

**THE BOOK WAS
DRENCHED**

**PAGES MISSING
WITHIN THE
BOOK ONLY**

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OU_210875

UNIVERSAL
LIBRARY

OSMANIA UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

Call No. 820.8/386 P
Accession No. 33
Author Stobart J. C.
Title The Pope Epoch 1907

This book should be returned on or before the date
last marked below.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

VOLUME VI.

THE POPE EPOCH

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

UNIFORM WITH THIS VOLUME

VOL. I. The Chaucer Epoch, 1215—1500

„ **II. The Spenser Epoch, 1500—1600**

„ **III. The Shakespeare Epoch, 1600—1625**

„ **IV The Milton Epoch, 1625—1674:**

„ **V. The Dryden Epoch, 1660—1700**

„ **VI. The Pope Epoch, 1700—1750**

„ **VII. The Johnson Epoch, 1742—1798**

„ **VIII. The Wordsworth Epoch, 1798—1830**

„ **IX. The Tennyson Epoch, 1830—present day**

Crown 8v0., cloth, 1s. 6d. each

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE
VOLUME VI.

THE POPE EPOCH

BY

J. C. STOBART, M.A.

ASSISTANT MASTER IN MERCHANT TAYLORS' SCHOOL.

LONDON

EDWARD ARNOLD

41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, DOND STREET, W.

[All rights reserved]

PREFACE

THE series of which this volume is the sixth 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. Also I avoid those works which are likely to be read elsewhere. For this reason Defoe

is here entirely omitted, since *Robinson Crusoe* is still, I believe, on the schoolboy's shelves. In the same way (and for other reasons) Swift is poorly represented. This volume is fortunate in containing only four broken numbers, beside a great preponderance of complete poems and essays.

J. C. S.

January, 1907.

CONTENTS

	PAGE
INTRODUCTION - - - - -	1
I. PRIOR—THREE POEMS - - - - -	28
II. STEELE—A STAGE COACH JOURNEY - - - - -	31
III. ADDISON—ESSAY ON CHEVY CHASE - - - - -	35
IV. ADDISON—THE VISION OF MIRZA - - - - -	41
V. ADDISON—Two HYMNS - - - - -	46
VI. SWIFT—GULLIVER IN LAPUTA - - - - -	48
VII. POPE—THE RAPE OF THE LOCK - - - - -	58
VIII. POPE—ESSAY ON CRITICISM - - - - -	81
IX. POPE—FOUR MINOR POEMS - - - - -	104
X. GAY—Two FABLES - - - - -	107
XI. LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE—A LETTER - - - - -	110
XII. THOMSON—ANGLING (FROM "THE SEASONS") - - - - -	117
XIII. THOMSON—THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE - - - - -	120
XIV. THOMSON—SONG - - - - -	122
XV. YOUNG—PROCRASTINATION (FROM "NIGHTTHOUGHTS") - - - - -	123
XVI. DYER—GRONGAR HILL - - - - -	124
XVII. COLLINS—ODE TO EVENING - - - - -	129
XVIII. COLLINS—THE PASSIONS - - - - -	131
NOTES - - - - -	135

'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.

her, I shall not bestow her on thee. Thy mirth, friend, savoureth of folly; thou art a person of a light mind; thy drum is a type of thee—it soundeth because it is empty Verily, it is not from thy fulness, but thy cniptiness, that thou hast spoken this day. Friend, friend, we have hired this coach in partnership with thee, to carry us to the great city, we cannot go any other way. This worthy mother will hush thee if thou must needs utter thy follies; we cannot help it, friend, I say: if thou wilt, we must hear thee; but if thou wert a man of understanding, thou wouldst not take advantage of thy courageous countenance to abash us children of peace.—Thou art, thou sayest, a soldier; give quarter to us, who cannot resist thee Why didst thou flee at our friend, who fergned himself asleep? He said nothing; but how dost thou know what he containeth? If thou speakest improper things in the hearing of this virtuous young virgin, consider it as an outrage against a distressed person that cannot get from thee; to speak indiscreetly what we are obliged to bear, by being hasped up with thee in this public vehicle, is in some degree assaulting on the high road."

Here Ephraim paused, and the captain with a happy and uncommon impudence (which can be convicted and support itself at the same time) cries, "Faith, friend, I thank thee, I should have been a little impertinent if thou hadst not reprimanded me. Come, thou art, I see, a smoky old fellow, and I will be very orderly the ensuing part of my journey. I was going to give myself airs, but ladies, I beg pardon."

The captain was so little out of humour, and our company was so far from being soured by this little ruffle, that Ephraim and he took a particular delight in being agreeable to each other for the future; and assumed their different provinces in the conduct of the company. Our

reckonings, apartments, and accommodation fell under Ephraim ; and the captain looked to all disputes on the road, as the good behaviour of our coachman, and the right we had of taking place, as going to London, of all 100 vehicles coming from thence. The occurrences we met with were ordinary, and very little happened which could entertain by the relation of them: but when I considered the company we were in, I took it for no small good-fortune, that the whole journey was not spent in im- 105 pertinences, which to one part of us might be an entertainment, to the other a suffering. What therefore Ephraim said when we were almost arrived at London, had to me an air not only of good understanding, but good breeding. Upon the young lady's expressing her satisfaction in the no journey, and declaring how delightful it had been to her, Ephraim declared himself as follows, "There is no ordinary part of human life which expresseth so much a good mind, and a right inward man, as his behaviour upon meeting with strangers, especially such as may seem 115 the most unsuitable companions to him: such a man, when he falleth in the way with persons of simplicity and innocence, however knowing he may be in the ways of men, will not vaunt himself thereof, but will the rather hide his superiority to them, that he may not be painful 120 unto them. My good friend," continued he, turning to the officer, "thee and I are to part by and by, and peradventure we may never meet again ; but be advised by a plain man : modes and apparel are but trifles to the real man, therefore do not think such a man as thyself 125 terrible for thy garb, nor such a one as me contemptible for mine. When two such as thee and I meet, with affections as we ought to have towards each other, thou shouldst rejoice to see my peaceable demeanour, and I should be glad to see thy strength and ability to protect 130 me in it.'

III.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHEVY DHACE.

*Interdum vulgus rectum videt.*HOR, *Ep.* 11. 1, 63.

Sometimes the vulgar see and judge aright.

WHEN I travelled I took a particular delight in hearing the songs and fables that are come from father to son, and are most in vogue among the common people of the countries through which I passed, for it is impossible that anything should be universally tasted and approved by a multitude, though they are only the rabble of a nation, which hath not in it some peculiar aptness to please and gratify the mind of man. Human nature is the same in all reasonable creatures; and whatever falls in with it will meet with admirers amongst readers of all qualities and conditions. Moliere, as we are told by Monsieur Boileau, used to read all his comedies to an old woman who was his housekeeper, as she sat with him at her work by the chimney-corner, and could foretell the success of his play in the theatre from the reception it met at his fireside— for he tells us the audience always followed the old woman, and never failed to laugh in the same place.

I know nothing which more shows the essential and inherent perfection of simplicity of thought, above that which I call the Gothic manner in writing, than this, that the first pleases all kinds of palates, and the latter only such as have formed to themselves a wrong artificial taste upon little fanciful authors and writers of epigram. Homer, Virgil, or Milton, so far as the language of their poems is understood, will please a reader of plain common sense, who would neither relish nor comprehend an epi-

gram of Martial, or a poem of Cowley; so, on the contrary, an ordinary song or ballad that is the delight of the common people cannot fail to please all such readers as are not unqualified in the entertainment by 30 their affection or ignorance ; and the reason is plain—because the same paintings of nature which recommend it to the most ordinary reader will appear beautiful to the most refined,

The old song of "Chevy-Chae" is the favourite ballad 35 of the common people of England, and Ben Jonson used to say he had rather have been the author of it than of . sill his works. Sir Philip Sidney, in his discourse of Poetry, speaks of it in the following words : " I never heard the old song of Percy and Douglas that I found 40 not my heart more moved than with a trumpet; and yet it is sung by some blind crowder with no rougher voice than rude style ; which being so evil apparelled in the dust and cobweb of that uncivil age, what would it work trimmed in the gorgeous eloquence of Pindar?" For my 45 own part, I am so professed an admirer of this antiquated song, that I shall give my reader a critique upon it without any further apology for so doing.

The greatest modern critics have laid it down as a rule that an heroic poem should be founded upon some im- 50 portant precept of morality adapted to the constitution of the country in which the poet writes. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. As Greece was a collection of many governments, who suffered very much among themselves, and gave the Persian emperor, 55 who was their common enemy, many advantages over them by their mutual jealousies and animosities, Homer, in order to establish among them an union which was so necessary for their safety, grounds his poem upon the discord? of the several Grecian princes who were engaged 60 in a confederacy against an Asiatic prince, and the several

advantages which the enemy gained by such discords.
 At the time the poem we are now treating of was written,
 the dissensions of the barons, who were then so many
 petty princes, ran very high, whether they quarrelled 65
 among themselves or with their neighbours, and produced
 unspeakable calamities to the country. The poet, to
 deter men from such unnatural contentions, describes
 a bloody battle and dreadful scene of death, occasioned
 by the mutual feuds which reigned in the families of an 70
 English and Scotch nobleman. That he designed this for
 the instruction of his poem we may learn from his four
 last lines, in which, after the example of the modern
 tragedians, he draws from it a precept for the benefit of
 his readers : 75

God save the king, and bless the land
 In plenty, joy, and peace' ;
 And grant henceforth that foul debate
 Twixt noblemen may cease.

The next point observed by the greatest heroic poets 80
 hath been to celebrate persons and actions which do
 honour to their country: thus Virgil's hero was the
 founder of Rome; Homer's a prince of Greece ; and for
 this reason Valerius Flaccus and Statins, who were both
 Romans, might be justly derided for having chosen the 85
 expedition of the Golden Fleece and the Wars of Thebes
 for the subjects of their epic writings.

The poet before us has not only found out a hero in his
 own country, but raises the reputation of it by several
 beautiful incidents. The English are the first who take 90
 the field and the last to quit it. The English bring only
 fifteen hundred to the battle, the Scotch two thousand.
 The English keep the field with fifty-three, the Scotch
 retire with fifty-five ; all the rest on each side being slain
 in battle But the most remarkable circumstance of this 95
 kind is the different manner in which the Scotch and

English kings receive the news of this fight, and of the great men's deaths who commanded in it:

This news was brought to Edinburgh,
Where Scotland's king did reign, IDO
That brave Earl Douglas suddenly
Was with an arrow slain.

" O heavy news "' King James did say,
" Scotland can witness be,
I have not any captain more 105
Of such account as he."

Like tidings to King Henry came,
Within as short a space,
That Percy of Northumberland
Waa slain in Chevy-Dhace. no

" Now God be with him," said our king,
" Sith 'twill no better be,
I trust I have within my realm
Five hundred good as he.

" Yet shall not Scot nor Scotland say 115
But I will vengeance take,
And be revenged on them all
For brave Lord Percy's sake."

This vow full well the king performed 120
After on Humble-down,
In one day fifty knights were slain
With lords of great renown.

And of the rest of small account
Did many thousands die, etc.

At the same time that our poet shows a laudable partiality 125
to his countrymen, he represents the Scots after a manner
not uubscoming so bold and bravs a people •

Earl Douglas on a milk-white steed,
Most like a baron bold,
Rode foremost of the company, 130
Whose armour shone like gold.

His sentiments and actions are every way suitable to a hero. " One of us two," says he, " must die : I am an earl as well as yourself, so that you can have no pretence for refusing the combat; however," says he, "it is pity, 135

and indeed would be a sin, that so many innocent men should perish for our sakes: rather let you and I end our quarrel in single fight:"—

" Ere thus I will out-braved be,
One of us two shall die ;
I know thee well, an eail thou art,
Lord Puruy, so am I. 140

" Hut trust me, Percy, pity it were
And great offence to kill
Any of these out harmless men,
For they have done no ill. 145

" Let thou and I the battle try,
And set our men aside "
" Accurst be he," Lord percy said,
" By whom this is deny'd." 150

When these brave men had distinguished themselves in the battle and in a single combat with each other, in the midst of a generous parley, full of heroic sentiments, the Scotch earl falls, and with his dying words encourages his men to revenge his death, representing to them, as the most bitter circumstance of it, that his rival saw him fall: 155

With that there came an arrow keen
Out of an English how,
Which struck Earl Douglas to the heart
A deep and deadly blow. 160

Who never spoke more words than these,
" Fight on, my merry men all,
For why, my life is at an end,
Lord Percy sees my fall " 165

"Merry men," in the language of those times, is no more than a cheerful word for companions and fellow-soldiers. A passage in the eleventh book of Virgil's *Æneid* is very much to be admired, where Camilla, in her last agonies, instead of wseping over the wound she had received, as one might have expected from a warrior of her sex, considers only, like the hero of whom we are 170

now speaking, how the battle should be continued after her death :

<i>Tum</i>	<i>sic</i>	, expirans, etc VIRG., <i>Æn.</i> xi. 820	175
A gath'ring mist o'erclouds her cheerful eyes ;			
And from her cheeks the rosy colour flips,			
Then turns to her, whom of her female train			
She trusted most, and thus she speaks with pain ;			
" Aeëa, 'tis past he swims before my sight,			180
Inexorable Death , and claims his right.			
Bear my last words to Turnus , fly with speed			
And bid him timely to my charge succeed;			
Repel the Trojans, and the town relieve :			
Farewell."	DRYDEN		185

Turnus did not die in so heroic a manner, though our poet seems to have had his eye upon Turnus's speech in the last verse :

Lord Percy sees my fall.	
— <i>Vicisti, et victum tendere palmas</i>	190
<i>Ausoni videre</i> "VIRG., <i>Æn.</i> xii. 935.	
The Latin chiefs have seen me beg my life.	
DRYDEN.	

Earl Percy's lamentation over his enemy is generous, beautiful and passionate. I must only caution the reader not to let the simplicity of the style, which one may well pardon in so old a poet, prejudice him against the greatness of the thought: 195

Then leaving life, Earl Percy took		
The dead man by the hand,		
And saul, " Earl Douglas, far thy	life	200
Would I had lost my land.		
" D Christ ' my very heart doth bleed		
With sorrow for thy sake ;		
Fur sure a more renowned knight		
Mischance did never take."		205

That beautiful line, " Taking the dead man by the hand," will put the reader in mind of Æneas's behaviour towards Lausus, whom he himself had slain as he came to the rescue of his aged father :

At vero ut vultum vidit morientis et ora,
Ora modis Anchisiades pallentia miris ,
Ingemuit, misarans graviter,dextramque tetendit.
 VIRG., Æn. x. 821. 210

Thepious prince beheld young Lausus dead ;
 He grieved, he wept, then grasped his hand and said,
 "Poor hapless youth ' what praises can be paid
 To Worth so great ?" 215
 DRYDEN.

IV.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE VISION OF MIRZA

Onmem, quæ nunc, obducta tuenti
Mortales hebetat visus tibi, et humida circum
Caligat, nubem eripiam. VIRG., Æn. ii. 604

The cloud, which, intereeping the clear light,
 Hangs o'er thy eyes, and blunts thy mortal sight,
 I will remove

WHEN I way at Grand Cairo, I picked up several Oriental manuscripts, which I have still by me. Among others I met with one entitled, *The Visions of Mirza*, which I have read over with groat pleasure. I intend to give it to the public when I have no other entertainment for them; and shall begin with the first vision, which I have translated word for word as follows : 5

"On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefather, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdad, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I Was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life ; and passing from one thought to another, 'Surely,' said I, 'man is but a shadow, and life a dream.' Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes towards the summit of 15

a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard. They put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of their last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

"I had been often told that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius, and that several had been entertained with music who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and, as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and, taking me by the hand, 'Mirza,' said he, 'I have heard thee in thy soliloquies ; follow me.'

"He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, 'Dost thy eyes eastward,' said he, 'and tell me what thou seest.' 'I see,' said I, 'a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it.' 'The valley that thou seest,' said he, 'is the Vale of

Misery, and the tide of water that thou seest is part of the great tide of Eternity.' 'What is the reason,' said I, 'that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other ?' 55
'What thou seest,' said he, 'is that portion of Eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. Examine now,' said he, 'this sea that is bounded So
with darkness at both ends, and toll me what thou discoverest in it.' 'I see a bridge,' said I, 'standing in the midst of the tide.' 'The bridge thou seest,' said he, 'is Human Life; consider it attentively.' Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of three- 65
score and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about a hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches ; but that a great flood swept away the 70
rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. 'But tell me further,' said he, 'what thou discoverest on it.' 'I see multitudes of people passing over it,' said I, 'and a black cloud hanging on each end of it.' As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers 75
dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon further examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon but they fell through them into the tide, and 80
immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together 85
towards the end of the arches that were entire.

"There were indeed some persons, but their number

was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk. 90

" I passed some time in the contemplation of this wnu-ibrful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by 95 them to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and in the midst of a speculation stumbled and full out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles that glittered in their eyes and danced before them ; but often when they 100 thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, who ran to and fro from the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap doors which did not seem to lie in their 105 way, and which they might have escaped had they not been thus forced upon them.

"The genius, seeing me indulge myself on this melancholy prospBct, told me I had dwelb long enough upon it. 'Take thine eyes off the bridge.' said he, ' and tell me if no thou yet seest anything thou dost not comprehend.' Upon looking up, 'What mean,' said I, 'those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time ? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other 115 feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches,' ' These,' said the genius, 'are Envy, Avarice, Superstition, Despair, Love, with the like cares aud passions that infest human life.'

120

" I here fetched a deep sigh. ' Alas.' said I, ' man was made in vain! how is he given away to misery and mor-

talities ! tortured in life, and swallowed up in death !' The genius, being moved with compassion towards me, bade me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. 'Look no more,' 125 said he, 'on man in the first stage of his existence in his setting out for Eternity ; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it' I directed my sight as I was ordered, and, whether or no the good genius strengthened 130 it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate, I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it, and dividing 135 it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, in so much that I could discover nothing in it; but the other appeared to me a vast ocean planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining 140 seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human 145 voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me upon the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats. But the genius told me that there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that 150 I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. 'The islands,' said he, 'that lie so fresh and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore ; there are myriads of islands 155 behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than thine eye, or even thine imagination can

extend itself. These are the mansions of good men after
 death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue
 in which they excelled, are distributed among those 160
 several islands, which abound with pleasures of different
 kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections
 of those who are settled in them: every island is a para-
 disc accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not
 these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does 165
 life appear miserable that gives the opportunities of earn-
 ing such a reward? Is death to be feared that will convey
 thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made
 in vain, who has such an Eternity reserved for him.' I
 gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. 170
 At length, said I, 'Show me now, I beseech thee, the
 secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds which cover
 the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant.' The
 genius making me no answer, I turned about to address
 myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left 175
 me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so
 long contemplating: but instead of the rolling tide, the
 arched bridge and the happy islands, I saw nothing but
 the long hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and
 camels grazing upon the sides of it." 180

V.

JOSEPH ADDISDN.

(i) HYMN.

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 Th' unwearied Sun from day to day
 Does his Creator's power display;

And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The Moon takes up the wondrous tale ; 10
Anil nightly to the listening Earth
Repeats the story of her birth :
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll, 15
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball;
What though nor real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found ? 20
In Reason's ear they all rejoice,
And utter forth a glorious voice ;
For ever singing as they shine,
" The Hand that made us is divine."

[ii.) HYMN.

When all Thy mercies, O my Grod,
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Unnumbered comforts to my soul 5
Thy tender care bestowed,
Before my infant heart conceived
From whom these comforts flowed.

When worn with sickness, oft hast Thou
With health renewed my face ; 10
And when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
 My daily thanks employ ;
 Nor is the bast a cheerful heart, 15
 That tastes those gifts with joy.
 Through every period of my life
 Thy goodness I pursue ;
 And after death, in distant worlds,
 The glorious theme renew. 23
 Through all eternity to Thee
 A joyful song I'll raise ;
 For oh ! eternity's too short
 To utter all Thy praise.

VI.

JONATHAN SWIFT.

GULLIVER IN LAPUTA.

WE came at length to the house, which was indeed a
 noble structure, built according to the best rules of
 ancient architecture. The fountains, gardens, walks,
 avenues, and groves, were all disposed with exact judg-
 ment and taste. I gave due praise to everything I saw, 5
 whereof his Excellency took not the least notice till after
 supper, when, there being no third companion, he told
 me with a very melancholy air, that he doubted he must
 throw down his houses in town anil country, to rebuild
 them after the present mode, destroy all his plantations, 10
 and cast others into such a form as modern usage re-
 quired ; and give the same directions to all his tenants,
 unless he would submit to incur the censure of pride,
 singularity, affectation, ignorance, caprice, and perhaps,
 increase his Majesty's displeasure. That the admiration 15
 I appeared to be under would cease, or diminish, when

he had informed me of some particulars, which probably I never heard of at court, the people there being too much taken up in their own speculations to have regard to what passed here below. 20

The sum of his discourse was to this effect : that about forty years ago, certain persons went up to Laputa, either upon business or diversion, and after five months' continuance, came back with a very little smattering in mathematics, but full of volatile spirits, acquired in that airy region. That these persons, upon their return, began to dislike the management of every thing below, and fell into schemes of putting all arts, sciences, languages, and mechanies upon a new foot. To this end they procured a royal patent for ereeting an academy of projectors in Lagado , and the humour prevailed so strongly among the people, that there is not a town of any consequence in the kingdom without such an academy. In these colleges, the professors contrive new rules and methods of agriculture and building, and new instruments and tools for all trades and manufactures, whereby, as they undertake, one man shall do the work of ten, a palace may be built in a week, of materials so durable as to last for ever, without repairing; all the fruits of the earth shall come to maturity at whatever season we think fit to choose, and increase an hundred fold more than they do at present; with innumerable other happy proposals. The only inconvenience is, that none of these projects are yet brought to perfection ; and, in the mean time, the whole country lies miserably waste, the houses in ruins, and the people without food or clothes. By all which, instead of being discouraged, they are fifty times more violently bent upon prosecuting their schemes, driven equally on by hope and despair: that as for himself, being not of any enterprising spin , he was content to go on in the old forms, to live in the

houses his ancestors had built, and act as they did in every part of life, without innovation. That some few other persons of quality and gentry had done the same, but were looked on with an eye of contempt and ill-will, as enemies to art, ignorant, and ill commonwealth's men, preferring their own ease and sloth before the general improvement of their country. 55

His lordship added, that he would not by any further particulars prevent the pleasure I should certainly take in viewing the grand academy, whither he was resolved I should go. He only desired me to observe a ruined building upon the side of a mountain, about three miles distant, of which he gave me this account • that he had a very convenient mill within half a mile of his house, turned by a current from a large river, and sufficient for his own family, as well as a great number of his tenants. That, about seven years ago, a club of those projectors came to him, with proposals to destroy this mill, and build another on the side of that mountain, on the long ridge whereof a long canal must be cut for a repository of water, to be conveyed up by pipes and engines to supply the mill, because the wind and air upon a height agitated the water, and thereby made it fitter for motion- and because the water, descending down a declivity, would turn the mill with half the current of a river, whose course is more upon a level. He said that being then not very well with the court, and pressed by many of his friends, he complied with the proposal; and, after employing an hundred men for two years, the work miscarried, the projectors went off, laying the blame entirely upon him, railing at him ever since, and putting others upon the same experiment, with equal assurance of success, as well as equal disappointment. 60 65 70 75 80

In a few days we came back to town, and his Excellency, considering the bad character he had in the 85

academy, would not go with me himself, but recommended me to a friend of his to bear me company thither. My lord was pleased to represent me as a great admirer of projects, and a person of much curiosity, 90 and easy belief; which, indeed, was not without truth; for I had myself been a sort of projector in my younger days.

This academy is not an entire single building, but a continuation of several houses on both sides of a street, 95 which, growing waste, was purchased and applied to that use I was received very kindly by the warden, and went for many days to the academy. Every room hath in it one or more projectors ; and, I beheve, I could not be in fewer than five hundred rooms. 100

The first man I saw was of a meagre aspect, with sooty hands and face, his hair and beard long, ragged and singed in several places. His clothes, shirt, and skin were all of the same colour. He had been eight years upon a project lor extracting sun-beams out of cucumbers, 105 which were to be put into vials hermetically sealed, and let out to warm the air in raw inclement summers. He told me, he did not doubt in eight years more, he should be able to supply the governor's gardens with sunshine at a reasonable rate ; but he complained that his stock was 110 low, and entreated me to give him something as an encouragement to ingenuity, especially since this had been a very dear season for cucumbers. I made him a small present, for my lord had furnished me with money on purpose, because he knew their practice of begging from 115 all who go to see them.

- I saw another at work to calcine ice into gunpowder, who likewise showed me a treatise he had written concerning the malleability of fire, which he intended to •publish. 120

There was a most ingenious architect, who had con-

trived a new method for building houses, by beginning at the roof, and working downwards to the foundation, which he justiiicd to me, by the like practice of those two prudent insects, the bee and the spider. 125

There was a man born blind, who had several apprentices in his own condition their employment was to mix colours fur painters, which their master taught them to distinguish by feeling and smelling. It was, indeed, my misfortune to find them at that time, not 130 very perfect in their lesions, and the professor himself happened to be generally mistaken : this artist is much encouraged and esteemed by the whole fraternity.

In another apartment, I was highly pleased with a projector who had found a device of plowing the ground 135 with hogs, to save the charges of ploughs, rattle, and labour The method is this in an acre of ground you bury, at six inches distance, and eight deep, a quantity of acorns, dates, chesnuds, and other mast, or vegetables, whereof these animals are fondest , then you drive six 140 hundred, or more of them, into the, field, where, in few days, they will root up the whole ground in search of their food, and make it fit for sowing ; it is true, upon experiment, they found the charge and trouble very great, and they had little or no crop. However, it is 145 not doubted that this invention may be capable of great improvement.

I went into another room, where the walls and ceiling were all hung round with cobwebs, except a narrow passage for the artist to go in and out. At my entrance 150 he called aloud to me not to disturb his webs. He lamented the fatal mistake the world had been so long in of using silk-worms, while we had such plenty of domestic insects, who infinitely excelled the former, because they understood how to weave, as well as spin. 155 And he proposed farther, that by employing spiders, the

charge of dying silks would be wholly saved ; whereof I was fully convinced, when ho shewed me a vast numbor of flies most beautifully coloured, wherewith he fed his spiders, assuring us that the webs would take a tincture 160 from them ; and, as ho had them of all hues, he hoped to fit every body's fancy, as soon as he could find proper food for the flies, of eertain gums, oils, and other glutinous matter, to give a strength and consistence to the threads.

There was an astronomer, who had undertaken to place 165 a sundial upon the great weathercock on the town house, by adjusting the annual and diurnal motions of the earth and sun, so as to answer and coincide with all accidental turnings of the wind.

I visited many nthor apartments, but .shall not trouble 170 my reader with all the curiosities I observed, being studious of brevity.

I had hitherto only seen one side of the academy, the other being appropriated to the advancers of speculative learning of whom I shall say something, when I have 175 mentioned one illustrious person more, who is called among them the universal artist. He told us he had been thirty years employing his thoughts for the improvement of human life. He had two large rooms full of wonderful curiosities, and fifty men at work. Some 180 were condensing air into a dry tangible substance, by extracting the nitre, and letting the aqueous or fluid particles percolate ; others softening marble for pillows and pincushions ; others petrifying the hoofs of a living horse, to preserve them from foundering. The artist 185 himself was at that time busy upon two great designs ; the first to sow land with chaff, wherein he affirmed the true seminal virtue to be contained, as he demonstrated by several experiments which I was not skilful enough to comprehend. The other was, by a certain composition f 190 gums, minerals, and vegetables, outwa-dly applied, to

prevent the growth of wool upon two young lambs; and he hoped, in a reasonable time to propagate the breed of naked sheep all over the kingdom.

We crossed a walk to the other part of the academy, 195 where, as I have already said, the projectors in speculative learning resided

The first professor I saw was in a very large room, with forty pupils about him. After salutation, observing me to look earnestly upon a frame which took up the 200 greatest part of both the length and the breadth of the room, he said, perhaps I might wonder to see him employed in a project for improving speculative knowledge by practical and mechanical operations. But the world would soon be sensible of its usefulness ; and he flattered 205 himself that a more noble exalted thought never sprang in any other man's head. Every one knew how laborious the usual method is of attaining to arts and sciences; whereas, by his contrivance, the most ignorant person, at a reasonable charge, and with a little bodily labour 210 may write books in philosophy, poetry, politics, law, mathematics, and theology, without the least assistance from genius or study. He then led me to the frame, about the sides whereof all his pupils stood in ranks. It was twenty feet square, placed in the middle of the room. 215 The superficies was composed of several bits of wood, about the bigness of a die, but some larger than others. They were all linked together by slender wires. These bits of wood were covered on every square with paper pasted on them ; and on these papers were written all 220 the words of their language in their several moods, tenses, and declensions; but without any order. The professor then desired me to observe, for he was going to set his engine at work. The pupils, at his command, took each of them hold of an iron handle, whereof there 235 were forty fixed round the edges of the frame: and,

JONATHAN

giving them a sudden turn, the words was entirely changed. I and thirty of the lads to read . as they appeared upon the frame ; and, where they found 230 three or four words together that might make part of a sentence, they dictated to the four remaining boys who were scribes. This work was repeated three or four times, and at every turn, the engine was so contrived, that the words shifted into new places, as the square bits 235 of wood moved upside down,

Six hours a day the young students were employed in this labour, and the professor shewed me several volumes in large folio already collected, of broken sentences, which he intended to piece together, and out of those 240 rich materials; to give the world a complete body of all arts and sciences, which, however, might be still improved, and much expedited, if the public would raise a fund for making and employing five hundred such frames in Lagado, and oblige the managers to contribute in 245 common their several collections.

He assured me that this invention had employed all his thoughts from his youth; that he had emptied the whole vocabulary into his frame, and made the strictest computation of the general proportion there is in books 250 between the numbers of particles, nouns, and verbs, and other parts of speech.

I made my humblest acknowledgement to this illustrious person for his great communicativeness; and promised, if ever I had the good fortune to return to 255 my native country, that I would do him justice, as the sole inventor of this wonderful machine; the form and contrivance of which I desired leave to delineate upon a paper, as in the figure here annexed. I told him, although it were the custom of our learned in Europe 260 to steal inventions from each other, who had thereby,

at least, this advantage, that it became a controversy which was the right owner, yet I would take such a caution, that he should have the honour entire, without a rival. 265

We next went to the school of languages, where three professors sat in consultation upon improving that of their own country.

The first project was to shorten discourse by cutting polysyllables into one, and leaving out verbs and particles: because, in reality, all things imaginable are but nouns. 270

The other project was a scheme for entirely abolishing all words whatsoever; and this was urged as a great advantage in point of health, as well as brevity. For it is plain, that every word we speak, is in some degree, a diminution of our lungs by corrosion, and consequently contributes to the shortening of our lives. An expedient was therefore offered, that since words are only names for things, it would be more convenient for all men to carry about - them such things as were necessary to express the particular business they are to discourse on. And this invention would certainly have taken place, to the great ease as well as health of the subject, if the women, in conjunction with the vulgar and illiterate, had not threatened to raise a rebellion, unless they might be allowed the liberty to speak with their tongues after the manner of their forefathers; such constant irreconcilable enemies to science are the common people. However, many of the most learned and wise adhere to the new scheme of expressing themselves by things; which hath only this inconvenience attending it, that if a man's business be very great, and of various kinds, he must be obliged, in proportion, to carry a greater bundle of things upon his back, unless he can afford one or two strong servants to attend him. I have often beheld two of 275 280 285 290 295

those sages almost sinking under the weight of their packs, like pedlars among us ; who, when they met in the streets, would lay down their loads, open their sacks, and hold conversation for an hour together ; then put up 300 their implements, help each other resume their burthens, and take their leave. But for short conversations, a man may carry implements in his pockets, and under his arms, enough to supply him , and in his house he cannot be at a loss. Therefore the room where company meet, who 305 practise this art, is full of all things ready at hand, requisite to furnish matter for this kind of artificial converse.

Another great advantage, proposed by this invention, was, that it would serve as an universal language, to be 310 understood in all civilized nations, whose goods and utensils are generally of the same kind, or nearly resembling, so that their uses might easily be comprehended. And thus ambassadors would be qualified to treat with foreign princes, or ministers of state, to whose tongues 315 they were utter strangers.

I was at the mathematical school, where the master taught his pupils after a method scarce imaginable to us in Europe. The proposition and demonstration were fairly written on a thin wafer, with ink composed of a 320 cephalic tincture. This the student was to swallow upon a fasting stomach, and for three days following eat nothing but bread and water. As the wafer digested, the tincture mounted to his brain, bearing the proposition along with it, "But the success had not hitherto been 325 answerable, partly by some error in the quantum or composition, and partly by the perverseness of lads; to whom this bolus is so nauseous, that they generally steal aside, and discharge it, before it can operate; neither have they been yet persuaded to USB so long an abstinence 330 as the prescription requires,

VII.

ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOOK.

CANTO I.

WHAT dire offence from amorous causes springs,
 What mighty contests rise from trivial things,
 I sing—This verse to Caryl, Muse ! is due:
 This, even Belinda, may vouchsafe to view;
 Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5
 If she inspire, and he approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, goddess ! could compel
 A well-bred lord to assault a gentle belle ?
 O say what stranger cause, yet unexplored,
 Could make a gentle belle reject *a* lord ? ID
 In tasks so bold, can little men engage,
 Arid in soft bosoms dwells such mighty rage?

Sol through white curtains shot a timorous ray,
 And oped those eyes that must eclipse the day:
 Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake, 15
 (And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake :)
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knocked the ground,
 And the pressed watch returned a silver sound.
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,
 Her guardian sylph prolonged the balmy rest: 20
 Twas he had summoned to her silent bed
 The morning-dream that hovered o'er her head;
 A youth more glittering than a birth-night beau
 (That even in slumber caused her cheek to glow),
 Seemed to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25
 And thus in whispers said, or seemed to say:—

" Fairest of mortals, thou distinguished care
Of thousand bright inhabitants of air!
If e'er one vision touched thy infant thought,
Of all the nurse and all the priest have taught,; 30
Of airy elves by moonlight shadowy seen,
The silver token, and the circled green,
Or virgins visited by angel-powers,
With golden crowns and wreaths of heavenly flowers;
Hear and believe ' thy own importance know, 35
Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.
Some secret truths, from learned pride concealed,
To maids alone and children are revealed :
What though no credit doubting wits may give 1
The fair anil innocent shall still believe. 40
Know, then, unnumbered spirits round thee fly,
The light militia of the lower sky :
These, though unseen, are ever on the wing,
Hang o'er the box, and hover round the ring.
Think what an equipage thou hast in air, 45
And view with scorn two pages and a chair.
As now your own, our beings were of old,
And once enclosed in'woman's beauteous mould;
Thence, by a soft transition, we repair
From earthly vehicles to these of air. 50
Think not, when woman's transient breath is fled,
That all her vanities at once are dead;
Succesding vanities she still regards,
And though she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.
Her joy in gilded chariots, when alive, 55
And love of ombre, after death survive.
For when the fair in all their pride expire,
To their first elements their souls retire:
The sprites of fiery termagants in flame
Mount up, and take a salamander's name. So

Soft yielding minds to water glide away,
 And sip, with nymphs, their elemental tea.
 The gravel prude sinks downward to a gnome,
 In search of mischief still on earth to roam.
 The light coquettes in sylphs aloft repair, 65
 And sport and flutter in the fields of air.

"Know further yet; whoever fair and ehaste
 Rejects mankind, is by some sylph embraced
 For spirits, freedl from mortal laws, with case
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please. 70
 What guards the purity of melting mauls,
 In courtly lulls, and midnight masquerades,
 Safe from the treacherous friend, the daring spark,
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark?
 'Tis but their sylph, the wise celestials know, 75
 Though honour is the word with men below.

"Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their face,
 For life predestined to the gnomes' embrace,
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,
 When offers are disdained, and love denied : 80
 Then gay ideas crowd the vacant brain,
 While peers, and dukes, and all their sweeping train,
 And garters, stars, and coronets appear,
 And in soft sounds, 'your grace ' salutes your ear.
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul, 85
 Instruct the eyes of young coquettes to roll,
 Teach infant cheeks a hidden blush to know,
 And little hearts to flutter at a beau.

" Oft, when the world imagine women stray,
 The sylphs through mystic mazes guide their way, 90
 Through all the giddy circle they pursue,
 And old impertinence expelled by new.
 What tender maid but must a victim fall
 To one man's treat, but for another's ball ?

When Florio speaks, what virgin could withstand, 95
 If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand ?
 With varying vanities, from every part,
 They shift the moving toyshop of their heart,
 Where wigs with wigs, and sword knots sword-knots strive,
 Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive. 100
 This erring mortals levity may call ;
 Oh blind to truth the sylphs contrive it all.

" Of these am I, who thy protection claim,
 A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.
 Late, as I ranged the crystal wilds of air, 105
 In the clear mirror of thy ruling star
 I saw, alas ! some dread event impend,
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend,
 But heaven reveals not what, or how, or where:
 Warned, by the sylph, O pious maid, beware ! no
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can .
 Beware of all, but most beware of man '"

He said, when Shock, who thought she slept too long,
 Leaped up, and waked his mistress with his tongue.
 'Twas then, Belinda, if report say true, 115
 Thy eyes first opened on a billet-doux;
 Wounds, charms, and ardours were no sooner read,
 But all the vision vanished from thy head.

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
 Each silver vase in mystic order laid. 120
 First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
 With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers,
 A heavenly image in the glass appears,
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears ;
 The inferior priestess, at her altar's side, 125
 Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
 Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
 The various offerings of the world appear;

From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
 And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil. 130
 This caske' India's glowing gums unlocks,
 And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.
 The tortoise here and elephant unite,
 Transformed to combs, the speckled, and the white.
 Here files of pins extend their shining rows, 135
 Puffs, powders, patches, Bibles, billet-doux.
 Now awful beauty puts DTI all its arms ;
 The fair each moment rises in her charms,
 Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
 And calls forth all the wonders of her face ; 140
 Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
 And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
 The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
 These set the head, and those divide the hair,
 Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown ; 145
 And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

DAVID II.

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plain,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames. 150
 Fair nymphs, and well-dressed youths around her shone,
 But Every eye was fixed on her alone.
 On her white breast a sparkling cross she wore,
 Which Jews might kiss, and infidels adore.
 Her lively looks a sprightly mind disclose, 155
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those ;
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends;
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends.
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike. 160

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide :
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

 This nymph, to the destruction of mankind, 165
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck
 With shining ringlets the smooth ivory nnck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains. 170
 With hairy springes we the birds betray,
 Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
 Fair tresses man's imperial race ensnare,
 And beauty draws us with a single hair

 The adventurous baron the bright locks admired; 175
 He saw, he wished, anil to the prize aspired.
 "Resolved to win, he meditates the, way,
 By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;
 For when success a lover's toil attends,
 Few ask, if fraud or force attained his ends. 180

 For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implored
 Propitious heaven, and every power adored,
 But chiefly love—to love an altar built,
 Of twelve vast French romances, neatly gilt.
 There lay three garters, half a pair of gloves ; 185
 And all the trophies of his former loves ;
 With tender billet-doux he lights the pyre,
 And breathes three amorous sighs to raise the fir
 Then prostrate falls and begs with ardent eyes
 Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize : 190
 The powers gave car, and granted half his pray
 The rest, the winds dispersed in empty air.

 But now secure the painted vessel glides,
 The sunbeams trembling on the floating ti

While melting music steals upon the sky, 195
 And softened sounds along the waters die :
 Smooth flow the waves, the zephyrs gently play,
 Belinda smiled, and all the world was gay
 All but the sylph—with careful thoughts oppressed,
 The impending WOP sat heavy on his breast. 200
 He summons straight his denizens of air ;
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair:
 Soft o'er the shrouds aerial whispers breathe,
 That seemed but zephyrs to the train beneath.
 Some to the sun their insect wings unfold, 205
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold ;
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,
 Their fluid bodies half dissolved in light,
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,
 Thin glittering textures of the filmy dew, 210
 Dipped in the richest tincture of the skies,
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,
 While every beam new transient colours flings.
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast, 215
 Superior by the head, was Ariel placed ;
 His purple pinions opening to the sun,
 He raised his azure wand—and thus begun :—
 "Ye sylphs and sylphids, to your chief give ear
 s, fairies, genii, elves, and demons, hear 220
 know the spheres and various tasks assigned
 us eternal to the aerial kind.
 e in the fields of purest ether play,
 bask and whiten in the blaze of day
 guide the course of wandering orbs on high, 225
 the planets through the boundless sky.
 refined, beneath the moon's pale light,
 stars that shoot athwart the night,

Or suck the mists in grosser air below,
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow, 230
 Or brew fierce tempests on the wintry main,
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,
 Water all their ways, and all their actions guide :
 Of these the chief the care of nations own, 235
 And guard with arms divine the British throne.
 " Our humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious rare ;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprisoned essences exhale ; 240
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers ;
 To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs,
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow, 245
 To change a rounce, or add a furbelow.
 " This day, black omens threat the brightest fair,
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or slight :
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night. 250
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour or her new brocade ;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball , 255
 Or whether Heaven Las doomed that Shock must fall.
 Haste, then, ye spirits to your charge repair:
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And, Momenntilla, let the watch be thine ; 260
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite lock
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

"To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 Ws trust the important charge, the petticoat:
 Oft we have known that seven fold fence to fail, 265
 Though stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.

" Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large, 270
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,
 Be stopped in vials, or transfixed with pins;
 Or plunged in lakes of bitter washes lie,
 Or wedged whole ages in a bodkin's eye;
 Gums and pomatums shall his flight restrain, 275
 While clogged he beats his silken wings in vain;
 Or alum styptics with contracting power
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivelled flower :
 Or, as Ixiun fixed, the wretch shall feel
 The giddy motion of the whirling mill, 280
 In fumes of burning chocolate shall glow,
 And tremble at the sea that froths below !"

He spoke; the spirits from the sails descend;
 Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;
 Some thrird the mazy ringlets of her hair; 285
 Some hang upon the pendants of her ear:
 With beating hearts the dire event they wait,
 Anxious, and trembling for the birth of fate.

CANTO III.

Close by those meads, for ever crowned with flowers,
 Where Thames with pride surveys his rising towers, 290
 There stands a structure of majestic frame,
 Which from the neighbouring Hampton takes its name.
 Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom
 Of foreign tyrants and of nymphs at home;

Here thou, great Anna ! whom three realms obey, 295
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,
To taste awhile the pleasures of a court;
In various talk the instructive hours they past,
Who gave the bull, or paid the visit last; 300
One speaks the glory of the British queen,
And one describes a charming Indian screen ;
A third interprels motions, looks, and eyes ;
At every word a reputation dies.

Snuff, or the fan, supply each cause of chat, 305
With singing, laughing, ogling, and all that.

Meanwhile, deelining from the noon of day,
The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray ;
The hungry judges soon the sentence sign,
And wretches hang that jurymen may dine ; 310
The merchant from the exchange returns in peace,
And the long labours of the toilet cease.
Belinda H U N, whom thirst of fame invites,
Burns to encounter two adventurous knights,
At ombre singly to decide their doom ; 315
And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.
Straight the three bands prepare in arms to join,
Each band the number of the sacred nine.

Soon as she spreads her hand, the aerial guard
Descend, and sit on each important card : 320
First Ariel perched upon a matadore,
Then each, according to the rank they bore;
For sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race,
Are, as whim women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four kings, in majesty revered, 325
With hoary whiskers and a forky beard :
And four fair queens whose hands sustain a flower,
The expressive emblem of their softer power;

Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
 Caps on their heads and halberts in their hand ; 330
 And parti-coloured troops, a shining tram,
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful nymph revitnvs her force with care :
 "Let spades bo trumps " she said, and trumps they were.

Now move to war her sable matadores. 335
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors,
 Spadillio first, unconquerable lord

Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.
 As many more Manillio forced to yield,
 And marched a victor from the verdant field, 340

Him Basto followed, but his fate more hard
 Gained but one trump and one pleberan card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years
 The hoary majesty of spades appears,
 Puts forth one manly leg, to sight revealed, 345

The rest his many-coloured robe concealed.
 The rebel knave, who dares his prince engage,
 Proves the just victim of his royal rage.

E'en mighty Pam, that kings and queens overthrew
 And mowed down armies in the fights of loo, 350
 Sad chance of war ' now destitute of aid,
 Falls undistinguished by the victor spado '

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield .
 Now to the baron fate inclines the field.
 His warlike amazon her host invades, 355

The imperial consort of the crown of spades.
 The club's black tyrant first her victim died,
 Spite of his haughty mien, and barbarous pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head,
 His giant limbs, in state unwieldly spread ; 360

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,
 And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The baron now his diamonds pours apace ;
 The embroidered king who shows but half his face,
 And his refulgent queen, with powers combined 365
 Of broken troops an easy conquest full.

Clubs, diamonds, hearts, in wild disorder seen,
 With throngs promiseuous strow the level green.
 Thus when dispersed a united army runs,
 Of Asia's troops, and AtnusAfrie'ssons, 370
 With like confusion different nations fly,
 Of various habit, and of various dye.
 The pierreed battalions disunited fall,
 In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The knave of diamonds tries his wily arts, 375
 And wins (O shameful chance ') the queen of hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,
 A livid paleness spreads o'er all her look ;
 She sees, and trembles at the approaching ill,
 Just in the jaws of ruin, and eodille. 380
 And now (as oft *in* some distempered state)
 On one nice trick depends the general fate.

An ace of hearts steps forth : the king unseen
 Lurked in her hand, and mourned his captive queen :
 He springs to vengeance with an eager pace, 385
 And falls like thunder on the prostrate aee,
 The nymph exulting fills with shunts the sky ;
 The walls, the woods, and lung canals reply.

O thoughtless mortals ' ever blind to fate,
 Too soon dejected, and too soon elate. 390
 Sudden, these honours shall be snatched away,
 And cursed for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is crowned,
 The berries crackle, and the mill turns round:
 On shining altars of Japan they raise 395
 The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze :

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,
 While China's earth receives the smoking tide :
 At once they gratify their seent and taste,
 And frequent eups prolong the rich repast. 400
 Straight hover round the fair her airy band;
 Some, as she sippod, the fuming liquor fanned,
 Some o'er her lap their careful fumes displayed,
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade.
 Coffee (which makes the politician wise, 405
 And sec through all things with his half-shut eyes)
 Rent up in vapours to the baron's brain
 New stratagems, the radiant lock to gain.
 Ah cease, rash youth ' desist ere 'tis too late,
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Seylla's fate! 410
 Changed to a bird, and sent to flit in air,
 She dearly pays for Nisus' injured hair '
 But when to mischief mortals bend their will,
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill'
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace 415
 A two-edged weapon from her shining case :
 Bo ladies in romance assist their knight,
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight.
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends
 The little engine on his fingers' ends ; 420
 This just behind Belinda's nock he spread,
 AS o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.
 Swift to the lock a thousand sprites repair,
 A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair ;
 And thrice they twitched the diamond in her ear; 425
 Thrice she looked back, and thrice the foe drew near.
 Just in that instant anxious Ariel sought
 The close recesses of the virgin's thought;
 As on the nosegay in her breast reclined,
 He watched the ideas rising in her mind, 430

Sudden he viewed, in spite of all her art,
 An earthly lover lurking at her heart,
 Amazed, confused, he found his power expired,
 Resigned to fate, and with a sigh retired.

The peer now spreads the glittering forfex wide, 435
 To inclose the lock ; now joins it, to divide.

Even then, before the fatal engine closed,
 A wretched sylph too fondly interposed ;
 Fate urged the shears, and But the sylph in twain,
 (But airy substance soon unites again) 440
 The meeting points the sacred hair dis sever
 From the fair head, for ever, and for ever '

Then flashed the living lightning from her eyes,
 And screams of horror rend the affrighted skies.
 Not louder shrieks to pitying Heaven are fast, 445
 When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;
 Or when rich China vessels fallen from high.
 In glittering Just and painted fragments lie !

"Let wreaths of triumph now *my* temples twine,"
 (The victor cried) "the glorious prize is mine 450
 While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,
 Or in a coach and six the British fair,
 As long as Atalantis shall be read,
 Or the small pillow grace a lady's bed,
 While visits shall be paid on solemn days, 455
 While numerous wax-lights in bright order blaze,
 While nymphs take treats, or assignations give,
 So long my honour, name, and praise shall live ;
 What time would spare, from steel receives its date,
 And monuments, like men, submit to fate ! 460

Steel could the labour of the gods destroy,
 And strike to dust the imperial towers of Troy;
 Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,
 And hew triumphal arches to the ground.

What wonder then, fair nymph ' thy hairs should feel 465
The conquering force of unresisted steel ?"

CANTO IV.

But anxious cares the pensive nymph oppressed,
And secret passions laboured in her breast.
Not youthful kings in battle seized alive,
Nor scornful virgins who their charms survive, 470
Not ardent lovers robbed of all their bliss,
Nor ancient ladies when refused a kiss,
Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,
Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinned awry,
E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair 475
As thou, sad virgin ' for thy ravished hair.

For, that sad moment, when the sylphs withdrew,
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,
As ever sullied the fair face of light, 480
Down to the central earth, his proper scene,
Repaired to search the gloomy cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the gnome,
And in a vapour reached the dismal dome.
No cheerful breeze this sullen region knows, 485
The dreaded east is all the wind that blows,
Here in a grotto, sheltered close from air,
And screened in shades from day's detested glare,
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head. 490

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,
But differing far in figure and in face,
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,
Her wrinkled form in black and white arrayed;

With store of prayers, for mornings, nights and noons,
Her hand is filled ; her bosom with lampoons. 496

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,
Shows in her cheeks the roses of eighteen,
Practised to lisp, and hang the head aside,
Faints into air, and languishes with pride, 500
On the rich quilt sinks with beinning woe,
Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show.
The fair ones feel such maladies as these,
When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant vapour o'er the palace flies, 505
Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise;
Dreadful, as hermits' dreams in haunted shades,
Or bright as visions of expiring maids.
Now glaring frends, and snakes on rolling spires,
Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires : 510
Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes,
And crystal domes, and angels in machines.

Unnumbered throngs on every side are seen,
Of bodies changed to various forms by Spleen.
Here living tcaputs stand, one arm hold out, 515
One bent; the handle this, and that the spout :
A pipkin there, like Homer's tripod walks ;
Here sighs a jar, and there a goose-pie talks.

Safe past the gnome through this fantastic band,
A branch of healing spleenwort in his hand. 520
Then thus addressed the power . " Hail, wayward queen '
Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen :
Parent of vapours and of female wit,
Who give the hysteric, or poetic fit,
On various tempers act by various ways, 525
Make some take physic, others scribble plays ;
Who cause the proud their visits to delay,
And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy power disdains,
 And thousands more in equal mirth maintains. 530
 But oh ! it e'er thy gnome could spoil a grace,
 Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,
 Like citron-waters matrons' cheeks inflame,
 Or change complexions at a losing game ;
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin, 535
 That single aft gives halt the world the spleen."

The goddess with a discontented air
 Seems to reject him, though she grants his prayer.
 A wondrous bag with both her bands she binds,
 Like that where once Ulysses held the winds; 540
 There she collects the force of female lungs,
 Sighs, sobs, and passions, and the war of tongues.
 - A vial next she fills with fainting fears,
 Soft sorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.
 The gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away, 545
 Spreads his black wings, and slowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thalestris' arms the nymph he found,
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound.
 Full o'er their heads the swelling hag he rent,
 And all the furies issued at the vent. 550
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,
 And fierce Thalestris fans the rising fire.
 " O wretched maid !" she spread her hands, and cried
 (While Hampton's echoes, "Wretched maid "" replied),
 " Was it for this you took such constant care 555
 The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare ?
 For this your locks in paper durance bound,
 For this with torturing irons wreathed around ?
 For this, with fillets strained your tender head,
 And bravely bore the double loads of lead? 560
 Gods I shall the ravishor display your hair,
 While the fops envy, and the ladies stare !

Honour forbid! at whose unrivalled shrine
 Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.
 Methinks already I your tears survey, 565
 Already hear the horrid things they say,
 Already wee you a degraded toast,
 And all your honour in a whisper lost !
 How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend"
 'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend ' 570
 And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,
 Exposed through crystal to the gazing eyes,
 And heightened by the diamond's circling rays,
 On that rapacious hand forever blaze ?
 Sooner shall grass in Hyde Park Circus grow, 575
 Anil wits take lodgings in the sound of Dow;
 Sooner let earth, air, sea, to chaos fall,
 Men, monkeys, lapdogs, parrots, perish all ""
 She said , then raging to Sir Plume repairs,
 And bids her beau demand the precious hairs : 580
 (Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,
 And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)
 With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face,
 He first the snuff-box opened, then the case,
 And thus broke out— " My lord, why, what the devil?
 Confound the lock ' 'fore Gad, you must be civil! 586
 Plague on't ! 'tis past a jest—nay, prithee, pox I
 Give her the hair "—he spoke, and rapped his box.
 " It grieves me much " (replied the peer again)
 " Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain. 590
 But by this lock, this sacred lock I swear,
 (Which never more shall join its parted hair;
 Which never more its honours shall renew,
 Clipped from the lovely head where late it grew)
 That while my nostrils draw the vital air, 595
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear."

He spoke, and speaking in proud triumph spread
The long contended honours of her head.

But Umbriel, hateful gnome! forbears not so;
He breaks the vial whence the sorrows flow. SOD

Then see ! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,
Her eyes halt-languishing, half-drowned in tears;
On her heaved bosom hung her drooping head,
Which, with a sigh, she raised; and thus she said :—

"For ever cursed be this detested day, 605
Which snatched my best, my favourite curl away !

Happy ah, ten times happy had I been,
If Hampton court these eyes had never seen
Yet am not I the first mistaken maid,
By love of courts to numerous ills betrayed. 610

Oh, had I rather unadmired remained
In some lone isle, or distant northern land ;
Where the gilt chariot never marks the way,
Where none learn ombre, none e'er taste Bohea !
There kept my charms concealed from mortal eye, 615
Like roses that in deserts bloom and die.

What moved my mind with youthful lords to roam ?
Oh, had I stayed, and said my prayers at home !

'Twas this, the morning omens seemed to tell,
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell, 620
The tottering Uhina shook without a wind,
Nay, Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind !

A sylph, too, warned me of the threats of fate,
In mystic visions, now believed too late '
See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs ! 625

My hands shall rend what even thy rapine spares :
These in two sable ringlets taught to break,
Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck;

The sister-lock now sits uncouth, alone,
4ml in its fellow's fate foresees its own; 630

Uncurled it hangs, the fatal shears demands,
 And tempts, once more, thy sacrilegious hands.
 Oh, hadst thou, cruel been content to seize
 Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these !"

UNITEDV.

She said the pitying audience melt in tears, 635
 But fate and Jove had stopped the baron's ears.
 In vain Thalestris with reproach assails,
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails'?
 Not half so fixed the Trojan could remain,
 While Anna bagged and Dido raged in vain. 640
 Then grave Clarissa graceful waved her fan ;
 Silence ensued, and thus the nymph began :—

"Say, why are beauties praised and honoured most,
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast ?
 Why decked with all that land and sea afford, 645
 Why angels called, and angel-like adored ?
 Why round our coaches crowd the white-gloved beaux ?
 Why bows the si from its inmost rows ?
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains,
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains : 650
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace :
 ' Behold the first in virtue as in face "
 Oh ! if to dance all night, and dress all day,
 Charmed the small-pox, or chased old age away;
 Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,
 Or who would learn one earthly thing of use ? 656
 To patch, nay ogle, might become a saint,
 Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.
 But since, alas ! frail beauty must decay,
 Curled or uncurled, since locks will turn to grey ; 660
 Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,
 And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;

What then remains but well our power to use,
 And keep good-humour still, whate'er we lose?
 And trust me, dear ' good-humour can prevail, 665
 When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding fail.
 Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll ;
 Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul."

So spoke the dame, but no applause ensued ;
 Belinda frowned, Thalestris called her prude. 670
 "To arms, to arms '" the fierree virago cries,
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.
 All side in parties, and begin the attack;
 Fans clap, silks rustic, and tough whalebones crack;
 Heroes' and heroines' shnunts confusedly rise, 675
 And bass, and treble voices strike the skies.
 No common weapons in their hands are found,
 Like gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the gods engage,
 And heavenly breasts with human passions rage; 680
 'Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms.
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms .
 Jove's thunder roars, heaven trembles all around,
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :
 Earth shakes her noddirig towers, the ground gives way,
 And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day ! 686

Triumphant U mbriel on a sconce's height
 Clapped his glad wings, and sate to view the fight:
 Propped on their bodkin spears, the sprites survey
 The growing combat, or assist the fray. 690

While through the press enraged Thalestris flies,
 And scatters death around from both her eyes,
 A beau and witling perished in the throng,
 One died in metaphor, and one in song.
 " O cruel nymph ! a living death I bear," 695
 Cried Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.

A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,
 " Those eyes are made so killing "—was his last.
 Thus on Meander's flowery margin lies
 The expiring swan, and as his Rings he dies. 700

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,
 Chloe stepped in, and killed him with a frown;
 She smiled to see the doughty hero slain,
 But, at her smile, the beau revived again.

Now Jove suspends his gulden scales in air, 705
 Weighs the men's wits against the lady's hair;
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side ;
 At length the with mount up, the hairs subside.

See, fierce Belinda on the Baron flies,
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes : 710

Nor feared the chief the unequal light to try,
 Who sought no more than on his foe to die,
 But this bold lord, with manly strength endued,
 She with-one finger and a thumb subdued :
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew, 715
 A charge of snuff' the wily virgin threw.

The gnomes direct, to every atom just,
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows,
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose. 720

"Now meet thy fate," incensed Belinda cried,
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,
 Her great-great-grandsire wore about his nock,
 In three seal-rings ; which after, melted down, 725
 Formed a vast buckle for his widow's gown :
 Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,
 The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;
 Then in a bodkin graced her mother's hairs,
 Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.) 730

"Boast not my fall" (he cried), "insulting foe !
 Thou by some other shalt be laid as low,
 Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind :
 All that I dread is leaving you behind
 Rather than so, ah let me still survive,, 735
 And burn in Cupid's flames—but burn alive."

"Restore the lock" she cries, and all around
 "Restore the lock " the vaulted roofs rebound.
 Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain
 Roared for the handkerchief that caused his pain. 740
 But see how oft ambitious aims are crossed,
 And chiefs contend till all the prize is lost
 The lock, obtained with guilt, and kept with pain,
 In every place is sought, but sought in vain :
 With such a prize no mortal must be blest, 745
 So Heaven decrees ' with Heaven who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the lunar sphere,
 Since all things lost on earth are treasured there.
 There heroes' wits are kept in ponderous vases,
 And beaux' in snuff'-boxes and tweezer-cases. 750
 There broken VoWS and death-bed alms are found,
 And lovers' hearts with ends of riband bound,
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,
 Dried butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise, 755
 Though marked by none but quick, poetic eyes :
 (So Rome's great founrler to the heavens withdrew,
 To Proculus alone confessed in view)
 A sudden star, it shot through liquid air,
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair. 760
 Not Berenice's locks first rose so bright,
 The heavens bespangling with dishevelled light.
 The sylphs behold it kindling as it flicks,
 And pleased pursue its progress through the skies.

This the beau monde shall from the Mall survey, 765
 And hail with music its propitious ray.
 This the blest lover shall for Venus take,
 And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.
 This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,
 When next he looks through Galileo's eyes ; 770
 And hence the egregious wizard shall foredoom
 The fate of Louis, anil the fall of Rome.

Then cease, bright nymph ' to mourn thy ravished hair,
 Which adds new glory to the shining sphere
 Not all the tresses that fair head can boast, 775
 Shall draw such envy as the lock you lost.
 For, after all the murders of your eye,
 When, after millions slain, yourself shall die,
 When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,
 And all those tresses shall bo laid in dust, 780
 This lock the Muse shall consecrate to fame,
 And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name.

VIII.

ALEXANDER POPE.

AX ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

'Tis hard to say, it greater waul of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill,
 But, of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patients, than mislead our sense
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this ; 5
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;
 A fool might once himself alone expose,
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 'True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to writs.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15
 And censure freely who have written well.
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
 But are not critics to their judgment too?
 Yet if we look more closely, we shall find
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind : 20
 Nature affords at least a glimmering light ;
 The lines, though touched hut faintly, are drawn
 right.
 But as the slightest sketch, if justly traced,
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgraced,
 So by false learning is good sense defaced ; 25
 Some are bewildered in the maze of schools,
 And some made exxeombs Nature meant but fools.
 In search of wit these lose their common sense,
 And then turn critics in their own defence :
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30
 Or with a rival's, or an eunuch's spite.
 All fools have still an itching to deride,
 And fain would be upon the laughing side,
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spite,
 There are who judge still worse than he can write. 35
 Some have at first for wits, then poets past,
 Turned critics next, and proved plain fools at last.
 Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.
 Those half-learned witlings, numerous in our isle, 40
 As half-formed insects on the banks of Nile,

Unfinished things, one knows not what to call,
 Their generation's so equivocal,
 To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,
 Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critie's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go ,
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet, 50
 And mark that point where sense and dulness meet.

Nature to all things fixed the limits fit,
 And wisely curbed proud man's pretending wit.
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains; 55
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,
 The solid power of understanding fails;
 Where beams of warm imagination play,
 The memory's soft figures melt away.

One science only will one genius fit; 60
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit:
 Not only bounded to peculiar arts,
 But oft in those confined to .single parts.
 Like kings we lose the cunquests gained before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more, 65
 Each might his several province well command,
 Would all but stoop to what they understand.

First follow Nature, and your judgment frame
 By her just standard, which is still the same :
 Unerring Nature, still divinely bright, 70
 One clear, unchanged, and universal light,
 Life, force, and beauty, must to all impart,
 At once the source, and end, and test of art.
 Art from that fund but just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides : 75

In some fair body thus the informing soul
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,
 Each motion guides, and every nerve sustains;
 Itself unseen, but in the effects, remains.
 Some, to whom Heaven in wit has been profuse, 80
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use ,
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,
 Though meant each other's aid, like man and wife.
 Tis more to guide, than spur the muse's steed;
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed ; 85
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you cheek his course.
 Those rules of old discovered, not devised,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodized;
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrained 90
 By the same laws which first herself ordained.
 Hear how learned Greece her useful rules indites,
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights :
 High on Parnassus' top her sons she showed,
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95
 Held from afar, aloft, the immortal prize,
 And urged the rest by equal steps to rise.
 Just precepts thus from great examples given,
 She drew from them what they derived from Heaven.
 The generous critic fanned the poet's fire, 100
 And taught the world with reason to admire.
 Then criticism the muse's handmaid proved,
 To dress her charms, and make her more beloved :
 But following wits from that intention strayed,
 Who could not win the mistress, wooed the maid; 105
 Against the poets their own arms they turned,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
 So modern 'potheearies, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,

Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, no
 Prescribe, apply, and cull their masters fools.
 Some on the leaves of ancient authors prey,
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoiled so much as they.
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made, 115
 These leave the sense, their learning to display,
 And those explain the meaning quite away.

You then whose judgment the right course would steer,
 Know well each Ancient's proper character;
 His fable, subject, scope in every page, 120
 Religion, country, genius of his age .
 Without all these at once before your eyes,
 Cavil you may, but never criticise.
 Be Homer's works your study and delight,
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims
 bring,

And trace the muses upward to their spring.
 Still with itself compared, his text peruse ;
 And let your comment be the Mantuan muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind 130
 A work t' outlast immortal Rome designed,
 Perhaps he seemed above the critic's law,
 And but from Nature's fountains scorned to draw:
 But when to examine every part he came,
 Nature and Homer ware, he found, the same. 135
 Convinced, amazed, he checks the bold design ;
 And rules as strict his laboured work confine,
 As if the Stagirite r'erlooked each line.
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem ;
 To copy Nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no precepts can declare,
 For there's a happiness as well as care.

Music resembles poetry, in each
 Arc nameless graces which no methods teach,
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145
 If, where the rules not far enough extend
 Sinc's rules were made but to promote their end),
 Some lucky licence answer to the full
 The intent proposed, that licence is a rule.
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150
 May boldly deviate from the common track;
 Great wits sometimes may gloriously offend,
 And rise to faults true critics flare not mend ;
 From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art, 155
 Which without passing through the judgment, gains
 The heart, and all its end at once attains.
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,
 Which out of Nature's common order rise,
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. 160
 But though the ancients thus their rules invade
 (As kings dispense with laws themselves have made),
 Moderns, beware ' or if you must offend
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its end;
 Let it be seldom, and compelled by need ; 165
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.
 The critic else proceeds without remorse,
 Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force
 I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts
 Those freer beauties, e'en in them, seem faults. 170
 Some figures monstrous and mis-shaped appear,
 Considered singly, or beheld too near,
 Which, but proportioned to their light, or place,
 Due distance reconciles to form and grace.
 A prudent chief not always must display 175
 His powers in equal ranks, and fair array.

But with the occasion and the place comply,
 Conceal his force, nay, seBin sometimes to fly.
 Those oft are stratagems which error seem,
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180
 Still green with bays each ancient altar stands,
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands;
 Secure from flamus, from envy's fiercer rage,
 Destructive war, and all-involving age.
 See, from each clime the learned their incense bring ' 185
 Hear, in all tongues consenting pæans ring!
 In praise so just let every voice be joined,
 And till the general chorus of mankind.
 Hail, bards triumphant' born in happier days ;
 Immortal heirs of universal praise ' 190
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall sound,
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire, 195
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;
 Grlows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)
 To teach vain wits a science little known,
 To admire superior sense, and doubt their own ! 200

II.

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
 Is pride, the never failing vice of fools.
 Whatever Nature has in worth denied, 205
 She gives in large recruits of needful pride;
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find
 What wants in blood and spirits, swelled with wind:

Pride, where wit fails, steps in to our defence,
 And fills up all the mighty void of sense. 210
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.
 Trust not yourself ; but your defeets to know,
 Make use of every friend—and every foe.

A little learning is a dangerous thing , 215
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,
 Arid drinking largely sobers us again
 Fired at first sight with what the muse imparts,
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of arts, 220
 While from the bounded level of our mind
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind •
 But more advanced, behold with strange surprise
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!
 So pleased at first the towering Alps we try, 225
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,
 The eternal snows appear already past,
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;
 But, those attained, we tremble to survey
 The growing labours of the lengthened way, 230
 The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect judge will read each work of wit
 With the same spirit that its author writ:
 Survey the whole, nor seek slight faults to find 235
 Where Nature moves, and rapture warms the mind ;
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,
 The generous pleasure to be charmed with wit.
 But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenor keep ,
 We Cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.

In wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts
 Is not the exactness of peculiar parts ;
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245
 But the joint force and full result of all.

Thus when we view some well-proportioned dome,
 The world's just wonder, and e'en thine, O Rome!)
 No single parts unequally surprise,
 All comes united to the admiring eyes; 250
 No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;
 The whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,
 Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.
 In every work regard the writer's end, 255
 Since none can compass more than they intund;
 And if the means be just, the conduct true,
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due;
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,
 To avoid great errors, must the loss commit: 260
 Neglect the rules each verbal critic Jays,
 For not to know some trifles, is a praiss.
 Most critics, fond of some subservient art,
 Still make the whole depend upon a part:
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265
 And all to one loved folly sacrifice.

Once on a time, La Mancha's knight, they say,
 A certain bard encountering on the way,
 Discoursed in terms as just, with looks as sage,
 As e'er could Dennis of the Grecian stage; 270
 Concluding all were desperate sots and fools,
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.
 Our author, happy in a judge so nice,
 Produced his play, and begged the knight's advice,
 Made him observe the subject and the plot, 275
 The manners, passions, unities : what not?

All which, exact in rule, were brought about,
 "Were but a combat in the lists left out.
 " What ! leave the combat out?" exclaims the knight;
 " Yes ; or' we must renounce the Stagirite." 280
 "Not so by Heaven " (he answers in a range),
 " Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the stage."
 "So vast a throng the, stage can ne'er contain."
 "Then build a new, or act it in a plain."
 Thus critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285
 Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,
 Form short ideas ; and offend in arts,
 (As most in manners) by a love in parts.
 Some to conceit alone their taste confine,
 And glittering thoughts struck out at every line ; 290
 Pleased with a work where nothing's just or fit;
 One glaring chaos and wild heap of wit.
 Poets like painters, thus, unskilled to trace
 The naked Nature and the living grace,
 With gold and jewels cover every part, 295
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.
 True wit is Nature to advantage dressed,
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well expressed ;
 Something, whose truth convinced at sight we find,
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.
 For works may have more wit than docs them good,
 As bodies perish through excess of blood.
 Others for language all their care express, 305
 And value books, as women men, for dress :
 Their praise is still—"the stylo is excellent: "
 The sense, they humbly take upon content.
 Words are like leaves ; and where they most abound,
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310

False eloquence, like the prismatic glass,
 Its gaudy colours spreads on every place ;
 The face of Nature we no more survey.
 All glares alike, without distinction gay
 But true expression, like the unchanging sun, 315
 Clears and improves whate 'er it shines upon,
 It gilds all objects, but it alters none
 Expression is the dress of thought, and still
 Appears more decent, as more suitable;
 A vile conceit in pompous words expressed, 320
 Is like a down in regal purple dressed •
 For different styles with different subjects sort,
 As several garbs with country, town, and court.
 Some by old words to fame have made pretence,
 Ancients in praise, mere moderns in their sense; 325
 Such laboured nothings, in so strange a style,
 Amaze the unlearned, and make the learned smile,
 Unlucky, as Fungoso in the play,
 Thess sparks with awkward vanity display
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday ; 330
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,
 As apes our grandsires, in their doublets drest.
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old :
 Be not the first by whom the new are tried, 335
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.
 But most by numbers judge a poet's song ;
 And smooth or rough, with them is right or wrong:
 In the bright muse though thousand charms con-
 spire,
 Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ; 340
 Who haunt Parnassus hut to please their ear,
 Not mend their minds; as some to church repair,
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there.

These equal syllables alone require,
Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ; 345
While expletives their feeble aid do join;
And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still expected rhymes ,
Where'er you find "the cooling western breeze," 350
In the next line, it " whispers through the trees :"
It crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"
The readers threatened (not in vain) with "sleep ."
Then, at the last and only couplet fraught
With some unmeaning thing they call a thought, 355
A needless Alexandrine ends the song
That, like a woundrd snake, drags its slow length along.
Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know
What's roundly smooth or languishingly slow :
And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360
Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness join,
True ease in writing conies from art, not chance,
As those move easiest who have learned to dance,
'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,
The sound must seem an echo to the sense : 365
Soft is the strain when zephyr gently blows,
And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;
But when loud surges lash the sounding shore,
The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar :
When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw, 370
The line too labours, and the word moves slow;
Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main.
Hear how Timotheus' varied lays surprise,
And bid alternate passions fall and rise ! 375
While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove
Now burns with glory, and then melts with love,

Now his fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow .
 Persians and Lireeks like turns of nature found, 380
 And the world's virtor stood subdued by sound '
 The power of music all our hearts allow,
 And what Timotheus was, is Dryden now.

Avoid extremes , and shun the fault of such,
 Who still are pleased too little or too much 385
 At every trifle scorn to take offence,
 That always shows great pride, or little sense ;
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.
 Yet let not each gay turn thy rapture move; 390
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve
 As things seem large which we through mists descry,
 Dulnsss is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise,
 The ancients only, or the moderns prize. 395
 Thus wit, like faith, by each man is applied
 To one small sect, and all are damned beside.
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,
 And force that sun bub on a part to shine,
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,
 Enlights the present, and shall warm the last;
 Though each may feel increases and decays,
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405
 Regard not then if wit be old or new,
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a judgment of their own,
 But catch the spreading notion of the town ;
 They reason and conclude by precedent, 410
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invents.

Some judge of authors' names, not works, and then
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.
 Of all this servile herd the worst is he
 That in proud dullness joins with quality, 415
 A constant untie at the great man's board,
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my lord.
 'What woeful stuff' this madrigal would be,
 In some starved hackney sonneteer, or me!
 But let a lord once own the happy lines, 420
 How the wit brightens ' how the style refines !
 Before his sacred name flies every fault,
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!
 The vulgar thus through imitation err,
 As oft the learned by being singular , 425
 So much they scorn the crowd, that if the throng
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong;
 So schismatics the plain believers quit,
 And are but damned for having too much wit.
 Some praise at morning what they blame at night; 430
 But always think the last opinion right
 A muse by these is like a mistress used,
 This hour she's idolized, the next abused ;
 While their weak heads like towns unfortified,
 'Twixt sense and nonsense daily change their side. 435
 Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say ;
 And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.
 We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow,
 Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so.
 Once school divines this zealous isle o'erspread : 440
 Who knew most sentences, was deepest read;
 Faith, gospel, all, seem made to be disputed,
 And none had sense enough to be confuted:
 Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,
 Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck Lane. 445

If faith itself has different dresses wori,
 What wonder modes in wit should take their turn ?
 Oft, leaving whab is natural and tit,
 The current folly proves the ready wit:
 And authors think their reputation safe, 450
 Which lives as long as fools are pleased to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,
 Still make themselves the measure of mankind :
 Fondly we think we honour merit then,
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455

Parties in wit attend on those of state,
 And public faction doubles private hate.
 Pride, malice, folly, against Dryden rose,
 In various shapes of parsons, critics, beaux ,
 But sense survived, when merry jests were past; 460
 For rising merit will buoy up at last

Might he reborn, and bless once more our eyes,
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise;
 Nay, should great Homer lift his awful head,
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465

Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue ;
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true ;
 For envied wit, like Sol eclipsed, makes known
 The opposing body's grossness, not its own,
 When first that sun too powerful beams displays, 470
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays :
 But even those clouds at last adorn its way,
 Reflect new glories and augment the day.

Be thou the first true merit to befriend :
 His praise is lost, who stays, till all commend. 475
 Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.
 No longer now that golden age appears,
 When patriarch-wits survived a thousand years :

Now length of fame (our second life) is lost, 480
 And bare threescore is all e'en that can boast;
 Our sons their fathers' failing language see,
 Arid such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.
 So when the faithful pencil has designed
 Some bright idea of the master's mind, 485
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand ;
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light •
 When mellowing years their full perfection give, 490
 And each bold figure just begins to live,
 The treacherous colours the fair art betray,
 And all the bright creation fades away '
 Unhappy wit, like most mistaken things,
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495
 In youth alone its empty praise we boast,
 But soon the short-lived vanity is lost
 Like some fair flower the early spring supplies,
 That gaily blooms, but e'en in blooming dies.
 What is this wit, which must our cares employ? 500
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ;
 Then most our trouble still when most admired,
 And still the more we give, the more required ;
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !
 If wit so much from ignorance undergo,
 Ah, let not learning too commence its foe !
 Of old, those met rewards who could excel, 510
 And such were praised who but endeavoured well:
 Though triumphs were to generals only due,
 Crowns were reserved to grace the soldiers too.

Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,
Employ their pains to spurn sonic others down ; 515
And while self-love each jealous writer rules,
Contending wits become the sport of fowls :
But still the worst with must regret commend,
For each ill author is as bad a friend
To what base ends, and by what abjeet ways, 520
Are mortals urged through sacred lust of praise !
Ah, ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,
Nor in the critic let the man he lost.
Good-nature and good sense must ever join ;
To err is human, to forgive, divine. 525
But if in noble minds some dregs remain
Not yet purged off, of spleen and sour disdain;
Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,
Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times.
No pardon vile obscenity should find, 530
Though wit and art conspire to move your mind ;
But dulness with obscenity must prove
As shameful sure as impotence in love.
In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease,
Sprung the rank weed, and thrived with large in- 535
crease :
When love was all an easy monarch's care;
Seldom at council, never in a war :
Jilts ruled the state, and statesmen farces writ;
Nay, wits had pensions, and young lords had wit:
The fair sat panting at a courtier's play, 540
And not a mask went unimproved away :
The modest fan was lifted up no more,
The virgins smiled at what they blushed before.
The following licence of a foreign reign
Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain; 545
Then unbelieving priests reformed the nation,
And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;

Where Heaven's free subjects might their rights dispute,
 Lest God himself should seem too absolute:
 Pulpits their sacred satire learned to spare, 550
 And vice admired to find a flatterer there '
 Encouraged thus, wit's Titans bravisd the skies,
 And the press groaned with licensed blasphemies.
 Those monsters, critics ' with your darts engage,
 Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage ! 555
 Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,
 Will needs mistake an author into vice ;
 All seems infected that the infeeted spy,
 As all looks yellow to the jaundiced eye.

III.

Learn then what morals critics ought to show, 560
 For 'tis hut half a judge's task, to know
 'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;
 In all you speak, lot truth and candour shine .
 That not alone what to your sense is dun
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too. 565
 Be silent always whim you doubt your sense;
 And speak, though sure, with seeming diffidence :
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;
 But you, with pleasure own your errors past, 570
 And make each flay a critic on the last.
 'Tis not enough, your counsel still he true;
 Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;
 Men must he taught as if you taught them not,
 And things unknown proposed as things forgot. 575
 Without good breeding, truth is disapproved ;
 That only makes superior sense beloved.
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence ;
 For the worst avarice is that of sense.

With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust, 580
Nor be so evil as to prove unjust.

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise ;
Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

'Twere well might unties still this freedom take,
But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 585
And stares, tremendous, with a threatening eye,
Like some fierce tyrant in old tapestry.

Fear most to tax an honourable fool,
Whose right it is, uneensured, to be dull ;
Such, without wit, are poets when they please, 590
As without learning they can take degrees.

Leave dangerous truths to unsuccessful satires,
And flattery to fulsome dedicators,
Whom, when they praise, the world believes no more,
Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er. 595

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
And charitably let the dull be vain :
Your silence there is better than your spite,
For who can rail so long as they can write ?
Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep, 600
Ami lashed so long, like tops, are lashed asleep.

False steps but help them to renew the race,
As, after stumbling, jades will mend their pace.
What crowds of these, impenitently bold,
In sounds arid jingling syllables grown old, 605
Still rum on poets, in a raging vein,
Even to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,
Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,
And rhyme with all the rage of impotence !

Such shameless bards we have ; and yet 'tis true, 610
There are as mad abandoned critics too.
The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,
With loads of learned lumber in his head,

With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 Arid always listening to himself appears. 615
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 From Dryden's fables down to Durfey's tales.
 With him, most authors steal them works, or buy;
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary.
 Name a new play, and he's the poet's friend, 620
 Nay, showed his faults—but when would poets mend?
 No place so sacred from such fops is barred,
 Nor is Paul's church mure safe than Paul's church-
 yard.

Nay, fly to altars; there they'll talk you dead :
 For fools rush in where angels fear to tread. 625
 Distrustful sense with modest, caution speaks,
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes;
 But rattling nonsense in full volleys breaks,
 And never shocked, and never turned aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide. 630

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,
 Still pleased to teach, and yet not proud to know ?
 Unbiassed, or by favour, or by spite ,
 Not dully prepossessed, nor blindly right,
 Though learned, well-bred ; and though well-bred, sincere,
 Modestly bold, amiably severe 636
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe ?
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfined;
 A knowledge both of books and human kind : 640
 Generous converse ; a soul exempt from pride ;
 And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were critics ; such the happy few,
 Athens and Rome in better ages knew.
 The mighty Stagirite first left the shore, 645
 Spreading all his sails, and durst the deeps explore :

He steered securely, and discovered far,
 Lori by the light of the Mæonian star.
 Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free,
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty, 650
 Received his laws; and stood convinced 'twas fit,
 Who conquered Nature, should preside o'er wit.

Horace still charms with graceful negligence,
 And without method talks us into sense,
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey 655
 The truest notions in the easiest way.
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit.
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ,
 Yet judg'd with coolness, though he sung with fire,
 His precepts teach but what his works inspire. 660

Our critics take a contrary extreme,
 They judge with fury, but they write with phlegm:
 Nor suffers Horace more in wrong translations
 By wits, than critics in as wrong quotations.

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine, 665
 And call new beauties forth from every line.

Fancy and art in gay Petronius please,
 The scholar's learning, with the courtier's ease.

In grave Quintilian's copious works, we find
 The justest rules, and clearest method join'd : 670
 Thus useful arms in magazines we place,
 All ranged in order, and disposed with grace,
 But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,
 Still fit for use, and ready at command.

Thee, bold Longinus ' all the Nine inspire, 675
 And bless Lheir critic with a poet's fire.
 An ardent judge, who zealous in his trust,
 With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just:
 Whose own example strengthens all his laws ;
 And is himself that great Sublime he draws. 6Bo

Thus long sueceeding critics justly reigned,
 Licence repressed, and useful laws ordained.
 Learning ari Rome alike in empire grew ;
 And arts still followed where her eagles flew ;
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom, 685
 And the same age saw learning fall, and Ktmio.
 With tyranny, than superstition joined,
 As that the body, this enslaved the mind,
 Much was believed, but little understood,
 And to bo dull was construed to be good ; 690
 A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,
 And the Monks finished what the Coths begun.

At length Erasmus, that great injured name,
 (The glory of the priesthood, and the shame !)
 Stemmed the wild torrent of a barbarous age, 695
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see ! each muss, in Leo's golden days,
 Starts from her trance, and trims her withered bays,
 Home's ancient genius, o'er its ruins spread,
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his reverend head. 700
 Then sculpture and her sister-arts revive ;
 Stones leaped to form, and rocks began to live ;
 With sweeter notes each rising temple rung ;
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung,
 Immortal Vida -. on whose honoured brow 705
 The poet's bays and critic's ivy grow :
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame !

But soon by impious arms from Latium chased,
 Their ancient bounds the banished muses passed ; 710
 Thence arts o'er all the northern world advance,
 But critic-learning flourished most in France :
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys ;
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways.

But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despised, 715
And kept unconquered, and uncivilised ;
Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,
We still defy the Romans, as of old.
Yet some there were, among the sounder few
Of those who less presumed, and better knew, 720
Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,
Anil here restored wit's fundamental laws.
Such was the muse, whose rules anil practice tell,
"Nature's chief master piece is writing well."
Such was Roscommon, not more learned than good, 725
With manners generous as his noble blond;
To him the wit of Greece and Kerne was known,
And every author's merit, but his own.
Such lato was Walsh—the muse's judge and friend,
Who justly know to blame or to commend; 730
To failings mild, but zealous for desert;
The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.
This humble praise, lamented shade ! receive,
This praise at least a grateful muse may give :
The muse, whose early voice you taught to sing, 735
Prescribiid her heights, and pruned her tender wing,
(Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,
But in low numbers short excursions tries:
Content, if hence the unlearned their wants may view,
The harned reflect on what before they knew: 740
Careless of censure, nor too fond ol fame ;
Still pleased to praise, yet not afraid to blame,
Averse alike to flatter, or offend ;
Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.

IX.

ALEXANDER POPE.

(i.) ON A (CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

I KNOW the thing that's most uncommon;

(Envy, be silent, and attend)

I know a reasonable woman,

Handsome and witty, yet a friend.

Not warped by passion, awed by rumour, 5

Not grave through pride, or gay through folly,

An equal mixture of good humour,

And sensible soft melancholy.

" Has she no faults then (Envy says), sir ?"

Yes, she has one, I must aver , 10

When all the world conspires to praise her,

The woman's deaf, and does not hear.

(ii.) TO LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE,

I.

In beauty, or wit,

No mortal as yet

To question your empire has dared :

But men of discerning

Have thought that in learning 5

To yield to a lady was hard.

II.

Impertinent schools,

With musty dull rules,

Have reading to females denied;

So Papists refuse 10

The Bible, to use,

Lest flocks should be wise as their guide.

m.

Twas a woman at first
 (Indeed she was Durst)
 In knowledge that tasted delight, 15
 And sages agree
 The laws should decree
 To the first possessor the right.

IV.

Then bravely, fair dame,
Kesume the old claim, 20
Which to your whole sex does belong :
And let men receive,
Prom a second bright Eve,
The knowledge of right and of wrong.

V.

But if the first Eve 25
Hard doom did receive,
When only one apple had she,
What a punishment new
Shall be found out for you,
Who tasting, have robbed the whole tree ? 30

(ni.) ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Happy the man whose wish and caro
A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air,
In his own ground.

Whoso herds with milk, whose fields with bread, 5
Whose flocks supply him with attire,
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcernedly find
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10
 In health of body, peace of mind,
 Quiet by day,
 Sound sleep by night; study and case,
 Together mixed ; sweet recreation ;
 And innocence, which most does please 15
 With meditation.
 Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,
 Thus unlamented let me die,
 Steal from the world, and not a stone
 Tell where I lie. 20

(iv.) THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL,

DDE

I.

Vital spark of heavenly flame !
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying,
 Oh, the pain, the bliss of dying !
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark ' they whisper ; angels say,
 Sister spirit, come away.
 What is this absorbs me quits ?
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight, 10
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath ?
 Tell me, my soul, can this be death ?

HI.

The world recedes ; it disappears !
 Heaven opens on my eyes ! my ears
 With sounds seraphic ring . 15
 Lend, lend your wings ' I mount! I fly '
 O grave i where is thy victory ?
 O death ! where is thy sting?

X.

JOHN GAY.

(i.) THE TURKEY AND THE ANT.

IN other men we faults can spy,
 And blame the mote that dims their eye ;
 Each little speck and blemish find,
 To our own stronger errors blind.
 A Turkey, tired of common food, 5
 Forsook the barn, and sought the wood;
 Behind her ran an infant train,
 Collecting here and there a grain.
 "Draw near, my Birds ' (the mother cries)
 This hill delicious fare supplies; 10
 Behold the busy negro race,
 See millions blacken all the place !
 Fear not; like me with freedom eat;
 An Ant is most delightful meat,
 How blest, how envied, were our life, 15
 Could we but 'scape the poulterer's knife !
 But man, cursed man, on Turkeys preys,
 And Christmas shortens all our days.
 Sometimes Avith oysters we combine,
 Sometimes assist the savoury chine ; 20

From the low peasant to the lord,
 The Turkey smokes on every board.
 Suru men for gluttony are cursed,
 Of the seven deadly sins the worst."
 An Ant, who climbed beyond his reach, 25
 Thus answered from the neighb'ring beech :—
 "Ere you remark another's sin,
 Bid thine own conscience look within ;
 Control thy more voracious bill,
 Nor for a breakfast nations kill." 30

(ii) THE HARDENER AND THE HOG.

A gardener of peculiar taste,
 On a young Hog his favour placed,
 Who fed not with the common herd;
 His tray was to the hall preferred :
 He wallowed underneath the board, 5
 Or in his master's chamber snored,
 Who fondly stroked him every day,
 And taught him all the puppy's play.
 Where'er he went, the grunting friend
 Ne'er failed his pleasure to attend. 10
 As on a time the loving pair
 Walked forth to tend the garden's care,
 The Master thus addressed the Swine :—
 " My house, my garden, all is thine,
 On turnips feast whene'er you please, 15
 Arid riot in my beans and pease,
 If the potato's taste delights,
 Or the red carrot's sweet invites,
 Indulge thy noon and evening hours,
 But let due care regard my flowers : 20
 My tulips are my garden's pride :
 What vast expense those beds supplied !"

The Hog by chance one morning roamed,
Where with new ale the vessels foamed ;
He munches now the steaming grains, 25
Now with full swill the liquor drains.

Intoxicating fumes arise ;
He reels, he rolls his winking eyes ;
Then staggering through the garden scours,
And treads down painted ranks of flowers : 30
With delving snout he turns the sod,
And cools his palate with the spoil

The Master came, the ruin spied,
" Villain ' suspend thy rago, (he cried)
Hast thou, thou most ungrateful sot, 35
My charge, my only charge, forgot '
What, all my flowers "' no more he said,
But gazed, and sighed, and hung his head.
The Hog with fluttering -speech returns :—
"Explain, Sir, why your anger burns 40
See there, untouched, your tulips strown ;
For I devoured the roots alone."

At this the Gardener's passion grows ;
From oaths and threats he falls to blows :
The stubborn brute the blow sustains, 45
Assaults his leg, and tears the veins.

Ah ' foolish Swain ' too late you find
That styes were for such friends designed !

Homeward he limps with painful pace,
Reflecting thus on past disgrace; 50

" Who cherishes a brutal mate,
Shall mourn the folly soon or late."

XI.

LADY MARY WDRTLEY MONTAGUE.

TOMR.P————

ADUIANFLE, *April 1, O.S. 1717.*

I DARE say you expect at least something very new in this letter, after I have gone a journey not undertaken by any Christian for some hundred years. The most remarkable accident that happened to me was my being very near overturned into the Hebrus; anil, if I hail
 much reganl for the glories that one's name enjoys after death, I should certainly be sorry for having missed the romantic conclusion of swimming down the same river in which the musical head of Orpheus repeated verses so many ages since :

" Caput a cervice revulsum,
Gurgite cum med to portarw Oeaqrius Hebrus
Volveret, Eurydicen vox ipse, et frigida lingua,
Ah! miseram Eurydicen! anima fugiente vocabat,
Eurydicen toto referebant flumine ripæ

Who knows but some of your bright wits might have found it a subject affording many poetical turns, and have told the world, in an heroic elegy, that,

" As equal were our SDU!S, so equal wore our fatss '"

I despair of ever having so many fine things said of me, 20
 as so extraordinary a death would have given occasion for.

I am at this present writing in a house situated on the banks of Hebrus, which runs under my chamber window. My garden is full of tall cypress-trees, upon the branches of which several couple of true turtles are saying soft things to one another from morning to night. How naturally do boughs and vows come into my head at

this minute ! and must not you confess, to my praise,
 that 'tis more than an ordinary discretion that can resist 30
 the wicked suggestions of poetry in a place where truth,
 for once, furnishes all the ideas of pastoral ? The summer
 is already far advanced in this part of the world ; and,
 for some miles round Adrianople, the whole ground is
 laid out in gardens, and the banks of the rivers set with 35
 rows of fruit-trees, under which all the most considerable
 Turks divert themselves every evening, not with walking,
 that is not one of their pleasures, but a set party of them
 choose out a green spot, where the shade is very thick,
 and there they spread a carpet, on which they sit 40
 drinking their coffee, and generally attended by some
 slave with a fine voice, or that plays on some instrument.
 Every twenty paces you may see one of these little
 companies listening to the dashing of the river; and
 this taste is so universal, that the very gardeners are not 45
 without it. I have often seen them and their children
 sitting on the banks, and playing on a rural instrument,
 perfectly answering the description of the ancient fistula,
 being composed of unequal reeds, with a simple but
 agreeable softness in the sound. 50

Mr. Addison might here make the experiment he
 speaks of in his travels; there not being one instrument
 of music among the Greek or Roman statues that is not
 to be found in the hands of the people of this country.
 The young lads generally divert themselves with making 55
 garland? for their favourite lambs, which I have often
 seen painted and adorned with flowers, lying at their
 feet while they sung or played. It is not that they ever
 read romances, but these are the ancient amusements
 here, and as natural to them as cudgel-playing and 60
 football to our British swains; the softness and warmth
 of the climate forbidding all rough exercises, which were
 never so much as heard of amongst them, and naturally

inspiring a laziness and aversion to labour, which the
 great plenty indulges. These gardeners are the only 65
 happy race of country people in Turkey. They furnish
 all the city with fruit and herbs, and seem to live very
 easily. They are most of them Greeks, and have little
 houses in the midst of their gardens, where their wives
 and daughters take a liberty not permitted in the town, 70
 I mean, to go unveiled. These wenches are very neat
 and handsome, and pass their time at their looms under
 the shade of their trees.

I no longer look upon Theocritus as a romantic writer ;
 he has only given a plain image of the way of life 75
 amongst the peasants of his country; who, before
 oppression had reduced them to want, were, I suppose,
 all employed as the better sort of them are now. I
 don't doubt, had he been born a Briton, his *Idylliums*
 had been filled with descriptions of threshing and churn- 80
 ing, both which are unknown here, the corn being all
 trod out by oxen; and butter [I speak it with sorrow]
 unheard of,

I read in your Homer here with an infinite pleasure,
 and find several little passages explained that I did not 85
 before entirely comprehend the beauty of; many of the
 customs, and much of the dress then in fashion, being
 yet retained, and I don't wonder to find more remains
 here of an age so distant, than is to be found in any
 other country, the Turks not taking that pains to intro- 90
 duce their own manners as has been generally practised
 by other nations, that imagine themselves more polite.
 It would be too tedious to you to point out all the
 passages that relate to present customs. But I can
 assure you that the princesses and great ladies pass their 95
 time at their looms, embroidering veils and robes, sur-
 rounded by their maids, which are always very numerous,
 in the same manner as we find Andromache and Helen

described. The description of the belt of Menelaus exactly resembles those that are now worn by the great men, fastened before with broad golden ulasps, and embroidered round with rich work. The snowy Ail that Helen throws over her face, is still fashionable ; and I never see (as I do very often) half a dozen old pashas with their reverend beards, sitting basking in the sun, but I recollect good King Priam and his counsellors. Their manner of dancing is certainly tho same that Diana is sung to have danced on the banks of the Eurotas. The great lady still leads the dance, and is followed by a troop of young girls, who imitate her steps, and, if she no sings, make up the chorus. The tunes are extremely gay and lively, yet with something in them wonderfully soft. The steps are varied according to the pleasure of her that leads the dance, but always in exact time, and infinitely more agreeable than any of our dances, at least in my opinion. I sometimes make one in the train, but am not skilful enough to bad ; these are Grecian dances, the Turkish being very different.

I should have told you, in the first place, that the Eastern manners give a great light into many Scripture passages that appear odd to us, their phrases being commonly what we should call Scripture language. The vulgar Turk is very different from what is spoken at court, or amongst the people of figure, who always mix so much Arabic or Persian in their discourse, that it may very well be called another language And 'tis as ridiculous to make use of the expressions commonly used, in speaking to a great man or a laily, as it would be to talk broad Yorkshire or Somersetshire in the drawing-room. Besides this distinction, they have what they call the *sublime*, that is, a style proper for poetry, and which is the exact Scripture style. I believe you would be pleased to see a genuine example of this; and I am

very glad I have it in my power to satisfy your curiosity,
 by sending you a faithful copy of the versus that 135
 Ibrahim Pasha, the reigning favourite, has made for the
 young princess, his contracted wife, whom he is not yet
 permitted to visit without witnesses, though she is gone
 home to his house. He is a man of wit and learning;
 and whether or no he is rapable of writing good verse 140
 himself, you may be sure, that, on such an occasion, he
 would not want the assistance of the best poets in the
 empire. Thus the verses may be looked upon as a
 sample of their finest poetry ; and I don't doubt you'll
 be of my mind, that it is most wonderfully resembling 145
The Song of Solomon, which was also addressed to a royal
 bride.

TURKISH VERSES *addressed to the SULTANA, eldest daughter
 of Sultan AUHMET III.*

STanza I.

1. The nightingale now wanders in the vines :
 Her passion is to seek roses.
2. I went down to admire the beauty of the vines : 150
 The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
3. Your Byes black anil lovely,
 But wild and disdainful as those of a stag.

STANZA II

- 1, The wish d possession is delay'd from day to day;
 The cruel Sultan Achmet will not permit me 155
 To see those checks more vermilion than roses.
- 2, I dare not snatch one of your kisses ;
 The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul.
- 3, Your eyes are black and lovely,
 But wild and disdainful as those of a stag. 150

STANZA III.

1. The wretched Pasha Ibrahim sighs in these verses:
 One dart from your eyes has pierc'd thro' my heart.
2. Ah ! when will the hour of possession arrive ?
 Must I yet wait a long time ?
 The sweetness of your charms has ravish'd my soul 165

3. Ah ! Sultana ! stag-ey'd—an angel amongst angels !
 I desiro, —and, my desire, remains unsatisfied.—
 Can you take duhght to piey upon my heart ?

SIANZA IV.

1. My CUPS pierce the heavens i
 My uys are without sleep ! 170
 Turn to mo, Kultana—let mo gaze on thy beauty.
2. Adieu ! I go down to the giave
 If you call me I return
 My heart is hot us sulphur ; sigh, and it will flame.
3. Crown of my life ' fan light of my eyes ' 175
 My Sultana ! my princess !
 I lub my face against the earth ,—I am drown'd in scalding
 tears—Ihave !
 Have you no compassion ' Will yuu not tmii to look upon me ?

I have taken abundance of pains to get these verses in a literal translation, and if you were acquainted with 180 my interpreters, I might spare myself the trouble of assuring you, that they have received no poetical touches from their hands. In my opinion (allowing for tha inevitable faults of a prose translation into a language so very different) there is a good deal of beauty in them. 185 The epithet of *stag-ryd* (though the sound is not very agreeable in English) pleases me extremely; and is, I think, a very lively image of the fire and indifference in his mistress's eyes. Monsieur Boileau has very justly observed, we are never to judge of the elevation of an 190 expression in an ancient author by the sounil it carries with us; which may be extremely fine with them, at the same tune it looks low or uncouth to us. You are so well acquainted with Homer, you cannot but have observed the same thing, and you must have the same 195 indulgence for all Oriental poetry.

The repetitions at the end of the two first stanzas are meant for a sort of chorus, and agreeable to the ancient manner of writing, the music of the verses apparently changes in the third stanza, where the burthen is altered; 200

and I think he very artfully seems more passionate at the conclusion, as 'tis natural for people to warm themselves by their own discourse, especially on a subject where the heart is concerned, and is far more touching than our modern custom of concluding a song of passion with a 205 turn which is inconsistent with it. The first verse is a description of the season of the year; all the country being full of nightingales, whoso amours with roses is an Arabian fable, as well known here as any part of Ovid amongst us, anil is much the same thing as if an English 210 poem should begin by saying — "Now Philomela sings." Or what if I turned the whole into the style of English poetry, to see how it would look ?

STANZA I.

¹¹ Now Philomel renews her tender strain,
 Indulging all the night her pleasing pain : 215
 I sought the groves Lo hear the wanton sing,
 Thern saw a face moru beauteous than the spring
 You large stag-eyes, when? thousand glories play,
 As bright, as lively, hut as wild as they.

Stanza\ II.

In vain I'm promised Mich a heav'nly prize ; 220
 Ah i cruel Sultan ' who delays my joys '
 While picuing i-haims transfix my am'rous heart,
 I dare not snatch one kiss to ease the smart,
 Those eyes ! like, etc

STANZA III

Your wretched lover in these lines complains , 225
 From those dear beauties rise his killing pains,
 When will the hour of wish'd-for bliss arrive ?
 Must I wait longer ?—Dan I wait and live ?
 Ah ! bright Sultana ' maid divinely fair !
 Can you, impitying, see the pain I bear ? 230

SIANZA IV.

The heavens relenting, hear my piercing cries,
 I loathe the lifeht, and sleep forsakes my eyes ;
 Turn thee, Sultana, ere thy lover dies :

Sinking to earth I sigh the last adiau ;
 Call me, my goddess, and my life renew. 235

Myqueen!myangel!myfondheart'sCesire!swire !
 I rave—my bosom bums with heav'nly fire '
 pity that passion which thy charm? inspire."

I have taken the liberty, in the second verse, of following what I suppose is the true sense of the author, 240 though not literally expressed. By his saying, Hu went down to admire the beauty of the vines, and her charms ravished his soul, I understand by this a poetical fiction, of having first seen her in a garden, where he was admiring the beauty of the spring. But I could not 245 forbear retaining the comparison of her eyes to those of a stag, though, perhaps, the novelty of it may give it a burlesque sound in our language. I cannot determine upon the whole how well I have succeeded in the translation, neither do I think our English proper to express 250 such violence of passion, which is very seldom felt amongst us, and we want those compound words which are very frequent and strong in the Turkish language.

You see I am pretty far gone in Oriental learning ; and, to say truth, I study very hard. I wish my studies 255 may give me an occasion of entertaining your curiosity, which will be the utmost advantage hoped for from it by, etc.

XII.

JAMES THOMSON.

ANRLINH!

NDW whan the first foul torrent of the brooks,
 Swell'rl with the vernal rains, is ebb'd away,
 And, whit'ning, down their mossy-tim'tur'd stream
 Descends the billowy foam, now is the time

While yet t' e dark-brown water aids the guile, 5
 To tempt the trout. The well-dissembled fly,
 The rod, fine tap'ring with elastic spring,
 Snatch'd from the hoary steed the floating line,
 And all thy si under wat'ry stores prepare,—
 When with his lively ray the potent sun 10
 Has pierc'd the streams, and rous'd the finny race;
 Then, issuing cheerful, to thy sport repair;
 Chief, should the western breezes curling play,
 And light o'er ether bear the shadowy clouds.
 High to their fount, this day, amid the hills 15
 Arid woodlands warbling round, trace up the brooks ;
 The next, pursue their rocky-channel'd maze
 Down to the river, in whose ample wave
 Their little Naiads love to sport at large.
 Just in the dubious point, where with the pool 20
 Is mix'd the trembling stream, or where it boils
 Around the stone, or from the hollow'd bank
 Reverted, plays in undulating flow.
 There throw, nice judging, the delusive fly.
 Anil, as you lead it round in artful eurve, 25
 With eye attentive mark the springing game.
 Straight as above the surface of the flood
 They wanton rise, or urg'd by hunger leap,
 Then fix with gentle twitch the barbed hook;
 Sonic lightly tossing to the grassy bank, 30
 And to the shelving shore slow-dragging some,
 With various hand proportion'd to their force.
 If yet too young, anil easily deceiv'd,
 A worthless prey scarce bends your pliant rnfi,
 Him, piteous of his youth, and the short space 35
 He has enjoy'd the vital light of heav'n,
 Soft disengage, and back into the stream
 The speckled captive throw; but should you lure
 From his dark haunt, beneath the tangled roots

Of pendent trees, the monarch of the brook, 40
Behoves you then to ply your finest art.
Long time he, following cautious, scan the fly,
And oft attempts to seize it, but as oft
The dimpled water speaks his jealous fear ;
At last, while haply o'er the shaded sun 45
Passes a cloud, he desperate takes tho death
With sullen plunge at once he darts along,
Deep-struck, and runs out all the lengthened line;
Then seeks the farthest ooze, the shelt'ring weed,
The cavern'd bank, his old secure abode, 50
And flies aloft, and flounces round the pool,
Indignant of the guile, With yielding hand,
That feels him still, yet to his furious course
Givesway, you, now retiring, following now
Across the stream, exhaust his idle rage, 55
Till floating broad upon his breathless side,
And to his fate abandon'd, to the shore
You gaily drag your unresisting prize.

Thus pass the temp'rate himrs; but when the sun
Shakes from his noonday throne the scattering clouds,
Ev'n shooting listless languor through the deeps, 61
Then seek the bank where flow'r'ing elders crowd,
Where scattered wide the lily of the vale
Its balmy essence breathes, where cowslips hang
The dewy head, where purple violets lurk, 65
With all the lowly children of the shade;
Or lie reclin'd beneath yon spreading ash
Hung o'er the steep; whence borne on liquid wing
The sounding culver shoots; or where the hawk
High in the beetling eliff his eyry builds ; 70
There let the classic page thy fancy lead
Through rural scenes, such as the Mantuan swan
Paints in the matchless harmony of song;
Or catch thyself the landscape, gliding swift

Athwart imagination's vivid eye ; 75
 Or by the vocal woods and waters lull'd,
 And lost in lonely musing, in the dream
 Confus'd of careless solitude, where mix
 Ten thousand wandr'ing images of things,
 Soothe ev'ry gust of passion into peace, 80
 All but the swellings of the soften'd heart,
 That waken, not disturb, the tranquil mind.

XIII.

JAMES THOMSON.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLENCE.

*The castle hight of Indolence,
 And its false luxury ;
 Where for a little time, alas!
 We liv'd right jollily.*

O MORTAL man, whn hvest here by toil, 5
 Do not complain of this thy haul astute •
 That like an emmet thou must ever moil,
 Is a sad sentence of an ancient date ,
 And, certes, there is for it reason great ;
 For, though sometimes it makes thee weep and wail, 10
 Ami curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come an heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale.

In lowly dale, fast by a river's sides,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompass'd round, 15
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is nowhere found.
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground ;
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half prankt with spring, with summer half embrown'd, 20
 A lissless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared ev'n for play !

Was nought around but images of rest:
Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between ;
And flowery beds that slumberous influence kest, 25
From poppies breath'd ; and beds of pleasant green,
Where never yet was creeping creature sewn.
Meantime unnumber'd glittering streamlets play'd,
And hurled every where their waters sheen ;
That, as they bicker'd through the sunny glade, 30
Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur made.

Join'd to the prattle of the purling rills,
Were heard the lowing herds along the vale,
And flocks loud bleating from the distant hills,
And vacant shepherds piping in the dale ; 35
And now and then sweet Philomel would wail,
Or stock-doves plain amid the forest deep,
That drowsy rustled to the sighing gale ;
And still a coil the grasshopper did keep:
Yet all these sounds yblent inclined all to sleep. 40

Full in the passage of the vale above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood ,
Where nought but shadowy forms were seen to move,
As Idlesse fancy'd in her dreaming mood :
And up the hills, on either side, a wood 45
Of blackening pines, aye waving to and fro,
Sent forth a sleepy horror through the blood ;
And where this valley winded out, below,
The murmuring main was heard, and scarcely heard, to flow.

A pleasing land of drowsy-head it was, 50
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye;
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
For ever flushing round the summer sky .
There eke the soft delights, that withnighly

Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast, 55
 And the calm pleasures always hover'd nigh;
 But whatn'er smack'd of noyance or unrest,
 Was far, far off expell'd from this delicious nest.

The lanrlskip such, inspiring perfect case,
 Where Indolence [for so the wi.'ard hight) 60
 Close hid his castle mid embowering trees,
 That half shut out the hearns of Phæbus bright,
 And make a kind of checker'd day and night;
 Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gnte,
 Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight 65
 Was plau'd; and to his lute, of cruel fate,
 And labour harsh, uomplaiu'd, lamenting man's estate.

XIV.

JAMES THOMSON.

SONR.

*Written in his early years, and afterwards shaped for his
 Amanda,.*

FOR ever, Fortune, wilt them prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ;
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Dome in between and bid us part;
 Bill us sigh on from day to day, 5
 And wish and wish the soul away;
 Till youth and genial years are flown,
 And all the life of life is gone !
 But busy, busy still art thou,
 To bind the loveless, joyless vow, 10
 The heart from pleasure to delude,
 And join the gentle to the rude;

For pomp, and noise, and senseless show,
 To make us Nature's joys forego,
 Beneath a gay dominion groan, 15
 And put the golden fetter on !

XV.

EDWARD YOUNG.

AGAINST PROCRASTINATION.

BE wise to-day ; 'tis madness to defer;
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd nut of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled, 5
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
 That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
 Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears 10
 The palm: That all men are about to live,
 For ever on the brink of being born.
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel ; and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise, 15
 At least their own : their future selves applaud;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead '
 Time lodg'd in their own hands is folly's vails ;
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ; 20
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage : when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest, 25

Unanxious for ourselves , and only wish,
 As duteous amis, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty uhides his infamous delay, 30
 Pushe.s his prudent purpose bo resolve .
 hi all the, magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same

XVI.

JOHN DYER,

GRDXUAR HILL.

SILENT nymph, with curious eye I
 Who, the purple evening, lie
 On the mountain's lonely van,
 Beymid the noise of busy man ;
 Painting fair the form of tilings, 5
 Whilo the yellow linnet sings
 Or the tuneful nightingale
 Uharms the forest with her talc;
 Tome, Avith all bhy various hues,
 Crmn¹, and aid thy sister Muse : 10
 Now, while Phœbus riding high,
 Gives lustre to the land and sky !
 Grongar Hill invites my song,
 Draw the landscape bright and strong-
 Glrongar, in whoso mossy cells, 15
 Sweetly musing, quiet dwells ,
 Irrongar, in whose silent shade,
 For the inorient Muses made,
 So oft I have, the evening still,
 At the fountain of a rill, 20
 Sat upon a flowery bed,
 With my Land beneath my head;

While stray'd my eyes o'er Towy's flood,
 Over mead, and over wood,
 From house to house, from hill to hill, 25
 Till contemplation hail her fill.

About his chequer'd sides I wind,
 And leave his brooks and meads behind,
 And groves, and grottoes where I lay,
 Anil vistas shooting beams of day ; 30
 Wide and wider spreads the vale ,
 As circles- on a smooth i-anal
 The mountains round, unhappy fate !
 Sooner or latei, of all height,
 Withdraw their summits from the skiss, 35
 And lessen as the uthirs rise ,
 Still the prospect wider spreads,
 Adds a thousand woods and meads ;
 Still it widens, widens still,
 And sinks the newly-risen hill. 40

Now I gain the mountain's brow,
 What a landscape lies below '
 No clouds, no vapours intervene ;
 But the gay, the open scene,
 Does the face of Nature show, 45
 In all the hues of Heaven's bow ,
 And, swelling tu embraee the light.
 Spreads around beneath the sight.

Old castles on the din's arise,
 Proudly towering in the skiss ' 50
 Hushing from the woods, the spires
 Seem from hence asnending fires !
 Half his beams Apollo sheds
 On the yellow mountain-heads !
 Grilds the fleeces of the flocks, 55
 And glitters on the broken rocks!

Bull w me trees unnumber'd rise,
 Beautiful in various dyes :
 The gloomy pine, the poplar blue,
 The yellow beech, the sable yew, 60
 The slender fir, that taper grows,
 The sturdy oak with broad-spread boughs.
 And beyond the purple yiove,
 Haunt of Phyllis, queen of love !
 Uaudy as the opening dawn, 65
 Lies a long and level lawn,
 On which a dark hill, steep and high,
 Holds anil charms the wandering eye !
 Deep are his feet in Towy's rlooil,
 His sides are clobh'd with waving wood, 70
 And ani'ient towers crown his brow,
 That cast an awful look below ,
 Whose ragged walls the ivy creeps,
 And with her arms from falling keeps :
 So both a safety from the wind 75
 On mutual dependence find,
 'Tis now the raven's bleak abode ;
 Tis now th' apartment of the toad;
 And there the fox securely feeds;
 And there the poisonous adder breeds, 80
 Coneeal'd in ruins, moss, and weeds;
 While, ever and anon, there falls
 Huge heaps of hoary rnoulder'd wails.
 Yet time has seen, that lifts the low,
 And level lays the lofty brow, 85
 Has seen this broken pile complete,
 Big with the vanity of state:
 But transient is the smile of fate ;
 A little rule, a little sway,
 A sunbeam in a winter's day, 90

Is all the proud and mighty have
Between the cradle and the grave.

And see the rivers, how they run,
Through woods and meads, in shade and sun,
Sometimes swift, sometimes slow, 95
Wave sueeeeding wave, they go
A various journey to the deep,
Like human life to endless sleep !
Thus is Nature's vesture wrought,
To instruct our wandunng thought; 100
Thus she dresses green and gay,
To disperse our earns away.

Ever charming, BATI- new,
When will the landscape tire the view!
The fountain's fall, the river's flow, 105
The woody valleys, warm and low;
The windy summit, wild and high,
Roughly rushing mi the sky !
The pleasant seat, the ruin'd tower,
The naked rock, the shady bower; 110
The town and ullage, dome and farm,
Each give eaeh a double charm,
As pearls upon an Æthiop's arm.

Sec on the mountain's southern side,
Where the prospect opens wide, 115
Where the evening gilds the tide;
How close arid small the hedges lie !
What streaks of meailovs cross the eye'
A step methinks may pass the stream,
So little distant dangers seem; 120
So we mistake the future's face,
Ey'd through hope's deluding glass;
As yon summits, soft and fair,
Clad in Colours of the air,

Which to those that journey near, 125
 Barren, brown, and rough appear :
 St!¹ we tread the same coarse way,
 The present's still a cloudy day.

O may I with myself agree,
 And never covet what I see : 130
 Content me with an humble shade,
 My passions tum'd, my wishes laid ;
 For, while our wishes wildly roll,
 We banish quiet from the soul
 'Tis thus the busy beat the air, 135

And misers gather wealth and care
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high,
 As on the mountain-turf I lie ,
 While the wanton zephyr sings,
 And in the vale perfumes his wings; 140
 While the waters murmur deep ;
 While the shepherd l'harness his sheep,
 While the birds unbounded fly,
 And with music fill the sky,
 Now, ev'n now, my joys run high. 145

Be full, ye courts ; be great who will;
 Search for peace with all your skill
 Open wide the lofty door,
 Seek her on the marble floor.
 In vain you search, she is not there ; 150
 In vain ye search the domes of care '
 Grass and flowers quiet tread,
 On the meads and mountain-heads,
 Along with pleasure, close ally'd,
 Ever by each other's side : 155
 And often, by the murmuring rill,
 Hears the thrush, while all is still,
 Within the groves of Grongar Hill.

XVII.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

DDE TO EVENING.

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, ['haste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, anil dying gales ,

O nymph reserv'd, while now the bright-haired Sun 5
 Sits in yon western tent, whose eloiuly skirts,
 With brede ethereal wove,
 D'eihang his wavy bed .

Now air is hush'd, save wlu're the weak-ey'd bat
 With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing, 10
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he uses midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum:
 Now teach me, maid compos'd, 15
 To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers stealing through thy darkening vale,
 May not unseemly with its stillness suit,
 As musing slow, I hail
 Thy genial lov'd return ! 20

For when thy folding star arising shows
 His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
 The fragrant hours, and elves,
 Who slept in buds the day,

And many a rymph who wreathes her brows with sedge,
And sheds the freshening dew and, lovelier still, 26

The pensive pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rovs some wild and heathy scene,
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells, 30
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut,
That from the mountain's side, 35
Views wilds, and swelling floods,

Ani hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires,
And hears their simple bell, and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil. 40

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tressBS, meekest Eve !
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves; 45
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train,
And rudely rends thy robes :—

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace, 50
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name I

XVIII.

WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

AN ODE FOR *Music*.

WHEN Music, heavenly maid, was young,
 While yet in early Grreeee she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Throng'd around her magic cell,
 Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting, 5
 Possest boy on d the Muse's painting.
 By turns they felt the glowing mind
 Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd.
 Till once, 'tia sail], when all were fir'd,
 Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd, 10
 From the supporting myrtles round
 They snatch'd her instruments of sound;
 And as they rift had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her foreeful art,
 Each (for madness rul'd the hour), 15
 Would prove his own expressive power.
 First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildcr'd laid,
 And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
 Ev'n at the sound himself had made. 20
 Next Anger rush'd : his eyes on fire
 In lightnings own'd his secret stings .
 In one rude clash he fctiuck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.
 With woeful measures, wan Despair, 25
 Low sullen sounds, his grief begun"d,
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
 'Twas sad by fits, by start* 'twas wild.

But them, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure ? 30
 Still it whisperm'd promis'd pleasure,
 Anil bade the lovely scenes at distance hail!
 Still would her touch the strain prolong,
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
 She call'd on Echo still through all the song, 35
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close,
 And Hope enchanted snul'd, and wav'd her golden
 hair.
 And longer had she sung—hut, with a frown,
 Revenge impatient rosi' 40
 He threw his bloml-stam'd sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dn-arl,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe. 45
 And ever and anon he beat
 The doubling drum with furious heat;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied, 50
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltcr'd mien,
 While earh strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from
 his hсад.
 Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state,
 Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd, 55
 And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on
 Hate.
 With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
 Pale Melancholy sat retir'd,
 Ank from her wild scqucster'd seat,
 in notes by distance made more sweet, So

Pour'd through the mellow limn her pensive soul:
 And dashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels join'd tin; sound ,
 Through glades anrl glooms the mingled measure
 stole,
 Or o'er some haunted stream with fond delay, 65
 Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.
 But oh, how alter'd was its sprightlii'r tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue, 70
 Her bow across hoi shouldei flung,
 Her buskins gemm'd with morning new,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known ,
 The oak-crowned sisters, anrl their chaste-ey'd ijueen,
 Satyrs and sylvan boys wciu seen, 76
 Peeping from forth their alleys green.
 Brown Exerase rtvjoic'd to hear,
 And Sport leapt up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.
 Last came Joy's ecstatic trial, 80
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the In ely pipe his hand address,
 But soon he saw the brisk-awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best.
 They would have thought, who heard the strain, 85
 They saw in Tempo's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal-sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing,
 While, as his nying fingers kiss'd the strings,
 LDVB fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round. 90
 Loose were her tresses seen, her znne unbound ;
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music, sphere-descended maid,	95
Friend oi: Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,	
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,	
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside?	
As in that lov'd Athenian bower	
You learn'd its all-commanding power,	100
Thy mimic soul, O nymph emlear'd,	
Can well recall what then it heard.	
"Whore is thy native simple heart,	
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art?	
Arise, as in that elder time,	105
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime !	
Thy wonders in that godlike age	
Fill thy recording sister's page :—	
Tis said, and I believe the tale,	
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,	110
Had more of strength, diviner rage,	
Than all which charms this laggard age,	
Ev'n all at once together found,	
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.—	
O, bid our vain endeavours cease,	115
Revive the just designs of Greece ;	
Return in all thy simple state ;	
Confirm the tales her sons relate !	

NOTES

I —MATTHEW PRIOR.

FOK an account of the authoi, see tlio Introduction.

(1) S1)NU.

6. toilet appears to mean ' table ' in this placu.
10. numbers, music.

(11.) To A CHILD OF QUALITY.

The author explains that when this was written, 111 17D4, Miss **Mary** was five and the pout was toity.

(III.) Fuu MY OWN MONUMENT

9. as far as to fifty. He died at the age of hfty-suven, in 1721.
10. This line is intolerably umhythmical.

II.-RICHARD STEELE.

A STAGECOACHII JOURNEY

This essay [*Spectator*. No 132, August 1, 1711) is one of the De Coverley serie, though 'the Speetatoi' himself is the only member of the club introduced. The design of it is to give a lesson in manners to passengers on coach journeys, and it is uuiious to obseive that steele's sympathir's are- with the Quaker against the swashbuckling captain, although he himself was an ex captain of Fusiliers. Hut such is Steele's character. In comparing this with the essays of Addison, the reader should observe two things : that Hteule is stronger m invention, for there is a guoil dual of ' plot ' in this paper ; and, secondly, that Stale's morals lie much mom on the surface, and his preaching is far more direct.

Qui aut tempus, etc. - ' Tho man who fails to see what the orcaaiion Requires, or talks too much, or shows himself off, or has no consideration for his company—that is the man we call "inept" ("tactless")' (Cicero, *De Oratore*, II iv 17). Marcus Tullius Cicero was commonly spoken of by the abbreviation of his second name, 'Tully.'

7. the chamberlain, the person who assigned to the travellers their rooms at the inn and their places on the coach.
9. Mrs. Betty. The title ' mistress ' docs not at this date imply that a lady is married.
14. studied himself dumb. Taciturnity Was the principal feature of Mr. *Spectator's* character.

25. **half-pike**, a short pike or *spontoon* carried by officers of infantry.
 27. **equipage, retinue**, here used comically of the single servant.
 33. **coach-box**, what we call the box-seat.
 75 **fleer**, jeer.
 81. hasped, fastened, us by the 'hasp' of a lock
 89. smoky. To 'smoke,' in the slang of that Jay, was 'to perceive' a thing, 'smoky' means intelligent, quirk to perceive
 100. taking place. Apparently it was the rule of the coach road that vehicles coming from London must make way at the inns for vehicles going thither.
 122. thee and I. The Quaker speech preserved the Biblical simplicity of the second person singular; here the case is, of course, ungrammatical
 127. affections merely - 'feelings.'

III.-JOSEPH ADDISON.

CHEVY-CHACE.

This is the first of two papers which appeared in the *Spectator* in May, 1711. It has been selected here in Preference to others better known, because it exhibits Addison at his best work—namely, as a sane critic doing his utmost to enlighten the false taste of his generation. Dr Johnson, who greatly admired Addison, thought this preference for simple ballads a mere eccentricity

Interdum vulgus. It is the invariable practice of the *Spectator* Essays to have a text from the Latin classics. The Epistles and Satires of Horace were the favourite literary guides at that time, and Roscommon's translation of the *Ars Poetica* was universally studied and followed

11. Boileau (1535-1711). This great French critic, with whom Addison had conversed, had a powerful influence upon English taste. Molière (1522-1673) was the greatest dramatist of France
 20. the Gothic manner. By this Addison means the artificial of conventional school, on which he proceeds to enlarge. The name is taken from the analogy of architecture. Its use is a singular inversion of the facts, for in architecture the Gothic is the natural and free style, as opposed to the Classic or conventional
 24. Milton was, in a certain sense, Addison's own discovery, although *Paradise Lost* had scarcely been in existence for fifty years. It was Addison who secured universal acknowledgment of his genius.
 27. Martial, a Spanish-Roman poet and wit who died in 102 A.D. Most of his work consists of very short satirical epigrams in elegiac verse or hendecasyllables. Here is a specimen.

Non amo te Sabidi, nec possum dicere quare.
 Hoc unum non Non amo te, Sabidi

which has been translated thus :

' I do not like thee, Doctor Foil,
 The reason why I cannot tell.
 But this one thing I know full well :
 I do not like thee, Doctor Fell.'

27. Cowley. Abraham Cowley (1618- 1667) usurped the place, of Milton at the Restoration, and was immensely popular as a poet and essayist. His principal poem was a, very dull epic, *Davideis*, but the popular part of his work was the love-songs, full of 'concerts' and intellectual trickery, and the satires
35. the old song of Chevy-Chace, one of the traditional Bolder ballads of unknown authorship. It refers to the battles of Otterburn (1388) and Hamilon or Hambledown Hill in 1402. These were sanguinary struggles between the powerful Border nobles. In this case the English were headed by Percy, Earl of Northumberland, and the Scotch by Karl Douglass. Texts of the ballad vary exceedingly, as is always the case with literature of oral tradition. Thus the oldest version begins
- 'The Persé owt nil Northumberlande
And avowe to God mayd he,
That he wold hunte in the mowntavns
Off Chyviat within days the
In the magger of doughte Dogles ,
And all that ever with him be.'
- Addison follows a later version, which is not free from artificial embellishments of a later date. Chevy-Chace means the hunting of Cheviot of Teviot.
38. Ben Jonson was the contemporary, friend, and rival of Shakespeare, a man of great learning and wit, whose introduction of the old 'comedy of manners' and founded the school of drama in which Congreve, Wycherley, and others followed. The best of his work is perhaps the prose *Discoveries*..
38. Sir Philip Sidney, the flower of Elizabethan chivalry, author of *Arcadia* the sonnet series *stella and Astrophel*, and the *Apologie fur Poetrie*; here quoted See *The Spenser Epoch*.
42. crowder, fiddler; a 'crowd' was a soil of fiddle.
45. Pindar, the Greek writer of odes, mostly celebrating victories at the athletic games of Greece..
52. Homer and Virgil have formed their plans in this view. This is true of Vergil, who designed his poem to glorify Rome at the bidding of Augustus. It is scarcely necessary to say that modern scholars take an entirely different view of Homer's works, and even deny the existence of such a personality. "Without entering that vexed problem one may say that there is no trace in the *Iliad* of any plan of the soil Addison suggests, indeed, such a self-conscious design is entirely alien to the spirit of the natural epic. There was no 'Persian Emperor' at the time when these poems were composed. So probably with Chevy-Chace the 'moral' was the introduction of a later date.
84. Valerius Flaccus, the writer of an epic, *Argonauticon*, about A.D. 70 Statius wrote the *Thebaid*, and died in V.D. 96
100. Scotland's King.. There is some confusion here. The Scottish king is afterwards called 'King James'. This can only be James I. of Scotland, the unfortunate poet-king, who was captured by the English in 1405, -when quite a child, and kept prisoner for eighteen years in England. In 1388 and 1402, the years of Otterburn and Homildon. Robert III. was king

107. King Henry This was King Henry IV., though one version of the ballad calls him 'the second of that name'
- 120 Humbledown, or Homildon Hill, in 1402.
164. For why, often wrongly printed as a question — 'For why ? ' For why' means 'because,' *whi being* an old instrumental case of the relative pronoun Similarly 'for thi' is used in Middle English for 'therefore' The reader will remember the use of this phrass in the old hymn, 'For why the Lord our God is good'
187. our poet seems, etc It is highly improable that 'our poet' troubled himself to imitate Vergil. This instance might serve as a warning to collectors of literary Parallels.

IV.—JOSEPH ADDISON.

THE VISION OF MIIZA.

This is perhaps the best known of all Addison's works with the possible exception of *Westminster Abbey*. It appeared in the *spectator*, No. 159, on September 1, 1711. This style of eLibiuute allegory in a short compass is called 'apologue.'

1. at Grand Cairo. This introduction is fietional; Addison never visited Cairo,
103. scimitars, curved swords carried by the Turks.
115. harpies were certain monstrous forms, half woman and half bird, with honked talons, that seized upon men's food and carried it away ; described by Homer and Vergil.

V.-JOSEPH ADDISON.

(1.) ' THE SPACIOUS FIRMAMENT . . . "

This hymn appeared in the *Spectator*, No. 465 From evidences of style it is almost certainly the work of Addison.

21. In Reason's ear seems to mean in the judgment of a person who will reason.

VI.-JONATHAN SWIFT.

(GULLIVER'S TRAVELS IN LAPUTA..

For an account of swift and his satirical masterpiece, *Gulliver's Travels*, see the Introduction. Heif we are in the third part — the voyage to Laputa, a country somewhere in the neighbourhood of Japan. Laputa is like Aristophanes' city of Nephelococcugia in *The Birds*— a city in the air, a city of mathematicians,, abstract philosophers, and unpractical theorists" in general Such are the folk that the witty Dean is here ridiculing. The immediate occasion of this part of the work was the South Sea Bubble of 1720, and all the innumerable fantastic projects which accompanied that fever of speculation. It was a wonderful new discovery that a man could get rich merely by investing his capital at the right time in the right concern. Joint-stork companies of all sorts sprang into being along with the South Sea Company, and burst with it — companies for making

timber out of sawdust, for extracting gold from the sea, and others which have, seemed equally absurd until our twentieth century realized them.

As for the story up to this point, it is enough to know that Gulliver has been shipwrecked in Laputa, or rather Lagado, the mainland, and is now being shown round by Lord Munodi, a person who has been discredited at the court of the nobles—because he showed signs of practical capacity

22. went up to Laputa, which was suspended in the air over the island of Lagado, and fetched up its supplies by ropes.
31. projectors, as we should call them, 'speculative inventors.'
55. ill commonwealth's men, bad citizens
117. calcine, to burn to ashes
119. malleability, softness, from Latin malleus a hammer.
139. mast is properly soaked acorns; here it stands generally for hog's food.
183. percolate, run away through a strainer
185. foundering is the term for the splitting of a horse's hoof.
188. seminal, of the seed.
217. die, singular of dice
259. the figure here annexed. Swift has illustrated his work with several ingenious maps and plans. The figure alluded to shows a board divided into small squares, containing hieroglyphic, characters that resemble Japanese writing, handles project from the sides
270. into one—i.e., into monosyllables
321. cephalic tincture, a drug to affect the brain.
326. answerable, corresponding to what was expected. quantum, quantity, a term borrowed from the Latin of medical prescription
328. bolus, old word for a pill.

VII.-ALEXANDER POPE.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

The occasion of this poem, as explained by Pope himself in a prefatory note, was a quarrel between two distinguished houses of Pope's Roman Catholic friends. A gentleman had cut off a lady's ringlet of hair in a playful freak. The lady and her friends were indignant. The poet was appealed to by his friend John Caryl to appease the parties by laughing the whole affair out of court. The lady Belinda in the poem, Arabella Fermor in real life, was a well-known beauty. The 'Baron' of the story was Lord Petre. The poem had the desired effect. The lady was so well pleased that she sent copies of it to all her friends, and 'it made her,' said her niece, in after-years, 'very troublesome and conceited.' The first sketch of the poem was written in less than a fortnight in 1711, and such was its popularity that Pope revised and extended it by the insertion of the 'machinery of the sylphs.' This was against the advice of Addison

3. Caryl. John Caryl was a Catholic, and an intimate friend of Pope. He was secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II., whose for-

- tunes he followed in France. He was the author of a comedy and several translations
- 18 and 19 the slipper knocked, etc Belinda thus nails for her maid, then presse herrepenterto know the tune.
20. sylph. Pope borrows his metaphysical system of guardian angels. from the Rosicrucians—of course, in mockery. The Rosicrucians were a seet of mystics, into whose history we need not enter, though it is an interesting subject According to them (according to Pope), the four elements are inhabited : the air by Sylphs, the earth by Gnomes, the water by "Nymphs, and the fire by Salamanders. The Sylphs are guardian spirits who protect the virtuous.
- 23 birth-night beau Mardens were supposed to see by various incantations upon then birth-night a vision of then future husbands.
32. the circled green is the fairy ring on the grass
- 39 wits here means clever people
44. the box at the theratre of opera , the ring where ladies rude in the park.
46. a chair, here a sedan-chair then in full vogue
58. ombre, of which there is a great dial in tints poem, was a card game introduced from Spain (hombre is the Spanish for 'man') in the seventeenth century. Waller has a poem, *On a card torn at Ombre by the Queen*, presumably Henrietta a Maria. Piquet was the favourite game among men, Omble among women.
59. termagants, shrews, scolds.
62. tea. You see that it rhymes with 'away,' which was the fashionable pronunciation (*of line* 296), as it is now pronounced on the Continent. Our modern pronunciation is, however, found in some authors of this date—

' Thither, says Brindle, thou shalt go and see
Priests sipping coffee, sparks and poets tea.'
M. PRIOR.

- Tea was then new and in high fashion. Pepys tells us in his *Diary* how he first tasted tea- 'a China drink.'
99. sword-knots, the tassels on a sword ; here stands lor the military profession.
108. main = sea.
113. Shock is the name of her lapdog. It is the same word as in shock-headed = rough or shaggy , spelt ' shough' in *Macbeth*.
122. cosmetic powers, the deities who preside over the toilet of a fine lady.
- 125 inferior priestess is Betty the maid.
171. springes, traps.
134. French romances. The ponderous and interminable romances of France, such as Mademoiselle de Scudery's *Grand Cyrus*, were much read in England. The fame of a much Beater French" novelist, Balzae, had not yet, I believe, reached our shores.
191. the powers gave ear, etc Adaptsd from Vergil, *Æncid*, xi. 794.
219. sylphids, little Sylphs.
- 246, furbelow, almost the same as 'flounce.'
- 251 Diana's law, of remaining unmarried.
277. syptic, now called in medicine ' astrigent'

279. Ixion, for an offence against **Hera**, was punished by being fastened to an ever-revolving wheel. The mill is probably a coffee or chocolate machine.
285. thrud, another form of 'thread'
291. Hampton Court is meant
296. and sometimes tea Tins is an excellent example of the rhetorical figure called zeugma: the association of two dissimilar ideas in one constitution.
306. and all **that** was printed in italics by Pope. It is an intentional example of another comical figure of rhetoric—*bathos*—the sudden descent to the ridiculous
310. This admirable satirical epigram is appropriated from Congreve, though much improved in form.
318. the sacred nine, the Muses. In the language of prose it appears that three persons, Balinda and two gentlemen, sit down to a game of cards. They have nine cards each.
321. matadors, tin- three principal **trumps** 'Matadore' is the title of a bull-fighter in Spain..
327. queens whose hands, etc. The queen in our packs of cards still carries a flower, the king a sword, and the knave a kind of rattle ; but old packs show the ' knave lull-length, with his short doublet (garb succinct) and halberd.
337. Spadillio, 'the ace of spades, the first trump at Ombre' (Dr. A. W. Ward in the Globe Edition of Pope)..
339. Manillio, 'the deuce of trumps when trumps are black, the seven when they are red' (A. W. W.)
341. Basto, 'the ace of clubs.'
349. Pam, the knave of clubs
350. 100, another card game, not yet forgotten. In it 'Pam' is the highest card.
380. codille. 'When those who defend the pool make more tricks than those who defend the game, they are said to "win the codilla "' (A. W. W.).
388. canals. Hampton Court is surrounded with artificial water.
394. berries crackle- that is, they proceed to roast the coffee and grind it in a mill
410. Scylla, according to Ovid's *Metamorphoses* (viii) cut off! by treachery the purple lock from the head of her father, Nisus. This she did to gain the love of Minos, who knew that the kingdom of Megara depended on the possession of the miraculous hair. Nisus was changed into a sparrow-hawk and Scylla into a bird called ciris. It was another Scylla altogether whom we know in connection with Charybdis.
415. Clarissa seems to have been a lady friend, possibly a sister of Lord Petre.
434. forfex is the Latin for a pair of scissors.
440. airy substance, etc. Pope refers us to Book vi. of *Paradise Lost*, where Satan is wounded by Michael.
453. Atalantis, a worthless popular work full of court scandal, by Mrs. Manley, a shameless writer of the day.
457. assignations, appointments for a meeting
474. Cynthia. Merely a typical name for a young lady of fashion.

482. Spleen, a fashionable complaint in those days, probably including ennui and bad +emper.
- 490 Megrim, a similar complaint among young ladies. It is derived, says Dr. Ward, from French migraine and Creek *μικραία*. It is really a headache.
- 496 lampoons, skits, satirical verses. OUR might have thought this poem an elaborated lampoon were it not that we are told the lady liked it.
512. angels in machines Probably borrowed from the ancient theatrical term *Deus ex machina*,
517. pipkin, a small vessel. Homer's tripod—i.e., on legs : tripods were often given as prizes in Homer. These are- topical illusions.
520. spleenwort is a kind of fern, *asplenium*, supposed to cure the 'spleen.'
523. vapours, another mysterious female complaint of former times. Jane Austin's heroines are much addicted to it.
533. citron-waters The fashion of drinking lemonade to excess is alluded to elsewhere by Pope
540. Ulysses Æolus, god of the winds, kept them nil tied up in a bag in his cave and to favour Ulysses (the hero of Homer's Odyssey) gave them to him, but his sailors unfortunately let- them loose.
547. Thalestria was Mrs. Morley, a friend of Arahella Fermor
- 559 fillets, bands or ribbons.
560. loads of lead. Tins contrivance explains some of the miraculous coiffures seen in eighteenth-century portraits.
567. degraded toast Every man of fashion at this period had 'his toast,' to whom he raised his glass after dinner.
575. Hyde Park Circus, Rotten Row (route au roi).
576. sound of Bow, within sound of Row Bella—that is, in the City. It was comparatively recently that fashion had deserted the City for the West End, and the fashionable plays of the period are full of sneers at the City merchants.
579. Sir Plume, Sir George Brown, Mrs. Morley's brother, who, we are told, was the only one of the party to resent Pope's immortalization. As Warburton remarks, 'one could not well blame him.'
584. the snuff-box . . . then the case. Another clever example of zeugma.
585. thus broke out. His speech is an admirable travesty of the fashionable style among the *beaux*:
614. Bohea, a kind of China tea.
639. the Trojan, Æneas, who withstood the entreaties to remain of Queen Dido and her sister Anna in *Æneid*, iv 330.
648. side-box, seats at the theatre.
687. sconce, a candle-bracket
739. fierce Othello in Shakespeare's play of that name was moved to fatal jealousy because he supposed his wife Desdemona to have given away a certain handkerchief.
748. since all things lost. Pope refers us to *Ariosto*, Canto xxxiv.
754. tomes of casuistry. Volumes of argumentative theology are included among the vain things lost.
758. Proculus. Livy (Book 1.) tells us how Romulus, after his death appeared to a man of this name, and commanded him to tell the Romans that he was now a god.

761. Berenice, Queen of Egypt, wife of Ptolemy Euergetes. Her beautiful hair became a constellation, *Coma Berenices*.
755. the Mall, on the north side of St James's Park, was the place where fashion promenaded on fine evenings, as we learn from one of Swill's letters to Stella. Rosamonda's lake was the ornamental water in the park.
709. Partridge, a poor fellow who combined the trades of astrology and shoemaking. Swift overwhelmed him with satires, predicted his death, and solemnly announced it as having happened on the flay appointed, with a complete account of his last hours.
770. Galileo's eyes, the telescope, railed so after the famous Italian martyr to science, Galileo Galilei of Pisa
- 772 Louis, the French King Louis XIV, whose death had been annually predicted by Partridge.

VIII.-ALEXANDER POPE.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

This poem was chiefly inspired by the *Ars Poetica* of Horace and the *Art Poétique*, of Boileau. Criticism was then a comparatively new art in England, though one may mention Sidney's *Apologie* for Poetry, Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poesy*, and perhaps Jeremy Collier's '*Short View of the English Stage*'. Doubtless one motive of this *Essay* was a personal grudge against John Dennis, an able critic of the time, who was said to have spoken ill of Pope's *Pastorals* in coffee-house conversation. It must not be forgotten that at the time of its composition (1709) the poet was but twenty-one years old.

1. It appeals from this beginning that our author is opening an attack.
23. The braeket hew nuheates a tuple rhyme, commonly called a triplet -a speciality of Dryden's verse, but, on the whole, no improvmentto the heroic couplet..
34. Maevius, type of a bad poet Nothing is known of him except Vergil's playful curse (*Ecl iii .90*) :*Qui Bavium nun odit amet tua carmina- Macevi* ('Who hates not Bavius, may ho like thy verse, O Maevius').
in Apollo's spite, without the, sanction of the God of Poetry, Horace has '*invita Minerva*.'
41. insects on the banks of Nile. There, was a tradition that frogs and crocodiles (inseets) and serpents were generated by the action of the sun on the, mud of the Nile Elwin shows that Pope is here quoting from Dryden's Dedication to his Vergil.
94. Parnassus, the home of the Muses, a mountain in Bœotia.
109. bills seem to mean What we call 'prescriptions.'
115. receipts. The confusion between this word and *recipes* is too deeply settled to be corrected. The latter, which is the correct term for instructions in cookery, is the Latin word *recipe* (three syllables), and arose from the fact that such instructions commonly began with the word *recipe* (e.g., *Take a pound of beef*). The origin of the eoiifusinn was doubtless a mispronunciation (still very common) of the word *recipe* as a dissyllable.

125. Read them by day, etc. Horace, *Ars Poetica*, 268: *Vox exemplario
Græca nocturne versate manu, versate diurna.*
- 129, etc. Mantuan muse Vergil was born near Mantua. Thus Vergil is to be the critic's commentator for the study of Homer. Mara is the cognomen of Vergil Servius, the ancient commentator, tells us that Vergil first intended to write an epic on Rome's origin from Alba Longa, but finding the task too much for him, took to imitating Theocritus in his *Eclogues*, and finally Homer in his *Æneid*.
138. the Stagirite. Aristotle, whose Poetics laid the foundation of criticism. He was a native of Stagirus, in Macedonia. The shortening of the second syllable is a fault.
150. Pegasus, the winged horse on which Bellerophon slew the Chimæra. It stands for the poet's art.
- 152, 153. This couplet was placed after the triplet (line 160) by Pope in a later edition, but it is obviously required here by the sense.
- ~~154.~~ ~~ded~~ with brave disorder, a phrase borrowed from Roscommon on *Dryden*
180. Homernods, an answer to Horace *Ars Poetica*: *Quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus.*
206. recruits, fresh supplies.
215. a little learning, constantly and nonsensically misquoted as 'a little knowledge is dangerous thing'
216. Pierian spring The Muses had their homes at Pieria, in Thessaly. It thus means 'the fountain of culture.'
247. some well-proportioned dome. Warburton supposes this to mean the Pantheon or St. Peter's at Rome; but surely this misses the point. Pope means St. Paul's Cathedral, then recently finished, and declares that 'even Rome wonders at it.'
251. appear is a grammatical error
257. La Mancha's knight is Don Quixote. The reference is not to the original of Cervantes, but to a continuation of it by Avellanada, or perhaps taken by Pope from Le Sage, the author of *Gil Bias*.
270. Dennis, John Deunnis, the famous critic alluded to above. In his *Impartial Critic* (1693) he ridiculed Rymer's proposal to revive the Greek tragedy with Aristotle's unities (next note) on the English stage
276. the unities Aristotle in his *Poetics* is supposed to lay down the rule that the drama must observe three unities—of time, place, and subject, that is, the action of the play must proceed without violent breaks. In the Greek drama the only change of scene allowed is from the outside to the inside of a building, or *vice versa*. The French classical dramatists Racine and Corneille, understanding Aristotle in too strict a sense, observed these unities with such fidelity as seriously to hamper their work. The whole theory is founded on a misunderstanding of Aristotle. Shakespeare, of course, freely disregards the unities of time and place.
289. conceit means a verbal trick like a pun. The later Elizabethans and the minor poets of the Restoration, like Cowley, were much addicted to conceits
293. Poet? like painters, etc. Horace, *Ars Poetica* *Ut pictura poesis.*
308. take upon content, take on trust..

324. by old words. Spenser's language is thus 'archaistic,' but it is not to be supposed that Pope is referring to him.
328. Fungoso in the play, a character in Ben Jonson's *Every Man out of his Humour*; he is a poor student who apes the manners of fashion.
337. Observe throughout this section how skilfully Pope emphasizes his precepts by examples
345. Here 'though oft,' 'the ear,' and 'the open' are examples of the open vowels
346. expletives, as here in *do join*. An expletive is a thing to fill up. Now the word is confined to oaths. Thus precept should be taken to heart by budding poets of the present day, though there are few poets indeed who have not used 'do' and 'does' to fill up their lines. Pope himself had many of them in the earlier editions of this poem, but corrected them later. Observe the rhyme between 'join' and 'line' here. The explanation is that the 'oi' sound was then pronounced as 'i,' a pronunciation now considered vulgar and rustic
357. Alexandrine The next line is an example of the Alexandrine measure. It is a line of twelve syllables, or one foot more than the ordinary heroic. It is the standard line of French heroic verse, and is used at the end of the Spenserian stanza. It should have a pause or *cæsura* in the middle. See Thomson's *Castle of Indolence*.
331. Denham and Waller For Sir John Denham, author of *Cooper's Hill*, and Edmund Waller, see *The Dryden Epoch*. Both were Royalist poets of the Restoration. The epithets employed here are those of Dryden in his *Essay of Dramatick Poesy*. 'I know nothing so even, sweet and flowing, as Mr Waller; nothing so majestic, so correct as Sir John Denham.'¹
337. Pope intends this line to represent smoothness. It is true that 'oo' and 'o' are the softest of sounds, but he disregards the harsh consonants which spoil his effect.
372. Camilla, the warrior maiden of Vergil's *Seventh Æneid*. Vergil, who was a master of this art. 'onomatopoeia' [the representation of the sense by the sound, in which Pope is but an amateur], describes her in these lovely lines :

*Iliavel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nee teneras cursu læsisset aristas,
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æthere plantas.*

The Alexandrine in which Pope tries to represent her course suggests rather the rattle of a railway train.

374. Timotheus' varied lays, referring to Dryden's ode—*Alexanders Feast*—written for musical performance on St. Cecilia's Day. Pope closely imitated this in his own *Ode for St. Cecilia's Day*.
376. the son of Libyan Jove, Alexander the Great, who claimed to be a son of Ammon, the Libyan Jove.
383. Timotheus was the musician in Dryden's poem who produced the varying effects by the power of his music. See *The Dryden Epoch*.

441. sentences, opinions—in the sense of Latin *sententia*.
441. Scotists and Tho. lists, the followers of Duns Scotus and St. Thomas Aquinas. These two leaders divided the theological schoolmen of the Middle Ages into two hostile camps Duns Scotus gave us the word 'aunce'
445. Duck Lane, a place in Smithfield where secondhand books were sold. The trade still continues in what is now Earringdon Street.
459. parsons, critics, beaux Jeremy Collier, a parson, attacked the immorality of Dryden's plays in his *short View of the Immorality of the English Stage*, an attack so unanswerable that Dryden had to plead guilty. Of the 'beaux' the Duke of Buckingham ridiculed him in *The Rehearsal*, and the Earl of Rochester hired a gang of ruffians to assault him.
463. Blackmore. Sir Richard Blackmore was among the critics who assailed Dryden, and the Rev. Luke Milbourne, among the parsons, criticised his translation of Vergil.
465. Zoilus was an Alexandrian critic, known as 'Homeromastix,' the 'Scourge of Homer,' from his attacks. His works are not now extant.
521. sacred. The only justification of this word here is Vergil's well-known phrase, *Auri sacra fames*, where *sacra*, has the sense of 'accursed.'
529. flagitious, wicked
- 534 the fat age, the Restoration—an excellent description of that period Never in a war means that Charles II. never took part personally in a war.
538. statesmen farces writ, such as Buckingham's *Rehearsal*
541. a mask. It was the custom in the days of Charles II. for ladies to wear masks, not only at the theatre.
544. a foreign reign, that of William III.
545. Souinus, an Italian schismatic of the sixteenth century, argued against the orthodox doctrine of the Trinity. His followers were called Socinians In these lines Pope is expressing the Roman Catholic point of view.
585. Appius. Undoubtedly these lines were meant to refer to John Dennis (see above). In fact, the word 'tremendous' in line 586 fixes the allusion, as Pope had already fastened this title upon him in a play *Three Hours after Marriage*. In the first edition of this poem, Imp 586 was written 'And stares, tremendous*' It is, therefore absurd to say that Dennis went out of his way to take offence at these lines.
- 517 Dryden's fables were translations from Chaucer and Boccaccio. Dryden's tales Tom Durfey was a contemporary writer of dull but fashionable romances.
619. Garth. Dr. Samuel Garth, a famous physician, wrote a mock heroic poem called *The Dispensary*, in which the apothecaries do battle with the physicians. Garth was slanderously accused of plagiarism
623. Paul's Church. I take the meaning to be that the preachers at the Cathedral are as tiresome as the writers of books sold in St. Paul's Churchyard, which then, as now, was a centre of the publishing trade

645. Stagirite. See note on line 138. Pope reviews here the history of criticism.
648. Mæonian star, Homer, whose native place was supposed to be Mæonia in Asia Minor
664. by wits, than critics, an awkward construction, owing to extreme condensation, but the sense is clear.
665. Dionysius of Halicarnassus wrote about 30 u.c. a treatise, *De Compositione Verborum*.
667. Petronius, *arbiter elegantiarum* to the court of Nero, and an unspeakably evil writer. It seems impossible that Pope can have been acquainted with his. '*Satyricon*.'
659. grave Quintilian, a great teacher of rhetoric under Vespasian. His admirable *Institutiones Oratoriæ* are well known
- 675 and 680. Longinus on the Sublime, one of the finest critical works, written about 250 B.C. in Greek.
686. Observe that Rome rhymes with 'doom,' as it was then pronounced. So Shakespeare puns in *Julius Cæsar*. 'Now is it Rome indeed and room enough.'
693. Erasmus, Desiderius Erasmus, the great Dutch scholar of the Renaissance, who brought Greek to Oxford and Cambridge. In this sense he was the 'glory of the priesthood,' but by his bitter taunts and his breaking of monastic vows he seems to Pope, with his Roman Catholic education, its 'shame' also.
697. in Leo's golden days. Pope Leo X., one of the Medicis, assembled a brilliant court of writers and artists.
704. Vida (1480 to 1566) was an exquisite writer of Latin verse. He lived at Cremona, which was a neighbouring town to Vergil's birthplace, Mantua.
709. Latium—i.e., Italy, the country of the Latins.
714. Boileau. See the note at the beginning of this poem.
723. Such was the muse, a reference to John Sheffield, Duke of Buckinghamshire, and formerly Lord Mulgrave, a considerable poet and critic of the Restoration, who died in 1737. The quotation here is the second line of his *Essay on Poetry*. He was a patron of Dryden.
725. Roscommon Wentworth Dillon, Earl of Roscommon, wrote an essay on Translated Verse and an admirable translation of Horace's *ATS Poetica*.
729. William Walsh, a man of wealth and fashion, encouraged the youthful efforts of Pope, who thus expresses his gratitude. He died in the year before this poem was published—1708.

IX.—ALEXANDER POPE.

(i.) ON A CERTAIN LADY AT COURT.

The lady was Mrs. Howard. The Earl of Suffolk apparently was of Pope's opinion, for she became his Countess. This style of verse is an epigram, and is a good specimen of Pope's sharp wit, though the last stanza is poor.

(ii.) To LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

For this accomplished lady, BOB the notes to her letter. This was, of course, written before they quarrelled

10. Pope was himself born and educated a Papist.

(iii.) ODE ON SOLITUDE.

Incredible as it may seem, this very mature little poem was written when our author was only twelve years of age. It is closely modelled in form and sentiment on the *Odes* of Horace.

(iv.) THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

This beautiful hymn was written in 1712. It has been set to music. It is the cry of a man of weak health and deformed body, who was constantly in pain.

5. Languish into life. The unexpected turn of this is characteristic of Pope; an ordinary man would have written 'death,' but he insists upon the Christian paradox, 'Death is Life.'

X.—JOHN GAY.

For an account of this writer, see the Introduction.

XL—LADY MARY WORTLEY MONTAGUE.

Lady Mary Pierrepont, born 1589, was the daughter of the Duke of Kingston. In her childhood she was let to run wild in her father's wall-stored library. She grew up handsome, headstrong, witty, and extremely well-read, especially in Latin. Very early in life she attracted the admiration of clever men, among them Mr. Edward Wortley Montague, a rising politician. There was no objection to their marriage, but Wortley and Lady Mary's father quarrelled about the settlement, and the Duke (or Marquis of Dorchester, as he then was) chose another husband for her, which had the effect of making her elope with Edward Wortley. They were married in 1712. Four years later Mr. Wortley Montague was appointed ambassador to the Porte, and the most interesting part of Lady Mary's correspondence was written during the perilous journey thither and their residence in Turkey. As travellers in Turkey were then rarities and Lady Mary had the importance of an ambassador's wife, she was welcomed everywhere, even within the sacred precincts of the harem. One of her greatest achievements was the introduction of inoculation against the small-pox, which she learnt in Turkey, practised on her own children, and introduced to the fashionable world of London. In 1718 she returned to England owing to ill-health, and for some time resided at Twickenham, near her friend Pope, whose friendship and quarrel with her are alluded to in the Introduction. With him and the other wits she exchanged epigrams and witticisms. Pope called her Sappho. For the latter part of her life she lived abroad, or at any rate travelled constantly. Her only son was a great trial to his parents; her daughter became Countess of Bute.

To Mr. Pope, written from Adrianople, a city in Roumella, on the River Maritza, formerly the Hebrus. The letters O.S. stand for Old

Style. The New Style of reckoning, by which eleven days were dropped, was introduced in 1752. The Old Style still prevails in Russia, where Christmas is a fortnight later than in England.

9. The musical head of Orpheus. The story told in these lines (Vergil, *Georgic* iv 517) is that the Wonderful musician Orpheus, returning to his Thracian home disconsolate at having failed to recover his beloved wife Eurydice from the shades below, declined to wed again, and was torn in pieces by the Thracian woman. His head was thrown into the Hebrus.
¹ While Thracian Hebrus, bearing the head torn from the neck, rolled it down in mid-stream, the very voice and tongue, cold in death, cried, " Eurydice " ah, poor Eurydice " with fleeting breath, and all along the river the banks answered, " Eurydice " ' '
48. *fistula*. The ancient *fistula* was very much like the ' pan pipes ' which the modern world connects with Punch and Judy—that is to say, a series of short cane pipes fastened together with thread or wax,
51. **Mr.** Addison wrote an account of his travels in Italy, which was widely read and admired, but is now difficult to procure.
74. Theocritus, a Greek writer of charming idylls or ' little pictures ' of shepherd life in Sicily, who lived at Alexandria about the second century B C. In spite of Lady Mary's opinion, Theocritus was not a natural rustic writer, but a court poet, though he has a wonderful gift of realism.
82. *butter* unheard of. Nor was *butter* in our sense known to the ancients, although the word is of Greek derivation, meaning 'cow-cheese.
94. *your Homer*. Pope's translation of the *Iliad* appeared in 1715.
108. Eurotas, the river of Sparta.
189. Monsieur Boileau. See note to VIII.
195. the same thing in Homer. A favourite epithet with Homer is ' ox-eyed.

XII —JAMES THOMSON.

For an account of the author, see the Introduction

ANGLING.

This piece is taken from *Spring*, one of the four books which are together called *The Seasons*. The reader will observe the truth of its detail, the power of description, and the love of Nature throughout. He may also judge whether Hazlitt is right in saying that Thomson has no ear

8. It is the line that is ' snatched from the hoary stood ' ; in other words, where we use gut, they used grey horsehair—which must have required dexterous playing. Izaak Walton confirms this.
13. chief, especially, like the *principio* of Lucretius.
19. **Naiads, water-nymphs.**
69. culver, wood-pigeon.
72. Mantuan swan, Vergil, who was born near Mantua. ' Swan ' is a title applied to poets because the ancients fabled the swan to have a gift of singing, so we call Shakespeare ' The Swan of A VOL.'

XIII.—JAMES THOMSON.

THE CASTLE OF INDOLeNce.

This poem is in two cantos, of which these are the introductory stanzas. The first canto paints the delicious sloth and luxury of the Castle of Indolence, hinting, towards the end, at some of the evils which ensue from it. The second shows us :

¹ The knight of Arts and Industry,
And his achievements fair ;
That hy this castle's overthrow,
Secur'i and crowned were.'

The whole scheme of the poem, from the four-lined summary at the beginning, the archaic words, and the nine-lined stanza, with its elaborate rhyme system, are imitated from Spenser. Spenserian words and phrases are marked (s), and their etymology should be sought in glossaries to Spenser.

The critics have generally failed to perceive the vein of humour which runs through the whole poem. Indeed, this poem is from beginning to end a sly burlesque, playfully caricaturing Lord Lyttelton's house-parties at Hagley Park. James Thomson was—on Dr Johnson's evidence—a lazy and genial person ; so Mas Johnny Gay ; so was Shenstone, the poet and landscape gardener, whose place adjoined Hagley. Thomson, humorously conscious that indolence was his besetting sin, drags in all his own friends to the Castle of Indolence, and touches them off with the sly Scottish humour to which the Scot himself applies the mysterious epithet 'pawky.' How the friends liked it we have no evidence.

1. night, called |S.)
8. emmet, ant Moil = toil (Latin *molior*).
9. certes, certainly |S.).
12. withouten |S.). The *-en* is an old adverb termination, bale = grief or plague |S.).
18. ween, think |S.).
20. prankt, decorated |S.).
22. ne is in Spenser equivalent to 'nor' ; an earlier use is an anticipatory negative, like the *ne* in the French *ne . . pas*
25. kest = cast |S.).
30. bicksr'd, a Spenserian woid for 'quarrel' or 'right' ; it is used biff Milton of smoke (see *The Milton Epoch*), and by Tennyson in *The Brook*: 'and bicker down the valley.'
32. purling is onomatopœic—that is, the word is formed from the sound it represents.
35. vacant, idle, as Latin *vacuus*.
35. **Philomel**, the nightingale.
37. plain, complain or lament |S).
39. coil, noise or commotion : found in Shakespeare.
40. yblent. The prefix *y* is the mark of the old past participle. In Anglo-Saxon, as in modern German, it was *ys-*.
44. Idlesse, idleness |S.).
50. drowhy-head, -head = -hood (S.). He also has forms like 'irerihead, for 'dreariness.'

57. noyance, annoyance (S)

59. landskip. I cannot find that this form occurs in Spense

XV.—EDWARD YOUNG.

Unable to omit entirely a work which has been so popular as the *Night Thoughts*, and unwilling to weary the modern reader, I have selected this short piece as favourably typical of the whole, and embodying a maxim dear to the copy-book.

15. reversion. A reversion is an estate which will accrue to a person some day by will. The metaphor is that of a person borrowing money on the strength of such a reversion. People in their pride are content with an immediate praise (their own if they can't get anyone else's) on the strength of what they are going to do some day. The compression and obscurity of the lines are typical of this writer.

18. vails, an old word for a 'tip' or 'pourboire.' The sense is: The present they give to folly; they mean to be wise in the future, and what they feel bound to profess they content themselves by putting off. Even a fool cannot help despising folly.

29. This epigram has been assigned at various times to all the wits.

XVI.—JOHN DYER.

GRONGAR HILL.

For an account of the author of this poem, see the Introduction. There is, perhaps, no better example in English of this pretty octosyllabic metre.

1. The nymph is the nymph of the mountain. Grongar Hill is in South Wales, near the River Towy, which flows into the Bristol Channel at Carmarthen Bay.

54. Phyllis is the poet's mistress.

XVII.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

ODE TO EVENING.

This is a Horatian Ode, somewhat after the manner of a doubled epode-metre. Marvell has used this same measure in his *Horatian Ode*, but with rhymes. Campion had used unrhymed measures. Others, such as Dr. Watts, had written Sapphics, but this metre is Collins's own invention. It is a daring and, I think, successful experiment. But of its success let the reader judge. Let him read it aloud, and if the ear does not miss the rhymes, then the metre is successful. It is a quatrain formed of a couplet of five, followed by a couplet of three, iambs.

1. oaten stop is equivalent to 'pastoral song.' Vergil's shepherds were supposed to play upon oaten pipes. Stop is used as in the organ.

7. brede = braid.

21. folding, a reminiscence of the song in Milton's *Comus*, 'The star that birch the shepherd foil,' i.e., drive his sheep to the sheep fold.

41. wont, is accustomed to do.

XV II.—WILLIAM COLLINS.

THE PASSIONS.

This is closely modelled on Dryden's *Ode for St. Uccih's Day* and *Alexander's Feast*, as it was probably written for a similar purpose. Odes of this kind are supposed to imitate Pindar, but the supposition is due to a misunderstanding of Pindar's rhythms. For this reason some critics have condemned this style of writing, but it is amply justified by its successes in the hands of Milton and Dryden.

3. shell. The original lyre invented by the god Hermes was made of a tortoise-shell.
- 11 supporting myrtles, the myrtles on which they were hung.
72. buskins, high boots worn by hunters and the huntress goddess Diana.
From their use by tragic actors, the buskin often stands for tragedy
74. Faun and Dryad The Faun was a male woodland spirit and the Dryad a tree-nymph.
- 79 Exercise is ill placed among the passions
80. Tempe's vale, a valley in Thessaly, famous for its beauty
106. energetic, a fine word of Greek origin, meaning 'productive.'
108. recording sister's page, Cho, muse of history.
114. Cecilia was the saint who invented the organ.

The ode ends rather weakly.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH.

EPOCHS OF ENGLISH LITERATURE. By J. C. STOBART, M.A., late Assistant Master at Merchant Taylors' School, formerly Scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge. In nine volumes. Price 3s 6d each.

Vol. I. The Chaucer Epoch.	Vol. VI. The Pope Epoch.
Vol. II. The Spenser Epoch.	Vol. VII. The Johnson Epoch.
Vol. III. The Shakespeare Epoch.	Vol. VIII. The Wordsworth Epoch.
Vol. IV. The Milton Epoch.	Vol. IX. The Tennyson Epoch.
Vol. V. The Dryden Epoch.	

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SHAKESPEARE. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Price 1s. 3d. each		
Macbeth	Julius Cæsar	The Merchant of Venice
Twelfth Night.	Midsummer Night's Dream	The Tempest
As You Like It		
Price 1s. 6d. each.		
King Lear	Richard III.	Hamlet.
Richard II.	King John	
Henry V.	Coriolanus.	

ARNOLD'S BRITISH CLASSICS FOR SCHOOLS. Issued under the General Editorship of Professor J. CHURTON COLLINS.

Paradise Lost Bks. I. and II. 1s. 3d.	The Lay of the Last Minstrel. 1s. 3d.
Paradise Lost Bks. III. and IV. 1s. 3d.	The Lady of the Lake. 1s. 6d.
Marmion 1s. 6d.	Childe Harold 2s.
Macaulay's Lays of Ancient Rome. 1s. 6d.	

ARNOLD'S SHAKESPEARE TEXTS. A Series of Texts of English Classics, to which nothing has been added but a small glossary of archaisms or unusual words. Paper, 6d each; cloth, 8d each.

I. MACBETH.	III. THE TEMPEST.	V. TWELFTH NIGHT.
II. HENRY V.	IV. AS YOU LIKE IT.	VI. CORIOLANUS.

ARNOLD'S ENGLISH TEXTS. Edited by H. B. BROWNE, M.A. (London), Assistant Master at Hymers College, Hull. Twelve volumes. 1s. 6d. cloth, price 6d each.

The Song of Hiawatha	Longfellow	Tanglewood Tales	Hawthorne
Marmion	Scott	Gulliver's Voyage to Lilliput	Swift
Innys of the King	Tennyson	The Pilgrim's Progress.	Bunyan.
Hereward the Wake	Kingalee	The Bible in Spain	Missive.
The Cloister and the Hearth		The Natural History of Selburne	
The Life of Nelson	Charles Reade		Gilbert White
	Smollett	A Naturalist on the Amazons.	Bates.

FIRST FRIENDS IN LITERATURE. Each 160 pages. Illustrated. Price 1s each.

A Christmas Carol By CHARLES DICKENS	The Arabian Nights
Parables from Nature By Miss GATTY	The Talisman By Sir WALTER SCOTT.
Robinson Crusoe By DANIEL DEFOE	Tom Brown's School-Days. By THOMAS HUGHES.

STEPS TO LITERATURE. A Graduated Series of Reading Books for Preparatory Schools and Lower Form Pupils. Seven books, prices 10d. to 1s. 6d. With beautiful illustrations, many of them being reproductions of Old Masters.

DRAMATIC SCENES FROM LITERATURE. By FANNY JOHNSON, formerly Headmistress of the Girls' High School, Bolton. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

IN GOLDEN REALMS. An English Reading Book for Junior Forms. 224 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

ENGLISH.

- In the World of Books.** An English Reading Book for Middle Forms. 256 pages. Illustrated. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.
- The Greenwood Tree.** A Book of Nature Myths and Verses. 224 pages. Illustrated. 1s. 3d.
- Chips from a Bookshelf.** A Reading Book for Junior Forms. Edited by H. B. BROWN. Illustrated with Reproductions of well-known Pictures. 1s. 3d.
- Rambles in Bookland.** An English Reading Book for Junior Forms. Edited by C. E. BYLES, B.A. 224 pages. Cloth, 1s. 8d.
- Laureata.** Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Tellers of Tales.** Edited by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d. Biographies of some English novelists, with Extracts.
- Poets' Corner.** Selected Verses for Young Children. Fcap. 8vo., 1s.
- Selections from Matthew Arnold's Poems.** Edited with Introduction and Notes, by RICHARD WILSON, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.
- Selections from the Poems of Tennyson.** Edited with Introduction and Notes, by the Rev. E. G. EDWARD OWEN, M.A. 1s. 6d.
- Grammatical English.** By F. W. G. FOAT, D. Litt., M.A., Lecturer in English at the City of London College and Assistant Master in the City of London School. Crown 8vo., cloth, 3s. 6d.
- Lingua Materna.** By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 3s. 6d.
- A First Course in English Literature.** By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.
- A First Course in English Analysis and Grammar.** By RICHARD WILSON, B.A. 144 pages. Crown 8vo., 1s.
- A First Precise Book.** By G. A. F. M. CHATWIN, M.A., Assistant Master at Rugby School. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

HISTORY.

- A History of England.** By C. W. OMAN, M.A., Chichele Professor of Modern History in the University of Oxford. 750 pages. Cloth, 5s.
Special Editions, each volume containing a separate index.
In Two Parts, 3s. each: Part I., from the Earliest Times to 1503; Part II. from 1503 to 1902.
In Three Divisions: Division I., to 1307, 2s.; Division II., 1307 to 1688, 2s.; Division III., 1688 to 1902, 2s. 6d.
** In ordering please state the period required, to avoid confusion.
- England in the Nineteenth Century.** By C. W. OMAN, M.A.,
With Maps and Appendices. Revised Edition. Crown 8vo., 3s. 6d.
- A Junior History of England.** From the Earliest Times to the Death of Queen Victoria. By C. W. OMAN, M.A., and MARY OMAN. Cloth, 2s.
- Questions on Oman's History of England.** By L. H. BOOKEY, M.A. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s.
- A Synopsis of English History.** By C. H. EASTWOOD, Headmaster of Kelvin Grove Council School, Gateshead. 2s.
- Seven Roman Statesmen.** A detailed study of the Gracchi, Cato, Marius, Sulla, Pompey, Caesar. Illustrated. By C. W. OMAN, M.A. 6s.
- Greek Lives from Plutarch.** Translated by C. E. BYLES, B.A. With illustrations and maps. Crown 8vo., 1s. 6d.
- English History for Boys and Girls.** By E. S. SYMES, Author of "The Story of London," etc. With numerous Illustrations. 2s. 6d.
- Dramatic Scenes from History.** By FANNY JOHNSON, formerly Headmistress of the Bolton Girls' High School. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

HISTORY AND GEOGRAPHY.

Men and Movements in European History. Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Wardens of Empire 221 pages Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

The Pageant of the Empires. 256 pages. Fully illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Lessons in Old Testament History. By the Venerable A. S. ALLEN, Archdeacon of St Andrews, formerly Assistant Master at Marlborough College. 460 pages, with Maps. Crown 8vo, cloth, 4s. 6d.

Old Testament History. By the Rev. T. G. FRY, Headmaster of Berkhamsted School. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.

Arnold's Home and Abroad Atlas. Containing 24 full-page (11 x 9 inches) maps, printed in colour. Price 8d. net.

The London School Atlas. Edited by the late Right Hon. H. D. ARNOLD-FORSYTH, M.P. A magnificent Atlas, including 48 pages of Coloured Maps. The size of the Atlas is about 12 by 9 inches, and it is issued in the following editions.

Stout paper wrapper, with cloth strip
at back, 1s. 6d.
Paper boards, 2s.

Cloth cut flush, 2s. 6d.

Leamy Cloth, 3s.

Cloth gilt, bevelled edges, 3s. 6d.

Outlines of Physiography. By ANDREW J. HERBERTSON, M.A., Ph.D., F.R.G.S., Reader in Geography at the University of Oxford. 4s. 6d.

Arnold's New Shilling Geography. The World, with special reference to the British Empire. 1s.

The World's Great Powers—Present and Past. Britain, France, Germany, Austria-Hungary, Italy, Russia, The United States, and Japan. Beautifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

The World's Trade and Traders. Beautifully Illustrated. 1s. 6d.

Arnold's Geographical Handbooks. A Series of 10 little Manuals providing accurate and clearly-arranged summaries of Geographical information. 8d. each, cloth, 6d.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE.

Arnold's Shilling Arithmetic. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and J. T. LITTLE, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 1s.

An Arithmetic for Schools. By J. P. KIRKMAN, M.A., and A. E. FIELD, M.A., Assistant Masters at Bedford Grammar School. Cloth, 2s. 6d.

Five Thousand Arithmetical Examples. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Crown 8vo, cloth, with or without Answers, 3s. 6d. ; Answers separately, 1s.

Exercises in Arithmetic (Oral and Written). Parts I., II., and III. By C. M. TAYLOR (Mathematical Tripos, Cambridge), Wimbledon High School. Cloth, 1s. 6d. each. (With or without Answers.)

Mensuration. By R. W. K. EDWARDS, M.A., Lecturer on Mathematics at King's College, London. Cloth, 3s. 6d.

The Elements of Algebra. By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D. With or without Answers, 2s. 6d. ; Answers separately, 1s.

Elementary Algebra. A Course for Schools. By W. D. EGGAR, M.A., Assistant Master at Eton College. 3s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

MATHEMATICS AND SCIENCE—(Continued).

- Algebraic Examples.** By A. F. VAN DER HEYDEN, M.A., Mathematical Master at the Middlesbrough High School. In Two Books. Crown 8vo, cloth. Without Answers, 1s; with Answers, 1s 6d each.
- Algebra for Beginners.** By J. K. WILKINS, B.A., and W. HOLLINGSWORTH, B.A. In Three Parts. Part I., 4d; Part II., 4d; Part III., 6d. Answers to Parts I-III., in one vol., 6d.
- The Elements of Geometry.** By R. LAIDLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. With about 750 Exercises and Answers. Cloth, 2s 6d.
- Elementary Geometry.** By W. D. FLETCHER, M.A., Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- A First Geometry Book.** By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s.
- A Second Geometry Book.** By J. G. HAMILTON and F. KETTLE. With or without Answers, 3s 6d.
- Elementary Solid Geometry.** By F. S. CAREY, M.A., Professor of Mathematics in the University of Liverpool. 2s 6d.
- Elementary Solid Geometry.** By W. H. JACKSON, M.A., late Assistant Lecturer in Mathematics in the University of Manchester. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s 6d.
- Projective Geometry.** By Dr. L. N. G. FILON, Examiner in Mathematics to the University of London. 7s 6d.
- Geometrical Conics.** By G. W. CAUNT, M.A., Lecturer in Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne, and C. M. JESSOP, M.A., Professor of Mathematics, Armstrong College, Newcastle-on-Tyne. Crown 8vo, 2s 6d.
- The Elements of Euclid.** By R. LAIDLAN, Sc.D.
 Book I., 145 pages, 1s.
 Books I. and II., 180 pages, 1s. 6d.
 Books I.—III., 304 pages, 2s 6d.
 Books IV.—VI., 2s. 6d. Book XI., 1s.
 Books I.—IV., 545 pages, 2s.
 Books III. and IV., 164 pages, 2s.
 Books I.—VI. and XI., 600 pages, 4s. 6d.
- Test Papers in Elementary Mathematics.** By A. CLEMENT JONES, M.A., Ph.D., and C. H. BLUMFIELD, M.A., B.Sc., Mathematical Masters at Bradford Grammar School. 250 pages. Crown 8vo, without Answers, cloth, 2s 6d; with Answers, 3s. Answers separately, 1s.
- Elementary Mechanics of Solids and Fluids.** By A. CLEMENT JONES, M.A., Ph.D., and C. H. BLUMFIELD, M.A., B.Sc. Cloth, 4s 6d.
- Vectors and Rotors. With Applications.** By Professor O. HENRICI, F.R.S. Edited by E. C. TURNER, Goldsmith's College. Crown 8vo, 4s 6d.
- A Note-Book of Experimental Mathematics.** By C. GODFREY, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Osborne, and G. M. BELL, B.A., Senior Mathematical Master, Winchester College. Fcap 4to., paper boards, 2s.
- An Elementary Treatise on Practical Mathematics.** By JOHN GRAHAM, B.A. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s 6d.
- Preliminary Practical Mathematics.** By S. G. STARLING, A.R.C.Sc., and F. C. CLARKE, A.R.C.Sc., D.Sc. 1s 6d.
- Practical Mathematics.** By F. C. CLARKE, B.Sc. 3s 6d.
- An Introduction to Elementary Statics (treated Graphically).** By R. NETTLE, M.A., Assistant Master, Royal Naval College, Osborne. Fcap. 4to., paper boards, 2s.
- Graphs and Imaginaries.** By J. G. HAMILTON, B.A., and F. KETTLE, B.A. Cloth, 1s. 6d.
- The Principles of Mechanism.** By H. A. GARRATT, A.M.I.C.E. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s 6d.
- Workshop Science.** By R. J. BROWN, M.Sc., Principal of Stockport Municipal Technical School. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

- Practical Trigonometry.** By H. C. PLAYNE, M.A., Headmaster of Bancroft's School, and R. C. FAWCETT, M.A., Assistant Master at Clifton College. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- The Elements of Trigonometry.** By R. LACHLAN, Sc.D., and W. C. FLETCHER, M.A. Crown 8vo, viii+104 pages, 2s.
- Mathematical Drawing.** By Professor G. M. MINCHIN, Cooper's Hill Engineering College, and J. B. DALE, Assistant Professor of Mathematics at King's College, London. 7s. 6d.
- Mechanics. A Course for Schools.** By W. D. EGGAR, M.A., Science Master, Eton College. Crown 8vo, 3s. 6d.
- Electricity and Magnetism.** By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. 7s. 6d.
- Magnetism and Electricity.** By J. PALEY YORKE. Crown 8vo, cloth, 3s. 6d.
- Elementary Mechanics of Solids and Fluids.** By A. CLEMENT JONES, M.A., Ph.D., and G. H. BLOOMFIELD, M.A., B.Sc., Mathematical Master at Bradford Grammar School. Cloth, 4s. 6d.
- First Steps in the Calculus.** By A. F. VAN DER HUYDEN, M.A., Mathematical Master at Middlebrough High School. 1s.
- A Preliminary Course of Practical Physics.** By C. E. ASHFORD, M.A., Headmaster of the Royal Naval College, Dartmouth. Fcap 4to, 1s. 6d.
- Advanced Examples in Physics.** By A. O. ALLEN, B.A., B.Sc., A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Assistant Lecturer in Physics at Leeds University. 7s. 6d.
- A Text-Book of Physics.** By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. Cloth, 5s.
- The Elements of Inorganic Chemistry.** For use in Schools and Colleges. By W. A. SHENSTONE, F.R.S. 564 pages. Cloth, 4s. 6d.
- A Course of Practical Chemistry.** By W. A. SHENSTONE. 1s. 6d.
- A First Year's Course of Experimental Work in Chemistry.** By E. H. COOK, D.Sc., F.I.C., Principal of the Clifton Laboratory, Bristol. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
- A Text-Book of Physical Chemistry.** By Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. With 40 Illustrations. Crown 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
- Physical Chemistry for Beginners.** By Dr. VAN DEVENTER. Translated by Dr. R. A. LEHFELDT. 2s. 6d.
- The Standard Course of Elementary Chemistry.** By E. J. COX, F.C.S. In Five Parts, issued separately, bound in cloth and illustrated. Parts I-IV, 7d. each; Part V, 1s. The complete work in one vol., 3s.
- First Steps in Quantitative Analysis.** By J. C. GREGORY, B.Sc., A.I.C. Crown 8vo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
- Oblique and Isometric Projection.** By J. WATSON. 4to, 3s. 6d.
- Physiology for Beginners.** By LEONARD HILL, M.B. 1s.
- A Text-Book of Zoology.** By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc. Lond., Lecturer on Biology at the London Hospital Medical College. 7s. 6d.
- A Class-Book of Botany.** By G. P. MUDGE, A.R.C.Sc., and A. J. MARLEN, F.L.S. With Illustrations. Crown 8vo, 7s. 6d.
- General Elementary Botany.** By E. DEABLE, D.Sc., Lecturer in Botany at the University of Liverpool. 2s. 6d.
- Psychology for Teachers.** By C. LLOYD MORGAN, F.R.S., Principal of University College, Bristol. Crown 8vo. 4s. 6d.
- The Laws of Health.** By DAVID NABARRO, M.D., B.Sc., Assistant Professor of Pathology and Medical Anatomy at University College, London. Crown 8vo, 1s. 7d.
- Elements of Bookkeeping.** By M. WEBSTER JENKINSON, Chartered Accountant. Crown 8vo, cloth, 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

GERMAN.

EASY GERMAN TEXTS. For pupils who have acquired a simple vocabulary and the elements of German. Under the General Editorship of **WALTER RIPPWANS, M.A.**, Professor of German at Queen's College, London. With exercises on the text. Small crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

ANDERSEN'S BILDERBUCH OHNE BILDER [What the Moon Saw].

PRINZESSIN ILSE. By **MARIE PETERSEN.**

DER TOPFER VON KANDERN. By **H. VILLINGER.**

DIE FLUT DES LEBENS. By **ADOLF STERN.**

HERR PETER SQUENZ. By **ANDREAS GRYPHIUS** Edited by **SYDNEY H. MOORE** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

DER BACKFISCHKASTEN. By **FEDOR VON ZOEBLITZ** Edited, with Notes and Vocabulary, by **GUSTAV HEIN** Authorised Edition. 2s.

A FIRST GERMAN READER. With Questions for Conversation, Grammatical Exercises, Vocabulary, &c. Edited by **D. L. SAGOR, B.A.**, Lecturer in the University of London, Hildesmith College. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

GERMAN WITHOUT TEARS. By **LADY BULL.** A version in German of "French without Tears." With Illustrations. Cloth.

Part I, 9d. Part II, 1s. Part III, 1s. 3d.

LESSONS IN GERMAN. A Graduated German Course, with Exercises and Vocabulary, by **L. INNES LEWIS.** Crown 8vo., 4s.

KLEINES HAUSTHEATER. Fifteen little Plays in German for Children. By **LADY BULL.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

VIER KLEINE LUSTSPIELE FÜR DIE JUGEND By **KATE WEBER.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH.

ARNOLD'S MODERN FRENCH BOOKS, I. and II. Edited by **H. L. HUTTON, M.A.**, Senior Modern Languages Master at Merchant Taylors' School. Crown 8vo., cloth. Book I, 1s. 6d. Book II, 2s.

ELEMENTS OF FRENCH COMPOSITION. By **J. HOME CAMERON, M.A.**, Lecturer in French in University College, Toronto, Canada. viii+186 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s. 6d.

ARNOLD'S LECTURES FRANÇAISES. Four Vols. Books I. and II. edited and arranged by **JERRE S. WOLFF.** Books III. and IV. edited and arranged by **M. A. GLENDHORN, Litt.D.** Illustrated with Reproductions of Paintings by French artists. Book I, 1s. 6d. Books II., III., IV., 1s. 6d. each.

GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE. A l'usage des Anglais. Par **E. RENAULT.** Officier d'Académie, Assistant Lecturer at the University of Liverpool. viii+360 pages. Crown 8vo., cloth, 4s. 6d.

PETITE GRAMMAIRE FRANÇAISE. Par **E. RENAULT.** 1s. 6d.

LE FRANÇAIS CHEZ LUI. A French Reader on Reform Lines, with Exercises on Grammar for Middle and Junior Forms. By **W. H. HODGES, M.A.**, and **P. POWELL, M.A.** Cloth, 1s. 3d.

MORCEAUX CHOISIS. French Prose Extracts. Edited by **R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A.**, Assistant Master in Winchester College. 1s. 6d.

POÈMES CHOISIS. Selected and Edited by **R. L. A. DU PONTET, M.A.** Cloth, 1s. 6d.

MISS JETTA S. WOLFF'S BOOKS.

LES FRANÇAIS EN MÉNAGE. With Illustrations. 1s. 6d.

LES FRANÇAIS EN VOYAGE. Cleverly illustrated. 1s. 6d.

FRANÇAIS POUR LES TOUT PETITS. Illustrated. 1s. 3d.

LES FRANÇAIS D'AUTREFOIS. 1s. 3d.

LES FRANÇAIS DU DIX-HUITIÈME SIÈCLE. 1s. 3d.

THE ALPHONSE DAUDET READING BOOK. Récit biographique et Extraits de ses Œuvres. Edited by **JETTA S. WOLFF.** 1s. 6d.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 48 MADDOX STREET, W

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

FRENCH WITHOUT TEARS. A Graduated Series of French Reading Books, carefully arranged to suit the requirements of quite young children. By Lady BRYA. Book I, 9d., Book II, 1s., Book III, 1s. 3d.

SCÈNES ENFANTINES. By KATE WEBER, Author of "Vier kleine Lustspiele für die Jugend." With Vocabulary. 1s. 3d.

GRADUATED FRENCH UNSEENS. Edited by Professor VICTOR OGER. In four parts. Limp cloth, 8d. each.

A FIRST FRENCH COURSE. Complete, with Grammar, Exercises, and Vocabulary. By JAMES BOWELL, B.A. (Univ. Coll.) Cloth, 1s. 6d.

FRENCH DRAMATIC SCENES. By C. ABEL MURGRAVE. With Notes and Vocabulary. Crown 8vo., cloth, 2s.

ARNOLD'S FRENCH TEXTS. An entirely new series of texts, graduated in difficulty, with notes and vocabulary. General Editor MARGARET A. GORTWORTHY, Litt. D., Professor of the Romance Languages in the University of Dublin. Limp cloth, 6d. each.

Le Forçat ou A tout Pêché Miséricorde By MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

Aventures de Tom Pouce By T. J. STAMM

L'Histoire de la Mère Michel et de son Chat By COMTE E. DE LA BODOLIERE

Griboille By LEFORD, NANCY

Laurette ou Le Dache rouge By ALPHONSE VERNÉ

La Souris blanche et Les Petits Souliers By HERBERT, MORRIS

Le Vis de Polichinelle et ses Nombreuses Aventures By OCTAVE FROILLAT

Crispin rival de son Maître. Comedy in one act. By LA SAGÉ.

Le Bon Père. Comedy in one act. By FLORIAN

Monsieur Tringle By CHAMPELERY.

Aventures du Chevalier de Grammont. By Chevalier D'HAMILTON.

Histoire d'un Pointer écossais. By ALEXANDRE UDMAN

Deux Héroïnes de la Révolution Madame Roland and Charlotte Corday.

By JULES MICHELLE

Trafalgar. By JONATHAN MERV. 48 pages.

Marie Antoinette By EDMOND and JULES DE GONCOURT.

Méridjet By H. DE BALZAC.

SIMPLE FRENCH STORIES. Easy texts, with Notes and Vocabulary, prepared under the General Editorship of L. VON SIEBEN, M.A., Assistant Master at Perse School, Cambridge. Limp cloth, 6d. each.

Un Drame dans les Aïrs. By JULES VERNÉ.

Pif-Paf. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE.

La Petite Souris Grise; and Histoire de Rosette. By MADAME DE SÉVIGNÉ

Pousinet, and two other tales. By EDOUARD LABOULAYE

Hil Blas in the Den of Thieves. Arranged from LE SAGÉ. With Notes and Vocabulary by R. DE BLANCHARD, B.A. [Uniform with the above series.]

ARNOLD'S ADVANCED FRENCH SERIES.

Introduction, Historical Notes, and a few Exercises. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

De l'Angleterre. Par Madame DE STAMM, edited by W. G. HARTOG, B.A., Lecturer in French at University College, London.

Causeries du Lundi. Par SAINTE-BEUVE, edited by A. W. TRENNLER, M.A., Assistant Master at Charterhouse.

Le Coup d'Etat. Par VICTOR HUGO. Edited by J. W. LONSDON, M.A. An abridgment of that magnificent piece of narrative, *Napoléon le Petit*.

LONDON: EDWARD ARNOLD, 4 & 13 MADDOX STREET, W.

ARNOLD'S SCHOOL SERIES.

L'APPRENTI. By **EMILE SOUVETRE.** Edited by **C. F. HERDENER,** Lecturer in Modern Languages, Durham University. Cloth, 1s.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON. By **MADAME EUGENIE FOA.** And **UN COMTE DE L'ABBE DE SAINT-PIERRE.** By **EMILE SOUVETRE.** Edited by **C. F. HERDENER.** Cloth, 1s.

MEMOIRES D'UN ANE. By **MADAME DE SÉGUIR,** edited by **LOUIE FARRER.** Cloth, 1s.

LAMARTINE'S MANUSCRIT DE MA MERE Edited by **LOUIE FARRER.** Cloth, 1s.

LES DEUX PRISONNIERS. By **RODOLPHE TOFFER.** Edited by **W. H. HODGKINS, M.A.,** St. Lawrence College, Ramsgate. Cloth, 1s.

CONTES DE FEES. Par **Mme LEPRIQUE DE BEAUMONT.** Edited by **T. AFIN, M.A.,** the High School, Glasgow. 1s.

SPANISH.

A FIRST SPANISH BOOK. By **H. J. CHAYTOR, M.A.,** Headmaster of Plymouth College. 2s. 6d.

LATIN AND GREEK.

ARNOLD'S LATIN TEXTS. General Editor, **A. EVAN BERNAYS, M.A.** Each volume consists of a short introduction, text and vocabulary. 51 pages. Cloth limp, 8s. each.

CÆSAR in BRITAIN.

CICERO—In Catilinam, I. and II.

CICERO—Pro Archia

CORNELIUS NEPOS—Select Lives.

HORACE.—Odes, Book I.

LIVY.—Selections.

OVID—Selections.

VIRGIL—ÆNEID. Books I, II, and III. Edited, with Introduction and Notes, by **M. T. TAYLOR, M.A.** Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d. each.

CÆSAR'S GALLIC WAR. Books I. and II. Edited by **T. W. HADDOCK, M.A.,** and **H. C. HARRISON, M.A.** Cloth, 1s. 6d.

Books III-V. Edited for the use of Schools by **M. T. TAYLOR, M.A.** Uniform with Books I and II. Crown 8vo., cloth, 1s. 6d.

Books VI and VII. By **M. T. TAYLOR, M.A.** Uniform with Books III-V. 1s. 6d.

LIVY. Book XXVI. Edited by **R. M. HENRY, M.A.** 2s. 6d.

THE FABLES OF ORBILIUS. By **A. D. GODLEY, M.A.,** Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. With Illustrations. Book I, 9d.; Book II, 1s.

EASY LATIN PROSE. By **W. H. SPRAGUE, M.A.,** Assistant Master at the City of London School. Cloth, 1s. 6d.

LATIN EXERCISES ON LATIN MODELS. By **A. C. P. LUNN,** Headmistress of Brighton and Hove High School. Cloth, 1s.

LATIN PROSE COMPOSITION. By **W. J. HARRIE, M.A.,** Professor of Humanity in the University of Edinburgh. Complete, 4s. 6d., or in Two Parts, 2s. 6d. each.

By **W. F. WILSON, M.A.,** Classical Master at St. Olave's Grammar School.

COMPENDIUM LATINUM. 2s. 6d.

SIMPLIFIED CÆSAR. 1s. 6d.

DIES ROMANI. 1s. 6d.

By **R. B. GARDINER, M.A., D.Sc.,** and **A. GARDINER, M.A.**

A FIRST LATIN COURSE. 227 pages. 2s.

A SECOND LATIN READER. 184 pages. 1s. 6d.

A LATIN TRANSLATION PRIMER. 1s.

THE BEGINNER'S BOOK IN GREEK. By **D. H. MAF' HALL,** 1s. 6d.

LONDON; EDWARD ARNOLD, 41 & 43 MADDOX STREET, W.

