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### **The Works Of Alexander Pope Esq.**

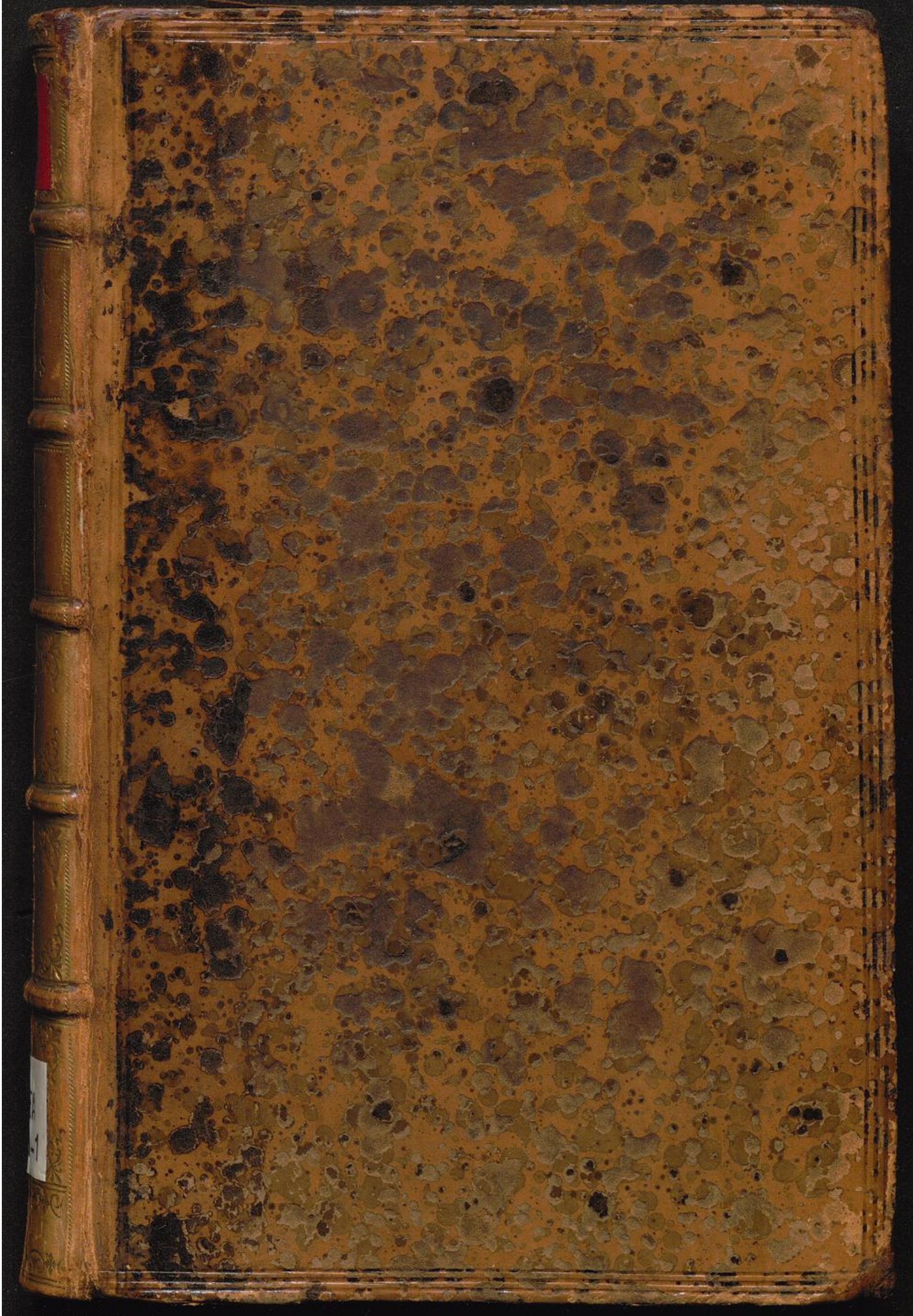
In Nine Volumes Complete. With His Last Corrections, Additions, And Improvements; As they were delivered to the Editor a little before his Death

Containing His Juvenile Poems - with his last corrections, additions, and improvements, as they were delivered to the editor a little before his death

**Pope, Alexander**

**London, 1751**

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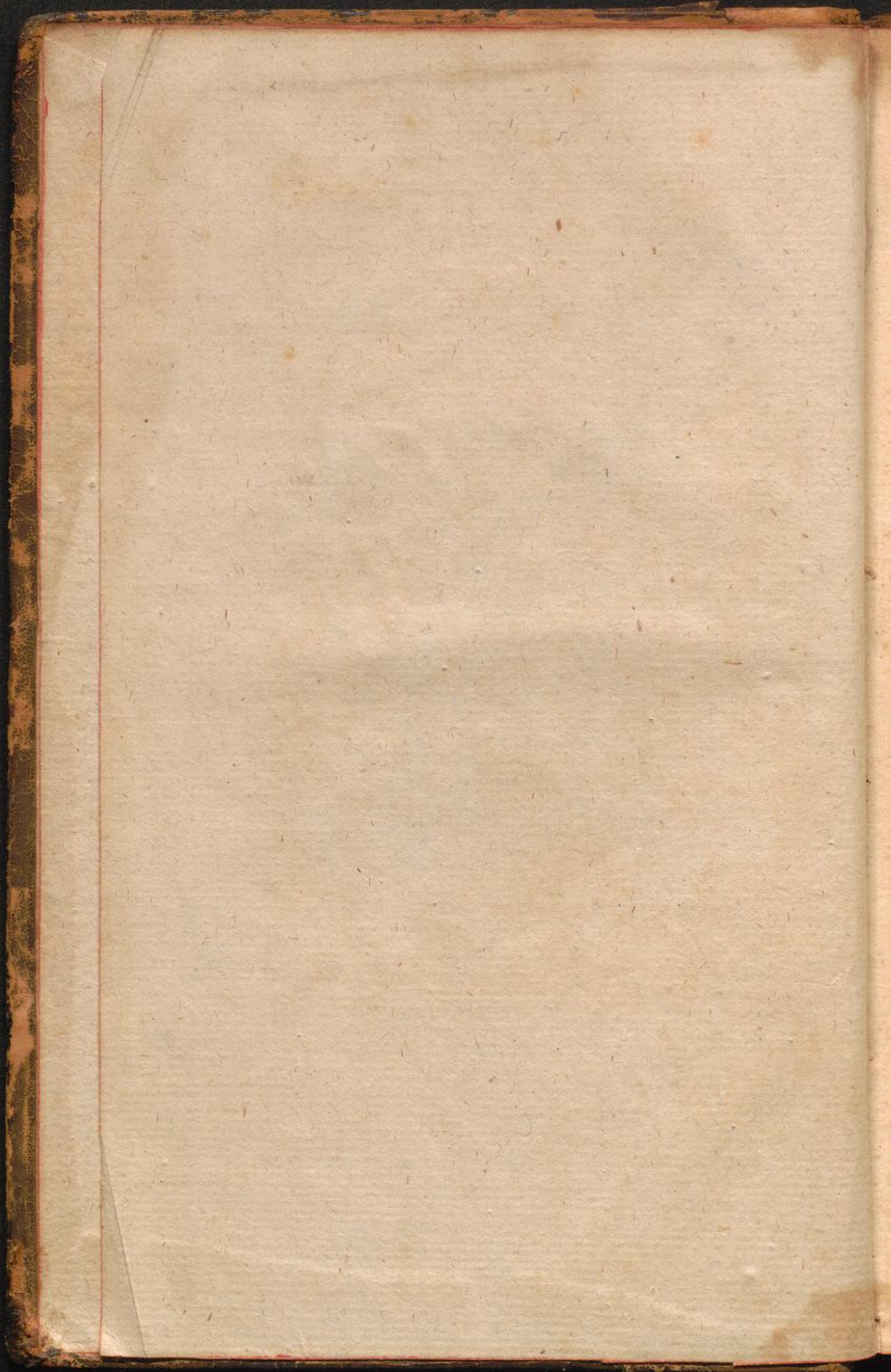


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Lord W. Kerr, G.C.B.



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Major Sculp

THE  
**WORKS**  
OF  
Alexander Pope Esq.

**In Nine Volumes Complete.**

WITH HIS LAST  
**CORRECTIONS, ADDITIONS,**  
AND  
**IMPROVEMENTS;**

As they were delivered to the EDITOR a little  
before his Death :

TOGETHER WITH THE  
**COMMENTARIES and NOTES**  
OF  
Mr. **WARBURTON**

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**LONDON,**

Printed for J. and P. KNAPTON, H. LINTOT,  
J. and R. TONSON, and S. DRAPER.

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**MDCC LI.**



Alte spectare si voles, neque sermonibus VULGI  
dederis te, nec in Præmiis humanis spem posu-  
eris rerum tuarum : suis te illecebris oportet ipsa  
Virtus trahat ad verum decus. QUID DE TE  
ALII LOQUANTUR IPSI VIDEANT, SED LO-  
QUENTUR TAMEN. *Cic.*

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## A D V E R T I S E M E N T.

**M**R. POPE, in his last illness, amused himself, amidst the care of his higher concerns, in preparing a corrected and complete Edition of his Writings<sup>a</sup>; and, with his usual delicacy, was even solicitous to prevent any share of the offence they might occasion, from falling on the Friend whom he had engaged to give them to the Public<sup>b</sup>.

<sup>a</sup> — “ I own the late encroachments upon my constitution make me willing to see the end of all further care about me or my works. I would rest for the one in a full resignation of my Being to be disposed of by the Father of all Mercy; and for the other (though indeed a trifle, yet a trifle may be some example) I would commit them to the candour of a sensible and reflecting judge, rather than to the malice of every short-sighted and malevolent critic, or inadvertent and censorious Reader. And no hand can set them in so good a light, &c.” *Let. cxx. to Mr. W.*

<sup>b</sup> — “ I also give and bequeath to the said Mr. Warburton, the property of all such of my Works already printed as he hath written or shall write Commentaries or Notes upon, and which I have not otherwise disposed of or alienated; and as he shall publish WITHOUT FUTURE ALTERATIONS.” — *His last Will and Testament.*

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In discharge of this trust, the Public has here a complete Edition of his Works; executed in such a manner, as, I am persuaded, would have been to his satisfaction.

The Editor hath not, for the sake of profit, suffered the Author's Name to be made cheap by a *Subscription*; nor his Works to be defrauded of their due Honours by a vulgar or inelegant Impression; nor his memory to be disgraced by any pieces unworthy of his talents or virtue. On the contrary, he hath, at a very great expense, ornamented this Edition with all the advantages which the best Artists in Paper, Printing, and Sculpture could bestow upon it.

If the Public hath waited longer than the deference due to it should have suffered, it was owing to a reason which the Editor need not make a secret. It was his regard to the family-interests of his deceased Friend. Mr. Pope, at his death, left large impressions of several parts of his Works, unfold; the property of which was adjudged to belong to his Executors; and the Editor was willing they should have time to dispose of them to the  
best

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best advantage, before the publication of this Edition (which hath been long prepared) should put a stop to the sale.

But it may be proper to be a little more particular concerning the superiority of this Edition above all the preceding; so far as Mr. Pope himself was concerned. What the Editor hath done, the Reader must collect for himself.

The FIRST Volume, and the original poems in the SECOND, are here printed from a copy corrected throughout by the Author himself, even to the very preface: Which, with several additional notes in his own hand, he delivered to the Editor a little before his death. The Juvenile translations, in the other part of the SECOND Volume, it was never his intention to bring into this Edition of his Works, on account of the levity of some, the freedom of others, and the little importance of any. But these being the property of other men, the Editor had it not in his power to follow the Author's intention.

The THIRD Volume, all but the *Essay on Man* (which, together with the *Essay*

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on *Criticism*, the Author, a little before his death, had corrected and published in Quarto, as a specimen of his projected Edition) was printed by him in his last illness (but never published) in the manner it is now given. The disposition of the *Epistle on the Characters of Men* is quite altered; that on the *Characters of Women*, much enlarged; and the *Epistles on Riches and Taste* corrected and improved. To these advantages of the THIRD Volume, must be added a great number of fine verses taken from the Author's Manuscript-copies of these poems, communicated by him for this purpose to the Editor. These, when he first published the poems to which they belong, he thought proper, for various reasons, to omit. Some from the Manuscript-copy of the *Essay on Man*, which tended to discredit *fate*, and to recommend the *moral government* of God, had, by the Editor's advice, been restored to their places in the last Edition of that Poem. The rest, together with others of the like sort from his Manuscript-copy of the other *Ethic Epistles*, are here inserted at

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at the bottom of the page, under the title of *Variations*.

The FOURTH Volume contains the *Satires*; with their *Prologue*, the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*; and *Epilogue*, the two poems intitled MDCCLXXXVIII. The *Prologue* and *Epilogue* are here given with the like advantages as the *Ethic Epistles* in the foregoing Volume, that is to say, with the *Variations*, or additional verses from the Author's Manuscripts. The *Epilogue* to the *Satires* is likewise enriched with many and large notes now first printed from the Author's own Manuscript.

The FIFTH Volume contains a correcter and completer Edition of the *Dunciad* than hath been hitherto published; of which, at present I have only this further to add, That it was at my request he laid the plan of a fourth Book. I often told him, It was pity so fine a poem should remain disgraced by the meanness of its subject, the most *insignificant* of all Dunces, bad Rymers and malevolent Cavillers: That he ought to raise and enoble it by pointing his Satire against the most *pernicious* of all, Minute-philosophers and

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Free-thinkers. I imagined, too, it was for the interests of Religion to have it known, that so great a Genius had a due abhorrence of these pests of Virtue and Society. He came readily into my opinion; but, at the same time, told me it would create him many Enemies. He was not mistaken. For tho' the terror of his pen kept them for some time in respect, yet on his death they rose with unrestrained fury in numerous Coffee-house tales, and Grub-street libels. The plan of this admirable Satire was artfully contrived to shew, that the follies and defects of a fashionable EDUCATION naturally led to, and necessarily ended in, FREE-THINKING; with design to point out the only remedy adequate to so fatal an evil. It was to advance the same ends of virtue and religion, that the Editor prevailed on him to alter every thing in his *moral writings* that might be suspected of having the least glance towards *Fate* or NATURALISM; and to add what was proper to convince the world, that he was warmly on the side of *moral Government* and a *revealed Will*. And it would be injustice  
to

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to his memory not to declare that he embraced these occasions with the most unfeigned pleasure.

The SIXTH Volume consists of Mr. Pope's miscellaneous pieces in verse and prose. Amongst the *Verse* several fine poems make now their first appearance in his Works. And of the *Prose*, all that is good, and nothing but what is exquisitely so, will be found in this Edition.

The SEVENTH, EIGHTH, and NINTH Volumes consist entirely of his *Letters*. The more valuable, as they are the only true models which we, or perhaps any of our neighbours have, of *familiar Epistles*. This collection is now made more complete by the addition of several new pieces. Yet, excepting a short explanatory letter to Col. M. and the *Letters* to Mr. A. and Mr. W. (the latter of which are given to shew the Editor's inducements, and the engagements he was under, to intend the care of this Edition) excepting these, I say, the rest are all here published from the Author's own printed tho' not published, copies delivered to the Editor.

On



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On the whole, the Advantages of this Edition, above the preceding, are these, That it is the first complete collection which has ever been made of his original Writings; That all his principal poems, of early or later date, are here given to the public with his last corrections and improvements; That a great number of his verses are here first printed from the Manuscript-copies of his principal poems of later date; That many new notes of the Author's are here added to his Poems; and lastly, that several pieces, both in prose and verse, make now their first appearance before the Public.

The Author's life deserves a just Volume; and the Editor intends to give it. For to have been one of the first Poets in the world is but his second praise. He was in a higher Class. He was one of the *noblest works of God*. He was an *honest Man*<sup>a</sup>. A Man, who alone possessed more real virtue than, in very corrupt times, needing a Satirist like him, will sometimes fall to the share of multitudes.

<sup>a</sup> "A wit's a feather, and a chief's a rod,

"An honest Man's the noblest work of God.

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In this history of his life<sup>b</sup>, will be contained a large account of his *writings*; a critique on the nature, force, and extent of his *genius*, exemplified from these writings; and a vindication of his *moral character* exemplified by his more distinguished virtues; his filial piety, his disinterested friendships, his reverence for the constitution of his country, his love and admiration of VIRTUE, and, (what was the necessary effect) his hatred and contempt of VICE, his extensive charity to the indigent, his warm benevolence to mankind, his supreme veneration of the Deity, and, above all, his sincere belief of Revelation. Nor shall his faults be concealed. It is not for the interests of his Virtues that they should. Nor indeed could they be concealed if we were so minded, for they *shine* thro' his Virtues; no man being more a dupe to the specious appearances of Virtue in others. In a word I mean not to be his Panegyrist, but his Historian. And may I, when Envy

<sup>b</sup> It will be printed in the same form with this and every future edition of his works, so as to make a part of them.

and

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and Calumny take the same advantage of my absence (for, while I live, I will freely trust it to my *Life* to confute them) may I find a Friend as careful of my honest fame as I have been of His! Together with his Works, he hath bequeathed me his DUNCES. So that as the property is transferred, I could wish they would now let his memory alone. The veil which Death draws over the Good is so sacred, that to throw dirt upon the Shrine scandalizes even Barbarians. And though Rome permitted her Slaves to calumniate her best Citizens on the day of Triumph, yet the same petulancy at their Funeral would have been rewarded with execration and a gibbet.

THE  
WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope Esq.

VOLUME I.

CONTAINING HIS

JUVENILE POEMS.

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LONDON,

Printed for H. LINTOT, J. and R. TONSON,  
and S. DRAPER.

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THE

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LONDON  
Printed for H. Lintot, J. and R. Tonson,  
and S. Darby.

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## P R E F A C E.

I Am inclined to think that both the writers of books, and the readers of them, are generally not a little unreasonable in their expectations. The first seem to fancy that the world must approve whatever they produce, and the latter to imagine that authors are obliged to please them at any rate. Methinks, as on the one hand, no single man is born with a right of controuling the opinions of all the rest; so on the other, the world has no title to demand, that the whole care and time of any particular person should be sacrificed to its entertainment. Therefore I cannot but believe that writers and readers are under equal obligations, for as much fame, or pleasure, as each affords the other.

Every one acknowledges, it would be a wild notion to expect perfection in any work of man: and yet one would think the contrary was taken for granted, by the judgment commonly past upon Poems. A Critic supposes he has done his part, if he proves a writer to have failed in an expression, or erred in any particular point: and can it then be wondered at, if the Poets in general seem resolved not to own themselves in any error? For



as long as one side will make no allowances, the other will be brought to no acknowledgements<sup>a</sup>.

I am afraid this extreme zeal on both sides is ill-placed; Poetry and Criticism being by no means the universal concern of the world, but only the affair of idle men who write in their closets, and of idle men who read there.

Yet sure upon the whole, a bad Author deserves better usage than a bad Critic: for a Writer's endeavour, for the most part, is to please his Readers, and he fails merely through the misfortune of an ill judgment; but such a Critic's is to put them out of humor; a design he could never go upon without both that and an ill temper.

I think a good deal may be said to extenuate the fault of bad Poets. What we call a Genius, is hard to be distinguished by a man himself, from a strong inclination: and if his genius be ever so great, he cannot at first discover it any other way, than by giving way to that prevalent propensity which renders him the more liable to be mistaken. The only method he has, is to make the experiment by writing, and appealing to the judgment of others: now if he happens to write ill (which is certainly no sin in itself) he is immediately made

<sup>a</sup> In the former editions it was thus — *For as long as one side despises a well meant endeavour, the other will not be satisfied with a moderate approbation.* — But the Author altered it, as these words were rather a consequence from the conclusion he would draw, than the conclusion itself, which he has now inserted.

an object of ridicule. I wish we had the humanity to reflect that even the worst authors might, in their endeavour to please us, deserve something at our hands. We have no cause to quarrel with them but for their obstinacy in persisting to write; and this too may admit of alleviating circumstances. Their particular friends may be either ignorant, or insincere; and the rest of the world in general is too well bred to shock them with a truth, which generally their Booksellers are the first that inform them of. This happens not till they have spent too much of their time, to apply to any profession which might better fit their talents; and till such talents as they have are so far discredited as to be but of small service to them. For (what is the hardest case imaginable) the reputation of a man generally depends upon the first steps he makes in the world, and people will establish their opinion of us, from what we do at that season when we have least judgment to direct us.

On the other hand, a good Poet no sooner communicates his works with the same desire of information, but it is imagined he is a vain young creature given up to the ambition of fame; when perhaps the poor man is all the while trembling with the fear of being ridiculous. If he is made to hope he may please the world, he falls under very unlucky circumstances: for, from the moment he prints, he must expect to hear no more truth, than if he were a Prince, or a Beauty. If

he has not very good sense (and indeed there are twenty men of wit, for one man of sense) his living thus in a course of flattery may put him in no small danger of becoming a Coxcomb : if he has, he will consequently have so much diffidence as not to reap any great satisfaction from his praise ; since, if it be given to his face, it can scarce be distinguished from flattery, and if in his absence, it is hard to be certain of it. Were he sure to be commended by the best and most knowing, he is as sure of being envied by the worst and most ignorant, which are the majority ; for it is with a fine Genius as with a fine fashion, all those are displeas'd at it who are not able to follow it : and it is to be feared that esteem will seldom do any man so much good, as ill-will does him harm. Then there is a third class of people who make the largest part of mankind, those of ordinary or indifferent capacities ; and these (to a man) will hate, or suspect him : a hundred honest Gentlemen will dread him as a Wit, and a hundred innocent Women as a Satirist. In a word, whatever be his fate in Poetry, it is ten to one but he must give up all the reasonable aims of life for it. There are indeed some advantages accruing from a Genius to Poetry, and they are all I can think of : the agreeable power of self-amusement when a man is idle or alone ; the privilege of being admitted into the best company ; and the freedom of saying as many careless things as other

## P R E F A C E.

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people, without being so severely remarked upon.

I believe, if any one, early in his life, should contemplate the dangerous fate of authors, he would scarce be of their number on any consideration. The life of a Wit is a warfare upon earth; and the present spirit of the learned world is such, that to attempt to serve it (any way) one must have the constancy of a martyr, and a resolution to suffer for its sake. I could wish people would believe what I am pretty certain they will not, that I have been much less concerned about Fame than I durst declare till this occasion, when methinks I should find more credit than I could heretofore: since my writings have had their fate already, and it is too late to think of prepossessing the reader in their favour. I would plead it as some merit in me, that the world has never been prepared for these Trifles by Prefaces, byassed by recommendations, dazled with the names of great Patrons, wheedled with fine reasons and pretences, or troubled with excuses. I confess it was want of consideration that made me an author; I writ because it amused me; I corrected because it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write; and I published because I was told I might please such as it was a credit to please. To what degree I have done this, I am really ignorant; I had too much fondness for my productions to judge of them at first, and too much judgment to be pleased with

them at last. But I have reason to think they can have no reputation which will continue long, or which deserves to do so: for they have always fallen short not only of what I read of others, but even of my own Ideas of Poetry.

If any one should imagine I am not in earnest, I desire him to reflect, that the Ancients (to say the least of them) had as much Genius as we: and that to take more pains, and employ more time, cannot fail to produce more complete pieces. They constantly apply'd themselves not only to that art, but to that single branch of an art, to which their talent was most powerfully bent; and it was the business of their lives to correct and finish their works for posterity. If we can pretend to have used the same industry, let us expect the same immortality: Tho' if we took the same care, we should still lie under a farther misfortune: they writ in languages that became universal and everlasting, while ours are extremely limited both in extent and in duration. A mighty foundation for our pride! when the utmost we can hope, is but to be read in one Island, and to be thrown aside at the end of one Age.

All that is left us is to recommend our productions by the imitation of the Ancients: and it will be found true, that, in every age, the highest character for sense and learning has been obtain'd by those who have been most indebted to them. For, to say truth, whatever is very good sense, must

have been common sense in all times; and what we call Learning, is but the knowledge of the sense of our predecessors. Therefore they who say our thoughts are not our own, because they resemble the Ancients, may as well say our faces are not our own, because they are like our Fathers: And indeed it is very unreasonable, that people should expect us to be Scholars, and yet be angry to find us so.

I fairly confess that I have serv'd myself all I could by reading; that I made use of the judgment of authors dead and living; that I omitted no means in my power to be inform'd of my errors, both by my friends and enemies: But the true reason these pieces are not more correct, is owing to the consideration how short a time they, and I, have to live: One may be ashamed to consume half one's days in bringing sense and rhyme together; and what Critic can be so unreasonable, as not to leave a man time enough for any more serious employment, or more agreeable amusement?

The only plea I shall use for the favour of the public, is, that I have as great a respect for it, as most authors have for themselves; and that I have sacrificed much of my own self-love for its sake, in preventing not only many mean things from seeing the light, but many which I thought tolerable. I would not be like those Authors, who forgive themselves some particular lines for the sake of a whole

Poem, and *vice versa* a whole Poem for the sake of some particular lines. I believe no one qualification is so likely to make a good writer, as the power of rejecting his own thoughts; and it must be this (if any thing) that can give me a chance to be one. For what I have published, I can only hope to be pardon'd; but for what I have burn'd, I deserve to be prais'd. On this account the world is under some obligation to me, and owes me the justice in return, to look upon no verses as mine that are not inserted in this collection. And perhaps nothing could make it worth my while to own what are really so, but to avoid the imputation of so many dull and immoral things, as partly by malice, and partly by ignorance, have been ascribed to me. I must farther acquit myself of the presumption of having lent my name to recommend any Miscellanies, or Works of other men; a thing I never thought becoming a person who has hardly credit enough to answer for his own.

In this office of collecting my pieces, I am altogether uncertain, whether to look upon myself as a man building a monument, or burying the dead.

If Time shall make it the former, may these Poems (as long as they last) remain as a testimony, that their Author never made his talents subservient to the mean and unworthy ends of Party or Self-interest; the gratification of public prejudices, or private passions; the flattery of the undeserv-

ing, or the insult of the unfortunate. If I have written well, let it be consider'd that 'tis what no man can do without good sense, a quality that not only renders one capable of being a good writer, but a good man. And if I have made any acquisition in the opinion of any one under the notion of the former, let it be continued to me under no other title than that of the latter.

But if this publication be only a more solemn funeral of my Remains, I desire it may be known that I die in charity, and in my senses; without any murmurs against the justice of this age, or any mad appeals to posterity. I declare I shall think the world in the right, and quietly submit to every truth which time shall discover to the prejudice of these writings; not so much as wishing so irrational a thing, as that every body should be deceived merely for my credit. However, I desire it may then be considered, That there are very few things in this collection which were not written under the age of five and twenty: so that my youth may be made (as it never fails to be in Executions) a case of compassion. That I was never so concerned about my works as to vindicate them in print, believing, if any thing was good, it would defend itself, and what was bad could never be defended. That I used no artifice to raise or continue a reputation, depreciated no dead author I was obliged to, bribed no living one with unjust praise, insulted no adversary with ill language; or when I could



not attack a Rival's works, encouraged reports against his Morals. To conclude, if this volume perish, let it serve as a warning to the Critics, not to take too much pains for the future to destroy such things as will die of themselves; and a *Memento mori* to some of my vain cotemporaries the Poets, to teach them that, when real merit is wanting, it avails nothing to have been encouraged by the great, commended by the eminent, and favoured by the public in general.

Nov. 10. 1716.

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Variations in the Author's Manuscript  
Preface.

**A**FTER pag. v. l. 2. it followed thus—For my part, I confess, had I seen things in this view at first, the public had never been troubled either with my writings, or with this apology for them, I am sensible how difficult it is to speak of ones self with decency: but when a man must speak of himself, the best way is to speak truth of himself, or, he may depend upon it, others will do it for him. I'll therefore make this Preface a general confession of all my thoughts of my own Poetry, resolving with the same freedom to

expose myself, as it is in the power of any other to expose them. In the first place I thank God and nature, that I was born with a love to poetry; for nothing more conduces to fill up all the intervals of our time, or, if rightly used, to make the whole course of life entertaining: *Cantantes licet usque (minus via lædet.)* 'Tis a vast happiness to possess the pleasures of the head, the only pleasures in which a man is sufficient to himself, and the only part of him which, to his satisfaction, he can employ all day long. The Muses are *amicæ omnium horarum*; and, like our gay acquaintance, the best company in the world as long as one expects no real service from them. I confess there was a time when I was in love with myself, and my first productions were the children of self love upon innocence. I had made an Epic Poem, and Panegyrics on all the Princes in Europe, and thought myself the greatest genius that ever was. I can't but regret those delightful visions of my childhood, which, like the fine colours we see when our eyes are shut, are vanished for ever. Many tryals and sad experience have so undeceived me by degrees, that I am utterly at a loss at what rate to value myself. As for fame I shall be glad of any I can get, and not repine at any I miss; and as for vanity, I have enough to keep me from hanging myself, or even from wishing those hanged who would take it away. It was this that made me write. The sense of my faults made me cor-

rect: besides that it was as pleasant to me to correct as to write.

*At p. vii. l. 9.* In the first place I own that I have used my best endeavours to the finishing these pieces. That I made what advantage I could of the judgment of authors dead and living; and that I omitted no means in my power to be informed of my errors by my friends and by my enemies. And that I expect no favour on account of my youth, business, want of health, or any such idle excuses. But the true reason they are not yet more correct is owing to the consideration how short a time they and I have to live. A man that can expect but sixty years may be ashamed to employ thirty in measuring syllables and bringing sense and rhyme together. We spend our youth in pursuit of riches or fame, in hopes to enjoy them when we are old; and when we are old, we find it is too late to enjoy any thing. I therefore hope the Wits will pardon me, if I reserve some of my time to save my soul; and that *some* wise men will be of my opinion, even if I should think a part of it better spent in the enjoyments of life than in pleasing the critics.

O N

On Mr. P O P E and his *Poems*,

By His G R A C E

J O H N S H E F F I E L D,

Duke of B U C K I N G H A M.

W I T H Age decay'd, with Courts and bus'ness  
tir'd,

Caring for nothing but what Ease requir'd ;

Too dully serious for the Muse's sport,

And from the Critics safe arriv'd in Port ;

I little thought of launching forth agen, 5

Amidst advent'rous Rovers of the Pen ;

And after so much undeserv'd success,

Thus hazarding at last to make it less.

Encomiums suit not this censorious time,

Itself a subject for satiric rhyme ; 10

Ignorance honour'd, Wit and Worth defam'd,

Folly triumphant, and ev'n *Homer* blam'd !

But to this Genius, join'd with so much Art,

Such various Learning mix'd in ev'ry part,

Poets are bound a loud applause to pay; 15  
*Apollo* bids it, and they must obey.

And yet so wonderful, sublime a thing,  
As the great *ILIAD*, scarce could make me sing;  
Except I justly could at once commend  
A good Companion, and as firm a Friend. 20  
One moral, or a mere well-natur'd deed  
Can all desert in Sciences exceed.

'Tis great delight to laugh at some mens ways,  
But a much greater to give Merit praise.

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To Mr. P O P E, on his *Pastorals*.

**I**N these more dull, as more censorious days,  
When few dare give, and fewer merit praise,  
A Muse sincere, that never Flatt'ry knew,  
Pays what to friendship and desert is due.  
Young, yet judicious; in your verse are found 5  
Art strength'ning Nature, Sense improv'd by Sound.  
Unlike those Wits, whose numbers glide along  
So smooth, no thought e'er interrupts the song:  
Laboriously enervate they appear,  
And write not to the head, but to the ear: 10

Our minds unmov'd and unconcern'd they lull,  
And are at best most musically dull;  
So purling streams with even murmurs creep,  
And hush the heavy hearers into sleep.  
As smoothest speech is most deceitful found, 15  
The smoothest numbers oft are empty found.  
But Wit and Judgment join at once in you,  
Sprightly as Youth, as Age consummate too:  
Your strains are regularly bold, and please }  
With unforc'd care, and unaffected ease, 20 }  
With proper thoughts, and lively images:  
Such as by Nature to the Ancients shown,  
Fancy improves, and judgment makes your own:  
For great mens fashions to be follow'd are,  
Altho' disgraceful 'tis their clothes to wear. 25  
Some in a polish'd style write Pastoral,  
*Arcadia* speaks the language of the *Mall*;  
Like some fair Shepherdess, the Sylvan Muse,  
Should wear those flow'rs her native fields produce;  
And the true measure of the shepherd's wit 30  
Should, like his garb, be for the Country fit:  
Yet must his pure and unaffected thought  
More nicely than the common swain's be wrought.  
So, with becoming art, the Players dress  
In silks the shepherd, and the shepherdess; 35

Yet still unchang'd the form and mode remain,  
Shap'd like the homely ruffet of the fwain.  
Your rural Muse appears to justify  
The long lost graces of Simplicity:  
So rural beauties captivate our sense 40  
With virgin charms, and native excellence.  
Yet long her Modesty those charms conceal'd,  
'Till by mens Envy to the world reveal'd;  
For Wits industrious to their trouble seem,  
And needs will envy what they must esteem. 45  
Live and enjoy their spite ! nor mourn that fate,  
Which would, if *Virgil* liv'd, on *Virgil* wait ;  
Whose Muse did once, like thine, in plains delight ;  
Thine shall, like his, soon take a higher flight ;  
So Larks, which first from lowly fields arise, 50  
Mount by degrees, and reach at last the skies.

W. WYCHERLEY.

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To Mr. P O P E, on his *Windfor-Forest*.

**H**A I L, sacred Bard ! a Muse unknown before  
Salutes thee from the bleak *Atlantic* shore.  
To our dark world thy shining page is shown,  
And *Windfor's* gay retreat becomes our own.

The Eastern pomp had just bespoke our care, 5

And *India* pour'd her gaudy treasures here :

A various spoil adorn'd our naked land, }  
The pride of *Persia* glitter'd on our strand, }  
And *China's* Earth was cast on common sand: }

Toss'd up and down the glossy fragments lay, 10

And dress'd the rocky shelves, and pav'd the paint-

ed bay,

Thy treasures next arriv'd : and now we boast

A nobler cargo on our barren coast :

From thy luxuriant Forest we receive

More lasting glories than the East can give. 15

Where-e'er we dip in thy delightful page,

What pompous scenes our busy thoughts engage!

The pompous scenes in all their pride appear,

Fresh in the page, as in the grove they were.

Nor half so true the fair *Lodona* shows 20

The sylvan state that on her border grows,

While she the wond'ring shepherd entertains

With a new *Windsor* in her wat'ry plains ;

Thy juster lays the lucid wave surpass,

The living scene is in the Muse's glass. 25

Nor sweeter notes the echoing Forests hear,

When *Philomela* fits and warbles there,



Than when you sing the greens and op'ning glades,  
And give us Harmony as well as Shades :

A *Titian's* hand might draw the grove, but you  
Can paint the grove, and add the Music too. 31

With vast variety thy pages shine ;  
A new creation starts in ev'ry line.

How sudden trees rise to the reader's sight,  
And make a doubtful scene of shade and light,  
And give at once the day, at once the night !

And here again what sweet confusion reigns,  
In dreary deserts mix'd with painted plains !  
And see ! the deserts cast a pleasing gloom,  
And shrubby heaths rejoice in purple bloom : 40  
Whilst fruitful crops rise by their barren side,  
And bearded groves display their annual pride.

Happy the Man, who strings his tuneful lyre,  
Where woods, and brooks, and breathing fields in-  
spire !

Thrice happy you ! and worthy best to dwell 45  
Amidst the rural joys you sing so well.

I in a cold, and in a barren clime,  
Cold as my thought, and barren as my rhyme,  
Here on the Western beach attempt to chime.

O joyless flood ! O rough tempestuous main ! 50  
Border'd with weeds, and solitudes obscene !

Snatch me, ye Gods ! from these *Atlantic* shores,  
And shelter me in *Windsor's* fragrant bow'rs ;  
Or to my much-lov'd *Isis'* walks convey,  
And on her flow'ry banks for ever lay. 55

Thence let me view the venerable scene,  
The awful dome, the groves eternal green :  
Where sacred *Hough* long found his fam'd retreat,  
And brought the Muses to the sylvan seat,  
Reform'd the wits, unlock'd the Clastic store, 60  
And made that Music which was noise before.

There with illustrious Bards I spent my days,  
Nor free from censure, nor unknown to praise,  
Enjoy'd the blessings that his reign bestow'd,  
Nor envy'd *Windsor* in the soft abode. 65

The golden minutes smoothly danc'd away,  
And tuneful Bards beguil'd the tedious day :  
They sung, nor sung in vain, with numbers fir'd  
That *Maro* taught, or *Addison* inspir'd.

Even I essay'd to touch the trembling string : 70  
Who could hear them, and not attempt to sing ?

Rouz'd from these dreams by thy commanding  
strain,

I rise, and wander thro' the field or plain ;

Led by thy Muse from sport to sport I run,  
 Mark the stretch'd Line, or hear the thund'ring gun.  
 Ah! how I melt with pity, when I spy 76  
 On the cold earth the flutt'ring Pheasant lie;  
 His gaudy robes in dazzling lines appear,  
 And ev'ry feather shines and varies there.

Nor can I pass the gen'rous courser by, 80 }  
 But while the prancing steed allures my eye, }  
 He starts, he's gone! and now I see him fly }  
 O'er hills and dales, and now I lose the course,  
 Nor can the rapid fight pursue the flying horse.

Oh cou'd thy *Virgil* from his orb look down, 85  
 He'd view a courser that might match his own!  
 Fir'd with the sport, and eager for the chace,  
*Lodona's* murmurs stop me in the race.

Who can refuse *Lodona's* melting tale?  
 The soft complaint shall over time prevail; 90  
 The Tale be told, when shades forsake her shore,  
 The Nymph be sung, when she can flow no more.

Nor shall thy song, old *Thames!* forbear to shine,  
 At once the subject and the song divine.

Peace, sung by thee, shall please ev'n *Britons* more  
 Than all their shouts for Victory before. 96

Oh! could *Britannia* imitate thy stream,  
 The world should tremble at her awful name:

From various springs divided waters glide,  
In diff'rent colours roll a diff'rent tyde, 100  
Murmur along their crooked banks awhile,  
At once they murmur and enrich the Isle,  
A while distinct thro' many channels run,  
But meet at last, and sweetly flow in one ;  
There joy to lose their long-distinguish'd names, 105  
And make one glorious, and immortal *Thames*.

FR. KNAPP.

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To Mr. P O P E,

In Imitation of a Greek Epigram on H O M E R.

W H E N *Phæbus*, and the nine harmonious  
    maids,  
Of old assembled in the *Thespian* shades ;  
What theme, they cry'd, what high immortal air,  
Befit these harps to sound, and thee to hear ?  
Reply'd the God ; " Your loftiest notes employ, 5  
" To sing young *Peleus*, and the fall of *Troy*."  
The wond'rous song with rapture they rehearse ;  
Then ask who wrought that miracle of verse ?  
He answer'd with a frown ; " I now reveal  
" A truth, that Envy bids me not conceal : 10

“ Retiring frequent to this Laureat vale,  
“ I warbled to the Lyre that fav’rite tale,  
“ Which, unobserv’d, a wand’ring *Greek* and blind,  
“ Heard me repeat, and treasur’d in his mind;  
“ And fir’d with thirst of more than mortal praise,  
“ From me, the God of Wit, usurp’d the bays.  
“ But let vain *Greece* indulge her growing fame,  
“ Proud with celestial spoils to grace her name;  
“ Yet when my Arts shall triumph in the West,  
“ And the white Isle with female pow’r is blest;  
“ Fame, I foresee, will make reprisals there, 21  
“ And the Translator’s Palm to me transfer.  
“ With less regret my claim I now decline,  
“ The World will think his *English Iliad* mine.”

E. FENTON.

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To Mr. P O P E.

**T**O praise, and still with just respect to praise  
A Bard triumphant in immortal bays,  
The Learn’d to show, the Sensible commend,  
Yet still preserve the province of the Friend;  
What life, what vigour must the lines require? 5  
What Music tune them, what Affection fire?

O might thy Genius in my bosom shine ;  
Thou should'ft not fail of numbers worthy thine ;  
The brightest Ancients might at once agree  
To sing within my lays, and sing of thee. 10

Horace himself would own thou dost excell  
In candid arts to play the Critic well.  
Ovid himself might wish to sing the Dame  
Whom Windsor Forest sees a gliding stream :  
On silver feet, with annual Osier crown'd, 15  
She runs for ever thro' Poetic ground.

How flame the glories of Belinda's Hair,  
Made by thy Muse the Envy of the Fair ?  
Less shone the tresses Ægypt's Princess wore,  
Which sweet Callimachus so sung before. 20  
Here courtly trifles set the world at odds ;  
Belles war with Beaux, and Whims descend for Gods.  
The new Machines, in names of ridicule,  
Mock the grave phrenzy of the Chemic fool.  
But know, ye Fair, a point conceal'd with art,  
The Sylphs and Gnomes are but a Woman's heart.  
The Graces stand in fight ; a Satire-train  
Peeps o'er their head, and laughs behind the scene.

In Fame's fair Temple, o'er the boldest wits  
Inshrin'd on high the sacred Virgil sits ; 30

And fits in measures such as Virgil's Muse  
 To place thee near him, might be fond to chuse,  
 How might he tune th'alternate reed with thee,  
 Perhaps a Strephon thou, a Daphnis he ;  
 While some old Damon, o'er the vulgar wife, 35  
 Thinks he deserves, and thou deserv'st the Prize.  
 Rapt with the thought, my fancy seeks the plains,  
 And turns me shepherd while I hear the strains.  
 Indulgent nurse of ev'ry tender gale,  
 Parent of flowrets, old Arcadia, hail ! 40  
 Here in the cool my limbs at ease I spread,  
 Here let thy poplars whisper o'er my head :  
 Still slide thy waters, soft among the trees,  
 Thy aspens quiver in a breathing breeze !  
 Smile, all ye valleys, in eternal spring, 45  
 Be hush'd, ye winds, while Pope and Virgil sing.  
 In English lays, and all sublimely great,  
 Thy Homer warms with all his ancient heat ;  
 He shines in Council, thunders in the Fight,  
 And flames with ev'ry sense of great delight. 50  
 Long has that Poet reign'd, and long unknown,  
 Like Monarchs sparkling on a distant throne ;  
 In all the Majesty of Greek retir'd,  
 Himself unknown, his mighty name admir'd ;

His language failing, wrapt him round with night;  
Thine, rais'd by thee, recalls the work to light.  
So wealthy Mines, that ages long before  
Fed the large realms around with golden Ore,  
When choak'd by sinking banks, no more appear,  
And shepherds only say, *The mines were here*: 60  
Should some rich youth (if nature warm his heart,  
And all his projects stand inform'd with art)  
Here clear the caves, there ope the leading vein;  
The mines detected flame with gold again.

How vast, how copious, are thy new designs!  
How ev'ry Music varies in thy lines!  
Still, as I read, I feel my bosom beat,  
And rise in raptures by another's heat.  
Thus in the wood, when summer dress'd the days,  
While Windsor lent us tuneful hours of ease, 70  
Our ears the lark, the thrush, the turtle blest,  
And Philomela sweetest o'er the rest:  
The shades resound with song --- O softly tread,  
While a whole season warbles round my head.

This to my Friend -- and when a friend inspires,  
My silent harp its master's hand requires,  
Shakes off the dust, and makes these rocks resound;  
For fortune plac'd me in unfertile ground:



Far from the joys that with my soul agree,  
From wit, from learning --- very far from thee. 80  
Here moss-grown trees expand the smallest leaf ;  
Here half an acre's corn is half a sheaf ;  
Here hills with naked heads the tempest meet,  
Rocks at their sides, and torrents at their feet ;  
Or lazy lakes unconscious of a flood, 85  
Whose dull brown Naiads ever sleep in mud.  
Yet here Content can dwell, and learned Ease,  
A Friend delight me, and an Author please ;  
Ev'n here I sing, when POPE supplies the theme,  
Shew my own love, tho' not increase his fame. 90

T. PARNELL.

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To Mr. P O P E.

**L**ET vulgar souls triumphal arches raise,  
Or speaking marbles, to record their praise ;  
And picture (to the voice of Fame unknown)  
The mimic Feature on the breathing stone ;  
Mere mortals ; subject to death's total sway, 5  
Reptiles of earth, and beings of a day !

'Tis thine, on ev'ry heart to grave thy praise,  
A monument which Worth alone can raise :

Sure to survive, when time shall whelm in dust  
The arch, the marble, and the mimic bust : 10  
Nor 'till the volumes of th'expanded sky  
Blaze in one flame, shalt thou and Homer die :  
Then sink together in the world's last fires,  
What heav'n created, and what heav'n inspires.

If aught on earth, when once this breath is fled,  
With human transport touch the mighty dead,  
Shakespear, rejoice ! his hand thy page refines ;  
Now ev'ry scene with native brightness shines ;  
Just to thy Fame, he gives thy genuine thought ;  
So Tully publish'd what Lucretius wrote ; 20  
Prun'd by his care, thy laurels loftier grow,  
And bloom afresh on thy immortal brow.

Thus when thy draughts, O Raphael ! time  
invades,  
And the bold figure from the canvass fades,  
A rival hand recalls from ev'ry part 25  
Some latent grace, and equals art with art ;  
Transported we survey the dubious strife,  
While each fair image starts again to life.

How long, untun'd, had Homer's sacred lyre  
Jarr'd grating discord, all extinct his fire ? 30

This you beheld ; and taught by heav'n to sing,  
 Call'd the loud music from the sounding string.  
 Now wak'd from slumbers of three thousand years,  
 Once more Achilles in dread pomp appears,  
 Tow'rs o'er the field of death ; as fierce he turns,  
 Keen flash his arms, and all the Hero burns ; 36  
 With martial stalk, and more than mortal might,  
 He strides along, and meets the Gods in fight :  
 Then the pale Titans, chain'd on burning floors,  
 Start at the din that rends th'infernal shores, 40  
 Tremble the tow'rs of Heav'n, earth rocks her coasts,  
 And gloomy Pluto shakes with all his ghosts.  
 To ev'ry theme responds thy various lay ;  
 Here rolls a torrent, there Meanders play ;  
 Sonorous as the storm thy numbers rise, 45  
 Toss the wild waves, and thunder in the skies ;  
 Or softer than a yielding virgin's sigh,  
 The gentle breezes breathe away and die.  
 Thus, like the radiant God who sheds the day,  
 You paint the vale, or gild the azure way ; 50  
 And while with ev'ry theme the verse complies,  
 Sink without groveling, without rashness rise.  
 Proceed, great Bard ! awake th'harmonious string,  
 Be ours all Homer ! still Ulysses sing.

How long<sup>a</sup> that Hero, by unskilful hands, 55  
Strip'd of his robes, a Beggar trod our lands?  
Such as he wander'd o'er his native coast,  
Shrunk by the wand, and all the warrior lost:  
O'er his smooth skin a bark of wrinkles spread;  
Old age disgrac'd the honours of his head; 60  
Nor longer in his heavy eye-ball shin'd  
The glance divine, forth-beaming from the mind.  
But you, like Pallas, ev'ry limb infold  
With royal robes, and bid him shine in gold;  
'Touch'd by your hand, his manly frame improves  
With grace divine, and like a God he moves.

Ev'n I, the meanest of the Muses' train,  
Inflam'd by thee, attempt a nobler strain;  
Advent'rous waken the Mæonian lyre,  
Tun'd by your hand, and sing as you inspire: 70  
So arm'd by great Achilles for the fight,  
Patroclus conquer'd in Achilles' right:  
Like theirs, our Friendship! and I boast my name,  
To thine united --- for thy Friendship's Fame.

This labour past, of heav'nly subjects sing, 75  
While hov'ring angels listen on the wing,

<sup>a</sup> *Odyssey*, lib. xvi.

To hear from earth such heart-felt raptures rise,  
As, when they sing, suspended hold the skies:  
Or nobly rising in fair Virtue's cause,  
From thy own life transcribe th'unerring laws: 80  
Teach a bad world beneath her sway to bend;  
To verse like thine fierce savages attend,  
And men more fierce: when Orpheus tunes the lay,  
Ev'n fiends relenting hear their rage away.

W. BROOME.

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To Mr. P O P E,

On the publishing his WORKS.

**H**E comes, he comes! bid ev'ry Bard prepare  
The song of triumph, and attend his Car.  
Great Sheffield's Muse the long procession heads,  
And throws a lustre o'er the pomp she leads,  
First gives the Palm she fir'd him to obtain, 5  
Crowns his gay brow, and shews him how to reign.  
Thus young Alcides, by old Chiron taught,  
Was form'd for all the miracles he wrought:  
Thus Chiron did the youth he taught applaud,  
Pleas'd to behold the earnest of a God. 10

But hark what shouts, what gath'ring crouds  
rejoice !

Unstain'd their praise by any venal voice,  
Such as th'Ambitious vainly think their due,  
When Prostitutes, or needy Flatt'ers sue.  
And see the Chief ! before him laurels born ; 15  
Trophies from undeserving temples torn ;  
Here Rage enchain'd reluctant raves, and there  
Pale Envy dumb, and sick'ning with despair,  
Prone to the earth she bends her loathing eye,  
Weak to support the blaze of majesty. 20

But what are they that turn the sacred page?  
Three lovely Virgins, and of equal age ;  
Intent they read, and all enamour'd seem,  
As he that met his likeness in the stream :  
The GRACES these ; and see how they contend,  
Who most shall praise, who best shall recommend.

The Chariot now the painful steep ascends,  
The Pæans cease ; thy glorious labour ends.  
Here fix'd, the bright eternal Temple stands,  
Its prospect an unbounded view commands : 30  
Say, wond'rous youth, what Column wilt thou chuse,  
What laurell'd Arch for thy triumphant Muse ?

Tho' each great Ancient court thee to his shrine,  
Though ev'ry Laurel thro' the dome be thine,  
(From the proud Epic, down to those that shade  
The gentler brow of the soft Lesbian maid) 36  
Go to the Good and Just, an awful train,  
Thy soul's delight, and glory of the Fane:  
While thro' the earth thy dear remembrance flies,  
" Sweet to the World, and grateful to the skies."

SIMON HARCOURT.

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To Mr. POPE.

From Rome, 1730.

**I**Mmortal Bard! for whom each Muse has wove  
The fairest garlands of th'Aonian Grove;  
Preserv'd, our drooping Genius to restore,  
When Addison and Congreve are no more;  
After so many stars extinct in night, 5  
The darken'd Age's last remaining light!  
To thee from Latian realms this verse is writ,  
Inspir'd by memory of ancient Wit;  
For now no more these climes their influence boast,  
Fall'n is their Glory, and their Virtue lost; 10

From Tyrants, and from Priests, the Muses fly,  
Daughters of Reason and of Liberty.  
Nor Baiæ now, nor Umbria's plain they love,  
Nor on the banks of Nar, or Mincio rove ;  
To Thames's flow'ry borders they retire, 15  
And kindle in thy breast the Roman fire.  
So in the shades, where chear'd with summer rays  
Melodious linnets warbled sprightly lays,  
Soon as the faded, falling leaves complain  
Of gloomy winter's unauspicious reign, 20  
No tuneful voice is heard of joy or love,  
But mournful silence saddens all the grove,  
    Unhappy Italy ! whose alter'd state  
Has felt the worst severity of Fate :  
Not that Barbarian hands her Fasces broke, 25  
And bow'd her haughty neck beneath their yoke ;  
Nor that her palaces to earth are thrown,  
Her cities desart, and her fields unsown ;  
But that her ancient Spirit is decay'd,  
That sacred Wisdom from her bounds is fled, 30  
That there the source of Science flows no more,  
Whence its rich streams supply'd the world before.  
    Illustrious Names ! that once in Latium shin'd,  
Born to instruct, and to command Mankind ;



Chiefs, by whose Virtue mighty Rome was rais'd,  
And Poets, who those chiefs sublimely prais'd !  
Oft I the traces you have left explore,  
Your ashes visit, and your urns adore ;  
Oft kifs, with lips devout, some mould'ring stone,  
With ivy's venerable shade o'ergrown ; 40  
Those hallow'd ruins better pleas'd to see  
Than all the pomp of modern Luxury.

As late on Virgil's tomb fresh flow'rs I strow'd,  
While with th'inspiring Muse my bosom glow'd,  
Crown'd with eternal bays my ravish'd eyes 45  
Beheld the Poet's awful Form arise :  
Stranger, he said, whose pious hand has paid  
These grateful rites to my attentive shade,  
When thou shalt breathe thy happy native air,  
To Pope this message from his Master bear : 50

Great Bard, whose numbers I myself inspire,  
To whom I gave my own harmonious lyre,  
If high exalted on the Throne of Wit,  
Near Me and Homer thou aspire to fit,  
No more let meaner Satire dim the rays 55  
That flow majestic from thy nobler Bays ;  
In all the flow'ry paths of Pindus stray,  
But shun that thorny, that unpleasing way ;

( xxxiii )

Nor, when each soft engaging Muse is thine,  
Address the least attractive of the Nine. 60

Of thee more worthy were the task, to raise  
A lasting Column to thy Country's Praise,  
To sing the Land, which yet alone can boast  
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost;  
Where Science in the arms of Peace is laid, 65  
And plants her Palm beneath the Olive's shade.  
Such was the Theme for which my lyre I strung,  
Such was the People whose exploits I sung;  
Brave, yet refin'd, for Arms and Arts renown'd,  
With diff'rent bays by Mars and Phœbus crown'd,  
Dauntless opposers of Tyrannic Sway,  
But pleas'd, a mild AUGUSTUS to obey.

If these commands submissive thou receive,  
Immortal and unblam'd thy name shall live;  
Envy to black Cocytus shall retire, 75  
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire;  
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lays,  
And join the Patriot's to the Poet's Praise.

GEORGE LYTTELTON.

† C

( Verse )  
Nor, when each for engaging thus begins  
Address the best attributes of the Mine  
Of these more worthy were the task to raise  
A lasting Column to thy Country's Fame  
To fix the Lead; which yet alone can haul  
That Liberty corrupted Rome has lost  
Where Science in the arms of Peace is hid  
And please her Father's Eyes to see  
Such was the Theme for which we first began  
Such was the People who we chose to sing  
Brave, yet calm, for Arms and Arts renown'd  
With highest Love between the First and Last  
Dangers oppos'd of Tyranny and State  
But place'd, a mild Anarchy in view  
If these commands forbids their course  
Immortal and unshak'd thy name shall live  
Lay to black Coercive hand and eye  
And howl with Furies in tormenting fire  
Approving Time shall consecrate thy Lay  
And join the Patrie to the Post's Fame

GEORGE LITTLETON



# PASTORALS,

WITH A

Discourse on PASTORAL.

Written in the Year MDCCIV.

Rura mihi et rigui placeant in vallibus amnes,  
Flumina amem, sylvasque, inglorius!      VIRG.

† C 2



A

# DISCOURSE

ON

## PASTORAL POETRY<sup>a</sup>.

**T**HERE are not, I believe, a greater number of any sort of verses than of those which are called Pastorals; nor a smaller, than of those which are truly so. It therefore seems necessary to give some account of this kind of Poem, and it is my design to comprize in this short paper the substance of those numerous dissertations the Critics have made on the subject, without omitting any of their rules in my own favour. You will also find some points reconciled, about which they seem to differ, and a few remarks, which, I think, have escaped their observation.

The original of Poetry is ascribed to that Age which succeeded the creation of the world: and as the keeping of flocks seems to have been the first employment of mankind, the most ancient sort of poetry was probably *pastoral*<sup>b</sup>. It is natural to

<sup>a</sup> *Written at sixteen years of age.* P.

<sup>b</sup> *Fontenelle's Disc. on Pastorals.* P.

imagine, that the leisure of those ancient shepherds admitting and inviting some diversion, none was so proper to that solitary and sedentary life as singing; and that in their songs they took occasion to celebrate their own felicity. From hence a Poem was invented, and afterwards improved to a perfect image of that happy time; which by giving us an esteem for the virtues of a former age, might recommend them to the present. And since the life of shepherds was attended with more tranquillity than any other rural employment, the Poets chose to introduce their Persons, from whom it received the name of Pastoral.

A Pastoral is an imitation of the action of a shepherd, or one considered under that character. The form of this imitation is dramatic, or narrative, or mixed of both<sup>c</sup>; the fable simple, the manners not too polite nor too rustic: the thoughts are plain, yet admit a little quickness and passion, but that short and flowing: the expression humble, yet as pure as the language will afford; neat, but not florid; easy, and yet lively. In short, the fable, manners, thoughts, and expressions are full of the greatest simplicity in nature.

The complete character of this poem consists in simplicity<sup>d</sup>, brevity, and delicacy; the two first of which render an eclogue natural, and the last delightful.

<sup>c</sup> *Heinsius in Theocr.* P.

<sup>d</sup> *Rapin de Carm. Past.* p. 2. P.

ON PASTORAL POETRY. 39

If we would copy Nature, it may be useful to take this Idea along with us, that Pastoral is an image of what they call the golden age. So that we are not to describe our shepherds as shepherds at this day really are, but as they may be conceived then to have been; when the best of men followed the employment. To carry this resemblance yet farther, it would not be amiss to give these shepherds some skill in astronomy, as far as it may be useful to that sort of life. And an air of piety to the Gods should shine through the Poem, which so visibly appears in all the works of antiquity: and it ought to preserve some relish of the old way of writing; the connection should be loose, the narrations and descriptions short<sup>e</sup>, and the periods concise. Yet it is not sufficient, that the sentences only be brief, the whole Eclogue should be so too. For we cannot suppose Poetry in those days to have been the business of men, but their recreation at vacant hours.

But with a respect to the present age, nothing more conduces to make these composures natural, than when some Knowledge in rural affairs is discovered<sup>f</sup>. This may be made to appear rather done by chance than on design, and sometimes is best shewn by inference; lest by too much study to seem natural, we destroy that easy simplicity from whence arises the delight. For what is in-

<sup>e</sup> *Rapin, Reflex. sur l' Art Poet. d' Arist. p. 2. Refl. xxvii. P.*

<sup>f</sup> *Pref. to Virg. Past. in Dryd. Virg. P.*



viting in this sort of poetry proceeds not so much from the Idea of that business, as of the tranquillity of a country life.

We must therefore use some illusion to render a Pastoral delightful ; and this consists in exposing the best side only of a shepherd's life, and in concealing its miseries <sup>g</sup>. Nor is it enough to introduce shepherds discoursing together in a natural way ; but a regard must be had to the subject ; that it contain some particular beauty in itself, and that it be different in every Eclogue. Besides, in each of them a designed scene or prospect is to be presented to our view, which should likewise have its variety <sup>h</sup>. This variety is obtained in a great degree by frequent comparisons, drawn from the most agreeable objects of the country ; by interrogations to things inanimate ; by beautiful digressions, but those short ; sometimes by insisting a little on circumstances ; and lastly, by elegant turns on the words, which render the numbers extremely sweet and pleasing. As for the numbers themselves, though they are properly of the heroic measure, they should be the smoothest, the most easy and flowing imaginable.

It is by rules like these that we ought to judge of Pastoral. And since the instructions given for any art are to be delivered as that art is in perfection, they must of necessity be derived from those

<sup>g</sup> Fontenelle's *Disc. of Pastorals*. P.

<sup>h</sup> See the forementioned *Preface*. P.

in whom it is acknowledged so to be. It is therefore from the practice of Theocritus and Virgil (the only undisputed authors of Pastoral) that the Critics have drawn the foregoing notions concerning it.

Theocritus excels all others in nature and simplicity. The subjects of his Idyllia are purely pastoral; but he is not so exact in his persons, having introduced reapers<sup>i</sup> and fishermen as well as shepherds. He is apt to be too long in his descriptions, of which that of the Cup in the first pastoral is a remarkable instance. In the manners he seems a little defective, for his swains are sometimes abusive and immodest, and perhaps too much inclining to rusticity; for instance, in his fourth and fifth Idyllia. But 'tis enough that all others learnt their excellencies from him, and that his Dialect alone has a secret charm in it, which no other could ever attain.

Virgil, who copies Theocritus, refines upon his original: and in all points where judgment is principally concerned, he is much superior to his master. Though some of his subjects are not pastoral in themselves, but only seem to be such; they have a wonderful variety in them, which the Greek was a stranger to<sup>k</sup>. He exceeds him in regularity and brevity, and falls short of him in

<sup>i</sup> ΘΕΠΙΣΤΑΙ *Idyl. x.* and ΑΛΙΕΙΣ *Idyl. xxi.* P.

<sup>k</sup> *Rapin Refl. on Arist. part ii. refl. xxvii.*—*Pref. to the Ecl. in Dryden's Virg.* P.

nothing but simplicity and propriety of style; the first of which perhaps was the fault of his age, and the last of his language.

Among the moderns, their success has been greatest who have most endeavoured to make these ancients their pattern. The most considerable Genius appears in the famous Tasso, and our Spenser. Tasso in his *Aminta* has as far excelled all the Pastoral writers, as in his *Gierusalemme* he has out-done the Epic poets of his country. But as this piece seems to have been the original of a new sort of poem, the Pastoral Comedy, in Italy, it cannot so well be considered as a copy of the ancients. Spenser's *Calendar*, in Mr. Dryden's opinion, is the most complete work of this kind which any nation has produced ever since the time of Virgil<sup>1</sup>. Not but that he may be thought imperfect in some few points. His *Eclogues* are somewhat too long, if we compare them with the ancients. He is sometimes too allegorical, and treats of matters of religion in a pastoral style, as Mantuan had done before him. He has employed the Lyric measure, which is contrary to the practice of the old Poets. His Stanza is not still the same, nor always well chosen. This last may be the reason his expression is sometimes not concise enough: for the Tetra-stic has obliged him to extend his sense to the length of four lines, which

<sup>1</sup> *Dedication to Virg. Ecl. P.*

would have been more closely confined in the Couplet.

In the manners, thoughts, and characters, he comes near to Theocritus himself; tho', notwithstanding all the care he has taken, he is certainly inferior in his Dialect: For the Doric had its beauty and propriety in the Time of Theocritus; it was used in part of Greece, and frequent in the mouths of many of the greatest persons: whereas the old English and country phrases of Spenser were either entirely obsolete, or spoken only by people of the lowest condition. As there is a difference betwixt simplicity and rusticity, so the expression of simple thoughts should be plain, but not clownish. The addition he has made of a Calendar to his Eclogues, is very beautiful; since by this, besides the general moral of innocence and simplicity, which is common to other authors of Pastoral, he has one peculiar to himself; he compares human Life to the several Seasons, and at once exposes to his readers a view of the great and little worlds, in their various changes and aspects. Yet the scrupulous division of his Pastorals into Months, has obliged him either to repeat the same description, in other words, for three months together; or, when it was exhausted before, entirely to omit it: whence it comes to pass that some of his Eclogues (as the sixth, eighth, and tenth for example) have nothing but their Titles to distinguish them. The reason is evident, because the year has not that va-

riety in it to furnish every month with a particular description, as it may every season.

Of the following Eclogues I shall only say, that these four comprehend all the subjects which the Critics upon Theocritus and Virgil will allow to be fit for pastoral: That they have as much variety of description, in respect of the several seasons, as Spenser's: that in order to add to this variety, the several times of the day are observ'd, the rural employments in each season or time of day, and the rural scenes or places proper to such employments; not without some regard to the several ages of man, and the different passions proper to each age.

But after all, if they have any merit, it is to be attributed to some good old Authors, whose works as I had leisure to study, so I hope I have not wanted care to imitate.

## S P R I N G.

T H E

FIRST PASTORAL,

O R

D A M O N.

TO SIR WILLIAM TRUMBAL.

FIRST in these fields I try the sylvan strains,  
 Nor blush to sport on Windsor's blissful plains:  
 Fair Thames, flow gently from thy sacred spring,  
 While on thy banks Sicilian Muses sing;

## R E M A R K S.

These Pastorals were written at the age of sixteen, and then  
 past thro' the hands of Mr. *Walsh*, Mr. *Wycherley*, G. *Granville*  
 afterwards Lord *Lansdown*, Sir *William Trumbal*, Dr. *Garth*,  
 Lord *Hallifax*, Lord *Somers*, Mr. *Mainwaring*, and others.  
 All these gave our Author the greatest encouragement, and par-  
 ticularly Mr. *Walsh* (whom Mr. *Dryden*, in his Postscript to *Vir-*  
*gil*, calls the best critic of his age.) "The Author (says he)  
 "seems to have a particular genius for this kind of Poetry, and  
 "a judgment that much exceeds his years. He has taken very

Let vernal airs thro' trembling osiers play, 5  
 And Albion's cliffs resound the rural lay.  
 You, that too wise for pride, too good for pow'r,  
 Enjoy the glory to be great no more,

## REMARKS.

“very freely from the Ancients. But what he has mixed of his own with theirs is no way inferior to what he has taken from them. It is not flattery at all to say that Virgil had written nothing so good at his Age. His Preface is very judicious and learned.” *Letter to Mr. Wycherley, Ap. 1705.* The Lord Lansdown about the same time, mentioning the youth of our Poet, says (in a printed Letter of the Character of Mr. Wycherley) “that if he goes on as he has begun in the Pastoral way, as Virgil first tried his strength, we may hope to see English Poety vie with the Roman,” etc. Notwithstanding the early time of their production, the Author esteemed these as the most correct in the versification, and musical in the numbers, of all his works. The reason for his labouring them into so much softness, was, doubtless, that this sort of poetry derives almost its whole beauty from a natural ease of thought and smoothness of verse; whereas that of most other kinds consists in the strength and fulness of both. In a letter of his to Mr. *Walsh* about this time we find an enumeration of several Niceties in Versification, which perhaps have never been strictly observed in any *English* poem, except in these Pastorals. They were not printed till 1709. P.

Sir *William Trumball*.] Our Author's friendship with this gentleman commenced at very unequal years; he was under sixteen, but Sir *William* above sixty, and had lately resign'd his employment of Secretary of State to King *William*. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. I. *Prima Syracosis dignata est ludere versu,  
 Nostra nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thalia.*

This is the general exordium and opening of the Pastorals, in imitation of the sixth of *Virgil*, which some have therefore not improbably thought to have been the first originally. In the beginnings of the other three Pastorals, he imitates expressly those

And carrying with you all the world can boast,  
 To all the world illustriously are lost! 10  
 O let my Muse her slender reed inspire,  
 Till in your native shades you tune the lyre :  
 So when the Nightingale to rest removes,  
 The Thrush may chant to the forsaken groves,  
 But, charm'd to silence, listens while she sings, 15  
 And all th' aërial audience clap their wings.

Soon as the flocks shook off the nightly dews,  
 Two Swains, whom Love kept wakeful, and the  
 Muse,

## REMARKS.

VER. 12. *in your native shades*] Sir W. Trumbal was born in Windsor-forest, to which he retreated, after he had resigned the post of Secretary of State to King William III. P.

VER. 17, *etc.* The Scene of this Pastoral a Valley, the Time the Morning. It stood originally thus,

Daphnis and Strephon to the Shades retir'd,  
 Both warm'd by Love, and by the Muse inspir'd,  
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair,  
 In flow'ry vales they fed their fleecy care ;  
 And while Aurora gilds the mountain's side,  
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

## IMITATIONS.

which now stand first of the three chief Poets in this kind,  
*Spencer, Virgil, Theocritus.*

*A Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)—*

*Beneath the shade a spreading Beach displays,—*

*Thyrhis, the Music of that murm'ring Spring,—*

are manifestly imitations of

*—A Shepherd's Boy (no better do him call)*

*—Tityre, tu patulae recubans sub tegmine fagi.*

*—'Αδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα ἢ ἀπίτυς, αἰπόλε, τήνα. P.*



Pour'd o'er the whitening vale their fleecy care,  
 Fresh as the morn, and as the season fair :  
 The dawn now blushing on the mountain's side,  
 Thus Daphnis spoke, and Strephon thus reply'd.

## DAPHNIS.

Hear how the birds, on ev'ry bloomy spray,  
 With joyous mufick wake the dawning day !  
 Why sit we mute when early linnets sing,      25  
 When warbling Philomel salutes the spring ?  
 Why sit we sad when Phosphor shines so clear,  
 And lavish Nature paints the purple year ?

## STREPHON.

Sing then, and Damon shall attend the strain,  
 While yon' slow oxen turn the furrow'd plain.  
 Here the bright crocus and blue vi'let glow ;  
 Here western winds on breathing roses blow.  
 I'll stake yon' lamb, that near the fountain plays,  
 And from the brink his dancing shade surveys.

## REMARKS.

VER. 28. *purple year* ?] Purple here used in the Latin sense of the brightest most vivid colouring in general, not of that peculiar tint so called.

VER. 34. The first reading was,

And his own image from the bank surveys.

## DAPHNIS.

And I this bowl, where wanton ivy twines, 35  
 And swelling clusters bend the curling vines :  
 Four figures rising from the work appear,  
 The various seasons of the rowling year ;  
 And what is that, which binds the radiant sky,  
 Where twelve fair signs in beauteous order lie? 40

## DAMON.

Then sing by turns, by turns the Muses sing,  
 Now hawthorns blossom, now the daisies spring,  
 Now leaves the trees, and flow'rs adorn the ground;  
 Begin, the vales shall ev'ry note rebound.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 36. And clusters lurk beneath the curling vines. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 41. *Then sing by turns.*] Literally from Virgil,  
*Alternis dicetis, amant alterna Camœnæ :*  
*Et nunc omnis ager, nunc omnis parturit arbos,*  
*Nunc frondent sylvæ, nunc formosissimus annus. P.*

VER. 35, 36.

*Lenta quibus torno facili superaddita vitis,*  
*Diffusos edera vestit pallente corymbos. Virg. P.*

VER. 38. *The various seasons*] The Subject of these Pastorals engraven on the bowl is not without its propriety. The Shepherd's hesitation at the name of the Zodiac, imitates that in Virgil,

*Et quis fuit alter,*  
*Descripsit radio totum qui gentibus orbem? P.*

+ D

## STREPHON.

Inspire me, Phœbus, in my Delia's praise, 45  
 With Waller's strains, or Granville's moving lays!  
 A milk-white bull shall at your altars stand,  
 That threatens a fight, and spurns the rising sand.

## DAPHNIS.

O Love! for Sylvia let me gain the prize,  
 And make my tongue victorious as her eyes; 50  
 No lambs or sheep for victims I'll impart,  
 Thy victim, Love, shall be the shepherd's heart.

## STREPHON.

Me gentle Delia beckons from the plain,  
 Then hid in shades, eludes her eager swain;  
 But feigns a laugh, to see me search around, 55  
 And by that laugh the willing fair is found.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.  
 Pan, let my numbers equal Strephon's lays,  
 Of Parian stone thy statue will I raise;  
 But if I conquer and augment my fold,  
 Thy Parian statue shall be chang'd to Gold.

## REMARKS.

VER. 46. *Granville*—] George Granville, afterwards Lord Lansdown, known for his Poems, most of which he compos'd very young, and propos'd Waller as his model. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 47. *A milk-white Bull.*] Virg.—*Pascite taurum,  
 Qui cornu petat, et pedibus jam spargat arenam.* P.

## DAPHNIS.

The sprightly Sylvia trips along the green,  
 She runs, but hopes she does not run unseen;  
 While a kind glance at her pursuer flies,  
 How much at variance are her feet and eyes! 60

## STREPHON.

O'er golden sands let rich Pactolus flow,  
 And trees weep amber on the banks of Po;  
 Blest Thames's shores the brightest beauties yield,  
 Feed here my lambs, I'll seek no distant field.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 61. It stood thus at first,  
 Let rich Iberia golden fleeces boast,  
 Her purple wool the proud Assyrian coast,  
 Blest Thames's shores, etc. P.

VER. 61. Originally thus in the MS.  
 Go, flow'ry wreath, and let my Sylvia know,  
 Compar'd to thine how bright her Beauties show;  
 Then die; and dying teach the lovely Maid  
 How soon the brightest beauties are decay'd.

## DAPHNIS.

Go, tuneful bird, that pleas'd the woods so long,  
 Of Amaryllis learn a sweeter song;  
 To Heav'n arising then her notes convey,  
 For Heav'n alone is worthy such a lay.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 58. *She runs, but hopes.*] Imitation of Virgil,  
*Malo me Galatea petit, lasciva puella,*  
*Et fugit ad salices, sed se cupit ante videri.* P.

## DAPHNIS.

Celestial Venus haunts Idalia's groves; 65  
 Diana Cynthus, Ceres Hybla loves;  
 If Windfor-shades delight the matchless maid,  
 Cynthus and Hybla yield to Windfor-shade.

## STREPHON.

All nature mourns, the skies relent in show'rs,  
 Hush'd are the birds, and clos'd the drooping flow'rs;  
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring, 71  
 The skies to brighten, and the birds to sing.

## DAPHNIS.

All nature laughs, the groves are fresh and fair,  
 The Sun's mild lustre warms the vital air;  
 If Sylvia smiles, new glories gild the shore, 75  
 And vanquish'd nature seems to charm no more.

## STREPHON.

In spring the fields, in autumn hills I love,  
 At morn the plains, at noon the shady grove,

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 69. etc. These verses were thus at first:  
 All nature mourns, the birds their songs deny,  
 Nor wasted brooks the thirsty flow'rs supply;  
 If Delia smile, the flow'rs begin to spring,  
 The brooks to murmur, and the birds to sing. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 69. *All nature mourns,*]  
 Virg. *Aret ager, vitio moriens fitit aëris herba, etc.*  
*Phyllidis adventu nostræ nemus omne virebit.* P.

But Delia always; absent from her fight,  
Nor plains at morn, nor groves at noon delight. 80

DAPHNIS.

Sylvia's like autumn ripe, yet mild as May,  
More bright than noon, yet fresh as early day;  
Ev'n spring displeases, when she shines not here;  
But blest with her, 'tis spring throughout the year.

STREPHON.

Say, Daphnis, say, in what glad soil appears,  
A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears:  
Tell me but this, and I'll disclaim the prize,  
And give the conquest to thy Sylvia's eyes. 88

DAPHNIS.

Nay tell me first, in what more happy fields  
The Thistle springs, to which the Lilly yields:  
And then a nobler prize I will resign; 91  
For Sylvia, charming Sylvia shall be thine.

REMARKS.

VER. 86. *A wond'rous Tree that sacred Monarchs bears.*] An allusion to the Royal Oak, in which Charles II. had been hid from the pursuit after the battle of Worcester. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 90. *The Thistle springs to which the Lilly yields,*] Alludes to the device of the Scots Monarchs, the Thistle, worn by Queen Anne; and to the arms of France, the Fleur de lys. The two riddles are in imitation of those in Virg. Ecl. iii.

*Dic quibus in terris inscripti nomina Regum  
Nascantur Flores, & Phyllida solus habeto. P.*

## DAMON.

Cease to contend, for, Daphnis, I decree,  
 The bowl to Strephon, and the lamb to thee :  
 Blest Swains, whose Nymphs in ev'ry grace excel ;  
 Blest Nymphs, whose Swains those graces sing so  
 well! 96

Now rise, and haste to yonder woodbine bow'rs,  
 A soft retreat from sudden vernal show'rs ;  
 The turf with rural dainties shall be crown'd,  
 While op'ning blooms diffuse their sweets around.  
 For see! the gath'ring flocks to shelter tend, 101  
 And from the Pleiads fruitful show'rs descend.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 99. was originally,

The turf with country dainties shall be spread,  
 And trees with twining branches shade your head. P.

## S U M M E R.

T H E

S E C O N D P A S T O R A L,

O R

A L E X I S.

T O D R. G A R T H.

**A** Shepherd's Boy (he seeks no better name)  
 Led forth his flocks along the silver Thame,  
 Where dancing sun-beams on the waters play'd,  
 And verdant alders form'd a quiv'ring shade.

## V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 1, 2, 3, 4. were thus printed in the first edition :

A faithful swain, whom Love had taught to sing,  
 Bewail'd his fate beside a silver spring ;  
 Where gentle Thames his winding waters leads  
 Thro' verdant forests, and thro' flow'ry meads. P.

VER. 3. Originally thus in the MS.

There to the winds he plain'd his hapless love,  
 And Amaryllis fill'd the vocal grove.

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 3. The Scene of this Pastoral by the river's side ; suitable to the heat of the season ; the time noon. P.



Soft as he mourn'd, the streams forgot to flow, 5  
 The flocks around a dumb compassion show,  
 The Naiads wept in ev'ry wat'ry bow'r,  
 And Jove consented in a silent show'r.

Accept, O GARTH, the Muse's early lays,  
 That adds this wreath of Ivy to thy Bays; 10  
 Hear what from Love unpractis'd hearts endure,  
 From Love, the sole disease thou canst not cure.

Ye shady beeches, and ye cooling streams,  
 Defence from Phœbus', not from Cupid's beams,  
 To you I mourn, nor to the deaf I sing, 15  
 The woods shall answer, and their echo ring.  
 The hills and rocks attend my doleful lay,  
 Why art thou prouder and more hard than they?  
 The bleating sheep with my complaints agree,  
 They parch'd with heat, and I inflam'd by thee. 20

## REMARKS.

VER. 9.] Dr. Samuel Garth, Author of the Dispensary, was one of the first friends of the Author, whose acquaintance with him began at fourteen or fifteen. Their friendship continued from the year 1703 to 1718, which was that of his death. P.

VER. 16. *The woods shall answer, and their echo ring,*] Is a line out of Spenser's Epithalamion. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *And Jove consented*]

*Jupiter et læto descendet plurimus imbri.* Virg. P.

VER. 15. *nor to the deaf I sing,*]

*Non canimus surdis, respondent omnia sylvæ.* Virg. P.

The fultry Sirius burns the thirsty plains,  
While in thy heart eternal winter reigns.

Where stray ye Muses, in what lawn or grove,  
While your Alexis pines in hopeless love?  
In those fair fields where sacred Isis glides, 25  
Or else where Cam his winding vales divides?  
As in the crystal spring I view my face,  
Fresh rising blushes paint the wat'ry glass;  
But since those graces please thy eyes no more,  
I shun the fountains which I sought before. 30  
Once I was skill'd in ev'ry herb that grew,  
And ev'ry plant that drinks the morning dew;  
Ah wretched shepherd, what avails thy art,  
To cure thy lambs, but not to heal thy heart!

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 27.

Oft in the crystal spring I cast a view,  
And equal'd Hylas, if the glass be true;  
But since those graces meet my eyes no more,  
I shun, etc. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *Where stray ye Muses, etc.]*

*Quæ nemora, aut qui vos saltus habuere, puellæ  
Naiades, indigno cum Gallus amore periret?  
Nam neque Parnassi vobis juga, nam neque Pindi  
Ulla moram fecere, neque Aonia Aganippe.*

Virg. out of Theocr. P.

VER. 27. Virgil again from the Cyclops of Theocritus,

*nuper me in littore vidi  
Cum placidum ventis staret mare, non ego Daphnim,  
Judice te, metuam, si nunquam fallat imago. P.*

Let other swains attend the rural care,  
 Feed fairer flocks, or richer fleeces shear:  
 But nigh yon' mountain let me tune my lays,  
 Embrace my Love, and bind my brows with bays.  
 That flute is mine which Colin's tuneful breath  
 Inspir'd when living, and bequeath'd in death;  
 He said; Alexis, take this pipe, the same 41  
 That taught the groves my Rosalinda's name:  
 But now the reeds shall hang on yonder tree,  
 For ever silent since despis'd by thee.  
 Oh! were I made by some transforming pow'r  
 The captive bird that sings within thy bow'r!  
 Then might my voice thy list'ning ears employ,  
 And I those kisses he receives, enjoy.

And yet my numbers please the rural throng,  
 Rough Satyrs dance, and Pan applauds the song: 50  
 The Nymphs, forsaking ev'ry cave and spring,  
 Their early fruit, and milk-white turtles bring;  
 Each am'rous nymph prefers her gifts in vain,  
 On you their gifts are all bestow'd again.

## REMARKS.

VER. 39. *Colin*] The name taken by Spenser in his Eclogues, where his mistress is celebrated under that of Rosalinda. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 40. *bequeath'd in death; etc.*] Virg. Ecl. ii.  
*Est mihi disparibus septem compacta cicutis*  
*Fistula, Damœtas dono mihi quam dedit olim,*  
*Et dixit moriens, Te nunc habet ista secundum.* P.

For you the swains the fairest flow'rs design, 55  
 And in one garland all their beauties join;  
 Accept the wreath which you deserve alone,  
 In whom all beauties are compriz'd in one.

See what delights in sylvan scenes appear!  
 Descending Gods have found Elysium here. 60  
 In woods bright Venus with Adonis stray'd,  
 And chaste Diana haunts the forest-shade.  
 Come, lovely nymph, and bless the silent hours,  
 When swains from sheering seek their nightly  
 bow'rs;

When weary reapers quit the sultry field, 65  
 And crown'd with corn their thanks to Ceres yield,  
 This harmless grove no lurking viper hides,  
 But in my breast the serpent Love abides.  
 Here bees from blossoms sip the rosy dew,  
 But your Alexis knows no sweets but you. 70  
 Oh deign to visit our forsaken seats,  
 The mossy fountains, and the green retreats!  
 Where'er you walk, cool gales shall fan the glade,  
 Trees, where you sit, shall croud into a shade:

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 60. *Descending Gods have found Elysium here.*  
*Habitarunt Di quoque sylvas — Virg.*  
*Et formosus oves ad flumina pavit Adonis. Idem. P.*

Where'er you tread, the blushing flow'rs shall rise,  
And all things flourish where you turn your eyes.

Oh! how I long with you to pass my days,  
Invoke the Muses, and resound your praise!

Your praise the birds shall chant in ev'ry grove,  
And winds shall waft it to the pow'rs above. 80

But would you sing, and rival Orpheus' strain,  
The wond'ring forests soon should dance again,  
The moving mountains hear the pow'rful call,  
And headlong streams hang list'ning in their fall!

But see, the shepherds shun the noon-day heat,  
The lowing herds to murm'ring brooks retreat, 86  
To closer shades the panting flocks remove;  
Ye Gods! and is there no relief for Love?

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 79, 80.

Your praise the tuneful birds to heav'n shall bear,  
And list'ning wolves grow milder as they hear.

So the verses were originally written. But the author, young as he was, soon found the absurdity which *Spenser* himself overlooked, of introducing Wolves into England. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 80. *And winds shall waft, etc.]*

*Partem aliquam, venti, divum referatis ad aures!*

Virg. P.

VER. 88. *Ye Gods! etc.]*

*Me tamen urit amor, quis enim modus adsit amori?*

Idem. P.

PASTORALS. 61

But soon the sun with milder rays descends  
To the cool ocean, where his journey ends: 90  
On me love's fiercer flames for ever prey,  
By night he scorches, as he burns by day.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 91. Me love inflames, nor will his fires allay. P.

## A U T U M N.

T H E

T H I R D P A S T O R A L,

O R

H Y L A S and Æ G O N.

T O M r. W Y C H E R L E Y.

**B**eneath the shade a spreading Beech displays,  
 Hylas and Ægon fung their rural lays,  
 This mourn'd a faithless, that an absent Love,  
 And Delia's name and Doris fill'd the Grove.  
 Ye Mantuan nymphs, your sacred succour bring; 5  
 Hylas and Ægon's rural lays I sing.

Thou, whom the Nine with Plautus' wit inspire,  
 The art of Terence, and Menander's fire;

## R E M A R K S.

This Pastoral consists of two parts, like the viiith of Virgil:  
 The Scene, a Hill; the Time at Sun-set. P.

VER. 7. *Thou, whom the Nine,*] Mr. Wycherley, a famous

Whose sense instructs us, and whose humour charms,  
 Whose judgment sways us, and whose spirit warms!  
 Oh, skill'd in Nature! see the hearts of Swains,  
 Their artless passions, and their tender pains.  
 Now setting Phœbus shone serenely bright,  
 And fleecy clouds were streak'd with purple light;

## REMARKS.

Author of Comedies; of which the most celebrated were the *Plain-Dealer* and *Country-Wife*. He was a writer of infinite spirit, satire, and wit. The only objection made to him was that he had too much. However he was followed in the same way by Mr. Congreve; tho' with a little more correctness. P.

VER. 8. *The Art of Terence and Menander's fire*;] This line evidently alludes to that famous Character given of Terence, by Cæsar,

*Tu quoque, tu in summis, ô dimidiate Menander,  
 Poneris, et merito, puri sermonis amator;  
 Lenibus atque utinam scriptis adjuncta foret vis  
 Comica.*

So that the judicious critic sees he should have said — *with Menander's fire*. For what the Poet meant, in this line, was, that his Friend had joined to Terence's art what Cæsar thought wanting in Terence, namely the *vis comica* of Menander. Besides, — *and Menander's fire* is making that the Characteristic of Menander which was not. His character was the having art and *comic spirit* in perfect conjunction, of which Terence having only the first, he is called the *half of Menander*.

VER. 9. *Whose sense instructs us*] He was always very careful in his encomiums not to fall into ridicule, the trap which weak and prostitute flatterers rarely escape. For *sense*, he would willingly have said, *moral*; propriety required it. But this dramatic poet's moral was remarkably faulty. His plays are all monstrously immoral both in the Dialogue and Action.



When tuneful Hylas with melodious moan, 15  
 Taught rocks to weep and made the mountains groan.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 To Delia's ear, the tender notes convey.  
 As some sad Turtle his lost love deplores,  
 And with deep murmurs fills the sounding shores;  
 Thus, far from Delia, to the winds I mourn, 21  
 Alike unheard, unpity'd, and forlorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!  
 For her, the feather'd quires neglect their song:  
 For her, the lymes their pleasing shades deny; 25  
 For her, the lillies hang their heads and die.  
 Ye flow'rs that droop, forsaken by the spring,  
 Ye birds that, left by summer, cease to sing,  
 Ye trees that fade when autumn-heats remove,  
 Say, is not absence death to those who love? 30

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 Curs'd be the fields that cause my Delia's stay;  
 Fade ev'ry blossom, wither ev'ry tree,  
 Die ev'ry flow'r, and perish all, but she.  
 What have I said? where'er my Delia flies, 35  
 Let spring attend, and sudden flow'rs arise;  
 Let op'ning roses knotted oaks adorn,  
 And liquid amber drop from ev'ry thorn.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs along!  
 The birds shall cease to tune their ev'ning song, 40  
 The winds to breathe, the waving woods to move,  
 And streams to murmur, e'er I cease to love.  
 Not bubbling fountains to the thirsty swain,  
 Not balmy sleep to lab'ers faint with pain,  
 Not show'rs to larks, or sun-shine to the bee, 45  
 Are half so charming as thy sigh to me.

Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away!  
 Come, Delia, come; ah, why this long delay?  
 Thro' rocks and caves the name of Delia sounds,  
 Delia, each cave and echoing rock rebounds. 50  
 Ye pow'rs, what pleasing frenzy sooths my mind!  
 Do lovers dream, or is my Delia kind?  
 She comes, my Delia comes!—Now cease my lay,  
 And cease, ye gales, to bear my sighs away!

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 48. Originally thus in the MS.

With him thro' Libya's burning plains I'll go,  
 On Alpine mountains tread th' eternal snow;  
 Yet feel no heat but what our loves impart,  
 And dread no coldness but in Thyrsis' heart.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 37.

*Aurea duræ*

*Mala ferant quercus; narcisso floreat alnus,  
 Pinguia corticibus sudent electra myricæ.* Virg. Ecl. viii. P.

VER. 43, etc.]

*Quale sopor fessis in gramine, quale per æstum  
 Dulcis aqua saliente sitim restinguere rivo.* Ecl. v. P.

VER. 52. *An qui amant, ipsi sibi somnia fingunt?* Id. viii. P.

† E

Next Ægon sung, while Windfor groves admir'd;  
Rehearse, ye Muses, what yourselves inspir'd.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!  
Of perjur'd Doris, dying I complain:

Here where the mountains less'ning as they rise  
Lose the low vales, and steal into the skies: 60

While lab'ring oxen, spent with toil and heat,  
In their loose traces from the field retreat:

While curling smoaks from village-tops are seen,  
And the fleet shades glide o'er the dusky green.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay! 65  
Beneath yon' poplar oft we past the day:

Off' on the rind I carv'd her am'rous vows,  
While she with garlands hung the bending boughs:

The garlands fade, the vows are worn away;  
So dies her love, and so my hopes decay. 70

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strain!  
Now bright Arcturus glads the teeming grain,

Now golden fruits on loaded branches shine,  
And grateful clusters swell with floods of wine;

Now blushing berries paint the yellow grove; 75  
Just Gods! shall all things yield returns but love?

## REMARKS.

VER. 74. *And grateful clusters etc.*] The scene is in Windfor-forest. So this image not so exact.

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 The shepherds cry, " Thy flocks are left a prey—  
 Ah! what avails it me, the flocks to keep,  
 Who lost my heart while I preserv'd my sheep. 80  
 Pan came, and ask'd, what magic caus'd my smart,  
 Or what ill eyes malignant glances dart?  
 What eyes but hers, alas, have pow'r to move!  
 And is there magic but what dwells in love? 84

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful strains!  
 I'll fly from shepherds, flocks, and flow'ry plains.  
 From shepherds, flocks, and plains, I may remove,  
 Forsake mankind, and all the world — but love!  
 I know thee, Love! on foreign Mountains bred,  
 Wolves gave thee suck, and savage Tygers fed. 91  
 Thou wert from Ætna's burning entrails torn,  
 Got by fierce whirlwinds, and in thunder born!

Resound, ye hills, resound my mournful lay!  
 Farewell, ye woods, adieu the light of day!  
 One leap from yonder cliff shall end my pains, 95  
 No more, ye hills, no more resound my strains!

## I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 82. *Or what ill eyes]*

*Nescio quis teneros oculus mihi fascinat agnos. P.*

VER. 89. *Nunc scio quid sit Amor: duris in cotibus illum, etc. P.*

† E 2

Thus fung the shepherds till th' approach of night,  
The skies yet blushing with departing light,  
When falling dews with spangles deck'd the glade,  
And the low sun had lengthen'd ev'ry shade. 100

## REMARKS.

VER. 98, 100.] There is a little inaccuracy here; the first line makes the time after sun-set; the second, before.

# W I N T E R.

T H E

FOURTH PASTORAL,

O R

# D A P H N E.

To the Memory of Mrs. TEMPEST.

LYCIDAS.

**T**HYSIS, the music of that murm'ring spring  
Is not so mournful as the strains you sing.  
Nor rivers winding thro' the vales below,  
So sweetly warble, or so smoothly flow.

REMARKS.

WINTER.] This was the Poet's favourite Pastoral.

Mrs. Tempest.] This Lady was of an ancient family in Yorkshire, and particularly admired by the Author's friend Mr. Walsh, who, having celebrated her in a Pastoral Elegy, desired

IMITATIONS.

VER. 1. *Thyrsis, the music, etc.*]

'Αδύτι, etc. Theocr. Id. i.

† E 3

Now sleeping flocks on their soft fleeces lie, 5  
 The moon, serene in glory, mounts the sky,  
 While silent birds forget their tuneful lays,  
 Oh sing of Daphne's fate, and Daphne's praise!

## THYRSIS.

Behold the groves that shine with silver frost,  
 Their beauty wither'd, and their verdure lost. 10  
 Here shall I try the sweet Alexis strain,  
 That call'd the list'ning Dryads to the plain?  
 Thames heard the numbers as he flow'd along,  
 And bade his willows learn the moving song.

## REMARKS.

his friend to do the same, as appears from one of his Letters, dated Sept. 9, 1706. "Your last Eclogue being on the same subject with mine on Mrs. Tempest's death, I should take it very kindly in you to give it a little turn as if it were to the memory of the same lady." Her death having happened on the night of the great storm in 1703, gave a propriety to this eclogue, which in its general turn alludes to it. The scene of the Pastoral lies in a grove, the time at midnight. P.

VER. 9. *shine with silver frost,*] The image is a fine one, but improperly placed. The idea he would here raise is the deformity of Winter, as appears by the following line: but this contradicts it. It should have been — *glare with hoary frost*, or some such expression: the same inaccuracy in *31*, where he uses *pearls*, when he should have said *tears*.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 13. *Thames heard etc.*]

*Audiit Eurotas, jussitque ediscere lauros.* Virg. P.

## LYCIDAS.

So may kind rains their vital moisture yield, 15  
 And swell the future harvest of the field.  
 Begin; this charge the dying Daphne gave,  
 And said, "Ye shepherds, sing around my grave!"  
 Sing, while beside the shaded tomb I mourn,  
 And with fresh bays her rural shrine adorn. 20

## THYRSIS.

Ye gentle Muses, leave your crystal spring,  
 Let Nymphs and Sylvans cypress garlands bring;  
 Ye weeping Loves, the stream with myrtles hide,  
 And break your bows, as when Adonis dy'd;  
 And with your golden darts, now useless grown,  
 Inscribe a verse on this relenting stone: 26  
 "Let nature change, let heav'n and earth deplore,  
 "Fair Daphne's dead, and love is now no more!  
 'Tis done, and nature's various charms decay,  
 See gloomy clouds obscure the chearful day! 30

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 29. Originally thus in the MS.

'Tis done, and nature's chang'd since you are gone;  
 Behold the clouds have put their Mourning on.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 23, 24, 25.

*Inducite fontibus umbras —*  
*Et tumulum facite, et tumulo superaddite carmen. P.*

† E 4



Now hung with pearls the dropping trees appear,  
 Their faded honours scatter'd on her bier,  
 See, where on earth the flow'ry glories lie,  
 With her they flourish'd, and with her they die.  
 Ah what avail the beauties nature wore? 35

Fair Daphne's dead, and beauty is no more!

For her the flocks refuse their verdant food,  
 The thirsty heifers shun the gliding flood.  
 The silver swans her hapless fate bemoan,  
 In notes more sad than when they sing their own;  
 In hollow caves sweet Echo silent lies, 41  
 Silent, or only to her name replies;

Her name with pleasure once she taught the shore,  
 Now Daphne's dead, and pleasure is no more!

No grateful dews descend from ev'ning skies,  
 Nor morning odours from the flow'rs arise; 46  
 No rich perfumes refresh the fruitful field,  
 Nor fragrant herbs their native incense yield.  
 The balmy Zephyrs, silent since her death,  
 Lament the ceasing of a sweeter breath; 50  
 Th' industrious bees neglect their golden store!  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and sweetness is no more!

No more the mounting larks, while Daphne sings,  
 Shall list'ning in mid air suspend their wings;

PASTORALS. 73

No more the birds shall imitate her lays, 55  
 Or hush'd with wonder, hearken from the sprays :  
 No more the streams their murmurs shall forbear,  
 A sweeter music than their own to hear,  
 But tell the reeds, and tell the vocal shore,  
 Fair Daphne's dead, and music is no more ! 60

Her fate is whisper'd by the gentle breeze,  
 And told in sighs to all the trembling trees ;  
 The trembling trees, in ev'ry plain and wood,  
 Her fate remurmur to the silver flood ;  
 The silver flood, so lately calm, appears 65  
 Swell'd with new passion, and o'erflows with tears ;  
 The winds and trees and floods her death deplore,  
 Daphne, our grief ! our glory now no more !

But see ! where Daphne wond'ring mounts on high  
 Above the clouds, above the starry sky ! 70  
 Eternal beauties grace the shining scene,  
 Fields ever fresh, and groves for ever green !  
 There while you rest in Amaranthine bow'rs,  
 Or from those meads select unfading flow'rs,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 69, 70. *miratur limen Olympi,*  
*Sub pedibusque videt nubes et sydera Daphnis.* Virg. P.

Behold us kindly, who your name implore, 75  
Daphne, our Goddess, and our grief no more!

## LYCIDAS.

How all things listen, while thy Muse complains!  
Such silence waits on Philomela's strains,  
In some still ev'ning, when the whisp'ring breeze  
Pants on the leaves, and dies upon the trees. 80  
To thee, bright goddess, oft a lamb shall bleed,  
If teeming ewes encrease my fleecy breed.  
While plants their shade, or flow'rs their odours give,  
Thy name, thy honour, and thy praise shall live!

## THYRSIS.

But see, Orion sheds unwholsome dews, 85  
Arise, the pines a noxious shade diffuse;  
Sharp Boreas blows, and Nature feels decay,  
Time conquers all, and we must Time obey.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 83. Originally thus in the MS.

While Vapours rise, and driving snows descend,  
Thy honour, name, and praise shall *never end*.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 81.

*illius aram*

*Sæpe tener nostris ab ovilibus imbuet agnus.* Virg. P.

VER. 86.

*solet esse gravis cantantibus umbra,*

*Juniperi gravis umbra.*

Virg. P.

VER. 88.

*Time conquers all, etc.*

*Omnia vincit amor, et nos cedamus amori.*

Vid. etiam Sannazarii Ecl. et Spencer's Calendar.

Adieu, ye vales, ye mountains, streams and groves,  
Adieu, ye shepherd's rural lays and loves ; 90  
Adieu, my flocks, farewell ye sylvan crew,  
Daphne, farewell, and all the world adieu !

## R E M A R K S.

VER. 89, *etc.*] These four last lines allude to the several subjects of the four Pastorals, and to the several scenes of them, particularized before in each. P.

33  
EASTON  
Also, ye value ye mountains, streams and groves,  
Also, ye shepherd's turf, lake and doves,  
Also, my flocke, for well ye sylvan crew,  
Dunne, knowell, and all the world which is

THE  
MIST  
MIST  
MIST

Sacred Belong  
VIRGIL'S FOLIO

M E S S I A H.

A

Sacred Eclogue,

In Imitation of

VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

## Advertisement.

**I**N reading several passages of the Prophet Ifaiah, which foretell the coming of Christ and the felicities attending it, I could not but observe a remarkable parity between many of the thoughts, and those in the *Pollio* of Virgil. This will not seem surprizing, when we reflect, that the *Eclogue* was taken from a Sibylline prophecy on the same subject. One may judge that Virgil did not copy it line by line, but selected such ideas as best agreed with the nature of pastoral poetry, and disposed them in that manner which served most to beautify his piece. I have endeavoured the same in this imitation of him, though without admitting any thing of my own; since it was written with this particular view, that the reader, by comparing the several thoughts, might see how far the images and descriptions of the Prophet are superior to those of the Poet. But as I fear I have prejudiced them by my management, I shall subjoin the passages of Ifaiah, and those of Virgil, under the same disadvantage of a literal translation. P.

# M E S S I A H.

A

## SACRED ECLOGUE,

In Imitation of VIRGIL'S POLLIO.

**Y**E Nymphs of Solyma! begin the song:  
To heav'nly themes sublimer strains belong.

The mossy fountains, and the sylvan shades,  
The dreams of Pindus and th'Aonian maids,  
Delight no more—O thou my voice inspire 5  
Who touch'd Isaiah's hallow'd lips with fire!

Rapt into future times, the Bard begun:  
A Virgin shall conceive, a Virgin bear a Son!

### IMITATIONS.

VER. 8. *A Virgin shall conceive—All crimes shall cease, etc.]*  
VIRG. E. iv. v. 6.

Jam redit et Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna;  
Jam nova progenies cælo demittitur alto.  
Te duce, si qua manent sceleris vestigia nostri,  
Irrita perpetua solvent formidine terras —  
Pacatumque reget patriis virtutibus orbem.

*Now the Virgin returns, now the kingdom of Saturn returns,  
now a new Progeny is sent down from high heaven. By means of  
thee, whatever reliques of our crimes remain, shall be wiped away,  
and free the world from perpetual fears. He shall govern the  
earth in peace, with the virtues of his Father.*

ISAIAH, Ch. vii. v. 14. *Behold a Virgin shall conceive and  
bear a Son. — Ch. ix. v. 6, 7. Unto us a Child is born, unto us  
a Son is given; the Prince of Peace: of the increase of his govern-*

† F



From <sup>a</sup> Jesse's root behold a branch arise,  
 Whose sacred flow'r with fragrance fills the skies:  
 Th' Æthereal spirit o'er its leaves shall move, 11  
 And on its top descends the mystic Dove.  
 Ye <sup>b</sup> Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour,  
 And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!  
 The <sup>c</sup> sick and weak the healing plant shall aid,  
 From storms a shelter, and from heat a shade.  
 All crimes shall cease, and ancient fraud shall fail;  
 Returning <sup>d</sup> Justice lift aloft her scale;

## IMITATIONS.

*ment, and of his peace, there shall be no end: Upon the throne of David, and upon his kingdom, to order and to stablish it, with judgment, and with justice, for ever and ever. P.*

## REMARKS.

VER. 13. *Ye Heav'ns! from high the dewy nectar pour, And in soft silence shed the kindly show'r!*] His Original says, *Drop down, ye heavens, from above, and let the skies pour down righteousness: let the earth open, and let them bring forth salvation, and let righteousness spring up together.*—This is a very noble description of divine grace shed abroad in the hearts of the faithful under the Gospel dispensation. And the poet understood all its force, as appears from the two lines preceding these, — *Th' Æthereal Spirit, etc.* The prophet describes this under the image of rain, which chiefly fits the *first age* of the Gospel: The poet, under the idea of dew, which extends it to *every age*. And it was his purpose it should be so understood, as appears from his expression of *soft silence*, which agrees with the *common* not the *extraordinary* effusions of the Holy Spirit. The term of *dewy nectar*, for divine grace, is wonderfully happy. For he who would moralize the ancient Mythology in the manner of Bacon, must say, that by the poetical *nectar*, can be meant only theological grace.

VER. 17. *ancient fraud*] i. e. the fraud of the Serpent.

<sup>a</sup> Isai. xi. v. 1. <sup>b</sup> Ch. xlv. v. 8. <sup>c</sup> Ch. xxv. v. 4. <sup>d</sup> Ch. ix. v. 7.

Peace o'er the world her olive wand extend,  
 And white-rob'd Innocence from heav'n descend.  
 Swift fly the years, and rise th' expected morn! 21  
 Oh spring to light, auspicious Babe, be born!  
 See Nature hastes her earliest wreaths to bring,  
 With all the incense of the breathing spring:  
 See <sup>e</sup> lofty Lebanon his head advance, 25  
 See nodding forests on the mountains dance:  
 See spicy clouds from lowly Saron rise,  
 And Carmel's flow'ry top perfumes the skies!  
 Hark! a glad voice the lonely desert hears;  
 Prepare the <sup>f</sup> way! a God, a God appears: 30

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 23. *See Nature hastes, etc]*

VIRG. E. iv. v. 18.

At tibi prima, puer, nullo munuscula cultu,  
 Errantes hederas passim cum baccare tellus,  
 Mixtaque ridenti colocasia fundet acantho —  
 Ipsa tibi blandos fundent cunabula flores.

*For thee, O Child, shall the earth, without being tilled, produce her early offerings; winding ivy, mixed with Baccar, and Colocasia with smiling Acanthus. Thy cradle shall pour forth pleasing flowers about thee.*

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v. 1. *The wilderness and the solitary place shall be glad, and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose.*  
 Ch. lx. v. 13. *The glory of Lebanon shall come unto thee, the fir-tree, the pine-tree, and the box together, to beautify the place of thy sanctuary.* P.

VER. 29. *Hark, a glad Voice, etc.]*

VIRG. E. iv. v. 46.

Aggredere ô magnos, aderit jam tempus, honores,  
 Cara deum soboles, magnum Jovis incrementum —

<sup>e</sup> Ch. xxxv. v. 2.

<sup>f</sup> Ch. xl. v. 3, 4.

† F 2

A God, a God! the vocal hills reply,  
 The rocks proclaim th' approaching Deity.  
 Lo, earth receives him from the bending skies!  
 Sink down ye mountains, and ye valleys rise,  
 With heads declin'd, ye cedars homage pay; 35  
 Be smooth ye rocks, ye rapid floods give way!  
 The Saviour comes! by ancient bards foretold:  
 Hear <sup>ε</sup> him, ye deaf, and all ye blind, behold!  
 He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,  
 And on the sightless eye-ball pour the day: 40

## IMITATIONS.

*Ipsi lætitia voces ad sydera jactant*

*Intonsi montes, ipsæ jam carmina rupes,*

*Ipsa sonant arbuſta, Deus, deus ille Menalca! E. v. y 62.*

*Oh come and receive the mighty honours: the time draws nigh, O beloved offspring of the Gods, O great encrease of Jove! The uncultivated mountains send shouts of joy to the stars, the very rocks sing in verse, the very shrubs cry out, A God, a God!*

*ISAIAH, Ch. xl. y 3, 4. The voice of him that crieth in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord! make strait in the desert a high way for our God! Every valley shall be exalted, and every mountain and hill shall be made low, and the crooked shall be made strait, and the rough places plain. Ch. iv. ver. 23. Break forth into singing, ye mountains! O forest, and every tree therein! for the Lord hath redeemed Israel. P.*

## REMARKS.

*VER. 39. He from thick films shall purge the visual ray,] The sense and language shew, that, by visual ray, the poet meant the sight, or, as Milton calls it, the visual nerve. And no critic would quarrel with the figure which calls the instrument of vision by the name of the cause. But tho' this term be just, nay noble, and even sublime, yet the expression of thick films is faulty; and he fell into it by a common neglect of the following rule of good writing, "That*

*ε Ch. xlii. y 18. Ch. xxxv. y 5, 6.*

'Tis he th' obstructed paths of sound shall clear,  
 And bid new music charm th' unfolding ear :  
 The dumb shall sing, the lame his crutch forego,  
 And leap exulting like the bounding roe.  
 No sigh, no murmur the wide world shall hear, 45  
 From ev'ry face he wipes off ev'ry tear.  
 In <sup>h</sup> adamantine chains shall Death be bound,  
 And Hell's grim Tyrant feel th' eternal wound.  
 As the good <sup>i</sup> shepherd tends his fleecy care,  
 Seeks freshest pasture and the purest air, 50  
 Explores the lost, the wand'ring sheep directs,  
 By day o'ersees them, and by night protects,  
 The tender lambs he raises in his arms,  
 Feeds from his hand, and in his bosom warms ;  
 Thus shall mankind his guardian care engage, 55  
 The promis'd <sup>k</sup> father of the future age.  
 No more shall <sup>l</sup> nation against nation rise,  
 Nor ardent warriors meet with hateful eyes,  
 Nor fields with gleaming steel be cover'd o'er,  
 The brazen trumpets kindle rage no more; 60

## REMARKS.

“ when a figurative term is used, whatsoever is predicated of  
 “ it ought not only to agree to the thing to which the figure  
 “ is applied, but likewise to that from which the figure is taken.”  
*Thick films* agree only with the thing to which it is applied, name-  
 ly to the *sight* or eye; and not to that from which it is taken,  
 namely a *ray of light* coming to the eye. He should have said  
*thick clouds*, which would have agreed with both. But these inac-  
 curacies are not to be found in his later poems.

<sup>h</sup> Ch. xxv. v. 8.    <sup>i</sup> Ch. xl. v. 11.    <sup>k</sup> Ch. ix. v. 6.    <sup>l</sup> Ch. ii. v. 4.  
 + F 3

But useles lances into scythes shall bend,  
 And the broad faulchion in a plow-share end.  
 Then palaces shall rise; the joyful<sup>m</sup> Son  
 Shall finish what his short-liv'd Sire begun;  
 Their vines a shadow to their race shall yield, 65  
 And the same hand that sow'd, shall reap the field.  
 The swain in barren<sup>n</sup> desarts with surprize  
 See lillies spring, and sudder verdure rise;  
 And starts, amidst the thirsty wilds to hear  
 New falls of water murm'ring in his ear. 70  
 On rifted rocks, the dragon's late abodes,  
 The green reed trembles, and the bulrush nods,  
 Waste sandy<sup>o</sup> valleys, once perplex'd with thorn,  
 The spiry fir and shapely box adorn:  
 To leafless shrubs the flow'ring palms succeed, 75  
 And od'rous myrtle to the noisom weed.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 67. *The swain in barren desarts*] Virg. E. iv. v. 28.

Molli paulatim flavescet campus arista,  
 Incultisque rubens pendebit sentibus uva,  
 Et duræ quercus sudabunt roscida mella.

*The fields shall grow yellow with ripen'd ears, and the red grape shall hang upon the wild brambles, and the hard oaks shall distill honey like dew.*

ISAIAH, Ch. xxxv. v. 7. *The parched ground shall become a pool, and the thirsty land springs of water: In the habitations where dragons lay, shall be grass, and reeds, and rushes.* Ch. lv. v. 13. *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree, and instead of the briar shall come up the myrtle tree.* P.

<sup>m</sup> Ch. lxv. v. 21, 22. <sup>n</sup> Ch. xxxv. v. 1, 7. <sup>o</sup> Ch. xii. v. 19, and Ch. lv. v. 13.

The<sup>p</sup> lambs with wolves shall graze the verdant mead,  
 And boys in flow'ry bands the tyger lead ;  
 The steer and lion at one crib shall meet,  
 And harmless <sup>q</sup> serpents lick the pilgrim's feet. 80  
 The smiling infant in his hand shall take  
 The crested basilisk and speckled snake,  
 Pleas'd the green lustre of the scales survey,  
 And with their forky tongue shall innocently play.  
 Rise, crown'd with light, imperial <sup>r</sup> Salem, rise! 85  
 Exalt thy tow'ry head, and lift thy eyes!

IMITATIONS.

VER. 77. *The lambs with wolves etc*] Virg. E. iv. v. 21.

Ipsæ lacte domum referent distenta capellæ

Ubera, nec magnos metuent armenta leones —

Occidet et serpens, et fallax herba veneni

Occidet. —

*The goats shall bear to the fold their udders distended with milk: nor shall the herds be afraid of the greatest lions. The serpent shall die, and the herb that conceals poison shall die.*

ISAIAH, Ch. xi. v. 16, etc. *The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid, and the calf and the young lion and the fatling together: and a little child shall lead them. — And the lion shall eat straw like the ox. And the sucking child shall play on the hole of the asp, and the weaned child shall put his hand on the den of the cockatrice. P.*

VER. 85. *Rise, crown'd with light, imperial Salem, rise!* }  
 The thoughts of Isaiah, which compose the latter part of the poem, are wonderfully elevated, and much above those general exclamations of Virgil, which make the loftiest parts of his *Pollio*.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo!

— toto surget gens aurea mundo!

— incipient magni procedere menses!

Aspice, venturo lætentur ut omnia sæclo! etc.

The reader needs only to turn to the passages of Isaiah, here cited. P.

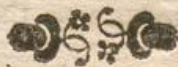
<sup>p</sup> Ch. xi. v. 6, 7, 8.

<sup>q</sup> Ch. lxv. v. 25.

<sup>r</sup> Ch. lx. v. 1.

See, a long<sup>s</sup> race thy spacious courts adorn ;  
 See future fons, and daughters yet unborn,  
 In crouding ranks on ev'ry fide arife,  
 Demanding life, impatient for the skies! 90  
 See barb'rous<sup>t</sup> nations at thy gates attend,  
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend ;  
 See thy bright altars throng'd with prostrate kings  
 And heap'd with products of<sup>v</sup> Sabæan springs !  
 For thee Idume's spicy forests blow, 95  
 And feeds of gold in Ophyr's mountains glow.  
 See heav'n its sparkling portals wide display,  
 And break upon thee in a flood of day!  
 No more the rising<sup>w</sup> Sun shall gild the morn,  
 Nor ev'ning Cynthia fill her silver horn ; 100  
 But loft, diffolv'd in thy superior rays,  
 One tide of glory, one unclouded blaze  
 O'erflow thy courts: the Light himself shall shine  
 Reveal'd, and God's eternal day be thine !  
 The<sup>x</sup> seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay, 105  
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;  
 But fix'd his word, his saving pow'r remains ;  
 Thy realm for ever lasts, thy own MESSIAH reigns !

<sup>s</sup> Ch. lx. v 4.    <sup>t</sup> Ch. lx. v 3.    <sup>v</sup> Ch. lx. v 6.    <sup>w</sup> Ch. lx.  
 v 19, 20.    <sup>x</sup> Ch. li. v 6. and Ch. liv. v 10.



# WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE Lord LANSDOWN.

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Non injussa cano: Te nostræ, *Vare*, myricæ,  
Te *Nemus* omne canet; nec Phœbo gratior ulla est,  
Quam sibi quæ *Vari* præscripsit pagina nomen.

VIRG.

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WINDSOR-Forest.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD SANDOWN.

By the Author of  
The New and Correct Map of the  
County of Windsor, &c. &c. &c.  
London, Printed by J. Baskin, in the Strand, 1793.





*S. Wale inv. et del. J. S. Müller sc:*  
*My humble Muse, in unambitious Strains*  
*Paints the green Forests & the flow'ry Plains.*  
*Windsor Forest.*

# WINDSOR-FOREST.

To the Right Honourable

GEORGE LORD LANSDOWN.

**T**HY forests, Windsor! and thy green retreats,  
At once the Monarch's and the Muse's seats,  
Invite my lays. Be present, sylvan maids!  
Unlock your springs, and open all your shades.  
GRANVILLE commands; your aid, O Muses, bring!  
What Muse for GRANVILLE can refuse to sing?

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 3, etc. originally thus,

Chaste Goddess of the woods,  
Nymphs of the vales, and Naiads of the floods,  
Lead me thro' arching bow'rs, and glimm'ring glades.  
Unlock your springs — P.

## REMARKS.

This Poem was written at two different times: the first part of it, which relates to the country, in the year 1704, at the same time with the Pastorals: the latter part was not added till the year 1713, in which it was published. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 6,

*neget quis carmina Gallo?* Virg.

The Groves of Eden, vanish'd now so long,  
 Live in description, and look green in song :  
 These, were my breast inspir'd with equal flame,  
 Like them in beauty, should be like in fame. 10  
 Here hills and vales, the woodland and the plain,  
 Here earth and water seem to strive again ;  
 Not Chaos-like together crush'd and bruis'd,  
 But, as the world, harmoniously confus'd :  
 Where order in variety we see, 15  
 And where, tho' all things differ, all agree.  
 Here waving groves a chequer'd scene display,  
 And part admit, and part exclude the day ;  
 As some coy nymph her lover's warm address  
 Nor quite indulges, nor can quite repress. 20  
 There, interspers'd in lawns and op'ning glades,  
 Thin trees arise that shun each other's shades.  
 Here in full light the russet plains extend :  
 There wrapt in clouds the blueish hills ascend.  
 Ev'n the wild heath displays her purple dyes, 25  
 And 'midst the desert fruitful fields arise,

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 25. Originally thus ;

Why should I sing our better suns or air,  
 Whose vital draughts prevent the leach's care,  
 While thro' fresh fields th'enliv'ning odours breathe,  
 Or spread with vernal blooms the purple heath? P.

That crown'd with tufted trees and springing corn,  
 Like verdant isles the sable waste adorn.  
 Let India boast her plants, nor envy we  
 The weeping amber or the balmy tree, 30  
 While by our oaks the precious loads are born,  
 And realms commanded which those trees adorn.  
 Not proud Olympus yields a nobler fight,  
 Tho' Gods assembled grace his tow'ring height,  
 Than what more humble mountains offer here, 35  
 Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear.  
 See Pan with flocks, with fruits Pomona crown'd,  
 Here blushing Flora paints th' enamel'd ground,  
 Here Ceres' gifts in waving prospect stand,  
 And nodding tempt the joyful reaper's hand; 40  
 Rich Industry sits smiling on the plains,  
 And peace and plenty tell, a STUART reigns.

## REMARKS.

VER. 33. *Not proud Olympus etc.*] Sir J. Denham, in his Cooper's Hill, had said,

*Than which a nobler weight no mountain bears,  
 But Atlas only, which supports the spheres.*

The comparison is childish, for this story of Atlas being fabulous, leaves no room for a compliment. Our Poet has been more artful (though he employs as fabulous a circumstance in his comparison) by shewing in what the nobility of the hills of Windsor-Forest consists —

*Where, in their blessings, all those Gods appear. etc.*  
 not to speak of the beautiful turn of wit.

Not thus the land appear'd in ages past,  
 A dreary desert, and a gloomy waste,  
 To savage beasts and savage laws a prey, 45  
 And kings more furious and severe than they ;  
 Who claim'd the skies, dispeopled air and floods,  
 The lonely lords of empty wilds and woods :  
 Cities laid waste, they storm'd the dens and caves,  
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.) 50  
 What could be free, when lawless beasts obey'd,  
 And ev'n the elements a Tyrant sway'd ?  
 In vain kind seasons swell'd the teeming grain,  
 Soft show'rs distill'd, and suns grew warm in vain ;  
 The swain with tears his frustrate labour yields, 55  
 And famish'd dies amidst his ripen'd fields.  
 What wonder then, a beast or subject slain  
 Were equal crimes in a despotic reign ?

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 49. Originally thus in the MS.

From towns laid waste, to dens and caves they ran  
 (For who first stoop'd to be a slave was man.)

VER. 57, etc.

No wonder savages or subjects slain —

But subjects starv'd while savages were fed.

It was originally thus, but the word savages is not properly applied to beasts but to men ; which occasioned the alteration. P.

## REMARKS.

VER. 45. *savage laws*] The Forest Laws.

Both doom'd alike, for sportive Tyrants bled,  
 But while the subject starv'd, the beast was fed. 60  
 Proud Nimrod first the bloody chace began,  
 A mighty hunter, and his prey was man :  
 Our haughty Norman boasts that barb'rous name,  
 And makes his trembling slaves the royal game.  
 The fields are ravish'd from th'industrious swains,  
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :  
 The levell'd towns with weeds lie cover'd o'er ;  
 The hollow winds thro' naked temples roar ;  
 Round broken columns clasping ivy twin'd ;  
 O'er heaps of ruin stalk'd the stately hind ; 70  
 The fox obscene to gaping tombs retires,  
 And savage howlings fill the sacred quires.  
 Aw'd by his Nobles, by his Commons curst,  
 Th'Oppressor rul'd tyrannic where he durst,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 72. And wolves with howling fill *etc.*  
 The Author thought this an error, wolves not being common in  
 England at the time of the Conqueror. P.

REMARKS.

VER. 65. *The fields are ravish'd etc.*] Alluding to the destru-  
 ction made in the New Forest, and the tyrannies exercised there  
 by William I. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 65. *The fields were ravish'd from th'industrious swains,  
 From men their cities, and from Gods their fanes :*] Translated  
 from,

*Templa adimit divis, fora civibus, arva colonis,*  
 an old monkish writer, I forget who. P.



94 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Stretch'd o'er the Poor and Church his iron rod,  
 And serv'd alike his Vassals and his God.  
 Whom ev'n the Saxon spar'd and bloody Dane,  
 The wanton victims of his sport remain.  
 But see, the man who spacious regions gave  
 A waste for beasts, himself deny'd a grave! 80  
 Stretch'd on the lawn his second hope survey,  
 At once the chaser, and at once the prey :  
 Lo Rufus, tugging at the deadly dart,  
 Bleeds in the forest like a wounded hart.  
 Succeeding monarchs heard the subjects cries, 85  
 Nor saw displeas'd the peaceful cottage rise.  
 Then gath'ring flocks on unknown mountains fed,  
 O'er sandy wilds were yellow harvests spread,  
 The forests wonder'd at th'unusual grain,  
 And secret transport touch'd the conscious swain.  
 Fair Liberty, Britannia's Goddess, rears 91  
 Her chearful head, and leads the golden years.

REMARKS.

VER. 80. *himself deny'd a grave!*] The place of his interment at Caen in Normandy was claimed by a Gentleman as his inheritance, the moment his servants were going to put him in his tomb: so that they were obliged to compound with the owner before they could perform the King's obsequies.

VER. 81. *second hope*] Richard, second son of William the Conqueror.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 89. *Miraturque novas frondes et non sua poma.* Virg.

Ye vig'rous fwains! while youth ferments your  
 blood,  
 And purer spirits swell the sprightly flood,  
 Now range the hills, the gameful woods beset, 95  
 Wind the shrill horn, or spread the waving net.  
 When milder autumn summer's heat succeeds,  
 And in the new-thorn field the partridge feeds,  
 Before his lord the ready spaniel bounds,  
 Panting with hope, he tries the furrow'd grounds;  
 But when the tainted gales the game betray, 101  
 Couch'd close he lies, and meditates the prey:  
 Secure they trust th' unfaithful field beset,  
 'Till hov'ring o'er 'em sweeps the swelling net.  
 Thus (if small things we may with great compare)  
 When Albion sends her eager sons to war, 106

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 91.

Oh may no more a foreign master's rage,  
 With wrongs yet legal, curse a future age!  
 Still spread, fair Liberty! thy heav'nly wings,  
 Breath plenty on the fields, and fragrance on the springs. P.

VER. 97.

When yellow autumn summer's heat succeeds,  
 And into wine the purple harvest bleeds<sup>a</sup>,  
 The partridge feeding in the new-thorn fields,  
 Both morning sports and ev'ning pleasures yields.

<sup>a</sup> Perhaps the Author thought it not allowable to describe the fea-  
 son by a circumstance not proper to our climate, the vintage. P.

Some thoughtless Town, with ease and plenty blest,  
 Near, and more near, the closing lines invest;  
 Sudden they seize th' amaz'd, defenceless prize,  
 And high in air Britannia's standard flies. 110

See! from the brake the whirring pheasant springs,  
 And mounts exulting on triumphant wings:  
 Short is his joy; he feels the fiery wound,  
 Flutters in blood, and panting beats the ground.

Ah! what avail his glossy, varying dyes, 115  
 His purple crest, and scarlet-circled eyes,  
 The vivid green his shining plumes unfold,  
 His painted wings, and breast that flames with gold?

Nor yet, when moist Arcturus clouds the sky,  
 The woods and fields their pleasing toils deny. 120  
 To plains with well-breath'd beagles we repair,  
 And trace the mazes of the circling hare:

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 107. It stood thus in the first Editions,  
 Pleas'd, in the Gen'ral's fight, the host lie down  
 Sudden before some unsuspecting town;  
 The young, the old, one instant makes our prize,  
 And o'er their captive heads Britannia's standard flies.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 115. *nec te tua plurima, Pantheu,  
 Labentem pietas, vel Apollinis infula textit.* Virg.

(Beasts, urg'd by us, their fellow-beasts pursue,  
And learn of man each other to undo.) 124

With flaught'ring guns th' unweary'd fowler roves,  
When frosts have whiten'd all the naked groves;  
Where doves in flocks the leafless trees o'er shade,  
And lonely woodcocks haunt the wat'ry glade.

He lifts the tube, and levels with his eye;  
Strait a short thunder breaks the frozen sky: 130

Oft, as in airy rings they skim the heath,  
The clam'rous Lapwings feel the leaden death:  
Oft, as the mounting larks their notes prepare,  
They fall, and leave their little lives in air.

In genial spring, beneath the quiv'ring shade,  
Where cooling vapours breathe along the mead,  
The patient fisher takes his silent stand, 137  
Intent, his angle trembling in his hand:

With looks unmov'd, he hopes the scaly breed,  
And eyes the dancing cork, and bending reed.  
Our plenteous streams a various race supply, 141  
The bright-ey'd perch with fins of Tyrian dye,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 126. O'er rustling leaves around the naked groves.

VER. 129. The fowler lifts his levell'd tube on high. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 134. *Præcipites alta vitam sub nube relinquunt.* Virg.

† G 2

The silver eel, in shining volumes roll'd,  
 The yellow carp, in scales bedrop'd with gold,  
 Swift trouts, diversify'd with crimson stains, 145  
 And pykes, the tyrants of the watry plains.

Now Cancer glows with Phœbus' fiery car:  
 The youth rush eager to the sylvan war,  
 Swarm o'er the lawns, the forest walks surround,  
 Rouze the fleet hart, and chear the opening hound.  
 Th' impatient courser pants in ev'ry vein, 151  
 And pawing, seems to beat the distant plain:  
 Hills, vales, and floods appear already cross'd,  
 And e'er he starts, a thousand steps are lost. 154  
 See the bold youth strain up the threat'ning steep,  
 Rush thro' the thickets, down the valleys sweep,  
 Hang o'er their coursers heads with eager speed,  
 And earth rolls back beneath the flying steed.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 151. *Th' impatient courser etc.*] Translated from Statius,

*Stare adeo miserum est, pereunt vestigia mille*

*Ante fugam, absentemque ferit gravis ungula campum.*

These lines Mr. Dryden, in his preface to his translation of Fresnoy's Art of painting, calls *wonderfully fine*, and says *they would cost him an hour, if he had the leisure to translate them, there is so much of beauty in the original*; which was the reason, I suppose, why Mr. P. tried his strength with them.

VER. 158. *and earth rolls back*] He has improved his original,

*terraeque urbesque recedunt.* Virg.

Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,  
 Th' immortal huntress, and her virgin-train; 160  
 Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen  
 As bright a Goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN;  
 Whose care, like hers, protects the sylvan reign,  
 The Earth's fair light, and Empress of the Main.

Here too, 'tis sung, of old Diana stray'd, 165  
 And Cynthus' top forsook for Windsor shade;  
 Here was she seen o'er airy wastes to rove,  
 Seek the clear spring, or haunt the pathless grove;  
 Here arm'd with silver bows, in early dawn,  
 Her buskin'd Virgins trac'd the dewy lawn. 170

Above the rest a rural nymph was fam'd,  
 Thy offspring, Thames! the fair Lodona nam'd;  
 (Lodona's fate, in long oblivion cast,  
 The Muse shall sing, and what she sings shall last.)  
 Scarce could the Goddess from her nymph be  
 known,  
 But by the crescent and the golden zone.  
 She scorn'd the praise of beauty, and the care;  
 A belt her waist, a fillet binds her hair;

## REMARKS.

VER. 162. QUEEN ANNE.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 175.

*Nec postu variare comas; ubi fibula vestem,  
 Vittæ coercuerat neglectos alba capillos.* Ovid.

100 WINDSOR-FOREST.

A painted quiver on her shoulder sounds,  
 And with her dart the flying deer she wounds.  
 It chanc'd, as eager of the chace, the maid  
 Beyond the forest's verdant limits stray'd, 180  
 Pan saw and lov'd, and burning with desire  
 Pursu'd her flight, her flight increas'd his fire.  
 Not half so swift the trembling doves can fly,  
 When the fierce eagle cleaves the liquid sky;  
 Not half so swiftly the fierce eagle moves, 185  
 When thro' the clouds he drives the trembling doves;  
 As from the God she flew with furious pace,  
 Or as the God, more furious, urg'd the chace.  
 Now fainting, sinking, pale, the nymph appears;  
 Now close behind, his sounding steps she hears;  
 And now his shadow reach'd her as she run, 191  
 His shadow lengthen'd by the setting sun;  
 And now his shorter breath, with sultry air,  
 Pants on her neck, and fans her parting hair.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 183, 186.

*Ut fugere accipitem penna trepidante columbæ,  
 Ut solet accipiter trepidas agitare columbas.*

Ovid.

VER. 191, 194.

*Sol erat a tergo : vidi præcedere longam  
 Ante pedes umbram : nisi si timor illa videbat.  
 Sed certe sonituque pedum terrebar ; et ingens  
 Erinales vittas affabat anbelitus oris.*

In vain on father Thames she calls for aid, 195  
 Nor could Diana help her injur'd maid.

Faint, breathless, thus she pray'd, nor pray'd in vain;

“ Ah Cynthia! ah — tho' banish'd from thy train,

“ Let me, O let me, to the shades repair,

“ My native shades—there weep, and murmur there.

She said, and melting as in tears she lay, 201

In a soft, silver stream dissolv'd away.

The silver stream her virgin coldness keeps,

For ever murmurs, and for ever weeps;

Still bears the name the hapless virgin bore, 205

And bathes the forest where she rang'd before.

In her chaste current oft the Goddess laves,

And with celestial tears augments the waves.

Oft in her glass the musing shepherd spies

The headlong mountains and the downward skies,

The watry landskip of the pendant woods, 211

And absent trees that tremble in the floods;

In the clear azure gleam the flocks are seen,

And floating forests paint the waves with green,

## REMARKS.

VER. 205. *Still bears the name*] The River Loddon.

VER. 209. *Oft in her glass, etc.*] These six lines were added after the first writing of this poem. P.



Thro' the fair scene roll flow the ling'ring streams,  
Then foaming pour along, and rush into the Thames.

Thou too, great father of the British floods!  
With joyful pride survey'st our lofty woods;  
Where tow'ring oaks their growing honours rear,  
And future navies on thy shores appear. 220  
Not Neptune's self from all her streams receives  
A wealthier tribute, than to thine he gives.  
No seas so rich, so gay no banks appear,  
No lake so gentle, and no spring so clear.  
Nor Po so swells the fabling Poet's lays, 225  
While led along the skies his current strays,  
As thine, which visits Windsor's fam'd abodes,  
To grace the mansion of our earthly Gods:  
Nor all his stars above a lustre show,  
Like the bright Beauties on thy banks below; 230  
Where Jove, subdu'd by mortal Passion still,  
Might change Olympus for a nobler hill.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 233.

Happy the man, who to the shades retires,  
But doubly happy, if the Muse inspires!  
Blest whom the sweets of home-felt quiet please;  
But far more blest, who study joins with ease. P.

VER. 231. It stood thus in the MS.

And force great Jove, if Jove's a lover still,  
To change Olympus, etc.

Happy the man whom this bright Court approves,  
 His Sov'reign favours, and his Country loves :  
 Happy next him, who to these shades retires, 235  
 Whom Nature charms, and whom the Muse inspires:  
 Whom humbler joys of home-felt quiet please,  
 Successive study, exercise, and ease.

He gathers health from herbs the forest yields,  
 And of their fragrant physic spoils the fields: 240  
 With chymic art exalts the min'ral pow'rs,  
 And draws the aromatic souls of flow'rs:  
 Now marks the course of rolling orbs on high;  
 O'er figur'd worlds now travels with his eye;  
 Of ancient writ unlocks the learned store, 245  
 Consults the dead, and lives past ages o'er:  
 Or wand'ring thoughtful in the silent wood,  
 Attends the duties of the wise and good,  
 T'observe a mean, be to himself a friend,  
 To follow nature, and regard his end; 250  
 Or looks on heav'n with more than mortal eyes,  
 Bids his free soul expatiate in the skies,  
 Amid her kindred stars familiar roam,  
 Survey the region, and confess her home!

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 249, 50. *Servare modum finemque tenere,  
 Naturamque sequi.* Lucr.

Such was the life great Scipio once admir'd, 255  
 Thus Atticus, and TRUMBAL thus retir'd.

Ye sacred Nine! that all my soul possess,  
 Whose raptures fire me, and whose visions bless,  
 Bear me, oh bear me to sequester'd scenes,  
 The bow'ry mazes, and surrounding greens: 260  
 To Thames's banks which fragrant breezes fill,  
 Or where ye Muses sport on COOPER'S HILL.  
 (On COOPER'S HILL eternal wreaths shall grow,  
 While lasts the mountain, or while Thames shall  
 flow)

I seem thro' consecrated walks to rove, 265  
 I hear soft music die along the grove:  
 Led by the sound, I roam from shade to shade,  
 By god-like Poets venerable made:  
 Here his first lays majestic DENHAM sung;  
 There the last numbers flow'd from COWLEY'S  
 tongue.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 265. it stood thus in the MS.

Methinks around your holy scenes I rove,  
 And hear your music echoing thro' the grove:  
 With transport visit each inspiring shade  
 By God-like Poets venerable made.

## REMARKS.

VER. 270. *There the last numbers flow'd from Cowley's tongue*  
 Mr. Cowley died at Chertsey, on the borders of the Forest, and  
 was from thence convey'd to Westminster. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 259. *O qui me gelidis, etc.*

Virg.

O early lost! what tears the river shed, 271  
 When the sad pomp along his banks was led?  
 His drooping swans on ev'ry note expire,  
 And on his willows hung each Muse's lyre.

Since fate relentless stop'd their heav'nly voice,  
 No more the forests ring, or groves rejoice;  
 Who now shall charm the shades, where COWLEY  
 strung

His living harp, and lofty DENHAM sung?  
 But hark! the groves rejoice, the forest rings!  
 Are these reviv'd? or is it GRANVILLE sings? 280  
 'Tis yours, my Lord, to bless our soft retreats,  
 And call the Muses to their ancient seats;  
 To paint anew the flow'ry sylvan scenes,  
 To crown the forests with immortal greens,  
 Make Windsor-hills in lofty numbers rise, 285  
 And lift her turrets nearer to the skies;  
 To sing those honours you deserve to wear,  
 And add new lustre to her silver star.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 273.

What sighs, what murmurs fill'd the vocal shore!

His tuneful swans were heard to sing no more. P.

VER. 288. *her silver star*] All the lines that follow were not added to the poem till the year 1710. What immediately followed this, and made the Conclusion, were these,

My humble Muse in unambitious strains  
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains;

Here noble SURREY felt the sacred rage,  
 SURREY, the GRANVILLE of a former age: 290  
 Matchless his pen, victorious was his lance,  
 Bold in the lists, and graceful in the dance:  
 In the same shades the Cupids tun'd his lyre,  
 To the same notes, of love, and soft desire:  
 Fair Geraldine, bright object of his vow, 295  
 Then fill'd the groves, as heav'nly Mira now.

Oh would'st thou sing what Heroes Windsor bore,  
 What Kings first breath'd upon her winding shore,  
 Or raise old warriors, whose ador'd remains  
 In weeping vaults her hallow'd earth contains!  
 With Edward's acts adorn the shining page, 301  
 Stretch his long triumphs down thro' ev'ry age,  
 Draw Monarchs chain'd, and Cressi's glorious field,  
 The lillies blazing on the regal shield:

## VARIATIONS.

Where I obscurely pass my careless days,  
 Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise,  
 Enough for me that to the list'ning swains  
 First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains. P.

## REMARKS.

VER. 289. *Here noble Surrey*] Henry Howard, Earl of Surrey, one of the first refiners of the English poetry; who flourish'd in the time of Henry VIII. P.

VER. 301. *Edward's acts*] Edward III. born here. P.

Then, from her roofs when Verriô's colours fall,  
 And leave inanimate the naked wall,  
 Still in thy song should vanquish'd France appear,  
 And bleed for ever under Britain's spear.

Let softer strains ill-fated Henry mourn,  
 And palms eternal flourish round his urn. 310

Here o'er the Martyr-King the marble weeps,  
 And fast beside him, once-fear'd Edward sleeps:  
 Whom not th' extended Albion could contain,  
 From old Belerium to the northern main,  
 The grave unites; where ev'n the Great find rest,  
 And blended lie th' oppressor and th' oppress'd! 316

Make sacred Charles's tomb for ever known,  
 (Obscure the place, and un-inscrib'd the stone)  
 Oh fact accurst! what tears has Albion shed,  
 Heav'ns, what new wounds! and how her old have  
 bled?

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 305. Originally thus in the MS.

When Brass decays, when Trophies lie o'er-thrown,  
 And mould'ring into dust *drops the proud stone.*

VER. 319. Originally thus in the MS.

Oh fact accurst! oh sacrilegious brood,  
 Sworn to Rebellion, principled in blood!  
 Since that dire morn what tears has Albion shed,  
 Gods! what new wounds, etc.

## REMARKS.

VER. 309. *Henry mourn*] Henry VI. P.

VER. 312. *once-fear'd Edward sleeps:]* Edward IV. 'P.

She saw her sons with purple deaths expire, 321

Her sacred domes involv'd in rolling fire,

A dreadful series of intestine wars,

Inglorious triumphs and dishonest scars. 324

At length great ANNA said—"Let Discord cease!"

She said, the world obey'd, and all was Peace!

In that blest moment from his oozy bed

Old father Thames advanc'd his rev'rend head.

His tresses drop'd with dews, and o'er the stream

His shining horns diffus'd a golden gleam: 330

Grav'd on his urn appear'd the moon, that guides

His swelling waters, and alternate tides;

The figur'd streams in waves of silver roll'd,

And on their banks Augusta rose in gold.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 325. Thus in the MS.

Till Anna rose and bade the Furies cease;

*Let there be Peace*—she said, and all was *Peace*.

Between Verse 328 and 329, originally stood these lines,

From shore to shore exulting shouts he heard,

O'er all his banks a lambent light appear'd,

With sparkling flames heav'n's glowing concave shone,

Fictitious stars, and glories not her own.

He saw, and gently rose above the stream;

His shining horns diffuse a golden gleam:

With pearl and gold his tow'ry front was drest,

The tributes of the distant East and West. P.

Around his throne the sea-born brothers stood, 335  
 Who swell with tributary urns his flood;  
 First the fam'd authors of his ancient name,  
 The winding Isis and the fruitful Tame:  
 The Kennet swift, for silver eels renown'd; 339  
 The Loddon slow, with verdant alders crown'd;  
 Cole, whose dark streams his flow'ry islands lave;  
 And chalky Wey, that rolls a milky wave:  
 The blue, transparent Vandalis appears;  
 The gulphy Lee his sedgy tresses rears;  
 And fullen Mole, that hides his diving flood; 345  
 And silent Darent, stain'd with Danish blood.

High in the midst, upon his urn reclin'd,  
 (His sea-green mantle waving with the wind)  
 The God appear'd: he turn'd his azure eyes 349  
 Where Windsor-domes and pompous turrets rise;  
 Then bow'd and spoke; the winds forget to roar,  
 And the hush'd waves glide softly to the shore.

Hail, sacred Peace! hail long-expected days,  
 That Thames's glory to the stars shall raise! 354  
 Tho' Tyber's streams immortal Rome behold,  
 Tho' foaming Hermus swells with tides of gold,  
 From heav'n itself tho' sev'n-fold Nilus flows,  
 And harvests on a hundred realms bestows;



These now no more shall be the Muse's themes,  
 Lost in my fame, as in the sea their streams. 360  
 Let Volga's banks with iron squadrons shine,  
 And groves of lances glitter on the Rhine,  
 Let barb'rous Ganges arm a servile train;  
 Be mine the blessings of a peaceful reign.  
 No more my sons shall die with British blood 365  
 Red Iber's sands, or Ister's foaming flood:  
 Safe on my shore each unmolested swain  
 Shall tend the flocks, or reap the bearded grain;  
 The shady empire shall retain no trace  
 Of war or blood, but in the sylvan chace; 370  
 The trumpet sleep, while chearful horns are blown,  
 And arms employ'd on birds and beasts alone.  
 Behold! th' ascending Villa's on my side,  
 Project long shadows o'er the crystal tide,  
 Behold! Augusta's glitt'ring spires increase, 375  
 And Temples rise, the beauteous works of Peace.

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 361. Originally thus in the MS.

Let Venice boast her Tow'rs amidst the Main,  
 Where the rough Adrian swells and roars in vain;  
 Here not a Town, but spacious Realm shall have  
 A sure foundation on the rolling wave.

## REMARKS.

VER. 376. *And Temples rise,*] The fifty new Churches. P.

I see, I see, where two fair cities bend  
 Their ample bow, a new Whitehall ascend!  
 There mighty Nations shall enquire their doom,  
 The World's great Oracle in times to come; 380  
 There Kings shall sue, and suppliant States be seen  
 Once more to bend before a BRITISH QUEEN.

Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their  
 woods,  
 And half thy forests rush into thy floods,  
 Bear Britain's thunder, and her Cross display, 385  
 To the bright regions of the rising day;  
 Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,  
 Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 383, etc. were originally thus,  
 Now shall our fleets the bloody Cross display  
 To the rich regions of the rising day,  
 Or those green isles, where headlong Titan sleeps  
 His hissing axle in th' Atlantic deeps;  
 Tempt icy seas, etc. P.

## REMARKS.

VER. 388. *Where clearer flames glow round the frozen Pole.*  
 The Poet is here recommending the *advantages of commerce*,  
 and therefore the extremities of heat and cold are not represent-  
 ed in a forbidding manner: as again,

*Or under southern skies exalt their sails,  
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales.*

But in the Dunciad, where the *mischief of Dulness* is described,  
 they are painted in all their inclemencies,

*See round the Poles where keener spangles shine,  
 Where spices smoke beneath the burning line.*

† H

Or under fouthern skies exalt their sails,  
 Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales! 390  
 For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,  
 The coral redden, and the ruby glow,  
 The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,  
 And Phœbus warm the rip'ning ore to gold. 394  
 The time shall come, when free as seas or wind  
 Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,  
 Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,  
 And seas but join the regions they divide ;  
 Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold, 399  
 And the new world launch forth to seek the old.  
 Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tyde,  
 And feather'd people croud my wealthy side,  
 And naked youths and painted chiefs admire  
 Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!  
 Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore,  
 'Till Conquest cease, and Slav'ry be no more ; 406  
 'Till the freed Indians in their native groves  
 Reap their own fruits, and woo their sable loves,

## REMARKS.

VER. 396. *Unbounded Thames, etc.*] A wish that London  
 may be made a FREE PORT. P.

Peru once more a race of Kings behold,  
 And other Mexico's be roof'd with gold. 410  
 Exil'd by thee from earth to deepest hell,  
 In brazen bonds, shall barb'rous Discord dwell;  
 Gigantic Pride, pale Terror, gloomy Care,  
 And mad Ambition shall attend her there:  
 There purple Vengeance bath'd in gore retires, 415  
 Her weapons blunted, and extinct her fires:  
 There hateful Envy her own snakes shall feel,  
 And Persecution mourn her broken wheel:  
 There Faction roar, Rebellion bite her chain,  
 And gasping Furies thirst for blood in vain. 420  
 Here cease thy flight, nor with unhallow'd lays  
 Touch the fair fame of Albion's golden days:  
 The thoughts of Gods let GRANVILLE's verse recite,  
 And bring the scenes of op'ning fate to light.  
 My humble Muse, in unambitious strains, 425  
 Paints the green forests and the flow'ry plains,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 421.

*Quo, Musa, tendis? desine pervicax  
 Referre sermones Deorum et  
 Magna modis tenuare parvis.*

Hor.

114 WINDSOR-FOREST.

Where Peace descending bids her olives spring,  
And scatters blessings from her dove-like wing.  
Ev'n I more sweetly pass my careless days,  
Pleas'd in the silent shade with empty praise; 430  
Enough for me, that to the list'ning swains  
First in these fields I sung the sylvan strains.

O D E  
O N  
ST. CECILIA'S DAY,  
M DCC VIII.  
A N D O T H E R  
P I E C E S for M U S I C.

† H 3

ODD IN MUSIC

SPECIAL DAY

SPECIAL DAY

# ODE for MUSIC

O N

ST. CECILIA'S DAY.

I.

**D**escend, ye Nine! descend and sing;  
The breathing instruments inspire,  
Wake into voice each silent string,  
And sweep the sounding lyre!

In a sadly-pleasing strain

5

Let the warbling lute complain:

Let the loud trumpet sound,

'Till the roofs all around

The shrill echos rebound:

## REMARKS.

*Ode for Music.*] This is one of the most artful as well as sublime of our Poet's smaller compositions. The *first* stanza is a description of the various tones and measures in music. The *second* relates their power over the several passions in general. The *third*, their use in inspiring the Heroic passions in particular. The *fourth*, *fifth*, and *sixth*, their power over all nature in the fable of Orpheus's expedition to hell; which subject of illustration arose naturally out of the preceding mention of the Argo-

† H 4



While in more lengthen'd notes and flow, 10  
The deep, majestic, solemn organs blow.

Hark! the number soft and clear,

Gently steal upon the ear;

Now louder, and yet louder rise

And fill with spreading sounds the skies; 15

Exulting in triumph now swell the bold notes,

In broken air, trembling, the wild music floats;

'Till, by degrees, remote and small,

The strains decay,

And melt away, 20

In a dying, dying fall.

## II.

By Music, minds an equal temper know,

Nor swell too high, nor sink too low.

If in the breast tumultuous joys arise,

Music her soft, assuasive voice applies; 25

## REMARKS.

nautic expedition, where Orpheus gives an example of the use of Music to inspire the heroic passions. The *seventh* and last concludes in praise of Music, and the advantages of the sacred above the prophane.

VER. 7. *Let the loud trumpet sound, etc.*] Our Author in his rules for good writing had said, that *the sound should be an echo to the sense.* The graces it adds to the harmony are obvious. But we should never have seen all the advantages arising from it had this ode not been written. In which, one may venture to say, is found all the harmony that sound, when it comes in aid of sense, is capable of producing.

Or when the soul is press'd with cares,  
 Exalts her in enlivening airs,  
 Warriors she fires with animated sounds;  
 Pours balm into the bleeding lover's wounds:  
 Melancholy lifts her head, 30  
 Morpheus rouses from his bed,  
 Sloth unfolds her arms and wakes,  
 Lift'ning Envy drops her snakes;  
 Intestine war no more our Passions wage,  
 And giddy Factions hear away their rage. 35

## III.

But when our Country's cause provokes to Arms,  
 How martial music ev'ry bosom warms!  
 So when the first bold vessel dar'd the seas,  
 High on the stern the Thracian rais'd his strain,  
 While Argo saw her kindred trees 40  
 Descend from Pelion to the main.  
 Transported demi-gods stood round,  
 And men grew heroes at the sound,  
 Enflam'd with glory's charms:  
 Each chief his sev'nfold shield display'd, 45  
 And half unsheath'd the shining blade:  
 And seas, and rocks, and skies rebound  
 To arms, to arms, to arms!

## IV.

But when thro' all th' infernal bounds,  
 Which flaming Phlegeton surrounds, 50  
     Love, strong as Death, the Poet led  
     To the' pale nations of the dead,  
 What sounds were heard,  
 What scenes appear'd,  
     O'er all the dreary coasts! 55  
         Dreadful gleams,  
         Dismal screams,  
         Fires that glow,  
         Shrieks of woe,  
         Sullen moans, 60  
         Hollow groans,  
         And cries of tortur'd ghosts!  
 But hark! he strikes the golden lyre;  
 And see! the tortur'd ghosts respire,  
     See, shady forms advance! 65  
     Thy stone, O Sisyphus, stands still,  
     Ixion rests upon his wheel,  
         And the pale spectres dance!  
 The Furies sink upon their iron beds,  
 And snakes uncurl'd hang list'ning round their  
     heads,

## V.

By the streams that ever flow, . . . . . 70  
 By the fragrant winds that blow  
     O'er th' Elyfian flow'rs;  
 By thofe happy fouls who dwell  
 In yellow meads of Afphodel,  
     Or Amaranthine bow'rs; . . . . . 75  
 By the hero's armed fhades,  
 Glitt'ring thro' the gloomy glades;  
 By the youths that dy'd for love,  
 Wand'ring in the myrtle grove,  
 Reftore, reftore Eurydice to life: . . . . . 80  
 Oh take the husband, or return the wife!

He fung, and hell confented  
     To hear the Poet's prayer:  
 Stern Proferpine relented,  
     And gave him back the fair. . . . . 85  
     Thus fong could prevail  
     O'er death, and o'er hell,  
 A conqueft how hard and how glorious?  
     Tho' fate had faft bound her  
     With Styx nine times round her, . . . . . 90  
 Yet mufic and love were victorious.

## VI.

But soon, too soon, the lover turns his eyes :  
 Again she falls, again she dies, she dies !  
 How wilt thou now the fatal sisters move ?

No crime was thine, if 'tis no crime to love. 95

Now under hanging mountains,

Beside the falls of fountains,

Or where Hebrus wanders,

Rolling in Mæanders,

All alone,

100

Unheard, unknown,

He makes his moan ;

And calls her ghost,

For ever, ever, ever lost !

Now with Furies surrounded,

105

Despairing, confounded,

He trembles, he glows,

Amidst Rhodope's snows :

See, wild as the winds, o'er the desert he flies ;

Hark! Hæmus resounds with the Bacchanals cries—

Ah see, he dies !

Yet ev'n in death Eurydice he sung,

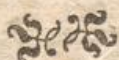
Eurydice still trembled on his tongue,

Eurydice the woods,  
 Eurydice the floods, 115  
 Eurydice the rocks, and hollow mountains rung.

## VII.

Mufic the fiercest grief can charm,  
 And fate's fevereft rage difarm :  
 Mufic can foften pain to eafe, 120  
 And make defpair and madnefs pleafe :  
 Our joys below it can improve,  
 And antedate the blifs above.

This the divine Cecilia found,  
 And to her Maker's praife confin'd the found. 125  
 When the full organ joins the tuneful quire,  
 Th' immortal pow'rs incline their ear ;  
 Borne on the fwelling notes our fouls aspire,  
 While folemn airs improve the facred fire ;  
 And Angels lean from heav'n to hear. 130  
 Of Orpheus now no more let Poets tell,  
 To bright Cecilia greater power is giv'n ;  
 His numbers rais'd a fhade from hell,  
 Hers lift the foul to heav'n.



T W O  
C H O R U S ' S  
T O T H E  
Tragedy of BRUTUS<sup>a</sup>.

CHORUS of ATHENIANS.

STROPHE I.

**Y**E shades, where sacred truth is sought ;  
Groves, where immortal Sages taught :  
Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd,  
And Epicurus lay inspir'd !  
In vain your guiltless laurels stood 5  
Unspotted long with human blood.  
War, horrid war, your thoughtful walks invades,  
And steel now glitters in the Muses shades.

REMARKS.

THESE two Chorus's were compos'd to enrich a very poor Play ; but they had the usual effect of ill-adjusted Ornaments, to make its meanness but the more conspicuous.

<sup>a</sup> Altered from Shakespear by the Duke of Buckingham, at whose desire these two Chorus's were compos'd to supply as many, wanting in his play. They were set many years afterwards by the famous Bononcini, and performed at Buckingham-house. P.

VER. 3. *Where heav'nly visions Plato fir'd, And Epicurus lay inspir'd!*] The propriety of these lines arises from hence, that *Brutus*, one of the Heroes of this Play, was of the Old Academy ; and *Cassius*, the other, was an Epicurean ; but this had not been enough to justify the Poet's choice, had not Plato's system of *Divinity*, and Epicurus's system of *Morals*, been the most rational amongst the various sects of Greek Philosophy.

## ANTISTROPHE I.

Oh heav'n-born sisters! source of art!  
 Who charm the sense, or mend the heart;  
 Who lead fair Virtue's train along,  
 Moral Truth, and mystic Song!  
 To what new clime, what distant sky,  
 Forsaken, friendless, shall ye fly?  
 Say, will ye bless the bleak Atlantic shore? 15  
 Or bid the furious Gaul be rude no more?

## STROPHE II.

When Athens sinks by fates unjust,  
 When wild Barbarians spurn her dust;  
 Perhaps ev'n Britain's utmost shore  
 Shall cease to blush with stranger's gore, 20  
 See Arts her savage sons controul,  
 And Athens rising near the pole!  
 'Till some new Tyrant lifts his purple hand,  
 And civil madness tears them from the land.

## REMARKS.

VER. 12. *Moral truth AND mystic song.*] He had expressed himself better had he said,

“Moral truth IN mystic song!

In the Antistrophe he turns from *Philosophy* to *Mythology*; and *Mythology* is nothing but *moral truth in mystic song.*



## ANTISTROPHE II.

Ye Gods! what justice rules the ball? 25  
Freedom and Arts together fall;  
Fools grant whate'er Ambition craves,  
And men, once ignorant, are slaves.  
Oh curs'd effects of civil hate,  
In ev'ry age, in ev'ry state! 30  
Still, when the lust of tyrant power succeeds,  
Some Athens perishes, some Tully bleeds.

CHORUS of *Youths* and *Virgins*.

## SEMICHORUS.

O H Tyrant Love! hast thou possess't  
The prudent, learn'd, and virtuous breast?

Wisdom and wit in vain reclaim,  
And Arts but soften us to feel thy flame.

Love, soft intruder, enters here, 5

But entering learns to be sincere.

Marcus with blushes owns he loves,

And Brutus tenderly reproveth.

Why, Virtue, dost thou blame desire,  
Which Nature has impress'd? 10

Why, Nature, dost thou soonest fire

The mild and gen'rous breast?

## CHORUS.

Love's purer flames the Gods approve;

The Gods and Brutus bend to love:

Brutus for absent Portia sighs, 15

And sterner Cassius melts at Junia's eyes.

## REMARKS.

VER. 9. *Why, Virtue, etc.*] In allusion to that famous conceit of Guarini,

“Se il peccare è sì dolce, etc.”

† 1

What is loose love? a tranſient guſt,  
Spent in a ſudden ſtorm of luſt,  
A vapour fed from wild deſire,  
A wand'ring, ſelf-conſuming fire. 20

But Hymen's kinder flames unite;  
And burn for ever one;  
Chafte as cold Cynthia's virgin light,  
Productive as the Sun.

## SEMICHORUS.

Oh ſource of ev'ry ſocial tye, 25  
United wiſh, and mutual joy!  
What various joys on one attend,  
As ſon, as father, brother, huſband, friend?  
Whether his hoary fire he ſpies,  
While thouſand grateful thoughts ariſe; 30  
Or meets his ſpouſe's fonder eye;  
Or views his ſmiling progeny;  
What tender paſſions take their turns,  
What home-felt raptures move?  
His heart now melts, now leaps, now burns,  
With rev'rence, hope, and love. 36

## CHORUS.

Hence guilty joys, diſtaſtes, ſurmizes,  
Hence falſe tears, deceits, diſguiſes,

Dangers, doubts, delays, surprizes;

Fires that scorch, yet dare not shine: 40

Purest love's unwasting treasure,

Constant faith, fair hope, long leisure,

Days of ease, and nights of pleasure;

Sacred Hymen! these are thine<sup>a</sup>.

## R E M A R K S.

<sup>a</sup> These two Chorus's are enough to shew us his great talents for this species of Poetry, and to make us lament he did not prosecute his purpose in executing some plans he had chalked out; but the Character of the Managers of Playhouses was what (he said) soon determined him to lay aside all thoughts of this nature.

O D E on SOLITUDE<sup>a</sup>.

**H**APPY the man, whose wish and care  
 A few paternal acres bound,  
 Content to breathe his native air,  
 In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,  
 Whose flocks supply him with attire, 6  
 Whose trees in summer yield him shade,  
 In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find  
 Hours, days, and years slide soft away, 10  
 In health of body, peace of mind,  
 Quiet by day,

Sound sleep by night; study and ease,  
 Together mixt; sweet recreation;  
 And innocence, which most does please 15  
 With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown,  
 Thus unlamented let me die,  
 Steal from the world, and not a stone  
 Tell where I lie.

<sup>a</sup> This was a very early production of our Author, written at about twelve years old. P.

## The dying Christian to his SOUL.

O D E<sup>a</sup>.

I.

VITAL spark of heav'nly flame!  
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame:  
 Trembling, hoping, ling'ring, flying,  
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying!  
 Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife, 5  
 And let me languish into life.

II.

Hark! they whisper; Angels say,  
 Sister Spirit, come away.  
 What is this absorbs me quite?  
 Steals my senses, shuts my sight,  
 Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?  
 Tell me, my Soul, can this be Death?

REMARKS.

<sup>a</sup> This ode was written in imitation of the famous sonnet of Hadrian to his departing soul; but as much superior in sense and sublimity to his original, as the *Christian* Religion is to the *Pagan*.

† 13

## III.

The world recedes ; it disappears !

Heav'n opens on my eyes ! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring :

Lend, lend your wings ! I mount ! I fly !

O Grave ! where is thy Victory ?

O Death ! where is thy Sting ?

A N  
E S S A Y  
O N  
C R I T I C I S M .

Written in the Year MDCCIX.

† 1 4



CONSTITUTIONAL  
HISTORY  
OF  
ENGLAND  
BY  
J. H. BURNETT  
OF  
TRINITY COLLEGE, HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT  
CRITICISM

Written in the Year 1841

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( 137 )

A N

E S S A Y

O N

# CRITICISM.

'T IS hard to say, if greater want of skill  
Appear in writing or in judging ill;  
But, of the two, less dang'rous is th' offence  
To tire our patience, than mislead our sense.

## COMMENTARY.

*An Essay*] The Poem is in one book, but divided into three principals parts or members. The first [to § 201.] gives rules for the *Study of the Art of Criticism*: the second [from thence to § 560.] exposes the *Causes of wrong Judgment*; and the third [from thence to the end] prescribes the *Morals of the Critic*.

In order to a right understanding of this poem, it will be necessary to observe, that tho' it be intituled simply *an Essay on Criticism*, yet several of the precepts relate equally to the good *writing* as well as to the true *judging* of a poem. This is so far from violating the *Unity* of the Subject, that it rounds and compleats it: or from disordering the regularity of the *Form*, that it produces the highest beauty which can arise out of method, as will appear by the following considerations: 1. It was impossible to give a full and exact idea of the *Art of poetical Criticism*, without considering, at the same time, the *Art of Poetry*; so far as Poetry is an *Art*. These therefore being closely connected in nature, the Author has with much judgment reciprocally

## 138 ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

Some few in that, but numbers err in this, 5  
 Ten censure wrong for one who writes amiss;  
 A fool might once himself alone expose,  
 Now one in verse makes many more in prose.

'Tis with our judgments as our watches, none  
 Go just alike, yet each believes his own. 10

## COMMENTARY.

interwoven the precepts of both thro' his whole poem. 2. As all the rules of the ancient Critics were taken from Poets who copied nature, this is another reason why every Poet should be a Critic: Therefore, as the subject is *poetical Criticism*, it is frequently addressed to the *critical Poet*. And 3dly, the Art of Criticism is as necessarily, and much more usefully exercised in *writing* than in *judging*.

But Readers have been misled by the modesty of the *Title*: which only promises an Art of *Criticism*, in a treatise, and that a compleat one, of the Art both of *Criticism* and *Poetry*. This, and the not attending to the considerations offered above, perhaps was what misled a very candid writer, after having given this Piece all the praises on the side of genius and poetry which his true taste could not refuse it, to say, that *the observations follow one another like those in Horace's Art of Poetry, without that methodical regularity which would have been requisite in a prose writer*. Spec. N<sup>o</sup> 235. I do not see how *method* can hurt any one grace of Poetry; or what prerogative there is in verse to dispense with *regularity*. The remark is false in every part of it. Mr. Pope's *Essay on Criticism*, the Reader will soon see, is a regular piece: And a very learned Critic has lately shewn, that *Horace* had the same attention to method in his *Art of Poetry*.

VER. 1. 'Tis hard to say, etc.] The Poem opens [from *l. 1* to *l. 9*.] with shewing the use and seasonableness of the subject. Its *use*, from the greater mischief in wrong Criticism than in ill Poetry, this only tiring, that misleading the reader: Its *seasonableness*, from the growing number of false Critics, which now vastly exceeds that of bad Poets.

VER. 9. 'Tis with our judgments, etc.] The author having

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 139

In Poets as true genius is but rare,  
 True Taste as seldom is the Critic's share;  
 Both must alike from Heav'n derive their light,  
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.

COMMENTARY.

shewn us the expediency of his subject, the Art of *Criticism*, next inquires [from  $\gamma$  8 to 15] into the necessary *Qualities* of a *true Critic*: And observes first, that JUDGMENT, simply and alone, is not sufficient to constitute this character, because *Judgment*, like the *artificial measures of Time*, goes different, and yet each relies upon his own. The reason is conclusive; and the similitude extremely just. For *Judgment*, when alone, is always regulated, or at least much influenced by custom, fashion, and habit; and never certain and constant but when founded upon TASTE: which is the same in the *Critic*, as GENIUS in the *Poet*: both are derived from Heaven, and like the Sun (the *natural measure of Time*) always constant and equal.

Nor need we wonder that Judgment alone will not make a Critic in poetry, when we see that it will not make a Poet. And on examination we shall find, that *Genius* and *Taste* are but one and the same faculty, differently exerting itself under different names, in the two professions of *Poet* and *Critic*. For the Art of Poetry consists in *selecting*, out of all those images which present themselves to the fancy, such of them as are truly poetical: And the Art of Criticism in judiciously discerning, and fully relishing what it finds so selected. 'Tis the same operation of the mind in both cases, and consequently, exerted by the same faculty. All the difference is, that in the Poet this faculty is eminently joined with a *bright imagination*, and *extensive comprehension*, which provide stores for the selection, and can form that selection, by proportioned parts, into a regular whole: In the Critic, with a *solid judgment* and *accurate discernment*; which penetrate into the causes of an excellence, and can shew that excellence in all its variety of lights. *Longinus* had *taste* in an eminent degree; so this, which is indeed common to all true Critics, our Author makes his distinguishing character,

*Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,  
 And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.*

Let such teach others who themselves excel, 15  
 And censure freely who have written well.  
 Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,  
 But are not Critics to their judgment too?

Yet if we look more closely, we shall find  
 Most have the seeds of judgment in their mind: 20

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others, etc.*] But it is not enough that the Critic hath these *natural endowments* to entitle him to the exercise of his Art, he ought, as our Author shews us [from v 14 to 19] to give a further test of his qualification, by some *acquired talents*: And this on two accounts: 1. Because the office of a Critic is an exercise of Authority. 2. Because he being naturally as partial to his *Judgment* as the Poet is to his *Wit*, his partiality would have nothing to correct it, as that of the person judged hath. Therefore some test is reasonable; and the best and most unexceptionable is his having written well himself, an approved remedy against *Critical partiality*; and the surest means of so maturing the Judgment, as to reap with glory what *Longinus* calls *the last and most perfect fruits of much study and experience*. Η ΓΑΡ ΤΩΝ ΛΟΓΩΝ ΚΡΙΣΙΣ ΠΟΛΛΗΣ ΕΣΤΙ ΠΕΙΡΑΣ ΤΕΛΕΥΤΑΙΟΝ ΕΠΙΓΕΝΝΗΜΑ.

VER. 19. *Yet if we look, etc.*] But having been so free with this fundamental quality of Criticism, *Judgment*, as to charge it with *inconstancy* and *partiality*, and as often warped by *custom* and *affection*; that this may not be mistaken, he next explains [from v 18 to 36.) the nature of *Judgment*, and the accidents

## NOTES.

VER. 15. *Let such teach others*] *Qui scribit artificiose, ab aliis commode scripta facile intelligere poterit.* Cic. ad Herenn. lib. 4. *De pictore, sculptore, fectore, nisi artifex, judicare non potest.* Pliny. P.

VER. 20. *Most have the seeds*] *Omnes tacito quodam sensu, sine ulla arte, aut ratione, quæ sint in artibus ac rationibus recta et prava dijudicant.* Cic. de Orat. lib. iii. P.

Nature affords at least a glimm'ring light ;  
 The lines, tho' touch'd but faintly, are drawn right.  
 But as the flightest sketch, if justly trac'd,  
 Is by ill-colouring but the more disgrac'd,  
 So by false learning is good sense defac'd :  
 Some are bewilder'd in the maze of schools, 26  
 And some made coxcombs Nature meant but fools.

VARIATIONS.

Between  $\gamma$  25 and 26 were these lines, since omitted by the author :

Many are spoil'd by that pedantic throng,  
 Who with great pains teach youth to reason wrong.  
 Tutors, like Virtuoso's, oft inclin'd  
 By strange transfusion to improve the mind,  
 Draw off the sense we have, to pour in new ;  
 Which yet, with all their skill, they ne'er could do. P.

COMMENTARY.

occasioning those disorders before objected to it. He owns, that the *seeds of Judgment* are indeed sown in the minds of most men, but by ill culture, as it springs up, it generally runs wild : either on the one hand, by *false knowledge* which pedants call *Philology* ; or by *false reasoning* which Philosophers call *School-learning* : Or on the other, by *false wit* which is not regulated by *sense* ; or by *false politeness* which is solely regulated by the *fashion*. Both these sorts, who have their Judgments thus doubly

NOTES.

VER. 25. *So by false learning*] *Plus sine doctrina prudentia, quam sine prudentia valet doctrina.* Quint. P.

VER. 26, 27. *Some are bewilder'd, etc.*] This thought is taken from Lord Rochester, but more decently expressed :

*God never made a Coxcomb worth a groat,  
 We owe that name to industry and arts.*



In search of wit these lose their common sense,  
 And then turn Critics in their own defence:  
 Each burns alike, who can, or cannot write, 30  
 Or with a Rival's, or an Eunuch's spite.  
 All fools have still an itching to deride,  
 And fain would be upon the laughing side.  
 If Mævius scribble in Apollo's spight,  
 There are, who judge still worse than he can write.

Some have at first for Wits, then Poets past, 36  
 Turn'd Critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.

## COMMENTARY.

depraved, the poet observes, are naturally turned to censure and reprehension; only with this difference, that the *Dunce* always affects to be on the *reasoning*, and the *Fool* on the *laughing* side. —And thus, at the same time, our author proves the truth of his introductory observation, *that the number of bad Critics is vastly superior to that of bad Poets.*

VER. 36. *Some have at first for Wits, etc.*] The poet having enumerated, in this account of the nature of Judgment and its

## NOTES.

VER. 28. *In search of wit these lose their common sense,*] This observation is extremely just. *Search of wit* is not only the *occasion* but the *efficient cause* of *loss of common sense*. For *wit* consisting in chusing out, and setting together, such ideas from whose likenesses pleasant pictures are made in the fancy; the *Judgment*, thro' an *habitual* search of Wit, loses by degrees its faculty of seeing the true relations of things; in which consists the exercise of *common sense*.

VER. 32. *All fools have still an itching to deride, And fain would be upon the laughing side.*] The *sentiment* is just. And if Hobbes's account of laughter be true, that it arises from pride, we see the reason of it. The *expression* too is fine, it alludes to the condition of Idiots and natural-fools who are always on the grin.

Some neither can for Wits nor Critics pass,  
 As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass.  
 Those half-learn'd witlings, num'rous in our isle,  
 As half-form'd insects on the banks of Nile; 41  
 Unfinish'd things, one knows not what to call,  
 Their generation's so equivocal:

COMMENTARY.

various depravations, the several sorts of *bad Critics*, and ranked them into two general Classes; as the first sort, namely the men spoiled by *false learning*, are but few in comparison of the other, and likewise come less within his main view (which is *poetical Criticism*) but keep groveling at the bottom amongst *words and letters*, he thought it here sufficient just to have mentioned them, proposing to do them right elsewhere. But the men spoiled by *false taste* are innumerable; and These are his proper concern: He therefore, from  $\text{v}$  35 to 46. sub-divides them again into the two classes of the *volatile* and *heavy*: He describes in few words the quick progress of the One thro' *Criticism*, from false wit to plain folly, where they end; and the fixed station of the Other between the confines of both; who under the name of *Witlings*, have neither end nor measure. A kind of half formed creature from the equivocal generation of *vivacity* and *dulness*, like those on the banks of *Nile*, from *heat* and *mud*.

NOTES.

VER. 43. *Their generation's so equivocal:*] It is sufficient that a principle of philosophy has been generally received, whether it be true or false, to justify a poet's use of it to set off his *wit*. But to recommend his *argument* he should be cautious how he uses any but the true. For falsehood, when it is set too near, will tarnish the truth he would recommend. Besides, the analogy between natural and moral truth makes the principles of true Philosophy the fittest for his use. Our Poet has been careful in observing this rule.

† K

To tell 'em, would a hundred tongues require,  
Or one vain wit's, that might a hundred tire. 45

But you who seek to give and merit fame,  
And justly bear a 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, 50  
And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 46. *But you who seek, etc.*] Our author having thus far, by way of INTRODUCTION, explained the nature, use, and abuse of *Criticism*, in a figurative description of the qualities and characters of *Critics*, proceeds now to deliver the precepts of the Art. The first of which, from v 47 to 68. is, that he who sets up for a Critic should previously examine his own strength, and see how far he is qualified for the exercise of his profession. He puts him in a way to make this discovery, in that admirable direction given v 51.

AND MARK THAT POINT WHERE SENSE AND DULNESS MEET.

He had shewn above, that *Judgment*, without *Taste* or *Genius*, is equally incapable of making a Critic or a Poet: In whatsoever subject then the Critic's *Taste* no longer accompanies his *Judgment*, there he may be assured he is going out of his depth. This our author finely calls,

*that point where sense and dulness meet.*

And immediately adds the REASON of his precept; the Author of Nature having so constituted the mental faculties, that one of them can never excel but at the expence of another.

## NOTES.

VER. 51. *And mark that point where sense and dullness meet.*] Besides the *peculiar* sense explained above in the comment, the words have still a more *general* meaning, and caution us against going on, when our Ideas begin to grow obscure; as we are

Nature to all things fix'd the limits fit,  
 And wisely curb'd proud man's pretending wit.  
 As on the land while here the ocean gains,  
 In other parts it leaves wide sandy plains ; 55  
 Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails ;  
 Where beams of warm imagination play,  
 The memory's soft figures melt away.  
 One science only will one genius fit ; 60  
 So vast is art, so narrow human wit :

COMMENTARY.

From this state and ordination of the mental faculties, and the influence and effects they have one on another, our Poet draws this CONSEQUENCE, that no one genius can excell in more than one Art or Science. The *consequence* shews the *necessity* of the precept, just as the *premisses*, from which it is drawn, shew the *reasonableness* of it.

NOTES.

apt to do, tho' that obscurity is a monition that we should leave off ; for it arises either thro' our small acquaintance with the subject, or the incomprehensibility of its nature. In which circumstances a genius will always write as heavily as a dunce. An observation well worth the attention of all profound writers.

VER. 56. *Thus in the soul while memory prevails,  
 The solid pow'r of understanding fails :  
 Where beams of warm imagination play,  
 The memory's soft figures melt away.]*

These observations are collected from an intimate knowledge of human nature. The cause of that languor and heaviness in the *understanding*, which is almost inseparable from a very strong and tenacious *memory*, seems to be a want of the proper exercise and activity of that power ; the understanding being rather passive while the memory is cultivating. As to the other ap-

Not only bounded to peculiar arts,  
 But oft' in those confin'd to single parts.  
 Like Kings we lose the conquests gain'd before,  
 By vain ambition still to make them more; 65  
 Each might his sev'ral 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:

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 68. *First follow Nature, etc.*] The Critic observing the directions here given, and finding himself qualified for his office, is shewn next *how* to exercise it. And as he was to attend to *Nature* for a *Call*, so he is first and principally to follow her when *called*. And here again in this, as in the foregoing precept, the poet [from v 67 to 88.] shews both the *fitness* and the *necessity* of it. It's *fitness*, 1. Because Nature is the *source* of poetic Art; that Art being only a representation of Nature, who is its great exemplar and original. 2. Because Nature is the *end* of Art; the design of poetry being to convey the knowledge of

## NOTES.

pearance, the decay of memory by the vigorous exercise of Fancy, the poet himself seems to have intimated the cause of it in the epithet he has given to the Imagination. For if, according to the Atomic Philosophy, the memory of things be preserved in a chain of ideas, produced by the animal spirits moving in continued trains; the force and rapidity of the Imagination perpetually breaking and dissipating the links of this chain by forming new associations, must necessarily weaken and disorder the recollective faculty.

VER. 67. *Would all but stoop to what they understand.*] The expression is delicate, and implies what is very true, that most men think it a degradation of their genius to employ it in cultivating what lies level to their comprehension, but had rather exercise their ambition in subduing what is placed above it.

Unerring NATURE, still divinely bright, 70  
 One clear, unchang'd, 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:

COMMENTARY.

Nature in the most agreeable manner. 3. Because Nature is the *test* of Art, as she is unerring, constant, and still the same. Hence the poet observes, that as Nature is the *source*, she conveys *life* to Art: As she is the *end*, she conveys *force* to it, for the *force* of any thing arises from its being directed to its *end*: And, as she is the *test*, she conveys *beauty* to it, for every thing acquires *beauty* by its being reduced to its true *standard*. Such is the sense of those two important lines,

Life, force, and beauty must to all impart,  
 At once the source, and end, and test of Art.

We now come to the *necessity* of the Precept. The two great constituent qualities of a *Composition*, as such, are *Art* and *Wit*: But neither of these attains perfection, 'till the first be *hid*, and the other judiciously *restrained*; which is only then when *Nature* is exactly followed; for then Art never makes a parade, nor can Wit commit an extravagance. Art, while it *adheres* to Nature, and has so large a *fund* in the resources which Nature supplies, disposes every thing with so much *ease* and *simplicity*, that we see nothing but those natural images it works with, while itself stands unobserv'd behind: But when Art *leaves* Nature, deluded either by the bold extravagance of Fancy, or the quaint odnesses of Fashion, she is then obliged at every step to come forward, in a painful or pompous ostentation, in order to cover, to soften, or to regulate the shocking disproportion of *unnatural* images. In the *first* case, the poet compares Art to the Soul within, informing a beauteous Body; but we generally find it, in the *last*, only like the outward Habit, bolstering up, by the Taylor's skill, the defects of a mis-shapen one,—As to

In some fair body thus th' informing soul 76  
 With spirits feeds, with vigour fills the whole,  
 Each motion guides, and ev'ry nerve sustains;  
 Itself unseen, but in th' effects, remains.

Some, to whom Heav'n in wit has been profuse,  
 Want as much more, to turn it to its use; 81  
 For wit and judgment often are at strife,  
 Tho' meant each other's aid, like man and wife.  
 'Tis more to guide, than spur the Muse's steed;  
 Restrain his fury, than provoke his speed; 85  
 The winged courser, like a gen'rous horse,  
 Shows most true mettle when you check his course.

Those RULES of old discover'd, not devis'd,  
 Are Nature still, but Nature methodiz'd;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 80.

There are whom Heav'n has blest with store of wit,  
 Yet want as much again to manage it.

## COMMENTARY.

*Wit*, it might perhaps be imagined that this needed only *Judgment* to govern it: But, as he well observes,

*Wit and Judgment often are at strife,*

*Tho' meant each other's aid, like Man and Wife.*

They want therefore some friendly Mediator or Reconciler, which is *Nature*: And in attending to her, the Judgment will learn where to comply with the charms of Wit, and the Wit how to obey the sage directions of Judgment.

VER. 88. *Those Rules of old etc.*] Having thus, in his first precept, *to follow Nature*, settled Criticism on its true bottom; he proceeds to shew what assistance may be had from *Art*. But

Nature, like Liberty, is but restrain'd 90  
 By the same Laws which first herself ordain'd.

Hear how learn'd Greece her useful rules indites,  
 When to repress, and when indulge our flights :

COMMENTARY.

lest this should be thought to draw the Critic from the foundation where he had before fixed him, he previously observes [from *¶* 87 to 92] that those *Rules of Art*, which he is now about to recommend to his study, were not invented by the Imagination, but discovered in the book of Nature: And that, therefore, tho' they may seem to restrain *Nature* by *Laws*, yet, as they are laws of her own making, the Critic is still properly in the very liberty of Nature. Those Rules the ancient Critics borrowed from the Poets; who received them immediately from *Nature*,

*Just Precepts thus from great Examples giv'n,  
 These drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n;*  
 and are both therefore to be well studied.

VER. 92. *Hear how learn'd Greece, etc.*] He speaks of the *ancient Critics* first, and with great judgment, as the previous knowledge of them is necessary for reading the Poets, with that fruit which the intent here proposed requires. But having, in the previous observation, sufficiently explained the *nature* of ancient Criticism, he enters on the subject [treated of from *¶* 91 to 118] with a sublime description of its *End*; which was to

NOTES.

VER. 88. *Those Rules of old, etc.*] Cicero has, best of any one I know, explained what that is which reduces the wild and scattered parts of human knowledge into *arts*.—*Nihil est quod ad artem redigi possit, nisi ille prius, qui illa tenet, quorum artem instituere vult, habeat illam scientiam, ut ex iis rebus, quarum ars nondum sit, artem efficere possit.*—*Omnia fere, quæ sunt conclusa nunc artibus, dispersa et dissipata quondam fuerunt, ut in Musicis, etc. Adhibita est igitur ars quædam extrinsecus ex alio genere quodam, quod sibi totum PHILOSOPHI assumunt, quæ rem dissolutam divulgantamque conglutinet, et ratione quadam constringeret.* De Orat. l. i. c. 41, 2.



High on Parnassus' top her sons she show'd,  
 And pointed out those arduous paths they trod; 95  
 Held from afar, aloft, th' immortal prize,  
 And urg'd the rest by equal steps to rise.  
 Just precepts thus from great examples giv'n,  
 She drew from them what they deriv'd from Heav'n.  
 The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire, 100  
 And taught the world with reason to admire.

## COMMENTARY.

illustrate the beauties of the best Writers, in order to excite others to an emulation of their excellence. From the admiration which these Ideas raise in him, the poet is naturally brought back to reflect on the degeneracy of modern Criticism: And as the restoring the Art to its original integrity and splendor is the great purpose of his poem, he first takes notice of those, who seem not to understand that *Nature* is exhaustless, that *new models* of good writing may be produced in every age, and consequently *new rules* may be formed from these models in the same manner as the old Critics formed theirs, from the writings of the ancient Poets: but these men wanting art and ability to form these *new rules*, are content to receive, and file up for use, the *old ones* of *Aristotle*, *Quintilian*, *Longinus*, *Horace*, etc. with the same vanity and boldness that Apothecaries practise with their Doctors bills: And thus rashly applying them to *new Originals* (cases which they did not hit) it was no more in their power than their inclination to imitate the candid practice of the *Ancients*, when

*The gen'rous Critic fann'd the Poet's fire,  
 And taught the world with reason to admire.*

## NOTES.

VER. 98. *Just precepts*] *Nec enim artibus editis factum est ut argumenta inveniremus, sed dicta sunt omnia antequam preciperentur; mox ea scriptores observata et collecta ediderunt.* Quintil. P.

Then Criticism the Muses handmaid prov'd,  
 To dress her charms, and make her more belov'd:  
 But following wits from that intention stray'd,  
 Who cou'd not win the mistress, woo'd the maid;  
 Against the Poets their own arms they turn'd,  
 Sure to hate most the men from whom they learn'd.  
 So modern 'Pothecaries, taught the art  
 By Doctor's bills to play the Doctor's part,  
 Bold in the practice of mistaken rules, 110  
 Prescribe, apply, and call their masters fools.  
 Some on the leaves of antient authors prey,  
 Nor time nor moths e'er spoil'd so much as they.  
 Some drily plain, without invention's aid,  
 Write dull receipts how poems may be made. 115

COMMENTARY.

For, as *Ignorance*, when joined with *Humility* produces stupid admiration, on which account it is so commonly observed to be the *mother of Devotion* and blind homage; so when joined with *Vanity* (as it always is in bad Critics) it gives birth to every iniquity of impudent abuse and slander. See an example (for want of a better) in a late worthless and now forgotten thing, called the *Life of Socrates*. Where the head of the Author (as a man of wit observed, on reading the book) has just made a shift to do the office of a *Camera obscura*, and represent things in an inverted order; himself *above*, and Sprat, Rollin, Voltaire, and every other Author of reputation, *below*.

NOTES.

VER. 112. *Some on the leaves—Some drily plain.*] The first, the *Apes* of those *Italian Critics*, who at the restoration of letters

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 ;

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 118. *You then whose judgment etc.*] He comes next to the *ancient Poets*, the other and more intimate commentators of Nature. And shews [from *v* 117 to 141.] that the study of These must indispensably follow that of the *ancient Critics*, as they furnish us with what the Critics, who only give us *general rules*, cannot supply : while the study of a great original Poet, in

*His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page ;  
Religion, Country, genius of his Age ;*  
will help us to those *particular rules*, which only can conduct us

## NOTES.

having found the classic writers miserably mangled by the hands of monkish Librarians, very commendably employed their pains and talents in restoring them to their native purity. The second, the *plagiaries* from the *French*, who had made some admirable Commentaries on the ancient critics. But that *acumen* and *taste*, which separately constitute the distinct value of those two species of foreign Criticism, make no part of the character of these paltry mimics at home, described by our Poet in the following lines,

*These leave the sense, their learning to display,  
And those explain the meaning quite away.*

Which species is the least hurtful, the Poet has enabled us to determine in the lines with which he opens his poem,

*But of the two less dang'rous is th'offence  
To tire our patience than mislead our sense.*

From whence we conclude, that the reverend Mr. Upton was much more innocently employed when he quibbled upon Epicte-  
tus, than when he commented upon Shakespear.

His Fable, Subject, scope in ev'ry page; 120  
 Religion, Country, genius of his Age:  
 Without all these at once before your eyes,  
 Cavil you may, but never criticize.

VARIATIONS.

VER. 123. *Cavil you may, but never criticize.*] The author after this verse originally inserted the following, which he has however omitted in all the editions:

Zoilus, had these been known, without a name  
 Had dy'd, and *Perault* ne'er been damn'd to fame;  
 The sense of sound Antiquity had reign'd,  
 And sacred Homer yet been unprophan'd.  
 None e'er had thought his comprehensive mind  
 To modern customs, modern rules confin'd;  
 Who for all ages writ, and all mankind.

P. }

COMMENTARY.

safely through every considerable work we undertake to examine; and, without which, we may cavil indeed, as the poet truly observes, but can never *criticize*. We might as well suppose that Vitruvius's book alone would make a perfect Judge of Architecture, without the knowledge of some great master-piece of science, such as the Rotonda at Rome, or the Temple of Minerva at Athens; as that Aristotle's should make a *perfect Judge of wit*, without the study of Homer and Virgil. These therefore he principally recommends to complete the Critic in his Art. But as the latter of these Poets has, by superficial judges, been considered rather as a copyer of Homer, than an original, our Author obviates that common error, and shews it to have arisen (as often error does) from a truth, *viz.* that *Homer and Nature were the same*; and how that the ambitious young Poet, though he scorned to stoop at any thing short of Nature, when he came to understand this great truth, had the prudence to contemplate Nature in the place where she was seen to most advantage, collected in all her charms in the clear mirror of Homer. Hence it would follow, that, though Virgil studied Na-

Be Homer's works your study and delight,  
 Read them by day, and meditate by night; 125  
 Thence form your judgment, thence your maxims  
 bring,

And trace the Muses upward to their spring.  
 Still with itself compar'd, his text peruse;  
 And let your comment be the Mantuan Muse.

When first young Maro in his boundless mind  
 A work t'outlast immortal Rome design'd, 131  
 Perhaps he seem'd above the Critic's law,  
 And but from Nature's fountains scorn'd to draw:

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 130.

When first young Maro sung of Kings and Wars,  
 Ere warning Phœbus touch'd his trembling ears,

## COMMENTARY.

ture, yet the *vulgar* reader would believe him to be a copier of Homer; and though he copied Homer, yet the *judicious* reader would see him to be an imitator of Nature: the finest praise which any one, who came after Homer, could receive.

## NOTES.

VER. 130. *When first young Maro etc.*] Virg. Eclog. vi.  
*Cum canerem reges et prælia, Cynthia aurem  
 Vellit.*

It is a tradition preserved by Servius, that Virgil began with writing a poem of the Alban and Roman affairs; which he found above his years, and descended first to imitate Theocritus on rural subjects, and afterwards to copy Homer in Heroic poetry. P.

But when t'examine ev'ry part he came,  
 Nature and Homer were, he found, the same.  
 Convinc'd, amaz'd, he checks the bold design;  
 And rules as strict his labour'd work confine,  
 As if the Stagirite o'erlook'd each line.  
 Learn hence for ancient rules a just esteem;  
 To copy nature is to copy them. 140

Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare,  
 For there's a happiness as well as care.  
 Music resembles Poetry, in each  
 Are nameless graces which no methods teach,  
 And which a master-hand alone can reach. 145  
 If, where the rules not far enough extend,  
 (Since rules were made but to promote their end)

COMMENTARY.

VER. 141. *Some beauties yet no Precepts can declare, etc.*]  
 Our Author, in these two general precepts for studying *Nature*  
 and her *Commentators*, having considered Poetry as it *is*, or *may*  
*be reduced to Rule*; lest this should be mistaken as sufficient to  
 attain PERFECTION either in *writing* or *judging*, he proceeds  
 [from v 140 to 201.] to point up to those *sublimier beauties*  
 which *Rules* will never reach, that is, enable us either to *exe-*  
*cute* or *taste*: and which rise so high above all precept as not even  
 to be *described* by it; but being entirely the gift of Heaven,  
 Art and Reason have no further share in their production than  
 just to moderate their operations. These *Sublimities* of Poetry,  
 like the *Mysteries* of Religion (some of which are above Rea-  
 son, and some contrary to it) may be divided into *two sorts*,  
 such as are *above Rules*, and such as are *contrary* to them.  
 VER. 146. *If, where the rules etc.*] The *first* sort our author

Some lucky Licence answer to the full  
 Th'intent propos'd, that Licence is a rule.  
 Thus Pegasus, a nearer way to take, 150  
 May boldly deviate from the common track ;

## COMMENTARY.

describes [from *y* 145 to 158.] and shews, that where a great beauty is in the *Poet's* view which no stated *Rules* will direct him how to reach, there, as the purpose of rules is only to promote an end like this, a lucky *Licence* will supply the want of them: nor can the *Critic* fairly object to it, since this *Licence*, for the reason given above, has the proper force and authority of a *Rule*.

## NOTES.

VER. 146. *If, where the rules etc.*] *Neque enim rogationibus plebisve scitis sancta sunt ista Præcepta, sed hoc, quicquid est, Utilitas excogitavit. Non negabo autem sic utile esse plerumque; verum si eadem illa nobis aliud suadebit Utilitas, hanc, relicta magistrorum autoritatibus, sequemur. Quintil. lib. ii. cap. 13. P.*

VER. 150. *Thus Pegasus, &c.*] We have observed how the precepts for *writing* and *judging* are interwoven throughout the whole work. He first describes the sublime flight of a *Poet*, soaring above all vulgar bounds, to snatch a *grace* directly, which lies beyond the reach of a common adventurer. And afterwards, the *effect* of that *grace* upon the *true Critic*: whom it penetrates with an equal rapidity; going the nearest way to his *heart*, without passing through his *Judgment*. By which is not meant that it could not stand the test of *Judgment*; but that, it being a beauty uncommon, and *above rule*, and the *Judgment* habituated to determine only *by rule*, it makes its direct application to the *Heart*; which once gained, soon opens and enlarges the *Judgment*, whose concurrence (it being now set above forms) is easily procured. That this is the poet's sublime conception appears from the concluding words:

*and all its end at once attains.*

For Poetry doth not attain *all its end*, till it hath gained the *Judgment* as well as *Heart*.

From vulgar bounds with brave disorder part,  
 And snatch a grace beyond the reach of art,  
 Which without passing thro' the judgment, gains  
 The heart, and all its end at once attains. 155  
 In prospects thus, some objects please our eyes,  
 Which out of nature's common order rise,  
 The shapeless rock, or hanging precipice. }  
 Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend,  
 And rise to faults true Critics dare not mend. 160  
 But tho' the Ancients thus their rules invade,  
 (As Kings dispense with laws themselves have made)  
 Moderns, beware! or if you must offend  
 Against the precept, ne'er transgress its End;  
 Let it be seldom, and compell'd by need; 165  
 And have, at least, their precedent to plead.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 159. *Great Wits sometimes may gloriously offend, etc.*  
 He describes next the *second sort*, the beauties *against rule*.  
 And even here, as he observes [from *vs* 158 to 169] the of-  
 fense is so glorious, and the fault so sublime, that the *true Critic*  
 will not dare either to censure or reform them. Yet still the  
*Poet* is never to abandon himself to his Imagination: the rules  
 our author lays down for his conduct in this respect, are these:  
 1. That though he transgress the *letter* of some *one particular*  
 precept, yet that he still adhere to the end or *spirit* of them *all*;  
 which end is the creation of *one uniform perfect Whole*. And  
 2. That he have, in each instance, the authority of the *dispens-*  
*ing* power of the Ancients to plead for him. These rules observ-  
 ed, this licence will be *seldom* used, and only when he is *com-*  
*pelled by need*: which will disarm the Critic, and screen the trans-  
 gressor from his laws.



The Critic else proceeds without remorse,  
Seizes your fame, and puts his laws in force.

I know there are, to whose presumptuous thoughts  
Those freer beauties, ev'n in them, seem faults. 170  
Some figures monstrous and mis-shap'd appear,  
Consider'd singly, or beheld too near,  
Which, but proportion'd to their light, or place,  
Due distance reconciles to form and grace.  
A prudent chief not always must display 175  
His pow'rs in equal ranks, and fair array,

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 169. *I know there are, etc.*] But as some *modern Critics* have had the presumption to say, that this last rule is only justifying one fault by another, our author goes on [from  $\nu$  168 to 181] to vindicate the *Ancients*; and to shew that this censure proceeds from rank Ignorance. As where their *partial* Judgment cannot see that this licence is sometimes necessary for the symmetry and proportion of a perfect whole, from the point, and in the light wherein it must be viewed: or, where their *hasty* Judgment will not give them time to discover, that a deviation from rule is for the sake of attaining some great and admirable purpose. — These observations are further useful as they tend to give modern Critics an humbler opinion of their own abilities, and an higher of the Authors they undertake to criticize. On which account He concludes with a fine reproof of that common *proverb* perpetually in the mouths of Critics, *quandoque bonus dormitat Homerus*; misunderstanding the sense of Horace, and taking *quandoque* for *aliquando*:

*Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*

## NOTES.

VER. 175. *A prudent chief etc.*] Οἷόν τι ποιεῖσιν οἱ Φρόνι-

But with th'occasion and the place comply,  
 Conceal his force, nay seem sometimes to fly.  
 Those oft are stratagems which errors seem,  
 Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream. 180

Still green with bays each ancient Altar stands,  
 Above the reach of sacrilegious hands ;  
 Secure from Flames, from Envy's fiercer rage,  
 Destructive War, and all-involving Age.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 181. *Still green with bays, etc.*] But now fired with the name of *Homer*, and transported with the contemplation of those beauties which a cold Critic can neither see nor conceive, the Poet [from v 180 to 201.] breaks into a rapturous exclamation on the rare felicity of those few Ancients who have risen superior over time and accidents: And, as it were disdainful any longer to *reason* with his Critics, offers this to them as the surest confutation of their censures. Then with the *humility* of a supplicant at the shrine of Immortals, and the *Sublimity* of a Poet participating of their fire, he turns again to these ancient worthies, and apostrophises their Manes:

*Hail, Bards triumphant! etc.*

NOTES.

μοι στρατηλάται καὶ τὰς τάξεις τῶν στρατημάτων—Dion. Hal. De struct. orat.

VER. 180. *Nor is it Homer nods, but we that dream.*] *Modeste, et circumspēcto judicio de tantis viris pronunciandum est, ne quod (quod plerisque accidit) damnent quod non intelligunt. Ac si necesse est in alteram errare partem, omnia eorum legentibus placere, quam multa displicere maluerim.* Quint. P.

VER. 183. *Secure from flames, from envy's fiercer rage, Destructive war, and all-involving age.*] The Poet here alludes to the four great causes of the ravage amongst ancient writings: The destruction of the Alexandrine and Palatine libraries by *fire*; the fiercer rage of *Zoilus* and *Mævius* and their followers against *Wit*; the irruption of the *Barbarians* into the

† L.

See, from each clime the learn'd their incense bring!  
 Hear, in all tongues consenting Pæans ring! 185  
 In praise so just let ev'ry voice be join'd,  
 And fill the gen'ral chorus of mankind.  
 Hail, Bards triumphant! born in happier days;  
 Immortal heirs of universal praise! 190  
 Whose honours with increase of ages grow,  
 As streams roll down, enlarging as they flow;  
 Nations unborn your mighty names shall found,  
 And worlds applaud that must not yet be found!  
 Oh may some spark of your celestial fire, 195  
 The last, the meanest of your sons inspire,  
 (That on weak wings, from far, pursues your flights;  
 Glows while he reads, but trembles as he writes)  
 To teach vain Wits a science little known,  
 T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own! 200

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 200. *T'admire superior sense, and doubt their own.*] This line concludes the first division of the Poem; in which we

## NOTES.

empire; and the long reign of Ignorance and Superstition in the cloisters.

VER. 189. *Hail, Bards triumphant!*] There is a pleasantry in this title, which alludes to the state of *warfare* that all true Genius must undergo while here upon earth.

VER. 196. *The last*] This word, spoken in his early youth, as it were by chance, seems to have been ominous.

OF all the Causes which conspire to blind  
 Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,  
 What the weak head with strongest bias rules,  
 Is *Pride*, the never-failing vice of fools,

COMMENTARY.

see the *subject* of the first and second part, and likewise the connexion they have with one another. It serves likewise to introduce the second. The effect of studying the *Ancients*, as hitherto recommended, would be the *admiration of their superior sense*; which, if it will not of itself dispose *Moderns* to a *diffidence of their own* (one of the great uses, as well as natural fruits of that study) the poet, to help forward their modesty, in his second part shews them (in a regular deduction of the *causes and effects of wrong Judgment*) their own image and amiable turn of mind.

VER. 201. *Of all the Causes, etc.*] Having, in the first part, delivered *Rules for perfecting the Art of Criticism*, the second is employ'd in explaining the *Impediments* to it. The order of the two parts is judicious. For the causes of wrong Judgment being *Pride, superficial Learning, a bounded Capacity, and Partiality*; Those to whom this part is principally addressed, would not readily be brought either to see the malignity of the *causes*, or to own themselves concerned in the *effects*, had not the Author previously both enlightened and convicted them, by the foregoing observations, on the *vastness of Art, and narrowness of Wit*; the extensive study of *human Nature and Antiquity*; and the *Characters of ancient Poetry and Criticism*; the natural remedies to the four epidemic disorders he is now endeavouring to redress.

Ibid. *Of all the causes, etc.*] The first cause of wrong Judgment is PRIDE. He judiciously begins with it, [from v 200 to 215.] as on other accounts, so on this, that it is the very thing which gives modern Criticism its character; whose complexion is *abuse and censure*. He calls it the vice of *Fools*; by whom are not meant those to whom Nature has given no Judgment (for he is here speaking of what misleads the Judgment) but those in whom education and study has made no improvement; as appears from the happy similitude of an *ill-nourish'd*

Whatever Nature has in worth deny'd, 205  
 She gives in large recruits of needful Pride;  
 For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind:  
 Pride, where Wit fails, steps in to our defence,  
 And fills up all the mighty Void of sense. 210  
 If once right reason drives that cloud away,  
 Truth breaks upon us with resistless day.  
 Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry friend—and ev'ry foe.

## COMMENTARY.

*body*; where the same words which express the *cause*, express likewise the *nature* of pride:

*For as in bodies, thus in souls, we find,  
 What wants in blood and spirits, swell'd with wind.*

'Tis the business of reason, he tells us, to dispel the *cloud* which pride throws over the mind: But the mischief is, that the rays of reason, diverted by self-love, sometimes *gild* this *cloud*, instead of *dissipating* it. So that the Judgment, by false lights reflected back upon itself, is still apt to be a little dazzled, and to mistake its object. He therefore advises to call in still more helps:

*Trust not yourself; but your defects to know,  
 Make use of ev'ry Friend—and ev'ry Foe.*

Both the *beginning* and *conclusion* of this precept are remarkable. The question is of the means to subdue Pride: He directs the Critic to begin with a *distrust of himself*; and this is *Modesty*, the *first* mortification of Pride: And then to seek the assistance of others, and *make use even of an Enemy*; and this is *Humility*, the *last* mortification of Pride: For when a man can once bring himself to submit to profit by an enemy, he has either already quite subdued his Vanity, or is in a fair way of so doing.

## NOTES.

VER. 209. *Pride where Wit fails steps in to our defence, And fills up all the mighty void of sense.*] A very sensible french writer makes the following remark on this species of pride. "Un homme qui sçait plusieurs Langues, qui entend les Auteurs

A little learning is a dang'rous thing ; 215  
 Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring :  
 There shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 And drinking largely sobers us again.  
 Fir'd at first sight with what the Muse imparts,  
 In fearless youth we tempt the heights of Arts,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 215. *A little learning, etc.*] We must here remark the Poet's skill in his disposition of the *causes* obstructing true Judgment. Each *general cause* which is laid down first, has its own *particular cause* in that which follows. Thus, the *second cause* of wrong Judgment, SUPERFICIAL LEARNING, is what gives birth to that critical *Pride*, which he mentioned first.

VER. 216. *Drink deep, etc.*] *Nature* and *Learning* are the pole stars of all true Criticism: But *Pride* hinders the sight of *Nature*; and a *smattering of letters* takes away all sense of the want of *Learning*. To avoid this ridiculous situation, the poet [from  $\S$  214 to 233] advises, either to drink deep, or not to taste at all; for the least sip is enough to make a bad Critic, while even a moderate draught can never make a good one. And yet the labours and difficulties of *drinking deep* are so great that a young author, "Fir'd with ideas of fair Italy," and ambitious to snatch a palm from Rome, engages in an undertaking as arduous almost as that of Hannibal: Finely illustrated by the similitude of an unexperienced traveller penetrating thro' the Alps.

NOTES.

" Grecs et Latins, qui s'eleve même jusqu' à la dignité de SCHOLIASTE; si cet homme venoit à peser son véritable mérite, il trouveroit souvent qu'il se réduit à avoir eu des yeux et de la mémoire, il se garderoit bien de donner le nom respectable de science à une érudition sans lumiere. Il y a une grande difference entre s'enrichir des mots ou des choses, entre aller des autoritez ou des raisons. Si un homme pouvoit se surprendre à n' avoir que cette sorte de mérite, il en rougiroit plutôt que d'en être vain."

VER. 217. *There shallow draughts, etc.*] The thought was taken from Lord Verulam, who applies it to more serious enquiries.

While from the bounded level of our mind, 221  
 Short views we take, nor see the lengths behind;  
 But more advanc'd, behold with strange surprize  
 New distant scenes of endless science rise!  
 So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps we try, 225  
 Mount o'er the vales, and seem to tread the sky,  
 Th' eternal snows appear already past,  
 And the first clouds and mountains seem the last;  
 But, those attain'd, we tremble to survey  
 The growing labours of the lengthen'd way, 230  
 Th' increasing prospect tires our wand'ring eyes,  
 Hills peep o'er hills, and Alps on Alps arise!

A perfect Judge will read each work of Wit  
 With the same spirit that its author writ:

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 225.

So pleas'd at first the tow'ring Alps to try,  
 Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy,  
 The Traveller beholds with chearful eyes  
 The less'ning vales, and seems to tread the skies.

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] The third cause of wrong Judgment is a NARROW CAPACITY; the natural and certain cause of the foregoing defect, *acquiescence in superficial learning*. This *bounded Capacity* the poet shews [from 232 to 384.] betrays itself two ways; in the *matter*, and in the *manner* of the

## NOTES.

VER. 233. *A perfect Judge, etc.*] *Diligenter legendum est, ac pœne ad scribendi sollicitudinem: Nec per partes modo scrutanda sunt omnia, sed perlectus liber utique ex integro resumendus.* Quin-

Survey the WHOLE, nor seek slight faults to find  
 Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;  
 Nor lose, for that malignant dull delight,  
 The gen'rous pleasure to be charm'd with wit.

COMMENTARY.

work criticised. In the matter by judging *by parts*; or by having one *favorite part* to a neglect of all the rest: In the manner, by confining the regard only to *conceit*, or *language*, or *numbers*. This is our Poet's order; and we shall follow him as it leads us; only just observing one great beauty which runs thro' this part of the poem; it is, that under each of these heads of *wrong* Judgment, he has intermixed excellent precepts for *right*. We shall take notice of them as they occur.

He exposes the folly of judging by parts very artfully, not by a direct description of that sort of Critic, but of his opposite, a *perfect Judge*, etc. Nor is the elegance of this conversion inferior to the art of it; for as, in *poetic style*, one word or figure is still put for another, in order to catch new lights from different images, and to reflect them back upon the subject in hand; so, in *poetic matter*, one person or thing may be advantageously employed for another, with the same elegance of representation. It is observable that our Author makes it almost the necessary consequence of judging *by parts*, to find fault: And this not without much discernment: For the several *parts* of a compleat *Whole*, when *seen only singly*, and *known only indepen-*

NOTES.

VER. 235. *Survey the Whole, nor seek slight faults to find, Where nature moves, and rapture warms the mind;*] The *second* line, in apologizing for those *faults* which the *first* says should be overlooked, gives the reason of the precept. For when a writer's attention is fixed on a general view of Nature, and his imagination warm'd with the contemplation of great ideas, it can hardly be but that there must be small irregularities in the disposition both of matter and style, because the avoiding these requires a coolness of recollection, which a writer so busied is not master of.



But in such lays as neither ebb, nor flow,  
 Correctly cold, and regularly low, 240  
 That shunning faults, one quiet tenour keep;  
 We cannot blame indeed—but we may sleep.  
 In Wit, as Nature, what affects our hearts  
 Is not th' exactness of peculiar parts;  
 'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, 245  
 But the joint force and full result of all,  
 Thus when we view some well-proportion'd dome,  
 (The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!)  
 No single parts unequally surprize,  
 All comes united to th' admiring eyes; 250

## COMMENTARY.

*dently*, must always have the appearance of irregularity; often, of deformity: Because the Poet's design being to *create* a resultive beauty from the artful assemblage of several various *parts* into one natural *whole*; those parts must be fashioned with regard to their mutual relations in the stations they occupy in that whole, from whence, the beauty required is to arise: But that *regard* will occasion so unreducible a form in each part, when *considered singly*, as to present a very mis-shapen appearance.

## NOTES.

VER. 248. *The world's just wonder, and ev'n thine, O Rome!*] The *Pantheon*. There is something very Gothic in the taste and judgment of a learned man, who despises this master-piece of Art for those very qualities which deserve our admiration.—  
 “ Nous esmerveillons comme l'on fait si grand cas de ce Panthe-  
 “ on, veu que son edifice n'est de si grande industrie comme  
 “ l'on crie: car chaque petit Masson peut bien concevoir la ma-  
 “ niere de sa façon tout en un instant: car estant la base si mas-  
 “ sive, et les murailles si espousses, ne nous a semblé difficile d'y

No monstrous height, or breadth, or length appear;  
The Whole at once is bold, and regular.

Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,  
Thinks what ne'er was, nor is, nor e'er shall be.  
In ev'ry work regard the writer's End, 255  
Since none can compass more than they intend;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 253. *Whoever thinks a faultless piece to see,*] He shews next [from v 252 to 263] that to fix our censure on *single parts* tho' they happen to *want* an exactness consistent enough with their relation to the rest, is even then very unjust: And for these reasons, 1. Because it implies an expectation of a *faultless piece*, which is a vain imagination: 2. Because no more is to be expected of any work than that it fairly *attains its end*: But the end may be attained, and yet these trivial faults committed: Therefore, in spite of such faults, the work will merit the praise due to that which attains its end. 3. Because sometimes a great beauty is not to be procured, nor a notorious blemish to be avoided, but by suffering one of these minute and trivial errors. 4. And lastly, because the generous *neglect* of them is a *praise*; as it is the indication of a *Genius*, busied about greater matters.

NOTES.

“adjouster la voute à claire voye.” *Pierre Belon's Observations, etc.* The nature of the Gothic structures apparently led him into this mistake of the Architectonic art in general; that the excellency of it consisted in raising the greatest weight on the least assignable support, so that the edifice should have strength without the appearance of it, in order to excite admiration. But to a judicious eye it would have a contrary effect, *the Appearance* (as our poet expresses it) *of a monstrous height, or breadth, or length.* Indeed did the just proportions in regular Architecture take off from the grandeur of a building, by *all the single parts coming united to the eye*, as this learned traveller seems to insinuate, it would be a reasonable objection to those rules on which this Master-piece of Art was constructed. But it is not so. The Poet tells us,

*The Whole at once is BOLD and regular.*

And if the means be just, the conduct true,  
 Applause, in spite of trivial faults, is due.  
 As men of breeding, sometimes men of wit,  
 T' avoid great errors, must the less commit: 260  
 Neglect the rules each verbal Critic lays,  
 For not to know some trifles, is a praise.  
 Most Critics, fond of some subservient art,  
 Still make the Whole depend upon a Part:  
 They talk of principles, but notions prize, 265  
 And all to one lov'd Folly sacrifice.

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 263. *Most Critics, fond of some subservient art, etc.*  
 II. The *second* way in which a *narrow capacity*, as it relates to the *matter*, shews itself, is judging by a *favorite Part*. The author has placed this [from  $\psi$  262 to 285] after the other of judging *by parts*, with great propriety, it being indeed a natural consequence of it. For when men have once left the *whole* to turn their attention to the *separate parts*, that regard and reverence due only to a *whole* is fondly transferred to one or other of its *parts*. And thus we see that Heroes themselves as well as Hero-makers, even *Kings* as well as Poets and Critics, when they chance never to have had, or long to have lost the idea of that which is the only legitimate object of their office, the care and conservation of the *whole*, are wont to devote themselves to the service of some favorite part, whether it be love of money, military glory, despotic power, etc. *And all*, as our Author says on this occasion,

*to one lov'd Folly sacrifice,*

## NOTES.

VER. 261. *verbal Critic*] Is not here used in its common signification, of one who retails the sense of single words; but of one who deals in large cargo's of them without any sense at all.

Once on a time, La Mancha's Knight, they say,  
 A certain Bard encount'ring on the way,  
 Discours'd in terms as just, with looks as sage,  
 As e'er could Dennis, of the Grecian stage; 270  
 Concluding all were desp'rate fots and fools,  
 Who durst depart from Aristotle's rules.  
 Our Author, happy in a judge so nice,  
 Produc'd his Play, and begg'd the Knight's advice;

COMMENTARY.

This general misconduct much recommends that maxim in good Poetry and Politics, *to give a principal attention to the whole*; a maxim which our author has elsewhere shewn to be equally true likewise in *Morals and Religion*; as being founded in the order of things: For, if we examine, we shall find it arise from this imbecillity of our nature, that the mind must always have something *to rest upon*, to which the passions and affections may be interestingly directed. Nature prompts us to seek it in the most worthy object; and common sense points out to a *Whole or System*: But Ignorance, and the false lights of the Passions, confound and dazzle us; we stop short, and before we get to a *Whole*, take up with some *Part*; which from thence becomes our Favourite.

NOTES.

VER. 267. *Once on a time, etc.*] This tale is so very apposite, that one would naturally take it to be of the Poet's own invention; and so much in the spirit of *Cervantes*, that one might easily mistake it for one of the chief strokes of that incomparable Satire. But, in truth, it is neither this nor that; but a story taken by our Author from the *spurious Don Quixote*; which shews how proper an use may be made of General reading, when if there is but one good thing in a book (as in that wretched performance there scarce was more) it may be pick'd out, and employ'd to an excellent purpose.

Made him observe the subject, and the plot, 275

The manners, passions, unities; what not?

All which, exact to rule, were brought about,

Were but a Combat in the lists left out.

“What! leave the Combat out?” exclaims the  
Knight;

Yes, or we must renounce the Stagirite. 280

“Not so by Heav’n” (he answers in a rage)

“Knights, squires, and steeds, must enter on the  
“stage.”

So vast a throng the stage can ne’er contain.

“Then build a new, or act it in a plain.”

Thus Critics, of less judgment than caprice, 285

Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,

COMMENTARY.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,  
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice,  
Form short Ideas, etc.]*

2. He concludes his observations on those *two sorts* of judges by *parts*, with this general reflexion.—The *curious not knowing* are the *first* sort, who judge *by parts*, and with a *microscopic* sight (as he says elsewhere) *examine bit by bit*: The *not exact but nice*, are the *second*, who judge by a *favourite part*, and talk of a *whole* to cover their fondness for a *part*; as Philosophers do of *principles*, in order to obtrude their *notions* or opinions for them.

NOTES.

VER. 285. *Thus Critics of less judgment than caprice,  
Curious not knowing, not exact but nice.]* In these two lines the poet finely describes the way in which bad writers are wont to imitate the qualities of good ones. As true *Judgment*

Form short Ideas ; and offend in arts  
(As most in manners) by a love to parts.

Some to *Conceit* alone their taste confine,  
And glitt'ring thoughts struck out at ev'ry line; 290  
Pleas'd with a work where nothing's just or fit;  
One glaring Chaos and wild heap of wit.

COMMENTARY.

But the fate common to both is, to be governed by *caprice* and not by *Judgment*, and consequently, to form short ideas, or to have ideas short of truth: Tho' the latter sort, thro' a fondness to their favorite part, imagine that they comprehend the whole in epitome: As the famous Hero of *La Mancha*, mentioned just before, used to maintain, that *Knight Errantry* comprised within itself the quintessence of all Science, civil and military.

VER. 289. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] We come now to that second sort of bounded capacity, which betrays itself in the manner of the work criticised. And this our Author prosecutes from v 288 to 384. These are again subdivided into divers classes.

Ibid. *Some to Conceit alone, etc.*] The first [from v 288 to 305.] are those who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*. And here again the Critic by parts, offends doubly in the manner, just as he did in the matter: For he not only confines his atten-

NOTES.

generally draws men out of popular opinions, so he who cannot get from the croud by the assistance of this guide, willingly follows *Caprice*, which will be sure to lead him into singularities. Again, true *Knowledge* is the art of treasuring up only that which, from its use in life, is worthy of being lodged in the memory. But *Curiosity* consists in a vain attention to every thing out of the way, and which, for its uselessness the world least regards. Lastly, *Exactness* is the just proportion of parts to one another, and their harmony in a whole: But he who has not extent of capacity for the exercise of this quality, contents himself with *Nicety*, which is a busying one's self about points and syllables.

Poets like painters, thus, unskill'd to trace  
 The naked nature and the living grace,  
 With gold and jewels cover ev'ry part, 295  
 And hide with ornaments their want of art.  
 True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd,  
 What oft was thought, but ne'er so well express'd;

## COMMENTARY.

tion to a *part*, when it should be extended to the *whole*; but he likewise judges *falsely* of that *part*. And this, like the other, is unavoidable, as the *parts* in the *manner*, bear the same close relation to the *whole*, that the *parts* in the *matter* do; to which *whole* the ideas of this Critic have never yet extended. Hence it is, that our author, speaking here of those who confine their attention solely to *Conceit* or *Wit*, describes the two species of *true* and *false* Wit; because they not only mistake a *wrong disposition of true Wit for a right*, but likewise *false Wit for true*; He describes false Wit first, from v 288 to 297.

*Some to Conceit alone, etc.*

Where the reader may observe our Author's skill in representing, in a description of *false* Wit, the false disposition of the *true*, as the Critic *by parts* is apt to fall into both these errors.

He next describes *true* Wit, from 296 to 305.

*True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*

And here again the reader may observe the same beauty, not only an explanation of *true* Wit, but likewise of the *right disposition* of it; which the poet illustrates, as he did the *wrong*, by ideas taken from the art of Painting.

## NOTES.

VER. 297. *True Wit is Nature to advantage dress'd, etc.*] This definition is very exact. Mr. Locke had defined *Wit* to consist in the *assemblage of ideas*, and putting those together, with *quickness and variety*, wherein can be found any *resemblance or congruity*, whereby to make up pleasant pictures and agreeable visions in the fancy. But that great Philosopher, in separating *Wit* from

Something, whose truth convinc'd at sight we find  
 That gives us back the image of our mind. 300  
 As shades more sweetly recommend the light,  
 So modest plainness sets off sprightly wit.  
 For works may have more wit than does 'em good,  
 As bodies perish thro' excess of blood.

Others for *Language* all their care express, 305  
 And value books, as women men, for Dress:

COMMENTARY.

VER. 305. *Others for Language, etc.*] He proceeds secondly to those narrow-minded Critics, whose whole concern turns upon *Language*, and shews [from *v* 304 to 337.] that this quality, where it holds the principal place, *deserves no commendation*; 1. Because it excludes qualities more essential. And when the abounding Verbiage has excluded the sense, the writer has nothing to do but to gild over the defect, by giving his words all the false colouring in his power.

2. He shews, that the Critic who busies himself with this quality alone, is altogether *unable to make a right Judgment* of it; because *true Expression* is only the dress of Thought; and so must be perpetually varied according to the subject, and man-

NOTES.

*Judgment*, as he does in this place, has given us (and he could therefore give us no other) only an account of Wit in general: In which false Wit, tho' not every species of it, is included. A *striking Image* therefore of Nature is, as Mr. *Locke* observes, certainly *Wit*: But this *image* may *strike* on several other accounts, as well as for its *truth* and *amiableness*; and the Philosopher has explained the manner how. But it never becomes that *Wit* which is the ornament of true Poesy, whose end is to represent Nature, but when it *dresses that Nature to advantage*, and presents her to us in the clearest and most amiable light. And to know when the *Fancy* has done its office truly, the poet subjoins this admirable Test, *viz.* When we perceive that it



Their praise is still,—the Style is excellent:  
 The Sense, they humbly take upon content.  
 Words are like leaves; and where they most abound,  
 Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found. 310  
 False Eloquence, like the prismatic glass,  
 Its gaudy colours spreads on ev'ry place;  
 The face of Nature we no more survey,  
 All glares alike, without distinction gay:

## COMMENTARY.

ner of thinking. But those who never concern themselves with the *Sense*, can form no judgment of the correspondence between *that* and the *Language*:

*Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
 Appears more decent as more suitable, etc.*

Now as these Critics are ignorant of this correspondence, their whole judgment in Language is reduced to the examination of *single words*; of which, such as are to his taste, are so only in proportion as they smack of Antiquity: On which our author has therefore bestowed a little raillery; concluding with a short and proper direction concerning the *use of words*, so far as regards their *novelty* and *ancientry*.

## NOTES.

*gives us back the image of our mind.* When it does that, we may be sure it plays no tricks with us: For this *image* is the creature of the *Judgment*; and whenever *Wit* corresponds with *Judgment*, we may safely pronounce it to be *true*.

*Naturam intueamur, hanc sequamur: id facillime accipiunt animi quod agnoscunt.* Quintil. lib. viii. c. 3.

VER. 311. *False eloquence, like the prismatic glass, etc.*] This simile is beautiful. For the false colouring, given to objects by the prismatic glass, is owing to its untwisting, by its *obliquities*, those threads of light, which Nature had put together in order to spread over its works an ingenuous and simple *candor*, that

But true Expression, like th' unchanging Sun,  
Clears, and improves whate'er it shines upon,  
It gilds all objects, but it alters none.

Expression is the dress of thought, and still  
Appears more decent, as more suitable ;  
A vile conceit in pompous words express'd, 320  
Is like a clown in regal purple dress'd :

For different styles with different subjects sort,  
As several garbs with country, town, and court.  
Some by old words to fame have made pretence,  
Ancients in phrase, meer moderns in their sense ;  
Such labour'd nothings, in so strange a style, 326  
Amaze th' unlearn'd, and make the learned smile.

NOTES.

should not hide, but only heighten the native complexion of the objects. And *false Eloquence* is nothing else but the straining and *divaricating* the parts of *true expression*; and then daubing them over with what the Rhetoricians very properly term, *COLOURS*; in lieu of that candid light, now lost, which was reflected from them in their natural state while sincere and entire.

VER. 324. *Some by old words, etc.*] *Abolita et abrogata retinere, insolentiæ cujusdam est, et frivoliæ in parvis jactantiæ.* Quintil. lib. i. c. 6. P.

*Opus est ut verba à vetustate repetita neque crebra sint, neque manifesta, quia nil est odiosius affectatione, nec utique ab ultimis repetita temporibus. Oratio cujus summa virtus est perspicuitas, quam sit vitiosa, si egeat interprete? Ergo ut novorum optima erunt maxime vetera, ita veterum maxime nova.* Idem. P.

Unlucky, as Fungoso in the Play,  
 These sparks with aukward vanity display  
 What the fine gentleman wore yesterday; 330  
 And but so mimic ancient wits at best,  
 As apes our grandfires, in their doublets drest.  
 In words, as fashions, the same rule will hold;  
 Alike fantastic, if too new, or old:  
 Be not the first by whom the new are try'd, 335  
 Nor yet the last to lay the old aside.

But most by Numbers judge a Poet's song;  
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong:

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 337. *But most by Numbers judge, etc.*] The last sort are those [from v 336 to 384.] whose ears are attached only to the *Harmony* of a poem. Of which they judge as ignorantly and as perversely as the other sort did of *Eloquence*; and for the very same reason. He *first* describes that *false Harmony* with which they are so much captivated; and shews, that it is wretchedly *flat* and *unvaried*: For

*Smooth or rough with them is right or wrong.*

He then describes the *true*. 1. As it is in *itself*, *constant*; with a happy mixture of *strength* and *sweetness*, in contradiction to the *roughness* and *flatness* of false Harmony: And 2. as it is

## NOTES.

VER. 328. — *unlucky as Fungoso etc.*] See Ben Johnson's *Every Man in his Humour*. P.

VER. 337. *But most by Numbers, etc.*]

*Quis populi sermo est? quis enim? nisi carmine molli*

*Nunc demum numero fluere, ut per lævæ severos*

*Effundat junctura unguis: scit tendere versum*

*Non secus ac si oculo rubricam dirigat uno.* Pers. Sat. i. P.

In the bright Muse tho' thousand charms conspire,  
 Her Voice is all these tuneful fools admire; 340  
 Who haunt Parnassus but to please their ear,  
 Not mend their minds; as some to Church repair,  
 Not for the doctrine, but the music there. }  
 These equal syllables alone require,  
 Tho' oft the ear the open vowels tire; 345  
 While expletives their feeble aid do join;  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line:

COMMENTARY.

*varied*, in compliance to the *subject*, where the *sound becomes an echo to the sense*, so far as is consistent with the preservation of numbers; in contradiction to the *monotony* of false Harmony: Of this he gives us, in the delivery of his precepts, four fine examples of *smoothness*, *roughness*, *slowness*, and *rapidity*. The *first* use of this correspondence of the *sound* to the *sense*, is to aid the fancy in acquiring a perfecter and more lively image of the thing represented. A *second* and nobler, is to calm and subdue the turbulent and selfish passions, and to raise and warm the beneficent: Which he illustrates in the famous adventure of *Timotheus* and *Alexander*: where, in referring to Mr. *Dryden's* Ode on that subject, he turns it to a high compliment on that great poet.

NOTES.

VER. 345. *Tho' oft the ear, etc.*] *Fugiemus crebras vocalium concursiones, quæ vastam atque hiantem orationem readunt.* Cic. ad Heren. lib. iv. Vide etiam Quintil. lib. ix. c. 4. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 346. *While expletives their feeble aid do join,  
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line.*] From *Dryden*. "He creeps along with ten little words in every line, and helps out his numbers with [for] [to] and [unto] and all the pretty expletives he can find, while the sense is left half tired behind it." *Essay on Dram. Poetry*.

While they ring round the same unvary'd chimes,  
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes;  
 Where-e'er you find "the cooling western breeze,"  
 In the next line, it "whispers thro' the trees:"  
 If crystal streams "with pleasing murmurs creep,"  
 The reader's threaten'd (not in vain) with "sleep:"  
 Then, at the last and only couplet fraught  
 With some unmeaning thing they call a thought,  
 A needless Alexandrine ends the song, 356  
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its flow length  
 along.

Leave such to tune their own dull rhymes, and know  
 What's roundly smooth, or languishingly flow;  
 And praise the easy vigour of a line, 360  
 Where Denham's strength, and Waller's sweetness  
 join.

True ease in writing comes from art, not chance,  
 As those move easiest who have learn'd to dance.  
 'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence,  
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense: 365

## NOTES.

VER. 364. *'Tis not enough no harshness gives offence;  
 The sound must seem an Echo to the sense:]* The judi-  
 cious introduction of this precept is remarkable. The Poets,  
 and even some of the best of them, have been so fond of  
 the beauty arising from this trivial precept, that, in their prac-

Soft is the strain when Zephyr gently blows,  
 And the smooth stream in smoother numbers flows;  
 But when loud surges lash the sounding shoar,  
 The hoarse, rough verse should like the torrent roar:  
 When Ajax strives some rock's vast weight to throw,  
 The line too labours, and the words move flow;  
 Not so, when swift Camilla scours the plain, 372  
 Flies o'er th' unbending corn, and skims along the  
 main.

NOTES.

tice, they have violated the very *End* of it, which is the encrease of *harmony*; and, so they could but raise an *Echo*, did not care whose ears they offended by its dissonance. To remedy this abuse therefore, the poet, by the introductory line, would insinuate, that *Harmony* is always presupposed as observed; tho' it may and ought to be perpetually varied, so as to produce the effect here recommended.

VER. 365. *The sound must seem an Echo to the sense,*] Lord Roscommon says,

*The sound is still a comment to the sense.*

They are both well expressed: only *this* supposes the sense to be assisted by the sound; *that*, the sound assisted by the sense.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 366. *Soft is the strain, etc.*]

*Tum si læta canunt, etc.* Vida Poet. l. iii. v. 403.

VER. 368. *But when loud surges, etc.*]

*Tum longe sale saxa sonant, etc.* Vida ib. 388.

VER. 370. *When Ajax strives, etc.*]

*Atque ideo si quid geritur molimine magno, etc.* Vida ib. 417.

VER. 372. *Not so, when swift Camilla, etc.*]

*At mora si fuerit damno, properare jubebo, etc.* Vida ib. 420.

Hear how Timotheus' vary'd lays surprize,  
 And bid alternate passions fall and rise! 375  
 While, at each change, the son of Libyan Jove  
 Now burns with glory, and then melts with love;  
 Now his' fierce eyes with sparkling fury glow,  
 Now sighs steal out, and tears begin to flow:  
 Persians and Greeks like turns of nature found,  
 And the World's victor stood subdu'd by Sound!  
 The pow'r of Music all our hearts allow,  
 And what Timotheus was, is DRYDEN now.

Avoid Extremes; and shun the fault of such,  
 Who still are pleas'd too little or too much. 385

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 384. *Avoid Extremes, etc.*] Our Author is now come to the last cause of wrong Judgment, PARTIALITY; the parent of the immediately preceding cause, a bounded capacity: Nothing so much narrowing and contracting the mind as prejudices entertained for or against things or persons. This, therefore, as the main root of all the foregoing, he prosecutes at large from v 383 to 473.

First, to v 394. he *previously* exposes that capricious turn of mind, which, by running men into *Extremes*, either of praise or dispraise, lays the *foundation* of an *habitual partiality*. He cautions therefore both against one and the other; and shews that excess of *Praise* is the mark of a *bad taste*; and excess of *Censure*, of a *bad digestion*.

## NOTES.

VER. 374. *Hear how Timotheus, etc.*] See Alexander's *Feast, or the Power of Music; an Ode by Mr. Dryden.* P,

At ev'ry trifle scorn to take offence,  
 That always shows great pride, or little sense;  
 Those heads, as stomachs, are not sure the best,  
 Which nauseate all, and nothing can digest.  
 Yet let not each gay Turn thy rapture move; 390  
 For fools admire, but men of sense approve:  
 As things seem large which we thro' mists descry,  
 Dulness is ever apt to magnify.

Some foreign writers, some our own despise;  
 The Ancients only, or the Moderns prize. 395

COMMENTARY.

VER. 394. *Some foreign writers, etc.*] Having explained the disposition of mind which produces an *habitual partiality*, he proceeds to expose this *partiality* in all the shapes in which it appears both amongst the *unlearned* and the *learned*.

I. In the *unlearned*, it is seen, *first*, In an unreasonable fondness for, or aversion to our *own* or *foreign*, to *ancient* or *modern* writers. And as it is the *mob* of unlearned readers he is here speaking of, he exposes their folly in a very apposite similitude:

*Thus Wit, like Faith, by each Man is apply'd  
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.*

But he shews [from v 397 to 408] that these Critics have as wrong a notion of *Reason* as those Bigots have of *God*: For that Genius is not confined to times or climates; but, as the common gift of Nature, is extended throughout all ages and countries: That indeed this intellectual light, like the material light of the Sun itself, may not shine at all times, in every place, with equal splendor; but be sometimes *clouded* with *popular ignorance*; and sometimes again *eclipsed* by the discountenance of *Princes*; yet it shall still recover itself; and, by breaking thro' the strongest of these impediments, manifest the eternity of its nature.



Thus Wit, like Faith, by each man is apply'd  
 To one small sect, and all are damn'd beside.  
 Meanly they seek the blessing to confine,  
 And force that sun but on a part to shine,  
 Which not alone the southern wit sublimes, 400  
 But ripens spirits in cold northern climes;  
 Which from the first has shone on ages past,  
 Enlightens the present, and shall warm the last;  
 Tho' each may feel encreases and decays,  
 And see now clearer and now darker days. 405  
 Regard not then if Wit be old or new,  
 But blame the false, and value still the true.

Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own,  
 But catch the spreading notion of the Town;

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 408. *Some ne'er advance a Judgment of their own*] A second instance of *unlearned partiality*, he shews [from *v* 407 to 424.] is mens going always along with the *cry*, as having no fixed or well grounded principles whereon to raise any judgment of their own. A *third* is reverence for *names*; of which sort, as he well observes, the worst and vilest are the idolizers of *names of quality*; whom therefore he stigmatizes as they deserve. Our

## NOTES.

VER. 402. *Which from the first etc.*] *Genius* is the same in all ages; but its fruits are various; and more or less excellent as they are checked or matured by the influence of Government or Religion upon them. Hence in some parts of Literature the Ancients excell; in others, the modern; just as those accidental circumstances influenced them.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM. 183

They reason and conclude by precedent, 410  
 And own stale nonsense which they ne'er invent.  
 Some judge of authors names, not works, and then  
 Nor praise nor blame the writings, but the men.  
 Of all this fervile herd, the worst is he  
 That in proud dulness joins with Quality. 415  
 A constant Critic at the great man's board,  
 To fetch and carry nonsense for my Lord.  
 What woful stuff this madrigal would be,  
 In some starv'd hackney sonneteer, or me?  
 But let a Lord once own the happy lines, 420  
 How the wit brightens! how the style refines!  
 Before his sacred name flies ev'ry fault,  
 And each exalted stanza teems with thought!  
 The Vulgar thus through Imitation err;  
 As oft the Learn'd by being singular; 425

COMMENTARY.

author's temper as well as judgment is here very observable, in throwing this species of partiality amongst the *unlearned* Critics: His affection for letters would not suffer him to conceive, that any *learned* Critic could ever fall to so low a prostitution.

VER. 424. — *The Vulgar thus—As oft the Learn'd—*] II. He comes, in the *second place* [from  $\psi$  423 to 452] to consider the instances of *partiality* in the *learned*. 1. The *first* is *Singularity*. For, as want of principles, in the *unlearned*, necessitates them to rest on the general judgment as *always right*; so adherence to false principles (that is, to *notions of their own*) misleads the *learned* into the other extreme, of supposing the gene-

So much they scorn the croud, that if the throng  
 By chance go right, they purposely go wrong:  
 So Schismatics the plain believers quit,  
 And are but damn'd for having too much wit.

## COMMENTARY.

ral judgment *always wrong*. And as, before, the Poet compared *those* to *Bigots*, who made true faith to consist in believing after others; so he compares *these* to *Schismatics*, who make it to consist in believing as no one ever believed before. Which folly he marks with a lively stroke of humour in the turn of the thought:

*So Schismatics the plain believers quit,  
 And are but damn'd for having too much Wit.*

2. The second is *Novelty*. And as this proceeds sometimes from *fondness*, sometimes from *vanity*; he compares the *one* to the *passion for a mistress*; and the *other*, to the *pride of being in fashion*: But the excuse common to both is, the *daily improvement of their Judgment*.

*Ask them the cause, they're wiser still they say.*

Now as this is a plausible pretence for their inconstancy; and our author has himself afterwards laid down the like thought, in a *precept* for a remedy against obstinacy and pride, where he says, § 570.

*But you with pleasure own your errors past,  
 And make each day a critic on the last,*

he has been careful, by the turn of the expression in this place, to shew the difference. For *Time*, considered only as *duration*, vitiates as frequently as it improves: Therefore to expect wisdom as the necessary attendant of *length of years*, unrelated to *long experience*, is vain and delusive. This he illustrates by a remarkable example; where we see *Time*, instead of becoming *wiser*, destroying *good letters*, to substitute *school divinity* in their place.—The *genius* of which kind of learning; the *character* of its professors; and the *fate*, which, sooner or later, always attends whatsoever is wrong or false, the poet sums up in those four lines;

*Faith, Gospel, all seem'd made to be disputed, etc.*

Some praise at morning what they blame at night;  
But always think the last opinion right. 431

A Muse by these is like a mistress us'd,  
This hour she's idoliz'd, the next abus'd;  
While their weak heads like towns unfortify'd,  
'Twi'xt sense and nonsense daily change their side.  
Ask them the cause; they're wiser still, they say;  
And still to-morrow's wiser than to-day.

We think our fathers fools, so wise we grow;  
Our wiser sons, no doubt, will think us so. 439

Once School-divines this zealous isle o'er-spread;  
Who knew most Sentences, was deepest read;  
Faith, Gospel, all, seem'd made to be disputed,  
And none had sense enough to be confuted:  
Scotists and Thomists, now, in peace remain,  
Amidst their kindred cobwebs in Duck-lane. 445

COMMENTARY.

And in conclusion, he observes, that perhaps this mischief, from love of *novelty*, might not be so great, did it not, with the *Critic*, infect *Writers* likewise; who, when they find their readers disposed to take *ready Wit* on the standard of *current Folly*, never trouble themselves to make better payment.

NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotists and Thomists*] These were two parties amongst the schoolmen, headed by *Duns Scotus* and *Thomas Aquinas*, of different opinions, and from that difference denominated *Realists* and *Nominalists*; they were perpetually disputing on the *immaculate conception*, and on subjects of the like importance.

If Faith itself has different dresses worn,  
 What wonder modes in Wit should take their turn?  
 Oft', leaving what is natural and fit,  
 The current folly proves the ready wit;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 447. Between this and  $\text{y}$  448.

The rhyming Clowns that gladdened Shakespear's age,  
 No more with crambo entertain the stage.  
 Who now in Anagrams their Patron praise,  
 Or sing their Mistress in Acrostic lays?  
 Ev'n pulpits pleas'd with merry puns of yore;  
 Now all are banish'd to the Hibernian shore!  
 Thus leaving what was natural and fit,  
 The current folly prov'd their ready wit;  
 And authors thought their reputation safe,  
 Which liv'd as long as fools were pleas'd to laugh.

## NOTES.

VER. 444. *Scotists*] So denominated from *Johannes Duns Scotus*. He suffered a miserable reverse of fortune at Oxford in the time of Henry VIII. That grave Antiquary Mr. Antony Wood sadly laments the *deformation*, as he calls it, of that University by the King's Commissioners; and even records the blasphemous speeches of one of them in his own Words—*We have set DUNCE in Boccardo, with all his blind Glossers, fast nailed up upon posts in all common houses of easement*. Upon which our venerable Antiquary thus exclaims: “If so be, the  
 “commissioners had such disrespect for that most famous Au-  
 “thor J. Duns, who was so much admired by our predecessors,  
 “and so DIFFICULT TO BE UNDERSTOOD, that the Doctors  
 “of those times, namely Dr. William Roper, Dr. John Kynnton,  
 “Dr. William Mowse, etc. professed, that, in twenty eight years  
 “study, they could not understand him rightly, What then had  
 “they for others of inferior note?”—What indeed! But then,  
*If so be, that most famous J. Duns was so difficult to be under-*

And authors think their reputation safe, 450  
Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.

Some valuing those of their own side or mind,  
Still make themselves the measure of mankind :

COMMENTARY.

VER. 452. *Some valuing those of their own side or mind, etc.]*  
3. The *third* and last instance of *partiality* in the *learned*, is *Party* and *Faction*. Which is consider'd from *γ* 451 to 474. where he shews how men of this turn deceive themselves when they load a writer of their own side with commendation. They fancy they are paying tribute to *merit*, when they are only sacrificing to *self-love*. But this is not the worst. He further shews, that this *party spirit* has often very ill effects on Science

NOTES.

stood (for that this is a most classical proof of his great value, who doubts?) I should conceive our good old Antiquary to be a little mistaken. And that the nailing up this Proteus was done by the Commissioners in honour of *the most famous Duns*: There being no other way of catching the sense of so slippery an Author, who had eluded the pursuit of three of their most renowned Doctors, in full cry after him, for twenty eight years together. And this *Boccardo* in which he was confined, seem'd very proper for the purpose; it being observed, that men are never more serious and thoughtful than in that place. SCRIBL.

*Ibid. Thomists,]* From *Thomas Aquinas*, a truly great Genius, who was, in those blind ages, the same in Theology that Friar Bacon was in natural Philosophy: less happy than our Countryman in this, that he soon became surrounded with a number of dark Glossers, who never left him till they had extinguished the radiance of that light which had pierced thro' the thickest night of Monkery, the thirteenth century, when the *Waldenses* were suppressed, and *Wickliffe* not yet risen.

VER. 445. *Duck-lane]* A place where old and second-hand books were sold formerly, near Smithfield. P.

VER. 450. *And Authors think their reputation safe, Which lives as long as fools are pleas'd to laugh.]* This is a just and admirable satire on those we call, *Authors in fashion*; for they are

Fondly we think we honour merit then,  
 When we but praise ourselves in other men. 455  
 Parties in Wit attend on those of State,  
 And public faction doubles private hate.  
 Pride, Malice, Folly, against Dryden rose,  
 In various shapes of Parsons, Critics, Beaus;  
 But sense surviv'd, when merry jests were past;  
 For rising merit will buoy up at last. 461  
 Might he return, and bless once more our eyes,  
 New Blackmores and new Milbourns must arise:  
 Nay should great Homer lift his awful head,  
 Zoilus again would start up from the dead. 465  
 Envy will merit, as its shade, pursue;  
 But like a shadow, proves the substance true;

## COMMENTARY.

itself; while, in support of *Faction*, it labours to depress some rising Genius, that was, perhaps, raised by nature, to enlighten his age and country. By which he would insinuate, that all the base and viler passions seek refuge, and find support in *party madness*.

## NOTES.

the men who get the laugh on their side. He shews, on how pitiful a basis their reputation stands, the changeling disposition of fools to laugh; who are always carried away with the last joke.

VER. 463. *Milbourn*] The Rev. Mr. Luke Milbourn. Dennis served Mr. Pope in the same office. And indeed the attendance of these slaves is necessary to render the triumphs of a great Genius complete. They are of all times, and on all occasions. Sir Walter Raleigh had Alexander Ross, Chillingworth had his Cheynel, and Locke his EDWARDS: Not *Fungoso* of Lincoln's-Inn. Mr. Locke's *Edwards* was a Divine of parts and learning, this *Edwards* is a critic with neither. Yet

For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, makes known  
 Th' opposing body's grossness, not its own.  
 When first that sun too pow'ful beams displays,  
 It draws up vapours which obscure its rays; 471  
 But ev'n those clouds at last adorn its way,  
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.  
 Be thou the first true merit to befriend;  
 His praise is lost, who stays 'till all commend. 475

COMMENTARY.

VER. 474. *Be thou the first, etc.*] The poet having now gone thro' the last cause of *wrong Judgment*, and root of all the rest, PARTIALITY; and ended it with the highest instances of it, in *party-rage* and *envy*; this affords him an opportunity [from  $\S$  473 to 560.] of closing his *second division* in the most graceful manner, by concluding from the premises, and calling upon the TRUE CRITIC to be careful of his *charge*, which is the *protection* and *support* of *Wit*. For, the defence of it from malevolent censure is its true protection; and the illustration of its beauties, its true support.

He first shews, the Critic ought to do this service without delay: And on these motives. 1. *Out of regard to himself*: For there is *some* merit in giving the world notice of an excellence; but *none at all* in pointing, like an Idiot, to that which has been long in the admiration of men. 2. *Out of regard to the Poem*: For the short duration of modern works requires they should begin

NOTES.

(as Mr. Pope says of Luke Milbourn) *the fairest of all critics*; for having written against the Editor's remarks on Shakespear, *he did him justice in printing at the same time his own*.

VER 468. *For envy'd Wit, like Sol eclips'd, etc.*] This similitude implies a fact too often verified; and of which we need not seek abroad for examples. It is, that frequently those very Authors, who have at first done all they could to obscure and depress a rising genius, have at length, in order to keep themselves



Short is the date, alas, of modern rhymes,  
 And 'tis but just to let them live betimes.  
 No longer now that golden age appears,  
 When Patriarch-wits surviv'd a thousand years :  
 Now length of Fame (our second life) is lost, 480  
 And bare threescore is all ev'n that can boast ;

## COMMENTARY.

to enjoy their existence early. He compares the life of *modern Wit*, and of the *ancient*, which survives in an universal language, to the difference between the Patriarchal age and our own : And observes, that while the ancient writings live for ever, as it were in brass and marble, the modern are but like *Paintings*, which, of how masterly a hand soever, have no sooner gained their requisite perfection by the incorporating, softening, and ripening of their tints, which they do in a very few years, but they begin to fade and die away. 3. Lastly, our author shews, that the Critic ought to do this service *out of regard to the Poet* ; when he considers the slender dowry the Muse brings along with her : In *youth* 'tis only a short lived vanity ; and in *maturer years* an accession of care and labour, in proportion to the weight of Reputation to be sustained, and of the increase of Envy to be opposed : And concludes his reasoning therefore on this head, with that pathetic and insinuating address to the Critic, from 508 to 524.

*Ah ! let not learning, etc.*

## NOTES.

in some little credit, been reduced to borrow from him, imitate his manner, and reflect what they could of his splendor. Nor hath the poet been less artful, to insinuate also what is sometimes the *cause*. A youthful genius, like the Sun rising towards the Meridian, displays *too strong and powerful beams* for the dirty genius of inferior writers, which occasions their *gathering, condensing, and blackening*. But as he descends from the Meridian (the time when the Sun gives its *gilding* to the surrounding clouds) his rays grow milder, his heat more benign. and then

*—ev'n those Clouds at last adorn its way,  
 Reflect new glories, and augment the day.*

Our sons their fathers failing language see,  
 And such as Chaucer is, shall Dryden be.  
 So when the faithful pencil has design'd  
 Some bright Idea of the master's mind, 485  
 Where a new world leaps out at his command,  
 And ready Nature waits upon his hand;  
 When the ripe colours soften and unite,  
 And sweetly melt into just shade and light;  
 When mellowing years their full perfection give,  
 And each bold figure just begins to live,  
 The treach'rous colours the fair art betray,  
 And all the bright creation fades away!

Unhappy Wit, like most mistaken things,  
 Atones not for that envy which it brings. 495

NOTES.

VER. 484. *So when the faithful pencil, etc.*] This similitude, in which the poet discovers (as he always does on this subject) *real science* in the thing spoken of, has still a more peculiar beauty, as at the same time that it confesses the just superiority of *antient* writings, it insinuates one advantage the *modern* have above them; which is this, that in these, our intimate acquaintance with the *occasion of writing*, and the *manners described*, lets us into all those living and striking graces which may be well compared to that perfection of imitation only given by colouring: While the ravage of Time amongst the monuments of former ages, hath left us but the gross substance of ancient wit, so much of the form and matter of body only as may be expressed in brass or marble.

† N

In youth alone its empty praise we boast,  
 But soon the short-liv'd vanity is lost :  
 Like some fair flow'r the early spring supplies,  
 That gayly blooms, but ev'n in blooming dies.  
 What is this Wit, which must our cares employ ?  
 The owner's wife, that other men enjoy ; 501  
 Then most our trouble still when most admir'd,  
 And still the more we give, the more requir'd ;  
 Whose fame with pains we guard, but lose with ease,  
 Sure some to vex, but never all to please ; 505  
 'Tis what the vicious fear, the virtuous shun,  
 By fools 'tis hated, and by knaves undone !  
 If Wit so much from Ign'rance undergo,  
 Ah let not Learning too commence its foe !  
 Of old, those met rewards who could excell, 510  
 And such were prais'd who but endeavour'd well :  
 Tho' triumphs were to gen'als only due,  
 Crowns were reserv'd to grace the soldiers too.  
 Now, they who reach Parnassus' lofty crown,  
 Employ their pains to spurn some others down ;

## NOTES.

VER. 507. — *by Knaves undone !*] By which the Poet would insinuate, a common but shameful truth, That Men in power, if they got into it by illiberal arts, generally left Wit and Science to starve.

And while self-love each jealous writer rules,  
 Contending wits become the sport of fools :  
 But still the worst with most regret commend,  
 For each ill Author is as bad a Friend. 520

To what base ends, and by what abject ways,  
 Are mortals urg'd thro' sacred lust of praise!  
 Ah ne'er so dire a thirst of glory boast,  
 Nor in the Critic let the Man be lost.  
 Good-nature and good-sense must ever join ; 525  
 To err is human, to forgive, divine.

But if in noble minds some dregs remain  
 Not yet purg'd off, of spleen and sour disdain ;

COMMENTARY.

VER 527. *But if in noble minds some dregs remain, etc.*] So far as to what ought to be the *true Critic's* principal study and employment. But if the sour critical humour must needs have vent, he points to its right object ; and shews [from v 526 to 556.] how it may be usefully and innocently diverted. This is very observable ; for our author makes spleen and disdain the characteristic of the *false Critic*, and yet here supposes them inherent in the *true*. But it is done with judgment, and a knowledge of nature. For as bitterness and acerbity in unripe fruits of the best kind are the foundation and capacity of that high spirit, race, and flavour which we find in them, when perfectly concocted by the heat and influence of the Sun ; and which, without those qualities, would often gain no more by that influence than only a *mellow insipidity* : so spleen and disdain in the true Critic, improved by long study and experience, ripen into an exactness of Judgment and an elegance of Taste : But, lying in the false Critic remote from

Discharge that rage on more provoking crimes,  
 Nor fear a dearth in these flagitious times. 530  
 No pardon vile Obscenity should find,  
 Tho' wit and art conspire to move your mind;  
 But Dulness with Obscenity must prove  
 As shameful sure as Impotence in love.  
 In the fat age of pleasure, wealth, and ease, 535  
 Sprung the rank weed, and thriv'd with large in-  
 crease:

## COMMENTARY.

the influence of good letters, continue in all their first offensive harshness and astringency. The Poet therefore shews how, after the exaltation of these qualities into their state of perfection, the very *Dregs* (which, tho' precipitated, may possibly, on some occasions, rise and ferment even in a *noble mind*) may be usefully employed in branding OBSCENITY and IMPIETY. Of these he explains the rise and progress, in a beautiful picture of the different genius's of the reigns of *Charles II.* and *William III.* the former of which gave course to the most *profligate luxury*; the latter to a *licentious impiety*. These are the criminals the poet assigns over to the caustic hand of the Critic, but concludes however, from  $\S$  556 to 561. with this necessary admonition, to take care not to be misled into unjust censure; either on the one hand, by a pharisaical *niceness*, or on the other by a consciousness of guilt. And thus the *second division* of his Essay ends: The judicious conduct of *which* is worthy our observation. The subject of it are the *causes of wrong judgment*: These he derives upwards from *cause to cause*, till he brings them to their source, an *immoral partiality*: For as he had, in the first part, *trac'd the Muses upward to their spring*, and shewn them to be derived from Heaven, and the Offspring of virtue; so hath he *here* pursued this enemy of the Muses, the *bad Critic*, to his low original, in the arms of his nursing mother *Immorality*. This order naturally *introduces*, and at the same time shews the *necessity* of, the subject of the third and last division, which is, on the *Morals of the Critic*.

When love was all an easy Monarch's care ;  
 Seldom at council, never in a war :  
 Jilts rul'd the state, and statesmen farces writ ;  
 Nay wits had pensions, and young Lords had wit :  
 The Fair fate panting at a Courtier's play, 541  
 And not a Mask went unimprov'd away :  
 The modest fan was lifted up no more,  
 And Virgins smil'd at what they blush'd before.  
 The following licence of a Foreign reign 545  
 Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;  
 Then unbelieving Priests reform'd the nation,  
 And taught more pleasant methods of salvation ;

NOTES.

VER. 546. *Did all the dregs of bold Socinus drain ;*] The seeds of this *religious* evil, as well as of the *political* that encouraged it (for all *Revolutions* are in themselves evils, tho' brought about thro' necessity, for the removal of greater) were sown in the preceding *fat age of pleasure*. The mischiefs done, during Cromwell's usurpation, by fanaticism, inflamed by erroneous and absurd notions of the doctrine of *grace* and *satisfaction*, made the loyal *Latitudinarian* divines (as they were called) at the Restoration, go so far into the other extreme of resolving all Christianity into *Morality*, as to afford an easy introduction to *Socinianism* : Which in that reign (founded on the principles of Liberty) men had full opportunity of propagating.

VER. 547. The author has omitted two lines which stood here, as containing a *National Reflection*, which in his stricter judgment he could not but disapprove on any People whatever. P.

Where Heav'n's free subjects might their rights  
dispute,

Lest God himself should seem too absolute: 550

Pulpits their sacred fatire learn'd to spare,

And Vice admir'd to find a flatt'rer there!

Encourag'd thus, Wit's Titans brav'd the skies,

And the press groan'd with licens'd blasphemies.

These monsters, Critics! with your darts engage,

Here point your thunder, and exhaust your rage!

Yet shun their fault, who, scandalously nice,

Will needs mistake an author into vice;

All seems infected that th' infected spy,

As all looks yellow to the jaundic'd eye. 560

LEARN then what MORALS Critics ought to show,  
For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.

#### COMMENTARY.

VER. 561. *Learn then, etc.*] We enter now on the *third part*, the MORALS of the *Critic*; included in CANDOUR, MODESTY, and GOOD-BREEDING. This third and last part is in two divisions. In the *first* of which [from  $\text{v}$  560 to 632.] he inculcates these *morals* by *precept*: In the *second* [from  $\text{v}$  631 to the end] by *example*. His *first* precept [from  $\text{v}$  562 to 567.] recommends CANDOUR, for its *use to the Critic*, and to the *writer criticised*.

#### NOTES.

VER. 562. *For 'tis but half a Judge's task, to know.*] The Critic acts in two capacities, of *Assessor* and of *Judge*: in the first, *science* alone is sufficient; but the other requires *morals* likewise.

'Tis not enough, taste, judgment, learning, join;  
 In all you speak, let truth and candour shine:  
 That not alone what to your sense is due 565  
 All may allow; but seek your friendship too.

Be silent always when you doubt your sense;  
 And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:  
 Some positive, persisting fops we know,  
 Who, if once wrong, will needs be always so;

COMMENTARY.

2. The *second* [from *vs* 566 to 573.] recommends MODESTY, which manifests itself by these four *signs*: 1. Silence where it doubts,

*Be silent always when you doubt your sense;*

2. A seeming diffidence where it knows,

*And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence:*

3. A free confession of error where wrong,

*But you with pleasure own your errors past,*

4. And a constant review and scrutiny even of those opinions which it still thinks right:

*And make each day a Critic on the last.*

3. The *third* [from *vs* 572 to 585.] recommends GOOD BREEDING, which will not force truth dogmatically upon men, as ignorant of it, but gently insinuates it into them, as not sufficiently attentive to it. But as men of breeding are apt to fall into two extremes, he prudently cautions against them. The one is a backwardness in communicating their knowledge, out of a false delicacy, and fear of being thought Pedants: The other, and much more common extreme in men of breeding, is a mean complacency, which such as are worthy of your advice do not want to make it acceptable; for those can best bear reproof in particular points, who best deserve commendation in general.



But you, with pleasure own your errors past,  
And make each day a Critic on the last.

'Tis not enough, your counsel still be true;  
Blunt truths more mischief than nice falsehoods do;  
Men must be taught as if you taught them not, 575  
And things unknown propos'd as things forgot.  
Without Good Breeding, truth is disapprov'd;  
That only makes superior sense belov'd.

Be niggards of advice on no pretence;  
For the worst avarice is that of sense. 580  
With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,  
Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 585. [*Twere well might Critics, etc.*] The poet having thus recommended, in these *general rules of Conduct* for the *Judgment*, the *three critical Virtues* to the *heart*; shews next [from  $\psi$  584 to 632.] on what three sort of Writers these Virtues, together with the advice conveyed under them, would be thrown away; and, which is worse, be repaid with obloquy and slander. These are the *false Critic*, the *dull Man of Quality*, and the *bad Poet*; each of which *incorrigible* writers he hath very justly and exactly characterized.

But having drawn the last of them at large, and being always attentive to his main subject, which is, *of writing and judging well*, he re-assumes the character of the *bad Critic* (whom he had but touched upon before) to contrast him with the other; and makes the *Characteristic* common to both, to be a never-ceasing *Repetition* of their own impertinence.

The *Poet*,—*still runs on in a raging vein, etc.*  $\psi$  607, *etc.*

The *Critic*—*with his own tongue still edifies his ears,  $\psi$  615, etc.*

Fear not the anger of the wise to raise;  
 Those best can bear reproof, who merit praise.  
 'Twere well might Critics still this freedom take,  
 But Appius reddens at each word you speak, 586  
 And stares, tremendous, with a threat'ning eye,  
 Like some fierce Tyrant in old tapestry.  
 Fear most to tax an Honourable fool,  
 Whose right it is, uncensur'd to be dull; 590  
 Such, without wit, are Poets when they please,  
 As without learning they can take Degrees.  
 Leave dang'rous truths to unsuccessful Satires,  
 And flattery to fulsome Dedicators,  
 Whom, when they praise, the world believes no  
 more, 595  
 Than when they promise to give scribbling o'er.  
 'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,  
 And charitably let the dull be vain:  
 Your silence there is better than your spite,  
 For who can rail so long as they can write? 600

NOTES.

VER. 587. *And stares, tremendous, etc.*] This picture was taken to himself by *John Dennis*, a furious old Critic by profession, who, upon no other provocation, wrote against this Essay and its author, in a manner perfectly lunatic: For, as to the mention made of him in v 270. he took it as a Compliment, and said it was treacherously meant to cause him to overlook this *Abuse of his Person*. P.

Still humming on, their drouzy course they keep,  
 And lash'd so long, like tops, are lash'd asleep.  
 False steps but help them to renew the race,  
 As, after stumbling, Jades will mend their pace.  
 What crouds of these, impenitently bold, 605  
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,  
 Still run on Poets, in a raging vein,  
 Ev'n to the dregs and squeezings of the brain,  
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,  
 And rhyme with all the rage of Impotence. 610

Such shameless Bards we have; and yet 'tis true,  
 There are as mad, abandon'd Critics too.  
 The bookful blockhead, ignorantly read,  
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,  
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears, 615  
 And always list'ning to himself appears.  
 All books he reads, and all he reads affails,  
 From Dryden's Fables down to Durfey's Tales.  
 With him, most authors steal their works, or buy;  
 Garth did not write his own Dispensary. 620

## NOTES.

VER. 620. *Garth did not write, etc.*] A common slander at that time in prejudice of that deserving author. Our Poet did him this justice, when that slander most prevail'd; and it is now (perhaps the sooner for this very verse) dead and forgotten. P.

Name a new Play, and he's the Poet's friend,  
 Nay show'd his faults--but when would Poets mend?  
 No place so sacred from such fops is barr'd,  
 Nor is Paul's church more safe than Paul's church  
 yard :

Nay, fly to Altars ; there they'll talk you dead : 625  
 For Fools rush in where Angels fear to tread.

Distrustful sense with modest caution speaks, }  
 It still looks home, and short excursions makes; }  
 But rattling nonsense in full vollies breaks, }  
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside, 630  
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thund'ring tide.

But where's the man, who counsel can bestow,  
 Still pleas'd to teach, and yet not proud to know ?

VARIATIONS.

VER. 624. Between this and  $\text{v}$  625.

In vain you shrug and sweat, and strive to fly;  
 These know no *Manners* but of Poetry.  
 They'll stop a hungry Chaplain in his grace,  
 To treat of Unities of time and place.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 631. *But where's the man, etc.*] II. The *second* division of this last part, which we now come to, is of the *Morals of Critics* by *example*. For, having there drawn a picture of the *false Critic*, at large, he breaks out into an apostrophe, containing an exact and finished character of the *true*, which, at the same time, serves for an easy and proper introduction to *this second division*. For, having asked [from  $\text{v}$  631 to 644.] *Where's the*

Unbias'd, or by favour, or by spite;  
 Not dully prepossess'd, nor blindly right; 635  
 Tho' learn'd, well-bred; and tho' well-bred, sincere;  
 Modestly bold, and humanly severe:  
 Who to a friend his faults can freely show,  
 And gladly praise the merit of a foe?  
 Blest with a taste exact, yet unconfi'd; 640  
 A knowledge both of books and human kind;

## COMMENTARY.

*man, etc.* he answers [from v 643 to 682.] That he was to be found in the happier ages of *Greece* and *Rome*; in the persons of *Aristotle* and *Horace*, *Dionysius* and *Petronius*, *Quintilian* and *Longinus*. Whose features he has not only exactly delineated, but contrasted with a peculiar elegance; the profound science and logical method of *Aristotle* being opposed to the plain common sense of *Horace*, conveyed in a natural and familiar negligence; the study and refinement of *Dionysius*, to the gay and courtly ease of *Petronius*; and the gravity and minuteness of *Quintilian*, to the vivacity and general topics of *Longinus*. Nor has the Poet been less careful, in these examples, to point out their eminence in the several critical Virtues he so carefully inculcated in his precepts. Thus in *Horace* he particularizes his Candour, in *Petronius* his Good Breeding, in *Quintilian* his free and copious Instruction, and in *Longinus* his noble Spirit.

## NOTES.

VER. 632. *But where's the man, etc.*] The Poet, by his manner of asking after this Character, and telling us, when he had described it, that *such once were Critics*, does not encourage us to search for it in modern writers. And indeed the discovery of him, if it could be made, would be but an invidious business. I will venture no farther than to name the piece of Criticism in which these marks may be found. It is intitled, *Q. Hor. Fl. Ars Poetica, with an English Commentary and Notes.*

Gen'rous converse; a soul exempt from pride;  
And love to praise, with reason on his side?

Such once were Critics; such the happy few,  
Athens and Rome in better ages knew. 645

The mighty Stagirite first left the shore,  
Spread all his sails, and durst the deeps explore;  
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far,  
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star.

VARIATIONS.

Between  $\nu$  647 and 648. I found the following lines, since  
supprest by the author:

That bold Columbus of the realms of wit,  
Whose first discov'ry's not exceeded yet.  
Led by the light of the Mæonian Star,  
He steer'd securely, and discover'd far.  
He, when all Nature was subdu'd before,  
Like his great Pupil, sigh'd, and long'd for more:  
Fancy's wild regions yet unvanquish'd lay,  
A boundless empire, and that own'd no sway.  
Poets, etc.

NOTES.

VER. 643. *with REASON on his side?*] Not *only* on his *side*,  
but actually exercised in his *service*. That Critic makes but a  
mean figure, who, when he has found out the excellencies of his  
author, contents himself in offering them to the world, with  
only empty exclamations on their beauties. His office is to ex-  
plain the nature of those beauties, shew from whence they arise,  
and what effects they produce; or, in the better and fuller ex-  
pression of the Poet,

*To teach the world with Reason to admire.*

Poets, a race long unconfin'd, and free, 650  
 Still fond and proud of savage liberty,  
 Receiv'd his laws; and stood convinc'd 'twas fit,  
 Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.  
 Horace still charms with graceful negligence,  
 And without method talks us into sense, 655  
 Will, like a friend, familiarly convey  
 The truest notions in the easiest way.  
 He, who supreme in judgment, as in wit,  
 Might boldly censure, as he boldly writ, 659  
 Yet judg'd with coolness, tho' he sung with fire;  
 His Precepts teach but what his works inspire.  
 Our Critics take a contrary extreme,  
 They judge with fury, but they write with sle'me:

## NOTES.

VER. 653. *Who conquer'd Nature, should preside o'er Wit.*] By this is not meant *physical* Nature, but *moral*. The force of the observation consists in our understanding it in this sense. For the Poet not only uses the word *Nature* for *human nature*, throughout this poem; but also, where, in the beginning of it, he lays down the principles of the arts he treats of, he makes the knowledge of *human nature* the foundation of all *Criticism* and *Poetry*. Nor is the observation less true than apposite. For, *Aristotle's* natural enquiries were superficial, and ill made, tho' extensive: But his *logical* and *moral* works are incomparable. In these he has unfolded the human mind, and laid open all the recesses of the heart and understanding; and by his *Categories*, not only *conquered Nature*, but kept her in *tenfold chains*: Not as *Dulness* kept the Muses, in the *Dunciad*, to silence them; but as *Aristæus* held *Proteus* in *Virgil*, to deliver Oracles.

Nor suffers Horace more in wrong Translations  
By Wits, than Critics in as wrong Quotations. 665

See Dionysius Homer's thoughts refine,  
And call new beauties forth from ev'ry line!

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

In grave Quintilian's copious work, we find 670  
The justest rules, and clearest method join'd:  
Thus useful arms in magazines we place,  
All rang'd in order, and dispos'd with grace,  
But less to please the eye, than arm the hand,  
Still fit for use, and ready at command. 675

Thee, bold Longinus! all the Nine inspire,  
And bless their Critic with a Poet's fire.  
An ardent Judge, who zealous in his trust,  
With warmth gives sentence, yet is always just;  
Whose own example strengthens all his laws; 680  
And is himself that great Sublime he draws.

Thus long succeeding Critics justly reign'd,  
Licence repress'd, and useful laws ordain'd.

COMMENTARY.

VER. 682. *Thus long succeeding Critics, etc.*] The next period in which the true Critic (he tells us) appear'd, was at the revival and restoration of letters in the West. This occasions his giving a short history [from v 683 to 710.] of the decline

NOTES.

VER. 666. *See Dyonyfius*] Of Halicarnassus. P.



Learning and Rome alike in empire grew ; 684  
 And Arts still follow'd where her Eagles flew ;  
 From the same foes, at last, both felt their doom,  
 And the same age saw Learning fall, and Rome.  
 With Tyranny, then Superstition join'd,  
 As that the body, this enslav'd the mind ;  
 Much was believ'd, but little understood, 690  
 And to be dull was constru'd to be good ;  
 A second deluge Learning thus o'er-run,  
 And the Monks finish'd what the Goths begun.

## VARIATIONS.

Between  $\nu$  691 and 692. the author omitted these two,  
 Vain Wits and Critics were no more allow'd,  
 When none but Saints had licence to be proud. P.

## COMMENTARY.

and re-establishment of arts and sciences in *Italy*. He shews that they both fell under the same enemy, *despotic power* ; and that when both had made some little efforts to restore themselves, they were soon quite overwhelmed by a *second deluge* of another kind, *Superstition* ; and a calm of Dulness finish'd upon *Rome* and Letters what the rage of Barbarism had begun :

*A second deluge learning thus o'er-run,  
 And the Monk finish'd what the Goth begun.*

When things had been long in this condition, and all recovery now appear'd desperate, it was a CRITIC, our author shews us for the honour of the *Art* he here teaches, who at length brok the charm of Dulness, dissipated the enchantment, and, like another *Hercules*, drove those cowl'd and hooded serpents from the *Hesperian* tree of knowledge, which they had so long guarded from human approach.

At length Erasmus, that great injur'd name,  
 (The glory of the Priesthood, and the shame!)  
 Stem'd the wild torrent of a barb'rous age, 696  
 And drove those holy Vandals off the stage.

But see! each Muse, in LEO's golden days,  
 Starts from her trance, and trim's her wither'd bays;

COMMENTARY.

VER. 694. *At length Erasmus, etc.*] Nothing can be more artful than the application of this *example*; or more happy than the turn of compliment to this admirable man. To throw glory quite round his illustrious character, he makes it to be (as in fact it really was) by his assistance chiefly, that *Leo* was enabled to restore letters and the fine arts, in his Pontificate.

VER. 698. *But see each Muse in Leo's golden days*] This presents us with the *second period* in which the *true Critic* appear'd; of whom he has given us a perfect *idea* in the single example of *Marcus Hieronymus Vida*: For his *subject* being *poetical Criticism*, for the use principally of a *critical Poet*; his *example* is an eminent *poetical Critic*, who had had written of that Art in verse.

NOTES.

VER. 695. *The glory of the Priesthood and the shame!*] Our author elsewhere lets us know what he esteems to be the *glory of the Priesthood* as well as of a Christian in general, where, comparing himself to *Erasmus*, he says,

*In MODERATION placing all my glory,*  
 and consequently, what he esteems to be the *shame* of it. The whole of this character belong'd most eminently and almost solely to *Erasmus*: For the other Reformers, such as *Luther*, *Calvin*, and their followers, understood so little in what true Christian Liberty consisted, that they carried with them, into the reformed Churches that very spirit of *persecution*, which had driven them from the church of Rome.

Rome's ancient Genius, o'er its ruins spread, 700  
 Shakes off the dust, and rears his rev'rend head.  
 Then Sculpture and her sister-arts revive ;  
 Stones leap'd to form, and rocks began to live ;  
 With sweeter notes each rising Temple rung ;  
 A Raphael painted, and a Vida sung. 705  
 Immortal Vida : on whose honour'd brow  
 The Poet's bays and Critic's ivy grow :  
 Cremona now shall ever boast thy name,  
 As next in place to Mantua, next in fame ! 709  
 But soon by impious arms from Latium chas'd,  
 Their ancient bounds the banish'd Muses pass'd ;

## COMMENTARY.

VER. 710. *But soon by impious arms, etc.*] This brings us to the *third period*, after learning had still travelled farther West ; when the arms of the *Emperor*, in the sack of Rome by the duke of *Bourbon*, had driven it out of *Italy*, and forced it to pass the *Mountains*—The Examples he gives in this period, are of *Boileau* in *France*, and of the Lord *Roscommon* and the duke of *Buckingham* in *England* : And these were all Poets, as well as Critics in verse. It is true, the last instance is of one who was no eminent poet, the late Mr. *Walsh*. This small deviation might be well over-looked, was it only for its being a pious office to the memory of his friend : But it may be farther justified as it was an homage paid in particular to the MORALS of the Critic, nothing being more amiable than the character here drawn of this excellent person. He being our Author's Judge and Censor, as

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 708. *As next in place to Mantua,*] Alluding to  
*Mantua vœ miseræ nimium vicina Cremonæ.* Virg.

Thence Arts o'er all the northern world advance,  
 But Critic-learning flourish'd most in France:  
 The rules a nation, born to serve, obeys;  
 And Boileau still in right of Horace sways. 715  
 But we, brave Britons, foreign laws despis'd,  
 And kept unconquer'd, and unciviliz'd;  
 Fierce for the liberties of wit, and bold,  
 We still defy'd the Romans, as of old.  
 Yet some there were, among the founder few  
 Of those who less presum'd, and better knew, 721  
 Who durst assert the juster ancient cause,  
 And here restor'd Wit's fundamental laws.  
 Such was the Muse, whose rules and practice tell,  
 ' Nature's chief Master-piece is writing well.' 725

COMMENTARY.

well as Friend, it gives him a graceful opportunity to add *himself* to the number of the later Critics; and with a *character of himself*, sustained by that *modesty* and *dignity* which it is so difficult to make consistent, this performance concludes.

I have given a short and plain account of the *Essay on Criticism*, concerning which I have but one thing more to acquaint the reader: That when he considers the Regularity of the plan, the masterly Conduct of each part, the penetration into Nature, and the compass of Learning, so conspicuous throughout, he should at the same time know, it was the work of an Author who had not attained the twentieth year of his age.

NOTES.

VER. 724. *Such was the Muse—*] *Essay on Poetry* by the Duke of Buckingham. Our Poet is not the only one of his time

Such was Roscommon, not more learn'd than good,  
 With manners gen'rous as his noble blood ;  
 To him the wit of Greece and Rome was known,  
 And ev'ry author's merit, but his own.  
 Such late was Walsh—the Muse's judge and friend,  
 Who justly knew to blame or to commend; 731  
 To failings mild, but zealous for desert ;  
 The clearest head, and the sincerest heart.  
 This humble praise, lamented shade! receive,  
 This praise at least a grateful Muse may give: 735

## NOTES.

who complimented this *Essay*, and its noble Author. Mr. Dryden had done it very largely in the Dedication to his translation of the *Æneid*; and Dr. Garth in the first Edition of his *Dispensary* says,

*The Tyber now no courtly Gallus sees,  
 But smiling Thames enjoys his Normanbys.*

Tho' afterwards omitted, when parties were carried so high in the reign of Queen Anne, as to allow no commendation to an opposite in Politics. The Duke was all his life a steady adherent to the Church of England-Party, yet an enemy to the extravagant measures of the Court in the reign of Charles II. On which account after having strongly patronized Mr. Dryden, a coolness succeeded between them on that poet's absolute attachment to the Court, which carried him some lengths beyond what the Duke could approve of. This Nobleman's true character had been very well marked by Mr. Dryden before,

*the Muse's friend,  
 Himself a Muse. In Sanadrin's debate  
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state.*

Abf. and Achit.

Our Author was more happy, he was honour'd very young with his friendship, and it continued till his death in all the circumstances of a familiar esteem. P.

The Muse, whose early voice you taught to sing,  
 Prescrib'd her heights, and prun'd her tender wing,  
 (Her guide now lost) no more attempts to rise,  
 But in low numbers short excursions tries : 739  
 Content, if hence th' unlearn'd their wants may view,  
 The learn'd reflect on what before they knew :  
 Careless of censure, nor too fond of fame ;  
 Still pleas'd to praise, yet not afraid to blame ;  
 Averse alike to flatter, or offend ; 744  
 Not free from faults, nor yet too vain to mend.



T H E  
RAPE of the LOCK.

A N  
HEROI-COMICAL  
P O E M.

Written in the Year MDCCXII.



THE  
RAPID OF THE FLOCK  
HEROIC-GONICAR  
P. O. B. M.

T O

## Mrs. ARABELLA FERMOR.

MADAM,

**I**T will be in vain to deny that I have some regard for this piece, since I dedicate it to You. Yet you may bear me witness, it was intended only to divert a few young Ladies, who have good sense and good humour enough to laugh not only at their sex's little unguarded follies, but at their own. But as it was communicated with the air of a Secret, it soon found its way into the world. An imperfect copy having been offer'd to a Bookseller, you had the good-nature for my sake to consent to the publication of one more correct: This I was forc'd to, before I had executed half my design, for the Machinery was entirely wanting to compleat it.

The Machinery, Madam, is a term invented by the Critics, to signify that part which the Deities, Angels, or Dæmons are made to act in a Poem: For the ancient Poets are in one respect like many modern Ladies: let an action be never so trivial in itself, they always make it appear of the utmost importance. These Machines I determin'd to raise on a very new and odd foundation, the Rosicrucian doctrine of Spirits.

I know how disagreeable it is to make use of hard words before a Lady; but 'tis so much the concern of a Poet to have his works understood, and particularly by your Sex, that you must give me leave to explain two or three difficult terms.

The Rosicrucians are a people I must bring you acquainted with. The best account I know of them is in

a French book call'd *Le Comte de Gabalis*, which both in its title and size is so like a Novel, that many of the Fair Sex have read it for one by mistake. According to these Gentlemen, the four Elements are inhabited by Spirits, which they call Sylphs, Gnomes, Nymphs, and Salamanders. The Gnomes or Dæmons of Earth delight in mischief; but the Sylphs, whose habitation is in the Air, are the best-condition'd creatures imaginable. For they say, any mortals may enjoy the most intimate familiarities with these gentle Spirits, upon a condition very easy to all true Adepts, an inviolate preservation of Chastity.

As to the following Canto's, all the passages of them are as fabulous, as the Vision at the beginning, or the Transformation at the end; (except the loss of your Hair, which I always mention with reverence.) The Human persons are as fictitious as the Airy ones; and the character of Belinda, as it is now manag'd, resembles you in nothing but in Beauty.

If this Poem had as many Graces as there are in your Person, or in your Mind, yet I could never hope it should pass thro' the world half so Uncensur'd as You have done. But let its fortune be what it will, mine is happy enough, to have given me this occasion of assuring you that I am, with the truest esteem,

M A D A M,

*Your most obedient, Humble Servant,*

A. P O P E.





*A. Walker Del. et Sculp.*

*This Lock the Muse shall consecrate to Fame,  
And 'midst the Stars inscribe Belinda's Name...  
Rape of the Lock.*

T H E

## RAPE of the LOCK.

<sup>a</sup> Nolueram, Belinda, tuos violare capillos;  
Sed juvat, hoc precibus me tribuisse tuis. MART.

## C A N T O I.

W H A T dire offence from am'rous causes  
springs,

What mighty contests rise from trivial things,  
I sing—This verse to CARYL, Muse! is due:  
This, ev'n Belinda may vouchsafe to view :

## N O T E S.

<sup>a</sup> It appears, by this Motto, that the following Poem was written or published at the Lady's request. But there are some further circumstances not unworthy relating. Mr. Caryl (a Gentleman who was Secretary to Queen Mary, wife of James II. whose fortunes he followed into France, Author of the Comedy of *Sir Solomon Single*, and of several translations in Dryden's *Miscellanies*) originally proposed the subject to him in a view of putting an end, by this piece of ridicule, to a quarrel that was risen between two noble Families, those of Lord Petre and of Mrs. Fermor, on the trifling occasion of his having cut off a lock of her hair. The Author sent it to the Lady, with whom he was acquainted; and she took it so well as to give about copies of it. That first sketch, (we learn from one of his Letters) was written in less than a fortnight, in 1711. in two Canto's only, and it was so printed; first, in a *Miscellany* of Bern. Lin-

218 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Slight is the subject, but not so the praise, 5  
If She inspire, and He approve my lays.

Say what strange motive, Goddess! could compel  
A well-bred Lord t'assault a gentle Belle?

Oh say what stranger cause, yet unexplor'd,  
Could make a gentle Belle reject a Lord? 10

In tasks so bold, can little men engage,  
And in soft bosoms dwells such mighty Rage?

Sol thro' white curtains shot a tim'rous ray,  
And ope'd those eyes that must eclipse the day:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 11, 12. It was in the first editions,

And dwells such rage in softest bosoms then,  
And lodge such daring Souls in little Men? P.

VER. 13, etc. Stood thus in the first Edition,

Sol thro' white curtains did his beams display,  
And ope'd those eyes which brighter shone than they;  
Shock just had giv'n himself the rousing shake,  
And Nymphs prepar'd their Chocolate to take;  
Thrice the wrought slipper knock'd against the ground,  
And striking watches the tenth hour resound. P.

NOTES.

tot's, without the name of the Author. But it was received so well that he made it more considerable the next year by the addition of the machinery of the Sylphs, and extended it to five Canto's. We shall give the reader the pleasure of seeing in what manner these additions were inserted, so as to seem not to be added, but to grow out of the Poem. See Notes, Cant. I. v 19, etc. P.

This insertion he always esteemed, and justly, the greatest effort of his *skill* and *art* as a Poet.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 219

Now lap-dogs give themselves the rousing shake,  
 And sleepless lovers, just at twelve, awake : 16  
 Thrice rung the bell, the slipper knock'd the ground,  
 And the press'd watch return'd a silver sound.  
 Belinda still her downy pillow prest,  
 Her guardian SYLPH prolong'd the balmy rest :  
 'Twas He had summon'd to her silent bed 21  
 The morning-dream that hover'd o'er her head,

NOTES.

VER. 19. *Belinda still, etc.*] All the verses from hence to the end of this Canto were added afterwards.

VER. 20. *Her Guardian Sy'ph*] When Mr. Pope had projected to give this Poem its present form, he was obliged to find it with its Machinery. For as the subject of the Epic Poem consists of two parts, the *metaphysical* and the *civil*; so this mock epic, which is of the satiric kind, and receives its grace from a ludicrous imitation of the other's pomp and solemnity, was to have the same division of the subject. And, as the *civil* part is intentionally debased by the choice of an insignificant action: so should the *metaphysical*, by the use of some very extravagant system. A rule, which tho' neither Boileau nor Garth have been careful enough to attend to, our Author's good sense would not suffer him to overlook. And that sort of Machinery which his judgment taught him was only fit for his use, his admirable invention supplied. There was but one System in all nature which was to his purpose, the *Rosicrucian Philosophy*; and this, by the well directed effort of his imagination, he presently seized upon. The fanatic Alchemists, in their search after the great secret, had invented a *means* altogether proportioned to their *end*. It was a kind of Theological-Philosophy, made up of almost equal mixtures of Pagan Platonism, Christian Quietism, and the Jewish Cabbala; a composition enough to fright Reason from human commerce. This general system, he tells us, he took as he found it in a little French tract called, *Le Comte de Gabalis*. This book is written in Dialogue, and is a delicate and very ingeni-



A Youth more glitt'ring than a Birth-night Beau,  
 (That ev'n in slumber caus'd her cheek to glow)  
 Seem'd to her ear his winning lips to lay, 25  
 And thus in whispers said, or seem'd to say.

Fairest of mortals, thou distinguish'd care  
 Of thousand bright Inhabitants of Air!  
 If e'er one Vision touch thy infant thought,  
 Of all the Nurse and all the Priest have taught;  
 Of airy Elves by moonlight shadows seen, 31  
 The silver token, and the circled green,  
 Or virgins visited by Angel-pow'rs,  
 With golden crowns and wreaths of heav'nly  
 flow'rs;

## NOTES.

ous piece of raillery of the AbbeVilliers, upon that invifible sect, of which the stories that went about at that time, made a great deal of noise at Paris. But, as in this satirical Dialogue, Mr. P. found several whimsies, of a very high mysterious kind, told of the nature of these elementary beings, which were very unfit to come into the machinery of such a sort of poem, he has with great judgment omitted them; and in their stead, made use of the Legendary stories of Guardian Angels, and the Nursery Tales of the Fairies; which he has artfully accommodated to the rest of the *Rosicrucian System*. And to this, (unless we will be so uncharitable to believe he intended to give a needless scandal) we must suppose he referred, in these two lines,

*If e'er one Vision touch'd thy infant thought,  
 Of all the nurse, and all the priest have taught.*

Thus, by the most beautiful invention imaginable, he has contrived, that, as in the serious Epic, the popular belief supports the Machinery; so, in his mock Epic, the Machinery should be contrived to dismount philosophic pride and arrogance.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 221

Hear and believe! thy own importance know, 35  
 Nor bound thy narrow views to things below.  
 Some secret truths, from learned pride conceal'd,  
 To Maids alone and Children are reveal'd:  
 What tho' no credit doubting Wits may give?  
 The Fair and Innocent shall still believe. 40  
 Know then, unnumber'd Spirits round thee fly,  
 The light Militia of the lower sky:  
 These, tho' unseen, are ever on the wing,  
 Hang o'er the Box, and hover round the Ring.  
 Think what an equipage thou hast in Air, 45  
 And view with scorn two Pages and a Chair.  
 As now your own, our beings were of old,  
 And once inclos'd in Woman's beauteous mould;  
 Thence, by a soft transition, we repair  
 From earthly Vehicles to these of air. 50  
 Think not, when Woman's transient breath is fled,  
 That all her vanities at once are dead;

NOTES.

VER. 47. *As now your own, etc.*] He here forsakes the Rosicrucian system; which, in this part, is too extravagant even for Poetry; and gives a beautiful fiction of his own, on the Platonic Theology of the continuance of the passions in *another state*, when the mind, before its leaving *this*, has not been purged and purified by philosophy; which furnishes an occasion for much useful satire.

Succeeding vanities she still regards,  
 And tho' she plays no more, o'erlooks the cards.  
 Her joy in gilded Chariots, when alive, 55  
 And love of Ombre, after death survive.  
 For when the Fair in all their pride expire,  
 To their first Elements their Souls retire :  
 The Sprites of fiery Termagants in Flame  
 Mount up, and take a Salamander's name. 60  
 Soft yielding minds to Water glide away,  
 And sip, with Nymphs, their elemental Tea.  
 The graver Prude sinks downward to a Gnome,  
 In search of mischief still on Earth to roam.  
 The light Coquettes in Sylphs aloft repair, 65  
 And sport and flutter in the fields of Air.

Know farther yet ; whoever fair and chaste  
 Rejects mankind, is by some Sylph embrac'd :  
 For Spirits, freed from mortal laws, with ease  
 Assume what sexes and what shapes they please.

## NOTES.

VER. 68. *is by some Sylph embrac'd*] Here again the Author resumes a tenet peculiar to the Rosicrucian system. But the principle, on which it is founded, was by no means fit to be employed in such a sort of poem.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 54, 55. *Quæ gratia currum  
 Armorumque fuit vivis, quæ cura nitentes  
 Pascere equos, eadem sequitur tellure repostos.*  
 Virg. Æn. vi. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 223

What guards the purity of melting Maids,  
 In courtly balls, and midnight masquerades,  
 Safe from the treach'rous friend, the daring spark,  
 The glance by day, the whisper in the dark,  
 When kind occasion prompts their warm desires,  
 When music softens, and when dancing fires? 76  
 'Tis but their Sylph, the wise Celestials know,  
 Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.

Some nymphs there are, too conscious of their  
 face,

For life predestin'd to the Gnomes embrace. 80  
 These swell their prospects and exalt their pride,  
 When offers are disdain'd, and love deny'd:  
 Then gay Ideas croud the vacant brain,  
 While Peers, and Dukes, and all their sweeping train,  
 And Garters, Stars, and Coronets appear, 85  
 And in soft sounds, Your Grace salutes their ear.  
 'Tis these that early taint the female soul,  
 Instruct the eyes of young Coquettes to roll,  
 Teach Infant-cheeks a bidden blush to know,  
 And little hearts to flutter at a Beau. 90

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Tho' Honour is the word with Men below.*] Parody  
 of Homer.

VER. 79. *too conscious of their face,*] i. e. too sensible of their  
 beauty.

† P

Oft, when the world imagine women stray,  
 The Sylphs thro' mystic mazes guide their way,  
 Thro' all the giddy circle they pursue,  
 And old impertinence expel by new.

What tender maid but must a victim fall 95

To one man's treat, but for another's ball?

When Florio speaks what virgin could withstand,

If gentle Damon did not squeeze her hand?

With varying vanities, from ev'ry part,

They shift the moving Toyshop of their heart;

Where wigs with wigs, with sword-knots sword-  
 knots strive, 101

Beaux banish beaux, and coaches coaches drive.

This erring mortals Levity may call,

Oh blind to truth! the Sylphs contrive it all.

Of these am I, who thy protection claim, 105

A watchful sprite, and Ariel is my name.

Late, as I rang'd the crystal wilds of air,

In the clear Mirror of thy ruling Star

## NOTES.

VER. 108. *In the clear Mirror*] The Language of the Platonists, the writers of the intelligible world of Spirits, etc. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

*Jam clypeus clypeis, umbone repellitur umbo,  
 Ense minax ensis, pede pes et cuspide cuspis, etc. Stat.*

I saw, alas! some dread event impend,  
 Ere to the main this morning sun descend, 110  
 But heav'n reveals not what, or how, or where:  
 Warn'd by the Sylph, oh pious maid, beware!  
 This to disclose is all thy guardian can:  
 Beware of all, but most beware of Man!

He said; when Shock, who thought she slept  
 too long, 115  
 Leap'd up, and wak'd his mistress with his tongue.  
 'Twas then Belinda, if report say true,  
 Thy eyes first open'd on a Billet-doux;  
 Wounds, Charms, and Ardors, were no sooner read,  
 But all the Vision vanish'd from thy head. 120

And now, unveil'd, the Toilet stands display'd,  
 Each silver Vase in mystic order laid.

NOTES.

VER. 113. *This to disclose etc.*] There is much pleasantry in the conduct of this scene. The Rosicrucian Doctrine was delivered only to Adepts, with the utmost caution, and under the most solemn seal of secrecy. It is here communicated to a Woman, and in that way of conveyance a Woman most delights to make the subject of her conversation, that is to say, her *Dreams*.

VER. 121. *And now, unveil'd, etc.*] The translation of these verses, containing the description of the toilette, by our Author's friend Dr. Parnelle, deserve for their humour, to be here inserted. P.

Et nunc dilectum speculum, pro more reiectum,  
 Emicat in mensa, quæ splendet pyxide densa:

† P 2

First, rob'd in white, the Nymph intent adores,  
 With head uncover'd, the Cosmetic pow'rs.  
 A heav'nly Image in the glass appears, 125  
 To that she bends, to that her eyes she rears;  
 Th' inferior Priestess, at her altar's side,  
 Trembling, begins the sacred rites of Pride,

## NOTES.

Tum primum lympha, se purgat candida Nympha,  
 Jamque sine menda, cœlestis imago videnda,  
 Nuda caput, bellos retinet, regit, implet ocellos.  
 Hæc stupet explorans, ceu cultus numen adorans.  
 Inferior claram Pythonissa apparet ad aram,  
 Fertque tibi caute, dicatque Superbia! laute,  
 Dona venusta; oris, quæ cunctis, plena laboris,  
 Excerpta explorat, dominamque deamque decorat.  
 Pyxide devota, se pandit hic India tota,  
 Et tota ex ista transpirat Arabia cista;  
 Testudo hic flectit, dum se mea Lesbia pectit;  
 Atque elephas lente, te pectit Lesbia dente;  
 Hunc maculis noris, nivei jacet ille coloris.  
 Hic jacet et munde, mundus muliebris abunde;  
 Spinula resplendens æris longo ordine pendens,  
 Pulvis suavis odore, et epistola suavis amore.  
 Induit arma ergo Veneris pulcherrima virgo;  
 Pulchrior in præsens tempus de tempore crescens;  
 Jam reparat risus, jam surgit gratia visus,  
 Jam promit cultu, mirac'la latentia vultu;  
 Pigmina jam miscet, quo plus sua Purpura gliscet,  
 Et geminans bellis splendet mage fulgor ocellis.  
 Stant Lemures muti, Nymphæ intentique saluti,  
 His figit Zonam, capiti locat ille Coronam,  
 Hæc manicis formam, plicis dat et altera normam;  
 Et tibi vel *Betty*, tibi vel nitidissima *Letty*!  
 Gloria factorum temere conceditur horum.

VER. 127, et seq. *Th' inferior Priestess,*] There is a small inaccuracy in these lines. He first makes his Heroine the chief Priestess, and then the Goddess herself.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 227

Unnumber'd treasures ope at once, and here  
The various off'rings of the world appear; 130  
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,  
And decks the Goddess with the glitt'ring spoil.  
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,  
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box.  
The Tortoise here and Elephant unite, 135  
Transform'd to combs, the speckled, and the white.  
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,  
Puffs, Powders, Patches, Bibles, Billet-doux.  
Now awful Beauty puts on all its arms;  
The fair each moment rises in her charms, 140  
Repairs her smiles, awakens ev'ry grace,  
And calls forth all the wonders of her face;  
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,  
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.  
The busy Sylphs surround their darling care, 145  
These set the head, and those divide the hair,  
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown;  
And Betty's prais'd for labours not her own.

NOTES.

VER. 145. *The busy Sylphs etc.*] Antient Traditions of the Rabbi's relate, that several of the fallen Angels became amorous of Women, and particularize some; among the rest Afael, who lay with Naamah, the wife of Noah, or of Ham; and who continuing impenitent, still presides over the Women's Toilets. Bereshi Rabbi in Genes. vi. 2. P.

† P 3



T H E

## RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O II.

**N**OT with more glories, in th' ethereal plain,  
 The Sun first rises o'er the purpled main,  
 Than, issuing forth, the rival of his beams  
 Launch'd on the bosom of the silver Thames.  
 Fair Nymphs, and well-drest Youths around her  
 shone, 5

But ev'ry eye was fix'd 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 unfix'd as those: 10  
 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.

## V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 4. *Launch'd on the bosom*] From hence the poem continues, in the first Edition, to  $\nu$  46.

The rest the winds dispers'd in empty air;  
 all after, to the end of this Canto, being additional. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 229

Yet graceful ease, and sweetness void of pride 15  
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,  
Nourish'd two Locks, which graceful hung behind  
In equal curls, and well conspir'd to deck 21  
With shining ringlets the smooth iv'ry neck.  
Love in these labyrinths his slaves detains,  
And mighty hearts are held in slender chains.  
With hairy springes we the birds betray, 25  
Slight lines of hair surprize the finny prey,  
Fair tresses man's imperial race insnare,  
And beauty draws us with a single hair.

Th' advent'rous Baron the bright locks admir'd,  
He saw, he wish'd, and to the prize aspir'd. 30  
Resolv'd to win, he meditates the way,  
By force to ravish, or by fraud betray;

IMITATIONS.

VER. 25. *With hairy springes*] In allusion to Anacreon's manner.

VER. 28. *with a single hair.*] In allusion to those lines of Hudibras, applied to the same purpose,

*And tho' it be a two-foot Trout,  
'Tis with a single hair pull'd out.*

† P 4

For when success a Lover's toil attends,  
Few ask, if fraud or force attain'd his ends.

For this, ere Phœbus rose, he had implor'd 35  
Propitious heav'n, and ev'ry pow'r ador'd,  
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; 40  
With tender Billet-doux he lights the pyre,  
And breathes three am'rous sighs to raise the fire.  
Then prostrate falls, and begs with ardent eyes  
Soon to obtain, and long possess the prize:  
The pow'rs gave ear, and granted half his pray'r,  
The rest, the winds dispers'd in empty air. 46

But now secure the painted vessel glides,  
The sun-beams trembling on the floating tides:  
While melting music steals upon the sky,  
And soften'd sounds along the waters die; 50  
Smooth flow the waves, the Zephyrs gently play,  
Belinda smil'd, and all the world was gay.  
All but the Sylph—with careful thoughts oppress'd,  
Th' impending woe sat heavy on his breast.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 45. *The pow'rs gave ear,*] Virg. *Æn.* xi. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 231

He summons strait his Denizens of air;  
 The lucid squadrons round the sails repair;  
 Soft o'er the shrouds aërial whispers breathe,  
 That seem'd but Zephyrs to the train beneath.  
 Some to the sun their insect-wings unfold,  
 Waft on the breeze, or sink in clouds of gold;  
 Transparent forms, too fine for mortal sight,  
 Their fluid bodies half dissolv'd in light.  
 Loose to the wind their airy garments flew,  
 Thin glitt'ring textures of the filmy dew,  
 Dipt in the richest tincture of the skies,  
 Where light disports in ever-mingling dyes,  
 While ev'ry beam new transient colours flings,  
 Colours that change whene'er they wave their wings.  
 Amid the circle, on the gilded mast,  
 Superior by the head, was Ariel plac'd;  
 His purple pinions op'ning to the sun,  
 He rais'd his azure wand, and thus begun.

Ye Sylphs and Sylphids, to your chief give ear,  
 Fays, Fairies, Genii, Elves, and Dæmons hear!  
 Ye know the spheres and various tasks assign'd  
 By laws eternal to th' aërial kind.  
 Some in the fields of purest Æther play,  
 And bask and whiten in the blaze of day.

Some guide the course of wand'ring orbs on high,  
 Or roll the planets thro' the boundless sky. 80  
 Some less refin'd, beneath the moon's pale light  
 Pursue the stars that shoot athwart the night,  
 Or suck the mists in grosser air below,  
 Or dip their pinions in the painted bow,  
 Or brew fierce tempests 'on the wintry main, 85  
 Or o'er the glebe distil the kindly rain.  
 Others on earth o'er human race preside,  
 Watch all their ways, and all their actions guide:  
 Of these the chief the care of Nations own,  
 And guard with Arms divine the British Throne.

Our humbler province is to tend the Fair, 91  
 Not a less pleasing, tho' less glorious care;  
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,  
 Nor let th' imprison'd essences exhale;  
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flow'rs; 95  
 To steal from rainbows e'er they drop in show'rs

## NOTES.

VER. 90. *And guard with Arms*] The Poet was too judicious to desire this should be understood as a compliment. He intended it for a mere piece of raillery; such as he more openly pursues on another occasion.

*Where's now the Star which lighted Charles to rise?  
 With that which follow'd Julius to the skies.  
 Angels, that watch'd the Royal-Oak so well,  
 How chanc'd you slept when luckless Sorrel fell?*

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 233

A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,  
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;  
 Nay oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,  
 To change a Flounce, or add a Furbelow. 100

This day, black Omens threat the brightest Fair  
 That e'er deserv'd a watchful spirit's care ;  
 Some dire disaster, or by force, or flight ;  
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night,  
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law, 105  
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;  
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;  
 Forget her pray'rs, or miss a masquerade ;  
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;  
 Or whether Heav'n has doom'd that Shock must  
 fall. 110

Haste then, ye spirits ! to your charge repair :  
 The flutt'ring fan be Zephyretta's care ;  
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;  
 And, Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;  
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her fav'rite Lock ; 115  
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

NOTES.

VER. 105: *Whether the nymph etc.*] The disaster, which makes the subject of this poem, being a *triste*, taken *seriously* ; it naturally led the Poet into this fine satire on the female estimate of human mischances.

To fifty chosen Sylphs, of special note,  
 We trust th' important charge, the Petticoat :  
 Oft have we known that seven-fold fence to fail,  
 Tho' stiff with hoops, and arm'd with ribs of whale;  
 Form a strong line about the silver bound, 121  
 And guard the wide circumference around.

Whatever spirit, careless of his charge,  
 His post neglects, or leaves the fair at large,  
 Shall feel sharp vengeance soon o'ertake his sins,  
 Be stop'd in vials, or transfix'd with pins ; 126  
 Or plung'd in lakes of bitter washes lie,  
 Or wedg'd whole ages in a bodkin's eye :  
 Gums and Pomatums shall his flight restrain,  
 While clog'd he beats his filken wings in vain ;  
 Or Alum styptics with contracting pow'r 131  
 Shrink his thin essence like a rivell'd flow'r :  
 Or, as Ixion fix'd, the wretch shall feel  
 The giddy motion of the whirling Mill,

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 121. *about the silver bound*] In allusion to the shield of Achilles,

*Thus the broad shield complete the Artist crown'd,  
 With his last hand, and pour'd the Ocean round :  
 In living Silver seem'd the waves to roll,  
 And beat the Buckler's verge, and bound the whole.*

VER. 119. — *clypei dominus septemplicis Ajax.* Ovid.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 235

In fumes of burning Chocolate shall glow, 135

And tremble at the sea that froths below!

He spoke; the spirits from the fails descend;

Some, orb in orb, around the nymph extend;

Some thrid the mazy ringlets of her hair;

Some hang upon the pendants of her ear; 140

With beating hearts the dire event they wait,

Anxious, and trembling for the birth of Fate.



T H E

## RAPE of the LOCK.

## C A N T O III.

CLOSE by those meads, for ever crown'd with  
flow'rs,

Where Thames with pride surveys his rising tow'rs,  
There stands a structure of majestic frame,  
Which from the neighb'ring Hampton takes its  
name.

Here Britain's statesmen oft the fall foredoom 5  
Of foreign Tyrants, and of Nymphs at home ;  
Here thou, great ANNA ! whom three realms obey,  
Dost sometimes counsel take—and sometimes Tea.

Hither the heroes and the nymphs resort,  
To taste awhile the pleasures of a Court; 10  
In various talk th' instructive hours they pass,  
Who gave the ball, or paid the visit last ;

## VARIATIONS.

VER. I. *Close by those meads,*] The first Edition continues from this line to *v* 24. of this Canto. P.

VER. II, 12. Originally in the first Edition,  
In various talk the chearful hours they pass,  
Of, who was bit, or who capotted last. P.

One speaks the glory of the British Queen,  
 And one describes a charming Indian screen;  
 A third interprets motions, looks, and eyes; 15  
 At ev'ry word a reputation dies.

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

Mean while, declining from the noon of day,  
 The sun obliquely shoots his burning ray; 20  
 The hungry Judges soon the sentence sign,  
 And wretches hang that jury-men may dine;  
 The merchant from th' Exchange returns in peace,  
 And the long labours of the Toilet cease.

Belinda now, whom thirst of fame invites, 25  
 Burns to encounter two adven'trous Knights,  
 At Ombre singly to decide their doom;  
 And swells her breast with conquests yet to come.  
 Strait the three bands prepare in arms to join,  
 Each band the number of the sacred nine. 30  
 Soon as she spreads her hand, th' aërial guard  
 Descend, and sit on each important card:

VARIATIONS.

VER. 24. *And the long labours of the Toilet cease.*] All that follows of the game at *Ombre*, was added since the first Edition, till *ν* 105. which connected thus,

Sudden the board with cups and spoons is crown'd. P.

First Ariel perch'd upon a Matadore,  
 Then each, according to the rank they bore ;  
 For Sylphs, yet mindful of their ancient race, 35  
 Are, as when women, wondrous fond of place.

Behold, four Kings in majesty rever'd,  
 With hoary whiskers and a forky beard ;  
 And four fair Queens whose hands sustain a flow'r,  
 Th' expressive emblem of their softer pow'r ; 40  
 Four Knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,  
 Caps on their heads, and halberts in their hand ;  
 And particolour'd troops, a shining train,  
 Draw forth to combat on the velvet plain.

The skilful Nymph reviews her force with care :  
 Let Spades be trumps ! she said, and trumps they  
 were. 46

Now move to war her sable Matadores,  
 In show like leaders of the swarthy Moors.  
 Spadillio first, unconquerable Lord !  
 Led off two captive trumps, and swept the board.  
 As many more Manillio forc'd to yield, 51  
 And march'd a victor from the verdant field.

## NOTES.

VER. 47. *Now move to war etc.*] The whole idea of this description of a game at Ombre, is taken from Vida's description of a game at Chess, in his poem intit. *Scacchia Ludus*.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 239

Him Basto follow'd, but his fate more hard  
Gain'd but one trümp and one Plebeian card.

With his broad sabre next, a chief in years, 55

The hoary Majesty of Spades appears,

Puts forth one manly leg, to fight reveal'd,

The rest, his many-colour'd robe conceal'd.

The rebel Knave, who dares his prince engage,

Proves the just victim of his royal rage. 60

Ev'n mighty Pam, that Kings and Queens o'erthrew

And mow'd down armies in the fights of Lu,

Sad chance of war! now destitute of aid,

Falls undistinguish'd by the victor Spade!

Thus far both armies to Belinda yield; 65

Now to the Baron fate inclines the field.

His warlike Amazon her host invades,

Th' imperial consort of the crown of Spades.

The Club's black Tyrant first her victim dy'd,

Spite of his haughty mien, and barb'rous pride:

What boots the regal circle on his head, 71

His giant limbs, in state unwieldy spread;

That long behind he trails his pompous robe,

And, of all monarchs, only grasps the globe?

The Baron now his Diamonds pours apace; 75

Th' embroider'd King who shows but half his face,

+ Q

And his refulgent Queen, with pow'rs combin'd  
Of broken troops an easy conquest find.

Clubs, Diamonds, Hearts, in wild disorder seen,  
With throngs promiscuous strow the level green.

Thus when dispers'd a routed army runs, 81

Of Asia's troops, and Afric's sable sons,

With like confusion different nations fly,

Of various habit, and of various dye,

The pierc'd battalions dis-united fall, 85

In heaps on heaps ; one fate o'erwhelms them all.

The Knave of Diamonds tries his wily arts,  
And wins (oh shameful chance!) the Queen of  
Hearts.

At this, the blood the virgin's cheek forsook,

A livid paleness spread's o'er all her look ; 90

She fees, and trembles at th' approaching ill,

Just in the jaws of ruin, and Codille.

And now, (as oft in some distemper'd State)

On one nice Trick depends the gen'ral fate.

An Ace of Hearts steps forth: The King unseen

Lurk'd in her hand, and mourn'd his captive Queen:

He springs to vengeance with an eager pace,

And falls like thunder on the prostrate Ace.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 241

The nymph exulting fills with shouts the sky;  
The walls, the woods, and long canals reply. 100

Oh thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,  
Too soon dejected, and too soon elate.

Sudden, these honours shall be snatch'd away,  
And curs'd for ever this victorious day.

For lo! the board with cups and spoons is  
crown'd,

The berries crackle, and the mill turns round; 106

On shining Altars of Japan they raise

The silver lamp; the fiery spirits blaze:

From silver spouts the grateful liquors glide,

While China's earth receives the smoaking tyde:

At once they gratify their scent and taste, 111

And frequent cups prolong the rich repaste.

Strait hover round the Fair her airy band;

Some, as she sipp'd, the fuming liquor fann'd,

VARIATIONS.

VER. 105. *Sudden the board, etc.*] From hence, the first Edition continues to v 134. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 101.

*Nescia mens hominum fati sortisque futuræ,  
Et servare modum, rebus sublata secundis!  
Turno tempus erit, magno cum optaverit emptum  
Intactum Pallanta; et cum spolia ista diemque  
Oderit*

Virg.

+ Q 2

242 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Some o'er her lap their careful plumes display'd,  
 Trembling, and conscious of the rich brocade. 116  
 Coffee, (which makes the politician wise,  
 And see thro' all things with his half-shut eyes)  
 Sent up in vapours to the Baron's brain  
 New stratagems, the radiant Lock to gain. 120  
 Ah cease, rash youth! desist ere 'tis too late,  
 Fear the just Gods, and think of Scylla's Fate!  
 Chang'd to a bird, and sent to flit in air,  
 She dearly pays for Nifus' injur'd hair! 124

But when to mischief mortals bend their will,  
 How soon they find fit instruments of ill?  
 Just then, Clarissa drew with tempting grace  
 A two-edg'd weapon from her shining case:  
 So Ladies in Romance assist their Knight,  
 Present the spear, and arm him for the fight. 130  
 He takes the gift with reverence, and extends  
 The little engine on his finger's ends;  
 This just behind Belinda's neck he spread,  
 As o'er the fragrant steams she bends her head.

NOTES.

VER. 122. *and think of Scylla's Fate!*] Vide Ovid Metam.  
 viii. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 243

Swift to the Lock a thousand Sprites repair, 135  
A thousand wings, by turns, blow back the hair;  
And thrice they twitch'd the diamond in her ear;  
Thrice she look'd back, and thrice the foe drew  
near.

Just in that instant, anxious Ariel sought  
The close recesses of the Virgin's thought; 140  
As on the nosegay in her breast reclin'd,  
He watch'd th' Ideas rising in her mind,  
Sudden he view'd, in spite of all her art,  
An earthly Lover lurking at her heart.  
Amaz'd, confus'd, he found his pow'r expir'd,  
Resign'd to fate, and with a sigh retir'd.

The Peer now spreads the glitt'ring Forfex wide,  
T' inclose the Lock; now joins it, to divide.  
Ev'n then, before the fatal engine clos'd,  
A wretched Sylph too fondly interpos'd; 150

VARIATIONS.

VER. 134. In the first Edition it was thus,  
As o'er the fragrant stream she bends her head.  
First he expands the glitt'ring forfex wide  
T' inclose the Lock; then joins it to divide:  
The meeting points the sacred hair dissever,  
From the fair head, for ever and for ever. † 154.  
All that is between was added afterwards. P.

† Q 3



## 244 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Fate urg'd the sheers, and cut the Sylph in twain,  
(But airy substance soon unites again)

The meeting points the sacred hair dissever  
From the fair head, for ever, and for ever! 154

Then flash'd the living lightning from her eyes,  
And screams of horror rend th' affrighted skies.  
Not louder shrieks to pitying heav'n are cast,  
When husbands, or when lapdogs breathe their last;  
Or when rich China vessels fall'n from high,  
In glitt'ring dust, and painted fragments lie! 160

Let wreaths of triumph now my temples twine,  
(The Victor cry'd) the glorious Prize is mine!  
While fish in streams, or birds delight in air,  
Or in a coach and six the the British Fair,  
As long as Atalantis shall be read, 165  
Or the small pillow grace a Lady's bed,

## NOTES.

VER. 152. *But airy substance*] See Milton, lib. vi. of Satan cut asunder by the Angel Michael. P.

VER. 165. *Atalantis*] A famous book written about that time by a woman: full of Court, and Party-scandal; and in a loose effeminacy of style and sentiment, which well suited the debauched taste of the better Vulgar.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 163, 170.

*Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,  
Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt. Vng.*

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 245

While visits shall be paid on solemn days,  
When num'rous wax-lights in bright order blaze,  
While nymphs take treats, or assignations give, 169  
So long my honour, name, and praise shall live!  
What Time would spare, from Steel receives its  
date,

And monuments, like men, submit to fate!  
Steel could the labour of the Gods destroy,  
And strike to dust th' imperial tow'rs of Troy;  
Steel could the works of mortal pride confound,  
And hew triumphal arches to the ground. 176  
What wonder then, fair nymph! thy hairs should  
feel,

The conqu'ring force of unresisted steel?

IMITATIONS.

VER. 177.

*Ille quoque everfus mons est, etc.*

*Quid faciant crines, cum ferro talia cedant?*

Catull. de com. Berenices.

+ Q4

T H E

# RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O IV.

**B**UT anxious cares the pensive nymph oppress'd,  
 And secret passions labour'd in her breast.  
 Not youthful kings in battle seiz'd alive,  
 Not scornful virgins who their charms survive,  
 Not ardent lovers robb'd of all their bliss,           5  
 Not ancient ladies when refus'd a kiss,  
 Not tyrants fierce that unrepenting die,  
 Not Cynthia when her manteau's pinn'd awry,  
 E'er felt such rage, resentment, and despair,  
 As thou, sad Virgin! for thy ravish'd Hair.   10

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. II. *For that sad moment, etc.*] All the lines from hence to the 94th verse that describe the house of Spleen are not in the first Edition; instead of them followed only these,

While her rack'd Soul repose and peace requires,  
 The fierce Thalestris fans the rising fires.  
 And continued at the 94th Verse of this Canto. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. I. Virg. *Æn.* iv. *At regina gravi, etc.* P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 247

For, that sad moment, when the Sylphs withdrew,  
And Ariel weeping from Belinda flew,  
Umbriel, a dusky, melancholy sprite,  
As ever sully'd the fair face of light,  
Down to the central earth, his proper scene, 15  
Repair'd to search the gloomy Cave of Spleen.

Swift on his sooty pinions flits the Gnome,  
And in a vapour reach'd the dismal dome.  
No chearful breeze this sullen region knows,  
The dreaded East is all the wind that blows. 20  
Here in a grotto, shelter'd close from air,  
And screen'd in shades from day's detested glare,  
She sighs for ever on her pensive bed,  
Pain at her side, and Megrim at her head.

Two handmaids wait the throne: alike in place,  
But differing far in figure and in face.  
Here stood Ill-nature like an ancient maid,  
Her wrinkled form in black and white array'd;  
With store of pray'rs, for mornings, nights, and  
noons,  
Her hand is fill'd; her bosom with lampoons. 30

There Affectation, with a sickly mien,  
Shows in her cheek the roses of eighteen,  
Practis'd to lisp, and hang the head aside,  
Faints into airs, and languishes with pride,

On the rich quilt sinks with becoming woe, 35  
 Wrapt in a gown, for sickness, and for show,  
 The fair-ones feel such maladies as these,  
 When each new night-dress gives a new disease.

A constant Vapour o'er the palace flies ;  
 Strange phantoms rising as the mists arise ; 40  
 Dreadful, as hermit's dreams in haunted shades,  
 Or bright, as visions of expiring maids.  
 Now glaring fiends, and snakes on rolling spires,  
 Pale spectres, gaping tombs, and purple fires :  
 Now lakes of liquid gold, Elysian scenes, 45  
 And crystal domes, and Angels in machines.

Unnumber'd throngs on ev'ry side are seen,  
 Of bodies chang'd to various forms by Spleen.  
 Here living Tea-pots stand, one arm held out,  
 One bent ; the handle this, and that the spout :  
 A Pipkin there, like Homer's Tripod walks ; 51  
 Here sighs a Jar, and there a Goose-pye talks ;

## NOTES.

VER. 41. *Dreadful as hermit's dreams in haunted shades, Or bright as visions of expiring Maids.*] The poet by this comparison would insinuate, that the temptations of the mortified recluses in the Church of Rome, and the extatic visions of their female saints were as much the effects of hypocondriac disorders, the Spleen, or, what was then the fashionable word, the *Vapours*, as any of the imaginary transformations he speaks of afterwards.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 249

Men prove with child, as pow'rful fancy works,  
And maids turn'd bottles, call aloud for corks.

Safe past the Gnome thro' this fantastick band,  
A branch of healing Spleenwort in his hand.

Then thus address'd the pow'r—Hail wayward  
Queen!

Who rule the sex to fifty from fifteen:

Parent of vapours and of female wit,

Who give th' hysteric, or poetic fit, 60

On various tempers act by various ways,

Make some take physick, others scribble plays;

Who cause the proud their visits to delay,

And send the godly in a pet to pray.

A nymph there is, that all thy pow'r disdains, 65

And thousands more in equal mirth maintains.

But oh! if e'er thy Gnome could spoil a grace,

Or raise a pimple on a beauteous face,

Like Citron-waters matrons cheeks inflame,

Or change complexions at a losing game; 70

If e'er with airy horns I planted heads,

Or rump'd petticoats, or tumbled beds,

IMITATIONS.

VER. 51. *Homer's Tripod walks*;] See Hom. Iliad xviii. of Vulcan's walking Tripods.

VER. 52. *and there a Goose-pye talks.*] Alludes to a real fact, a Lady of distinction imagin'd herself in this condition. P.

250 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Or caus'd suspicion when no soul was rude,  
 Or discompos'd the head-dress of a Prude,  
 Or e'er to coftive lap-dog gave difeafe, 75  
 Which not the tears of brighteft eyes could eafe:  
 Hear me, and touch Belinda with chagrin,  
 That fingle act gives half the world the spleen.

The Goddefs with a difcontented air  
 Seems to reject him, tho' ſhe grants his pray'r. 80  
 A wond'rous Bag with both her hands ſhe binds,  
 Like that where once Ulyſſes held the winds;  
 There ſhe collects the force of female lungs,  
 Sighs, ſobs, and paſſions, and the war of tongues.  
 A Vial next ſhe fills with fainting fears, 85  
 Soft ſorrows, melting griefs, and flowing tears.  
 The Gnome rejoicing bears her gifts away,  
 Spreads his black wings, and ſlowly mounts to day.

Sunk in Thaleſtris' arms the nymph he found,  
 Her eyes dejected and her hair unbound. 90  
 Full o'er their heads the ſwelling bag he rent,  
 And all the Furies iſſu'd at the vent.  
 Belinda burns with more than mortal ire,  
 And fierce Thaleſtris fans the riſing fire.  
 O wretched maid! ſhe ſpread her hands, and cry'd,  
 (While Hampton's echoes, wretched maid! reply'd)

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 251

Was it for this you took such constant care  
The bodkin, comb, and essence to prepare?  
For this your locks in paper durance bound,  
For this with tort'ring irons wreath'd around? 100  
For this with fillets strain'd your tender head,  
And bravely bore the double loads of lead?  
Gods! shall the ravisher display your hair,  
While the Fops envy, and the Ladies stare!  
Honour forbid! at whose unrival'd shrine 105  
Ease, pleasure, virtue, all our sex resign.  
Methinks already I your tears survey,  
Already hear the horrid things they say,  
Already see you a degraded toast,  
And all your honour in a whisper lost! 110  
How shall I, then, your helpless fame defend?  
'Twill then be infamy to seem your friend!  
And shall this prize, th' inestimable prize,  
Expos'd thro' crystal to the gazing eyes,  
And heighten'd by the diamond's circling rays,  
On that rapacious hand for ever blaze? 116  
Sooner shall grass in Hyde-park Circus grow,  
And wits take lodgings in the sound of Bow;



Sooner let earth, air, sea, to Chaos fall,  
Men, monkeys, lap-dogs, parrots, perish all! 120

She said; then raging to Sir Plume repairs,  
And bids her Beau demand the precious hairs:  
(Sir Plume of amber snuff-box justly vain,  
And the nice conduct of a clouded cane)  
With earnest eyes, and round unthinking face, 125  
He first the snuff-box open'd, then the case,  
And thus broke out—"My Lord, why, what the  
" devil?

" Z—ds! damn the lock! 'fore Gad, you must be  
" civil!

" Plague on't! 'tis past a jest—nay prithee, pox!

" Give her the hair"—he spoke, and rapp'd his box.

It grieves me much (reply'd the Peer again)  
Who speaks so well should ever speak in vain,  
But by this Lock, this sacred Lock I swear,  
(Which never more shall join its parted hair;  
Which never more its honours shall renew, 135  
Clip'd from the lovely head where late it grew)

## NOTES.

VER. 121. *Sir Plume repairs,*] Sir George Brown. He was the only one of the Party who took the thing seriously. He was angry, that the Poet should make him talk nothing but nonsense; and, in truth, one could not well blame him.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 133. *But by this Lock,*] In allusion to Achilles's oath in Homer, ll. i. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 253

That while my nostrils draw the vital air,  
 This hand, which won it, shall for ever wear.  
 He spoke, and speaking, in proud triumph spread  
 The long-contended honours of her head. 140

But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so;  
 He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.  
 Then see! the nymph in beauteous grief appears,  
 Her eyes half-languishing, half-drown'd in tears;  
 On her heav'd bosom hung her drooping head,  
 Which, with a sigh, she rais'd; and thus she said.

For ever curs'd be this detested day,  
 Which snatch'd my best, my fav'rite curl away!  
 Happy! ah ten times happy had I been,  
 If Hampton-Court these eyes had never seen! 150  
 Yet am not I the first mistaken maid.

By love of Courts to num'rous ills betray'd.  
 Oh had I rather un-admir'd remain'd  
 In some lone isle, or distant Northern land;  
 Where the gilt Chariot never marks the way, 156  
 Where none learn Ombre, none e'er taste Bohea!

NOTES.

VER. 141. *But Umbriel, hateful Gnome! forbears not so; He breaks the Vial whence the sorrows flow.*] These two lines are additional; and assign the cause of the different operation on the Passions of the two Ladies. The poem went on before without that distinction, as without any Machinery to the end of the Canto. P.

There kept my charms conceal'd from mortal eye,  
Like roses, that in deserts bloom and die.

What mov'd my mind with youthful Lords to roam?  
O had I stay'd, and said my pray'rs at home! 160

'Twas this, the morning omens seem'd to tell,  
Thrice from my trembling hand the patch-box fell;  
The tot'ring China shook without a wind,  
Nay Poll sat mute, and Shock was most unkind!

A Sylph too warn'd me of the threats of fate, 165  
In mystic visions, now believ'd too late!

See the poor remnants of these slighted hairs!

My hands shall rend what ev'n thy rapine spares:

These in two fable ringlets taught to break,

Once gave new beauties to the snowy neck; 170

The sister-lock now fits uncouth, alone,

And in its fellow's fate foresees its own;

Uncurl'd it hangs, the fatal sheers demands,

And tempts once more, thy sacrilegious hands.

Oh hadst thou, cruel! been content to seize 175

Hairs less in sight, or any hairs but these!

T H E

# RAPE of the LOCK.

C A N T O V.

SHE said: the pitying audience melt in tears.  
 But Fate and Jove had stopp'd the Baron's ears.  
 In vain Thalestris with reproach affails,  
 For who can move when fair Belinda fails?  
 Not half so fix'd the Trojan could remain,      5  
 While Anna begg'd and Dido rag'd in vain.  
 Then grave Clarissa graceful wav'd her fan;  
 Silence ensu'd, and thus the nymph began.

Say why are Beauties prais'd and honour'd most,  
 The wise man's passion, and the vain man's toast?

V A R I A T I O N S.

VER. 7. *Then grave Clarissa, etc.*] A new Character introduced in the subsequent Editions, to open more clearly the MORAL of the Poem, in a parody of the speech of Sarpedon to Glaucus in Homer. P.

I M I T A T I O N S.

VER. 9. *Say why are Beauties, etc.*]

*Why boast we, Glaucus! our extended reign,  
 Where Xanthus' streams enrich the Lycian plain;  
 Our num'rous herds that range the fruitful field,  
 And hills where vines their purple harvest yield;*

† R

## 256 THE RAPE OF THE LOCK.

Why deck'd with all that land and sea afford,  
 Why Angels call'd, and Angel-like ador'd?  
 Why round our coaches croud the white-glov'd  
     Beaux,

Why bows the side-box from its inmost rows?  
 How vain are all these glories, all our pains, 15  
 Unless good sense preserve what beauty gains:  
 That men may say, when we the front-box grace,  
 Behold the first in virtue as in face!

## IMITATIONS.

*Our foaming bowls with purer nectar crown'd,  
 Our feasts enhanc'd with music's sprightly sound;  
 Why on those shores are we with joy survey'd,  
 Admir'd as heroes, and as Gods obey'd;  
 Unless great acts superior merit prove,  
 And vindicate the bounteous pow'rs above?  
 'Tis ours, the dignity they give, to grace;  
 The first in valour, as the first in place:  
 That when with wond'ring eyes our martial bands  
 Behold our deeds transcending our commands,  
 Such, they may cry, deserve the sov'reign state,  
 Whom those that envy, dare not imitate;  
 Could all our care elude the gloomy grave,  
 Which claims no less the fearful than the brave,  
 For lust of fame I should not vainly dare  
 In fighting fields, nor urge thy soul to war.  
 But since, alas! ignoble age must come,  
 Disease, and death's inexorable doom;  
 The life which others pay, let us bestow,  
 And give to fame what we to nature owe;  
 Brave tho' we fall, and honour'd if we live,  
 Or let us glory gain, or glory give.*

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 257

Oh! if to dance all night, and dress all day,  
Charm'd the small-pox, or chas'd old-age away;  
Who would not scorn what housewife's cares produce,

Or who would learn one earthly thing of use?

To patch, nay ogle, might become a Saint,

Nor could it sure be such a sin to paint.

But since, alas! frail beauty must decay, 25

Curl'd or uncurl'd, since Locks will turn to grey;

Since painted, or not painted, all shall fade,

And she who scorns a man, must die a maid;

What then remains but well our pow'r to use,

And keep good-humour still whate'er we lose? 30

And trust me, dear! good-humour can prevail,

When airs, and flights, and screams, and scolding  
fail.

Beauties in vain their pretty eyes may roll;

Charms strike the sight, but merit wins the soul.

So spoke the Dame, but no applause ensu'd; 35

Belinda frown'd, Thalestris call'd her Prude.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 35. *So spoke the Dame,*] It is a verse frequently repeated in Homer after any speech,

*So spoke—and all the Heroes applauded. P.*

† R 2

To arms, to arms! the fierce Virago cries,  
 And swift as lightning to the combat flies.  
 All side in parties, and begin th' attack ;  
 Fans clap, silks ruffle, and tough whalebones crack ;  
 Heroes and Heroines shouts confus'dly rise, 41  
 And base, and treble voices strike the skies.  
 No common weapons in their hands are found,  
 Like Gods they fight, nor dread a mortal wound.

So when bold Homer makes the Gods engage,  
 And heav'nly breasts with human passions rage ;  
 Gainst Pallas, Mars ; Latona, Hermes arms ; 47  
 And all Olympus rings with loud alarms :  
 Jove's thunder roars, heav'n trembles all around,  
 Blue Neptune storms, the bellowing deeps resound :  
 Earth shakes her nodding towr's, the ground gives  
 way, 51

And the pale ghosts start at the flash of day!

Triumphant Umbriel on a sconce's height  
 Clap'd his glad wings, and fate to view the fight:

## VARIATIONS.

VER. 37. *To arms, to arms!*] From hence the first Edition goes on to the Conclusion, except a very few short insertions added, to keep the Machinery in view to the end of the poem. P.

VER. 45. *Triumphant Umbriel*] These four lines added, for the reason before mentioned. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 259

Prop'd on their bodkin spears, the Sprites survey  
The growing combat, or assist the fray. 56

While thro' the press enrag'd Thalestris flies,  
And scatters death around from both her eyes,  
A Beau and Witling perish'd in the throng,  
One dy'd in metaphor, and one in song. 60

“ O cruel nymph! a living death I bear,  
Cry'd Dapperwit, and sunk beside his chair.  
A mournful glance Sir Fopling upwards cast,  
“ Those eyes are made so killing—was his last.  
Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies 65  
Th' expiring Swan, and as he sings he dies.

When bold Sir Plume had drawn Clarissa down,  
Chloe stepp'd in, and kill'd him with a frown;  
She smil'd to see the doughty hero slain,  
But, at her smile, the Beau reviv'd again. 70

NOTES.

VER. 45. *So when bold Homer*] Homer, Il. xx. P.

IMITATIONS.

VER. 53. *Triumphant Umbriel*] Minerva in like manner, during the Battle of Ulysses with the Suitors in Odyss. perches on a beam of the roof to behold it. P.

VER. 64. *Those eyes are made so killing*] The words of a Song in the Opera of Camilla. P.

VER. 65. *Thus on Mæander's flow'ry margin lies*]

*Sic ubi fata vocant, udis abjectus in herbis,*

*Ad vada Mæandri concinit alius olor.* Ov. Ep. P.



Now Jove suspends his golden scales in air,  
 Weighs the Men's wits against the Lady's hair;  
 The doubtful beam long nods from side to side;  
 At length the wits mount up, the hairs subside.

See fierce Belinda on the Baron flies, 75  
 With more than usual lightning in her eyes:  
 Nor fear'd the Chief th' unequal fight to try,  
 Who fought no more than on his foe to die.  
 But this bold Lord with manly strength endu'd,  
 She with one finger and a thumb subdu'd: 80  
 Just where the breath of life his nostrils drew,  
 A charge of Snuff the wily virgin threw;  
 The Gnomes direct, to ev'ry atome just,  
 The pungent grains of titillating dust.  
 Sudden, with starting tears each eye o'erflows, 85  
 And the high dome re-echoes to his nose.  
 Now meet thy fate, incens'd Belinda cry'd,  
 And drew a deadly bodkin from her side.  
 (The same, his ancient personage to deck,  
 Her great great grandfire wore about his neck, 90

## NOTES.

VER. 71. *Now Jove, etc.*] Vid. Homer Il. viii. and Virg. Æn. xii. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 83. *The Gnomes direct,*] These two lines added for the above reason. P.

VER. 89. *The same, his ancient personage to deck,*] In imitation of the progress of Agamemnon's sceptre in Homer, Il. ii. P.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 261

In three seal-rings; which after, melted down,  
Form'd a vast buckle for his widow's gown:  
Her infant grandame's whistle next it grew,  
The bells she jingled, and the whistle blew;  
Then in a bodkin grac'd her mother's hairs, 95  
Which long she wore, and now Belinda wears.)

Boast not my fall (he cry'd) insulting foe!  
Thou by some other shalt be laid as low.  
Nor think, to die dejects my lofty mind:  
All that I dread is leaving you behind! 100  
Rather than so, ah let me still survive,  
And burn in Cupid's flames,—but burn alive.

Restore the Lock! she cries; and all around  
Restore the Lock! the vaulted roofs rebound.  
Not fierce Othello in so loud a strain 105  
Roar'd for the handkerchief that caus'd his pain.  
But see how oft ambitious aims are cross'd,  
And chiefs contend 'till all the prize is lost!  
The Lock, obtain'd with guilt, and kept with pain,  
In ev'ry place is sought, but sought in vain: 110  
With such a prize no mortal must be blest,  
So heav'n decrees! with heav'n who can contest?

Some thought it mounted to the Lunar sphere,  
 Since all things lost on earth are treasur'd there.  
 There Hero's wits are kept in pond'rous vases,  
 And Beau's in snuff-boxes and tweezer-cases. 116  
 There broken vows, and death-bed alms are found,  
 And lovers hearts with ends of ribband bound,  
 The courtier's promises, and sick man's pray'rs,  
 The smiles of harlots, and the tears of heirs, 120  
 Cages for gnats, and chains to yoke a flea,  
 Dry'd butterflies, and tomes of casuistry.

But trust the Muse—she saw it upward rise,  
 Tho' mark'd by none but quick, poetic eyes:  
 (So Rome's great founder to the heav'ns withdrew,  
 To Proculus alone confess'd in view) 126  
 A sudden Star, it shot thro' liquid air,  
 And drew behind a radiant trail of hair,  
 Not Berenice's Locks first rose so bright,  
 The heav'ns bespangling with dishevel'd light. 130

## NOTES.

VER. 114. *Since all things lost*] Vid. Ariosto. Canto xxxiv. P.

## IMITATIONS.

VER. 128.

*Flammiferumque trabens spatioso limite crinem  
 Stella micat* Ovid.

THE RAPE OF THE LOCK. 263

The Sylphs behold it kindling as it flies,  
And pleas'd pursue its progress thro' the skies.

This the Beau monde shall from the Mall survey,  
And hail with music its propitious ray.

This the blest Lover shall for Venus take, 135  
And send up vows from Rosamonda's lake.

This Partridge soon shall view in cloudless skies,  
When next he looks thro' Galilæo's eyes;  
And hence th' egregious wizard shall foredoom  
The fate of Louis, and the fall of Rome. 140

Then cease, bright Nymph! to mourn thy ra-  
vish'd hair,

Which adds new glory to the shining sphere!  
Not all the tresses that fair head can boast,  
Shall draw such envy as the Lock you lost.

For, after all the murders of your eye, 145  
When, after millions slain, yourself shall die;

VARIATIONS.

VER. 131. *The Sylphs behold*] These two lines added for the same reason to keep in view the Machinery of the Poem. P.

NOTES.

VER. 137. *This Partridge soon*] John Partridge was a ridiculous Star-gazer, who in his Almanacks every year never fail'd to predict the downfall of the Pope, and the King of France, then at war with the English. P.

When those fair suns shall set, as set they must,  
And all those tresses shall be laid in dust,  
This Lock, the Muse shall consecrate to fame,  
And 'midst the stars inscribe Belinda's name. 150

## E L E G Y

To the MEMORY of an

## UNFORTUNATE LADY\*.

WHAT beck'ning ghost, along the moon-  
light shade

Invites my steps, and points to yonder glade?

'Tis she! — but why that bleeding bosom gor'd,

Why dimly gleams the visionary sword?

Oh ever beauteous, ever friendly! tell, 5

Is it, in heav'n, a crime to love too well?

To bear too tender, or too firm a heart,

To act a Lover's or a Roman's part?

Is there no bright reversion in the sky,

For those who greatly think, or bravely die? 10

Why bade ye else, ye Pow'rs! her soul aspire  
Above the vulgar flight of low desire?

## NOTES.

\* See the Duke of Buckingham's verses to a Lady designing to retire into a Monastery compared with Mr. Pope's Letters to several Ladies, p. 206. She seems to be the same person whose unfortunate death is the subject of this poem. P.

Ambition first sprung from your blest abodes ;  
 The glorious fault of Angels and of Gods :  
 Thence to their images on earth it flows,           15  
 And in the breasts of Kings and Heroes glows.  
 Most souls, 'tis true, but peep out once an age,  
 Dull fullen pris'ners in the body's cage :  
 Dim lights of life, that burn a length of years  
 Useless, unseen, as lamps in sepulchres;           20  
 Like Eastern Kings a lazy state they keep,  
 And close confin'd to their own palace, sleep.

From these perhaps (ere nature bade her die)  
 Fate snatch'd her early to the pitying sky.  
 As into air the purer spirits flow,           25  
 And sep'rate from their kindred dregs below ;  
 So flew the soul to its congenial place,  
 Nor left one virtue to redeem her Race.

But thou, false guardian of a charge too good,  
 Thou, mean deserter of thy brother's blood!   30  
 See on these ruby lips the trembling breath,  
 These cheeks, now fading at the blast of death ;  
 Cold is that breast which warm'd the world before,  
 And those love-darting eyes must roll no more.  
 Thus, if Eternal justice rules the ball,           35  
 Thus shall your wives, and thus your children fall:

On all the line a sudden vengeance waits,  
And frequent herfes shall besiege your gates.  
There passengers shall stand, and pointing say,  
(While the long fun'ral blacken all the way) 40  
Lo these were they, whose souls the Furies steel'd,  
And curs'd with hearts unknowing how to yield,  
Thus unlamented pass the proud away,  
The gaze of fools, and pageant of a day!  
So perish all, whose breast ne'er learn'd to glow  
For others good, or melt at others woe. 46

What can atone (oh ever-injur'd shade!)  
Thy fate unpity'd, and thy rites unpaid?  
No friend's complaint, no kind domestic tear  
Pleas'd thy pale ghost, or grac'd thy mournful bier.  
By foreign hands thy dying eyes were clos'd, 51  
By foreign hands thy decent limbs compos'd,  
By foreign hands thy humble grave adorn'd,  
By strangers honour'd, and by strangers mourn'd!  
What tho' no friends in sable weeds appear, 55  
Grieve for an hour, perhaps, then mourn a year,  
And bear about the mockery of woe  
To midnight dances, and the public show?  
What tho' no weeping Loves thy ashes grace,  
Nor polish'd marble emulate thy face? 60



What tho' no sacred earth allow thee room,  
Nor hallow'd dirge be mutter'd o'er thy tomb?  
Yet shall thy grave with rising flow'rs be drest,  
And the green turf lie lightly on thy breast:  
There shall the morn her earliest tears bestow, 65  
There the first roses of the year shall blow;  
While Angels with their silver wings o'ershade  
The ground, now sacred by thy reliques made.

So peaceful rests, without a stone, a name, 69  
What once had beauty, titles, wealth, and fame.  
How lov'd, how honour'd once, avails thee not,  
To whom related, or by whom begot;  
A heap of dust alone remains of thee,  
'Tis all thou art, and all the proud shall be! 74

Poets themselves must fall, like those they sung,  
Deaf the prais'd ear, and mute the tuneful tongue.  
Ev'n he, whose soul now melts in mournful lays,  
Shall shortly want the gen'rous tear he pays;  
Then from his closing eyes thy form shall part,  
And the last pang shall tear thee from his heart,  
Life's idle business at one gasp be o'er,  
The Muse forgot, and thou below'd no more!

PROLOGUE

T O

Mr. ADDISON'S Tragedy

O F

C A T O.

**T**O wake the soul by tender strokes of art,  
To raise the genius, and to mend the heart;  
To make mankind, in conscious virtue bold,  
Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold:  
For this the Tragic Muse first trod the stage, 5  
Commanding tears to stream thro' ev'ry age;  
Tyrants no more their savage nature kept,  
And foes to virtue wonder'd how they wept.  
Our author shuns by vulgar springs to move  
The hero's glory, or the virgin's love; 10  
In pitying Love, we but our weakness show,  
And wild Ambition well deserves its woe.

## 270 PROLOGUE TO CATO.

Here tears shall flow from a more gen'rous cause,  
 Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws :  
 He bids your breasts with ancient ardour rise, 15  
 And calls forth Roman drops from British eyes,  
 Virtue confess'd in human shape he draws,  
 What Plato thought, and godlike Cato was :  
 No common object to your fight displays,  
 But what with pleasure Heav'n itself surveys, 20  
 A brave man struggling in the storms of fate,  
 And greatly falling with a falling state.  
 While Cato gives his little Senate laws,  
 What bosom beats not in his Country's cause ?  
 Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry deed ? 25  
 Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed ?  
 Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal cars,  
 The spoils of nations, and the pomp of wars,  
 Ignobly vain and impotently great,  
 Show'd Rome her Cato's figure drawn in state ; 30  
 As her dead Father's rev'rend image past,  
 The pomp was darken'd, and the day o'ercast ;

## NOTES.

VER. 20. *But what with pleasure*] This alludes to a famous passage of Seneca, which Mr. Addison afterwards used as a motto to his play, when it was printed.

PROLOGUE TO CATO. 271

The Triumph ceas'd, tears gush'd from ev'ry eye ;  
 The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by ;  
 Her last good man dejected Rome ador'd, 35  
 And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's sword.

Britons, attend : be worth like this approv'd,  
 And show, you have the virtue to be mov'd.  
 With honest scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd  
 Rome learning arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd ;  
 Your scene precariously subsists too long 41  
 On French translation, and Italian song.  
 Dare to have sense yourselves ; assert the stage,  
 Be justly warm'd with your own native rage :  
 Such Plays alone should win a British ear, 45  
 As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.

NOTES.

VER. 37. *Britons, attend*] Mr. Pope had written it *arise*, in the spirit of Poetry and Liberty ; but Mr. Addison frighten'd at so daring an expression, which, he thought, squinted at rebellion, would have it alter'd, in the spirit of Prose and Politics, to *attend*.

VER. 46. *As Cato self, etc.*] This alludes to the famous story of his going into the Theatre, and immediately coming out again.

## E P I L O G U E

T O

Mr. ROWE'S JANE SHORE.

Designed for Mrs. OLDFIELD.

**P**RODIGIOUS this ! the Frail-one of our Play  
 From her own Sex should mercy find to-day !  
 You might have held the pretty head aside,  
 Peep'd in your fans, been serious, thus, and cry'd,  
 The Play may pass--but that strange creature, Shore,  
 I can't—indeed now—I so hate a whore— 6  
 Just as a blockhead rubs his thoughtless skull,  
 And thanks his stars he was not born a fool ;  
 So from a sifter sinner you shall hear,  
 “ How strangely you expose yourself, my dear ? ”  
 But let me die, all raillery apart, 11  
 Our sex are still forgiving at their heart ;  
 And did not wicked custom so contrive,  
 We'd be the best, good-natur'd things alive.

EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE. 273

There are, 'tis true, who tell another tale, 15  
That virtuous ladies envy while they rail;  
Such rage without betrays the fire within;  
In some close corner of the soul, they sin;  
Still hoarding up, most scandalously nice,  
Amidst their virtues a reserve of vice. 20

The godly dame, who fleshly failings damns,  
Scolds with her maid, or with her chaplain crams.  
Would you enjoy soft nights and solid dinners?  
Faith, gallants, board with saints, and bed with sin-  
ners.

Well, if our Author in the Wife offends, 25  
He has a Husband that will make amends:  
He draws him gentle, tender, and forgiving,  
And sure such kind good creatures may be living.  
In days of old, they pardon'd breach of vows,  
Stern Cato's self was no relentless spouse: 30  
Plu--Plutarch, what's his name, that writes his life?  
Tells us, that Cato dearly lov'd his Wife:  
Yet if a friend, a night or so, should need her,  
He'd recommend her as a special breeder.  
To lend a wife, few here would scruple make, 35  
But, pray, which of you all would take her back?

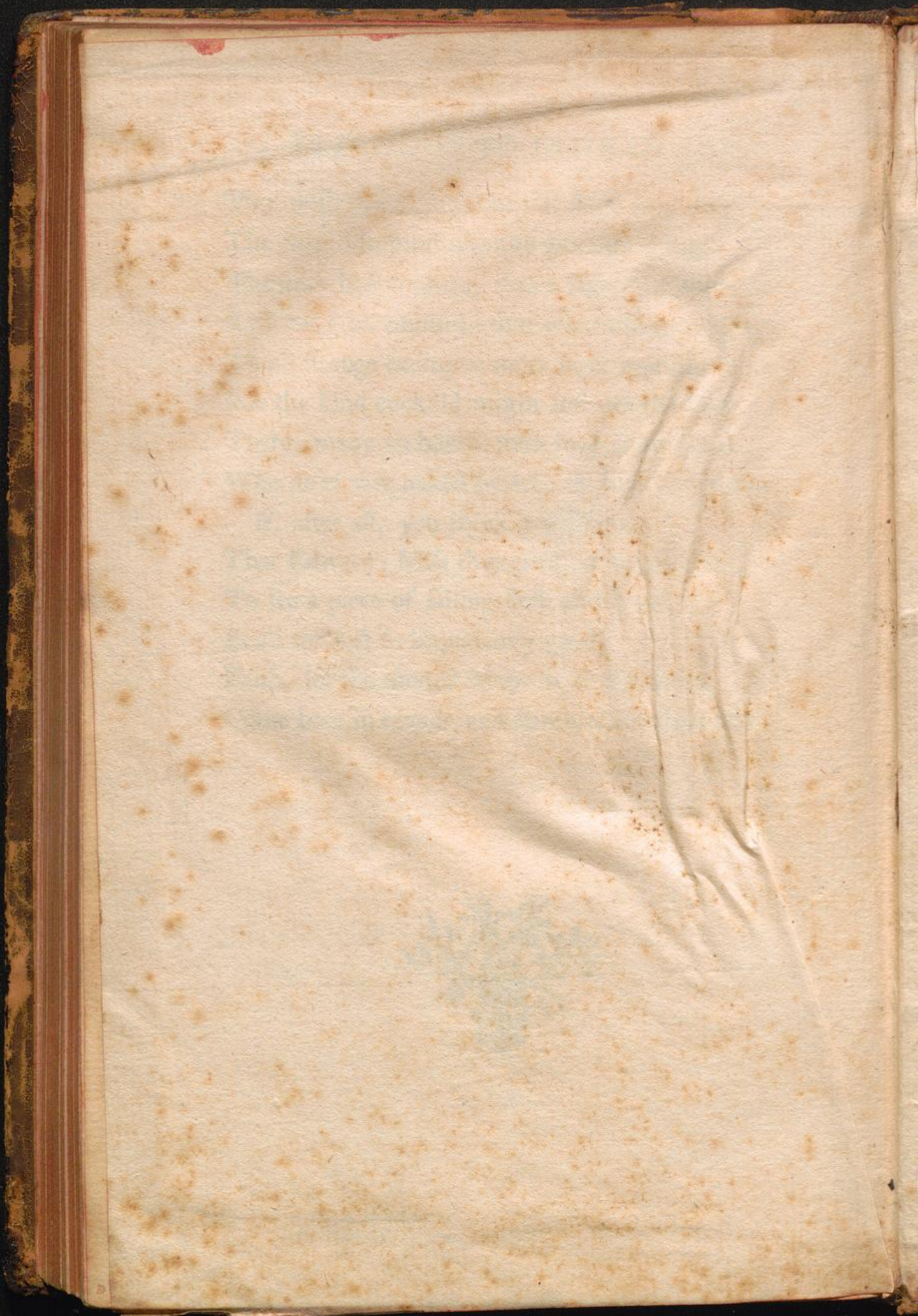
274 EPILOGUE TO JANE SHORE.

Tho' with the Stoic Chief our stage may ring,  
The Stoic Husband was the glorious thing.  
The man had courage, was a sage, 'tis true, 39  
And lov'd his country—but what's that to you?  
Those strange examples ne'er were made to fit ye  
But the kind cuckold might instruct the City:  
There, many an honest man may copy Cato,  
Who ne'er saw naked sword, or look'd in Plato.  
If, after all, you think it a disgrace, 45  
That Edward's Mifs thus perks it in your face;  
To see a piece of failing flesh and blood,  
In all the rest so impudently good;  
Faith, let the modest Matrons of the town 49  
Come here in crouds, and stare the strumpet down.









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