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VOLUME V.

THE DRYDEN EPOCH

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EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
VOLUME V.

THE DRYDEN EPOCH

BY

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LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

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PREFACE

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

My general principles of selection are three—the intrinsic merit and interest of the piece, its convenience for use in schools, and its ability to stand by itself without great detriment from the absence of context.

In this volume I have acted upon the conviction, right or wrong, that the characteristic literature of the Restoration is

salt which has lost its savour—at any rate, for school purposes. I have, therefore, been compelled to make choice of what was interesting rather than precisely typical. The general effect of my selections in this volume, is to present the literature of history rather than the history of literature.

J. C. S.

November, 1906.

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

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

after read what was written, and escaped the danger. This done, they sang as follows :

Out of the way we went, and then we found
 What 'twas to tread upon forbidden ground.
 And let them that come after have a care
 Lest heedlessness makes them, as we, to fare,
 Lest they for trespassing his prisoners are,
 Whose Castle's *Doubting*, and whose name's *Despair*.

II.

EDMUND WALLER.

OLD AGE.

THE seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
 So calm are we when passions are no more,
 For then we know how vain it was to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes 5
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes ;
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks which time has made :

Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home. 10
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

III.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

THOU tide of glory which no rest doth know,
 But ever ebb and ever flow !
 Thou golden shower of a true Jove !
 Who does in thee descend, and Heav'n to earth make love.

Say from what golden quivers of the sky, 5
 Do all thy wingéd arrows fly ?
 Swiftness and power by birth are thine :
 From thy great sire they came, thy sire, the Word Divine.

Thou in the moon's bright chariot proud and gay,
 Dost thy bright wood of stars survey ; 10
 And all the year dost with thee bring
 Of thousand flow'ry lights thine own nocturnal spring.

Thou Scythian-like dost round thy lands above
 The sun's gilt tent for ever move,
 And still as thou in pomp do'st go, 15
 The shining pageants of the world attend thy show.

When, goddess, thou lift'st up thy wak'ned head,
 Out of the morning's purple bed,
 Thy quire of birds about thee play,
 And all the joyful world salutes the rising day. 20

All the world's brav'ry that delights our eyes
 Is but thy sev'ral liveries,
 Thou the rich dye on them bestow'st ;
 Thy nimble pencil paints this landscape as thou go'st.

A crimson garment in the rose thou wear'st ; 25
 A crown of studded gold thou bear'st ;
 The virgin lillies in their white,
 Are clad but with the lawn of almost naked light.

With flame condens'd thou do'st thy jewels fix,
 And solid colours in it mix : 30
 Flora herself envies to see
 Flowers fairer than her own, and durable as she.

Through the soft wayes of Heav'n, and air, and sea,
 Which open all their pores to thee,
 Like a clear river thou do'st glide, 35
 And with thy living stream through the close channels slide.

But the vast ocean of unbounded day
 In th' empyræan Heaven does stay.
 Thy rivers, lakes, and springs below, 39
 From thence took first their rise, thither at last must flow.

IV.

ANDREW MARVELL.

SATIRE ON HOLLAND.

HOLLAND, that scarce deserves the name of land,
 As but the off-scouring of the British sand,
 And so much earth as was contributed
 By English pilots when they heaved the lead,
 Or what by the ocean's slow alluvion fell 5
 Of ship-wrecked cockle and the mussel-shell,—
 This indigested vomit of the sea
 Fell to the Dutch by just propriety.

Glad then, as miners who have found the ore,
 They, with mad labour, fished the land to shore, 10
 And dived as desperately for each piece
 Of earth, as if't had been of ambergreese,
 Collecting anxiously small loads of clay,
 Less than what building swallows bear away,
 Or than those pills which sordid beetles roll, 15
 Transfusing into them their dunghill soul.

How did they rivet with gigantic piles,
 Thorough the centre their new-catchéd miles,
 And to the stake a struggling country bound,
 Where barking waves still bait the forcèd ground, 20
 Building their watery Babel far more high
 To reach the sea, than those to scale the sky !

Yet still his claim the injured ocean laid,
 And oft at leap-frog o'er their steeples played,
 As if on purpose it on land had come 25
 To show them what's their *mare liberum*.
 A daily deluge over them does boil ;
 The earth and water play at level coil ;
 The fish ofttimes the burgher dispossessed,
 And sat, not as a meat, but as a guest, 30
 And oft the Tritons and the sea-nymphs saw
 Whole shoals of Dutch served up for Cabillau,
 Or, as they over the new level ranged
 For pickled herring, pickled *heerin* changed.
 Nature, it seemed, ashamed of her mistake, 35
 Would throw their land away at duck and drake ;
 Therefore necessity, that first made kings,
 Something like government among them brings ;
 For, as with pygmies, who best kills the crane,
 Among the hungry, he that treasures grain, 40
 Among the blind, the one-eyed blinkard reigns,
 So rules among the drownéd he that drains :
 Not who first sees the rising sun, commands,
 But who could first discern the rising lands ;
 Who best could know to pump an earth so leak, 45
 Him they their Lord, and Country's Father, speak ;
 To make a bank, was a great plot of state ;
 Invent a shovel, and be a magistrate.
 Hence some small Dike-grave, unperceived, invades
 The power, and grows as 'twere a king of spades ; 50
 But, for less envy, some joined states endures,
 Who look like a commission of the sewers :
 For these Half-anders, half wet, and half dry,
 Nor bear strict service, nor pure liberty.

V.

EVELYN'S DIARY.

1658. 22 Oct. Saw the superb funerall of the Protector. He was carried from Somerset House in a velvet bed of state drawn by six horses, houss'd with the same ; the pall held by his new Lords ; Oliver lying in effigie in royal robes, and crown'd with a crown, sceptre, and globe, like a king. The pendants and guidons were carried by the officers of the army ; the Imperial banners, achievements, &c. by the heraulds in their coates ; a rich caparison'd horse, embroider'd all over with gold ; a knight of honour arm'd cap-a-pie, and after all, his guards, souldiers, and innumerable mourners. In this equipage they proceeded to Westminster : but it was the joyfullest funerall I ever saw, for there were none that cried but dogs, which the soldiers hooted away with a barbarous noise, drinking and taking tobacco in the streets as they went.

1659. 25 April. A wonderfull and suddaine change in the face of the publiq ; the new Protector Richard slighted ; several pretenders and parties strive for the government : all anarchy and confusion ; Lord have mercy on us !

29 May. The nation was now in extreame confusion and unsettl'd, between the Armies and the Sectaries, the poor Church of England breathing as it were her last, so sad a face of things overspread us.

11 Oct. The Armie now turn'd out the Parliament. We had now no government in the Nation ; all in confusion ; no Magistrate either own'd or pretended, but the souldiers, and they not agreed. God Almighty have mercy on and settle us !

7 Nov. Was publish'd my bold *Apologie* for the King

in this time of danger, when it was capital to speake or write in favour of him. It was twice printed, so universaly it took.

ANNUS MIRABILIS 1660. 3 Feb. Kept the fast. 35
 Generall Monk came now to London out of Scotland, but no man knew what he would do, or declare, yet he was met on his way by the Gentlemen of all the Counties which he pass'd, with petitions that he would recall the old long interrupted Parliament, and settle the nation in some order, being at this time in most prodigious confusion and under no government, every body expecting what would be next and what he would do. 40

10. Now were the gates of the citty broken down by Generall Monk, which exceedingly exasperated the Citty, the souldiers marching up and down as triumphing over it, and all the old army of the phanatics put out of their posts, and sent out of towne. 45

11. A signal day. Monk, perceiving how infamous and wretched a pack of knaves would have still usurped the supream power, and having intelligence that they intended to take away his commission, repenting of what he had don to the Citty, where he and his forces were quartered, marches to White-hall, dissipates that nest of robbers, and convenes the old Parliament, the Rump Parliament (so call'd as retaining some few rotten members of the other) being dissolv'd; and for joy whereoff were many thousands of rumps roasted publiqly in the streetes at the bonfires this night, with ringing of bells, and universal jubilee. This was the first good omen. 50
 55
 60

3 May. Came the most happy tidings of his Majesty's gracious declaration and applications to the Parliament, Generall, and People, and their dutiful acceptance and acknowledgment, after a most bloody and unreasonable rebellion of neare 20 yeares. Praised be for ever the 65

Lord of Heaven, who onely doeth wondrous things, because His mercy endureth for ever !

8. This day was his Majestie proclaim'd in London, &c.

29. This day his Majesty Charles II. came to London after a sad and long exile and calamitous suffering both of the King and Church, being 17 yeares. This was also his birth-day, and with a triumph of above 20,000 horse and foote, brandishing their swords and shouting with inexpressible joy ; the wayes strew'd with flowers, the bells ringing, the streetes hung with tapistry, fountaines running with wine ; the Maior, Aldermen, and all the Companies in their liveries, chaines of gold, and banners ; Lords and Nobles clad in cloth of silver, gold, and velvet ; the windowes and balconies all set with ladies ; trumpets, music, and myriads of people flocking, even so far as from Rochester, so as they were seven houres in passing the Citty, even from 2 in the afternoone till 9 at night.

I stood in the Strand and beheld it, and bless'd God. And all this was don without one drop of bloud shed, and by that very army which rebell'd against him ; but it was the Lord's doing, for such a Restauration was never mention'd in any history antient or modern, since the returne of the Jews from the Babylonish captivity ; nor so joyfull a day and so bright ever scene in this Nation, this hapning when to expect or effect it was past all human poliey.

6 July. His Majestie began first to *touch for the evil*, according to costome, thus : his Majestie sitting under his State in the Banqueting House, the chirurgeons cause the sick to be brought or led up to the throne, where they kneeling, the King strokes their faces or cheekes with both his hands at once, at which instant a chaplaine in his formalities says, "He put his hands upon them and he healed them." This is sayd to every one in particular. When they have ben all touch'd they come up againe in

the same order, and the other chaplaine kneeling, and having Angel gold strung on white ribbon on his arme, delivers them one by one to his Majestie, who puts them about the necks of the touched as they passe, whilst the first chaplaine repeats, "That is the true light who came 105 into the world." Then followes an Epistle (as at first a Gospell) with the Liturgy, prayers for the sick, with some alteration, lastly the blessing; and then the Lo. Chamberlaine and Comptroller of the Household bring a basin, ewer and towell, for his Majestie to wash. 110

The King receiv'd a congratulatory addresse from the City of Cologne in Germany, where he had ben some time in his exile; his Majesty saying they were the best people in the world, the most kind and worthy to him that he ever met with. 115

1661. 30 Jan. Was the first solemn fast and day of humiliation to deplore the sinns which so long had provok'd God against this afflicted church and people, order'd by Parliament to be annually celebrated to expiate the guilt of that execrable murder of the late King. 120

This day (O the stupendous and inscrutable judgments of God!) were the carcasses of those arch rebels Cromwell, Bradshaw the Judge who condemned his Majestie, and Ireton, sonn-in-law to the Usurper, dragg'd out of their superb tombs in Westminster among the Kings, to 125 Tyburne, and hang'd on the gallows there from 9 in the morning till 6 at night, and then buried under that fatal and ignominious monument in a deepe pitt; thousands of people who had seene them in all their pride being spectators. Looke back at Nov. 22, 1658, and be 130 astonish'd! and feare God and honor the King; but meddle not with them who are given to change!

1666. 27 Aug. I went to St. Paule's Church, where with Dr. Wren, Mr. Prat, Mr. May, Mr. Thos. Chichley, Mr. Slingsby, the Bishop of London, the Deane of St. 135

Paule's, and several expert workmen, we went about to survey the generall decays of that ancient and venerable church, and to set downe in writing the particulars of what was fit to be don, with the charge thereof, giving our opinion from article to article. Finding the maine building to recede outwards, it was the opinion of Chichley and Mr. Prat that it had ben so built *ab origine* for an effect in perspective, in regard of the height ; but I was, with Dr. Wren, quite of another judgment, and so we entered it ; we plumb'd the uprights in severall places. When we came to the steeple, it was deliberated whether it were not well enough to repaire it onely on its old foundation, with reservation to the 4 pillars ; this Mr. Chichley and Mr. Prat were also for, but we totally rejected it, and persisted that it requir'd a new foundation, not onely in regard of the necessitie, but for that the shape of what stood was very meane, and we had a mind to build it with a noble cupola, a forme of church-building not as yet known in England, but of wonderfull grace : for this purpose we offer'd to bring in a plan and estimate, which, after much contest, was at last assented to, and that we should nominate a committee of able workmen to examine the present foundation. This concluded, we drew all up in writing, and so went with my Lord Bishop to the Deanes.

2 Sept. This fatal night about ten, began that deplorable fire neere Fish Streete in London.

3. I had public prayers at home. The fire continuing, after dinner I took coach with my wife and sonn and went to the Bank side in Southwark, where we beheld that dismal spectacle, the whole Citty in dreadfull flames neare the water side ; all the houses from the Bridge, all Thames Street, and upwards towards Cheapeside, downe to the Three Cranes, were now consum'd : and so returned exceeding astonished what would become of the rest.

The fire having continu'd all this night (if I may call that night which was light as day for ten miles round about, after a dreadfull manner) when conspiring with a fierce eastern wind in a very drie season ; I went on foote to the same place, and saw the whole South part of the Citty burning from Cheapeside to the Thames, and all along Cornehill (for it likewise kindl'd back against the wind as well as forward), Tower Streete, Fen-church Streete, Gracious Streete, and so along to Bainard's Castle, and was now taking hold of St. Paule's Church, to which the scaffolds contributed exceedingly. The conflagration was so universal, and the people so astonish'd, that from the beginning, I know not by what despondency or fate, they hardly stirr'd to quench it, so that there was nothing heard or seene but crying out and lamentation, running about like distracted creatures without at all attempting to save even their goods ; such a strange consternation there was upon them, so as it burned both in breadth and length, the Churches, Public Halls, Exchange, Hospitals, Monuments, and ornaments, leaping after a prodigious manner from house to house and streete to streete, at greate distances one from the other ; for the heate with a long set of faire and warme weather had even ignited the aire and prepar'd the materials to conceive the fire, which devour'd after an incredible manner houses, furniture, and every thing. Here we saw the Thames cover'd with goods floating, all the barges and boates laden with what some had time and courage to save, as, on the other, the carts, &c. carrying out to the fields, which for many miles were strew'd with moveables of all sorts, and tents erecting to shelter both people and what goods they could get away.

Oh the miserable and calamitous spectacle ! such as haply the world had not seene since the foundation of it, nor be outdon till the universal conflagration thereof.

All the skie was of a fiery aspect, like the top of a burning oven, and the light seene above 40 miles round about for many nights. God grant mine eyes may never behold the like, who now saw above 10,000 houses all in one flame ; the noise and cracking and thunder of the impetuous flames, the shreiking of women and children, the hurry of people, the fall of Towers, Houses and Churches, was like an hideous storme, and the aire all about so hot and inflam'd that at the last one was not able to approach it, so that they were forc'd to stand still and let the flames burn on, which they did for neere two miles in length and one in bredth. The clowds also of smoke were dismall and reach'd upon computation neer 50 miles in length. Thus I left it this afternoone burning, a resemblance of Sodom, or the last day. It forcibly call'd to my mind that passage—*non enim hic habemus stabilem civitatem*: the ruines resembling the picture of Troy. London was, but is no more ! Thus I returned home.

Sept. 4. The burning still rages, and it was now gotten as far as the Inner Temple ; all Fleet Streete, the Old Bailey, Ludgate Hill, Warwick Lane, Newgate, Paules Chaine, Watling Streete, now flaming, and most of it reduc'd to ashes ; the stones of Paules flew like granados, the mealting lead running downe the streetes in a streame, and the very pavements glowing with fiery rednesse, so as no horse nor man was able to tread on them, and the demolition had stopp'd all the passages, so that no help could be applied. The eastern wind still more impetuously driving the flames forward. Nothing but the Almighty power of God was able to stop them, for vaine was the help of man.

5. It crossed towards Whitehall ; but oh, the confusion there was then at that Court ! It pleas'd his Majesty to command me among the rest to looke after the quenching of Fetter Lane end, to preserve if possible

that part of Holborn, whilst the rest of the gentlemen
 tooke their several posts, some at one part, some at
 another (for now they began to bestir themselves, and
 not till now, who hitherto had stood as men intoxicated,
 with their hands across) and began to consider that 245
 nothing was likely to put a stop but the blowing up of
 so many houses as might make a wider gap than any had
 yet been made by the ordinary method of pulling them
 downe with engines; this some stout seamen propos'd
 early enough to have sav'd nearly the whole Citty, but 250
 this some tenacious and avaritious men, aldermen, &c.
 would not permitt, because their houses must have been
 of the first. It was therefore now commanded to be
 practic'd, and my concerne being particularly for the
 Hospital of St. Bartholomew neere Smithfield, where I 255
 had many wounded and sick men, made me the more
 diligent to promote it; nor was my care for the Savoy
 lesse. It now pleas'd God by abating the wind, and by
 the industrie of the people, when almost all was lost, in-
 fusing a new spirit into them, that the furie of it began 260
 sensibly to abate about noone, so as it came no farther
 than the Temple westward, nor than the entrance of
 Smithfield north: but continu'd all this day and night so
 impetuous towards Cripple-gate and the Tower as made
 us all despaire; it also brake out againe in the Temple, 265
 but the courage of the multitude persisting, and many
 houses being blown up, such gaps and desolations were
 soone made, as with the former three days consumption,
 the back fire did not so vehemently urge upon the rest as
 formerly. There was yet no standing neere the burning 270
 and glowing ruines by neere a furlongs space.

The coale and wood wharfes and magazines of oyle,
 rosin, &c. did infinite mischeife, so as the invective which
 a little before I had dedicated to his Majesty and publish'd,
 giving warning what might probably be the issue of suffer- 275

ing those shops to be in the Citty, was look'd on as a prophecy.

The poore inhabitants were dispers'd about St. George's Fields, and Moorefields, as far as Highgate, and severall miles in circle, some under tents, some under miserable hutts and hovells, many without a rag or any necessary utensills, bed or board, who from delicatenesse, riches, and easy accommodations in stately and well furnish'd houses, were now reduced to extreamest misery and poverty.

In this calamitous condition I return'd with a sad heart to my house, blessing and adoring the distinguishing mercy of God to me and mine, who in the midst of all this ruine was like Lot, in my little Zoar, safe and sound.

Sept. 6, Thursday. I represented to his Majesty the case of the French prisoners of war in my custodie, and besought him that there might be still the same care of watching at all places contiguous to unseised houses. It is not indeede imaginable how extraordinary the vigilance and activity of the King and the Duke was, even labouring in person, and being present to command, order, reward, or encourage workmen, by which he shewed his affection to his people and gained theirs. Having then dispos'd of some under cure at the Savoy, I return'd to White-hall, where I din'd at Mr. Offley's, the groome porter, who was my relation.

7. I went this morning on foote from White-hall as far as London Bridge, thro' the late Fleete Street, Ludgate Hill, by St. Pauls, Cheapeside, Exchange, Bishopsgate, Aldersgate, and out to Moorefields, thence thro' Cornehill, &c. with extraordinary difficulty, clambering over heaps of yet smoking rubbish, and frequently mistaking where I was. The ground under my feete so hot, that it even burnt the soles of my shoes. In the mean time his

Majesty got to the Tower by water, to demolish the houses about the graff, which being built intirely about it, had they taken fire and attack'd the White Tower where the magazine of powder lay, would undoubtedly not only have beaten downe and destroyed all the bridge, 315 but sunke and torne the vessells in the river, and render'd the demolition beyond all expression for several miles about the country.

At my returne I was infinitely concern'd to find that goodly Church St. Pauls now a sad ruine, and that 320 beautifull portico (for structure comparable to any in Europe, as not long before repair'd by the late King) now rent in pieces, flakes of vast stone split asunder, and nothing remaining intire but the inscription in the architrave, shewing by whom it was built, which had not 325 one letter of it defac'd. It was astonishing to see what immense stones the heate had in a manner calcin'd, so that all the ornaments, columnes, freezes, capitals, and projectures of massie Portland stone flew off, even to the very roofe, where a sheete of lead covering a great space 330 (no lesse than 6 akers by measure) was totally mealted; the ruines of the vaulted roofe falling broke into St. Faith's, which being fill'd with the magazines of bookes belonging to the Stationers, and carried thither for safety, they were all consum'd, burning for a weeke following. 335 It is also observable that the lead over the altar at the East end was untouch'd, and among the divers monuments, the body of one Bishop remain'd intire. Thus lay in ashes that most venerable Church, one of the most antient pieces of early piety in the Christian world, 340 besides neere 100 more. The lead, yron worke, bells, plate, &c. mealted; the exquisitely wrought Mercers Chapell, the sumptuous Exchange, the august fabriq of Christ Church, all the rest of the Companies Halls, splendid buildings, arches, enteries, all in dust; the 345

fountaines dried up and ruin'd, whilst the very waters remain'd boiling; the voragos of subterranean cellars, wells, and dungeons, formerly warehouses, still burning in stench and dark cloudes of smoke, so that in five or six miles traversing about, I did not see one load of timber unconsum'd nor many stones but what were calcin'd white as snow. The people who now walk'd about the ruines appear'd like men in some dismal desart, or rather in some greate Citty laid waste by a cruel enemy; to which was added the stench that came from some poore creatures bodies, beds, and other combustible goods.

Sir Tho. Gressham's statue, tho' fallen from its nich in the Royal Exchange, remained intire, when all those of the Kings since the Conquest were broken to pieces; also the standard in Cornehill, and Q. Elizabeth's effigies, with some armes on Ludgate, continued with but little detriment, whilst the vast yron chaines of the Citty streetes, hinges, barrs and gates of prisons were many of them mealted and reduced to cinders by the vehement heate. Nor was I yet able to passe through any of the narrower streetes, but kept the widest; the ground and aire, smoake and fiery vapour, continu'd so intense that my haire was almost sing'd, and my feete unsufferably surbated. The bye lanes and narrower streetes were quite fill'd up with rubbish, nor could one have possibly knowne where he was, but by the ruines of some Church or Hall, that had some remarkable tower or pinnacle remaining. I then went towards Islington and Highgate, where one might have scene 200,000 people of all ranks and degrees dispers'd and lying along by their heapes of what they could save from the fire, deploring their losse, and tho' ready to perish for hunger and destitution, yet not asking one penny for reliefe, which to me appear'd a stranger sight than any I had yet beheld. His Majesty

and Council indeede tooke all imaginable care for their reliefe by proclamation for the country to come in and refresh them with provisions.

In the midst of all this calamity and confusion, there was, I know not how, an alarme begun that the French 385 and Dutch, with whom we were now in hostility, were not onely landed, but even entering the Citty. There was in truth some days before greate suspicion of those two nations joyning; and now, that they had ben the occasion of firing the towne. This report did so terrifie, 390 that on a suddaine there was such an uproar and tumult that they ran from their goods, and taking what weapons they could come at, they could not be stopped from falling on some of those nations whom they casually met, without sense or reason. The clamor and peril grew 395 so excessive that it made the whole Court amaz'd, and they did with infinite paines and greate difficulty reduce and appease the people, sending troops of soldiers and guards to cause them to retire into the fields againe, where they were watched all this night. I left them pretty 400 quiet, and came home sufficiently weary and broken. Their spirits thus a little calmed, and the affright abated, they now began to repaire into the suburbs about the Citty, where such as had friends or opportunity got shelter for the present, to which his Majesty's Proclama- 405 tion also invited them.

Still the plague continued in our parish, I could not without danger adventure to our church.

10. I went againe to the ruines, for it was now no longer a Citty. 410

1667. 10 June. To London, alarm'd by the Dutch, who were fallen on our fleete at Chatham, by a most audacious enterprise entering the very river with part of their fleete, doing us not only disgrace, but incredible mischiefe in burning severall of our best men of warr lying at anker 415

and moor'd there, and all this thro' our unaccountable negligence in not setting out our fleete in due time. This alarme caus'd me, fearing the enemy might venture up the Thames even to London, (which they might have don with ease, and fir'd all the vessells in the river too,) 420
to send away my best goods, plate, &c. from my house to another place. The alarme was so greate that it put both Country and Citty into a paniq feare and consternation, such as I hope as I shall never see more; every body was flying, none knew why or whither. Now there were 425
land forces dispatch'd with the Duke of Albemarle, Lord Middleton, Prince Rupert, and the Duke, to hinder the Dutch coming to Chatham, fortifying Upnor Castle, and laying chaines and boomes; but the resolute enemy brake thro' all, and set fire on our ships, and retreated in spight, 430
stopping up the Thames, the rest of their fleet lying before the mouth of it.

14 June. I went to see the work at Woolwich, a battery to prevent them from coming up to London, which Pr. Rupert commanded, and sunk some ships in the river. 435

17. The night about 2 o'clock some chipps and combustible matter prepar'd for some fire-ships taking flame in Deptford Yard, made such a blaze, and caus'd such an uproar in the Tower, it being given out that the Dutch fleete was come up and had landed their men and fir'd 440
the Tower, as had like to have don more mischief before people would be persuaded to the contrary and believe the accident. Every body went to their armes. These were sad and troublesome times!

24. The Dutch fleet still continuing to stop up the 445
river, so as nothing could stir out or come in, I was before the Council, and commanded by his Majesty to go with some others and search about the environs of the Citty, now exceedingly distress'd for want of fuell, whether there could be any peate or turfe found fit for 450

use. The next day I went and discover'd enough, and made my report that there might be found a greate deale ; but nothing further was don in it.

28. I went to Chatham, and thence to view not onely what mischiefe the Dutch had don, but how triumphantly 455
their whole fleete lay within the very mouth of the Thames, all from the North Fore-land, Margate, even to the buoy of the Nore—a dreadfull spectacle as ever Englishmen saw, and a dishonour never to be wiped off! Those who advised his Majesty to prepare no fleete this 460
spring deserv'd—I know what—but . . .

1685. 4 Feb. I went to London, hearing his Majesty had ben the Monday before (2 Feb.) surpriz'd in his bed-chamber with an apoplectic fit, so that if, by God's providence, Dr. King (that excellent chirurgeon as well as 465
physitian) had not ben accidentally present to let him blood (having his lancet in his pocket) his Majesty had certainly died that moment, which might have ben of direful consequence, there being nobody else present with the King save this Doctor and one more, as I am assur'd. 470
It was a mark of the extraordinary dexterity, resolution, and presence of mind in the Doctor, to let him bloud in the very paroxysm, without staying the coming of other physitians, which regularly should have ben don, and for want of which he must have a regular pardon, as they tell 475
me. This rescu'd his Majesty for the instant, but it was only a short reprieve. He still complain'd, and was relapsing, often fainting, with sometimes epileptic symptoms, till Wednesday, for which he was cupp'd, let bloud in both jugulars, had both vomit and purges, which so re- 480
liev'd him that on Thursday hopes of recovery were signified in the publiq Gazette, but that day, about noone, the physitians thought him feaverish. This they seem'd glad of, as being more easily allay'd and methodically dealt with than his former fits ; so as they prescrib'd the famous 485

Jesuits powder : but it made him worse, and some very able Doctors who were present did not think it a fever, but the effect of his frequent bleeding and other sharp operations us'd by them about his head, so that probably the powder might stop the circulation, and renew his former fits, which now made him very weak.

Thus he pass'd Thursday night with greate difficulty, when complaining of a paine in his side, they drew 12 ounces more of blood from him ; this was by 6 in the morning on Friday, and it gave him reliefe, but it did not continue, for being now in much paine, and struggling for breath, he lay dozing, and after some conflicts, the physitians despairing of him, he gave up the ghost at halfe an houre after eleven in the morning, being 6 Feb. 1685, in the 36th yeare of his reigne, and 54th of his age.

Prayers were solemnly made in all the Churches, especially in both the Court Chapells, where the Chaplaines reliev'd one another every halfe quarter of an houre from the time he began to be in danger till he expir'd, according to the forme prescrib'd in the Church Offices. Those who assisted his Majesty's devotions were, the Apb. of Canterbury, the Bishops of London, Durham, and Ely, but more especially Dr. Ken, the Bp. of Bath and Wells. It is sayd they exceedingly urg'd the receiving the Holy Sacrament, but his Majesty told them he would consider of it, which he did so long 'till it was too late. Others whisper'd that the Bishops and Lords, except the Earles of Bath and Feversham, being order'd to withdraw the night before, Hurlston, the Priest, had presumed to administer the Popish Offices. He gave his breeches and keys to the Duke, who was almost continually kneeling by his bed-side, and in teares. He also recommended to him the care of his natural children, all except the Duke of Monmouth, now in Holland, and in his displeasure. He intreated the Queene to pardon him (not without

cause) ; who a little before had sent a Bishop to excuse her not more frequently visiting him, in regard of her excessive grieffe, and withall, that his Majesty would forgive it if at any time she had offended him. He spake to the Duke of York to be kind to the Dutchesse of Cleaveland, and especially Portsmouth, and that Nelly might not starve. 525

Thus died King Charles II. of a vigorous and robust constitution, and in all appearance promising a long life. He was a Prince of many virtues, and many greate imperfections ; debonnaire, easy of accesse, not bloody nor cruel : his countenance fierce, his voice greate, proper of person, every motion became him ; a lover of the sea, and skilfull in shipping ; not affecting other studies, yet he had a laboratory, and knew of many empirical medicines, and the easier mechanical mathematics ; he lov'd planting and building, and brought in a politer way of living, which pass'd to luxury and intolerable expense. 530
 He had a particular talent in telling a story, and facetious passages, of which he had innumerable ; this made some buffoons and vitious wretches too presumptuous and familiar, not worthy the favour they abus'd. He tooke delight in having a number of little spaniels follow him and lie in his bed-chamber, which render'd it very offensive, and indeede made the whole Court nasty and stinking. 540
 He would doubtlesse have ben an excellent Prince, had he ben less addicted to women, who made him uneasy, and allways in want to supply their unmeasurable profusion, to the detriment of many indigent persons who had signaly serv'd both him and his father. 550
 He frequently and easily chang'd favorites, to his greate prejudice.

As to other publiq transactions and unhappy miscarriages, 'tis not here I intend to number them ; but certainly never had King more glorious opportunities to 555

have made himselfe, his people, and all Europe happy, and prevented innumerable mischiefs, had not his too easy nature resign'd him to be manag'd by crafty men, and some abandon'd and profane wretches who corrupted his otherwise sufficient parts, disciplin'd as he had ben 560 by many afflictions during his banishment, which gave him much experience and knowledge of men and things; but those wicked creatures took him off from all application becoming so greate a King. The history of his reigne will certainly be the most wonderfull for the 565 variety of matter and accidents, above any extant in former ages: the sad tragical death of his father, his banishment and hardships, his miraculous restoration, conspiracies against him, parliaments, wars, plagues, fires, comets, revolutions abroad happening in his time, with a 570 thousand other particulars. He was ever kind to me, and very gracious upon all occasions, and therefore I cannot, without ingratitude, but deplore his losse, which for many respects as well as duty I do with all my soul.

His Majesty being dead, the Duke, now K. James II. 575 went immediately to Council, and before entering into any businesse, passionately declaring his sorrow, told their Lordships that since the succession had fallen to him, he would endeavour to follow the example of his predecessor in his clemency and tendernesse to his people; 580 that, however he had ben misrepresented as affecting arbitrary power, they should find the contrary, for that the laws of England had made the King as greate a monarch as he could desire; that he would endeavor to maintain the Government both in Church and State, as 585 by law establish'd, its principles being so firme for monarchy, and the members of it shewing themselves so good and loyal subjects; and that as he would never depart from the just rights and prerogatives of the Crown, so would he never invade any man's property; but as he 590

had often adventur'd his life in defence of the nation, so he would still proceede, and preserve it in all its lawful rights and liberties.

This being the substance of what he said, the Lords desir'd it might be publish'd, as containing matter of great satisfaction to a jealous people upon this change, which his Majesty consented to. Then were the Council sworn, and a Proclamation order'd to be publish'd, that all officers should continue in their stations, that there might be no failure of public justice, till his further pleasure should be known. Then the King rose, the Lords accompanying him to his bed-chamber, where, whilst he repos'd himselfe, tired indeede as he was with griefe and watching, they return'd againe into the Council-chamber to take order for the *proclaiming* his Majesty, which (after some debate) they consented should be in the very forme his grandfather K. James I. was, after the death of Queene Elizabeth ; as likewise that the Lords, &c. should proceede in their coaches thro' the Citty for the more solemnity of it. Upon this was I, and severall other Gentlemen waiting in the Privy-gallerie, admitted into the Council-chamber to be witness of what was resolv'd on. Thence with the Lords, the Lord Marshall and Heralds, and other Crowne Officers being ready, we first went to White-hall-gate, where the Lords stood on foote bare-headed, whilst the Herald proclaim'd his Majesty's title to the Imperial Crowne and Succession according to the forme, the trumpets and kettle-drums having first sounded 3 times, which ended with the people's acclamations. Then a Herald call'd the Lords' coaches according to rank, myselfe accompanying the solemnity in my Lord Cornwallis's coach, first to Temple Barr, where the Lord Maior and his brethren met us on horseback, in all their formalities, and proclaimed the King ; hence to the Exchange in Cornhill, and so we return'd in the order we

set forth. Being come to White-hall, we all went and kiss'd the King and Queenes hands. He had ben on the bed, but was now risen and in his undresse. The Queene was in bed in her apartment, but put forth her hand, seeming to be much afflicted, as I believe she was, having 630
deported herselfe so decently upon all occasions since she came into England, which made her universally belov'd.

Thus concluded this sad and not joyfull day.

I can never forget the inexpressible luxury and prophanesne, gaming, and all dissoluteness, and as it were 635
total forgetfulness of God (it being Sunday evening) which this day se'nnight I was witness of, the King sitting and toying with his ladies, Portsmouth, Cleaveland, and Mazarine, &c. a French boy singing love songs, in that glorious gallery, whilst about 20 of the greate courtiers 640
and other dissolute persons were at Basset round a large table, a bank of at least 2,000 in gold before them, upon which two gentlemen who were with me made reflexions with astonishment. Six days after was all in the 645
dust!

It was enjoyn'd that those who put on mourning should wear it as for a father, in the most solemn manner.

10 Feb. Being sent to by the Sheriff of the County to appeare and assist in proclaying the King, I went the next day to Bromely, where I met the Sheriff and the 650
Commander of the Kentish Troop, with an appearance, I suppose, of above 500 horse, and innumerable people, two of his Majesty's trumpets and a Serjeant with other officers, who having drawn up the horse in a large field neere the towne, march'd thence, with swords drawne, to 655
the market-place, where making a ring, after sound of trumpets and silence made, the High Sheriff read the proclaiming titles to his Bailiffe, who repeated them aloud, and then after many shouts of the people, his Majesty's health being drunk in a flint glasse of a yard long, by the 660

Sheriff, Commander, Officers and chiefe Gentlemen, they all dispers'd, and I return'd.

14. The King was this night very obscurely buried in a vault under Hen. 7th's Chapell at Westminster, without any manner of pomp, and soone forgotten after all this vanity, and the face of the whole Court was exceedingly chang'd into a more solemn and moral behaviour; the new King affecting neither prophanenesse nor buffoonery. All the greate Officers broke their staves over the grave, according to form.

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VI.

PEPYS' DIARY.

1660. MAY 23d. The Doctor and I waked very merry, only my eye was very red and ill in the morning from yesterday's hurt. In the morning come infinity of people on board from the King to go along with him. My Lord, Mr. Crew, and others, go on shore to meet the King as he comes off from shore, where Sir R. Stayner, bringing His Majesty into the boat, I hear that His Majesty did with a great deal of affection kiss my Lord upon his first meeting. The King with the two Dukes and Queen of Bohemia, Princess Royal, and Prince of Orange, came on board, where I, in their coming in, kissed the King's, Queen's, and Princess's hands, having done the other before. Infinite shooting off of the guns, and that in a disorder on purpose, which was better than if it had been otherwise. All day, nothing but Lords and persons of honour on board, that we were exceeding full. Dined in a great deal of state, the Royall company by themselves in the coach, which was a blessed sight to see. After dinner, the King and Duke altered the name of some of the ships. That done, the Queen, Princess

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Royalle, and Prince of Orange, took leave of the King, and the Duke of York went on board the London, and the Duke of Gloucester, the Swiftsure, which done, we weighed anchor, and with a fresh gale and most happy weather we set sail for England.

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All the afternoon the King walked here and there, up and down, (quite contrary to what I thought him to have been) very active and stirring. Upon the quarter-deck he fell into discourse of his escape from Worcester, where it made me ready to weep to hear the stories that he told of his difficulties that he had passed through, as his travelling four days and three nights on foot, every step up to his knees in dirt, with nothing but a green coat and a pair of country breeches on, and a pair of country shoes that made him so sore all over his feet, that he could scarce stir. Yet he was forced to run away from a miller and other company, that took them for rogues. His sitting at table at one place, where the master of the house, that had not seen him in eight years, did know him, but kept it private; when at the same table there was one, that had been of his own regiment at Worcester, could not know him, but made him drink the King's health, and said that the King was at least four fingers higher than he. At another place he was by some servants of the house made to drink, that they might know that he was not a Roundhead, which they swore he was. In another place at his inn, the master of the house, as the King was standing with his hands upon the back of a chair by the fireside, kneeled down and kissed his hand, privately, saying, that he would not ask him who he was, but bid God bless him whither he was going. Then the difficulties in getting a boat to get into France, where he was fain to plot with the master thereof to keep his design from the foreman and a boy, (which was all the ship's company) and so get to Fécamp, in

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France. At Rouen he looked so poorly, that the people went into the rooms before he went away, to see whether he had not stole something or other.

In the evening, I went up to my Lord, to write letters for England, which we sent away with word of our coming, by Mr. Edw. Pickering. The King supped alone in the coach; after that I got a dish, and we four supped in my cabin, as at noon. About bedtime, my Lord Bartlett (who I had offered my service to before) sent for me to get him a bed, who with much ado I did get to bed to my Lord Middlesex, in the great cabin below, but I was cruelly troubled before I could dispose of him, and quit myself of him. So to my cabin again, where the company still was, and were talking more of the King's difficulties: as how he was fain to eat a piece of bread and cheese out of a poor body's pocket; how, at a Catholic house, he was fain to lie in the priest's hole a good while in the house for his privacy. After that, our company broke up, and the Doctor and I to bed. We have all the Lords Commissioners on board us, and many others. Under sail all night, and most glorious weather.

1665. June 17th. It struck me very deep this afternoon going with a hackney coach from Lord Treasurer's down Holborne, the coachman I found to drive easily and easily, at last stood still, and come down hardly able to stand, and told me that he was suddenly struck very sick, and almost blind—he could not see; so I 'light, and went into another coach, with a sad heart for the poor man and for myself also, lest he should have been struck with the plague.

August 3rd. . . . By and by met my Lord Crewe returning; Mr. Marr telling me, by the way, how a mayde servant of Mr. John Wright's, (who lives thereabouts) falling sick of the plague, she was removed to an outhouse, and a nurse appointed to look to her, who,

being once absent, the mayde got out of the house at the window, and run away. The nurse coming and knocking and having no answer believed she was dead, and went and told Mr. Wright so; who and his lady were in great strait what to do to get her buried. At last, resolved to go to Burntwood, hard by, being in the parish, and there get people to do it. But they would not: so he went home full of trouble, and in the way met the wench walking over the common, which frightened him worse than before; and was forced to send people to take her, which he did; and they got one of the pest-coaches, and put her into it, to carry her to a pest-house. And, passing in a narrow lane, Sir Anthony Browne, with his brother and some friends in the coach, met this coach with the curtains drawn close. The brother, being a young man and believing there might be some lady in it that would not be seen, and the way being narrow, he thrust his head out of his own into her coach, and to look, and there saw somebody looking very ill, and in a sick dress. And presently they come up to some people that stood looking after it, and told our gallants that it was a mayde of Mr. Wright's carried away sick of the plague; which put the young gentleman into a fright had almost cost him his life, but is now well again. I, overtaking our young people, 'light, and into the coach to them, where mighty merry all the way; and anon come to the Blocke-house, over against Gravesend, where we staid a great while, in a little drinking-house.

August 30th. Met with Hadley, our clerke, who, upon my asking how the plague goes, told me it encreases much, and much in our parish; for, says he, there died nine this week, though I have returned but six: which is a very ill practice, and makes me think it is so in other places; and therefore the plague much greater than people take it to be. . . . I went forth, and walked towards

Moorefields to see (God forbid my presumption!) whether I could see any dead corps going to the grave ; but, as God would have it, did not. But, Lord! how every body's looks, and discourse in the street, is of death, and nothing else : and few people going up and down, that the town is like a place distressed and forsaken. 130

31st. Up : and, after putting several things in order to my removal, to Woolwich ; the plague having a great encrease this week, beyond all expectation, of almost 2,000, making the general Bill 7,000, odd 100 ; and the plague above 6,000. . . . Thus this month ends with great sadness upon the publick, through the greatness of the plague everywhere through the kingdom almost. Every day sadder and sadder news of its encrease. In the City died this week 7,496, and of them 6,102 of the plague. But it is feared that the true number of the dead this week is near 10,000 ; partly from the poor that cannot be taken notice of, through the greatness of the number, and partly from the Quakers and others that will not have any bell ring for them. 145

October 16th. Up about seven o'clock ; and, after drinking, and I observing Mr. Povy's being mightily mortified in his eating and drinking, and coaches and horses, he desiring to sell his best, and every thing else, his furniture of his house, he walked with me to Syon, and there I took water, in our way he discoursing of the wantonness of the Court, and how it minds nothing else. So upon the Exchange, which is very empty, God knows ! and but mean people there. The news for certain that the Dutch are come with their flecte before Margett, and some men were endeavouring to come on shore when the post come away, perhaps to steal some sheep. . . . I walked to the Tower ; but, Lord ! how empty the streets are, and melancholy, so many poor, sick people in the streets full of sores ; and so many sad stories overheard 150 155 160

as I walk, everybody talking of this dead, and that man sick, and so many in this place, and so many in that. And they tell me that, in Westminster, there is never a physician and but one apothecary left, all being dead; but that there are great hopes of a great decrease this week: God send it! At the Tower found my Lord Duke and Duchesse at dinner; so I sat down; and much good cheer, the Lieutenant and his lady, and several officers with the Duke. But, Lord! to hear the silly talk was there would make one mad; the Duke having none almost but fools about him. Much talk about the Dutch coming on shore, which they believe they may some of them have been and steal sheep, and speak all in reproach of them in whose hands the fleete is; but, Lord help him; there is something will hinder him and all the world in going to sea, which is want of victuals; for we have not wherewith to answer our service: and how much better it would have been if the Duke's advice had been taken, for the fleete to have gone presently out; but, God help the King! while no better counsels are given, and what is given no better taken. 165 170 175 180

1666. Sept. 2d. (Lord's day). Some of our mayds sitting up late last night to get things ready against our feast to-day, Jane called us up about three in the morning, to tell us of a great fire they saw in the City. So I rose, and slipped on my night-gowne, and went to her window; and thought it to be on the back-side of Marke-lane at the farthest; but, being unused to such fires as followed, I thought it far enough off; and so went to bed again and to sleep. About seven rose again to dress myself, and there looked out at the window, and saw the fire not so much as it was, and further off. So to my closett to set things to rights, after yesterday's cleaning. By and by Jane comes and tells me that she hears that above 300 houses have been burned down to-night by the fire we 185 190 195

saw, and that it is now burning down all Fish Street, by London Bridge. So I made myself ready presently, and walked to the Tower; and there got up upon one of the high places, Sir J. Robinson's little son going up with me; and there I did see the houses at that end of the bridge all on fire, and an infinite great fire on this and the other side the end of the bridge; which, among other people, did trouble me for poor little Michell and our Sarah on the bridge. 200

So down, with my heart full of trouble, to the Lieutenant of the Tower, who tells me that it begun this morning in the King's baker's house in Pudding-lane, and that it hath burned down St. Magnus's Church and most part of Fish Street already. So I down to the water-side, and there got a boat, and through bridge, and there saw a lamentable fire. Poor Michell's house, as far as the Old Swan, already burned that way, and the fire running further, that, in a very little time, it got as far as the Steele-yard, while I was there. Every body 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 from one pair of stairs by the waterside 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 some of them burned their wings, and fell down. 210

Having staid, and in an hour's time seen the fire rage every way; and nobody, to my sight, endeavouring to quench it, but to remove their goods, and leave all to the fire; and, having seen it get as far the Steele-yard, and the wind mighty high, and driving it into the City: and everything, after so long a drought, proving combustible, even the very stones of churches, and, among other 225 230

things, the poor steeple by which pretty Mrs. — lives, and whereof my old schoolfellow Elborough is parson, taken fire in the very top, and there burned till it fell down; I to White Hall, (with a gentleman with me, who desired to go off from the Tower, to see the fire, in my boat) and there up to the King's closett in the Chappell, where people come about me, and I did give them an account dismayed them all, the word was carried in to the King. So I was called for, and did tell the King and Duke of Yorke what I saw; and that unless his Majesty did command houses to be pulled down nothing could stop the fire. They seemed much troubled, and the King commanded me to go to my Lord Mayor from him, and command him to spare no houses, but to pull down before the fire every way. The Duke of Yorke bid me tell him, that if he would have any more soldiers, he shall; and so did my Lord Arlington afterwards, as a great secret. Here meeting with Captain Cocke, I in his coach, which he lent me, and Creed with me to St. Paul's; and there walked along Watling Street, as well as I could, every creature coming away loaden with goods to save, and here and there sicke people carried away in beds. Extraordinary good goods carried in carts and on backs. At last met my Lord Mayor in Canning Street, like a man spent, with a handkercher about his neck. To the King's message, he cried, like a fainting woman, "Lord! what can I do? I am spent: people will not obey me. I have been pulling down houses; but the fire overtakes us faster than we can do it." That he needed no more soldiers; and that, for himself, he must go and refresh himself, having been up all night.

So he left me, and I him, and walked home; seeing people all almost distracted, and no manner of means used to quench the fire. The houses, too, so very thick thereabouts, and full of matter for burning, as pitch and tarr,

in Thames Street ; and warehouses of oyle, and wines, and brandy, and other things. Here I saw Mr. Isaake Houblon, the handsome man, prettily dressed and dirty, at his door at Dowgate, receiving some of his brothers' things, whose houses were on fire ; and, as he says, have
270 been removed twice already ; and he doubts, as it soon proved, that they must be, in a little time, removed from his house also, which was a sad consideration. And to see the churches all filling with goods by people who themselves should have been quietly there at this time. 275

By this time it was about twelve o'clock ; and so home, and there find my guests, which was Mr. Wood and his wife Barbary Sheldon, and also Mr. Moone : she mighty fine, and her husband, for aught I see, a likely man. But Mr. Moone's design and mine, which was to look over my
280 closett, and please him with the sight thereof, which he hath long desired, was wholly disappointed ; for we were in great trouble and disturbance at this fire, not knowing what to think of it. However, we had an extraordinary good dinner, and as merry as at this time we could be. 285 While at dinner Mrs. Batelier come to inquire after Mr. Woolfe and Stanes (who, it seems, are related to them), whose houses in Fish Street are all burned, and they in a sad condition. She would not stay in the fright.

Soon as dined, I and Moone away, and walked through
290 the City, the streets full of nothing but people and horses and carts loaden with goods, ready to run over one another, and removing goods from one burned house to another. They now removing out of Canning Street, which received goods in the morning, into Lumbard
295 Street, and further : and among others, I now saw my little goldsmith, Stokes, receiving some friend's goods, whose house itself was burned the day after. We parted at Paul's ; he home, and I to Paul's Wharf, where I had appointed a boat to attend me, and took in Mr. Carcasse 300

and his brother, whom I met in the streete, and carried them below and above bridge, to and again, to see the fire, which was now got further, both below and above, and no likelihood of stopping it. Met with the King and Duke of York in their barge, and with them to Queen-
 hithe, and there called Sir Richard Browne to them 305
 Their order was only to pull down houses apace, and so below bridge at the water-side ; but little was or could be done, the fire coming upon them so fast. Good hopes there was of stopping it at the Three Cranes above, and
 at Buttolph's Wharf below bridge, if care be used ; but 310
 the wind carries it into the City, so as we know not, by the water-side, what it do there. River full of lighters and boats taking in goods, and good 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 315
 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 320
 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. 325
 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 alehouse on the Bank-side, over against the Three Cranes, and there staid till it
 was dark almost, and saw the fire grow ; and, as it grew 330
 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 335

ordinary fire. Barbary and her husband away before us. We staid till, it being darkish, we saw the fire as only one entire arch of fire from this to the other side 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. 340

So home with a sad heart, and there find every body discoursing and lamenting the fire ; and poor Tom Hater come with some few of his goods saved out of his house, which was burned upon Fish Street Hill. I invited him to lie at my house, and did receive his goods ; but was deceived in his lying there, the news coming every moment of the growth of the fire ; so as we were forced to begin to pack up our own goods, and prepare for their removal ; and did by moonshine (it being brave dry, and moonshine and warm weather) carry much of my goods into the garden, and Mr. Hater and I did remove my money and iron chests into my cellar, as thinking that the safest place. And got my bags of gold into my office, ready to carry away, and my chief papers of accounts also there, and my tallies into a box by themselves. So great was our fear, as Sir W. Batten hath carts come out of the country to fetch away his goods this night. We did put Mr. Hater, poor man, to bed a little ; but he got but very little rest, so much noise being in my house, taking down of goods. 345 350 355 360

3d. About four o'clock in the morning, my Lady Batten sent me a cart to carry away all my money, and plate, and best things, to Sir W. Rider's, at Bednall Greene, which I did, riding myself in my night-gown, in the cart ; and, Lord ! to see how the streets and the highways are crowded with people, running and riding, and getting of carts at any rate to fetch away things. I find Sir W. Rider tired with being called up all night, and receiving. 365 370

things from several friends. His house full of goods, and much of Sir W. Batten's and Sir W. Pen's. I am eased at my heart to have my treasure so well secured. Then home, and with much ado to find a way, nor any sleep all this night to me nor my poor wife. But then all this day she and I and all my people labouring to get away the rest of our things, and did get Mr. Tooker to get me a lighter to take them in, and we did carry them myself some, over Tower Hill, which was by this time full of people's goods, bringing their goods thither; and down to the lighter, which lay at the next quay, above the Tower Docke. And here was my neighbour's wife, Mrs. —, with her pretty child, and some few of her things, which I did willingly give way to be saved with mine; but there was no passing with any thing through the postern, the crowd was so great. The Duke of Yorke come this day by the office, and spoke to us, and did ride with his guard up and down the City to keep all quiet (he being now Generall, and having the care of all).

This day, Mercer being not at home, but against her mistress's order gone to her mother's, and my wife going thither to speak with W. Hewer, beat her there, and was angry; and her mother saying that she was not a 'prentice girl, to ask leave every time she goes abroad, my wife with good reason was angry, and, when she come home, did bid her be gone again. And so she went away, which troubled me, but yet less than it would, because of the condition we are in, in fear of coming in a little time to being less able to keepe one in her quality. At night, lay down a little upon a quilt of W. Hewer's in the office, all my own things being packed up or gone; and, after me, my poor wife did the like, we having fed upon the remains of yesterday's dinner, having no fire nor dishes, nor any opportunity of dressing any thing.

4th. Up by break of day, to get away the remainder of my things ; which I did by a lighter at the Iron gate : and my hands so full, that it was the afternoon before we could get them all away. Sir W. Pen and I to Tower Streete, and there met the fire burning, three or four doors 410 beyond Mr. Howell's, whose goods, poor man, his trays, and dishes, shovells, &c., were flung all along Tower Street in the kennels, and people working therewith from one end to the other ; the fire coming on in that narrow street, on both sides, with infinite fury. Sir W. Batten 415 not knowing how to remove his wine, did dig a pit in the garden, and laid it in there ; and I took the opportunity of laying all the papers of my office that I could not otherwise dispose of. And in the evening Sir W. Pen and I did dig another, and put our wine in it ; and I my 420 Parmazan cheese, as well as my wine and some other things. The Duke of Yorke was at the office this day, at Sir W. Pen's ; but I happened not to be within.

This afternoon, sitting melancholy with Sir W. Pen in our garden, and thinking of the certain burning of this 425 office, without extraordinary means, I did propose for the sending up of all our workmen from the Woolwich and Deptford yards (none whereof yet appeared), and to write to Sir W. Coventry to have the Duke of Yorke's permission to pull down houses, rather than lose this office, 430 which would much hinder the King's business. So Sir W. Pen went down this night, in order to the sending them up to-morrow morning ; and I wrote to Sir W. Coventry about the business, but received no answer. This night, Mrs. Turner (who, poor woman, was removing her goods 435 all this day, good goods, into the garden, and knows not how to dispose of them) and her husband supped with my wife and I at night, in the office, upon a shoulder of mutton from the cook's without any napkin, or any thing, in a sad manner, but were merry. Only now and then, 440

walking into the garden, saw how horribly the sky looks, all on a fire in the night, was enough to put us out of our wits ; and, indeed, it was extremely dreadful, for it looks just as if it was at us, and the whole heaven on fire. I after supper walked in the dark down to Tower Streete, 445 and there saw it all on fire, at the Trinity House on that side, and the Dolphin Taverne on this side, which was very near us ; and the fire with extraordinary vehemence. Now begins the practice of blowing up of houses in Tower Streete, those next the Tower, which at first did frighten 450 people more than any thing ; but it stopped the fire where it was done, it bringing down the houses to the ground in the same places they stood, and then it was easy to quench what little fire was in it, though it kindled nothing almost. W. Hewer this day went to see how his 455 mother did, and comes late home, telling us how he hath been forced to remove her to Islington, her house in Pye Corner being burned ; so that the fire is got so far that way, and to the Old Bayly, and was running down to Fleete Streete ; and Paul's is burned, and all Cheapside. 460 I wrote to my father this night, but the post-house being burned, the letter could not go.

5th. I lay down in the office again upon W. Hewer's quilt, being mighty weary, and sore in my feet with going till I was hardly able to stand. About two in the 465 morning my wife calls me up, and tells me of new cryes of fire, it being come to Barkeing Church, which is the bottom of our lane. I up, and finding it so, resolved presently to take her away, and did, and took my gold, which was about £2,350, W. Hewer and Jane down by 470 Proundy's boat to Woolwich ; but, Lord ! what a sad sight it was by moone-light, to see the whole City almost on fire, that you might see it as plain at Woolwich, as if you were by it. There, when I come, I find the gates shut, but no guard kept at all ; which troubled me, 475

because of discourses now begun, that there is a plot in it, and that the French had done it. I got the gates open, and to Mr. Shelden's, where I locked up my gold, and charged my wife and W. Hewer never to leave the room without one of them in it, night or day. 480

So back again, by the way seeing my goods well in the lighters at Deptford, and watched well by people. Home, and whereas I expected to have seen our house on fire, it being now about seven o'clock, it was not. But to the fire, and there find greater hopes than I expected; for 485 my confidence of finding our office on fire was such, that I durst not ask any body how it was with us, till I come and saw it not burned. But, going to the fire, I find, by the blowing up of houses, and the great help given by the workmen out of the King's yards, sent up by Sir 490 W. Pen, there is a good stop given to it, as well at Marke Lane End as ours; it having only burned the dyall of Barking Church, and part of the porch, and was there quenched. I up to the top of Barking steeple, and there saw the saddest sight of desolation that I ever saw; 495 every where great fires, oyle-cellars, and brimstone, and other things burning. I became afraid to stay there long, and therefore down again as fast as I could, the fire being spread as far as I could see it; and to Sir W. Pen's, and there eat a piece of cold meat, having eaten nothing since 500 Sunday, but the remains of Sunday's dinner. Here I met with Mr. Young and Whistler; and, having removed all my things, and received good hopes that the fire at our end is stopped, they and I walked into the town, and find Fanchurch Street, Gracious Street, and Lumbard Street 505 all in dust. The Exchange a sad sight, nothing standing there, of all the statues or pillars, but Sir Thomas Gresham's picture in the corner. Walked into Moore-fields (our feet ready to burn, walking through the towne among the hot coles) and find that full of people, and 510

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.

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Thence homeward, having passed through Cheapside and Newgate Market, all burned, and seen Anthony Joyce's house in fire; and took up, which I keep by me, a piece of glass of the Mercers' Chappell in the street, where much more was, so melted and buckled with the heat of the fire like parchment. 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 burnt off the body, and yet alive. So home at night, and find there good hopes of saving our office; but great endeavours of watching all night, and having men ready; and so we lodged them in the office, and had drink and bread and cheese for them. And I lay down and slept a good night about midnight, though, when I rose, I heard that there had been a great alarme of French and Dutch being risen, which proved nothing. But it is a strange thing to see how long this time did look since Sunday, having been always full of variety of actions, and little sleep, that it looked like a week or more, and I had forgot almost the day of the week.

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6th. Up about five o'clock, and met Mr. Gawden at the gate of the office (I intending to go out, as I used, every now and then, to-day, to see how the fire is) to call our men to Bishop's-gate, where no fire had yet been near, and there is now one broke out, which did give great grounds to people, and to me too, to think that there is some kind of plot in this (on which many by this time have been taken, and it hath been dangerous for any stranger to walk in the streets), but I went with the men, and we did put it out in a little time; so that that was

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well again. It was pretty to see how hard the women did work in the cannells, sweeping of water ; but then they would scold for drink, and be as drunk as devils. I saw good butts of sugar broke open in the street, and people give and take handsfull out, and put into beer, and drink it. And now all being pretty well, I took boat, and over to Southwarke, and took boat on the other side the bridge, and so to Westminster, thinking to shift myself, being all in dirt from top to bottom ; but could not there find any place to buy a shirt or a pair of gloves, Westminster Hall being full of people's goods, those in Westminster having removed all their goods, and the Exchequer money put into vessels to carry to Nonsuch ; but to the Swan, and there was trimmed : and then to White Hall, but saw nobody ; and so home. A sad sight to see how the river looks : no houses nor church near it, to the Temple, where it stopped.

At home, did go with Sir W. Batten, and our neighbour, Knightly (who, with one more, was the only man of any fashion left in all the neighbourhood thereabouts, they all removing their goods, and leaving their houses to the mercy of the fire) to Sir R. Ford's, and there dined in an earthen platter—a fried breast of mutton ; a great many of us, but very merry, and indeed as good a meal, though as ugly a one, as ever I had in my life. Thence down to Deptford, and there with great satisfaction landed all my goods at Sir G. Carteret's safe, and nothing missed I could see, or hurt. This being done to my great content, I home, and to Sir W. Batten's, and there, with Sir R. Ford, Mr. Knightly, and one Withers, a professed lying rogue, supped well, and mighty merry, and our fears over. From them to the office, and there slept with the office full of labourers, who talked, and slept, and walked all night long there. But strange it is to see Clothworkers' Hall on fire these three days and

nights in one body of flame, it being the cellar full of oyle.

7th. Up by five o'clock; and, blessed be God! find all well; and by water to Paul's Wharfe. Walked thence, and saw all the towne burned, and a miserable sight of Paul's church, with all the roofs fallen, and the body of the quire fallen into St. Fayth's; Paul's school also, Ludgate, and Fleet Street. My father's house, and the church, and a good part of the Temple the like. So to Creed's lodging, near the New Exchange, and there find him laid down upon a bed; the house all unfurnished, there being fears of the fire's coming to them. There borrowed a shirt of him, and washed. To Sir W. Coventry at St. James's, who lay without curtains, having removed all his goods; as the King at White Hall, and every body had done, and was doing. He hopes we shall have no publique distractions upon this fire, which is what every body fears, because of the talk of the French having a hand in it. And it is a proper time for discontents; but all men's minds are full of care to protect themselves and save their goods: the militia is in arms every where. Our fleetes, he tells me, have been in sight one of another, and most unhappily by fowle weather were parted, to our great loss, as in reason they do conclude; the Dutch being come out only to make a shew, and please their people; but in very bad condition as to stores, victuals, and men. They are at Bullen, and our fleete come to St. Ellen's. We have got nothing, but have lost one ship, but he knows not what.

Thence to the Swan, and there drank; and so home, and find all well. My Lord Brouncker, at Sir W. Batten's, and tells us the Generall is sent for up, to come to advise with the King about business at this juncture, and to keep all quiet; which is great honour to him, but I am sure is but a piece of dissimulation. So home, and did

give orders for my house to be made clean ; and then down to Woolwich, and there find all well. Dined, and Mrs. Markham come to see my wife. This day our Merchants first met at Gresham College, which, by proclamation, is to be their Exchange. Strange to hear 620 what is bid for houses all up and down here ; a friend of Sir W. Rider's having £150 for what he used to let for £40 per annum. Much dispute where the Custome House shall be ; thereby the growth of the City again to be foreseen. My Lord Treasurer, they say, and others, 625 would have it at the other end of the town. I home late to Sir W. Pen's, who did give me a bed, but without curtains or hangings, all being down ; and did sleep pretty well : but still both sleeping and waking had a fear of fire in my heart, that I took little rest. People do all 630 the world over cry out of the simplicity of my Lord Mayor in generall ; and more particularly in this business of the fire, laying it all upon him. A proclamation is come out for markets to be kept at Leadenhall and Mile-end Greene, and several other places about the town ; and 635 Tower Hill, and all churches to be set open to receive poor people.

8th. Up and with Sir W. Batten and Sir W. Pen by water to White Hall and then to St. James's. I stopped with Sir G. Carteret to desire him to go with us, and to 640 enquire after money. But the first he cannot do, and the other as little, or says, "when can we get any, or what shall we do for it?" He, it seems, is employed in the correspondence between the City and the King every day, in settling of things. I find him full of trouble, 645 to think how things will go. I left him, and to St. James's, where we met first at Sir W. Coventry's chamber, and there did what business we could, without any books. Our discourse, as every thing else, was confused. The fleete is at Portsmouth, there staying a wind 650

to carry them to the Downes, or towards Bullen, where they say the Dutch fleete is gone, and stays. We concluded upon private meetings for a while, not having any money to satisfy any people that may come to us. I bought two eeles upon the Thames, cost me six shillings. 655

Thence with Sir W. Batten to the Cock-pit, whither the Duke of Albemarle is come. It seems the King holds him so necessary at this time, that he hath sent for him, and will keep him here. Indeed, his interest in the City, being acquainted, and his care in keeping things quiet, is reckoned that wherein he will be very serviceable. We to him : he is courted in appearance by every body. He very kind to us ; and I perceive he lays by all business of the fleete at present, and minds the City, and is now hastening to Gresham College, to discourse with the Aldermen. Sir W. Batten and I home (where met my brother John, come to town to see how things are with us), and then presently he with me to Gresham College ; where infinity of people, partly through novelty to see the new place, and partly to find out and hear what is become one man of another. I met with many people undone, and more that have extraordinary great losses. People speaking their thoughts variously about the beginning of the fire, and the rebuilding of the City. 660

Then to Sir W. Batten's, and took my brother with me, and there dined with a great company of neighbours, and much good discourse ; among others, of the low spirits of some rich men in the City, in sparing any encouragement to the poor people that wrought for the saving their houses. Among others, Alderman Starling, a very rich man, without children, the fire at next door to him in our lane, after our men had saved his house, did give 2s. 6*d.* among thirty of them, and did quarrel with some that would remove the rubbish out of the way of the fire, saying that they come to steal. Sir W. 670 685

Coventry told me of another this morning in Holborne, which he showed the King: that when it was offered to stop the fire near his house for such a reward that come but to 2*s.* 6*d.* a man, among the neighbours, he would give but 18*d.* Thence to Bednall Green by coach, my brother with me, and saw all well there, and fetched away my journall-book, to enter for five days past. I was much frightened and kept awake in my bed, by some noise I heard a great while below stairs; and the boys not coming up to me when I knocked. It was by their discovery of some people stealing of some neighbours' wine that lay in vessels in the streets. So to sleep; and all well all night.

VII.

DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

*An Account of the Ensuing Poem, in a Letter to the
Hon. Sir Robert Howard.*

SIR,—I am so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me; and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire: I have taken

upon me to describe the motives, the beginning, progress, and successes of a most just and necessary war: in it the care, management, and prudence of our King; the conduct and valour of a royal Admiral and of two incomparable Generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen, and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have in the Fire the most deplorable, but withal the greatest argument that can be imagined; the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story.

The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my King and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it: and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our Monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem *historical*, not *epic*, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas, which are little more in number than a single *Iliad*, or the longest of the *Æneids*. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those who rank *Lucan* rather among historians in *verse*. than epic poets; in whose room, if I am not de-

ceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted.

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I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity both for the sound and number than any other verse in use amongst us ; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme, and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy (though not so proper for this occasion), for there the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet ; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind must needs acknowledge that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes ; all which our fathers practised. And for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations ; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately, as those who have read the *Alaric*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrines or verses of six feet, such as, amongst us, is the old translation of *Homer* by Chapman ; all which

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by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger.

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I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the Preface to Gondibert; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea; and if there be any such in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his Pharsalia, yet I could not prevail myself of it in the English; the terms of arts in every tongue bearing more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly as those who in a logical dispute keep in general terms would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in any poetical description would veil their ignorance.

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“*Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, poeta salutor?*”

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, it is only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them, the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure; I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that as they are incomparably the best subject I have ever had, excepting only the royal family, so also that

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this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments ; but this has been bountiful to me : 120 they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them and made them fruitful ; but here—*Omnia sponte suâ reddit justissima tellus*. I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field ; so fertile, that, without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, 125 and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit ; it will not endure the test of danger ; the greatness of arms is only real. Other greatness burdens a nation with its weight ; this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, 130 so is it the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him : for the good or the valiant are never safely 135 praised under a bad or degenerate prince.

But to return from this digression to a further account of my poem : I must crave leave to tell you, that, as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The 140 composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit ; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction), is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer ; which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, till it 145 springs the quarry it hunted after : or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from 150 wit in the general notion of it to the proper wit of an heroic or historical poem ; I judge it chiefly to consist in

the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme), nor the jingle of a more poor Paranomasia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object as perfectly and more delightfully than nature.

So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention, or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, driving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of clothing and adorning that thought so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words. The quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one; his words, therefore, are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine anything that shows remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself,

and thereby gains more liberty than the other to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Byblis, the Althæa of Ovid. For as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge that, if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when action or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil! We see the objects he represents us within their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them as our eyes could never have beheld them, so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

"Totamque infusa per artus
Mens agitat molem et magno se corpore miscet."

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

"Lumenque juventæ
Purpureum et lætos oculis afflârat honores:
Quale manus addunt ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro."

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas; and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves nor have any natural ornament to bear them up: but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent,

well applied to him which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus*: the very sound of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word by applying it to some other signification; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos:

“Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum.”

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art which you both know so well, and put into practice with so much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him everywhere, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, Sir, I have done with that boldness for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin: which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper nor altogether unelegant in verse; and in this Horace will again defend me.

“Et nova, fictaque nuper habebunt verba fidem si
Græco fonte cadent, parcè detorta.”

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it

was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that 260
 privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist; in others I have neglected it, to 265
 avoid as well tediousness as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poesy; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the 270
 burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter: for the one shows nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shows her deformed, as in that of a lazar, or of a fool with distorted face and antic gestures, at which we 275
 cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the epic poesy, and for the historic and panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of 280
 Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmilianis*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia mollis æra*: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shown in them. 285

You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses which I wrote last year to her Highness the Duchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They have said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only 290
 height of fancy, but dignity of words to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his*

locus; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and, accordingly I affected the softness of expression and the smoothness of measure, rather than the height of thought; and in what I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded. I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candour, or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them.

And now, Sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those of whom the younger Pliny speaks: *Nec sunt parum multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*: I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candour in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and, therefore, I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots. If not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter and, when her father denied the portion, christened all the children by his surname, that, if in conclusion they must beg, they should do so by one name as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that, if there be anything tolerable in this

poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things who is,—Sir, the most obedient and most faithful of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN: .

FROM CHARLTON, IN WILTSHIRE,
Nov. 10, 1666.

* * * * *

BUT ah! how unsincere are all our joys,
Which sent from heaven, like lightning, make no stay!
Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
Or grief sent post o'ertakes them on the way.

Swelled with our late successes on the foe, 5
Which France and Holland wanted power to cross,
We urge an unseen fate to lay us low
And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

Each element His dread command obeys
Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown; 10
Who, as by one He did our nation raise,
So now He with another pulls us down.

Yet, London, empress of the northern clime,
By an high fate thou greatly didst expire;
Great as the world's, which at the death of time 15
Must fall and rise a nobler frame by fire.

As when some dire usurper heaven provides
To scourge his country with a lawless sway;
His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
And sets his cradle out of Fortune's way. 20

Till, fully ripe, his swelling fate breaks out,
And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on;
His Prince, surprised, at first no ill could doubt,
And wants the power to meet it when 'tis known.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire, 25
 Which, in mean buildings first obscurely bred,
 From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
 And straight to palaces and temples spread.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid ; 30
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
 No sound the rest of Nature did invade.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose ;
 And first few scattering sparks about were blown, 35
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along,
 And smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;
 Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
 Walked boldly upright with exalted head. 40

Now, like some rich or mighty murderer,
 Too great for prison which he breaks with gold,
 Who fresher for new mischiefs does appear
 And dares the world to tax him with the old :

So 'scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail, 45
 And makes small outlets into open air ;
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail,
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

The winds, like crafty courtesans, withheld
 His flames from burning but to blow them **more** : 50
 And, every fresh attempt, he is repelled
 With faint denials, weaker than before.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
 He leaps up at it with enraged desire,
 O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey, 55
 And nods at every house his threatening fire.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
 With bold fanatic spectres to rejoice ;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice. 60

Our guardian angel saw them where they sate
 Above the palace of our slumbering King ;
 He sighed, abandoning his charge to Fate,
 And drooping oft looked back upon the wing.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful blaze 65
 Called up some waking lover to the sight ;
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise,
 Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

The next to danger, hot pursued by fate,
 Half-clothed, half-naked, hastily retire ; 70
 And frightened mothers strike their breasts too late,
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near ;
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street ;
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear, 75
 And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

So weary bees in little cells repose ;
 But if night-robbers lift the well-stored hive,
 An humming through their waxen city grows,
 And out upon each other's wings they drive. 80

Now streets grow thronged and busy as by day ;
 Some run for buckets to the hallowed quire ;
 Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play,
 And some more bold mount ladders to the fire.

In vain ; for from the East a Belgian wind, 85
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters sent ;
 The flames impelled soon left their foes behind,
 And forward with a wanton fury went.

- A key of fire ran all along the shore,
 And lightened all the river with a blaze ; 90
 The wakened tides began again to roar,
 And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.
- Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head,
 But feared the fate of Simois would return ;
 Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed, 95
 And shrunk his waters back into his urn.
- The fire, mean time, walks in a broader gross ;
 To either hand his wings he opens wide :
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches 'cross,
 And plays his longing flames on th' other side. 100
- At first they warm, then scorch, and then they take ;
 Now with long necks from side to side they feed ;
 At length, grown strong, their mother-fire forsake,
 And a new colony of flames succeed.
- To every nobler portion of the town 110
 The curling billows roll their restless tide ;
 In parties now they straggle up and down,
 As armies, unopposed, for prey divide.
- One mighty squadron, with a side-wind sped,
 Through narrow lanes his cumbered fire does haste,
 By powerful charms of gold and silver led, 116
 The Lombard bankers and the Change to waste.
- Another backward to the Tower would go,
 And slowly eats his way against the wind ;
 But the main body of the marching foe 120
 Against th' imperial palace is designed.
- Now day appears ; and with the day the king,
 Whose early care had robbed him of his rest ;
 Far off the cracks of falling houses ring,
 And shrieks of subjects pierce his tender breast. 125

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of smoke

With gloomy pillars cover all the place ;
Whose little intervals of night are broke
By sparks that drive against his sacred face.

More than his guards his sorrows made him known, 130

And pious tears which down his cheeks did shower ;
The wretched in his grief forgot their own ;
So much the pity of a king has power.

He wept the flame of what he loved so well,

And what so well had merited his love : 135
For never prince in grace did more excel ;
Or royal city more in duty strove.

Nor with an idle care did he behold :

Subjects may grieve, but monarchs must redress ;
He cheers the fearful and commends the bold, 140
And makes despairers hope for good success.

Himself directs what first is to be done,

And orders all the succours which they bring ;
The helpful and the good about him run
And form an army worthy such a King. 145

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast

That, where it seizes, all relief is vain,
And therefore must unwillingly lay waste
That country, which would else the foe maintain.

The powder blows up all before the fire ; 150

The amazed flames stand gathered on a heap,
And from the precipice's brink retire,
Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,

But straight, like Turks forced on to win or die, 155
They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours fly.

Part stays for passage, till a gust of wind
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet ;
 Part, creeping under ground, their journey blind 160
 And, climbing from below, their fellows meet.

Thus to some desert plain or old wood side
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their round,
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground. 165

No help avails ; for, hydra-like, the fire
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his way :
 And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

The rich grow suppliant and the poor grow proud : 170
 Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more ;
 So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd,
 When others' ruin may increase their store.

As those who live by shores with joy behold
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh, 175
 And from the rocks leap down for shipwrecked gold,
 And seek the tempest which the others fly.

So these but wait the owner's last despair,
 And what's permitted to the flames invade ;
 Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear, 180
 And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan lade.

The days were all in this lost labour spent ;
 And when the weary King gave place to night :
 His beams he to his royal brother lent,
 And so shone still in his reflective light. 185

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the general doom ;
 Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
 And half unready with their bodies come.

Those who have homes, when home they do repair, 190
 To a last lodging call their wandering friends :
 Their short uneasy 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, 195
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
 As murdered 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 labyrinths they retire, 200
 With loathing eyes repeat what they would shun.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor ;
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows drown,
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their store. 205

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.

No thought can ease them but their Sovereign's care, 210
 Whose praise the afflicted as their comfort sing ;
 E'en those whom want might drive to just despair,
 Think life a blessing under such a King.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,
 Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a saint ; 215
 All the night long he studies their relief,
 How they may be supplied and he may want.

" O God," said he, " Thou patron of my days,
 Guide of my youth in exile and distress !
 Who me unfriended brought by wond'rous ways 220
 The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

- “ Be Thou my judge, with what unwearied care
 I since have laboured for my people’s good,
 To bind the bruises of a civil war,
 And stop the issues of their wasting blood. 225
- “ Thou who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
 And recompense, as friends, the good misled,
 If mercy be a precept of Thy will,
 Return that mercy on Thy servant’s head.
- “ Or if my heedless youth has stepped astray, 230
 Too soon forgetful of Thy gracious hand,
 On me alone Thy just displeasure lay,
 But take Thy judgments from this mourning land.
- “ We all have sinned, and Thou hast laid us low,
 As humble earth from whence at first we came ; 235
 Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.
- “ O let it be enough what Thou hast done,
 When spotted deaths ran armed through every street,
 With poisoned darts which not the good could shun, 240
 The speedy could out-fly or valiant meet.
- “ The living few, and frequent funerals then,
 Proclaimed Thy wrath on this forsaken place ;
 And now those few, who are returned again,
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings trace. 245
- “ O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
 Or bind Thy sentence unconditional,
 But in Thy sentence our remorse foresee,
 And in that foresight this Thy doom recall.
- “ Thy threatenings, Lord, as Thine Thou mayst revoke :
 But, if immutable and fixed they stand, 251
 Continue still Thyself to give the stroke,
 And let not foreign foes oppress Thy land.”

- Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
 Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword, 255
 And bade him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
 From where our naval magazines were stored.
- The blessèd minister his wings displayed,
 And like a shooting star he cleft the night ;
 He charged the flames, and those that disobeyed 260
 He lashed to duty with his sword of light.
- The fugitive flames, chastised, went forth to prey
 On pious structures, by our fathers reared ;
 By which to heaven they did affect the way,
 Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard. 265
- The wanting orphans saw with watery eyes
 Their founder's charity in dust laid low ;
 And sent to God their ever-answered cries,
 For He protects the poor who made them so.
- Nor could thy fabric, Paul's, defend thee long, 270
 Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's praise :
 Though made immortal by a poet's song ;
 And poets' songs the Theban walls could raise.
- The daring flames peeped in, and saw from far
 The awful beauties of the sacred quire ; 275
 But since it was profaned by civil war,
 Heaven thought it fit to have it purged by fire.
- Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came
 And, widely opening did on both sides prey ;
 This benefit we sadly owe the flame, 280
 If only ruin must enlarge our way.
- And now four days the Sun had seen our woes :
 Four nights the Moon beheld th' incessant fire ;
 It seemed as if the stars more sickly rose,
 And farther from the feverish North retire. 285

In th' empyrean heaven, the blessed abode,
 The thrones and the dominions prostrate lie,
 Not daring to behold their angry God ;
 And a hushed silence damps the tuneful sky.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye, 290
 And mercy softly touched His melting breast :
 He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie,
 And eager flames drive on to storm the rest.

An hollow crystal pyramid He takes,
 In firmamental waters dipped above ; 295
 Of it a broad extinguisher He makes,
 And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.

The vanquished fires withdraw from every place,
 Or full with feeding sink into a sleep :
 Each household Genius shows again his face, 300
 And from the earth the little Lares creep.

Our King this more than natural change beholds ;
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound :
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
 And thanks Him low on His redeemed ground. 305

As when sharp frosts had long constrained the earth,
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain ;
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
 And straight the green fields laugh with promised grain :

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew 310
 In every heart which fear had froze before :
 The standing streets with so much joy they view
 That with less grief the perished they deplore.

The father of the people opened wide
 His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed ; 315
 Thus God's anointed God's own place supplied,
 And filled the empty with his daily bread.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,
 And in their minds so deep did print the sense,
 That, if their ruins sadly they regard, 320
 'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him thence.

But so may he live long that town to sway,
 Which by his auspice they will nobler make,
 As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,
 And not their humble ruins now forsake. 325

They have not lost their loyalty by fire ;
 Nor is their courage or their wealth so low,
 That from his wars they poorly would retire,
 Or beg the pity of a vanquished foë.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old, 330
 By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
 Their royal city did in dust behold,
 Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

The utmost malice of their stars is past, 334
 And two dire comets, which have scourged the town,
 In their own plague and fire have breathed their last,
 Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
 And high-raised Jove, from his dark prison freed,
 Those weights took off that on his planet hung, 340
 Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Methinks already, from this chymic flame,
 I see a city of more precious mould :
 Rich as the town, which gives the Indies name.
 With silver paved and all divine with gold. 345

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
 And seems to have renewed her charter's date,
 Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

- More great than human now, and more August, 350
 New deified she from her fires does rise :
 Her widening streets on new foundations trust,
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.
- Before, she like some shepherdess did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side ; 355
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.
- Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come :
 The East with incense, and the West with gold, 360
 Will stand, like suppliants, to receive her doom.
- The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train ·
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again. 365
- The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
 And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
 Shall find her lustre stained, and traffic lost.
- The venturous merchant who designed more far, 370
 And touches on our hospitable shore,
 Charmed with the splendour of this northern star,
 Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.
- Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
 The wealth of France or Holland to invade ; 375
 The beauty of this town without a fleet
 From all the world shall vindicate her trade.
- And, while this famed emporium we prepare,
 The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
 That those who now disdain our trade to share, 380
 Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

Already we have conquered half the war,
 And the less dangerous part is left behind ;
 Our trouble now is but to make them dare,
 And not so great to vanquish as to find. 385

Thus to the Eastern wealth through storms we go,
 But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no more :
 A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
 And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

VIII.

DRYDEN.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY, 1687.

I.

FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 When nature underneath the heap
 Of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head, 5
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead.
 Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And Music's power obey. 10
 FROM harmony, from heavenly harmony
 This universal frame began :
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in Man. 15

II.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell?
 When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
 His listening brethren stood around,
 And, wondering, on their faces fell
 To worship that celestial sound. 20
 Less than a God they thought there could not
 dwell
 Within the hollow of that shell,
 That spoke so sweetly and so well.
 What passion cannot Music raise and quell?

III

The trumpet's loud clangor 25
 Excites us to arms,
 With shrill notes of anger,
 And mortal alarms.
 The double double double beat
 Of the thundering drum 30
 Cries, hark! the foes come;
 Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat.

IV.

The soft complaining flute
 In dying notes discovers
 The woes of hopeless lovers, 35
 Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

V.

Sharp violins proclaim
 Their jealous pangs and desperation,
 Fury, frantic indignation,
 Depth of pains, and height of passion, 40
 For the fair disdainful dame.

VI.

But oh ! what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise ?
 Notes inspiring holy love, 45
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.

VII.

Orpheus could lead the savage race ;
 And trees unrooted left their place,
 Sequacious of the lyre : 50
 But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher :
 When to her organ vocal breath was given,
 An angel heard, and straight appeared
 Mistaking earth for heaven.

GRAND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays 55
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blessed above ;
 So when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour, 60
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And Music shall untune the sky.

IX.

DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

I.

TWAS at the royal feast, for Persia won
 By Philip's warlike son :
 Aloft in awful state
 The godlike hero sate
 On his imperial throne : 5
 His valiant peers were placed around ;
 Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound ;
 (So should desert in arms be crowned.)
 The lovely Thais, by his side,
 Sate like a blooming Eastern bride 10
 In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
 Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair. 15

CHORUS.

Happy, happy, happy pair !
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave,
 None but the brave deserves the fair.

II.

Timotheus, placed on high 20
 Amid the tuneful quire,
 With flying fingers touched the lyre :
 The trembling notes ascend the sky,
 And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove, 25
 Who left his blissful seats above,
 (Such is the power of mighty love.)
 A dragon's fiery form belied the god :
 Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
 When he to fair Olympia pressed : 30
 And while he sought her snowy breast :
 Then, round her slender waist he curled,
 And stamped an image of himself, a sovereign of the
 world.
 The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
 A present deity they shout around : 35
 A present deity the vaulted roofs rebound :
 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 40
 And seems to shake the spheres.

CHORUS.

 With ravished ears
 The monarch hears,
 Assumes the god,
 Affects to nod, 45
 And seems to shake the spheres.

III.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
 Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
 The jolly god in triumph comes ;
 Sound the trumpets ; beat the drums ; 50
 Flushed with a purple grace
 He shows his honest face :

Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes.

Bacchus, ever fair and young,

Drinking joys did first ordain ; 55

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain. 60

CHORUS.

Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,

Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :

Rich the treasure,

Sweet the pleasure,

Sweet is pleasure after pain. 65

IV.

Soothed with the sound the king grew vain ;

Fought all his battles o'er again ;

And thrice he routed all his foes ; and thrice he

slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise ;

His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes ; 70

And, while he heaven and earth defied,

Changed his hand, and checked his pride.

He chose a mournful muse

Soft pity to infuse :

He sung Darius great and good, 75

By too severe a fate,

Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,

Fallen from his high estate,

And welt'ring in his blood ;

Deserted, at his utmost need, 80

By those his former bounty fed ;

On the bare earth exposed he lies,
 With not a friend to close his eyes.
 With downcast looks the joyless victor sate
 Revolving in his altered soul 85
 The various turns of chance below ;
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

CHORUS.

Revolving in his altered soul
 The various turns of chance below ; 90
 And, now and then, a sigh he stole ;
 And tears began to flow.

v.

The mighty master smiled, to see
 That love was in the next degree ;
 'Twas but a kindred-sound to move, 95
 For pity melts the mind to love.
 Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
 Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
 War, he sung, is toil and trouble ;
 Honour, but an empty bubble ; 100
 Never ending, still beginning,
 Fighting still, and still destroying :
 If the world be worth thy winning,
 Think, oh think it worth enjoying :
 Lovely Thais sits beside thee, 105
 Take the good the gods provide thee.
 The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
 So Love was crowned, but Music won the cause.
 The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
 Gazed on the fair 110
 Who caused his care,
 And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
 Sighed and looked, and sighed again :

At length, with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast. 115

CHORUS.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sighed and looked, sighed and looked,
Sighed and looked, and sighed again : 120
At length with love and wine at once oppressed,
The vanquished victor sunk upon her breast.

VI.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain.
Break his bands of sleep asunder, 125
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark, the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :
Has awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around. 130
“Revenge, revenge,” Timotheus cries,
“See the furies arise :
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes ! 135
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain : 140
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.

Behold how they toss their torches on high,
 How they point to the Persian abodes,
 And glittering temples of their hostile gods." 145
 The princes applaud with a furious joy ;
 And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy. 150

CHORUS.

And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy ;
 Thais led the way,
 To light him to his prey,
 And, like another Helen, fired another Troy.

VII.

Thus long ago, 155
 Ere heaving bellows learned to blow,
 While organs yet were mute ;
 Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
 And sounding lyre
 Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire. 160
 At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;
 The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
 And added length to solemn sounds, 165
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down. 170

GRAND CHORUS.

At last divine Cecilia came,
 Inventress of the vocal frame ;

The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
 Enlarged the former narrow bour
 And added length to solemn sounds, 175
 With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
 Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
 Or both divide the crown ;
 He raised a mortal to the skies ;
 She drew an angel down. 180

X.

DRYDEN.

(i.) ACHITOPHEL.

OF these the false Achitophel was first ;
 A name to all succeeding ages cursed :
 For close designs, and crooked counsel fit ;
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit ;
 Restless, unfixed in principles and place ; 5
 In power unpleased, impatient of disgrace :
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-informed the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity ; 10
 Pleased with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ; 15
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won, 20
 To that unfeathered two-legged thing, a son ;

Got, while his soul did huddled notions try ;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate ;
 Resolved to ruin or to rule the state, 25
 To compass this the triple bond he broke ;
 The pillars of the public safety shook ;
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :
 Then seized with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurped a patriot's all-atoning name. 30
 So easy still it proves, in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will,
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known, 35
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserved no enemy can grudge ;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abbethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean, 40
 Unbribed, unsought, the wretched to redress ;
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown ;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed 45
 From cockle, that oppressed the noble seed ;
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.

(ii.) ZIMRI.

Some of their chiefs were princes of the land ;
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;
 A man so various, that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome:
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ; 5
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;

But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking. 10
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes :
 So over violent, or over civil, 15
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert.
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late ;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate. 20
 He laughed himself from court ; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft, 25
 He left no faction, but of that was left.

XI.

DRYDEN.

THE LADY S SONG.

I.

A CHOIR of bright beauties in spring did appear,
 To choose a May-lady to govern the year ;
 All the nymphs were in white, and the shepherds in green ;
 The garland was given, and Phillis was queen :
 But Phillis refused it, and sighing did say, 5
 I'll not wear a garland while Pan is away.

II.

While Pan and fair Syrinx are fled from our shore,
 The Graces are banished, and Love is no more :

The soft god of pleasure, that warmed our desires,
 Has broken his bow, and extinguished his fires : 10
 And vows that himself, and his mother, will mourn,
 Till Pan and fair Syrinx in triumph return.

III.

Forbear your addresses, and court us no more,
 For we will perform what the Deity swore :
 But if you dare think of deserving our charms, 15
 Away with your sheephooks, and take to your arms :
 Then laurels and myrtles your brows shall adorn,
 When Pan, and his son, and fair Syrinx return.

XII.

JOHN OLDHAM.

A TRANQUIL SOUL.

THY soul within such silent pomp did keep,
 As if humanity were lulled asleep ;
 So gentle was thy pilgrimage beneath,
 Time's unheard feet scarce make less noise,
 Or the soft journey which a planet goes : 5
 Life seemed all calm as its last breath.
 A still tranquillity so husht thy breast,
 As if some Halcyon were its guest,
 And there had built her nest ;
 It hardly now enjoys a greater rest. 10
 As that smooth sea which wears the name of Peace,
 Still with one even face appears,
 And feels no tides to change it from its place,
 No waves to alter the fair form it bears ;
 So thy unvary'd mind was always one, 15
 And with such clear serenity still shone,
 As caused thy little world to seem all temperate zone.

XIII.

SAMUEL BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

CANTO I.—ARGUMENT.

Sir Hudibras his passing worth,	His horse's virtues, and his own.
The manner how he sally'd forth ;	Th' adventure of the bear and fiddle
His arms and equipage are shown,	Is sung, but breaks off in the middle.

WHEN civil dudgeon first grew high,
 And men fell out they knew not why ;
 When hard words, jealousies, and fears
 Set folks together by the ears,
 When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded . 5
 With long-ear'd rout, to battle sounded ;
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick :
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a colonelling. 10
 A wight he was whose very sight would
 Entitle him, Mirror of Knighthood ;
 That never bow'd his stubborn knee
 To any thing but chivalry ;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid 15
 Right Worshipful on shoulder-blade :
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant :
 Great on the bench, great in the saddle,
 That could as well bind o'er as swaddle : 20
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styl'd of war as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt 25
 Whether he were more wise or stout.

Some hold the one, and some the other ;
 But, howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The diff'rence was so small, his brain
 Outweigh'd his rage but half a grain ; 30
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, call'd a Fool.
 For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass, 35
 Much more she would Sir HUDIBRAS,
 (For that's the name our valiant Knight
 To all his challenges did write) :
 But they're mistaken very much,
 'Tis plain enough he was not such. 40
 We grant, altho' he had much wit,
 H' was very shy of using it ;
 As being loth to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about,
 Unless on holidays, or so 45
 As men their best apparel do.
 Beside, 'tis known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 That to a blackbird 'tis to whistle : 50
 Being rich in both he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted :
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word.
 He was in logic a great critic, 55
 Profoundly skill'd in analytic :
 He could distinguish and divide,
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute : 60

He'd undertake to prove, by force
 Of argument, a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,
 A calf an alderman, a goose a justice, 65
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination.
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure, he would do. 70
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope,
 And when he happen'd to break off
 In th' middle of his speech, or cough,
 H' had hard words ready to shew why, 75
 And tell what rules he did it by ;
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talk'd like other folk :
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools. 80
 But, when he pleas'd to shew't, his speech
 In loftiness of sound was rich ;
 A Babylonish dialect,
 Which learned pedants much affect :
 It was a party-colour'd dress 85
 Of patch'd and piebald languages :
 'Twas English cut on Greek and Latin,
 Like fustian heretofore on sattin.
 It had an odd promiscuous tone,
 As if h' had talk'd three parts in one ; 90
 Which made some think, when he did gabble,
 Th' had heard three labourers of Babel,
 Or Cerberus himself pronounce
 A leash of languages at once.

This he as volubly would vent 95
 As if his stock would ne'er be spent ;
 And truly to support that charge,
 He had supplies as vast and large.
 For he could coin or counterfeit
 New words, with little or no wit ; 100
 Words so debas'd and hard, no stone
 Was hard enough to touch them on ;
 And, when with hasty noise he spoke 'em,
 The ignorant for current took 'em ;
 That had the orator, who once 105
 Did fill his mouth with pebble stones
 When he harangu'd, but known his phrase,
 He would have us'd no other ways.
 In mathematics he was greater
 Than Tycho Brahe or Erra Pater : 110
 For he, by geometric scale,
 Could take the size of pots of ale ;
 Resolve by sines and tangents, straight,
 If bread or butter wanted weight ;
 And wisely tell what hour o' th' day 115
 The clock does strike by algebra.
 Beside he was a shrewd philosopher,
 And had read ev'ry text and gloss over.
 Whate'er the crabbed'st author hath,
 He understood b' implicit faith : 120
 Whatever sceptic cou'd enquire for,
 For every why he had a wherefore ;
 Knew more than forty of them do
 As far as words and terms could go.
 All which he understood by rote, 125
 And, as occasion serv'd, would quote ;
 For his religion, it was fit
 To match his learning and his wit :

'Twas Presbyterian true blue,
 For he was of that stubborn crew 130
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant ;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by 135
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire and sword, and desolation,
 A godly thorough reformation, 140
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done ;
 As if religion were intended
 Nor nothing else but to be mended.
 A sect whose chief devotion lies 145
 In odd perverse antipathies ;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss :
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distract, or monkey sick. 150
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way :
 Compound for sins they are inclin'd to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.
 Still so perverse and opposite, 155
 As if they worship'd God for spite.
 The self-same thing they will abhor
 One way, and long another for.
 Free-will they one way disavow,
 Another nothing else allow : 160
 All piety consists therein
 In them, in other men all sin.

Rather than fail, they will defy
 That which they love most tenderly ;
 Quarrel with minc'd pies, and disparage 165
 Their best and dearest friend plumb-porridge ;
 Fat pig and goose itself oppose,
 And blaspheme custard thro' the nose.
 Th' apostles of this fierce religion,
 Like Mahomet's, were ass and widgeon. 170
 To whom our Knight, by fast instinct
 Of wit and temper, was so link'd,
 As if hypocrisy and nonsense
 Had got th' adowson of his conscience.

XIV.

BALLAD.

BARBARA ALLAN.

IT was in and about the Martinmas time,
 When the green leaves were afalling,
 That Sir John Graeme, in the West Country,
 Fell in love with Barbara Allan.

He sent his men down through the town, 5
 To the place where she was dwelling ;
 " O haste and come to my master dear,
 Gin ye be Barbara Allan."

O hooly, hooly rose she up,
 To the place where he was lying, 10
 And when she drew the curtain by,
 " Young man, I think you're dying."

" O it's I am sick, and very, very sick,
 And 't is a' for Barbara Allan."

" O the better for me ye's never be, 15
 Tho' your heart's blood were a-spilling."

“O dinna ye mind, young man,” said she,
 “When ye was in the tavern adrinking,
 That ye made the healths gae round and round,
 And slighted Barbara Allan ?” 20

He turn'd his face unto the wall,
 And death was with him dealing ;
 “Adieu, adieu, my dear friends all,
 And be kind to Barbara Allan.”

And slowly, slowly raise she up, 25
 And slowly, slowly left him,
 And sighing, said, she could not stay,
 Since death of life had reft him.

She had not gane a mile but twa,
 When she heard a death-bell ringing, 30
 And every jow that the death-bell geid,
 It cry'd, “Woe to Barbara Allan !”

“O mother, mother, make my bed,
 O make it saft and narrow !
 Since my love died for me to-day, 35
 I'll die for him to-morrow.”

XV.

EARL OF ROCHESTER.

LOVE AND LIFE.

ALL my past life is mine no more ;
 The flying hours are gone,
 Like transitory dreams given o'er,
 Whose images are kept in store
 By memory alone. 5

The time that is to come is not ;
 How can it then be mine ?
 The present moment's all my lot ;
 And that, as fast as it is got,
 Phillis, is only thine. 10

Then talk not of inconstancy,
 False hearts and broken vows ;
 If I by miracle can be
 This live-long minute true to thee,
 'Tis all that Heaven allows. 15

XVI.

EARL OF DORSET.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

In the First Dutch War, 1665, the Night before the Engagement.

To all you ladies now at land,
 We men, at sea, indite ;
 But first would have you understand
 How hard it is to write ;
 The Muses now, and Neptune too, 5
 We must implore to write to you.
 With a fa, la, la, la, la.

For though the Muses should prove kind
 And fill our empty brain ;
 Yet if rough Neptune rouse the wind 10
 To wave the azure main,
 Our paper, pen, and ink, and we,
 Roll up and down our ships at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

- Then if we write not by each post, 15
 Think not we are unkind ;
 Nor yet conclude your ships are lost
 By Dutchmen, or by wind ;
 Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
 The tide shall bring them twice a-day. 20
 With a fa, &c.
- The king with wonder and surprise,
 Will swear the seas grow bold ;
 Because the tides will higher rise
 Than e'er they used of old : 25
 But let him know, it is our tears
 Bring floods of grief to Whitehall stairs.
 With a fa, &c.
- Should foggy Opdam chance to know
 Our sad and dismal story ; 30
 The Dutch would scorn so weak a foe,
 And quit their fort at Goree :
 For what resistance can they find
 From men who've left their hearts behind !
 With a fa, &c. 35
- Let wind and weather do its worst,
 Be you to us but kind :
 Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards curse,
 No sorrow we shall find :
 'Tis then no matter how things go, 40
 Or who's our friend, or who's our foe.
 With a fa, &c.
- To pass our tedious hours away ;
 We throw a merry main ;
 Or else at serious ombre play ; 45
 But, why should we in vain

Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
 We were undone when we left you.
 With a fa, &c.

But now our fears tempestuous grow, 50
 And cast our hopes away ;
 Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
 Sit careless at a play :
 Perhaps permit some happier man
 To kiss your hand, or flirt your fan. 55
 With a fa, &c.

When any mournful tune you hear,
 That dies in every note ;
 As if it sigh'd with each man's care
 For being so remote ; 60
 Think how often love we've made
 To you, when all those tunes were play'd.
 With a fa, &c.

In justice you cannot refuse
 To think of our distress ; 65
 When we for hopes of honour lose
 Our certain happiness ;
 All those designs are but to prove
 Ourselves more worthy of your love.
 With a fa, &c. 70

And now we've told you all your loves
 And likewise all our fears ;
 In hopes this declaration moves
 Some pity from your tears ;
 Let's hear of no inconstancy, 75
 We have too much of that at sea.
 With a fa, &c.

XVII.

W. CONGREVE.

MOURNING BRIDE.

(a) ACT I., SCENE 1.

MUSIC hath charms to soothe a savage breast,
 To soften rocks, or bend a knotted oak.
 I've read that things inanimate have moved,
 And as with living souls have been informed,
 By magic numbers and persuasive sound. 5
 What then am I? Am I more senseless grown
 Than trees or flint? O force of constant woe!
 'Tis not in harmony to calm my griefs.
 Anselmo sleeps, and is at peace; last night
 The silent tomb received the good old king; 10
 He and his sorrows now are safely lodged
 Within its cold but hospitable bosom.
 Why am I not at peace?

(b) ACT II., SCENE 1.

'Tis dreadful!
 How reverend is the face of this tall pile,
 Whose ancient pillars rear their marble heads,
 To bear aloft its arched and ponderous roof,
 By its own weight made steadfast and immoveable, 5
 Looking tranquillity! It strikes an awe
 And terror on my aching sight; the tombs
 And monumental caves of death look cold,
 And shoot a chillness to my trembling heart.
 Give me thy hand, and let me hear thy voice; 10
 Nay, quickly speak to me, and let me hear
 Thy voice—my own affrights me with its echoes.

XVIII.

W. CONGREVE.

AMORET.

FAIR Amoret is gone astray,
 Pursue and seek her, ev'ry lover ;
 I'll tell the signs by which you may
 The wand'ring shepherdess discover.

Coquette and coy at once her air, 5
 Both studied, tho' both seem neglected ;
 Careless she is with artful care,
 Affecting to seem unaffected.

With skill her eyes dart ev'ry glance,
 Yet change so soon you'd ne'er suspect them, 10
 For she'd persuade they wound by chance,
 Tho' certain aim and art direct them.

She likes herself, yet others hates
 For that which in herself she prizes ;
 And, while she laughs at them, forgets 15
 She is the thing that she despises.

XIX.

BISHOP BURNET.

HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.

THE Protestant wind came at last, which both locked the
 English ships up in the river, and carried the Dutch fleet
 out to sea. On the 1st of November, O.S., we sailed out
 with the evening tide, and having the sea clear and a fair
 navigation, shaped our course to the west. On the 3rd 5
 we passed between Dover and Calais, and before it grew
 night came in sight of the Isle of Wight. The next was

the anniversary of the day on which the Prince was born and married, and to land on that day he fancied would seem auspicious, and animate the soldiers ; but the day following, it was thought (being Gunpowder Treason day), would most sensibly affect the English. Torbay was thought the best place for the fleet to lie in, and it was proposed to land the army as near as possible ; but when it was perceived next morning that we had overrun it, and had nowhere to go now but to Plymouth, where we could promise ourselves no favourable reception, the Admiral began to give up all for lost, till the wind abating, and turning to the south, with a soft and gentle gale carried the whole fleet into Torbay in the space of four hours.

The foot immediately went on shore, the horse were next day landed, and the artillery and heavy baggage sent to Topsham, the seaport of Exeter, where the Prince intended to stay some time, both to refresh his men and to give the country an opportunity to declare its affections. When the Prince entered Exeter, the Bishop and Dean ran away, the clergy stood off, the magistrates were fearful, and it was a full week before any gentlemen of the country joined him, though they saw every day persons of condition coming in to him—among the first of whom was Lord Colchester, eldest son to the Earl of Rivers, Lord Wharton, Lord Abingdon, and Mr. Russell, Lord Russell's brother.

Seymour was then Recorder of Exeter. He joined the Prince, with several other gentlemen of quality and estate, and gave the good advice of having an association* signed by all who came in, as the only means to

* I drew it up, and it was engrossed on parchment, and signed by all those who came in to the Prince. It was an engagement to stick together in pursuing the ends of the Prince's Declaration, and, if any attempt should be made on his person, to revenge it on all by whom or for whom such attempt should be made.

prevent desertion, and to secure them entirely to the Prince's party.

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The heads of the university of Oxford sent Dr. Finch, son to the Earl of Winchelsea, then made Warden of All Souls College, to assure the Prince that they would declare for him, inviting him at the same time to come to Oxford, and to accept of their plate if he needed it. A sudden turn from those principles which they carried so high not many years before! But all this was but a small accession.

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The King came down to Salisbury, and sent his troops twenty miles farther; whereupon the Prince, leaving Devonshire and Exeter under Seymour's government, with a small garrison and the heavy artillery under Colonel Gibson, who was made Deputy Governor as to the military part, advanced with his army; and understanding that some officers of note (Lord Cornbury, Colonel Langston, and others) designed to come over and bring their men with them, but that they could not depend on their subalterns, he ordered a body of his men to advance, and favour their revolt. The parties were within two miles of one another, when the whisper ran about that they were betrayed, which put them in such confusion that many rode back, though one whole regiment, and about a hundred besides, came over in a body, which gave great encouragement to the Prince's party, and (as it was managed by the flatterers) was made an instance to the King of his army's fidelity to him, since those who attempted to lead their regiments away were forced to do it by stratagem, which, as soon as they perceived, they deserted their leaders and came back.

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But all this would not pacify the King's uneasy mind. His spirits sank, his blood was in such a fermentation that it gushed out of his nose several times a day, and with this hurry of thought and dejection of mind all

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things about him began to put on a gloomy aspect. The spies that he sent out took his money, but never returned 75 to bring him any information ; so that he knew nothing but what common report told him, which magnified the number of his enemies, and made him believe the Prince was coming upon him before he had moved from Exeter. The city of London, he heard, was unquiet ; the Earls of 80 Devonshire and Danby and Lord Lumley were drawing great bodies of men in Yorkshire ; the Lord Delamere had a regiment in Cheshire ; York and Newcastle had declared for the Prince ; and the bulk of the nation did so evidently discover their inclinations for him, that the 85 King saw he had nothing to trust to but his army ; and the army, he began to fear, was not to be relied on. In conclusion, when he heard that Lord Churchill and the Duke of Grafton (who was one of King Charles's sons by the Duchess of Cleveland), and the most gallant of all he 90 had, were gone to the Prince, and soon after that Prince George, the Duke of Ormond, and the Lord Drumlanrig, eldest son to the Duke of Queensbury, had forsaken him, he was quite confounded, and not knowing whom to depend on any longer, or what further designs might be 95 against him, he instantly went to London.

The Princess Anne, when she heard of the King's return, was so struck with the apprehension of his displeasure, and what possibly might be the consequence of it, that she persuaded Lady Churchill to prevail with the 100 Bishop of London to carry them both off. The Bishop, as it was agreed, received them about midnight at the back-stairs, and carried them to the Earl of Dorset's, where they were furnished with what they wanted, and so conducted them to Northampton, where that Earl soon provided a body of 105 horse to serve the Princess as her guard ; and not long after a small army was formed about her, which, according to their desire, was commanded by the Bishop of London.

At this time there was a foolish ballad* went about, treating the Papists, and chiefly the Irish, in a ridiculous manner, which made an impression on the army, and thence on the whole country, not to be imagined but by those who saw it ; and a bold man adventured to publish in the Prince's name another Declaration, setting forth the desperate designs of the Papists, and the great danger the nation was in by their means, and requiring all persons to turn them out of their employments, to secure all strong places, and to do their utmost in order to execute the laws, and bring all things again into their proper channel. The paper was penned with a good spirit, though none ever claimed the merit of it, and no doubt being made but that it was published by the Prince's direction, it set everything to work, and put the rabble and apprentices to pulling down mass-houses and doing many irregular actions.

When the King saw himself thus forsaken, not only by those whom he had trusted and favoured most, but even by his own children, the army in the last distraction, the country on every side revolting, and the City in an ungovernable fermentation, he called a general meeting of all the Privy Councillors and peers in town to ask their advice and what was fit to be done. The general advice was that he should send commissioners to the Prince to treat with him, which, though sore against the King's inclination, the dejection he was in and the desperate state of his affairs made him consent to. The persons appointed were the Marquis of Halifax, the Earl of Nottingham, and the Lord Godolphin ; and when they had waited on the Prince at Hungerford, desiring to know what it was that he demanded, after a day's consultation with those who were about him, he returned answer that

* The ballad has for its burden, said to be in Irish, "Lero, lero, lillibulero."

he desired a Parliament might be presently called, and no one continued in any employment who would not qualify himself according to law ; that the Tower of London might be put in the keeping of the City, and the fleet and all strong places in the hands of Protestants ; that the armies on both sides might not, while the Parliament was sitting, come within twenty miles of London ; that a proportion of the revenue might be set apart for the payment of the Prince's army, and himself allowed to come to London with the same number of guards that the King had.

These were the Prince's demands, which, when the King read, he owned were more moderate than he expected ; but before they came to his hands he had engaged himself in other resolutions. The priests and all violent Papists, who saw that a treaty with the Prince would not only ruin their whole design, but expose them as a mark and sacrifice to the malice of their enemies, persuaded the Queen that she would certainly be impeached, that witnesses would be set up against her and her son, and that nothing but violence could be expected. With these suggestions they wrought upon her fear so far, that she not only resolved to go into France herself, and take the child with her, but prevailed with the King likewise to follow her in a few days. The Queen went down to Portsmouth, and from thence in a man-of-war went over to France, taking along with her those who were concerned in her son's birth, who not long after were all so disposed of that it never could be yet learned what became of them ; and on the 10th of December, about three in the morning, the King went away in disguise with Sir Edward Hales, whose servant he pretended to be. They passed the river, throwing the Great Seal into it, which was afterwards found by a fisherman near Vauxhall, and in a miserable fisher-boat, which Hales had

provided to carry them over to France, when, not having gone far, some fishermen of Feversham, who were watching for priests and such other delinquents as they fancied were making their escape, came up to them, and, knowing 180 Sir Edward Hales, took both the King and him, and brought them to Feversham.

It was strange that a great King, who had a good army and a strong fleet, should choose rather to abandon all than either try his fate with that part of the army that 185 stood firm to him, or stay and see the issue of Parliament. This was variously imputed to his want of courage, his consciousness of guilt, or the advice of those about him ; but so it was that his deserting in this manner, and leaving them to be pillaged by an army that he had 190 ordered to be disbanded without pay, was thought the forfeiture of his right and the expiration of his reign ; and with this notion I now proceed to relate what passed in the Interregnum (though under the same title still) until the throne, which was then left vacant, came to be 195 filled.

When it was noised about town that the King was gone, the apprentices and rabble, supposing the priests had persuaded him to it, broke out again with fresh fury upon all suspected houses, and did much havoc in many 200 places. They met with Jeffreys as he was making his escape in disguise, and he, being known by some of them, was insulted with all the scorn and rudeness that malice could invent, and after some hours' tossing about, was carried to the Lord Mayor to be committed to the Tower, 205 which Lord Lucas had now seized, and in it declared for the Prince.

The Lord Mayor was so struck with the terror of the rude populace, and with the disgrace of a man who had made all people tremble before him, that he fell into fits, 210 of which he died soon after ; but to prevent all future

disorders in the City, he called a meeting of the Privy Councillors and Peers at Guildhall, who all agreed to send an invitation to the Prince, desiring him to come and take the government of the nation into his hands until a Parliament should meet and reduce all things to a proper settlement. 215

The Prince was at Abingdon when the news of the King's desertion and the City's disorder met him, and upon this it was proposed that he should make all imaginable haste to London ; but some were against it, because, though there had been but two small actions, one at Winkinton, in Dorsetshire, and the other at Reading, during the whole campaign, in neither of which the King's forces gave them much reason to dread them, yet there were so many of the disbanded soldiers scattered along the road, all the way to London, that it was thought unsafe for the Prince to advance faster than his troops could march before him, which delay was attended with very bad consequences. 225 230

When the people of Feversham understood that it was the King they had in their custody, they changed their rough usage into all the respect they could possibly pay him. The country came in, and were moved with this astonishing instance of all worldly greatness, that he who had ruled three kingdoms, and might have been arbiter of all Europe, was now found in such mean hands, and in so low an equipage ; and when the news was brought to London, all the indignation that was formerly conceived against him was turned into pity and compassion. The Privy Council upon this occasion met, and agreed to have the King sent for. The Earl of Feversham went with the coaches and guards to bring him back. In his passage through the City he was welcomed by great numbers with loud acclamations of joy, and at his coming to Whitehall had a numerous Court ; but when he came to 235 240 245

reflect on the state of his affairs, he found them in so ruinous a condition, that there was no possibility of making any stand ; and therefore he sent the Earl of Feversham (but without demanding a pass) to Windsor, to 250 desire the Prince to come to St James's and consult with him the best means of settling the nation.

The Prince had some reason to take this procedure of the Council amiss, after they had invited him to take the government into his own hands ; and because the Earl of 255 Feversham had commanded the army against him, and was now come without a passport, it was thought advisable to put him in arrest. The tender point was how to dispose of the King's person ; and when some proposed rougher methods, such as keeping him in prison or send- 260 ing him to Breda, at least until the nation was settled, the Prince would not consent to it ; for he was for no violence or compulsion upon him, though he held it necessary for their mutual quiet and safety that he should remove from London. 265

When this was resolved on, the Lords Halifax, Shrewsbury, and Delamere were appointed to go and order the English guards to be drawn off, and sent into country quarters, while Count Solms with the Dutch was to come and take all the posts about Court. The thing was 270 executed without resistance, but not without murmuring, and it was near midnight before all was settled, when the lords sent notice to the King that they had a message to deliver to him. They told him "the necessity of affairs required that the Prince should come presently to London, 275 and they thought it would conduce both to the safety of the King's person and the quiet of the City to have him retire to some house out of town, and they named Ham ; adding that he should be attended with a guard, but only to secure his person, and not give him any disturb- 280 ance." When the lords had delivered their message they

withdrew , but the King sent immediately after them to know if the Prince would permit him to go to Rochester It was soon seen that the intent of this was to forward his escape, and therefore the Prince willingly consented 285 to it ; and as the King next day went out of town, the Prince came through the park privately to St. James's, which disgusted many who had stood some time in the wet to see him. The next day all the bishops in town (except the Archbishop, who had once agreed to do it), 290 the clergy of London, and the several companies of the City came to welcome him, and express a great deal of joy for the deliverance wrought by his means. As the Prince took notice of Serjeant Maynard's great age, and how he had outlived all the men of the law, he answered 295 he had like to have outlived the law itself, had not his Highness come over to their relief.

When compliments were over, the first thing that came under consultation was how to settle the nation. The lawyers were of opinion that the Prince might declare himself King, as Henry VII. had done, and then call a Parliament, which would be a legal assembly ; but their notion in this was so contrary to the Prince's Declaration, and so liable to give offence, that it could not be admitted. Upon this the Prince called together all the peers and 305 members of the three late Parliaments that were in town, together with some of the citizens of London, desiring their advice in the present conjuncture. They agreed in an address to him that he would write missive letters round the nation, in such manner as the writs were issued 310 out, for sending up representatives, and that in the meantime he would be pleased to take the administration of the government into his hands.

While these things were carrying on in London, the King at Rochester was left in full liberty, and had all the 315 respect paid to him, that he could wish. Most of the Dutch

guards that attended him happened to be Papists ; and when he went to mass they went with him, and joined very reverently in the devotion ; whereupon, being asked how they could serve in an expedition that was intended 320 to destroy their own religion, one of them answered briskly that his soul was God's, but his sword was the Prince of Orange's. The King continued there a week, and many who were zealous for his interest went to him, and desired him to stay and see the result. But while he 325 was distracted between his own inclinations and his friends' importunities, a letter came from the Queen reminding him of his promise, and upbraiding him for not performing it, which determined his purpose ; and on the last day of this memorable year he went from Rochester 330 very secretly, and got safely into France, leaving a paper on his table, wherein he reproached the nation for forsaking him, and promised that, though he was going to seek for foreign aid to restore him to his throne, yet he would make no use of it either to overthrow the established 335 religion or the laws of the land.

Thus was the Revolution brought about in England, with the general applause of the nation : only some few steps in the latter part of it were not so well approved. The waking the King out of his sleep in his own palace, 340 and ordering him to be gone, when he was ready to submit to anything ; the placing a strange guard about him, dismounting his own, and posting the Dutch where the English used to stand, looking like a compulsion upon his person, gave some disgust, and furnished an excuse 345 for his going away.

NOTES

I.—BUNYAN.

PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.

HERE is a brief sketch of the story up to this point: Bunyan has a vision in his prison, in which he sees a man called Christian reading in a Book with a burden upon his back and mightily distressed by the knowledge that this is the burden of his sins. To get rid of his burden, Evangelist tells him to set forth on a journey, leaving his wife and children. Pliable accompanies him a little way, but leaves him at the Slough of Despond, into which they fall. Christian struggles on, still guided by Evangelist, and though Mr. Worldly Wiseman tries to dissuade him, he gains at length the house of the Interpreter, who, with his daughters, counsels and warns him. At the foot of the Cross Christian's burden falls from him, and now he steps out more gaily past the Three Sleepers—Sloth and his brethren—past Formalist and Hypocrisy, with their tempting short cut, until he reaches the Hill Difficulty and the Lions in the Way. But Piety, Prudence, and Charity counsel him and accompany him down the slopes of the Hill Difficulty into the Valley of Humiliation. He meets Apollyon the destroyer, and overcomes him after a fierce combat. Soon he overtakes another pilgrim called Faithful, who relates all his trials and adventures. Then they fall in with Talkative.

After this dialogue, which is one of the most dramatic pieces in the book, Faithful attacks Talkative with a serious question, unmasks his folly, and sends him packing. So they come to Vanity Fair, where they are pelted, imprisoned in a cage, and brought to trial. After the false witnesses have spoken against them, they are condemned, and Faithful, faithful to death, is killed, and carried up to Heaven in a chariot. Presently Christian escaped from his prison and continued his journey, joined by Hopeful.

No notes appear to be necessary for a style of such admirable simplicity.

II.—EDMUND WALLER.

OLD AGE.

Edmund Waller (1605-1687) must have the credit of establishing the heroic couplet. He inherited a large estate, was educated at Eton and Cambridge, and then entered Parliament. Like Dryden, he was in politics

a trimmer. At first he opposed Charles I., then fought for him in the Civil War; during the Protectorate he wrote a *Panegyric to My Lord Protector*, being, indeed, a kinsman of Cromwell. Upon the Restoration he greeted Charles II. with a poem *Upon His Majesty's Happy Return*. He was finally rewarded with the Provostship of Eton. Dryden regarded him as his literary godfather. His fame to-day rests, and rests securely, upon the marvellously beautiful simile in lines 7 and 8 here. No English poet but Shelley has written anything so fine. It should be observed that, although this little piece is divided into quatrains, it is composed of 'heroic couplets.' Owing, however, to this arrangement, and still more to the variation of the pauses, the effect is far more lyrical than anything one would have supposed the heroic couplet could produce.

III.—ABRAHAM COWLEY.

HYMN TO LIGHT.

Abraham Cowley (1618-1667) was educated, like Dryden, at Westminster and Trinity College, Cambridge. Being a Royalist, he was turned out of Cambridge by the Puritans, and, with an exquisite Latin elegy of thanks and farewell, departed to Oxford. He spent his patrimony and his youth in the Royalist cause, being occupied in translating the cipher letters between Charles II. and his mother. After the Restoration he was ungratefully neglected by the King, though he finally received a small estate near Chertsey. The graceful lyric here given is scarcely typical of his work, and belongs in style and spirit to the previous epoch. Cowley did more than any other man to make the heroic style popular, and was regarded by an ordinary man of the day—Pepys, for example—as the greatest living poet. His longest work is the *Davideis*, an epic on King David, which is tedious and prosy to modern taste. He also wrote comedies in the style of Ben Jonson. His *Essays and Letters* are among the most charming part of his work. His *Life* by Dr. Johnson is much admired, but very meagre in facts and unfortunate in some of its judgments.

9. **the Word Divine**: 'Let there be light' (Gen. i. 3).
 13. **Scythian-like**. Because the Scythians were a nomadic tribe.
 28. **lawn**, fine linen.
 38. **empyrsaan**, fiery; a favourite word with Milton, only applied to the sky.

IV.—ANDREW MARVELL.

SATIRE ON HOLLAND.

Andrew Marvell was born at Hull in 1620, and was educated at Trinity College, Cambridge. He travelled abroad, and meeting Milton at Rome, formed a lasting friendship with him. A warm admirer of Cromwell, he sat in the Long Parliament as member for Hull, and succeeded Milton as Latin Secretary. He was a man of incorruptible integrity; he never changed sides as Dryden did, but continued fearlessly to attack, and

mercilessly to expose, the vices and follies of the Court. He was, indeed, the wittiest opponent of Dryden and his party. He died in 1678.

His poetical work bridges the gap between the epochs of Milton and Dryden. In his happier youth he wrote a series of quite exquisite lyrics chiefly in praise of garden life. In *The Milton Epoch* we included one, such, containing that priceless couplet—

‘ Annihilating all that’s made,
To a green thought in a green shade.

In that period he wrote also the *Lines to a Nymph complaining of the Death of her Fawn*—lines which are closely akin to the spirit of Wordsworth, and still find a place in most poetry-books for the young. Here, however, we are dealing with a new Marvell. He has seen all his Puritan ideals destroyed, his master Milton neglected. The gentle lyrist of the garden becomes a political satirist *à la mode*, adopting not only the chilly conventional heroic measure introduced by Denham and Waller, but the scurrilous ferocity of his contemporary satirists. The selection here given is more amusing and less offensive than most satires, being directed against the Dutch, with whom we were then at war.

5. **alluvion**, silting up. We use only the adjective ‘alluvial.’
12. **ambergreese**, ambergris, a precious perfume made from the whale.
14. **building swallows**. These two touches betray the close observer of Nature.
20. **bait**. As dogs bait a bear.
26. **mare liberum**, a free sea. This phrase would be understood as the converse of *Mare Clausum*, a term applied to the North Sea and Baltic at the time of the triple alliance between England, Holland, and Sweden.
28. **at level coil**. This is obscure; apparently an allusion to some game.
32. **Cabillau** or **cabillaud**, French for codfish.
34. **heerin**. A bad pun, *Heer* being the Dutch for gentleman.
39. Alluding to the Homeric fable of the battle between the Pygmies and the Cranes.
45. **leak**. Here an adjective = leaky.
49. **Dike-grave**, ditcher, with an allusion doubtless to the German title of ‘Landgrave.’
53. **Half-anders**. A laborious joke on ‘Hollanders’ (whole-anders).

V.—EVELYN’S DIARY.

For the life and character of the author, see the Introduction.

1. Cromwell died on the anniversary of his great victories of Worcester and Dunbar, September 3, 1658. It will be noticed that his funeral occurred more than a month later. The account is that of a prejudiced though honest opponent, and we may be certain that the royal emblems were contrary to what would have been Cromwell’s wishes.
3. **houss’d**. The ‘housing’ of a horse is a cloth which covers its body and hangs low at the sides.

4. **in effigie**—*i.e.*, there was an image of him ; he had been buried before this.
6. **guidons**, standards or pendants.
8. **achievements**, coats of arms ; afterwards shortened into 'hatchments.'
10. **cap-a-pie**, Old French for 'head to foot.'
23. **sectaries**, the members of sects—Independents, Quakers, Baptists, and the like.
25. **the Armie**. This was the last time of the army's interference with Parliament. Lambert and Fleetwood were its leaders. Meanwhile Monk was advancing from Scotland. Richard Cromwell had proved incapable of managing the situation.
30. **Apologie**. The full title was *An Apology for the Royal Party*.
31. **capital**, fatal.
34. **ANNUS MIRABILIS**. This name was generally applied to the year 1660 by Loyalists ; see Dryden's poem of that title.
54. **the Rump**, contemptuously applied to the remnant (about a hundred members) who remained to represent Parliament after 'Pryde's Purge.'
62. **gracious declaration**, called the Declaration of Breda. It promised a general pardon, religious toleration, and satisfaction to the army.
63. **Generall**—that is, Monk, afterwards Duke of Albemarle.
77. **Companies**, the City Guilds as they still exist.
92. **touch for the evil**, scrofula, a painful skin disease ; was called 'the King's evil,' and it was supposed that the touch of the King would cure it.
94. **chirurgeons**, old spelling of surgeon ; nearer to its Greek original *χειρουργός*, a worker with the hand.
98. **in his formalities**, his proper vestments, his canonicals.
102. **Angel gold**, coins so called from their bearing the figure of an angel.
116. **30 Jan.** The anniversary of the execution of King Charles I. The form of prayer for that day is still found in some of our Prayer-books.
134. **Dr. Wren**, better known as Sir Christopher Wren, the architect of the new St. Paul's. We see from this passage that the old St. Paul's was in need of repair before the Fire, and these persons with Evelyn were on a Commission to consider the question.
135. **the Deane of St. Paule's** was Dr. Sancroft, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury.
139. **charge**, cost.
145. **plumb'd**, measured them with a plumb-line, such as builders now use to determine the straightness of a vertical line. It is probable that Evelyn is right. An ancient Greek architect would have sloped the vertical lines inwards a little to counteract foreshortening. But Gothic architects did not understand this principle.
148. **with reservation to the 4 pillars**. The spire, 520 feet high, had been of wood, covered with lead ; it was several times rebuilt. In a great fire of 1561 it was destroyed for the last time. The square tower on which it rested had four pillars on each side.
153. **noble cupola**. Old St. Paul's was a Gothic church, with a square tower. It would seem that the addition of a cupola or dome to

- this would have been highly incongruous. Old St. Paul's had already been adorned with a Renaissance West Front by Inigo Jones. The dome, originally a feature of Eastern architecture, was new to England, though already used in Italy and France in what is called the Renaissance style.
162. **neere Fish Street.** The Great Fire began where the Monument now stands to commemorate it. It is said to have begun at the King's baker's. Undoubtedly the Fire was of service in stamping out the remains of the Plague of the previous year, and in enabling wider streets to be made.
179. **Gracious Street**, now called Gracechurch Street.
180. **Bainard's Castle**, founded by William the Conqueror, and rebuilt by Humphrey, Duke of Gloucester, in 1428. It was a large structure on the Thames near Blackfriars.
221. **non enim, etc.**, 'for we have here no continuing city' (Heb. xiii. 14), It is remarkable to find the Scriptures still quoted in Latin.
222. **Troy** was burnt by the Greeks, and Evelyn would be familiar with Vergil's account.
227. **Paules Chaine**, one of the entrances to the churchyard, then enclosed.
229. **granados**, grenades, a kind of bomb thrown by hand, then newly introduced from Spain; so called from their resemblance to pomegranates. The 'grenadiers' were established about this time.
245. **hands across.** We should say 'arms folded.'
256. **I had many wounded.** Evelyn held a commission to look after the prisoners taken from the French and Dutch in the naval war of this year.
262. **entrance of Smithfield.** Tradition says that the Fire began in Pudding Lane, and ended in Pye Corner. Pye Corner may still be seen in Giltspur Street within a hundred yards of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.
273. **the invective**, his *Fumifugium*, a treatise suggesting various means of abolishing the smoke nuisance in London by compelling all smoky trades to remove.
301. **Mr. Offley.** Dr. Offley was Rector of Abinger, near the Evelyns' seat at Wotton, in Surrey. **Groom porter** is an office at Court.
312. **graff**, military term for a moat or fosse; etymologically akin to 'grave.'
321. **beautiful portico.** This was the Renaissance West Front designed by Inigo Jones. Charles I. purposed to restore the whole building in the new Italian style. This work was done in 1635.
327. **calcined**, reduced to lime.
333. **St. Faith's** was an old structure under St. Paul's. **Magazines**, stores or parcels.
345. **enteries**, entries, porches.
347. **voragos**, literally 'whirlpools,' probably 'cesspools.'
358. **Sir Tho. Gresham.** Gresham was the founder of the old Royal Exchange. His name survives in Gresham Street.
361. **standard in Cornhill**, a pillar by which various distances were marked.
362. **Ludgate** was then a real gate, adorned with weapons.
370. **surbated**, burnt, blistered.

460. **Those who advised his Majesty**—*i.e.*, the Chancellor, Clarendon, the Lord Treasurer, Southampton, and the Duke of Albemarle, who advised the King to lay up the best ships and conduct a purely defensive campaign, because Parliament had provided scanty supplies.
475. **a regular pardon.** Bishop Burnet tells us that the Privy Council approved of his action, and ordered him to be paid £1,000, which he never received.
479. **cupp'd.** The cupping-glass drew blood by the pressure of a vacuum.
480. **jugular.** The jugular vein is in the throat under the ear.
486. **Jesuits powder,** better known as Peruvian bark.
512. **others whispered, etc.** This is the version of James II. in his *Life*. He declares that he asked the King whether he should send for a priest, to which the dying Charles replied, 'For God's sake, brother, do, and lose no time!' Accordingly Father Huddleston, here called Hurlston, was brought, and administered the last rites of the Roman Church. There is little doubt that Charles II. lived and died a Roman Catholic.
525. **Duchess of Cleveland,** mother of the Dukes of Grafton, Southampton, and Northumberland, and the Countess of Essex, all natural children of Charles.
526. **Portsmouth,** the Duchess of Portsmouth, originally the famous beauty, Mademoiselle de la Querouaille, who was sent to England by Louis XIV. to gain a hold over Charles. **Nelly,** Nell Gwynn, whose romantic career from an orange-girl outside Drury Lane to a popular actress and the King's favourite, is well known.
531. **debonnaire,** cheerful; from the Fr. *de bon air*, of a good appearance.
535. **empirical,** means founded on experience, as opposed to 'scientific,' founded on reason.
641. **Basset,** a gambling game of French importation.
650. **Bromely,** Bromley, in Kent, about twelve miles from London.
663. **obscurely buried,** as having died a Roman Catholic. The usual rites were impossible.

VI.—PEPYS'S DIARY.

We begin with this graphic account of the Restoration of King Charles II. Mr. Pepys had gone across to Holland with 'My Lord' Edward Montagu, afterwards Earl of Sandwich, his kinsman and patron.

5. **Mr. Crew** was 'My Lord's' father-in-law. He was afterwards created Baron Crew of Stene.
9. **the two Dukes,** the King's brothers, James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., and the Duke of Gloucester, who died of small-pox at an early age.
10. **Queen of Bohemia,** Elizabeth, daughter of James I., now widow of Frederic, Elector Palatine and titular King of Bohemia. **Princess Royall and Prince of Orange,** afterwards Queen Mary and King William III.
18. **the coach.** Presumably the royal coach had been brought on board

- to be used as a cabin. Readers of *Vanity Fair* will recall that so recently as 1815 coaches were used in this way.
29. **Worcester.** The Battle of Worcester was fought in 1651, when Charles II. was utterly defeated by Cromwell.
63. **Lord Bartlett.** A mistake for Lord Berkely, one of the representatives of the House of Lords.
72. **priest's hole.** Most old Catholic houses had a secret room for their priests.

These passages refer to the Great Plague of 1665. Most of the references to it in these diaries are very brief. The famous *Journal of the Plague*, by Daniel Defoe, which gives so vivid a description of it, is really a romance, since the author was only four years old at the time. Mr. Pepys is much to be commended for sticking to his work at a time when most people fled.

96. **Burntwood**, Brentwood, in Essex.
116. **the Blockhouse**, a fort on the river opposite Gravesend.
121. **in our parish**, St. Dunstan's in the East, near the Tower. Pepys had a house at the Navy Office in Scething Lane.
133. **to Woolwich.** Pepys had sent his wife and most of his servants thither to escape the infection.
150. **Syon**, Syon House upon the river west of London, now a seat of the Duke of Northumberland.
166. **Lord Duke** of Albemarle, formerly General Monk.
168. **the Lieutenant** of the Tower.
203. **Poor little Michell**, Pepys's favourite bookseller; she kept a stall in Westminster Hall.
204. **our Sarah**, one of his former maid-servants. London Bridge was then crowded with houses.
211. **Old Swan**, the name of a famous inn close by London Bridge, where a successor of the same name stands. Londoners know the Old Swan Pier.
216. **lighters**, as Thames barges are still called.
227. **Steele-yard**, the former home of the Guild of German Merchants, a fine building on the Thames near Blackfriars.
231. **poor steeple** of St. Laurence Poultney, a little north of Old Swan Pier.
247. **Arlington**, a Catholic favourite of the King, one of the members of the Cabal.
250. **Watling Street**, part of the famous old Roman Road, runs from St. Paul's, parallel with Cannon Street.
254. **Lord Mayor**, Sir Thomas Bludworth. Pepys's view of him two or three months earlier was 'A silly man, I think,' which the event proved to be true. **Canning Street**, now Cannon Street, and formerly Candlewyck Street.
269. **Dowgate**, still Dowgate Wharf, between Blackfriars and London Bridge.
305. **Queenhithe**, also between Blackfriars and London Bridge, named after Queen Eleanor, who formerly owned its rents.
306. **Sir Richard Browne** had been Lord Mayor in 1660.
317. **pair of virginalls**, a kind of spinet, the ancestor of the pianoforte, so

- called, probably, because it was generally a young woman's instrument. It was not properly 'a pair,' but one instrument.
329. **Bankside**, on the Surrey bank opposite to Blackfriars.
357. **tallies**, what we should now call pay-sheets. These were some kind of notched sticks.
358. **Sir W. Batten**, Pepys's next-door neighbour, also employed at the Navy Office.
365. **Bednall Greene**, now Bethnal Green, then a rural suburb.
372. **Sir W. Ryder** and **Sir W. Pen** were colleagues of Pepys at the Navy Office.
390. **Mercer** was lady's-maid to Mrs. Pepys.
392. **W. Hewer**, Pepys's clerk or secretary and close friend.
407. **the Iron Gate**, Irongate Stairs, Lower Thames Street.
413. **kennels**, gutters; the same word as 'channel' and 'canal,' and 'cannell' below.
446. **Trinity House**, the hall of the Elder Brethren of Trinity House, of whom Pepys was one; they still have charge of buoys, lightships, and other matters connected with navigation.
457. **Pye Corner**, see note. v. 262
467. **Barkeing Church**, All-hallows, Barking, near Mark Lane Station, at the end of Seething Lane.
469. **presently** = immediately.
500. **having eaten nothing**. He forgets the mutton from the cookshop.
517. **Anthony Joyce's house**, the Three Stags at Holborn Conduit.
519. **Mercer's Chapel**, in Cheapside.
553. **shift myself**, regular phrase for changing one's clothes.
556. **Westminster Hall** was formerly full of shops.
558. **Nonsuch**, Nonsuch House, a palace in Surrey, near Epsom. The Exchequer had been removed thither during the Plague.
580. **Clothworkers' Hall**, Minchin Lane.
587. **St. Fayth's**. St. Faith's was formerly a church at the east end of St. Paul's, but when it was pulled down to make a thoroughfare its parishioners were given accommodation in the crypt under the choir of St. Paul's, see v. 333.
587. **Paul's School**. Dean Colet's famous foundation was then and long afterwards close to the Cathedral at the east end.
593. **Sir W. Coventry**, another of Pepys's superiors at the Navy Office.
607. **Bullen**, Boulogne. **St. Ellen's**, St. Helen's at the eastern extremity of the Isle of Wight.
612. **the Generall**—that is, the Duke of Albemarle.
619. **Gresham College**. Sir Thomas Gresham, founder of what Pepys calls the New Exchange, founded also a college intended to rival the most munificent foundations of Oxford and Cambridge. After centuries of misuse this fund has again been applied to its proper uses.
640. **Sir G. Carteret**, another member of the Navy Office.
651. **the Downes**, a famous anchorage near the mouth of the Thames.
656. **the Cock-pit**, a theatre near Whitehall, but apparently also the residence of the Duke of Albemarle.

VII.—DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS.

The subtitle of this poem is 'The Year of Wonders, 1666'—the wonders being, first of all, the appearance of a comet; then the Dutch naval war (which was fought at the beginning with some success under the Duke of Albemarle, Prince Rupert, and the Earl of Sandwich, but ended with disgrace and disaster, owing to the lack of money); and then the Plague and the Fire of London. The poet contrives to turn all these incidents to the glory of the King and country.

The letter to Sir Robert Howard, which introduces it, has been given here in full, not only as a fine piece of the new style in prose, but as revealing Dryden's views of his art. Sir Robert Howard, an early friend and benefactor of the poet, was now linked to him by the marriage of his sister, Lady Elizabeth Howard, to Dryden. They quarrelled soon after this.

7. **a play.** Probably his *Maiden Queen*, produced early in 1667.
17. **a Royal Admiral,** James, Duke of York, who, in spite of his defects, showed zeal and knowledge in dealing with the navy. **two . . . Generals,** Albemarle and Prince Rupert. The officer in command of a fleet was still called a General.
19. **three victories.** The first by the Duke of York off Lowestoft; the second, which was indecisive, by Albemarle and Rupert off the North Foreland; the third, unnamed, resulted in a complete victory, and the English sailed in triumph along the coast of Holland. But the tables were decisively turned in 1667. The first two fights took place in 1665.
17. **Lucan's *Pharsalia*** is an epic account of the war between Cæsar and Pompey.
49. **Silius Italicus** wrote an epic, called *Punica*, about the wars of Rome with Hannibal.
51. **quatrains.** The finest examples of this difficult stanza in English are Tennyson's *In Memoriam* and Fitzgerald's *Omar Khayyâm*.
57. **slavery of any rhyme.** Milton also protests against this slavery. But it may be questioned whether ancient verse, with its strict rules of prosody, is really any more free or easy.
59. **spondees or dactyls.** For the benefit of the non-classical reader one may observe that a spondee is a foot of two long syllables like 'sideways,' and a dactyl of a long and two shorts, like 'eatable.' Upon the due arrangement of these feet most Latin verse depended.
75. **female rhymes.** This is the rhyme on the penultimate with a weak syllable following. Chaucer sounds his final *e*'s, and therefore has far more 'female' rhymes than we can have, final *e*'s having been dropped. Italian, accenting almost every word on the penultimate, never rhymes the last syllable, but either the penultimate or the ante-penultimate. In French verse, as Dryden says, the convention is to have a last syllable rhyme (male) alternating with a penultimate (female) rhyme, thus :

' *Quand j'ai connue la vérité,
J'ai cru que c'était une amie,
Quand je l'ai comprise et sentie
J'en étais déjà dégoûté* '—

- where the centre couplet forms a female rhyme.
80. **the Alaric**, by Mademoiselle de la Scudéry (1607-1701), a writer of ponderous and artificial plays, which provoked the satire of Boileau. **the Pucelle**: Jean Chapelain (1595-1674), Dryden's contemporary, wrote an epic poem, called *La Pucelle* or *La France déçuvrée*, upon Joan of Arc. It is little known nowadays.
83. **Chapman**. George Chapman (died 1634) wrote the translation of Homer which excited the enthusiasm of Keats in the well-known sonnet.
88. **Gondibert**, by Sir William Davenant, Dryden's predecessor in the Laureateship.
91. **prevail**. We should say 'avail' with the same construction. This idiom is borrowed from the French.
103. **descriptas, etc.** From Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 87: 'Why should I be entitled a poet if I fail, through want of skill or knowledge, to keep the proper style and colour in my subjects.'
122. **Omnia sponte, etc.**, 'The kindly soil yields all of its own accord'; a mixed quotation from several passages of Vergil, especially *Fuulit humo facilem victum iustissima tellus*.
123. **the greatness of arms is only real**. It need not be pointed out that this idea has been and is the most pernicious to human happiness.
141. **wit** means more than our sense of the word; it means 'intellectual agility.' Observe that, both in theory and practice, poetry is, for Dryden's school, an affair of the brains merely.
154. **epigram**. The couplet style leads to epigram making, still more in the hands of Pope than of Dryden. Here are a few examples from *Absalom and Achitophel*:
- (1) 'But life can never be securely blest:
Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.'
 - (2) 'Great wits are sure to madness close allied,
And thin partitions do their realms divide.'
 - (3) 'So easy still it proves in troublous times
With public zeal to cancel private crimes.'
 - (4) 'But far more numerous was the herd of such
Who think too little and who talk too much.'
 - (5) 'The tampering world is subject to this curse,
To physic their disease into a worse.'
155. **antithesis**. Dryden is fond of these also. The second lines of (3) and (4) above are good examples.
157. **paronomasia** is the rhetorician's name for a pun. Some examples from Dryden are: '*Bow-street beaux*'; 'When you should *draw* the sword, you *draw* the guinea';
- 'His *nuns* are good, which on the stage are shown,
And sure behind our scenes you'll look for *none*.'
172. **Ovid**. This would seem a curiously wrong description. Ovid's art is precisely like Dryden's, in that its chief ambition is to produce a

- smart couplet by means of antithesis and various rhetorical artifices. 'Wit' is the prevailing virtue of both. To say that Ovid ever 'pictures nature in disorder' is a remarkable criticism. Vergil paid more attention to the majestic sound of his noble hexameter line; Ovid loved the 'jerk and sting' of his smart pentameter.
183. **tropes**, rhetorical figures. See *Iudibras*, l. 72.
184. **in fine**. Has the same meaning and derivation as Fr. *en fin*.
196. **Dido**. It is true that Vergil makes scarcely any attempt at dramatic characterization, but this is a common failing with all the great Roman poets. Æneas himself has no 'character' apart from that of the conventional epic hero. We should not admit Ovid's superiority in this respect. The only character he really reveals is his own. From the nature of his story Vergil could not arouse much sympathy for Dido, otherwise the reader would lose all sympathy with Æneas, who had to desert her.
207. **Totamque, etc.** (*Æneid*, VI. 726): 'A spirit moves the whole mass, spreads through all its members, and mingles with the mighty body.' This is the universal spirit of Nature in which the poet believed.
211. **Lumenque, etc.** (*Æneid*, I. 590): 'She had breathed upon his eyes the radiant light of youth and joyous beauties, like the beauty which the artist adds to ivory or when silver or Parian marble is overlaid with yellow gold.'
223. **Materiam, etc.** (*Metamorphoses*, II. 4): 'The workmanship was better than the material.'
225. **connatural**, of a like nature.
230. **Epistle to the Pisos**, what we call the *Ars Poetica*, line 47: 'Your style will be good if a skilful juxtaposition gives the word a new turn.'
248. **words . . . innovated**. Such are 'lands *unfixed* and floating nations,' '*unknowing* to give place,' and 'long behind his wounded *volume* trails' (of a snake), 'the royal *work grows warm*' (*fervet opus*), and his constant use of 'virtue' in the Latin sense of 'valour.'
252. **Horace** (*Ars Poetica*, 52): 'And new words freshly coined will pass muster if they spring from a Greek source with little distortion.'
274. **lazar**, leper.
278. **panegyric**, poetry devoted to the praise of a person or State.
281. **Juvenal**, Satire VIII., 43. He translates it sufficiently.
283. **Spirantia mollius æra** (*Æneid*, VI. 848): 'Softly breathing bronze.'
288. **the Duchess of York**, James's first wife, Anne Hyde, daughter of Lord Chancellor Clarendon. That poem was first published in this preface.
290. **humi serpere**, 'grovel,' from Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 28.
292. **Nunc non erat his locus**: 'This was not the place for such things' (*Ars Poetica*, 19).
310. **Younger Pliny** (Epistle, VII. 28): 'And there are plenty of people whose one idea of criticism is to sneer at their friends.'
334. **Charlton in Wiltshire**. This was his wife's home, where he passed much of his life. Everyone who could had left London at this time on account of the Plague and Fire.

Our selection begins at the 209th stanza, the preceding part of the poem having been occupied with the naval wars.

1. **unsincere**, a Latinism; *sincerus* means unmixed. Mr. Christie compares *Nulla est sincera voluptas* (Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, VII. 453).
4. **sent post**, coming 'post haste.'
- 15, 16. 'These lines are also from Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, I. 257 :

Affore tempus
Quo mare, quo tellus correptaque regia cæli
Ardeat, et mundi moles operosa laboret.'

CHRISTIE.
17. **Usurper**, of course a reference to Cromwell.
31. **All was the Night's**. Quoted from Varro by Seneca : *Omnia noctis erant, placida composita quiete*. See Mr. Christie's admirable note.
48. **repair**, in the sense of 'lair' or 'den,' as the Fr. *repaire*.
53. **letted**, hindered.
57. **ghosts of traitors**. The gate at the south end of London Bridge was ornamented with the heads of traitors.
60. **Sabbath notes**, refers to the so-called 'witches' Sabbath,' certain days when unholy beings met and revelled together.
82. **hallowed quire**. Buckets were then kept in churches in case of fire. One may question whether the word 'buckets' belongs to the category of nobler language which Dryden is supposed to have created for his verse. Dr. Johnson regards it as Dryden's great merit to have separated the language of verse from that of common life.
84. **cut the pipes**, to get the water, hydrants being then unknown.
85. **Belgian wind**. Our enemies the Dutch are throughout this poem called Belgians. This is another crafty hit at the Dutch.
89. **key**, in our spelling 'quay.'
94. **the fate of Simois**. Dryden means another river of Troy, the Xanthus, which was dried up by Hephæstus, the Greek god of fire, to defend Achilles.
116. **against the imperial palace**—*i.e.*, travels westward in the direction of Whitehall.
121. **harbingers**, messengers.
166. **these offer mighty gain**, but compare the rich Alderman's offer of half a crown in Pepys's account.
190. **require**, a Latinism, 'to seek again.'
193. **vestal fire**. The fire on the domestic hearth as distinct from the conflagration outside. The vestal virgins at Rome were charged with the duty of keeping their altar fire always alight.
196. **repeat**, another Latinism like 'require' above, and in the same sense.
198. **obnoxious**, another Latinism, 'liable to.'
234. **spotted deaths**, an allusion to the Plague of the previous year, which was still raging, and was only stopped by the Fire.
252. **from where our naval magazines were stored**, a painful instance of 'bathos,' which is the worse fault of Dryden's heroic style.
259. **affect**, desire, another Latinism. Vergil, *Georg.*, IV., 562 : *Viamque affectat Olympo*.

260. **faith without works.** A theological controversy raged upon the point whether faith or good works were the more efficacious. Dryden hints that the doctrine of 'justification by faith alone' is a new one. It is, however, largely the doctrine of St. James.
267. **a poet's song.** The poet was Waller, whom Dryden acknowledged as his special master. The poem was entitled 'Upon His Majesty's repairing of St. Paul's.'
268. **Theban walls**—alluding to the legend that the poet Amphion built Thebes miraculously by his music.
- 271 **profaned by civil war.** The Puritan soldiers are said to have stabled their horses in St Paul's, as they did in many churches.
281. **empyrean,** fiery; a favourite word with Milton.
295. **Genius** According to Roman religion every place and house had a familiar spirit, the *genius loci*. **The little lares,** the household gods, small figures kept in every Roman house on a shelf near the hearth. These lines have been much admired.
319. **hatch their ashes,** an allusion to the magic bird Phoenix. The old Phoenix expired in flames, and a new one was hatched from its ashes.
330. **the two dire comets.** These had appeared and vanished nearly eighteen months before this time.
333. **trines, etc.** The whole of this stanza is astrological in its terms. A **trine** was a conjunction of three planets, considered an especially happy omen. **High raised Jove** means Jupiter in ascension, another good sign.
336. **succeed,** used actively, as 'prosper.'
337. **chymic, chemic** (always so spelt at this time). The flame would have chemical properties in producing a new city.
339. **the town which gives the Indies name**—*i.e.*, Mexico, which was supposed to possess fabulous wealth.
345. **August.** An old name for London was 'Augusta Trinobantum.'
356. **doom, judgments.**
363. **Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,** an allusion in Dryden's forced manner to the alliance of the French and the Dutch. Observe the rhyme of *join* and *Rhine*, which is common at this period. It is certain that *join* and similar words were then pronounced *jine*, a pronunciation which may still be heard—*e.g.*, in Ireland.
379. **but to make them dare.** In the following year De Ruyter sailed up the Thames and burnt our fleet.

VIII.—DRYDEN.

A SONG FOR ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

This and the succeeding poem are to-day the most popular, as they are certainly the least characteristic, of Dryden's works. It would probably have surprised the poet to find that these two are the only ones of his works to be found in most modern anthologies. Both are *tours de force*, in that they set themselves to express music in words. This form of art, like what is called 'programme music' (*e.g.*, Tschaiakowsky's '1812'), is somewhat elementary and obvious, but extremely popular

St. Cecilia was a noble Roman virgin of the reign of Antoninus. She is the patron saint of music, and is said to have invented the organ. Music was at this period a flourishing art in England, and a society was formed in 1683 to celebrate St. Cecilia's Day (November 22). Dryden wrote their Ode twice, at an interval of ten years; this was performed to the music of Draghi, an Italian, in 1687, and 'Alexander's Feast' in 1697.

8. The four elements of which the earth's fabric was supposed to consist.
15. **diapason**, the complete compass of the notes, or a stop on the organ. The sense is 'the entire universe, of which Man is the consummation.'
17. **Jubal** was (Gen. iv. 21) 'the father of all such as handle the harp and organ.' **the chorded shell**. According to the Greeks music was invented by the god Hermes, who found a tortoise-shell and put strings or chords to it.
32. The martial sentiment of 'Charge! 'tis too late to retreat,' has been justly ridiculed by many generations of critics.
47. **mend**, increase or improve.
50. **sequacious of**, a curious idiom. 'Sequacious' means pursuing or following. The Latin *sequax* is rarely found with a genitive.
63. **untune**, break it up into discordant atoms.

IX.—DRYDEN.

ALEXANDER'S FEAST.

This poem (see above) was produced on November 22, 1697, one of Dryden's last works. He received £40 for it, but describes it as 'troublesome and in no way beneficial.' The motive is taken from a stanza of Spenser's *Faery Queene* :

'Was never so great joyaunce since the day
That all the gods whilome assembled here
On Hæmus hill in their divine array,
To celebrate the solemn bridal cheer
'Twixt Peleus and Dame Thetis pointed there ;
Where Phœbus' self, that god of poets hight,
They say, did sing the spousal hymn full clear,
That all the gods were ravished with delight
Of his celestial song and music's wondrous might.'

In fact, Dryden's copy of Spenser, now in the library of Trinity College, Cambridge, has a note against this stanza in Dryden's handwriting, 'Groundwork for a Song on St. Cecilia's Day.'

20. **Timotheus** of Miletus was a famous musician of antiquity. He offended the Spartans by adding four strings to the lute. He was not historically contemporary with Alexander the Great. There was an inferior Timotheus of Bœotia who was a favourite of Alexander.
25. **begin from Jove**, from Vergil, *Bucolics* : 'Ab Jove principium, Musæ.'

36. **present deity**, the Latin sense of *præsens*, powerful. Compare 'a very present help in trouble.'
 75. **Darius**, the famous Persian King.
 97. **Lydian measures**. The Lydian measure is condemned by Plato in his *Republic* as too soft and effeminate. It was the music of the flutes especially.

X. — DRYDEN.

(i.) ACHITOPHEL.

This is Dryden's description of the villain of his piece—Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury. History speaks of him as an astute politician, constantly fighting the King with his own unscrupulous methods, but on the whole patriotic in his motives. At this time, about 1679, his design had been to prevent a Popish succession by securing the crown for the Duke of Monmouth, the eldest of King Charles II.'s natural sons. A rumour was industriously circulated that the King had actually married Lucy Walters, the mother of the Duke. Monmouth was a weak and worthless man, but his beauty and courage rendered him extremely popular. Shaftesbury was impeached in 1681, ostensibly on a charge of suborning false witnesses to the Popish plot. The King, who was strongly attached to his brother James, and ardently desired his succession, was very keen to secure the condemnation of Shaftesbury, and, it is said, suggested this attack to Dryden. This satire was intended to secure his condemnation, but, as a matter of fact, the Grand Jury, amid intense enthusiasm, threw out the bill. In the scriptural allegory Shaftesbury appears under the character of Achitophel, who urged Absalom to rebel against David. Absalom-Monmouth is tenderly treated by the poet, because the King was extremely fond of him. The chief merit of this satire, which is defaced by much intemperate and cruel abuse, is the brilliantly clever characterization of Dryden's political opponents.

8. **pigmy body**. Shaftesbury was a small and unhealthy-looking man.
 9. **o'er informed**, over-filled.
 21. **unfeathered two-legged thing**. This is Plato's humorous definition of Man—*ζῶον ἀπτερον δίπουν*. The cruelty of these unjustified lines is inexcusable.
 26. **the triple bond**. The Triple Alliance of 1667 between England, Sweden and Holland. This Alliance was really broken by the Secret Treaty of Dover (1670), by which Charles sold himself to France; but Ashley (as he then was) was tricked into supporting the Second Dutch War. Dryden himself had done more by his play *Amboyna* to stir up this war. The **foreign yoke** is that of France.
 31. The lines from here to 43 were added in the second edition after Shaftesbury's acquittal, and were already intended to conciliate him by dwelling on his undisputed honesty as a judge when Lord Chancellor.
 38. **Abbethdin**, Jewish title of their chief Judge.
 46. **cockle**. The corn-cockle is a common weed.
 47. **David** is Charles, though we have no evidence of the 'tuneful harp.' The 'immortal song' is this poem!

(ii.) ZIMRI.

Zimri is the Duke of Buckingham, George Villiers, son of the more famous Duke of Buckingham, who was the evil genius of James and Charles I. This Duke was a member of the Cabal, not in the inner circle, as were Clifford and Arlington, both of them Roman Catholics, but was employed by them to deceive Shaftesbury. He was not a man of great political importance. Dryden owed him a personal grudge as the author of a play called *The Rehearsal*, which ridiculed Dryden's poetry and the poet himself under the nickname of Bayes.

8. **was chymist, etc.** This line might equally apply to his royal master. Charles set the fashion for science as he did for buffoonery and vice.

XI.—DRYDEN.

THE LADY'S SONG.

This poem, said to have been written in 1691, refers to the exile of James II. and his Queen, disguised (for reasons of policy) as Pan, the Greek shepherd's god, and Syrinx, the nymph. The metre is delightful.

XII.—J. OLDHAM.

A TRANQUIL SOUL.

John Oldham (1653-1683) was a brilliant young friend of Dryden, whose early death closed a most promising career. He wrote a *Satire on the Jesuits*.

9. **Halcyon.** According to natural history the kingfisher, but according to Homer and the poets a miraculous bird which made its nest on the sea ; its presence betokened calm weather.

XIII.—SAMUEL BUTLER.

HUDIBRAS.

For the author of the satire, Samuel Butler, see the Introduction. Sir Hudibras, with his cant and follies, represents the Presbyterians, and his squire Ralpho represents the Sectaries, Independents, and the like. The story is obviously modelled upon the great Spanish romance of Cervantes, *Don Quixote*. Incidentally we are told that Butler took Sir Samuel Luke, his patron and benefactor, for the model he so mercilessly ridiculed.

Argument. This summary of the canto is modelled on the epic style. Spenser uses rhymed arguments like these in his *Faery Queene*. The last line is said to be a hit at Davenant's *Gondibert* and Ronsard's *Franciade*.

6. **long-eared rout.** The phrase suggests (a) donkeys, and (b) the Roundheads, whose ears appeared the longer for their closely-cropped hair. Dr. Zachary Grey, in his edition of 1744, quotes an

- amusing dialogue between a Roundhead preacher and an orthodox clergyman after the Restoration. The preacher rebuked the clergyman for the length of his hair, to which the parson replied: 'Old Frig, I promise you to cut my hair up to my ears provided you will cut your ears up to your hair.'
12. **Mirror of Knighthood.** Similar phrases are common in Chaucer, and Cervantes applies the title to his hero.
 15. **put up**, means endured, supported; an allusion to the ceremony of dubbing a knight by a blow of a sword on the shoulder.
 18. **chartei**, or cartel, a challenge to a duel.
 20. **swaddle**, a slang term for a bang or blow.
 34. **Montaigne.** Izaak Walton quotes him to the same effect in his *Compleat Angler*: 'When I am playing with my cat, who knows whether she hath more pleasure in dallying with me than I have in gaming with her?' This great French essayist lived from 1533-1592.
 49. **difficile** must be pronounced with the accent on the second syllable for the sake of the ingenious rhyme.
 56. **analytic**, the logical process of analysis; means finding out the truth by dividing a thing into its component parts.
 66. **committee-men.** The Commonwealth Government established Roundhead committees throughout the country. For example, Sir Erasmus Dryden, the poet's grandfather, was a committee-man for Northamptonshire.
 68. **ratiocination**, reasoning.
 69. **syllogism**, an argument in logic consisting of three parts, thus: *Major Premiss*: All men are mortal. *Minor Premiss*: Alexander is a man. *Conclusion*: Alexander is mortal.
 70. **mood and figure**, terms in logic for the due arrangement of a syllogism.
 72. **trope**, a figure of speech, such as metaphor, hyperbole, etc.
 88. **heretofore.** There was a fashion for slashed garments, in which the costly satin lining appeared through the cheap, rough cloth, fustian.
 90. **three parts in one**, an allusion to the 'catches' for three singers.
 93. **Cerberus**, the watchdog of Hades, here mentioned because he had three mouths.
 100. **New words.** The Presbyterians coined many new words, such as 'nothingness,' 'Gospel-walking-times,' and names such as 'Praise-God' Barebones.
 102. **touch them on**, an allusion to the touchstone by which metals were tried.
 105. **the orator.** The story is told of Demosthenes, who, to cure an impediment of speech, used to put a pebble in his mouth and harangue to the waves on the seashore.
 110. **Tycho Brahe**, a famous Danish mathematician and astronomer. **Erra Pater** is Butler's nickname for William Lilly, a famous prophet and astrologer of his day, whose predictions were even regarded by the Parliament. He is alluded to under this name by Beaumont and Fletcher in *The Scornful Lady* and *The Elder Brother*.
 113. **sines and tangents**, expressions of trigonometry.
 118. **gloss** is an explanatory note, as in our word 'glossary.'

122. **for every why, etc.** He could answer a question by propounding another.
152. **the wrong, etc.** The Presbyterians actually kept Christmas Day as a fast. An Order in Council was passed in 1657 to abolish Christmas.
165. **minc'd pies.** The Puritan preachers sternly discountenanced the eating of mince-pies among other Christmas frivolities.
168. **through the nose.** The nasal twang was always a reproach against the Protestants. One may inquire whether perhaps the Puritans carried it to America in the *Mayflower*.
170. **like Mahomet's, etc.** Mahomet declared that he rode to heaven (in a vision) upon a creature half ass, half mule. Again, when he fled from Mecca and lay in a cave, two pigeons laid their eggs at the mouth of it. He is also said to have trained a pigeon to pick seeds out of his ear that he might seem to be miraculously advised. But there is a difference between a pigeon and a widgeon (which is a water-fowl).
174. **adowson, or awdowson,** is the right of a patron to propose a parson for a living.

XIV. — BALLAD.

BARBARA ALLAN.

I have inserted this excellent song here chiefly because of Pepys's allusion to it: 'In perfect pleasure I was to hear her [Mrs. Knipp, the actress] sing, and especially her little Scotch song of Barbary Allen.' Goldsmith says: 'The music of the finest singer is dissonance to what I felt when an old dairymaid sung me into tears with *Johnny Armstrong's Last Good-night*, or *The Cruelty of Barbara Allan*.' The tune to which we still sing it is probably as old as the words; both go back beyond record. The text I take here from Mr. Sidgwick's *Popular Ballads of the Olden Time*, though the version now generally given in our song-books is the more sophisticated one, beginning,

'In Scarlet town, where I was born.'

3. **West Country,** of Scotland.
8. **gin** = if.
9. **hooly** is obscure in meaning; the later version reads 'slowly.'
13. **mind,** remember.
29. **a mile but twa,** a common phrase in Border ballads, or more often 'a mile, a mile, a mile, but barely three.' Apparently it means less than two miles.
31. **jow,** clang.
34. **saft,** soft.

XV.—EARL OF ROCHESTER.

LOVE AND LIFE.

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester (1647-1680), was one of the gayest and wickedest of Charles's Court. He was the author of a disgraceful attack

by hired bravos upon Dryden, and of the famous 'epitaph' upon his King:

'Here lies our sovereign lord, the King,
Whose word no man relies on,
Who never said a foolish thing,
And never did a wise one.'

XVI.—EARL OF DORSET.

WRITTEN AT SEA.

Charles Sackville, Earl of Dorset (1637-1705), was a patron of Dryden and other poets. He is another typical Court wit, who chanced to write a spirited and popular song.

29. **Opdam**, a brave Dutch Admiral.
32. **Goree**, a fort on the West Coast of Africa, near Cape Verde, now French.
38. **vapour**, boast.
44. **main**, a throw of the dice.
45. **ombre**, a Spanish card game.

XVII.—W. CONGREVE.

THE MOURNING BRIDE.

For an account of the Restoration dramatists, see the Introduction. Most of Congreve's comedies were in prose, but in this fine tragedy he has shown us what he could do in poetry.

The first selection is chiefly noteworthy from the hackneyed and much misquoted quotation which opens the play. The second is remarkable for Dr. Johnson's characteristic criticism:

'Johnson said that the description of the temple in "The Mourning Bride" was the finest poetical passage he had ever read; he recollected none in Shakespeare equal to it— What I mean is, that you can show me no passage where there is simply a description of material objects, without any intermixture of moral notions, which produces such an effect.'
—BOSWELL.

Upon which the reader must form his own judgment.

XIX.—BISHOP BURNET.

HISTORY OF HIS OWN TIMES.

For the author, see the Introduction. Observe how curiously modern is the style, which might be, as, indeed, in many cases it is, a page or two from the latest history-book.

1. **Protestant Wind**. William was champion of the Protestant cause, and required an east wind.
3. **O.S.**, Old Style. Reckonings by the Old Style ended on September 2, 1752 (Wednesday), and the New Style began on the next day as

- September 14. Thus eleven days were dropped. This date is, therefore, November 12, 1688.
91. **Prince George**, afterwards George I. of England. He was descended from James I. through his daughter Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, and her daughter Sophia. He was born in 1660.
 97. **The Princess Anne**, afterwards Queen Anne, the King's younger daughter by Anne Hyde, a Protestant, like her mother and sister Mary.
 100. **Lady Churchill**, the famous Sarah, afterwards Duchess of Marlborough her constant confidante.
 109. **a foolish ballad**, the well-known *Lillibulero* always in the mouth of old soldiers, like Corporal Trim in *Tristram Shandy*.
 187. **his want of courage**. James seems to have deteriorated in personal courage. Before he came to the throne he was famed as a soldier; he won the Battle of Lowestoft, though, perhaps, he showed timidity in not following up his advantage. It was, however, at the Battle of the Boyne that he finally destroyed his reputation for courage.
 201. **Jeffreys**, of course, is the infamous Judge, the hero of the Bloody Assize.
 261. **Breda**, in Holland, famous for the Declaration of Breda (1660) and the Peace of Breda (1667).
 278. **Ham**, the Duke of Lauderdale's magnificent house near Richmond.
 294. **Serjeant Maynard**, the great lawyer who had prosecuted the Earl of Strafford, and was now eighty-eight years of age.

