the noysom Follies of the Age,
And weary of my part, I quit the Stage;
For who in Life's dull Farce a part would bear,
Where Rogues, Whores, Bawds, all the head Actors are?

Long I with charitable Malice strove,
Lashing the Court, those Vermin to remove,
But thriving Vice under the Rod still grew,
As aged Letchers whipp'd, their Lust renew;
Yet though my Life hath unsuccessful been,
(For who can this *Augaean* Stable clean)
My gen'rous end I will pursue in Death,
And at Mankind rail with my parting breath. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

65. BEULAH AND THE SHINING ONES

Now I saw in my Dream, that by this time the Pilgrims were got over the Inchanted Ground, and entering into the Country of *Beulah*, where the Air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of Birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth: and heard the voice of the Turtle in the Land. In this Country the Sun shineth night and day; wherefor this was beyond the Valley of the *shadow of death*, and also out of the reach of *Giant Despair*: neither could they from this place so much as see *Doubting Castle*. Here they were within sight of the City they were going to: also here met them some of the Inhabitants thereof. For in this Land, the shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this Land also the contract between the Bride and Bridegroom was renewed: Yea here, *as the Bridegroom rejoyceth over the Bride, so did God rejoyce over them.* Here they had no want of Corn and Wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their Pilgrimages. *John Bunyan* (1628-1688).

66. ENTHUSIASM

ANOTHER form of religion which many take upon them, is enthusiasm, and pretence to inspiration. And this is a very glorious form, which is apt to dazzle and amuse the ignorant, because they know not what to make of it. It seems to be

something strange and extraordinary, and yet it is nothing but what everyman that has confidence enough may pretend to.

There is no Christian doubts but that the Spirit of God hath heretofore inspired men in an extraordinary manner, and that he may do so again when he pleases: but since the great and standing revelation of the gospel, we have reason not to be rash in giving heed to such pretences. If those who pretend to inspiration declare nothing but what is revealed in the gospel already, their inspiration is needless; if they declare anything contrary thereto, we are sufficiently cautioned against them; if anything besides the revelation of the gospel, but not contrary to it, then we are to expect what evidence they bring for their inspiration. For God does not inspire men for their own sakes, but for the sake of others; and another man's inspiration is nothing to me, unless he can satisfy me that he is inspired.

John Tillotson, Archbishop of Canterbury (1630-1694).

67. THE LORD'S COMMAND

AND on a certain Time, as I was walking in the *Fields*, the Lord said unto me; "*Thy Name is written in the* Lamb's Book *of* Life, *which was before the Foundation of the World.*" And as the Lord spake it, I believed, and saw it in the *New Birth*. Then sometime after the *Lord* commanded me to go abroad into the *World*, which was like a *briary*, *thorny* Wilderness. And when I came into the *Lord's* mighty Power, with the *Word* of *Life* into the *World*, the *World* swelled and made a Noise, like the great raging *Waves* of the *Sea*. *Priests* and *Professors*, *Magistrates* and *People* were all like a *Sea*, when I came to proclaim the *Day* of the *Lord* amongst them, and to preach *Repentance* to them.

George Fox (1624-1691).

68. RHYME, REASON, AND IMAGINATION

THE Advantages which Rhyme has over blank Verse, are so many, that it were lost time to name them; Sir *Philip Sidney*,

in his Defence of Poesie, gives us one, which, in my Opinion, is not the least considerable; I mean the Help it brings to Memory; which Rhyme so knits up by the Affinity of Sounds, that by remembering the last Word in one Line, we often call to Mind both the Verses . . . But that Benefit which I consider most in it, because I have not seldom found it, is, that it bounds and circumscribes the Fancy. For Imagination in a Poet is a Faculty so Wild and Lawless, that like an High-ranging Spaniel it must have Clogs tied to it, lest it out-run the Judgement. The great Easiness of blank Verse, renders the Poet too Luxuriant; he is tempted to say many things, which might better be omitted, or at least shut up in fewer Words: But when the Difficulty of artful Rhyming is interpos'd, where the Poet commonly confines his Sense to his Couplet, and must contrive that Sense into such Words, that the Rhyme shall naturally follow them, not they the Rhyme; the Fancy then gives Leisure to the Judgement to come in; which seeing so heavy a Tax impos'd, is ready to cut off all unnecessary Expences. This last Consideration has already answer'd an Objection which some have made; that Rhyme is only an Embroidery of Sense, to make that which is ordinary in it self pass for excellent with less Examination. But certainly that which most regulates the Fancy, and gives the Judgement its busiest Employment, is like to bring forth the richest and clearest Thoughts.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

69. ADVICE

. . But tho' we *must obey* when *Heav'n commands*,
And Man in vain the *Sacred Call withstands*,
Beware *what Spirit* rages in your Breast;
For ten Inspir'd ten thousand are possest.
Thus make the *proper Use* of each *Extream*,
And *write* with *Fury*, but *correct* with *Phleam*. . .

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon (1633?-1685). .

70. POETRY AND WINE

As Wine that with its own Weight runs, is best,
And counted much more noble than the prest;
So is that Poetry whose gen'rous Strains
Flow without servile Study, Art, or Pains.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

71. MORE ADVICE

. . The Soil intended for *Pierian Seeds*
Must be well *purg'd*, from *rank Pedantick Weeds.*
Apollo starts, and all *Parnassus* shakes,
At the rude rumbling *Baralipton* makes.
For none have been with *Admiration*, read,
But who (beside their *Learning*) were *Well-bred.*

Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon
(1633?-1685).

72. HOW MEN WRITE

As all Fanatics preach, so all Men write,
Out of the Strength of Gifts and inward Light,
In Spite of Art; as Horses, thorough pac'd
Were never taught, and therefore go more fast.

Samuel Butler (1612-1680).

73. THE FANTASTICK MIND

. . A Poem, where we all perfections find,
Is not the work of a Fantastick mind:
There must be Care, and Time, and Skill, and Pains;
Not the first heat of unexperienc'd Brains.
Yet sometimes Artless Poets when the rage
Of a warm Fancy does their minds ingage,
Puff'd with vain pride, presume they understand,
And boldly take the Trumpet in their hand;

Their Fustian Muse each Accident confounds;
Nor can she fly, but rise by leaps and bounds,
Till their small stock of Learning quickly spent,
Their Poem dyes for want of nourishment:
In vain Mankind the hot-brain'd fools decryes,
No branding Censures can unveil their eyes;
With Impudence the Laurel they invade,
Resolv'd to like the Monsters they have made.
Virgil, compar'd to them, is flat and dry;
And *Homer* understood not Poetry:
Against their merit if this Age Rebel
To future times for Justice they appeal.
But waiting till Mankind shall do 'em right,
And bring their Works triumphantly to Light;
Neglected heaps we in by-corners lay,
Where they become to Worms and Moths a prey. . .

Nicolas Boileau-Despréaux (*translated by Sir William Soames and John Dryden*).

74. ST. PAUL'S: AN OMEN

IN the beginning of the new Works of *St. Paul's*, an Incident was taken notice of by some People as a memorable Omen, when the *Surveyor* in Person had set out, upon the Place, the Dimensions of the great Dome, and fixed upon the Centre; a common Labourer was ordered to bring a flat Stone from the Heaps of Rubbish, (such as should first come to Hand) to be laid for a Mark and Direction to the Masons; the Stone which was immediately brought and laid down for that Purpose, happened to be a Piece of a Grave-stone, with nothing remaining of the Inscription but this single Word in large Capitals, *RESURGAM*.

Christopher Wren, junior (1675-1747).

75. AFTER THE WARS: RECONSTRUCTION

AFTER the happy Expiration of those Times, which had *reform'd* so many Churches to the Ground, and in which

Men used to express their Honour to God, and their Allegiance to their Prince, the same way, demolishing the Palaces of the one, and the Temples of the other, it is now our Glory and Felicity, that God has changed Men's Tempers with the Times, and made a Spirit of *Building* succeed a Spirit of *Pulling Down*, by a Miraculous Revolution; reducing many from the Head of a triumphant Rebellion, to their old Conditions of *Masons*, *Smiths*, and *Carpenters*, that in this Capacity they might repair what as *Colonels* and *Captains* they had ruin'd and defac'd. *Robert South* (1634-1716).

76. THE SHAPES OF NATURE

THAT there is great Pulchritude and Comeliness of Proportion in the Leaves, Flowers, and Fruits, of Plants, is attested by the general Verdict of Mankind, as Dr. *Moore* and others well observe. The adorning and beautifying the Temples and Buildings in all Ages, is an evident and undeniable Testimony of this; for what is more ordinary with *Architects* than the taking in Leaves, and Flowers, and Fruitage, for the garnishing of their Work; as the *Roman* the Leaves of *Acanthus sat.* and the *Jewish* of *Palm-Trees* and *Pomegranates*! And these more frequently than any of the five regular Solids, as being more comely and pleasant to behold. If any Man shall object, that Comeliness of Proportion and Beauty is but a mere Conceit, and that all Things are alike handsome to some Men who have as good Eyes as others; and that this appears by the Variation of Fashions, which doth so alter Mens Fancies, and what e're-while seem'd very handsome and comely, when it is once worn out of Fashion appears very absurd, uncouth, and ridiculous. To this I answer, That Custom and Use doth much in those Things where little of Proportion and Symmetry shew themselves, or which are alike comely and beautiful, to disparage the one, and commend the other: But there are Degrees of Things; for (that I may use Dr. Moore's Words) I dare appeal to any Man that is not sunk into so forlorn a Pitch of Degeneracy, that he is as stupid to these Things as the basest Beasts, whether, for Example, a rightly-cut *Tetrae-*

dron, *Cube*, or *Icosaedron*, have no more Pulchritude in them than any rude broken Stone lying in the Fields or Highways; or, to name other solid Figures, which tho' they be not regular, properly so call'd, yet have a settled *Idea* and Nature, as a *Cone*, *Sphere*, or *Cylinder*, whether the Sight of those do not more gratify the Minds of Men, and pretend to more Elegancy of Shape, than those rude Cuttings or Chippings of Free-stone that fall from the Mason's Hands, and serve for nothing but to fill up the Middle of the Wall, as fit to be hid from the Eyes of Men for their Ugliness? And therefore it is observable, that if Nature shape any Thing but near to this *Geometrical Accuracy*, that we take Notice of it with much Content and Pleasure, and greedily gather and treasure it up. As if it be but exactly round, as those spherical Stones found in *Cuba*, and some also in our own Land; or have but its Sides parallel, as those rhomboideal *Senelites* found near *St. Ives* in *Huntingtonshire*, and many other Places in *England*. Whereas ordinary Stones of rude and uncertain Figures we pass by, and take no Notice of at all. But tho' the Figures of these Bodies be pleasing and agreeable to our Minds, yet (as we have already observ'd) those of the Leaves, Flowers and Fruits of Trees, more. And it is remarkable, that in the Circumscription and Complication of many Leaves, Flowers, Fruits, and Seeds, Nature affects a regular Figure. Of a Pentagonal or Quincunial Disposition, Sir *Thomas Brown*, of *Norwich*, produces several Examples in his Discourse about the *Quincunx*. And doubtless Instances might be given in other regular Figures, were Men but observant. *John Ray* (1627-1705).

77. ETERNAL ARCHITECTURE

THE Palace, or if you please, the Cabinet of *Versailles*, call'd me twice to view it; the Mixtures of Brick, Stone, blue Tile and Gold make it look like a rich Livery: not an Inch within but is crouded with little Curiosities of Ornaments: the Women, as they make here the Language and Fashions, and meddle with Politicks and Philosophy, so they sway also in Architecture; Works of Filigrand, and little Knacks are in

great Vogue; but Building certainly ought to have the Attribute of eternal, and therefore the only thing uncapable of new Fashions. *Sir Christopher Wren* (1632-1723).

78. GOTHICK: HEAVY, DARK, MELANCHOLY MONKISH PILES

THE ancient *Greek* and *Roman* Architecture answer all the Perfections required in a faultless and accomplished Building; such as for so many Ages were so renowned and reputed by the universal Suffrages of the civilized World, and would doubtless have still subsisted, and made good their Claim, and what is recorded of them; had not the *Goths*, *Vandals*, and other barbarous Nations, subverted and demolished them, together with that glorious Empire, where those stately and pompous Monuments stood; introducing in their stead, a certain fantastical and licentious Manner of Building, which we have since called *Modern* or *Gothick*. Congestions of heavy, dark, melancholy, and monkish Piles, without any just Proportion, Use or Beauty, compared with the truly ancient; so as when we meet with the greatest Industry, and expensive Carving, full of Fret and lamentable Imagery; sparing neither of Pains nor Cost; a judicious Spectator is rather distracted or quite confounded, than touched with that Admiration, which results from the true and just Symmetry, regular Proportion, Union, and Disposition; and from the great and noble Manner in which the august and glorious Fabricks of the Ancients were executed. *John Evelyn*, *F.R.S.* (1620-1706).

79. SAMPSON AND THE TEMPLE, RATIONALIZED

AN Example of *Tyrian* Architecture we may collect from the Theatre, by the Fall of which, *Sampson* made so vast a Slaughter of the *Philistines*, by one stretch of his wonderful Strength. In considering what this Fabrick must be, that could at one Pull be demolished, I conceive it an oval Amphitheatre, the Scene in the Middle, where a vast Roof of Cedar-

beams resting upon the Walls, centered all upon one short Architrave, that united two Cedar Pillars in the Middle; one Pillar would not be sufficient to unite the ends of at least one hundred Beams that tendered to the Center; therefore, I say, there must be a short Architrave resting upon two Pillars, upon which all the Beams tending to the Center of the Amphitheatre might be supported. Now, if *Sampson*, by his miraculous Strength pressing upon one of these Pillars, moved it from its Basis, the whole Roof must of necessity fall.

Sir Christopher Wren (1632-1723).

80. BEAUTY

THERE are natural Causes of Beauty. Beauty is a Harmony of Objects, begetting Pleasure by the Eye. There are two Causes of Beauty, natural and customary. Natural is from *Geometry*, consisting in Uniformity (that is Equality) and Proportion. Customary Beauty is begotten by the Use of our Senses to those Objects which are usually pleasing to us from other Causes, as Familiarity or particular Inclination breeds a Love of things not in themselves lovely. Here lies the greatest Occasion of Errors; here is tried the Architect's Judgement: but always the true Test is natural or geometrical Beauty.

Geometrical Figures are naturally more beautiful than other irregular; in this all consent as to a Law of Nature. Of geometrical Figures, the Square and the Circle are most beautiful; next, the Parallelogram and the Oval. Strait Lines are more beautiful than curve; next to strait Lines, equal and geometrical Flexures; an Object elevated in the Middle is more beautiful than depressed. . .

Views contrary to Beauty are Deformity, or a Defect of Uniformity, and Plainness, which is an Excess of Uniformity; Variety makes the Mean.

Varieties of Uniformities make compleat Beauty: Uniformities are best tempered, as Rhimes in Poetry, alternately, or sometimes with more variety, as in Stanzas.

In Things to be seen at once, much Variety makes Confusion, another Vice of Beauty. In Things that are not seen

at once, and have no respect one to another, great Variety is commendable, provided this Variety transgress not the Rules of *Opticks* and *Geometry*.

An Architect ought to be jealous of Novelties, in which Fancy blinds the Judgement; and to think his Judges, as well those that are to live five Centuries after him, as those of his own Time. That which is commendable now for Novelty, will not be a new Invention to Posterity, when his Works are often imitated, and when it was unknown which was the Original; but the Glory of that which is good of itself is eternal. *Sir Christopher Wren* (1632-1723).

81. MATTERS OF FACT

THE best and safest method of philosophising seems to be, first to enquire diligently into the properties of things, and of establishing those properties by experiments, and then to proceed more slowly to hypotheses for the explanation of them. For hypotheses should be subservient only in explaining the properties of things, but not assumed in determining them; unless so far as they may furnish experiments. For if the possibility of hypotheses is to be the test of truth and reality of things, I see not how certainty can be obtained in any science; since numerous hypotheses may be devised, which shall overcome new difficulties.

Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727).

82. NEWTON AT CAMBRIDGE

I HAVE bethought myself about Sir Isaac's life as much as I possibly can. About 6 weeks at the spring, and 6 at the fall, the fire in the elaboratory scarcely went out, which was well furnished with chemical materials as bodies, receivers, heads, crucibles, etc., which was made very little use of, the crucibles excepted, in which he fused his metals; he would sometimes, tho' very seldom, look into an old mouldy book which lay in

his elaboratory, I think it was entitled *Agricola de Metallis*, the transmuting of metals being his chief design, for which purpose antimony was a great ingredient. Near his elaboratory was his garden which was kept in order by a gardener. I scarcely ever saw him do anything as pruning, etc., at it himself. When he has sometimes taken a turn or two, (he) has made a sudden stand, turn'd himself about, run up the stairs like another Archimedes, with an εὕρηκα fall to write on his desk standing without giving himself the leisure to draw a chair to sit down on. At some seldom times when he designed to dine in the hall, would turn to the left hand and go out into the street, when making a stop when he found his mistake, would hastily turn back, and then sometimes instead of going into the hall, would return to his chamber again. When he read in the schools he usually staid about half an hour; when he had no auditors, he commonly returned in a 4th. part of that time or less. . . . His telescope, which was at that time, as near as I could guess, was near 5 foot long, which he placed at the head of the stairs going down into the garden, butting towards the east. . . . He would with great acuteness answer a question, but would very seldom start one. . . . In his chamber he walked so very much that you might have thought him to be educated at Athens among the Aristotelian sect. His brick furnaces, *pro re nata*, he made and altered himself without troubling a brick-layer. He very seldom sat by the fire in his chamber excepting that long frosty winter, which made him creep to it against his will. I cant say I ever saw him wear a night gown, but his wearing clothes that he put off at night, at night do I say, yea, rather towards the morning, he put on again at his rising. He never slept in the daytime that I ever perceived; I believe he grudged the short time he spent in eating and sleeping. . . . In a morning he seemed to be as much refreshed with his few hours' sleep as though he had taken a whole night's rest. He kept neither dog nor cat in his chamber, which made well for the old woman his bedmaker, she faring much the better for it, for in a morning she has sometimes found both dinner and supper scarcely tasted of, which the old woman has very pleasantly and mumpingly gone away with.

As for his private prayers I can say nothing of them; I am apt to believe his intense studies deprived him of the better part. His behaviour was mild and meek, without anger, peevishness, or passion, so free from that, that you might take him for a stoic. I have seen a small paste-board box in his study set against the open window, no less as one might suppose than a 1000 guin. in it crowded edgeways, whether this was suspicion or carelessness I cannot say; perhaps to try the fidelity of those about him. In winter time he was a lover of apples, and sometimes at a night would eat a small roasted quince. His thoughts were his books; tho' he had a large study seldom consulted with them. When he was about 30 years of age his grey hairs was very comely, and his smiling countenance made him so much the more graceful. He was very charitable, few went empty handed from him. Mr. Pilkington, [his nephew-in-law] who lived at Market Overton, died in a mean condition, (tho' formerly he had a plentiful estate,) whose widow with 5 or 6 children Sir Is. maintained several years together. He commonly gave his poor relations (for no family so rich but there is some poor among them) when they apply'd themselves to him, no less than 5 guineas, as they themselves told me. He has given the porters many a shilling, not for letting him at the gates at unreasonable hours, for that he abhorred, never knowing him out of his chamber at such times. No way litigious, not given to law or vexatious suits, taking patience to be the best law, and a good conscience the best divinity.

Humphrey Newton, fl. 1728.

83. THE CHILD ON THE SHORE

I DO not know what I may appear to the world; but to myself I seem to have been only like a boy, playing on the sea-shore, and diverting myself, in now and then finding a smoother pebble or a prettier shell than ordinary, while the great ocean of truth lay all undiscovered before me.

Sir Isaac Newton (1642-1727).

84. NEWTON ON POETRY

A FRIEND once said to him, "Sir Isaac, what is your opinion of poetry?"—His answer was; "I'll tell you that of Barrow; —he said, that poetry was a kind of ingenious nonsense."

Recorded by Lord Radnor.

85. VERY DARK

. . The Canopy of Heav'n is hung with Sable;
The Sun, like a great Mourner, drives her Hearse,
Wrapp'd round with Clouds; each Star withdraws
His golden Head, and burns within his Socket:
The whole Cope is dark, black, dismal,
And mourns the sudden Loss of fair *Cyara*.
Ha! shough; yonder flies a Night-Raven,
In each black Eye there rolls a Pound of Jet.
See how he fans with his huge wicker Wings
The dusky Air. . .

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-1692).

86. FRAGMENT OF A SONG

BENEATH the Poplar's Shadow lay me,
No raging Fires will there dismay me:
Near some Silver Current lying,
Under sleepy Poppies dying. . .

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-1692).

87. CLEOPATRA

. . Her Gally down the Silver *Cydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay . . .
She lay; and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,

And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight;
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all Hearts, that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their Welcome Voice. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

88. THE MORTAL CAGE

. . That mighty Slave, whom the proud Victor's Rage
Shut Prisoner in a golden Cage,
Condemn'd to glorious Vassalage,
Ne'er longed for dear Enlargement more,
Nor his gay Bondage with less Patience bore,
Than this great Spirit brook'd its tedious Stay
While fetter'd here in brittle Clay,
And wish'd to disengage and fly away.
It vex'd and chafed, and still desir'd to be
Releas'd to the sweet Freedom of Eternity. . .

John Oldham (1653-1683).

89. PARADISE

. . The Soil luxuriant, and the Fruit divine,
Where golden Apples on green Branches shine,
And purple Grapes dissolve into immortal Wine;
For Noon-day's Heat are closer Arbours made,
And for fresh Ev'ning Air the op'ner Glade. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

90. THE SHEPHERDS

THEN I saw in my Dream, that the Shepherds had them to another place, in a bottom, where was a door in the side of an Hill; and they opened the door, and bid them look in. They looked in therefore, and saw that within it was very dark, and smoaky; they also thought that they heard there a rumbling noise, as of fire, and a cry of some tormented, and that they smelt the scent of Brimstone. Then said *Christian, what means this?* The Shepherds told them, this is a by-way to Hell, a way that Hypocrites go in at; namely, such as sell their Birthright, with *Esau*; such as sell their Master, with *Judas*; such as blaspheme the Gospel with *Alexander*; and that lie and dissemble, with *Ananias* and *Saphira* his Wife.

Then said *Hopeful* to the Shepherds, *I perceive that these had on them, even every one, a shew of Pilgrimage as we have now; had they not?*

SHEP. Yes, and held it a long time too.

HOPE. *How far might they go on Pilgrimage in their day, since they notwithstanding were thus miserably cast away?*

SHEP. Some further, and some not so far as these Mountains.

Then said the Pilgrims one to another, *We had need to cry to the strong for strength.*

SHEP. Ay, and you will have need to use it when you have it too.

By this time the Pilgrims had a desire to go forwards, and the Shepherds a desire they should; so they walked together towards the end of the Mountains. Then said the Shepherds one to another, Let us here shew to the Pilgrims the Gates of the Celestial City, if they have skill to look through our Perspective-Glass. The Pilgrims then lovingly accepted the motion: So they had them to the top of an high Hill, called Clear, and gave them their Glass to look. Then they assayed to look, but the remembrance of that last thing that Shepherds had shewed them, made their hands shake; by means of which impediment they could not look steadily through the Glass; yet they thought they saw something like the Gate,

and also some of the Glory of the place. Then they went away and sang.

Thus by the Shepherds, *Secrets are reveal'd*
Which from all other men are kept conceal'd:
Come to the Shepherds *then, if you would see*
Things deep, things hid, and that mysterious be.

When they were about to depart, one of the Shepherds gave them *a note of the way.* Another of them *bid them beware of the flatterer.* The third *bid them take heed that they slept not upon the Inchanted Ground.*

John Bunyan (1628-1688).

91. REASON AND THE SOUL

DIM, as the borrow'd beams of Moon and Stars
To *lonely*, *weary*, *wandring* Travellers,
Is *Reason* to the *Soul*: And as on high
Those rowling Fires *discover* but the Sky,
Not light us *here*; so *Reason's* glimmering Ray
Was lent, not to assure our *doubtfull* way,
But *guide* us upward to a *better Day*.
And as those nightly Tapers disappear
When Day's bright Lord ascends our Hemisphere;
So pale grows *Reason* at *Religions* sight;
So *dyes*, and so *dissolves* in *Supernatural Light*.
Some few, whose Lamp shone brighter, have been led
From Cause to Cause, to *Natures* secret head;
And found that *one first principle* must be:
But *what*, or *who*, that UNIVERSAL HE;
Whether some *Soul* incompassing this Ball
Unmade, *unmov'd*; yet *making*, *moving All*;
Or various *Atoms'* interfering Dance
Leapt into *Form*, (the Noble work of *Chance*;)
Or this great *All* was from *Eternity*;
Not ev'n the *Stagirite* himself could see;
And *Epicurus Guess'd* as well as He:
As *blindly grop'd* they for a *future State*;
As *rashly Judg'd* of *Providence* and *Fate*:

But least of all could their Endeavours find
What most concern'd the good of Humane kind:
For *Happiness* was never to be found;
But vanish'd from 'em, like Enchanted ground.
One thought *Content* the Good to be enjoy'd:
This, every little *Accident* destroy'd:
The *wiser Madmen* did for *Vertue* toyl:
A Thorny, or at best a barren Soil:
In *Pleasure* some their glutton Souls would steep;
But found their Line too short, the Well too deep;
And leaky Vessels which no *Bliss* cou'd keep.
Thus, *anxious Thoughts* in *endless Circles* roul,
Without a *Centre* where to fix the *Soul*:
In this wilde Maze their vain Endeavours end.
How can the *less* the *Greater* comprehend?
Or *finite Reason* reach *Infinity*?
For what cou'd *Fathom GOD* were *more* than *He*. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

92. THE BRUTISH NATURE OF THE EARTH

ORATORS and Philosophers treat Nature after a very different Manner; those represent her with all her Graces and Ornaments, and if there be any Thing that is not capable of that, they dissemble it or pass it over slightly. But Philosophers view Nature with a more impartial Eye, and without Favour or Prejudice give a just and free Account, how they find all the Parts of the Universe, some more, some less perfect. And as to this Earth in particular, if I was to describe it as an Orator, I would suppose it a beautiful and regular Globe; and not only so, but that the whole Universe was made for its sake; that it was the Darling and Favourite of Heaven, that the Sun shined only to give it Light, to ripen its Fruit, and make fresh its Flowers; and that the great Concave of the Firmament, and all the Stars in their several Orbs, were designed only for a spangled Cabinet to keep this Jewel in. This *Idea* I would give of it as an Orator; but a Philosopher

that overheard me would either think me in Jest, or very injudicious, if I took the Earth for a Body so regular in itself, or so considerable if compared with the rest of the Universe. This, he would say, is to make the great World like one of the Heathen Temples, a beautiful and magnificent Structure, and of the richest Materials, yet built only for a little brute Idol, a Dog, or a Crocodile, or some deformed Creature placed in a Corner of it. We must therefore be impartial where the Truth requires it, and describe the Earth as it is really in itself; and though it be handsome and regular enough to the Eye in certain Parts of it, single Tracks and single Regions; yet if we consider the whole Surface of it, or the whole exterior Region, 'tis a broken and confused Heap of Bodies, placed in no Order to one another, nor with any Correspondency or Regularity of Parts; And such a Body as the Moon appears to us, when 'tis looked upon with a good Glass, rude and ragged; as it is also represented in the modern Maps of the Moon; such a Thing would the Earth appear if it was seen from the Moon. They are both in my Judgement the Image or Picture of a great Ruin, and have the true Aspect of a World lying in its Rubbish. . .

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715).

93. THE MAN-EATERS

I WAS under great *Sufferings* at this time, beyond what I have words to declare. For I was brought into the *Deep*, and saw all the *Religions* of the *World*, and *People* that lived in them, and the *Priests* that held them up; who were as a Company of *Men-Eaters*, eating up the *People* like *Bread*, and *gnawing* the *Flesh* from off their *Bones*. But as for *True Religion* and *Worship*, and *Ministers* of *God*, Alack! I saw there was none amongst those of the *World*, that pretended to it. For they, that pretended to be the Church, were but a Company of *Men-Eaters*, Men of *Cruel Visages*, and of *long Teeth*; who, though they had cried against the *Men-Eaters* in *America*, yet I saw, they were in the same *Nature*.

George Fox (1624-1691).

94. SINCE ALL THE WORLD'S THUS GAY AND FREE

. . Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why should not we?
Let's thus accept our Mother Nature's Treat,
And please our selves with all that's sweet,
Let's to the shady Bowers,
Where Crown'd with gaudy Flowers,
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding Hours.
Trust me, *Thyrsis*, the grim Conqueror Death
With the same freedom snatches a King's Breath.
He hurdles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.
Tho' we each Day with cost repair,
He mocks our greatest Skill and utmost Care;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the strong,
And he that lives the longest dies but young;
And once depriv'd of Light
We're wrapt in Mists of endless Night.
Once come to those dark Cells of which we're told
So many strange romantic tales of old
(In things unknown Invention's justly bold)
No more shall Mirth and Wine
Our Loves and Wit refine. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

95. KING CHARLES'S MISTRESSES

It may be said that his Inclinations to Love were the Effects of Health, and a good Constitution, with as little mixture of the *Seraphick* part as ever Man had: And though from that Foundation men often raise their Passions, I am apt to think his stayed as much as any man's ever did in the *lower Region.* This made him like easy Mistresses: They were generally resigned to him while he was abroad, with an implied Bargain. Heroick refined Lovers place a good deal of their Pleasure in the Difficulty, both for the Vanity of Conquest, and as a better earnest of their Kindness.

After he was restored, Mistresses were recommended to him; which is no small matter in a *Court*, and not unworthy the Thoughts even of a *Party*. A Mistress either dextrous in herself, or well instructed by those that are so, may be very useful to her Friends, not only in the immediate Hours of her Ministry, but by her Influences and Insinuations at other times. It was resolved generally by others, whom he should have in his Arms, as well as whom he should have in his Councils. Of a man who was capable of choosing, he chose as seldom as any Man that ever lived.

George Savile, Marquess of Halifax (1633-1695).

96. THE ROYAL ANGLER

(CHARLES THE SECOND)

METHINKS, I see our mighty Monarch stand,
His pliant Angle trembling in his Hand,
Pleas'd with the Sport, good Man, nor does he know,
His easie Scepter bends, and trembles so.
Fine Representative, indeed, of God,
Whose Scepter dwindles to a Fishing-Rod.
Such was *Domitian* in his *Romans* Eyes,
When his Great Godship stoop'd to catching Flies:
Bless us! What pretty Sport have Deities!
But see, he now does up from *Dochet* come,
Laden with Spoils of slaughter'd *Gudgeons* Home,
Nor is he warn'd by their unhappy Fate,
But greedily he swallows every Bait;
A Prey to every *Kingfisher* of State.
For how he *Gudgeons* takes you have been taught,
Then listen now how he himself is caught.
So well, alas! the fatal Bait is known,
Which *Rowley* does so greedily take down;
And howe'er weak and slender be the String,
Bait it with *Whore*, and it will hold a *King*. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

97. CHARLES AGAIN

. . Restless he strolls about from Whore to Whore,
A Merry Monarch, Scandalous and Poor. . .
John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

98. INFANT ROSES IN THEIR BLOOM

. . Devout thou wast as holy Hermits are,
Which share their Time 'twixt Extasy and Pray'r;
Modest as Infant Roses in their Bloom,
Which in a Blush their Lives consume. . .
John Oldham (1653-1683).

99. WORDS FROM A WOODEN IMAGE

(*St. Ignatius speaks*)

. . Once I was common Wood, a shapeless Log,
Thrown out a Pissing-post for every Dog:
The Workman yet in doubt, what course to take,
Whether I'd best a Saint, or Hog-trough make,
After debate resolv'd me for a Saint,
And thus fam'd *Loyola* I represent:
And well I may resemble him, for he
As stupid was, as much a Block as I.
My right Leg maim'd, at halt I seem to stand,
To tell the Wounds at *Pampelune* sustain'd.
My Sword, and Soldiers Armour here had been,
But they may in *Monserrats* Church be seen:
Those there to *blessed Virgin* I laid down
For Cassock, Surcingle, and shaven Crown,
The spiritual Garb, in which I now am shown.

With due Accoutrements, and fit disguise
I might for Centinel of Corn suffice:
As once the well-hung *God* of old stood guard,
And the invading Crows from Forrage scar'd.

Now on my Head the Birds their Relicks leave,
And Spiders in my mouth their Arras weave:
And persecuted Rats oft find in me
A Refuge, and religious Sanctuary. . . .

Oft I by crafty *Jesuit* am taught
Wonders to do, and many a juggling Feat.
Sometimes with Chaffing Dish behind me put,
I sweat like Clapt Debauch in Hot-House shut,
And drip like any Spitchcock'd *Huguenot.*
Sometimes by secret Springs I learn to stir,
As Paste-board Saints dance by mirac'lous Wire . . .
Sometimes I utter Oracles, by Priest
Instead of a Familiar possest.
The Church I vindicate, *Luther* confute,
And cause Amazement in the gaping Rout.

Such holy Cheats, such *Hocus* Tricks, as these,
For Miracles amongst the Rabble pass.
By this in their Esteem I daily grow,
In Wealth enrich'd, increas'd in Vot'ries too.
This draws each year vast Numbers to my Tomb,
More than in Pilgrimage to *Mecca* come.
This brings each week new Presents to my Shrine,
And makes it those of *Indian* Gods outshine.
This gives a Chalice, that a Golden Cross,
Another massie Candlesticks bestows:
Some Altar Cloths of costly work, and price,
Plush, Tissue, Ermin, Silks of noblest Dies,
The *Birth*, and *Passion* in Embroideries:
Some Jewels, rich as those, th' *Ægyptian* Punk
In Jellies to her *Roman* Stallion drunk. . .

John Oldham (1653-1683).

100. DEAD NIGHT

. . 'Tis Night, dead Night, and weary Nature lies
So fast, as if she never were to rise:
No Breath of Wind now whispers thro' the Trees;
No Noise at Land, nor Murmur in the Seas;

Lean Wolves forget to howl at Night's pale Noon;
No wakeful Dogs bark at the silent Moon;
Nor 'bay the Ghosts that glide with Horror by,
To view the Caverns where their Bodies lie;
The Ravens perch and no Presages give,
Nor to the Windows of the Dying cleave;
The Owls forget to scream; no Midnight Sound
Calls drowsy Echo from the hollow Ground;
In Vaults the walking Fires extinguish'd lie;
The Stars, Heaven's Sentry, wink and seem to die.
Such universal Silence spreads below,
Thro' the vast Shades where I am doom'd to go;
Nor shall I need a Violence to wound:
The Storm is here that drives me on the Ground,
Sure means to make the Soul and Body part,
A burning Fever, and a broken Heart. . .

Nathaniel Lee (1653?-1692).

101. NAT LEE'S IMAGES

. . 'tis real Love,
Where Nature triumphs over wretched Art;
We only warm the Head, but you the Heart.
Always you warm: and if the rising Year,
As in hot Regions, bring the Sun too near,
'Tis but to make your fragrant Spices blow,
Which in our cooler Climates will not grow;
They only think you animate your Theme
With too much Fire, who are themselves all Phlegm:
Prizes wou'd be for Lags of slowest pace,
Were Cripples made the Judges of the Race.
Despise those Drones, who praise while they accuse
The too much Vigour of your youthful Muse.
That humble Stile which they their Virtue make
Is in your Pow'r; you need but stoop and take.
Your beauteous Images must be allow'd
By all, but some vile Poets of the Croud. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

102. NAT LEE'S REPLY

I REMEMBER Poor Nat. Lee, who was then upon the Verge of Madness, yet made a Sober and a Witty Answer to a Bad Poet, who told him, *It was an easie thing to write like a Madman*: *No*, said he, *'tis very difficult to write like a Madman, but 'tis a very easie matter to write like a fool.*

John Dryden (1631-1700).

103. WITHIN THE CANOPY OF LEAVES

. . What dost thou fear?
There lurks no speckled Serpent here.
No Venomous Snake makes this his Road,
No Canker, nor the loathsome Toad.
And yon poor Spider on the Tree,
Thy Spinster, will no poysoner be,
There is no Frog to leap and fright
Thee from my Arms, and break delight;
Nor Snail that o're thy Coat shall trace,
And leave behind a slimy Lace.
This is the hallowed shrine of *Love*,
No Wasp nor Hornet haunts this Grove,
Nor Pismire to make Pimples rise
Upon thy smooth and Ivory Thighs. . . .
Being set, let's sport a while, my fair,
I will tie Love knots in thy Hair.
See *Zephyrus* through the leaves doth stray,
And has free liberty to play,
And braids thy Locks; And shall I find
Less favour than a fancy wind?
Now let me sit, and fix my Eyes
On thee, that art my Paradise.
Thou art my all; the spring remains
In the fair violets of thy Veins:
And that it is a Summers day,
Ripe Cherries in thy Lips display.

And when for Autumn I would seek,
'Tis in the Apples of thy Cheek.
But that which only moves my smart,
Is to see Winter in thy Heart.
Strange, when at once in one appear
All the four seasons of the year!
I'le clasp that Neck where should be set
A rich and Orient Carskanet;
But Swains are poor, admit of then
More natural Chains, the Arms of Men. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

104. ENJOY THE HOUR

. . Enjoy the present smiling hour;
And put it out of Fortune's pow'r:
The tide of bus'ness, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high, and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb, or a tempestuous flow,
And alwayes in extream.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle Bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it, with impetuous force:
And trunks of Trees come rowling down,
Sheep and their Folds together drown:
Both House and Homested into Seas are borne,
And Rocks are from their old foundations torn,
And woods made thin with winds, their scatter'd
honours mourn.

Happy the Man, and happy he alone,
He, who can call today his own:
He, who, secure within, can say,
Tomorrow do thy worst, for I have liv'd today.
Be fair, or foul, or rain, or shine,
The joys I have possest, in spight of fate, are mine.

Not Heav'n itself upon the past has pow'r;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.
Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does Man her slave oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldome pleas'd to bless.
Still various, and unconstant still;
But with an inclination to be ill;
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a Lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the Prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave, is quietly resign'd:
Content with poverty, my Soul, I arm;
And Vertue, tho' in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful Sea,
If Storms arise, and Clouds grow black;
If the Mast split and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy Merchant fear
For his ill gotten gain;
And pray to Gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His Wealth into the Main.
For me, secure from Fortune's blows,
(Secure of what I cannot lose,)
In my small Pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustring roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly Stars my safety seek
Within some little winding Creek;
And see the storm ashore.

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Horace.*

105. ADVICE TO THE OLD BEAUX

SCRAPE no more your harmless Chins,
Old Beaux, in hope to please;
You shou'd repent your former Sins,
Not study their Increase;
Young awkward Fops, may shock our Sight,
But you offend by Day and Night.

In vain the Coachman turns about,
And whips the dappl'd Greys;
When the old Ogler looks out,
We turn away our Face.
True Love and Youth will ever charm,
But both affected, cannot warm.

Summer-fruits we highly prise,
They kindly cool the Blood;
But Winter berries we despise,
And leave 'em in the Wood;
On the Bush, they may look well,
But gather'd, lose both taste and smell.

That you languish, that you dye,
Alas, is but too true;
Yet tax not us with Cruelty,
Who daily pity you.
Nature henceforth alone accuse,
In vain we grant if she refuse.

Sir Charles Sedley (1639?-1701).

106. SYREN'S SONG

O PASS not on, but stay,
And waste the Joyous Day
With us in gentle Play:
Unbend to Love, unbend thee:
O lay thy Sword aside,
And other Arms provide;

For other Wars attend thee,
  And sweeter to be try'd.
For other Wars attend thee,
  And sweeter to be try'd.

Two Daughters of this Aged Stream are we;
And both our Sea-green Locks have comb'd for thee;
Come Bathe with us an Hour or two,
Come Naked in, for we are so;
What Danger from a Naked Foe?
Come Bathe with us, come Bathe, and share,
What Pleasures in the Floods appear;
We'll beat the Waters till they bound,
And Circle round, around, around,
  And Circle round, around.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

107. A SONG OF A YOUNG LADY TO HER ANCIENT LOVER

1

ANCIENT Person, for whom I
All the flatt'ring Youth defie;
Long be it e're thou grow Old,
Aking, shaking, crasie, cold.
But still continue as thou art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

2

On thy withered Lips and dry,
Which like barren Furrows lie;
Brooding Kisses I will pour,
Shall thy youthful Heart restore.
Such kind Show'rs in Autumn fall,
And a second Spring recall:
Nor from thee will ever part,
Ancient Person of my Heart. . .

3

All a Lover's Wish can reach,
For thy Joy my Love shall teach:
And for thy Pleasure shall improve
All that Art can add to Love.
Yet still I love thee without Art,
Ancient Person of my Heart.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
(1647-1680).

108. A MOOD AND FIGURE BRIDE

. . O what a midnight Curse has he, whose side
Is pester'd with a Mood and Figure Bride!
Let mine, ye Gods, (if such must be my Fate)
No Logick Learn, nor History Translate;
But rather be a quiet, humble Fool:
I hate a Wife, to whom I go to School,
Who climbs the Grammar-Tree, distinctly knows
Where Noun, and Verb, and Participle grows,
Corrects her Country Neighbour; and, a Bed,
For breaking *Priscian's*, breaks her Husband's Head.
The Gawdy Gossip, when she's set agog,
In Jewels drest, and at each Ear a Bob,
Goes flaunting out, and, in her trim of Pride,
Thinks all she says or does, is justifi'd.
When Poor, she's scarce a tollerable Evil;
But Rich, and Fine, a Wife's a very Devil.
She duely, once a Month, renews her Face;
Mean time it lies in Dawb, and hid in Grease;
Those are the Husband's Nights; she craves her due,
He takes fat kisses, and is stuck in Glue.
But, to the Lov'd Adult'rer when she steers,
Fresh from the Bath, in brightness she appears:
For him the Rich *Arabia* sweats her Gum;
And precious Oyls from distant *Indies* come:
How Haggardly so e're she looks at home.

Th'Eclipse then vanishes; and all her Face
Is open'd, and restor'd to every Grace,
The Crust remov'd, her Cheeks as smooth as Silk,
Are polished with a wash of Asses Milk;
And, shou'd she to the farthest *North* be sent,
A train of these attend her Banishment.
But, hadst thou seen her Plaistred up before,
'Twas so unlike a Face, it seem'd a Sore.
'Tis worth our while to know what all the day
They do, and how they pass their time away,
For, if o're-night the Husband has been slack,
Or counterfeited Sleep, and turn'd his Back,
Next day, be sure, the Servants go to wrack.
The Chamber-Maid and Dresser, are call'd Whores;
The Page is stript, and beaten out of Doors;
The whole House suffers for the Master's Crime:
And he himself is warn'd to wake another time. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Juvenal.*

109. WOMAN

. . Her Temper so extravagant we find
She hates, or is impertinently kind;
Wou'd she be grave, she then looks like a Devil,
And like a Fool, or Whore, when she'd be civil;
Can Smile or Weep, be Foolish or seem Wise,
Or any thing, so she may Tyranize:
What she will now, anon she will not do,
Had rather Cross her self, than not cross you.
She has a pratling, Vain and double Tongue,
Inconstant, Roving, and loves nothing long,
Imperious, Bloody, so made up of Passion
She is the very fire-brand of the Nation.
Contentious, Wicked, and not fit to Trust,
And Covetous to spend it on her Lust;
Her Passions are more fierce than Storms of Wind,
The heavy Yoak, and Burthen of Mankind;

Where e'er she comes, she Strife with her does bring,
Her Life's but one intire Gossiping;
At which with endless talking, Drunk she grows
And round about her Eyes and slanders throws.
When she is Young, she whores herself for sport
And when she's old, she Bawds for her support,
And in her Bawding no exception makes
But a good price for her own Daughter takes,
Who well instructed in her Mothers tricks,
May make her Mistress of a Coach and six;
Of the Demurest Saint, she makes a Bitch,
Deny you nothing to be great or rich;
Philters and Charms, the Devil and all employ
Rather than not what she desires Enjoy. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

110. IN SATURN'S REIGN

. . In *Saturn's* Reign, at Nature's Early Birth,
There was that Thing call'd Chastity on Earth;
When in a narrow Cave, their common shade,
The Sheep the Shepherds and their Gods were laid:
When Reeds and Leaves, and Hides of Beasts were spread
By Mountain Huswifes for their homely Bed,
And Mossy Pillows rais'd, for the rude Husband's head.
Unlike the Niceness of our Modern Dames,
(Affected Nymphs with new affected Names:)
The *Cynthia's* and the *Lesbia's* of our Years,
Who for a Sparrow's Death dissolve in Tears.
Those first unpolisht Matrons, Big and Bold,
Gave Suck to Infants of Gygantick Mold;
Rough as their Savage Lords who Rang'd the Wood,
And fat with Akorns Belcht their windy Food.
For when the World was Bucksom, fresh, and young,
Her Sons were undebauch'd, and therefore strong;
And whether Born in kindly Beds of Earth,
Or struggling from the Teeming Oaks to Birth,

Or from what other Atoms they begun,
No Sires they had, or if a Sire the Sun.
Some thin Remains of Chastity appear'd
Ev'n under *Jove*, but *Jove* without a Beard;
Before the servile *Greeks* had learnt to Swear
By Heads of Kings; while yet the Bounteous Year
Her common Fruits in open Plains expos'd,
E're thieves were fear'd, or Gardens were enclos'd.
At length uneasie Justice upwards flew,
And both the Sisters to the Stars withdrew;
From that Old *Aera* Whoring did begin,
So Venerably Ancient is the Sin.
Adult'rers next invade the Nuptial State,
And Marriage-Beds creak'd with a Foreign Weight; . .

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Juvenal.*

111. A SONG

1

LOVE a Woman! you're an Ass,
'Tis a most insipid Passion
To chuse out for your Happiness,
The silliest Part of God's Creation.

2

Let the Porter, and the Groom,
Things design'd for dirty Slaves;
Drudge in fair *Aurelia's* Womb,
To get Supplies for Age and Graves.

3

Farewel, Woman, I intend,
Henceforth, ev'ry night to sit
With my lewd well-natur'd Friend,
Drinking to engender Wit.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

112. A PLANT THAT WILL NOT GROW

. . All Southern Vices, Heav'n be prais'd, are here;
But Wit's a Luxury you think too dear.
When you to cultivate the Plant are loth,
'Tis a shrewd sign 'twas never of your growth:
And Wit in Northern Climates will not blow,
Except, like *Orange-Trees*, 'tis hous'd from Snow. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

113. OG AND DOEG

(THE WRITERS SHADWELL AND SETTLE)

. . To make quick way I'll Leap o'er heavy blocks,
Shun rotten *Uzza* as I woud the Pox;
And hasten *Og* and *Doeg* to rehearse,
Two Fools that Crutch their Feeble sense on Verse,
Who by my Muse, to all succeeding times
Shall live in spight of their own Dogrell Rhimes.
Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
Made still a blund'ring kind of Melody;
Spurd boldly on, and Dash'd through Thick and Thin,
Through Sense and Non-sense, never out nor in;
Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
And in one word, Heroically mad,
He was too warm on Picking-work to dwell,
But Faggotted his Notions as they fell,
And, if they Rhim'd and Rattl'd, all was well.
Spightfull he is not, though he wrote a Satyr,
For still there goes some *thinking* to ill-Nature:
He needs no more than Birds and Beasts to think,
All his occasions are to eat and drink.
If he call Rogue and Rascal from a Garrat,
He means you no more Mischief than a Parat:
The words for Friend and Foe alike were made,
To Fetter 'em in Verse is all his Trade.
For Almonds he'll cry Whore to his own Mother:
And call young *Absalom* King *David's* Brother.

Let him be Gallows-Free by my consent,
And nothing suffer, since he nothing meant:
Hanging Supposes humane Soul and reason,
This Animal's below committing Treason:
Shall he be hang'd who never cou'd Rebell?
That's a preferment for *Achitophel.*
The Woman that Committed Buggary,
Was rightly Sentenc'd by the Law to die;
But 'twas hard Fate that to the Gallows led
The Dog that never heard the Statute read.
Railing in other Men may be a crime,
But ought to pass for mere instinct in him;
Instinct he follows and no farther knows,
For to write Verse with him is to *Transprose.*
'Twere pity treason at his Door to lay
Who makes *Heaven's gate a Lock to its own Key*:
Let him rayl on, let his invective muse
Have four and Twenty letters to abuse,
Which if he Jumbles to one line of Sense,
Indict him of a Capital Offence.
In Fire-works give him leave to vent his spight,
Those are the only Serpents he can write;
The height of his ambition is we know
But to be Master of a Puppet-show;
On that one Stage his works may yet appear,
And a months Harvest keeps him all the Year.
Now stop your noses, Readers, all and some,
For here's a tun of Midnight work to come,
Og from a Treason Tavern rowling Home.
Round as a Globe, and Liquored ev'ry chink,
Goodly and Great he Sayls behind his Link;
With all this Bulk there's nothing lost in *Og*,
For ev'ry inch that is not Fool is Rogue:
A Monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
As all the Devils had spew'd to make the batter.
When wine has given him courage to Blaspheme,
He curses God, but God before Curst him;
And if man cou'd have reason, none has more,
That made his Paunch so rich and him so poor.

With wealth he was not trusted, for Heav'n knew
What 'twas of Old to pamper up a *Jew*;
To what would he on Quail and Pheasant swell,
That ev'n on Tripe and Carrion cou'd rebell?
But though Heaven made him poor, (with rev'rence speaking,)
He never was a Poet of God's making:
The Midwife laid her hand on his Thick Skull,
With this Prophetick blessing—*Be thou Dull*;
Drink, Swear, and Roar, forbear no lew'd delight
Fit for thy Bulk, doe anything but write.
Thou art of lasting Make, like thoughtless men,
A strong Nativity—but for the Pen;
Eat Opium, mingle Arsenick in thy Drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding Pen and Ink.
I see, I see, 'tis Counsell given in vain,
For Treason botcht in Rhime will be thy bane;
Rhime is the Rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy Fame and to thy Neck.
Why should thy Metre good King *David* blast?
A Psalm of his will Surely be thy last.
Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
Thou whom the Penny Pamphlet foil'd in prose?
Doeg, whom God for Mankinds mirth has made,
O'er-tops thy tallent in thy very Trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so Coarse,
A Poet is, though he's the Poets Horse.
A Double Noose thou on thy Neck dost pull
For Writing Treason and for Writing dull;
To die for Faction is a common Evil,
But to be hang'd for Non-sense is the Devil.
Hadst thou the Glories of thy King exprest,
Thy praises had been Satyr at the best;
But thou in Clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast Shamefully defi'd the Lord's Annointed:
I will not rake the Dunghill of thy Crimes,
For who would reade thy Life that reads thy rhimes? . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

114. DULNESS IS DECENT

. . Dulness, that in a Play-house meets disgrace,
Might meet with Reverence in its proper place.
The fulsome clench that nauseates the Town
Wou'd from a Judge or Alderman go down!
Such virtue is there in a Robe and Gown!
And that insipid stuff which here you hate,
Might somewhere else be call'd a grave debate:
Dulness is decent in the Church and State. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

115. MORE DULLNESS

. . But Dulness sits at Helm, and in this Age,
Governs our Councils, Pulpits, and the Stage:
Here a dull *Councellor* ador'd we see,
And there a Poet, duller yet than he,
With beardless Bishop, dullest of the three,
'Tis dangerous to think—
For who by thinking tempts his jealous Fate,
Is straight arraign'd as Traytor to the State,
And none that come within the Verge of Sense,
Have to Preferment now the least Pretence. . .

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680).

116. STAGE POETS

. . They bring old Ir'n and glass upon the Stage,
To barter with the Indians of our Age.
Still they write on, and like great Authors show;
But 'tis as Rowlers in wet gardens grow
Heavy with dirt, and gath'ring as they goe. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

117. SIPPETS OF GRUEL

. . They talk of Feavours that infect the Brains,
But Non-sence is the new Disease that reigns.
Weak Stomachs, with a long Disease opprest,
Cannot the Cordials of strong Wit digest;
Therefore thin Nourishment of Farce ye choose,
Decoctions of a Barley-water Muse:
A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,
Unless it were a very tender Chick.
Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,
Those wou'd go down; some Love that's poach'd
in Rime;
If these shou'd fail—
We must lie down, and, after all our cost,
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Frost;
Whilst you turn Players on the Worlds great Stage,
And Act your selves the Farce of your own Age.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

118. SONG

ROOM, Room for a Blade of the Town,
That takes Delight in Roaring,
Who all Day long rambles up and down,
And at Night in the Street lies Snoaring.

That for the Noble Name of Spark
Does his Companions Rally;
Commits an Outrage in the Dark,
Then slinks into an Alley.

To every Female that he meets,
He swears he bears Affection,
Defies all Laws, Arrests, and Cheats,
By the Help of a kind Protection.

When he intending further Wrongs,
By some Resenting Cully
Is decently run through the Lungs
And there's an end of BULLY.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester
(1647-1680).

119. JACOB TONSON, HIS PUBLISHER

WITH leering Looks, Bull-fac'd, and freckl'd fair,
With two left Legs, and *Judas*-colour'd Hair,
And frowzy Pores that taint the Ambient Air.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

120. THE POET SHADWELL'S CORONATION

. . Now Empress Fame had publisht the renown
Of *Shadwell's* Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-Hill* and distant *Watling-street.*
No Persian Carpets spread th'imperial way,
But scatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay;
From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirley*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Shadwell* almost choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd
And *Herringman* was Captain of the Guard.
The hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sat,
Rome's other hope and Pillar of the State.
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dullness plaid around his face. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

121. THE HAPPY PAIR

. . Man, like the sordid Earth, from which he sprung,
Corrupts his Soul by a base heap of Dung:
Forgetting the Celestial Form he bore,
He values not the Woman, but her Store:
Extends his treach'rous Pledge to golden Charms,
And joins his hands to none but spangled Arms.
He weds her Jewels, and her Amber-Chains,
But her Rich Self (that merits all) Disdains:
Her Face he praises, but he courts her Ears,
Catching the glitt'ring-Pendants that she wears:
Each Eye no longer he esteems a Star,
Than flaming Rubies hung upon her Hair:
And judging Love, without her Gold, a Curse,
He scorns her Vertue, and adores her Purse.

.

The Woman too no less Debas'd then he,
Gives not her self, but her GRATUITY;
Sooth's like a Merchant, with inveagling Art,
Demands her JOINTURE, and keeps back her Heart.
On *Terms* and *Articles*, with Pride proceeds,
And Seals her cold *Affections* to her Deeds:
Stands off and Treats like an Imperious State,
And baulks her Happiness, to be made Great:
Proclaims her Fortune of a goodly Size,
And he that offers most, obtains the Prize. . .

Sir Charles Sedley (1639?-1701).

122. AUCTION

. . Our Iron age is grown an Age of Gold:
'Tis who bids most; for all Men wou'd be sold. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

123. THE RETURN OF THE GOLDEN AGE, WITH THE BIRTH OF POLLIO

. . The Goats with strutting Dugs shall homeward speed,
And lowing Herds secure from Lions feed.
His Cradle shall with rising Flow'rs be crown'd;
The Serpents Brood shall die: the sacred ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuse to bear,
Each common Bush shall *Syrian* Roses wear.
But when Heroick Verse his Youth shall raise,
And form it to Hereditary Praise;
Unlabour'd Harvests shall the Fields adorn,
And cluster'd Grapes shall blush on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks shall show'rs of Honey weep,
And through the matted Grass the liquid Gold shall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud some Footsteps shall remain,
The Merchant still shall plough the Deep for gain:
Great Cities shall with Walls be compass'd round;
And sharpen'd Shares shall vex the fruitful ground,
Another *Typhis* shall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* land the Chiefs upon th'*Iberian* Shore.
Another *Helen* other Wars create,
And great *Achilles* urge the *Trojan* Fate.
But when to ripen'd Manhood he shall grow,
The greedy Sailor shall the Seas forego;
No Keel shall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil shall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen shall disjoin,
No Plough shall hurt the Glebe, no Pruning-hook the Vine,
No Wool shall in dissembled Colours shine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece shall proudly sweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb shall bleat. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Virgil.*

124. ADVICE TO PAINTERS: THE ORIGINAL MUST BE IN THE HEAD

NEVER give the least touch with your Pencil, till you have well examin'd your Design, and have settled your Out-lines: nor till you have present in your Mind a perfect Idea of your Work.

C. A. du Fresnoy,
translated by John Dryden (1631-1700).

125. A CAVE: POOL'S HOLE, DERBYSHIRE

. . At a high Mountaines foot, whose lofty crest
O're-looks the Marshy Prospect of the *West*;
Under its Base there is an *Overture*
Which Summers Weeds do render so obscure,
The careless *Traveller* may pass, and ne're
Discover, or suspect an entry there:
But such a one there is, as we might well
Think it the *Crypto-Porticus* of *Hell*,
Had we not been instructed that the Gate
Which to *Destruction* leads, is nothing straight.

Through a blind door (which some poor Woman there
Still keeps the Key of, that it may keep her)
Men bowing low, take leave of days fair light,
To crowd themselves into the Womb of Night,
Through such a low and narrow pass, that it
For Badgers, Wolves, and Foxes seems more fit;
Or for the yet less sorts of *Chaces*, then
T'admit the Statures, and the Bulks of men,
Could it to reason any way appear,
That men could find out any business there.
But having fifteen paces crept or more,
Through pointed stones and dirt upon all four,
The gloomy *Grotto* lets me upright rise,
Although they were six times *Goliath's* size.

There, looking upward, your astonish'd sight
Beholds the glory of the sparkling light;
Th' enamel'd *Roof* darts round about the place,
With so subduing, but ingrateful rays;
As to put out the lights, by which alone
They receive luster, that before had none,
And must to darkness be resign'd when they are gone.
But here a roaring *Torrent* bids you stand,
Forcing you climb a Rock on the right hand,
Which hanging, pent-house-like, does overlook
The dreadful Channel of the rapid Brook,
So deep, and black, the very thought does make
My brains turn giddy, and my eye-balls ake.
Over this dangerous *Precipice* you crawl,
Lost if you slip, for if you slip you fall. . . .
Propt round with *Peasants*, on you trembling go,
Whilst, every step you take, your *Guides* do show
In the uneven Rock the uncoath shapes
Of *Men*, of *Lions*, *Horses*, *Dogs*, and *Apes*:
But so resembling each the fancied shape,
The *Man* might be the *Horse*, the *Dog* the *Ape*. . .

Charles Cotton (1630-1687).

126. CAVITIES AND SUBTERRANEOUS WATERS

THAT the Inside of the Earth is hollow and broken in many Places, and is not one firm and united Mass, we have both the Testimony of Sense and of easy Observations to prove: How many Caves and Dens and hollow Passages into the Ground do we see in many Countries, especially amongst Mountains and Rocks; and some of them endless and bottomless so far as can be discovered? We have many of these in our own Island, in *Derbyshire*, *Somersetshire*, *Wales*, and other Counties, and in every Continent or Island they abound more or less. These Hollownesses of the Earth the Ancients made Prisons, or Store houses for the Winds, and set a God over them to confine them, or let them loose at his Pleasure. For some Ages after the Flood, as all Antiquity tells us, there

were the first Houses Men had, at least in some Parts of the Earth; here rude Mortals sheltered themselves, as well as they could, from the Injuries of the Air, till they were beaten out by wild Beasts that took Possession of them. The ancient Oracles also us'd to be given out of these Vaults and Recesses under Ground, the *Sibyls* had their Caves, and the *Delphick* Oracle, and their Temples sometimes were built upon an hollow Rock. Places that are strange and solemn strike an Awe into us, and incline us to a kind of superstitious Timidity and Veneration, and therefore they thought them fit for the Seats and Residences of their Deities. They fancied also that Steams rise sometimes, or a sort of Vapour in those hollow Places, that gave a kind of a divine Fury or Inspiration. But all these Uses and Employments are now in a great measure worn out, we know no Use of them but to make the Places talk'd of where they are, to be the Wonders of the Country, to please our Curiosity to gaze upon and admire; but we know not how they came, nor to what purpose they were made at first.

It would be very pleasant to read good Descriptions of these subterraneous Places, and of all the strange Works of Nature there; how she furnisheth these dark neglected Grottos; they have often a little Brook runs murmuring thro' them, and the Roof is commonly a kind of petrified Earth, or icy Fret-work, proper enough for such Rooms. But I should be pleased especially to view the Sea-caves, or those hollow Rocks that lie upon the Sea, where the Waves roll a great Way under Ground, and wear the hard Rock into many odd Shapes and Figures as we see in the Clouds. 'Tis pleasant also to see a River in the Middle of its Course throw itself into the Mouth of a Cave, or an Opening of the Earth, and run under Ground sometimes many Miles; still pursuing its Way thro' the dark Pipes of the Earth, till at last it find an Out-let. There are many of these Rivers taken Notice of in History in the several Parts of the Earth, as the *Rhone* in *France*, *Guadiana* in *Spain*, and several in *Greece*, *Alpheus*, *Lycus*, and *Erasinus*; then *Niger* in *Africa*, *Tygris* in *Asia*, *etc.* And I believe if we could turn *Derwent*, or any other River, into one of the Holes of the Peak, it would grope its Way till it found an

Issue, it may be, in some other Country. These subterraneous Rivers that emerge again, shew us that the Holes of the Earth are longer and reach further than we imagine, and if we could see into the Ground, as we ride, or walk, we should be affrighted to see so often Waters or Caverns under us. . .

Thomas Burnet (1635?-1715).

127. TYDES-WELL, THE THIRD WONDER OF THE PEAK

. . For now, and then a hollow murmuring Sound,
Being first heard remotely under ground,
The Spring immediately swells, and straight
Boils up through several pores to such a height,
As, overflowing from the narrow *Shoar*,
Below does in a little *Torrent* roar.
Whilst, near the Fountain mouth, the water sings
Thorough the secret *Conduits* of her Springs,
With such a harmony of various Notes,
As *Grotto's* yield, through narrow Brazen throats,
When, by the weight of higher streams, the lower
Are upwards forc'd in an inverted shower.
But the sweet *Musick's* short, three minutes space
To highest *mark* this *Oceanet* does raise,
And half that time retires the ebbing waves
To the dark windings of their frigid *Caves*. . .

Charles Cotton (1630-1687).

128. THE QUALITIES OF A PAINTER

THE Qualities requisite to form an excellent Painter, are, a true discerning Judgement, a Mind which is docible, a noble Heart, a sublime Sense of things, and Fervour of Soul; after which follow, Health of Body, a convenient Share of Fortune, the Flower of Youth, Diligence, an Affection for the Art, and to be bred under the Discipline of a knowing Master.

And remember, that whatsoever your Subject be, whether of your own Choice, or what Chance or good Fortune shall put into your Hand, if you have not that Genius, or natural Inclination, which your Art requires, you shall never arrive to Perfection in it, even with all those great Advantages which I have mention'd. For Wit and the manual Operation are things vastly different from each other. 'Tis the Influence of your Stars, and the Happiness of your Genius, to which you must be oblig'd for the greatest Beauties of your Art.

Nay, even your Excellencies sometimes will not pass for such in the Opinion of the learned, but only as things which have less of Error in them: for no man sees his own failings; and Life is so short, that it is not sufficient for so long an Art. Our Strength fails us in our old Age, when we begin to know somewhat: Age oppresses us by the same Degrees that it instructs us; and permits not, that our mortal Members which are frozen with our Years, should retain the Vigour and Spirits of our Youth.

Take Courage, therefore, O ye *Noble Youths*! you legitimate offspring of *Minerva*, who are born under the Influence of a *happy Planet*, and warm'd with a Celestial Fire, which attracts you to the Love of Science! Exercise, while you are young, your whole Forces, and employ them with Delight in an Art, which requires a *whole Painter*. Exercise them, I say, while your boyling Youth supplies you with Strength, and furnishes you with Quickness, and with Vigour; while your Mind, yet pure, and void of Error, has not taken any ill habitude to Vice; while yet your Spirits are inflam'd with the Thirst of Novelties, and your Mind is fill'd with the first Species of Things which present themselves to a young Imagination, which it gives in keeping to your Memory; and which your Memory retains for length of time, by reason of the moisture wherewith at that Age the Brain abounds. You will do well to begin with *Geometry*, and after having made some Progress in it, set your self on designing after the *Ancient Greeks*.

C. A. du Fresnoy,
translated by John Dryden (1631-1700).

129. ENGLISH HUMOUR

I WILL make but one Observation to you more, and have done; and that is grounded upon an Observation of your own, and which I mention'd at the beginning of my Letter, *viz.* That there is more of Humour in our English Comick writers than in any others. I do not at all wonder at it, for I look upon Humour to be almost of English Growth; at least, it does not seem to have found such Encrease on any other Soil. And what appears to me to be the reason of it is the greater Freedom, Privilege, and Liberty which the Common People of *England* enjoy. Any Man that has a Humour is under no restraint or fear of giving it Vent; they have a Proverb among them, which may be will shew the Bent and Genius of the People as well as a longer Discourse: *He that will have a May-pole shall have a May-pole.* This is a Maxim with them, and their Practice is agreeable to it. I believe something Considerable too may be ascribed to their feeding so much on Flesh, and the Grossness of their Diet in general. But I have done; let the Physicians agree that.

William Congreve (1670-1729).

130. HARVEST SONG

YOUR Hay it is Mow'd, and your Corn is Reap'd;
Your Barns will be full, and your Hovels heap'd:
Come, my Boys, come;
Come, my Boys, come;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home;
Harvest Home,
Harvest Home;
And merrily Roar out Harvest Home.

We ha' cheated the Parson, we'll cheat him agen;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha'One in Ten?
One in Ten,
One in Ten;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha'One in Ten?

Chorus. One in Ten,
One in Ten;
For why shou'd a Blockhead ha'One in Ten?

For prating so long like a Book-learn'd Sot,
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot;
Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.
Chorus. Burn to Pot,
Burn to Pot;
Till Pudding and Dumplin burn to Pot.

We'll toss off our Ale till we canno' stand,
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*:
Old *England*,
Old *England*;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*.
Chorus. Old *England*,
Old *England*;
And Hoigh for the Honour of Old *England*.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

131. ON A COCK AT ROCHESTER

THOU cursed Cock, with thy perpetual Noise,
May'st thou be Capon made, and lose thy Voice,
Or on a Dunghil may'st thou spend thy Blood,
And Vermin prey upon thy craven Brood;
May Rivals tread thy Hens before thy Face,
Then with redoubled Courage give thee chase;
May'st thou be punish'd for St. *Peter's* Crime,
And on *Shrove-tuesday*, perish in thy Prime;
May thy bruis'd Carcass be some Beggar's Feast,
Thou first and worst Disturber of Man's Rest.

Sir Charles Sedley (1639?-1701).

132. SEX AMONG LIONS

. . Thus every Creature, and of every Kind,
The secret Joys of sweet Coition find. . . .
'Tis with this Rage, the Mother Lion stung,
Scours o'er the Plain; regardless of her Young:
Demanding Rites of Love, she sternly stalks;
And hunts her Lover in his lonely Walks. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Virgil.*

133. BRIGHT OFFERINGS FROM SHEPHERDS

LYCIDAS

. . A snowy lamb I've bred, so full of play,
'Twill entertain my shepherdess all day;
To thee, when hungry, it will bleat, as proud
From thy fair hands alone to take its food;
Then to express its joy, with many a bound
An airy frisk, 'twill seem to scorn the ground:
And this, with all my future vows, are thine,
If thou, for me, my rival wilt decline.

CLEON

My proffers now, and artless language hear,
And turn from his smooth tales thy list'ning ear,
For I can boast a kid more white than milk,
And softer far than the Siberian silk;
Whene'er you walk, 'twill walk as gently by,
And at your feet, whene'er you sit, will lie;
If o'er the plains you run with nimble pace,
'Twill skip along, and seem to urge the race:
And this, bright maid, I frankly offer thee,
To quit my rival, and to live with me.

MYRTILLA

Have you, indeed, such valu'd things in store,
And never boasted of your wealth before?

Your offers, gentle youths, I own most fair,
And such a kid or lamb are wond'rous rare.
What virtue so severe, what maid so vain,
Such lovers, and such presents to disdain?
Yet Minx, my dog, I dare a wager lay,
As many tricks as both of them shall play.

LYCIDAS

But I two sparrows will on thee bestow,
Their plumes unsoil'd, and white as falling snow;
Venus herself had warm'd them in her breast,
Had her unlucky son but found the nest.
The sprightly birds are bred so tame, they'll stand,
And chirp, and sweetly prattle on thy hand;
Wanton, among thy curling locks they'll creep,
And, if permitted, in thy bosom sleep.

CLEON

Fair nymph, his boasted sparrows do not mind,
As good in ev'ry common bush I'll find.
But I a pair of am'rous doves will bring,
With shining plumes, and nicely checquer'd wing;
Their changing necks more various colours show,
Than Iris paints on the celestial bow;
Should Cytheræa on them cast an eye,
The birds she'd with her golden apple buy.

MYRTILLA

With such fine doves and sparrows will you part,
Unthinking youths! to gain a trifling heart?
On Venus, who so well their worth must know,
The wond'rous birds you'd better far bestow,
Your costly zeal the goddess may reward,
And your soft vows propitiously regard.

LYCIDAS

To crown thy temples, garlands I'll compose
Of full-blown lillies, and the budding rose;

With those the golden hyacinth I'll twine,
And blushing pinks, and purple vi'lets join;
Fresh nosegays from the fields each day I'll bring,
Made up of all the sweetness of the spring.

CLEON

His wreaths and painted nosegays will decay,
And lose their proudest beauty in a day:
But I've a gift which all his trifles mocks;
As towards the beach I lately drove my flocks,
Three coral sprigs I found among the rocks:
These nicely plac'd among thy braided hair,
As little ornaments may serve my fair.

MYRTILLA

With yellow hyacinths, pinks and vi'lets blue,
In garlands wreath'd, and painted nosegays too,
With coral sprigs so deck'd, and wond'rous fine,
A lady of the May I shall out-shine.
But while I trim my braided locks so gay,
And waste in dressing half the fleeting day,
My flocks, I fear, would thus neglected stray.

LYCIDAS

As on Alphæus banks my sheep were fed,
I form'd a little barge of bending reed;
So closely wrought, and twisted round the sides,
That on the dancing wave secure it rides:
In this, if thou wilt try the silver stream,
Another sea-born goddess thou shalt seem;
While twelve white swans, with wreathing wood-
bines ty'd,
And tassell'd flow'rs, the floating pomp shall guide.

CLEON

On yonder hill, with lofty forests crown'd,
A nymph of bright Diana's train I found,

Who from her sisters heedlessly had stray'd;
And by a brutal Satyr seiz'd, the maid
On her chaste goddess call'd aloud for aid:
I to her succour running, nimbly threw
A bearded arrow, which the monster slew.
On me the grateful virgin would bestow
Her painted quiver, and her polish'd bow.
The bow and gilded shafts thou may'st command,
And both are worthy of Diana's hand:
Thus arm'd, with me thou thro' the woods shalt rove,
And seem another goddess of the grove.

MYRTILLA

Thro' savage woods to hunt wild beasts with thee,
To love must needs a mighty motive be;
But I the dang'rous pleasure dare not prove,
Ev'n to be thought a goddess of the grove:
Nor less I fear to try the promis'd boat,
And venture on the dancing waves to float.
I've no ambition o'er the floods to ride,
Tho' drawn by swans, with wreathing woodbines ty'd:
Rather secure thro' peaceful vales I'd stray,
And watch my flocks in humble shades all day.
But if a tender thought could warm my breast,
In two such worthy lovers I were blest;
Whose merits with such equal claims appear;
That 'twere injustice either to prefer;
While both rejected, both must be content;
And treated thus, you've nothing to repent,
But that, like me, an hour you've idly spent.

Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737).

134. NEREIDS RISE OUT OF THE SEA AND SING, TRITONS DANCE

FROM the low Palace of old Father Ocean,
Come we in pity your care to deplore:
Sea-racing Dolphins are train'd for our Motion,
Moony tides swelling to rowl us a-shore.

Ev'ry Nymph of the Flood, her Tresses rending,
Throws off her Armlet of Pearl in the Main;
Neptune in anguish his Charge unattending,
Vessels are found'ring, and Vows are in vain.

John Dryden (1631-1700).

135. AFTER THE RAIN

. . Then after Show'rs, 'tis easy to descry
Returning Suns, and a serener Sky:
The Stars shine smarter, and the Moon adorns,
As with unborrow'd Beams, her sharpen'd Horns. . . .
Their Litter is not toss'd by Sows unclean,
But a blue droughty Mist descends upon the Plain.
And Owls, that mark the setting Sun, declare
A Star-light Evening, and a Morning fair. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700), *after Virgil.*

136. THE HYMN OF THE THREE EASTERN MAGI, ADORING OUR SAVIOUR AT HIS NATIVITY

FROM those blessed regions where the sun displays
His blooming light, and spreads his earliest rays;
Where fragrant groves for sacred incense spring,
To thee, great Son of God, our zealous vows we bring.
Hail, mighty infant, offspring of the skies!
Celestial glory lightens in thy eyes;
Thy smiles presage immeasurable grace,
And scenes of paradise are open'd in thy face.
More than the race of man surprizing fair!
More lovely than thy own propitious star!
When first its chearful lustre blest our sight,
Grac'd with superior beams, and well distinguish'd light.
The sun its conquering glories met by day,
And lac'd his rival with a fainter ray;
In golden robes, amidst the shades it blaz'd,
While night, with all her eyes, on the fair stranger gaz'd

To rich Judea still it led the way,
And hovering where the immortal infant lay:
With darting beams it gilds the blest abode,
And to our longing eyes reveal'd th' unquestion'd God.
Whom thus with pure devotion we adore,
And freely offer all our costly store;
Gold as a tribute to the new-born king,
And incense to the God, with humble zeal we bring.
The spacious East shall soon converted be,
And all her splendid monarchs kneel to thee.
The sun no more in folding clouds array'd,
Shall mourn the impious honours to his lustre paid.
Apis shall cease to bellow thro' the crowd,
With gilded horns, and flow'ry garlands proud:
Panthea's costly gums shall smoke no more
To gods of monstrous shape, on Nile's polluted shore.
But thou shalt rise in fame, illustrious child,
Of all mankind the Great Redeemer styl'd:
A God in ev'ry language known and blest,
By ev'ry bending knee ador'd, and ev'ry tongue confess'd.
Temples to thee with gilded spires shall rise,
And clouds of fragrant incense shade the skies:
In lofty hymns, and consecrated verse,
Succeeding times shall speak thy praise, and thy great name rehearse.

And thee, unblemish'd maid, divinely fair,
Whose tender arms th'eternal monarch bear:
Thrice happy thee posterity shall call,
Pride of thy lovely sex, and grac'd above them all.

Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737).

137. FLAMING TORCHES

. . All hands at work, my Boys and Maids
With busy haste the Feast prepare,
My Torches raise their trembling Heads,
And roll dark Volumes through the Air. . .

Thomas Creech (1659-1700), *after Horace.*

138. THE SERAPHS IN HEAVEN

. . To those blest shades, and amarantine bow'rs,
When dazzled with th'unsufferable beams
That issue from the open face of God,
For umbrage many a seraphim resorts:
Nor longer here o'er their bright faces clasp
Their gorgeous wings, which, open wide, display
More radiance than adorns the chearful sun,
When first he from the rosy east looks out:
Gentle as love, their looks as light,
Blooming and gay as everlasting springs. . .

Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737).

139. HYMN

I

THE glorious armies of the sky
To thee, O mighty King!
Triumphant anthems consecrate,
And hallelujahs sing.

II

But still their most exalted flights
Fall vastly short of thee:
How distant then must human praise
From thy perfections be!

III

Yet how, my God, shall I refrain,
When to my ravish'd sense
Each creature in its various ways
Displays thy excellence?

IV

The active lights that shine above,
In their eternal dance,
Reveal their skilful Maker's praise,
With silent elegance.

V

The blushes of the morn confess
That thou art much more fair:
When in the east its beams revive
To gild the fields of air.

VI

The fragrant, the refreshing breath
Of ev'ry flow'ry bloom,
In balmy whispers owns from thee
Its pleasing odours come.

VII

The singing birds, the warbling winds,
And waters murm'ring fall,
To praise the first almighty cause
With diff'rent voices call.

VIII

Thy num'rous works exalt thee thus,
And shall I silent be?
No, rather let me cease to breathe,
Than cease from praising thee.

Elizabeth Rowe (1674-1737).

140. THE OAK OF STATE

. . Weak Princes flatter when they want the power
To curb their People: tender Plants must bend:
But when a Government is grown to strength,
Like some old Oak, rough with its armed Bark,
It yields not to the tug, but only nods,
And turns to sullen State. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

141. CITY MAGISTRATE

. . This from the fluxing *Bagnio* just dismist,
Rides out to make himself the City Jest;
From some *lascivious Dish Clout* to the Chair,
To punish Leudness and Disorders there:
The Brute he rides on wou'd his Crimes detest,
For that's the Animal, and this the Beast:
And yet some Reformation he began,
For Magistrates ne'er bear the Sword in vain.
Expensive Sinning always he declin'd;
To *frugal whoring* totally resign'd:
His Avarice his Appetite opprest,
Base like the Man, and brutish like the Lust:
Concise in Sinning, Nature's Call supplied,
And in one Act two Vices gratified. . .

Daniel Defoe (1661?-1731).

142. THE EXECUTION CHAPLAIN, MR. SAM SMITH ORDINARY OF NEWGATE

Tyburn, lament, in pensive *Sable* mourn,
For from the World thy ancient Priest is torn,
Death, cruel Death, thy learn'd Divine has ended
And by a Quinsey from his Place suspended.
Thus he expir'd in his old Occupation,
And as he liv'd, he dy'd by Suffocation.
Thou Rev'rend Pillar of the Triple-Tree,
I would say Post, for it was prop'd by thee;
Thou Penny-Chronicler of Hasty Fate,
Death's Annalist, Reformer of the State;
Cut-throat of Texts, and Chaplain of the Halter,
In whose sage Presence, Vice itself did faulter,
How many Criminals, by thee assisted,
Old *Smith*, have been most orthodoxly twisted?
And when they labour'd with a dying Qualm,
Were decently suspended to a Psalm?

How oft hast thou set harden'd Rogues a Squeaking,
By urging the great Sin of Sabbath-breaking;
And sav'd Delinquents from Old *Nick's* Embraces,
By flashing Fire and Brimstone in their Faces?
Thou wast a Gospel-Smith, and after Sentence,
Brought'st Sinners to the Anvil of Repentance;
And tho' they proved obdurate at the Sessions,
Could'st hammer out of them most strange Confessions,
When Plate was stray'd, and Silver Spoons were missing,
And Chamber-maid betray'd by *Judas* Kissing.
Thy Christian Bowels chearfully extended
Towards such, as by their Mammon were befriended.
Tho' *Culprit* in enormous Acts were taken,
Thou would'st devise a Way to save his Bacon,
And if his Purse could bleed a halfe Pistole,
Legit, my Lord, He reads, upon my Soul.
Spite of thy Charity to dying Wretches,
Some Fools would live to bilk thy Gallows Speeches.
But who'd refuse, that has a Taste for Writing,
To hang, for one learn'd Speech of thy inditing.
Thou always had'st a conscientious Itching,
To rescue Penitents from *Pluto's* Kitchen. . . .
And Shoals of Robbers, purg'd of sinful Leaven,
By thee were set in the High Road to Heaven.
With sev'ral Mayors hast thou eat Beef and Mustard,
And frail Mince-pyes, and transitory Custard.
But now that learned Head in Dust is laid,
Which has so sweetly sung, and sweetly pray'd. . .

Tom Brown (1663-1704).

143. THE ANIMAL CRITICS

. . What northern hive pour'd out these foes to wit?
Whence came these Goths to overrun the pit?
How would you blush the shameful birth to hear
Of those you so ignobly stoop to fear;
For, ill to them, long have I travell'd since
Round all the circles of impertinence,

Search'd in the nest where every worm did lie
Before it grew a city butterfly;
I'm sure I found them other kind of things
Than those with backs of silk and golden wings;
A search, no doubt, as curious and as wise
As virtuosoes' in dissecting flies;
For, could you think? the fiercest foes you dread,
And court in prologues, all are country-bred;
Bred in my scene, and for the poet's sins
Adjourn'd from tops and grammar to the inns;
Those beds of dung, where schoolboys sprout up beaus
Far sooner than the nobler mushroom grows:
These are the lords of the poetic schools,
Who preach the saucy pedantry of rules;
Those pow'rs the criticks, who may boast the odds
O'er Nile, with all its wilderness of gods;
Nor could the nations kneel to viler shapes,
Which worship'd cats, and sacrific'd to apes;
And can you think the wise forbear to laugh
At the warm zeal that breeds this golden calf? . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

144. FOOLS IN ENGLAND

. . Fools change in *England*, and new Fools arise;
For, tho' th'Immortal Species never dies,
Yet ev'ry Year new Maggots make new Flies. . .

John Dryden (1631-1700).

145. PLEASED WITH AN EMPTY SWELLING

. . And some, to be large cyphers in a state,
Pleas'd with an empty swelling to be counted great;
Make their minds travel o'er infinity of space,
Rapp'd through the wide expanse of thought,
And oft in contradiction's vortex caught,
To keep that worthless clod, the body, in one place:

Errors like this did old Astronomers misguide,
Led blindly on by gross philosophy and pride,
Who, like hard masters, taught the Sun
Thro' many a needless sphere to run,
Many an eccentric and unthrifty motion make,
And thousand incoherent journies take,
Whilst all th' advantage by it got,
Was but to light Earth's inconsiderable spot.
The herd beneath, who see the weathercock of state
Hung loosely on the Church's pinnacle,
Believe it firm, because perhaps the day is mild and still;
But when they find it turn with the first blast of fate,
By gazing upwards giddy grow,
And think the Church itself does so;
Thus fools, for being strong and num'rous known,
Suppose the truth, like all the world, their own. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

146. *From* THE TRUE-BORN ENGLISHMAN

. . Where-ever God erects a House of Prayer,
The Devil always builds a Chapel there:
And 'twill be found upon Examination,
The latter has the largest Congregation:
For ever since he first debauch'd the Mind,
He made a perfect Conquest of Mankind.
With Uniformity of Service, he
Reigns with a general Aristocracy.
No Nonconforming Sects disturb his Reign,
For of his Yoak there's very few Complain.
He knows the Genius and the Inclination,
And matches proper Sins for ev'ry Nation.
He needs no Standing Army Government;
He always Rules us by our own Consent:
His Laws are easie, and his gentle Sway
Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
The Lift of his Vice-gerents and Commanders,
Out-does your *Caesars*, or your *Alexanders*.

They never fail of his infernal Aid,
And he's as certain ne'er to be betray'd.
Thro' all the World they spread his vast Command,
And death's Eternal Empire is maintain'd.
They rule so politickly and so well,
As if they were Lords Justices of Hell.
Duly divided to debauch Mankind,
And plant Infernal Dictates in his Mind.
Pride, the first Peer, and President of Hell,
To his share *Spain*, the largest Province, fell.
The subtile Prince thought fittest to bestow
On these the Golden Mines of *Mexico*;
With all the Silver Mountains of *Peru*;
Wealth which would in wise hands the World undo:
Because he knew their Genius to be such;
Too Lazy and too Haughty to be Rich.
So proud a People, so above their Fate,
That if reduc'd to beg, they'll beg in State.
Lavish of Money, to be counted Brave,
And proudly starve, because they scorn to save.
Never was Nation in the World before,
So very Rich, and yet so very Poor.

Lust chose the Torrid Zone of *Italy*,
Where Blood ferments in Rapes and Sodomy:
Where swelling Veins o'erflow with livid Streams,
With Heat impregnate from *Vesuvian* Flames:
Whose flowing Sulphur forms Infernal Lakes,
And humane Body of the Soil partakes.
There Nature ever burns with hot Desires,
Fann'd with Luxuriant Air from Subterranean Fires:
Here undisturb'd in Floods of scalding Lust,
Th'Infernal King reigns with Infernal Gust.

Drunk'nness, the Darling Favourite of Hell,
Chose *Germany* to Rule; and Rules so well,
No Subjects more obsequiously obey,
None please so well, or are so pleas'd as they.

The cunning Artist manages so well,
He lets them Bow to Heav'n, and Drink to Hell.
If but to Wine and him they Homage pay,
He cares not to what Deity they Pray,
What God they worship most, or in what way.
Whether by *Luther*, *Calvin*, or by *Rome*,
They sail for Heav'n, by Wine he steers them home.

Ungovern'd Passion settled first in *France*,
Where Mankind Lives in Haste, and Thrives by Chance,
A *Dancing Nation*, Fickle and Untrue:
Have oft undone themselves, and others too:
Prompt the Infernal Dictates to Obey,
And in Hell's Favour none more great than they.

The *Pagan* World he blindly leads away,
And Personally Rules with Arbitrary Sway:
The Mask thrown off, *Plain Devil* his Title Stands;
And what elsewhere he Tempts, he there Commands.
There with full Gust th'Ambition of his Mind
Governs, as he of old in Heav'n design'd.
Worship'd as God, his *Painim Altars* smoke,
Embru'd with Blood of those that him Invoke.

The rest by Deputies he Rules as well,
And plants the distant Colonies of Hell.
By them his Secret Power he well maintains,
And binds the World in his Infernal Chains.

By Zeal the *Irish*; and the *Rush* by Folly:
Fury the *Dane*: The *Swede* by Melancholy:
By stupid Ignorance the *Muscovite*:
The *Chinese* by a *Child of Hell*, call'd Wit;
Wealth makes the *Persian* too Effeminate:
And Poverty the *Tartars* Desperate.
The *Turks* and *Moors* by *Mah'met* he subdues:
And God has given him leave to rule the Jews:
Rage rules the *Portuguese*, and Fraud the *Scotch*:
Revenge the *Pole*; and Avarice the *Dutch*.

Satyr be kind, and draw a silent Veil,
Thy *Native England's* Vices to conceal:
Or if that Task's impossible to do,
At least be just, and show her Vertues too;
Too Great the first, Alas! the last too Few.
England unknown as yet, unpeopled lay;
Happy, had she remain'd so to this Day,
And not to ev'ry Nation been a Prey.
Her open Harbours, and her Fertile Plains,
The Merchants Glory these, and those the Swains,
To ev'ry Barbarous Nation have betray'd her,
Who Conquer her as oft as they Invade her.
So Beauty Guarded but by Innocence,
That Ruins her which should be her Defence.

Ingratitude, a Devil of *Black Renown*,
Possess'd her very early for his own.
An Ugly, Surly, Sullen, Selfish Spirit,
Who Satan's *worst Perfections does Inherit*:
Second to him in Malice and in Force,
All *Devil without*, and all *within* him *Worse*.

He made her First-born Race to be so rude,
And suffer'd her to be so oft subdu'd:
By sev'ral Crowds of wand'ring Thieves o'er-run,
Often unpeopl'd, and as oft undone.
While ev'ry Nation that her Powers reduc'd,
Their Languages and Manners introduc'd.
From whose mix'd Relicks our Compounded Breed,
By Spurious Generation does succeed;
Making a Race uncertain and unev'n,
Deriv'd from all the Nations under Heav'n.
The *Romans* first with *Julius Caesar* came,
Including all the Nations of that Name,
Gauls, *Greeks*, and *Lombards*; and by Computation,
Auxiliaries, or Slaves of ev'ry Nation.
With *Hengist*, *Saxons*; *Danes* with *Sueno* came,
In search of Plunder, not in search of Fame.
Scots, *Picts*, and *Irish* from th'*Hibernian* Shore;
And Conqu'ring *William* brought the *Normans* o'er.

All these their Bar'rous Off-spring left behind,
The Dregs of Armies, they of all Mankind;
Blended with *Britains* who before were here,
Of whom the Welsh ha'blest the Character.

From this Amphibious Ill-born Mob began
That vain ill-natur'd thing, an English-man.
The Customs, Sir-names, Languages, and Manners,
Of all these Nations are their own Explainers:
Whose Relicks are so lasting and so strong,
They ha'left a *Shiboleth* upon our Tongue;
By which with easie search you may distinguish
Your *Roman-Saxon-Danish-Norman* English.

The great Invading *Norman* let us know
What Conquerors in After-Times might do:
To every *Musqueteer* he brought to *Town*,
He gave the Lands which never were his own.
When first the *English* Crown he did obtain,
He did not send his *Dutchmen* home again.
No Re-assumptions in his Reign were known,
Davenant might there ha'let his Book alone.
No Parliament his Army cou'd disband;
He rais'd no Money, for he paid in Land.
He gave his Legions their Eternal Station,
And made them all *Free-holders* of the Nation.
He Canton'd out the Country to his Men,
And ev'ry Soldier was a Denizen.
The Rascals thus Enrich'd, he call'd them Lords,
To please their Upstart Pride with new made Words;
And *Doomsday-Book* his Tyranny Records.

And here begins our Ancient Pedigree
That so exalts our poor Nobility:
'Tis that from some *French* Trooper they derive,
Who with the *Norman* Bastard did arrive:
The Trophies of the Families appear;
Some show the Sword, the Bow, and some the Spear,
Which their Great Ancestor, *forsooth*, did wear.

These in the Herald's Register remain,
Their Noble mean Extraction to explain.
Yet who the Heroe was, no Man can tell,
Whether a Drummer or a Colonel:
The silent Record Blushes to reveal
Their Undescended Dark Original.

But grant the best, How came the Change to pass;
A *True-Born Englishman* of *Norman* Race?
A *Turkish* Horse can show more History,
To prove his Well-descended Family.
Conquest, as by the Moderns 'tis exprest,
May give a Title to the Lands possest:
But that the Longest Sword should be so Civil,
To make a *Frenchman English*, that's the Devil.

These are the Heroes who despise the *Dutch*,
And rail at new come Foreigners so much;
Forgetting that themselves are all deriv'd
From the most Scoundrel Race that ever liv'd,
A horrid Crowd of Rambling Thieves and Drones,
Who ransack'd Kingdoms, and dispeopled Towns.
The *Pict* and Painted *Britain*, Treach'rous *Scot*,
By Hunger, Theft, and Rapine, hither brought.
Norwegian Pirates, Buccaneering *Danes*,
Whose Red-hair'd Off-spring ev'ry where remains.
Who join'd with *Norman-French* compound the Breed
From whence your *True-Born Englishmen* proceed.
And lest by Length of Time it be pretended,
The Climate may this Modern Breed ha' mended;
Wise Providence to keep us where we are,
Mixes us daily with exceeding Care:
We have been *Europe's* Sink, *the Jakes* where she
Voids all her Offal Out-cast Progeny.
From our Fifth *Henry's* time, the Strolling Bands
Of vanish'd Fugitives from Neighb'ring Lands,
Have here a certain Sanctuary found:
Th' Eternal Refuge of the Vagabond.

Where in but half a common Age of Time,
Borr'wing new Blood and Manners from the Clime,
Proudly they learn all Mankind to contemn,
And all their Race are *True-Born Englishmen.*

Dutch, *Walloons*, *Flemmings*, *Irishmen*, and *Scots*,
Vaudois and *Valtolins*, and *Hugonots*,
In good Queen Bess's Charitable Reign,
Supply'd us with three hundred thousand Men.
Religion, God we thank thee, sent them hither,
Priests, Protestants, the Devil and all together:
Of all Professions, and of ev'ry Trade,
All that were persecuted or afraid;
Whether for Debt, or other Crimes they fled,
David at *Hackelah* was still their head.
The Off-spring of this Miscellaneous Crowd,
Had not their new Plantations long enjoy'd,
But they grew *Englishmen*, and rais'd their Votes
At Foreign Shoals of *Interloping Scots.*
The Royal Branch from *Pict-land* did succeed,
With Troops of *Scots*, and Scabs from *North-by-Tweed.*
The Seven first Years of his Pacifick Reign
Made him and half his Nation *Englishmen.*
Scots from the *Northern* Frozen Banks of *Tay*,
With Packs and Plods came *Whigging* all away:
Thick as the Locusts which in *Egypt* swarm'd,
With Pride and hungry Hopes compleatly arm'd:
With Native *Truth*, *Diseases*, and no *Money*,
Plunder'd our *Canaan* of the Milk and Honey.
Here they grew quickly Lords and Gentlemen,
And all their Race are *True-Born*-Englishmen.

The Civil Wars, the common Purgative,
Which always use to make the Nation thrive,
Made way for all that strolling Congregation,
Which throng'd in Pious *Charles's* Restoration.
The *Royal Refugee* our Breed restores,
With *Foreign Courtiers*, and with *Foreign Whores*:

And carefully repeopled us again,
Throughout his Lazy, Long, Lascivious Reign;
The Labours of *Italian Castlemain*,
French Portsmouth, Taby Scot, and Cambrian.
Besides the Num'rous Bright and Virgin Throng,
Whole Female Glories shade them from my Song.
This Off-spring, if one Age they multiply,
May half the House with *English* Peers supply:
There with true *English* Pride they may contemn
Schomberg and *Portland*, new made Noblemen.

French Cooks, *Scotch* Pedlars, and *Italian* Whores,
Were all made Lords, or Lords Progenitors.
Beggars and Bastards by his new Creation,
Much multiply'd the Peerage of the Nation;
Who will be all, e'er one short Age runs o'er,
As True-Born Lords as those we had before—

Then to recruit the Commons he prepares,
And heal the Latent Breaches of the Wars;
The Pious Purpose better to advance,
H'invites the banish'd Protestants of *France*:
Hither for Gods-sake and their own they fled,
Some for Religion came, and some for Bread:
Two hundred Thousand Pair of Wooden Shooes,
Who, God be thank'd had nothing left to lose;
To Heav'n's great Praise did for Religion fly,
To make us starve our Poor in Charity.
In ev'ry Port they plant their fruitful Train,
To get a Race of *True-Born* Englishmen:
Whose Children will, when Riper Years they see,
Be as Ill-natur'd and as Proud as we:
Call themselves *English*, Foreigners despise,
Be Surly like us all, and just as Wise.

Thus from a Mixture of all Kinds began,
That Het'rogeneous *Thing*, an *Englishman*:
In eager Rapes, and furious Lust begot,
Betwixt a Painted *Britain* and a *Scot*. . .

Daniel Defoe (1661?-1731).

147. CLOE

BRIGHT as the Day, and like the Morning fair,
Such Cloe is, and common as the Air.

George Granville, Lord Lansdowne
(1667-1735).

148. REGENERATE LONDON

YET *Ostia* boasts of her Regeneration,
And tells us wondrous Tales of Reformation;
How against Vice she has been so severe,
That none *but Men of Quality* may Swear:
How Publick Lewdness is expell'd the Nation,
That *Private Whoring* may be more in Fashion.
How Parish Magistrates, like Pious Elves,
Let none be Drunk a *Sundays but themselves.*
And Hackney-Coach-men durst not Ply the Street
In Sermon-time, *till they had paid the State.*

These, *Ostia*, are the Shams of Reformation,
With which thou mock'st thy Maker, and the Nation;
While in thy Streets unpunish'd there remain
Crimes which have yet insulted Heaven in vain;
Crimes which our Satyr blushes to review,
And Sins thy sister *Sodom* never knew:
Superior Lewdness Crowns thy Magistrates,
And Vice grown grey, usurps the Reverend Seats;
Eternal Blasphemies and Oaths abound,
And Bribes among the Senators are found.
Old Venerable *Jeph*, with trembling Air,
Ancient in Sin, and Father of the Chair,
Forsook by Vices he had lov'd so long,
Can now be vicious only with his Tongue;
Yet talks of ancient Lewdness with delight,
And loves to be the Justice of the Night:
On Baudy Tales with pleasure he reflects,
And lewdly smiles at Vices he corrects.

The feeble tottering Magistrate appears,
Willing to Wickedness in spite of Years;
Struggles his Age and Weakness to resist,
And fain would sin, but Nature won't assist. . .

Daniel Defoe (1661?-1731).

149. ARCTIC GLITTER

i. SPITZBERGEN MACKEREL

THEY have a great variety of colours, that look more glorious when they are alive than when they are dead, for when they are a dying the colours fade and grow pale. From his Back towards the Side he hath black Stroaks. The uppermost part of his Back is blue to the middle, and the other half underneath it is green, and as if some blue did shine through it. Underneath his Belly he is as white as Silver, and his Finns are white every where. All the colours of this Fish shine like to a Silver or Golden Ground, done over with thin, transparent or illuminating colours. Their Eyes are black. It is the beautifullest Fish of all that I ever saw.

ii. THE WHALE

His Belly and Back are quite red, and underneath the Belly they are commonly white, yet some of them are Coal black; most of them that I saw were white. They look very beautiful when the Sun shines upon them, the small clear Waves of the Sea that are over him glisten like Silver. Some of them are marbled on their Back and Tail. Where he hath been wounded there remaineth always a White Scar. I understood of one of our Harpooniers that he once caught a *Whale* at *Spitzbergen* that was white all over. Half white I have seen, but one above the rest, which was a Female, was a beautiful one; she was all over marbled black and yellow: Those that are black are not all of the same colour, for some of them are black as Velvet, others of a Coal black, others the colour of a *Tench*. When they are well they are as slippery as an Eel, but one may stand upon them, because they are so soft, that the Flesh thereof giveth way to our weight.

iii. Sea Colours

According to the colour of the Skies, the colour of the Sea is changed. If the Skies be clear, the Sea looks blew as a Saphir; if it is covered somewhat with Clouds, the Sea is as green as an Emerald; if there be a soggy Sunshine, it looketh yellow; if it be quite dark, like unto the colour of Indico; or in stormy and cloudy weather, like black Sope, or exactly like unto the colour of black Lead.

iv. Ice Colours

When the Ice is fixed upon the Sea, you see a snow-white brightness in the Skies, as if the Sun shined, for the Snow is reflected by the Air, just as a Fire by Night is; but at a distance you see the Air blew or blackish: Where there is many small Ice-fields, that are as the Meadows for the *Seales*, you see no lustre or brightness of the Skies. The Sea dasheth against these Ice-fields, which occasioneth several fine Figures; not that they are naturally framed so, but just as Ice flowers on our Glas-windows, yet all sorts of figures; for these are framed by the dashing of the Sea like unto Mountains, Steeples, Tables, Chappels, and all sorts of Beasts. . . . The highest colour is delicate Blew, of the same colour with the Blewest Vitriol. *Friedrich Martens* (*published* 1694).

150. NATURE AND THE POET

. . Some she binds 'Prentice to the Spade,
Some to the Drudgery of a Trade,
Some she does to *Egyptian* Bondage draw,
Bids us make Bricks yet sends us to look out for Straw;
Some she condemns for Life to try
To dig the leaden Mines of deep Philosophy:
Me she has to the Muse's Gallies ty'd,
In vain I strive to cross this spacious Main,
In vain I tug and pull the Oar,
And when I almost reach the Shore

Strait the Muse turns the Helm, and I launch out again;
And yet to feed my Pride,
Whene'er I mourn, stops my complaining Breath,
With promise of a mad Reversion after Death. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

151. NATURE: RULE, ORDER, HARMONY

THERE is nothing in Nature that is great and beautiful, without Rule and Order; and the more Rule and Order, and Harmony, we find in the Objects that strike our Senses, the more Worthy and Noble we esteem them. I humbly conceive that it is the same in Art, and particularly in Poetry, which ought to be an exact Imitation of Nature. Now Nature, taken in a stricter Sense, is nothing but that Rule and Order, and Harmony, which we find in the visible Creation. The Universe owes its admirable Beauty, to the Proportion, Situation, and Dependance of its Parts. And the little World, which we call Man, owes not only its Health and Ease, and Pleasure, nay, the Continuance of its very Being, to the Regularity of the Mechanical Motion, but even the Strength too of its boasted Reason, and the piercing Force of those aspiring Thoughts, which are able to pass the Bounds that circumscribe the Universe. As Nature is Order and Rule, and Harmony in the visible World, so Reason is the very same throughout the invisible Creation. For Reason is Order, and the Result of Order. And nothing that is Irregular, as far as it is Irregular, ever was, or ever can be either Natural or Reasonable. Whatever God created, he designed it Regular, and as the rest of the Creatures cannot swerve in the least from the Eternal Laws preordain'd for them, without becoming fearful or odious to us; so Man, whose Mind is a Law to itself, can never in the least transgress that Law, without lessening his Reason, and debasing his Nature. In fine, whatever is Irregular, either in the Visible or Invisible World, is, to the Person who thinks right, except in some very extraordinary Cases, either Hateful or Contemptible.

But, as both Nature and Reason, which Two, in a larger

Acceptation, is Nature, owe their Greatness, their Beauty, their Majesty, to their perpetual Order; for Order at first made the Face of Things so beautiful, and the Cessation of that Order would once more bring in Chaos; so Poetry, which is an Imitation of Nature, must do the same Thing. It can neither have Greatness or Real Beauty, if it swerves from the Laws which Reason severely prescribes it, and the more Irregular any Poetical Composition is, the nearer it comes to Extravagance and Confusion, and to Nonsense, which is nothing. *John Dennis* (1657-1734).

152. OUR KNOWLEDGE

. . But what does our proud Ign'rance Learning call,
We odly *Plato's* Paradox make good,
Our Knowledge is but mere Remembrance all,
Remembrance is our Treasure and our Food;
Nature's fair Table-book our tender Souls
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty Rules,
Stale Memorandums of the Schools;
For Learning's mighty Treasures look
In that deep Grave a Book,
Think she there does all her Treasures hide,
And that her troubled Ghost still haunts there since she dy'd. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

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PART TWO: NATURE MORE NATURAL

. . *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. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744),
Essay on Man, Epistle III.

Let every one here consider, how different we must suppose the Perception *to be, with which a Poet is transported upon the Prospect of any of those Objects of* natural Beauty, *which ravish us even in his Description; from that cold lifeless* Conception *which we imagine in a* dull Critick, *or one of the* Virtuosi, *without what we call a* fine Taste. *This latter Class of Men may have greater Perfection in that Knowledge, which is deriv'd from external Sensation; they can tell all the* specifick Differences *of Trees, Herbs, Minerals, Metals; they know the* Form *of every Leaf, Stalk, Root, Flower, and Seed of all the Species, about which the Poet is often very ignorant: And yet the Poet shall have a vastly more delightful Perception of the Whole; and not only the Poet but any man of a fine Taste.*

Francis Hutcheson (1694-1746),
An Inquiry concerning Beauty, Order, Etc.

153. PLUMS IN AUTUMN

. . The azure Dye, which Plums in Autumn boast,
That handled fades, and at a Touch is lost. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

154. POPE ON DRYDEN

. . We conquer'd France, but felt our captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms:
Britain to soft refinements less a foe,
Wit grew polite, and Numbers learn'd to flow.
Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
The varying verse, the full resounding line,
The long majestic march, and energy divine.
Tho' still some traces of our rustic vein
And splay-foot verse, remain'd, and will remain.
Late, very late, correctness grew our care,
When the tir'd nation breath'd from civil war.
Exact Racine, and Corneille's noble fire
Show'd us that France had something to admire.
Not but the Tragic spirit was our own,
And full in Shakespear, fair in Otway shone:
But Otway fail'd to polish or refine,
And fluent Shakespear scarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden, wanted, or forgot,
The last and greatest Art, the Art to blot. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

155. TO THEIR EXCELLENCIES

THE

Lords Justices of IRELAND

the Humble Petition of Frances Harris,
Who must Starve and Die a Maid if it miscarries.
Anno 1700

Humbly Sheweth.

That I went to warm my self in Lady *Betty's* Chamber, because I was cold,
And I had in a Purse, seven Pound, four Shillings and six Pence, besides Farthings, in Money, and Gold;
So because I had been buying things for my Lady last Night,
I was resolved to tell my Money, to see if it was right:
Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very bad Lock,
Therefore all the Money, I have, which, *God* knows, is a very small Stock,
I keep in a Pocket ty'd about my Middle, next my Smock.
So when I went to put up my Purse, as *God* would have it, my Smock was unript,
And, instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slipt:
Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my *Lady* to Bed,
And, *God* knows, I thought my Money was as safe as my Maidenhead.
So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel very light,
But when I search'd, and miss'd my Purse, *Lord!* I thought I should have sunk outright:
Lord! Madam, says *Mary*, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I, never worse;
But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with my Purse!
Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this Place!
Nay, said I, I had it in Lady *Betty's* Chamber, that's a plain Case.

So *Mary* got me to Bed, and cover'd me up warm,
However, she stole away my Garters, that I might do my self no Harm:
So I tumbl'd and toss'd all Night, as you may very well think,
But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a Wink.
So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and search'd the Folks round,
And in a Corner of Mrs. *Duke's* Box, ty'd in a Rag, the Money was found.
So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swearing;
Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and she, you know, is thick of Hearing;
Dame, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know what a Loss I have had?
Nay, said she, my Lord *Collway's* Folks are all very sad,
For my Lord *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without fail;
Pugh! said I, but that's not the Business that I ail.
Says *Cary*, says he, I have been a Servant this Five and Twenty Years, come Spring,
And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a Thing.
Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at my Lady *Shrewsbury's*,
Such a thing as this happen'd, just about the time of *Goosberries*.
So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full of Grief;
(Now you must know, of all Things in the World, I hate a Thief.)
However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slily about,
Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here's an ugly Accident has happen'd out;
'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a Louse;
But the Thing I stand upon, is the Credit of the House;
'Tis true, seven Pound, four Shillings, and six Pence, makes a great Hole in my Wages,
Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these Ages.
Now, Mrs. *Dukes*, you know, and every Body understands,
That tho' 'tis hard to Judge, yet Money can't go without Hands.

The *Devil* take me, said she, (blessing her self,) if I ever saw't!
So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all to naught;
So you know, what could I say to her any more,
I e'en left her, and came away as wise as I was before.
Well: But then they would have had me gone to the Cunning Man:
No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be here anon.
So the *Chaplain* came in; now the *Servants* say, he is my Sweet-heart,
Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take his part;
So, as the *Devil* would have it, before I was aware, out I blunder'd,
Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body's plunder'd?
(Now you must know, he hates to be call'd *Parson*, like the *Devil*.)
Truly, says he, Mrs. *Nab*, it might become you to be more civil:
If your Money be gone, as a Learned *Divine* says, d'ye see,
You are no *Text* for my Handling, so take that from me:
I was never taken for a *Conjurer* before, I'd have you to know.
Lord, said I, don't be angry, I'm sure I never thought you so;
You know, I honour the Cloth, I design to be a *Parson's* Wife,
I never took one in *Your Coat* for a *Conjurer* in all my Life.
With that, he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope, as who should say,
Now you may go hang your self for me, and so went away.
Well; I thought I should have swoon'd; *Lord*, said I, what shall I do?
I have lost my *Money*, and shall lose my *True-Love* too.
Then my *Lord* call'd me; *Harry*, said my *Lord*, don't cry,
I'll give something towards thy Loss; and says my *Lady* so will I.

Oh but, said I, what if after all my Chaplain won't *come to*?
For that, he said, (an't please your *Excellencies*) I must Petition You.

The Premises tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Excellencies* Protection,
And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collection:
And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,
With an Order for the *Chaplain* aforesaid; or instead of Him, a Better:
And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,
Or the *Chaplain*, (for 'tis his *Trade*) as in Duty bound, shall ever *Pray*.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

156. REASON AGAIN

GOD hath given the bulk of mankind a capacity to understand reason when it is fairly offered: and by reason they would easily be governed, if it were left to their choice.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

157. PHILOSOPHIZING

To *philosophize*, in a just signification, is but to carry *good-breeding* a step higher. For the accomplishment of breeding is, to learn whatever is *decent* in company, or *beautiful* in arts; and the sum of philosophy is, to learn what is *just* in society, and *beautiful* in nature, and the order of the world.

Anthony Ashley Cooper,
Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713).

158. MUSIC AND REASON

IT strangely awakens the Mind. It infuses an unexpected Vigour. It makes the Impression agreeable and sprightly, and

seems to furnish a new Capacity, as well as a new Opportunity of Satisfaction. It raises and falls and counter-changes the Passions at an unaccountable Rate. It changes and transports, ruffles and becalms, and almost governs with an Arbitrary Authority, and there is hardly any Constitution so heavy, or any Reason so well fortified as to be absolute Proof against it.

Arthur Bedford (1668-1745).

159. MUSIC, ARCHITECTURE, PAINTING

I SHALL add no more to what I have here offered, than that Musick, Architecture, and Painting, as well as Poetry, and Oratory, are to deduce their Laws and Rules from the general Sense and Taste of Mankind, and not from the Principles of those Arts themselves; or in other Words, the Taste is not to conform to the Art, but the Art to the Taste. Musick is not designed to please only Chromatic Ears, but all that are capable of distinguishing harsh from disagreeable Notes. A Man of an ordinary Ear is a Judge whether a Passion is expressed in proper Sounds, and whether the Melody of those Sounds be more or less pleasing. *Joseph Addison* (1672-1719).

160. RULES FOR THE PAINTER

IN order therefore to succeed rightly in the formation of anything truly beautiful in this higher order of design; 'twere to be wish'd that the artist, who had understanding enough to comprehend what a *real piece* or *tablature* imported, and who, in order to this, had acquir'd the knowledg of a *whole* and *parts*, wou'd afterwards apply himself to the study of *moral* and *poetick truth*; that by this means the thoughts, sentiments, or *manners*, which hold the first rank in his historical work, might appear sutable to the higher and nobler species of humanity in which he practis'd, to the genius of the age which he describ'd, and to the principal or main action which he chose to represent. He wou'd then naturally learn to reject those false ornaments of *affected graces*, *exaggerated*

passions, *hyperbolical* and *prodigious forms*; which equally with the mere *capricious* and *grotesque*, destroy the just *simplicity*, and *unity*, essential in a piece. And for his *colouring*; he wou'd then soon find how much it became him to be reserv'd, severe, and chaste, in this particular of his art; where luxury and libertinism are, by the power of fashion and modern taste, become so universally established. 'Tis evident however from reason it-self, as well as from history and experience, that nothing is more fatal, either to painting, architecture, or the other arts, than this *false relish*, which is govern'd rather by what immediately strikes the sense, than by what consequentially and by reflection pleases the mind, and satisfies the thought and reason. So that whilst we look on *painting* with the same eye, as we view commonly the rich stuffs, and colour'd silks worn by our ladys, and admir'd in dress, equipage, or furniture, we must of necessity be effeminate in our taste, and utterly set wrong as to all judgement and knowledge in the kind. For of this *imitative art* we may justly say:

"That tho it borrows help indeed from colours, and uses them, as means to execute its designs; It has nothing, however, more wide of its real aim, or more remote from its intention, than to make a *shew* of colours, or from their mixture, to raise a *separate* and *flattering* pleasure to the SENSE."

Anthony Ashley Cooper,
Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713).

161. THE SCALE OF BEING

. . Far as Creations'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:
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 thro' 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?
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 ally'd;
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?
The pow'rs of all subdu'd by thee alone,
Is not thy Reason all these pow'rs in one? . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

162. KNOWLEDGE: SOLOMON DISCOURSES

. . Arise (I commun'd with my self) arise;
Think, to be Happy; to be Great, be Wise:
Content of Spirit must from Science flow;
For 'tis a Godlike Attribute, to Know.

I said; and sent my Edict thro' the Land:
Around my Throne the Letter'd *Rabbins* stand,
Historic Leaves revolve, long Volumes spread,
The Old discoursing, as the Younger read:
Attent I heard, propos'd my Doubts, and said;

The *Vegetable* World, each Plant, and Tree,
It's Seed, it's Name, it's Nature, it's Degree
I am allow'd, as FAME reports, to know,
From the fair *Cedar*, on the craggy Brow
Of LEBANON nodding supremely tall,
To creeping *Moss*, and *Hyssop* on the Wall:
Yet just and conscious to my self, I find
A thousand Doubts oppose the searching Mind.

I know not why the *Beach* delights the Glade
With Boughs extended, and a rounder Shade;
Whilst tow'ring *Firrs* in *Conic* forms arise,
And with a pointed Spear divide the Skies:
Nor why again the changing *Oak* should shed
The Yearly Honour of his stately Head;
Whilst the distinguish'd *Yew* is ever seen,
Unchang'd his Branch, and permanent his Green.
Wanting the Sun why does the *Caltha* fade?
Why does the *Cypress* flourish in the Shade?
The *Fig* and *Date* why love they to remain
In middle Station, and an even Plain;
While in the lower Marsh the *Gourd* is found;
And while the Hill with *Olive*-shade is crown'd?
Why does one Climate, and one Soil endue
The blushing *Poppy* with a crimson Hue;
Yet leave the *Lilly* pale, and tinge the *Violet* blue?
Why does the fond *Carnation* love to shoot
A various Colour from one Parent Root;
While the fantastic *Tulip* strives to break
In two-fold Beauty, and a parted Streak?
The twining *Jasmine*, and the blushing *Rose*,
With lavish Grace their Morning Scents disclose:
The smelling *Tub'rose* and *Junquele* declare,
The stronger Impulse of an Evening Air.
Whence has the Tree (resolve me) or the Flow'r
A various Instinct, or a diff'rent Pow'r?
Why should one Earth, one Clime, one Stream, one Breath
Raise This to Strength, and sicken That to Death?

Whence does it happen, that the Plant which well
We name the *Sensitive*, should move and feel?
Whence know her Leaves to answer her Command,
And with quick Horror fly the neighb'ring Hand?

Along the Sunny Bank, or wat'ry Mead,
Ten thousand Stalks their various Blossoms spread:
Peaceful and lowly in their native Soil,
They neither know to spin, nor care to toil;

Yet with confess'd Magnificence deride
Our vile Attire, and Impotence of Pride.
The *Cowslip* smiles, in brighter yellow dress'd,
Than That which veils the nubile Virgin's Breast.
A fairer Red stands blushing in the *Rose*,
Than That which on the Bridegroom's Vestment flows.
Take but the humblest *Lilly* of the Field;
And if our Pride will to our Reason yield,
It must by sure Comparison be shown,
That on the Regal Seat great DAVID'S Son,
Array'd in all his Robes, and Types of Pow'r,
Shines with less Glory, than that simple Flow'r. . .

Matthew Prior (1664-1721).

163. THE DEAD

. . Why should we tremble to convey
Their Bodies to the Tomb?
There the dear Flesh of JESUS lay,
And left a long Perfume. . .

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

164. AMONG THE DEAD

ALMERIA. It was a fancy'd Noise, for all is hush'd.
LEONORA. It bore the Accent of a Human Voice.
ALMERIA. It was thy Fear, or else some transient Wind
Whistling thro' Hollows of this vaulted Isle.
We'll listen—
LEONORA. Hark!
ALMERIA. No, all is hush'd, and still as Death—
'Tis dreadful!
How reverend is the Face of this tall Pile,
Whose ancient Pillars rear their Marble Heads,
To bear aloft its arch'd and pond'rous Roof,
By its own Weight made stedfast and immoveable,
Looking Tranquility. It strikes an Awe

And Terror on my aking Sight; the Tombs
And Monumental Caves of Death look cold,
And shoot a Chilness to my trembling Heart.
Give me thy Hand, and let me hear thy Voice;
Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear.
Thy Voice—my own affrights me with its Echo's.

LEONORA. Let us return; the Horror of this Place
And Silence, will encrease your Melancholy.

ALMERIA. It may my Fears, but cannot add to that.
No, I will on; shew me *Anselmo's* Tomb,
Lead me o'er Bones and Skulls and mould'ring Earth
Of Human Bodies; for I'll mix with them,
Or wind me in the Shroud of some pale Coarse
Yet green in Earth, rather than be the Bride
Of *Garcia's* more detested Bed. . .

William Congreve (1670-1729).

165. THIS SCURVY MORTAL TENEMENT

WHEN a smart fit of sickness tells me this scurvy tenement of my body will fall in a little time, I am e'en as unconcern'd as was that honest Hibernian, who being in bed in the great storm some years ago, and told the house would tumble over his head, made answer, What care I for the house? I am only a lodger. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

166. THE SHORTNESS OF LIFE, AND THE GOODNESS OF GOD

TIME! what an empty Vapour 'tis!
And Days how swift they are!
Swift as an Indian Arrow flies,
Or like a shooting Star.

The present Moments just appear,
Then slide away in haste,
That we can never say, "They're here:"
But only say, "They're past."

Our Life is ever on the Wing,
And Death is ever nigh;
The Moment when our Lives begin,
We all begin to die.

Yet, mighty GOD! our fleeting Days
Thy lasting Favours share,
Yet with the Bounties of thy Grace
Thou loadst the rolling Year.

'Tis sov'reign Mercy finds us Food,
And we are cloth'd with Love:
While Grace stands pointing out the Road,
That leads our Souls above. . .

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

167. ADDISON'S FUNERAL IN THE ABBEY

. . Can I forget the dismal night, that gave
My soul's best part for-ever to the grave!
How silent did his old companions tread,
By mid-night lamps, the mansions of the dead,
Through breathing statues, then unheeded things,
Through rowes of warriors, and through walks of kings!
What awe did the slow solemn knell inspire;
The pealing organ, and the pausing choir;
The duties by lawn-robed prelate pay'd;
And the last words, that dust to dust convey'd! . .

Thomas Tickell (1686-1740).

168. SEEKING THE PASTURES OF CHRIST THE SHEPHERD

THOU whom my Soul admires above
All earthly Joy, and earthly Love,
Tell me, dear Shepherd, let me know,
Where doth thy sweetest Pasture grow?

Where is the Shadow of that Rock,
That from the Sun defends thy Flock?
Fain would I feed among thy Sheep,
Among them rest, among them sleep.

Why should thy Bride appear like one
That turns aside to Paths unknown?
My constant Feet would never rove,
Would never seek another Love.

The Footsteps of thy Flock I see:
Thy sweetest Pastures here they be:
A wond'rous Feast thy Love prepares,
Brought with thy Wounds, and Groans, and Tears.

His dearest Flesh he makes my Food,
And bids me drink his richest Blood:
Here to these Hills my Soul will come,
Till my Beloved lead me Home.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

169. THE SPLEEN

. . O'er me alas! thou dost too much prevail:
I feel thy force while I against thee rail:
I feel my verse decay, and my crampt numbers fail.
Thro' thy black jaundice, I all objects see,
As dark and terrible as thee,
My lines decried, and my employment thought
An useless folly, or presumptuous fault:
Whilst in the Muses' paths I stray,
Whilst in their groves and by their secret springs
My hand delights to trace unusual things,
And deviates from the known and common way;
Nor will in fading silks compose
Faintly th'inimitable rose,
Fill up an ill-drawn bird, or paint on glass
The sov'reign's blurr'd and undistinguished face,
The threat'ning angel, and the speaking ass.

Patron thou art to ev'ry gross abuse,
The sullen husband's feign'd excuse,
When the ill humour with his wife he spends,
And bears recruited wits and spirits to his friends.
The son of Baachus pleads thy pow'r,
As to the glass he still repairs,
Pretends but to remove his cares,
Snatch from thy shades one gay and smiling hour,
And drown thy kingdom in a purple show'r. . .

Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1666-1720).

170. HONOUR

. . In bloody Fields she sits as Gay,
As other Ladies at a Play.
Whilst the wild Sparks, on which she doats
Are cutting one another's Throats.
And when these Sweet-hearts for their Sins,
Have all the Bones broke in their Skins,
Of her Esteem the only Token
Is, t'have Certificates th'are broken:
Which in grave Lines are cut on Stone,
And in some Church or Chappel shewn
To People, that, neglecting Pray'r,
Have time to mind who's buried there. . .

Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733).

171. MOUNTOWN! THOU SWEET RETREAT

MOUNTOWN! thou sweet retreat from Dublin cares,
Be famous for thy apples and thy pears;
For turnips, carrots, lettuce, beans, and pease;
For Peggy's butter, and for Peggy's cheese.
May clouds of pigeons round about thee fly!
But condescend sometimes to make a pie.
May fat geese gaggle with melodious voice,
And ne'er want gooseberries or apple-sauce!

Ducks in thy ponds, and chicken in thy pens,
And be thy turkeys numerous as thy hens!
May thy black pigs lie warm in little sty,
And have no thought to grieve them till they die!
Mountown! the Muses' most delicious theme;
Oh! may thy codlins ever swim in cream!
Thy rasp-and-straw-berries in Bourdeaux drown,
To add a redder tincture to their own!
Thy white-wine, sugar, milk, together club,
To make that gentle viand syllabub.
Thy tarts to tarts, cheese-cakes to cheese-cakes join,
To spoil the relish of the flowing wine.
But to the fading palate bring relief,
By thy Westphalian ham, or Belgic beef;
And, to complete thy blessings, in a word,
May still thy soil be generous as its lord!

William King (1663-1712).

172. A CRADLE HYMN

. . See the kinder shepherds round him,
Telling wonders from the sky.
There they sought him, there they found him,
With his virgin Mother by.

See the lovely Babe a dressing;
Lovely Infant, how he smil'd!
When he wept, the Mother's blessing
Sooth'd and hush'd the holy Child.

Lo, he slumbers in his manger,
Where the horned oxen feed;
Peace, my Darling, there's no danger,
Here's no ox anear thy bed.

'Twas to save thee, child, from dying,
Save my dear from burning flame,
Bitter groans and endless crying,
That thy blest Redeemer came.

May'st thou live to know and fear him,
Trust and love him all thy days!
Then go dwell for ever near him,
See his face, and sing his praise!

I could give thee thousand kisses,
Hoping what I most desire;
Not a mother's fondest wishes
Can to greater joys aspire.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

173. SERPENTS

. . Serpents, who o'er the meadows slide,
And wear upon your shining back
Num'rous ranks of gaudy pride,
Which thousand mingling colours make:
Let the fierce glances of your eyes
Rebate their baleful fire:
In harmless play untwist and fold
The volumes of your scaly gold:
That rich embroidery of your gay attire,
Proclaims your Maker kind and wise. . .

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

174. LIONS AND DRAGONS

. . When Lions roar, the Beasts with Terrour hear,
And by their Silence own their passive Fear.
Birds distant view, when Eagles soar on high,
And humbly give the Freedom of the Sky.
When flaggy Wings the glaring Dragon bear
In shining Tracks, and taint the gilded Air,
Silent below the meaner Serpent creeps,
Nor dares to hiss, but hides in weedy Heaps. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717), *after Oppian.*

175. MAN AND THE UNIVERSE

. . This Problem yet, this Offspring of a Guess,
Let Us for once a Child of Truth confess;
That these fair Stars, these Objects of Delight,
And Terror, to our searching dazl'd Sight,
Are Worlds immense, unnumber'd, infinite.
But do these Worlds display their Beams, or guide
Their Orbs, to serve thy Use, to please thy Pride?
Thy self but Dust, thy Stature but a Span,
A Moment thy Duration; foolish Man!
As well may the minutest Emmet say,
That CAUCASUS was rais'd, to pave his Way:
The Snail, that LEBANON'S extended Wood
Was destin'd only for his Walk, and Food:
The vilest Cockle, gaping on the Coast
That rounds the ample Seas, as well may boast,
The craggy Rock projects above the Sky,
That He in Safety at it's Foot may lye;
And the whole Ocean's confluent Waters swell,
Only to quench his Thirst, or move and blanch his Shell. . .

Matthew Prior (1664-1721).

176. CHRIST IS THE SUBSTANCE OF THE LEVITICAL PRIESTHOOD

THE true Messiah now appears,
The Types are all withdrawn:
So fly the Shadows and the Stars
Before the rising Dawn.

No smoking Sweets, nor bleeding Lambs,
Nor Kid, nor Bullock slain,
Incense and Spice of costly Names,
Would all be burnt in vain.

Aaron must lay his Robes away,
  His Mitre and his Vest,
When GOD himself comes down to be
  The Off'ring and the Priest.

He took our mortal Flesh to shew
  The Wonders of his Love;
For us he paid his Life below,
  And prays for us above.

"Father," he cries, "forgive their Sins,
  For I myself have dy'd;"
And then he shews his open Veins,
  And pleads his wounded Side.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

177. AWAKE, AWAKE: A CRY FROM THE MYSTIC

Awake, Awake, O *Great Britain,* and *Ireland,* and Rejoyce in the Grace of thy *Peculiar* Election. And tho' so Intent on the *Temporal,* Maintain still thy *Spiritual Birth-right,* and *Blessing,* by seeking First the Kingdom of *Christ,* First offer'd to Thee; and wherein both the *Spiritual* and *Temporal* by the Divine Wisdom are thus Beautifully Adapted to the Improvement of each other.

Awake, Awake, O thou *Jerusalem* of this Day; and what the *Literal* could not see, see *thou,* at least in this *Thy Day,* the Things that belong to thy *Peace*; even the Glorious *Kingdom* of Peace breaking forth in thee. And thou the *Spiritual Levi,* put on thy Fair and Ornamental *Robes,* and thy Glorious *Breast-Plate,* as the *Heart-Cloathing* and Covering; in which is the *Urim* and *Thummim,* the *Light,* and *Love,* wherein *Perfection* only consists: by which thou may'st Conduct thy *Flock* where thy *Great Shepherd Feedeth his Flocks at Noon*; in the *Meridian* Light of the *Sevenfold Sun,* and under the *Zenith* of Flaming *Love* and let thy *Mitre* shine with the Great *Name of God,* and the *New Name* of *Christ Triumphant* written upon it.

And thou especially the *Mystical Sion*, and *Tower of the Flock*, who art in Degree Awaken'd thro' the *Faith* and Expectation of the Glorious Advent, *Shake thy self from the Dust*, and the *Remains* of *Spiritual Slumber*; put on thy *Beautiful Garments*, and Adorn thee for the *Nuptial*. Inlarge Thou thy Heart, and spring in Suitable Aspirations, and Love-desires; while the Breath of the *Spirit*, thus sweetly Calling and Wooing thee, *blows up* the Holy Fire, and *sheds the Love of God abroad in thy Heart*.

Richard Roach (1662-1730).

178. A DREAM OF A WINDOW IN HIS MISTRESS'S BREAST

I FELL asleep in this agreeable Reverie, when on a sudden methought Aurelia lay by my Side. I was placed by her in the Posture of *Milton's Adam*, and *with Looks of Cordial Love hung over her enamour'd*. As I cast my Eye upon her Bosom, it appeared to be all of Chrystal, and so wonderfully transparent, that I saw every Thought in her Heart. The first Images I discovered in it were Fans, Silks, Ribbonds, Laces, and many other Gewgaws, which lay so thick together, that the whole Heart was nothing else but a Toy-shop. These all faded away and vanished when immediately I discerned a long Train of Coaches and six, Equipages and Liveries that ran through the Heart one after another in a very great hurry for above half an Hour together. After this, looking very attentively, I observed the whole space to be filled with a Hand of Cards, in which I could see distinctly three Mattadors. There then followed a quick Succession of different Scenes. A Play-house, a Church, a Court, a Poppet-show, rose up one after another, till at last they all of them gave Place to a Pair of new Shoes, which kept footing in the Heart for a whole Hour. These were driven off at last by a Lap-dog, who was succeeded by a *Guiney* Pig, a Squirril and a Monky. I my self, to my no small Joy, brought up the Rear of these worthy Favourites. I was ravished at being so happily posted in full Possession of the Heart: But as I saw the little Figure

of my self Simpering, and mightily pleased with its Situation, on a sudden the Heart methought gave a Sigh, in which, as I found afterwards, my little Representative vanished; for upon applying my Eye I found my Place taken up by an ill-bred awkward Puppy with a Mony-bag under each Arm. This Gentleman, however, did not keep his Station long before he yielded it up to a Wight as disagreeable as himself, with a white Stick in his Hand. These three last Figures represented to me in a lively manner the Conflicts in *Aurelia's* Heart between Love, Avarice and Ambition. For we justled one another out by Turns, and disputed the Post for a great while. But at last, to my unspeakable Satisfaction, I saw my self entirely settled in it. I was so transported with my Success, that I could not forbear hugging my dear Piece of Chrystal, when to my unspeakable Mortification I awaked, and found my Mistress metamorphosed into a Pillow.

This is not the first time I have been thus disappointed.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

179. FROM THE JOURNAL OF A SOBER CITIZEN

MONDAY, *Eight o'clock.* I put on my Clothes, and walked into the Parlour.

Nine o'clock ditto. Tied my Knee-strings, and washed my Hands.

Hours Ten, Eleven and Twelve. Smoked three Pipes of *Virginia.* Read the *Supplement* and *Daily Courant.* Things go ill in the North. Mr. *Nisby's* Opinion thereupon.

One o'clock in the Afternoon. Chid *Ralph* for mislaying my Tobacco-Box.

Two o'clock. Sat down to Dinner. *Mem.* Too many Plumbs and no Suet.

From Three to Four. Took my Afternoon's Nap.

From Four to Six. Walked into the Fields. Wind, S.S.E.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Opinion about the Peace.

Ten o'clock. Went to Bed, slept sound.

TUESDAY, BEING HOLIDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Rose as usual.

Nine o'clock. Washed Hands and Face, shaved, put on my double-soaled Shoes.

Ten, Eleven, Twelve. Took a walk to *Islington.*

One. Took a Pot of Mother *Cob's* Mild.

Between Two and Three. Return'd, dined on a Knuckle of Veal and Bacon. *Mem.* Sprouts wanting.

Three. Nap as usual.

From Four to Six. Coffee-house. Read the News. A Dish of Twist. Grand Visier strangled.

From Six to Ten. At the Club. Mr. Nisby's Account of the Great Turk.

Ten. Dream of the Grand Visier. Broken sleep.

WEDNESDAY, *Eight o'clock.* Tongue of my Shoe-buckle Broke. Hands but not Face.

Nine. Paid off the Butcher's Bill. *Mem.* To be allowed for the last Leg of Mutton.

Ten, Eleven. At the Coffee-house. More Work in the North. Stranger in a Black Wig ask'd me how Stocks went.

From Twelve to One. Walked in the Fields. Wind to the South.

From One to Two. Smoked a Pipe and an half.

Two. Dined as usual. Stomach good.

Three. Nap broke by the falling of a Pewter Dish. *Mem.* Cook-maid in Love, and grown careless.

From Four to Six. At the Coffee-house. Advice from *Smyrna* that the Grand Visier was first of all strangled, and afterwards beheaded.

Six o'clock in the Evening. Was half an Hour in the Club before any Body else came. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that the Grand Visier was not strangled the Sixth Instant.

Ten at Night. Went to Bed. Slept without waking till Nine next Morning.

THURSDAY, *Nine o'clock.* Staid within till TWO o'clock for Sir *Timothy*; who did not bring my Annuity according to his Promise.

Two in the afternoon. Sat down to Dinner. Loss of Appetite. Small Beer four. Beef over-corned.

Three. Could not take my Nap.

Four and Five. Gave *Ralph* a Box on the Ear. Turned off my Cook-maid. Sent a Messenger to Sir *Timothy*. *Mem.* I did not go to the Club to-night. Went to Bed at Nine o'clock.

FRIDAY, Passed the Morning in Meditation upon Sir *Timothy*, who was with me a Quarter before Twelve.

Twelve o'clock. Bought a new Head to my Cane, and a Tongue to my Buckle. Drank a Glass of Purl to recover Appetite.

Two and Three. Dined, and Slept well.

From Four to Six. Went to the Coffee-house. Met Mr. *Nisby* there. Smoked several Pipes. Mr. *Nisby* of opinion that laced Coffee is bad for the Head.

Six o'clock. At the Club as Steward. Sat late.

Twelve o'clock. Went to Bed, dreamt that I drank Small-Beer with the Grand Visier.

SATURDAY, Waked at Eleven, walked in the Fields, Wind N.E.

Twelve. Caught in a Shower.

One in the Afternoon. Returned home, and dried myself.

Two. Mr. *Nisby* dined with me. First Course, Marrow-bones; Second, Ox-cheek, with a Bottle of *Brooks* and *Hellier*.

Three o'clock. Overslept myself.

Six. Went to the Club. Like to have fall'n into a Gutter. Grand Visier certainly Dead.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719).

180. LOVE LETTER FROM RICHARD STEELE

Saturday-Night [Aug. 30. 1707]

Dear, Lovely Mistress Scurlock

I have been in very Good company, where your Health, under the Character of the Woman I Lov'd best has been

often drank. So that I may say I am Dead Drunk for Your sake, which is more than I dye for you.

Yrs.

R: Steele (1672-1729).

181. THE TWO MICE

. . Once on a time (so runs the Fable)
A Country Mouse, right hospitable,
Receiv'd a Town Mouse at his Board,
Just as a Farmer might a Lord.
A frugal Mouse upon the whole,
Yet lov'd his Friend, and had a Soul;
Knew what was handsome, and wou'd do't,
On just occasion, *coute qui coute.*
He brought him Bacon (nothing lean)
Pudding, that might have pleas'd a Dean;
Cheese, such as men in Suffolk make,
But wish'd it Stilton for his sake;
Yet to his Guest tho' no way sparing,
He eat himself the Rind and paring.
Our Courtier scarce could touch a bit,
But show'd his Breeding, and his Wit,
He did his best to seem to eat,
And cry'd, "I vow you're mighty neat.
"But Lord, my Friend, this savage Scene!
"For God's sake, come, and live with Men:
"Consider, Mice, like Men, must die,
"Both small and great, both you and I:
"Then spend your life in Joy and Sport,
"(This doctrine, Friend, I learnt at Court.)"
The veriest Hermit in the Nation
May yield, God knows, to strong Temptation.
Away they come, thro' thick and thin,
To a tall house near Lincoln's Inn:
('Twas on the night of a Debate,
When all their Lordships had sate late.)

Behold the place, where if a Poet
Shin'd in Description, he might show it,
Tell how the Moon-beam trembling falls
And tips with silver all the walls:
Palladian walls, Venetian doors,
Grotesco roofs, and Stucco floors:
But let it (in a word) be said,
The Moon was up, and Men a-bed,
The Napkins white, the Carpet red:
The Guests withdrawn had left the Treat,
And down the Mice sat, *tête à tête.*
Our Courtier walks from dish to dish,
Tastes for his Friend of Fowl and Fish;
Tells all their names, lays down the law,
"*Que ça est bon! Ah goutez ça!*
"That Jelly's rich, this Malmsey healing,
"Pray dip your Whiskers and your Tail in."
Was ever such a happy Swain?
He stuffs and swills, and stuffs again.
"I'm quite asham'd—'tis mighty rude
"To eat so much—but all's so good.
"I have a thousand thanks to give—
"My Lord alone knows how to live."
No sooner said, but from the Hall
Rush Chaplain, Butler, Dogs and all:
"A Rat, a Rat! clap to the door—"
The Cat comes bouncing on the floor.
O for the Heart of Homer's Mice,
Or Gods to save them in a trice!
(It was by Providence, they think,
For your damn'd Stucco has no chink)
"An't please your Honour," quoth the Peasant,
"This same Dessert is not so pleasant:
"Give me again my hollow Tree!
"A Crust of Bread, and Liberty."

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

182. THE ART OF COOKERY

. . Far from the parlour have your kitchen placed,
Dainties may in their working be disgrac'd.
In private draw your poultry, clean your tripe,
And from your eels their slimy substance wipe.
Let cruel offices be done by night,
For they who like the thing abhor the sight.
Next, let discretion moderate your cost,
And, when you treat, three courses be the most.
Unless grandees or magistrates are by:
Then you may put a dwarf into a pie.
Of, if you'd fright an alderman and mayor,
Within a pasty lodge a living hare;
Then midst their gravest furs shall mirth arise,
And all the Guild pursue with joyful cries.
Crowd not your table: let your number be
Not more than seven, and never less than three.
'Tis the dessert that graces all the feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest:
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces obligation by that blot.
Make your transparent sweet-meats truly nice,
With Indian sugar and Arabian spice:
And let your various creams encircled be
With swelling fruit just ravish'd from the tree.
Let plates and dishes be from China brought
With lively paint and earth transparent wrought. . .

William King (1663-1712).

183. BLOUZELINDA'S DEATH

. . If by the dairy's hatch I chance to hie,
I shall her goodly countenance espie,
For there her goodly countenance I've seen,
Set off with kerchiefs starch'd and pinners clean.
Sometimes, like wax, she rolls the butter round,
Or with the wooden lilly prints the pound.

Whilome I've seen her skin the clouted cream,
Or press from spongy curds the milky stream.
But now, alas! these ears shall hear no more
The whining swine surround the dairy door,
No more her care shall fill the hollow tray,
To fat the guzzling hogs with floods of whey.
Lament, ye swine, in gruntings spend your grief,
For you, like me, have lost your sole relief.
When in the barn the sounding flail I ply,
Where from her sieve the chaff was wont to fly,
The poultry there will seem around to stand,
Waiting upon her charitable hand.
No succour meet the poultry now can find,
For they, like me, have lost their *Blouzelind.*
Whenever by yon barley mow I pass,
Before my eyes will trip the tidy lass.
I pitch'd the sheaves (oh could I do so now)
While she in rows pil'd on the growing mow.
There ev'ry deale my heart by love was gain'd,
There the sweet kiss my courtship has explain'd.
Ah *Blouzelind*! that mow I ne'er shall see,
But thy memorial will revive in me.
Lament, ye fields, and rueful symptoms show,
Henceforth let not the smelling primrose grow;
Let weeds instead of butter-flow'rs appear,
And meads, instead of daisies, hemlock bear;
For cowslips sweet let dandelions spread,
For *Blouzelinda*, blithesome maid, is dead!
Lament ye swains, and o'er her grave bemoan,
And spell ye right this verse upon her stone.
Here Blouzelinda *lyes—Alas, alas!*
Weep shepherds—and remember flesh is grass. . .

John Gay (1685-1732).

184. THE ALPS OF POETRY

. . Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,
In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,

While from the bounded level of our mind,
Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;
But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize
New distant scenes of endless science rise!
So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try,
Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
Th'eternal snows appear already past,
And the first clouds and mountains seem the last:
But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey
The growing labours of the lengthen'd way,
Th'increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,
Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise! . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

185. POETRY

POETRY then is an Art, by which a Poet excites Passion, (and to that very end entertains Sense) by a bold and figurative Language, and by measur'd harmonious Periods, in order to satisfy and improve, to delight and reform the Mind, and so to make Mankind happier and better.

Poetry therefore is Poetry, because 'tis more passionate and sensual than Prose. A Poet has two ways of exciting Passion. The one by Figurativeness, and the other by the Harmony of his Expression; but the Figures contribute more to the exciting of Passion than Harmony. A Discourse that is writ in smooth and tolerable Numbers, if 'tis not figurative can be but measur'd Prose; but a Discourse that is every where bold and figurative, and consequently every where extremely pathetick, is certainly Poetry without Numbers.

John Dennis (1657-1734).

186. POETIC FIRE

IT is to the Strength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequal'd Fire and Rapture, which is so forcible in *Homer*, that no Man of a true Poetical Spirit is Master of

himself while he reads him. What he writes is of the most animated Nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in Action. If a Council be call'd, or a Battle fought, you are not coldly inform'd of what was said or done as from a third Person; the Reader is hurry'd out of himself by the Force of the Poet's Imagination, and turns in one place to a Hearer, in another to a Spectator. The Course of his Verses resembles that of the Army he describes: *They pour along like a Fire that sweeps the whole Earth before it.* 'Tis however remarkable that his Fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not discover'd immediately at the beginning of his Poem in its fullest Splendor: It grows in the Progress both upon himself and others, and becomes on Fire like a Chariot-Wheel, by its own Rapidity. Exact Disposition, just Thought, correct Elocution, polish'd Numbers, may have been found in a thousand; but this Poetical Fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in Works where all those are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power Criticism, and make us admire even while we dis-approve. Nay, where this appears, tho' attended with Absurdities, it brightens all the Rubbish about it, 'til we see nothing but its own Splendor. This *Fire* is discern'd in *Virgil*, but discern'd as through a Glass, reflected, and more shining than warm, but every where equal and constant: In *Lucan* and *Statius*, it bursts out in sudden, short, and interrupted Flashes: In *Milton*, it glows like a Furnace kept up to an uncommon Fierceness by the Force of Art: In *Shakespear*, it strikes before we are aware, like an accidental Fire from Heaven: But in *Homer* and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irresistibly. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

187. RHYME IN POETRY

I HAVE nothing to say for rhyme, but that I doubt whether a poem can support itself without it, in our language; unless it be stiffened with such strange words, as are likely to destroy our language itself.—The high style, that is affected so much

in blank verse, would not have been born, even in Milton, had not his subject turned so much on such strange out-of-the-world things as it does.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

188. LEVIATHAN

. . At full my huge *Leviathan* shall rise,
Boast all his strength, and spread his wond'rous size;
Who, great in arms, e'er stripp'd his shining mail,
Or crown'd his triumph with a single scale?
Whose heart sustains him to draw near? Behold,
Destruction yawns; his spacious jaws unfold,
And, marshal'd round the wide expanse, disclose
Teeth edg'd with death, and crouding rows on rows:
What hideous fangs on either side arise!
And what a deep abyss between them lies!
Mete with thy lance, and with thy plumbet sound,
The one how long, the other how profound.

His bulk is charg'd with such a furious soul,
That clouds of smoke from his spread nostrils roll,
As from a furnace; and, when rous'd his ire,
Fate issues from his jaws in streams of fire.
The rage of tempests, and the roar of seas,
Thy terror, this thy great Superior please;
Strength on his ample shoulder sits in state;
His well-join'd limbs are dreadfully complete;
His flakes of solid flesh are slow to part;
As steel his nerves, as adamant his heart.

When, late awak'd he rears him from the floods,
And stretching forth his stature to the clouds,
Writhes in the sun aloft his scaly height,
And strikes the distant hills with transient light,
Far round are fatal damps of terror spread,
The Mighty fear, nor blush to own their dread.
Large is his front; and, when his burnish'd eyes
Lift their broad lids, the morning seems to rise.

In vain may death in various shapes invade,
The swift-wing'd arrow, the descending blade;
His naked breast their impotence defies;
The dart rebounds, the brittle fauchion flies.
Shut in himself, the war without he hears,
Safe in the tempest of their rattling spears;
The cumber'd strand their wafted vollies strow;
His sport, the rage and labour of the foe.

His pastimes like a cauldron boil the flood,
And blacken ocean with the rising mud;
The billows feel him, as he works his way;
His hoary footsteps shine along the sea;
The foam high-wrought, with white divides the green,
And distant sailors point where death has been. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

189. CRUCIFIXION TO THE WORLD, BY THE CROSS OF CHRIST

. . See, from his Head, his Hands, his Feet,
Sorrow and Love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such Love and Sorrow meet,
Or Thorns compose so rich a Crown!

His dying Crimson, like a Robe,
Spreads o'er his Body on the Tree;
Then am I dead to all the Globe,
And all the Globe is dead to me.

Were the whole Realm of Nature mine,
That were a Present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my Soul, my Life, my All.

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

190. THE ENGLISH QUAKER SPEAKS

OUR God, who has commanded us to love our enemies, and to suffer without repining, would certainly not permit us to cross the seas, merely because murderers cloath'd in scarlet, and wearing caps two foot high, enlist citizens by a noise made with two little sticks on an ass's skin extended.

François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778).

191. DULL, SULLEN PRISONERS

. . Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,
Dull sullen pris'ners in the body's cage:
Dim lights of life that burn a length of years,
Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;
Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,
And close confin'd to their own palace sleep. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

192. POET AND NATURE

BECAUSE the Mind of Man requires something more perfect in Matter, than what it finds there, and can never meet with any Sight in Nature which sufficiently answers its highest Ideas of Pleasantness; or, in other Words, because the Imagination can fancy to itself Things more Great, Strange, or Beautiful, than the Eye ever saw, and is still sensible of some Defect in what it has seen; on this account it is the part of a Poet to humour the Imagination in our own Notions, by mending and perfecting Nature where he describes a Reality, and by adding greater Beauties than are put together in Nature, where he describes a Fiction.

HE is not obliged to attend her in the slow Advances which she makes from one Season to another, or to observe her Conduct in the successive Production of Plants and Flowers.

He may draw into his Description all the Beauties of the Spring and Autumn, and make the whole Year contribute something to render it the more agreeable. His Rose-trees, Wood-bines and Jessamines may flower together, and his Beds be cover'd at the same time with Lilies, Violets and Amaranths. His Soil is not restrained to any particular Set of Plants, but is proper either for Oaks or Myrtles, and adapts itself to the Products of every Climate. Oranges may grow wild in it; Myrrh may be met with in every Hedge, and if he thinks it proper to have a Grove of Spices, he can quickly command Sun enough to raise it. If all this will not furnish out an agreeable Scene, he can make several new Species of Flowers, with richer Scents and higher Colours than any that grow in the Gardens of Nature. His Consorts of Birds may be as full and harmonious, and his Woods as thick and gloomy as he pleases. He is at no more Expence in a long Vista, than a short one, and can as easily throw his Cascades from a Precipice of half a Mile high, as from one of twenty Yards. He has his Choice of the Winds, and can turn the Course of his Rivers in all the Variety of *Meanders*, that are most delightful to the Reader's Imagination. In a word, he has the modelling of Nature in his own Hands, and may give her what Charms he pleases, provided he does not reform her too much, and run into Absurdities, by endeavouring to excel.

Joseph Addison (1672-1719).

193. GARDENS AND THAT INEXPRESSIBLE SOMEWHAT

THE Beauty of the largest and finest of regular Gardens is easily discover'd, whereas were they laid out in a more Natural and Rural Manner, the Eye would always be discovering new Objects, and be lost in that inexpressible somewhat to be found in the Beauty of Nature, in a Rude Copice or amidst the Irregular turnings of a wild Corn Field, these would yield more satisfaction to the Eye of the Beholder than the regularest scheme, of the most Skilful Planometrian.

To come nearer our purpose, if a little Regularity is allow'd

near the main Building, and as soon as the Designer has stroked out by Art some of the roughest and boldest of his Strokes, he ought to pursue Nature afterwards, and by as many Turnings and Windings, as his *Villa* will allow, will endeavour to diversify his Views, always striving that they should be so intermixt, as not to be all discover'd at once; but that there should be as much as possible, something new and diverting, while the whole should correspond together by the mazie Error of its natural Avenues and Meanders.

He should make the best of all Hills, and Dales, of all Corn Fields, high Hills, Banks and Tuffs of Trees, and where-ever they strike the Eye, 'tis there he should create more. . . .

And to the End, that he may know the better, how to make the best use of natural Advantage, he ought to make himself Master of all Rural Scenes: And the Writings of the Poets on this Subject, will give him considerable Hints, for in Design the *Designer* as well as the *Poet should take as much Pains in forming his Imagination, as a Philosopher in cultivating his Understanding; he must gain a due Relish of the Works of* Nature. *Stephen Switzer* (1682?-1745).

194. UNADORNED NATURE

i

THERE is certainly something in the amiable simplicity of unadorned Nature, that spreads over the mind a more noble sort of tranquillity, and a loftier sensation of pleasure, than can be raised from the nicer scenes of art.

ii

I believe it is no wrong observation, that persons of genius, and those who are most capable of art, are always most fond of nature: as such are chiefly sensible, that all art consists in the imitation and study of nature. On the contrary, people of the common level of understanding are principally delighted with the little niceties and fantastical operations of art, and constantly think that finest which is least natural. A citizen

is no sooner proprietor of a couple of yews, but he entertains thoughts of erecting them into giants, like those of Guildhall. . . .

For the benefit of all my loving countrymen of this curious taste, I shall here publish a catalogue of greens to be disposed of by an eminent town gardener, who has lately applied to me upon this head. . . . My correspondent is arrived to such perfection, that he cuts family pieces to men, women, or children. Any ladies that please may have their own effigies in myrtle, or their husbands' in hornbeam. . . . I shall proceed to his catalogue as he sent it for my recommendation.

"Adam and Eve in yew; Adam a little shattered by the fall of the tree of knowledge in the great storm: Eve and the Serpent very flourishing.

"The Tower of Babel, not yet finished.

"St. George in box; his arm scarce long enough, but will be in a condition to stick the dragon by next April.

"A green dragon of the same, with a tail of ground-ivy for the present.

"N.B. These two not to be sold separately.

"Edward the Black Prince in cypress.

"A laurestine bear in blossom, with a juniper hunter in berries.

"A pair of giants, stunted, to be sold cheap.

"A queen Elizabeth in phylyraea, a little inclining to green-sickness, but of full growth.

"Another queen Elizabeth in myrtle, which was very forward, but miscarried by being too near a savine.

"An old maid of honour in wormwood.

"A topping Ben Jonson in laurel.

"Divers eminent modern poets in bays, somewhat blighted, to be disposed of, a penny-worth.

"A quickset hog, shot up into a porcupine, by its being forgot a week in rainy weather.

"A lavender pig, with sage growing in his belly.

"Noah's ark in holly, standing on the mount; the ribs a little damaged for want of water.

"A pair of maidenheads in fir, in great forwardness.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

195. THE SHOAL OF SLIME-FISH

. . When they in Throngs a safe Retirement seek,
Where pointed Rocks the rising Surges break,
Or where calm Waters in their Bason sleep,
While chalky Cliffs o'erlook the shaded Deep,
The Seas all gilded o'er the Shoal betray,
And shining Tracks inform their wand'ring Way.
As when soft Snows, brought down by Western Gales,
Silent descend and spread on all the Vales;
Add to the Plains, and on the Mountains shine,
While in chang'd Fields the starving Cattle pine;
Nature bears all one Face, looks coldly bright,
And mourns her lost Variety in White,
Unlike themselves the Objects glare around,
And with false Rays the dazzled Sight confound:
So, where the Shoal appears, the changing Streams
Lose their Sky-blew, and shine with silver Gleams. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717), *after Oppian.*

196. THE UNIVERSAL HALLELUJAH

Psalm cxlviii Paraphrased

. . Thunder and hail, and fire and storms,
The troops of his command,
Appear in all your dreadful forms,
And speak his awful hand.

Shout to the Lord, ye surging seas,
In your eternal roar;
Let wave to wave resound his praise,
And shore reply to shore.

While monsters sporting in the flood,
In scaly silver shine,
Speak terribly their Maker God,
And lash the foaming brine.

But gentler things shall tune his name
To softer notes than these,
Young zephyrs breathing o'er the stream,
Or whisp'ring thro' the trees.

Wave your tall heads, ye lofty pines,
To him that bid you grow,
Sweet clusters, bend the fruitful vines
On ev'ry thankful bough. . .

Isaac Watts (1674-1748).

197. THE CHAMBERS OF DEATH

(*The Almighty speaks to Job*)

. . Hast Thou explor'd the *secrets* of the deep,
Where, shut from use, unnumber'd treasures sleep?
Where, down a thousand fathoms from the day,
Springs the great fountain, mother of the sea?
Those gloomy paths did thy bold foot e'er tread,
Whole worlds of waters rolling o'er thy head?

Hath the cleft *centre* open'd wide to Thee?
Death's inmost chambers did'st thou ever see?
E'er knock at his tremendous gate, and wade
To the black portal through th' incumbent shade?
Deep are those shades; but shades still deeper hide
My counsels from the ken of human pride. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

198. THE OCEAN OF ICE

. . The starving Wolves along the main Sea prowl,
And to the Moon in Icy Valleys howl.
For many a shining League the level Main
Here spreads itself into a Glassy Plain:
There solid Billows of enormous Size,
Alpes of green Ice, in wild Disorder rise. . .

Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749).

199. FROST AT SEA

. . The Moon with sharpen'd Horns looks coldly bright,
And thus augments the Chillness of the Night.
Bright icy Spangles gild the shining Oar,
And snowy Flakes have whit'ned all the Shore. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

200. OCEAN AND STARS

. . *There*, set in *green*,
Gold-stars are seen,
A mantle rich! thy charms to wrap;
And when the sun
His race has run,
He falls enamour'd in thy lap.

Those *clouds*, whose dyes
Adorn the skies,
That silver *snow*, that pearly *rain*,
Has *Phœbus* stole
To grace the pole,
The plunder of th' invaded main!

The gaudy *bow*,
Whose colours glow,
Whose arch with so much skill is bent,
To *Phœbus'* ray,
Which paints so gay,
By thee the wat'ry woof was lent.

In chambers deep,
Where waters sleep,
What unknown treasures pave the floor?
The *pearl*, in rows,
Pale lustre throws;
The *wealth* immense, which storms devour.

From *Indian* mines,
With proud designs,
The merchant, swoln, digs golden ore;
The tempests rise,
And seize the prize,
And toss him breathless on the shore. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

201. EDGES OF THE SEA

. . All do not love in clotting Fields to sweat,
Where clayie Fallows clog the labouring Feet.
But who's not pleas'd to walk on easy Sand,
While waving Heaps are by the Zephyrs fann'd,
And wanton Gales, that whistle in the Weeds,
From flowing Grass disperse the riper Seeds.
Who will not gather the deserted Shells,
Or climb steep Rocks, and search the hollow Cells
For hidden Eggs, while all the Birds in vain
Fly sorrowing round, and with loud Threats complain?
No earthly Fumes, or noisy Insects here
Disturb, or taint the unmolested Air. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

202. GLITTERING FROST

. . In Pearls and Rubies rich the Hawthorns show,
While thro' the Ice the Crimson Berries glow.
The thick-sprung Reeds the watry Marshes yield,
Seem polish'd Lances in a hostile Field.
The Stag in limpid Currents with Surprise
Sees Chrystal Branches on his Forehead rise.
The spreading Oak, the Beech, and tow'ring Pine,
Glaz'd over, in the freezing Æther shine.
The frighted Birds the rattling Branches shun,
That wave and glitter in the distant Sun.

When if a sudden Gust of Wind arise,
The Brittle Forest into Atoms flies;
The crackling Wood beneath the Tempest bends,
And in a spangled Show'r the Prospect ends. . .

Ambrose Philips (1675?-1749).

203. DEATH AT THE THAMES ICE FAIR

. . *Doll* ev'ry day had walk'd these treach'rous roads;
Her neck grew warpt beneath autumnal loads
Of various fruit; she now a basket bore,
That head, alas! shall basket bear no more.
Each booth she frequent past, in quest of gain,
And boys with pleasure heard her shrilling strain,
Ah *Doll*! all mortals must resign their breath,
And industry it self submit to death!
The crackling crystal yields, she sinks, she dyes,
Her head, chopt off, from her lost shoulders flies;
Pippins she cry'd, but death her voice confounds,
And pip-pip-pip along the ice resounds.
So when the *Thracian* furies *Orpheus* tore,
And left his bleeding trunk deform'd with gore,
His sever'd head floats down the silver tide,
His yet warm tongue for his lost consort cry'd;
Eurydice with quiv'ring voice he mourn'd,
And *Heber's* banks *Eurydice* return'd. . .

John Gay (1685-1732).

204. THE GLITTERING OF ALEXANDER POPE'S GROTTO: SOME OF THE CONTENTS

MANY Pieces of sparry Marble of diverse Colours; and between each Course of Marble, many kinds of Ores, such as Tin Ore, Copper Ore, Lead Ore, Soapy Rock, Kallan, and Wild Lead intermixed, with large Clumps of *Cornish* Diamonds, and

several small ones of different Degrees of Transparency. The several sorts of figur'd Stones are rich white Spars, interlaced with black Cockle, or Spars shot with Prisms of different Degrees of Waters. Some very particular sorts of Fossils, of different Sizes and Colours; Copper Ore of a fine Purple Colour; several fine Pieces of granated white Mundic intermixed with plain Spar in a Copper Bed . . . some Grains of Mundic interspers'd, of different Colours, some Yellow, some Purple, and others of a deep Blue inclining to Black; all from the Rev. Dr. William Borlase. . . .

Several Pieces of Crystal with a brown Incrustation and a Mixture of Mundic, from the *Hartz* Mines in *Germany*; a fine Piece of Gold Ore from the *Peruvian* Mines; Silver Ore from the Mines of *Mexico*; several Pieces of Silver Ore from *Old Spain*; some large Pieces of Gold Clift, from Mr. Cambridge, in Gloucestershire; Lead Ore, Copper Ore, white Spar, petrified Wood, *Brazil* Pebbles, *Egyptian* Pebbles and Blood-stones, from Mr. *Brinsden*. Some large Clumps of Amethyst, and several Pieces of White Spar, from the Duchess of *Cleveland*. Some fine Pieces of Red Spar, several fine Isicles, and several sorts of Fossils, from *George Littleton*, Esq; Many Pieces of Coral and petrified Moss, and many other curious Stones from the Island of *St. Christopher* in the *West Indies*; with several Humming Birds and their Nests, from Antony Brown, Esq.

J. Serle, fl. 1740 (*Pope's gardener*).

205. ROSES AND LILIES

. . Envy is pale, and pale is sad Despair.
Can *Myra* then be pale, and yet be fair?
The Water-Lillies are a faintish Sweet.
I know an Island Grove, where Nereids meet;
There blushing Beds of beauteous Roses grow,
From whom diffusive Smells in fragrant Circles flow. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

206. DESCRIPTIVE POETRY

IT is a great fault, in descriptive poetry, to describe every thing. The good antients, (but when I named them, I meant Virgil) have no long descriptions: commonly not above ten lines, and scarce ever thirty. One of the longest in Virgil is when Æneas is with Evander; and that is frequently broke by what Evander says. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

207. IN A LONDON STREET

. . Young Drunkards reeling, Bayliffs dogging,
Old Strumpets plying, Mumpers progging,
Fat Dray-men squabling, Chair-men ambling,
Oyster-Whores fighting, School-Boys scrambling,
Street Porters running, Rascals batt'ling,
Pick-pockets crowding, Coaches rattling,
News bawling, Ballad-wenches singing,
Guns roaring, and the Church-Bells ringing. . .

Edward Ward (1667-1731).

208. A DESCRIPTION OF THE MORNING

April, 1709

NOW hardly here and there an Hackney-Coach
Appearing, show'd the Ruddy Morns Approach.
Now *Betty* from her Masters Bed had flown,
And softly stole to discompose her own.
The Slipshod Prentice from his Masters Door,
Had par'd the Dirt, and Sprinkled round the Floor.
Now *Moll* had whirl'd her Mop with dext'rous Airs,
Prepar'd to scrub the Entry and the Stairs.
The Youth with Broomy Stumps began to trace
The Kennel-Edge, where Wheels had worn the Place.
The Smallcoal-Man was heard with Cadence deep,
'Till drown'd in Shriller Notes of Chimney-Sweep,
Duns at his Lordships Gate began to meet,
And Brickdust *Moll* had scream'd through half the Street.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

209. THE BIRDS AND PLANTS OF LOVE

. . Observe the gentle murmurs of that dove,
And see, how billing, she confirms her love!
For this, the nightingale displays her throat,
And *Love*, *love*, *love* is all her ev'ning note.
The very tigers have their tender hours,
And prouder lions bow beneath love's pow'rs.
Thou, prouder yet than that imperious beast,
Alone deny'st him shelter in thy breast;
But why should I the creatures only name
That sense partake, as owners of this flame?
Love farther goes, nor stops his course at these:
The plants he moves, and gently bends the trees.
See how these willows mix their am'rous boughs,
And how that vine clasps her supporting spouse!
The silver fir dotes on the stately pine:
By love those elms, by love those beeches join.
But view that oak, behold his rugged side:
Yet that rough bark the melting flame does hide.
All, by their trembling leaves, in sighs declare
And tell their passions to the gath'ring air:
Which, had but love o'er thee the least command,
Thou, by their motions, too mightst understand.

Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea, after Tasso (1666-1720).

210. PRAWN AND PEARL

. . The bearded Prawn's a lively Instance made
Of mutual Kindness, and of friendly Aid.
He the gay Pearl attends with studious Care,
And in their common Prey commands a share.
The Pearl is dull, tho' gaudy in his Shell,
(For Wit but seldom will with Beauty dwell)
But the sly Prawn can secret Signs convey,
And with a Touch forewarns to seize the Prey,

While the deceitful Rays, and spangled Sight
To certain Death th'admiring Throng invite. . .
William Diaper (1686?-1717).

211. THICK AS THE BEES

. . Thick as the Bees, that with the Spring renew
Their flow'ry Toils, and sip the fragrant Dew,
When the wing'd Colonies first tempt the Sky,
O'er dusky Fields and shaded Waters fly,
Or settling, seize the Sweets the Blossoms yield,
And a low Murmur runs along the Field. . .
Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

212. NATURE'S COLOURS

. . Rich colours on the vellum cease to lay
When ev'ry lawn much nobler can display,
When on the dazzling poppy may be seen
A glowing red exceeding your carmine;
And for the blue that o'er the sea is born,
A brighter rises in our standing corn. . .
Anne Finch, Countess of Winchilsea (1666-1720).

213. THE FLAMES OF DEATH

. . See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,
And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:
Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,
Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.
Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes,
His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,
The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,
His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?
Not yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,
The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny.

To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,
And trace the mazes of the circling hare:
(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,
And learn of man each other to undo)
With slaught'ring guns th'unweary'd fowler roves,
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'ershade,
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.
He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky:
Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the leaden death:
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.
In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,
The patient fisher takes his silent stand,
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:
With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,
And eyes the dancing cork and bending reed.
Our plenteous streams a various race supply,
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,
The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd
The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,
Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains,
And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

214. SUBMARINE LANDSCAPE

. . The flowry Meadows, and the whispering Trees
Have oft been sung, and will hereafter please.
Cool shady Grots, and gently rising Hills,
And the soft Murmurs of complaining Rills,
In antient Verse describ'd their Sweets convey,
And still succeeding Bards repeat the grateful Lay.
But the vast unseen Mansions of the Deep,
Where secret Groves with liquid Amber weep,

Where blushing twigs of knotty Coral spread
And gild the Azure with a brighter red
Were still untouch'd. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

215. GLITTER

. . For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden, and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

216. EVENING AND NIGHT AND METEORS

. . Now falling Drops like shining Pearls are seen,
And dewy Spangles hang on ev'ry Green.
Refreshing Moisture cools the thirsty Mead,
Extends the Stalk, and swells th'unfolded Seed;
Restores the Verdure of the tarnish'd Leaves,
And ev'ry gladsome Herb the rip'ning Juice receives.
Day always is the same, but wanton Night
Boasts a more grateful Change of harmless Light.
Below the Glow-Worms wond'rous Orbs are seen,
That stud with burnish'd Gold the shaded Green.
These little wandring Comets never shed
Or baneful Ill, or dire Contagion spread;
Their shining Tails foretell no falling State,
Nor future Dearth, nor sad Disease create.
Bright lambent Flames, and kindled Vapours rise,
Sweep glaring thro' the Dusk, and strike the wond'ring eyes.
In oblique Tracks the Meteors blaze around,
And skim the Surface of the marshy Ground,
Unseen by Day, when Tyrant-like the Sun
Envious admits no Splendor but his own.
The liquid Drops, that ooze from weeping Trees,
And sparkling Stones with Star-like Lustre please;

Ev'n sapless Wood improv'd by Age grows bright,
And what it wants in Moisture, gains in Light. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

217. A REMARK ON THE THAMES

THAT Idea of the Picturesque, from the swan just gilded with the sun amidst the shade of a tree over the water.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

218. HOW SEA-CALVES ARE BORN

. . *Eagles*, *Sea-Dogs*, and all the *Gristly* Race
Bring forth their Like, no shapeless clotted Mass;
Retain the Seed within till perfect grown,
And Nature has her just Proportions shown.
From the full Womb Amphibious Paddlers Creep,
And little *Sea-Calves* bustle on the Deep. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717), *after Oppian.*

219. THE DEATH OF A QUEEN

. . From that blest Earth, on which her Body lies,
May blooming Flowers with fragrant Sweets arise;
Let *Myrrha* weeping Aromatick Gum,
And ever-living Lawrel, shade her Tomb.
Thither, let all th'industrious Bees repair,
Unlade their Thighs, and leave their Hony there;
Thither let *Fairies* with their Train resort,
Neglect their Revels, and their Midnight Sport,
There, in unusual Wailings waste the Night,
And watch her, by the fiery Glow-worms Light.

There, may no dismal Yew, nor Cypress grow,
Nor Holly Bush, nor bitter Elders Bow;

Let each unlucky Bird far build his Nest,
And distant Dens receive each howling Beast;
Let Wolves be gone, be Ravens put to flight,
With hooting Owls, and Batts that hate the Light.

But let the sighing Doves their Sorrows bring,
And Nightingales in sweet Complaining Sing;
Let Swans from their forsaken Rivers fly,
And Sick'ning at her Tomb, make haste to dye,
That they may help to sing her Elegy.
Let *Echo* too, in Mimick Moan, deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

And see, the Heav'ns to weep in Dew prepare,
And heavy Mists obscure the burd'ned Air;
A sudden Damp o'er all the Plain is spread.
Each Lilly folds its Leaves, and hangs its Head,
On ev'ry Tree the Blossoms turn to Tears,
And ev'ry Bow a weeping Moisture bears.
Their Wings the Feather'd Airy People droop,
And Flocks beneath their dewy Fleeces stoop.

The Rocks are cleft, and new descending Rills
Furrow the Brows of all th'impending Hills.
The Water-Gods to Floods their Riv'lets turn,
And each, with streaming Eyes, supplies his wanting Urn.

The *Fawns* forsake the Woods, the *Nymphs* the Grove,
And round the Plain in sad Distractions rove;
In prickly Brakes their tender Limbs they tear,
And leave on Thorns their Locks of Golden Hair.

With their sharp Nails, themselves the *Satyrs* wound,
And tug their shaggy Beards, and bite with Grief the Ground.
Lo, *Pan* himself, beneath a blasted Oak
Dejected lies, his Pipe in pieces broke.

See *Pales* weeping too, in wild Despair,
And to the piercing Winds her Bosom bare.

And see yond fading Myrtle, where appears
The Queen of Love, all bath'd in flowing Tears,
See how she wrings her Hands, and beats her Breast,
And tears her useless *Girdle* from her Waste;
Hear the sad Murmurs of her sighing Doves,
For Grief they sigh, forgetful of their Loves.

Lo, *Love* himself, with heavy Woes opprest!
See, how his Sorrows swell his tender Breast;
His Bow he breaks, and wide his Arrows flings,
And folds his little Arms, and hangs his drooping Wings;
Then, lays his Limbs upon the dying Grass,
And all with Tears bedews his Beauteous Face,
With Tears, which from his folded Lids arise,
And even *Love* himself has weeping Eyes.
All Nature mourns; the Floods and Rocks deplore,
And cry with me, *Pastora* is no more!
I mourn PASTORA *dead, let* ALBION *mourn,*
And Sable Clouds her Chalkie Cliffs adorn.

The Rocks can melt, and Air in Mists can mourn,
And Floods can weep, and Winds to Sighs can turn;
The Birds, in Songs, their Sorrows can disclose,
And Nymphs and Swains, in words, can tell their Woes.
But oh! behold that deep and wild Despair,
Which neither Winds can show, nor Floods, nor Air. . .

William Congreve (1670-1729).

220. GENTLEMAN OR PLAYER?

THE late Mr. *Congreve* rais'd the Glory of Comedy to a greater Height, than any English Writer before or since his Time. . . . He was infirm, and come to the Verge of Life when I knew him. Mr. *Congreve* had one Defect, which was, his entertaining too mean an Idea of his first Profession, (that of a

Writer) tho' 'twas to this he ow'd his Fame and Fortune. He spoke of his Works as of Trifles that were beneath him; and hinted to me in our first Conversation, that I should visit him upon no other Foot than that of a Gentleman, who led a Life of Plainness and Simplicity. I answer'd, that had he been so unfortunate as to be a mere Gentleman I should never have come to see him; and I was very much disgusted at so unseasonable a Piece of Vanity.

François Marie Arouet de Voltaire (1694-1778).

221. THE MOB

. . *Envy* must own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of Pleasure, and no Spy of State,
With Eyes that pry not, Tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to spread Friendships, but to cover Heats,
To help who want, to forward who excel;
This, all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

222. PEDIGREE

. . Honour and shame from no Condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies.
Fortune in Men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobler apron'd, and the parson gown'd,
The frier 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.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
Or, cobler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou may'st be by Kings, or whores of Kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece:
But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept thro' scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

223. ON HIMSELF

. . Blest be the *Bastard's* Birth! thro' wond'rous ways
He shines excentric like a Comet's Blaze!
No sickly Fruit of faint Compliance He!
He! stampt in Nature's Mint of Extacy!
He lives to build, not boast a generous Race:
No Tenth Transmitter of a foolish Face.
His daring Hope, no Sire's Example Bounds;
His First-born Lights no Prejudice Confounds.
He, kindling from within, requires no Flame;
He glories in a *Bastard's* glowing Name.
Born to himself, by no Possession led,
In Freedom foster'd, and by Fortune fed;
Nor Guides, nor Rules, his Sov'reign Choice controul,
His Body Independent, as his Soul.
Loos'd to the World's wide Range,—enjoyn'd no Aim,
Prescrib'd no Duty, and assign'd no Name:
Nature's unbounded Son, he stands alone,
His Heart unbyass'd, and his Mind his own. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

224. THE ORIGIN OF PATTENS

. . Where *Lincoln* wide extends her fenny soil,
A goodly yeoman liv'd grown white with toil;

One onely daughter blest his nuptial bed,
Who from her infant hand the poultry fed:
Martha (her careful mother's name) she bore,
And now her careful mother was no more.
Whilst on her father's knee the damsel play'd,
Patty he fondly call'd the smiling maid;
As years encreas'd, her ruddy beauty grew,
And *Patty's* fame o'er all the village flew.
Soon as the gray-ey'd morning streaks the skies,
And in the doubtful day the woodcock flies,
Her cleanly pail the pretty housewife bears,
And singing to the distant fields repairs:
And when the plains with ev'ning dews are spread,
The milky burthen smoaks upon her head.
Deep, thro' a miry lane she pick'd her way,
Above her ankle rose the chalky clay.
Vulcan by chance the bloomy maiden spies,
With innocence and beauty in her eyes,
He saw, he lov'd; for yet he ne'er had known
Sweet innocence and beauty meet in one.
Ah *Mulciber*! recal thy nuptial vows,
Think on the graces of thy *Paphian* spouse,
Think how her eyes dart inexhausted charms,
And canst thou leave her bed for *Patty's* arms?
The *Lemnian* Pow'r forsakes the realms above,
His bosom glowing with terrestrial love:
Far in the lane a lonely hut he found,
No tenant ventur'd on th'unwholesome ground.
Here smoaks his forge, he bares his sinewy arm,
And early strokes the sounding anvil warm;
Around his shop the steely sparkles flew,
And for the steed he shap'd the bending shoe.
When blue-ey'd *Patty* near his window came,
His anvil rests, his forge forgets to flame.
To hear his soothing tales she feigns delays,
What woman can resist the force of praise?
At first she coyly ev'ry kiss withstood,
And all her cheek was flush'd with modest blood:
With headless nails he now surrounds her shoes,
To save her steps from rain and piercing dews;

She lik'd his soothing tales, his presents wore,
And granted kisses, but would grant no more.
Yet winter chill'd her feet, with cold she pines,
And on her cheek the fading rose declines;
No more her humid eyes their lustre boast,
And in hoarse sounds her melting voice is lost.
This *Vulcan* saw, and in his heav'nly thought,
A new machine mechanick fancy wrought,
Above the mire her shelter'd steps to raise,
And bear her safely through the wintry ways.
Strait the new engine on his anvil glows,
And the pale virgin on the patten rose.
No more her lungs are shook with dropping rheums,
And on her cheek reviving beauty blooms.
The God obtain'd his suit, though flatt'ry fail,
Presents with female virtue must prevail.
The patten now supports each frugal dame,
Which from the blue-ey'd *Patty* takes the name.

John Gay (1685-1732).

225. EVENING IN THE CAPITAL

. . Now, when declining from the Noon of Day,
The Sun obliquely shoots his burning Ray;
When hungry Judges soon the Sentence sign,
And Wretches hang that Jurymen may Dine;
When Merchants from th'*Exchange* return in Peace,
And the long Labours of the *Toilette* cease—
The Board's with Cups and Spoons, alternate, crown'd;
The Berries crackle, and the Mill turns round;
On shining Altars of *Japan* they raise
The silver *Lamp*, and fiery Spirits blaze;
From silver Spouts the grateful Liquors glide,
And *China's* Earth receives the smoking Tyde:
At once they gratifie their Smell and Taste,
While frequent Cups prolong the rich Repast. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

226. EELS, TORTOISES, SOLES, LAMPREYS

i

. . Strange the Formation of the *Eely* Race,
That knows no Sex, yet loves the close Embrace.
Their folded Lengths they round each other twine,
Twist am'rous Knots, and slimy Bodies joyn;
Till the close Strife brings off a frothy Juice,
The Seed that must the wriggling Kind produce.
Regardless they their future Offspring leave,
But porous Sands the spumy Drops receive.
That genial Bed impregnates all the Heap,
And little *Eelets* soon begin to creep.
Half-Fish, Half-Slime they try their doubtful strength,
And slowly trail along their wormy Length.
What great Effects from slender Causes flow!
Congers their Bulk to these Productions owe:
The Forms which from the frothy Drop began,
Stretch out immense, and eddy all the Main. . .

ii

. . Justly might Female *Tortoises* complain,
To whom Enjoyment is the greatest Pain.
They dread the Tryal, and foreboding hate
The growing Passion of the cruel Mate.
He amorous pursues, They conscious fly
Joyless Caresses, and resolv'd deny.
Since partial Heaven has thus restrain'd the Bliss,
The Males they welcome with a closer Kiss,
Bite angry, and reluctant Hate declare.
The *Tortoise-Courtship* is a State of War.
Eager they fight, but with unlike Design,
Males to obtain, and Females to decline.
The Conflict lasts, till these by Strength o'ercome
All sorrowing yield to the resistless Doom.
Not like a Bride, but pensive Captive, led
To the loath'd Duties of a hated Bed.

The *Seal*, and *Tortoise* copulate behind
Like Earth-bred Dogs, and are not soon disjoyn'd,
But secret Ties the passive Couple bind. . .

iii

. . The flouncing Horse here restiff drives his Way,
And Soles on Sands their softer Bellies lay. . .

iv

. . The *Lamprey*, glowing with uncommon Fires,
The Earth-bred Serpents purfled Curls admires.
He no less kind makes amorous Returns,
With equal Love the grateful Serpent burns.
Fixt on the Joy he bounding shoots along,
Erects his azure Crest, and darts his forky Tongue.
Now his red Eye-balls glow with doubled Fires;
Proudly he mounts upon his folded Spires,
Displays his glossy Coat, and speckled Side,
And meets in all his Charms the wat'ry Bride.
But lest he cautless might his Consort harm,
The gentle Lover will himself disarm,
Spit out the venom'd Mass, and careful hide
In cranny'd Rocks, far from the washing Tide;
There leaves the Furies of his noxious Teeth,
And putrid Bags, the pois'nous Fund of Death.
His Mate he calls with softly hissing Sounds;
She joyful hears, and from the Ocean bounds.
Swift as the bearded Arrow's Hast she flies,
To own her Love, and meet the Serpent's Joys.
At her approach, no more the Lover bears
Odious Delay, nor sounding Waters fears.
Onward he moves on shining Volumes roll'd,
The Foam all burning seems with wavy Gold.
At length with equal Hast the Lovers meet,
And strange Enjoyments slake their mutual Heat.
She with wide-gaping Mouth the Spouse invites,
Sucks in his Head, and feels unknown Delights.

When full Fruition has asswag'd Desire,
Well-pleas'd the Bride will to her Home retire.
Tir'd with the Strife the Serpent hies to Land,
And leaves his Prints on all the furrow'd Sand;
With anxious Fear seeks the close private Cleft,
Where he in Trust th'important Secret left.
From the stain'd Rock he sucks the pois'nous Heaps,
Feels his returning Strength, and hissing leaps;
With brandish'd Tongue the distant Foe defies,
And darts new Light'nings from his Blood-shot Eyes.
But if some Swain mean while observing spies
Where odious Spume, and venom'd Spittle lies,
And while the Serpent wooes, from neighb'ring Seas
The cleansing Waters to the Rock conveys;
The Serpent comes, and finds his Treasure gone,
Looks sorrowing round, and blames the faithless Stone;
Disarm'd no more his wonted Pleasure takes,
Curls in the Grass, or hisses in the Brakes.
He creeps with Shame a tawdry speckled Worm,
And prides no longer in his beauteous Form.
On the same Rock with Head reclin'd he lies,
And, where he lost his Arms, despairing dies. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717), *after Oppian.*

227. TWO SEA NYMPHS

i

. . Her rising Cheeks set round with flowing Hair
Like the bright Moon in dewy Nights appear
When circling Halo's guard her from the sight
Of meaner Stars, and shine with borrow'd Light. . .

ii

. . Her rising Breasts are white as polish'd Shells,
And in each part a different Beauty dwells. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

228. THE TULIPS

WHERE Kensington high o'er the neighb'ring lands,
'Midst greens and sweets, and regal fabrick stands,
And sees each spring, luxuriant in her bowers,
A snow of blossoms, and a wild of flowers,
The dames of Britain oft in crowds repair
To groves and lawns, and unpolluted air.
Here, while the town in damps and darkness lies,
They breathe in sun-shine, and see azure skies;
Each walk, with robes of various dies bespread,
Seems from afar a moving tulip-bed,
Where rich brocades and glossy damasks glow,
And chints, the rival of the show'ry bow. . .

Thomas Tickell (1686-1740).

229. A PAINTER DESCRIBES THE PETALS OF A GUELDER-ROSE

ANY of the several species of colours may be as beautiful in their kinds as the others, but one kind is more so than another, as having more variety, and consisting of colours more pleasing in their own nature; in which, and the harmony, and agreement of one tint with another, the goodness of colouring consists.

To shew the beauty of variety I will instance in a guelder-rose, which is white; but having many leaves one under another, and lying hollow so as to be seen through in some places, which occasions several tints of light and shadow; and together with these some of the leaves having a greenish tint, all together produce that variety which gives a beauty not to be found in this paper, though it is white, nor in the inside of an egg-shell though whiter, nor in any other white object that has not that variety.

And this is the case, though this flower be seen in a room in gloomy, or wet weather; but let it be exposed to the open air when the sky is serene, the blue that those leaves, or

parts of leaves that lie open to it will receive, together with the reflections that then will also happen to strike upon it, will give a great addition to its beauty: but let the sunbeams touch upon its leaves where they can reach with their fine yellowish tint, the other retaining their sky-blue, together with the shadows, and brisk reflections it will then receive, and then you will see what a perfection of beauty it will have, not only because the colours are more pleasant in themselves, but there is greater variety.

Jonathan Richardson (1665-1745).

230. BE STILL . .

. . Be still, ye Aspin Boughs, nor restless scare
With busy trembling Leaves, the list'ning Hare. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

231. MR. DIAPER WANTS ADVANCEMENT

(*From a verse letter to Dr. Swift*)

SIR,
Tho' you are conversant at Court,
And where the *Beaux Esprits* resort,
Know all the Niceties and Rules,
Not to be taught in *Logick* Schools,
Yet for the Jest's sake hear the Thought
Of one bred up in homely Cott,
For even Fools may chance to hit
On what may sound at least like Wit;
As the blind Beggar haply may
Point out to Travellers the Way.
Well then (first Pardon ask'd) I dare
Affirm, that he who loves good Air,
Would sleep, nor have the Morning Cries
Or Hackney Coach unlock his Eyes;
If his weak Sight can't bear the Streets,
When Clouds are rais'd by Summer Heats;

If he hates Brawls and Tavern Scores,
And Impudence of Strowling Whores,
He'll rather chuse to coach it down
To *Hampshire* fields, and Country Town.
For you may take a Peasant's Word,
We have what *London* can't afford;
Nor can the Man, to say the worst,
Who quiet lives be greatly curs't;
Who breaths unknown, unheard of dies,
Whose End no *Post-Boys* advertise.
But—he the Great Ones must importune,
Who makes his own and others Fortune.
The Country Parson turn'd in Years,
Is neither plagu'd with Hopes or Fears,
But undisturb'd in Study pent,
Or is or would be thought content;
In sullen Contemplation sits,
Pities the Bishops, rails at Wits.
None (says old *Crape*) would cringe and fawn
For Silver Verge or Sleeves of Lawn;
Or lordly Pow'r ambitious seek,
Could they their Fast, as we do, break,
And dine on Pie, as Parsons must,
Made of Tithe-Apples and plain Crust.
They need not then be hurry'd down
To *Kensington* and *Windsor* Town,
As often as the Court thinks fit
To change the Air, and starve the Cit.
This House and Glebe my Wishes crown,
And what I have I call my own;
I would depend on no Man's Gift,
Nor do I envy Doctor *Swift*,
But then how nat'ral to reply,
You hate the Court, good Reason why,
Love Poverty and Rural Ease,
Because you want the Art to please,
Could you at HARLEY'S Table dine,
Taste ev'ry Dish, and choose your Wine,
Be deck'd in Scarf, and cloath'd in Silk,
Farewel to Pie-Crust, Eggs and Milk.

If in the Question you persist,
Whether the Town or Country Priest
Be in the right, I freely own
I am myself a homebred Clown;
Yet not so void of Sense or Letters,
As rudely to condemn my Betters.
No—the Beau Clerk, if he thinks fit,
May make Reply to Rustick Wit,
If I at Leisure Hours compose
Some hum'rous Strain in Verse or Prose,
Nobles with Pleasure read it o'er,
I merit Fame, and—something more,
While you in Parish preach and pray
Each *Sabbath* Morn and Holy Day;
For that poor Income you admire
Must stoop to the insulting Squire.
Those Tithes, the half of which they cheat,
Are thought an Alms, and not a Debt;
And pleas'd with *Dryden's One in Ten*,
They own no Dues to Clergymen.
If I wait on a noble Friend,
'Tis but my Duty to attend;
And really, Sir, to go well drest,
Mount a fine Horse, and eat the best,
Need no Excuse with Men of Sense,
And therfore I shall wave Defence.
Besides, an easy gen'rous Mind
Is to no Way of Life confin'd;
Prepar'd for ev'ry Turn of Fate,
Can frame it self to any State;
And Courtiers sometimes condescend
To talk with Peasant as a Friend.
But if this Reasoning be apply'd,
It will not hold on t'other Side:
A Wretch made for a Country Life,
True to his Pulpit and his Wife,
Who all his Pride and Grandeur shews
In Funeral Scarff and Hatband-Rose;
Could not his Dress or Manners fashion
To suit with any higher Station;

A *Quaker* might as soon be brought
To wear a Sword and Scarlet Coat,
As he t'harangue the listning Fair
With graceful Turn and courtlike Air,
Drest up as spruce, as th'Author looks
When plac'd by *Gucht* before his books. . . .
He cannot better be advis'd,
Poor, awkward, simple and despis'd,
Leave him to's Choice; he'll die with Grief,
Give him hard Pudding, give him Beef.
For Mortals can no farther go
Than Parts and Genius will allow. . .

William Diaper (1686?-1717).

232. A HOPE FOR ENGLISH PAINTING

WHATEVER degeneracy may have crept in from causes which it is not my present business to enquire into, no nation under heaven so nearly resembles the ancient Greeks, and Romans as we. There is a haughty courage, an elevation of thought, a greatness of taste, a love of liberty, a simplicity, and honesty amongst us, which we inherit from our ancestors, and which belong to us as Englishmen; and it is in these this resemblance consists. I could exhibit a long catalogue of soldiers, statesmen, orators, mathematicians, philosophers, &c. all living in, or near our own times, which are proofs of what I advance, and consequently do honour to our country, and to human nature. But as I confine myself to arts, and such as have an affinity to Painting, and moreover avoid to mention on this occasion the names of any now alive (though many of those I have in view will immediately occur to the thoughts of everyman) I will only instance in Inigo Jones for architecture, and Shakespear, and Milton, the one for dramatic, the other for epic poetry, and leave them to seat themselves at the table of fame amongst the most illustrious of the ancients.

A time may come when future writers may be able to add the name of an English painter. But as it is in nature, where from the seed is first produced the blade, then the green ear, and lastly the ripe corn, so national virtues sprout up first in

lesser excellencies, and proceed by an easy gradation. Greece and Rome had not Painting and sculpture in their perfection till after they had exerted their natural vigour in lesser instances. I am no prophet, nor the son of a prophet; but considering the necessary connection of causes and events, and upon seeing some links of that fatal chain, I will venture to pronounce (as exceeding probable) that if ever the ancient great, and beautiful taste in Painting revives it will be in England: but not till English painters, conscious of the dignity of their country, and of their profession, resolve to do honour to both by piety, virtue, magnanimity, benevolence, and industry; and a contempt of everything that is really unworthy of them. *Jonathan Richardson* (1665-1745).

233. THE PAINTER'S VANITY

i

I PAID Sir Godfrey Kneller a visit but two days before he died; I think I never saw a scene of so much vanity in my life. He was lying in his bed, and contemplating the plan he had made for his own monument. He said many gross things in relation to himself, and the memory he should leave behind him. He said he should not like to lie among the rascals at Westminster; a memorial there would be sufficient; and desired me to write an epitaph for it. I did so afterwards; and I think it is the worst thing I ever wrote in my life.

ii

"Did you never hear Sir Godfrey's dream?"—"No"—"Why then I'll tell it you."—A night or two ago (said Sir Godfrey) I had a very odd sort of dream. I dreamt that I was dead, and soon after found myself walking in a narrow path that led up between two hills, rising pretty equally on each side of it. Before me I saw a door, and a great number of people about it. I walked on toward them.—As I drew nearer, I could distinguish St. Peter by his keys, with some other of the apostles; they were admitting the people as they came next the door. When I had joined the company, I could see

several seats, every way, at a little distance within the door. As the first, after my coming up, approached for admittance, St. Peter asked his name, and then his religion.—I am a Roman Catholic, replied the spirit. Go in then, says St. Peter, and sit down on those seats there on the right hand. The next was a Presbyterian: he was admitted too after the usual questions, and ordered to sit down on the seats opposite to the other. My turn came next, and as I approached, St. Peter very civilly asked me my name. I said it was Kneller. I had no sooner said so, than St. Luke (who was standing by) turned toward me, and said, with a great deal of sweetness—"What! the famous Sir Godfrey Kneller, from England?"—"The very same, sir, (says I) at your service."—On this St. Luke immediately drew near to me, embraced me, and made me a great many compliments on the art we had both of us followed in this world: He entered so far into the subject, that he seemed almost to have forgot the business for which I came thither. At last, however, he recollected himself, and said "I beg your pardon, Sir Godfrey; I was so taken up with the pleasure of conversing with you!—But, apropos, pray, Sir, what religion may you be of?"—"Why truly, Sir, (says I) I am of no religion."—"O, Sir, (says he) you will be so good then as to go in and take your seat where you please."

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

234. PAINTERS, AFTER ALL, ARE GENTLEMEN

I REPEAT it again, and would inculcate it, Painting is a fine piece of workmanship; it is a beautiful ornament, and as such gives us pleasure; but over and above this, we PAINTERS are upon the level with writers, as being poets, historians, philosophers, and divines; we entertain, and instruct equally with them. This is true and manifest beyond dispute whatever men's notions have been:

> *To wake the Soul by tender strokes of art,*
> *To raise the genius, and to mend the heart.*
>
> Mr. POPE.

is the business of Painting as well as of tragedy.

Jonathan Richardson (1665-1745).

235. DAWN AND NIGHT

. . When the gay sun first breaks the shades of night,
And strikes the distant eastern hills with light,
Colour returns, the plains their liv'ry wear,
And a bright verdure cloaths the smiling year;
The blooming flow'rs with op'ning beauties glow,
And grazing flocks their milky fleeces show,
The barren cliffs with chalky fronts arise,
And a pure azure arches o'er the skies.
But when the gloomy reign of night returns,
Stript of her fading pride all nature mourns:
The trees no more their wonted verdure boast,
But weep in dewy tears their beauty lost;
No distant landskips draw our curious eyes,
Wrapt in night's robe the whole creation lies.
Yet still, ev'n now, while darkness cloaths the land,
We view the traces of th'almighty hand;
Millions of stars in heav'n's wide vault appear,
And with new glories hangs the boundless sphere:
The silver moon her western couch forsakes,
And o'er the skies her nightly circle makes,
Her solid globe beats back the sunny rays,
And to the whole world her borrow'd light repays. . .

John Gay (1685-1732).

236. A HOMERIC MOONLIGHT

. . As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night,
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene:
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumber'd gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744), *after Homer.*

237. THE LINNET ON THE BOUGH

METHINKS I'm now surrounded by despair,
And all my with'ring hopes are lost in air.
Thus the young linnet on the rocking bough
Hears through long woods autumnal tempests blow,
With hollow blasts the clashing branches bend;
And yellow show'rs of rustling leaves descend;
She sees the friendly shelter from her fly,
Nor dare her little pinions trust the sky;
But on the naked spray in wintry air,
All shiv'ring, hopeless, mourns the dying year. . .

John Gay (1685-1732).

238. THE BEGINNINGS OF DAY

. . But now the Huntsman takes his usual Round,
While list'ning Foxes hear th'unwelcome Sound;
And early Peasants, who prevent the Day,
May hither Chance unweening guide their way;
For see—the greyish Edge of Dawn appears,
Night her Departure mourns in dewy Tears.
The Goblins vanish, and the Elfin Queen
Foregoes the Pleasures of the trampled Green.
Nature's unwilling to be rouz'd so soon,
And Earth looks pale on the declining Moon;
The nimble Hours dress out th'impatient Sun,
While rising Fogs, and whisp'ring Gales fore-run.
The Bats (a doubtful Kind) begin their Sleep,
And to their Cells the darken'd Glowe Worms creep;
The coming Day the conscious Insects grieve,
And with slow Haste the grateful Herbage leave,
Wreath o'er the Grass, and the moist Path pursue,
Streaking with viscous Slime the shining Dew;
In some close Shade a friendly Covert find,
And Parent Earth receives the reptile Kind.

Guilt, and the Day disturb the wily Snakes,
And Urchins hide their Theft in thorny Brakes.
All fly the Sun, and seek a cool Retreat,
Nor envy buzzing Swarms, who joy in scorching Heat. . .
William Diaper (1686?-1717).

239. ANOTHER DAWN

. . *Aurora* rous'd by some damn'd Cock,
From a pure Dream, how in her Smock
She wrestled, with the Man she doats on;
Jump'd out of Bed, and slipt her Coats on;
And just then as the blowzy Lass,
Before the Sea, her looking Glass
Stood dressing of [her] Carrot Head,
And dawbing her blue chops with Red;
Dame Earth pull'd off her Mask to *Sol*,
As Strumpets do to Sentinel;
Whose Red Coat, in St. James's Park,
From every Face dispels the dark.
Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733).

240. A FLEET STREET FOR DUBLIN

SERIOUSLY then, I have many Years lamented the want of a *Grub-street* in this our large and polite *City*, unless the whole may be called *one*. And this I have accounted an unpardonable Defect in our Constitution, ever since I had any Opinions I could call my own. Every one knows, *Grub-street* is a Market for *Small-Ware* in WIT, and as necessary considering the usual Purgings of *Human Brain*, as the *Nose* is upon a Man's *Face*: And for the same Reasons, we have here a *Court*, a *College*, a *Play-House*, and beautiful *Ladies*, and fine *Gentlemen*, and good *Claret*, and abundance of *Pens*, *Ink* and *Paper* (clear of Taxes) and every other Circumstance to provoke WIT, and yet those whose Province it is, have not yet thought fit to

appoint a place for *Evacuations* of it, which is a very hard Case, as may be judged by Comparisons.

And truly this Defect has been attended with unspeakable Inconveniences; for not to mention the Prejudice done to the Common-wealth of *Letters*, I am of opinion we suffer in our Health by it: I believe our corrupted Air, and frequent thick *Fogs* are in a great measure owing to the common exposal of our *Wit*, and that with good Management, our Poetical *Vapours* might be carried off in a *common Drain*, and fall into one Quarter of the Town, without infecting the whole, as the Case is at present, to the great Offence of our *Nobility*, and *Gentry*, and *Others* of nice *Noses*. When Writers of all sizes, like Freemen of the City, are at liberty to throw out their *Filth* and *Excrementious Productions*, in every Street as they please, what can the Consequence be, but that the Town must be *Poyson'd* and become such another *Jakes*, as by report of great Travellers, EDINBOROUGH is at Night, a thing well to be consider'd in these pestilent Times.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

241. THE BIRTH OF THE SQUIRE: AN ECLOGUE

In Imitation of the Pollio of Virgil

YE sylvan Muses, loftier strains recite,
Not all in shades, and humble cotts delight.
Hark! the bells ring; along the distant grounds
The driving gales convey the swelling sounds;
Th' attentive swain, forgetful of his work,
With gaping wonder, leans upon his fork.
What sudden news alarms the waking morn?
To the glad Squire a hopeful heir is born.
Mourn, mourn, ye stags; and all ye beasts of chase,
This hour destruction brings on all your race;
See the pleas'd tenants duteous off'rings bear,
Turkeys and geese and grocer's sweetest ware;
With the new health the pond'rous tankard flows,
And old *October* reddens ev'ry nose.

Beagles and spaniels round his cradle stand,
Kiss his moist lip and gently lick his hand;
He joys to hear the shrill horn's ecchoing sounds,
And learns to lisp the names of all the hounds.
With frothy ale to make his cup o'erflow,
Barley shall in paternal acres grow;
The bee shall sip the fragrant dew from flow'rs,
To give metheglin for his morning hours;
For him the clustring hop shall climb the poles,
And his own orchard sparkle in his bowls.

His Sire's exploits he now with wonder hears,
The monstrous tales indulge his greedy ears;
How when youth strung his nerves and warm'd his veins,
He rode the mighty *Nimrod* of the plains:
He leads the staring infant through the hall,
Points out the horny spoils that grace the wall;
Tells, how this stag thro' three whole counties fled,
What rivers swam, where bay'd, and where he bled.
Now he the wonders of the fox repeats,
Describes the desp'rate chase, and all his cheats;
How in one day beneath his furious speed,
He tir'd seven coursers of the fleetest breed;
How high the pale he leapt, how wide the ditch,
When the hound tore the haunches of the witch! *
These stories which descend from son to son,
The forward boy shall one day make his own.

Ah, too fond mother, think the time draws nigh,
That calls the darling from thy tender eye;
How shall his spirit brook the rigid rules,
And the long tyranny of grammar schools?
Let younger brothers o'er dull authors plod,
Lash'd into *Latin* by the tingling rod;
No, let him never feel that smart disgrace:
Why should he wiser prove than all his race?

* *The most common accident to Sportsmen; to hunt a witch in the form of a hare.*

When rip'ning youth with down o'ershades his chin,
And ev'ry female eye incites to sin;
The milk-maid (thoughtless of her future shame)
With smacking lip shall raise his guilty flame;
The dairy, barn, the hay-loft and the grove
Shall oft be conscious of their stolen love.
But think, *Priscilla*, on that dreadful time,
When pangs and wat'ry qualms shall own thy crime;
How wilt thou tremble when thy nipple's prest,
To see the white drops bathe thy swelling breast!
Nine Moons shall publickly divulge thy shame,
And the young Squire forestall a father's name.

When twice twelve times the reaper's sweeping hand
With levell'd harvests has bestrown the land,
On fam'd *St. Hubert's* feast, his winding horn
Shall cheer the joyful hound and wake the morn:
This memorable day his eager speed
Shall urge with bloody heel the rising steed.
O check the foamy bit, nor tempt thy fate,
Think on the murders of a five-bar gate!
Yet prodigal of life, the leap he tries,
Low in the dust his groveling honour lies,
Headlong he falls, and on the rugged stone
Distorts his neck, and cracks the collar bone;
O vent'rous youth, thy thirst of game allay,
May'st thou survive the perils of this day!
He shall survive; and in late years be sent
To snore away Debates in *Parliament.*

The time shall come, when his more solid sense
With nod important shall the laws dispense;
A Justice with grave Justices shall sit,
He praise their wisdom, they admire his wit.
No greyhound shall attend the tenant's pace,
No rusty gun the farmer's chimney grace;
Salmons shall leave their covers void of fear,
Nor dread the thievish net or triple spear;

Poachers shall tremble at his awful name,
Whom vengeance now o'ertakes for murder'd game.

Assist me, *Bacchus*, and ye drunken Pow'rs,
To sing his friendships and his midnight hours!

Why dost thou glory in thy strength of beer,
Firm-cork'd, and mellow'd till the twentieth year;
Brew'd or when *Phœbus* warms the fleecy sign,
Or when his languid rays in *Scorpio* shine.
Think on the mischiefs which from hence have sprung!
It arms with curses dire the wrathful tongue;
Foul scandal to the lying lip affords,
And prompts the mem'ry with injurious words.
O where is wisdom when by this o'erpower'd?
The state is censur'd, and the maid deflower'd!
And wilt thou still, O Squire, brew ale so strong?
Hear then the dictates of prophetic song.

Methinks I see him in his hall appear,
Where the long table floats in clammy beer,
'Midst mugs and glasses shatter'd o'er the floor,
Dead-drunk his servile crew supinely snore;
Triumphant, o'er the prostrate brutes he stands,
The mighty bumper trembles in his hands;
Boldly he drinks, and like his glorious Sires,
In copious gulps of potent ale expires.

John Gay (1685-1732).

242. PRETTY POLL

A VERY little Wit is valued in a Woman, as we are pleas'd with a few Words spoken plain by a Parrot.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

243. THE PROGRESS OF LOVE

DESPONDING Phillis was endu'd
With ev'ry Talent of a Prude,
She trembled when a Man drew near;
Salute her, and she turn'd her Ear:
If o'er against her you were plac't
She durst not look above your Wast;
She'd rather take you to her Bed
Than let you see her dress her Head;
In Church you heard her thrô the Crowd
Repeat the Absolution loud;
In Church, secure behind her Fan
She durst behold that Monster, Man:
There practic'd how to place her Head,
And bit her Lips to make them red:
Or on the Matt devoutly kneeling
Would lift her Eyes up to the Ceeling,
And heave her Bosom unaware
For neighb'ring Beaux to see it bare.
At length a lucky Lover came,
And found Admittance from the Dame.
Suppose all Partyes now agreed,
The Writings drawn, the Lawyer fee'd,
The Vicar and the Ring bespoke:
Guess how could such a Match be broke.
See then what Mortals place their Bliss in!
Next morn betimes the Bride was missing,
The Mother scream'd, the Father chid,
Where can this idle Wench be hid?
No news of Phil. The Bridegroom came,
And thought his Bride had sculk't for shame,
Becausé her Father us'd to say
The Girl had such a Bashfull way.
Now, John the Butler must be sent
To learn the Way that Phillis went;
The Groom was washt to saddle Crop,
For John must neither light nor stop;

But find her where so'er she fled,
And bring her back, alive or dead.
See here again the Dev'l to do;
For truly John was missing too:
The Horse and Pillion both were gone
Phillis, it seems, was fled with John.
Old Madam who went up to find
What Papers Phil had left behind,
A Letter on the Toylet sees
To my much honor'd Father; These:
('Tis always done, Romances tell us,
When Daughters run away with Fellows)
Fill'd with the choicest common-places,
By others us'd in the like Cases.
That, long ago a Fortune-teller
Exactly said what now befell her,
And in a Glass had made her see
A serving-Man of low Degree:
It was her Fate; must be forgiven;
For Marriages are made in Heaven:
His Pardon begg'd, but to be plain,
She'd do't if 'twere to do again.
Thank God, 'twas neither Shame nor Sin,
For John was come of honest Kin:
Love never thinks of Rich and Poor,
She'd beg with John from Door to Door:
Forgive her, if it be a Crime,
She'll never do't another Time,
She ne'r before in all her Life
Once disobey'd him, Maid nor Wife.
One Argument she summ'd up all in,
The Thing was done and past recalling:
And therefore hop'd she would recover
His Favor, when his Passion's over.
She valued not what others thought her;
And was—His most obedient Daughter.
  Fair Maidens all attend the Muse
Who now the wand'ring Pair pursues:
Away they rode in homely Sort
Their Journy long, their Money short;

The loving Couple well bemir'd,
The Horse and both the Riders tir'd:
Their Vittells bad, their Lodging worse,
Phil cry'd, and John began to curse;
Phil wish't, that she had strained a Limb
When first she ventur'd out with him.
John wish't, that he had broke a Leg
When first for her he quitted Peg.
But what Adventures more befell 'um
The Muse has now not time to tell 'um.
How Jonny wheadled, threatned, fawnd,
Till Phillis all her Trinkets pawn'd:
How oft she broke her marriage Vows
In kindness to maintain her Spouse;
Till Swains unwholesome spoyld the Trade,
For now the Surgeon must be paid;
To whom those Perquisites are gone
In Christian Justice due to John.
When Food and Rayment now grew scarce
Fate put a Period to the Farce;
And with exact Poetick Justice:
For John is Landlord, Phillis Hostess;
They keep at Stains the old blue Boar,
Are Cat and Dog, and Rogue and Whore.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

244. THE NATURE OF PUBLISHERS

TO THE EARL OF BURLINGTON

MY LORD,

IF your Mare could speak, she would give an account of what extraordinary company she had on the road; which since she cannot do, I will.

It was the enterprizing Mr. Lintot, the redoubtable rival of Mr. Tonson, who, mounted on a stone-horse (no disagreeable companion to your Lordship's mare) overtook me in Windsor-forest. He said, he heard I design'd for Oxford, the seat of

the Muses, and would, as my bookseller, by all means, accompany me thither.

I ask'd him where he got his horse? He answer'd, he got it of his Publisher: "For that rogue my Printer (said he) disappointed me: I hoped to put him in good-humour by a treat at the tavern, of a brown fricassee of rabbits, which cost two shillings, with two quarts of wine, besides my conversation. I thought myself cocksure of his horse, which he readily promis'd me, but said that Mr. Tonson had just such another design of going to Cambridge, expecting there the copy of a new kind of Horace from Dr. ——, and if Mr. Tonson went, he was preingaged to attend him, being to have the printing of the said copy.

"So in short, I borrow'd this stone-horse of my publisher, which he had of Mr. Oldmixon for a debt; he lent me too the pretty boy you see after me: he was a smutty dog yesterday, and cost me near two hours to wash the ink off his face; but the Devil is a fair condition'd Devil, and very forward in his Catechise: if you have any more baggs, he shall carry them."

I thought Mr. Lintot's civility not to be neglected, so gave the boy a small bag, containing three shirts and an Elzevir Virgil; and mounting in an instant proceeded on the road, with my man before, my courteous stationer beside, and the aforesaid devil behind.

Mr. Lintot began in this manner. "Now damn them! what if they should put it into the newspaper, how you and I went together to Oxford? what would I care? If I should go down into Sussex, they would say I was gone to the Speaker. But what of that? If my son were big enough to go on with the business, by G—d I would keep as good company as old Jacob." *

Hereupon I enquir'd of his son. "The lad (says he) has fine parts, but is somewhat sickly, much as you are—I spare for nothing in his Education at Westminster. Pray, don't you think Westminster to be the best school in England? most of the late Ministry came out of it, so did many of this Ministry; I hope the boy will make his fortune." Don't you design to let him pass a year at Oxford? "To what purpose? (said he)

* i.e. Mr. Tonson.

the Universities do but make Pedants, and I intend to breed him a man of business."

As Mr. Lintot was talking, I observ'd he sate uneasy on his saddle, for which I express'd some sollicitude: Nothing, says he, I can bear it well enough; but since we have the day before us, methinks it would be very pleasant for you to rest a-while under the woods. When we were alighted, "See here, what a mighty pretty Horace I have in my pocket! what if you amus'd yourself in turning an ode, till we mount again? Lord! if you pleas'd, what a clever Miscellany might you make at leisure hours." Perhaps I may, said I, if we ride on; the motion is an aid to my fancy, a round trott very much awakens my spirits: then jog on a pace, and I'll think as hard as I can.

Silence ensued for a full hour; after which Mr. Lintot lugg'd the reins, stop'd short, and broke out, "Well, Sir, how far have you gone? I answer'd, Seven miles. Z—ds, Sir, said Lintot, I thought you had done seven stanzas. Oldsworth, in a ramble round Wimbleton-hill, would translate a whole ode in half this time. "I'll say that for Oldsworth (tho' I lost by his Timothy's) he translates an ode of Horace the quickest of any man in England. I remember Dr. King would write verses in a tavern three hours after he could not speak: and there's Sir Richard, in that rumbling old chariot of his, between Fleetditch and St. Giles's pound, shall make you half a job."

Pray Mr. Lintot (said I) now you talk of Translators, what is your method of managing them? "Sir, (reply'd he) those are the saddest pack of rogues in the world: in a hungry fit, they'll swear they understand all the languages in the universe: I have known one of them take down a Greek book upon my counter and cry, Ay, this is Hebrew, I must read it from the latter end. By G—d I can never be sure in these fellows, for I neither understand Greek, Latin, French, nor Italian myself. But this is my way; I agree with them for ten shillings per sheet, with a proviso, that I will have their doings corrected by whom I please; so by one or other they are led at last to the true sense of an author; my judgment giving the negative to all my translators." But how are you

secure those correctors may not impose upon you? "Why I get any civil gentleman, (especially any Scotchman) that comes into my shop, to read the original to me in English; by this I know whether my first translator be deficient, and whether my corrector merits his money or not?

"I'll tell you what happen'd to me last month: I bargain'd with S. for a new version of Lucretius to publish against Tonson's; agreeing to pay the author for many shillings at his producing so many lines. He made a great progress in a very short time, and I gave it to the corrector to compare with the Latin; but he went directly to Creech's translation, and found it the same word for word; all but the first page. Now what d'ye think I did? I arrested the translator for a cheat; nay, and I stopt the corrector's pay too, upon this proof that he had made use of Creech instead of the original."

Pray tell me next how you deal with the Critics? "Sir (said he) nothing more easy. I can silence the most formidable of them: the rich ones for a sheet a piece of the blotted manuscript, which costs me nothing; they'll go about with it to their acquaintance, and pretend they had it from the author, who submitted to their correction: this has given some of them such an air, that in time they come to be consulted with, and dedicated to, as the top Critics of the town.—As for the poor critics, I'll give you one instance of my management, by which you may guess at the rest. A lean man, that look'd like a very good scholar, came to me t'other day; he turn'd over your Homer, shook his head, shrug'd up his shoulders, and pish'd at every line of it: One would wonder (says he) at the strange presumption of some men; Homer is no such easy talk, that every stripling, every versifier—He was going on, when my wife call'd to dinner: Sir, said I, will you please to eat a piece of beef with me? Mr. Lintot, said he, I am sorry you should be at the expence of this great book, I am really concern'd on your account—Sir, I am much oblig'd to you: if you can dine upon a piece of beef, together with a slice of pudding—Mr. Lintot, I do not say but Mr. Pope, if he would condescend to advise with men of learning—Sir, the pudding is upon the table, if you please to go in—My critic complies, he comes to a taste of your poetry, and tells me in

the same breath, that the book is commendable, and the pudding excellent.

"Now, Sir, (concluded Mr. Lintot) in return to the frankness I have shewn, pray tell me, Is it the opinion of your friends at court that my Lord Landsdown will be brought to the bar or not?" I told him, I heard he would not, and I hop'd it, my Lord being one I had particular obligations to. "That may be (reply'd Mr. Lintot) but by G—d if he is not, I shall lose the printing of a very good Trial."

These, my Lord, are a few traits by which you may discern the genius of Mr. Lintot, which I have chosen for the subject of a letter. I dropt him as soon as I got to Oxford, and paid a visit to my Lord Carleton at Middleton.

The conversations I enjoy here are not to be prejudiced by my pen, and the Pleasures from them only to be equall'd when I meet your Lordship. I hope in a few days to cast myself from your horse at your feet.

I am, &c.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

245. THE RATS

I WAS very much tired and disposed to sleep, which my Mistress perceiving, she put me on her own Bed, and covered me with a clean white Handkerchief, but larger and coarser than the Main Sail of a Man of War.

I slept about two hours, and dreamed I was at home with my Wife and Children, which aggravated my Sorrows when I awaked and found myself alone in a vast Room, between two and three Hundred Foot wide. My Mistress was gone about her household Affairs, and had locked me in. The Bed was eight Yards from the Floor. Some natural Necessities required me to get down: I durst not presume to call, and if I had, it would have been in vain with such a Voice as mine at so great a Distance from the Room where I lay, to the Kitchen where the Family kept. While I was under these Circumstances, two Rats crept up the Curtains, and ran

smelling backwards and forwards on the Bed: One of them came up almost to my Face; whereupon I rose in a Fright, and drew out my Hanger to defend my self. These horrible Animals had the Boldness to attack me on both Sides, and one of them held his Fore-feet at my Collar; but I had the good Fortune to rip up his Belly before he could do me any Mischief. He fell down at my Feet; and the other seeing the Fate of his Comrade, made his Escape, but not without one good Wound on the Back, which I gave him as he fled, and made the Blood run trickling from him. After this Exploit I walked gently to and fro on the Bed, to recover my Breath and Loss of Spirits. These Creatures were of the Size of a large Mastiff, but infinitely more nimble and fierce; so that if I had taken off my Belt before I went to sleep, I must infallibly have been torn to Pieces and devoured. I measured the Tail of the dead Rat, and found it to be two Yards long, wanting an Inch; but it went against my Stomach to drag the Carcass off the Bed, where it lay still bleeding; I observed it yet had some Life, But with a strong Slash cross the Neck, I thoroughly dispatched it.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

246. RETORT TO SIR THOMAS

A POOR man being pressed for a Souldier in the late Wars (& being to be sent to Ireland) Sir Thomas Cave of Northamptonshire (for there the Act was done) declared he should be freed provided he might have a night's lodging with his Wife, to whom he was newly married. She was a pretty Woman, but Sir Thomas was a haf-witted Man. When the Fellow was told it he went to Sir Thomas. Sr. Thomas plainly told him the Case, & assured him he should be at his Liberty again, provided he would let him enjoy his wife but one night. No, says the poor Man, that I will not, we have too many Fools already of your Breed. This exasperated Sr. Thomas, & the Fellow went for a Souldier.

Thomas Hearne (1678-1735).

247. A SATIRICAL ELEGY

On the Death of a Late Famous General

(The Duke of Marlborough)

His Grace! impossible! what dead!
Of old age too, and in his bed!
And could that Mighty Warrior fall?
And so inglorious, after all!
Well, since he's gone, no matter how,
The last loud trump must wake him now:
And trust me, as the nose grows stronger,
He'd wish to sleep a little longer.
And could he be indeed so old
As by the news-papers we're told?
Threescore, I think, is pretty high;
'Twas time in conscience he should die.
This world he cumber'd long enough;
He burnt his candle to the snuff;
And that's the reason, some folks think,
He left behind *so great a stink.*
Behold his funeral appears,
Nor widow's sighs, nor orphan's tears,
Wont at such times each heart to pierce,
Attend the progress of his herse.
But what of that, his friends may say,
He had those honours in his day.
True to his profit and his pride,
He made them weep before he dy'd.

Come hither, all ye empty things,
Ye bubbles rais'd by breath of Kings;
Who float upon the tide of state,
Come hither, and behold your fate.
Let pride be taught by this rebuke,
How very mean a thing's a Duke;
From all his ill-got honours flung,
Turn'd to that dirt from whence he sprung.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

248. THE LOVE OF PRAISE

. . It aids the *dancer's* heel, the *writer's* head,
And heaps the plain with mountains of the dead;
Nor ends with *life*; but nods in sable *plumes*,
Adorns our *hearse*, and flatters on our *tombs*.

What is not *proud*? The *pimp* is proud to see
So many like himself in high degree:
The *whore* is proud her beauties are the dread
Of peevish virtue, and the marriage-bed;
And the brib'd *cuckold*, like crown'd victims born
To slaughter, glories in his gilded horn. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

249. THE ENGLISH IN IRELAND

(*St. Patrick speaks*)

. . With Omens oft I strove to warn thy Swains
Omens the Types of thy impending Chains.
I sent the Magpye from the *British* Soil,
With restless Beak thy blooming Fruit to spoil;
To din thine Ears with unharmonious Clack,
And haunt thy holy Walls in white and black.
What else are those thou seest in Bishop's Gear,
Who crop the Nurseries of Learning here?
Aspiring, greedy, full of senseless Prate,
Devour the Church, and chatter to the State.

As you grew more degenerate and base,
I sent you Millions of the croaking Race;
Emblems of Insects vile, who spread their Spawn
Through all thy Land, in Armour, Fur and Lawn;
A nauseous Brood, that fills your Senate Walls,
And in the Chambers of your Viceroy crawls. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

250. BACHELOR'S MAID

. . Get you a lass that's young and tight,
Whose arms are, like her apron, white;
What though her shift be seldom seen?
Let that, though coarse, be always clean;
She might each morn your tea attend,
And on your wrist your ruffle mend;
Then if you break a roguish jest,
Or squeeze her hand, or pat her breast,
She cries, Oh dear Sir, dont be naught!
And blushes speak her last night's fault.
To her your household cares confide,
Let your keys gingle at her side.
A footman's blunders teaze and fret ye,
Ev'n while you chide you smile on *Betty*.
Discharge him then, if he's too spruce,
For *Betty's* for his master's use. . .

John Gay (1685-1732).

251. INSECTS FROM THE NILE

. . Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past,
Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,
As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile;
Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,
Their generation's so equivocal:
To tell 'em would a hundred tongues require,
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire.
But you who seek to give and merit fame,
And justly bear a Critic's noble name,
Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
How far your genius, taste, and learning go;
Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

252. THE SMART LADY

. . Is *nature* then a niggard of her bliss?
Repine we *guiltless* in a world like this?
But our lewd tastes her lawful charms refuse,
And painted *art's* deprav'd allurements chuse.
Such FULVIA'S passion for the town; fresh air
(An odd effect!) gives vapours to the fair;
Green fields, and shady groves, and chrystal springs,
And larks, and nightingales are odious things;
But smoke, and dust, and noise, and crowds, delight;
And to be press'd to death, transports her quite:
Where silver riv'lets play through flow'ry meads,
And *woodbines* give their sweets, and *limes* their shades,
Black kennels absent *odours* she regrets,
And stops her nose at beds of violets. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

253. THE TREATMENT FOR OLD JADES AND JANES

. . 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain:
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write?
Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,
And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.
False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.
What crouds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,
Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence.
Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.

The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,
With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
And always list'ning to himself appears. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

254. THE PROGRESS OF POETRY

The Farmer's Goose, who in the Stubble,
Has fed without Restraint, or Trouble;
Grown fat with Corn and Sitting still,
Can scarce get o'er the Barn-Door Sill:
And hardly waddles forth, to cool
Her Belly in the neighb'ring Pool:
Nor loudly cackles at the Door;
For Cackling shews the Goose is poor.

But when she must be turn'd to graze,
And round the barren Common strays,
Hard Exercise, and harder Fare
Soon make my Dame grow lank and spare:
Her body light, she tries her Wings,
And scorns the Ground, and upward springs,
While all the Parish, as she flies,
Hear Sounds harmonious from the Skies.

Such is the Poet, fresh in Pay,
(The third Night's Profits of his Play;)
His Morning-Draughts 'till Noon can swill,
Among his Brethren of the Quill:
With good Roast Beef his Belly full,
Grown lazy, foggy, fat, and dull:
Deep sunk in Plenty, and Delight,
What Poet e'er could take his Flight?
Or stuff'd with Phlegm up to the Throat
What Poet e'er could sing a Note?
Nor *Pegasus* could bear the Load,
Along the high celestial Road;

The Steed, oppress'd, would break his Girth,
To raise the Lumber from the Earth.

But view him in another Scene,
When all his Drink is *Hippocrene*,
His Money spent, his Patrons fail,
His Credit out for Cheese and Ale;
His Two-Year's Coat so smooth and bare,
Through ev'ry Thread it lets in Air;
With hungry Meals his Body pin'd,
His Guts and Belly full of Wind;
And, like a Jockey for a Race,
His Flesh brought down to Flying-Case:
Now his exalted Spirit loaths
Incumbrances of Food and Cloaths;
And up he rises like a Vapour,
Supported high on Wings of Paper;
He singing flies, and flying sings,
While from below all *Grub-street* rings.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

255. THE SHINING STONES OF THE YAHOOS

In some Fields of his Country, there are certain *shining Stones* of several Colours, whereof the *Yahoos* are violently fond; and when Part of these *Stones* are fixed in the Earth, as it sometimes happeneth, they will dig with their Claws for whole Days to get them out, and carry them away, and hide them by Heaps in their Kennels; but still looking round with great Caution, for fear their Comrades should find out their Treasure. My Master said, he could never discover the Reason of this unnatural Appetite, or of how these *Stones* could be of any Use to a *Yahoo*; but now he believed it might proceed from the same Principle of *Avarice*, which I had ascribed to Mankind. That he had once, by way of Experiment, privately removed a Heap of these *Stones* from the Place where one of his *Yahoos* had buried it: Whereupon, the sordid Animal missing his Treasure, by his loud lamenting brought the whole Herd

to the Place, then miserably howled, then fell to biting and tearing the rest; began to pine away, would neither eat nor sleep, nor work, till he ordered a Servant privately to convey the *Stones* into the same Hole, and hide them as before; which when his *Yahoo* had found, he presently recovered his Spirits and good Humour; but took Care to remove them to a better hiding Place; and hath ever since been a very serviceable Brute. *Jonathan Swift* (1667-1745).

256. TEN PER CENT: THEN AS NOW

. . Well, if a King's a Lion, at the least
The People are a many-headed Beast:
Can they direct what measures to pursue,
Who know themselves so little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Lust of Gold,
Just half the land would buy, and half be sold:
Their Country's wealth our mightier Misers drain,
Or cross, to plunder Provinces, the Main:
The rest, some farm the Poor-box, some the Pews;
Some keep Assemblies, and wou'd keep the Stews;
Some with fat Bucks on childless Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While with the silent growth of ten per Cent,
In Dirt and darkness hundreds stink content. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

257. INCONTINENCE OF LEARNING: JOLLY WARD, A.M.

On Sunday May 13th., 1716 (being this Year) one George Ward (commonly called for his loose way of living Jolly Ward), A.M., & Fellow of University College, & a Tutor of the House, & in Priests Orders, was found with a common strumpet in his Chamber of the College, in the time of Evening Service in the afternoon. Which strumpet lives in Oxford, & is very notorious. She was with this Ward two or three Hours, &

was convey'd to him by an elderly woman that he had imployed. The same Strumpet hath often been with one Fiddes, A.M. & Fellow of All Souls, as also with our debauched & irreligious (for so he is) Professor of Astronomy, Dr. John Keil. Ward went out of Town the next day, the matter being divulged & brought before the Master of Univ. Coll., Dr. Charlett, at that time Pro-Vice-Chancellor. And Fiddes is likewise out of Town. But Ward being a Favourite of the Master's, nothing is done against him, tho' he ought to be expelled both the College & University. Nor is the Strumpet punished, but permitted to go away; only the old woman that conveyed her hath been corrected a little in Bridewell. I put these things down, not that I think the University ought to be reflected on upon this Account, but only some particular Men who encourage Idleness & Debauchery & the greatest wickedness, this Ward being a vile Fellow, & the very same man that hath most scandalously debauched the present young Lord Brooke, with whom he often is both in Town & Country, & they enjoy their Whores (as I am well informed) in common.

Thomas Hearne (1678-1735).

258. A SOCIETY OF AUTHORS, OR HOW TO ADVANCE BATHOS

As our Number is confessedly far superior to that of the enemy, there seems nothing wanting but Unanimity among ourselves. It is therefore humbly offered, that all and every individual of the Bathos, do enter into a firm association, and incorporate into One regular Body, whereof every member, even the meanest, will some way contribute to the support of the whole; in like manner, as the weakest reeds, when joined in one bundle, become infrangible. To which end our Art ought to be put upon the same foot with other Arts of this age. The vast improvement of modern manufactures ariseth from their being divided into several branches, and parcelled out to several trades: For instance, in Clock-making one artist makes the balance, another the spring, another the crown-wheels, a fourth the case, and the principal workman

puts all together: To this economy we owe the perfection of our modern watches, and doubtless we also might that of our modern Poetry and Rhetoric, were the several parts branched out in the like manner.

Nothing is more evident than that divers persons, no other way remarkable, have each a strong disposition to the formation of some particular Trope or Figure. Aristotle saith, that the *Hyperbole* is an ornament for young men of Quality; accordingly we find in those Gentlemen a wonderful propensity toward it, which is marvellously improved by Travelling: Soldiers also and Seamen are very happy in the same Figure. The *Periphrasis* or *Circumlocution* is the peculiar talent of Country Farmers; the *Proverb* and *Apologue* of old Men at their clubs; the *Ellipsis* or speech by half words, of Ministers and Politicians, the *Aposiopesis* of Courtiers, the *Litotes* or Diminution of Ladies, Whisperers, and Backbiters, and the *Anadiplosis* of common Cryers and Hawkers, who, by redoubling the same words, persuade people to buy their oysters, green hastings, or new ballads. *Epithets* may be found in great plenty at Billingsgate, *Sarcasm* and *Irony* learned upon the Water, and the *Epiphonema* or *Exclamation* frequently from the Beargarden, and as frequently from the *Hear him* of the House of Commons.

Now each man applying his whole time and genius upon his particular Figure, would doubtless attain to perfection; and when each became incorporated and sworn into the Society (as hath been proposed) a Poet or Orator would have no more to do but to send to the particular Traders in each Kind, to the *Metaphorist* for his *Allegories*, to the *Simile-maker* for his *Comparisons*, to the *Ironist* for his *Sarcasms*, to the *Apothegmatist* for his *Sentences*, etc. whereby a Dedication or Speech would be composed in a moment, the superior artist having nothing to do but to put together all the Materials.

I therefore propose that there be contrived with all convenient dispatch, at the publick expence, a *Rhetorical Chest of Drawers*, consisting of three Stories, the highest for the *Deliberative*, the middle for the *Demonstrative*, and the lowest for the *Judicial*. These shall be divided into *Loci*, or *Places*, being repositories for Matter and Argument in the several

kinds of oration or writing; and every Drawer shall again be sub-divided into Cells, resembling those of Cabinets for Rarities. The apartment for *Peace* or *War*, and that of the *Liberty of the Press*, may in a very few days be filled with several arguments perfectly new; and the *Vituperative Partition* will as easily be replenished with a most choice collection, entirely of the growth and manufacture of the present age. Every composer will soon be taught the use of this Cabinet, and how to manage all the Registers of it, which will be drawn out much in the manner of those in an Organ.

The Keys of it must be kept in honest hands, by some *Reverend Prelate*, or *Valiant Officer*, of unquestioned Loyalty and Affection to every present Establishment in Church and State; which will sufficiently guard against any mischief which might otherwise be apprehended from it.

And being lodged in such hands, it may be at discretion *let out* by the *Day*, to several great Orators in both Houses; from whence it is to be hoped much *Profit* and *Gain* will also accrue to our Society. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

259. A MULTIPLICITY OF WORLDS

WHAT vast room is here, for infinite Power and Wisdom to act in, and that so visibly takes Delight to bless all his Beings with his Bounty. And endless as his Prescience, Attributes, and Goodness, are undoubtedly all those natural and apparent Joys with which he manifests his Love to all his Creatures, a Multiplicity of Objects not to be enumerated. For wherever we turn our Eyes, and Follow with our Reason, we may meet with Worlds of all Formations, suited no doubt to all Natures, Tastes, and Tempers, and every Class of Beings.

Here a Groupe of Worlds, all Vallies, Lakes, and Rivers, adorn'd with Mountains, Woods, and Lawns, Cascades and natural Fountains; there Worlds all fertile Islands, cover'd with Woods, perhaps upon a common Sea, and fill'd with Grottoes and romantick Caves. This way, Worlds all Earth, with vast extensive Lawns and Vistoes, bounded with perpetual Greens, and interspersed with Groves and Wildernesses, full

of all varieties of Fruits and Flowers. That World subsisting perhaps by soft Rains, this by daily Dews, and Vapours; and a third by a central, subtle Moisture, arising like an Effluvia, through the Pores and Veins of the Earth, and exhaling or absorbing as the Season varies to answer Nature's Calls. Round some perhaps, so dense an Atmosphere, that the Inhabitants may fly from Place to Place, or be drawn through the Air in winged Chariots, and even sleep upon the Waves with Safety; round others possibly, so thin a fluid, that the Arts of Navigation may be totally unknown to it, and look'd upon as unpracticable and absurd, as Chariot flying may be with us; and some where not unprobably superior Beings to the human may reside, and Man may be of a very inferior Class; the second, third, or fourth perhaps, and scarce allow'd to be a rational Creature. Worlds with various Moons we know of already; Worlds, with Stars and Comets only, we can equally prove is very probable; and that there may be Worlds with various Suns, is not impossible. And hence it is obvious, that there may not be a Scene of Joy, which Poetry can paint, or Religion promise; but somewhere in the Universe it is prepared for the meritorious Part of Mankind. Thus all Infinity is full of States of Bliss; Angelic Choirs, Regions of Heroes, and Realms of Demi-Gods; Elysian Fields, Pindaric Shades, and Myriads of inchanting Mansions, not to be conceived either by Philosophy or Fancy, assisted by the strongest Genius and warmest Imagination.

Thomas Wright (1711-1786).

260. POETS AND POETASTERS

. . A Poet, starving in a Garret,
Conning old Topicks like a Parrot,
Invokes his Mistress and his Muse,
And stays at home for want of Shoes:
Should but his Muse descending drop
A Slice of Bread, and Mutton-Chop,
Or kindly when his Credit's out,
Surprize him with a Pint of Stout,

Or patch his broken Stocking Soals,
Or send him in a Peck of Coals;
Exalted in his mighty Mind
He flies, and leaves the Stars behind,
Counts all his Labours amply paid,
Adores her for the timely Aid.

Or should a Porter make Enquiries
For *Chloe*, *Sylvia*, *Phillis*, *Iris*;
Be told the Lodging, Lane, and Sign,
The Bow'rs that hold those Nymphs divine;
Fair *Chloe* would perhaps be found
With Footmen tippling under Ground,
The charming *Silvia* beating Flax,
Her Shoulders mark'd with bloody Tracks;
Bright *Phillis* mending ragged Smocks,
And radiant *Iris* in the Pox.

These are the Goddesses enroll'd
In *Curll's* Collections, new and old,
Whose Scoundrel Fathers would not know 'em,
If they should meet 'em in a Poem.

True Poets can depress and raise;
Are Lords of Infamy and Praise:
They are not scurrilous in Satire,
Nor will in Panygyrick flatter.
Unjustly Poets we asperse;
Truth shines the brighter, clad in Verse;
And all the Fictions they pursue
Do but insinuate what is true.

Now should my Praises owe their Truth
To Beauty, Dress, or Paint, or Youth,
What Stoicks call *without our Power*,
They could not be insur'd an Hour;
'Twere grafting on an annual Stock
That must our Expectation mock,

And making one luxuriant Shoot
Die the next Year for want of Root. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

261. ADVICE TO AN OLD BEAUTY

. . Thy pendent Diamonds let thy *Fanny* take,
(Their trembling Lustre shows how much you shake;)
Or bid her wear thy Necklace row'd with Pearl,
You'll find your *Fanny* an obedient Girl.
So for the rest, with less Incumbrance hung,
You walk thro' Life, unmingled with the young. . .

Thomas Parnell (1679-1718).

262. SONG

MACHEATH. Were I laid on Greenland's Coast,
And in my Arms embrac'd my Lass;
Warm amidst eternal Frost,
Too soon the Half Year's Night would pass.
POLLY. Were I sold on Indian Soil,
Soon as the burning Day was clos'd
I could mock the sultry Toil
When on my Charmer's Breast repos'd.
MACHEATH. And I would love you all the Day,
POLLY. Every Night would kiss and play,
MACHEATH. If with me you'd fondly stray
POLLY. Over the Hills and far away.

John Gay (1685-1732).

263. THE GARDENER AND THE HOG

A GARD'NER of peculiar taste,
On a young Hog his favour plac'd;
Who fed not with the common herd;
His tray was to the hall preferr'd.
He wallow'd underneath the board,
Or in his master's chamber snor'd;

Who fondly stroak'd him ev'ry day,
And taught him all the puppy's play.
Where-e'er he went, the grunting friend
Ne'er fail'd his pleasure to attend.
As on a time, the loving pair
Walk'd forth to tend the garden's care,
The Master thus address'd the Swine.
My house, my garden, all is thine.
On turnips feast whene'er you please,
And riot in my beans and pease;
If the potatoe's taste delights,
Or the red carrot's sweet invites.
Indulge thy morn and evening hours,
But let due care regard my flowers:
My tulips are my garden's pride.
What vast expence those beds supply'd.
The Hog by chance one morning roam'd;
Where with new ale the vessels foam'd.
He munches now the steaming grains,
Now with full swill the liquor drains.
Intoxicating fumes arise;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes;
Then stagg'ring thro' the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers.
With delving snout he turns the soil,
And cools his palate with the spoil.
The Master came, the ruin spy'd,
Villain suspend thy rage, he cry'd.
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot,
My charge, my only charge forgot?
What, all my flowers! no more he said,
But gaz'd, and sigh'd, and hung his head.
The Hog with stutt'ring speech returns:
Explain, Sir, why your anger burns.
See there, untouch'd, your tulips strown!
For I devour'd the roots alone.
At this the Gard'ner's passion grows;
From oaths and threats he fell to blows.
The stubborn brute the blows sustains;
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah! foolish swain, too late you find
That sties were for such friends design'd!
Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace.
Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late.

John Gay (1685-1732).

264. JOHN GAY'S APPETITE

As the French philosopher used to prove his existence by *cogito ergo sum*, the greatest proof of Gay's existence is *edit ergo est.* *William Congreve* (1670-1729).

265. THE POLITICIAN AND MR. GAY

. . And first: To make my Observation right,
I place a STATESMAN full before my Sight.
A bloated *Minister* in all his Geer,
With shameless Visage, and perfidious Leer,
Two Rows of Teeth arm each devouring Jaw;
And, *Ostrich*-like, his all-digesting Maw.
My Fancy drags this *Monster* to my View,
To show the World his chief Reverse in you.
Of loud un-meaning Sounds, a rapid Flood
Rolls from his Mouth in plenteous Streams of Mud;
With these, the Court and Senate-house he plies,
Made up of Noise, and Impudence, and Lies. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

266. THE OLD WOMAN AND HER CATS

WHO friendship with a knave hath made,
Is judg'd a partner in the trade.
The matron who conducts abroad
A willing nymph, is thought a bawd;

And if a modest girl is seen
With one who cures a lover's spleen,
We guess her, not extremely nice,
And only wish to know her price.
'Tis thus, that on the choice of friends
Our good or evil name depends.

A wrinkled Hag, of wicked fame,
Beside a little smoaky flame
Sat how'ring, pinch'd with age and frost;
Her shrivell'd hands, with veins emboss'd,
Upon her knees her weight sustains,
While palsy shook her crazy brains:
She mumbles forth her backward prayers,
An untam'd scold of fourscore years.
About her swarm'd a num'rous brood
Of Cats, who lank with hunger mew'd.
Teaz'd with their cries, her choler grew,
And thus she sputter'd. Hence, ye crew,
Fool that I was, to entertain
Such imps, such fiends, a hellish train!
Had ye been never hous'd and nurs'd;
I, for a witch, had ne'er been curs'd.
To you I owe, that crowds of boys
Worry me with eternal noise;
Straws laid across my pace retard,
The horse shoe's nail'd (each threshold's guard),
The stunted broom the wenches hide,
For fear that I should up and ride;
They stick with pins my bleeding feat,
And bid me show my secret teat.
To hear you prate would vex a saint;
Who hath most reason of complaint?
Replies a Cat. Let's come to proof.
Had we ne'er starv'd beneath your roof,
We had, like others of our race,
In credit liv'd as beasts of chase.
'Tis infamy to serve a hag;
Cats are thought imps, her broom a nag;

And boys against our lives combine,
Because, 'tis said, your cats have nine.

John Gay (1685-1732).

267. WHAT GAY LACKED

As a poet, he cannot be rated very high. He was, as I once heard a female critic remark, "of a lower order." He had not in any great degree the *mens divinior*, the dignity of genius. *Samuel Johnson* (1709-1784).

268. AWAY FROM LONDON

. . She went to plain-work and to purling brooks,
Old-fashion'd halls, dull aunts, and croaking rooks,
She went from Op'ra, park, assembly, play,
To morning walks, and pray'rs three hours a day;
To part her time 'twixt reading and Bohea,
To muse, and spill her solitary Tea,
Or o'er cold coffee trifle with the spoon,
Count the slow clock, and dine exact at noon;
Divert her eyes with pictures in the fire,
Hum half a tune, tell stories to the squire;
Up to her godly garret after sev'n,
There starve and pray, for that's the way to heav'n.
Some Squire, perhaps, you take delight to rack;
Whose game is Whisk, whose treat a toast in sack,
Who visits with a gun, presents you birds,
Then gives a smacking buss, and cries—No words!
Or with his hound comes hollowing from the stable,
Makes love with nods, and knees beneath a table;
Whose laughs are hearty, tho' his jests are coarse,
And loves you best of all things—but his horse. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

269. BEFORE THE BARN-DOOR CROWING

BEFORE the barn-door crowing,
The Cock by Hens attended,
His eyes around him throwing,
Stands for a while suspended:

Then one he singles from the crew,
And cheers the happy Hen;
With how do you do, and how do you do,
And how do you do again.

John Gay (1685-1732).

270. THE BLACK MILITIA OF THE PEN

. . *These* labouring wits, like paviours, mend our ways,
With heavy, huge, repeated, flat, essays;
Ram their coarse nonsense down, though ne'er so dull;
And hem at every thump upon your skull:
These staunch-bred writing hounds begin the cry,
And honest folly echoes to the lye.
O how I laugh, when I a blockhead see,
Thanking a villain for his *probity*.
Who stretches out a most respectful ear,
With snares for woodcocks in his holy leer:
It tickles through my soul to hear the *cock's*
Sincere encomium on his friend the *fox*,
Sole *patron* of his *liberties* and *rights*!
While graceless *Reynard* listens—till he bites.

As when the trumpet sounds, th' o'er loaded state
Discharges all her *poor* and *profligate*;
Crimes of all kinds dishonour'd weapons wield,
And *prisons* pour their filth into the field;
Thus nature's refuse, and the dregs of men,
Compose the *black militia* of the *pen*. . .

Edward Young (1683-1765).

271. AND SO I WRITE

. . I nod in Company, I wake at Night,
Fools rush into my Head, and so I write. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744)

272. THE CRITICK VERMIN

. . From hence the Critick Vermin sprung
With Harpy Claws, and Pois'nous Tongue,
Who fatten on poetick Scraps;
Too cunning to be caught in Trapps.
Dame Nature as the Learned show,
Provides each Animal it's Foe:
Hounds hunt the Hare, the wily Fox
Devours your Geese, the Wolf your Flocks:
Thus, Envy pleads a nat'ral Claim
To persecute the Muses Fame;
On Poets in all times abusive,
From *Homer* down to *Pope* inclusive.

Yet, what avails it to complain:
You try to take Revenge in vain.
A Rat your utmost Rage defyes
That safe behind the Wainscoat lyes.
Say, did you ever know by Sight
In Cheese an individual Mite?
Shew me the same numerick Flea,
That bit your Neck but Yesterday,
You then may boldly go in Quest
To find the Grub-Street Poet's Nest,
What Spunging-House in dread of Jayl
Receives them while they wait for Bayl?
What Ally are they nestled in,
To flourish o'er a Cup of Ginn?
Find the last Garrat where they lay,
Or Cellar, where they starve to Day.

Suppose you had them all trepann'd
With each a Libel in his Hand,
What Punishment would you inflict?
Or call 'em Rogues, or get 'em kickt:
These they have often try'd before;
You but oblige 'em so much more:
Themselves would be the first to tell,
To make their Trash the better sell.

You have been Libell'd—Let us know
What senseless Cockscomb told you so,
Will you regard the Hawker's Cryes
Who in his Titles always lyes?
Whate'er the noisy Scoundrel says
It might be something in your Praise:
And, Praise bestow'd in Grub-Street Rimes,
Would vex one more a thousand Times.
'Till Block-heads blame, and Judges praise,
The Poet cannot claim his Bays;
On me, when Dunces are satyrick,
I take it for a Panegyrick.
Hated by Fools, and *Fools to hate*,
Be that my Motto, and my Fate.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

273. WHY DID I WRITE?

. . Why did I write? what sin to me unknown
Dipt me in Ink, my Parents' or my own?
As yet a Child, nor yet a Fool to Fame,
I lisp'd in Numbers, for the Numbers came.
I left no Calling for this idle trade,
No Duty broke, no Father dis-obey'd.
The Muse but serv'd to ease some Friend, not Wife,
To help me thro' this long Disease, my Life. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

274. THE PLACE OF THE DAMN'D

All Folks who pretend to *Religion* and *Grace*,
Allow there's a *HELL*, but dispute of the Place;
But if *HELL* by *Logical* Rules be defin'd,
The Place of the *Damn'd*,—I'll tell you my Mind.
Wherever the Damn'd do Chiefly abound,
Most certainly there's the *HELL* to be found,
Damn'd *Poets*, Damn'd *Criticks*, Damn'd *Block-Heads*,
Damn'd *Knaves*,
Damn'd *Senators* brib'd, Damn'd prostitute *Slaves*;
Damn'd *Lawyers* and *Judges*, Damn'd *Lords* and
Damn'd *Squires*,
Damn'd *Spies* and *Informers*, Damn'd *Friends* and
Damn'd *Lyars*;
Damn'd *Villains*, Corrupted in every *Station*,
Damn'd *Time-Serving Priests* all over the *Nation*;
And into the Bargain, I'll readily give you,
Damn'd Ignorant *Prelates*, and *Councellors Privy*.
Then let us no longer by *Parsons* be Flam'd,
For We know by these *Marks*, the place of the Damn'd;
And *HELL* to be sure is at *Paris* or *Rome*,
How happy for *Us*, that it is not at *Home*.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

275. THE PROCEEDINGS OF JUDGE MINOS, AT THE GATE OF ELYSIUM

I NOW got near enough to the gate to hear the several claims of those who endeavoured to pass. The first, among other pretensions, set forth that he had been very liberal to an hospital; but Minos answered, Ostentation, and repulsed him. The second exhibited that he had constantly frequented his church, been a rigid observer of fast-days. He likewise represented the great animosity he had shewn to vice in others, which never escaped his severest censure; and as to his own behaviour, he had never been once guilty of whoring, drinking,

gluttony, or any other excess. He said he had disinherited his son for getting a bastard—Have you so, said Minos, then pray return into the other world and beget another; for such an unnatural rascal shall never pass this gate. A dozen others who had advanced with very confident countenances, feeling him rejected, turned about of their own accord, declaring, if he could not pass, they had no expectation, and accordingly they followed him back to earth; which was the fate of all who were repulsed, they being obliged to take a farther purification, unless those who were guilty of some very heinous crimes, who were hustled in at a little back gate, whence they tumbled immediately into the bottomless pit.

The next spirit that came up, declared he had done neither good nor evil in the world: for that since his arrival at man's estate, he had spent his whole time in search of curiosities; and particularly in the study of butterflies, of which he had collected an immense number. Minos made him no answer, but with great scorn pushed him back.

There now advanced a very beautiful spirit indeed. She began to ogle Minos the moment she saw him. She said, she hoped there was some merit in refusing a great number of lovers, and dying a maid, though she had had the choice of a hundred. Minos told her, she had not refused enow yet, and turned her back.

She was succeeded by a spirit, who told the judge, he believed his works would speak for him. What works? answered Minos. My dramatic works, replied the other, which have done so much good in recommending virtue and punishing vice. Very well, said the judge, if you please to stand by, the first person who passes the gate, by your means, shall carry you in with him: but if you will take my advice, I think, for exhibition sake, you had better return, and live another life upon earth. The bard grumbled at this, and replied, that besides his poetical works, he had done some other good things: for that he had once lent the whole profits of a benefit night to a friend, and by that means had saved him and his family from destruction. Upon this, the gate flew open, and Minos desired him to walk in, telling him, if he had mentioned this at first, he might have spared the remembrance of his plays.

The poet answered, he believed, if Minos had read his works, he would set a higher value on them. He was then beginning to repeat, but Minos pushed him forward, and turning his back to him, applied himself to the next passenger, a very genteel spirit, who made a very low bow to Minos, and then threw himself into an erect attitude, and imitated the motion of taking snuff with his right hand.—Minos asked him, what he had to say for himself? He answered, he would dance a minuet with any spirit in Elysium: that he could likewise perform all his other exercises very well, and hoped he had in his life deserved the character of a perfect fine gentleman. Minos replied, it would be great pity to rob the world of so fine a gentleman, and therefore desired him to take the other trip. The beau bowed, thanked the judge, and said he desired no better.

A miserable old spirit now crawled forwards, whose face I thought I had formerly seen near Westminster-Abbey. He entertained Minos with a long harangue of what he had done when in the HOUSE; and then proceeded to inform him how much he was worth, without attempting to produce a single instance of any one good action. Minos stopt the career of his discourse, and acquainted him, he must take a trip back again.—What, to S— house, said the spirit in an extasy? But the judge, without making him any answer, turned to another, who, with a very great solemn air and dignity, acquainted him, he was a duke.—To the right about, Mr. Duke, cried Minos, you are infinitely too great a man for Elysium; and then giving him a kick on the breach, he addressed himself to a spirit, who with fear and trembling begged he might not go to the bottomless pit: he said, he hoped Minos would consider, that though he had gone astray, he had suffered for it, that it was necessity which drove him to the robbery of eighteen pence, which he had committed, and for which he was hanged; that he had done some good actions in his life, that he had supported an aged parent with his labour, that he had been a very tender husband and a kind father, and that he had ruined himself by being bail for his friend. At which words the gate opened, and Minos bid him enter, giving him a slap on the back, as he passed by him.

A great number of spirits now came forwards, who all declared they had the same claim, and that the captain should speak for them. He acquainted the judge, that they had been all slain in the service of their country. Minos was going to admit them, but had the curiosity to ask who had been the invader, in order, as he said, to prepare the back gate for him. The captain answered, they had been the invaders themselves, that they had entered the enemies country, and burnt and plundered several cities.—And for what reason? said Minos.—By the command of him who paid us, said the captain, that is the reason of a soldier. We are to execute whatever we are commanded, or we should be a disgrace to the army, and very little deserve our pay. You are brave fellows indeed, said Minos, but be pleased to face about, and obey my command for once, in returning back to the other world: for what should such fellows as you do, where there are no cities to be burnt, nor people to be destroyed? But let me advise you to have a stricter regard to truth for the future, and not call the depopulating other countries the service of your own. The captain answered, in a rage, damn me, do you give me the lye? and was going to take Minos by the nose, had not his guards prevented him, and immediately turned him and all his followers back the same road they came.

Four spirits informed the judge, that they had been starved to death through poverty; being the father, mother, and two children. That they had been honest, and as industrious as possible, till sickness had prevented the man from labour.—All that is very true, cried a grave spirit, who stood by: I know the fact: for these poor people were under my cure.—You was, I suppose, the parson of the parish, cries Minos; I hope you had a good living, Sir. That was but a small one, replied the spirit; but I had another a little better.—Very well, said Minos, let the poor people pass.—At which the parson was stepping forwards with a stately gait before them; but Minos caught hold of him, and pulled him back, saying, Not so fast, doctor; you must take one step more into the other world first; for no man enters that gate without charity.

A very stately figure now presented himself, and informing Minos he was a patriot, began a very florid harangue on public virtue, and the liberties of his country. Upon which, Minos shewed him the utmost respect, and ordered the gate to be opened. The patriot was not contented with this applause —he said, he had behaved as well in place as he had done in the opposition; and that, though he was now obliged to embrace the court-measures, yet he had behaved very honestly to his friends, and brought as many in as was possible.— Hold a moment, says Minos, on second consideration, Mr. Patriot, I think a man of your great virtue and abilities will be so much missed by your country, that if I might advise you, you should take a journey back again. I am sure you will not decline it, for I am certain you will with great readiness sacrifice your own happiness to the public good. The patriot smiled, and told Minos, he believed he was in jest; and was offering to enter the gate, but the judge laid fast hold of him, and insisted on his return, which the patriot still declining, he at last ordered his guards to seize him, and conduct him back. . . .

It now came to our company's turn. The fair spirit, which I mentioned with so much applause, in the beginning of my journey, passed through very easily; but the grave lady was rejected on her first appearance, Minos declaring, there was not a single prude in Elysium.

The judge then addressed himself to me, who little expected to pass this fiery trial. I confessed I had indulged myself very freely with wine and women in my youth, but had never done an injury to any man living, nor avoided an opportunity of doing good; that I pretended to very little virtue more than general philanthrophy and private friendship.—I was proceeding when Minos bid me enter the gate, and not indulge myself with trumpeting forth my virtues. I accordingly passed forward with my lovely companion, and embracing her with vast eagerness, but spiritual innocence, she returned my embrace in the same manner, and we both congratulated ourselves on our arrival in this happy region, whose beauty no painting of the imagination can describe.

Henry Fielding (1707-1754).

276. THE DAY OF JUDGEMENT

WITH a Whirl of Thought oppress'd,
I sink from Reverie to Rest.
An horrid Vision seiz'd my Head,
I saw the Graves give up their Dead.
Jove, arm'd with Terrors, burst the Skies,
And Thunder roars, and Light'ning flies!
Amaz'd, confus'd, its Fate unknown,
The World stands trembling at his Throne.
While each pale Sinner hangs his Head,
Jove nodding, shook the Heav'ns, and said,
"Offending Race of Human Kind,
By Nature, Reason, Learning, blind;
You who thro' Frailty step'd aside,
And you who never fell—*thro' Pride*;
You who in different Sects have shamm'd,
And come to see each other damn'd;
(So some Folks told you, but they knew
No more of Jove's Designs than you)
The World's mad Business now is o'er,
And I resent these Pranks no more.
I to such Blockheads set my Wit!
I damn such Fools!—Go, go, you're bit."

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

277. THE SOUL'S CALM SUNSHINE

. . 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,
Justice a Conq'r'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 and for cakes? . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

278. THE GODLIKE BRUTE

. . Now with swift thought I range from pole to pole,
View worlds around their flaming centers roll:
What steady powers their endless motions guide,
Thro' the same trackless paths of boundless void!
I trace the blazing comet's fiery trail,
And weigh the whirling planets in a scale:
These godlike thoughts, while eager I pursue
Some glittring trifle offer'd to my view,
A gnat, an insect, of the meanest kind,
Erase the new-born image from my mind;
Some beastly want, craving, importunate,
Vile as the grinning mastiff at my gate,
Calls off from heav'nly truth this reas'ning me,
And tells me, I'm a brute as much as he.
If on sublimer wings of love and praise,
My soul above the starry vault I raise,
Lur'd by some vain conceit, or shameful lust,
I flag, I drop, I flutter in the dust.
The tow'ring lark thus from her lofty strain,
Stoops to an emmet, or a barley grain.
By adverse gusts of jarring instincts tost,
I rove to one, now to the other coast;
To bliss unknown my lofty soul aspires,
My lot unequal to my vast desires,
As 'mongst the hinds a child of royal birth
Finds his high pedigree by conscious worth;
So man, amongst his fellow brutes expos'd,
See's he's a king, but 'tis a king depos'd.
Pity him, beasts! you by no laws confin'd,
Are barr'd from devious paths by being blind;
Whilst man, through op'ning views of various ways
Confounded, by the aid of knowledge strays;
Too weak to choose, yet choosing still in haste,
One moment gives the pleasure and distaste;
Bilk'd by past minutes, while the present cloy,
The flatt'ring future still must give the joy:

Not happy, but amus'd upon the road,
And (like you) thoughtless of his last abode,
Whether next sun his being shall restrain
To endless nothing, happiness or pain.
Around me, lo, the thinking thoughtless crew,
(Bewilder'd each) their diff'rent paths pursue;
Of them I ask the way; the first replies,
Thou art a god; and sends me to the skies:
Down on the turf, the next, thou two-legg'd beast,
There fix thy lot, thy bliss, and endless rest;
Between these wide extremes the length is such,
I find I know too little or too much. . .

John Arbuthnot (1667-1735).

279. THE SATIRIST

. . I, as all the Parish knows,
Hardly can be grave in Prose:
Still to lash, and lashing Smile,
Ill befits a lofty Stile.
From the Planet of my Birth,
I encounter Vice with Mirth.
Wicked Ministers of State
I can easier scorn than hate:
And I find it answers right:
Scorn torments them more than Spight.
All the Vices of a Court,
Do but serve to make me Sport.
Shou'd a Monkey wear a Crown,
Must I tremble at his Frown?
Could I not, thro' all his Ermin,
Spy the strutting chatt'ring Vermin?
Safely write a smart Lampoon,
To expose the brisk Baboon? . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

280. A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG NYMPH GOING TO BED

Corinna, Pride of *Drury-Lane*,
For whom no Shepherd sighs in vain;
Never did *Covent Garden* boast
So bright a batter'd, strolling Toast;
No drunken Rake to pick her up,
No Cellar where on Tick to sup;
Returning at the Midnight Hour;
Four Stories climbing to her Bow'r;
Then, seated on a three-legg'd Chair,
Takes off her artificial Hair:
Now, picking out a Crystal Eye,
She wipes it clean, and lays it by.
Her Eye-Brows from a Mouse's Hyde,
Stuck on with Art on either Side,
Pulls off with Care, and first displays 'em,
Then in a Play-Book smoothly lays 'em,
Now dextrously her Plumpers draws,
That serve to fill her hollow Jaws.
Untwists a Wire; and from her Gums
A set of Teeth completely comes.
Pulls out the Rags contriv'd to prop
Her flabby Dugs and down they drop.
Proceeding on, the lovely Goddess
Unlaces next her Steel-Rib'd Bodice;
Which by the Operator's Skill,
Press down the Lumps, the Hollows fill,
Up goes her Hand, and off she slips
The Bolsters that supply her Hips.
With gentlest Touch, she next explores
Her Shankers, Issues, running Sores,
Effects of many a sad Disaster;
And then to each applies a Plaister.
But must, before she goes to Bed,
Rub off the Dawbs of White and Red;
And smooth the Furrows in her Front,
With greasy Paper stuck upon't.

She takes a *Bolus* e'er she sleeps;
And then between two Blankets creeps.
With Pains of Love tormented lies;
Or if she chance to close her Eyes,
Of *Bridewell* and the *Compter* dreams,
And feels the Lash, and faintly screams;
Or, by a faithless Bully drawn,
At some Hedge-Tavern lies in Pawn;
Or to *Jamaica* seems transported,
Alone, and by no Planter courted;
Or, near *Fleet-Ditch's* oozy Brinks,
Surrounded with a Hundred Stinks,
Belated, seems on watch to lye,
And snap some Cully passing by;
Or, struck with Fear, her Fancy runs
On Watchmen, Constables and Duns,
From whom she meets with frequent Rubs·
But, never from Religious Clubs;
Whose Favour she is sure to find,
Because she pays 'em all in Kind.
CORINNA wakes. A dreadful Sight!
Behold the Ruins of the Night!
A wicked Rat her Plaister stole,
Half eat, and dragg'd it to his Hole.
The Crystal Eye, alas, was miss't;
And *Puss* had on her Plumpers p—st.
A Pigeon pick'd her Issue-Peas;
And *Shock* her Tresses fill'd with Fleas.
The Nymph, tho' in this mangled Plight,
Must ev'ry Morn her Limbs unite.
But how shall I describe her Arts
To recollect the scatter'd Parts?
Or shew the Anguish, Toil, and Pain,
Of gath'ring up herself again?
The bashful Muse will never bear
In such a Scene to interfere.
Corinna in the Morning dizen'd,
Who sees, will spew; who smells, be poison'd.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

281. THE AIM OF WRITING

No writing is good that does not tend to better mankind some way or other.—Mr. Waller has said, "that he wished every thing of his burnt, that did not drive some moral."—Even in love verses it may be flung in by the way.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

282. VIRTUE AND VICE

. . *Virtue* may chuse the high or low Degree,
'Tis just alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's still the same, belov'd contented thing.
Vice is undone, if she forgets her Birth,
And stoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatness* own her, and she's mean no more:
Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confess,
Chaste Matrons praise her, and grave Bishops bless:
In golden Chains the willing World she draws,
And hers the Gospel is, and hers the Laws:
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her scarlet head,
And sees pale Virtue carted in her stead!
Lo! at the Wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old *England's* Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the Dust! his Arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance; behind her crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet thro' the Land proclaim,
That "Not to be corrupted is the Shame."
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See, all our Fools aspiring to be Knaves!

The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thousand envy and adore.
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
On Crimes that scape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wisdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villany."

Yet may this Verse (if such a Verse remain)
Show there was one who held it in disdain.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

283. THE MORAL TO "THE GRUMBLING HIVE"

Then leave Complaints: Fools only strive
To make a Great an Honest Hive,
T'enjoy the World's Conveniences,
Be fam'd in War, yet live in Ease,
Without great Vices, is a vain
EUTOPIA seated in the Brain.
Fraud, Luxury and Pride must live,
While we the Benefits receive:
Hunger's a dreadful Plague, no doubt,
Yet who digests or thrives without?
Do we not owe the Growth of Wine
To the dry shabby crokked Vine?
Which, while its Shoots neglected stood,
Chok'd other Plants, and ran to Wood;
But blest us with its noble Fruit,
As soon as it was ty'd and cut:
So Vice is beneficial found,
When it's by Justice lopt and bound;
Nay, where the People would be great,
As necessary to the State,
As Hunger is to make 'em eat.
Bare Virtue can't make Nations live
In Splendor; they, that would revive
A Golden Age, must be as free,
For Acorns, as for Honesty.

Bernard Mandeville (1670-1733).

284. ODIOUS VERMIN: THE KING TALKS TO GULLIVER

HE was perfectly astonished with the historical Account I gave him of our Affairs during the last Century; protesting it was only an Heap of Conspiracies, Rebellions, Murders, Massacres, Revolutions, Banishments; the very worst Effects that Avarice, Faction, Hypocrisy, Perfideousness, Cruelty, Rage, Madness, Hatred, Envy, Lust, Malice, and Ambition could produce.

His Majesty in another Audience, was at the Pains to recapitulate the Sum of all I had spoken; compared the Questions he made, with the Answers I had given; then taking me into his Hands, and stroaking me gently, delivered himself in these Words, which I shall never forget, nor the Manner he spoke them in. My little Friend *Grildrig*; you have made a most admirable Panegyrick upon your Country. You have clearly proved that Ignorance, Idleness, and Vice are the proper Ingredients for qualifying a Legislator. That Laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose Interest and Abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an Institution, which in its Original might have been tolerable; but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by Corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one Perfection is required towards the Procurement of any one Station among you; much less that Men are ennobled on Account of their Virtue, that Priests are advanced for their Piety or Learning, Soldiers for their Conduct or Valour, Judges for their Integrity, Senators for the Love of their Country, or Counsellors for their Wisdom. As for yourself (continued the King) who have spent the greatest Part of your Life in travelling; I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many Vices of your Country. But, by what I have gathered from your own Relation, and the Answers I have with much Pains wringed and extorted from you; I cannot but conclude the Bulk of your Natives, to be the most pernicious Race of little odious Vermin that Nature ever suffered to crawl upon the Surface of the Earth. *Jonathan Swift* (1667-1745).

285. LEARNED BILLINGSGATE

SUPPOSING the world out of curiosity may delight to see *a pedant* expos'd by a man of better wit, and *a controversy* thus unequally carry'd on between two such opposite partys; how long is this diversion likely to hold good? And what will become of these *Polemick* writings a few years hence? What is already become of those mighty *controversys*, with which some of the most eminent authors amus'd the world within the memory of the youngest scholar? An *original* work or two may perhaps remain; but for the subsequent *defences*, the *answers*, *rejoinders*, and *replications*; they have long since been paying their attendance to the *pastry-cooks*. Mankind perhaps were heated at that time, when first those matters were debated; but they are now cool again. They laugh'd; they carry'd on the humour; they blew the coals, they teaz'd, and set on, maliciously, and to create themselves diversion. But the jest is now over. No-one so much as inquires where the *wit* was; or where possibly the *sting* shou'd lie of those notable reflections and satirical hints, which were once found so pungent, and gave the readers such high delight. Notable *philosophers* and *divines*, who can be contented to make sport, and write in learned *Billinsgate*, to divert the coffee-house, and entertain the assemblys at booksellers shops, or the more airy stalls of inferiour book-retailers!

Anthony Ashley Cooper,
Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713).

286. ON POETRY: A RHAPSODY

ALL Human Race wou'd fain be *Wits*,
And Millions miss, for one that hits.
Young's universal Passion, *Pride*,
Was never known to spread so wide.
Say *Britain*, cou'd you ever boast,—
Three *Poets* in an Age at most?
Our chilling Climate hardly bears
A *Sprig* of Bays in Fifty Years:

While ev'ry Fool his Claim alledges,
As if it grew in common Hedges.
What Reason can there be assign'd
For this Perverseness in the Mind?
Brutes find out where their Talents lie:
A *Bear* will not attempt to fly:
A founder'd *Horse* will oft debate,
Before he tries a five-barr'd Gate:
A *Dog* by Instinct turns aside,
Who sees the Ditch too deep and wide.
But *Man* we find the only Creature,
Who, led by *Folly*, fights with *Nature*;
Who, when *she* loudly cries, *Forbear*,
With Obstinacy fixes there;
And, where his *Genius* least inclines,
Absurdly bends his whole Designs.

Not *Empire* to the Rising-Sun,
By Valour, Conduct, Fortune won;
Nor highest *Wisdom* in Debates
For framing Laws to govern States;
Nor Skill in Sciences profound,
So large to grasp the Circle round;
Such heavenly Influence require,
As how to strike the *Muses Lyre.*

Not Beggar's Brat, on Bulk begot;
Nor Bastard of a Pedlar *Scot*;
Nor Boy brought up to cleaning Shoes,
The Spawn of *Bridewell*, or the Stews;
Nor Infants dropt, the spurious Pledges
Of *Gipsies* littering under Hedges,
Are so disqualified by Fate
To rise in *Church*, or *Law*, or *State*,
As he, whom *Phebus* in his Ire
Hath *blasted* with poetick Fire.

What hope of Custom in the *Fair*,
While not a Soul demands your Ware?

Where you have nothing to produce
For private Life, or publick Use?
Court, *City*, *Country* want you not;
You cannot bribe, betray, or plot.
For Poets, Law makes no Provision:
The Wealthy have you in Derision.
Of State-Affairs you cannot smatter,
Are awkward when you try to flatter.
Your Portion, taking *Britain* round,
Was just one annual Hundred Pound. . . .
Poor starv'ling Bard, how small thy Gains!
How unproportion'd to thy Pains!

And here a *Simile* comes Pat in:
Tho' *Chickens* take a Month to fatten,
The Guests in less than half an Hour
Will more than half a Score devour.
So, after toiling twenty Days,
To earn a Stock of Pence and Praise,
Thy Labours, grown the Critick's Prey,
Are swallow'd o'er a Dish of Tea;
Gone, to be never heard of more,
Gone, where the *Chickens* went before.

How shall a new Attempter learn
Of diff'rent Spirits to discern,
And how distinguish, which is which,
The Poet's Vein, or scribling Itch?
Then hear an old experienc'd Sinner
Instructing thus a young Beginner.

Consult yourself, and if you find
A powerful Impulse urge your Mind,
Impartial judge within your Breast
What Subject you can manage best;
Whether your Genius most inclines
To Satire, Praise, or hum'rous Lines;
To Elegies in mournful Tone,
Or Prologue sent from Hand unknown.

Then rising with *Aurora's* Light,
The Muse invok'd, sit down to write;
Blot out, correct, insert, refine,
Enlarge, diminish, interline;
Be mindful, when Invention fails,
To scratch your Head and bite your Nails.

Your Poem finish'd, next your Care
Is needful, to transcribe it fair.
In modern Wit all printed Trash, is
Set off with num'rous *Breaks*—and *Dashes*—

To Statesmen wou'd you give a Wipe,
You print it in *Italick Type*.
When Letters are in vulgar Shapes,
'Tis ten to one the Wit escapes;
But when in *Capitals* exprest,
The dullest Reader smoaks the Jest:
Or else perhaps he may invent
A better than the Poet meant,
As learned Commentators view
In *Homer* more than *Homer* knew.

Your Poem in its modish Dress,
Correctly fitted for the Press,
Convey by Penny-Post to *Lintot*,
But let no Friend alive look into't.
If Lintot thinks 'twill quit the Cost,
You need not fear your Labour lost:
And, how agreeably surpriz'd
Are you to see it advertiz'd!
The Hawker shews you one in Print,
As fresh as Farthings from the Mint:
The Product of your Toil and Sweating;
A Bastard of your own begetting.

Be sure at *Will's* the following Day,
Lie Snug, and hear what Criticks say.
And if you find the general Vogue
Pronounces you a stupid Rogue;

Damns all your Thoughts as low and little,
Sit still, and swallow down your Spittle.
Be silent as a Politician,
For talking may beget Suspicion:
Or praise the Judgement of the Town,
And help yourself to run it down.
Give up your fond paternal Pride,
Nor argue on the weaker Side;
For Poems read without a Name
We justly praise, or justly blame:
And Criticks have no partial Views,
Except they know whom they abuse.
And since you ne'er provok'd their Spight,
Depend upon't their Judgement's right:
But if you blab, you are undone;
Consider what a Risk you run.
You lose your Credit all at once;
The Town will mark you for a Dunce:
The vilest Doggrel *Grubstreet* sends,
Will pass for yours with Foes and Friends.
And you must bear the whole Disgrace,
'Till some fresh Blockhead takes your Place.

Your Secret kept, your Poem sunk,
And sent in Quires to line a Trunk;
If still you be dispos'd to rhime,
Go try your Hand a second Time.
Again you fail, yet Safe's the Word,
Take Courage, and attempt a Third.
But first with Care imploy your Thoughts,
Where Criticks mark'd your former Faults.
The trivial Turns, the borrow'd Wit,
The *Similes* that nothing fit;
The *Cant* which ev'ry Fool repeats,
Town-Jests, and Coffee-house Conceits;
Descriptions tedious, flat and dry,
And introduc'd the Lord knows why;
Or where we find your Fury set
Against the harmless Alphabet;

On A's and B's your Malice vent,
While Readers wonder whom you meant.
A publick, or a private *Robber*;
A *Statesman*, or a South-Sea *Jobber*.
A *Prelate* who no God believes;
A Parliament, or Den of Thieves.
A Pick-purse at the Bar, or Bench;
A Duchess, or a Suburb-Wench.
Or oft when Epithets you link,
In gaping Lines to fill a Chink;
Like stepping Stones to save a Stride,
In Streets where Kennels are too wide:
Or like a Heel-piece to support
A Cripple with one Foot too short;
Or like a Bridge that joins a Marish
To Moorlands of a diff'rent Parish.
So have I seen ill-coupled Hounds,
Drag diff'rent Ways in miry Grounds.
So Geographers in *Afric*-Maps
With Savage-Pictures fill their Gaps;
And o'er unhabitable Downs
Place Elephants for want of Towns.

But tho' you miss your third Essay,
You need not throw your Pen away.
Lay now aside all Thoughts of Fame,
To spring more profitable Game.
From Party-Merit seek Support;
The vilest Verse thrives best at Court. . .

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

287. SUPPER, WINE, AND JONATHAN SWIFT

DR. SWIFT has an odd blunt way, that is mistaken, by strangers, for ill-nature.—'Tis so odd that there's no describing it but by facts.—I'll tell you one that just comes into my head. One evening Gay and I went to see him: you know how intimately we were all acquainted. On our coming in: "Hey-day,

gentlemen," says the Doctor, "what's the meaning of this visit? How come you to leave all the great lords, that you are so fond of, to come hither to see a poor Dean?"—Because we would rather see you than any of them.—"Ay, any one that did not know you so well as I do, might believe you. But, since you are come, I must get some supper for you, I suppose?"—No, Doctor, we have supped already.—"Supped already! that's impossible: why, 'tis not eight o'clock yet."—Indeed we have.—"That's very strange: but if you had not supped, I must have got something for you.—Let me see, what should I have had? a couple of lobsters? ay, that would have done very well;—two shillings: tarts; a shilling. But you will drink a glass of wine with me, though you supped so much before your usual time, to save my pocket?"—No, we had rather talk with you than drink with you.—"but if you had supped with me, as in all reason you ought to have done, you must have drank with me.—a bottle of wine; two shillings.—Two and two, is four; and one is five: just two and six a piece. There, Pope, there's half-a-crown for you; and there's another for you, sir: for I won't save anything by you I am determined." This was all said and done with his usual seriousness on such occasions; and in spite of every thing we could say to the contrary, he actually obliged us to take the money. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

288. THE EYES OF JONATHAN SWIFT

THAT picture of Dr. Swift is very like him. Though his face has a look of dullness in it, he has very particular eyes: they are quite azure as the heavens, and there's a very uncommon archness in them. *Alexander Pope* (1688-1744).

289. OLD MEN AND COMETS

OLD Men and Comets have been reverenc'd for the same Reason; their long Beards, and Pretences to foretel Events.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

290. A REVEREND SIRE

. . Behold a rev'rend sire, whom want of grace
Has made the father of a nameless race,
Shov'd from the wall perhaps, or rudely press'd
By his own son, that passes by unbless'd:
Still to his wench he crawls on knocking knees,
And envies ev'ry sparrow that he sees. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

291. EXORCISM OF FINE WOMEN

MAY Lais . . . Medusa, Erinnys, Megaera, and Tysiphone—May all these, and all such ladies, whether sick or sound, high or low, of blood and title, or ditch and dunghill; natives, foreign, or infernal—May this glorious group of Torrismond's angels, these gorgons, furies, harpies, leaches, syrens, centaur-making syrens! paid, or unpaid, keeping or kept, on fire or quenched; genevaed or citroned, in closet or cellar, in tavern, bagnio, brothel, round-house, bridewell, or newgate—Oh! may they cease from this hour, to sing or dance, smile or frown, please or plague, pray or swear, our British, unbritish youth, manhood, and age, out of their senses, health, estates, reputation, human nature, and hopes of heaven!

And, these enchantresses laying aside their spells, may the bewitched of Great Britain recover their pristine form, as Circe's herd, at the prayer of Ulysses. At the touch of my disinchanting pen, may they leap out of their hides for joy; and laying hold on their long deserted definition of man, reason and two legs, walk uprightly for the future.'

Edward Young (1683-1765).

292. FUFIDIA

(LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGU)

. . With all a Woman's Virtues but the Pox,
Fufidia thrives in Money, Land, and Stocks:

For Int'rest, ten per *Cent.* her constant Rate is;
Her Body? hopeful Heirs may have it *gratis.*
She turns her very Sister to a Job,
And, in the Happy Minute, picks your Fob:
Yet starves herself, so little her own Friend,
And thirsts and hungers only at one End:
A Self-Tormentor, worse than (in the Play)
The Wretch, whose Av'rice drove his *Son* away.

But why all this? I'll tell ye, 'tis my Theme:
Women and Fools are always in Extreme.
Rufa's at either end a Common-Shoar,
Sweet *Moll* and *Jack* are Civet-Cat and Boar:
Nothing in Nature is so lewd as *Peg*,
Yet, for the World, she would not shew her Leg!
While bashful *Jenny*, ev'n at Morning-Prayer,
Spreads her Fore-Buttocks to the Navel bare.
But diff'rent Taste in diff'rent Men prevails,
And one is fired by Heads, and one by Tails;
Some feel no Flames but at the *Court* or *Ball*,
And others hunt white Aprons in the Mall.
My Lord of *London*, chancing to remark
A *noted Dean* much busy'd in the Park,
"Proceed (he cry'd) proceed, my Reverend Brother,
"'Tis *Fornicatio simplex*, and no other:
"Better than lust for Boys, with *Pope* and *Turk*,
"Or others Spouses, like my Lord of York. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

293. NAME NO NAMES

Friend. . . Spare then the Person, and expose the Vice.
Pope. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire, gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and sowze on all the Kind.
Ye Statesmen, Priests, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradesmen vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!

Ye Rev'rend Atheists!—*Fr.* Scandal! name them, Who?
P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who starv'd a Sister, who forswore a Debt,
I never nam'd—the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—*Fr.* You mean—*P.* I don't.—*Fr.* You do.
P. See! now I keep the Secret, and not you.
The bribing Statesman—*Fr.* Hold! too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—*Fr.* There you stoop too low.
P. I fain wou'd please you, if I knew with what:
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Must great Offenders, once escap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to spare the Knight requires;
As Beasts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?
Suppose I censure—you know what I mean—
To save a Bishop, may I name a Dean?
Fr. A Dean, Sir? no: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's rising in the Trade.
P. If not the tradesman who set up to day,
Much less the 'Prentice who to morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! tho' a Realm be spoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild*,
Or if a Court or Country's made a Job,
Go drench a Pick-pocket, and join the Mob.
But Sir, I beg you, for the Love of Vice!
The matter's weighty, pray consider twice:
Have you less Pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendless Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the small Discredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better sure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still better, Ministers; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
Fr. Stop! stop!
P. Must Satire, then, nor *rise*, nor *fall*?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

294. THIS ALEXANDER POPE

WHO is this Pope that I hear so much about? I cannot discover what is his merit. Why will not my subjects write in prose.

King George III.

295. ON HIS OWN DEAFNESS

DEAF, giddy, helpless, left alone,
To all my Friends a Burthen grown,
No more I hear my Church's Bell,
Than if it rang out for my Knell:
At Thunder now no more I start,
Than at the Rumbling of a Cart:
Nay, what's incredible, alack!
I hardly hear a Woman's Clack.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

296. SCOTLAND

i. THE COUNTRY

. . Far as the eye could reach, no tree was seen,
Earth, clad in russet, scorn'd the lively green.
The plague of Locusts they secure defy,
For in three hours a grasshopper must die.
No living thing, what e'er its food, feasts there,
But the Chameleon, who can feast on air.
No birds, except as birds of passage, flew,
No bee was known to hum, no dove to coo,
No streams as amber smooth, as amber clear,
Were seen to glide, or heard to warble here.
Rebellion's spring, which thro' the country ran,
Furnish'd with bitter draughts, the steady clan.
No flow'rs embalm'd the air, but one white rose,
Which, on the tenth of June, by instinct blows,

By instinct blows at morn, and when the shades
Of drizly eve prevail, by instinct fades. . .

ii. THE PEOPLE

. . Pent in this barren corner of the isle,
Where partial Fortune never deign'd to smile;
Like Nature's bastards, reaping for our share
What was rejected by the lawful heir;
Unknown amongst the nations of the earth,
Or only known to raise contempt and mirth;
Long free, because the race of Roman braves
Thought it not worth their while to make us slaves;
Then into bondage by that nation brought,
Whose ruin we for ages vainly sought,
Whom still with unslack'd hate we view, and still,
The pow'r of mischief lost, retain the will;
Consider'd as the refuse of mankind,
A mass till the last moment left behind,
Which frugal Nature doubted, as it lay,
Whether to stamp with life, or throw away;
Which, form'd in haste, was planted in this nook,
But never enter'd in Creation's book;
Branded as traitors, who for love of gold
Would sell their God, as once their King they sold;
Long have we born this mighty weight of ill,
These vile injurious taunts, and bear them still. . .

Charles Churchill (1731-1764).

297. THE CHARACTER OF SIR ROBERT WALPOLE

WITH favour and fortune fastidiously blest,
He's loud in his laugh and he's coarse in his Jest.
Of favour and fortune unmerited vain,
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main,
Atchieving of nothing, Still promising wonders,
By dint of experience improving in Blunders;
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,
And selling his Country to purchase his peace;

A Jobber of Stocks by retailing false news,
A prater at Court in the Stile of the Stews;
Of Virtue and worth by profession a giber,
Of Juries and senates the bully and briber—
Tho I name not the wretch you know who I mean,
'Tis the Cur dog of Brittain and spaniel of Spain.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

298. A NUT, A WORLD, A SQUIRREL, AND A KING

. . Perplex'd with trifles thro' the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed,
For some vile spot, which cannot fifty feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire, kings ambitious fight,
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A Nut, a World, a Squirrel, and a King. . .

Charles Churchill (1731-1764).

299. BEHOLD THE CHILD

. . 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 this bauble still, as that before;
'Till tir'd he sleeps, and Life's poor play is o'er. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

300. A MODERN GLOSSARY

ANGEL. The name of a woman, commonly of a very bad one.
AUTHOR. A laughing-stock. It means likewise a poor fellow, and in general an object of contempt.

BEAR. A country gentleman; or, indeed, any animal upon two legs that doth not make a handsome bow.

BEAUTY. The qualification with which women generally go into keeping.

BEAU. With the article A before it, means a great favourite of all women.

BRUTE. A word implying plain-dealing and sincerity; but more especially applied to a philosopher.

CAPTAIN. } Any stick of wood with a head to it, and a piece of
COLONEL. } black ribband upon that head.

CREATURE. A quality expression of low contempt, properly confined to the mouths of ladies who are right honourable.

CRITIC. Like Homo, a name common to all human race.

COXCOMB. A word of reproach, and yet, at the same time, signifying all that is most commendable.

DAMNATION. A term appropriated to the theatre; though sometimes more largely to all works of invention.

DEATH. The final end of man; as well of the thinking part of the body, as of all the other parts.

DRESS. The principal accomplishment of men and women.

DULNESS. A word applied by all writers to the wit and humour of others.

EATING. A science.

FINE. An adjective of a very peculiar kind, destroying, or, at least, lessening the force of the substantive to which it is joined; as fine gentleman, fine lady, fine house, fine clothes, fine taste;—in all which fine is to be understood in a sense somewhat synonymous with useless.

FOOL. A complex idea, compounded of poverty, honesty, piety, and simplicity.

GALLANTRY. Fornication and adultery.

GREAT. Applied to a thing, signifies bigness; when to a man, often littleness, or meanness.

GOOD. A word of as many different senses as the Greek word Ἔχω, or as the Latin *Ago*: for which reason it is but little used by the polite.

HAPPINESS. Grandeur.

HONOUR. Duelling.

HUMOUR. Scandalous lies, tumbling and dancing on the rope.

JUDGE. } An old woman.
JUSTICE. }

KNAVE. The name of four cards in every pack.

KNOWLEDGE. In general, means knowledge of the town, as this is, indeed, the only kind of knowledge ever spoken of in the polite world.

LEARNING. Pedantry.

LOVE. A word properly applied to our delight in particular kinds of food; sometimes metaphorically spoken of the favourite objects of all our appetites.

MARRIAGE. A kind of traffic carried on between the two sexes, in which both are constantly endeavouring to cheat each other, and both are commonly losers in the end.

MISCHIEF. Fun, sport, or pastime.

MODESTY. Awkwardness, rusticity.

NO BODY. All the people in Great Britain, except about 1200.

NONSENSE. Philosophy, especially the philosophical writings of the antients, and more especially of Aristotle.

OPPORTUNITY. The season of cuckoldom.

PATRIOT. A candidate for a place at court.

POLITICS. The art of getting such a place.

PROMISE. Nothing.

RELIGION. A word of no meaning; but which serves as a bugbear to frighten children with.

RICHES. The only thing upon earth that is really valuable, or desirable.

ROGUE. } A man of a different party from yourself.
RASCAL. }

SERMON. A sleeping-dose.

SUNDAY. The best time for playing at cards.

SHOCKING. An epithet which fine ladies apply to almost every thing. It is, indeed, an interjection (if I may so call it) of delicacy.

TEMPERANCE. Want of spirit.

TASTE. The present whim of the town, whatever it be.

TEASING. Advice; chiefly that of a husband.

VIRTUE. } Subjects of discourse.
VICE. }

WIT. Prophaneness, indecency, immorality, scurrility,

mimickry, buffoonery. Abuse of all good men, and especially of the clergy.

WORTH. Power, rank, wealth.

WISDOM. The art of acquiring all three.

WORLD. Your own acquaintance.

Henry Fielding (1707-1754).

301. PROVOCATION TO SATIRE

. . Ask you what Provocation I have had?
The strong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and should be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profess'd to false Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Sense;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all mankind.
Friend. You're strangely proud.
Pope. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myself no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I must be proud to see
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and sham'd by *Ridicule* alone.
O sacred Weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Insolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muse may give thee, but the Gods must guide.
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honest zeal;
To rowze the Watchmen of the Publick Weal,
To Virtue's Work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate slumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinsel Insects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,
Spin all your Cobwebs o'er the Eye of Day!
The Muse's wing shall brush you all away:

All his Grace preaches, all his Lordship sings,
All that makes Saints of Queens, and Gods of Kings,
All, all but Truth, drops dead-born from the Press,
Like the last Gazette, or the last Address.
When black Ambition stains a Publick Cause,
A Monarch's sword when mad Vain-glory draws,
Not *Waller's* Wreath can hide the Nation's Scar,
Nor *Boileau* turn the Feather to a Star.
Not so, when diadem'd with Rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from Virtue's Shrine,
Her Priestless Muse forbids the Good to dye,
And opes the Temple of Eternity. . . .
Let Envy howl when Heav'n's whole Chorus sings,
And bark at Honour not confer'd by Kings;
Let Flatt'ry sickening see the Incense rise,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, sanctifies the line,
And makes Immortal, Verse as mean as mine. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

302. AT LEAST . . .

. . Be all his servants, female, young, and fair,
And if the pride of Nature spur thy heir
To deeds of Venery, if hot and wild,
He chanc'd to get some score of maids with child,
Chide, but forgive him; whoredom is a crime,
Which, more at this, than any other time,
Calls for indulgence, and, 'mongst such a race,
To have a bastard is some sign of grace. . .

Charles Churchill (1731-1764).

303. USING US ILL

WHEN the World has once begun to use us ill, it afterwards continues the same Treatment with less Scruple or Ceremony, as Men do to a Whore. *Jonathan Swift* (1667-1745).

304. THE SUMMUM BONUM

THOSE great men, Pythagoras, Plato, and Aristotle, the most consummate in politics, who founded states, or instructed princes, or wrote most accurately on public government, were at the same time the most acute at all abstracted and sublime speculations; the clearest light being ever necessary to guide the most important actions. And, whatever the world thinks, he who hath not much meditated upon God, the human mind, and the *summum bonum*, may possibly make a thriving earthworm, but will most indubitably make a sorry patriot and a sorry statesman. *George Berkeley* (1685-1753).

305. JUST ENOUGH

WE have just enough Religion to make us hate, but not enough to make us love one another.

Jonathan Swift (1667-1745).

306. CHAOS ON HER THRONE, OR THE TRIUMPH OF DULLNESS

. . She comes! she comes! the sable Throne behold
Of *Night* Primæval, and of *Chaos* old!
Before her, *Fancy's* gilded clouds decay,
And all its varying Rain-bows die away.
Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
The sick'ning stars fade off th'ethereal plain;
As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
Clos'd one by one to everlasting rest;
Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
Art after *Art* goes out, and all is Night.
See skulking *Truth* to her old Cavern fled,
Mountains of Casuistry heap'd o'er her head!
Philosophy, that lean'd on Heav'n before,
Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.

Physic of *Metaphysic* begs defence,
And *Metaphysic* calls for aid on *Sense*!
See *Mystery* to *Mathematics* fly!
In vain! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
And unawares *Morality* expires.
Nor *public* Flame, nor *private*, dares to shine;
Nor *human* Spark is left, nor Glimpse *divine*!
Lo! thy dread Empire, CHAOS! is restor'd;
Light dies before thy uncreating word:
Thy hand, great Anarch! lets the curtain fall;
And Universal Darkness buries All.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

307. THE BISHOP AMONG THE PLOTTERS

. . The First (entitled to the place
Of Honour both by Gown and Grace),
Who never let occasion slip
To take right-hand of fellowship,
And was so proud that should he meet
The twelve Apostles in the street,
He'd turn his nose up at them all,
And shove his Saviour from the wall:
Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
Still go together side by side)
That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
And hold a stirrup for the Devil,
If in a journey to his mind,
He'd let him mount, and ride behind. . .

Charles Churchill (1731-1764).

308. ENGLISH GENIUS

THE *limæ labor* is the great grievance with our countrymen. An *English* AUTHOR wou'd be *all* GENIUS. He wou'd reap the *fruits* of art; but without study, pains or application. He

thinks it necessary, indeed (lest his learning shou'd be call'd in question) to show the world that he errs *knowingly* against the rules of art. And for this reason, whatever piece he publishes at any time, he seldom fails, in some prefix'd apology, to speak in such a manner of *criticism* and *art*, as may confound the ordinary *reader*, and prevent him from taking up a *part*, which, shou'd he once assume, wou'd prove fatal to the impotent and mean performance.

Anthony Ashley Cooper,
Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713).

309. FOLIAGE GOTHIC

I HAVE sometimes had an idea of planting an old gothic cathedral in trees. Good large poplars with their white stems (cleared of boughs to their proper height) would serve very well for the columns; and might form the different aisles or peristiliums, by their different distances and heights. These would look very well near; and the dome rising all in a proper tuft in the middle, would look as well at a distance.

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

310. HAS LIFE NO SOURNESS?

. . What is't to me (a Passenger God wot)
Whether my Vessel be first-rate or not?
The Ship it self may make a better figure,
But I that sail, am neither less nor bigger.
I neither strut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor strive with all the Tempest in my teeth.
In Pow'r, Wit, Figure, Virtue, Fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremost, and before the last.
"But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wish you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of Pow'r?

Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black Fear of Death, that saddens all?
With Terrors round can Reason hold her throne,
Despise the known, nor tremble at th'unknown?
Survey both Worlds, intrepid and entire,
In spight of Witches, Devils, Dreams, and Fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each Birth-day with a grateful mind?
Has Life no sourness, drawn so near its end?
Can'st thou endure a Foe, forgive a Friend?
Has Age but melted the rough parts away,
As Winter-fruits grow mild e'er they decay?
Or will you think, my Friend, your business done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one?
Learn to live well, or fairly make your Will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk sober off; before a sprightlier Age
Come titt'ring on, and shoves you from the stage:
Leave such to trifle with more grace and ease,
Whom Folly pleases, and whose Follies please. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

311. THUS WE GO ON IN ENGLAND

If we look into the Streets, what a Medley of Neighbourhood do we see? Here lives a Personage of high Distinction; next Door a Butcher with his stinking Shambles! A Tallow-Chandler shall front my Lord's nice *Venetian* Window; and two or three brawny naked Curriers in their Pits shall face a fine Lady in her black Closet, and disturb her spiritual Thoughts: At one End of the Street shall be a Chandler's Shop to debauch all the neighbouring Maids with Gin and gossipping Tales, and at the other End perhaps a Brasier, who shall thump out a noisy Disturbance, by a Ring of Hammerers, for a Quarter of a Mile round him. In the Vicinity of some good Bishop, some good *Mother* frequently hangs out her Flag. The Riotous, from their filthy Accomodations of a *Spring Garden* Bagnio, shall echo their *Baachanalian* Noise to the Devotions

of the opposite Chapel, which may perhaps *sue in vain for a Remedy to any* BOARD. Thus we go on in *England*, and all this owing wholly to private Interest and Caprice.

Old England, July 2nd., 1748.

312. NEWTON AND HIMSELF

. . 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;
But when his own great work is but begun,
What Reason weaves, by Passion is undone. . .

Alexander Pope (1688-1744).

313. NEWTON FIXES THE MOON

. . He also fix'd the wandering *Queen of Night*,
Whether she wanes into a scanty orb,
Or, waxing broad, with her pale shadowy light,
In a soft deluge overflows the sky.
Her every motion clear-discerning, He
Adjusted to the mutual *Main*, and taught
Why now the mighty mass of water swells
Resistless, heaving on the broken rocks,
And the full river turning; till again
The tide revertive, unattracted, leaves
A yellow waste of idle sands behind. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

314. NEWTON ON LIGHT

. . Even *Light itself*, which every thing displays,
Shone undiscover'd, till his brighter mind
Untwisted all the shining robe of day;
And, from the whitening undistinguish'd blaze,

Collecting every ray into his kind,
To the charm'd eye educ'd the gorgeous train
Of *Parent-Colours*. First the flaming *Red*
Sprung vivid forth; the tawny *Orange* next;
And next delicious *Yellow*; by whose side
Fell the kind beams of all-refreshing *Green*.
Then the pure *Blue*, that swells autumnal skies,
Ethereal play'd; and then, of sadder hue,
Emerg'd the deepen'd *Indico*, as when
The heavy-skirted evening droops with frost.
While the last gleamings of refracted light
Dy'd in the fainting *Violet* away.
These, when the clouds distil the rosy shower,
Shine out distinct adown the watry bow;
While o'er our heads the dewy vision bends
Delightful, melting on the fields beneath.
Myriads of mingling dies from these result,
And myriads still remain—Infinite source
Of beauty, ever-flushing, ever-new!
Did ever poet image ought so fair,
Dreaming in whispering groves, by the hoarse brook!
Or prophet, to whose rapture heaven descends!
Even now the setting sun and shifting clouds,
Seen, *Greenwich*, from thy lovely heights, declare
How just, how beauteous the *refractive Law*. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

PART THREE:
EPILOGUE: FLOWERS AMONG REASON

. . For Flowers can see, and Pope's Carnations knew him. . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771),
Jubilate Agno.

To hate, to love, to think, to feel, to see; all this is nothing but to perceive.

Now since nothing is ever present to the mind but perceptions, and since all ideas are deriv'd from something antecedently present to the mind; it follows, that 'tis impossible for us so much as to conceive or form an idea of any thing specifically different from ideas and impressions. Let us fix our attention out of ourselves as much as possible: Let us chace our imagination to the heavens, or to the utmost limits of the universe; we never really advance a step beyond ourselves, nor can conceive any kind of existence, but those perceptions, which have appear'd in that narrow compass. This is the universe of the imagination, nor have we any idea but what is there produc'd.

David Hume (1711-1776),
A Treatise of Human Nature,
Part II, Sect. vi.

315. TWO DEFINITIONS IN THE LAST DITCH

ROMANTICK

1. Resembling the tales of romances; wild.

   Philosophers have maintained opinions more absurd than any of the most fabulous poets or *romantick* writers. *Keil.*

   Zeal for the good of one's country, a part of men have represented as chimerical and *romantick*. *Addison.*

2. Improbable; false.

3. Fanciful; full of wild scenery.

   The dun umbrage, o'er the falling stream *Romantick* hangs. *Thomson.*

ENTHUSIASM

1. A vain belief of private revelation; a vain confidence of divine favour or communication.

   Enthusiasm is founded neither on reason nor divine revelation, but rises from the conceits of a warmed or overweening brain. *Locke.*

2. Heat of imagination; violence of passion; confidence of opinion.

3. Elevation of fancy; exaltation of ideas.

   Imaging is, in itself, the very height and life of poetry, which, by a kind of *enthusiasm*, or extraordinary emotion of the soul, makes it seem to us that we behold those things which the poet paints. *Dryden.*

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

316. NATURAL BEAUTIES: UNIFORMITY GIVES WAY

YOUR *genius*, the *genius* of the place, and the GREAT GENIUS have at last prevail'd. I shall no longer resist the passion growing in me for things of a *natural* kind; where neither *art*, nor the *conceit* or *caprice* of man has spoil'd their genuine order, by breaking in upon that *primitive state*. Even the rude *rocks*, the mossy *caverns*, the irregular unwrought *grotto's*, and broken *falls* of water, with all the horrid graces of the *wilderness* it-self, as representing NATURE more, will be the more engaging, and appear with a magnificence beyond the formal mockery of princely gardens.

Anthony Ashley Cooper,
Lord Shaftesbury (1671-1713).

317. A PHILOSOPHER'S CONFESSION: DAVID HUME CONFOUNDS REASON AND DOUBTS IMAGINATION

BEFORE I launch out into those immense depths of philosophy, which lie before me, I find myself inclin'd to stop a moment in my present station, and to ponder that voyage, which I have undertaken, and which undoubtedly requires the utmost art and industry to be brought to a happy conclusion. Methinks I am like a man, who having struck on many shoals, and having narrowly escap'd shipwreck in passing a small frith, has yet the temerity to put out to sea in the same leaky weather-beaten vessel, and even carries his ambition so far as to think of compassing the globe under these disadvantageous circumstances. My memory of past errors and perplexities, makes me diffident for the future. The wretched condition, weakness, and disorder of the faculties, I must employ in my enquiries, encrease my apprehensions. And the impossibility of amending or correcting these faculties, reduces me almost to despair, and makes me resolved to perish on the barren rock, on which I am at present, rather than venture myself upon that boundless ocean, which runs out into immensity.

This sudden view of my danger strikes me with melancholy; and as 'tis usual for that passion, above all others, to indulge itself; I cannot forbear feeding my despair, with all those desponding reflections, which the present subject furnishes me with in such abundance.

I am first affrighted and confounded with that forelorn solitude, in which I am plac'd in my philosophy, and fancy myself some strange uncouth monster, who not being able to mingle and unite in society, has been expell'd all human commerce, and left utterly abandon'd and disconsolate. Fain wou'd I run into the crowd for shelter and warmth; but cannot prevail with myself to mix with such deformity. I call upon others to join me, in order to make a company apart; but no one will harken to me. Every one keeps at a distance, and dreads that storm, which beats upon me from every side. I have expos'd myself to the enmity of all metaphysicians, logicians, mathematicians, and even theologians; and can I wonder at the insults I must suffer? I have declar'd my disapprobation of their systems; and can I be surpriz'd, if they shou'd express a hatred of mine and of my person? When I look abroad, I foresee on every side, dispute, contradiction, anger, calumny and detraction. When I turn my eye inward, I find nothing but doubt and ignorance. All the world conspires to oppose and contradict me; tho' such is my weakness, that I feel all my opinions loosen and fall of themselves, when unsupported by the approbation of others. Every step I take is with hesitation, and every new reflection makes me dread an error and absurdity in my reasoning. . .

If we assent to every trivial suggestion of the fancy, beside that these suggestions are often contrary to each other, they lead us into such errors, absurdities, and obscurities, that we must at last become asham'd of our credulity. Nothing is more dangerous to reason than the flights of the imagination, and nothing has been the occasion of more mistakes among philosophers. Men of bright fancies may in this respect be compar'd to those angels, whom the scripture represents as covering their eyes with their wings. This has already appear'd in so many instances, that we may spare ourselves the trouble of enlarging upon it any farther.

But on the other hand, if the consideration of these instances makes us take a resolution to reject all the trivial suggestions of the fancy, and adhere to the understanding, that is, to the general and more establish'd properties of the imagination; even this resolution, if steadily executed, wou'd be dangerous, and attended with the most fatal consequences. For I have already shewn, that the understanding, when it acts alone, and according to its most general principles, entirely subverts itself, and leaves not the lowest degree of evidence in any proposition, either in philosophy or common life. We save ourselves from this total scepticism only by means of that singular and seemingly trivial property of the fancy, by which we enter with difficulty into remote views of things, and are not able to accompany them with so sensible an impression, as we do those, which are more easy and natural. Shall we, then, establish it for a general maxim, that no refin'd or elaborate reasoning is ever to be receiv'd? Consider well the consequences of such a principle. By this means you cut off entirely all science and philosophy: You proceed upon one singular quality of the imagination, and by a parity of reason must embrace all of them: And you expressly contradict yourself; since this maxim must be built on the proceeding reasoning, which will be allow'd to be sufficiently refin'd and metaphysical. What party, then, shall we choose among these difficulties? If we embrace this principle, and condemn all refin'd reasoning, we run into the most manifest absurdities. If we reject it in favour of these reasonings, we subvert entirely the human understanding. We have, therefore, no choice left betwixt a false reason and none at all. . .

The *intense* view of these manifold contradictions and imperfections in human reason has so wrought upon me, and heated my brain, that I am ready to reject all belief and reasoning, and can look upon no opinion even as more probable or likely than another. Where am I, or what? From what causes do I derive my existence, and to what condition shall I return? Whose favour shall I court, and whose anger must I dread? What beings surround me? and on whom have I any influence, or who have any influence on me? I am confounded with all these questions, and begin to fancy myself

in the most deplorable condition imaginable, inviron'd with the deepest darkness, and utterly depriv'd of the use of every member and faculty.

Most fortunately it happens, that since reason is incapable of dispelling these clouds, nature herself suffices to that purpose, and cures me of this philosophical melancholy and delirium, either by relaxing this bent of mind, or by some avocation, and lively impression of my senses, which obliterates all these chimeras. I dine, I play a game of backgammon, I converse, and am merry with my friends; and when after three or four hours' amusement, I wou'd return to these speculations, they appear so cold, and strain'd, and ridiculous, that I cannot find in my heart to enter into them any farther.

Here then I find myself absolutely and necessarily determin'd to live, and talk, and act like other people in the common affairs of life. But notwithstanding that my natural propensity, and the course of my animal spirits and passions reduce me to this indolent belief in the general maxims of the world, I still feel such remains of my former disposition, that I am ready to throw all my books and papers into the fire, and resolve never more to renounce the pleasures of life for the sake of reasoning and philosophy. For those are my sentiments in that splenetic humour, which governs me at present. I may, nay I must yield to the current of nature, in submitting to my senses and understanding; and in this blind submission I shew most perfectly my sceptical disposition and principles. But does it follow, that I must strive against the current of nature, which leads me to indolence and pleasure; that I must seclude myself, in some measure, from the commerce and society of men, which is so agreeable; and that I must torture my brain with subtilities and sophistries, at the very time that I cannot satisfy myself concerning the reasonableness of so painful an application, nor have any tolerable prospect of arriving by its means at truth and certainty. Under what obligation do I lie of making such an abuse of time? And to what end can it serve either for the service of mankind, or for my own private interest? No: If I must be a fool, as all those who reason or believe any thing *certainly* are, my follies shall at least be natural and agreeable. Where I strive against

my inclination, I shall have a good reason for my resistance; and will no more be led a wandering into such dreary solitudes, and rough passages, as I have hitherto met with.

These are the sentiments of my spleen and indolence; and indeed I must confess, that philosophy has nothing to oppose to them, and expects a victory more from the returns of a serious good-humour'd disposition, than from the force of reason and conviction. In all the incidents of life we ought still to preserve our scepticism. If we believe, that fire warms, or water refreshes, 'tis only because it costs us too much pains to think otherwise. Nay, if we are philosophers, it ought only to be upon sceptical principles, and from an inclination, which we feel to the employing ourselves after that manner. Where reason is lively, and mixes itself with some propensity, it ought to be assented to. Where it does not, it never can have any title to operate upon us.

At the time, therefore, that I am tir'd with amusement and company, and have indulg'd a *reverie* in my chamber, or in a solitary walk by a river-side, I feel my mind all collected within itself, and am naturally *inclin'd* to carry my view into all those subjects, about which I have met so many disputes in the course of my reading and conversation. I cannot forbear having a curiosity to be acquainted with the principles of moral good and evil, the nature and foundation of government, and the cause of those several passions and inclinations, which actuate and govern me. I am uneasy to think I approve of one object, and disapprove of another; call one thing beautiful, and another deform'd; decide concerning truth and falshood, reason and folly, without knowledge upon what principles I proceed. I am concern'd for the condition of the learned world, which lies under such a deplorable ignorance in all these particulars. I feel an ambition to arise in me of contributing to the instruction of mankind, and of acquiring a name by my inventions and discoveries. These sentiments spring up naturally in my present disposition; and shou'd I endeavour to banish them, by attaching myself to any other business or diversion, I *feel* I shou'd be a loser in point of pleasure; and this is the origin of my philosophy.

David Hume (1711-1776).

318. IMAGINATION

. . Upon her hair, with brilliants grac'd,
Her tow'r of beamy gold she plac'd;
Her ears with pendent jewels glow'd
Of various water, curious mode,
As nature sports the wintry ice,
In many a whimsical device.
Her eye-brows arch'd upon the stream
Of rays, beyond the piercing beam;
Her cheeks in matchless colour high,
She veil'd to fix the gazer's eye;
Her paps, as white as Fancy draws,
She covered with a crimson gauze;
And on her wings she threw perfume
From buds of everlasting bloom.
Her zone, ungirded from her vest,
She wore across her swelling breast;
On which, in gems, this verse was wrought,
"I make and shift the scenes of Thought". . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

319. THE DARKNESS AND FIRE OF FLINT

i

SALVATION is a *Birth of Life*, but Reason can no more bring forth *this Birth*, than it can kindle Life in a *Plant* or *Animal*: You might as well write the word *Flame*, upon the outside of a *Flint*, and then expect that its imprisoned Fire should be kindled by it, as to imagine, that any *Image*, or *Ideal Speculations* of Reason painted in your Brain, should raise your Soul out of its State of Death, and kindle the Divine Life in it. No: Would you have Fire from a *Flint*, its House of Death must be *shaken*, and its Chains of Darkness *broken off* by the Strokes of a *Steel* upon it. This must of all Necessity be done to your Soul, its *imprisoned* Fire must be awakened by the *sharp Strokes* of *Steel*, or no true Light of Life can arise in it.

ii

We are apt to think that our *Imaginations* and *Desires* may be played with, that they rise and fall away as nothing, because they do not always bring forth outward and visible Effects. But indeed they are the greatest Reality we have, and are the true *Formers* and *Raisers* of all that is real and solid in us. All outward Power that we exercise in the Things about us, is but as a *Shadow* in Comparison of that *inward Power*, that resides in our *Will*, *Imagination*, and *Desires*; these communicate with Eternity, and kindle a Life which always reaches either Heaven or Hell. . . .

As *all Desire* throughout Nature and Creature is but *one* and the *same* Thing, branching itself out into various Kinds and Degrees of Existence and Operation, so there is but *one Fire* throughout all Nature and Creature, standing only in different States and Conditions. The Fire that is in the *Light* of the Sun, is the same Fire that is in the *Darkness* of the Flint: That Fire which is the Life of our Bodies, is the Life of our Souls; that which *tears* Wood in Pieces, is the same which upholds the beauteous Forms of Angels: It is the same Fire that burns *Straw*, that will at last melt the *Sun*, the same Fire that brightens a *Diamond*, is darkened in a *Flint*: It is the same Fire that kindles Life in an Animal, that kindled it in Angels: In an Angel it is an Eternal Fire of an Eternal Life, in an Animal it is the same Fire brought into a temporary Condition, and therefore can only kindle a Life that is temporary: The same Fire that is mere Wrath in a Devil, is the Sweetness of flaming Love in an Angel; and the same Fire which is the Majestic Glory of Heaven, makes the Horror of Hell. *William Law* (1686-1761).

320. THE BED OF LOVE

. . Yes, yes, prepare the bed, the bed of luve,
With bridal sheets my body cover,
Unbar, ye bridal maids, the door,
Let in the expected husband lover.

But who the expected husband, husband is?
His hands, methinks, are bath'd in slaughter,
Ah me! what ghastly spectre's yon,
Comes, in his pale shroud, bleeding after.

Pale as he is, here lay him, lay him down,
O lay his cold head on my pillow;
Take aff, take aff these bridal weids,
And crown my careful head with willow.

Pale tho' thou art, yet best, yet best beluv'd,
O could my warmth to life restore thee,
Yet lye all night between my briests,
No youth lay ever there before thee.

Pale, pale indeed, O lovely, lovely youth,
Forgive, forgive so foul a slaughter,
And lye all night between my briests,
No youth shall ever lye there after. . .

William Hamilton of Bangour (1704-1754).

321. THE DUSKY REGION OF THE SOUL

HUMAN souls in this low situation, bordering on mere animal life, bear the weight and see through the dusk of a gross atmosphere, gathered from wrong judgements daily passed, false opinions daily learned, and early habits of an older date than either judgment or opinion. Through such a medium the sharpest eye cannot see clearly. And if by some extraordinary effort the mind should surmount this dusky region and snatch a glimpse of pure light, she is soon drawn backwards, and depressed by the heaviness of the animal nature to which she is chained. And if again she chanceth, amidst the agitation of wild fancies and strong affections, to spring upwards, a second relapse speedily succeeds into this region of darkness and dreams.

Nevertheless, as the mind gathers strength by repeated acts, we should not despond, but continue to exert the prime and

flower of our faculties, still recovering, and reaching on, and struggling, into the upper region, whereby our natural weakness and blindness may be in some degree remedied, and a taste obtained of truth and intellectual life.

George Berkeley (1685-1753).

322. TRANSCENDANT, OR CELESTIAL BEAUTY

'Tis something distinct from all human Beauty, and of a Nature greatly superior to it; something that seems like an Air of Divinity; Which is expressed, or at least to be traced out, in but very few Works of the Artists; and of which scarce any of the Poets have caught any Ray in their Descriptions (or perhaps even in their Imagination), except Homer and Virgil, among the Ancients; and our Shakespear and Milton among the Moderns. *Joseph Spence* (1699-1768).

323. THE SPIRIT OF LOVE

The life of Man can be nothing else but an Hunger of Covetousness, a Rising up of Pride, Envy, and Wrath, a Medley of contrary Passions, doing and undoing *it knows not what*, because these Workings are *essential* to the Properties of Nature; they must be always hungering and working one against another, striving to be above one another, and all this in *Blindness*, till the *Light of God* has helped them to *one common Good*, in which they all willingly *unite*, *rest*, and *rejoice*. In a Word, Goodness is only a *Sound*, and Virtue a mere Strife of *natural Passions*, till the *Spirit of Love* is the Breath of every Thing that lives and moves in the Heart. For Love is the one only Blessing, and Goodness, and God of Nature. *William Law* (1686-1761).

324. POET IN THE NEW STYLE

(James Thomson)

The autumn was his favourite season for poetical composition, and the deep silence of the night the time he commonly chose

for such studies; so that he would often be heard walking in his library, till near morning, humming over, in his way, what he was to correct and write out next day.

The amusements of his leisure hours were civil and natural history, voyages, and the relations of travellers, the most authentic he could procure: and had his situation favoured it, he would certainly have excelled in gardening, agriculture, and every rural improvement and exercise. Although he performed on no instrument, he was passionately fond of music, and would sometimes listen a full hour at his window to the nightingales in Richmond gardens. . . . Nor was his taste less exquisite in the arts of *painting*, *sculpture*, *and architecture*. In his travels, he had seen all the most celebrated monuments of antiquity, and the best productions of modern art.

Patrick Murdoch (*fl.* 1760).

325. VENUS SHINES OUT

. . A faint erroneous ray,
Glanc'd from th'imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retain'd
Th'ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines; and from her genial rise,
When day-light sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrival'd reigns, the fairest lamp of night. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

326. KING-CUPS AND A STREAM

. . Now, from yon range of rocks, strong rays rebound,
Doubling the day on flow'ry plains around:
King-cups beneath far-striking colours glance,
Bright as th'etherial glows the green expanse.

Gems of the field!—the topaz charms the sight,
Like these, effulging yellow streams of light.
From the same rocks, fall rills with soften'd force,
Meet in yon mead, and well a river's source.
Thro' her clear channel, shine her finny shoals,
O'er sands, like gold, the liquid crystal rolls.
Dimm'd in yon coarser moor, her charms decay,
And shape, thro' rustling reeds, a ruffled way.
Near willows short and bushy shadows throw:
Now lost, she seems thro' nether tracts to flow;
Yet, at yon point, winds out in silver state,
Like Virtue from a labyrinth of fate. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

327. THE LEASOWES: WILLIAM SHENSTONE'S ESTATE

We descend now to a beautiful gloomy scene, called Virgil's Grove, where on the entrance we pass by a small obelisk on the right-hand, with this inscription:

P. Virgilio Maroni
*Lapis iste cvm lvco sacer esto**

. . It is not very easy either to paint or describe this delightful grove: however, as the former has been more than once attempted, I will hope to apologise for an imperfect description, by the difficulty found by those who have aimed to sketch it with their pencils. Be it, therefore, first observed, that the whole scene is opaque and gloomy, consisting of a small deep valley or dingle, the sides of which are enclosed with irregular tufts of hazel and other underwood, and the whole overshadowed with lofty trees rising out of the bottom of the

* EXPLANATION

To
P. Virgilius Maro
This obelisk
and grove
is consecrated.

dingle, through which a copious stream makes its way through mossy banks, enamelled with primroses, and variety of wild wood flowers. The first seat we approach is thus inscribed:

Celeberrimo Pœtæ
IACOBO THOMSON
Prope fontes ille non fastiditos
G.S.
*Sedem hanc ornavit.**

" *Quæ tibi, quæ tali reddam pro carmine dona ?*
" *Nam neque me tantum venientis sibilus austri,*
" *Nec percussa juvant fluctu tam littora, nec quæ*
" *Saxosas inter decurrunt flumina valles.*" †

This seat is placed upon a steep bank on the edge of the valley, from which the eye is here drawn down into the flat below, by the light that glimmers in front, and by the sound of various cascades, by which the winding stream is agreeably broken. Opposite to this seat the ground rises again in an easy concave to a kind of dripping fountain, where a small rill trickles down a rude niche to rock-work, through fern, liverwort, and aquatic weeds, the green area in the middle, through which the stream winds, being as well shaped as can be imagined. After falling down these cascades, it winds under a bridge of one arch, and then empties itself into a small lake which catches it a little below. This terminates the scene upon the right; and after these objects have for some time amused the spectator, his eye rambles to the left, where one of the most

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* EXPLANATION

To the
much celebrated Poet
JAMES THOMSON
This seat was placed
near his favourite springs
By W.S.

† IMITATION

How shall I thank my Muse, so form'd to please
For not the whisp'rings of the southern breeze,
Nor banks still beaten by the breaking wave,
Nor limpid rills that pebbly vallies lave,
Yield such delight—

beautiful cascades imaginable is seen, by way of incident, through a kind of vista or glade, falling down a precipice over-arched with trees, and strikes us with surprise. . . . I believe none ever beheld this grove without a thorough sense of satisfaction; and were one to chuse any particular spot of this perfectly Arcadian farm, it should, perhaps, be this. . . . We now proceed to a seat at the bottom of a large root on the side of a slope with this

INSCRIPTION

" O let me haunt this peaceful shade,
" Nor let Ambition e'er invade
" The tenants of this leafy bower,
" That shun her paths, and slight her power.

" Hither the peaceful halcyon flies
" From social meads and open skies,
" Pleas'd by this rill her course to steer,
" And hide her sapphire plumage here.

" The trout, bedropp'd with crimson stains,
" Forsakes the river's proud domains,
" Forsakes the sun's unwelcome gleam,
" To lurk within this humble stream.

" And sure I heard the Naiad say,
' Flow, flow, my Stream! this devious way ;
' Tho' lovely thy soft murmurs are,
' Thy water's lovely, cool, and fair.

' Flow, gentle Stream! nor let the vain
' Thy small unsully'd stores disdain ;
' Nor let the pensive sage repine,
' Whose latent course resembles thine.' "

The view from it is a calm tranquil scene of water, gliding through sloping ground, with a sketch through the trees of the small pond below.

The scene in this place is that of water stealing along through a rude sequestered vale, the ground on each side covered with weeds and field flowers, as that before is kept close shaven. Farther on we lose all sight of water, and only hear the noise, without having the appearance, a kind of effect which the Chinese are fond of producing, in what they call their scenes of enchantment. We now turn all on a sudden

upon the high cascade which we admired before in vista. The scene around is quite a grotto of native stone running up to it, roots of trees overhanging it, and the whole shaded overhead. However, we first approach, on the left, a chalybeat spring, with an iron bowl chained to it, and this inscription upon a stone:

Fons Ferrvginevs
*Divæ qvæ secessv isto frvi concedit.**

Then turning to the right, we find a stone seat, making part of the aforesaid cave, with this well-applied inscription:

Intus aqvæ dulces, vivoque sedilia saxo ;
Nympharvm domvs.†

which I have often heard Mr. Shenstone term the definition of a grotto. *Robert Dodsley* (1703-1764).

328. WINDING HIS WATERS: A COMMENT ON SHENSTONE

WHETHER to plant a walk in undulating curves, and to place a bench at every turn where there is an object to catch the view; to make water run where it will be heard, and to stagnate where it will be seen; to have intervals where the eye will be pleased, and to thicken the plantation where there is something to be hidden; demands any great powers of mind, I will not enquire: perhaps a sullen and surly speculator may think such performances rather the sport than the business

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* EXPLANATION

To the Goddess
who bestowed the enjoyment
of these retreats,
this chalybeat spring
is consecrated.

† IMITATION

Within are wholesome springs, and marble seats
Carved in the living rock, of Nymphs the bless'd retreat.

of human reason. But it must be at least confessed, that to embellish the form of nature is an innocent amusement; and some praise will be allowed, by the most supercilious observer, to him who does best what such multitudes are contending to do well. . . . The pleasure of Shenstone was all in his eye: he valued what he valued merely for its looks; nothing raised his indignation more than to ask if there were any fishes in his water. *Samuel Johnson* (1709-1784).

329. THE CHURCH OF GRAVES

. . The Wind is up: Hark! how it howls! Methinks
Till now, I never heard a Sound so dreary:
Doors creak, and Windows clap, and Night's foul Bird
Rook'd in the Spire screams loud: The gloomy Isles
Black-plaster'd, and hung round with Shreds of 'Scutcheons
And tatter'd Coats of Arms, send back the Sound
Laden with heavier Airs, from the low Vaults
The Mansions of the Dead.

Quite round the Pile, a Row of Reverend Elms,
Coæval near with that, all ragged shew,
Long lash'd by the rude Winds: Some rift half down
Their branchless Trunks; Others so thin a Top,
That scarce Two Crows could lodge in the same Tree.
Strange Things, the Neighbours say, have happened here:
Wild Shrieks have issu'd from the hollow Tombs,
Dead men have come again, and walk'd about,
And the Great Bell has toll'd, unrung, untouch'd. . .

Robert Blair (1699-1746).

330. PULLING DOWN ST. MARTIN'S CHURCH

. . Pensive, I view'd a *sacred pile*, of late,
Which *falls*, like *man*, to rise in *nobler* state,
The *Doors* thrown wide, it seem'd unveil'd to lie,
And *reverend ruin* struck my *startled eye*.

Ent'ring, amidst the busy *hammer's* sound,
I saw *time's* dusty *trophies* scatter'd round:
Each violated *pillar* stood *bedew'd*:
And wept in solemn *grief*, a fate so *rude*.
From *tombs* by force disjoin'd, reluctant *stones*
Roll'd, mix'd with clouds of *dust*, and human *bones*:
From *faithless* walls, *defac'd* inscriptions fled,
And to *long night*, consign'd the *nameless dead*:
The pews pale *squares*, in their whole *lengthen'd row*,
Gave way, and *open'd* a sad scene, *below*!
Beauty, youth, wealth, and power, reduc'd to *clay*,
Larded with *bones*, *yet moist*, unshelter'd lay:
Remnants of *eyeless Skulls*, with hollow *stare*,
Mock'd the proud *looks*, which living *charmers* wear:
Coffins rose *broke*, unfaithful to their trust!
And *flesh* flew round me in unjointed *dust*.
Scarce a short *span*, beneath that opening *floor*,
Where kneeling charmers *pray'd*, the week before; . .

Aaron Hill (1685-1750).

331. RUINS OF ROME

. . Fall'n, fall'n, a silent heap; her heroes all
Sunk in their urns; behold the pride of pomp,
The throne of nations fall'n; obscur'd in dust;
Ev'n yet majestical; the solemn scene
Elevates the soul, while now the rising sun
Flames on the ruins in the purer air
Tow'ring aloft, upon the glitt'ring plain,
Like broken rocks, a vast circumference;
Rent palaces, crush'd columns, rifted moles,
Fanes roll'd on fanes, and tombs on buried tombs. . .

John Dyer (1700?-1758).

332. CLIFF AND CLOUD

. . Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless would beauteous symmetry disclose.

The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-colour'd clouds, in scatt'ring fragments seen,
Shew, tho' in broken views, the blue serene. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

333. ROCKY LANDSCAPE

. . The shatter'd *Rocks* and *Strata* seem to say,
Nature is *old*, and tends to her *Decay*:
Yet lovely in Decay, and *green* in *Age*,
Her Beauty lasts her, to her *latest Stage*. . .

Mary Chandler (1687-1745).

334. SWAN, TURKEY, DOVE, AND THE BULL IN THE BROOM

. . The stately-sailing swan
Gives out his snowy plumage to the gale,
And arching proud his neck, with oary feet
Bears forward fierce, and guards his osier-isle,
Protective of his young. The turkey nigh,
Loud-threat'ning, reddens; while the peacock spreads
His every-colour'd glory to the sun,
And swims in radiant majesty along.
O'er the whole homely scene, the cooing dove
Flies thick in amorous chace, and wanton rolls
The glancing eye, and turns the changeful neck.

While thus the gentle tenants of the shade
Indulge their purer loves, the rougher world
Of brutes, below, rush furious into flame,
And fierce desire. Thro' all his lusty veins
The bull, deep-scorch'd, the raging passion feels.
Of pasture sick, and negligent of food,
Scarce seen, he wades among the yellow broom,
While o'er his ample sides the rambling sprays
Luxuriant shoot. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

335. KNEEL TO THE LORD

. . Approach and bring from Araby the blest
The fragrant cassia, frankincense and myrrh,
And meekly kneeling at the altar's foot
Lay all the tributary incense down.
Stoop, sable Africa, with rev'rence stoop,
And from thy brow take off the painted plume;
With golden ingots all thy camels load
T'adorn his temples, hasten with thy spear
Reverted, and thy trusty bow unstrung,
While unpursu'd the lions roam and roar,
And ruin'd tow'rs, rude rocks and caverns wide
Remurmur to the glorious, surly sound. . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

336. TO A FAMOUS PAINTER

. . To me reveal thy heavenly art,
To me thy mysteries impart.
As yet I but in verse can paint,
And to the idea colour faint
What to the open eye you show,
Seeming nature's living glow:
The beauteous shapes of objects near,
Or distant ones confus'd in air:
The golden eve, the blushing dawn,
Smiling on the lovely lawn!
And pleasing views of checker'd glades,
And rivers winding through the shades,
And sunny hills—and pleasant plains,
And groups of merry nymphs and swains.
Or some old building, hid with grass,
Rearing sad its ruin'd face,
Whose columns, friezes, statues, lie
The grief and wonder of the eye!
Or swift adown a mountain tall
A foaming cataract's sounding fall,

Whose loud roaring stuns the ear
Of the wandering traveller;
Or a calm and quiet bay,
And a level shining sea;
Or surges rough, that froth and roar,
And, angry, dash the sounding shore;
And vessels toss'd, and billows high,
And lightning flashing from the sky;
Or that which gives me most delight,
The fair idea (seeming sight!)
Of warrior fierce with shining blade,
Or orator, with arms display'd. . .

John Dyer (1700?-1758).

337. BEAUTIES PALE AND ROSY

In some of the most military Nations of Africa, no man is reckoned handsome that has not Five or Six Scars in his Face. This Custom might, possibly, at first, be introduced among them to make them less afraid of Wounds in that Part in Battle; but, however that was, it grew at last to have so great a Share in their Idea of Beauty, that they now cut and slash the Faces of their poor little Infants, in order to give them those Graces when they are grown up, which are so necessary to win the Hearts of their Mistresses. . . .

The Covering of each Cheek all over with a burning Sort of Red Color, has long been looked upon in a neighbouring Country to be as necessary to render a Fine Lady's Face completely beautiful, as these Scars are for the Beaux in Africa.

'Tis really surprizing, that there should be so wide a Difference in the Tastes of two Countries as there is in this Particular between the French and us; when the bordering People of each live nearer together, than the Inhabitants do in the Extremes of one of our own moderate Counties; as, for instance, in this good County of Surrey, in particular.

The first time I saw the Ladies all ranged in the Front of the Boxes, at the Opera at Paris, they seemed to me to look like a long Bed of high-coloured full-blown Peonies in a

Garden. . . . Were a Frenchman, on his first Coming over hither, to see a Sett of our greatest Beauties all in a Row, he might, probably, think them like a Bed of Lilies; or, at least, like a Border of light-coloured Pinks.

In fact when the Count de Grammont was in England in King Charles the Second's time, when the Court was so gay, and so particularly well furnished with Beauties; he said, "That the English Ladies were particularly handsome; but that it was a great Pity that they were all so pale."

Joseph Spence (1699-1768).

338. SUNSET AND LANDSCAPE

. . Near down th'etherial steep,
The lamp of day hangs hov'ring o'er the deep.
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up ether roll'd,
Project long, shaggy points, deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th'unripen'd cherry's die,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye.
There blue-veil'd yellow, thro' a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd thro' white clouds a mild vermillion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.
Yon crooked, sunny roads change rising views
From brown, to sandy-red, and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground. . . .
In dark'ning spots, mid fields of various dies,
Tilth new-manur'd, or naked fallow lies.
Near uplands fertile pride enclos'd display,
The green grass yellowing into scentful hay,
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.
Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultur'd scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.

There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
'Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flow'rs amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-grey with dust: confus'd they lie,
Scent the rich year, and lead the wand'ring eye. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

339. XERXES AND THE PLANE TREE

Aelian, and several other Authors, assure us, that *Xerxes*, coming to a large, fine, stately Tree of *Platanus*, stopt his Army of seventeen hundred thousand Soldiers for many Days, to admire the Stateliness, and solemn Beauty thereof; and became so much in love therewith, that he adorn'd it, with not only his own Jewels, Gold, etc., but the Necklaces, Scarfs, Bracelets, and infinite other Riches of his Concubines, and other of his great People about him.

This beautiful Production of Nature had so great an Effect on him, that for many Days he laid aside all Thought of his grand Expedition, Interest, Honour, etc. notwithstanding the necessary Motion of his Portentous Army did endeavour to persuade him from it. His very great Love to this lovely Vegetable, caused him to style it his Mistress, his Minion, and his Goddess: And at his Departure from it, caused *the true Figure thereof* to be stampt on a *Medal of Gold*, which he always wore about him, in *Memory* of that good and stately Tree.

Thus may we behold how vastly short we are, in knowing the true Value of the most valuable Plants.

Batty Langley (1696-1751).

340. POETS ARE LIARS

THE conversation of those who have acquir'd a habit of lying, tho' in affairs of no moment, never gives any satisfaction; and that because those ideas they present to us, not being attended with belief, make no impression upon the mind.

Poets themselves, tho' liars by profession, always endeavour to give an idea of truth to their fictions; and where that is totally neglected, their performances, however ingenious, will never be able to afford much pleasure. In short, we may observe, that even when ideas have no manner of influence on the will and passions, truth and reality are still requisite, in order to make them entertaining to the imagination.

David Hume (1711-1776).

341. THE POET

ROUS'D by the light from soft repose,
Big with the Muse, a Bard arose
And the fresh garden's still retreat
He measur'd with poetic feet.
The cooling, high, o'er-arching shade,
By the embracing branches made,
The smooth shorn sod, whose verdant gloss,
Was check'd with intermingled moss,
Cowslips, like topazes that shine,
Close by the silver serpentine,
Rude rustics which assert the bow'rs,
Amidst the educated flow'rs.
The lime tree and sweet-scented bay,
(The sole reward of many a lay)
And all the poets of the wing,
Who sweetly without salary sing,
Attract at once his observation,
Peopling thy wilds, Imagination!
"Sweet nature, who this turf bedews,
"Sweet nature, who's the thrush's muse!
"How she each anxious thought beguiles,
"And meets me with ten thousand smiles". . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

342. A WINTRY SUNRISE

. . Slow blush yon breaking clouds;—the sun's uproll'd.
Th'expansive grey turns azure, chas'd with gold;

White-glitt'ring ice, chang'd like the topaz, gleams,
Reflecting saffron lustre from his beams. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

343. BRITANNIA

. . Rich is thy soil, and merciful thy clime;
Thy streams unfailing in the summer's drought;
Unmatch'd thy guardian-oaks; thy valleys float
With golden waves: and on thy mountains flocks
Bleat numberless; while roving round their sides,
Bellow the blackening herds in lusty droves.
Beneath, thy meadows glow, and rise unquell'd
Against the mower's scythe. On every hand
Thy villas shine. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

344. ON EVEN KEEL, WITH GENTLE GALE

. . Thus, thus I steer my bark, and sail
On even keel with gentle gale;
At helm I make my reason sit,
My crew of passions all submit.
If dark and blust'ring prove some nights,
Philosophy puts forth her lights;
Experience holds the cautious glass,
To shun the breakers, as I pass,
And frequent throws the wary lead,
To see what dangers may be hid:
And once in seven years I'm seen
At Bath, or Tunbridge, to careen.
Tho' pleas'd to see the dolphins play,
I mind my compass and my way,
With store sufficient for relief,
And wisely still prepar'd to reef,
Nor wanting the dispersive bowl
Of cloudy weather in the soul,

I make (may heav'n propitious send
Such wind and weather to the end)
Neither becalm'd, nor over-blown,
Life's voyage to the world unknown.

Matthew Green (1696-1737).

345. SOLITUDE

. . THINE is the balmy breath of morn,
Just as the dew-bent rose is born;
And while Meridian fervors beat,
Thine is the woodland dumb retreat;
But chief, when evening scenes decay,
And the faint landskip swims away,
Thine is the doubtful soft decline,
And that best hour of musing thine. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

346. THE NORTHERN LIGHTS

. . Now to mid-heav'n the whiten'd moon inclines,
And shades contract, mark'd out in clearer lines;
With noiseless gloom the plains are delug'd o'er:
See!—from the north, what streaming meteors pour!
Beneath Boötes springs the radiant train,
And quiver through the axle of his wain.
O'er altars thus, impainted, we behold
Half-circling glories shoot in rays of gold.
Cross ether swift elance the vivid fires!
As swift again each pointed flame retires!
In Fancy's eye encount'ring armies glare,
And sanguine ensigns wave unfurl'd in air.
Hence the weak vulgar deem impending fate,
A monarch ruin'd, or unpeopled state. . .

Richard Savage (1697?-1742).

347. MOONLIGHT

. . Meanwhile the Moon
Full-orb'd, and breaking thro' the scatter'd Clouds,
Shews her broad Visage in the crimson'd East.
Turn'd to the Sun direct, her spotted Disk. . .
A smaller Earth, gives all its Blaze again
Void of its Flame, and sheds a softer Day. . .

James Thomson (1700-1748).

348. IDYLL

. . There see the clover, pea, and bean,
Vie in variety of green,
Fresh pastures speckled o'er with sheep,
Brown fields their fallow sabbaths keep,
Plump Ceres golden tresses wear,
And poppy-topknots deck her hair,
And silver streams thro' meadows stray,
And Naiads on the margin play,
And lesser nymphs on side of hills
From play-thing urns pour down the rills. . .

Matthew Green (1696-1737).

349. TINIAN: THE EARTHLY PARADISE

I SHALL, before I proceed any farther in the history of our own adventures, throw together the most interesting particulars that came to our knowledge, relating to the situation, soil, produce, and accomodations of this Island of *Tinian*. . . .

Its length is about twelve miles, and its breadth about half as much; it extending from the S.S.W. to the N.N.E. The soil is every where dry and healthy, and being withal somewhat sandy, it is thereby the less disposed to a rank and over luxuriant vegetation; and hence the meadows and the bottoms of the woods are much neater and smoother than is customary in hot climates. The land rose in gentle slopes from the very beach where we watered, to the middle of the Island, though

the general course of its ascent was often interrupted by vallies of an easy descent, many of which wind irregularly through the country. These vallies and the gradual swellings of the ground, which their different combinations gave rise to, were most beautifully diversified by the mutual encroachments of woods and lawns, which coasted each other, and traversed the Island in large tracts. The woods consisted of tall and well spread trees, the greatest part of them celebrated either for their aspect or their fruit: Whilst the lawns were usually of a considerable breadth, their turf quite clean and uniform, it being composed of a very fine trefoil, which was intermixed with a variety of flowers. The woods too were in many places open, and free from all bushes and underwood, so that they terminated on the lawns with a well defined out-line, where neither shrubs nor weeds were to be seen; but the neatness of the adjacent turf was frequently extended to a considerable distance, under the hollow shade formed by the trees. Hence arose a number of the most elegant and entertaining prospects, according to the different blendings of these woods and lawns, and their various intersections with each other, as they spread themselves differently through the vallies, and over the slopes and declivities in which the place abounded. Nor were the allurements of *Tinian* confined to the excellency of its landskips only; since the fortunate animals, which during the greatest part of the year are the sole lords of this happy soil, partake in some measure of the romantic cast of the Island, and are no small addition to its wonderful scenery; for the cattle, of which it is not uncommon to see herds of some thousands feeding together in a large meadow, are certainly the most remarkable in the world; as they are all of them milk-white, except their ears, which are generally brown or black. And though there are no inhabitants here, yet the clamour and frequent parading of domestic poultry, which range the woods in great numbers, perpetually excite the idea of the neighbourhood of farms and villages, and greatly contribute to the chearfulness and beauty of the place. . . .

This place was not only extremely grateful to us, from the plenty of its fresh provisions, but was as much perhaps to be

admired on account of its fruits and vegetable productions, which were most fortunately adapted to the cure of the sea scurvy, the disease which had so terribly reduced us. For in the woods there were inconceivable quantities of coco-nuts, with the cabbages growing on the same tree: There were besides, guavoes, limes, sweet and sour oranges, and a kind of fruit peculiar to these Islands called by the Indians *Rhymay*, but by us the *Bread Fruit*, for it was constantly eaten by us during our stay upon the Island instead of bread, and so universally preferred to it that no ship's bread was expended in that whole interval. . . .

Having briefly recounted the conveniencies of this place, the excellency and quantity of its fruits and provisions, the neatness of its lawns, the stateliness, freshness, and fragrance of its woods, the happy inequality of its surface, and the variety and elegance of the views it afforded; I must now observe that all these advantages were greatly enhanced by the healthiness of its climate, by the almost constant breezes which prevail there, and by the frequent showers which fell there; for these, instead of the heavy continued rains which in some countries render a great part of the year so unpleasing, were usually of a very short and almost momentary duration. Hence they were extremely grateful and refreshing, and were perhaps one cause of the salubrity of the air, and of the extraordinary influence it was observed to have upon us, in increasing and invigorating our appetites and digestion. . . .

After giving these large encomiums to this Island, in which however, I conceive, I have not done it justice; it is necessary I should speak of those circumstances in which it is defective, whether in point of beauty or utility. And first, with respect to its water. I must own, that before I had seen this spot, I did not conceive that the absence of running water, of which it is entirely destitute, could have been so well replaced by any other means, as it is in this Island; since though there are no streams, yet the water of the wells and springs, which are to be met with every where near the surface, is extremely good; and in the midst of the Island there are two or three considerable pieces of excellent water, the turf of whose banks was as clean, as even, and as regularly disposed, as if they

had been basons purposely made for the decoration of the place. It must however be confessed, that with regard to the beauty of the prospects, the want of rills and streams is a very great defect, not to be compensated either by large pieces of standing water, or by the neighbourhood of the sea, though that, from the smallness of the Island, generally makes a part of every extensive landskip.

As to residence on the Island, the principal inconvenience attending it is the vast number of muscatos, and various other species of flies, together with an insect called a tick; this, though principally attached to the cattle, would yet frequently fasten upon our limbs and bodies, and if not perceived and removed in time, would bury its head under the skin, and raise a painful inflammation.

Richard Walter (1716?-1785).

350. A PIGEON HOUSE

. . A Pigeon-house, contiguous on a Rock,
Erected stands; where, when the Silver Flock
Is rouz'd, in Fright they all their holes forsake,
And thro' the Dome their downy Pinions shake:
While tow'rds the top they rise, there falls below
A show'r of Feathers, like a show'r of Snow.
The callow Young sit murm'ring in their Nests,
And trembling lean on their unfeather'd Breasts.
At first the Concave with their flutt'ring rings;
To smoother flight they soon expand their Wings,
And light on some adjacent Roof; where they
Renew their Loves, and sweetly cooing play;
Or in the Field survey their promis'd Store,
And then return when all the Danger's o'er. . .

Wetenhall Wilkes (*fl.* 1740).

351. GROTTOES AND DR. JOHNSON

How harshly you treated that man to-day, said I once, who harangued us so about gardening—"I am sorry (said he) if I vexed the creature, for there certainly is no harm in a

fellow's rattling a rattle-box, only don't let him think that he thunders."—The Lincolnshire lady who shewed him a grotto she had been making, came off no better as I remember: Would it not be a pretty cool habitation in summer? said she, Mr. Johnson! "I think it would, Madam (replied he), —for a toad."

Recorded by *Hester Lynch Piozzi* (1741-1821).

352. ABOVE ALL THINGS, THE HEART OF MAN

HE delighted no more in music than painting; he was almost as deaf as he was blind: travelling with Dr. Johnson was for these reasons tiresome enough. Mr. Thrale loved prospects, and was mortified that his friend could not enjoy the sight of those different dispositions of wood and water, hill and valley, that travelling through England and France affords a man. But when he wished to point them out to his companion: "Never heed such nonsense," would be the reply: "a blade of grass is always a blade of grass, whether in one country or another: let us if we *do* talk, talk about something; men and women are my subjects of enquiry; let us see how these differ from those we have left behind."

Recorded by *Hester Lynch Piozzi* (1741-1821).

353. THE BURDEN OF AGE

. . But grant, the virtues of a temp'rate prime
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;
An age that melts in unperceiv'd decay,
And glides in modest innocence away;
Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
Whose night congratulating Conscience chears;
The gen'ral fav'rite, as the gen'ral friend;
Such age there is, and who could wish its end?
Yet ev'n on this her load Misfortune flings,
To press the weary minutes' flagging wings:
New sorrow rises as the day returns,
A sister sickens, or a daughter mourns,

Now kindred Merit fills the sable bier,
Now lacerated friendship claims a tear.
Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
Still drops some joy from with'ring life away;
New forms arise, and 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.
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 Marlb'rough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
And Swift expires a driv'ler and a show. . .

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

354. POVERTY IN LONDON

. . By numbers here from shame or censure free,
All crimes are safe, but hated poverty.
This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak,
Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd;
Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
Has heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
No pathless waste or undiscover'd shore?
No secret island in the boundless main?
No peaceful desart yet unclaim'd by Spain?
Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
And bear oppression's insolence no more.

This mournful truth is ev'ry where confess'd,
SLOW RISES WORTH BY POVERTY DEPRESS'D:
But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold;
Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
The groom retails the favours of his lord. . .

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

355. GOODBYE TO MR. POPE

. . Thro' POPE'S soft song tho' all the Graces breathe,
And happiest art adorn his Attic page;
Yet does my mind with sweeter transport glow,
As at the root of mossy trunk reclin'd,
In magic SPENSER'S wildly-warbled song
I see deserted Una wander wide
Thro' wasteful solitudes, and lurid heaths,
Weary, forlorn; than when the fated fair,
Upon the bosom bright of silver Thames,
Launches in all the lustre of brocade,
Amid the splendors of the laughing Sun.
The gay description palls upon the sense,
And coldly strikes the mind with feeble bliss. . .

Thomas Warton (1728-1790).

356. THE WET MORNING

. . Yet not ungrateful is the morn's approach,
When dropping wet she comes, and clad in clouds,
While thro' the damp air scowls the louring south,
Blackening the landscape's face, that grove and hill
In formless vapours undistinguish'd swim:
Th' afflicted songsters of the sadden'd groves
Hail not the sullen gloom; the waving elms
That hoar thro' time, and rang'd in thick array,
Enclose with stately row some rural hall,
Are mute, nor echo with the clamors hoarse

Of rooks rejoicing on their airy boughs;
While to the shed the dripping poultry crowd,
A mournful train: secure the village-hind
Hangs o'er the crackling blaze, nor tempts the storm;
Fix'd in th'unfinish'd furrow rests the plough:
Rings not the high wood with enliv'ning shouts
Of early hunter: all is silence drear;
And deepest sadness wraps the face of things. . .

Thomas Warton (1728-1790).

357. THE WITS

. . The Wits of *Charles* found easier Ways to Fame,
Nor wish'd for JONSON'S Art, or SHAKESPEAR'S Flame,
Themselves they studied, as they felt, they writ,
Intrigue was Plot, Obscenity was Wit.
Vice always found a sympathetick Friend;
They pleas'd their Age, and did not aim to mend.
Yet Bards like these aspir'd to lasting Praise,
And proudly hop'd to pimp in future Days.
Their Cause was gen'ral, their Supports were strong,
Their Slaves were willing, and their Reign was long;
Till Shame regain'd the Post that Sense betray'd,
And Virtue call'd Oblivion to her Aid. . .

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

358. MUSIC, PAINTING, POETRY, AND VICE

FIRST, then, It is evident, that most kinds of music, painting, and poetry, have close connections with vice, particularly with the vices of intemperance and lewdness; that they represent them in gay, pleasing colours, or, at least, take off from the abhorrence due to them; that they cannot be enjoyed without *evil communications*, and concurrence in the pagan show and pomp of the world; and that they introduce a frame of mind, quite opposite to that of devotion, and earnest concern for our own and others' future welfare. This is evident of public diversions, collections of pictures, academies for painting,

statuary, etc., ancient heathen poetry, modern poetry of most kinds, plays, romances, etc. If there be any doubt of this, it must be from want of a duly serious frame of mind.

Secondly, A person cannot acquire any great skill in these arts, either as a critic, or a master of them, without a great consumption of time: they are very apt to excite vanity, self-conceit, and mutual flatteries, in their votaries; and, in many cases, the expense of fortunes is too considerable to be reconciled to the charity and beneficence due to the indigent.

Thirdly, All these arts are capable of being devoted to the immediate service of God and religion in an eminent manner; and, when so devoted, they not only improve and exalt the mind, but are themselves improved and exalted to a much higher degree, than when employed upon profane subjects; the dignity and importance of the ideas and scenes drawn from religion adding a peculiar force and lustre thereto. And, upon the whole, it will follow that the polite arts are scarce to be allowed, except when consecrated to religious purposes.

David Hartley (1705-1757).

359. THE PAINTER'S CREDO, 1746

I WILL studdy beauty of Form & injoy elegant Ideas, set the Image of a charming face fore my Mind, feed on its lovely Innocence & by it flatter my longing Soul with Visions of happyness, tho' but in Picture, for I will immure myself in solitude & paint the Graces, act Truth and contemplate Virtue.

Alexander Cozens (*d.* 1786).

360. IMLAC DISCOURSES TO RASSELAS OF POETRY

THE business of a poet, said Imlac, is to examine, not the individual, but the species; to remark general properties and large appearances; he does not number the streaks of the tulip, or describe the different shades in the verdure of the forest. He is to exhibit in his portraits of nature such prominent and striking features as recall the original to every

mind; and must neglect the minuter discriminations, which one may have remarked, and another have neglected, for those characteristicks which are alike obvious to vigilance and carelessness.

But the knowledge of nature is only half the task of a poet; he must be acquainted likewise with all the modes of life. His character requires that he estimate the happiness and misery of every condition; observe the power of all the passions in all their combinations, and trace the changes of the human mind as they are modified by various institutions, and accidental influences, of climate or custom, from the sprightliness of infancy to the despondence of decrepitude. He must divest himself of the prejudices of his age or country; he must consider right and wrong in their abstracted and invariable state; he must disregard present laws and opinions, and rise to general and transcendental truths, which will always be the same; he must therefore content himself with the slow progress of his name; contemn the appearance of his own time, and commit his claims to the justice of posterity. He must write as the interpreter of nature, and the legislator of mankind, and consider himself as presiding over the thoughts and manners of future generations; as being superiour to time and place.

His labour is not yet at an end: he must know many languages and many sciences; and, that his style may be worthy of his thoughts, must, by incessant practice, familiarize to himself every delicacy of speech and grace of harmony.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

361. LONDON DELIGHTS

. . Here malice, rapine, accident, conspire,
And now a rabble rages, now a fire;
Their ambush here relentless ruffians lay,
And here the fell attorney prowls for prey;
Here falling houses thunder on your head,
And here a female atheist talks you dead. . .

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

362. AMERICA

. . In happy climes the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense,
The pedantry of courts and schools;

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heav'nly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

George Berkeley (1685-1753).

363. THE RISE AND FALL

. . Unnumber'd suppliants crowd Preferment's gate,
Athirst for wealth, and burning to be great;
Delusive Fortune hears th'incessant call,
They mount, they shine, evaporate, and fall.
On ev'ry stage the foes of peace attend,
Hate dogs their flight, and insult mocks their end.
Love ends with hope, the sinking statesman's door
Pours in the morning worshipper no more;
For growing names the weekly scribbler lies,
To growing wealth the dedicator flies,
From every room descends the painted face,
That hung the bright Palladium of the place,
And smoak'd in kitchens, or in auctions sold,
To better features yields the frame of gold;

For now no more we trace in ev'ry line
Heroic worth, benevolence divine:
The form distorted justifies the fall,
And detestation rids th'indignant wall.
But will not Britain hear the last appeal,
Sign her foes doom, or guard her fav'rites zeal;
Thro' Freedom's sons no more remonstrance rings,
Degrading nobles and controuling kings;
Our supple tribes repress their patriot 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. . .

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

364. JESUS CHRIST THE APPLETREE

THE tree of life my soul hath seen,
Laden with fruit and always green;
The trees of nature fruitless be,
Compar'd with Christ the appletree.
This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell,
This beauty doth all things excel,
By faith I know, but ne'er can tell
The glory which I now can see
In Jesus Christ the appletree. . .

Author unknown.

365. JOHNSON, SHAKESPEARE, AND CORNEILLE

SOMEBODY was praising Corneille one day in opposition to Shakespeare: "Corneille is to Shakespeare (replied Mr. Johnson) as a clipped hedge is to a forest."

Recorded by *Hester Lynch Piozzi* (1741-1821).

366. A CAVE: DUNALD-MILL-HOLE

Lancaster, August 26th, 1760

LAST Sunday I visited a cavern about five miles from hence, near the road to Kirkby Lonsdale, called Dunald-Mill-Hole, a

curiosity, I think, inferior to none of the kind in Derbyshire, which I have also seen. . . . The entrance to this subterraneous channel has something most pleasingly horrible in it. From the mill at the top, you descend for about ten yards perpendicularly, by means of chinks in the rocks, and shrubs of trees; the road is then almost parallel to the horizon, leading to the right, a little winding, till you have some hundreds of yards thick of rock and minerals above you. In this manner we proceeded, sometimes through vaults so capacious, we could not see either roof or sides; and sometimes on all four, from its narrowness; still following the brook, which entertained us with a sort of harmony well suiting the place; for the different height of its falls were as so many keys of music, which all being conveyed to us by the amazing echo, greatly added to the majestic horror which surrounded us. In our return we were more particular in our observations. The beautiful lakes (formed by the brook in the hollow part of the cavern) realize the fabulous Styx; and murmuring falls from one rock to another, broke the rays of our candles, so as to form the most romantic vibrations and appearances upon the variegated roof. The sides, too, are not less remarkable for fine colouring: the damp, the creeping vegetables, and the seams in the marble and limestone parts of the rock, make as many tints as are seen in the rainbow, and are covered with a perpetual varnish from the just-weeping springs that trickle from the roof. The curious in grottos, cascades, etc. might here obtain a just taste of nature. When we arrived at the mouth, I could not but admire the uncouth manner in which nature has thrown together those huge rocks, which compose the arch over the entrance; but, as if conscious of its rudeness, she has clothed it with trees and shrubs of the most various and beautiful verdure, which bend downwards, and with their leaves cover all the rugged parts of the rock.

A. Walker (*fl.* 1760).

367. AUTUMN

'TWAS when the Fields had shed their golden Grain,
And burning Suns had sear'd the russet Plain;

No more the Rose nor Hyacinth were seen,
Nor yellow Cowslip on the tufted Green:
But the rude Thistle rear'd its hoary Crown,
And the ripe Nettle shew'd an irksom Brown.
In mournful Plight the tarnish'd Groves appear,
And Nature weeps for the declining Year.
The Sun too quickly reach'd the western Sky,
And rising Vapours hid his ev'ning Eye:
Autumnal Threads around the Branches flew,
While the dry Stubble drank the falling Dew. . .

Mary Leapor (1722-1746).

368. STRONG IS THE HORSE UPON HIS SPEED

. . Strong is the horse upon his speed;
Strong in pursuit the rapid glede,
Which makes at once his game:
Strong the tall ostrich on the ground;
Strong thro' the turbulent profound
Shoots xiphias to his aim.

Strong is the lion—like a coal
His eye-ball—like a bastion's mole
His chest against the foes:
Strong, the gier-eagle on his sail,
Strong against tide, th'enormous whale
Emerges as he goes.

But stronger still, in earth and air,
And in the sea, the man of pray'r;
And far beneath the tide;
And in the seat to faith assign'd,
Where ask is have, where seek is find,
Where knock is open wide.

Beauteous the fleet before the gale;
Beauteous the multitudes in mail,
Rank'd arms and crested heads:
Beauteous the garden's umbrage mild,
Walk, water, meditated wild,
And all the bloomy beds.

Beauteous the moon full on the lawn;
And beauteous, when the veil's withdrawn,
The virgin to her spouse:
Beauteous the temple deck'd and fill'd,
When to the heav'n of heav'ns they build
Their heart-directed vows.

Beauteous, yea beauteous more than these,
The shepherd king upon his knees,
For his momentous trust;
With wish of infinite conceit,
For man, beast, mute, the small and great,
And prostrate dust to dust. . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

369. JOHNSON AND ADAM SMITH ON RHYME

SIR, I was once in company with Smith, and we did not take to each other; but had I known that he loved rhyme as much as you tell me he does, I should have HUGGED him.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

370. THE MOON, THE SEA, AND A MOUNTAIN

AT the foot of the steep mountain, the sea, all clear and smooth, spread itself into an immense plain, and held a watery mirror to the skies. Infinite heights above the firmament stretched its azure expanse; bespangled with unnumbered stars, and adorned with the moon, "walking in brightness." She seemed to contemplate herself with a peculiar pleasure; while the transparent surface both received and returned her silver image.

James Hervey (1714-1758).

371. THE MERMAID'S PAP

. . For ADORATION seasons change,
And order, truth, and beauty range,

Adjust, attract, and fill:
The grass the polyanthus cheques;
And polish'd porphyry reflects,
By the descending rill.

Rich almonds colour to the prime
For ADORATION; tendrils climb,
And fruit-trees pledge their gems;
And Ivis with her gorgeous vest
Builds for her eggs her cunning nest,
And bell-flowers bow their stems.

With vinous syrups cedars spout;
From rocks pure honey gushing out,
For ADORATION springs:
All scenes of painting croud the map
Of nature; to the mermaid's pap
The scaled infant clings. . .

Christopher Smart (1722-1771).

372. THE ORCHARD

THE flower is fallen, and the fruit swells out on every twig. Breathe soft, ye winds! Let the pear tree suckle her juicy progeny, till they drop into our hands, and dissolve in our mouths: let the plum hang unmolested upon her boughs, till she fatten her delicious flesh, and cloud her polished skin with blue. *James Hervey* (1714-1758).

373. COMETS—ON THE ITALIAN DUKE WHO RAN AWAY FOR FEAR OF THE COMET OF 1742

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

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784),
impromptu from the Italian.

374. SIR WILLIAM HERSCHEL SEES THE STARS ROUND AS A BUTTON

WHEN he began to observe, it was almost unheard of that a star should be seen without "rays" or "tails." Henry Cavendish happening to sit next Herschel at dinner, slowly addressed him with, "Is it true, Dr. Herschel, that you see the stars round?" "Round as a button," exclaimed the doctor, when the conversation dropped, till at the close of dinner, Cavendish repeated interrogatively, "Round as a button?" "Round as a button," briskly rejoined the doctor and no more was said.

Dictionary of National Biography.

375. STUBBS THE PAINTER GOES TO ITALY

LET it not escape notice that Stubbs's motive for going thither was to convince himself that nature was and is always superior to art whether Greek or Roman—and having received this conviction he immediately resolved upon returning home.

Ozias Humphry, R.A. (1742-1810).

376. BEAUTY, SIMPLE AND IMPURE: A PAINTER'S VIEW

SIMPLE beauty may be compared to pure, elemental water, and character is to beauty as flavour, scent, and colour are to water, which by the addition of these several infusions, will be termed sweet, or sour, or scented, or red, yellow, etc., i.e. species or sorts of water. For the addition of character to beauty gives the latter a distinguishing quality, producing all the different kinds of charactered beauties, each equally pleasing as to the effects upon the different tastes of mankind, but inferior to the first or simple beauty, in regard to purity of beauty. Thus, as I suppose there is such a thing as elemental water, so I presume that there is elemental beauty, independent of taste or prepossession, but capable of being blended with

other qualities. As water may be mixt with wine, milk, etc., in the same glass; so beauty with the expression of majesty, or beauty with sense, etc., may be combined in the same face: The infusion gives flavour or expression to the insipid element; and it may be observed, that some characters will unite more intimately with beauty than others, as it is easy to conceive that the steady, the artful, etc. accord less with beauty than the modest, the good-natured, etc. Hence it should seem that simple beauty is pure, because it has no character, and charactered beauty is in some degree impure, if it may be so expressed, because its beauty is not simple and unmixed.

Alexander Cozens (*d.* 1786).

377. THIS ROUSSEAU DID

THIS Rousseau did. He traced man to the nipple of nature, found him wrapped up in instinct,—taught his lore by appetite and fear—harmless because content,—content because devoid of comparative ideas—solitary because without wants,—snatching the moment on the wing from the past and future ones.—

Yet even in this wilderness of nature he stamps him with the sovreignty of vegetation and instinct; behold him free, improveable, compassionate. *Henry Fuseli* (1741-1825).

378. REFLECTIONS ON ROUSSEAU

To know that stays paint to the eagle eye of love, here their luxuriance of bosom and milky orbs of rapture, and there the slender waist and rising hips—that with the perfumes of their toilet contagion spreads—that aprons will invite Hamlet to build tabernacles between Beauty's legs—and petticoats appear to Romeo the gates of Heaven—

What will be the consequence of all this?—They will open them—yea and dream at the same time, that virginity may drop a maidenhead, and matrimony pick it up; that nature now and then lays a stumbling-block in Virtue's way to teach her to walk. *Henry Fuseli* (1741-1825).

379. MAKING A GARDEN

Yet, in this lowly site, where all that charms
Within itself must charm, hard is the task
Impos'd on Fancy. Hence with idle fear!
Is she not Fancy? and can Fancy fail
In sweet delusions, in concealments apt,
And wild creative power? She cannot fail. . .

William Mason (1724-1797).

380. REASON, IMAGINATION, NATURE

It is so far from being the true Business of Reason to degrade, that to cultivate and enlarge the Imagination is, perchance, the happiest fruit of her genuine researches. It is by means of this sense of the intellect that our convictions, in a thousand instances, become our pleasures; and by facilitating the comprehension of remote objects it is that Reason renders them the objects of this Faculty; we are thus rendered sensible of the Beauty of Holiness, the Beauty of Virtue, the Beauty of System, and even of the Beauty of Theorem; and shall an easier accessibility derogate from our Sense of the Beauty of Nature?

W. Burgh (*fl.* 1780).

381. ON HEARING MISS THRALE DELIBERATE ABOUT HER HAT—*IMPROMPTU*

"*Hester was deliberating whether she should put on her fine new dressed hat to dine at Mrs. Montagus next Fryday—do my darling says Johnson—*"

Wear the gown, and wear the hat,
Snatch thy pleasures while they last;
Hadst thou nine lives like a cat,
Soon these nine lives would be past.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

382. ENTER SENTIMENT AND SOUL

THERE is more than bread, art, memory—there is truth, sentiment, soul! *Henry Fuseli* (1741-1825).

383. A SHORT SONG OF CONGRATULATION

Long-expected one and twenty
Ling'ring year at last is flown,
Pomp and Pleasure, Pride and Plenty
Great Sir John, are all your own.

Loosen'd from the Minor's tether,
Free to mortgage or to sell,
Wild as wind, and light as feather
Bid the slaves of thrift farewell.

Call the Bettys, Kates, and Jennys
Ev'ry name that laughs at Care,
Lavish of your Grandsire's guineas,
Show the Spirit of an heir.

All that prey on vice and folly
Joy to see their quarry fly,
Here the Gamester light and jolly
There the lender grave and sly.

Wealth, Sir John, was made to wander,
Let it wander as it will;
See the Jockey, see the Pander,
Bid them come, and take their fill.

When the bonny Blade carouses,
Pockets full, and Spirits high,
What are acres? What are houses?
Only dirt, or wet or dry.

If the Guardian or the Mother
Tell the woes of wilful waste,
Scorn their counsel and their pother,
You can hang or drown at last.

Samuel Johnson (1709-1784).

384. THE BEE AND THE LION: A TEXT FOR THE FUTURE

CAN the reptile joys of a bee rival the lion's colossal pleasures?

Henry Fuseli (1741-1825).

NOTES

The numbers are those of items, not pages. Poems included in full are taken from the standard editions, and, generally speaking, their sources are not indicated in the notes. The dates are for the most part those of the first publication of a book or poem, but it should not be concluded that the texts were taken always from that first publication.

1. *Micrographia, or Some Physiological Descriptions of Minute Bodies Made by Magnifying Glasses*, 1665.
2. *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 108, Vol. IX, 1674. Leeuwenhoek, the amateur scientist and a Dutch draper of Delft, was superlatively skilful with his microscopes and as a dissector. The letters he sent to the Royal Society were one of the sources of the fun which men of letters had out of the virtuosi. He was the first man to see spermatozoa, the red corpuscles of the blood, and bacteria. See Dobell's *Antony van Leeuwenhoek and his "Little Animals,"* 1932.
3. *Of the Principles and Duties of Natural Religion*, 1678.
4. *The Wisdom of God manifested in the Works of the Earth*, 1691. Basil Willey discusses this book by one of the most engaging and greatest of the early botanists, in its relation to thought and letters, in his *Eighteenth Century Background.*
5. From the Epistle Dedicatory to Charles II prefixed to the *Anatomy of Plants*, 1682. Grew was the first botanist to recognize sex in plants.
6. *The Natural History of Oxfordshire, Being an Essay towards the Natural History of England*, 1677. Plot's works, as the *Dictionary of National Biography* says, are "of some interest, but marked by great credulity." Plot was Keeper of the Ashmolean Museum, and Professor of Chemistry, but, like Evelyn and Stukeley and Aubrey, a type specimen of the virtuoso, a curious, conceited man, one would think; as Pepys said of Evelyn.
8. *Acetaria: A Discourse of Sallets*, 1699. *Concoction:* digestion. *Theriacle;* an early form of "treacle," and meaning an antidote to poison. *Roccombo:* rocambole, Spanish garlic.
9. *Brief Lives*, ed. A. Clark, 1898. A "Bona Roba" means precisely a piece of hot stuff. The *O.E.D.* quotes Florio, who puts it nicely, "as we say good stuffe, that is a good wholesome, plum-cheeked wench."
10. See Note 4.
11. From the "Address to the Royal Society" in *Scepsis Scientifica: or, Confest Ignorance, the Way to Science*, 1665.

12. See Note 4.
13. Sermon 137—"The Wisdom of God in the Creation of the World," *Works*, 1748, Vol. VI. Dryden greatly admired Tillotson's writing: "I have heard him frequently own with Pleasure, that if he had any Talent for *English* Prose, it was owing to his having often read the writings of the great Archbishop *Tillotson*"—Congreve, in his dedication to Dryden's *Dramatic Works*, 1717.
14. *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, 1684. The superlative piece of prose imagination in the late seventeenth century, though Burnet left out some of the flights of his original Latin when he translated it into English. It is one of a good many attempts to make science and religious myth eat peacefully out of the same bowl. The Royal Society's reviewer of the Latin edition (*Philosophical Collections*, No. 3, 1681) says that Dr. Burnet had endeavoured "to reconcile what we find in sacred history . . . with a rational and philosophic theory." Not that scientists took too well to the endeavour: Flamsted, the Astronomer Royal, "is reported to have said peevishly to Dr. Burnet, that there went more to the making of the world than a fine turned Period; and that he was able to overthrow the Theory in one Sheet of Paper" (*An Account of the Life and Writing of Rev. Thomas Burnet Ll.D.*, in the 1759 edition of the *Sacred Theory*.
15. *A Free Enquiry into the Vulgar Notion of Nature*, *Works*, 1744. But though we know that the moon is neither a deity, nor exactly what it seems, we have taken the moon again as we see it and as we feel about it. Just as well.
16. *Hudibras*, II, Canto III, 1664.
17. *Scepsis Scientifica*, 1665.
18. *A Plurality of Worlds*, 1695. A kind of Julian Huxley or Jeans book about the new science; popular, well written, well translated.
19. Butler pokes fun at the Royal Society, as an author of the Kipling generation might poke fun at psychology. Dryden marks the change, growing up with the new science; and he was an F.R.S. himself. There is a wide space nowadays between science and Mr. T. S. Eliot, or Mr. Walter de la Mare.
20. See Note 18.
21. *Of the Conduct of the Understanding*, 1706.
22. *Letters of John Dryden*, edited by C. E. Ward, 1942. From a letter to his cousin, Honor Dryden.
23. *Hudibras*, III, Canto III, 1678.
24. "Miscellaneous Thoughts" in *Genuine Remains*, 1759.
25. *Hudibras*, III, Canto I, 1678.
26. *Secret Love: or, The Maiden Queen*, 1667.
27. See Note 26.

28. *An Essay concerning Human Understanding*, 1690.
29. *The History of the Royal Society of London*, 1667.
30. From the verses prefixed to *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678. The real poetic point of reading poets, say from 1660 to 1720, is that they show one how to keep the dark and cloudy words in order—and the dark and cloudy substance. It is like Hopkins on the Catholic mystery having a sharp line around it. No matter how much you discover about the moon by telescope or the structure of plants and lice by microscope, or how mathematically and clearly you deprive comets of mystery and horror by explaining their orbits, still the web and mystery of our lives remain mysterious enough. And whatever this period's genuflections to reason, it never produced the impossible monster of a " rational " poet. Certainly not Dryden, certainly not Pope.
31. Out of *Astræa Redux*, 1660.
32. *Diary*, for 1665. Arabian odours, and gums, and spice images are common enough in Dryden, and after Dryden.
33. Out of *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666. Dryden's note : " Precious stones at first are dew, condens'd, and harden'd by the warmth of the Sun, or subterranean fires."
34. *The Indian Emperor*, 1665.
35. *The Indian Queen*, 1664.
36. *A Defence of an Essay of Dramatique Poesie*, 1668.
37. See Note 28.
38. Out of " The Zambra Dance " in *The Conquest of Granada*, 1672.
39. (i) See Note 4. (ii) *The Conquest of Granada*, 1672.
40. *The Indian Emperor*, 1665.
41. *Hudibras*, III, Canto I, 1678.
42. *Hudibras*, III, Canto II, 1678.
43. *Complete Works*, ed. Sir W. Raleigh, 1912.
44. *Hudibras*, II, Canto II, 1664.
45. Out of *Astræa Redux*, 1660.
46. Out of *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666.
47. See Note 14.
48. (i-iii) *The Diary*, for September 1666. (iv) Out of *Annus Mirabilis*, 1666.
49. Some of the major grandeurs from *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*. See Note 14. When one thinks of the late seventeenth-century self-confidence and sense of order, it is well to set it against experiences, not only of the Civil War, but the Plague, and the Fire, and much else. We manufacture our own death and disaster, are childishly unsure of ourselves, gulled by political (and poetical) charlatans, and content to have leaders riding, as Wyndham Lewis has put it, back forwards into the future—all in distinction to the self-trust, say, of Wren, Dryden, or Newton.

50. Out of *To the Pious Memory of the Accomplisht Young Lady Mrs. Anne Killigrew*, 1686. However secure the scheme and strong the self-confidence of the time, Death was a jolt; and inconvenient, and not something which could be romantically loved or enthusiastically welcomed. Have a look at the seventeenth century and eighteenth century deaths in Francis Birrell and F. L. Lucas's anthology *The Art of Dying* (1930). There was indeed a short supply of Bunyans—Bunyan's last words were "Take me, for I come to Thee," but I fancy that the run of professed, intelligent, and alertly educated Christians lined themselves nearer to Hobbes's last words (1679): "I am taking a fearful leap into the dark." Charles II wanted to have another look at the daylight, and begged James not to let Nelly starve; and the mathematician Lagny was asked by one of his friends, when he could not recognize them any more, what the square of twelve was: he said "144," and then died. On the whole, No. 50 and most of the death pieces which follow are nearer to Hobbes than to Blake singing the songs of Heaven on his deathbed, Turner uttering "The sun, my dear, the sun is God," or Corot hoping that there will be painting in Heaven; and there is equally little of Donne's confident sense of coming to that holy room where he shall be made God's music.
52. *The Diary*, for 1665.
53. Out of *A Doomsday Thought*, *Anno* 1659.
54. *The Indian Queen*, 1664.
55. *Mithridates, King of Pontus*, 1678. There is plenty of extravagant nonsense in Lee's plays, but it is the kind of extravagance Dryden liked and produced himself at times. In selections from Lee, I have taken some of the possible and the impossible. As for the pounds of jet in No. 85—there is plenty as ridiculous, and not as clearly written or attractive, in the present-day Welsh gut-spinning school, in some of Miss Edith Sitwell's gilded sprawlings, and in the poems in almost any number of *New Writing*. Every age, and every virtue, has its own exudation of nonsense.
56. *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, 1680.
57. *Odes, Satyrs, and Epistles of Horace Done into English*, 1684.
58. *The History of the Life of Thomas Ellwood, written by his own Hand*, 1714.
59. Out of *The Latter Part of the Third Book of Lucretius, against the Fear of Death*, 1685.
60. *The Life and Death of Mr. Badman*, 1680.
61. *The History of Joseph*, Book IV. Elizabeth Rowe, devout, and friendly with the Countess of Winchilsea, Isaac Watts, and Bishop Ken, writes like a mixture of Dryden and Milton—infinitely, but still not disenchantingly, diluted. Compare

Miss Kathleen Raine or Miss Anne Ridler in a time of Hopkins, Eliot, Auden.

62. Out of " The Aspiration " in *A Collection of Miscellanies*, 1687.
63. Lycophron : Alexandrian dramatist, *c.* 260 B.C.
64. Out of *Rochester's Farewell*, written during his year of final illness in 1680.
65. *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678. For Blake, and through Blake for Samuel Palmer, this Beulah is a source of deep symbolism. Beulah is the land of Palmer's moon-hung, shepherd-haunted pastorals.
66. Sermon 104, " Of the Form and Power of Godliness," *Works*, 1748, Vol. IX.
67. *A Journal of George Fox*, 1694.
68. Out of the Epistle Dedicatory to *The Indian Queen*, 1665.
69. *An Essay of Translated Verse*, 1684.
70. See Note 24.
71. See Note 69.
72. See Note 24.
73. Out of *The Art of Poetry*. Boileau was still reputed enough as an authority for Keats, long past the eighteenth-nineteenth century watershed, to snub his nose at him in public.
74. *Parentalia : or, Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens*, 1750.
75. From a sermon at the consecration of a chapel quoted in " Memoirs of the Life of Dr. Robert South," *Posthumous Works*, 1717.
76. See Note 4.
77. From a letter to a friend, from Paris, written 1665—in *Parentalia ; or, Memoirs of the Family of the Wrens*, 1750.
78. *Account of Architects and Architecture*, 1664. Quoting this in *Parentalia*, 1750, the compiler compares, with scorn, " the sharp angles, Jetties, narrow Lights, lame Statues, Lace, and other Cut-work, and Crinkle-crancle " of King Henry VII's chapel at Westminster Abbey, to Inigo Jones's Banqueting House and to St. Paul's Cathedral. Instead of Crinkle-crancle, —" the glorious Object the Cupola, Porticoes, Colonades and other Parts present to the Beholder."

    Possibly Samuel Palmer had *Parentalia* at the back of his head—the wheel having turned right about—when he told George Richmond in 1835, that at Tintern Abbey he has become once more " a pure crinkle-crankle Goth—If you are a Goth come hither, if you're a pure Greek take a cab & make a sketch of St. Paul's Covent Garden before Breakfast."
79. From Tract IV, in *Parentalia*, 1750 ; cf. comment on Burnet's *Sacred Theory* in Note 14.
80. From Tract I, *Parentalia*, 1750.
81. *Philosophical Transactions*, No. 85, quoted by Professor L. T. More in *Isaac Newton : a Biography*, who adds it " may justly be called the Golden Rule of Science."

82. *Isaac Newton: a Biography*, by Professor L. T. More. The letter was written in 1728. Humphrey Newton was Isaac Newton's amanuensis, who copied out the *Principia*.

83. *Memoirs of Sir Isaac Newton*, by Sir David Brewster, 1855. This, and Pope's celebrated two-line epigram on Newton, are the personal, and the world's summary of his supreme powers of mind. Not having a mind capable of mathematics, I explain to myself, not Newton, but the effect of Newton, by thinking of Newton and a class of visible things—comets. There is a world before Newton in which comets are wild and disorderly and awful, a world after Newton in which comets (for those who will pay attention) are orderly. Professor More says: "His meditations on mechanics turned his attention to astronomy, as the field in which most of the proofs of his cosmic law were to be found. It would seem almost as if Nature heralded the birth of this great event by announcing it with a miraculous portent, for, in the latter part of the year 1680, a great and splendid comet appeared in the heavens. The seventeenth century was noteworthy for the frequency and magnificence of these Ishmaels of the solar system. The growing belief in the mechanical laws of the heavens, as portrayed by the system of Copernicus and Kepler, may have robbed these celestial visitors of much of their popular terror, and the Church may no longer have considered it obligatory to exercise their demonic influence by prayers; but the mystery still held the public mind, and they were still believed to be a law unto themselves. Owing to the labours of two men, John Flamsteed and Newton, their waywardness came to an end, and they became subservient to the reign of mechanical law."

The *Principia* showed that comets were subject like planets to gravitation, and that they had their orbits and must return again. "Using Newton's idea and method, Edmund Halley plotted the orbit of the comet of 1682 with especial care. By a laborious search through the records of the past appearances of comets, he found evidence that there had been a more or less regular appearance of a notable one at intervals of seventy-five years. He then calculated as accurately as possible, the orbit of the comet on that assumption, and prophesied that it would appear again in August, 1757. But he cleverly concluded that it would probably be so retarded by the attraction of Jupiter that it might not be visible before the end of 1758, or the beginning of 1759. . . . The comet was actually first seen on Christmas, 1758 . . . behind the practical discovery lies the genius of Newton who made the discovery possible—the first dazzling prediction made from his cosmic theory."

Newton is the climax of reason, and no other life, however

little a thing this may be to say, so illuminates the writing and order of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century poetry, whether in couplets or the Pindaric intricacy of Dryden's version of an ode of Horace (No. 104); yet Newton was indifferent and reluctant about his own discoveries and scientific meditations, and *felt* that there were other things of more importance to him as a man. Much as one might conceive incense and High Mass in a corner of the cold vastness of St. Paul's, so in the cold vastness of Newton there was room for the study of the mystical Jakob Boehme. Which is to say that Newton was of his time in the obscurer and in the more obvious way.

84. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence; 1820.
85. *The Tragedy of Nero*, 1675. See Note 55.
86. *Sophonisba: or, Hannibal's Overthrow*, 1675. See Note 55.
87. *All for Love*, 1677.
88. Part of *To the Memory of Mr. Charles Morwent.* See Note 99.
89. *The State of Innocence and the Fall of Man*, 1677. This opera of Dryden's is based on *Paradise Lost*, and Nat Lee's commendatory verses show well, even through Lee, what the Enlightenment felt itself to be doing:

> "So when your Sense his [i.e. Milton's] mystic
> Reason clear'd,
> The melancholy Scene all gay appear'd."

90. *Pilgrim's Progress*, 1678. The mystic reason (cf. Note 89) *not* cleared.
91. The opening of *Religio Laici: or, A Layman's Faith*, 1682.
92. *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, 1684. See Note 14.
93. *A Journal of George Fox*, 1694.
94. Part of *From Horace.*
95. See Note 43.
96. Opening of *The Royal Angler.*
97. Out of *A Satyr of King Charles II*, 1676. Rochester was exiled from the Court for this poem.
98. See Note 88.
99. *Satyrs upon the Jesuits*, No. IV, 1679. The last five lines, and No. 88, have in them Oldham's sense of poetry. Prints show the violent Oldham as handsome, delicate, almost feminine, like his own roses.
100. *Theodosius: or, The Force of Love*, 1680.
101. Out of *To Mr. Lee, on his Alexander*, 1677.
102. From a letter to John Dennis, 1693, in *Letters of John Dryden*, edited by C. E. Ward, 1942.
103. Out of *A Pastoral Courtship.*
104. Out of *Horat., Ode* 29, *Book* 3, *Paraphras'd in Pindarique Verse*, 1685—, and, to my ear, one of Dryden's noblest pieces of masculine splendour.

106. *King Arthur*, 1691.
107. A little bowdlerized. The most mind-haunting of Rochester's songs.
108. *The Satires of Juvenalis*, 1693—from the Sixth Satire.
109. Out of *The Nature of Women. A Satyr.*
110. See Note 108. A mountain in Dryden's poetry. Some of our critics, inflaters, encomiasts, and neglecters of style might read this every time they start on one of their omnibus reviews of new poetry in *Horizon*, the *Observer*, or the *New Statesman*.
112. Out of *The Prologue to Aurung-Zebe*, 1676.
113. *Absalom and Achitopel*, Part II, 1682.
114. Out of the *Prologue to Troilus and Cressida*, 1679.
115. Part of *Julian*. Rochester stands by Dryden for skill and force and passion; and his passion has a more tearing and searing quality, almost a greater absoluteness than Dryden's. But our puritanism still keeps him out of his due.
116. Out of the *Prologue to the Conquest of Granada*, 1672.
117. Out of the *Prologue to Nahum Tate's* "*The Loyal General*," 1680.
120. *Mac Flecknoe*, 1682.
121. Part of the poem of the same name.
122. *Amphitryon*, Act IV, 1690.
123. *The Works of Virgil*, 1697. Part of the Fourth Eclogue, first published in 1684. A passage skilfully used by Shelley in Hellas:

> "A loftier Argo cleaves the main.
> Fraught with a later prize,
> Another Orpheus sings again,
> And loves, and weeps, and dies.
> A new Ulysses leaves once more
> Calypso for his native shore. . ."

124. *The Art of Painting*, 1695—a book with traceable influence on artists even as late as the 1830's. Dryden's was the standard version till William Mason translated it into verse, with annotations by Reynolds, in 1783.
125. *The Wonders of the Peake*, 1681. Cotton also talks of the visitors who break off bits of stalactite, etc., and "steal a treasure, is not justly theirs," a habit of centuries which has sacked every notable cave from the Peak to the Yorkshire caves round Ingleborough and Whernside. But their romantic entrances, their blue, and purple, and green light matter rather more than their ornaments. Cotton with his Men, Lions, Horses, Dogs, and Apes shows how little visitors and guides have changed in two and a half centuries.
126. *The Sacred Theory of the Earth*, 1684. See Note 14.
127. *The Wonders of the Peake*, 1681. "To the dark windings of their frigid *Caves*" is one of Cotton's few really good lines.

128. See Note 124.
129. From "Letter concerning Humour in Comedy," in *Letters upon Several Occasions: Written by and between Mr. Dryden, Mr. Wycherly, Mr. ——, Mr. Congreve and Mr. Dennis*, 1696. Reprinted in Springarn, *Critical Essays of the Seventeenth Century*.
130. *King Arthur*, 1691.
132. *The Works of Virgil*, 1697. Part of *Georgics, III*, first published in 1694.
133. Out of *A Pastoral in Imitation of Drayton's Second Nymphal*. See Note 61.
134. *Albion and Albanus, An Opera*, 1685.
135. *The Works of Virgil*, 1697. Part of *Georgics, I*.
136. See Note 61.
137. *Odes, Satyrs, and Epistles of Horace*, 1684. Part of Odes, Book IV, XI.
138. Part of *On Heaven*. See Note 61.
139. See Note 61.
140. *Don Sebastian*, 1690.
141. *Reformation of Manners: A Satyr*, 1702.
142. Opening of *An Elegy on that most Orthodox and Pains-taking Divine, Mr. Sam Smith, Ordinary of Newgate, who dy'd of a Quinsey on St. Bartholomew's Day, the 24th. of August*, 1698. The Ordinary wrote up the dying speeches, confessions of criminals—a profitable side-line. *Legit*, etc., refers to evasion of the court's jurisdiction by claiming "benefit of clergy," on passing a reading test.
143. Out of *To Mr. Congreve*, 1693.
144. Out of *Epilogue to the Husband his own Cuckold*, 1696, a play by Dryden's son.
145. Out of *Ode to Dr. William Sancroft*, 1692.
148. See Note 141.
149. From "Observations made in Greenland and other Northern Countries," in *An Account of Several Late Voyages and Discoveries*, 1694. The voyage was made in 1671, and the ice descriptions were used by Pope in *The Temple of Fame*, and by James Thomson in *The Seasons*. Sea poetry of storm and darkness and immensity hardly exists in the late seventeenth and the greater part of the eighteenth century. But icy, frozen sea, glittering and gleaming, are not uncommon. See not only Pope, but selections in Part Two from Ambrose Philips, and William Diaper. Frozen seas are no doubt as rare in nineteenth-century poetry, the period of the great seas of Hopkins, Whitman, Melville, Swinburne, etc.; though William Barnes's early poem *Orra* is a curious late survival of eighteenth-century ice poetry.

Melville knew Martens's account, which gave him his white whale, and quotes from him in the whale anthology

at the beginning of *Moby Dick*. He no doubt enjoyed Martens's description of the copulation of whales, their lice, and their spouting..

150. Out of *Ode to Sir William Temple*, c. 1692.

151. *Advancement and Reformation of Poetry*, 1701. A good statement of what (see Professor Lovejoy's "Parallel of Deism and Classicism," *Modern Philology*, 29, 1931-32) is the Enlightenment's most frequent use of the word Nature. Professor Lovejoy quotes Spinoza, "The Purpose of Nature is to make men uniform, as children of one common mother," and says, "The object . . . of the religious, moral, or social reformer, as of the literary critic, is therefore to standardize men and their beliefs, their likings, their activities, and their institutions"—which was the "dominating fact in the intellectual history of Europe for two hundred years—from the late sixteenth to the late eighteenth century." Hence Deism as a religion of nature or uniformity; and opposition to "enthusiasm," singularity, and originality, the "Gothick," which was non-universal, while the Classic was universal; hence simplicity, regularity, restraint, common sense, the artist as "the spokesman of reason," of "all that which is fundamental and constant in the generic constitution of man." The artist must "lower his observation or his dream or his emotion . . . to the plane of commonsensibility and of the average understanding." And how well this worked you can hear very simply if you listen on the wireless to a programme of Dryden, or Pope, or, say, to Dyer's "Grongar Hill," and then compare it for intelligibility at one hearing with a reading of Tennyson or Swinburne, or of new poetry. The poetry is beginning to thicken with Dr. Johnson's *London* and *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.

But there were limits to the power of neo-classicism and deism, and the non-uniform could not be crushed right out. Hume and, in their different way, such men as William Law and the Wesleys, were soon playing high jinks with reason; and in Dr. Johnson, head and heart are not playing exactly identical games. The non-uniform, the wild, formless, styleless, has come nearer, and more dangerously close, to crushing out what is orderly and rational in our sad time; though we now know enough to try and reconcile the two without being partisan and wildly pushing back the pendulum.

Two romantics who had a sense of order, that is to say, Wordsworth and Landor, had both a regard for Dennis's criticism.

152. See Note 150.

153. *Dryades: or, The Nymphs Prophecy*, 1713. William Diaper owes it to an early death, and scholarly obedience to an

established canon, that he is unknown as a poet; and a very skilful poet. He was a Somerset man, the son of poor parents, from Bridgewater, who went up to Balliol. He was ordained; and died when he was thirty-one. Diaper was two years or so older than Pope, and it is not fanciful, I think, to claim that he and Pope started somewhere near level, in some of their gifts. *Dryades* was published in the same year, and by the same publisher, as Pope's *Windsor Forest*. Swift had befriended him. *Journal to Stella*, March, 1711-12: "Pox on him, I must do something for him, and get him out of the way. I hate to have any new wits rise, but when they do rise I would encourage them; but they tread on our heels and thrust us off the stage." December, 1712: (after saying that *Dryades* was "very good") "I have contrived to make a parson of him, for he is half one already, being in deacon's orders, and serves a small cure in the country; but has a sword at his arse here in town. 'Tis a poor, little, short wretch, but will do best in a gown, and we will make Lord-Keeper give him a living." February, 1712-13: "I was to see a poor poet, one M[r] Diaper, in a nasty garret, very sick." Swift was very pleased with the witty verse letter he wrote to him in 1714. and promised to "move heaven and earth" to get him preferment; but was also "a little angry when those who have a genius lay it out in translation." All the same, Diaper's translation of the first two books of Oppian's *Halieutica* is curious, delightful to read, and full of Diaper's individuality.

Pope, perhaps having scented a rival, did not like him so well; and put him in *The Dunciad*—

> "Far worse unhappy *D*——*r* succeeds,
> He search'd for coral, but he gather'd weeds."

—a couplet (which he later cancelled) as wide of the truth as Professor Sutherland's dismissal of Diaper as "an inoffensive young poetaster" (*The Dunciad*, 1943). It is extraordinary that no one has ever respected Swift's judgement enough to explore, appreciate and edit a minor poet of such admirable skill. He had other admirers besides Swift, and no doubt Congreve (*Nereides* was dedicated to Congreve); and Joseph Warton many years later suggested that the *Dryades* and some of the Oppian should go into an anthology; but memory of him faded away, and he has no place even among the rag-and-bobtail of the *Dictionary of National Biography*.

154. Out of *The First Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737.
156. *Some Free Thoughts on the Present State of Affairs*, 1714.
157. Miscellany III, "Miscellaneous Reflections," in *Characteristicks of Men, Manners, Opinions, Times*, first published in 1711.
158. *The Great Abuse of Musick*, 1711.
159. *Spectator*, No. 29.

160. "A Notion of the Tablature or Judgement of Hercules," in *Characteristicks.*
161. *Essay on Man*, Epistle I, 1733.
162. Out of *Solomon on the Vanity of the World.*
165. Part of "The Death and Burial of a Saint," in *Hymns and Spiritual Songs*, first published 1707. Eighteenth-century hymns are discussed—very well discussed—in Bernard Manning's unusual small book *The Hymns of Wesley and Watts* (1942). He explains how the hymns do and do not conform to the ways of the century, how eighteenth-century clarity modifies their fire without killing it. Though it is not his intention, most of what he says (he quotes Isaac Watts's *Song of Praise to the Blessed Trinity*:

> "Where Reason fails
> With all her Pow'rs,
> There Faith prevails,
> And Love adores.")

helps one to realize what such men as Watts, the Wesleys, and Law and Smart, and James Hervey were up to under the smooth clarity of the time; and he very engagingly whips modern hymn-book editors and modern religiosity: "If you open a book like *Worship Song*, you detect the faint odour of a literary Keating's Powder: a sort of spiritual insect killer—fatal to worms. The older hymn-writers delighted in worms . . . we weary of the metaphor, exact and scriptural as it is. But our delicate-souled editors pursue the worm with a cruelty and diligence altogether beyond its deserts." And—"It is the same pettifogging spirit that is at work in Prayer Book revision. The modern Anglican does not wish to call himself a miserable sinner, a miserable offender, to say that the burden of his sins is intolerable. He is not a miserable sinner, but an honest seeker after truth: the burden of his sins is not intolerable, imperceptible rather."
164. *The Mourning Bride*, 1710.
165. Part of a letter to Steele, July 15, 1712, reprinted in *Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele*, ed. Rae Blanchard, 1941.
167. Out of *To the Earl of Warwick on the Death of Mr. Addison*, 1721.
169. Out of *The Spleen: A Pindaric Poem.*
170. Part of "On Honour," in *Wishes to a Godson, with other Miscellany Poems*, 1712.
171. Out of *Mully of Mountown*, 1702.
172. Six of fourteen stanzas of the poem of the same name.
173. Out of *Flying Fowl and Creeping Things, Praise ye the Lord.*
174. *Oppian's Halieuticks*, 1722. See Note 153.
175. See Note 162.
177. *The Great Crisis: or, The Mystery of the Times and Seasons Unfolded*, 1725. Roach was a London clergyman and one of

the Philadelphian mystics. But the real supremacy of English mystical writing before Blake comes in William Law (Nos. 319 and 323).

178. From the Essay of the same name, *Guardian*, No. 106, 1713.
179. *Spectator*, No. 317.
180. *Correspondence of Sir Richard Steele*, ed. Rae Blanchard, 1941.
181. Out of *An Imitation of the Sixth Satire of the Second Book of Horace*, 1714—partly by Swift, though this extract is all Pope.
182. *The Art of Cookery in Imitation of Horace's Art of Poetry*, 1708.
183. *The Shepherd's Week*, 1714.
184. *An Essay on Criticism*, 1711.
185. *Of Simplicity in Poetical Compositions*, 1711 (but published in 1721).
186. Preface to the *Iliad*, 1715.
187. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820.
188. Out of *A Paraphrase on Part of the Book of Job*, 1719.
189. Last three stanzas of *When I survey the wond'rous Cross*.
190. *Letters concerning the English Nation*, 1733.
191. Out of *Elegy to the Memory of an Unfortunate Lady*, 1717.
192. *Spectator*, No. 418.
193. *Ichnographia Rustica*, 1718.
194. *Guardian*, No. 173, 1713. (i and ii.)
195. *Oppian's Halieuticks*, 1722. See Note 153.
196. Five stanzas out of fourteen of *The Universal Hallelujah*.
197. See Note 188.
198. Out of *A Winter Piece*, 1709.
199. *Nereides: or, Sea-Eclogues*, 1712. See Note 153.
200. Out of *Ocean, An Ode*.
201. See Note 199 and Note 153.
202. See Note 198.
203. *Trivia: or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London*, 1716. Gay was thinking of Pope's

> "Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,
> Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,
> Eurydice the Woods,
> Eurydice the floods,
> Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung."
>
> *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, 1708.

204. *A Plan of Mr. Pope's Garden . . . with a Plan and Perspective View of the Grotto*, 1745.
205. *Nereides: or, Sea-Eclogues*, 1712. See Note 153.
206. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820. Spence had added in his MS.: "That is the fault of Thomson's Seasons."
207. *Hudibras Redivivus: or, A Burlesque Poem on the Times*, 1705-1707.
209. Out of *Daphne's Answer to Sylvia . . . from Tasso's Aminta*.
210. *Nereides: or, Sea-Eclogues*, 1712. See Note 153.

211. Out of *The Temple of Fame*, 1711.
212. Out of *An Invitation to Daphnis.*
213. Out of *Windsor Forest*, 1713.
214. *Nereides : or, Sea-Eclogues*, 1712. From the dedication to Congreve.
215. See Note 213.
216. *Dryades : or, The Nymphs Prophecy*, 1713.
217. See Note 187.
218. See Note 195.
219. Out of *The Mourning Muse of Alexis ; A Pastoral lamenting the Death of Queen Mary*, 1710.
220. *Letters concerning the English Nation*, 1733. If you want to understand the tasteful school of Lytton Strachey, Virginia Woolf and the *New Statesman*, Wyndham Lewis once told me in effect, read Voltaire on Congreve. And it certainly is true that far too many English writers, and English artists, have cared more about being gentlemen than, in the long run, about writing well or painting well. The Royal Academy was founded to " raise the status " of the artist, which is a way of saying, to make the artist into a gentleman.

    It is curious that so many people have tried to explain Congreve away and make Voltaire into the fool of the occasion. Charles Whibley says (in his edition of the *Letters* in 1926) that " it is clear the two men failed to understand one another "—though he quotes Giles Jacob on Congreve, that it was his nature " not to shew so much the poet as the gentleman." Professor Dobrée sides with Congreve, and says " Who in that famous meeting was the snob may admit of controversy, and some will agree with Lamb that 'the impertinent Frenchman was properly answered.' " Well, Lamb and Charles Whibley and Professor Dobrée (whom I much respect) were not there. Voltaire was. And the gentleman-writer, Esq., is not extinct even now.
221. *The First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated*, 1733.
222. *An Essay on Man*, Epistle IV, 1734.
223. *The Bastard*, 1728.
224. *Trivia : or, The Art of Walking the Streets of London*, 1716.
225. *The Rape of the Lock*, Canto I, 1712.
226. *Oppian's Halieuticks*, 1722. See Note 153. " On shining Volumes roll'd " (No. iv) looks like a raid on the eel of Pope. See No. 213.
227. See Note 205 and Note 153.
228. Opening of *Kensington Gardens*, 1722.
229. *The Theory of Painting*, 1715.
230. See Note 216 and Note 153.
231. *Opening of An Imitation of the Seventeenth Epistle of the First Book of Horace. Address'd to Dr. S—ft*, 1714. See Note 153. For Dryden's " One in Ten " see No. 130. Gucht, i.e. one

of the Van der Guchts, the London clan of Dutch-descended artists and engravers.

232. *The Theory of Painting*, 1715. In "An Essay towards an English School" added to the English version of De Piles's *Art of Painting*, 1706, a list is given of 101 "English" artists. Of these, 41 are indeed English, and 60 are foreign (46 of them Dutch or Flemish, 3 French, 6 German, 3 Italian, 1 Czech, 1 Norwegian). The second-rate Europeans had filled the London vacuum, much as the second-rate Europeans of the cinema business have flocked over in our time to fill another vacuum in the English arts.

233. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820.

234. *The Connoisseur: An Essay on the whole Art of Criticism as it relates to Painting*, 1719. The desire of the English artist to be a gentleman (cf. Note 220) also meant that he tried to paint like a gentleman, and it helped to lead him into the eventual sterilities of the grand manner and the ideal and the moral. English painting of the nineteenth century, the silvery trills of well-bred laughter at the Post-Impressionist Exhibition, the continuance of the Royal Academy, the bland decision of the House of Commons to rebuild their bombed chamber in the dead manner of a century ago (an electric fire in the semblance of lumps of coal)—all these are some of the consequences. And another is the snobbery view that there never was any English art, and that there is nothing really but French art, and that all English artists have been amateurs — an effect of what Arthur Koestler calls French 'flu. Hogarth, who was hardly a gentleman, spotted the way things were going in Richardson's day: "Such is the effect of prejudice, that though the picture of an antique wrestler is admired as a grand character, we necessarily annex an idea of vulgarity to the portrait of a modern boxer. An old blacksmith in his tattered garb is a coarse and low being: strip him naked, tie his leathern apron round his loins . . . he becomes elevated, and may pass for a philosopher or a Deity." (On "The Election Entertainment," quoted in Edward Garnett's *Hogarth*, p. 82.) And Hogarth was not bamboozled about the Academy: "As to electing presidents, directors, professors, etc., I considered it as a ridiculous imitation of the foolish parade of the French Academy. . . . The real motive is that a few bustling characters, who have access to people of rank, think they can thus get a superiority over their brethren, be appointed to places and have salaries as in France." (Garnett's *Hogarth*, p. 11.)

235. Part of *A Contemplation on Night*, 1714.

236. *Iliad*, Book VIII.

237. *Dione. A Pastoral Tragedy*, 1720.

238. *Dryades : or, The Nymphs Prophecy*, 1713. See Note 153.
239. Part of "A Description of the Morning" in *Wishes to a Godson*, 1712.
240. *A Letter to a Young Poet*, 1721.
242. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*
244. *Works*, 1754, Vol. VIII. Sir Richard, i.e. Sir Richard Blackmore, the Alfred Noyes of his day.
245. *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726.
246. *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*, 1885-1921. Vol. V. The date of the entry is August 17th, 1715.
248. *The Love of Fame, Satire I*, 1725.
249. Part of *Verses Occasioned by the sudden drying up of St. Patrick's Well.* ? 1729.
250. Part of *Work for a Cooper. A Tale*, 1720.
251. *An Essay on Criticism*, 1711.
252. *The Love of Fame, Satire V*, 1727.
253. *An Essay on Criticism*, 1711.
255. *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726.
256. *The First Epistle of the First Book of Horace Imitated*, 1738.
257. *Remarks and Collections of Thomas Hearne*, 1885-1921. Vol. V.
258. ΠΕΡΙ ΒΑΘΟΥΣ : *or, Of the Art of Sinking in Poetry*, 1727. The modern Society of Authors may not be quite the same thing. But it is odd, *sub specie eternitatis*, to contemplate a society whose membership would include Pope's eels at one end and Shakespeare and Pope himself at the other, or Mr. Bernard Shaw and a peg o' my heart novelist—all united to protect their "interests."
259. *Original Theory of the Universe*, 1750. Its scientific interest apart, a splendid storehouse of eighteenth-century feeling and quotation, splendidly illustrated in mezzotint. Wright echoes with Edward Young "O for a Telescope his Throne to reach!" The finest illustration is Plate XXXI, "which you may call, if you please, a partial view of Immensity, or without much Impropriety perhaps, a finite view of Infinity." It is a magnificence of starry, spangled universes mezzotinted away into darkness.
260. Part of *To Stella, Who Collected and Transcribed His Poems*, 1720.
261. Part of *An Elegy. To an Old Beauty.*
262. From *The Beggar's Opera*, 1728.
264. In a letter to Pope : Spence's *Anecdotes*, 1820.
265. Part of *To Mr. Gay*, 1731.
267. *Lives of the English Poets*, 1781.
268. Part of *Epistle to Martha Blount on her leaving the Town after the Coronation*, 1717.
269. See Note 262.
270. *Epistles to Mr. Pope Concerning the Authors of the Age, No.* 1, 1730.
271. *First Satire of the Second Book of Horace Imitated*, 1733.
272. The end of *To Doctor Delany on the Libels writ against him*, 1730.

273. *An Epistle from Mr. Pope to Dr. Arbuthnot*, 1734.
275. *A Journey from this World to the Next*, in *Miscellanies*, 1743.
277. *An Essay on Man*, Epistle IV, 1734. It is curious how a phrase like "the calm sunshine of the heart" goes on through the years. Uvedale Price alters it a bit and applies it to Claude—Claude's "mild and equal sunshine of the soul" (*Essay on the Picturesque*, 1794). Constable, perhaps drawing from Price as well as Pope, applies Pope's original phrase to Claude (Leslie's *Constable*, chapter 18).
278. ΥΝΩΘΙ ΣΕΑΥΤΟΝ, *Know Yourself*, 1734.
279. Part of *Epistle to a Lady*, 1733.
281. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820.
282. End of *Epilogue to the Satires*, 1738.
283. *The Grumbling Hive: or, Knaves Turn'd Honest*, 1705.
284. *Gulliver's Travels*, 1726.
285. From "Miscellaneous Reflections," in *Characteristicks*, first published in 1711.
286. The first part of *On Poetry: A Rhapsody*, 1733.
287. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820.
288. *ibid.*
289. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*
290. *Moral Essays*, Epistle I, 1734.
291. *The Centaur Not Fabulous*, 1755.
292. *Sober Advice from Horace to the Young Gentlemen about Town*, 1734.
293. *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dialogue II, 1738.
294. Prior's *Life of Malone*, 1860.
296. *The Prophecy of Famine. A Scots Pastoral*, 1763.
298. *Night. An Epistle to Robert Lloyd*, 1761.
299. *Essay on Man*, Epistle II, 1733.
300. *The Covent-Garden Journal. By Sir Alexander Drawcansir*, Knt. Censor of Great Britain, No. 4, 1752.
301. *Epilogue to the Satires*, Dialogue II, 1738.
302. *The Times*, 1764.
303. *Thoughts on Various Subjects.*
304. *Siris*, 1744.
305. See Note 303.
306. The end of the second version of *The Dunciad*, 1743.
307. *The Duellist*, 1764.
308. See Note 285.
309. *Anecdotes*, by the Rev. Joseph Spence, 1820. Pope also fancied turning a Welsh mountain into a statue of Alexander the Great.
310. The end of *The Second Epistle of the Second Book of Horace*, 1737.
311. Quoted by W. S. Lewis in *Three Tours Through London*, Yale University Press, 1737.
312. *An Essay on Man*, Epistle II, 1733.
313. Part of *A Poem Sacred to the Memory of Sir Isaac Newton*, 1727.
314. *ibid.* Thomson may slide towards Romanticism, but for the full

antithesis of the centuries compare this prismatic praise with Lamb and Keats agreeing that Newton "had destroyed all the poetry of the rainbow by reducing it to the prismatic colours . . . we all drank 'Newton's health and confusion to mathematics.'" —Haydon's Autobiography, describing the Lamb-Keats-Wordsworth dinner party in 1817.

315. *A Dictionary of the English Language*, first published 1755.
316. "The Moralists, A Rhapsody," in *Characteristicks*, 1711.
317. *A Treatise of Human Nature*, Part IV, Sect. VII, 1739.
318. *Reason and Imagination. A Fable*, 1763. A good "water-shed" poem, Smart being well on the downward slope from reason, and nature as propriety. His nymph Imagination tries to marry Reason, and proposes :

> "I'll bring you to the pearly cars,
> By dragons drawn, above the stars ;
> To colours of Arabian glow—"

But Reason says no, though he offers to be her constant ally against Dullness, always there "for conduct's sake."

319. *An Appeal to all that Doubt, or Disbelieve the Truths of the Gospel*, 1740.
320. Part of *The Braes of Yarrow*, 1724.
321. *Siris*, 1744.
322. *Crito : or, A Dialogue on Beauty*, 1752.
323. *The Spirit of Love, In a Letter to a Friend, Part the First*, 1752.
324. *An Account of the Life and Writings of Mr. James Thomson*, 1762.
325. *Summer*, first published in 1727 ; in *The Seasons*.
326. *The Wanderer*, Canto V, 1729.
327. *A Description of the Leasowes*, in Shenstone's *Works*, 1764.
328. *The Lives of the English Poets*, 1781.
329. *The Grave*, 1743.
330. Part of *To Clelia, on the pulling down St. Martin's Church*.
331. *The Ruins of Rome*, 1740.
332. See Note 326.
333. *The Description of Bath: A Poem*, 1734. A piece that seems to have caught at the ear of Coleridge, cf.

> "Yon hanging woods, that touched by autumn seem
> As they were blossoming hues of fire and gold,
> The flower-like woods most lovely in decay."
>
> *Remorse*, Act IV, Scene III.

334. *Spring*, first published in 1728 ; in *The Seasons*.
335. *On the Goodness of the Supreme Being*, 1756.
336. Part of *Epistle to a Famous Painter*. Is it commoner for poets to have an inclination towards painting than towards music ? Dyer was both poet and artist. But there are plenty of more notable examples of the dualism—Pope, Blake, William Barnes, Rossetti, Hopkins (Hopkins and Barnes did do some composing as well), Hardy, Sturge Moore, Wyndham Lewis.

337. See Note 322.
338. See Note 326.
339. *A Sure Method of Improving Estates*, 1728.
340. *A Treatise of Human Nature*, 1739. Part III, Sect. x.
341. Part of *The Blockhead and Beehive*, in *Poems*, 1791.
342. *The Wanderer*, 1729, Canto I.
343. See Note 325.
344. The end of *A Cure for the Spleen*, 1737.
345. Part of *Hymn on Solitude*.
346. *The Wanderer*, 1729, Canto III.
347. *Autumn*, first published 1730; in *The Seasons*.
348. *A Cure for the Spleen*, 1737.
349. *A Voyage round the World, by George Anson, Esq., compiled by Richard Walter, M.A.*, 1748. The description of Tinian (ravaged, blackened, blasted in the American attack on the Marianas) was an incentive to English gardeners. It was noticed by Walpole, and there was a Tinian lawn, for instance, at Hagley Park. Still later Tinian gave Hölderlin the title and subject of one of his final, fragmentary poems.
350. Part of "Bellville: A poem," one of three "poetic landscapes" in *An Essay on the Pleasures and Advantages of Female Literature*, 1741.
351. *Anecdotes of the late Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 1786.
352. *ibid.*
353. *The Vanity of Human Wishes*, 1749. In spite of himself, more emotional and personal in tone and so more "romantic" poetry, poetry of the heart, than Dryden's or Pope's. So also 354.
354. *London: A Poem*, 1738.
355. *The Pleasures of Melancholy*, 1747. The "fated fair" is Belinda in Pope's *Rape of the Lock*.
356. *The Pleasures of Melancholy*, 1747.
357. From *Prologue . . . at the Opening of the Theatre in Drury-Lane*, 1747.
358. *Observations on Man*, 1748.
359. *Walpole Society*, XVI, 1927-28. The date probably 1746.
360. *Rasselas*, 1759. The chapter from which this comes, said Mrs. Piozzi (*Anecdotes*), "is really written from the fullness of his heart." Johnson's "idea of poetry was magnificent indeed, and very fully was he persuaded of its superiority over every other talent bestowed by heaven on man."
361. *London: A Poem*, 1738.
362. Part of *Verses on the Prospect of planting Arts and Learning in America*, 1758.
363. See Note 355.
364. *Divine Hymns: or, Spiritual Songs, collected by Joshua Smith*, 1784 (published in New Hampshire). Quoted by H. W. Foote in *Three Centuries of American Hymnody*, 1940. He also quotes Ninde's *Story of the American Hymn* for the statement without

detail that it had been traced to an English magazine of the mid-eighteenth century.

365. See Note 351.

366. *Annual Register*, 1760, reprinted in West's *Guide to the Lakes*, an admirable miscellany of pre-Wordsworthian romanticism about scenery.

367. Opening of "Colinetta," in *Poems Upon Several Occasions*, 1747. From the preface: "The Author she most admired was Mr. *Pope*, whom she chiefly endeavoured to imitate."

368. *A Song to David*, 1763. *Xiphias:* swordfish. *Glede:* kite.

369. *The Life of Samuel Johnson, LL.D.*, 1791. An entry for 1763.

370. "Contemplations on the Night" in *Meditations and Contemplations*, 1746-47. However sententious he may have been, there is some poetry of phrase in Hervey's *Meditations*. He belongs to Christopher Smart's time, and he and Smart look at natural objects in something of the same glittering, solid way.

371. See Note 368. *Ivis:* humming bird.

372. "Reflections on a Flower Garden" in *Meditations and Contemplations*, 1746-47. See Note 370.

374. The details of the work of Herschel seem to me a practical prose version of the poetry of the age, its glitter, and the sharpness of its celestial imagery. Moreover, Herschel was an amateur, a musician who broke into science before science divided itself, and put up its fences. For fascination I recommend the accounts of his activities, spared from music, in his house at Bath which he made into an astronomical workshop for the grinding of lenses.

375. MS. *Memoir of Stubbs*, in the Picton Library, Liverpool (printed by Joseph Mayer, inaccurately, in 1879). The date of Stubbs's journey was about 1754.

376. *Principles of Beauty relative to the Human Head*, 1778.

377. *Remarks on the Writings and Conduct of J. J. Rousseau*, 1767. A remarkable booklet of Sturm und Drang writing in English. Fuseli was 26 when he published it—his second English book (his first was his translation from Winckelmann). Rousseau was rapidly enough turned into English. *Émile* and *Du Contrat Social*, both published in 1762, were both available in English by the following year.

378. *ibid.*

379. *The English Garden*, 1772, Book I. Mason wrote it in blank verse because blank verse is "as unfettered as Nature itself." Dryden (No. 68) opposed blank verse *because* it was unfettered, rendering "the Poet too Luxuriant."

380. From his commentary (1783) to Mason's *English Garden*.

382. See Note 377.

384. See Note 377.

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