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AN OUTLINE HISTORY OF ENGLISH LITERATURE

By WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON

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REPRESENTATIVE PASSAGES
FROM
ENGLISH LITERATURE

CHOSEN AND ARRANGED

BY

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PREFACE

THIS is not a book of 'elegant extracts.' It is a collection of illustrative readings, prepared primarily as a companion to my *Outline History of English Literature*, but in the hope also that it may prove more generally useful to the literary student. Limitations of space have prevented me from making it as full as I could have wished, to present anything like a complete view of the development of English literature in a manual of this size is obviously impossible. Many authors have perforce been omitted altogether, for whom I should have been glad to find a place, and those chosen are often, I am aware, inadequately represented. The task of preference and exclusion has, indeed, been a difficult one; but I have been guided in it by the principles laid down in the introductory chapter of my *Outline History*. This means that each extract has been selected because it serves to bring out either the distinctive personal features of an author's genius and style, or some feature of importance in the spirit and style of his age.

Where possible, the critical value of the selections has been considered, and a certain amount of connection has been introduced among them. Thus, to illustrate Dryden's prose writing, I have taken the passage on Shakespeare and Ben Jonson, and later, to illustrate Johnson's, have reproduced a part of his estimate of Dryden as a critic.

Some large omissions will be noted. I have, for example, given nothing from Shakespeare's plays or from the nineteenth century novelists. I hope I am justified in taking it

for granted that Shakespeare will always be studied independently, and that some of the best of our modern novels will be read in their entirety and as a matter of course. Indeed, it would seem to be a little absurd to introduce into a book like this excerpts from Scott, Dickens, Thackeray, and George Eliot. By such omissions I have gained additional space for selections from less familiar and accessible writers.

As the aim of this book is literary and not philological or linguistic (and incidentally I should like to enter my protest against the too common confusion of what should be separate lines of study), I have not concerned myself about uniformity of text. I have thought it well to give Chaucer in the old form, and as Spenser's deliberate archaisms were an essential part of his style, these I have of course preserved. Elsewhere in the earlier extracts a more or less modernised text has generally been adopted, but though in such cases the spelling has been changed, I have never tampered with the language itself.

WILLIAM HENRY HUDSON.

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CHAUCER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 10-12)

THE MORNING SONG OF BIRDS

(From *The Boke of the Duchesse*)

ME thoughte thus, that it was May,
And in the dawenyng, ther I laye
Me mette¹ thus in my bed al naked,
And loked forth, for I was waked
With smale foules, a grette hepe,
That had afrayed me oute of my slepe,
Thorgh noyse and swetenesse of her songe.
And as me mette, they sate amonge
Upon my chaumbre rooffe wythoute,
Upon the tyles al aboute,
And songe everyche in hys wyse
The moste solempne servise
By noote, that ever man I trowe,
Had herde. For somme of hem songe lowe,
Somme highe, and al of oon acorde
To telle shortly at oo² word,
Was never herde so swete a stevene,³
But hyt had be a thyng of hevenc,
So mery a sounce, so swete entwēnēs,⁴
That, certēs, for the tounce of Tewnes,
I nolde, but I had herde hem synge,⁵
For al my chaumbre gan to ryng,
Thorgh syngyng of her⁶ armonye;
For instrument nor melodye
Was no where herde yet halfe so swete,
Nor of acorde halfe so mete.

¹ I dreamed.

² One

³ Sound

⁴ Tunes.

⁵ I would not have gone without hearing them sing for the town of
Funis.

⁶ Their

For ther was noon of hem that feyned
 To synge, for eche of hem hym peyne
 To lynde oute of mery crafty notys,
 They ne sparéd not her throtys.

ON LOVE

(From *The Parlement of Foules: Proem*)

THE lyfe so short, the craft so long to lerne,
 Thassay¹ so hard, so sharpe the conquering
 The dreadful² joy, alway that flit³ so yerne
 Al this mene I by Love, that my feeling
 Astonieth with his wonderful werkyng
 So sore ywis, that whan I on him thinke,
 Naught wete I wel whether I flete⁵ or sinke

For al be that I knowe not Love in dede,
 Ne wot how that he quiteth folk hir hire,
 Yet happeth me ful oft in bokés rede
 Of his myracles, and of his cruel ire;
 There rede I well, he wol be lorde and sire;
 I dare not saye his strokes be so sore;
 But God save suche a lorde ! I can no more.

Of usage, what for lust⁶ and what for lore,⁷
 On bookés rede I oft, as I you tolde.
 But wherfore that speke I al this ? Naught yore
 Agon,⁸ it happed me for to beholde
 Upon a boke was ywriten with letters olde;
 And thereupon, a certain thing to lerne,
 The longé day ful fast I radde⁹ and yerne¹⁰

For out of the old fieldës, as men saith,
 Cometh al this newe corne fro yere to yere;
 And out of oldé bokës, in good faith,
 Cometh al this newe science that men lere¹¹
 But now to purpose, as of this matere:—
 To redé forth it gan me so delite,
 That all that day me thought it but a lite.¹²

¹ The essay = attempt. ² Timid. ³ Passes away. ⁴ Quickly.
⁵ Float. ⁶ Pleasure. ⁷ Learning. ⁸ Not long ago.
⁹ Read. ¹⁰ Eagerly. ¹¹ Learn. ¹² Little.

THE GARDEN OF LOVE

(From *The Parlement of Foules.*)

A GARDEIN saw I ful of blosomed bowis,
 Upon a river, in a grene mede,
 There as that swetenesse evermore inough is,
 With floures whitè, blewé, yelowe, and rede,
 And coldé welle streames, nothing dede,¹
 That swommen fulle of smalé fishes light,
 With finnës rede, and scales silver bright

On every bough the birdès heard I singe,
 With voice of angel in hir² armonie.
 That busied hem hir birdës forth to bring,
 The prety conics to hir playe gan hic,
 And further al about I gan espie,
 The dredeful³ roe, the buck, the hart, and hind,
 Squirrels, and bestës smale, of gentle kind

Of instruments of stringës in accorde
 Heard I so playe a ravishing swetenesse,
 That God, that maker is of alle and Lorde,
 Ne heardè never better, as I gesse.
 Therewith a wind, unneth it might be lesse,⁴
 Made in the leavës grene a noisè soft,
 Accordant to the foulës song on loft.⁵

The aire of that place so attempre was,
 That never was ther grevance of hot ne cold:
 There was eke every holsome spice and gras,
 Ne no man may there waxë sicke ne old.
 Yet was there more joy a thousand fold
 Than I can tell, or ever could or might;
 There is ever clere day, and never night.

Under a tree, beside a welle, I sey
 Cupide our lorde his arrowes forge and file;
 And at his feete his bowe already lay;

¹ Not stagnant.² Their.³ Timid⁴ It scarcely could have been less.⁵ Aloft.

And wel his doughter¹ tempred, al the w^hyle.
 The heddës in the welle; and with her wile
 She couchëd² hem after, as they should serve
 Some for to slee, and some to wound and kerve³

Tho was I ware of Pleasaunce anon right,
 And of Array,⁴ Lust,⁵ Beauty, and Curtesie,
 And of the Craft, that can and hath the might
 To don by force a wight to don folie.⁶
 Disfiguréd was she, I will not lie ·
 And by him selfe, under an oke I gesse,
 Sawe I Delite, that stood with Gentlenesse

Than saw I Beauty, withouten any attire,
 And Youthè, full of game and jolitee,
 Foole-hardinessè, Flatterie, and Desire,
 Messagerie,⁷ Mede, and other thre,
 Hir namës shall not here be told for me ·
 And upon pillers grete, of jasper longe,
 I sawe a temple of brasse yfounded strong

About the temple daunceden alway
 Women now, of whichè some there were
 Faire of hemselc, and some of hem were gay,
 In kirtils all dishevelcd went they there,
 That was their office ever, fro yere to yere
 And on the temple saw I, white and faire,
 Of dovës sitting many a thousand paire

Before the temple doore, ful soberly,
 Dame Peacè sat, a curtaine in her honde;
 And her beside, wonder discretely,
 Dame Paciencè sitting there I fonde,
 With facè pale, upon an hille of sonde,
 And alther next,⁸ withinne and eke withoute,
 Behest and Arte, and of her folke a route.

¹ His daughter, Pleasure. There is no classical authority for this medieval notion.

² Arranged them.

³ Cut.

⁴ Dress.

⁵ Pleasure.

⁶ To make a man commit folly

⁷ The carrying of love messages

⁸ Next of all.

THE CANTERBURY PILGRIMS

(From the *Prologue* to *The Canterbury Tales*)

WHAN that Aprillē with his schowres swoote
 The drought of Marche hath perced to the roote
 And bathēd every veyne in swich licour,
 Of which vertue engendred is the flour,
 Whan Zephirus eek with his swetē breeth
 Enspirēd hath in every holte¹ and heeth
 The tendre croppes, and the yongē sonne
 Hath in the Ram his halfe cours i-ronnē,
 And smale fowles maken melodiē,
 That slepen al the night with open yhe,
 So priketh hem nature in here² corages:—³
 Thanne longen folk to gon on pilgrimages,
 And palmers for to seeken straungē strondes.
 To fernē halwes,⁴ kouthē⁵ in sondry londes;
 And specially, from every schires ende
 Of Engelond, to Canturbury they wendē.
 The holy blisful martiū for to seeke,
 That hem⁶ hath holpen whan that they were seeke
 Byfel that, in that sesoun on a day,
 In Southwerk at the Tabbard as I lay,
 Redy to wenden on my pilgrimage
 To Canterbury with ful devout corage,
 At night was come into that hostelrie
 Wel nyne and twenty in a companyē,
 Of sondry folk, by aventure i-falle
 In felawschipe, and pilgrymys were thei alle
 That toward Canterbury wolden ryde.
 The chambres and the stables weren wyde,
 And wel we weren esēd atte beste ⁷
 And schortly, whan the sonnē was to reste,
 So hadde I spoken with hem everychon,
 That I was of here felawschipe anon,
 And madē forward⁸ erly to aryse,
 To take oure weye ther as I yow devyse.

¹ Wood.² Their³ Spirits.⁴ To distant saints⁵ Known⁶ Them⁷ Accommodated in the best manner.⁸ Arranged beforehand.

6 EXTRACTS FROM ENGLISH LITERATURE

But natheles, whiles I have tyme and space,
 Or that I ferthere in this tale pace,
 Me thinketh it acordant to resoun,
 To tellé yow alle the condicioun
 Of eche of hem, so as it semed me,
 And which they weren, and of what degre,
 And eek in what array that they were inne.
 And at a knight than wol I first bygynne.

A KNIGHT ther was, and that a worthy man,
 That from the tyme that he first bigan
 To ryden out, he lovede chyvalrye,
 Trouthe and honour, fredom and curtesie
 Ful worthi was he in his lordes werre.
 And thereto hadde he riden, noman ferre,¹
 As wel in Cristendom as in hethenesse,
 And evere honoured for his worthnesse
 At Alisandre he was whan it was wonne.
 Ful otté tyme he hadde the bord bygonne²
 Aboven alle naciouns in Pruce.
 In Lettowe haddé reyced³ and in Ruce,
 No cristen man so ofte of his degre
 In Gernade atte siege hadde he be
 Of Algesir, and riden in Belmarie.
 At Lieys was he, and at Satalie,
 Whan they were wonne, and in the Greete See⁴
 At many a noble arive⁵ hadde he be
 At mortal batailles hadde he ben fiftene,
 And foughten for our feith at Tramassene
 In lystës thriës, and ay slayn his foo
 This ilké worthi knight hadde ben also
 Somtymë with the lord of Palatyë,
 Ageyn another hethene in Turkye:
 And everemore he hadde a sovereyn prys. ,
 And though that he was worthy he was wys,
 And of his port as meke as is a mayde
 He never yit no vilonye ne sayde
 In al his lyf, unto no maner wight.

¹ Further² Had sat at the head of the table³ Been on a military expedition.⁴ The Mediterranean.⁵ Disembarking of troops.

He was a verray perfight gentil knight,
 But for to telle you of his aray,
 His hors was goode, but he was nought gay.
 Of fustyan he wered a gepoun¹
 Al bysmotered² with his haburgoun³
 For he was late comen from his viage,
 And wente for to doon his pilgrimage.

* * * * *

Ther was also a Nonne, a PRIORESSE,
 That of hire snylyng was ful symple and coy;
 Hire grettest ooth nas but by seynt Loy,
 And sche was cleped madame Englentyne.
 Ful wel sche sang the servisē devynce,
 Entuned in hire nose ful semyly,
 And Frensch sche spak ful faire and tetysly,
 After the scole of Stratford atte Bowe,
 For Frensch of Parys was to hire unknowe.
 At mete wel i-taught was sche withalle;
 Sche leet no morsel from hire lippes falle,
 Ne wette hire fynghes in hire sauce deepe.
 Wel cowde sche carie a morsel, and wel keepe,
 That no dropē ne fil uppon hire brest
 In curtesie was sett al hire lest.⁴
 Hire overlippē wyped sche so clene,
 That in hire cuppē was no ferthing sene
 Of gresē, whan sche dronken hadde hire draught.
 Ful semely after hire mete sche raught⁵
 And sikerly sche was of gret disport,
 And ful plesant, and amyable of port,
 And peyned hire to counterfetē cheere⁶
 Of court, and ben estatlich⁷ of manere,
 And to ben holden digne of reverence.
 But for to speken of hire conscience,
 Sche was so charitable and so pitous,
 Sche woldē weepe if that sche sawe a mous
 Caught in a trappe, if it were deed or bledde.
 Of smale houndēs hadde sche, that sche fedde

Under-jacket

¹ Marked with rust.

² Hauberk.

⁴ Pleasure.

⁵ Reached.

⁶ Countenance.

⁷ Dignified.

With rosted fleissh and mylk and wastel breed
 But sore wepte sche it oon of hem were deed,
 Or it men smot it with a yerde² smerte
 And al was conscience and tendre heite
 Ful semely hire wymple i-pynched was,
 Hire nose streight, hire eyen grey as glas,
 Hire mouth ful smal, and therto softe and reed,
 But sikerly sche hadde a fair forheed.
 It was almost a spanne brood, I trowe,
 For hardily sche was not undergrowe.
 Ful fetys³ was hire cloke, as I was waar
 Of smal coral aboute hire arme sche baar
 A peire of bedes gauded al with grene,¹
 And theron heng a broch of gold ful schene,
 On which was first i-writen a crowned A,
 And after, *Amor vincit omnia*.

Another NONNE also with hire hadde sche,
 That was hire chapelleyne, and PRESIES thre

A MONK ther was, a fair for the maistrie,⁵
 And out-rydere, that loved venerye,⁶
 A manly man, to ben an abbot able
 Full many a deyntè hors hadde he in stable.
 And whan he rood, men might his bridel heere
 Gyngle in a whistlyng wynd so cleere,
 And eek as lowde as doth the chapel belle
 Ther as this lord was keper of the selle,⁷
 The reule of seynt Maure or of seint Beneyt,
 Bycause that it was old and somdel⁸ streyt,
 This ilke monk lect olde thinges pace,⁹
 And heldè after the newe world the space.
 He gaf nat of that text a pulled hen,
 That seith, that hunters been noon holy men
 Ne that a monk, whan he is cloysterles,
 Is likned to a fische that is watirles,
 This is to seyn, a monk out of his cloystre.

¹ Cake ² Stick. ³ Neat

⁴ Furnished with large (green) beads called *gauds*.

⁵ Excelling all others ⁶ Hunting ⁷ Cell=religious house

⁸ Somewhat

⁹ The meaning is that, as the old regulations were too strict for him he let them go.

But thilke text hild he not worth an oystre
 And I seide his opinioun was good.
 What schulde he studie, and make himselfen wood,¹
 Uppon a book in cloystre alway to powre,
 Or swynke² with his handes, and labour,
 As Austyn byt³ How schal the world be served?
 Lat Austyn have his swynk to him reserved.
 Therefore he was a pricasour⁴ aright,
 Greyhoundes he hadde as swifte as fowel in flight
 Of prikyng and of huntyng for the hare
 Was al his lust, for no cost wolde he spare
 I saugh his sleeves purfiled⁵ atte hond
 With grys,⁶ and that the fynest of a lond
 And for to festne his hood under his chyn
 He hadde of gold y-wrought a curious pyn
 A love-knotte in the gretter ende ther was
 His heed was bald, and schon as eny glas,
 And eek his face as he hadde be anoynt
 He was a lord ful fat and in good poynt,
 His eyen steep, and rolling in his heed,
 That stemed as a forneys of a leed⁷,
 His bootes souple, his hors in gret estat
 Now certeinly he was a fair prelat,
 He was not pale as a for-pyned goost
 A fat swan loved he best of eny roost
 His palfray was as broun as eny berye

* * * * *

A good WIF was ther of byside BARHE,
 But sche was somdel deaf, and that was skathe⁸
 Of cloth-makynge she haddé such an haunt,⁹
 Sche passed hem of Ypris and of Gaunt
 In al the parissh wyf ne was ther noon
 • That to the offryng byforn hire schuldë goon,¹⁰
 And if ther dide, certeyn so wroth was sche,
 That sche was thanne out of alle charité.
 Hire keverchefs weren ful tynce of grounde;

¹ Mad ² Toil ³ As St. Augustme ordered.
⁴ Hard rider ⁵ Trimmed ⁶ Gray.
⁷ A caldron of lead ⁸ A pity ⁹ Skill
¹⁰ No one took precedence of her in church

I durste swere they weyghedē ten pounde¹
 That on the Sunday were upon hire heed. •
 Hir hosen weren of fyn scarlett reed,
 Ful streyte y-tyed, and schoos ful moyste and newe
 Bold was hir face, and fair, and reed of hewe.
 Sche was a worthy womman al hire lyfe,
 Housbondes at chirche dore hadde sche fyfe,
 Withouten other companye in youthe,
 But thereof needeth nought to speke as nouthe.²
 And thries hadde sche ben at Jerusalem;
 Sche hadde passēd many a straungē streem,
 At Rome sche haddē ben, and at Boloynes,
 In Galice at seynt Jame, and at Coloyne
 Sche cowde³ moche of wandryng by the weye
 Gat-tothēd⁴ was sche, sothly for to seye.
 Uppon an ambler⁵ esely sche sat,
 Wympled ful wel, and on hire heed an hat
 As brood as is a bocler or a targe,
 A foot-mantel aboute hire hipes large,
 And on hire feet a paire of sporēs scharpe.
 In felawschipe wel cowde she lawghe and carpe
 Of remedies of love sche knew parchaunce,
 For of that art sche knew the olde daunce.

A good man was ther of religioun,
 And was a porē PERSON of a toun,
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk.
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk
 That Cristēs gospel gladly woldē preche;
 His parischens devoutly wolde he teche.
 Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversitē ful pacient,
 And such he was i-provēd oftē sithes⁶
 Ful loth were him to cursē for his tythes, •
 But rather wolde he geven out of dowte,
 Unto his porē parisschens aboute,
 Of his offrynge, and cek of his substaunce.
 He cowde in litel thing han suffisance

¹ The reference is to the immense and heavy head-dresses fashionable at the time. ² Just now ³ Knew

⁴ Having teeth wide apart. ⁵ An ambling nag ⁶ Times

Wyd was his parisch, and houses fer asonder,
 Be he ne lafte¹ not for reyne ne thonder,
 In siknesse ne in meschief to visite
 The ferrest in his parissche, moche and lite,²
 Uppon his feet, and in his hond a staf.
 This noble ensample unto his scheep he gaf,
 That ferst he wroughte, and after that he taughte,
 Out of the gospel he tho³ wordes caughte,
 And this figure he added yit therto,
 That if gold ruste, what schulde yren doo ?
 For if a prest be foul, on whom we truste,
 No wonder is a lewid⁴ man to ruste . . .
 Wel oughte a prest ensample for to give,
 By his clenness, how that his scheep schulde lyve.
 He sette not his benefice to hyre,
 And left his scheep encombred in the myre,
 And ran to Londone, unto seynte Poules,
 To seeken him a chaunterie for soules,
 Or with a brethurhede to be withholde,⁵
 But dwelte at hoom, and kepte wel his folde,
 So that the wolfe ne made it not myscharye
 He was a schepperde and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful man nought dispitous,
 Ne of his speché daungerous ne digne,⁶
 But in his teching discret and benigne
 To drawe folk to heven by fairnesse,
 By good ensample, was his busynesse
 But it were eny persone obstinat,
 What so he were of high or lowe estat,
 Him wolde he snybbë⁷ sharply for the nones⁸
 A bettre preest I trowe ther nowher non is.
 He wayted after no pompe ne reverence,
 Ne maked him a spiced conscience,
 But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
 He taught, and ferst he folwed it himselve

¹ Ceased.² Small.³ Those.⁴ Ignorant.⁵ Maintained.⁶ Proud.⁷ Reprove.⁸ Nonce.

EMILY IN THE GARDEN

(From *The Knightes Tale*)

This passeth yeer by yeer, and day by day,
 Till it fel oones in a morn of May
 That Emelic, that fairer was to scene
 Than is the lile upon his stalke grene
 And fresscher than the May with floures newe—
 For with the rose colour strof hire hewe,
 I not¹ which was the tyner of hem two—
 Er it was day, as sche was wont to do,
 Sche was arisen, and al redy dight,
 For May wole have no sloggardye a-night.
 The sesoun priketh every gentil herte,
 And maketh him out of his sleepe to sterte,
 And seith, ' Arys, and do thine observance '
 This maked Emelye han remembrance
 To do honour to May, and for to ryse
 I-clothed was sche fressh for to devyse
 Hire yellow heer was browded² in a tresse,
 Byhynde hire bak, a yerdé long I gesse
 And in the gardyn at the sonne upriste³
 Sche walketh up and down wher as hire liste,
 Sche gadereth floures, partye whyte and reede,
 To make a sotel⁴ gerland for hire heede,
 And as an aungel hevenly sche song.

THE COCK AND THE FOX

(From *The Nonne Prestes Tale*)

This Chaunteclere stood heighe upon his toos,
 Strecching his necke, and held his eyen cloos,
 And gan to crowé lowde for the noones;
 And Dan Russel the fox stert up at oones,
 And by the garget⁵ henté⁶ Chaunteclere,
 And on his bak toward the woode him bere
 For yit he was there no man that him sewed.⁷
 O desteny, that maist not ben eschiewed!⁸

¹ Wot not, know not ² Braided. ³ Sunrise. ⁴ Well-arranged.
⁵ Throat. ⁶ Seized. ⁷ Followed. ⁸ Avoided.

Allas, that Chaunteclere fleigh fro the bemës !
 Allas, his wif ne roughté¹ nought of dremës !
 And on a Friday fel al this mischaunce.
 O Venus, that art goddes of pleasaunce,
 Syn² that thy servant was this Chaunteclere.
 And in thy service did al in his powere,
 More for delit, than the world to multiple,
 Why woldest thou suffre him on thy day to dye ?
 O Gaufred, dere mayster soverayn,³
 That, whan the worthy king Richard was slayn
 With schot, compleynedist his deth so sore,
 Why ne had I nought thy sentence and thy lore
 The Friday for to chiden, as dede ye ?
 (For on a Fryday sothly slayn was he)
 I than wold I schewe how that I couthe pleyne,
 For Chauntecleres drede, and for his peyne

Certis such cry ne lamentacioun
 Was never of ladies maad, whan Ilion
 Was wonne, and Pirrus with his streite⁴ swerd,
 Whan he had hent kyng Priam by the berd,
 And slaugh him (as saith us *Eneydos*),⁵
 As maden alle the hennes in the clos,
 Whan thay had sayn of Chauntecler the sight
 Bot soveraignly dame Pertëlote schright.⁶
 Ful lowder than did Hasdrubaldes wyf;
 Whan that hir housebond haddë lost his lyf,
 And that the Romayns had i-brent Cartage,
 Sche was so ful of torment and of rage,
 That wilfully unto the fuyr sche stert,
 And brend hirselves with a stedfast hert
 O woful hennës, right so cridë ye,
 As, whan that Nero brentë⁷ the cite
 Of Romë, criden the senatourës wyves,
 For that her housbondes losten alle here lyves;
 Withouten gilt this Nero hath hem slayn
 Now wol I torne to my matier agayn.
 The sely⁸ wydow, and hir doughtres two.

¹ Recked, heeded.

² Since.

³ Geoffrey de Vinsarf, author of a treatise on composition. Chaucer's reference is to some affected lines on the death of Richard I.

⁴ Drawn. ⁵ The *Æneid* ⁶ Shrieked ⁷ Burned ⁸ Harmless

Herden these hennys crie and maken wo,
 And out at dorës starté they anoon,
 And sayen the fox toward the woode is goon,
 And bar upon his bak the cok away;
 They criden, ' Out ! harrow and wayleway !
 Ha, ha, the fox ! ' and after him thay ran,
 And eek with stavës many another man ;
 Ran Colle our dogge, and Talbot, and Garlond,
 And Malkyn, with a distaf in hir hond ;
 Ran cow and calf, and eek the verray hogges
 So were they fered for berkyng of the dogges,
 And schowtyng of the men and wymmen eke,
 Thay ronñë that thay thought her hertë breke
 They yelleden as feendës doon in helle,
 The dokës criden as men wold hem quelle,¹
 The gees for ferë flowen over the trees,
 Out of the hyvé came the swarm of bees ;
 So hidous was the noyse, a *benedicite* !
 Certës he Jakké Straw, and his meyné,²
 Ne maden schoutës never half so schrille,
 Whan that thay wolden eny Flemyng kille.
 As thilkë day was maad upon the fox.
 Of bras thay broughten hornës and of box,
 Of horn and boon, in which thay blew and powped
 And therwithal thay schrykëd and thay howped,
 It semëd as that heven schuldë falle.

GOWER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 13)

PHŒBUS AND DAPHNE

(From *Confessio Amantis*, III.)

A MAIDEN whilom³ there was one
 Which Daphne hight⁴; and such was none
 Of beauty then, as it was said.
 Phœbus his love hath on her laid ;

¹ Kill.

² Followers

³ Formerly.

⁴ Was called.

And thereupon to her he sought
 In his fool-haste, and so besought
 That she with him no reste had.
 For ever upon her love he grad,¹
 And she said ever unto him, Nay.
 So it befell upon a day,
 Cupide, which hath every chance
 Of love under his governance,
 Saw Phœbus hasten him so sore;
 And, for² he should him hasten more,
 And yet not speeden at the last,
 A dart throughout³ his heart he cast,
 Which was of gold and all a-fire,
 That made him many-fold desire
 Of love moré than he did
 For Daphne eke in that same stede⁴
 A dart of lead he cast and smote,
 Which was all cold and nothing hot
 And thus Phœbus in lovē brenneth⁵
 And in his haste aboutē renneth⁶
 To look if that he mightē win,
 But he was ever to begin.
 For ever away fro him she fled,
 So that he never his love sped
 And for to make him full believe
 That no fool-hastē might achieve
 To gotten love in such degree,
 This Daphne into a lorcr⁷ tree
 Was turnēd, which is ever green,
 In token, as yet it may be seen,
 That she shall dwell a maiden still,
 And Phœbus failen of his will.

¹ Cried.⁴ Place.² In order that⁵ Burneth.⁷ Laurel.³ Right through⁶ Runneth

LANGLAND

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 13)

PROLOGUE

(From *The Vision of William concerning Piers the Plowman*)

IN a somer seson · whan soft was the sonne,
 I shope me¹ in shroudes² · as³ I a shepe⁴ were
 In habite as an hermite · unholy of workes,⁵
 Went wyde in this world · wondres to here
 Ac⁶ on a May mornynge · on Maluerne hulles,⁷
 Me befel a ferly⁸ · of fairy,⁹ me thoughte
 I was very forwandred¹⁰ · and went me to rest
 Under a brode bank · Bi a bornes¹¹ side,
 And as I lay and lened · and loked in the wateres,
 I slombred in a slepyng · it sweyued¹² so merye¹³
 Then gan I to meten¹⁴ · a marveilouse sweuene,¹⁵
 That I was in a wildernesse · wist I never where
 As I behilde¹⁶ into the est · an heigh¹⁷ to the sonne
 I seigh a toure on a toft¹⁸ · trichlich ymaked¹⁹
 A depe dale binethe · a dongeon²⁰ there-inne,
 With depe dyches and derke · and dredful of sight
 A faire felde²¹ ful of folke · fond I there bitwene,
 Of alle maner of men · the mene and the riche,
 Worchyng and wandryng · as the worlde asketh
 Some putten hem²² to the plow, · pleyed²³ ful silde,²⁴
 In setting and sowyng · swonken²⁵ ful harde,
 And wonnen that²⁶ wastours · with glotonye destruyeth.
 And some putten hem to pryde · apparailed hem there-
 after,²⁷

- | | | | |
|---------------------------------------|---|-------------------------------|-----------------------|
| ¹ I arrayed myself | ⁸ Garments | ³ As if. | ⁴ Shepherd |
| ⁶ Not a truly holy hermit | | ⁵ But. | ⁷ Hills |
| ⁸ A strange thing. | ⁹ Wrought by fairy influence | | |
| ¹⁰ Weary and worn out | with wandering | | |
| ¹¹ Brook's | ¹² Sounded. | ¹³ Pleasantly. | |
| ¹⁴ Dream. | ¹⁵ Dream | ¹⁶ Looked towards. | |
| ¹⁷ On high, upward. | | ¹⁸ Rising ground | |
| ¹⁹ Chocely built. | This is the Castle of Truth | | |
| ²⁰ The Castle of Falsehood | | | |
| ²² Themselves. | ²³ And played. | ²⁴ The world. | |
| ²⁵ Laboured. | ²⁶ That which. | ²⁷ Seldom. | |
| | | ²⁷ Accordingly. | |

many good Christian men, the which that left their goods and would have fled into Greece. And when they were in a plain that hight Megon, anon this cursed emperor met with them with his host, for to have slain them and hewn them to pieces. And anon the Christian men kneeled to the ground, and made their prayers to God to succour them. And anon a great thick cloud came and covered the emperor and all his host. And so they endure in that manner that they ne may not go out on no side, and so shall they evermore abide in that darkness till the day of doom, by the miracle of God. And then the Christian men went where them liked best, at their own plesance, without letting¹ of any creature, and their enemies enclosed and confounded in darkness, without any stroke. Wherefore we may well say with David, *A Domino factum est istud, et est mirabile in oculis nostris*. And that was a great miracle that God made for them. Also ye shall understand that out of that land of darkness goeth out a great river that sheweth well that there be folk dwelling, by many ready tokens, but no man dare enter into it.

THE LAND OF PRESTER JOHN

(From *Travels*, Chapter XXX)

THIS emperor, Prester John, holds full great land, and hath many full noble cities and good towns in his realm, and many great diverse isles and large. For all the country of Ind is devised in isles for² the great floods that come from Paradise, that depart all the land in many parts. And also in the sea he hath full many isles. And the best city in the Isle of Pentexoire is Nyse, that is a full royal city, and a noble, and full rich.

This Prester John hath under him many kings and many isles and many diverse folk of diverse conditions. And this land is full rich and good, but not so rich as is the land of the great Chan. For the merchants come not thither so commonly for to buy merchandises, as they do in the land of the great Chan, for it is too far to travel to. And in that other part, in the Isle of Cathay, men

¹ Hindrance

² Because of

find all manner thing that is need to man—cloths of gold, of silk, of spicery, and all manner avoirdupois¹ And therefore, albeit that men have greater cheap² in the Isle of Prester John, nathelless, men dread the long way and the great perils in the sea in those parts

For in many places of the sea be great rocks of stones of the adamant, that of his proper nature draweth iron to him And therefore there pass no ships that have either bonds or nails of iron within them. And if there do, anon the rocks of the adamants draw them to them, that never they may go thence I myself have seen afar in that sea, as though it had been a great isle full of trees and buscaylle,³ full of thorns and briars, great plenty. And the shipmen told us, that all that was of ships that were drawn thither by the adamants, for the iron that was in them. And of the rottenness, and other thing that was within the ships, grew such buscaylle, and thorns and briars and green trees, and such manner of thing; and of the masts and the sail yards; it seemed a great wood or a grove. And such rocks be in many places thereabouts. And therefore dare not the merchants pass them, but⁴ if they know well the passages, or else that they have good lodesmen⁵

HOCCLEVE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

LAMENT FOR CHAUCER

(From *The Governail of Princes*)

ALAS, my worthy master honorable,
 These landēs very treasure and richesse,
 Death, by thy death, hath harm irreparable
 Unto us done; his vengeable duresse⁶
 Despoilēd hath this land of the sweetresse
 Of rhetoric, for unto Tullius⁷
 Was never man so like amongst us.

Merchandise. ¹ Can buy more cheaply. ² Brushwood.
³ Unless. ⁴ Pilots. ⁵ Revengeful cruelty ⁶ Cicero.

Alas ! who was there in philosophy
 To¹ Aristotle in our tongue, but thou ?
 The steppes of Virgile in poesie
 Thou suedest² eke, men knowè well enow
 That cumber-world³ that hath my master slow⁴
 Would I slam were ! death was too hastife⁵
 To run on thee and reave⁶ thee of thy life.

She might have tarried her vengeance a while
 Till that some man had equal to thee be,
 Nay let that be, she knew well that this isle
 May never more bring forth like unto thee,
 And her office needēs do must she,
 God bade her so, I trust for all the best.
 O master, master, God thy soulē rest !

LYDGATE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

A RURAL RETREAT

(From the *Troy Boke*)

TILL at the last, among the boughes glade,
 Of adventure,⁷ I caught a pleasant shade;
 Full smooth and plain and lusty for to scen,
 And soft as velvet was the youngē green;
 Where from my horse I did alight as fast,
 And on a bough aloft his reinē cast.
 So faint and mate⁸ of weariness I was,
 That I me laid adown upon the grass,
 Upon a brinkē, shortly for to tell,
 Beside the river of a crystal well,
 And the water as I rehersē can,
 Like quickē silver in his streamēs ran,
 Of which the gravel and the brightē stone,
 As any gold, against the sun y-shone.

¹ Equal to.

⁴ Slain

⁷ By chance.

² Followest.

⁵ Hasty.

³ Encumbrance = death.

⁶ Bereave.

⁸ Stupefied.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

HIS LADY-LOVE SEEN FROM HIS PRISON
WINDOW(From *The King's Quair*)

AND therewith cast I down mine eye again,
 Where as I saw, walking under the Tower,
 Full secretly, new comen her to playne,¹
 The fairest and the freshest youngē flower
 That e'er I saw (methought) before that hour.
 For which sudden abate² anon astart³
 The blood of all my body to my heart

And though I stood abaséd there a litc.⁴
 No wonder was, for why⁵ my wittes all
 Were so o'ercome with pleasance and delight,
 Only through letting of mine eyen fall,
 That suddenly my heart became her thrall
 For ever; of free will, for of menace
 There was no token in her sweetē face

And in my head I drew right hastily,
 And eft-soonēs I lean'd it out again,
 And saw her walk that very womanly,
 With no wight⁶ mo,⁷ but only women twain.
 Then gave I study in myself, and sayn.
 ' Ah, sweet ! are ye a worldly creature,
 Or heavenly thing in likeness of nature ?

' Or are ye god Cupidē's own princess,
 And comen are to loose me out of band ?
 Or are ye very Nature, the goddess
 That have depainted with your heavenly hand
 This garden full of flowers as they stand ?
 What shall I think, alas ! what reverence
 Shall I minister to your excellence ?

¹ Play.² Shock.³ Started⁴ Little⁵ Because.⁶ Person.⁷ More.

' If ye a goddess be, and that ye like
 To do me pain, I may it not astart,¹
 If ye be worldly wight, that doth me sike,²
 Why list God make you so, my dearest heart,
 To do a selly³ prisoner this smart,
 That loves you all, and wots of nought but woe
 And therefore mercy, sweet ! sin⁴ it is so '

DUNBAR

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

MAY MORNING

(From *The Thistle and the Rose*)

WHEN March was with varying windēs past,
 And April had, with her silver showers,
 Ta'en leave at Nature, with an orient blast,
 And lusty May, that mother is of flowers,
 Had made the birdēs to begin their hours⁵
 Among the tender odours red and white,
 Whose harmony it was to her delight,

In bed at morrow sleeping as I lay,
 Methought Aurora, with her crystal cyne
 In at the window lookēd by the day,
 And halsit⁶ me, with visage pale and green,
 On whose hand a lark sang from the spleen,⁷
 ' Awake, lovers, out of your slomering,⁸
 See how the lusty morrow does up spring !'

Methought fresh May before my bed upstood,
 In weed⁹ depaint of¹⁰ many divers huc, •
 Sober, benign, and full of mansuetude,
 In bright attire of flowers forgēd new,
 Heavenly of colour, white, red, brown, and blue,
 Balmēd in dew, and gilt with Phœbus' beams;
 While all the house illumined of her leams.¹¹

¹ Avoid

² Cause to sigh

³ Innocent

⁴ Since

⁵ Matins.

⁶ Hailed

⁷ Heart.

⁸ Slumbering

⁹ Garments

¹⁰ Painted with

¹¹ Rays.

' Sluggard,' she said, ' awake anon for shame,
 And in my honour something thou go write:
 The lark hath done the merry day proclaim,
 To raise up lovers with comfort and delight,
 Yet nought increases thy courage to indite,
 Whose heart sometime has glad and blissful been,
 Songes to make under the leavēs green.'

GAWAIN DOUGLAS

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

SONG IN PRAISE OF SPRING

(From Prologue to *Aeneid* Book XII)

WELCOME, the Lord of Light and Lamp of Day,
 Welcome, fost'rer of tender herbēs green,
 Welcome, quickener of flourished flowers sheen,
 Welcome, support of every root and vein,
 Welcome, comfort of all kind fruit and gram,
 Welcome, the birdes bield¹ upon the brier,
 Welcome, master and ruler of the year,
 Welcome, welfare of husbands² at the ploughs,
 Welcome, repairer of woodēs, trees, and boughs,
 Welcome, depainter of the bloomēd meads,
 Welcome, the life of everything that spreads,
 Welcome, storer of all kinds bestial,
 Welcome be thy bright beamēs, gladding all,
 Welcome, celestial mirror, and espy,
 Atteaching all that bountēs sluggardy³

¹ Shelter² Husbandmen³ That practise idleness

THE NOT-BROWNE MAYD

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 16)

HE.

' BE it ryght or wrong, these men among¹
 On women do complayne,
 Affyrmynge this, how that it is
 A labour spent in vayne
 To love them wele, for never a dele²
 They love a man agayne ·
 For late a man do what he can
 Theyr favour to attayne,
 Yet yf a newe do them persue,
 Theyr first true lover than³
 Laboureth for nought, for from her thought
 He is a banyshed man.'

SHE.

' I say nat nay, but that all day
 It is bothe writ and sayd,
 That womans faith is, as who sayth,
 All utterly decayd,
 But neverthesse, ryght good wytnesse
 In this case might be layd,
 That they love true, and continuë
 Recorde⁴ the Not-Browne Mayde,
 Which, when her love came, her to prove,
 To her to make his mone,
 Wolde nat depart, for in her heart
 She loved but hym alone.'

HE.

' Than betwaine us late us dyscus
 What was all the manere
 Betwayne them two; we wyll also
 Tell all the payne and fere

• ¹ Now and then ² Not a bit. ³ Then ⁴ Witness

That she was in. Nowe I begyn,
 • So that ye me ansuere
 Wherefore all ye that present be,
 I pray you gyve an ere
 I am the knyght,¹ I come by nyght,
 As secret as I can,
 Sayinge " Alas ! thus standeth the case,
 I am a banyshed man " ' "

SHE

' And I your wyll for to fulfyll
 In this wyll nat refuse,
 Trustyng to shewe, in wordes fewe,
 That men have an yll use,²
 (To theyr own shame), women to blame.
 And causelesse them accuse
 Therefore to you I answere nowe.
 All women to excuse,—
 " Myne owne hart dere, with you what chere ?
 I pray you tell anone
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone " ' "

HE

' It standeth so a dede is do
 Wherof grete harme shall growe
 My destiny is for to dy
 A shamefull deth, I trowe,
 Or elles to fle: the one must be
 None other way I knowe,
 • But to withdrawe as an outlawe,
 And take me to my bowe.
 Wherefore, adue. my owne hart true,
 None other rede I can,³
 For I must to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.'

¹ That is. let me enact the part of the knight

² Do wrong. ³ I know no other counse

SHE.

' O Lord, what is thys worldys blysse
 That changeth as the mone ¹
 My somers day in lusty May
 Is derked before the none
 I here you say farewell. Nay, nay,
 We départ¹ nat so sone.
 Why say ye so ? wheder wyll ye go ?
 Alas, what have ye done ?
 All my welfâre to sorrowe and care
 Sholde chaunge, yf ye were gone
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone '

HE.

' I can beleve it shall you greve,
 And somewhat you dystayne,²
 But aftyrwarde your paynès harde,
 Within a day or twayne,
 Shall sone aslake, and ye shall take
 Comfort to you agayne
 Why sholde ye ought ? for, to make thought
 Your labour were in vayne
 And thus I do, and pray you to,
 As hartely as I can
 For I must to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man '

SHE.

' Now syth that ye have shewed to me
 The secret of your mynde,
 I shall be playne to you agayne,
 Lyke as ye shall me fynde :
 Syth it is so that ye wyll go,
 I wolle not leve behynde ;
 Shall never be sayd the Not-browne Mayd
 Was to her love unkynde.

¹ Part² Distress.

Make you redy, for so am I,
 • Although it were anone,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE

' Yet I you rede to take good hede
 What men wyll thynke, and say,
 Of yonge and olde it shall be tolde,
 That ye be gone away
 Your wanton wyll for to fulfill.
 In grene wode you to play;
 And that ye myght from your delyght
 No lenger make delay
 Rather than ye sholde thus for me
 Be called an yll womàn,
 Yet wolde I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man '

SHE.

' Though it be songe of old and yonge
 That I sholde be to blame,
 Theyrs be the charge that speke so large
 In hurtyng of my name.
 For I wyll prove that faythfulle love
 It is devoyd of shame,
 In your dystresse and hevynesse,
 To part¹ with you the same,
 And sure all tho² that do not so,
 True lovers are they none,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 • I love but you alone.'

HE.

' I counceyle you remember howe
 It is no maydens lawe,³
 Nothyng to dout, but to renne out
 To wode with an outlawe.

¹ Share.² Those³ Not lawful for a maiden •

For ye must there in your hand bere
 A bowe, redy to drawe,
 And as a thefe thus must you lyve,
 Ever in drede and awe;
 Wherby to you grete harme myght growe;
 Yet had I lever¹ than²
 That I had to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.'

SHE.

' I thinke nat nay; but, as ye say,
 It is no maydens lore;
 But love may make me for your sake,
 As I have sayed before,
 To come on fote, to hunt and shote
 To gete us mete in store,
 For so that I your company
 May have, I aske no more,
 From which to part, it maketh my hart
 As colde as ony stone.
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE.

' For an outlawe this is the lawe,
 That men hym take and bynde,
 Without pytè hangēd to be,
 And waver with the wynde.
 If I had nede, (as God forbede !),
 What rescue could ye fynde ?
 Forsoth, I trowe, ye and your bowe
 For fere wolde drawe behynde:
 And no mervayle; for lytell avayle
 Were in your counceyle than;
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.'

¹ Rather² Then

SHE

Ryght wele knowe ye that women be
 But feble for to tyght,
 No womanhede it is indede,
 To be bolde as a knyght.
 Yet in such fere yt that ye were,
 With enemyes day or nyght,
 I wolde withstande, with bowe in hande,
 To greve them as I myght,
 And you to save, as women have,
 From deth men many one
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE.

' Yet take good hede; for ever I drede
 That ye coude nat sustayne
 The thornie wayes, the depe valèies,
 The snowe, the frost, the rayne,
 The colde, the hete, for, dry or wete,
 We must lodge on the playne,
 And us above none other rofe
 But a brake¹ bush or twayne,
 Which sone sholde greve you, I beleve,
 And ye wolde gladly than
 That I had to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man.'

SHE

' Syth I have here bene partynère
 With you of joy and blysse,
 I must also parte of your wo
 Endure, as reson is,
 Yet am I sure of one plesùre,
 And shortely, it is this:
 That where ye be, me semeth, pardè
 I coude nat fare amyse.

¹ Bracken.

Without more speche, I you beseche
 That we were sone agone,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone '

HE

' If ye go thyder, ye must consyuer
 When ye have lust¹ to dyne,
 There shall no mete be for to gete,
 Nor drinke, bere, ale, ne wyne,
 Ne shetēs clene to lye betwene,
 Made of threde and twyne;
 None other house but leves and bowes
 To cover your hed and myne
 O myne harte swete, this evyll dyète
 Sholde make you pale and wan:
 Wherefore I wyll to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man '

SHE.

' Among the wylde dere such an archèr
 As men say that ye be
 Ne may nat fayle of good vitayle,
 Where is so grete plentè;
 And water clere of the ryvère
 Shall be full swete to me,
 With which in hele² I shall ryght wele
 Endure, as ye shall see,
 And or³ we go, a bedde or two
 I can provyde anone;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE

' Lo, yet before, ye must do more,
 Yf ye wyll go with me,
 As cut your here⁴ up by your ere,
 Your kyrtel by the kne;

¹ Wish.² Health.³ Ere.⁴ Hair.

With bowe in hande, for to withstande
 • Your enemyes, yf nede be,
 And this same nyght, before day-lyght,
 To wode-warde wyll I fle,
 Yf that ye wyll all this tuffill,
 Do it shortely as ye can
 Els wyll I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man '

SHE.

' I shall as nowe do more for you
 Than longeth to womanhede,
 To shorte my here, a bow to bere,
 To shote in tyme of nede.
 O my swete mother, before all other,
 For you I have most drede !
 But nowe, adue ! I must ensue¹
 Where fortune doth me lede
 All this mark ye ; now let us fle ,
 The day cometh fast upon ,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE.

' Nay, nay, nat so, ye shall nat go ;
 And I shall tell ye why ;——
 You appetyght is to be lyght
 Of love, I wele espy :
 For lyke as ye have sayed to me,
 In lyke wyse, hardely,
 Ye wolde answère, whosoever it were,
 In way of company.
 It is sayd of olde, Sone hote, sone colde,
 And so is a womàn ;
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go
 Alone, a banyshed man.'

¹ Follow.

SHE

' Yf ye take hede, it is no nede
 Such wordes to say by me,
 For oft ye prayed, and longe assayed
 Or I you loved, pardè
 And though that I of auncestry
 A baron's daughter be,
 Yet have you proved howe I you loved,
 A squyer of lowe degrè,
 And ever shall, whatso befall,
 To dy therfore anone;
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE

' A baron's chylde to be begylde
 It were a cursèd dede !
 To be felàwe with an outlawe,
 Almighty God torbede !
 Yet beter were the pore squyere
 Alone to forest yede,¹
 Than ye sholde say another day,
 That by my cursèd dede
 Ye were betrayed, wherfore, good mayd,
 The best rede that I can
 Is that I to the grene wode go
 Alone, a banyshed man '

SHE

' Whatever befall, I never shall
 Of this thyng you upbrayd;
 But yf ye go, and leve me so,
 Than have ye me betrayd
 Remember you wele, howe that ye delc,
 For yf ye, as ye sayd,
 Be so unkynde to leve behynde
 Your love, the Not-Browne Mayd,

Better that the poor squire went alone to the forest.

¹ Behave

Trust me truly, that I shall dy,
 • Sone after ye be gone,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone.'

HE.

' Yf that ye went, ye sholde repent,
 For in the forest nowe
 I have purvayed me of¹ a mayd,
 Whom I love more than you
 Another fayrèr than ever ye were,
 I dare it wele avowe;
 And of you bothe eche sholde be wrothe
 With other, as I trowe.
 It were myne ese to lyve in pese,
 So wyll I, yf I can,
 Wherefore I to the wode wyll go
 Alone, a banysned man.'

SHE.

' Though in the wode I undyrstode
 Ye had a paramour,
 All this may nought remove my thought,
 But that I wyll be your,
 And she shall fynde me soft and kynde,
 And courteys every hour,
 Glad to fulfyll all that she wyll
 Commaunde me, to my power;
 For had ye, lo, an hundred mo,
 Of them I wolde be one.
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 • I love but you alone.'

HE.

' Myne own dere love, I se the prove
 That ye be kynde and true,
 Of mayde and wyfe, in all my lyfe
 The best that ever I knewe.

¹ Provided myself with

Be mery and glad, be no more sad,
 The case is chaungēd newe;
 For it were ruthe, that for your truthe
 Ye sholde have cause to rewe
 Be nat dismayed whatsoever I sayd
 To you, whan I began,
 I wyll nat to the grene wode go,
 I am no banyshed man '

SHE

' These tydings be more gladd to me
 Than to be made a quene,
 Yt I were sure they sholde endure,
 But it is often sene,
 Whan men wyll breke promyse, they speke
 The wordēs on the splene.¹
 Ye shape some wyle me to begyle,
 And stele from me, I wene,
 Than were the case worse than it was,
 And I more wo-begone,
 For in my mynde, of all mankynde
 I love but you alone '

HE.

' Ye shall nat nede further to drede,
 I wyll nat dysparàge
 You, (God defend !) syth ye descend
 Of so grete a lynàge.
 Now undyrstande, to Westmarlande,
 Which is myne herytage,
 I wyll you brynge, and with a ryngc,
 By way of maryage,
 I wyll you take, and lady make,
 As shortely as I can.
 Thus have you won an erlys son,
 And not a banyshed man.'

¹ In haste.

AUTHOR.

HERE may ye se, that women be
 In love meke, kynde, and stable
 Late never man reprove them than,
 Or call them variable;
 But rather pray God that we may
 To them be comfortable,
 Which sometyme proveth such as he loveth,
 Yt they be charytable.
 For syth men wolde that women sholde
 Be meke to them each one,
 Moche more ought they to God obey,
 And serve but hym alone.

MALORY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 17)

THE PASSING OF ARTHUR

(From *Le Morte d'Arthur*, Book XXI., chapters iv, v)

Now give me my spear, said Arthur unto Sir Lucan, for yonder I have espied the traitor¹ that all this woe hath wrought. Sir, let him be, said Sir Lucan, for he is unhappy: and if ye pass this unhappy day, ye shall be right well revenged upon him. Good lord, remember ye of your night's dream, and what the spirit of Sir Gawaine told you this night, yet God of his great goodness hath preserved you hitherto. Therefore, for God's sake, my lord, leave off by this. For blessed be God, ye have won the field. for here we be three on live,² and with Sir Mordred is none on live. And if ye leave off now, the wicked day of destiny is past. Tide me death, betide me life, saith the King, now I see him yonder alone, he shall never escape mine hands, for at a better avail³ I shall never have him. God speed you well, said Sir Bedivere. Then the King gat his spear in both his hands, and ran toward Sir Mordred,

¹ Sir Mordred.² Alive.³ Advantage.

crying, Traitor, now is thy death day come. And when Sir Mordred heard Sir Arthur, he ran until him with his sword drawn in his hand. And then King Arthur smote Sir Mordred under the shield, with a foin¹ of his spear throughout the body more than a fathom. And when Sir Mordred felt that he had his death's wound, he thrust himself, with the might that he had, up to the bur² of King Arthur's spear. And right so he smote his father Arthur with his sword holden in both his hands, on the side of the head, that the sword pierced the helmet and the brain-pan, and therewithal Sir Mordred fell stark dead to the earth. And the noble Arthur fell in a swoon to the earth, and there he swooned oft-times. And Sir Lucan de Butlere and Sir Bedivere oft-times heaved him up, and so weakly they led him betwixt them both to a little chapel not far from the sea-side. And when the King was there, he thought him well eased. Then heard they people cry in the field. Now go thou, Sir Lucan, said the King, and do me to wit³ what betokens that noise in the field. So Sir Lucan departed, for he was grievously wounded in many places. And so as he went, he saw and hearkened by the moonlight, how the pillers⁴ and robbers were come into the field to pill and to rob many a full noble knight of broaches and beads, of many a good ring, and of many a rich jewel; and who were not dead all out,⁵ there they slew them for their harness and their riches. When Sir Lucan understood this work, he came to the King as soon as he might, and told him all what he had heard and seen. Therefore by mine advice, said Sir Lucan, it is best that we bring you to some town. I would it were so, said the King, but I may not stand, my head works so. Ah, Sir Launcelot, said King Arthur, this day have I sore missed thee. Alas, that ever I was against thee, for now have I my death, whereof Sir Gawaine me warned in my dream. Then Sir Lucan took up the King one part, and Sir Bedivere the other part, and in the lifting, the King swooned, and Sir Lucan fell in a swoon with the

¹ Thrust.

² A ring on a spear to prevent the slipping of the hand.

³ Make me to know. ⁴ Plunderers. ⁵ Quite dead.

lift, that the part of his bowels fell out of his body, and therewith^o the noble knight's heart brast.¹ And when King Arthur came to himself again, he beheld Sir Lucan how he lay foaming at the mouth, and part of his bowels lay at his feet. Alas, said the King, this is unto me a full heavy sight to see this noble duke so die for my sake, for he would have holpen me that had more need of help than I.^o Alas, he would not complain him, his heart was so set to help me. Now Jesu have mercy upon his soul. Then Sir Bedivere wept for the death of his brother. Leave this mourning and weeping, said the King, for all this will not avail me: for, wit thou well, and² I might live myself the death of Sir Lucan would grieve me evermore; but my time hieth fast, said the King. Therefore, said Arthur, take thou Excalibur, my good sword, and go with it to yonder water side, and when thou comest there, I charge thee throw my sword in that water, and come again, and tell me what thou there seest. My lord, said Bedivere, your commandment shall be done, and lightly bring you word again. So Sir Bedivere departed, and by the way he beheld that noble sword, that the pommel and haft were all of precious stones, and then he said to himself, If I throw this rich sword in the water, thereof shall never come good, but harm and loss. And then Sir Bedivere hid Excalibur under a tree. And as soon as he might he came again unto the King, and said he had been at the water, and had thrown the sword into the water. What sawest thou there? said the King. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but waves and winds. That is untruly said of thee, said the King, therefore go thou lightly again, and do my command as thou art to me lief and dear, spare not, but throw it in. Then Sir Bedivere returned again, and took the sword in his hand; and then him thought sin and shame to throw away that noble sword; and so eft³ he hid the sword, and returned again, and told to the King that he had been to the water, and done his commandment. What saw thou there? said the King. Sir, he said, I saw nothing but the waters wap⁴ and the waves

¹ Broke² Again.³ If⁴ Strike, beat.

wan.¹ Ah traitor, untrue, said King Arthur, now hast thou betrayed me twice. Who would have weend² that thou hast been to me so lief and dear, and thou art named a noble knight, and would betray me for the riches of the sword. But now go again lightly, for thy long tarrying putteth me in much jeopardy of my life, for I have taken cold. And but if thou do now as I bid thee, if ever I may see thee, I shall slay thee with mine own hands, for thou wouldest for my rich sword see me dead. Then Sir Bedivere departed, and went to the sword, and lightly took it up, and went to the water side, and there he bound the girdle above the hilts, and then he threw the sword as far into the water as he might, and there came an arm and a hand above the water, and met it, and caught it, and so shook it thrice and brandished, and then vanished away the hand with the sword in the water. So Sir Bedivere came agam to the King, and told him what he saw. Alas, said the King, help me hence, for I dread me I have tarried over long. Then Sir Bedivere took the King upon his back, and so went with him to that water side. And when they were at the water side, even fast by the bank hoved a litle barge, with many fair ladies in it, and among them all was a queen, and all they had black hoods, and all they wept and shrieked when they saw King Arthur. Now put me into the barge, said the King, and so he did softly. And there received him three queens with great mourning, and so they set him down, and in one of their laps King Arthur laid his head, and then that queen said, Ah, dear brother, why have ye tarried so long from me? Alas, this wound on your head hath caught over much cold. And so then they rowed from the land, and Sir Bedivere beheld all those ladies go from him. Then Sir Bedivere cried, Ah, my lord Arthur, what shall become of me now ye go from me and leave me here alone among mine enemies. Comfort thyself, said the King, and do as well as thou mayest, for in me is no trust for to trust in. For I will into the vale of Avilion, to heal me of my grievous wound. And if thou hear never more of me, pray for my soul. But ever the queens and the

¹ Wane, ebb.² Weened, thought.

ladies wept and shrieked, that it was pity to hear And as soon as Sir Bedivere had lost sight of the barge, he wept and wailed, and so took the forest, and so he went all that night, and in the morning he was ware betwixt two holts¹ hoar² of a chapel and an hermitage.

ASCHAM

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 19)

THE LEARNING OF QUEEN ELIZABETH

(From *The Scholemaster*)

IT is your shame (I speake to you all, you yong gentlemen of England) that one mayd should go beyond you all, in excellencie of learnyng and knowledge of divers tonges. Pointe forth six of the best given gentlemen of this Court, and all they together shew not so much good will, spend not so much tyme, bestowe not so many houres, dayly, orderly, and constantly, for the increase of learning and knowledge, as doth the Queenes Majestie her selfe Yea, I believe, that beside her perfit³ readines in *Latin, Italian, French,* and *Spanish,* she readeth here now at Windsore more *Greeke* every day than some Prebendarie of this Church doth read *Latin* in a whole weeke And that which is most praise worthe of all, within the walls of her privie chamber she hath obtayned that excellencie of learnyng, to understand, speake and write, both wittely with head, and faire with hand, as scarce one or two rare wittes in both the Universities have in many yeares reached unto. Amongst all the benefites that God hath blessed me with all, next the knowledge of Christes true Religion, I counte this the greatest, that it pleased God to call me to be one poore minister in setting forward⁴ these excellent giftes of learnyng in this most excellent Prnce Whose onely example if the rest of our nobilitie would folow, then myght England be for learnyng and wisdom in nobilitie

¹ Wooded hills² Hoary.³ Perfect⁴ Advancing Ascham had been her tutor

a spectacle to all the world beside. But see the mishap of men: The best examples have never such force to move to any goodness, as the bad, vaine, light and fond,¹ have to all ilnes²

WYATT

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 19)

ADDRESS TO HIS LUTE

My lute awake, perform the last
Labour, that thou and I shall waste
And end that I have now begun:

 And when this song is sung and past,
My lute ! be still, for I have done.

 As to be heard where ear is none;
As lead to grave³ in marble stone;
My song may pierce her heart as soon.
Should we then sigh, or sing, or moan ?
No, no, my lute ! for I have done.

 The rocks do not so cruelly
Repulse the waves continually,
As she my suit and affection:
So that I am past remedy,
Whereby my lute and I have done.

 Proud of the spoil that thou hast got
Of simple hearts through Love's shot,
By whom, unkind, thou hast them won
Think not he hath his bow forgot,
Although my lute and I have done

 Vengeance shall fall on thy disdain,
That makest but game on earnest pain;
Think not alone under the sun
Unquit⁴ to cause thy lovers plain,⁵
Although my lute and I have done.

 May chance thee lie withered and old
In winter nights, that are so cold,

Foolish ¹ Evil. ³ Engrave
² Unrequited. ⁵ Complaint.

Plaining in vain unto the moon,
 Thy wishes then dare not be told
 Care then who list, for I have done

And then may chance thee to repent
 The time that thou hast lost and spent,
 To cause thy lovers sigh and swoon:
 Then shalt thou know beauty but lent
 And wish and want as I have done.

Now cease, my lute! this is the last
 Labour, that thou and I shall waste,
 And ended is that we begun.
 Now is this song both sung and past;
 My lute! be still, for I have done.

SONNET

My love to scorn, my service to retain,
 Therein, methought, you used cruelty,
 Since with good will I lost my liberty,
 To follow her which causeth all my pain.
 Might never woe yet cause me to refrain;
 But only this, which is extremity,
 To give me nought, alas, nor to agree
 That, as I was, your man I might remain:
 But since that thus ye list to order me,
 That would have been your servant true and fast
 Displease you not, my doting time is past,
 And with my loss to leave I must agree.

For as there is a certain time to rage,
 So is there time such madness to assuage.

EARL OF SURREY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 19)

SONNET ON SPRING

THE soote season, that bud and bloom forth brings
 With green hath clad the hill, and eke the vale;
 The nightingale with feathers new she sings;
 The turtle to her mate¹ hath told her tale;

¹ Mate.

Summer is come, for every spray now springs,
 The hart hath hung his old head on the pale;
 The buck in brake his winter coat he flings,
 The fishes flete with new repair'd scale,
 The adder all her slough away she slings,
 The swift swallow pursueth the flies smale,
 The busy bee her honey now she mings,
 Winter is worn that was the flowers' bale
 And thus I see among these pleasant things
 Each care decays, and yet my sorrow springs !

THE DEATH OF LAOCOON

(From the *Aeneid*. Book II)

WHILES Laocoon, that chosen was by lot
 Neptunus' priest, did sacrifice a bull
 Before the holy altar, suddenly
 From Tenedon, behold ! in circles great
 By the calm seas come fleeting adders twain,
 Which plied towards the shore (I loathe to tell)
 With reared breast lift up above the seas
 Whose bloody crests aloft the waves were seen,
 The hinder part swam hidden in the flood
 Their grisly backs were linked manifold
 With sound of broken waves they gat the strand,
 With glowing eyen, tainted with blood and fire,
 Whose waltring¹ tongues did lick their hissing mouths
 We fled away; our face the blood forsook
 But they with gait direct to Lacon ran
 And first of all each serpent doth enwrap
 The bodies small of his two tender sons,
 Whose wretched limbs they bit, and fed thereon,
 Then raught² they him, who had his weapon caught
 To rescue them, twice winding him about,
 With folded knots and circled tails, his waist:
 Their scaled backs did compass twice his neck,
 With reared heads aloft and stretched throats
 He with his hands strave to unloose the knots,

¹ Rolling.

² Reached

(Whose sacred fillets all-besprinkled were
 With filth of gory blood, and venom rank)
 And to the stars such dreadful shouts he sent,
 Like to the sound the roaring bull forth lows,
 Which from the halter wounded doth astart,
 The swerving axe when he shakes from his neck
 The serpents twine, with hasted trail they glide
 To Pallas' temple, and her towers of height
 Under the feet of which the Goddess stern,
 Hidden behind her target's boss they crept.
 New gripes of dread then pierce our trembling breasts

LORD BUCKHURST

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 24)

WINTER

(From *The Induction to A Myrroure for Magistrates*)

THE wrathful winter, 'proaching on apace,
 With blustering blasts had all ybared the treen,¹
 And old Saturnus, with his frosty face,
 With chilling cold had pierced the tender green,
 The mantles rent wherein enwrapped been
 The gladsome groves that now lay overthrown,
 The tapets² torn and every bloom down blown,

The soil, that erst so seemly was to seen,
 Was all despoiled of her beauty's hue,
 And soote³ fresh flowers, wherewith the summer's green
 Had clad the earth, now Boreas' blasts down blew,
 And small fowls flocking in their song did rue
 The winter's wrath, wherewith each thing defast⁴
 In woeful wise bewailed the summer past.

Hawthorn had lost his motley livery;
 The naked twigs were shivering all for cold,
 And dropping down the tears abundantly;

¹ Trees
² Sweet.

³ Tapestries
⁴ Defaced.

Each thing methought with weeping eye me told
 The cruel season, bidding me withhold
 Myself within; for I was gotten out
 Into the fields wheras I walked about.

And sorrowing I to see the summer flowers
 The lively green, the lusty leas forlorn,
 The sturdy trees so shattered with the showers.
 The fields no fade that flourished so beforne.
 It taught me well all earthly things be born
 To die the death, for nought long time may last;
 The summer's beauty yields to winter's blast.

SPENSER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 25, 26)

THE SHEPHEARD'S CALENDER

JANUARIE

ARGUMENT

In this first Æglogue Colin Cloute, a shepheardes boy, complaineth him of his unfortunate love, being but newly (as semeth) enamoured of a countrie lasse called Rosalinde with which strong affection being very sore traveled, he compareth his carefull case to the sadde season of the yeare, to the frostie ground, to the frosen trees, and to his owne winterbeaten flocke And lastlye, fynding himselfe robbed of all former pleasaunce and delights, hee breaketh his Pipe in peeces, and casteth him selfe to the ground.]

COLIN CLOUT.

A SHEPEHEARDS boye, (no better doe him call,)
 When Winters wastful spight was almost spent,
 All in a sunneshine day, as did befall,
 Led forth his flock, that had bene long ypent:
 So faint they woxe, and feeble in the folde,
 That now unnethes¹ their feete could them uphold

All as the Sheepe, such was the shepheard's looke,
 For pale and wanne he was, (alas the while !)
 May seeme he lov'd, or els some care he tooke,

¹ Hardly.

Well couth hee tune his pipe and frame his stile
 Tho¹ to a hill his faynting flocke hee ledde,
 And thus him playnde, the while his shepe there
 fedde.

' Yee Gods of love, that pitie lovers paine,
 (If any gods the paine of lovers pitie,)
 Looke from above, where you in joyes remaine,
 And bowe your cares unto my dolefull dittie
 And, Pan, thou shepherds God that once didst love
 Pitie the paines that thou thy selfe didst prove.

' Thou barrein ground, whome winters wrath hath
 wasted,
 Art made a myrrhour to behold my plight
 Whilome² thy fresh spring flowrd, and after hasted
 Thy sommer powde, with Daffadillies dight;
 And now is come thy wynters stormy state,
 Thy mantle mard wherein thou maskedst late.

' Such rage as winters reigneth in my heart,
 My life-bloud triesing with unkindly cold,
 Such stormy stoures³ do breede my balefull smart,
 As if my yeare were wast and woxen old,
 And yet, alas ! but now my spring begonne,
 And yet, alas ! yt is already donne

' You naked trees, whose shady leaves are lost,
 Wherein the byrds were wont to build their bowre,
 And now are clothd with mosse and hoary frost,
 In stede of bloosmes, wherwith your buds did flowre,
 I see your teares that from your boughes doe raine,
 Whose drops in drery ysicles remaine.

' All so my lustfull leafe is drye and sere,
 My timely buds with wayling all are wasted,
 The blossome which my braunch of youth did beare
 With breathd sighes is blowne away and blasted,
 And from mine eyes the drizzling teares descend,
 As on your boughes the ysicles depend.

' Thou feeble flocke, whose fleerce is rough and rent,
Whose knees are weake through fast and evill fare,
Mayst witesse well, by thy ill governement,
Thy maysters mind is overcome with care'

Thou weake, I wanne, thou leane, I quite forlorne :
With mourning pyne I; you with pynning mourne

' A thousand sithes¹ I curse that carefull hower
Wherein I longd the neighbour towne to see,
And eke tenne thousand sithes I blesse the stoure
Wherein I sawe so fayre a sight as shee :

Yet all for naught' such sight hath bred my bane.

Ah, God ! that love should breede both joy and payne

' It is not Hobbinol wherefore I plaine,
Albee my love he seeke with dayly suit,
His clownish gifts and curtsies I disdaine,
His kiddes, his cracknelles, and his early fruit

Ah, foolish Hobbinol ! thy gyfts bene vayne,

Colin them gives to Rosalind againe.

' I love thilke lasse, (alas ! why doe I love ?)
And am forlorne, (alas ! why am I lorne ?)
Shee deignes not my good will, but doth reprove,
And of my rurall musick holdeth scorne.

Shepheards devise she hateth as the snake,

And laughes the songs that Colin Clout doth make.

' Wherefore, my pype, albee rude Pan thou please,
Yet for thou pleasest not where most I would,
And thou, unlucky Muse, that wontst to ease
My musing mynd, yet canst not when thou should,

Both pype and Muse shall sore the while abyce'²

So broke his oaten pype, and down dyd lyc.

By that, the welked Phœbus³ gan availe⁴
His wearie waine; and nowe the frosty Night
Her mantle black through heaven gan overhaile:⁵
Which seene, the pensife boy, halfe in despight,
Arose, and homeward drove his sonnëd sheepe,
Whose hanging heads did seeme his carefull case to weepe

¹ Times.

³ Abide, suffer

⁵ The setting sun.

⁴ To bring down.

² To draw across.

SONNETS

(From *Amoretti*)

THIS holy season, fit to fast and pray,
 Men to devotion ought to be inclynd ·
 Therefore, I lykewise, on so holy day,
 For my sweet Saynt some service fit will find
 Her temple fayre is built within my mind,
 In which her glorious ymage placed is,
 On which my thoughts doo day and night attend,
 Lyke sacred priests that never thinke amisse !
 There I to her, as th' author of my blisse,
 Will builde an altar to appease her yre ;
 And on the same my hart will sacrificise,
 Burning in flames of pure and chast desyre ·
 The which vouchsafe, O goddesse ! to accept,
 Amongst thy decest relicks to be kept

MARK when she smiles with amiable cheare,
 And tell me whereto can ye lyken it,
 When on each eyelid sweetly doe appeare
 An hundred Graces as in shade to sit.
 Lykest it seemeth, in my simple wit,
 Unto the fayre sunshine in somers day,
 That, when a dreadfull storme away is flit,
 Thruh the broad world doth spred his goodly ray :
 At sight whercof, each bird that sits on spray,
 And every beast that to his den was fled,
 Comes forth afresh out of their late dismay,
 And to the light lift up their drouping hed
 So my storme-beaten hart likewise is cheared
 With that sunshine, when cloudy looks are cleared.

•
 THE RED CROSS KNIGHT, UNA AND THE
 DWARF

(BOOK I, CANTO I, STANZAS 1 to 6)

A GENTLE Knight was pricking¹ on the plaine,
 Ycladd in mightie armes and silver shielde,
 Wherein old dints of deepe woundes did remaine,

¹ Spurring his horse

The cruell markes of many a bloody felde ;
 Yet armes till that time did he never wield. †
 His angry steede did chide his foming bitt,
 As much disdayning to the curbe to yield :
 Full jolly¹ knight he seemd, and faire did sitt,
 As one for knightly gusts and fierce encounters fitt.

And on his brest a bloodie Crosse he bore,
 The deare remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweete sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living, ever him ador'd :
 Upon his shield the like was also scor'd,
 For soveraine hope which in his helpe he had
 Right faithfull true he was in deede and word ;
 But of his cheere² did seeme too solemne sad,
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest Glorious Queene of Faery lond)
 To winne him worshippe, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly thinges he most did crave,
 And ever as he rode his hart did earne³
 To prove his puissance in battell brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learne
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stearne

A lovely Ladie rode him faire beside,
 Upon a lowly asse more white then snow,
 Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
 Under a veile, that wimpled was full low,
 And over all a blacke stole shee did throw :
 As one that inly mournd, so was she sad,
 And heavie sate upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
 And by her, in a line, a milkewhite lambe she lad.

So pure and innocent, as that same lambe,
 She was in life and every vertuous lore,
 And by descent from Royall lynage came

¹ Handsome.² Countenance³ Yearne.

Of ancient Kinges and Queenes, that had of yore
 Their scepters stretcht from east to westerne shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held,
 Till that infernall feend with foule uprore
 Forwasted all their land, and them expeld,
 Whom to avenge she had this Knight from far compeld

Behind her farre away a Dwarfe did lag,
 * That lasie seemd, in being ever last,
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his backe Thus as they past,
 The day with cloudes was suddaine overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storme of raine
 Did poure into his lemans lap so fast,
 That everie wight to shrowd it did constrain,
 And this faire couple eke to shroud themselves were fain

PRINCE ARTHUR SLAYS THE GIANT
 ORGOGLIO

(BOOK I, CANTO VIII, STANZAS 1 to 25)

AY me ¹ how many perils doe enfold
 The righteous man, to make him daily fall,
 Were not that heavenly grace doth him uphold,
 And stedfast truth acquite him out at all
 Her love is firme, her care continuall,
 So oft as he, thorough his own foolish pride
 Or weaknes, is to sinfull bands made thrall.
 Els should this Redcrosse knight in bands have dyde,
 For whose deliverance she ¹ this Prince ² doth thether guyd.

They sadly traveild thus, untill they came
 Nigh to a castle builded strong and hie
 Then cryde the Dwarfe, ' Lo ! yonder is the same,
 In which my Lord, my liege, doth lucklesse ly,
 Thrall to that gyaunts hatefull tyranny.
 Therefore, deare Sir, your mightie powres assay.'
 The noble knight alighted by and by
 From loftie steed, and badd the Ladie stay,
 To see what end of fight should him befall that day.

¹ Lady Una

² Prince Arthur.

So with his Squire, th' admirer of his might,
 He marched forth towards that castle wall,
 Whose gates he found fast shutt, no living wight
 To warde the same, nor answer commers call
 Then tooke that Squire an horne of bugle small,
 Which hong adowne his side in twisted gold
 And tasselles gay. Wyde wonders over all
 Of that same hornes great virtues weren told,
 Which had approved bene in uses manifold

Was never wight that heard that shrilling soun,
 But trembling feare did feel in every vaine
 Three miles it might be easy heard arownd,
 And ecchoes three aunswer'd it selfe againe
 No false enchauntment, nor deceitfull trame,
 Might once abide the terror of that blast,
 But presently was void and wholly vaine
 No gate so strong, no locke so firme and fast,
 But with that percing noise flew open quite, or brast ¹

The same before the geaunts gate he blew,
 That all the castle quaked from the grownd,
 And every dore of freewill open flew.
 The gyaunt selfe, dismayed with that soun,
 Where he with his Duessa dalliaunce townd,
 In hast came rushing forth from inner bowre,
 With staring countenance sterne, as one astownd,
 And staggering steps, to weet what sudden stowre²
 Had wrought that horror strange, and dar'd his dreaded
 powre

And after him the proud Duessa came,
 High mounted on her many-headed beast,
 And every head with fyrie tongue did flame.
 And every head was crowned on his creast,
 And bloody mouthed with late cruell feast.
 That when the knight beheld, his mightie shild
 Upon his manly arme he soone address,
 And at him fiersly flew, with corage fild,
 And eger greedinesse through every member thrid,

¹ Burst.² Disturbance

Therewith the gyant buckled him to fight,
 Inflam'd with scornfull wrath and high disdain,
 And lifting up his dreadfull club on hight,
 All arm'd with ragged snubbes and knotte grame,
 Him thought at first encounter to have slaine.
 But wise and wary was that noble pere,
 And, lightly leaping from so monstrous maine,
 Did fayre avoide the violence him nere
 It booted nought to thinke such thunderbolts to beare

Ne shame he thought to shonne so hideous might
 The ydle stroke, enforcing furious way,
 Missing the marke of his misaymed sight,
 Did fall to ground, and with his heavy sway
 So deeply dinted in the driven clay,
 That three yardes deepe a furrow up did throw
 The sad earth, wounded with so sore assay,
 Did grone full grievous underneath the blow,
 And trembling with strange feare did like an erthquake
 show

As when almighty Jove, in wrathfull mood,
 To wreake the guilt of mortall sins is bent,
 Hurles forth his thundring dart with deadly food
 Enrold in flames, and smouldring dreriment,
 Through riven cloudes and molten firmament,
 The fiers threeforked engin, making way,
 Both loftie towres and highest trees hath rent,
 And all that might his angry passage stay,
 And, shooting in the earth, castes up a mount of clay.

His boystrous club, so buried in the grownd,
 He could not rearen up againe so light,
 But that the Knight him at advantage fownd;
 And, whiles he strove his combred clubbe to quight¹
 Out of the earth, with blade all burning bright
 He smott of his left arme, which like a block
 Did fall to ground, depriv'd of native might:
 Large streames of blood out of the truncked stock
 Forthgushéd, like fresh water streame from riven rocke.

¹ Liberate.

Dismay'd with so desperate deadly wound,
 And eke impatient of unwonted payne,
 He lowdly brayd with beastly yelling sownd,
 That all the fieldes rebellowed againe.
 As great a noyse, as when in Cymbrian plaine
 An heard of bulles, whom kindly¹ rage doth sting,
 Doe for the milky mothers want complaine,
 And fill the fieldes with troublous bellowing:
 The neighbor woods arownd with hollow murmur ring

That when his deare Duessa heard, and saw
 The evil stownd that daungerd her estate,
 Unto his aide she hastily did draw
 Her dreadfull beast, who, swolne with blood of late,
 Came ramping forth with proud presumptuous gate,
 And threatned all his heades like flaming brandes.
 But him the squire made quickly to retrate,
 Encountring fiers with single sword in hand;
 And twixt him and his lord did like a bulwarke stand.

The proud Duessa, full of wrathfull spight,
 And fiers disdaine to be affronted so,
 Enforst her purple beast with all her might,
 That stop out of the way to overthroc,
 Scorning the let² of so unequal foe:
 But nathemore would that corageous swayne
 To her yeeld passage gainst his lord to goe,
 But with outrageous strokes did him restraine,
 And with his body bard the way atwixt them twaine.

Then tooke the angrie witch her golden cup,
 Which still she bore, replete with magick artes,
 Death and despeyre did many thereof sup,
 And secret poyson through their inner partes,
 Th' eternall bale of heavie wounded harts.
 Which, after charmes and some enchauntments said,
 She lightly sprinkled on his weaker partes;
 Therewith his sturdie corage soon was quayd,
 And all his sences were with suddein dread dismayd.

¹ Natural.² Hindrance.

So downe he fell before the cruell beast,
 Who on his neck his bloody clawes did seize,
 That life nigh crusht out of his panting brest
 No powre he had to stirre, nor will to rize.
 That when the carefull knight gan well avise,
 He lightly left the foe with whom he fought,
 And to the beast gan turne his enterprise,
 For wondrous anguish in his hart it wrought,
 To see his loved squyre into such thraldom brought.

And, high advauncing his blood-thirstie blade,
 Stroke one of those deforméd heades so sore,
 That of his puissaunce proud ensample made :
 His monstrous scalpe down to his teeth it tore,
 And that misformed shape misshaped more.
 A sea of blood gusht from the gaping wound,
 That her gay garments staynd with filthy gore,
 And overflowed all the field arownd,
 That over shoes in blood he waded on the ground.

Thereat he rored for exceeding paine,
 That to have heard great horror would have bred.
 And scourging th' emptie ayre with his long trayne,
 Through great impatience of his grieved hed,
 His gorgeous ryder from her loftie sted
 Would have cast downe, and trodd in durty myre,
 Had not the gyaunt soone her succourèd,
 Who, all enrag'd with smart and frantick yre,
 Came hurtling in full fiers, and forst the knight retyre

The force, which wont in two to be disperst,
 In one alone left hand he now unites,
 Which is through rage more strong than both were erst ;
 With which his hideous club aloft he dities,¹
 And at his foe with furious rigor smites,
 That strongest oake might seeme to overthrow.
 The stroke upon his shield so heavie lites,
 That to the ground it doubleth him full low .
 What mortall wight could ever beare so monstrous blow ?

¹ Arranges.

And in his fall his shield, that covered was,
 Did loose his vele by chaunce, and open flew,
 The light whereof, that hevens light did pas,
 Such blazing brightnesse through the ayer threw.
 That eye mote not the same endure to vew.
 Which when the gyaunt spyde with staring eye,
 He downe let fall his arme, and soft withdrew
 His weapon huge, that heavēd was on hie
 For to have slain the man, that on the ground did lye

And eke the fruitfull-headed Beast, amazd
 At flashing beames of that sunshiny shield,
 Became stark blind, and all his senses dazd,
 That downe he tumbled on the durtic field,
 And seemd himselfe as conquerēd to yield
 Whom when his maistresse proud perceiv'd to fall,
 Whiles yet his feeble feet for faintnesse reeld,
 Unto the gyaunt lowdly she gan call,
 ' O ! helpe, Orgoglio ; helpe ! or els we perish all.'

At her so pitteous cry was much amooov'd
 Her champion stout ; and for to ayde his trend,
 Agame his wonted angry weapon proov'd,
 But all in vaine, for he has redd his end
 In that bright shield, and all their forces spend
 Them selves in vaine for, since that glauncing sight,
 He hath no powre to hurt, nor to defend.
 As where th' Almightyes lightning brond does light,
 It dimmes the dazēd eyen, and daunts the senses quight

Whom when the Prince, to batteill new addrest
 And threatning high his dreadfull stroke, did see,
 His sparkling blade about his head he blest,
 And smote off quite his left leg by the knee,
 That downe he tombled ; as an aged trec,
 High growing on the top of rocky clift,
 Whose hartstrings with keene steele nigh hewen be,
 The mightie trunk, halfe rent with ragged rift,
 Doth roll adowne the rocks, and fall with fearefull drift

Or as a Castle, reared high and round,
 By subtle engins and malicious slight
 Is undermined from the lowest ground,
 And her foundation forst, and feebled quight,
 At last downe falles; and with her heaped hight
 Her hastie ruine does more heaue make,
 And yields it selfe unto the victours might.
 Such was this gyaunts fall, that seemd to shake
 The stedfast globe of earth, as it for feare did quake.

The knight, then lightly leaping to the pray,
 With mortall steele him smot againe so sore,
 That headlesse his unweldy bodie lay,
 All wallowd in his owne fowle bloody gore,
 Which flowèd from his wounds in wondrous store.
 But, soone as breath out of his brest did pas,
 That huge great body, which the gyaunt bore,
 Was vanisht quite, and of that monstrous mas
 Was nothing left, but like an emptie blader was.

Whose grievous fall when false Duessa spyde,
 Her golden cup she cast unto the ground,
 And crowned mitre rudely threw asyde
 Such percing griefe her stubborne hart did wound,
 That she could not endure that dolefull stound,
 But leaving all behind her fled away
 The light-foot squyre her quickly turnd aound,
 And, by hard meanes enforcing her to stay,
 So brought unto his Lord as his deserved pray.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON

(BOOK II, CANTO VII., STANZAS 2 TO 10)

So Guyon having lost his trustie guyde,
 Late left beyond that ydle lake, procedes
 Yet on his way, of none accompanyde;
 And evermore himselfe with comfort feedes
 Of his own vertues and praise-worthie deedes.

So, long he yode,¹ yet no adventure found,
 Which fame of her shrill trompet worthy reedes,
 For still he traveld through wide wastfull ground,
 That nought but desert wilderness shewed all around

At last he came unto a gloomy glade,
 Cover'd with boughes and shrubs from heavens light,
 Whereas he sitting found in secret shade
 An uncouth, salvage, and uncivile wight,
 Of griesly hew and fowle ill-favour'd sight,
 His face with smoke was tand, and eyes were beare
 His head and beard with sout were ill bedight,²
 His cole-blacke hands did seeme to have ben seard
 In smythes fire-spitting forge, and nayles like clawes
 appeard

His yron cote, all overgionne with rust,
 Was underneath enveloped with gold,
 Whose glistring glosse, darkned with filthy dust,
 Well yet appeared to have beene of old
 A worke of rich entayle³ and curious mould,
 Woven with anticke⁴ and wyld ymagery,
 And in his lap a masse of coyne he told,⁵
 And turned upside downe, to feede his eye
 And covetous desire with his huge treasury.

And round about him lay on every side
 Great heapes of gold that never could be spent,
 Of which some were rude owre, not purifide
 Of Mulcibers devouring element, ✓
 Some others were new driven, and distent
 Into great ingowes⁶ and to wedges square,
 Some in round plates withouten monument,⁷
 But most were stampt, and in their metal bare
 The antique shapes of kings and kesars straung and rare

Soone as he Guyon saw, in great affright
 And haste he rose for to remove aside
 Those pretious hils from straungers envious sight,

¹ Went.³ Intaglio, inlaid ornament⁵ Counted. ⁶ Ingots.² Disfigured⁴ Fantastic devices.⁷ Stamp, inscription

And downe them poured through an hole full wide
 Into the hollow earth, them there to hide.
 But Guyon, lightly to him leaping, stayd
 His hand that trembled as one terrifyde,
 And though him selfe were at the sight dismayd,
 Yet him perforce restraynd, and to him doubtfull sayd:

' What art thou, man, (if man at all thou art)
 That here in desert hast thine habitaunce,
 And these rich hils of welth doest hide apart
 From the worldes eye, and from her right usaunce ?'
 Thereat, with staring eyes fixed askaunce,
 In great disdain he answerd ' Hardy Elfe,
 That darrest view my direfull countenaunce,
 I read¹ thee rash and heedlesse of thy selfe,
 To trouble my still seate, and heapes of pretious pelfe

' God of the world and worldlings I me call,
 Great Mammon, greatest god below the skye,
 That of my plenty poure out unto all,
 And unto none my graces do envye
 Riches, renowne, and principality,
 Honour, estate, and all this worldes good,
 For which men swinck² and sweat incessantly,
 Fro me do flow into an ample flood,
 And in the hollow earth have their eternall brood

' Wherefore, if me thou deigne to serve and sew,
 At thy commaund lo¹ all these mountames bee
 Or if to thy great mind, or greedy vew,
 All these may not suffise, there shall to thee
 Ten times so much be nombred francke and free '
 ' Mammon,' (said he) ' thy godheads vaunt is vaine,
 And idle offers of thy golden tee,
 To them that covet such eye-glutting game
 Proffer thy giftes, and fitter servaunts entertame

' Me ill besits,³ that in derdoing⁴ armes
 And honours suit my vowed daies do spend,
 Unto thy bounteous baytes and pleasing charmes.

¹ Judge.² Toil.³ Beseems.⁴ Bold, manly.

With which weake men thou witchest, to attend,
 Regard of worldly mucke doth fowly blend,
 And low abase the high heroicke spright,
 That joyes for crownes and kingdomes to contend ·
 Faue shields, gay steedes, bright aimes be my delight,
 Those be the riches fit for an advent'rous knight '

ELIZABETHAN SONNETS

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 27)

SIDNEY

(From *Astrophel and Stella*)

With how sad steps, O Moon, thou climb'st the skies
 How silently, and with how wan a face !
 What, may it be that even in heavenly place
 That busy archer his sharp arrows tries !
 Sure, if that long-with-love-acquainted eyes
 Can judge of love, thou feel'st a lover's case,
 I read it in thy looks; thy languisht grace,
 To me, that feel the like, thy state describes.
 Then, even of fellowship, O Moon, tell me,
 Is constant love deem'd there but want of wit ?
 Are beauties there as proud as here they be ?
 Do they above love to be lov'd, and yet
 Those lovers scorn whom that love doth possess ?
 Do they call virtue there ungratefulness ?

DANIEL

(From *Delia*)

CARE-CHARMER Sleep, son of the sable Night,
 Brother to Death, in silent darkness born ·
 Relieve my languish and restore the light,
 With dark forgetting of my care, return,
 And let the day be time enough to mourn
 The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth.
 Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn
 Without the torment of the night's untruth

Cease dreams, the images of day desires,
 •To model forth the passions of the morrow,
 Never let rising sun approve you liars,
 To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow
 Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
 And never wake to feel the day's disdain

DRAYTON

(From *Idea*)

SINCE there's no help, come let us kiss and part—
 Nay, I have done, you get no more of me,
 And I am glad, yea glad with all my heart,
 That thus so cleanly I myself can free,
 Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
 And when we meet at any time again,
 Be it not seen in either of our brows
 That we one jot of former love retain.
 Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
 When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
 When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
 And innocence is closing up his eyes—
 Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
 From death to life thou might'st him yet recover!

DONNE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 27)

TO DEATH

DEATH, be not proud, though some have called thee
 Mighty and dreadful, for thou art not so;
 For those whom thou thinkest thou dost overthrow,
 Die not, poor Death; nor yet canst thou kill me.
 From rest and sleep, which but thy picture be,
 Much pleasure, then from thee much more must flow.
 And soonest our best men with thee do go,
 Rest of their bones, and souls' delivery.

Thou'rt slave to fate, chance, kings, and desperate men,
 And dost with poison, war, and sickness dwell,
 And poppy or charms can make us sleep as well,
 And better than thy stroke. Why swell'st thou then ?
 Our short sleep past, we wake eternally,
 And death shall be no more, Death thou shalt die.

LYLY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 29, 36)

(From *Endymion*)

(Act I., Scene IV — *Tellus, in love with Endymion, seeks the help of the witch Dipsas*)

[*Enter at one side FLOSCULA (friend of Tellus) and TELLUS, at the other DIPSAS*]

Tellus — Behold, Floscula, we have met with the woman by chance that we sought for by travel. I will break my mind to her without ceremony or circumstance, lest we lose that time in advice that should be spent in execution.

Flosc — Use your discretion, I will in this case neither give counsel nor consent, for there cannot be a thing more monstrous than to force affection by sorcery, neither do I imagine anything more impossible.

Tellus.—Tush, Floscula, in obtaining of love, what impossibilities will I not try? And for the winning of Endymion, what impieties will I not practise? [*Crossing to DIPSAS.*] Dipsas, whom as many honour for age as wonder at for cunning, listen in few words to my tale, and answer in one word to the purpose, for that neither my burning desire can afford long speech, nor the short time I have to stay many delays. Is it possible by herbs, stones, spells, incantations, enchantment, coercions, fire, metals, planets, or any practice, to plant affection where it is not, and to supplant it where it is?

Dipsas — Fair lady, you may imagine that these hoary hairs are not void of experience, nor the great name that goeth of my cunning to be without cause. I can darken

the sun by my skill, and remove the moon out of her course, I can restore youth to the aged and make hills without bottoms, there is nothing that I cannot do but that only which you would have me do and therein I differ from the gods, that I am not able to rule hearts; for were it in my power to place affection by appointment, I would make such evil appetites, such inordinate lusts, such cursed desires, as all the world should be filled both with superstitious heats and extreme love.

Tellus.—Unhappy Tellus, whose desires are so desperate that they are neither to be conceived of any creature, nor to be cured by any art!

Dipsas.—Thus I can breed slackness in love, though never root it out. What is he whom you love, and what she that he honoureth?

Tellus.—Endymion, sweet Endymion, is he that hath my heart, and Cynthia—too, too fair Cynthia—the miracle of nature, of time, of fortune, is the lady that he delights in, and dotes on every day, and dies for ten thousand times a day.

Dipsas.—Would you have his love either by absence or sickness aslaked?¹ Would you that Cynthia should mistrust him, or be jealous of him without colour?

Tellus.—It is the only thing I crave, that, seeing my love to Endymion, unspotted, cannot be accepted, his truth to Cynthia, though it be unspeakable, may be suspected.

Dipsas.—I will undertake it, and overtake² him, that³ all his love shall be doubted of, and therefore become desperate but this will wear out with time that treadeth all things down but truth.

Tellus.—Let us go.

Dipsas.—I follow.

[*Exeunt TELLUS and FLOSCULA, DIPSAS following them*]

¹ Abated.

² Overcome

³ So that

SONG

(From *Helander and Campaspe*)

WHAT bird so sings, yet so does wail ?
 O, 'tis the ravished nightingale
 Jug, jug, jug, jug, tereu ! she cries
 And still her woes at midnight rise
 Brave prick-song ! Who is't now we hear ?
 None but the lark so shrill and clear,
 Now at heaven's gate she claps her wings,
 The morn not waking till she sings
 Hark, hark, with what a pretty throat
 Poor robin redbreast tunes his note
 Hark how the jolly cuckoos sing
 Cuckoo ! to welcome in the Spring !
 Cuckoo ! to welcome in the Spring !

EUPHUES

(From *Euphues : The Anatomy of Wit*)

THERE dwelt in *Athens* a young gentleman of great patri-
 mony, and of so comelye a personage, that it was doubted
 whether he were more bound to Nature for the limaments
 of his person, or to Fortune for the increase of his posses-
 sions. But Nature, impatient of comparisons, and as it
 were disdainng a companion or copartner in his working,
 added to this comelynesse of his body such a sharpe
 capacity of minde, that not onely she proved Fortune
 counterfaite, but was halfe of that opinion that she her-
 selfe was onely currant.¹ This young gallaunt of more witte
 than wealth, and yet of more wealth than wisdome, seeing
 himselfe inferiour to none in pleasant conceits, though
 himselfe superiour to all in honest conditions, insomuch that
 he thought himselfe so apt to all thinges that he gave
 himselfe almost to nothing but practising of those thinges
 commonly which are incident to these sharpe wittes, fine
 phrases, smooth quppes, merry tauntes, using jestinge
 without meane,² and abusing mirth without measure.

¹ She only was genuine.² Moderation.

As therefore the sweetest Rose hath his prickell,¹ the finest velyet his bracke,² the fairest flower his branne,³ so the sharpest wit hath his wanton will, and the holiest head his wicked way And true it is that some men write and most men believe, that in all perfect shapes a blemish bringeth rather a lyking every way to the eyes, than a loathing any way to the minde. *Venus* had hir mole in hir cheeke which made hir more amiable *Helen* hir scarre in hir chinne, which *Paris* called *Cos Amoris*, the whetstone of love: *Aristippus* his wart, *Lycurgus* his wen so likewise in the disposition of the minde, either vertue is overshadowed with some vice, or vice overcast with some vertue *Alexander* valyant in warre, yet given to wine. *Tulle* eloquent in his gloses, yet vaigneglorious *Solomon* wise, yet too wanton. *David* holy, but yet an homicide. None more wittie than *Euphues*, yet at the first none more wicked. The freshest colours soonest fade, the teenest⁴ razor soonest tourneth his edge, the finest cloth is soonest eaten with the moathes, and the cambrick sooner stayned than the coarse canvas which appeareth well in this *Euphues*, whose wit beeing like waxe, apt to receive any impression, and bearing the head in his owne hand, either to use the raine or the spurre, disdaining counsaile, leaving his country, loathing his olde acquaintance, thought either by wit to obteyne some conquest, or by shame to abyde some conflict, who preferring fancy before friends, and his present humour before honour to come, laid reason in water being too salt for his tast, and followed unbridled affection, most pleasant for his tooth. When parents have more care how to leave their children wealthy than wise, and are more desirous to have them maintaine the name, than the nature of gentleman: when they put gold into the hands of youth, where they should put a rod under their gyrdle, when in steed of awe they make them past grace, and leave them rich executors of goods, and poore executors of godlynes, then it is no mervaile, that the son being left rich by his father's will, become retchless⁵ by his owne will. But it hath bene an olde sayde sawe,

¹ Thorn.² Flaw.³ Husk.⁴ Sharpness.⁵ Careless.

and not of lesse truth than antiquitie, that wit is the better if it be the deerer bought. as in the sequele of this history shall most manifestly appeare. It happened this young Impe¹ to arive at *Naples* (a place of more pleasure than profit, and yet of more profit than pietie), the very walles and windowes whereof shewed it rather to be the tabernacle of *Venus* than the temple of *Vesta*. There was all things necessary and in redynes, that might either allure the mind to lust or entice the heart to folly: a court more meete for an *Atheyst*. than for one of *Athens*: for *Ovid*, than for *Aristotle*: for a gracelesse lover, than for a godly liver: more fitter for *Paris* than *Hector*, and meeter for *Flora* than *Diana*. Heere my youth (whether for wearenesse he could not, or for wantonnes would not go any farther) determined to make his abode, whereby it is evidently scene that the fleetest fish swalloweth the delicatest bait that the highest soaring Hauke trameth to the lure. and that the wittiest brame is invegled with the sudden view of alluring vanities. Heere he wanted² no companyons, which courted him continually with sundrye kinde of devises, whereby they might either soake his purse to reape commoditie,³ or soothe⁴ his person to winne credit for he had guests and companions of all sorts

MARLOWE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 29)

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

COME live with me, and be my love,
 And we will all the pleasures prove
 That hills and valleys, dales and fields,
 Woods or steepy mountain yields

And we will sit upon the rocks,
 Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks
 By shallow rivers, to whose falls
 Melodious birds sing madrigals.

¹ Scion, lad.² Lacked.³ Profit⁴ Flatter.

And I will make thee beds of roses,
 And a thousand fragrant posies,
 A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
 Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,

A gown made of the finest wool
 Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
 Fair-linèd slippers for the cold,
 With buckles of the purest gold,

A belt of straw and ivy-buds,
 With coral clasps and amber studs
 And if these pleasures may thee move,
 Come live with me, and be my love.

The shepherd-swains shall dance and sing
 For thy delight each May morning
 If these delights thy mind may move,
 Then live with me, and be my love

BEAUTY

(From *Tamburlaine the Great*, Part I, v. 1)

If all the pens that ever poets held
 Had fed the feeling of their master's thoughts,
 And every sweetness that inspired their hearts¹
 Their minds, and muses on admirèd themes,
 If all the heavenly quintessence they still¹
 From their immortal flowers of poesy,
 Wherein, as in a mirror, we perceive
 The highest reaches of a human wit,²
 If these had made one poem's period,
 And all combined in beauty's worthiness,
 Yet should there hover in their restless heads
 One thought, one grace, one wonder, at the least,
 Which into words no virtue can digest.

¹ Distil.

² Genius.

FAUSTUS' APOSTROPHE TO THE SHADE OF
HELEN

(From *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, Scene XIII.)

WAS this the face that launched a thousand ships,
And burnt the topless towers of Ilium ?
Sweet Helen, make me immortal with a kiss (*Kisses*
her.)

Her lips suck forth my soul: see where it flees !—
Come, Helen, come, give me my soul again
Here will I dwell, for heaven is in these lips,
And all is dross that is not Helena
I will be Paris, and for love of thee,
Instead of Troy, shall Wittenberg be sack'd,
And I will combat with weak Menelaus,
And wear thy colours on my plumèd crest,
Yes, I will wound Achilles in the heel,
And then return to Helen for a kiss
O, thou art fairer than the evening air,
Clad in the beauty of a thousand stars,
Brighter art thou than flaming Jupiter
When he appear'd to hapless Semele,
More lovely than the monarch of the sky
In wanton Arethusa's azur'd arms,
And none but thou shalt be my paramour !

FAUSTUS' LAST SOLILOQUY

(From *The Tragical History of Dr. Faustus*, Scene XIV)

[*The clock strikes eleven*

Faustus. AH, Faustus !

Now hast thou but one bare hour to love,
And then thou must be damn'd perpetually !
Stand still, you ever-moving spheres of heaven,
That time may cease, and midnight never come,
Fair Nature's eye, rise, rise again, and make
Perpetual day; or let this hour be but
A year, a month, a week, a natural day,
That Faustus may repent and save his soul.

O lente, lente, currite noctis equi !

The staffs move still, time runs, the clock will strike,
 The time will come, and Faustus must be damn'd
 O, I'll leap up to my God !—Who pulls me down ?—
 See, see, where Christ's blood streams in the firmament !
 One drop would save my soul, half a drop ah, my Christ !—
 Ah, rend not my heart for naming of my Christ !
 Yet will I call on Him O, spare me, Lucifer !—
 Where is it now ? 'tis gone and see, where God
 Stretcheth out His arm, and bends His ireful brows !
 Mountains and hills, come, come, and fall on me,
 And hide me from the heavy wrath of God !
 No, no !

Then will I headlong run into the Earth,
 Earth, gape ! O, no, it will not harbour me !
 Yon stars that reign'd at my nativity,
 Whose influence hath allotted death and hell,
 Now draw up Faustus, like a foggy mist,
 Into the entrails of yon lab'ring clouds,
 That, when you vomit forth into the air,
 My limbs may issue from your smoky mouths,
 So that my soul may but ascend to heaven !

[The clock strikes the half-hour

Ah, half the hour is past ! 'twill all be past anon.
 O God,

If Thou wilt not have mercy on my soul,
 Yet for Christ's sake, whose blood hath ransom'd me,
 Impose some end to my incessant pain;
 Let Faustus live in hell a thousand years,
 A hundred thousand, and at last be sav'd !
 O, no end is limited to damnèd souls !
 Why wert thou not a creature wanting soul ?
 Or why is that immortal that thou hast ?
 Ah, Pythagoras' metempsychosis, were that true,
 This soul should fly from me, and I be chang'd
 Unto some brutish beast ! all beasts are happy,
 For, when they die,
 Their souls are soon dissolv'd in elements;
 But mine must live still to be plagu'd in hell.
 Curs'd be the parents that engender'd me !

No, Faustus, curse thyself, curse Lucifer,
That hath depriv'd thee of the joys of heaven

[*The clock strikes twelve*

O, it strikes, it strikes ! Now, body, turn to air,
Or Lucifer will bear thee quick to hell !

[*Thunder and lightning*

O soul, be chang'd into little water-drops,
And fall into the ocean, ne'er be found !

Enter DEVILS.

My God, my God, look not so fierce on me !
Adders and serpents, let me breathe a while !
Ugly hell, gape not ! come not, Lucifer !
I'll burn my books !—Ah, Mephistophils !

[*Exeunt* DEVILS with FAUSTUS

SHAKESPEARE¹

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 30-32)

SONNETS

XVII.

Who will believe my verse in time to come,
If it were fill'd with your most high deserts ?
Though yet heaven knows, it is but as a tomb
Which hides your life, and shows not half your parts.
If I could write the beauty of your eyes,
And in fresh numbers number all your graces,
The age to come would say, this poet lies,
Such heavenly touches ne'er touch'd earthly faces.
So should my papers, yellow'd with their age,
Be scorn'd, like old men of less truth than tongue ;
And your true rights be term'd a poet's rage,
And stretched metre of an antique song :
But were some child of yours alive that time,
You should live twice ;—in it, and in my rhyme.

¹ No extracts from Shakespeare's plays are given here, for the reason set forth in the preface.

XVIII.

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
 Thou art more lovely and more temperate
 Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
 And summer's lease hath all too short a date
 Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
 And often is his gold complexion dimm'd,
 And every fair from fair sometime declines,
 By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd,
 But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
 Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest,
 Nor shall death brag thou wander'st in his shade,
 When in eternal lines to time thou growest,
 So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
 So long lives this, and this gives life to thee

XXIX

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes,
 I all alone beweep my outcast state,
 And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
 And look upon myself, and curse my fate,
 Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
 Featur'd like him, like him with friends possess'd,
 Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
 With what I most enjoy contented least,
 Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
 Haply I think on thee,—and then my state
 (Like to the lark at break of day arising
 From sullen earth) sings hymns at heaven's gate,
 For thy sweet love remember'd, such wealth brings,
 That then I scorn to change my state with kings

XXX.

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
 I summon up remembrance of things past,
 I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
 And with old woes new wail my dear times' waste
 Then can I drown an eye, unus'd to flow,
 For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
 And weep afresh love's long-since cancell'd woe,

And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight,
 Then can I grieve at grievances fore-gone,
 And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
 The sad account of fore-bemoaned moan,
 Which I new pay as if not paid before
 But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
 All losses are restored, and sorrows end

XXXIII

Full many a glorious morning have I seen
 Flatter the mountam tops with sovereign eye,
 Kissing with golden face the meadows green,
 Gilding pale streams with heavenly alchemy,
 Anon permit the basest clouds to ride
 With ugly rack on his celestial face,
 And from the forlorn world his visage hide,
 Stealing unseen to west with this disgrace
 Even so my sun one early morn did shine,
 With all triumphant splendour on my brow,
 But out ! alack ! he was but one hour mine,
 The region cloud hath mask'd him from me now
 Yet him for this my love no whit disdaineth,
 Suns of the world may stain, when heaven's sun staineth.

LIV.

O how much more doth beauty beauteous seem,
 By that sweet ornament which truth doth give !
 The rose looks fair, but fairer we it deem
 For that sweet odour which doth in it live
 The canker-blooms have full as deep a dye,
 As the perfum'd tincture of the roses,
 Hang on such thorns, and play as wantonly
 When summer's breath their masked buds disclose
 But, for their virtue only is their show,
 They live unwoo'd, and unrespected fade,
 Die to themselves. Sweet roses do not so ;
 Of their sweet deaths are sweetest odours made :
 And so of you, beauteous and lovely youth,
 When that shall fade, by verse distills your truth.

LXXIII

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
 When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
 Upon those boughs which shake against the cold
 Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
 In me thou seest the twilight of such day,
 As after sunset fadeth in the west,
 Which by and by black night doth take away,
 Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.
 In me thou seest the glowing of such fire,
 That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
 As the death-bed whercon it must expire,
 Consum'd with that which it was nourish'd by.
 This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
 To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

CVI.

When in the chronicle of wasted time
 I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
 And beauty making beautiful old rhyme,
 In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights,
 Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best,
 Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
 I see their antique pen would have express'd
 Even such a beauty as you master now.
 So all their praises are but prophecies
 Of this our time, all you prefiguring,
 And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
 They had not skill enough your worth to sing.
 For we, which now behold these present days,
 Have eyes to wonder, but lack tongues to praise.

CXVI.

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
 Admit impediments. Love is not love
 Which alters when it alteration finds,
 Or bends with the remover to remove:

O no, it is an ever-fixed mark,
 That looks on tempests, and is never shaken,
 It is the star to every wandering bark,
 Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken
 Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
 Within his bending sickle's compass come,
 Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
 But bears it out even to the edge of doom
 If this be error, and upon me prov'd,
 I never writ, nor no man ever lov'd

BEN JONSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 33)

MADRIGAL

It is not growing like a tree
 In bulk, doth man make better be,
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night,
 It was the plant and flower of light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see,
 And in short measures, life may perfect be.

TO CELIA

{ DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 { And I will pledge with mine;
 { Or leave a kiss within the cup,
 { And I'll not ask for wine.
 { The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 { Doth ask a drink divine,
 { But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 { I would not change for thine

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honouring thee
 As giving it a hope that there
 It would not wither'd be,
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me,
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee !

JONSON'S CONCEPTION OF COMEDY

(Prologue to *Every Man in His Humour*.)

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
 As art and nature have not better'd much;
 Yet ours for want hath not so loved the stage,
 As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
 Or purchase your delight at such a rate,
 As, for it, he himself must justly hate
 To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
 Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed,¹
 Past threescore years, or, with three rusty swords,
 And help of some few foot and half-foot words,
 Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
 And in the tiring-house² bring wounds to scars.
 He rather prays you will be pleas'd to see
 One such to-day, as other plays should be,
 When neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas,
 Nor creaking throne comes down the boys to please;
 Nor nimble squib is seen to make afraid
 The gentlewomen, nor roll'd bullet heard
 To say, it thunders, nor tempestuous drum
 Ruribles, to tell you when the storm doth come,
 But deeds, and language, such as men do use,
 And persons, such as comedy would choose,
 When she would show an image of the times,
 And sport with human follies, not with crimes.
 Except we make them such, by loving still
 Our popular errors, when we know they're ill.

¹ Garment.

² Attiring-room.

I mean such errors as you'll all confess,
 By laughing at them, they deserve no less
 Which when you heartily do, there's hope left then,
 You, that have so grac'd monsters, may like men

VOLPONE AND HIS PARASITE

(From *Volpone, or The Fox*, Act I, Scene I)

Scene: A room in Volpone's house Enter VOIPON
 MOSCA

Volpone GOOD morning to the day, and next, m'
 gold!—

Open the shrine, that I may see my saint

[*MOSCA withdraws the curtain, and discovers piles of gold, plate, jewels, etc*

Hail the world's soul, and mine! more glad than is
 The teeming earth to see the longed-for sun
 Peep through the horns of the celestial Ram,
 Am I, to view thy splendour darkening his,
 That, lying here, amongst my other hoards,
 Showest like a flame by night, or like the day
 Struck out of chaos, when all darkness fled
 Unto the centre O thou son of Sol,
 But brighter than thy father, let me kiss,
 With adoration, thee, and every relic
 Of sacred treasure in this blessed room.
 Well did wise poets, by thy glorious name,
 Title that age which they would have the best,
 Thou being the best of things, and far transcending
 All style of joy, in children, parents, friends,
 Or any other waking dream on earth.
 Thy looks when they to Venus did ascribe,
 They should have given her twenty thousand Cupids;
 Such are thy beauties and our loves! Dear saint,
 Riches, the dumb god, that givest all men tongues,
 Thou canst do nought, and yet makest men do all things,
 The price of souls; even hell, with thee to boot,
 Is made worth heaven Thou art virtue, fame,
 Honour, and all things else Who can get thee,
 He shall be noble, valiant, honest, wise—

Mosca And what he will, sir Riches are in fortune
A greater good than wisdom is in nature

Volpone True, my beloved *Mosca* Yet I glory
More in the cunning purchase of my wealth,
Than in this glad possession, since I gain
No common way, I use no trade, no venture,
I wound no earth with ploughshares, fat no beasts
To feed the shambles, have no mills for iron,
Oil, corn, or men to grind them into powder
I blow no subtle glass, expose no ships
To threatenings of the furrow-faced sea,
I turn no moneys in the public bank,
Nor usure¹ private

Mosca No, sir, nor devour
Sott prodigals You shall have some will swallow
A melting hen as glibly as your Dutch
Will pills of butter, and ne'er purge for it,
Tear forth the fathers of poor families
Out of their beds, and coffin them alive
In some kind clasping prison, where their bones
May be forthcoming, where the flesh is rotten,
But your sweet nature doth abhor these courses,
You loathe the widow's or the orphan's tears
Should wash your pavements, or their piteous cries
Ring in your roofs, and beat the air for vengeance.

Volpone Right, *Mosca*, I do loathe it

Mosca And besides, sir,
You are not like the thresher that doth stand
With a huge flail, watching a heap of corn,
And, hungry, dares not taste the smallest grain,
But feeds on mallows, and such bitter herbs,
Nor like the merchant, who hath filled his vaults
With Romagna, and rich Candian wines,
Yet drinks the lees of Lombard's vinegar,
You will not lie in straw, whilst moths and worms
Feed on your sumptuous hangings and soft beds,
You know the use of riches, and dare give now
From that bright heap, to me, your poor observer,
Or to your dwarf, or your hermaphrodite,

¹ Interest

Your eunuch, or what other household trifle

Your pleasure allows maintenance——

Volpone Hold this, Mosca. [*Gives him money*]

Take of my hand, thou strik'st on truth in all,

And they are envious term thee parasite

Go call my dwarf, my eunuch, and my fool,

And let them make me sport [*Exit MOSCA*] What should

I do,

But cocker up my genius, and live free

To all delights my fortune calls me to ?

I have no wite, no parent, child, ally,

To give my substance to, but whom I make,

Must be my heir, and this makes men observe me

This draws new clients daily to my house,

Women and men of every sex and age,

That bring me presents, send me plate, com, jewels,

With hope that when I die (which they expect

Each greedy minute) it shall then return

Tentfold upon them; whilst some, covetous

Above the rest, seek to engross me whole,

And counter-work the one unto the other,

Contend in gifts, as they would seem in love

All which I suffer, playing with their hopes.

And am content to coin them into profit,

And look upon their kindness, and take more,

And look on that, still bearing them in hand,

Letting the cherry knock against their lips,

And draw it by their mouths, and back again

BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 34)

PHILASTER AND ARETHUSA

(FROM *Philaster*, Act I., Scene II.)

Phi. MADAM, your messenger

Made me believe you wished to speak with me.

Are. 'Tis true, Philaster; but the words are such

I have to say, and do so ill bescem
 The mouth of woman, that I wish them said,
 And yet am loath to speak them Have you known
 That I have aught detracted from your worth ?
 Have I in person wrong'd you ? or have set
 My baser instruments to throw disgrace
 Upon your virtues ?

Phi. Never, madam, you

Are. Why, then, should you, in such a public place,
 Injure a princess, and a scandal lay
 Upon my fortunes, famed to be so great,
 Calling a great part of my dowry in question ?

Phi. Madam, this truth which I shall speak will be
 Foolish but, for your fair and virtuous self,
 I could afford myself to have no right
 To anything you wished

Are. Philaster, know,

I must enjoy these kingdoms

Phi. Madam, both ?

Are. Both, or I die, by heaven, I die, Philaster,
 If I not calmly may enjoy them both.

Phi. I would do much to save that noble life,
 Yet would be loath to have posterity
 Find in our stories, that Philaster gave
 His right unto a sceptre and a crown
 To save a lady's longing

Are. Nay, then, hear

I must and will have them, and more—

Phi. What more ?

Are. Or lose that little life the gods prepared
 To trouble this poor piece of earth withal.

Phi. Madam, what more ?

Are. Turn, then, away thy face

Phi. No.

Are. Do.

Phi. I can endure it. Turn away my face !
 I never yet saw enemy that looked
 So dreadfully, but that I thought myself
 As great a basilisk as he ; or spake
 So horribly, but that I thought my tongue

Bore thunder underneath, as much as his,
 Nor beast that I could turn from. shall I then
 Begin to fear sweet sounds ? a lady's voice
 Whom I do love ? Say, you would have my life,
 Why, I will give it you; for 'tis to me
 A thing so loathed, and unto you that ask
 Of so poor use, that I shall make no price
 If you entreat, I will unmovedly bear

Are Yet, for my sake, a little bend thy looks

Phi I do

Are Then know, I must have them and thee

Phi And me ?

Are Thy love, without which, all the land
 Discovered yet will serve me for no use
 But to be buried in

Phi Is't possible ?

Are. With it, it were too little to bestow
 On thee Now, though thy breath do strike me dead
 (Which, know, it may) I have unript my breast

Phi. Madam, you are too full of noble thoughts
 To lay a train for this condemn'd life,
 Which you may have for asking, to suspect
 Were base, where I deserve no ill Love you !
 By all my hopes, I do, above my life !
 But how this passion should proceed from you
 So violently, would amaze a man
 That would be jealous

Are. Another soul into my body shot
 Could not have filled me with more strength and spirit
 Than this thy breath But spend not hasty time
 In seeking how I came thus, 'tis the gods,
 The gods, that make me so, and sure, our love
 Will be the nobler and the better blest,
 In that the secret justice of the gods
 Is mingled with it. Let us leave, and kiss,
 Lest some unwelcome guest should fall betwixt us,
 And we should part without it

Phi. 'Twill be ill

I should abide here long

Are 'Tis true, and worse

You should come often. How shall we devise
To hold intelligence, that our true loves,
On any new occasion, may agree
What path is best to tread ?

Phi. I have a boy,
Sent by the gods, I hope, to this intent,
No yet seen in the court. Hunting the buck,
I found him sitting by a fountain's side,
Of which he borrowed some to quench his thirst,
And paid the nymph again as much in tears
A garland lay him by, made by himself
Of many several flowers bred in the vale,
Stuck in that mystic order that the rareness
Delighted me. but ever when he turned
His tender eyes upon 'em, he would weep,
As if he meant to make 'em grow again
Seeing such pretty helpless innocence
Dwell in his face, I asked him all his story
He told me that his parents gentle died,
Leaving him to the mercy of the fields
Which gave him roots, and of the crystal springs,
Which did not stop their courses, and the sun,
Which still, he thanked him, yielded him his light
Then took he up his garland, and did show
What every flower, as country people hold,
Did signify, and how all, ordered thus,
Expressed his grief, and, to my thought, did read
The prettiest lecture of his country-art
That could be wished. so that methought I could
Have studied it. I gladly entertained
Him, who was glad to follow, and have got
The trustiest, loving'st, and the gentlest boy
That ever master kept. Him will I send
To wait on you, and bear our hidden love

SIDNEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 36, 38)

THE KING OF PAPHLAGONIA AND HIS SONS ¹(From *Arcadia*, Book II)

It was in the kingdom of *Galatia*, the season being (as in the depth of winter) very cold, and as then sodainly grown to so extreme and toul a storm, that never any winter (I think) brought forth a fouler childe so that the Princes were even compelled by the hail, that the pride of the winde blew into their faces, to seek some shrouding place, which a certain hollow rock offering unto them, they made it their shield against the tempest's fury And so staying there, till the violence thereof was passed, they heard the speech of a couple, who not perceiving them, being hid within that rude canopie, held a strange and pitiful disputation, which made them step out, yet in such sort as they might see unseen There they perceived an aged man, and a young, scarcely come to the age of a man, both poorly arrayed, extremely weather-beaten, the old man blinde, the young man leading him, and yet through all those miseries, in both there seemed to appear a kinde of nobleness, not sutable to that affliction. But the first words they heard were these of the old man Wel *Leonatus* (said hee) since I cannot persuade thee to lead mee to that which should end my grief, and my trouble, let mee now entreat thee to leav me. fear not, my misery cannot bee greater than it is, and nothing doth becom me but misery: fear not the danger of my blinde steps, I cannot fall wors than I am and do not, I pray thee, do not obstinately continue to infect thee with my wretchedness: but flie, flie from this region onely worthy of mee. Dear father (answered hee) do not take away from me the only remnant of my happiness while I have power to do you service, I am not wholly miscrable Ah my son (said hee, and with that he groned, as if sorrow

¹ The story, of which the opening is here reproduced, has special interest as the source of the sub-plot of Gloucester and his two sons in Shakespeare's *King Lear*

strave to break his heart) how evill fits it mee to have such a son, and how much doth thy kindness upbraid my wickedness? These dolefull speeches, and some others to like purpose (well showing they had not been born to the fortune they were in) moved the Princes to go out unto them, and ask the younger what they were? Sirs (answered hee with a good grace, and made the more agreable by a certain noble kinde of piteousness) I see well you are strangers, that know not our miserie, so well here known that no man dare know, but that wee must bee miserable. Indeed, our state as such, as though nothing is so needful unto us as pitie, yet nothing is more dangerous unto us than to make our selvs so known as may stir pitie but your presence promiseth that crueltie shall not overrun hate and if it did, in truth our state is sunk below the degree of fear.

This old man (whom I lead) was lately rightfull Prince of this countie of *Paphlagonia*, by the hard-hearted ungratefulness of a son of his, deprived not onely of his kingdom (whereof no torraun forces were ever able to spoil him) but of his sight, the riches which Nature grants to the poorest creatures. whereby, and by other his unnatural dealings, hee hath been driven to such grief, as even now hee would have had mee to have led him to the top of this rock, thence to cast himself headlong to death: and so would have made mee, who received my life of him, to bee the worker of his destruction. But noble gentlemen, said hee, if either of you have a father, and feel what dutifull affection is engrafted in a son's heart, let mee intreat you to convey this afflicted Prince to some place of rest and security. amongst your worthy acts it shall bee none of the least, that a king of such might and fame, and so unjustly oppressed, is in any sort by you relieved.

A SURVEY OF ENGLISH POETRY AND DRAMA

(From *An Apologie for Poetrie.*)

Chaucer, undoubtedly, did excellently in hys *Troylus and Cresseid*, of whom truly I know not whether to mervaile more, either that he in that mistie time, could see so

clearly, or that wee in this cleare age, walke so stumblingly after him Yet had he great wants, fitte to be forgiven, in so reverent antiquity I account the *Mirroure of Magistrates* meetely furnished of beautiful parts, and in the Earle of Surries *Liricks* many things tasting of a noble birth and worthy of a noble munde The *Sheapheards Kalendar* hath much poetrie in his Eglogues indeed worthy the reading if I be not deceived That same framing of his stile to an old rustick language, I dare not allow, sith neyther *Theocritus* in Greeke, *Virgill* in Latine, nor *Sanazar* in Italian, did affect it Besides these, doe I not remember to have seene but fewe (to speake boldely) printed, that have poetically sinnewes in them for prooffe whercof, let but most of the verses bee put in Prose, and then aske the meaning and it will be found, that one verse did but begot another, without ordering at the first, what should be at the last: which becomes a confused masse of words, with a tingling sound of ryme, barely accompanied with reason.

Our Tragedies and Comedies (not without cause cried out against) observing rules, neyther of honest civilitie, nor of skilfull Poetrie, excepting *Gorboduck* (againe, I say, of those that I have seen) which notwithstanding, as it is full of stately speeches, and well sounding Phrases, clyming to the height of *Seneca* his stile, and as full of notable moralitie, which it doth most delightfully teach, and so obtayne the very end of Poesie yet in troth it is very defectious in the circumstances, which grieveth mee, because it might not remaine as an exact model of all Tragedies For it is faulty both in place, and time, the two necessary companions of all corporate actions ¹ For where the stage should alwaies represent but one place, and the uttermost time presupposed in it, should be, both by *Aristotle's* precept, and common reason, but one day there is both many dayes, and many places, inartificially imagined But if it be so in *Gorboduck*, how much more in al the rest ² where you shall have *Asia* of the one side, and *Affrick* of the other, and so many other under-kingdoms, that the Player, when he commeth in, must ever begin with telling us where he is.² or els, the tale will not be conceived. Now ye shal have three Ladies,

¹ Cf. *Outline History*, §§ 22 and 28.

² Cf. *Outline History*, § 35.

walke to gather flowers, and then we must bleeve the stage to be a garden By and by, we heare newes of shipwracke in the same place, and then wee are to blame, if we accept it not for a Rock Upon the backe of that, comes out a hideous Monster, with fire and smoke, and then the miserable beholders are bounde to take it for a Cave While in the mean-time, two Armies flie in, represented with foure swords and bucklers, and then what harde heart will not receive it for a pitched fielde ?

BACON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 37)

ESSAYS

I

Of Truth

WHAT IS truth ? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer Certainly there be that delight in giddiness, and count it a bondage to fix a beliefe; affecting free-will in thinking, as well as in acting And though the sects of philosophers of that kind be gone, yet there remain certain discoursing wits, which are of the same vein, though there be not so much blood in them as was in those of the ancients. But it is not only the difficulty and labour which men take in finding out of truth, nor again, that when it is found, it imposeth upon men's thoughts, that doth bring lies in favour, but a natural though corrupt love of the lie itself. One of the later schools of the Grecians examineth the matter, and is at a stand to think what should be in it, that men should love lies, where neither they make for pleasure, as with poets; nor for advantage, as with the merchant, but for the lie's sake But I cannot tell: this same truth is a naked and open daylight, that doth not show the masks, and mummeries, and triumphs of the world, half so stately and daintily as candle-lights Truth may perhaps come to the price of a pearl, that showeth best by day, but it will not rise to the price of a diamond or carbuncle, that showeth

best in varied lights. A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure. Doth any man doubt, that if there were taken out of men's minds vain opinions, flattering hopes, false valuations, imaginations as one would, and the like, but it would leave the minds of a number of men poor shrunken things, full of melancholy and indisposition, and unpleasing to themselves? One of the fathers, in great severity, called poesy 'vinum demonum,' because it filleth the imagination, and yet it is but with the shadow of a lie. But it is not the lie that passeth through the mind, but the lie that sinketh in, and settleth in it, that doth the hurt, such as we spake of before. But howsoever these things are thus in men's depraved judgments and affections, yet truth, which only doth judge itself, teacheth that the inquiry of truth, which is the love-making, or wooing of it, the knowledge of truth, which is the presence of it, and the belief of truth, which is the enjoying of it, is the sovereign good of human nature. The first creature of God, in the works of the days, was the light of the sense: the last was the light of reason. and his sabbath work ever since, is the illumination of his Spirit. First, he breathed light upon the face of the matter, or chaos, then he breathed light into the face of man, and still he breatheth and inspireth light into the face of his chosen. The poet¹ that beautified the sect, that was otherwise inferior to the rest, saith yet excellently well.—'It is a pleasure to stand upon the shore, and to see ships tossed upon the sea: a pleasure to stand in the window of a castle, and to see a battle, and the adventure thereof below. but no pleasure is comparable to the standing upon the vantage ground of truth' (a hill not to be commanded, and where the air is always clear and serene), 'and to see the errors, and wanderings, and mists, and tempests, in the vale below:' so always that this prospect be with pity, and not with swelling or pride. Certainly, it is heaven upon earth, to have a man's mind move in charity, rest in providence, and turn upon the poles of truth.

To pass from theological and philosophical truth to the truth of civil business, it will be acknowledged even by

¹ Lucretius, who was an adherent of the Epicurean school of Philosophy.

those that practise it not, that clear and round dealing is the honour of man's nature, and that mixture of falsehood is like alloy in coin of gold and silver, which may make the metal work the better, but it embaseth it. For these winding and crooked courses are the goings of the serpent, which goeth basely upon the belly, and not upon the feet. There is no vice that doth so cover a man with shame as to be found false and perfidious, and therefore Montaigne saith prettily, when he inquired the reason why the word of the lie should be such a disgrace, and such an odious charge, saith he, ' If it be well weighed, to say that a man lieth, is as much as to say that he is brave towards God and a coward towards men. For a lie faces God, and shrinks from man.' Surely the wickedness of falsehood and breach of faith cannot possibly be so highly expressed, as in that it shall be the last peal to call the judgments of God upon the generations of men: it being foretold, that, when ' Christ cometh,' he shall not ' find faith upon the earth.'

v.

Of Adversity

It was a high speech of Seneca (after the manner of the Stoics), that, ' the good things which belong to prosperity are to be wished, but the good things that belong to adversity are to be admired.' (' Bona rerum secundarum optabilia, adversarum mirabilia.') Certainly, if miracles be the command over nature, they appear most in adversity. It is yet a higher speech of his than the other (much too high for a heathen), ' It is true greatness to have in one the frailty of a man, and the security of a God.' (' Vere magnum habere fragilitatem hominis, securitatem Dei.') This would have done better in poesy, where transcendencies are more allowed; and the poets, indeed, have been busy with it, for it is in effect the thing which is figured in that strange fiction of the ancient poets, which seemeth not to be without mystery; nay, and to have some approach to the state of a Christian, that Hercules, when he went to unbind Prometheus (by whom human nature is represented), sailed the length of the great ocean in an earthen pot or pitcher.

lively describing Christian resolution, that saileth in the frail bark of the flesh through the waves of the world. But to speak in a mean, the virtue of prosperity is temperance, the virtue of adversity is fortitude, which in morals is the more heroical virtue. Prosperity is the blessing of the Old Testament, adversity is the blessing of the New, which carrieth the greater benediction, and the clearer revelation of God's favour. Yet even in the Old Testament, if you listen to David's harp, you shall hear as many hearse-like airs as carols; and the pencil of the Holy Ghost hath laboured more in describing the afflictions of Job than the felicities of Solomon. Prosperity is not without many tears and distastes, and adversity is not without comforts and hopes. We see in needleworks and embroideries, it is more pleasing to have a lively work upon a sad and solemn ground, than to have a dark and melancholy work upon a lightsome ground. Judge, therefore, of the pleasure of the heart by the pleasure of the eye. Certainly virtue is like precious odours, most fragrant when they are incensed, or crushed. For prosperity doth best discover vice, but adversity doth best discover virtue.

XIII

Of Goodness, and Goodness of Nature

I take goodness in this sense, the affecting of the weal of men, which is that the Grecians call 'philanthropia,' and the word humanity (as it is used) is a little too light to express it. Goodness I call the habit, and goodness of nature the inclination. This, of all virtues and dignities of the mind is the greatest, being the character of the Deity: and without it man is a busy, mischievous, wretched thing, no better than a kind of vermin. Goodness answers to the theological virtue charity, and admits no excess but error. The desire of power in excess caused the angels to fall, the desire of knowledge in excess caused man to fall, but in charity there is no excess, neither can angel or man come in danger by it. The inclination to goodness is imprinted deeply in the nature of man; insomuch, that if it issue not towards men, it will take unto other living creatures; as it is seen in the Turks, a cruel people, who nevertheless are

kind to beasts, and give alms to dogs and birds, insomuch as Busbechius reporteth, a Christian boy in Constantinople had like to have been stoned for gagging in a waggishness a long-billed fowl. Errors, indeed, in this virtue, of goodness or charity, may be committed. The Italians have an ungracious proverb, ' Tanto buon che val niente '—' So good, that he is good for nothing ' and one of the doctors of Italy, Nicholas Michiavel, had the confidence to put in writing, almost in plain terms, ' That the Christian faith had given up good men in prey to those that are tyrannical and unjust,' which he spake, because, indeed, there was never law, or sect, or opinion did so much magnify goodness as the Christian religion doth therefore, to avoid the scandal and the danger both, it is good to take knowledge of the errors of a habit so excellent. Seek the good of other men, but be not in bondage to their faces or fancies, for that is but facility or softness, which taketh an honest mind prisoner. Neither give thou Æsop's cock a gem, who would be better pleased and happier if he had a barley-corn. The example of God teacheth the lesson truly, ' He sendeth his rain, and maketh his sun to shine upon the just and the unjust,' but he doth not rain wealth, nor shine honour and virtues upon men equally. common benefits are to be communicated with all, but peculiar benefits with choice. And beware how in making the portraiture thou breakest the pattern, for divinity maketh the love of ourselves the pattern the love of our neighbours but the portraiture. ' Sell all thou hast, and give it to the poor, and follow me ' but sell not all thou hast except thou come and follow me, that is, except thou have a vocation wherein thou mayest do as much good with little means as with great, for otherwise, in feeding the streams, thou driest the fountain. Neither is there only a habit of goodness directed by right reason; but there is in some men, even in nature, a disposition towards it, as, on the other side, there is a natural malignity. for there be that in their nature do not affect the good of others. The lighter sort of malignity turneth but to a crossness, or frowardness, or aptness to oppose, or difficultness, or the like, but the deeper sort to envy, and mere mischief. Such men in other men's calamities, are, as it

were, in season, and are ever on the loading part: not so good as the dogs that licked Lazarus' sores, but like flies that are still buzzing upon anything that is raw, misanthropi. that make it their practice to bring men to the bough, and yet never a tree for the purpose in their gardens, as Timon had.¹ such dispositions are the very errors of human nature, and yet they are the fittest timber to make great politics of; like to knee-timber,² that is good for ships that are ordained to be tossed, but not for building houses that shall stand firm. The parts and signs of goodness are many. If a man be gracious and courteous to strangers, it shows he is a citizen of the world, and that his heart is no island cut off from other lands, but a continent that joins to them. if he be compassionate towards the afflictions of others, it shows that his heart is like the noble tree that is wounded itself when it gives the balm. if he easily pardons and remits offences, it shows that his mind is planted above injuries, so that he cannot be shot: if he be thankful for small benefits, it shows that he weighs men's minds, and not their trash. but, above all, if he have St Paul's perfection, that he would wish to be anathema from Christ for the salvation of his brethren, it shows much of a divine nature, and a kind of conformity with Christ himself.

XXII.

Of Cunning

We take cunning for a sinister, or crooked wisdom, and certainly there is a great difference between a cunning man and a wise man, not only in point of honesty, but in point of ability. There be that can pack the cards, and yet cannot play well, so there are some that are good in canvasses and factions, that are otherwise weak men. Again, it is one thing to understand persons, and another thing to understand matters, for many are perfect in men's humours that are not greatly capable of the real part of business, which is the constitution of one that hath studied men more than

¹ See the story of Timon in Plutarch's *Life of Antony*, and *cp* Shakespeare's *Timon of Athens*, v, ii, 208 ff

² Crooked timber

books. Such men are fitter for practice than for counsel, and they are good but in their own alley. Turn them to new men, and they have lost their aim, so as the old rule, to know a fool from a wise man, 'Mitte ambos nudos ad ignotos, et videbis,' doth scarce hold for them, and, because these cunning men are like haberdashers of small wares, it is not amiss to set forth their shop.

It is a point of cunning to wait upon him with whom you speak with your eye, as the Jesuits give it in precept, for there be many wise men that have secret hearts and transparent countenances. yet this would be done with a demure abasing of your eye sometimes, as the Jesuits also do use.

Another is, that when you have anything to obtain of present dispatch, you entertain and amuse the party with whom you deal with some other discourse, that he be not too much awake to make objections. I knew a counsellor and secretary that never came to Queen Elizabeth of England with bills to sign, but he would always first put her into some discourse of estate, that she might the less mind the bills.

The like surprise may be made by moving things when the party is in haste, and cannot stay to consider advisedly of that is moved.

If a man would cross a business that he doubts some other would handsomely and effectually move, let him pretend to wish it well, and move it himself, in such sort as may foil it.

The breaking off in the midst of that, one was about to say, as if he took himself up, breeds a greater appetite in him, with whom you confer, to know more.

And because it works better when anything seemeth to be gotten from you by question than if you offer it of yourself, you may lay a bait for a question, by showing another visage and countenance than you are wont, to the end, to give occasion for the party to ask what the matter is of the change, as Nehemiah did, 'And I had not before that time been sad before the king.'

In things that are tender and displeasing, it is good to break the ice by some whose words are of less weight, and

to reserve the more weighty *voce* to come in as by chance, so that he may be asked the question upon the other's speech, as Narcissus did, in relating to Claudius the marriage of Messalina and Silius

In things that a man would not be seen in himself, it is a point of cunning to borrow the name of the world, as to say, 'The world says,' or 'There is a speech abroad'

I knew one, that when he wrote a letter, he would put that which was most material in the postscript, as if it had been a by-matter

I knew another, that when he came to have speech, he would pass over that he intended most and go forth and come back again, and speak of it as a thing that he had almost forgot

Some procure themselves to be surprised at such times as it is like the party that they work upon will suddenly come upon them, and to be found with a letter in their hand, or doing somewhat of which they are not accustomed, to the end they may be apposed of those things which of themselves they are desirous to utter

It is a point of cunning to let fall those words in a man's own name, which he would have another man learn and use, and thereupon take advantage I knew two that were competitors for the secretary's place in Queen Elizabeth's time, and yet kept good quarter between themselves, and would confer one with another upon the business, and the one of them said, that to be a secretary in the declination of a monarchy was a ticklish thing, and that he did not affect it: the other straight caught up those words, and discoursed with divers of his friends, that he had no reason to desire to be secretary in the declination of a monarchy. The first man took hold of it, and found means it was told the queen, who, hearing of a declination of a monarchy, took it so ill, as she would never after hear of the other's suit.

There is a cunning, which we in England call 'the turning of the cat in the pan,' which is, when that which a man says to another, he lays it as if another had said it to him, and, to say truth, it is not easy, when such a matter passed between two, to make it appear from which of them it first moved and began

It is a way that some men have, to glance and dart at others by justifying themselves by negatives, as to say, 'This I do not,' as Tigellinus did towards Burrhus 'Se non diversas spes, sed incolumitatem imperatoris simpliciter spectare.'¹

Some have in readiness so many tales and stories, as there is nothing they would insinuate, but they can wrap it into a tale, which serveth both to keep themselves more in guard, and to make others carry it with more pleasure

It is a good point of cunning for a man to shape the answer he would have in his own words and propositions, for it makes the other party stick the less

It is strange how long some men will lie in wait to speak somewhat they desire to say, and how far about they will fetch, and how many other matters they will beat over to come near it it is a thing of great patience, but yet of much use

A sudden, bold, and unexpected question doth many times surprise a man, and lay him open Like to him, that, having changed his name, and walking in Paul's, another suddenly came behind him, and called him by his true name, whereat straightways he looked back.

But these small wares and petty points of cunning are infinite, and it were a good deed to make a list of them, for that nothing doth more hurt in a state than that cunning men pass for wise.

But certainly some there are that know the resorts and falls of business that cannot sink into the main of it, like a house that hath convenient stairs and entries, but never a fair room: therefore you shall see them find out pretty looses² in the conclusion, but are noways able to examine or debate matters and yet commonly they take advantage of their mobility, and would be thought wits of direction Some build rather upon the abusing of others, and (as we now say) putting tricks upon them, than upon soundness of their own proceedings but Solomon saith, 'Prudens advertit ad gressus suos stultus divertit ad dolos'

¹ Tacitus, *Annals*, xiv, 57

² Means of escape a figure taken from archery

MILTON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 41-44)

ON HIS BEING ARRIVED AT THE AGE OF TWENTY-THREE

How soon hath Time, the subtle thief of youth,
 Stolen on his wing my three-and-twentieth year !
 My hasting days fly on with full career,
 But my late spring no bud or blossom sheweth
 Perhaps my semblance might deceive the truth
 That I to manhood am arrived so near,
 And inward ripeness doth much less appear,
 That some more timely-happy spirits endueth
 Yet, be it less or more, or soon or slow,
 It shall be still in strictest measure even
 To that same lot, however mean or high,
 Toward which Time leads me, and the will of Heaven,
 All is, if I have grace to use it so,
 As ever in my great Task-Master's eye

TO THE NIGHTINGALE

O NIGHTINGALE, that on yon bloomy spray,
 Warblest at eve, when all the woods are still,
 Thou with fresh hope the lover's heart dost fill
 While the jolly hours lead on propitious May,
 Thy liquid notes that close the eye of day,
 First heard before the shallow cuckoo's bill,
 Portend success in love. Oh, if Jove's will
 Have linked that amorous power to thy soft lay,
 Now timely sing, ere the rude bird of hate
 Foretell my hopeless doom, in some grove nigh,
 As thou from year to year hast sung too late
 For my relief, yet hadst no reason why,
 Whether the Muse, or Love, call thee his mate,
 Both them I serve, and of their train am I.

LYCIDAS

In this MONODY the author bewails a learned friend, unfortunately drowned in his passage from Chester on the Irish seas, 1637, and by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted clergy, then in their height.

YET once more, O ye laurels, and once more,
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never scere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude

Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due,
For Lycidas¹ is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer.
Who would not sing for Lycidas? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lotty rhyme
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string
Hence with denial vain, and coy excuse,
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn,
And as he passes, turn

And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock, by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appeared
Under the opening eyelids of the morn,
We drove afield, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn.
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star that rose at evening, bright,
Toward Heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Tempered to the oaten flute,

¹ Lycidas is the name of a shepherd in Vergil's ninth eclogue.

Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
 From the glad sound would not be absent long,
 And old Damocetas¹ loved to hear our song

But oh, the heavy change, now thou art gone
 Now thou art gone, and never must return !
 Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
 With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
 And all their echoes mourn.

The willows, and the hazel copses green,
 Shall now no more be seen
 Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays
 As killing as the canker to the rose
 Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
 Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear,
 When first the white-thorn blows,
 Such Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
 Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
 For neither were ye playing on the steep,
 Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
 Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
 Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream.
 Ay me, I fondly dream !

Had ye been there, for what could that have done ?
 What could the Muse herself, that Orpheus bore,
 The Muse herself, for her enchanting son
 Whom universal Nature did lament,
 When, by the rout that made the hideous roar,
 His gory visage down the stream was sent,
 Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with incessant care
 To tend the homely slighted shepherd's trade,
 And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
 Were it not better done, as others use,
 To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
 Or with the tangles of Neæra's hair ?
 Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
 (That last infirmity of noble mind)
 To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;

¹ One of the shepherds in Vergil's eclogues

But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
 And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
 Comes the blind Fury with the abhorred shears,
 And slits the thin-spun life ' But not the praise,'
 Phœbus replied, and touched my trembling ears,
 ' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
 Nor in the glistening foil
 Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies,
 But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
 And perfect witness of all-judging Jove,
 As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
 Of so much fame in Heaven expect thy meed '

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honoured flood,
 Smooth-sliding Mincius, crowned with vocal reeds,
 That strain I heard was of a higher mood
 But now my oat¹ proceeds,
 And listens to the herald of the sea,
 That came in Neptune's plea,
 He asked the waves, and asked the felon winds,
 What hard mishap had doomed this gentle swan ?
 And questioned every gust of rugged wings
 That blows from off each beakèd promontory.
 They knew not of his story,
 And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
 That not a blast was from his dungeon strayed,
 The air was calm, and on the level brine
 Sleek Panopè with all her sisters played
 It was that fatal and perfidious bark,
 Bult in the eclipse, and rigged with curses dark,
 That sunk so low that sacred heart of thine

Next Camus,² reverend sire, went footing slow,
 His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
 Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge,
 Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe
 ' Ah ! who hath reft.' quoth he, ' my dearest pledge ?
 Last came and last did go,
 The pilot of the Galilean lake,³

¹ Oaten pipe, the symbol of pastoral poetry.

² God of the river Cam, and the personification of Cambridge University

³ St Peter. See Matt. xvi 19.

Two massy keys he bore, of metals twain
 (The golden opes, the iron shuts amain).
 He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake
 'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
 Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
 Creep, and intrude, and climb into the fold ?
 Of other care they little reckoning make,
 Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
 And shove away the worthy bidden guest
 Blind mouths ! that scarce themselves know how to hold
 A sheephook or have learned aught else the least
 That to the faithful herdsman's art belongs !
 What recks it them ? What need they ? They are
 sped,

And, when they list, their lean and flashy songs
 Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw,
 The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
 But swoln with wind and the rank must they draw
 Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread,
 Besides what the grim wolf¹ with privy paw
 Daily devours apace, and nothing said
 But that two-handed engine at the door
 Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more '

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

¹ The Church of Rome

And every flower that sad embroidery wears
 Bid amaranthus all his beauty shed,
 And daffodillies fill their cups with tears,
 To strew the laureate hearse where Lycid lies
 For so to interpose a little ease,
 Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise
 Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
 Wash far away, where'er thy bones are hurled,
 Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides,
 Where thou perhaps under the whelming tide,
 Visit'st the bottom of the monstrous world,
 Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
 Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
 Where the great Vision of the guarded Mount¹
 Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,²
 Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth,
 And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth
 Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more.
 For Lycidas your sorrow is not dead,
 Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor
 So sinks the day-star in the ocean bed,
 And yet anon repairs his drooping head,
 And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
 Flames in the forehead of the morning sky,
 So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high,
 Through the dear might of Him that walked the waves,
 Where, other groves and other streams along,
 With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
 And hears the unexpressive nuptial song,
 In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love
 There entertain him all the saints above,
 In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
 That sing, and, singing, in their glory move,
 And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
 Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more,
 Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore,
 In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
 To all that wander in that perilous flood

¹ St Michael's Mount, anciently called Bellerium

² On the northern coast of Spain.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
 While the still morn went out with sandals grey,
 He touched the tender stops of various quills,
 With eager thought warbling his Doric lay
 And now the sun had stretched out all the hills,
 And now was dropped into the western bay,
 As last he rose, and twitched his mantle blue,
 To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

ON HIS BLINDNESS

WHEN I consider how my light is spent
 Ere half my days in this dark world and wide,
 And that one talent which is death to hide
 Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent
 To serve therewith my Maker, and present
 My true account, lest He, returning, chide,
 'Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?'
 I fondly ask But patience, to prevent
 That murmur, soon replies 'God doth not need
 Either men's work, or his own gifts Who best
 Bear his mild yoke, they serve him best His state
 Is kingly, thousands at his bidding speed,
 And post o'er land and ocean without rest,
 They also serve who only stand and wait'

THE FALLEN ANGELS

(From *Paradise Lost*, Book I.)

OF Man's first disobedience and the fruit
 Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
 Brought death into the world, and all our woe,
 With loss of Eden, till one greater Man
 Restore us, and regain the blissful seat,
 Sing, heavenly Muse ! that on the secret top
 Of Oreb, or of Sinai, didst inspire
 That shepherd, who first taught the chosen seed,
 In the beginning how the heavens and earth
 Rose out of Chaos. Or, if Sion Hill
 Delight thee more, and Siloa's brook that flowed

Fast by the oracle of God, I thence
 Invoke thy aid to my adventurous song,
 That with no middle flight intends to soar
 Above the Aonian mount, while it pursues
 Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme

And chiefly thou, O Spirit! that dost prefer
 Before all temples the upright heart and pure,
 Instruct me, for thou knowest, thou from the first
 Wast present, and, with mighty wings outspread,
 Dove-like sat'st brooding on the vast abyss,
 And madest it pregnant, what in me is dark
 Illumine! what is low raise and support
 That to the height of this great argument
 I may assert eternal Providence,
 And justify the ways of God to men

Say first, (for Heaven hides nothing from thy view,
 Nor the deep tract of Hell), say first, what cause
 Moved our grand parents, in that happy state
 Favoured of Heaven so highly, to fall off
 From their Creator, and transgress his will,
 For one restraint, lords of the world besides.
 Who first seduced them to that foul revolt?
 The infernal Serpent! he it was, whose guile,
 Stirred up with envy and revenge, deceived
 The mother of mankind, what time his pride
 Had cast him out from Heaven, with all his host
 Of rebel angels, by whose aid, aspiring
 To set himself in glory above his peers,
 He trusted to have equalled the Most High,
 If he opposed, and with ambitious aim
 Against the throne and monarchy of God
 Raised impious war in Heaven, and battle proud,
 With vain attempt. Him the Almighty Power
 Hurl'd headlong flaming from the ethereal sky
 With hideous ruin and combustion, down
 To bottomless perdition; there to dwell
 In adamant chains and penal fire,
 Who durst defy the Omnipotent to arms
 Nine times the space that measures day and night
 To mortal men, he with his horrid crew

Lay vanquished, rolling in the fiery gulf,
 Confounded though immortal! But his doom
 Reserved him to more wrath, for now the thought
 Both of lost happiness and lasting pain
 Torments him Round he throws his baleful eyes,
 That witnessed huge affliction and dismay,
 Mixed with obdurate pride, and steadfast hate,
 At once, as far as angels ken, he views
 The dismal situation waste and wild,
 A dungeon horrible, on all sides round,
 As one great furnace flamed, yet from those flames
 No light, but rather darkness visible
 Served only to discover sights of woe,
 Regions of sorrow, doleful shades, where peace
 And rest can never dwell, hope never comes,
 That comes to all, but torture without end
 Still urges, and a fiery deluge, fed
 With ever-burning sulphur unconsumed!
 Such place Eternal Justice had prepared
 For those rebellious, here their prison ordained
 In utter darkness, and their portion set
 As far removed from God, and light of Heaven,
 As from the centre thrice to the utmost pole.
 Oh, how unlike the place from whence they fell!
 There the companions of his fall, o'erwhelmed
 With floods and whirlwinds of tempestuous fire,
 He soon discerns; and, weltering by his side,
 One next himself in power, and next in crime,
 Long after known in Palestine, and named
 Beelzebub. To whom the Arch-enemy,
 (And thence in Heaven called Satan) with bold words
 Breaking the horrid silence, thus began:

‘ If thou beest he—But oh how fallen! how changed
 From him, who in the happy realms of light,
 Clothed with transcendent brightness, didst outshine
 Myriads though bright! If he whom mutual league,
 United thoughts and counsels, equal hope
 And hazard in the glorious enterprise,
 Joined with me once, now misery hath joined
 In equal ruin, into what pit thou seest,

From what height fallen, so much the stronger proved
 He with his thunder! and till then who knew
 The force of whose dire arms? Yet not for those,
 Nor what the potent Victor in his rage
 Can else inflict, do I repent, or change
 (Though changed in outward lustre) that fixed mind,
 And high disdain from sense of injured merit,
 That with the Mightiest raised me to contend,
 And to the fierce contention brought along
 Innumerable force of Spirits armed,
 That durst dislike his reign, and, me preferring,
 His utmost power with adverse power opposed
 In dubious battle on the plains of Heaven,
 And shook his throne. What though the field be lost?
 All is not lost, the unconquerable will,
 And study of revenge, immortal hate,
 And courage never to submit or yield,
 And what is else not to be overcome,—
 That glory never shall his wrath or might
 Extort from me. To bow and sue for grace
 With suppliant knee, and deify his power,
 Who, from the terror of this arm, so late
 Doubted his empire;—that were low indeed!
 That were an ignominy and shame beneath
 This downfall! since, by fate, the strength of gods,
 And this empyreal substance cannot fail,
 Since, through experience of this great event,
 (In arms not worse, in foresight much advanced,)
 We may, with more successful hope, resolve
 To wage by force or guile eternal war,
 Irreconcilable to our grand Foe,
 Who now triumphs, and, in the excess of joy
 Sole reigning, holds the tyranny of Heaven.'

So spake the apostate Angel, though in pain,
 Vaunting aloud, but racked with deep despair,
 And him thus answered soon his bold compeer:
 'O Prince! O Chief of many thronèd Powers,
 That led the embattled Seraphim to war
 Under thy conduct, and in dreadful deeds
 Fearless, endangered Heaven's perpetual King,

And put to proof his high supremacy,
 Whether upheld by strength, or chance, or fate !
 Too well I see and rue the dire event,
 That with sad overthrow and foul defeat
 Hath lost us Heaven, and all this mighty host
 In horrible destruction laid thus low,
 As far as gods and heavenly essences
 Can perish, for the mind and spirit remains
 Invincible, and vigour soon returns,
 Though all our glory extinct, and happy state,
 Here swallowed up in endless misery !
 But what if he our Conqueror (whom I now
 Of force believe almighty, since no less
 Than such could have o'erpowered such force as ours)
 Have left us thus our spirit and strength entire,
 Strongly to suffer and support our pains,
 That we may so suffice his vengeful ire,
 Or do him mightier service, as his thralls
 By right of war, what'er his business be,
 Here in the heart of Hell to work in fire,
 Or do his errands in the gloomy Deep ?
 What can it then avail, though yet we feel
 Strength undiminished, or eternal being
 To undergo eternal punishment ?'

Whereto with speedy words the Arch-fiend replied.
 ' Fallen Cherub, to be weak is miserable,
 Doing or suffering; but of this be sure,
 To do aught good never will be our task,
 But ever to do ill our sole delight,
 As being the contrary to his high will
 Whom we resist. If then his providence
 Out of our evil seek to bring forth good,
 Our labour must be to pervert that end,
 And out of good still to find means of evil,
 Which ofttimes may succeed, so as perhaps
 Shall grieve him, (if I fail not), and disturb
 His inmost counsels from their destined aim.—
 But see ! the angry Victor hath recalled
 His ministers of vengeance and pursuit
 Back to the gates of Heaven; the sulphurous hail,

Shot after us in storm, o'er-blown, hath laid
 The fiery surge that from the precipice
 Of Heaven received us falling, and the thunder,
 Winged with red lightning and impetuous rage,
 Perhaps hath spent his shafts, and ceases now
 To bellow through the vast and boundless deep,
 Let us not slip the occasion, whether scorn
 Or satiate fury yield it from our Foe
 Seest thou yon dreary plain, forlorn and wild,
 The seat of desolation, void of light,
 Save what the glimmering of these livid flames
 Casts pale and dreadful? Thither let us tend
 From off the tossing of these fiery waves,
 There rest, if any rest can harbour there,
 And, re-assembling our afflicted powers,
 Consult how we may henceforth most offend
 Our enemy, our own loss how repair,
 How overcome this dire calamity,
 What reinforcement we may gain from hope,
 If not what resolution from despair.'

THE SEARCH AFTER TRUTH

(From the *Areopagitica*)

TRUTH indeed came once into the world with her divine
 master, and was a perfect shape most glorious to look on
 but when he ascended, and his apostles after him were laid
 asleep, then straight arose a wicked race of deceivers, who
 as that story goes of the Egyptian Typhon with his con-
 spirators, how they dealt with the good Osiris, took the
 virgin Truth, hewed her lovely form into a thousand pieces
 and scattered them to the four winds. From that time ever
 since, the sad friends of Truth, such as durst appear, imita-
 ting the careful search that Isis made for the mangled body
 of Osiris, went up and down gathering up limb by limb still
 as they could find them. We have not yet found them all,
 lords and commons, nor ever shall do, till her Master's
 second coming; he shall bring together every joint and
 member, and shall mould them into an immortal feature of

loveliness and perfection Suffer not these licensing prohibitions to stand at every place of opportunity forbidding and disturbing them that continue seeking, that continue to do our obsequies to the torn body of our martyred saint

We boast our light, but if we look not wisely on the sun itself, it smites us into darkness Who can discern those planets that are oft combust, and those stars of brightest magnitude that rise and set with the sun, until the opposite motion of their orbs bring them to such a place in the firmament, where they may be seen evening or morning? The light which we have gained was given us, not to be ever staring on, but by it to discover onward things more remote from our knowledge It is not the unrooking of a priest, the unmitring of a bishop, and the removing him from off the presbyterian shoulders, that will make us a happy nation no, if other things as great in the church, and in the rule of life both economical and political, be not looked into and reformed, we have looked so long upon the blaze that Zuinglius and Calvin have beacons up to us, that we are stark blind

There be who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims It is their own pride and ignorance which causes the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their Syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect and permit not others to unite those dissevered pieces, which are yet wanting to the body of truth To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, (for all her body is homogeneal, and proportional,) this is the golden rule in theology as well as in arithmetic, and makes up the best harmony in a church, not the forced and outward union of cold, and neutral, and inwardly divided minds.

HERRICK

OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

TO ANTHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING

BID me to live, and I will live
 Thy Protestant to be.
 Or bid me love, and I will give
 A loving heart to thee

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
 A heart as sound and free,
 As in the whole world thou canst find,
 That heart Ile give to thee

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
 To honour thy Decree
 Or bid it languish quite away,
 And't shall doe so for thee

Bid me to weep, and I will weep,
 While I have eyes to see.
 And having none, yet I will keep
 A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despaire, and Ile despaire,
 Under that *Cypresse* tree:
 Or bid me die, and I will dare
 E'en Death, to die for thee

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
 The very eyes of me:
 And hast command of every part,
 To live and die for thee

TO DAFFADILLS

FAIRE Daffadills, we weep to see
 You haste away so soone.
 As yet the early-rising Sun
 Has not attain'd his Noone.

Stay, stay,
 Until the hasting day
 Has run
 But to the Even-song,
 And, having pray'd together, we
 Will go with you along

We have short time to stay, as you,
 We have as short a Spring,
 As quick a growth to meet Decay,
 As you, or any thing
 We die,
 As your hours doe, and drie
 Away,
 Like to the Summers raine,
 Or as the pearles of Mornings dew
 Ne'r to be found againe

CAREW

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

THE TRUE BEAUTY

HE that loves a rosy cheek,
 Or a coral lip admires,
 Or from star-like eyes doth seek
 Fuel to maintan his fires;
 As old Time makes these decay,
 So his flames must fade away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
 Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
 Hearts with equal love combined,
 Kindle never-dying fires —
 Where these are not, I despise
 Lovely cheeks, or lips, or eyes

SUCKLING

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

WHY SO PALE AND WAN, FOND LOVER ?

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?

Prythee, why so pale ?

Will, if looking well can't move her,

Looking ill prevail ?

Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?

Prythee, why so mute ?

Will, when speaking well can't win her,

Saying nothing do 't ?

Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,

This cannot take her,

It of herself she will not love,

Nothing can make her.

The D——I take her !

LOVELACE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

WHEN love with unconfined wings

Hovers within my gates,

And my divine Althea brings

To whisper at the grates,

When I lie tangled in her hair

And letter'd to her eye,

The birds that wanton in the air

Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
 With no allaying Thames,¹
 Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
 Our hearts with loyal flames,
 When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
 When healths and draughts go free—
 Fishes that tippie in the deep
 Know no such liberty.

When, Innert-like confinèd, I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty
 And glories of my King,
 When I shall voice aloud how good
 He is, how great should be,
 Enlargèd winds, that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage,
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for a hermitage
 If I have freedom in my love
 And in my soul am free,
 Angels alone, that soar above,
 Enjoy such liberty.

MARVELL

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
 To win the palm, the oak, the bays,
 And their incessant labours see
 Crown'd with some single herb or tree,
 Whose short and narrow-vergèd shade
 Does prudently their toils upbraid;
 While all the flowers and trees do close
 To weave the garlands of Repose.

¹ With no addition of water.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear ?
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men ·
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow,
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name,
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties her exceed !
Fair trees ! where'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passion's heat,
Love hither makes his best retreat ;
The gods, who mortal beauties chase,
Still in a tree did end their race ·
Apollo haunted Daphne so
Only that she might laurel grow,
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life is this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind from pleasure less
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;

Yet it creates, transcending these,
 For other worlds, and other seas,
 Annihilating all that's made
 To a green thought in a green shade

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
 Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
 Casting the body's vest aside
 My soul into the boughs does glide,
 There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
 Then whets and claps its silver wings,
 And, till prepared for longer flight,
 Waves in its plumes the various light

Such was the happy garden-state
 While man there walk'd without a mate,
 After a place so pure and sweet,
 What other help could yet be meet !
 But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
 To wander solitary there
 Two Paradises are in one,
 To live in Paradise alone

How well the skilful gardener drew
 Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
 Where, from above, the milder sun,
 Does through a fragrant zodiac run,
 And, as it works, th' industrious bee
 Computes the time as well as we.
 How could such sweet and wholesome hours
 Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

HERBERT

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

VIRTUE

SWEET day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
 The bridal of the earth and sky,
 The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
 For thou must die.

Sweet rose, whose hue angry and brave
 Bids the rash gazer wipe his eye,
 Thy root is ever in its grave,
 And thou must die

Sweet spring, full of sweet days and roses,
 A box where sweets compacted lie,
 My music shows ye have your closes,
 And all must die

Only a sweet and virtuous soul,
 Like season'd timber, never gives,
 But though the whole world turn to coal,
 They chiefly lives

VAUGHAN

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 45)

THE RETREAT

HAPPY those early days, when I
 Shined in my angel-infancy !
 Before I understood this place
 Appointed for my second race,
 Or taught my soul to fancy aught
 But a white, celestial thought,
 When yet I had not walk'd above
 A mile or two from my first Love,
 And looking back, at that short space
 Could see a glimpse of his bright face,
 When on some gilded church or flower
 My gazing soul would dwell an hour.
 And in those weaker glories spy
 Some shadows of eternity;
 Before I taught my tongue to wound
 My conscious with a sinful sound,
 Or had the black art to dispense
 A several sin to every sense,
 But felt through all this fleshly dress
 Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
 And tread again that ancient track !
 That I might once more reach that plain,
 Where first I left my glorious train,
 From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
 That shady City of Palm trees !
 But ah ! my soul with too much stay
 Is drunk, and staggers in the way —
 Some men a forward motion love,
 But I by backward steps would move,
 And when this dust falls to the urn,
 In that state I came, return.

COWLEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 46, 47.)

FAITH AND REASON

(From *Reason*)

SOME blind themselves, 'cause possibly they may
 Be led by others a right way,
 They build on sands, which if unmov'd they find,
 'Tis but because there was no wind.
 Less hard 'tis, not to err ourselves, than know
 If our forefathers err'd or no.
 When we trust men concerning God, we then
 Trust not God concerning men
 The Holy Book, like the eighth sphere, does shine
 With thousand lights of truth divine
 So numberless the stars, that to the eye,
 It makes but all one galaxy.
 Yet Reason must assist too, for in seas
 So vast and dangerous as these,
 Our course by stars above we cannot know,
 Without the compass too below
 Though Reason cannot through Faith's mysteries see
 It sees that there and such they be;
 Leads to Heaven's door, and there does humbly kee
 And there through chinks and key-holes peep.

Though it, like Moses, by a sad command,
Must not come in to th' Holy Land,
Yet thither it infallibly does guide,
And from afar 'tis all descry'd.

OF LIBERTY

(From *Essays*)

THE liberty of a people consists in being governed by laws which they have made themselves, under whatsoever form it be of government, the liberty of a private man, in being master of his own time and actions, as far as may consist with the laws of God, and of his country. Of this latter, only, we are here to discourse, and to inquire what estate of life does best seat us in the possession of it. This liberty of our actions is such a fundamental privilege of human nature, that God himself, notwithstanding all his infinite power and right over us, permits us to enjoy it, and that too after a forfeiture made by the rebellion of Adam. He takes so much care for the entire preservation of it to us, that he suffers neither his providence nor eternal decree to break or infringe it. Nor for our time, the same God, to whom we are but tenants-at-will for the whole, requires but the seventh part of it to be paid to him as a small quit-rent in acknowledgment of his title. It is man only that has the impudence to demand our whole time, though he neither gave it, nor can restore it, nor is able to pay any considerable value for the least part of it. This birth-right of mankind above all other creatures, some are forced by hunger to sell, like Esau, for bread and broth, but the greatest part of men make such a bargain for the delivery up of themselves, as Thamar did for Judah, instead of a kid, the necessary provisions for human life, they are contented to do it for rings and bracelets. The great dealers in this world may be divided into the ambitious, the covetous, and the voluptuous, and that all these men sell themselves to be slaves, though to the vulgar it may seem a Stoical paradox, will appear to the wise so plain and obvious, that they scarce think it deserves the labour of argumentation.

SIR THOMAS BROWNE

FAITH AND MYSTERY

(From *Religio Laici*)

As for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unlunged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine. Methinks there be not impossibilities enough in religion for an active faith: the deepest mysteries ours contains have not only been illustrated, but maintained, by syllogism and the rule of reason. I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo!* 'Tis my solitary recreation to pose my apprehension with those involved enigmas and riddles of the Trinity, incarnation, and resurrection. I can answer all the objections of Satan and my rebellious reason with that odd resolution I learned of Tertullian, *Certum est quia impossibile est*. I desire to exercise my faith in the difficultest point, for, to credit ordinary and visible objects, is not faith but persuasion. Some believe the better for seeing Christ's sepulchre, and, when they have seen the Red Sea, doubt not of the miracle. Now, contrarily, I bless myself, and am thankful, that I lived not in the days of miracles, that I never saw Christ nor His disciples. I would not have been one of those Israelites that passed the Red Sea, nor one of Christ's patients, on whom He wrought His wonders, then had my faith been thrust upon me, nor should I enjoy that greater blessing pronounced to all that believed and saw not. 'Tis an easy and necessary belief, to credit what our eye and sense hath examined. I believed He was dead, and buried, and 'rose again, and desire to see Him in His glory, rather than to contemplate Him in His cenotaph or sepulchre. Nor is this much to believe as we have reason, we owe this faith unto history, they only had the advantage of a bold and noble faith, who lived before His coming, who, upon obscure prophecies and mystical types, could raise a belief, and expect apparent impossibilities.

WALTON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 47)

OUR INDEBTEDNESS TO THE BIRDS

(From *The Complete Angler*)

NAY, more, the very birds of the air, those that are not hawks, are both so many and so useful and pleasant to mankind, that I must not let them pass without some observations, they both feed and refresh him—feed him with their choice bodies, and refresh him with their heavenly voices. I will not undertake to mention the several kinds of fowl by which this is done, and his curious palate pleased by day, and which with their excrements afford him a soft lodging at night. These I will pass by, but not those little nimble musicians of the air, that warble forth their curious ditties with which Nature has furnished them to the shame of art.

At first the lark, when she means to rejoice, to cheer herself and those that hear her, she then quits the earth and sings as she ascends higher into the air, and, having ended her heavenly employment, grows then sad and mute to think she must descend to the dull earth, which she would not touch but for necessity.

How do the blackbird and thrassel with their melodious voices bid welcome to the cheerful spring, and in their fixed months warble forth such ditties as no art or instrument can reach to!

Nay, the smaller birds also do the like in their particular seasons, as namely the laverock, the titlark, the little linnet, and the honest robin, that loves mankind both alive and dead.

But the nightingale, another of my airy creatures, breathes such sweet loud music out of her little instrumental throat, that it might make mankind to think miracles are not ceased. He that at midnight, when the very labourer sleeps securely, should hear, as I have very often, the clear airs, the sweet descants, the natural rising

and falling, the doubling and redoubling of her voice, might well be lifted above earth, and say, "Lord, what music hast Thou provided for the saints in heaven, when Thou affordest bad men such music on earth?"

WALLER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 49)

OLD AGE

(FROM *Divine Poems*)

Be quiet when the winds give o'er,
 So calm are we when passions are no more,
 For then we know how vain it is to boast
 Of fleeting things, so certain to be lost
 Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes,
 The soul's dark cottage, batter'd and decay'd,
 Lets in new light through chinks which time has made
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

DRYDEN

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 50, 51, 54)

THE EARL OF SHAFESBURY

(FROM *Absalom and Achitophel*)

OF these the false Achitophel was first,
 A name to all succeeding ages curst.
 For close designs, and crooked counsels fit,
 Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit,
 Restless, unfix'd in principles and place,
 In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace.
 A fiery soul, which, working out its way,

Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay.
 A daring pilot in extremity;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went high
 He sought the storms, but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near allied,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide,
 Else why should he, with wealth and honour blest,
 Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please,
 Bankrupt a life, yet prodigal of ease ?
 And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that unfeather'd two-legg'd thing, a son,
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try,
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy
 In friendship false, implacable in hate,
 Resolv'd to run or to rule the state,
 To compass thus the triple bond he broke,
 The pillars of the public safety shook,
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke
 Then seiz'd with tear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name
 So easy still it proves in factious times,
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will !
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own !
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge,
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge
 In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress,
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access.
 Oh ! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown,
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed ;
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,

And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since.
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince,
 Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and skulk'd behind the laws

THE DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM

(From *Absalom and Achitophel*)

SOME of their chiefs were princes of the land,
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand,
 A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long,
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chymist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes,
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art:
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert
 Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too late;
 He had his jest, and they had his estate.
 He laugh'd himself from court; then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief
 For, spite of him, the weight of business felt
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left

REASON AND RELIGION

(From *Religio Laici*)

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the soul and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here, so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere,
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight,
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head,
 And found that one first principle must be
 But what, or who, that universal He,
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd, yet making, moving all,
 Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance,
 Or this great all was from eternity,
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see,
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he
 As blindly grop'd they for a future state,
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concern'd the good of human kind
 For happiness was never to be found,
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd
 This every little accident destroy'd
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil,
 In Pleasure some their glutton souls would steep,
 But found their line too short, the well too deep,
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul

In this wild maze their vain endeavours end:
 How can the less the greater comprehend?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity?
 For what could fathom God were more than He

ON SHAKESPEARE, BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER,
 AND BEN JONSON

(From *An Essay of Dramatic Poesy*)

To begin, then, with Shakespeare. He was the man who of all modern, and perhaps ancient poets, had the largest and most comprehensive soul. All the images of nature were still present to him, and he drew them, not laboriously, but luckily; when he describes anything, you more than see it, you feel it too. Those who accuse him to have wanted learning, give him the greater commendation: he was naturally learned; he needed not the spectacles of books to read nature, he looked inwards, and found her there. I cannot say he is everywhere alike, were he so. I should do him injury to compare him with the greatest of mankind. He is many times flat, insipid, his comic wit degenerating into clenches,¹ his serious swelling into bombast. But he is always great, when some great occasion is presented to him, no man can say he ever had a fit subject for his wit, and did not then raise himself as high above the rest of poets,

Quantum lenta solent inter viburna cupressi.²

The consideration of this made Mr. Hales of Eaton say, that there was no subject of which any poet ever writ, but he would produce it much better done in Shakespeare, and however others are now generally preferred before him, yet the age wherein he lived, which had contemporaries with him Fletcher and Jonson, never equalled them to him in their esteem: and in the last king's court, when Ben's reputation was at highest, Sir John Suckling, and with him the greater part of the courtiers, set our Shakespeare far above him.

¹ Puns.

² As much as cypresses are wont [to be conspicuous] among the pliant laburnums.

Beaumont and Fletcher, of whom I am next to speak, had, with the advantage of Shakespeare's wit, which was their precedent, great natural gifts, improved by study Beaumont especially being so accurate a judge of plays, that Ben Jonson, while he lived, submitted all his writings to his censure, and, 'tis thought, used his judgment in correcting, if not contriving, all his plots. What value he had for him, appears by the verses he writ to him, and therefore I need speak no farther of it. The first play that brought Fletcher and him in esteem was their *Philaster*. for before that, they had written two or three very unsuccessfully, as the like is reported of Ben Jonson, before he writ *Every Man in His Humour*. Their plots were generally more regular than Shakespeare's, especially those which were made before Beaumont's death, and they understood and imitated the conversation of gentlemen much better, whose wild debaucheries, and quickness of wit in repartees, no poet before them could paint as they have done. Humour, which Ben Jonson derived from particular persons, they made it not their business to describe they represented all the passions very lively, but above all, love. I am apt to believe the English language in them arrived to its highest perfection what words have since been taken in, are rather superfluous than ornamental. Their plays are now the most pleasant and frequent entertainments of the stage, two of theirs being acted through the year for one of Shakespeare's or Jonson's the reason is, because there is a certain gaiety in their comedies, and pathos in their more serious plays, which suit generally with all men's humours. Shakespeare's language is likewise a little obsolete, and Ben Jonson's wit comes short of theirs.

As for Jonson, to whose character I am now arrived, if we look upon him while he was himself (for his last plays were but his dotages), I think him the most learned and judicious writer which any theatre ever had. He was a most severe judge of himself, as well as others. One cannot say he wanted wit, but rather that he was frugal of it. In his works you find little to retrench or alter. Wit, and language, and humour also in some measure, we had before him, but something of art was wanting to the drama till he

came He managed his strength to more advantage than any who preceded him You seldom find him making love in any of his scenes, or endeavouring to move the passions; his genius was too sullen and saturnine to do it gracefully, especially when he knew he came after those who had performed both to such an height Humour was his proper sphere, and in that he delighted most to represent mechanic people He was deeply conversant in the ancients, both Greek and Latin, and he borrowed boldly from them there is scarce a poet or historian among the Roman authors of those times whom he has not translated in *Sejanus* and *Catiline* But he has done his robberies so openly, that one may see he fears not to be taxed by any law He invades authors like a monarch, and what would be theft in other poets is only victory in him With the spoils of these writers he so represents old Rome to us, in its rites, ceremonies, and customs, that if one of their poets had written either of his tragedies, we had seen less of it than in him If there was any fault in his language, 'twas that he weaved it too closely and laboriously, in his comedies especially perhaps, too, he did a little too much Romanise our tongue, leaving the words which he translated almost as much Latin as he found them wherein, though he learnedly followed their language, he did not enough comply with the idiom of ours If I would compare him with Shakspeare, I must acknowledge him the more correct poet, but Shakspeare the greater wit Shakspeare was the Homer, or father of our dramatic poets, Jonson was the Virgil, the pattern of elaborate writing, I admire him, but I love Shakspeare To conclude of him, as he has given us the most correct plays, so in the precepts which he has laid down in his *Discoveries*, we have as many and profitable rules for perfecting the stage, as any wherewith the French can furnish us

BUTLER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 52)

SIR HUDIBRAS AND THE WIDOW

(From *Hudibras*, Part II, Canto 1)

[*Hudibras, in the parish stocks, is visited by his Lady-Love, the Widow*]

No sooner did the Knight perceive her,
 But straight he fell into a fever,
 Inflam'd all over with disgrace,
 To b' seen by her in such a place,
 Which made him hang his head, and scowl
 And wink and goggle like an owl,
 He felt his brains begin to swim,
 When thus the Dame accosted him

This place, quoth she, they say's enchanted,
 And with delinquent spirits haunted,
 That here are tied in chains, and scourg'd,
 Until their guilty crimes be purg'd
 Look, there are two of them appear
 Like persons I have seen somewhere
 Some have mistaken blocks and posts
 For spectres, apparitions, ghosts,
 With saucer-eyes and horns, and some
 Have heard the devil beat a drum
 But if our eyes are not false glasses,
 That give a wrong account of faces,
 That beard and I should be acquainted,
 Before 'twas conjur'd and enchanted
 For though it be disfigur'd somewhat,
 As if't had lately been in combat,
 It did belong t' a worthy Knight,
 Howe'er this goblin is come by't

When Hudibras the lady heard,
 Discoursing thus upon his beard,
 And speak with such respect and honour,
 Both of the beard and the beard's owner,

He thought it best to set as good
 A face upon it as he could,
 And thus he spoke Lady, your bright
 And radiant eyes are in the right,
 The beard's th' identique beard you knew,
 The same numerically true ·
 Nor is it worn by fiend or elf,
 But its proprietor himself

O heavens ! quoth she, can that be true ?
 I do begin to fear 'tis you,
 Not by your individual whiskers,
 But by your dialect and discourse,
 That never spoke to man or beast,
 In notions vulgarly exprest ·
 But what malignant star, alas !
 Has brought you both to this sad pass ?

Quoth he, The fortune of the war,
 Which I am less afflicted for,
 Than to be seen with beard and face
 By you in such a homely case

Quoth she, Those need not be asham'd
 For being honourably maim'd,
 If he that is in battle conquer'd
 Have any title to his own beard,
 Tho' yours be sorely lugg'd and torn,
 It does your visage more adorn
 Than if 'twere prun'd, and starch'd, and lander'd
 And cut square by the Russian standard
 A torn beard's like a tatter'd ensign,
 That's bravest which there are most rents in
 That petticoat, about your shoulders,
 Does not so well become a soldier's,
 And I'm afraid they are worse handl'd,
 Altho' I' th' rear your beard the van led,
 And those uneasy bruises make
 My heart for company to ache.
 To see so worshiptul a friend
 I' th' pillory set, at the wrong end.

BUNYAN

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 55)

CHRISTIAN LOSES HIS ROLL

(From *The Pilgrim's Progress*)

I LOOKED then after Christian, to see him go up the hill, when I perceived he fell from running to going, and from going to clambering upon his hands and his knees, because of the steepness of the place. Now about the midway to the top of the hill was a pleasant arbour, made by the lord of the hill, for the refreshing of weary travellers. Thither therefore Christian got, where also he sat down to rest him. Then he pulled his roll out of his bosom and read therein to his comfort, he also now began afresh to take a review of the coat or garment that was given him as he stood by the cross. Thus pleasing himself a while, he at last fell into a slumber, and thence into a fast sleep, which detained him in that place until it was almost night, and in his sleep his roll fell out of his hand. Now as he was sleeping, there came one to him, and awakened him, saying, 'Go to the ant, thou sluggard, consider her ways and be wise,' and with that Christian suddenly started up, and sped him on his way, and went apace till he came to the top of the hill.

Now when he was got to the top of the hill, there came two men running against him amain, the name of the one was Timorous, and the name of the other Mistrust, to whom Christian said, 'Sirs, what's the matter; you run the wrong way?' Timorous answered, that they were going to the City of Zion, and had got up that difficult place, 'but,' said he, 'the farther we go, the more danger we meet with, wherefore we turned, and are going back again.'

'Yes,' said Mistrust, 'for just before us lie a couple of lions in the way (whether sleeping or waking we know not), and we could not think, if we came within reach, but they would presently pull us to pieces.'

Then said Christian, ' You make me afraid, but whither shall I fly to be safe ? If I go back to mine own country, that is prepared for fire and brimstone, and I shall certainly perish there. If I can get to the Celestial City, I am sure to be in safety there. I must venture. To go back is nothing but death, to go forward is fear of death, and life everlasting beyond it. I will yet go forward ' So Mistrust and Timorous ran down the hill, and Christian went on his way. But thinking again of what he had heard from the men, he felt in his bosom for his roll, that he might read therein and be comforted, but he felt and found it not. Then was Christian in great distress, and knew not what to do, for he wanted that which used to relieve him, and that which should have been his pass into the Celestial City. Here therefore he began to be much perplexed, and knew not what to do, at last he bethought himself that he had slept in the arbour that is on the side of the hill, and falling down upon his knees, he asked God forgiveness for that his foolish act, and then went back to look for his roll. But all the way he went back, who can sufficiently set forth the sorrow of Christian's heart, sometimes he sighed, sometimes he wept, and oftentimes he chid himself for being so foolish as to fall asleep in that place which was erected only for a little refreshment from his weariness. Thus therefore he went back, carefully looking on this side and on that, all the way as he went, if haply he might find his roll, that had been his comfort so many times on his journey. He went thus till he came again within sight of the arbour, where he sat and slept, but that sight renewed his sorrow the more, by bringing again, even afresh, his evil of sleeping into his mind. Thus therefore he now went on bewailing his sinful sleep, saying, ' O wretched man that I am, that I should sleep 'in the day-time ! that I should sleep in the midst of difficulty ! that I should so indulge the flesh, as to use that rest for ease to my flesh, which the Lord of the hill hath erected only for the relief of the spirits of pilgrims ! How many steps have I taken in vain ! (Thus it happened to Israel for their sin, they were sent back again by the way of the Red Sea), and I am made to tread those steps with sorrow,

which I might have trod with delight, had it not been for this sinful sleep. How far might I have been on my way by this time! I am made to tread those steps thrice over, which I needed not to have trod but once, yea, now also am I like to be benighted, for the day is almost spent. O that I had not slept! Now by this time he was come to the arbour again, where for awhile he sat down and wept, but at last (as Christian would have it) looking sorrowfully down under the settle, there he espied his roll, the which he with trembling haste caught up, and put it into his bosom. But who can tell how joyful this man was, when he had gotten his roll again! For this roll was the assurance of his life and acceptance at the desired haven. Therefore he laid it up in his bosom, gave thanks to God for directing his eye to the place where it lay, and with joy and tears betook himself again to the journey. But oh how nimbly now did he go up the rest of the hill! Yet before he got up, the sun went down upon Christian, and this made him again recall the vanity of his sleeping to his remembrance, and thus he began again to condole with himself. 'Oh thou sinful sleep! how for thy sake am I likely to be benighted in my journey! I must walk without the sun, darkness must cross the path of my feet, and I must hear the noise of doleful creatures, because of my sinful sleep!' Now also he remembered the story that Mistrust and Timorous told him of, how they were frightened with the sight of the lions. Then said Christian to himself again. 'These beasts range in the night for their prey, and if they should meet with me in the dark, how should I shift them? how should I escape being by them torn in pieces?' Thus he went on his way, but while he was thus bewailing his unhappy miscarriage, he lifted up his eyes, and behold there was a very stately palace before him, the name of which was Beautiful, and it stood just by the highway side.

POPE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 60, 61)

ADVICE TO A CRITIC

(From *An Essay on Criticism*)

BUT you who seek to give and merit fame,
 And justly bear a critic's noble name,
 Be sure yourself and your own reach to know,
 How far your genius, taste, and learning go,
 Launch not beyond your depth, but be discreet,
 And mark that point where sense and 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,
 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;
 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 conquests gained before,
 By vain ambition still to make them more.
 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,
 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 each just supply provides,
 Works without show, and without pomp presides;
 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,
 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.
 The winged courser, like a generous horse,
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those Rules of old discovered, not devised,
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodised
 Nature, like liberty, is but restrained
 By the same laws which first herself ordained
 Hear how learn'd 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,
 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,
 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;
 Against the poets their own arms they turned,
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learned.
 So modern 'pothecaries, taught the art
 By doctor's bills to play the doctor's part,
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules,
 Prescribe, apply, and call 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.
 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,
 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,
 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

BELINDA AND THE BARON

(From *The Rape of the Lock*, Canto II.)

Not with more glories, in the ethereal plan,
 The sun first rises o'er the purpled main,
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams
 Launched on the bosom of the silver Thames
 Fair nymphs and well-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,
 Quick as her eyes, and as unfixed as those
 Favours to none, to all she smiles extends,
 Oft she rejects, but never once offends
 Bright as the sun, her eyes the gazers strike,
 And, like the sun, they shine on all alike.
 Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride,
 Might hide her faults, if belles had faults to hide.
 If to her share some female errors fall,
 Look on her face, and you'll forget 'em all.

This nymph, to the destruction of mankind,
 Nourished two locks, which graceful hung behind
 In equal curls, and well conspired to deck,
 With shining ringlets, the smooth ivory neck.
 Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,
 And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.

With hairy springes we the birds betray.
Slight lines of hair surprise the finny prey,
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

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

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

THE PRIDE OF REASON

(From *An Essay on Man*, Epistle I)

HEAVEN from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
All but the page prescribed, their present state
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know.
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day.
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flowery food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh blindness to the future! kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms or systems into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world

Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher, Death, and God adore.
 What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never Is, but always To be blest
 The soul, uneasy, and confined from home,
 Rests and expiates in a life to come,

Lo, the poor Indian ! whose untutored mind
 Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind,
 His soul, proud Science never taught to stray
 Far as the solar walk or milky way,
 Yet simple Nature to his hope has given,
 Behind the cloud-topped hill, an humbler heaven,
 Some safer world in depth of woods embraced,
 Some happier island in the watery waste,
 Where slaves once more their native land behold,
 No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
 To Be, contents his natural desire,
 He asks no angel's wings, no seraph's fire,
 But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
 His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou ! and in thy scale of sense,
 Weigh thy opinion against Providence,
 Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
 Say, Here He gives too little, there too much
 Destroy all creatures for thy sport or gust,
 Yet cry, If man's unhappy, God's unjust,
 If man alone engross not Heaven's high care,
 Alone made perfect here, immortal there
 Snatch from his hand the balance and the rod,
 Re-judge his justice, be the god of God
 In pride, in reasoning pride, our error lies,
 All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies
 Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
 Men would be angels, angels would be gods
 Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
 Aspiring to be angels, men rebel.
 And who but wishes to invert the laws
 Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

TRUE HAPPINESS

(From *An Essay on Man*, Epistle IV)

Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 ' Virtue alone is happiness below '
 The only point where human bliss stands still,
 And tastes the good without the fall to ill,
 Where only merit constant pay receives,
 Is blessed in what it takes, and what it gives,
 The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
 And if it lose, attended with no pain.
 Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
 And but more relished as the more distressed:
 The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
 Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears
 Good, from each object, from each place acquired,
 For ever exercised, yet never tired,
 Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
 Never dejected, while another's blessed,
 And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
 Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow;
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good, untaught, will find;
 Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
 But looks through Nature, up to Nature's God.
 Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
 Joins heaven and earth, and mortal and divine,
 Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
 But touches some above, and some below,
 Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
 The first, last purpose of the human soul,
 And knows where faith, law, morals, all began,
 All end, in Love of God, and Love of Man

For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal
 And opens still, and opens on his soul,
 Till lengthened on to faith, and unconfined,
 It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind
 He sees why Nature plants in man alone

Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
 (Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
 Are given in vain, but what they seek they find,)
 Wise is her present, she connects in this
 His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
 At once his own bright prospect to be blessed,
 And strongest motive to assist the rest

POPE AND HIS PARENTS

(From *Epistle to Dr Arbuthnot*)

Of gentle blood (part shed in Honour's cause,
 While yet in Britain Honour had applause)
 Each parent sprung—*A* What fortune, pray?¹—*P*. Then
 own,

And better got. than Bestia's¹ from the throne
 Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
 Nor marrying Discord in a noble wife,²
 Stranger to civil and religious rage,
 The good man walk'd innoxious thro' his age
 Nor Courts he saw, no suits would ever try,
 Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie³
 Un-learn'd, he knew no schoolman's subtle art,
 No language, but the language of the heart
 By Nature honest, by Experience wise,
 Healthy by temp'rance, and by exercise,
 His life, tho' long, to sickness past unknown,
 His death was instant, and without a groan.
 O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
 Who sprung from King's shall know less joy than I
 O Friend! may each domestic bliss be thine,¹
 Be no unpleasing Melancholy mine.
 Me, let the tender office long engage,
 To rock the cradle of reposing Age,
 With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
 Make Langour smile, and smooth the bed of Death,

¹ A Roman proconsul who in the war with Jugurtha was disgraced for bribery. The reference seems to be to Marlborough.

² In reference to Addison's marriage with the Countess of Warwick.

³ Pope's father was a Nonjuror.

Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
 And keep a while one parent from the sky !
 On cares like these if length of days attend,
 May Heav'n, to bless those days, preserve my friend,
 Preserve him social, cheerful, and serene,
 And just as rich as when he serv'd a Queen.¹

A Whether that blessing be deny'd or giv'n,
 'Thus far was right, the rest belongs to Heav'n.

YOUNG

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 62)

PROCRASTINATION

(FROM *Night Thoughts*, I)

BE wise to-day, 'tis madness to defer ,
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ,
 Thus on, till wisdom is push'd out of life
 Procrastination is the thief of time ,
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concern 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
 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,
 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,²
 That lodg'd in fate's, to wisdom they consign.
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone ;
 'Tis not in folly, not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom, to do more

¹ Arbuthnot had been physician to Queen Anne

² *Vail* was the eighteenth-century word for gratuity, or 'tip'

All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage: when young, indeed,
 In full content we, sometimes, nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool,
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan,
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve,
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves, then dies the same

DEFOE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 63)

A FOOTPRINT IN THE SANDS

(From *Robinson Crusoe*)

It happened one day about noon, going towards my boat, I was exceedingly surprised with the print of a man's naked foot on the shore, which was very plain to be seen in the sand. I stood like one thunderstruck, or as if I had seen an apparition. I listened, I looked round me, I could hear nothing, nor see anything; I went up to a rising ground to look farther. I went up the shore, and down the shore, but it was all one, I could see no other impression but that one. I went to it again to see if there were any more, and to observe if it might not be my fancy, but there was no room for that, for there was exactly the very print of a foot, toes, heel, and every part of a foot how it came thither I knew not, nor could in the least imagine. But after innumerable fluttering thoughts, like a man perfectly confused, and out of myself, I came home to my fortification, not feeling, as they say, the ground I went on, but terrified to the last degree, looking behind me at every two or three steps, mistaking every bush and tree, and fancying every stump at a distance to be a man: nor is it possible to describe how many various shapes an affrighted

imagination represented things to me in ; how many wild ideas were formed every moment in my fancy, and what strange, unaccountable whimsies came into my thoughts by the way.

When I came to my castle, for so I think I called it ever after this, I fled into it like one pursued, whether I went over by the ladder, as first contrived, or went in at the hole in the rock, which I called a door, I cannot remember, no, nor could I remember the next morning, for never frightened hare fled to cover, or fox to earth, with more terror of mind than I to this retreat.

I had no sleep that night the farther I was from the occasion of my fright, the greater my apprehensions were; which is something contrary to the nature of such things, and especially to the usual practice of all creatures in fear. But I was so embarrassed with my own frightful ideas of the thing, that I formed nothing but dismal imaginations to myself, even though I was now a great way off it. Sometimes I fancied it must be the devil, and reason joined in with me upon this supposition. For how should any other thing in human shape come into the place? Where was the vessel that brought them? What marks were there of any other footsteps? And how was it possible a man should come there? But then to think Satan should take human shape upon him in such a place, where there could be no manner of occasion for it, but to leave the print of his foot behind him, and even that for no purpose too (for he could not be sure I should see it), this was an amazement the other way. I considered that the devil might have found out abundance of other ways to have terrified me, than this of the single print of a foot. That as I lived quite on the other side of the island, he would never have been so simple to leave a mark in a place where it was ten thousand to one whether I should ever see it or not, and in the sand too, which the first surge of the sea upon a high wind would have defaced entirely. All this seemed inconsistent with the thing itself, and with all notions we usually entertain of the subtlety of the devil.

Abundance of such things as these assisted to argue me out of all apprehensions of its being the devil. And I presently concluded that it must be some more dangerous

creature—viz, that it must be some of the savages of the mainland over against me, who had wandered out to sea in their canoes, and, either driven by the currents, or by contrary winds, had made the island, and had been on shore, but were gone away again to sea, being as loth, perhaps, to have stayed in this desolate island, as I would have been to have had them

While these reflections were rolling in my mind I was very thankful in my thought, that I was so happy as not to be thereabouts at that time, or that they did not see my boat, by which they would have concluded, that some inhabitants had been in the place, and perhaps have searched farther for me. Then terrible thoughts racked my imaginations about their having found my boat, and that there were people here, and that if so, I should certainly have them come again in greater numbers, and devour me, that if it should happen so that they should not find me, yet they would find my enclosure, destroy all my corn, carry away all my flock of tame goats, and I should perish at last for mere want

Thus my fear banished all my religious hope, all that former confidence in God which was founded upon such wonderful experience as I had had of His goodness, now vanished, as if He that had fed me by miracle hitherto, could not preserve by His power the provision He had made for me by His goodness. I reproached myself with my easiness, that would not sow any more corn one year, than would just serve me till the next season, as if no accident could intervene to prevent my enjoying the crop that was upon the ground. And this I thought so just a reproof that I resolved for the future to have two or three years corn beforehand, so that whatever might come, I might not perish for want of bread

BOB SINGLETON'S CHILDHOOD

(From *The Life of Captain Singleton*.)

As it is usual for great persons, whose lives have been remarkable, and whose actions deserve recording to posterity, to insist much upon their originals, give full accounts

of their families, and the histories of their ancestors, so, that I may be methodical, I shall do the same, though I can look but a very little way into my pedigree, as you will see presently

If I may believe the woman whom I was taught to call mother, I was a little boy, of about two years old, very well dressed, had a nursery-maid to attend me, who took me out on a fine summer's evening into the fields towards Islington, as she pretended, to give the child some air, a little girl being with her, of twelve or fourteen years old, that lived in the neighbourhood. The maid, whether by appointment or otherwise, meets with a fellow, her sweetheart, as I suppose, he carries her into a public-house to give her a pot and a cake, and while they were toying in the house, the girl plays about, with me in her hand, in the garden and at the door, sometimes in sight, sometimes out of sight, thinking no harm

At this juncture comes by one of those sort of people who, it seems, made it then business to spirit away little children. This was a hellish trade in those days, and chiefly practised where they found little children very well dressed, or for bigger children, to sell them to the plantations

The woman, pretending to take me up in her arms and kiss me, and play with me, draws the girl a good way from the house, till at last she makes a fine story to the girl, and bids her go back to the maid, and tell her where she was with the child, that a gentlewoman had taken a fancy to the child, and was kissing of it, but she should not be frightened, or to that purpose, for they were but just there, and so, while the girl went, she carried me quite away

From this time, it seems, I was disposed of to a beggar woman, that wanted a pretty little child to set out her case, and, after that, to a gipsey, under whose government I continued till I was about six years old; and this woman, though I was continually dragged about with her from one part of the country to another, yet never let me want for anything, and I called her mother, though she told me at last she was not my mother, but that she bought me for twelve shillings of another woman, who told her how she came by me, and told her that my name was Bob Singleton,

not Robert, but plain Bob, for it seems they never knew by what name I was christened.

It is in vain to reflect here, what a terrible fright the careless hussy was in, that lost me, what treatment she received from my justly-enraged father and mother, and the horror these must be in at the thoughts of their child being thus carried away, for, as I never knew anything of the matter, but just what I have related, nor who my father and mother were, so it would make but a needless digression to talk of it here.

My good gipsy mother, for some of her worthy actions no doubt, happened in process of time to be hanged, and, as this fell out something too soon for me to be perfected in the strolling trade, the parish where I was left, which, for my life, I cannot remember, took some care of me to be sure, for the first thing I can remember of myself afterwards, was, that I went to a parish school, and the minister of the parish used to talk to me to be a good boy, and that, though I was but a poor boy, if I minded my book, and served God, I might make a good man

I believe I was frequently removed from one town to another, perhaps as the parishes disputed my supposed mother's last settlement. Whether I was so shifted by passes, or otherwise, I know not, but the town where I was last kept, whatever its name was, must not be far off from the sea-side, for a master of a ship, who took a fancy to me, was the first that brought me to a place not far from Southampton, which I afterwards knew to be Bussleton, and there I attended the carpenters, and such people as were employed in building a ship for him, and when it was done, though I was not above twelve years old, he carried me to sea with him, on a voyage to Newfoundland.

I lived well enough, and pleased my master so well, that he called me his own boy, and I would have called him father, but he would not allow it, for he had children of his own. I went three or four voyages with him, and grew a sturdy boy, when, coming home again from the banks of Newfoundland, we were taken by an Algerine rover, or man of war, which, if my account stands right, was about the year 1695, for you may be sure I kept no journal.

SWIFT

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 64)

GULLIVER IN THE CAPITAL OF LILLIPUT

(From *Gulliver's Travels*)

THE first request I made after I had obtained my liberty, was, that I might have licence to see Mildendo, the metropolis, which the Emperor easily granted me, but with a special charge to do no hurt either to the inhabitants or their houses. The people had notice by proclamation of my design to visit the town. The wall which encompassed it, is two foot and a half high, and at least eleven inches broad, so that a coach and horses may be driven very safely round it, and it is flanked with strong towers at ten foot distance. I stepped over the great Western Gate, and passed very gently, and sidling through the two principal streets, only in my short waistcoat, for fear of damaging the roofs and eaves of the houses with the skirts of my coat. I walked with the utmost circumspection, to avoid treading on any stragglers, that might remain in the streets, although the orders were very strict, that all people should keep in their houses, at their own peril. The garret windows and tops of houses were so crowded with spectators, that I thought in all my travels I had not seen a more populous place. The city is an exact square, each side of the wall being five hundred foot long. The two great streets, which run across and divide it into four quarters, are five foot wide. The lanes and alleys, which I could not enter, but only viewed them as I passed, are from twelve to eighteen inches. The town is capable of holding five hundred thousand souls. The houses are from three to five stories. The shops and markets well provided.

The Emperor's palace is in the centre of the city, where the two great streets meet. It is inclosed by a wall of two foot high, and twenty foot distant from the buildings. I had his Majesty's permission to step over this wall, and the space being so wide between that and the palace, I could easily view it on every side. The outward square is a court

of forty foot, and includes two other courts in the inmost are the royal apartments, which I was very desirous to see, but found it extremely difficult, for the great gates, from one square into another, were but eighteen inches high, and seven inches wide. Now the buildings of the outer court were at least five foot high, and it was impossible for me to stride over them without infinite damage to the pile, though the walls were strongly built of hewn stone, and four inches thick. At the same time the Emperor had a great desire that I should see the magnificence of his palace, but this I was not able to do till three days after, which I spent in cutting down with my knife some of the largest trees in the royal park, about an hundred yards distant from the city. Of these trees I made two stools, each about three foot high, and strong enough to bear my weight. The people having received notice a second time, I went again through the city to the palace, with my two stools in my hands. When I came to the side of the outer court, I stood upon one stool, and took the other in my hand: thus I lifted over the roof, and gently set it down on the space between the first and second court, which was eight foot wide. I then stept over the buildings very conveniently from one stool to the other, and drew up the first after me with a hooked stick. By this contrivance I got into the inmost court, and lying down upon my side, I applied my face to the windows of the middle stories, which were left open on purpose, and discovered the most splendid apartments that can be imagined. There I saw the Empress and the young Princes, in their several lodgings, with their chief attendants about them. Her Imperial Majesty was pleased to smile very graciously upon me, and gave me out of the window her hand to kiss.

GULLIVER AND THE EMPEROR OF BROBBDINGNAG

(From *Gulliver's Travels*.)

(*The Emperor has been inquiring into the State of English Civilization*)

WHEN I had put an end to these long discourses, his Majesty in a sixth audience consulting his notes, proposed many doubts, queries, and objections, upon every article. He

asked what methods were used to cultivate the minds and bodies of our young nobility, and in what kind of business they commonly spent the first and teachable part of their lives. What course was taken to supply that assembly¹ when any noble family became extinct. What qualifications were necessary in those who are to be created new lords, whether the humour of the prince, a sum of money to a court lady, or a prime minister, or a design of strengthening a party opposite to the public interest, ever happened to be motives in those advancements. What share of knowledge these lords had in the laws of their country, and how they came by it, so as to enable them to decide the properties of their fellow-subjects in the last resort. Whether they were always so free from avarice, partialities, or want, that a bribe, or some other sinister view, could have no place among them. Whether those holy lords I spoke of were always promoted to that rank on account of their knowledge in religious matters, and the sanctity of their lives, had never been compliers with the times, while they were common priests, or slavish prostitute chaplains to some nobleman, whose opinions they continued servilely to follow after they were admitted into that assembly.

He then desired to know what arts were practised in electing those whom I called commoners, whether a stranger with a strong purse might not influence the vulgar voters to choose him before their own landlord, or the most considerable gentleman in the neighbourhood. How it came to pass, that people were so violently bent upon getting into this assembly, which I allowed to be a great trouble and expense, often to the ruin of their families, without any salary or pension, because this appeared such an exalted strain of virtue and public spirit, that his Majesty seemed to doubt it might possibly not be always sincere, and he desired to know whether such zealous gentlemen could have any views of refunding themselves for the charges and trouble they were at, by sacrificing the public good to the designs of a weak and vicious prince in conjunction with a corrupted ministry. He multiplied his questions, and sifted me thoroughly upon every part of this

¹ The House of Lords

head, proposing numberless enquiries and objections, which I think it not prudent or convenient to repeat

Upon what I said in relation to our Courts of Justice, his Majesty desired to be satisfied in several points and thus I was the better able to do, having been formerly almost ruined by a long suit in chancery, which was decreed for me with costs. He asked, what time was usually spent in determining between right and wrong, and what degree of expense. Whether advocates and orators had liberty to plead in causes manifestly known to be unjust, vexatious, or oppressive. Whether party in religion or politics were observed to be of any weight in the scale of justice. Whether those pleading orators were persons educated in the general knowledge of equity, or only in provincial, national, and other local customs. Whether they or their judges had any part in penning those laws which they assumed the liberty of interpreting and glossing upon at their pleasure. Whether they had ever at different times pleaded for and against the same cause, and cited precedents to prove contrary opinions. Whether they were a rich or a poor corporation. Whether they received any pecuniary reward for pleading or delivering their opinions. And particularly, whether they were ever admitted as members in the lower senate.

He fell next upon the management of our treasury, and said, he thought my memory had failed me, because I computed our taxes at about five or six millions a year, and when I came to mention the issues, he found they sometimes amounted to more than double, for the notes he had taken were very particular in this point, because he hoped, as he told me, that the knowledge of our conduct might be useful to him, and he could not be deceived in his calculations. But, if what I told him were true, he was still at a loss how a kingdom could run out of its estate like a private person. He asked me, who were our creditors, and where we should find money to pay them. He wondered to hear me talk of such chargeable and expensive wars, that certainly we must be a quarrelsome people, or live among very bad neighbours, and that our generals must needs be richer than our kings. He asked what business we had out of

our own islands, unless upon the score of trade or treaty, or to defend the coasts with our fleet Above all, he was amazed to hear me talk of a mercenary standing army in the midst of peace, and among a free people He said, if we were governed by our own consent in the persons of our representatives, he could not imagine of whom we were afraid, or against whom we were to fight, and would hear my opinion, whether a private man's house might not better be defended by himself, his children, and family, than by half a dozen rascals picked up at a venture in the streets, for small wages, who might get an hundred times more by cutting their throats

He laughed at my odd kind of arithmetic (as he was pleased to call it) in reckoning the numbers of our people by a computation drawn from the several sects among us in religion and politics He said, he knew no reason, why those who entertain opinions prejudicial to the public, should be obliged to change, or should not be obliged to conceal them And as it was tyranny in any government to require the first, so it was weakness not to enforce the second for a man may be allowed to keep poisons in his closet, but not to vend them about for cordials

He observed, that among the diversions of our nobility and gentry, I had mentioned gaming He desired to know at what age this entertainment was usually taken up, and when it was laid down, how much of their time it employed, whether it ever went so high as to affect their fortunes, whether mean vicious people, by their dexterity in that art, might not arrive at great riches, and sometimes keep our very nobles in dependence, as well as habituate them to vile companions, wholly take them from the improvement of their minds, and force them, by the losses they have received, to learn and practise that infamous dexterity upon others

He was perfectly astonished with the historical account I gave him of our affairs during the last century, protesting it was only an heap of conspiracies, rebellions, murders, massacres, revolutions, banishments, the very worst effects that avarice, faction, hypocrisy, perfidiousness, cruelty, rage, madness, hatred, envy, lust, malice, or ambition, could produce

His Majesty, in another audience, was at the pains to

recapitulate the sum of all I had spoken, compared the questions he made with the answers I had given, then taking me into his hands, and stroking me gently, delivered himself in these words, which I shall never forget, nor the manner he spoke them in. My little friend Gildrig, you have made a most admirable panegyric upon your country; you have clearly proved that ignorance, idleness, and vice, are the proper ingredients for qualifying a legislator. That laws are best explained, interpreted, and applied by those whose interest and abilities lie in perverting, confounding, and eluding them. I observe among you some lines of an institution, which in its original might have been tolerable, but these half erased, and the rest wholly blurred and blotted by corruptions. It doth not appear from all you have said, how any one virtue is required towards the procurement of any one station among you, much less that men are ennobled on account of their virtue, that priests are advanced for their piety or learning, soldiers for their conduct or valour, judges for their integrity, senators for the love of their country, or counsellors for their wisdom. As for yourself (continued the King), who have spent the greatest part of your life in travelling, I am well disposed to hope you may hitherto have escaped many vices of your country. But by what I have gathered from your own relation, and the answers I have with much pains wringed and extorted from you, I cannot but conclude the bulk of your natives to be the most pernicious race of little odious vermin that nature ever suffered to crawl upon the surface of the earth.

STEELE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 65)

HAPPY MARRIAGE

(From *The Taller*.)

From my own apartment, November 16.

THERE are several persons who have many pleasures and entertainments in their possession, which they do not enjoy. It is, therefore, a kind and good office to acquaint

them with their own happiness, and turn their attention to such instances of their good fortune which they are apt to overlook. Persons in the married state often want such a monitor, and pine away their days, by looking upon the same condition in anguish and murmur, which carries with it in the opinion of others a complication of all the pleasures of life, and a retreat from its inquietudes.

I am led into this thought by a visit I made an old friend, who was formerly my school-fellow. He came to town last week with his family for the winter, and yesterday morning sent me word his wife expected me to dinner. I am, as it were, at home in that house, and every member of it knows me for their well-wisher. I cannot, indeed, express the pleasure it is to be met by the children with so much joy as I am when I go thither. The boys and girls strive who shall come first when they think it is I that am knocking at the door, and that child which loses the race to me runs back again to tell the father it is Mr Bickerstaff. This day I was led in by a pretty girl, that we all thought must have forgot me, for the family has been out of town these two years. Her knowing me again was a mighty subject with us, and took up our discourse at the first entrance. After which they began to rally me upon a thousand little stories they heard in the country about my marriage to one of my neighbour's daughters. Upon which the gentleman, my friend, said, 'Nay, if Mr Bickerstaff marries a child of any of his old companions, I hope mine shall have the preference: there is Mrs Mary is now sixteen, and would make him as fine a widow as the best of them. But I know him too well, he is so enamoured with the very memory of those who flourished in our youth, that he will not so much as look upon the modern beauties. I remember, old gentleman, how often you went home in a day to refresh your countenance and dress, when Teraminta reigned in your heart. As we came up in the coach, I repeated to my wife some of your verses on her.' With such reflections on little passages, which happened long ago, we passed our time, during a cheerful and elegant meal. After dinner his lady left the room, as did also the children. As soon as we were alone, he took me by the hand, 'Well, my good

friend,' says he. 'I am heartily glad to see thee I was afraid you would never have seen all the company that dined with you to-day again Do not you think the good woman of the house a little altered, since you followed her from the play-house, to find out who she was for me?' I perceived a tear fall down his cheek as he spoke, which moved me not a little But, to turn the discourse, said I, 'She is not indeed quite that creature she was, when she returned me the letter I carried from you and told me "she hoped, as I was a gentleman, I would be employed no more to trouble her, who had never offended me, but would be so much the gentleman's friend as to dissuade him from a pursuit which he could never succeed in"' You may remember I thought her in earnest, and you were forced to employ your cousin Will, who made his sister get acquainted with her for you You cannot expect her to be for ever fifteen' 'Fifteen!' replied my good friend, 'ah! you little understand, you that have lived a bachelor, how great, how exquisite a pleasure there is, in being really beloved! It is impossible, that the most beautiful face in nature should raise in me such pleasing ideas, as when I look upon that excellent woman That fading in her countenance is chiefly caused by her watching with me, in my fever This was followed by a fit of sickness, which had like to have carried her off last winter I tell you sincerely, I have so many obligations to her, that I cannot, with any sort of moderation, think of her present state of health But as to what you say of fifteen, she gives me every day pleasures beyond what I ever knew in the possession of her beauty, when I was in the vigour of youth. Every moment of her life brings me fresh instances of her complacency to my inclinations, and her prudence in regard to my fortune. Her face is to me much more beautiful than when I first saw it, there is no decay in any feature, which I cannot trace from the very instant it was occasioned by some anxious concern for my welfare and interests. Thus, at the same time, methinks, the love I conceived towards her for what she was, is heightened by my gratitude for what she is The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name, as the loud

laughter of buffoons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen. Oh! she is an inestimable jewel. In her examination of her household affairs she shows a certain fearfulness to find a fault, which makes her servants obey her like children, and the meanest we have has an ingenuous shame for an offence, not always to be seen in children in other families. I speak freely to you, my old friend, ever since her sickness, things that gave me the quickest joy before turn now to a certain anxiety. As the children play in the next room, I know the poor things by their steps, and am considering what they must do, should they lose their mother in their tender years. The pleasure I used to take, in telling my boy stories of the battles, and asking my girl questions about the disposal of her baby, and the gossiping of it, is turned into inward reflection and melancholy.

He would have gone on in this tender way, when the good lady entered, and, with an inexpressible sweetness in her countenance, told us 'she had been searching her closet for something very good, to treat such an old friend as I was.' Her husband's eyes sparkled with pleasure at the cheerfulness of her countenance, and I saw all his tears vanish in an instant. The lady observed something in our looks which showed we had been more serious than ordinary, and seeing her husband receive her with great concern under a forced cheerfulness, immediately guessed at what we had been talking of, and applying herself to me, said, with a smile, 'Mr Bickerstaff, do not believe a word of what he tells you. I shall still live to have you for my second, as I have often promised you, unless he takes more care of himself than he has done since his coming to town. You must know he tells me that he finds London is a much more healthy place than the country, for he sees several of his old acquaintances and school-fellows are here young fellows with fair full-bottomed periwigs. I could scarce keep him this morning from going out open-breasted.' My friend, who is always extremely delighted with her agreeable humour, made her sit down with us. She did it with that easiness which is peculiar to women of sense; and to keep up the good humour she had brought in with her,

turned her raillery upon me ‘ Mi Bickerstaff, you remember you followed me one night from the play-house, suppose you should carry me thither to-morrow, and lead me into the front box ’ This put us into a long field of discourse about the beauties, who were mothers to the present, and shined in the boxes twenty years ago I told her, ‘ I was glad she had transferred so many of her charms, and I did not question but her eldest daughter was within half a-year of being a Toast ’

We were pleasing ourselves with this fantastical preference of the young lady, when on a sudden we were alarmed with the noise of a drum, and immediately entered my little godson to give me a point of war His mother, between laughing and chiding, would have put him out of the room, but I would not part with him so I found upon conversation with him, though he was a little noisy in his mirth, that the child had excellent parts, and was a great master of all the learning on the other side eight years old I perceived him a very great historian in *Æsop’s Fables* but he frankly declared to me his mind, that he did not delight in that learning, because he did not believe they were true, for which reason I found he had very much turned his studies for about a twelvemonth past, into the lives and adventures of Don Bellianis of Greece, Guy of Warwick, the Seven Champions, and other historians of that age I could not but observe the satisfaction the father took in the forwardness of his son: and that these diversions might turn to some profit, I found the boy had made remarks which might be of service to him during the course of his whole life He would tell you the mismanagements of John Hickathrift, find fault with the passionate temper in *Bevis of Southampton*, and loved Saint George for being the champion of England, and by this means had his thoughts insensibly moulded into the notions of discretion, virtue, and honour I was extolling his accomplishments, when the mother told me that the little girl who led me in this morning was in her way a better scholar than he ‘ Betty,’ says she, ‘ deals chiefly in fancies and sprites, and sometimes in a winter-night will terrify the maids with her accounts, till they are afraid to go up to bed.’

I sat with them till it was very late, sometimes in merry, sometimes in serious, discourse, with this particular pleasure, which gives the only true relish to all conversation, a sense that every one of us liked each other. I went home, considering the different conditions of a married life and that of a bachelor, and I must confess it struck me with a secret concern, to reflect, that whenever I go off I shall leave no traces behind me. In this pensive mood I return to my family, that is to say, to my maid, my dog, and my cat, who only can be the better or worse for what happens to me.

ADDISON

(OUILINE HISTORY, § 65)

THE SPECTATOR AND ITS PURPOSE

(Spectator, No. 10.)

Non aliter quam qui adverso vix flumine lembum
Remigis subigit : si brachia forte remisit,
Atque illum in præceps pronò rapit alveus amni.

VIRG.

It is with much satisfaction that I hear this great city inquiring day by day after these my papers, and receiving my morning lectures with a becoming seriousness and attention. My publisher tells me, that there are already three thousand of them distributed every day so that if I allow twenty readers to every paper, which I look upon as a modest computation, I may reckon about threescore thousand disciples in London and Westminster, who I hope will take care to distinguish themselves from the thoughtless herd of their ignorant and unattentive brethren. Since I have raised to myself so great an audience, I shall spare no pains to make their instruction agreeable, and their diversion useful. For which reasons I shall endeavour to enliven morality with wit, and to temper wit with morality, that my readers may, if possible, both ways find their account in the speculation of the day. And to the end that their virtue and discretion may not be short, transient, intermitting starts of thought, I have resolved to refresh their memories from day to day.

till I have recovered them out of that desperate state of vice and folly into which the age is fallen. The mind that lies fallow but a single day, sprouts up in follies that are only to be killed by a constant and assiduous culture. It was said of Socrates that he brought Philosophy down from heaven, to inhabit among men, and I shall be ambitious to have it said of me, that I have brought Philosophy out of closets and libraries, schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and in coffee-houses.

I would therefore in a very particular manner recommend these my speculations to all well-regulated families that set apart an hour in every morning for tea and bread and butter, and would earnestly advise them for their good to order this paper to be punctually served up, and to be looked upon as a part of the tea equipage.

Sir Francis Bacon observes, that a well-written book, compared with its rivals and antagonists, is like Moses's serpent, that immediately swallowed up and devoured those of the Egyptians. I shall not be so vain as to think that, where the *SPECTATOR* appears, the other public prints will vanish, but shall leave it to my readers' consideration, whether, is it not much better to be let into the knowledge of one's self, than to hear what passes in Muscovy or Poland, and to amuse ourselves with such writings as tend to the wearing out of ignorance, passion, and prejudice, than such as naturally conduce to inflame hatreds, and make enmities irreconcilable?

In the next place, I would recommend this paper to the daily perusal of those gentlemen whom I cannot but consider as my good brothers and allies, I mean the fraternity of Spectators, who live in the world without having anything to do in it, and either by the affluence of their fortunes, or laziness of their dispositions, have no other business with the rest of mankind, but to look upon them. Under this class of men are comprehended all contemplative tradesmen, titular physicians, fellows of the Royal Society, Templars that are not given to be contentious, and statesmen that are out of business, in short, everyone that considers the world as a theatre, and desires to form a right judgment of those who are the actors on it.

There is another set of men that I must likewise lay a claim to, whom I have lately called the blanks of society, as being altogether unfurnished with ideas, till the business and conversation of the day has supplied them. I have often considered these poor souls with an eye of great commiseration, when I have heard them asking the first man they have met with, whether there was any news stirring? and by that means gathering together materials for thinking. These needy persons do not know what to talk of, till about twelve a clock in the morning, for by that time they are pretty good judges of the weather, know which way the wind sits, and whether the Dutch mail be come in. As they lie at the mercy of the first man they meet, and are grave or impertinent all the day long, according to the notions which they have imbibed in the morning, I would earnestly entreat them not to stir out of their chambers till they have read this paper, and do promise them that I will daily instil into them such sound and wholesome sentiments, as shall have a good effect on their conversation for the ensuing twelve hours.

But there are none to whom this paper will be more useful, than to the female world. I have often thought there has not been sufficient pains taken in finding out proper employments and diversions for the fair ones.

Their amusements seem contrived for them, rather as they are women, than as they are reasonable creatures, and are more adapted to the sex than to the species. The toilet is their great scene of business, and the right adjusting of their hair the principal employment of their lives. The sorting of a suit of ribbons is reckoned a very good morning's work, and if they make an excursion to a mercer's or a toy-shop, so great a fatigue makes them unfit for anything else all the day after. Their more serious occupations are sewing and embroidery, and their greatest drudgery, the preparation of jellies and sweet-meats. This, I say, is the state of ordinary women, though I know there are multitudes of those of a more elevated life and conversation, that move in an exalted sphere of knowledge and virtue, that join all the beauties of the mind to the ornaments of dress, and inspire a kind of awe and respect, as well as love, into their

male beholders. I hope to increase the number of these by publishing this daily paper, which I shall always endeavour to make an innocent if not an improving entertainment, and by that means at least divert the minds of my female readers from greater trifles. At the same time, as I would fain give some finishing touches to those which are already the most beautiful pieces in human nature. I shall endeavour to point out all those imperfections that are the blemishes, as well as those virtues which are the embellishments, of the sex. In the mean while I hope these my gentle readers, who have so much time on their hands, will not grudge throwing away a quarter of an hour a day on this paper, since they may do it without any hinderance to business.

I know several of my friends and well-wishers are in great pain for me, lest I should not be able to keep up the spirit of a paper which I oblige myself to furnish every day. but to make them easy in this particular, I will promise them faithfully to give it over as soon as I grow dull. This I know will be matter of great raillery to the small wits, who will frequently put me in mind of my promise, desire me to keep my word, assure me that it is high time to give over, with many other pleasantries of the like nature, which men of a little smart genius cannot forbear throwing out against their best friends, when they have such a handle given them of being witty. But let them remember that I do hereby enter my caveat against this piece of raillery.

SUNDAY AT COVERLEY HALL.

(*Spectator*, No. 112)

Ἀθανάτου μὲν πρῶτα θεοῦ, ἰομφ ὡς διακεῖται,
Τίμα

ΡΥΙΠ

I AM always very well pleased with a country Sunday, and think, if keeping holy the seventh day were only a human institution, it would be the best method that could have been thought of for the polishing and civilising of mankind. It is certain the country-people would soon degenerate into a kind of savages and barbarians, were there not such frequent returns of a stated time, in which the whole village meet together with their best faces, and in their cleanliest

habits, to converse with one another upon indifferent subjects, hear their duties explained to them, and join together in adoration of the Supreme Being. Sunday clears away the rust of the whole week, not only as it refreshes in their minds the notions of religion, but as it puts both the sexes upon appearing in their most agreeable forms, and exerting all such qualities as are apt to give them a figure in the eye of the village. A country-fellow distinguishes himself as much in the church-yard as a citizen does upon the Change, the whole parish-politics being generally discussed in that place either after sermon or before the bell rings.

My friend Sir Roger, being a good church-man, has beautified the inside of his church with several texts of his own choosing; he has likewise given a handsome pulpit-cloth, and railed in the communion-table at his own expense. He has often told me, that at his coming to his estate, he found his parishioners very irregular, and that in order to make them kneel and join in the responses, he gave every one of them a hassoc and a Common Prayer Book, and at the same time employed an itinerant singing-master, who goes about the country for that purpose, to instruct them rightly in the tunes of the psalms, upon which they now very much value themselves, and indeed out-do most of the country churches that I have ever heard of.

As Sir Roger is landlord to the whole congregation, he keeps them in very good order, and will suffer nobody to sleep in it besides himself, for if by chance he has been surprised into a short nap at sermon, upon recovering out of it he stands up and looks about him, and if he sees anybody else nodding, either wakes them himself, or sends his servant to them. Several other of the old knight's particularities break out upon these occasions: sometimes he will be lengthening out a verse in the singing-psalms, half a minute after the rest of the congregation have done with it, sometimes, when he is pleased with the matter of his devotion, he pronounces Amen three or four times to the same prayer, and sometimes stands up when everybody else is upon their knees, to count the congregation, or see if any of his tenants are missing.

I was yesterday very much surprised to hear my old

friend, in the midst of the service, calling out to one^r John Matthews to mind what he was about, and not disturb the congregation. This John Matthews, it seems, is remarkable for being an idle fellow, and at that time was kicking his heels for his diversion. This authority of the knight, though exerted in that odd manner which accompanies him in all circumstances of life, has a very good effect upon the parish, who are not polite enough to see anything ridiculous in his behaviour, besides that the general good sense and worthiness of his character, make his friends observe these little singularities as foils that rather set off than blemish his good qualities.

As soon as the sermon is finished, nobody presumes to stir till Sir Roger is gone out of the church. The knight walks down from his seat in the chancel between a double row of his tenants, that stand bowing to him on each side, and every now and then he inquires how such an one's wife, or mother, or son, or father do, whom he does not see at church, which is understood as a secret reprimand to the person that is absent.

The chaplain has often told me, that upon a catechising-day, when Sir Roger has been pleased with a boy that answers well, he has ordered a Bible to be given him next day for his encouragement, and sometimes accompanies it with a sitch of bacon to his mother. Sir Roger has likewise added five pounds a year to the clerk's place, and that he may encourage the young fellows to make themselves perfect in the church-service, has promised, upon the death of the present incumbent, who is very old, to bestow it according to merit.

The fair understanding between Sir Roger and his chaplain, and their mutual concurrence in doing good, is the more remarkable, because the very next village is famous for the differences and contentions that arise between the parson and the 'squire, who live in a perpetual state of war. The parson is always at the 'squire, and the 'squire, to be revenged on the parson, never comes to church. The 'squire has made all his tenants atheists and tithe-stealers, while the parson instructs them every Sunday in the dignity of his order, and insinuates to them, almost in every sermon,

that he is a better man than his patron. In short, matters are come to such an extremity, that the squire has not said his prayers either in public or private this half year, and that the parson threatens him, if he does not mend his manners, to pray for him in the face of the whole congregation.

Feuds of this nature, though too frequent in the country are very fatal to the ordinary people, who are so used to be dazzled with riches, that they pay as much deference to the understanding of a man of an estate, as of a man of learning, and are very hardly brought to regard any truth how important soever it may be, that is preached to them when they know there are several men of five hundred a year who do not believe it.

JOHNSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 69, 80)

THE LESSON OF THE PYRAMIDS

(From *Rasselas*, Chap. XXXII)

PERUAAH descended to the tents, and the rest entered the pyramid. They passed through the galleries, surveyed the vaults of marble, and examined the chest in which the body of the founder is supposed to have been repositèd. They then sat down in one of the most spacious chambers to rest awhile before they attempted to return.

'We have now,' said Imlac, 'gratified our minds with an exact view of the greatest work of man, except the wall of China.

'Of the wall it is very easy to assign the motives. It secured a wealthy and timorous nation from the incursions of barbarians, whose unskilfulness in arts made it easier for them to supply their wants by rapine than by industry, and who from time to time poured in upon the habitations of peaceful commerce, as vultures descend upon domestic fowl. Their celerity and fierceness made the wall necessary and their ignorance made it efficacious.

'But for the pyramids, no reason has ever been given

adequate to the cost and labour of the work. The narrowness of the chambers proves that it could afford no retreat from enemies, and treasures might have been repositated at far less expense with equal security. It seems to have been erected only in compliance with that hunger of the imagination which preys incessantly upon life, and must be always appeased by some employment. Those who have already all that they can enjoy must enlarge their desires. He that has built for use till use is supplied must begin to build for vanity, and extend his plan to the utmost power of human performance, that he may not be soon reduced to form another wish.

‘ I consider this mighty structure as a monument of the insufficiency of human enjoyments. A king whose power is unlimited, and whose treasures surmount all real and imaginary wants, is compelled to solace, by the erection of a pyramid, the satiety of dominion and tastelessness of pleasures, and to amuse the tediousness of declining life by seeing thousands labouring without end, and one stone, for no purpose, laid upon another. Whoever thou art that, not content with a moderate condition, imaginest happiness in royal magnificence, and dreamest that command or riches can feed the appetite of novelty with successive gratifications, survey the pyramids, and confess thy folly.’

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD

February 7, 1755.

MY LORD—I have been lately informed, by the proprietor of *The World*, that two papers, in which my Dictionary is recommended to the public, were written by your lordship. To be so distinguished is an honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending, but I found my attendance so little

encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could, and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed, since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door, during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it, at last, to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and, when he has reached ground, encumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labours, had it been early, had been kind, but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it, till I am solitary, and cannot impart it, till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron, which providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less, for I have long been wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord, Your lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,
SAM JOHNSON.

DRYDEN AS CRITIC

(From *The Lives of the Poets*.)

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former

poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of poetry had neglected to teach them.

Two *Arts of English Poetry* were written in the days of Elizabeth by Webb and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley, but Dryden's *Essay on Dramatic Poetry* was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing. He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction, but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and French. The structure of dramatic poems was not then generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct, and poets perhaps often pleased by chance . . .

To judge rightly of an author, we must transport ourselves to his time, and examine what were the wants of his contemporaries, and what were his means of supplying them. That which is easy at one time was difficult at another. Dryden at least imported his science, and gave his country what it wanted before, or rather, he imported only the materials, and manufactured them by his own skill.

The *Dialogue on the Drama* was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the public was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakespeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastic criticism, exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus on the attestation of the heroes of

Marathon by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed, nor can the editors and admirers of Shakespeare, in all their emulation of reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal of lower value, though of greater bulk.

In this, and in all his other essays on the same subject, the criticism of Dryden is the criticism of a poet, not a dull collection of theorems, nor a rude detection of faults which perhaps the censor was not able to have committed, but a gay and vigorous dissertation, where delight is mingled with instruction, and where the author proves his right of judgment by his power of performance.

OLD AGE

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*.)

BUT giant, the virtues of a temperate prime
 Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime—
 An age that melts with unperceived decay,
 And glides in modest innocence away,
 Whose peaceful day Benevolence endears,
 Whose night congratulating Conscience cheers,¹
 The general favourite as the general friend
 Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?
 Yet e'en on this her load Misfortune flings,
 To press the weary minutes' flagging wings;
 New sorrow rises as the day returns,
 A sister sickens or a daughter mourns
 Now kindred merit fills the sable bier,
 Now lacerated friendship claims a tear,
 Year chases year, decay pursues decay,
 Still drops some joy from withering life away,
 New forms arise, and different views engage,
 Superfluous lags the veteran on the stage,

¹ The reference is specially to Johnson's mother.

Till pitying Nature signs the last release,
 And bids afflicted worth retire to peace.
 But few there are whom hours like these await,
 Who set unclouded in the gulphs of fate
 From Lydia's monarch¹ should the search descend,
 By Solon cautioned to regard his end,
 In life's last scene what prodigies surprise,
 Fears of the brave and follies of the wise ! "
 From Marlborough's eyes the streams of dotage flow,
 And Swift expires a driveller and a show

' THE CONCLUSION OF THE WHOLE MATTER '

(From *The Vanity of Human Wishes*)

WHERE, then, shall Hope and Fear their objects find ?
 Must dull suspense corrupt the stagnant mind ?
 Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
 Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate ?
 Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
 No cries invoke the mercies of the skies ?
 Inquirer, cease ! petitions yet remain,
 Which Heaven may hear, nor deem Religion vain
 Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice,
 Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
 Implore His aid, in His decisions rest,
 Secure whate'er He gives, He gives the best
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervours for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resign'd ;
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill,
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill ;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind Nature's signal of retreat
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods he grants, who grants the power to gain,
 With these celestial Wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

¹ Cræsus.

GOLDSMITH

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 70, 77, 80)

THE MAN IN BLACK

(From *The Citizen of the World*, Letter XXVI)

THOUGH fond of many acquaintances, I desire an intimacy only with a few. The man in black, whom I have often mentioned, is one whose friendship I could wish to acquire, because he possesses my esteem. His manners, it is true, are tinged with some strange inconsistencies, and he may justly be termed a humourist in a nation of humourists. Though he is generous even to profusion, he affects to be thought a prodigy of parsimony and prudence, though his conversation be replete with the most sordid and selfish maxims, his heart is dilated with the most unbounded love. I have known him profess himself a man-hater, while his cheek was glowing with compassion, and, while his looks were softened into pity, I have heard him use the language of the most unbounded ill-nature. Some affect humanity and tenderness, others boast of having such dispositions from nature, but he is the only man I ever knew who seemed ashamed of his natural benevolence. He takes as much pains to hide his feelings, as any hypocrite would to conceal his indifference, but on every unguarded moment the mask drops off, and reveals him to the most superficial observer.

In one of our late excursions into the country, happening to discourse upon the provision that was made for the poor in England, he seemed amazed how any of his countrymen could be so foolishly weak as to relieve occasional objects of charity, when the laws had made such ample provision for their support. 'In every parish-house,' says he, 'the poor are supplied with food, clothes, fire, and a bed to lie on, they want no more, I desire no more myself; yet still they seem discontented. I am surprised at the inactivity of our magistrates, in not taking up such vagrants, who are only a weight upon the industrious; I am sur-

prised that the people are found to relieve them, when they must be at the same time sensible that it, in some measure, encourages idleness, extravagance, and imposture. Were I to advise any man for whom I had the least regard, I would caution him by all means not to be imposed upon by their false pretences. let me assure you, Sir, they are impostors, every one of them, and rather merit a prison than relief.'

He was proceeding in this strain, earnestly to dissuade me from an imprudence of which I am seldom guilty, when an old man, who still had about him the remnants of tattered finery, implored our compassion. He assured us that he was no common beggar, but forced into the shameful profession, to support a dying wife, and five hungry children. Being prepossessed against such falsehoods, his story had not the least influence upon me, but it was quite otherwise with the man in black, I could see it visibly operate upon his countenance, and effectually interrupt his harangue. I could easily perceive, that his heart burned to relieve the five starving children, but he seemed ashamed to discover his weakness to me. While he thus hesitated between compassion and pride, I pretended to look another way, and he seized this opportunity of giving the poor petitioner a piece of silver, bidding him at the same time, in order that I should hear, go work for his bread, and not tease passengers with such impertinent falsehoods for the future.

As he had fancied himself quite unperceived, he continued, as we proceeded, to rail against beggars with as much animosity as before, he threw in some episodes on his own amazing prudence and economy, with his profound skill in discovering impostors, he explained the manner in which he would deal with beggars were he a magistrate, hinted at enlarging some of the prisons for their reception, and told two stories of ladies that were robbed by beggars. He was beginning a third to the same purpose, when a sailor with a wooden leg once more crossed our walks, desiring our pity, and blessing our limbs. I was for going on without taking any notice, but my friend looking wishfully upon the poor petitioner, bid me stop, and he would

show me with how much ease he could at any time detect an impostor

He now, therefore, assumed a look of importance, and in an angry tone began to examine the sailor, demanding in what engagement he was thus disabled and rendered unfit for service. The sailor replied, in a tone as angrily as he, that he had been an officer on board a private ship of war, and that he had lost his leg abroad, in defence of those who did nothing at home. At this reply, all my friend's importance vanished in a moment, he had not a single question more to ask, he only studied what method he should take to relieve him unobserved. He had, however, no easy part to act, as he was obliged to preserve the appearance of ill-nature before me, and yet relieve himself by relieving the sailor. Casting, therefore, a furious look upon some bundles of chips which the fellow carried in a string at his back, my friend demanded how he sold his matches, but, not waiting for a reply, desired, in a surly tone, to have a shilling's worth. The sailor seemed at first surprised at his demand, but soon recollected himself, and presenting his whole bundle, 'Here, master,' says he, 'take all my cargo, and a blessing into the bargain.'

It is impossible to describe with what an air of triumph my friend marched off with his new purchase. He assured me, that he was firmly of opinion that those fellows must have stolen their goods, who could thus afford to sell them for half value. He informed me of several different uses to which those chips might be applied, he expatiated largely upon the savings that would result from lighting candles with a match, instead of thrusting them into the fire. He averred, that he would as soon have parted with a tooth as his money to those vagabonds, unless for some valuable consideration. I cannot tell how long this panegyric upon frugality and matches might have continued, had not his attention been called off by another object more distressful than either of the former. A woman in rags, with one child in her arms, and another on her back, was attempting to sing ballads, with but such a mournful voice, that it was difficult to determine whether she was singing or crying. A wretch, who in the deepest distress

still aimed at good-humour, was an object my friend was by no means capable of withstanding his vivacity and his discourse were instantly interrupted, upon this occasion, his very dissimulation had forsaken him. Even in my presence he immediately applied his hands to his pockets, in order to relieve her, but guess his confusion when he found he had already given away all the money he carried about him to former objects. The misery painted in the woman's visage was not half so strongly expressed as the agony in his. He continued to search for some time, but to no purpose, till, at length recollecting himself, with a face of ineffable good-nature, as he had no money, he put into her hands his shilling's worth of matches.

THE FAMILY OF WAKEFIELD

(From *The Vicar of Wakefield*, (chap. I.)

I WAS ever of opinion, that the honest man who married, and brought up a large family, did more service than he who continued single, and only talked of population. From this motive, I had scarce taken orders a year, before I began to think seriously of matrimony, and chose my wife, as she did her wedding-gown, not for a fine glossy surface, but such qualities as would wear well. To do her justice, she was a good-natured, notable woman, and as for breeding, there were few country ladies who could show more. She could read any English book without much spelling, but for pickling, preserving, and cookery, none could excel her. She prided herself also upon being an excellent contriver in housekeeping, though I could never find that we grew richer with all her contrivances.

However, we loved each other tenderly, and our fondness increased as we grew old. There was, in fact, nothing that could make us angry with the world or each other. We had an elegant house, situated in a fine country, and a good neighbourhood. The year was spent in a moral or rural amusement; in visiting our rich neighbours, and relieving such as were poor. We had no revolutions to fear, or fatigues to undergo, all our adventures were by the fire-side; and all our migrations from the blue bed to the brown.

As we lived near the road, we often had the traveller or stranger visit us to taste our gooseberry wine, for which we had great reputation, and I profess, with the veracity of an historian, I never knew one of them find fault with it. Our cousins, too, even to the fortieth remove, all remembered their affinity, without any help from the herald's office, and came very frequently to see us. Some of them did us no great honour by these claims of kindred, as we had the blind, the maimed, and the halt amongst the number. However, my wife always insisted, that, as they were the same *flesh and blood*, they should sit with us at the same table. So that, if we had not very rich, we generally had very happy friends about us, for this remark will hold good through life, that the poorer the guest, the better pleased he ever is with being treated, and as some men gaze with admiration at the colours of a tulip, or the wing of a butterfly, so I was by nature an admirer of happy human faces. However, when any one of our relations was found to be a person of very bad character, a troublesome guest, or one we desired to get rid of, upon his leaving my house, I ever took care to lend him a riding-coat, or a pair of boots, or sometimes a horse of small value, and I always had the satisfaction of finding he never came back to return them. By this the house was cleared of such as we did not like, but never was the family of Wakefield known to turn the traveller or the poor dependant out of doors.

Thus we lived several years in a state of much happiness, not but that we sometimes had those little rubs which Providence sends to enhance the value of its favours. My orchard was often robbed by school-boys, and my wife's custards plundered by the cats or the children. The Squire would sometimes fall asleep in the most pathetic parts of my sermon, or his lady return my wife's civilities at church with a mutilated courtesy. But we soon got over the uneasiness caused by such accidents, and usually, in three or four days, began to wonder how they vexed us.

My children, the offspring of temperance, as they were educated without softness, so they were at once well-formed

and healthy, my sons hardy and active, my daughters beautiful and blooming. When I stood in the midst of the little circle, which promised to be the supports of my declining age, I could not avoid repeating the famous story of Count Abensberg, who, in Henry the Second's progress through Germany, when other courtiers came with their treasures, brought his thirty-two children, and presented them to his sovereign, as the most valuable offering he had to bestow. In this manner, though I had but six, I considered them as a very valuable present made to my country, and consequently looked upon it as my debtor. Our eldest son was named George, after his uncle, who left us ten thousand pounds. Our second child, a girl, I intended to call after her aunt Grissel, but, my wife, who during the time of her pregnancy, had been reading romances, insisted upon her being called Olivia. In less than another year we had another daughter, and now I was determined that Grissel should be her name, but a rich relation taking a fancy to stand god-mother, the girl was by her directions called Sophia, so that we had two romantic names in the family, but I solemnly protest I had no hand in it. Moses was our next, and, after an interval of twelve years, we had two sons more.

It would be fruitless to deny my exultation when I saw my little ones about me, but the vanity and the satisfaction of my wife were even greater than mine. When our visitors would say, 'Well, upon my word, Mrs. Primrose, you have the finest children in the whole country.' 'Ay, neighbour,' she would answer, 'they are as heaven made them, handsome enough, if they be good enough, for handsome is that handsome does.' And then she would bid the girls hold up their heads, who, to conceal nothing, were certainly very handsome. Mere outside is so very trifling a circumstance with me, that I should scarce have remembered to mention it, had it not been a general topic of conversation in the country. Olivia, now about eighteen, had that luxuriancy of beauty with which painters generally draw Hebe; open, sprightly, and commanding. Sophia's features were not so striking at first, but often did more certain execution; for they were soft, modest,

and alluring The one vanquished by a single blow, the other by efforts successively repeated

The temper of a woman is generally formed from the turn of her features, at least it was so with my daughters Olivia wished for many lovers, Sophia to secure one Olivia was often affected, from too great a desire to please; Sophia even repressed excellence, from her fears to offend The one entertained me with her vivacity when I was gay, the other with her sense when I was serious But these qualities were never carried to excess in either, and I have often seen them exchange characters for a whole day together A suit of mourning has transformed my coquette into a prude, and a new set of ribbons given her younger sister more than natural vivacity My eldest son George was bred at Oxford, as I intended him for one of the learned professions My second boy, Moses, whom I designed for business, received a sort of miscellaneous education at home But it is needless to attempt describing the particular characters of young people that had seen but very little of the world In short, a family likeness prevailed through all, and, properly speaking, they had but one character, that of being all equally generous, credulous, simple, and inoffensive

THE VILLAGE PREACHER

(From *The Deserted Village*.)

NEAR yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year.
Remote from towns he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wish'd to change, his place,
Unpractis'd he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashion'd to the varying hour,
For other aims his heart had learn'd to prize,
More skill'd to raise the wretched than to rise.

His house was known to all the vagrant train,
 He chid their wand'ings, but relieved their pain
 The long remember'd beggar was his guest,
 Whose beard descending swept his aged breast,
 The ruin'd spendthrift, now no longer proud,
 Claim'd kindred there, and had his claims allow'd,
 The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
 Sat by his fire, and talk'd the night away,
 Wept o'er his wounds, or, talks of sorrow done,
 Shoulder'd his crutch, and show'd how fields were won
 Pleased with his guests, the good man learn'd to glow,
 And quite forgot their vices in their woe
 Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
 His pity gave ere charity began.

Thus to relieve the wretched was his pride,
 And e'en his failings lean'd to virtue's side,
 But in his duty prompt at every call,
 He watch'd and wept, he pray'd and felt, for all,
 And, as a bird each fond endearment tries
 To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,
 He tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
 Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way

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

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
 His looks adorn'd the venerable place,
 Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway,
 And fools who came to scoff, remain'd to pray
 The service past, around the pious man,
 With steady zeal, each honest rustic ran,
 E'en children followed, with endearing wile,
 And pluck'd his gown, to share the good man's smile.
 His ready smile a parent's warmth exprest,
 Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distrest;

To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.
As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm,
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

E VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER

(From *The Deserted Village*.)

BESIDE yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossom'd furze unprofitably gay,
Where, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew
Well had the boding tremblers learn'd to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face,
Full well they laugh'd, with counterfeited glee,
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he,
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd.
Yet he was kind, or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault.
The village all declared how much he knew,
'Twas certain he could write, and cypher too,
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
And e'en the story ran—that he could gauge
In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
Amaz'd the gazing rustics ranged around,
And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.

GIBBON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 71)

CONSTANTIUS AT ROME

(From The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire)

THE protection of the Rhetian frontier and the persecution of the Catholic Church detained Constantius in Italy above eighteen months after the departure of Julian. Before the Emperor returned into the East, he indulged his pride and curiosity in a visit to the ancient capital. He proceeded from Milan to Rome along the Æmilian and Flamminian ways, and, as soon as he approached within forty miles of the city, the march of a prince who had never vanquished a foreign enemy assumed the appearance of a triumphal procession. His splendid train was composed of all the ministers of luxury, but in a time of profound peace he was encompassed by the glittering arms of the numerous squadrons of his guards and cuirassiers. Their streaming banners of silk, embossed with gold, and shaped in the form of dragons, waved round the person of the Emperor. Constantius sat alone on a lofty car resplendent with gold and precious gems, and, except when he bowed his head to pass under the gates of the city, he affected a stately demeanour of inflexible and, as it might seem, of insensible gravity. The severe discipline of the Persian youth had been introduced by the eunuchs into the imperial palace, and such were the habits of patience which they had inculcated, that during a slow and sultry march, he was never seen to move his hand toward his face, or to turn his eyes either to the right or to the left. He was received by the magistrates and Senate of Rome, and the emperor surveyed with attention the civil honours of the republic and the consular images of the noble families. The streets were lined with an innumerable multitude. Their repeated acclamations expressed their joy at beholding, after an absence of thirty-two years, the sacred person of their sovereign, and Constantius himself expressed, with some

pleasantry, his affected surprise that the human race should thus suddenly be collected on the same spot. The son of Constantine was lodged in the ancient palace of Augustus, he presided in the Senate, harangued the people from the tribunal which Cicero had so often ascended, assisted with unusual courtesy at the games of the circus, and accepted the crowns of gold, as well as the panegyrics which had been prepared for the ceremony by the deputies of the principal cities. His short visit of thirty days was employed in viewing the monuments of art and power, which were scattered over the seven hills and the interjacent valleys. He admired the awful majesty of the capital, the vast extent of the baths of Caracalla and Diocletian, the severe simplicity of the Pantheon, the massy greatness of the amphitheatre of Titus, the elegant architecture of the theatre of Pompey, and the temple of peace, and, above all, the stately structure of the forum and column of Trajan, acknowledging that the voice of fame, so prone to invent and to magnify, had made an inadequate report of the metropolis of the world. The traveller, who has contemplated the ruins of ancient Rome, may conceive some imperfect idea of the sentiments which they must have inspired when they reared their heads in the splendour of unsullied beauty.

BURKE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 71)

THE REAL RIGHTS OF MAN

(FROM *Reflections on the Revolution in France.*)

FAR am I from denying in theory, full as far is my heart from withholding in practice (if I were of power to give or to withhold) the *real* rights of man. In denying their false claims of right, I do not mean to injure those which are real, and are such as their pretended rights would totally destroy. If civil society be made for the advantage of man, all the advantages for which it is made become his right. It is an institution of beneficence; the law itself is only

beneficence acting by a rule Men have a right to live by that rule, they have a right to do justice, as between their fellows, whether their fellows are in public function or in ordinary occupation. They have a right to the fruits of their industry, and to the means of making their industry fruitful. They have a right to the acquisitions of their parents, to the nourishment and improvement of their offspring, to instruction in life, and to consolation in death. Whatever each man can separately do without trespassing upon others, he has a right to do for himself, and he has a right to a fair portion of all which society, with all its combinations of skill and force, can do in his favour In this partnership all men have equal rights, but not to equal things He that has but five shillings in the partnership, has as good a right to it, as he that has five hundred pounds has to his larger proportion But he has not a right to an equal dividend in the product of the joint stock, and as to the share of power, authority, and direction which each individual ought to have in the management of the state, that I must deny to be amongst the direct original rights of man in civil society, for I have in my contemplation the civil social man, and no other It is a thing to be settled by convention.

If civil society be the offspring of convention, that convention must be its law That convention must limit and modify all the descriptions of constitution which are formed under it. Every sort of legislative, judicial, or executory power are its creatures They can have no being in any other state of things, and how can any man claim under the conventions of civil society rights which do not so much as suppose its existence? rights which are absolutely repugnant to it? One of the first motives to civil society, and which becomes one of its fundamental rules, is, *that no man shall be judge in his own cause.* By this each person has at once divested himself of the first fundamental right of uncovenanted man, that is, to judge for himself, and to assert his own cause. He abdicates all right to be his own governor. He inclusively, in a great measure, abandons the right of self-defence, the first law of nature. Men cannot enjoy the rights of an uncivil and

of a civil state together. That he may obtain justice, he gives up his right of determining what it is in points the most essential to him. That he may secure some liberty, he makes a surrender in trust of the whole of it

Government is not made in virtue of natural rights, which may and do exist in total independence of it, and exist in much greater clearness, and in a much greater degree of abstract perfection, but their abstract perfection is their practical defect. By having a right to everything, they want everything. Government is a contrivance of human wisdom to provide for human *wants*. Men have a right that these wants should be provided for by this wisdom. Among these wants is to be reckoned the want, out of civil society, of a sufficient restraint upon their passions. Society requires not only that the passions of individuals should be subjected, but that even in the mass and body, as well as in the individuals, the inclinations of men should frequently be thwarted, their will controlled, and their passions brought into subjection. This can only be done *by a power out of themselves*, and not, in the exercise of its function, subject to that will and to those passions which it is its office to bridle and subdue. In this sense, the restraints on men, as well as their liberties, are to be reckoned amongst their rights. But as the liberties and the restrictions vary with times and circumstances, and admit of infinite modifications, they cannot be settled upon any abstract rule, and nothing is so foolish as to discuss them upon that principle.

The moment you abate anything from the full rights of men, each to govern himself, and suffer any artificial, positive limitation upon those rights, from that moment the whole organisation of government becomes a consideration of convenience. This it is which makes the constitution of a state, and the due distribution of its powers, a matter of the most delicate and complicated skill. It requires a deep knowledge of human nature and human necessities, and of the things which facilitate or obstruct the various ends, which are to be pursued by the mechanism of civil institutions. The state is to have recruits to its strength, and remedies to its distempers. What is the

use of discussing a man's abstract right to food or medicine? The question is upon the method of procuring and administering them. In that deliberation I shall always advise to call in the aid of the farmer and the physician, rather than the professor of metaphysics.

RICHARDSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 74)

THE DEATH OF CLARISSA

(From *Clarissa*.)

MR BELFORD to ROBERT LOVELACE, ESQ.

Thursday Night.

I MAY as well try to write, since, were I to go to bed, I shall not sleep. I never had such a weight of grief upon my mind in my life, as upon the demise of this admirable woman, whose soul is now rejoicing in the regions of light. You may be glad to know the particulars of her happy exit. I will try to proceed, for all is hush and still, the family retired, but not one of them, and least of all her poor cousin, I daresay, to rest. At four o'clock, as I mentioned in my last, I was sent for down, and as thou usedst to like my descriptions, I will give thee the woful scene that presented itself to me as I approached the bed. The Colonel was the first that took my attention, kneeling on the side of the bed, the lady's right hand in both his, which his face covered, bathing it with his tears, although she had been comforting him, as the woman since told me, in elevated strains, but broken accents.

On the other side of the bed sat the good widow, her face overwhelmed with tears, leaning her head against the bed's head in a most disconsolate manner, and turning her face to me, as soon as she saw me—O Mr Belford, cried she with folded hands—the dear lady—a heavy sob permitted her not to say more. Mrs Smith, with clasped fingers and uplifted eyes, as if imploring help from the only power which could give it, was kneeling down at the

bed's foot, tears in large drops trickling down her cheeks. Her nurse was kneeling between the widow and Mrs Smith, her arms extended. In one hand she held an ineffectual cordial which she had just been offering her dying mistress, her face was swollen with weeping (though used to such scenes as this), and she turned her eyes towards me, as if she called upon me by them to join in the helpless sorrow, a fresh stream bursting from them as I approached the bed.

The maid of the house with her face upon her folded arms, as she stood leaning against the wainscot, more audibly expressed her grief than any of the others. The lady had been silent a few minutes, and speechless, as they thought, moving her lips without uttering a word, one hand, as I said, in her cousin's. But when Mrs. Lovick, on my approach, pronounced my name—O Mr Belford, said she, with a faint inward voice, but very distinct nevertheless—Now—Now—in broken periods she spoke) I bless God for his mercies to his poor creature—all will soon be over—a few—a very few moments—will end the strife—and I shall be happy. Comfort here, sir (turning her head to the Colonel)—comfort my cousin—see! the blame—able kindness—he would not wish me to be happy so soon! Here she stopped for two or three minutes, earnestly looking upon him. Then resuming—My dearest cousin, said she, be comforted—what is dying but the common lot? The mortal frame may seem to labour—but that is all!—It is not so hard to die as I believed it to be.—The preparation is the difficulty—I bless God I have had time for that—the rest is worse to beholders than to me! I am all blessed hope—hope itself. She looked what she said, a sweet smile beaming over her countenance.

After a short silence—Once more, my dear cousin, said she, but still in broken accents, commend me most dutifully to my father and mother.—There she stopped. And then proceeding—To my sister, to my brother, to my uncles—and tell them, I bless them with my parting breath—for all their goodness to me—even for their displeasure, I bless them—most happy has been to me my punishment here! Happy indeed! She was silent for a few moments,

lifting up her eyes, and the hand her cousin held not between his. Then O death! said she, where is thy sting! (the words I remember to have heard in the burial-service read over my uncle and poor Belton) And after a pause—It is good for me that I was afflicted! Words of Scripture, I suppose. Then turning towards us, who were lost in speechless sorrow—O dear, dear gentlemen, said she, you know not what foretastes,—what assurances—and there she again stopped, and looked up as if in a thankful rapture, sweetly smiling

Then turning her head towards me—Do you, sir, tell your friend that I forgive him! And I pray to God to forgive him! Again pausing, and lifting up her eyes, as if praying that he would. Let him know how happily I die—and that, such as my own, I wish to be his last hour. She was again silent a few moments and then resuming—My sight fails me!—Your voices only—(for we both applauded her Christian, her divine frame, though in accents as broken as her own) and the voice of grief is alike in all. Is not this Mr Morden's hand? pressing one of his with that he had just let go—Which is Mr Belford's? holding out the other. I gave her mine. God Almighty bless you both, said she, and make you both—in your last hour—for you must come to this—happy as I am

She paused again, her breath growing shorter; and after a few minutes—And now, my dearest cousin, give me your hand—nearer—still nearer—drawing it towards her, and she pressed it with her dying lips—God protect you, dear, dear sir, and once more receive my best and most grateful thanks—and tell my dear Miss Howe, and vouchsafe to see and to tell my worthy Norton—she will be one day, I fear not, though now lowly in her fortunes, a saint in heaven—tell them both that I remember them with thankful blessings in my last moments! And pray God to give them happiness here for many, many years for the sake of their friends and lovers; and a heavenly crown hereafter; and such assurances of it, as I have, through the all-satisfying merits of our blessed Redeemer.

Her sweet voice and broken periods methinks still fill my ears, and never will be out of my memory. And after

a short silence, in a more broken and faint accent—And you, Mr. Belford, pressing my hand, may God preserve you, and make you sensible of all your errors—you see, in me, how all ends—may you be—and down sank her head upon her pillow, she fainting away and drawing from us her hands. We thought she was then gone, and each gave way to a violent burst of grief. But soon showing signs of returning life, our attention was again engaged, and I besought her, when a little recovered, to complete in my favour her half-pronounced blessing. She waved her hand to us both, and bowed her head six times, as we have since recollected, as if distinguishing every person present, not forgetting the nurse and the maid-servant, the latter having approached the bed, weeping, as if crowding in for the divine lady's last blessing, and she spake falteringly and inwardly—Bless—bless—bless you all—and—now—and now—(holding up her almost lifeless hands for the last time) come—O come—Blessed Lord Jesus! And with these words, the last but half-pronounced, expired—such a smile, such a charming serenity overspreading her sweet face at the instant, as seemed to manifest her eternal happiness already begun. O Lovelace!—But I can write no more!

FIELDING

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 75)

THE COMIC ROMANCE

(From *Adventures of Joseph Andrews* · Preface).

As it is possible the mere English reader may have a different idea of romance with the author of these little volumes,¹ and may consequently expect a kind of entertainment not to be found, nor which was even intended, in the following pages; it may not be improper to premise a few words concerning this kind of writing, which I do not remember to have seen hitherto attempted in our language.

The EPIC, as well as the DRAMA, is divided into tragedy

¹ *Joseph Andrews* was originally published in two volumes.

and comedy HOMER, who was the father of this species of poetry, gave us a pattern of both these, though that of the latter kind is entirely lost, which Aristotle tells us, bore the same relation to comedy which his *Iliad* bears to tragedy. And perhaps, that we have no more instances of it among the writers of antiquity, is owing to the loss of this great pattern, which, had it survived, would have found many imitators equally with the other poems of this great original.

And farther, as this poetry may be tragic or comic, I will not scruple to say it may be likewise either in verse or prose for though it wants one particular, which the critic enumerates in the constituent parts of an epic poem, namely metre, yet, when any kind of writing contains its other parts, such as fable, action, characters, sentiments and diction, and is deficient in metre only, it seems, think, reasonable to refer it to the epic, at least, as a critic hath thought proper to range it under any other head or to assign it a particular name to itself.

Thus the *Telemachus* of the archbishop of Cambrai appears to me of the epic kind, as well as the *Odyssey* of Homer, indeed, it is much fairer and more reasonable to give it a name common with that species from which it differs only in a single instance, than to confound it with those which it resembles in no other. Such as the voluminous works, commonly called Romances, namely *Clelia*, *Cleopatra*, *Astræa*, *Cassandra*, the *Grand Cyrus* and innumerable others, which contain, as I apprehend, very little instruction or entertainment.

Now, a comic romance is a comic epic poem in prose differing from comedy, as the serious epic from tragedy, its action being more extended and comprehensive; containing a much larger circle of incidents, and introducing a greater variety of characters. It differs from the serious romance in its fable and action, in this; that as in the one these are grave and solemn, so in the other they are light and ridiculous: it differs in its characters by introducing persons of inferior rank, and consequently, of inferior manners, whereas the grave romance sets the high

¹ Fénelon.

before us lastly, in its sentiments and diction, by preserving the ludicrous instead of the sublime. In the action, I think, burlesque itself may be sometimes admitted; of which many instances will occur in this work, as in the description of the battles, and some other places, not necessary to be pointed out to the classical reader, for whose entertainment those parodies or burlesque imitations are chiefly calculated.

But, though we have sometimes admitted this in our diction, we have carefully excluded it from our sentiments and characters, for there it is never properly introduced, unless in writings of the burlesque kind, which this is not intended to be. Indeed, no two species of writing can differ more widely than the comic and the burlesque; for as the latter is ever the exhibition of what is monstrous and unnatural, and where our delight, if we examine it, arises from the surprising absurdity, as in appropriating the manners of the highest to the lowest, or *à converso*; so in the former we should ever confine ourselves strictly to nature, from the just imitation of which will flow all the pleasure we can this way convey to a sensible reader. And perhaps there is one reason why a comic writer should of all others be the least excused for deviating from nature, since it may not be always so easy for a serious poet to meet with the great and the admirable, but life everywhere furnishes an accurate observer with the ridiculous.

PARTRIDGE'S GHOST STORY

(From *The History of Tom Jones*, Book VIII., Chap. XI)

PARTRIDGE then proceeded thus: 'In the parish where I was born, there lived a farmer whose name was Bridle, and he had a son named Francis, a good hopeful young fellow: I was at the grammar-school with him, where I remember he was got into Ovid's Epistles, and he could construe you three lines together sometimes without looking into a dictionary. Besides all this, he was a very good lad, never missed church o' Sundays, and was reckoned one of the best psalm-singers in the whole parish. He would indeed now and then take a cup too much, and that was

the only fault he had.'—' Well, but come to the ghost,' cries Jones. ' Never fear, sir, I shall come to him soon enough,' answered Partridge ' You must know, then, that farmer Bridle lost a mare, a sorrel one, to the best of my remembrance, and so it fell out that this young Francis shortly afterward being at a fair at Hindon, and as I think it was on——, I can't remember the day, and being as he was, what should he happen to meet but a man upon his father's mare Frank called out presently, stop thief, and it being in the middle of the fair, it was impossible, you know, for the man to make his escape So they apprehended him and carried him before the justice. I remember it was Justice Willoughby, of Noyle, a very worthy good gentleman, and he committed him to prison, and bound Frank in a recognisance. I think they call it,— a hard word compounded of *re* and *cognosco* ; but it differs in its meaning from the use of the simple, as many other compounds do Well, at last down came my Lord Justice Page to hold the assizes, and so the fellow was had up, and Frank was had up for a witness To be sure, I shall never forget the face of the judge, when he began to ask him what he had to say against the prisoner He made poor Frank tremble and shake in his shoes " Well you, fellow," says my lord, " what have you to say ? Don't stand humming and hawing, but speak out " But, however, he soon turned altogether as civil to Frank, and began to thunder at the fellow, and when he asked him if he had anything to say for himself, the fellow said, he had found the horse. " Ay !" answered the judge, " thou art a lucky fellow I have travelled the circuit these forty years, and never found a horse in my life but I'll tell thee what, friend, thou wast more lucky than thou didst know of ; for thou didst not only find a horse, but a halter too, I promise thee." To be sure, I shall never forget the word. Upon which everybody fell a laughing, as how could they help it ? Nay, and twenty other jests he made, which I can't remember now. There was something about his skill in horse-flesh which made all the folks laugh. To be certain, the judge must have been a very brave man, as well as a man of much learning. It is indeed charming

sport to hear trials for life and death. One thing I own I thought a little hard, that the prisoner's counsel was not suffered to speak for him, though he desired only to be heard one very short word, but my lord would not hearken to him, though he suffered a counsellor to talk against him for above half an hour. I thought it hard, I own, that there should be so many of them, my lord, and the court, and the jury, and the counsellors, and the witnesses, all upon one poor man, and he too in chains. Well, the fellow was hanged, as to be sure it could be no otherwise, and poor Frank could never be easy about it. He never was in the dark alone, but he fancied he saw the fellow's spirit' — 'Well, and is this thy story?' cries Jones. 'No, no,' answered Partridge. 'O Lord have mercy upon me! I am just now coming to the matter; for one night, coming from the alehouse, in a long, narrow, dark lane, there he ran directly up against him, and the spirit was all in white, and fell upon Frank, and Frank, who is a sturdy lad, fell upon the spirit again, and there they had a tussel together, and poor Frank was dreadfully beat. indeed he made a shift at last to crawl home, but what with the beating, and what with the fright, he lay ill above a fortnight, and all this is most certainly true, and the whole parish will bear witness to it.'

The stranger smiled at this story, and Jones burst into a loud fit of laughter, upon which Partridge cried, 'Ay, you may laugh, sir, and so did some others, particularly a squire, who is thought to be no better than an atheist; who, forsooth, because there was a calf with a white face found dead in the same lane the next morning, would fain have it that the battle was between Frank and that, as if a calf would set upon a man. Besides, Frank told me he knew it to be a spirit, and could swear to him in any court in Christendom, and he had not drunk above a quart or two or such a matter of liquor, at the time. Lud have mercy upon us, and keep us all from dipping our hands in blood. I sav !'

SMOLLETT

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 76)

MATT. BRAMBLE'S IMPRESSIONS OF LONDON

(From *The Expedition of Humphry Clinker*).

To DR LEWIS

DEAR DOCTOR,—London is literally new to me, 'new in its streets, houses, and even in its situation. As the Irishman said, 'London is now gone out of town'—What I left open fields, producing hay and corn, I now find covered with streets and squares, and palaces and churches' I am credibly informed, that, in the space of seven years, eleven thousand new houses have been built in one quarter of Westminster, exclusive of what is daily added to other parts of this unwieldy metropolis. Pimlico and Knightsbridge are almost joined to Chelsea and Kensington, and, if this infatuation continues for half a century, I suppose the whole county of Middlesex will be covered with brick.

It must be allowed, indeed, for the credit of the present age, that London and Westminster are much better paved and lighted than they were formerly. The new streets are spacious, regular, and airy, and the houses generally convenient. The bridge at Blackfriars is a noble monument of taste and public spirit—I wonder how they stumbled upon a work of such magnificence and utility. But, notwithstanding these improvements, the capital is become an overgrown monster, which, like a dropsical head, will in time leave the body and extremities without nourishment and support. The absurdity will appear in its full force, when we consider, that one-sixth part of the natives of this whole extensive kingdom is crowded within the bills of mortality. What wonder that our villages are depopulated, and our farms in want of day-labourers! the abolition of small farms is but one cause of the decrease of population. Indeed, the incredible increase of horses and black cattle, to answer the purposes of luxury, requires a prodigious quantity of hay and grass, which are raised and managed

without much labour, but a number of hands will always be wanted for the different branches of agriculture, whether the farms be large or small. The tide of luxury has swept all the inhabitants from the open country, the poorest squire, as well as the richest peer, must have his house in town, and make a figure with an extraordinary number of domestics. The ploughboys, cowherds, and lower hinds, are debauched and seduced by the appearance and discourse of those coxcombs in livery, when they make their summer excursions. They desert their dirt and drudgery, and swarm up to London, in hopes of getting into service, where they can live luxuriously, and wear fine clothes, without being obliged to work, for idleness is natural to man. Great numbers of these, being disappointed in their expectation, become thieves and sharpers, and London being an immense wilderness, in which there is neither watch nor ward of signification, nor any order or police, affords them lurking-places as well as prey.

There are many causes that contribute to the daily increase of this enormous mass, but they may be all resolved into the grand source of luxury and corruption. About five-and-twenty years ago, very few even of the most opulent citizens of London kept any equipage, or even any servants in livery. Their tables produced nothing but plain boiled and roasted, with a bottle of port and a tankard of beer. At present, every trader in any degree of credit, every broker and attorney, maintains a couple of footmen, a coachman, and postilion. He has his town-house, and his country-house, his coach, and his post-chaise. His wife and daughters appear in the richest stuffs, bespangled with diamonds. They frequent the court, the opera, the theatre, and the masquerade. They hold assemblies at their own houses, they make sumptuous entertainments, and treat with the richest wines of Bourdeaux, Burgundy, and Champagne. The substantial tradesman, who was wont to pass his evenings at the alehouse for fourpence-halfpenny, now spends three shillings at the tavern, while his wife keeps card-tables at home; she must also have fine clothes, her chaise, or pad, with country lodgings, and go three times a-week to public diversions. Every clerk, apprentice, and

even waiter of a tavern or coffee-house, maintains a gelding by himself, or in partnership, and assumes the air and apparel of a *petit-maitre*—The gayest places of public entertainment are filled with fashionable figures, which, upon inquiry, will be found to be journeymen tailors, serving-men, and Abigails, disguised like their betters

In short, there is no distinction or subordination left. The different departments of life are jumbled together—the hod-carrier, the low mechanic, the tapster, the publican, the shopkeeper, the pettifogger, the citizen, and courtier, *all tread upon the kibes of one another*, actuated by the demons of profligacy and licentiousness, they are seen every where, rambling, riding, rolling, rushing, jostling, mixing, bouncing, cracking, and crashing in one vile ferment of stupidity and corruption—all is tumult and hurry—One would imagine they were impelled by some disorder of the brain, that will not suffer them to be at rest. The foot passengers run along as if they were pursued by bailiffs. The porters and chairmen trot with their burdens. People, who keep their own equipages, drive through the streets at full speed. Even citizens, physicians, and apothecaries glide in their chariots like lightning. The hackney coachmen make their horses smoke, and the pavement shakes under them, and I have actually seen a waggon pass through Piccadilly at the hand-gallop. In a word, the whole nation seems to be running out of their wits.

The diversions of the times are not ill suited to the genius of this incongruous monster, called *the public*. Give it noise, confusion, glare, and glitter, it has no idea of elegance and propriety. What are the amusements at Ranelagh? One half of the company are following one another's tails, in an eternal circle, like so many blind asses in an olive mill, where they can neither discourse, distinguish, nor be distinguished, while the other half are drinking hot water, under the denomination of tea, till nine or ten o'clock at night, to keep them awake for the rest of the evening. As for the orchestra, the vocal music especially, it is well for the performers that they cannot be heard distinctly. Vauxhall is a composition of baubles, overcharged with paltry ornaments, ill conceived, and

poorly executed, without any unity of design, or propriety of disposition. It is an unnatural assemblage of objects fantastically illuminated in broken masses, seemingly contrived to dazzle the eyes and divert the imagination of the vulgar. Here a wooden lion, there a stone statue, in one place a range of things like coffee-house boxes covered a-top, in another, a parcel of alehouse benches, in a third, a puppet-show representation of a tin cascade, in a fourth, a gloomy cave of a circular form, like a sepulchral vault half-lighted, in a fifth, a scanty slip of grassplot, that would not afford pasture sufficient for an ass's colt. The walks, which Nature seems to have intended for solitude, shade, and silence, are filled with crowds of noisy people, sucking up the nocturnal rheums of an aguish climate, and through these gay scenes a few lamps glimmer like so many farthing candles.

When I see a number of well-dressed people, of both sexes, sitting on the covered benches, exposed to the eyes of the mob, and, which is worse, to the cold, raw, night air, devouring sliced beef, and swilling port, and punch, and cyder, I can't help compassionating their temerity, while I despise their want of taste and decorum, but, when they course along those damp and gloomy walks, or crowd together upon the wet gravel, without any other cover than the cope of heaven, listening to a song, which one half of them cannot possibly hear, how can I help supposing they are actually possessed by a spirit more absurd and pernicious than any thing we meet with in the precincts of Bedlam? In all probability, the proprietors of this, and other public gardens of inferior note, in the skirts of the metropolis, are, in some shape, connected with the faculty of physic, and the company of undertakers, for, considering that eagerness in the pursuit of what is called pleasure, which now predominates through every rank and denomination of life, I am persuaded that more gout, rheumatisms, catarrhs, and consumptions, are caught in these nocturnal pastimes, *sub dio*, than from all the risks and accidents to which a life of toil and danger is exposed.

These and other observations which I have made in this excursion, will shorten my stay in London and send me

back with a double relish to my solitude and mountains, but I shall return by a different route from that which brought me to town. I have seen some old friends, who constantly resided in this virtuous metropolis, but they are so changed in manners and disposition, that we hardly know or care for one another. In our journey from Bath, my sister Labby provoked me into a transport of passion, during which, like a man who has drank himself potentiant, I talked to her in such a style of authority and resolution, as produced a most blessed effect. She and her dog have been remarkably quiet and orderly ever since this expostulation. How long this agreeable calm will last, Heaven above knows. I flatter myself the exercise of travelling has been of service to my health, a circumstance which encourages me to proceed in my projected expedition to the north. But I must, in the mean time, for the benefit and amusement of my pupils, explore the depths of this chaos, this misshapen and monstrous capital, without head or tail, members or proportion.

Thomas was so insolent to my sister on the road, that I was obliged to turn him off abruptly, betwixt Chippenham and Marlborough, where our coach was overturned. The fellow was always sullen and selfish, but if he should return to the country, you may give him a character for honesty and sobriety, and, provided he behaves with proper respect to the family, let him have a couple of guineas in the name of, yours always,

MATT BRAMBLE

LONDON, *May 29.*

STERNE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 77)

UNCLE TOBY AND THE FLY

(From *Tristram Shandy*, Book II., Chap. XII.)

My uncle Toby was a man patient of injuries,—not from want of courage,—I have told you in a former chapter 'that he was a man of courage'—And will add here, that

when just occasions presented, or called it forth,—I know no man under whose arm I would have sooner taken shelter,—nor did it arise from any insensibility or obtuseness of his intellectual parts,—for he felt this insult of my father's as feelingly as a man could do,—but he was of a peaceful, placid nature,—no jarring element in it,—all was mixed up so kindly within him, my uncle Toby had scarce a heart to retaliate upon a fly

—Go—says he, one day at dinner, to an over-grown one which had buzzed about his nose, and tormented him cruelly all dinner time,—and which after infinite attempts, he had caught at last, as it flew by him,—I'll not hurt thee, says my uncle Toby, rising from his chair, and going across the room, with the fly in his hand,—I'll not hurt a hair of thy head —go, says he, lifting up the sash, and opening his hand as he spoke, to let it escape,—go, poor devil, get thee gone, why should I hurt thee?—This world surely is wide enough to hold both thee and me

—I was but ten years old when this happened, but whether it was, that the action itself was more in unison to my nerves at that age of pity, which instantly set my whole frame into one vibration of most pleasurable sensation,—or how far the manner and expression of it might go towards it,—or in what degree, or by what secret magic,—a tone of voice and harmony of movement, attuned by mercy, might find a passage to my heart, I know not,—this I know, that the lesson of universal good-will then taught and imprinted by my uncle Toby, has never since been worn out of my mind. And though I would not depreciate what the study of the *Literæ humaniores*, at the university, have done for me in that respect, or discredit the other helps of an expensive education bestowed upon me, both at home and abroad since;—yet I often think that I owe one-half of my philanthropy to that one accidental impression.

FRANCES BURNEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 77)

EVELINA IN LONDON

(From *Evelina*, Letter X.)

EVELINA TO THE REV MR VILLARS

Queen Ann Street, London. Saturday, April 2.

THIS moment arrived—Just going to Drury Lane Theatre. The celebrated Mr Garrick performs *Ranger*—I am quite in ecstasy—So is Miss Mirvan—How fortunate that he should happen to play! We would not let Mrs Mirvan rest till she consented to go—Her chief objection was to our dress, for we have had no time to *Londonise* ourselves, but we teased her into compliance, and so we are to sit in some obscure place that she may not be seen—As to me, I should be alike unknown in the most conspicuous or most private part of the house

I can write no more now—I have hardly time to breathe—only just this, the houses and streets are not quite so superb as I expected—However, I have seen nothing yet, so I ought not to judge

Well, adieu, my dearest Sir, for the present, I could not forbear writing a few words instantly on my arrival, though I suppose my letter of thanks for your consent is still on the road.

Saturday Night.

O, my dear Sir, in what raptures am I returned? Well may Mr. Garrick be so celebrated, so universally admired—I had not any idea of so great a performer.

Such ease! such vivacity in his manner! such grace in his motions! such fire and meaning in his eyes!—I could hardly believe he had studied a written part, for every word seemed to be uttered from the impulse of the moment.

His action—at once so graceful and so free!—his voice—so clear, so melodious, yet so wonderfully various in its tones!—Such animation!—every look *speaks!*

I would have given the world to have had the whole play acted over again. And when he danced—O, how I envied Clarinda! I almost wished to have jumped on the stage and joined them.

I am afraid you will think me mad, so I won't say any more; yet, I really believe Mr. Garrick would make you mad too if you could see him. I intend to ask Mrs. Mirvan to go to the play every night while we stay in town. She is extremely kind to me, and Maria, her charming daughter, is the sweetest girl in the world.

I shall write to you every evening all that passes in the day, and that in the same manner as, if I could see, I should tell you

Sunday.

This morning we went to Portland chapel, and afterwards we walked in the Mall of St. James's Park, which by no means answered my expectations. It is a long straight walk of dirty gravel, very uneasy to the feet, and at each end, instead of an open prospect, nothing is to be seen but houses built of brick. When Mrs. Mirvan pointed out the *Palace* to me—I think I was never much more surprised.

However, the walk was very agreeable to us, every body looked gay, and seemed pleased, and the ladies were so much dressed, that Miss Mirvan and I could do nothing but look at them. Mrs. Mirvan met several of her friends. No wonder, for I never saw so many people assembled together before. I looked about for some of *my* acquaintance, but in vain; for I saw not one person that I knew, which is very odd, for all the world seemed there.

Mrs. Mirvan says we are not to walk in the Park again next Sunday, even if we should be in town, because there is better company in Kensington Gardens, but really, if you had seen how much every body was dressed, you would not think that possible.

Monday.

We are to go this evening to a private ball, given by Mrs. Stanley, a very fashionable lady of Mrs. Mirvan's acquaintance.

We have been *a-shopping* as Mrs. Mirvan calls it, all this morning, to buy silks, caps, gauzes, and so forth

The shops are really very entertaining, especially the mercers, there seem to be six or seven men belonging to each shop, and every one took care, by bowing and smirking, to be noticed. We were conducted from one to another, and carried from room to room with so much ceremony, that at first I was almost afraid to go on

I thought I should never have chosen a silk for they produced so many, I knew not which to fix upon, and they recommended them all so strongly, that I fancy they thought I only wanted persuasion to buy every thing they showed me. And, indeed, they took so much trouble, that I was almost ashamed I could not.

At the milliners, the ladies we met were so much dressed, that I should rather have imagined they were making visits than purchases. But what most diverted me was, that we were more frequently served by men than by women, and such men! so finical, so affected! they seemed to understand every part of a woman's dress better than we do ourselves, and they recommended caps and ribbands with an air of so much importance, that I wished to ask them how long they had left off wearing them.

The dispatch with which they work in these great shops is amazing, for they have promised me a complete suit of linen against the evening

I have just had my hair dressed. You can't think how oddly my head feels, full of powder and black pins, and a great cushion on the top of it. I believe you would hardly know me, for my face looks quite different to what it did before my hair was dressed. When I shall be able to make use of a comb for myself I cannot tell, for my hair is so much entangled, *frizzled* they call it, that I fear it will be very difficult.

I am half afraid of this ball to-night, for, you know, I have never danced but at school: however, Miss Mirvan says, there is nothing in it. Yet I wish it was over.

Adieu, my dear Sir; pray excuse the wretched stuff

I write, perhaps I may improve by being in this town, and then my letters will be less unworthy your reading. Mean time, I am,

Your dutiful and affectionate,
though unpolished,

EVELINA

Poor Miss Mirvan cannot wear one of the caps she made, because they dress her hair too large for them

WALPOLE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 78)

THE GIGANTIC HELMET

(From *The Castle of Otranto*)

YOUNG Conrad's birthday was fixed for his espousals. The company was assembled in the chapel of the Castle, and everything ready for beginning the divine office, when Conrad himself was missing. Manfred, impatient of the least delay, and who had not observed his son retire, dispatched one of his attendants to summon the young Prince. The servant, who had not stayed long enough to have crossed the court of Conrad's apartment, came running back breathless, in a frantic manner, his eyes staring, and foaming at the mouth. He said nothing, but pointed to the court. The company were struck with terror and amazement. The Princess Hippolita, without knowing what was the matter, but anxious for her son, swooned away. Manfred, less apprehensive than enaged at the procrastination of the nuptials, and at the folly of his domestic, asked imperiously what was the matter? The fellow made no answer, but continued pointing towards the court-yard, and at last, after repeated questions put to him, cried out, Oh, the helmet! the helmet! In the mean time, some of the company had run into the court, from whence was heard a confused noise of shrieks, horror, and surprise. Manfred, who began to be alarmed at not seeing his son, went himself to get information of what occasioned this strange confusion. Matilda re-

mained endeavouring to assist her mother, and Isabella stayed for the same purpose, and to avoid showing any impatience for the bridegroom, for whom, in truth, she had conceived little affection.

The first thing that struck Manfred's eyes was a group of his servants endeavouring to raise something that appeared to him a mountain of sable plumes. He gazed without believing his sight. What are ye doing? cried Manfred wrathfully, where is my son? A volley of voices replied, Oh! my Lord! the Prince! the Prince! the helmet! the helmet! Shocked with these lamentable sounds, and dreading he knew not what, he advanced hastily,—but what a sight for a father's eyes!—he beheld his child dashed to pieces, and almost buried under an enormous helmet, a hundred times more large than any casque ever made for human being, and shaded with a proportional quantity of black feathers.

THOMSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 81, 82)

A SNOW SCENE

(From *Winter*.)

THE keener tempests come, and fuming dun
 From all the livid east, or piercing north,
 Thick clouds ascend, in whose capacious womb
 A vapoury deluge lies, to snow congealed
 Heavy they roll their fleecy world along,
 And the sky saddens with the gathered storm.
 Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
 At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
 Fall broad, and wide, and fast, dimming the day
 With a continual flow. The cherished fields
 Put on their winter robe of purest white.
 'Tis brightness all, save where the new snow melts
 Along the mazy current Low, the woods

Bow their hoar head, and, ere the languid sun,
 Faint from the west, emits his evening ray,
 Earth's universal face, deep-lid and chill,
 Is one wild dazzling waste, that buries wide
 The works of man. Drooping, the labourer-ox
 Stands covered o'er with snow, and then demands
 The fruit of all his toil. The fowls of heaven,
 Tamed by the cruel season, crowd around
 The winnowing store, and claim the little boon
 Which Providence assigns them. One alone,
 The redbreast, sacred to the household gods,
 Wisely regardful of the embroiling sky,
 In joyless fields and thorny thickets leaves
 His shivering mates, and pays to trusted man
 His annual visit. Half-afraid, he first
 Against the window beats, then, brisk, alights
 On the warm hearth, then, hopping o'er the floor,
 Eyes all the smiling family askance,
 And pecks, and starts, and wonders where he is,
 Till, more familiar grown, the table-crums
 Attract his slender feet. The foodless wilds
 Pour forth their brown inhabitants. The hare,
 Though timorous of heart, and hard beset
 By death in various forms, dark snares, and dogs,
 And more un pitying men, the garden seeks,
 Urged on by fearless want. The bleating kind
 Eye the bleak heaven, and next the glistening earth,
 With looks of dumb despair, then, sad-dispersed,
 Dig for the withered herb through heaps of snow.

THE LAND OF INDOLENCE

(From *The Castle of Indolence*, Canto I)

I.

O MORIAL man, who livest here by toil,
 Do not complain of this thy hard estate,
 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
 And curse thy star, and early drudge and late,
 Withouten that would come a heavier bale,
 Loose life, unruly passions, and diseases pale

II

In lowly dale, fast by a river's side,
 With woody hill o'er hill encompassed round,
 A most enchanting wizard did abide,
 Than whom a fiend more fell is no where found
 It was, I ween, a lovely spot of ground,
 And there a season atween June and May,
 Half pranked with spring, with summer half' im-
 browned.
 A listless climate made, where, sooth to say,
 No living wight could work, ne cared even for play

III

Was nought around but images of rest
 Sleep-soothing groves, and quiet lawns between,
 And flowery beds that slumbrous influence kest,¹
 From poppies breathed, and beds of pleasant green,
 Where never yet was creeping creature seen
 Mean-time, unnumbered glittering streamlets played,
 And hurled every where their waters sheen,
 That, as they bickered through the sunny glade,
 Though restless still themselves, a lulling murmur
 made

IV.

Joined 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.
 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 coil² the grasshopper did keep,
 Yet all these sounds yblent, inclined all to sleep

¹ Cast.² Noise.

v.

Full in the passage of the vale, above,
A sable, silent, solemn forest stood,
Where nought but shadowy forms was seen to move
As Idless fancied in her dreaming mood
And up the hills, on either side, a wood
Of blackening pines, ay 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

vi

A pleasing land of drowsy-hed it was,
Of dreams that wave before the half-shut eye,
And of gay castles in the clouds that pass,
Forever flushing round a summer-sky
There eke the soft delights, that witchingly
Instil a wanton sweetness through the breast,
And the calm pleasures always hovered nigh,
But whate'er smacked of noyance, or unrest,
Was far, far off expelled from this delicious nest.

vii.

The landskip such, inspiring perfect ease,
Where INDOLENCE (for so the wizard hight)
Close-hid his castle, mid embowering trees,
That half shut out the beams of Phœbus bright,
And made a kind of checkered day and night.
Meanwhile, unceasing at the massy gate,
Beneath a spacious palm, the wicked wight
Was placed, and, to his lute, of cruel fate
And labour harsh complained, lamenting man's estate.

COLLINS

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 82, 84)

ODE TO EVENING

IF aught of oaten stop, or pastoral song,
 May hope, chaste eve, to soothe thy modest ear,
 Like thy own solemn springs,
 Thy springs, and dying gales,

O nymph reserved, while now the bright-haired sun
 Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts, '
 With brede ethereal wove,
 O'erhang his wavy bed

Now air is hushed, save where the weak-eyed bat
 With short, shrill shriek, flits by on leathern wing;
 Or where the beetle winds
 His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
 Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum
 Now teach me, maid composed,
 To breathe some softened strain,

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

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

And many a nymph who wreathes her brows with
 sedge,
 And sheds the freshening dew, and, lovelier still,
 The pensive pleasures sweet
 Prepare thy shadowy car

Then lead, calm votaress, where some sheety lake
 Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
 Or up-land fallows grey
 Reflect its last cool gleam.

But when chill blustering winds, or driving rain,
 Forbid my willing feet, be mine the hut,
 That from the mountain's side,
 Views wilds, and swelling floods,

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

While spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont.
 And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest eve !
 While summer loves to sport
 Beneath thy lingering light,

While fallow autumn fills thy lap with leaves,
 Or winter, yelling through the troublous air,
 Affrights thy shrinking train,
 And rudely rends thy robes,

So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
 Shall fancy, friendship, science, rose-lipp'd health
 Thy gentlest influence own,
 And hymn thy favourite name !

BLAKE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 83)

TO THE MUSES

(From *Poetical Sketches*.)

WHETHER on Ida's shady brow,
 Or in the chambers of the East,
 The chambers of the Sun, that now
 From ancient melody have ceased;

Whether in heaven ye wander fair,
 Or the green corners of the earth,
 Or the blue regions of the air
 Where the melodious winds have birth,

Whether on crystal rocks ye rove,
 Beneath the bosom of the sea,
 Wandering in many a coral grove,
 Fair Nine, forsaking Poetry,

How have you left the ancient love
 That bards of old enjoyed in you !
 The languid strings do scarcely move,
 The sound is forced, the notes are few !

INTRODUCTION

(To *Songs of Innocence*.)

PIPING down the valleys wild,
 Piping songs of pleasant glee,
 On a cloud I saw a child,
 And he laughing said to me

‘ Pipe a song about a Lamb !’
 So I piped with merry cheer
 ‘ Piper, pipe that song again,’
 So I piped he wept to hear

‘ Drop thy pipe, thy happy pipe,
 Sing thy songs of happy cheer !’
 So I sang the same again,
 While he wept with joy to hear.

‘ Piper, sit thee down and write
 In a book, that all may read,
 So he vanished from my sight,
 And I plucked a hollow reed,

And I made a rural pen,
 And I stamed the water clear,
 And I wrote my happy songs
 Every child may joy to hear.

AH SUNFLOWER

(From Songs of Experience.)

AH Sunflower, weary of time,
 Who countest the steps of the sun,
 Seeking after that sweet golden clime
 Where the traveller's journey is done,
 Where the Youth pined away with desire
 And the pale virgin shrouded in snow,
 Arise from their graves, and aspire
 Where my Sunflower wishes to go !

THE TIGER

(From Songs of Experience)

TIGER, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Could frame thy fearful symmetry ?

In what distant deeps or skies
 Burnt the fire of thine eyes ?
 On what wings dare he aspire ?
 What the hand dare seize the fire ?

And what shoulder and what art
 Could twist the sinews of thy heart ?
 And, when thy heart began to beat,
 What dread hand and what dread feet ?

What the hammer ? what the chain ?
 In what furnace was thy brain ?
 What the anvil ? what dread grasp
 Dare its deadly terrors clasp ?

When the stars threw down their spears,
 And watered heaven with their tears,
 Did he smile his work to see ?
 Did he who made the lamb make thee ?

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
 In the forests of the night,
 What immortal hand or eye
 Dare frame thy fearful symmetry ?

CHATTERTON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 84)

AN EXCELLENT BALLAD OF CHARL

I.

IN Virgo now the sultry sun did sheene,
 And hot upon the meads did cast his ray,
 The apple reddened from its paly green,
 And the soft pear did bend the leafy spray,
 The pied chelândry¹ sang the livelong day,
 'Twas now the pride, the manhood of the year,
 And eke the ground was decked in its most deft
 aumere²

II

The sun was gleaming in the midst of day,
 Dead-still the air, and eke the welkin blue,
 When from the sea arose in drear array
 A heap of clouds of sable sullen hue,
 The which full fast unto the woodland drew,
 Hiding at once the sunnès festive face,
 And the black tempest swelled, and gathered up apace.

III.

Beneath a holm, fast by a pathway-side,
 Which did unto Saint Godwin's convent lead,
 A hapless pilgrim moaning did abide,
 Poor in his view, ungentle in his weed,
 Long brimful of the miseries of need.
 Where from the hailstorm could the beggar fly ?
 He had no houses there, nor any convent nigh.

¹ Goldfinch.

² Apparel.

IV.

Look in his gloomèd face, his sprite there scan;
 How woe-begone, how withered, dwindled, dead!
 Haste to thy church-glebe-house, accursèd man!
 Haste to thy shroud, thy only sleeping bed.
 Cold as the clay which will grow on thy head
 Are Charity and Love among high elves,
 For knights and barons live for pleasure and them-
 selves

V

The gathered storm is ripe, the big drops fall,
 The sun-burnt meadows smoke, and drink the
 rain;
 The coming ghastness doth the cattle 'pall,
 And the full flocks are driving o'er the plain,
 Dashed from the clouds, the waters fly again,
 The welkin opes, the yellow lightning flies,
 And the hot fiery steam in the wide flashings dies

VI.

List! now the thunder's rattling noisy sound
 Moves slowly on, and then full-swollen clangs,
 Shakes the high spire, and lost, expended, drowned,
 Still on the frightened ear of terror hangs,
 The winds are up, the lofty elm-tree swangs,
 Again the lightning, and the thunder pours,
 And the full clouds are burst at once in stony showers

VII.

Spurring his palfrey o'er the watery plain,
 The Abbot of Saint Godwin's convent came,
 His chapournette¹ was drenchèd with the rain,
 His painted girdle met with mickle shame,
 He aynewarde told his bederoll² at the same,
 The storm increases, and he drew aside,
 With the poor alms-crauer near to the holm to bide.

¹ A small round hat.

² He told his beads backwards—that is, he cursed.

VIII.

His cope was all of Lincoln cloth so fine,
 With a gold button fastened near his chin,
 His autremete¹ was edged with golden twine,
 And his shòe's peak a noble's might have been;
 Full well it shewèd he thought cost no sin
 The trammels of his palfrey pleased his sight,
 For the horse-milliner his head with roses dight

IX.

' An alms, sir priest !' the drooping pilgrim said,
 ' Oh ! let me wait within your convent-door,
 Till the sun shineth high above our head,
 And the loud tempest of the air is o'er
 Helpless and old am I, alas ! and poor
 No house, no friend, nor money in my pouch,
 All that I call my own is this my silver crouche '²

X

' Varlet !' replied the Abbot, ' cease your din,
 This is no season alms and prayers to give,
 My porter never lets a beggar in,
 None touch my ring who not in honour live '
 And now the sun with the black clouds did strive,
 And shot upon the ground his glaring ray,
 The abbot spurred his steed, and eftsoons rode away

XI

Once more the sky was black, the thunder rolled,
 Fast running o'er the plain a priest was seen,
 Not dight full proud, nor buttoned up in gold,
 His cope and jape were grey, and eke were clean,
 A limitor³ he was of order seen,
 And from the pathway-side then turnèd he,
 Where the poor beggar lay beneath the holmen tree.

XII.

' An alms, sir priest !' the drooping pilgrim said,
 ' For sweet Saint Mary and your order's sake.'

¹ Loose robe.² Crucifix.³ A begging friar

The limitor then loosened his pouch-thread,
 And did thereout a groat of silver take
 The needy pilgrim did for gladness shake,
 ' Here, take this silver, it may ease thy care.
 We are God's stewards all, naught of our own we bear

XIII

But ah ! unhappy pilgrim, learn of me
 Scarce any give a rentroll to their lord,
 Here, take my semicope,¹ thou'rt bare, I see,
 'Tis thine, the saints will give me my reward '
 He left the pilgrim, and his way aborde ²
 Virgin and holy Saints, who sit in gloure,³
 Or give the mighty will, or give the good man power !

MACPHERSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 84)

THE GHOST OF CRUGAL APPEARS TO CONNAL

(From *Fingal*, Book II)

CONNAL lay by the sound of the mountain stream, beneath the aged tree. A stone, with its moss, supported his head. Shrill through the heath of Lena he heard the voice of night. At distance from the horses he lay, the son of the sword feared no foe ! The hero beheld, in his rest, a dark stream of fire rushing down the hill. Crugal sat upon the beam, a chief who fell in fight. He fell by the hand of Swaran, striving in the battle of heroes. His face is like the beam of the setting moon. His robes are of the clouds of the hill. His eyes are two decaying flames. Dark is the wound of his breast ! ' Crugal,' said the mighty Connal, son of Dedgal famed on the hill of hinds, ' why so pale and sad, thou breaker of the shields ? Thou hast never been pale for fear ! What disturbs the departed Crugal ?' Dim, and in tears, he stood and stretched his

¹ Short cloak.² Went his way³ Glory

pale hand over the hero. Faintly he raised his feeble voice, like the gale of the reedy Lego!

'My spirit, Connal, is on my hills: my corse on the sands of Erin. Thou shalt never talk with Crugal, nor find his lone steps in the heath. I am light as the blast of Cromla. I move like the shadow of mist! Connal, son of Colgar, I see a cloud of death. It hovers dark over the plains of Lena. The sons of green Erin must fall. Remove from the field of ghosts.' Like the darkling moon he retired, in the midst of the whistling blast. 'Stay,' said the mighty Connal, 'stay, my dark-red friend. Lay by that beam of heaven, son of the windy Cromla! What cave is thy lonely house? What green-headed hill the place of thy repose? Shall we not hear thee in the storm? In the noise of the mountain-stream? When the feeble sons of the wind come forth, and scarcely seen, pass over the desert?'

The soft-voiced Connal rose, in the midst of his sounding arms. He struck his shield above Cuthullin. The son of battle waked. 'Why,' said the ruler of the car, 'comes Connal through my night? My spear might turn against the sound, and Cuthullin mourn the death of his friend. Speak, Connal, son of Colgar, speak, thy counsel is the sun of heaven!'

'Son of Semo!' replied the chief, 'the ghost of Crugal came from his cave. The stars dim-twinkled through his form. His voice was like the sound of a distant stream. He is a messenger of death! He speaks of the dark and narrow house! Sue for peace, O chief of Erin! or fly over the heath of Lena. [*Cuthullin refuses to listen to his advice, and the host gathers as morning comes.*] The heroes rise, like the breaking of a blue-rolling wave. They stood on the heath, like oaks with their branches round them, when they echo to the stream of frost, and their withered leaves are rustling to the wind! High Cromla's head of clouds is grey. Morning trembles on the half-enlightened ocean. The blue mist swims slowly by, and hides the sons of Inis-fail!

GRAY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 85)

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCHYARD

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
 Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire,
 Hands, that the rod of empire might have swayed,
 Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
 Rich with the spoils of time did ne'er unroll,
 Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
 And froze the genial current of the soul

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

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

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

Their lot forbad, nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined,
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

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

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

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

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

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

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
Ev'n from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,

For thee, who mndtul of th' unhonoured Dead
 Dost in these lines their artless tale relate
 It chance, by lonely contemplation led,
 Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

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

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

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

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

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

THE EPITAPH

*HERE rests his head upon the lap of Earth
 A Youth to Fortune and to Fame unknown
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own*

*Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heav'n did a recompence as largely send,
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heav'n ('twas all he wished) a friend*

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

BURNS

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 85)

MARY MORISON

O MARY, at thy window be,
 It is the wish'd, the trust'd hour¹
 Those smiles and glances let me see,
 That make the miser's treasure poor
 How blythely wad I bide the stoure¹
 A weary slave frae sun to sun,
 Could I the rich reward secure,
 The lovely Mary Morison

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
 The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
 To thee my fancy took its wing,
 I sat, but neither heard nor saw
 Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
 And yon the toast of a' the town,
 I sigh'd, and said among them a',
 'Ye are na Mary Morison'

Oh, Mary, canst thou wreck his peace,
 Wha for thy sake wad gladly die²
 Or canst thou break that heart of his,
 Whase only faut is loving thee²
 If love for love thou wilt na gie,
 At least be pity to me shown,
 A thought ungentle canna be
 The thought o' Mary Morison

¹ Pressure of circumstance

TO A MOUSE, ON TURNING HER UP IN HER NEST
WITH THE PLOUGH

WEE, sleeket,¹ cowrin, tim'rous beastie,
 O, what a panic's in thy breastie !
 Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
 Wi' bickerin brattle !²
 I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee,
 Wi' murderin' pattle !³

I'm truly sorry man's dominion,
 Has broken nature's social union,
 An' justifies that ill opinion,
 Which makes thee startle,
 At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
 An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whyles,⁴ but thou mayst thieve,
 What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !
 A daimen icker in a thrave⁵
 'S a sma' request,
 I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,⁶
 An' never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
 Its silly wa's the win's are strewin !
 An' naething, now, to big a new ane,
 O' foggage⁷ green !
 An' bleak December's winds ensuin,
 Baith snell⁸ an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare an' waste,
 An' weary winter comin fast,
 An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
 Thou thought to dwell—
 Till crash ! the cruel coulter past
 Out thro' thy cell.

¹ Sleek.² Scamper.³ Plough-staff.⁴ At times.⁵ An odd ear of grain in twenty-four ears of corn⁶ The rest.⁷ Coarse grass.⁸ Bitter

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble,
 Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
 Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
 But¹ house or hald,²
 To thole³ the winter's sleety dribble,
 An' cranreuch⁴ cauld !

But Mousie, thou art no thy lane,⁵
 In proving foresight may be vain,
 The best-laid schemes o' mice an' men
 Gang aft agley,⁶
 An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
 For promis'd joy !

Still thou art blest, compar'd wi' me !
 The present only toucheth thee
 But och ! I backward cast my e'e,
 On prospects drear,
 An' forward, tho' I canna see,
 I guess an' tear !

JOHN ANDERSON, MY JO

JOHN Anderson, my jo, John,
 When we were first acquaint,
 Your locks were like the raven,
 Your bonie brow was brent,
 But now your brow is beld, John,
 Your locks are like the snaw,
 But blessings on your frosty pow,
 John Anderson, my jo

John Anderson, my jo, John.
 We clamb the hill thegither,
 And mony a cantie day, John,
 We've had wi' ane anither:
 Now we maun totter down, John.
 And hand in hand we'll go,
 And sleep thegither at the foot,
 John Anderson, my jo.

Without.
 Hoar-frost.

¹ Abiding place
² Alone.

³ Endure.
⁴ Awry.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

THOU ling'ring star, with less'ning ray,
 That lov'st to greet the early morn.
 Again thou usher'st in the day
 My Mary from my soul was torn
 O Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast

That sacred hour can I forget,
 Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
 Where, by the winding Ayr, we met,
 To live one day of parting love !
 Eternity can not efface
 Those records dear of transports past,
 Thy image at our last embrace,
 Ah ! little thought we 'twas our last !

Ayr, gurgling, kiss'd his pebbled shore,
 O'erhung with wild-woods, thickening green,
 The fragrant birch and hawthorn hoar,
 'Twin'd amorous round the raptur'd scene.
 The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
 The birds sang love on every spray,
 Till too, too soon, the glowing west,
 Proclaim'd the speed of wingèd day

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
 And fondly broods with miser-care,
 Time but the impression stronger makes,
 As streams their channels deeper wear,
 My Mary ! dear departed shade !
 Where is thy place of blissful rest ?
 See'st thou thy lover lowly laid ?
 Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast !

A MAN'S A MAN FOR A' THAT

Is there for honest poverty|

That hangs his head, an' a' that,
The coward slave—we pass him by,

We dare be poor for a' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,

Our toils obscure an' a' that,
The rank is but the guinea's stamp,
The man's the gowd for a' that.

What though on hamely fare we dine,

Wear hoddin grey, an' a' that,
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,

A man's a man for a' that
For a' that, an' a' that,

Their tinsel show, an' a' that,
The honest man, tho' e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that

Ye see yon birkie¹ ca'd a lord,

Wha struts, an' stares, an' a' that,
Tho' hundreds worship at his word,

He's but a coof² for a' that
For a' that, an' a' that,

His ribband, star, an' a' that,
The man o' independent mind
He looks an' laughs at a' that

A prince can mak a belted knight,

A marquis, duke, an' a' that,
• But an honest man's aboon his might,

Gude faith, he mauna fa' that !
For a' that, an' a' that,

Their dignities an' a' that,
The pith o' sense, an' pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

¹ Fellow.

² Ninny.

Then let us pray that come it may,
 (As 'come it will for a' that,)

That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
 Shall bear the gree,¹ an' a' that

For a' that, an' a' that,
 It's coming yet for a' that,
 That man to man, the world o'er,
 Shall brothers be for a' that.

COWPER

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 85)

ON THE RECEIPT OF MY MOTHER'S PICTURE

OH that those lips had language ! Life has passed
 With me but roughly, since I heard thee last
 Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smile I see,
 The same that oft in childhood solaced me,
 Voice only fails, else how distinct they say
 ' Grieve not, my child, chase all thy fears away !'
 The meek intelligence of those dear eyes
 (Blest be the Art that can immortalize,—
 The Art that baffles Time's tyrannic claim
 To quench it) here shines on me still the same
 Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
 O welcome guest, though unexpected, here !
 Who bidst me honour with an artless song,
 Affectionate, a mother lost so long
 I will obey, not willingly alone,
 But gladly, as the precept were her own
 And while that face renews my filial grief,
 Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief,—
 Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
 A momentary dream, that thou art she.

My mother ! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed ?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun ?

¹ Prize.

Perhaps thou gavest me, though unfelt, a kiss,
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile ! it answers—' Yes '
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu !
 But was it such ?—It was.—Where thou art gone
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown,
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting word shall pass my lips no more !
 Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of thy quick return.
 What ardently I wished, I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived,
 By expectation every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
 I learned at last submission to my lot,
 But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Where once we dwelt our name is heard no
 more,

Children not thine have trod my nursery floor,
 And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
 Drew me to school along the public way,
 Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapped
 In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capped,
 'Tis now become a history little known,
 That once we called the pastoral house our own
 Shortlived possession ! but the record fair,
 That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
 Still outlives many a storm that has effaced
 A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
 Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
 That thou mightest know me safe and warmly laid,
 Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
 The biscuit, or confectionery plum,
 The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
 By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed :

All this, and more endearing still than all,
 Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
 Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
 That humour interposed too often makes,
 All this still legible in Memory's page.
 And still to be so to my latest age,
 Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
 Such honours to thee as my numbers may.
 Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere.
 Not scorned in Heaven, though little noticed here

 Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours
 When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
 The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
 I pricked them into paper with a pin,
 (And thou wast happier than myself the while,
 Wouldst softly speak, and stroke my head and
 smile)

Could those few pleasant days again appear,
 Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
 I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
 Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might —
 But no—what here we call our life is such,
 So little to be loved, and thou so much,
 That I should ill requite thee, to constrain
 Thy unbound spirit into bonds again

 Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
 (The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed)
 Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
 Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile,
 There sits quiescent on the floods that show
 Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
 While airs impregnated with incense play,
 Around her, fanning light her streamers gay.—
 So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the
 shore,

' Where tempests never beat nor billows roar,'
 And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
 Of life, long since has anchored by thy side
 But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
 Always from port withheld, always distressed—

Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
 Sails ripped, seams opening wide, and compass lost,
 And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 Let oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth,
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
 The son of parents passed into the skies
 And now, Farewell —Time unrevoked has run
 His wonted course, yet what I wished is done
 By Contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
 I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again,
 To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
 Without the sin of violating thine,
 And while the wings of Fancy still are free,
 And I can view this mimic show of thee,
 Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
 Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left

TO MARY

THE twentieth year is well nigh past,
 Since first our sky was overcast,
 Ah would that this might be the last !
My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
 I see thee daily weaker grow—
 'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
 For my sake restless heretofore,
 Now rust disused, and shine no more,
My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfill
 The same kind office, for me still,
 Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

IN PRAISE OF THE COUNTRY

(From *The Task*, Book I.)

GOD made the country, and man made the town
What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
That life holds out to all, should most abound
And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?
Possess ye, therefore, ye who, borne about
In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
But such as Art contrives, possess ye still
Your element, there only ye can shine,
There only minds like yours can do no harm
Our groves were planted to console at noon
The pensive wanderer in their shades At eve
The moonbeam, sliding softly in between
The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish.
Birds warbling all the music We can spare
The splendour of your lamps, they but eclipse
Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
Our more harmonious notes the thrush departs
Scared, and the offended nightingale is mute
There is a public mischief in your mirth ;
It plagues your country Folly such as yours
Graced with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
Our arch of empire, steadfast but for you,
A mutilated structure, soon to fail.

A FRAGMENT OF AUTOBIOGRAPHY

(From *The Task*, Book III.)

I WAS a stricken deer that left the herd
Long since with many an arrow deep infix'd
My panting side was charged, when I withdrew
To seek a tranquil death in distant shades
There was I found by One who had Himself
Been hurt by the archers In His side He bore,
And in His hands and feet, the cruel scars.

With gentle force soliciting the darts,
 He drew them forth, and healed, and bade me live
 Since then, with few associates, in remote
 And silent woods I wander, far from those
 My former partners of my peopled scene,
 With few associates, and not wishing more
 Here much I ruminatè, as much I may,
 With other views of men and manners now
 Than once, and others of a life to come
 I see that all are wanderers, gone astray
 Each in his own delusions, they are lost
 In chase of fancied happiness, still wooed
 And never won Dream after dream ensues,
 And still they dream that they shall still succeed,
 And still are disappointed Rings the world
 With the vain stir I sum up half mankind,
 And add two-thirds of the remaining half,
 And find the total of their hopes and fears
 Dreams, empty dreams

THE WINTER EVENING

(From *The Task*, Book IV)

HARK ! 'tis the twanging horn ! O'er yonder bridge
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright,
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen loe
 News from all nations lumbering at his back
 Trade to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn,
 And, having dropped the expected bag, pass on
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,
 Cold and yet cheerful, messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some,
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet
 With tears that trickled down the writer's cheeks

Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all
 But oh the important budget ¹ ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings ² Have our troops awaked ³
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Sore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave ⁴
 Is India free ⁵ And does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace ⁶
 Or do we grind her still ⁷ The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh—I long to know them all,
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again
 Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in

THE WONDERS OF NATURE

(From *The Task*, Book VI)

WHAT prodigies can power divine perform
 More grand than it produces year by year,
 And all in sight of inattentive man ¹
 Familiar with the effect we slight the cause,
 And in the constancy of Nature's course,
 The regular return of genial months,
 And renovation of a faded world,
 See naught to wonder at Should God again,
 As once in Gibeon, interrupt the race
 Of the undeviating and punctual sun,
 How would the world admire ! But speaks it less
 An agency divine, to make him know
 His moment when to sink and when to rise.

Age after age, than to arrest his course ?
 All we behold is miracle, but seen
 So duly, all is miracle in vain.
 Where now the vital energy that moved,
 While summer was, the pure and subtle lymph
 Through the imperceptible meandering veins
 Of leaf and flower ? It sleeps, and the icy touch
 Of unprolific winter has impressed
 A cold stagnation on the intestine tide
 But let the months go round, a few short months,
 And all shall be restored These naked shoots,
 Barren as lances, among which the wind
 Makes wintry music, sighing as it goes,
 Shall put their graceful foliage on again,
 And more aspiring, and with ampler spread,
 Shall boast new charms, and more than they have lost
 Then each in its peculiar honours clad,
 Shall publish, even to the distant eye,
 Its family and tribe. Laburnum, rich
 In streaming gold, Syringa, ivory pure ;
 The scentless and the scented Rose, this red,
 And of an humbler growth, the other tall,
 And throwing up into the darkest gloom
 Of neighbouring Cypress, or more sable Yew,
 Her silver globes, light as the foamy surf,
 That the wind severs from the broken wave,
 The Lilac, various in array, now white,
 Now sanguine, and her beauteous head now set
 With purple spikes pyramidal, as if
 Studious of ornament, yet unresolved
 Which hue she most approved, she chose them all ;
 Copious of flowers the Woodbine, pale and wan,
 But well compensating her sickly looks
 With never cloying odours, early and late,
 Hypericum all bloom, so thick a swarm
 Of flowers, like flies clothing her slender rods,
 That scarce a leaf appears ; Mezercon too,
 Though leafless, well attired, and thick beset
 With blushing wreaths, investing every spray ;
 Althæa with the purple eye ; the Broom,

Yellow and bright, as bullion unalloyed,
 Her blossoms, and luxuriant above all
 The Jasmine, throwing wide her elegant sweets,
 The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
 Makes more conspicuous, and illumines more
 The bright profusion of her scattered stars —
 These have been, and these shall be in their day,
 And all this uniform uncoloured scene
 Shall be dismantled of its fleecy load,
 And flush into variety again.
 From dearth to plenty, and from death to life,
 Is Nature's progress, when she lectures man
 In heavenly truth, evincing as she makes
 The grand transition, that there lives and works
 A soul in all things, and that soul is God
 The beauties of the wilderness are his,
 That make so gay the solitary place,
 Where no eye sees them. And the fairer forms
 That cultivation glories in, are his.
 He sets the bright procession on its way,
 And marshals all the order of the year;
 He marks the bounds which Winter may not pass,
 And blunts his pointed fury, in its case,
 Russet and rude, folds up the tender germ
 Uninjured, with inimitable art,
 And ere one flowery season fades and dies,
 Designs the blooming wonders of the next.

WORDSWORTH.

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 87-89)

' MY HEART LEAPS UP WHEN I BEHOLD ''

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;

So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die !
 The Child is father of the Man ,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety

LINES

WRITTEN A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY

FIVE years have past, five summers, with the length
 Of five long winters ! and again I hear
 These waters, rolling from their mountain-springs
 With a soft inland murmur —Once again
 Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
 That on a wild secluded scene impress
 Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
 The landscape with the quiet of the sky
 The day is come when I again repose
 Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
 These plots of cottage-ground, these orchard-tufts,
 Which at this season, with their unripe fruits,
 Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
 'Mid groves and copses Once again I see
 These hedge-rows, hardly hedge-rows, little lines
 Of sportive wood run wild : these pastoral farms,
 Green to the very door, and wreaths of smoke
 Sent up, in silence, from among the trees !
 With some uncertain notice, as might seem
 Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
 Or of some Hermit's cave, where by his fire
 The Hermit sits alone.

 These beauties

Through a long absence, have not been to me
 As is a landscape to a blind man's eye :
 But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
 Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
 In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
 Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart ;
 And passing even into my purer mind,

With tranquil restoration:—feelings too
 Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
 As have no slight or trivial influence
 On that best portion of a good man's life,
 His little, nameless, unremembered, acts
 Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
 To them I may have owed another gift,
 Of aspect more sublime, that blessed mood,
 In which the burthen of the mystery,
 In which the heavy and the weary weight
 Of all this unintelligible world,
 Is lightened —that serene and blessed mood,
 In which the affections gently lead us on,—
 Until, the breath of this corporeal flame
 And even the motion of our human blood
 Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
 In body, and become a living soul
 While with an eye made quiet by the power
 Of harmony, and the deep power of joy,
 We see into the life of things

If this

Be but a vain belief, yet, oh! how oft—
 In darkness and amid the many shapes
 Of joyless daylight; when the fretful stir
 Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
 Have hung upon the beatings of my heart—
 How oft, in spirit, have I turned to thee,
 O sylvan Wye! thou wanderer thro' the woods,
 How often has my spirit turned to thee!

And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
 With many recognitions dim and faint,
 And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
 The picture of the mind revives again:
 While here I stand, not only with the sense
 Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
 That in this moment there is life and food
 For future years. And so I dare to hope,
 Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
 I came among these hills; when like a roe

I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
 Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
 Wherever nature led · more like a man
 Flying from something that he dreads than one
 Who sought the thing he loved For nature then
 (The coarser pleasures of my boyish days,
 And their glad animal movements all gone by)
 To me was all in all —I cannot paint
 What then I was The sounding cataract
 Haunted me like a passion the tall rock,
 The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
 Their colours and their forms, were then to me
 An appetite, a feeling and a love,
 That had no need of a remoter charm,
 By thought supplied, nor any interest
 Unborrowed from the eye —That time is past,
 And all its aching joys are now no more,
 And all its dizzy raptures Not for this
 Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur, other gifts
 Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
 Abundant recompense For I have learned
 To look on nature, not as in the hour
 Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
 The still, sad music of humanity,
 Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
 To chasten and subdue And I have felt
 A presence that disturbs me with the joy
 Of elevated thoughts, a sense sublime
 Of something far more deeply interfused,
 Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man,
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
 A lover of the meadows and the woods,
 And mountains; and of all that we behold
 From this green earth, of all the mighty world
 Of eye, and ear,—both what they half create,
 And what perceive, well pleased to recognize

In nature and the language of the sense
 The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
 The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
 Of all my moral being

Nor perchance,
 If I were not thus taught, should I the more
 Suffer my genial spirits to decay
 For thou art with me here upon the banks
 Of this fair river, thou my dearest Friend,
 My dear, dear Friend, and in thy voice I catch
 The language of my former heart, and read
 My former pleasures in the shooting lights
 Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
 May I behold in thee what I was once,
 My dear, dear Sister! and this prayer I make,
 Knowing that Nature never did betray
 The heart that loved her, 'tis her privilege,
 Through all the years of this our life, to lead
 From joy to joy. for she can so inform
 The mind that is within us, so impress
 With quietness and beauty, and so feed
 With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
 Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
 Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
 The dreary intercourse of daily life,
 Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
 Our cheerful faith, that all which we behold
 Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
 Shine on thee in thy solitary walk,
 And let the misty mountain-winds be free
 To blow against thee and, in after years,
 When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
 Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
 Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
 Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
 For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
 If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
 Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
 Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
 And these my exhortations! Nor, perchance—

If I should be where I no more can hear
 Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
 Of past existence—wilt thou then forget
 That on the banks of this delightful stream
 We stood together, and that I, so long
 A worshipper of Nature, hither came
 Unwearied in that service. rather say
 With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
 Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget
 That after many wanderings, many years
 Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
 And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
 More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake

ODE

 INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF
 EARLY CHILDHOOD

The Child is father of the Man,
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

I.

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

II.

The Rainbow comes and goes,
 And lovely is the Rose,
 The Moon doth with delight
 Look round her when the heavens are bare,
 Waters on a starry night

Are beautiful and fair;
 The sunshine is a glorious birth,
 But yet I know, where'er I go,
 That there hath past away a glory from the earth

III.

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

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
 Ye to each other make, I see
 The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
 My heart is at your festival,
 My head hath its coronal,
 The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
 Oh evil day! if I were sullen
 While Earth herself is adorning,
 This sweet May-morning,
 And the Children are culling
 On every side,
 In a thousand valleys far and wide,
 Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
 And the Babe leaps up on his Mother's arm:—

I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
 —But there's a Tree, of many, one,
 A single Field which I have looked upon,
 Both of them speak of something that is gone
 The Pansy at my feet
 Doth the same tale repeat
 Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
 Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

v

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting
 The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
 Hath had elsewhere its setting,
 And cometh from afar
 Not in entire forgetfulness,
 And not in utter nakedness,
 But trailing clouds of glory do we come
 From God, who is our home
 Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
 Shades of the prison-house begin to close
 Upon the growing Boy,
 But He beholds the light, and whence it flows,
 He sees it in his joy,
 The Youth, who daily farther from the east
 Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
 And by the vision splendid
 Is on his way attended,
 At length the Man perceives it die away,
 And fade into the light of common day

vi

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own,
 Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
 And, even with something of a Mother's mind,
 And no unworthy aim,
 The homely Nurse doth all she can
 To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
 Forget the glories he hath known,
 And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII

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

VIII

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
 Thy Soul's immensity,
 Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
 Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
 That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
 Haunted for ever by the eternal mind,—
 Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
 On whom those truths do rest,
 Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
 In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave,
 Thou, over whom thy Immortality
 Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
 A Presence which is not to be put by,
 Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might

Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
 Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
 The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
 Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
 Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
 And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
 Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

IX.

O joy ! that in our embers
 Is something that doth live,
 That nature yet remembers
 What was so fugitive !

The thought of our past years in me doth breed
 Perpetual benediction not indeed
 For that which is most worthy to be blest,
 Delight and liberty, the simple creed
 Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
 With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast.
 Not for these I raise
 The song of thanks and praise,
 But for those obstinate questionings
 Of sense and outward things,
 Fallings from us, vanishings,
 Blank misgivings of a Creature
 Moving about in worlds not realised,
 High instincts before which our mortal Nature
 Did tremble like a guilty Thing surprised.
 But for those first affections,
 Those shadowy recollections,
 Which, be they what they may,
 Are yet the fountain light of all our day,
 Are yet a master light of all our seeing,
 Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
 Our noisy years seem moments in the being
 Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
 To perish never;
 Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
 Nor Man nor Boy,
 Nor all that is at enmity with joy,

Can utterly abolish or destroy !
 Hence in a season of calm weather
 Though inland far we be,
 Our Souls have sight of that immortal sea
 Which brought us hither,
 Can in a moment travel thither,
 And see the Children sport upon the shore,
 And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
 And let the young Lambs bound
 As to the tabor's sound !
 We in thought will join your throng,
 Ye that pipe and ye that play,
 Ye that through your hearts to-day
 Feel the gladness of the May !
 What though the radiance which was once so bright
 Be now for ever taken from my sight,
 Though nothing can bring back the hour
 Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower,
 We will grieve not, rather find
 Strength in what remains behind ;
 In the primal sympathy
 Which having been must ever be ;
 In the soothing thoughts that spring
 Out of human suffering ;
 In the faith that looks through death,
 In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
 Forebode not any severing of our loves !
 Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
 I only have relinquished one delight
 To live beneath your more habitual sway.
 I love the Brooks which down their channels fret,
 Even more than when I tripped lightly as they ;
 The innocent brightness of a new-born Day
 Is lovely yet ;

The Clouds that gather round the setting sun
 Do take a sober colouring from an eye
 That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality,
 Another race hath been, and other palms are won
 Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
 Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
 To me the meanest flower that blows can give
 Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE SOLITARY REAPER

BEHOLD her, single in the field,
 Yon solitary Highland Lass !
 Reaping and singing by herself,
 Stop here, or gently pass !
 Alone she cuts and binds the gram,
 And sings a melancholy strain ;
 O listen ! for the Vale profound
 Is overflowing with the sound.

No Nightingale did ever chaunt
 More welcome notes to weary bands
 Of travellers in some shady haunt,
 Among Arabian sands :
 A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
 In spring-time from the Cuckoo-bird,
 Breaking the silence of the seas
 Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings ?—
 Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
 For old, unhappy, far-off things,
 And battles long ago .
 Or is it some more humble lay,
 Familiar matter of to-day ?
 Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
 That has been, and may be again ?

Whate'er the theme, the Maiden sang
 As if her song could have no ending ;

I saw her singing at her work,
 And o'er the sickle bending,—
 I listened, motionless and still,
 And, as I mounted up the hill,
 The music in my heart I bore,
 Long after it was heard no more

ODE TO DUTY

'Jam non consilio bonus, sed more eò perductus, ut non tantum
 rectè facere possim, sed nisi rectè facere non possim'

STERN Daughter of the Voice of God !
 O Duty ! if that name thou love
 Who art a light to guide, a rod
 To check the erring, and reprove,
 Thou, who art victory and law
 When empty terrors overawe,
 From vain temptations dost set free,
 And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
 Be on them, who, in love and truth,
 Where no misgiving is, rely
 Upon the genial sense of youth,
 Glad Hearts ! without reproach or blot,
 Who do thy work, and know it not
 Oh ! if through confidence misplaced
 They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around
 them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
 And happy will our nature be,
 When love is an unerring light,
 And joy its own security.
 And they a blissful course may hold
 Even now, who, not unwisely bold,
 Live in the spirit of this creed ;
 Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need

I, loving freedom, and untried,
 No sport of every random gust,
 Yet being to myself a guide,
 Too blindly have reposed my trust·
 And oft, when in my heart was heard
 Thy timely mandate, I deferred
 The task, in smoother walks to stray,
 But thee I now would serve more strictly, if, I may

Through no disturbance of my Soul,
 Or strong compunction in me wrought,
 I supplicate for thy control,
 But in the quietness of thought·
 Me this unchartered freedom tires,
 I feel the weight of chance-desires
 My hopes no more must change their name,
 I long for a repose that ever is the same

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
 The Godhead's most benignant grace,
 Nor know we anything so fair
 As is the smile upon thy face·
 Flowers laugh before thee on their beds
 And fragrance in thy footing treads,
 Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong,
 And the most ancient heavens, through Thee, are
 fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
 I call thee: I myself commend
 Unto thy guidance from this hour,
 Oh, let my weakness have an end !
 Give unto me, made lowly wise,
 The spirit of self-sacrifice,
 The confidence of reason give;
 And in the light of truth thy Bondman let me live !

SONNETS

COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE

EARTH has not anything to show more fair
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty.
 This City now doth, like a garment, wear
 The beauty of the morning, silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill,
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep,
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US''

THE world is too much with us, late and soon,
 Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
 Little we see in Nature that is ours,
 We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon!
 This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
 The winds that will be howling at all hours,
 And are up-gathered now like sleeping flowers,
 For this, for every thing, we are out of tune,
 It moves us not.—Great God! I'd rather be
 A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
 So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
 Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn,
 Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea;
 Or hear old Triton blow his wreathèd horn.

" SCORN NOT THE SONNET "

SCORN not the Sonnet; Critic, you have frowned,
 Mindless of its just honours; with this key
 Shakspeare unlocked his heart; the melody
 Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;

A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound,
 With it Camoëns soothed an exile's grief;
 The Sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
 Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
 His visionary brow: a glow-worm lamp,
 It cheered mild Spenser, called from Faery-land
 To struggle through dark ways, and when a damp
 Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
 The Thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
 Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

COLERIDGE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 90, 101)

KUBLA KHAN

IN Xanadu did Kubla Khan
 A stately pleasure-dome decree
 Where Alph, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.
 So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round
 And here were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossom'd many an incense-bearing tree,
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery

But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,
 As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momently was forced
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,

Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail
And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
It flung up momentarily the sacred river
Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
Then reach'd the caverns measureless to man,
And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean
And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
Ancestral voices prophesying war!

The shadow of the dome of pleasure
Floated midway on the waves,
Where was heard the mingled measure
From the fountain and the caves
It was a miracle of rare device,
A sunny pleasure-dome with caves of ice!

A damsel with a dulcimer
In a vision once I saw
It was an Abyssinian maid,
And on her dulcimer she play'd,
Singing of Mount Abora
Could I revive within me
Her symphony and song,
To such a deep delight 'twould win me,
That with music loud and long
I would build that dome in air,
That sunny dome! those caves of ice!
And all who heard should see them there,
And all should cry, Beware! Beware!
His flashing eyes, his floating hair!
Weave a circle round him thrice,
And close your eyes with holy dread,
For he on honey-dew hath fed,
And drunk the milk of Paradise.

THE ANCIENT MARINER

PART I

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

' The bridegroom's doors are open'd wide,
 And I am next of kin,
 The guests are met, the feast is set:
 May'st hear the merry din '

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

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

The wedding-guest sat on a stone
 He cannot choose but hear,
 And thus spake on that ancient man,
 The bright-eyed Mariner

' The ship was cheer'd, the harbour clear'd,
 Merrily did we drop
 Below the kirk, below the hill,
 Below the lighthouse top

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

Higher and higher every day,
 Till over the mast at noon—'
 The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
 For he heard the loud bassoon.

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

The wedding-guest he beat his heart,
Yet he cannot choose but hear,
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed Mariner

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

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

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

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

' The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around
It crack'd and growl'd, and roar'd and howl'd,
Like noises in a swound !

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

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

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

' In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
 It perch'd for vespers nine,
 Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white,
 Glimmer'd the white moon-shine.'

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

WORK WITHOUT HOPE

LINES COMPOSED ON A DAY IN FEBRUARY

ALL Nature seems at work. Slugs leave their lair,—
 The bees are stirring,—birds are on the wing,—
 And Winter, slumbering in the open air,
 Wears on his smiling face a dream of Spring !
 And I, the while, the sole unbusy thing,
 Nor honey make, nor pair, nor build, nor sing.

Yet well I ken the banks where amaranths blow,
 Have traced the fount whence streams of nectar flow.
 Bloom, O ye amaranths ! bloom for whom ye may,
 For me ye bloom not ! Glide, rich streams, away !
 With lips unbrighten'd, wreathless brow, I stroll:
 And would you learn the spells that drowse my soul ?
 Work without hope draws nectar in a sieve,
 And hope without an object cannot live.

SCOTT¹

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 91)

FITZJAMES AND RODERICK DHU

(From *The Lady of the Lake*, Canto V.)

X

FITZ-JAMES was brave —though to his heart
 The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
 He manned himself with dauntless air,
 Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
 His back against a rock he bore,
 And firmly placed his foot before —
 ‘Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
 From its firm base as soon as I’—
 Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
 Respect was mingled with surprise,
 And the stern joy which warriors feel
 In toemen worthy of their steel
 Short space he stood—then waved his hand,
 Down sunk the disappearing band,
 Each warrior vanished where he stood,
 In broom or bracken, heath or wood:
 Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
 In osiers pale and copses low,
 It seemed as if their mother Earth
 Had swallowed up her warlike birth
 The wind’s last breath had tossed in air,
 Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
 The next but swept a lone hill-side,
 Where heath and fern were waving wide.
 The sun’s last glance was glinted back,
 From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
 The next all unreflected, shone
 On bracken green, and cold grey stone.

¹ For reasons stated in the Preface, no extracts are given from Scott’s novels.

XI

Fitz-James look round—yet scarce believed
 The witness that his sight received,
 Such apparition well might seem
 Delusion of a dreadful dream
 Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
 And to his look the Chief replied,
 ' Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
 But—doubt not aught from mine array
 Thou art my guest,—I pledged my word
 As far as Coilantogle ford.
 Nor would I call a clansman's brand
 For aid against one valiant hand,
 Though on our strife lay every vale
 Rent by the Saxon from the Gael
 So move we on,—I only meant
 To show the reed on which you leant.
 Deeming this path you might pursue,
 Without a pass from Roderick Dhu '
 They moved —I said Fitz-James was brave,
 As ever knight that belted glaive,
 Yet dare not say, that now his blood
 Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
 As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
 That seeming lonesome pathway through,
 Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
 With lances, that, to take his life,
 Waited but signal from a guide
 So late dishonoured and defied.
 Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
 The vanished guardians of the ground,
 And still, from copse and heather deep,
 Fancy saw spear and broadsword peep,
 And in the plover's shrilly strain,
 The signal-whistle heard again
 Nor breathed he free till far behind
 The pass was left, for then they wind
 Along a wide and level green,
 Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
 Nor rush nor bush of broom was near,
 To hide a bonnet or a spear

XII

The Chief in silence strode before,
 And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
 Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
 From Vennachar in silver breaks,
 Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
 On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
 Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
 Of yore her eagle wings unfurled
 And here his course the Chieftain staid,
 Threw down his target and his plaid,
 And to the Lowland warrior said—
 ' Bold Saxon ! to his promise just,
 Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust
 This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
 This head of a rebellious clan,
 Hath led thee safe, through watch and ward,
 Far past Clan-Alpine's outmost guard
 Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
 A Chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel
 See here, all vantageless I stand,
 Armed, like thyself, with single brand
 For this is Coilantogle ford,
 And thou must keep thee with thy sword '—

XIII.

The Saxon paused.—' I ne'er delayed,
 When foeman bade me draw my blade,
 Nay, more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death
 Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
 And my deep debt for life preserved,
 A better meed have well deserved:
 Can nought but blood our feud atone ?
 Are there no means ?'—' No, Stranger, none
 And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
 The Saxon cause rests on thy steel,
 For thus spoke Fate, by prophet bred
 Between the living and the dead
 " Who spills the foremost foeman's life,
 His party conquers in the strife." '—

' Then, by my word,' the Saxon said,
 ' The riddle is already read.
 Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff,—
 There lies Red Murdock, stark and stiff
 Thus Fate has solved her prophecy,
 Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
 To James, at Stirling, let us go,
 When, if thou wilt be still his foe,
 Or if the King shall not agree
 To grant thee grace and favour free,
 I plight mine honour, oath, and word.
 That to thy native strengths restored,
 With each advantage shalt thou stand,
 That aids thee now to guard thy land '—

XIV

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye
 ' Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
 Because a wretched kern ye slew,
 Homage to name to Roderick Dhu ?
 He yields not, he, to man nor Fate !
 Thou add'st but fuel to my hate —
 My clansman's blood demands revenge —
 Not yet prepared ?—By Heaven, I change
 My thought, and hold thy valour light
 As that of some vain carpet knight,
 Who ill deserved my courteous care,
 And whose best boast is but to wear
 A braid of his fair lady's hair '—
 ' I thank thee, Roderick, for the word
 It nerves my heart, it steels my sword !
 For I have sworn this braid to stain
 In the best blood that warms thy vein '—
 Now, truce, farewell ! and, ruth, begone
 Yet think not that by thee alone,
 Proud Chief ! can courtesy be shown ;
 Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn
 Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
 Of this small horn one feeble blast
 Would fearful odds against thee cast.

But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—
 We try this quarrel hilt to hilt.'—
 Then each at once his falchion drew,
 Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
 Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain,
 As what they ne'er might see again,
 Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
 In dubious strife they darkly closed.

xv

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
 That on the field his targe he threw,
 Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
 Had death so often dashed aside,
 For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
 Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield
 He practised every pass and ward,
 To thrust, to strike, to fent, to guard,
 While less expert, though stronger far,
 The Gael maintained unequal war.
 Three times in closing strife they stood,
 And thrice the Saxon blade drank blood,
 No stinted draught, no scanty tide.
 The gushing flood the tartans dyed
 Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
 And showered his blows like wintry rain,
 And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
 Against the winter shower is proof,
 The foe, invulnerable still,
 Foiled his wild rage by steady skill,
 Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
 Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
 And backward borne upon the lea,
 Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee

xvi

' Now, yield thee, or by Him who made
 The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade !'—
 ' Thy threats, thy mercy, I defy !
 Let recreant yield, who fears to die.'—

Like adder darting from his coil,
 Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
 Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
 Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
 Received, but recked not of a wound,
 And locked his arms his foeman round —
 Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own !
 No maiden's hand is round thee thrown !
 That desperate grasp thy frame might feel,
 Through bars of brass and triple steel !—
 They tug, they strain ! down, down they go
 The Gael above, Fitz-James below
 The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
 His knee was planted in his breast,
 His clotted locks he backward threw,
 Across his brow his hand he drew,
 From blood and mist to clear his sight,
 Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright !—
 —But hate and fury ill supplied
 The stream of life's exhausted tide,
 And all too late the advantage came,
 To turn the odds of deadly game,
 For, while the dagger gleamed on high,
 Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye
 Down came the blow ! but in the heath
 The erring blade found bloodless sheath
 The struggling foe may now unclasp
 The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp,
 Unwounded from the dreadful close,
 But breathless all, Fitz-James arose

SOUTHEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 92)

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past,
 Around me I behold,
 Where'er these casual eyes are cast,

The mighty minds of old,
 My never failing friends are they,
 With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
 And seek relief in woe,
 And while I understand and feel
 How much to them I owe,
 My cheeks have often been bedew'd
 With tears of thoughtful gratitude

My thoughts are with the Dead, with them
 I live in long-past years,
 Their virtues love, their faults condemn.
 Partake their hopes and fears,
 And from their lessons seek and find
 Instruction with an humble mind

My hopes are with the Dead, anon
 My place with them will be,
 And I with them shall travel on
 Through all Futurity,
 Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
 That will not perish in the dust

LANDOR

(OUTLINE HISTORY, §§ 92, 101)

ROSE AYLNER

Ah what avails the sceptred race,
 Ah what the form divine !
 What every virtue, every grace !
 Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
 Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
 May weep, but never see,
 A night of memories and of sighs
 I consecrate to thee.

ON HIMSELF

I STROVE with none, for none was worth my strife;
 Nature I lov'd, and next to Nature, Art;
 I warm'd both hands before the fire of life;
 It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

FRIENDSHIP

(From *Imaginary Conversations: Barrow and Newton.*)

Newton. I had something more, sir, to say—or rather—I had something more, sir, to ask—about Friendship

Barrow. All men, but the studious above all, must beware in the formation of it. Advice or caution on this subject comes immaturely and ungracefully from the young, exhibiting a proof either of temerity or suspicion, but when you hear it from a man of my age, who has been singularly fortunate in the past, and foresees the same felicity in those springing up before him, you may accept it as the direction of a calm observer, telling you all he has remarked on the greater part of a road which he has nearly gone through, and which you have but just entered. Never take into your confidence, or admit often into your company, any man who does not know, on some important subject, more than you do. Be his rank, be his virtues, what they may, he will be a hindrance to your pursuits, and an obstruction to your greatness. If indeed the greatness were such as courts can bestow, and such as can be laid on the shoulders of a groom and make him look like the rest of the company, my advice would be misplaced, but since all transcendent, all true and genuine greatness, must be of a man's own raising, and only on the foundation that the hand of God has laid, do not let any touch it. keep them off civilly, but keep them off. Affect no stoicism, display no indifference, let their coin pass current, but do not you exchange it for the purer one you carry, nor think the milling pays for the alloy. Greatly favoured and blessed by Providence will you be, if you should in your lifetime be known for what you are: the contrary, if you should be transformed.

Newton. Better and more decorous would it be, perhaps, if I filled up your pause with my reflections, but you always have permitted me to ask you questions, and now, unless my gratitude misleads me, you invite it.

Barrow. Ask me anything I will answer it, if I can; and I will pardon you, as I have often done, if you puzzle me

Newton. Is it not a difficult and a painful thing to repulse, or to receive ungraciously, the advances of friendship?

Barrow. It withers the heart, if indeed his heart were ever sound that doth it Love, serve, run into danger, venture life, for him who would cherish you. give him everything but your time and your glory Morning recreations, convivial meals, evening walks, thoughts, questions, wishes, wants, partake with him Yes, Isaac! there are men born for friendship; men to whom the cultivation of it is nature, is necessity, as the making of honey is to bees Do not let them suffer for the sweets they would gather, but do not think to live upon those sweets Our corrupted state requires robuster food, or must grow more and more unsound

CAMPBELL

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 92)

'DISTANCE LENDS ENCHANTMENT'

(From *The Pleasures of Hope*, Part I)

AT summer eve, when Heaven's ethereal bow
Spans with bright arch the glittering hills below,
Why to yon mountain turns the musing eye,
Whence sunbright summit mingles with the sky?
Why do those cliffs of shadowy tint appear
More sweet than all the landscape smiling near?—
'Tis distance lends enchantment to the view,
And robes the mountain in its azure hue.
Thus, with delight, we linger to survey
The promised joys of life's unmeasured way,

Thus, from afar, each dim-discover'd scene
 More pleasing seems than all the past hath been
 And every form, that Fancy can repair
 From dark oblivion, glows divinely there.

THE BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

I.

OF Nelson and the North,
 Sing the glorious day's renown,
 When to battle fierce came forth
 All the might of Denmark's crown,
 And her arms along the deep proudly shone
 By each gun the lighted brand,
 In a bold determined hand,
 And the Prince of all the land
 Led them on.—

II

Like leviathans afloat,
 Lay their bulwarks on the brine,
 While the sign of battle flew
 On the lofty British line
 It was ten of April morn by the chime
 As they drifted on their path,
 There was silence deep as death,
 And the boldest held his breath.
 For a time.—

III.

But the might of England flush'd
 To anticipate the scene,
 And her van the fleetest rush'd
 O'er the deadly space between
 'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when
 each gun
 From its adamant lips
 Spread a death-shade round the ships,
 Like the hurricane eclipse
 Of the sun.

IV.

Again ! again ! again !
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back,—
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :—
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail,
Or, in conflagration pale,
Light the gloom —

V

Out spoke the victor then,
As he hail'd them o'er the wave
' Ye are brothers ! ye are men !
And we conquer but to save,—
So peace instead of death let us bring,
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet,
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'—

VI.

Then Denmark bless'd our chief,
That he gave her wounds repose,
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day.
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away

VII.

Now joy, Old England, raise !
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine-cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,

Let us think of them that sleep,
 Full many a fathom deep,
 By thy wild and stormy steep,
 Elsinore !

VIII.

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
 Once so faithful and so true,
 On the deck of fame that died,—
 With the gallant good Riou,
 Soft sigh the winds of Heaven o'er their
 grave !
 While the billow mournful rolls
 And the mermaid's song condoes,
 Singing glory to the souls
 Of the brave !—

MOORE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 92)

THE MEETING OF THE WATERS

(From *Irish Melodies*.)

THERE is not in the wide world a valley so sweet,
 As that vale in whose bosom the bright waters meet,
 Oh ! the last rays of feeling and life must depart,
 Ere the bloom of that valley shall fade from my heart.

Yet it *was* not that Nature had shed o'er the scene
 Her purest of crystal and brightest of green,
 'Twas *not* her soft magic of streamlet and hill,
 Oh ! no—it was something more exquisite still.

'Twas that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were near
 Who made every dear scene of enchantment more dear,
 And who felt how the best charms of Nature improve
 When we see them reflected from looks that we love.

Sweet vale of Avoca ! how calm could I rest
 In thy bosom of shade, with the friends I love best,
 When the storms that we feel in this cold world should cease,
 And our hearts, like thy waters, be mingled in peace.

SHE IS FAR FROM THE LAND

(From *Irish Melodies*)

SHE is far from the land where her young hero sleeps,
 And lovers are round her sighing,
 But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
 For her heart in his grave is lying

She sings the wild songs of her dear native plains,
 Every note which he loved awaking,—
 Ah ! little they think, who delight in her strains,
 How the heart of the Minstrel is breaking

He had lived for his love, for his country he died,
 They were all that to life had entwined him;
 Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
 Nor long will his love stay behind him.

Oh ! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
 When they promise a glorious morrow,
 They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the West,
 From her own lovèd island of sorrow

BYRON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 94)

THE NIGHT BEFORE THE BATTLE OF WATERLOO

(From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto III.)

XXI.

THERE was a sound of revelry by night,
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men.

A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
 Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
 And all went merry as a marriage bell,
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell

XXII.

Did ye not hear it ?—No , 'twas but the wind
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street ;
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
 But hark !—that heavy sound breaks in once more
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat,
 And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before !
 Arm ! Arm ! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar !

XXIII

Within a windowed niche of that high hall
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain, he did hear
 That sound the first amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic car,
 And when they smiled because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell,
 He rushed into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

XXIV.

Ah ! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness ;
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated ; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise !

xxv.

And there was mounting in hot haste. the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car.
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war,
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
 And near, the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star,
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips—' The foe! They come!
 they come!'

xxvi.

Ard wild and high the 'Cameron's gathering' rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon's foes:
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years,
 And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

xxvii.

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low

xxviii

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
 Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
 The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
 The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!

The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
 The earth is covered thick with other clay,
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent

ADDRESS TO THE OCEAN

(From *Childe Harold's Pilgrimage*, Canto IV)

CLXXVIII

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
 There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
 There is society, where none intrudes,
 By the deep Sea, and music in its roar,
 I love not Man the less, but Nature more,
 From these our interviews, in which I steal
 From all I may be, or have been before,
 To mingle with the Universe, and feel
 What I can ne'er express, yet can not all conceal

CLXXIX.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll !
 Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain,
 Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
 Stops with the shore, upon the watery plain
 The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
 A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
 When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
 He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan,
 Without a grave, unknelt, uncoffined, and unknown.

CLXXX.

His steps are not upon thy paths,—thy fields
 Are not a spoil for him,—thou dost arise
 And shake him from thee; the vile strength he' wields
 For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
 Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And sendest him, shivering in thy playful spray
 And howling, to his Gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth:—there let him lay.

CLXXXI

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war—
 These are thy toys, and as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride or spoils of Trafalgar.

CLXXXII

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee—
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they ?
 Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since, their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage ! their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts— not so thou,
 Unchangeable, save to thy wild waves' play,
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now

CLXXXIII.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests, in all time,—
 Calm or convulsed, in breeze or gale or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving—boundless, endless, and sublime,
 The image of eternity, the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
 The monsters of the deep are made, each zone
 Obeys thee, thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

CLXXXIV.

And I have loved thee, Ocean ! and my joy
 Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
 Borne, like thy bubbles, onward : from a boy
 I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
 Were a delight ; and if the freshening sea

Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear,
 For I was as it were a child of thee,
 And trusted to thy billows far and near,
 And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here

EVENING

(From *Don Juan*, Canto III.)

CII

AVE MARIA ! blessed be the hour !
 The time, the clime, the spot, where I so oft
 Have felt that moment in its fullest power,
 Sink o'er the earth so beautiful and soft,
 While swung the deep bell in the distant tower,
 Or the faint dying day-hymn stole aloft,
 And not a breath crept through the rosy air,
 And yet the forest leaves seem'd stirr'd with pray

CIII.

Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of prayer !
 Ave Maria ! 'tis the hour of love !
 Ave Maria ! may our spirits dare
 Look up to thine and to thy Son's above !
 Ave Maria ! oh, that face so fair !
 Those downcast eyes beneath the Almighty Dove—
 What though 'tis but a pictured image strike—
 That painting is no idol, 'tis too like.

CIV

Some kinder casuists are pleased to sa
 In nameless print—that I have no devotion, '
 But set those persons down with me to pray,
 And you shall see who has the properest notion
 Of getting into heaven the shortest way ;
 My altars are the mountains and the ocean,
 Earth, air, stars—all that springs from the great whole
 Who hath produced, and will receive the soul.

CV.

Sweet hour of twilight !—in the solitude
 Of the pine forest, and the silent shore
 Which bounds Ravenna's immemorial wood,
 Rooted where once the Adrian wave flow'd o'er,
 To where the last Cæsarian fortress stood,
 Evergreen forest ! which Boccaccio's lore
 And Dryden's lay made haunted ground to me,
 How have I loved the twilight hour and thee !

CVI.

The shrill cicadas, people of the pine,
 Making their summer lives one ceaseless song,
 Were the sole echoes, save my steed's and mine,
 And vesper bell's that rose the boughs along,
 The spectre huntsman of Onesti's line,
 His hell-dogs, and their chase, and the fair throng,
 Which learn'd from this example not to fly
 From a true lover, shadow'd my mind's eye

CVII

Oh, Hesperus ! thou bringest all good things—
 Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer,
 To the young bird the parent's brooding wings,
 The welcome stall to the o'erlabour'd steer,
 Whate'er of peace about our hearthstone clings,
 Whate'er our household gods protect of dear,
 Are gathered round us by thy look of rest,
 Thou bring'st the child, too, to the mother's breast.

CVIII

Soft hour ! which wakes the wish and melts the heart
 Of those who sail the seas, on the first day
 When they from their sweet friends are torn apart ;
 Or fills with love the pilgrim on his way,
 As the far bell of vesper makes him start,
 Seeming to weep the dying day's decay ;
 Is this a fancy which our reason scorns ?
 Ah ! truly nothing dies but something mourns !

ON THIS DAY I COMPLETE MY THIRTY-SIXTH
YEAR

'Tis time this heart should be unmoved,
 Since others it has ceased to move,
 Yet though I cannot yet be loved,
 Still let me love.

My days are in the yellow leaf,
 The flowers and fruits of love are gone,
 The worm, the canker, and the grief,
 Are mine alone

The fire that on my bosom preys,
 Is lone as some volcanic isle,
 No torch is kindled at its blaze—
 A funeral pile !

The hope, the fear, the jealous care,
 The exalted portion of the pain
 And power of love, I cannot share,
 But wear the chain

But 'tis not thus, and 'tis not here
 Such thoughts should shake my soul, nor now
 Where glory decks the hero's bier,
 Or binds his brow

The sword, the banner, and the field,
 Glory and Greece around me see !
 The Spartan, borne upon his shield,
 Was not more free

Awake ! (Not Greece,—she is awake !)
 Awake my spirit ! think through whom
 Thy life-blood tracks its parent lake,
 And then strike home !

Tread those reviving passions down,
 Unworthy manhood ! unto thee,
 Indifferent should the smile or frown
 Of beauty be.

If thou regrett'st thy youth, why live !
 The land of honourable death
 Is here—up to the field, and give
 Away thy breath !

Seek out, less often sought than found,
 A soldier's grave—for thee the best,
 Then look around, and choose thy ground,
 And take thy rest.

SHELLEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 95)

A LAMENT

I

OH, world ! oh, life ! oh, time !
 On whose last steps I climb
 Trembling at that where I had stood before,
 When will return the glory of your prime ?
 No more—O, never more !

II

Out of the day and night
 A joy has taken flight,
 Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar,
 Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
 No more—O, never more !

TO A SKYLARK

HAIL to thee, blithe spirit !
 Bird thou never wert,
 That from heaven, or near it,
 Pourest thy full heart
 In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
 From the earth thou springest
 Like a cloud of fire,
 The deep blue thou wingest,
 And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest

In the golden lightning
 Of the sunken sun,
 O'er which clouds are brightning,
 Thou dost float and run,
 Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
 Melts around thy flight,
 Like a star of heaven
 In the broad day-light
 Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
 Of that silver sphere,
 Whose intense lamp narrows
 In the white dawn clear,
 Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
 With thy voice is loud,
 As, when night is bare,
 From one lonely cloud
 The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
 What is most like thee?
 From rainbow clouds there flow not
 Drops so bright to see
 As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
 In the light of thought,
 Singing hymns unbidden,
 Till the world is wrought
 To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not-

Like a high-born maiden
 In a palace tower,
 Soothing her love-laden
 Soul in secret hour
 With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower—

Like a glow-worm golden
 In a dell of dew,
 Scattering unbeholden
 Its aërial hue
 Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view—

Like a rose embowered
 In its own green leaves,
 By warm winds deflowered,
 Till the scent it gives
 Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingèd
 thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
 On the twinkling grass,
 Rain-awakened flowers,
 All that ever was
 Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass

Teach us, sprite or bird,
 What sweet thoughts are thine,
 I have never heard
 Praise of love or wine
 That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine

Chorus Hymenæal,
 Or triumphal chaunt,
 Matched with thine, would be all
 But an empty vaunt,
 A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
 Of thy happy strain ?
 What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
 What shapes of sky or plain ?
 What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
 Languor cannot be—
 Shadow of annoyance
 Never came near thee
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep,
 Thou of death must deem
 Things more true and deep
 Than we mortals dream,
 Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream ?

We look before and after
 And pine for what is not
 Our sincerest laughter
 With some pain is fraught,
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought

Yet if we could scorn
 Hate, and pride, and fear,
 If we were things born
 Not to shed a tear,
 I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
 Of delightful sound—
 Better than all treasures
 That in books are found—
 Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground !

Teach me half the gladness
 That thy brain must know,
 Such harmonious madness
 From my lips would flow,
 The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

THE CLOUD

I BRING fresh showers for the thirsting flowers,
 From the seas and the streams;
 I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
 In their noon-day dreams.

From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
 The sweet buds every one,
 When rocked to rest on their mother's breast,
 As she dances about the sun
 I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
 And whiten the green plains under,
 And then again I dissolve it in rain,
 And laugh as I pass in thunder

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
 And their great pines groan aghast;
 And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
 While I sleep in the arms of the blast
 Downy on the towers of my skyey bowers,
 Lightning my pilot sits,
 In a cavern under is fettered the thunder,—
 It struggles and howls at fits,
 Over earth and ocean, with gentle motion,
 This pilot is guiding me,
 Lured by the love of the genu that move
 In the depths of the purple sea,
 Over the rills, and the crags, and the hills,
 Over the lakes and the plains,
 Wherever he dream, under mountain or stream,
 The Spirit he loves remains;
 And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
 Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
 And his burning plumes outspread,
 Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
 • When the morning star shines dead.
 As on the jag of a mountain crag,
 Which an earthquake rocks and swings,
 An eagle alit one moment may sit
 In the light of its golden wings
 And when sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath.
 Its ardours of rest and of love,

And the crimson pall of eve may fall
 From the depth of heaven above,
 With wings folded I rest, on mine airy nest,
 As still as a brooding dove.

That orbèd maiden with white fire laden,
 Whom mortals call the moon,
 Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor,
 By the midnight breezes strewn,
 And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
 Which only the angels hear,
 May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
 The stars peep behind her and peer,
 And I laugh to see them whirl and flee,
 Like a swarm of golden bees,
 When I widen the rent in my wind-bult tent,
 Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
 Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
 Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the sun's throne with a burning zone,
 And the moon's with a girdle of pearl;
 The volcanos are dim, and the stars reel and swim
 When the whirlwinds my banner unfurl
 From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
 Over a torrent sea,
 Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof,
 The mountains its columns be.
 The triumphal arch through which I march
 With hurricane, fire, and snow,
 When the powers of the air are chained to my chair
 Is the million-coloured bow,
 The sphere-fire above its soft colours wove,
 While the moist earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of earth and water,
 And the nursling of the sky,
 I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,
 I change, but I cannot die.

For after the rain when, with never a stain,
 The pavilion of heaven is bare,
 And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
 Build up the blue dome of air,
 I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,
 And out of the caverns of rain,
 Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
 I arise and unbuild it again.

KEATS

(From *Adonais*)

XXXIX.

PEACE, peace ! he is not dead, he doth not sleep—
 He hath awakened from the dream of life—
 'Tis we who, lost in stormy visions, keep
 With phantoms an unprofitable strife,
 And in mad trance strike with our spirit's knife
 Invulnerable nothings — *We* decay
 Like corpses in a charnel; fear and grief
 Convulse us and consume us day by day,
 And cold hopes swarm like worms within our living clay.

XL.

He has outsoared the shadow of our night,
 Envy and calumny and hate and pain,
 And that unrest which men miscall delight,
 Can touch him not and torture not again,
 From the contagion of the world's slow stain
 He is secure, and now can never mourn
 A heart grown cold, a head grown grey in vain,
 Nor, when the spirit's self has ceased to burn,
 With sparkless ashes load an unlamented urn.

XLI.

He lives, he wakes—'tis Death is dead, not he,
 Mourn not for Adonais.—Thou young Dawn
 Turn all thy dew to splendour, for from thee
 The spirit thou lamentest is not gone;
 Ye caverns and ye forests, cease to moan !

Cease ye faint flowers and fountains, and thou Air
 Which like a mourning veil thy scarf hadst thrown
 O'er the abandoned Earth, now leave it bare
 Even to the joyous stars which smile on its despair !

XLII

He is made one with Nature : there is heard
 His voice in all her music, from the moan
 Of thunder, to the song of night's sweet bird,
 He is a presence to be felt and known '—
 In darkness and in light, from herb and stone,
 Spreading itself where'er that Power may move
 Which has withdrawn his being to its own,
 Which wields the world with never wearied love,
 Sustains it from beneath, and kindles it above

XLIII

He is a portion of the loveliness
 Which once he made more lovely he doth bear
 His part, while the one Spirit's plastic stress
 Sweeps through the dull dense world, compelling them
 All new successions to the forms they wear,
 Torturing th' unwilling dross that checks its flight
 To its own likeness, as each mass may bear,
 And bursting in its beauty and its might
 From trees and beasts and men into the Heaven's light

KEATS

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 96)

A JOY FOR EVER

(From *Endymion*, Book I.)

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever.
 Its loveliness increases; it will never
 Pass into nothingness, but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep

Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darken'd ways
 Made for our searching yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep, and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season, the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead,
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read
 An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.

Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour, no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'er-cast,
 They always must be with us, or we die

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I travell'd in the realms of gold,
 And many goodly states and kingdoms seen,
 Round many western islands have I been
 Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
 Oft of one wide expanse had I been told,
 That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne:
 Yet never I did breathe its pure serene
 Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
 When a new planet swims into his ken,
 Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
 He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
 Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
 Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I 'had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thy happiness,—
 That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease

O for a draught of vintage, that hath been
 Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country-green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sun-burnt mirth !
 O for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stained mouth,
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim.

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget,
 What thou among the leaves hast never known,
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret
 Here, where men sit and hear each other groan,
 Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs;
 Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
 Already with thee ! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
 Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays,
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy
 ways.

cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild,
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine,
 Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves,
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
 I have been half in love with careful Death,
 Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath;
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy !
 Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird !
 No hungry generations tread thee down ;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown :
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,

She stood in tears amid the alien corn,
 The same that oft-times hath
 Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn

Forlorn ! the very word is like a bell
 To toll thee back from me to my sole self
 Adieu ! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is fabled to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu ! adieu ! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hill-side ; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades :
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream ?
 Fled is that music :—do I wake or sleep ?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravish'd bride of quietness !
 Thou foster-child of Silence and slow Time,
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady ?
 What men or gods are these ? What maidens loath
 What mad pursuit ? What struggle to escape ?
 What pipes and timbrels ? What wild ecstasy ?

Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter, therefore, ye soft pipes, play on,
 Not to the sensual ear, but, more endear'd,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone :
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare ;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet, do not grieve,
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss,
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair !

Ah, happy, happy boughs ! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu ;
 And, happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new ;
 More happy love ! more happy, happy love !
 For ever warm and still to be enjoy'd,
 For ever panting and for ever young,
 All breathing human passion far above,
 • That leaves a heart high sorrowful and cloy'd,
 • A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

Who are these coming to the sacrifice ?
 • To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest ?
 What little town by river or sea-shore,
 Or mountain-bult with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of its folk, this pious morn ?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be, and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return

O Attic shape ! Fair attitude ! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed,
 Thou, silent form ! dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity Cold Pastoral !
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain, in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 ' Beauty is truth, truth beauty,'—that is all
 ' We know on earth, and all ye need to know

DE QUINCEY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 99)

OPIUM DREAMS

(From Confessions of an English Opium Eater)

I THOUGHT that it was a Sunday morning in May, that it was Easter Sunday, and as yet was very early in the morning. I was standing, as it seemed to me, at the door of my own cottage. Right before me lay the very scene which could really be commanded from that situation, but exalted, as was usual, and solemnised by the power of dreams. There were the same mountains, and the same lovely valley at their feet, but the mountains were raised to more than Alpine height, and there was interspace far larger between them of meadows and forest lawns, the hedges were rich with white roses, and no living creature was to be seen, excepting that in the green churchyard there were cattle tranquilly reposing upon the verdant graves, and particularly round the grave of a child whom I had tenderly loved, just as I had really beheld them, a little before sunrise in the same manner, when that child died. I gazed upon the well-known scene, and I said aloud (as I thought) to myself, 'It yet wants much of sunrise, and it is Easter Sunday, and that is the day on which they celebrate the first-fruits of resurrection. I will walk abroad, old griefs shall be forgotten to-day, for the air is cool and still, and the hills are high, and stretched away to Heaven, and the forest glades are as quiet as the churchyard; and, with the dew, I can wash the fever from my forehead, and then I shall be unhappy no longer.' And I turned, as if to open my garden gate; and immediately I saw upon the left a scene far different, but which yet the power of dreams had reconciled into harmony with the other. The scene was an Oriental one, and there also it was Easter Sunday, and very early in the morning. And at a vast distance were visible, as a stain upon the horizon, the domes and cupolas of a great city—an image or faint

abstraction, caught perhaps in childhood from some picture of Jerusalem. And not a bow-shot from me, upon a stone, and shaded by Judean palms, there sat a woman, and I looked; and it was—Ann! . . . Her looks were tranquil, but with unusual solemnity of expression, and I now gazed upon her with some awe; but suddenly her countenance grew dim, and, turning to the mountains, I perceived vapours rolling between us, in a moment all had vanished; thick darkness came on, and in the twinkling of an eye, I was far away from mountains, and by lamplight in Oxford Street, walking again with Ann—just as we walked seventeen years before, when we were both children

As a final specimen I cite one of a different character from 1820.

The dream commenced with a music which now I often heard in dreams—a music of preparation and of awakening suspense, a music like the opening of the Coronation Anthem, and which, like *that*, gave the feeling of a vast march—of infinite cavalcades filing off—and the tread of innumerable armies. The morning was come of a mighty day—a day of crisis and of final hope for human nature, then suffering some mysterious eclipse, and labouring in some dread extremity. Somewhere, I knew not where—somehow, I knew not how—by some human beings, I knew not whom—a battle, a strife, an agony, was conducting—was evolving like a great drama, or piece of music, with which my sympathy was the more insupportable from my confusion as to its place, its cause, its nature, and its possible issue. I, as is usual in dreams (where, of necessity, we make ourselves central to every movement), had the power, and yet had not the power, to decide it. I had the power, if I could raise myself, to will it, and yet again had not the power, for the weight of twenty Atlantics was upon me, or the oppression of inexpressible guilt. ‘Deeper than ever plummet sounded’ I lay inactive. Then, like a chorus, the passion deepened. Some greater interest was at stake; some mightier cause than ever yet the sword had pleaded, or trumpet had proclaimed. Then came sudden alarms; hurrying to and fro, trepidations of innumerable fugitives, I knew not whether from the good cause or the

bad; darkness and lights; tempest and human faces; and at last, with the sense that all was lost, female forms, and the features that were worth all the world to me, and but a moment allowed,—and clasped hands, and heart-breaking partings, and then—everlasting farewells! and with a sigh, such as the caves of hell sighed when the incestuous mother uttered the abhorred name of death, the sound was reverberated—everlasting farewells! and again, and yet again reverberated—everlasting farewells!

And I awoke in struggles, and cried aloud 'I will sleep no more!'

LAMB

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 100)

MACKERY END, IN HERTFORDSHIRE

(From *The Essays of Elia*)

BRIDGET ELIA has been my housekeeper for many a long year. I have obligations to Bridget, extending beyond the period of memory. We house together, old bachelor and maid, in a sort of double singleness, with such tolerable comfort, upon the whole, that I, for one, find in myself no sort of disposition to go out upon the mountains, with the rash king's offspring, to bewail my celibacy. We agree pretty well in our tastes and habits—yet so, as 'with a difference.' We are generally in harmony, with occasional bickerings—as it should be among near relations. Our sympathies are rather understood than expressed; and once, upon my dissembling a tone in my voice more kind than ordinary, my cousin burst into tears, and complained that I was altered. We are both great readers in different directions. While I am hanging over (for the thousandth time) some passage in old Burton, or one of his strange contemporaries, she is abstracted in some modern tale or adventure, whereof our common reading-table is daily fed with assiduously fresh supplies. Narrative teases me. I have little concern in the progress of events. She must

have a story—well, ill, or indifferently told—so there be life stirring in it, and plenty of good or evil accidents. The fluctuations of fortune in fiction—and almost in real life—have ceased to interest, or operate but dully upon me. Out-of-the-way humours and opinions—heads with some diverting twist in them—the oddities of authorship, please me most. My cousin has a native disrelish of anything that sounds odd or bizarre. Nothing goes down with her that is quaint, irregular, or out of the road of common sympathy. She holds 'Nature more clever.' I can pardon her blindness to the beautiful obliquities of the *Religio Medici*; but she must apologize to me for certain disrespectful insinuations, which she has been pleased to throw out latterly, touching the intellectuals of a dear favourite of mine, and of the last century but one—the thrice noble, chaste, and virtuous, but again somewhat fantastical and original brained, generous Margaret Newcastle.

It has been the lot of my cousin, oftener perhaps than I could have wished, to have had for her associates and mine, free-thinkers—leaders, and disciples, of novel philosophies and systems, but she neither wrangles with, nor accepts, their opinions. That which was good and venerable to her, when a child, retains its authority over her mind still. She never juggles or plays tricks with her understanding.

We are both of us inclined to be a little too positive, and I have observed the results of our disputes to be almost uniformly this—that in matters of fact, dates, and circumstances, it turns out that I was in the right, and my cousin in the wrong. But where we have differed upon moral points, upon something proper to be done, or let alone; whatever heat of opposition or steadiness of conviction I set out with, I am sure always, in the long-run, to be brought over to her way of thinking.

I must touch upon the foibles of my kinswoman with a gentle hand, for Bridget does not like to be told of her faults. She hath an awkward trick (to say no worse of it) of reading in company: at which times she will answer *yes* or *no* to a question, without fully understanding its purport—which is provoking, and derogatory in the highest degree to the dignity of the putter of the said question. Her,

presence of mind is equal to the most pressing trials of life, but will sometimes desert her upon trifling occasions. When the purpose requires it, and is a thing of moment, she can speak to it greatly, but in matters which are not stuff of the conscience, she hath been known sometimes to let slip a word less seasonably.

Her education in youth was not much attended to, and she happily missed all that train of female garniture which passeth by the name of accomplishments. She was tumbled early, by accident or design, into a spacious closet of good old English reading, without much selection or prohibition, and browsed at will upon that fair and wholesome pasturage. Had I twenty girls, they should be brought up exactly in this fashion. I know not whether their chance in wedlock might not be diminished by it, but I can answer for it that it makes (if the worst comes to the worst) most incomparable old maids.

In a season of distress, she is the truest comforter, but in the teasing of accidents and minor perplexities, which do not call out the *will* to meet them, she sometimes maketh matters worse by an excess of participation. If she does not always divide your trouble, upon the pleasanter occasions of life she is always sure to treble your satisfaction. She is excellent to be at a play with, or upon a visit, but best, when she goes a journey with you.

We made an excursion together a few summers since into Hertfordshire, to beat up the quarters of some of our less-known relations in that fine corn country.

The oldest thing I remember is Mackery End, or Mackarel End, as it is spelt, perhaps more properly, in some old maps of Hertfordshire, a farm-house,—delightfully situated within a gentle walk from Wheathampstead. I can just remember having been there, on a visit to a great-aunt, when I was a child, under the care of Bridget, who, as I have said, is older than myself by some ten years. I wish that I could throw into a heap the remainder of our joint existences, that we might share them in equal division. But that is impossible. The house was at that time in the occupation of a substantial yeoman, who had married my grandmother's sister. His name was Gladman.

My grandmother was a Bruton, married to a Field. The Gladmans and the Brutons are still flourishing in that part of the county, but the Fields are almost extinct. More than forty years had elapsed since the visit I speak of; and, for the greater portion of that period, we had lost sight of the other two branches also. Who or what sort of persons inherited Mackery End—kindred or strange folk—we were afraid almost to conjecture, but determined some day to explore.

By somewhat a circuitous route, taking the noble park at Luton in our way from St Albans, we arrived at the spot of our anxious curiosity about noon. The sight of the old farm-house, though every trace of it was effaced from my recollections, affected me with a pleasure which I had not experienced for many a year. For though *I* had forgotten it, *we* had never forgotten being there together, and we had been talking about Mackery End all our lives, till memory on my part became mocked with a phantom of itself, and I thought I knew the aspect of a place which, when present, O how unlike it was to *that* which I had conjured up so many times instead of it!

Still the air breathed balmily about it, the season was in the 'heart of June,' and I could say with the poet,

'But thou that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation'

Bridget's was more a waking bliss than mine, for she easily remembered her old acquaintance again—some altered features, of course, a little grudged at. At first, indeed, she was ready to disbelieve for joy, but the scene soon re-confirmed itself in her affections—and she traversed every outpost of the old mansion, to the wood-house, the orchard, the place where the pigeon-house had stood (house and birds were alike flown)—with a breathless impatience of recognition, which was more pardonable perhaps than decorous at the age of fifty odd. But Bridget in some things is behind her years.

The only thing left was to get into the house—and that was a difficulty which to me singly would have been insur-

mountable, for I am terribly shy in making myself known to strangers and out-of-date kinsfolk. Love, stronger than scruple, winged my cousin in without me; but she soon returned with a creature that might have sat to a sculptor for the image of Welcome. It was the youngest of the Gladmans; who, by marriage with a Bruton, had become mistress of the old mansion. A comely brood are the Brutons. Six of them, females, were noted as the handsomest young women in the county. But this adopted Bruton, in my mind, was better than they all—more comely. She was born too late to have remembered me. She just recollected in early life to have had her cousin Bridget once pointed out to her, climbing a stile. But the name of kindred and of cousinship was enough. Those slender wies, that prove slight as gossamer in the rending atmosphere of a metropolis, bind faster, as we found it, in hearty, homely, loving Hertfordshire. In five minutes we were as thoroughly acquainted as if we had been born and bred up together, were familiar, even to the calling each other by our Christian names. So Christians should call one another. To have seen Bridget and her—it was like the meeting of the two scriptural cousins! There was a grace and dignity, an amplitude of form and stature, answering to her mind, in this farmer's wife, which would have shined in a palace—or so we thought it. We were made welcome by husband and wife equally—we, and our friend that was with us—I had almost forgotten him—but B. F. will not so soon forget that meeting, if peradventure he shall read this on the far distant shores where the kangaroo haunts. The fatted calf was made ready, or rather was ready so, as if in anticipation of our coming; and, after an appropriate glass of native wine, never let me forget with what honest pride this hospitable cousin made us proceed to Wheat-hampstead, to introduce us (as some new-found rarity) to her mother and sister Gladmans, who did indeed know something more of us, at a time when she almost knew nothing.—With what corresponding kindness we were received by them also—how Bridget's memory, exalted by the occasion, warmed into a thousand half-obliterated recollections of things and persons, to my utter astonishment, and her

own—and to the astonishment of B. F. who sat by, almost the only thing that was not a cousin there,—old effaced images of more than half-forgotten names and circumstances still crowding back upon her, as words written in lemon came out upon exposure to a friendly warmth,—when I forget all this, then may my country cousins forget me, and Bridget no more remember, that in the days of weakling infancy I was her tender charge—as I have been her care in foolish manhood since—in those pretty pastoral walks, long ago, about Mackery End, in Hertfordshire.

HAZLITT

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 100)

ON VARIATIONS OF TASTE IN LITERATURE

(From *Table Talk: On Criticism*)

BESIDES temporary or accidental biases of this kind, there seem to be sects and parties in taste and criticism (with a set of appropriate watchwords) coeval with the arts of composition, and that will last as long as the difference with which men's minds are originally constituted. There are some who are all for the elegance of an author's style and some who are equally delighted with simplicity. The last refer you to Swift as a model of English prose, thinking all other writers sophisticated and naught, the former prefer the more brilliant and sparkling periods of Junius or Gibbon. It is to no purpose to think of bringing about an understanding between these opposite factions. It is a natural difference of temperament and constitution of mind. The one will never relish the antithetical point and perpetual glitter of the artificial prose style, as the plain, unperverted English idiom will always appear trite and insipid to the others. A toleration, not an uniformity of opinion, is as much as can be expected in this case, and both sides may acknowledge, without imputation on their taste or consistency, that these different writers excelled each in their way. . . . Again, the dispute between the admirers

of Homer and Virgil has never been settled, and never will, for there will always be minds to whom the excellencies of Virgil will be more congenial, and therefore more objects of admiration and delight than those of Homer, and *vice versa*. Both are right in preferring what suits them best, the delicacy and selectness of the one, or the fulness and majestic flow of the other. There is the same difference in their tastes as there was in the genius of their two favourites. Neither can the disagreement between the French and English school of tragedy ever be reconciled till the French become English or the English French. Both are right in what they admire, both are wrong in condemning the others for what they admire. We see the defects of Racine, they see the faults of Shakespeare probably in an exaggerated point of view. But we may be sure of this, that when we see nothing but grossness and barbarism, or insipidity and verbiage, in a writer that is the god of a nation's idolatry, it is we and not they who want true taste and feeling. The controversy about Pope and the opposite school in our own poetry comes to much the same thing. Pope's correctness, smoothness, etc., are very good things, and much to be commended in him. But it is not to be expected or even desired that others should have these qualities in the same paramount degree, to the exclusion of everything else. If you like correctness and smoothness of all things in the world, there they are for you in Pope. If you like other things better, such as strength and sublimity, you know where to go for them. Why trouble Pope or any other author for what they have not, and do not profess to give? Those who seem to imply that Pope possessed, besides his own peculiar, exquisite merits, all that is to be found in Shakespeare or Milton, are, I should hardly think, in good earnest. But I do not therefore see that, because this was not the case, Pope was no poet. We cannot by a little verbal sophistry confound the qualities of different minds, nor force opposite excellences into a union by all the intolerance in the world. We may pull Pope in pieces so long as we please for not being Shakespeare or Milton, as we may carp at them for not being Pope, but this will not make a poet equal to all three. If we have a taste for one precise

style or manner, we may keep it to ourselves and let others have theirs. If we are more catholic in our notions, and want variety of excellence or beauty, it is spread abroad for us in profusion in the variety of books and in the several growth of men's minds, fettered by no capricious or arbitrary rules. Those who would proscribe whatever falls short of a given standard of imaginary perfection do so, not from a higher capacity of taste or range of intellect than others, but to destroy, to 'crib and cabin in' all enjoyments and opinions but their own.

TENNYSON

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 106)

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK'

BREAK, break, break,
 On thy cold gray stones, O Sea!
 And I would that my tongue could utter
 The thoughts that arise in me

O well for the fisherman's boy,
 That he shouts with his sister at play!
 O well for the sailor lad,
 That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
 To their haven under the hill,
 But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
 And the sound of a voice that is still!

Break, break, break,
 At the foot of thy crags, O Sea!
 But the tender grace of a day that is dead
 Will never come back to me.

ULYSSES

If little profits that an idle king,
 By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
 Match'd with an aged wife, I mete and dole
 Unequal laws unto a savage race,
 That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me
 I cannot rest from travel, I will drink
 Life to the lees— all times I have enjoy'd
 Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
 That lov'd me, and alone, on shore, and when
 Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
 Vext the dim sea— I am become a name,
 For always roaming with a hungry heart
 Much have I seen and known, cities of men
 And manners, climates, councils, governments,
 Myself not least, but honour'd of them all,
 And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
 Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy
 I am a part of all that I have met,
 Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
 Gleams that untravell'd world, whose margin fades
 For ever and for ever when I move
 How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
 To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
 As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
 Were all too little, and of one to me
 Little remains, but every hour is saved
 From that eternal silence, something more,
 A bringer of new things, and vile it were
 For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
 And this grey spirit yearning in desire
 To follow knowledge like a sinking star,
 Beyond the utmost bound of human thought
 This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
 To whom I leave the sceptre and the isle—
 Well-loved of me, discerning to fulfil
 This labour, by slow prudence to make mild
 A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
 Subdue them to the useful and the good.

Most blameless is he, centred in the sphere
 Of common duties, decent not to fail
 In offices of tenderness, and pay
 Meet adoration to my household gods,
 When I am gone He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port, the vessel puffs her sail,
 There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
 Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
 That e'er with a frolic welcome took
 The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
 Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old,
 Old age hath yet his honour and his toil,
 Death closes all; but something ere the end,
 Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
 Not unbecoming men that strove with gods
 The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks,
 The long day wanes, the slow moon climbs, the deep
 Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
 'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
 Push off, and sitting well in order smite
 The sounding furrows, for my purpose holds
 To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
 Of all the western stars, until I die
 It may be that the gulfs will wash us down,
 It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
 And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
 Tho' much is taken, much abides, and tho'
 We are not now that strength which in old days
 Moved earth and heaven, that which we are, we are;
 One equal temper of heroic hearts,
 Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
 To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

PIRITUAL CONFLICT

(From *In Memoriam*, §§ LIV.—LVI.)

LIV.

THE wish, that of the living whole
 No lite may fail beyond the grave,
 Derives it not from what we have
 The likest God within the soul?

Are God and Nature then at strife,
 That Nature lends such evil dreams ?
 So careful of the type she seems,
 So careless of the single life,

That I, considering everywhere
 Her secret meaning in her deeds,
 And finding that of fifty seeds
 She often brings but one to bear,

I falter where I firmly trod,
 And falling with my weight of cares
 Upon the great world's altar-stairs
 That slope thro' darkness up to God,

I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,
 And gather dust and chaff, and call
 To what I feel is Lord of all,
 And faintly trust the larger hope

LV.

So careful of the type ' but no
 From scarped cliff and quarried stone
 She cries ' A thousand types are gone '
 care for nothing, all shall go.

Thou makest thine appeal to me
 I bring to life, I bring to death
 The spirit does but mean the breath
 I know no more.' And he, shall he,

Man, her last work, who seem'd so fair,
 Such splendid purpose in his eyes,
 Who roll'd the psalm to wintry skies,
 Who built him fanes of fruitless prayer,

Who trusted God was love indeed
 And Love Creation's final law—
 Tho' Nature, red in tooth and claw
 With ravine, shriek'd against his creed—

Who loved, who suffer'd countless ills,
 Who battled for the True, the Just,
 Be blown about the desert dust,
 Or seal'd within the non hills ?

No more ? A monster then, a dream,
 A discord. Dragons of the prime,
 That tear each other in their slime,
 Were mellow music match'd with him

O life as futile, then, as frail !
 O for thy voice to soothe and bless !
 What hope of answer, or redress ?
 Behind the veil, behind the veil.

LVI.

Peace, come away, the song of woe
 Is after all an earthly song
 Peace, come away, we do him wrong
 To sing so wildly, let us go

Come, let us go, your cheeks are pale,
 But half my life I leave behind
 Methinks my friend is richly shamed,
 But I shall pass, my work will fail

Yet in these ears, till hearing dies,
 One set slow bell will seem to toll
 The passing of the sweetest soul
 That ever look'd with human eyes.

I hear it now, and o'er and o'er,
 • Eternal greetings to the dead,
 And ' Ave, Ave, Ave,' said,
 ' Adieu, adieu ' for evermore !

BROWNING

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 107)

MY LAST DUCHESS

(FERRARA.)

THAT'S my last Duchess painted on the wall,
 Looking as if she were alive. I call
 That piece a wonder, now. Frà Pandolf's hands
 Worked busily a day, and there she stands
 Will't please you sit and look at her? I said
 'Frà Pandolf' by design, for never read
 Strangers like you that pictured countenance,
 The depth and passion of its earnest glance,
 But to myself they turned (since none puts by
 The curtain I have drawn for you, but I)
 And seemed as they would ask me, if they durst,
 How such a glance came there, so, not the first
 Are you to turn and ask thus. Sir, 'twas not
 Her husband's presence only, called that spot
 Of joy into the Duchess' cheek: perhaps
 Frà Pandolf chanced to say 'Her mantle laps
 Over my Lady's wrist too much,' or 'Paint
 Must never hope to reproduce the faint
 Half-flush that dies along her throat.' such stuff
 Was courtesy, she thought, and cause enough
 For calling up that spot of joy. She had
 A heart . . . how shall I say? . . . too soon made glad
 'Too easily impressed, she liked whate'er'
 She looked on, and her looks went everywhere
 Sir, 'twas all one! My favour at her breast,
 The dropping of the daylight in the West,
 The bough of cherries some officious fool
 Broke in the orchard for her, the white mule
 She rode with round the terrace—all and each
 Would draw from her alike the approving speech,

Or blush, at least. She thanked men,—good; but thanked
 Somehow . I know not how as if she ranked
 My gift of a nine hundred years old name
 With anybody's gift Who'd stoop to blame
 This sort of trifling? Even had you skill
 In speech—(which I have not)—to make your will
 Quite clear to such a one, and say 'Just this
 Or that in you disgusts me, here you miss,
 Or there exceed the mark'—and if she let
 Herself be lessoned so, nor plainly set
 Her wits to yours, forsooth, and made excuse,
 —E'en then would be some stooping, and I chuse
 Never to stoop Oh, Sir, she smiled, no doubt,
 Whene'er I passed her, but who passed without
 Much the same smile? This grew, I gave commands,
 Then all smiles stopped together There she stands
 As if alive Will't please you rise? We'll meet
 The company below, then I repeat,
 The Count your Master's known munificence
 Is ample warrant that no just pretence
 Of mine for dowry will be disallowed,
 Though his fair daughter's self, as I avowed
 At starting, is my object Nay, we'll go
 Together down, Sir! Notice Neptune, tho',
 Laming a sea-horse, thought a rarity,
 Which Claus of Innsbruck cast in bronze for me

LOVE AMONG THE RUINS

I

WHERE the quiet-coloured end of evening smiles,
 Miles and miles
 On the solitary pastures where our sheep
 Half-asleep
 Tinkle homeward thro' the twilight, stray or stop
 As they crop—
 Was the site once of a city great and gay,
 (So they say)

Of our country's very capital, its prince
 Ages since
 Held his court in, gathered councils, wielding far
 Peace or war

II

Now,—the country does not even boast a tree,
 As you see,
 To distinguish slopes of verdure, certain rills
 From the hills
 Intersect and give a name to, (else they run
 Into one)
 Where the domed and daring palace shot its spire
 Up like fires
 O'er the hundred-gated circuit of a wall
 Bounding all,
 Made of marble, men might march on nor be pressed,
 Twelve abreast.

III

And such plenty and perfection, see, of grass
 Never was !
 Such a carpet as, this summer-time, o'erspreads
 And embeds
 Every vestige of the city, guessed alone,
 Stock or stone—
 Where a multitude of men breathed joy and woe
 Long ago,
 Lust of glory pricked their hearts up, dread of shame
 Struck them tame,
 And that glory and that shame alike, the gold
 Bought and sold

IV.

Now,—the single little turret that remain
 On the plains
 By the caper overrooted, by the gourd
 Overscored,
 While the patching houseleek's head of blossom win
 Through the chinks—

Marks the basement whence a tower in ancient time
 Sprang sublime,
 And a burning ring, all round, the chariots traced
 As they raced,
 And the monarch and his minions and his dames
 Viewed the games.

v.

And I know, while thus the quiet-coloured eve
 Smiles to leave
 To their folding, all our many-tinkling fleece
 In such peace,
 And the slopes and rills in undistinguished grey
 Melt away—
 That a girl with eager eyes and yellow hair
 Waits me there
 In the turret whence the charioteers caught soul
 For the goal,
 When the king looked, where she looks now, breathless,
 dumb
 Till I come.

vi.

But he looked upon the city, every side,
 Far and wide,
 All the mountains topped with temples, all the glades,
 Colonnades,
 All the causeys, bridges, aqueducts,—and then,
 All the men!
 When I do come, she will speak not, she will stand,
 Either hand
 On my shoulder, give her eyes the first embrace
 Of my face,
 Ere we rush, ere we extinguish sight and speech
 Each on each.

vii.

In one year they sent a million fighters forth
 South and North,
 And they built their gods a brazen pillar high
 As the sky,

Yet reserved a thousand chariots in full force—
 Gold, of course
 Oh heart ! oh blood that freezes, blood that burns !
 Earth's returns
 For whole centuries of folly, noise and sin !
 Shut them in
 With their triumphs and their glories and the rest !
 Love is best.

RABBI BEN EZRA

I.

GROW old along with me !
 The best is yet to be,
 The last of life, for which the first was made
 Our times are in His hand
 Who saith ' A whole I planned,
 Youth shows but half, trust God see all not be afraid !'

II

Not that, amassing flowers,
 Youth sighed, ' Which rose make ours,
 Which lily leave and then as best recall ?'
 Not that, admiring stars,
 It yearned ' Nor Jove, nor Mars,
 Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them
 all !'

III

Not for such hopes and fears
 Annulling youth's brief years,
 Do I remonstrate: folly wide the mark !
 Rather I prize the doubt
 Low kinds exist without,
 Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

IV.

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
 Were man but formed to feed

On joy, to solely seek and find and feast:
 Such feasting ended, then
 As sure an end to men,
 Irks care the crop-full bird? Frets doubt the maw-
 crammed beast?

V

Rejoice we are allied
 To That which doth provide
 And not partake, effect and not receive!
 A spark disturbs our clod,
 Nearer we hold of God
 Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe

VI

Then, welcome each rebuff
 That turns earth's smoothness rough,
 Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go!
 Be our joys three-parts pain!
 Strive, and hold cheap the strain,
 Learn, nor account the pang, dare, never grudge the
 three!

VII

For thence,—a paradox
 Which comforts while it mocks,—
 Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail
 What I aspired to be,
 And was not, comforts me.
 A brute I might have been, but would not sink in the
 scale.

VIII.

What is he but a brute
 Whose flesh has soul to suit,
 Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
 To man, propose this test—
 Thy body at its best,
 How far can that project thy soul on its lone way?

IX.

Yet gifts should prove their use
 I own the Past profuse
 Of power each side, perfection every turn
 Eyes, ears took in their dole,
 Brain treasured up the whole,
 Should not the heart beat once 'How good to live and
 learn ?'

X

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine !'
 I see the whole design,
 I, who saw power, see now love perfect too
 Perfect I call thy plan
 Thanks that I was a man !
 Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do !

XI.

For pleasant is this flesh,
 Our soul, in its rose-mesh
 Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest,
 Would we some prize might hold
 To match those manifold
 Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best !

XII

Let us not always say
 'Spite of this flesh to-day
 I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole !'
 As the bird wings and sings,
 Let us cry 'All good things
 Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh help
 soul !'

XIII

Therefore I summon age
 To grant youth's heritage,
 Life's struggle having so far reached its term
 Thence shall I pass, approved
 A man, for aye removed
 From the developed brute; a god though in the germ.

XIV.

And I shall thereupon
 Take rest, ere I be gone
 Once more on my adventure brave and new.
 Fearless and unperplexed,
 When I wage battle next,
 What weapons to select, what armour to indue

XV.

Youth ended, I shall try
 My gain or loss thereby,
 Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold
 And I shall weigh the same,
 Give life its praise or blame
 Young, all lay in dispute, I shall know, being old

XVI.

For note, when evening shuts,
 A certain moment cuts
 The deed off, calls the glory from the grey
 A whisper from the west
 Shoots—' Add this to the rest,
 Take it and try its worth here dies another day '

XVII.

So, still within this life,
 Though lifted o'er its strife,
 Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last
 ' This iage was right i' the main,
 That acquiescence vain:
 The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

XVIII.

For more is not reserved
 To man, with soul just nerved
 To act to-morrow what he learns to-day:
 Here, work enough to watch
 The Master work, and catch
 Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

XIX

As it was better, youth
 Should strive, through acts uncouth,
 Toward making, than repose on aught found made
 So, better, age, exempt
 From strife, should know, than tempt
 Further Thou waitedst age wait death nor be afraid !

XX.

Enough now, if the Right
 And Good and Infinite
 Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
 With knowledge absolute,
 Subject to no dispute
 From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone

XXI

Be there, for once and all,
 Severed great minds from small.
 Announced to each his station in the Past !
 Was I, the world arraigned,
 Were they, my soul disdained,
 Right ? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last !

XXII

Now, who shall arbitrate ?
 Ten men love what I hate,
 Shun what I follow, slight what I receive,
 Ten, who in ears and eyes
 Match me· we all surmise,
 They this thing, and I that· whom shall my soul believe ?

XXIII

Not on the vulgar mass
 Called ' work,' must sentence pass,
 Things done, that took the eye and had the price,
 O'er which, from level stand,
 The low world laid its hand.
 Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice :

XXIV.

But all, the world's coarse thumb
 And finger failed to plumb,
 So passed in making up the main account,
 All instincts immature,
 All purposes unsure,
 That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's
 amount.

XXV.

Thoughts hardly to be packed
 Into a narrow act,
 Fancies that broke through language and escaped,
 All I could never be,
 All, men ignored in me.
 This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

XXVI

Ay, note that Potter's wheel,
 That metaphor! and feel
 Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
 Thou, to whom fools propound,
 When the wine makes its round,
 'Since life fleets, all is change, the Past gone, seize to-day!'

XXVII

Fool! All that is, at all.
 Lasts ever, past recall,
 Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure
 What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be.
 Time's wheel runs back or stops. Potter and clay endure.

XXVIII.

He fixed thee mid this dance
 Of plastic circumstance,
 This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest:
 Machinery just meant
 To give thy soul its bent,
 Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

XXIX

What though the earlier grooves
 Which ran the laughing loves
 Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
 What though, about thy rim,
 Scull-things in order grim
 Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

XXX.

Look not thou down but up !
 To uses of a cup,
 The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
 The new wine's foaming flow,
 The Master's lips aglow !
 Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what need'st thou with
 earth's wheel ?

XXXI

But I need, now as then,
 Thee, God, who moulded men,
 And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
 Did I,—to the wheel of life
 With shapes and colours rife,
 Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst.

XXXII.

So, take and use Thy work
 Amend what flaws may lurk,
 What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
 My times be in Thy hand !
 Perfect the cup as planned !
 Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

MATTHEW ARNOLD

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 108)

DOVER BEACH

THE sea is calm to-night
The tide is full, the moon lies fair
Upon the straits;—on the French coast the light
Gleams and is gone, the cliffs of England stand,
Glimmering and vast, out in the tranquil bay
Come to the window, sweet is the night air!
Only, from the long line of spray
Where the sea meets the moon-blanch'd land,
Listen! you hear the grating roar
Of pebbles which the waves draw back and fling,
At their return, up the high strand,
Begin, and cease, and then again begin,
With tremulous cadence slow, and bring
The eternal note of sadness in

Sophocles long ago
Heard it on the Ægean, and it brought
Into his mind the turbid ebb and flow
Of human misery, we
Find also in the sound a thought,
Hearing it by this distant northern sea

The Sea of Faith
Was once, too, at the full, and round earth's shore
Lay like the folds of a bright girdle furl'd.
But now I only hear
Its melancholy, long, withdrawing roar,
Retreating, to the breath
Of the night-wind, down the vast edges drear
And naked shingles of the world.

Ah, love, let us be true
To one another! for the world, which seems
To lie before us like a land of dreams,
So various, so beautiful, so new.

Hath really neither joy, nor love, nor light,
 Nor certitude, nor peace, nor help for pain,
 And we are here as on a darkling plain
 Swept with confused alarms of struggle and flight,
 Where ignorant armies clash by night.

MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will
 The fire that in the heart resides,
 The spirit bloweth and is still,
 In mystery our soul abides
 But tasks in hours of insight will'd
 Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd

With aching hands and bleeding feet
 We dig and heap, lay stone on stone,
 We bear the burden and the heat
 Of the long day, and wish 'twere done
 Not till the hours of light return
 All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
 When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
 Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
 Thy struggling task'd morality—
 Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
 Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
 Whose eyes thou wert afraid to seek,
 See, on her face a glow is spread,
 A strong emotion on her cheek
 ' Ah child,' she cries, ' that strife divine—
 Whence was it ? for it is not mine ?

 ' There is no effort on *my* brow—
 I do not strive, I do not weep.
 I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
 In joy, and, when I will, I sleep —
 Yet that severe, that earnest air,
 I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

' I knew not yet the gauge of Time,
 Nor wore the manacles of Space.
 I felt it in some other clime—
 I saw it in some other place
 —'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
 And lay upon the breast of God '

MRS. BROWNING

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 108)

SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE

XXVI

I LIVED with visions for my company,
 Instead of men and women, years ago,
 And found them gentle mates, nor thought to know
 A sweeter music than they played to me
 But soon their trailing purple was not free
 Of this world's dust,—their lutes did silent grow,
 And I myself grew faint and blind below
 Their vanishing eyes Then THOU didst come . . . to be,
 Belovèd, what they seemed Their shining fronts,
 Their songs, their splendours (better, yet the same,
 As river-water hallowed into fonts),
 Met in thee, and from out thee overcame
 My soul with satisfaction of all wants—
Because God's gifts put man's best dreams to shame.

XLIII

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
 I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
 My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
 For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
 I love thee to the level of every day's
 Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight
 I love thee freely, as men strive for Right
 I love thee purely, as they turn from Prai
 I love thee with the passion put to use

In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
 I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
 With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
 Smiles, tears, of all my life!—and, if God choose,
 I shall but love thee better after death.

MODERN LIFE AND POETRY

(From *Aurora Leigh*, Book V.)

I DO distrust the poet who discerns
 No character or glory in his times,
 And trundles back his soul five hundred years,
 Past moat and drawbridge, into a castle-court,
 To sing—oh, not of lizard or of toad
 Alive i' the ditch there,—'twere excusable,
 But of some black chief, half knight, half sheep-lifter
 Some beauteous dame, half chattel and half queen,
 As dead as must be, for the greater part,
 The poems made on their chivalric bones,
 And that's no wonder death inherits death
 Nay, if there's room for poets in this world
 A little overgrown (I think there is),
Their sole work is to represent the age,
 Their age, not Charlemagne's,—this live, throbbing age
 That brawls, cheats, maddens, calculates, aspires.
 And spends more passion, more heroic heat,
 Betwixt the mirrors of its drawing-rooms,
 Than Roland with his knights at Roncesvalles.
 To flinch from modern varnish, coat or flounce,
 Cry out for togas and the picturesque,
 Is fatal,—foolish too. King Arthur's self
 Was commonplace to Lady Guenever,
 And Camelot to minstrels seemed as flat
 As Fleet Street to our poets

Never flinch,
 But still, unscrupulously epic, catch
 Upon the burning lava of a song
 The full-veined, heaving, double-breasted Age:
 That, when the next shall come, the men of that
 May touch the impress with reverent hand, and say

hold,—behold the paps we all have sucked !
 s bosom seems to beat still, or at least
 ets ours beating. this is living art,
 ich thus presents and thus records true life.'

CARLYLE

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 109)

THE EVERLASTING NO

(From *Sartor Resartus*, Book II., Chap VII.)

such humour, and perhaps the miserablest man
 whole French Capital or Suburbs, was I, one sultry
 after much perambulation, toiling along the dirty
de Saint-Thomas de l'Enfer, among civic rubbish
 in a close atmosphere, and over pavements hot as
 udnezzar's Furnace, whereby doubtless my spirits
 le cheered, when, all at once, there rose a Thought
 and I asked myself 'What *art* thou afraid of ?
 re, like a coward, dost thou for ever pip and
 s, and go cowering and trembling ? Despicable
 what is the sum-total of the worst that lies before
 Death ? Well, Death, and say the pangs of
 too, and all that the Devil and Man may, will, or
 against thee ! Hast thou not a heart, canst thou
 er whatsoever it be, and, as a Child of Freedom,
 outcast, trample Tophet itself under thy feet, while it
 s thee ? Let it come, then, I will meet it and defy
 nd as I so thought, there rushed like a stream of
 my whole soul, and I shook base Fear away from
 ver. I was strong, of unknown strength, a spirit,
 god. Ever from that time, the temper of my
 was changed. not Fear or whining Sorrow was it,
 ignation and grim fire-eyed Defiance.
 s had the EVERLASTING NO (*das ewige Nein*) pealed
 atively through all the recesses of my Being, of
 and then was it that my whole ME stood up, in
 God-created majesty, and with emphasis recorded

its Protest. Such a Protest, the most important transaction in Life, may that same Indignation and Defiance, in a psychological point of view, be fitly called The Everlasting No had said. "Behold, thou art fatherless, outcast, and the Universe is mine (the Devil's);" to which my whole Me now made answer "I am not thine, but Free, and forever hate thee!"

'It is from this hour that I incline to date my Spiritual New-birth, or Baphometic Fire-baptism, perhaps I directly thereupon began to be a Man'

THE EVERLASTING YEA

(From *Sartor Resartus*, Book II, Chap. IX)

'But indeed Conviction, were it never so excellent, is worthless till it convert itself into Conduct. Nay, properly conviction is not possible till then, inasmuch as all Speculation is by nature endless, formless, a vortex amid vortices—only by a felt indubitable certainty of Experience does it find any centre to revolve round, and so fashion itself into a system. Most true is it, as a wise man teaches us, that "Doubt of any sort cannot be removed except by Action." On which ground too let him who gropes painfully in darkness or uncertain light, and prays vehemently that the dawn may ripen into day, lay this other precept well to heart, which to me was of invaluable service: "*Do the Duty which lies nearest thee.*" which thou knowest to be a Duty! Thy second Duty will already have become clearer.

'May we not say, however, that the hour of Spiritual Enfranchisement is even this? When your Ideal World, wherein the whole man has been dimly struggling and inexpressibly languishing to work, becomes revealed, and thrown open, and you discover, with amazement enough, like the Lothario in *Wilhelm Meister*, that your "America is here or nowhere?" The Situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man. Yes here, in this poor, miserable, hampered, despicable Actual, wherein thou even now standest, here or nowhere is thy Ideal: work it out therefrom, and working, believe, live, be free. Fool! the Ideal is in thyself—the Impediment too is in thy-

self thy Condition is but the stuff thou art to shape that same Ideal out of what matters whether such stuff be of his sort or that, so the Form thou give it be heroic, or poetic? O thou that pinest in the imprisonment of the Actual, and criest bitterly to the gods for a kingdom wherein to rule and create, know this of a truth the thing thou seekest is already with thee, "here or nowhere," couldst thou only see!

' But it is with man's Soul as it was with Nature the beginning of Creation is—Light 'Till the eye have vision, the whole members are in bonds Divine moment, when over the tempest-tost Soul, as once over the wild-weltering Chaos, it is spoken Let there be Light! Ever to the greatest that has felt such moment, is it not miraculous and God-announcing, even as, under simpler figures, to the simplest and least The mad primeval Discord is hushed, the rudely-jumbled conflicting elements bind themselves into separate Firmaments deep silent rock-foundations are built beneath, and the skyey vault with its everlasting Luminaries above instead of a dark wasteful Chaos, we have a blooming, fertile, Heaven-encompassed World

' I too could now say to myself Be no longer a Chaos, but a World, or even Worldkin Produce! Produce! Were it but the pititulest infinitesimal fraction of a Product, produce it in God's name! 'Tis the utmost thou hast in thee, out with it then Up, up! Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with thy whole might Work while it is called To-day; for the Night cometh wherein no man can work'

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(From *Heroes, Hero-Worship, and the Heroic in History*, Lecture V)

As for Johnson, I have always considered him to be, by nature, one of our great English souls A strong and noble man; so much left undeveloped in him to the last in a kindlier element what might he not have been,—Poet, Priest, sovereign Ruler! On the whole, a man must not complain of his 'element,' of his 'time,' or the like, it is thriftless work doing so. His time is bad well then, he is there to make it better!—Johnson's youth was poor,

isolated, hopeless, very miserable. Indeed, it does not seem possible that, in any the favourable outward circumstances, Johnson's life could have been other than a painful one. The world might have had more of profitable *work* out of him, or less, but his *effort* against the world's work could never have been a light one. Nature, in return for his nobleness, had said to him, Live in an element of diseased sorrow. Nay, perhaps the sorrow and the nobleness were intimately and even inseparably connected with each other. At all events, poor Johnson had to go about girt with continual hypochondria, physical and spiritual pain. Like a Hercules with the burning Nessus'-shirt on him, which shoots-in on him dull incurable misery, the Nessus'-shirt not to be stript-off, which is his own natural skin! In this manner *he* had to live. Figure him there, with his scrofulous diseases, with his great greedy heart, and unspeakable chaos of thoughts, stalking mournful as a stranger in this Earth, eagerly devouring what spiritual thing he could come at—school-languages and other merely grammatical stuff, if there were nothing better! The largest soul that was in all England, and provision made for it of 'fourpence-halfpenny a day'! Yet a giant invincible soul, a true man's. One remembers always that story of the shoes at Oxford—the rough, seamy-faced, rawboned College Servitor stalking about, in winter season, with his shoes worn-out, how the charitable Gentleman Commoner secretly places a new pair at his door, and the raw-boned Servitor, lifting them, looking at them near, with his dim eyes, with what thoughts,—pitches them out of window! Wet feet, mud, frost, hunger or what you will, but not beggary. we cannot stand beggary! Rude stubborn self-help here, a whole world of squalor, rudeness, confused misery and want, yet of nobleness and manfulness withal. It is a type of the man's life, this pitching-away of the shoes. An original man,—not a secondhand, borrowing or begging man. Let us stand on our own basis, at any rate! On such shoes as we ourselves can get. On frost and mud, if you will, but honestly on that;—on the reality and substance which Nature gives *us*, not on the semblance, on the thing she has given another than us!—

And yet with all this rugged pride of manhood and self-help, was there ever soul more tenderly affectionate, loyally submissive to what was really higher than he? Great souls are always loyally submissive, reverent to what is over them, only small mean souls are otherwise. I could not find a better proof of what I said the other day, That the sincere man was by nature the obedient man, that only in a World of Heroes was there loyal Obedience to the Heroic. The essence of *originality* is not that it be *new*? Johnson believed altogether in the old, he found the old opinions credible for him, fit for him, and in a right heroic manner lived under them. He is well worth study in regard to that. For we are to say that Johnson was far other than a mere man of words and formulas, he was a man of truths and facts. He stood by the old formulas, the happier was it for him that he could so stand but in all formulas that *he* could stand by, there needed to be a most genuine substance. Very curious how, in that poor Paper-age, so barren, artificial, thick-quilted with Pedantries, Hearsays, the great Fact of this Universe glared in, forever wonderful, indubitable, unspeakable, divine-internal, upon this man too! How he harmonised his Formulas with it, how he managed at all under such circumstances that is a thing worth seeing. A thing 'to be looked at with reverence, with pity, with awe.' That Church of St. Clement Danes, where Johnson still *worshipped* in the era of Voltane, is to me a venerable place.

It was in virtue of his *sincerity*, of his speaking still in some sort from the heart of Nature, though in the current artificial dialect, that Johnson was a Prophet. Are not all dialects 'artificial'? Artificial things are not all false,—nay every true Product of Nature will infallibly *shape* itself; we may say all artificial things are, at the starting of them, *true*. What we call 'Formulas' are not in their origin bad, they are indispensably good. Formula is *method*, habitude, found wherever man is found. Formulas fashion themselves as Paths do, as beaten Highways, leading towards some sacred or high object, whither many men are bent. Consider it. One man, full of heartfelt earnest impulse, finds-out a way of doing somewhat,—

were it of uttering his soul's reverence for the Highest, were it but of fitly saluting his fellow-man. An inventor was needed to do that, a *poet*, he has articulated the dim struggling thought that dwelt in his own and many hearts. This is his way of doing that, these are his footsteps, the beginning of a 'Path'. And now see the second, ifian travels naturally in the footsteps of his foregoer, it is the *easiest* method. In the footsteps of his foregoer, yet with improvements, with changes where such seem good, at all events with enlargements, the Path ever, *widening* itself as more travel it,—till at last there is a broad Highway whereon the whole world may travel and drive. While there remains a City or Shrine, or any Reality to drive to, at the farther end, the Highway shall be right welcome! When the City is gone, we will forsake the Highway. In this manner all Institutions, Practices, Regulated Things in the world have come into existence, and gone out of existence. Formulas all begin by being *full* of substance, you may call them the *skin*, the articulation into shape, into limbs and skin, of a substance that is already there: *they* had not been there otherwise. Idols, as we said, are not idolatrous till they become doubtful, empty for the worshipper's heart. Much as we talk against Formulas, I hope no one of us is ignorant withal of the high significance of *true* Formulas, that they were, and will ever be, the indispensablest furniture of our habitation in this world.

RUSKIN

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 110)

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A PAINTER

(From *Modern Painters*, Vol. V., Part VIII., Chap. IV.)

WHATEVER the means used may be, the certainty and directness of them imply absolute grasp of the whole subject, and without this grasp there is no good painting. This, finally, let me declare, without qualification—that partial conception is no conception. The whole picture must be imagined, or none of it is. And this grasp of the

whole implies very strange and sublime qualities of mind. It is not possible unless the feelings are completely under control, the least excitement or passion will disturb the measured equity of power, a painter needs to be as cool as a general, and as little moved or subdued by his sense of pleasure, as a soldier by the sense of pain. Nothing can be done without intense feeling, but it must be feeling so crushed, that the work is set about with mechanical steadiness, absolutely untroubled, as a surgeon—not without pity, but conquering it and putting it aside—begins an operation. Until the feelings can give strength enough to the will to enable it to conquer them, they are not strong enough.

It follows, also, that no vain or selfish person can possibly paint, in the noble sense of the word. Vanity and selfishness are troublous, eager, anxious, petulant—painting can only be done in calm of mind. Resolution is not enough to secure this, it must be secured by disposition as well. You may resolve to think of your picture only, but if you have been fretted before beginning, no manly or clear grasp of it will be possible for you. No forced calm is calm enough. Only honest calm—natural calm. You might as well try by external pressure to smooth a lake till it could reflect the sky, as by violence of effort to secure the peace through which alone you can reach imagination. That peace must come in its own time, as the waters settle themselves into clearness as well as quietness, you can no more filter your mind into purity than you can compress it into calmness, you must keep it pure if you would have it pure, and throw no stones into it if you would have it quiet. Great courage and self-command may, to a certain extent, give power of painting, without the true calmness underneath, but never of doing first-rate work. There is sufficient evidence of this, in even what we know of great men, though of the greatest, we nearly always know the least (and that necessarily, they being very silent, and not much given to setting themselves forth to questioners, apt to be contemptuously reserved, no less than unselfishly). But in such writings and sayings as we possess of theirs, we may trace a quite curious gentleness and serene courtesy.

Rubens' letters are almost ludicrous in their unhurried politeness. Reynolds, swiftest of painters, was gentlest of companions, so also Velasquez, Titian, and Veronese.

It is gratuitous to add that no shallow or petty person can paint. Mere cleverness or special gift never made an artist. It is only perfectness of mind, unity, depth, decision, the highest qualities, in fine, of the intellect, which will form the imagination.

And, lastly, no false person can paint. A person, false at heart may, when it suits his purposes, seize a stray truth here or there, but the relations of truth, its perfectness, that which makes it wholesome truth, he can never perceive. As wholeness and wholesomeness go together, so also sight with sincerity, it is only the constant desire of and submissiveness to truth, which can measure its strange angles and mark its infinite aspects, and fit them and knit them into the strength of sacred invention.

Sacred, I call it deliberately, for it is thus, in the most accurate senses, humble as well as helpful, meek in its receiving, as magnificent in its disposing, the name it bears being rightly given even to invention formal, not because it forms, but because it finds. For you cannot find a lie, you must make it for yourself. False things may be imagined, and false things composed, but only truth can be invented.

THE SECRET OF HAPPINESS

(From *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, Part IV, Chap. XVII)

GRADUALLY, thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near to us, and yet neglected by us, and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble we have not much to tell, even to Red Indians. The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly and wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude, and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoy-

ments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him, since first he was made of the earth, as they are now, and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow, and the blossoms set, to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade, to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy, they have always had the power of doing these, and they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things, but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise. And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one, and it seems that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical certainty.

GREAT AND MEAN ART

(From *Modern Painters*, Vol. III, Part IV, Chap. II.)

THE difference between great and mean art lies, not in definable methods of handling, or styles of representation, or choices of subjects, but wholly in the nobleness of the end to which the effort of the painter is addressed. We cannot say that a painter is great because he paints boldly, or paints delicately, because he generalises or particularises, because he loves detail or because he disdains it. He is great if, by any of these means, he has laid open noble truths, or aroused noble emotions. It does not matter whether he paint the petal of a rose, or the chasms of a precipice, so that Love and Admiration attend him as he labours, and wait for ever upon his work. It does not matter whether he toil for months upon a few inches of his canvas or cover a palace front with colour in a day, so only that it be with a solemn purpose that he has filled his heart with patience, or urged his hand to haste. And it does not matter whether he seek for his subjects among peasants or nobles, among the heroic or the simple, in courts or in fields, so only that he behold all things with a thirst for

beauty, and a hatred of meanness and vice. There are, indeed, certain methods of representation which are usually adopted by the most active minds, and certain characters of subject usually delighted in by the noblest hearts, but it is quite possible, quite easy, to adopt the manner of painting without sharing the activity of mind, and to imitate the choice of subject without possessing the nobility of spirit, while, on the other hand, it is altogether impossible to foretell on what strange objects the strength of a great man will sometimes be concentrated, or by what strange means he will sometimes express himself. So that true criticism of art never can consist in the mere application of rules, it can be just only when it is founded on quick sympathy with the innumerable instincts and changeful efforts of human nature, chastened and guided by unchanging love of all things that God has created to be beautiful and pronounced to be good.

MACAULAY

(OUTLINE HISTORY, § 111)

BYRON

(From the Essay on Moore's *Life of Lord Byron*)

It was in description and meditation that Byron excelled. 'Description,' as he said in *Don Juan*, 'was his forte.' His manner is indeed peculiar, and is almost unequalled, rapid, sketchy, full of vigour, the selection happy, the strokes few and bold. In spite of the reverence we feel for the genius of Mr Wordsworth we cannot but think that the minuteness of his descriptions often diminishes their effect. He has accustomed himself to gaze on nature with the eye of a lover, to dwell on every feature, and to mark every change of aspect. Those beauties which strike the most negligent observer, and those which only a close attention discovers, are equally familiar to him, and are equally prominent in his poetry. The proverb of old Hesiod, that half is often more than the whole, is eminently

applicable to poetry. The policy of the Dutch, who cut down most of the precious trees in the Spice Islands, in order to raise the value of what remained, was a policy which poets would do well to imitate. It was a policy which no poet understood better than Lord Byron. Whatever his faults may be, he was never, while his mind retained its vigour, accused of prolixity.

His descriptions, great as was their intrinsic merit, derived their principal interest from the feeling which always mingled with them. He was himself the beginning, the middle, and the end, of all his own poetry, the hero of every tale, the chief object in every landscape. Harold, Lara, Manfred, and a crowd of other characters, were universally considered merely as loose incognitos of Byron, and there is every reason to believe that he meant them to be so considered. The wonders of the outer world, the Tagus, with the mighty fleets of England riding on its bosom, the towers of Cintra overhanging the shaggy forest of cork-trees and willows, the glaring marble of Pentelicus, the banks of the Rhine, the glaciers of Clarens, the sweet Lake of Lemán, the dell of Egéria with its summer-birds and rustling lizards, the shapeless ruins of Rome overgrown with ivy and wall-flowers, the stars, the sea, the mountains, all were mere accessories, the background to one dark and melancholy figure.

Never had any writer so vast a command of the whole eloquence of scorn, misanthropy, and despair. That *Marah* was never dry. No art could sweeten, no draughts could exhaust, its perennial waters of bitterness. Never was there such variety in monotony as that of Byron. From maniac laughter to piercing lamentation, there was not a single note of human anguish of which he was not master. Year after year, and month after month, he continued to repeat that to be wretched is the destiny of all; that to be eminently wretched is the destiny of the eminent; that all the desires by which we are cursed lead alike to misery; if they are not gratified, to the misery of disappointment, if they are gratified, to the misery of satiety. His heroes are men who have arrived by different roads at the same goal of despair, who are sick of life, who are at

war with society, who are supported in their anguish only by an unconquerable pride resembling that of Prometheus on the rock or of Satan in the burning marl, who can master their agonies by the force of their will, and who to the last defy the whole power of earth and heaven. He always described himself as a man of the same kind with his favourite creations, as a man whose heart had been withered, whose capacity for happiness was gone and could not be restored, but whose invincible spirit dared the worst that could befall him here or hereafter.

BURKE AND INDIA

(From the Essay on *Warren Hastings*)

His knowledge of India was such as few even of those Europeans who have passed many years in that country have attained, and such as certainly was never attained by any public man who had not quitted Europe. He had studied the history, the laws, and the usages of the East with an industry such as is seldom found united to so much genius and so much sensibility. Others have perhaps been equally laborious, and have collected an equal mass of materials. But the manner in which Burke brought his higher powers of intellect to work on statements of facts, and on tables of figures, was peculiar to himself. In every part of those huge bales of Indian information which repelled almost all other readers, his mind, at once philosophical and poetical, found something to instruct or to delight. His reason analysed and digested those vast and shapeless masses, his imagination animated and coloured them. Out of darkness, and dulness, and confusion, he formed a multitude of ingenious theories and vivid pictures. He had, in the highest degree, that noble faculty whereby man is able to live in the past and in the future, in the distant and in the unreal. India and its inhabitants were not to him, as to most Englishmen, mere names and abstractions, but a real country and a real people. The burning sun, the strange vegetation of the palm and the cocoa tree, the rice-field, the tank, the huge trees, older than the Mogul empire, under which the village

woods assemble, the thatched roof of the peasant's hut, the rich tracery of the mosque where the imaum prays with his face to Mecca, the drums, and banners, and gaudy colours, the devotees swinging in the air, the graceful maiden, with the pitcher on her head, descending the steps to the river-side, the black faces, the long beards, the yellow shawls of sect, the turbans and the flowing robes, the standards and the silver maces, the elephants with their trappings of state, the gorgeous palanquin of the prince, and the close litter of the noble lady, all those things were present to him as the objects amidst which his own life had been passed, as the objects which lay on the road between the country and London. All India was present to the eye of his mind, from the halls where suitors laid flowers and perfumes at the feet of sovereigns to the wild woods where the gipsy camp was pitched, from the bazars humming like bee-hives with the crowd of buyers and sellers, to the jungle where the lonely courier shakes his chain of iron rings to scare away the hyænas. He had just formed an idea of the insurrection at Benares as of Lord George Gordon's riots, and of the execution of Nuncomar as of the execution of Dr Dodd. Oppression in Bengal was to him the same thing as oppression in the streets of London.

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