

Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,
For human wit could never such devise.
Some future truths are mingled in his book;
But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke:
Some things like visionary flights appear;
The spirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him his rabbinical degree,
Unknown to foreign university.
His judgment yet his memory did excel;
Which piec'd his wondrous evidence so well,
And suited to the temper of the times,
Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.
Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,
And rashly judge his writ apocryphal;
Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made:
He takes his life who takes away his trade.
Were I myself in witness Corah's place,
The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace
Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an appendix of my plot.
His zeal to heaven made him his prince despise
And load his person with indignities.
But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
Indulging latitude to deeds and words:
And Corah might for Agag's¹ murder call,
In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.
What others in his evidence did join,
The best that could be had for love or coin,
In Corah's own predicament will fall:
For witness is a common name to all.

¹ Sir E. Godfrey.



From Part II. [1682].

DOEG,¹ though without knowing how and why,
 Made still a blundering kind of melody ;
 Spur'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick and thin,
 Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in ;
 Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,
 And, in one word, heroically mad :
 He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,
 But fagotted his notions as they fell,
 And if they rhym'd and rattled, all was well.
 Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satire,
 For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature :
 He needs no more than birds and beasts to think,
 All his occasions are to eat and drink.
 If he call rogue and rascal from a garret,
 He means you no more mischief than a parrot,
 The words for friend and foe alike were made,
 To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.
 Let him be gallows free by my consent,
 And nothing suffer since he nothing meant ;
 Hanging supposes human soul and reason,
 This animal's below committing treason ;
 Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ?
 That's a preferment for Achitophel.
 Railing in other men may be a crime,
 But ought to pass as mere instinct in him :
 Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
 For to write verse with him is to transprose.
 'Twere pity treason at his door to lay,
Who makes heaven's gate a lock to its own key :
 Let him rail on, let his invective muse
 Have four-and-twenty letters to abuse,
 Which if he jumbles to one line of sense,
 Indict him of a capital offence.

¹ Elkanah Settle. He had replied to Part I. with the 'Achi-
 tophe! Transprosed,' referred to below.

In fireworks give him leave to vent his spite,
 Those are the only serpents he can write;
 The height of his ambition is, we know,
 But to be master of a puppet-show.
 On that one stage his works may yet appear,
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some,
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come,
 Og,¹ from a treason-tavern rolling home.
 Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink,
 Goodly and great he sails behind the link;
 With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,
 For every inch that is not fool is rogue;
 A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter,
 As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.
 When wine has giv'n him courage to blaspheme,
 He curses God, but God before curst him;
 And if man could have reason, none has more,
 That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.
 With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven knew
 What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew;
 To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,
 That e'en on tripe and carrion could rebel?
 But though Heaven made him poor (with reverence
 speaking),

He never was a poet of God's making;
 The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,
 With this prophetic blessing—Be thou dull;
 Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight
 Fit for thy bulk, do anything but write:
 Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
 A strong nativity—but for the pen;
 Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
 Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.
 I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
 For treason botch'd in rhyme will be thy bane,

¹ Shadwell.

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
 'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck :
 Why should thy metre good king David blast ?
 A psalm of his will surely be thy last.
 Dar'st thou presume in verse to meet thy foes,
 Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose ?
 Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has made,
 O'ertops thy talent in thy very trade ;
 Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
 A poet is, though he's the poet's horse.
 A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
 For writing treason, and for writing dull ;
 To die for faction is a common evil,
 But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil :
 Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd,
 Thy praises had been satire at the best ;
 But thou in clumsy verse, unlick'd, unpointed,
 Hast shamefully defied the Lord's anointed :
 I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
 For who would read thy life that reads thy rhymes ?
 But of King David's foes, be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom ;
 And, for my foes, may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.



From 'The Medal.'

OF all our antic sights and pageantry,
 Which English idiots run in crowds to see,
 The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :
 A monster, more the favourite of the town
 Than either fairs or theatres have shown.
 Never did art so well with nature strive ;
 Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive :
 So like the man¹ ; so golden to the sight,

¹ Shaftesbury.

So base within, so counterfeit and light.
One side is fill'd with title and with face ;
And, lest the king should want a regal place,
On the reverse, a tower the town surveys ;
O'er which our mounting Sun his beams displays.
The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrieval voice,
Laetamur, which, in Polish, is rejoice.
The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd,
And a new canting holiday design'd.
Five days he sat for every cast and look,
Four more than God to finish Adam took.
But who can tell what essence angels are,
Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer ?
Oh ! could the style that copied every grace,
And plough'd such furrows for a eunuch face—
Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill !
A martial hero first, with early care,
Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
A beardless chief, a rebel, ere a man :
So young his hatred to his prince began.
Next this (how wildly will ambition steer !),
A vermin wriggling in the Usurper's ear,
Bartering his venal wit for sums of gold,
He cast himself into the saint-like mould ;
Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd while godliness was gain,
The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train.
But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
There split the saint : for hypocritic zeal
Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope :
Saints must not trade, but they may interlope.
The ungodly principle was all the same ;
But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
Beside, their pace was formal, grave, and slack ;
His nimble wit outran the heavy pack.

Yet still he found his fortune at a stay,
 Whole droves of blockheads choking up his way ;
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice :
 Villain and wit exact a double price.
 Power was his aim ; but, thrown from that pretence,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd,
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust,
 His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 E'en in the most sincere advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears.
 At best as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans,
 And rather would be great by wicked means.

* * * * *

He preaches to the crowd that power is lent,
 But not convey'd to kingly government ;
 That claims successive bear no binding force,
 That coronation oaths are things of course ;
 Maintains the multitude can never err,
 And sets the people in the Papal chair.
 The reason's obvious, interest never lies—
 The most have still their interest in their eyes :
 The power is always theirs, and power is ever wise.
 Almighty crowd, thou shortenest all dispute,
 Power is thy essence, wit thy attribute !
 Nor faith nor reason make thee at a stay,
 That leap'st o'er all eternal truths in thy Pindaric
 way !
 Athens, no doubt, did righteously decide,
 When Phocion and when Socrates were tried ;
 As righteously they did those dooms repent ;

Still they were wise whatever way they went.
 Crowds err not, though to both extremes they run :
 To kill the father and recall the son.
 Some think the fools were most as times went then,
 But now the world's o'erstock'd with prudent men.
 The common cry is e'en religion's test :
 The Turk's is at Constantinople best ;
 Idols in India ; Popery at Rome ;
 And our own worship only true at home :
 And true but for the time : 'tis hard to know
 How long we please it shall continue so.
 This side to-day, and that to-morrow burns ;
 So all are God-a'mighties in their turns.
 A tempting doctrine, plausible and new.
 What fools our fathers were, if this be true !



From 'The Hind and the Panther.'

BISHOP BURNET.

A PORTLY prince, and goodly to the sight,
 He seem'd a son of Anak for his height,
 Like those whom stature did to crowns prefer—
 Black-brow'd, and bluff, like Homer's Jupiter,
 Broad-back'd, and brawny-built for love's delight :
 A prophet form'd to make a female proselyte.
 A theologue more by need than genial bent,
 By breeding sharp, by nature confident.
 Interest in all his actions was discern'd ;
 More learn'd than honest, more a wit than learn'd ;
 Or forc'd by fear, or by his profit led,
 Or both conjoin'd, his native clime he fled ;
 But brought the virtues of his heaven along :
 A fair behaviour, and a fluent tongue.
 And yet with all his arts he could not thrive—

The most unlucky parasite alive.
 Loud praises to prepare his paths he sent,
 And then himself pursued his compliment ;
 But by reverse of fortune chas'd away,
 His gifts no longer than their author stay.
 He shakes the dust against the ungrateful race,
 And leaves the stench of ordures in the place.
 Oft has he flatter'd and blasphem'd the same ;
 For in his rage he spares no Sovereign's name.
 The hero and the tyrant change their style
 By the same measure that they frown or smile.
 When well receiv'd by hospitable foes,
 The kindness he returns is to expose ;
 For courtesies, though undeserv'd and great,
 No gratitude in felon-minds beget ;
 As tribute to his wit, the churl receives the treat.
 His praise of foes is venomously nice—
 So touch'd, it turns a virtue to a vice ;
 A Greek, and bountiful, forewarns us twice.
 Seven sacraments he wisely does disown,
 Because he knows Confession stands for one ;
 Where sins to sacred silence are convey'd,
 And not for fear, or love, to be betray'd.
 But he, uncall'd, his patron to control,
 Divulg'd the secret whispers of his soul ;
 Stood forth the accusing Satan of his crimes,
 And offer'd to the Moloch of the times,
 Prompt to assail, and careless of defence,
 Invulnerable in his impudence,
 He dares the world ; and, eager of a name,
 He thrusts about, and justles into fame.
 Frontless, and satire-proof, he scours the streets,
 And runs an Indian-muck at all he meets.
 So fond of loud report, that, not to miss
 Of being known (his last and utmost bliss),
 He rather would be known for what he is.

From 'MacFlecknoe.'

ALL things human are subject to decay,
 And when fate summons, monarchs must obey.
 This Flecknoe¹ found, who, like Augustus, young
 Was call'd to empire, and had governed long ;
 In prose and verse, was own'd without dispute,
 Through all the realms of Nonsense, absolute.
 This aged prince, now flourishing in peace,
 And bless'd with issue of a large increase ;
 Worn out with business did at length debate
 To settle the succession of the state :
 And, pondering which of all his sons was fit
 To reign, and wage immortal war with wit,
 Cried, ' 'Tis resolv'd ; for nature pleads, that he
 Should only rule who most resembles me.
 Shadwell alone my perfect image bears,
 Mature in dulness from his tender years ;
 Shadwell alone, of all my sons, is he
 Who stands confirm'd in full stupidity.
 The rest to some faint meaning make pretence,
 But Shadwell never deviates into sense .
 Some beams of wit on other souls may fall,
 Strike through, and make a lucid interval ;
 But Shadwell's genuine night admits no ray,
 His rising fogs prevail upon the day.
 Beside, his goodly fabric fills the eye,
 And seems design'd for thoughtless majesty :
 Thoughtless as monarch oaks, that shade the plain
 And spread in solemn state, supinely reign.
 Heywood and Shirley were but types of thee,
 Thou last great prophet of tautology.
 Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
 Was sent before but to prepare thy way ;
 And, coarsely clad in Norwich drugget, came
 To teach the nations in thy greater name.'

* * * * *

¹ An Irish priest and poet.

The hoary prince in majesty appear'd,
 High on a throne of his own labours rear'd.
 At his right hand our young Ascanius sate,
 Rome's other hope, and pillar of the state.
 His brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
 And lambent dulness play'd around his face.
 As Hannibal did to the altars come,
 Swore by his sire, a mortal foe to Rome;
 So Shadwell swore, nor should his vow be vain,
 That he till death true dulness would maintain:
 And, in his father's right, and realm's defence,
 Ne'er to have peace with art, nor truce with sense.



ALEXANDER POPE [1688-1744].

From 'An Essay on Criticism' [1709].

'Tis hard to say, if greater want of skill
 Appear in writing or in judging ill;
 But of the two, less dangerous is the offence
 To tire our patience than mislead our sense.
 Some few in that, but numbers err in this,
 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.
 In poets as true genius is but rare,
 True taste as seldom is the critic's share;
 Both must alike from Heaven derive their light,
 These born to judge, as well as those to write.
 Let such teach others who themselves excel,
 And censure freely who have written well.

Authors are partial to their wit, 'tis true,
But are not critics to their judgment too ?

* * * * *

Of all the causes which conspire to blind
Man's erring judgment, and misguide the mind,
What the weak head with strongest bias rules,
Is pride, the never-failing vice of fools.
Whatever nature has in worth denied,
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.
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 every friend—and every foe.

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

* * * * *

But most by numbers judge a poet's song,
 And smooth or rough, with them, is right or wrong :
 In the bright Muse, though thousand charms con-
 spire,

Her voice is all these tuneful fools admire ;
 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,
 Though oft the ear the open vowels tire ;
 While expletives their feeble aid do join ;
 And ten low words oft creep in one dull line :
 While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
 With sure returns of still expected rhymes ;
 Where'er you find ' the cooling western breeze,'
 In the next line, it ' whispers through 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,
 That, like a wounded snake, drags its slow length
 along.

* * * * *

'Tis best sometimes your censure to restrain,
 And charitably let the dull be vain :
 Your silence there is better than your spite,
 For who can rail so long as they can write ?
 Still humming on, their drowsy course they keep
 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 crowds of these, impenitently bold,
 In sounds and jingling syllables grown old,
 Still run on poets in a raging vein,
 Even to the dregs and squeezing of the brain,
 Strain out the last dull droppings of their sense,

And rhyme with all the rage of impotence.
 Such shameless bards we have; and yet 'tis true,
 There are as mad, abandon'd critics too,
 The bookful blockhead ignorantly read,
 With loads of learned lumber in his head,
 With his own tongue still edifies his ears,
 And always listening to himself appears.
 All books he reads, and all he reads assails,
 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.
 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;
 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 volleys breaks,
 And never shock'd, and never turn'd aside,
 Bursts out, resistless, with a thundering tide.



From 'The Rape of the Lock' [1712].

THE SYLPHS.

OUR humbler province is to tend the fair,
 Not a less pleasing, though less glorious care;
 To save the powder from too rude a gale,
 Nor let the imprison'd essences exhale;
 To draw fresh colours from the vernal flowers;

To steal from rainbows ere they drop in showers
 A brighter wash ; to curl their waving hairs,
 Assist their blushes, and inspire their airs ;
 Nay, oft, in dreams, invention we bestow,
 To change a flounce, or add a furbelow.

This day, black omens threat the brightest fair
 That e'er deserved a watchful spirit's care ;
 Some dire disaster, or by force or slight ;
 But what, or where, the fates have wrapt in night.
 Whether the nymph shall break Diana's law,
 Or some frail China jar receive a flaw ;
 Or stain her honour, or her new brocade ;
 Forget her prayers, or miss a masquerade ;
 Or lose her heart, or necklace, at a ball ;
 Or whether Heaven has doom'd that Shock must
 fall.

Haste then, ye Spirits ! to your charge repair :
 The fluttering fan be Zephyretta's care ;
 The drops to thee, Brillante, we consign ;
 And Momentilla, let the watch be thine ;
 Do thou, Crispissa, tend her favourite Lock ;
 Ariel himself shall be the guard of Shock.

To fifty chosen sylphs, of special note,
 We trust the important charge, the petticoat :
 Oft have we known that sevenfold fence to fail,
 Though stiff with hoops and arm'd with ribs of
 whale ;
 Form a strong line about the silver bound,
 And guard the wide circumference around.



From 'An Essay on Man' [1732-34], Epistle II.

KNOW thou thyself, presume not God to scan,
 The proper study of Mankind is Man.
 Placed on this isthmus of a middle state,

A being darkly wise, and rudely great ;
 With too much knowledge for the sceptic side,
 With too much weakness for the stoic's pride,
 He hangs between ; in doubt to act or rest ;
 In doubt to deem himself a god or beast ;
 In doubt his mind or body to prefer ;
 Born but to die, and reasoning but to err ;
 Alike in ignorance, his reason such,
 Whether he thinks too little or too much ;
 Chaos of thought and passion all confused ;
 Still by himself abused, or disabused ;
 Created half to rise and half to fall ;
 Great lord of all things, yet a prey to all ;
 Sole judge of truth, in endless error hurled ;
 The glory, jest, and riddle of the world !

Go, wondrous creature ! mount where science guides,
 Go, measure earth, weigh air, and state the tides ;
 Instruct the planets in what orbs to run,
 Correct old Time, and regulate the sun ;
 Go, soar with Plato to the empyreal sphere,
 To the first good, first perfect, and first fair ;
 Or tread the mazy round his followers trod,
 And quitting sense call imitating God ;
 As Eastern priests in giddy circles run,
 And turn their heads to imitate the sun.
 Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule,
 Then drop into thyself, and be a fool !



From 'Moral Essays' [1732-35], Epistle II.

BUT what are these to great Atossa's mind ?
 Scarce once herself, by turns all womankind !
 Who, with herself, or others, from her birth
 Finds all her life one warfare upon earth :
 Shines in exposing knaves, and painting fools,

Yet is whate'er she hates and ridicules.
 No thought advances, but her eddy brain
 Whisks it about, and down it goes again.
 Full sixty years the world has been her trade,
 The wisest fool much time has ever made.
 From loveless youth to unrespected age,
 No passion gratified except her rage.
 So much the fury still outran the wit,
 The pleasure miss'd her, and the scandal hit.
 Who breaks with her provokes revenge from hell,
 But he's a bolder man who dares be well.
 Her every turn with violence pursued,
 No more a storm her hate than gratitude :
 To that each passion turns, or soon or late ;
 Love, if it makes her yield, must make her hate :
 Superiors ? death ! and equals ? what a curse !
 But an inferior not dependent ? worse.
 Offend her, and she knows not to forgive ;
 Oblige her, and she'll hate you while you live ;
 But die, and she'll adore you—then the bust
 And temple rise—then fall again to dust.
 Last night her lord was all that's good and great ;
 A knave this morning, and his will a cheat.
 Strange ! by the means defeated of the ends,
 By spirit robb'd of power, by warmth of friends,
 By wealth of followers ! without one distress,
 Sick of herself through very selfishness !
 Atossa, cursed with every granted prayer,
 Childless with all her children, wants an heir.
 To heirs unknown descends the unguarded store,
 Or wanders, heaven directed, to the poor.

* * * * *

Men, some to business, some to pleasure take ;
 But every woman is at heart a rake ;
 Men, some to quiet, some to public strife ;
 But every lady would be queen for life.

Yet mark the fate of a whole sex of queens !

Power all their end, but beauty all the means :
 In youth they conquer with so wild a rage,
 As leaves them scarce a subject in their age :
 For foreign glory, foreign joy, they roam ;
 No thought of peace or happiness at home.
 But wisdom's triumph is well-timed retreat,
 As hard a science to the fair as great !
 Beauties, like tyrants, old and friendless grown,
 Yet hate repose, and dread to be alone,
 Worn out in public, weary every eye,
 Nor leave one sigh behind them when they die.

* * * * *

Oh! blest with temper, whose unclouded ray
 Can make to-morrow cheerful as to-day ;
 She who can love a sister's charms, or hear
 Sighs for a daughter with unwounded ear ;
 She who ne'er answers till a husband cools,
 Or, if she rules him, never shows she rules.
 Charms by accepting, by submitting sways,
 Yet has her humour most when she obeys ;
 Let fops or fortune fly which way they will ;
 Disdains all loss of tickets, or codille ;
 Spleen, vapours or small-pox, above them all,
 And mistress of herself, though china fall.



From 'Moral Essays,' Epistle III.

TO LORD BATHURST.

P. WHO shall decide, when doctors disagree,
 And soundest casuists doubt, like you and me ?
 You hold the word, from Jove to Momus given,
 That man was made the standing jest of Heaven ;
 And gold but sent to keep the fools in play,
 For some to heap and some to throw away.

But I, who think more highly of our kind,
 (And surely Heaven and I are of a mind),
 Opine, that Nature, as in duty bound,
 Deep hid the shining mischief under ground.
 But when by man's audacious labour won,
 Flamed forth this rival to its sire, the sun,
 Then careful Heaven supplied two sorts of men,
 To squander these, and those to hide again.
 Like doctors thus, when much dispute has past,
 We find our tenets just the same at last.
 Both fairly owning, riches, in effect,
 No grace of Heaven, or token of the elect ;
 Given to the fool, the mad, the vain, the evil,
 To Ward, to Waters, Chartres, and the Devil.

B. What nature wants, commodious gold bestows,
 'Tis thus we eat the bread another sows.

P. But how unequal it bestows, observe,
 'Tis thus we riot, while, who sow it, starve :
 What nature wants (a phrase I much distrust)
 Extends to luxury, extends to lust :
 Useful, I grant, it serves what life requires,
 But dreadful too, the dark assassin hires.

B. Trade it may help, society extend.

P. But lures the pirate, and corrupts the friend.

B. It raises armies in a nation's aid.

P. But bribes a senate, and the land's betray'd.
 In vain may heroes fight and patriots rave ;
 If secret gold sap on from knave to knave.
 Once, we confess, beneath the patriot's cloak,
 From the crack'd bag the dropping guinea spoke,
 And jingling down the back stairs, told the crew,
 ' Old Cato is as great a rogue as you.'
 Blest paper-credit ! last and best supply !
 That lends corruption lighter wings to fly.
 Gold imp'd by thee, can compass hardest things,
 Can pocket states, can fetch or carry kings ;
 A single leaf shall waft an army o'er,

Or ship off senates to a distant shore ;
 A leaf, like Sibyl's, scatter to and fro
 Our fates and fortunes, as the winds shall blow :
 Pregnant with thousands flits the scrap unseen,
 And silent sells a king or buys a queen.



From 'The Prologue to the Satires,' Epistle to Dr.
 Arbuthnot.

ADDISON.

PEACE to all such ! but were there one whose fires
 True genius kindles, and fair fame inspires ;
 Blest with each talent and each art to please,
 And born to write, converse, and live with ease ;
 Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
 Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
 View him with scornful, yet with jealous eyes,
 And hate for arts that caused himself to rise ;
 Damn with faint praise, assent with civil leer,
 And without sneering, teach the rest to sneer ;
 Willing to wound, and yet afraid to strike,
 Just hint a fault, and hesitate dislike ;
 Alike reserved to blame, or to commend,
 A timorous foe, and a suspicious friend ;
 Dreading even fools, by flatterers besieged,
 And so obliging, that he ne'er obliged ;
 Like *Cato*, give his little senate laws,
 And sit attentive to his own applause ;
 While wits and templars every sentence raise,
 And wonder with a foolish face of praise—
 Who but must laugh, if such a man there be ?
 Who would not weep, if Atticus were he ?

* * * * *

SPORUS (LORD HERVEY).

LET Sporus tremble— A. What? that thing of silk,

Sporus, that mere white curd of ass's milk?

Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?

Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that stinks and stings;

Whose buz the witty and the fair annoys,

Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys;

So well-bred spaniels civilly delight

In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.

Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,

As shallow streams run dimpling all the way.

Whether in florid impotence he speaks,

And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks,

Or at the ear of Eve, familiar toad,

Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,

In puns, or politics, or tales or lies,

Or spite, or smut, or rhymes, or blasphemies:

His wit all see-saw, between that and this,

Now high, now low, now master up, now miss;

And he himself one vile antithesis.

Amphibious thing! that acting either part,

The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,

Fop at the toilet, flatterer at the board,

Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.

Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have exprest,

A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest,

Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust,

Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

From 'Imitations of Horace' [1734].

TO MR. MURRAY.

'NOT to admire, is all the art I know,
To make men happy, and to keep them so.'
(Plain truth, dear Murray, needs no flowers of speech,
So take it in the very words of Creech.¹)

This vault of air, this congregated ball,
Self-centred sun, and stars that rise and fall,
There are, my friend! whose philosophic eyes
Look through, and trust the ruler with his skies,
To him commit the hour, the day, the year,
And view this dreadful All without a fear.

Admire we then what earth's low entrails hold,
Arabian shores, or Indian seas infold ;
All the mad trade of fools and slaves for gold ?
Or popularity ? or stars and strings ?

The mob's applauses, or the gifts of kings ?
Say with what eyes we ought at courts to gaze,
And pay the great our homage of amaze ?

If weak the pleasure that from these can spring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing ;
Whether we dread, or whether we desire,
In either case, believe me, we admire ;
Whether we joy or grieve, the same the curse,
Surprised at better, or surprised at worse.

Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
The unbalanced mind, and snatch the man away ;
For virtue's self may too much zeal be had ;
The worst of madmen is a saint run mad.

¹ The two first lines are quoted from Creech's translation of Horace.



From 'The Dunciad' [1728-1742], Book I.

THE mighty mother, and her son who brings
 The Smithfield muses to the ear of kings,
 I sing. Say you, her instruments, the great !
 Call'd to this work by Dulness, Jove, and Fate ;
 You by whose care, in vain decried and curst,
 Still Dunce the second reigns like Dunce the first ;
 Say how the goddess bade Britannia sleep,
 And pour'd her spirit o'er the land and deep.

In eldest time, ere mortals writ or read,
 Ere Pallas issued from the Thunderer's head,
 Dulness o'er all possess'd her ancient right,
 Daughter of Chaos and eternal Night :
 Fate in their dotage this fair idiot gave,
 Gross as her sire, and as her mother grave,
 Laborious, heavy, busy, bold, and blind,
 She ruled, in native anarchy, the mind.

Still her old empire to restore she tries,
 For, born a goddess, Dulness never dies.

O thou ! whatever title please thine ear,
 Dean, Drapier, Bickerstaff or Gulliver !
 Whether thou choose Cervantes' serious air,
 Or laugh and shake in Rabelais' easy chair,
 Or praise the court, or magnify mankind,
 Or thy grieved country's copper chains unbind ;
 From thy Bœotia though her power retires
 Mourn not, my Swift, at aught our realm acquires,
 Here pleas'd behold her mighty wings outspread
 To hatch a new Saturnian age of lead.

Close to those walls where Folly holds her throne,
 And laughs to think Monroe would take her down,
 Where o'er the gates, by his famed father's hand
 Great Cibber's brazen, brainless brothers stand ;
 One cell there is, conceal'd from vulgar eye,
 The cave of Poverty and Poetry.

Keen hollow winds howl thro' the bleak recess,
Emblem of music caus'd by emptiness.
Hence bards, like Proteus, long in vain tied down,
Escape in monsters, and amaze the town.
Hence Miscellanies spring, the weekly boast
Of Curll's chaste press, and Lintot's rubric post ;
Hence hymning Tyburn's elegiac lines,
Hence Journals, Medleys, Merc'ries, Magazines ;
Sepulchral lies, our holy wars to grace,
And new-year odes, and all the Grub-street race.

In clouded majesty here Dulness shone ;
Four guardian Virtues, round, support her throne :
Fierce champion Fortitude, that knows no fears
Of hisses, blows, or want, or loss of ears :
Calm Temperance, whose blessings those partake
Who hunger and who thirst for scribbling' sake :
Prudence, whose glass presents the approaching jail ;
Poetic Justice, with her lifted scale,
Where, in nice balance, truth with gold she weighs,
And solid pudding against empty praise.

Here she beholds the chaos dark and deep,
Where nameless somethings in their causes sleep,
'Till genial Jacob, or a warm third day,
Call forth each mass, a poem, or a play ;
How hints, like spawn, scarce quick in embryo lie,
How new-born nonsense first is taught to cry ;
Maggots half-form'd in rhyme exactly meet,
And learn to crawl upon poetic feet.
Here one poor word an hundred clenches makes,
And ductile Dulness new meanders takes ;
There motley images her fancy strike,
Figures ill pair'd, and similes unlike,
She sees a mob of metaphors advance,
Pleased with the madness of the mazy dance :
How Tragedy and Comedy embrace ;
How Farce and Epic get a jumbled race ;
How Time himself stands still at her command,

Realms shift their place, and ocean turns to land.
 Here gay Description Ægypt glads with showers,
 Or gives to Zembla fruits, to Barca flowers ;
 Glittering with ice here hoary hills are seen,
 There painted valleys of eternal green,
 In cold December fragrant chaplets blow,
 And heavy harvests nod beneath the snow.

All these, and more, the cloud-compelling queen
 Beholds through fogs, that magnify the scene :
 She, tinsel'd o'er in robes of varying hues,
 With self-applause her wild creation views ;
 Sees momentary monsters rise and fall,
 And with her own fools-colours gilds them all.



From Book II.

AND now the Queen, to glad her sons, proclaims
 By herald hawkers, high heroic games. . . .
 With authors, stationers obey'd the call
 (The field of glory is a field for all).
 Glory and gain, the industrious tribe provoke ;
 And gentle Dulness ever loves a joke.
 A poet's form she placed before their eyes,
 And bade the nimblest racer seize the prize ;
 No meagre, muse-rid mope, adust and thin,
 In a dun night-gown of his own loose skin ;
 But such a bulk as no twelve bards could raise,
 Twelve starveling bards of these degenerate days,
 All as a partridge plump, full-fed and fair,
 She form'd this image of well-bodied air ;
 With pert flat eyes she window'd well its head ;
 A brain of feathers and a heart of lead ;
 And empty words she gave, and sounding strain,
 But senseless, lifeless ! idol void and vain !

Never was dash'd out, at one lucky hit,
 A fool, so just a copy of a wit ;
 So like, that critics said, and courtiers swore,
 A wit it was, and call'd the phantom More.



From Book IV.

DR. BENTLEY.

NOR wert thou, Isis ! wanting to the day,
 (Tho' Christchurch long kept prudishly away.)
 Each staunch polemic, stubborn as a rock,
 Each fierce logician, still expelling Locke,
 Came whip and spur, and dash'd through thin and
 thick
 On German Crouzaz and Dutch Burgersdyck.
 As many quit the streams that murmuring fall
 To lull the sons of Margaret and Clare-hall,
 Where Bentley late tempestuous wont to sport
 In troubled waters, but now sleeps in port.
 Before them march'd that awful Aristarch ;
 Plough'd was his front with many a deep remark :
 His hat, which never vail'd to human pride,
 Walker with reverence took, and laid aside,
 Low bow'd the rest : he, kingly, did but nod ;
 So upright Quakers please both man and God.
 ' Mistress ! dismiss that rabble from your throne :
 Avaunt — is Aristarchus yet unknown ?
 Thy mighty scholiast, whose unwearied pains
 Made Horace dull, and humbled Milton's strains.
 Turn what they will to verse, their toil is vain,
 Critics like me shall make it prose again.
 Roman and Greek grammarians ! know your better :
 Author of something yet more great than letter ;

While towering o'er your alphabet, like Saul,
 Stands our Digamma, and o'ertops them all.
 'Tis true, on words is still our whole debate,
 Disputes of *me* or *te*, of *aut* or *at*,
 To sound or sink in *cano*, O or A,
 Or give up Cicero to C or K.
 Let Freind affect to speak as Terence spoke,
 And Alsop never but like Horace joke :
 For me, what Virgil, Pliny may deny,
 Manilius or Solinus shall supply :
 For Attic phrase in Plato let them seek,
 I poach in Suidas for unlicensed Greek.
 In ancient sense if any needs will deal,
 Be sure I give them fragments, not a meal ;
 What Gellius or Stobæus hash'd before,
 Or chew'd by blind old scholiasts o'er and o'er,
 The critic eye, that microscope of wit,
 Sees hairs and pores, examines bit by bit :
 How parts relate to parts, or they to whole,
 The body's harmony, the beaming soul,
 Are things which Kuster, Burman, Wasse shall see,
 When man's whole frame is obvious to a *flea*.'



THE TRIUMPH OF DULNESS.

SHE comes! she comes! the sable throne behold
 Of *Night* primeval, and of Chaos old!
 Before her Fancy's gilded clouds decay,
 And all its varying rainbows die away.
 Wit shoots in vain its momentary fires,
 The meteor drops, and in a flash expires.
 As one by one, at dread Medea's strain,
 The sickening stars fade off the ethereal plain ;
 As Argus' eyes by Hermes' wand opprest,
 Closed one by one to everlasting rest ;

Thus at her felt approach, and secret might,
 Art after art goes out and all is night.
 See skulking Truth to her old cavern fled,
 Mountains of casuistry heap'd o'er her head.
 Philosophy, that lean'd on Heaven before,
 Shrinks to her second cause, and is no more.
 Physic of Metaphysic begs defence
 And Metaphysic calls for aid on Sense !
 See Mystery to Mathematics fly :
 In vain ! they gaze, turn giddy, rave, and die.
 Religion blushing veils her sacred fires,
 And unawares Morality expires.
 Nor public flame, nor private, dares to shine ; *
 Nor human spark is left, nor glimpse divine !
 Lo ! thy dread empire, Chaos ! is restored ;
 Light dies before thy uncreating word :
 Thy hand, great anarch ! lets the curtain fall ;
 And universal darkness buries all.



JONATHAN SWIFT [1667-1745].

From the Preface to 'The Tale of a Tub' [published 1704].

IT is a great ease to my conscience, that I have written so elaborate and useful a discourse, without one grain of satire intermixed ; which is the sole point wherein I have taken leave to dissent from the famous originals of our age and country. I have observed some satirists to use the publick much at the rate that pedants do a naughty boy, ready horsed for discipline : first, expostulate the case, then plead the necessity of the rod from great provocations, and conclude every period with a lash.

Now if I know anything of mankind these gentlemen might very well spare their reproof and correction; for there is not, through all nature, another so callous and insensible a member, as the world's posteriors, whether you apply to it the toe or the birch. Besides, most of our late satirists seem to lie under a sort of mistake, that because nettles have the prerogative to sting, therefore all other weeds must do so too. I make not this comparison out of the least design to detract from these worthy writers; for it is well known among mythologists that weeds have the pre-eminence over all other vegetables; and therefore the first monarch of this island, whose taste and judgement were so acute and refined, did very wisely root out the roses from the collar of the order, and plant the thistles in their stead, as the nobler flower of the two. For which reason it is conjectured by profounder antiquaries that the satirical itch, so prevalent in this part of our island, was first brought among us from beyond the Tweed. Here may it long flourish and abound: may it survive and neglect the scorn of the world, with as much ease and contempt as the world is insensible to the lashes of it. May their own dulness, or that of their party, be no discouragement for the authors to proceed; but let them remember, it is with wits as with razors, which are never so apt to cut those they are employed on, as when they have lost their edge.

* * * * *

But though the matter for panegyrick were as fruitful as the topicks of satire, yet would it not be hard to find out a sufficient reason, why the latter will be always better received than the first. For, this being bestowed only upon one, or a few persons at a time, is sure to raise envy, and consequently ill words from the rest, who have no share in the blessing:

but satire, being levelled at all, is never resented for an offence by any, since every individual person makes bold to understand it of others, and very wisely removes his particular part of the burden upon the shoulders of the world, which are broad enough, and able to bear it. To this purpose I have sometimes reflected upon the difference between Athens and England, with respect to the point before us. In the Attick commonwealth, it was the privilege and birthright of every citizen and poet to rail aloud, and in publick, or to expose upon the stage, by name, any person they pleased, though of the greatest figure, whether a Creon, an Hyperbolus, an Alcibiades, or a Demosthenes: but, on the other side, the least reflecting word let fall against the people in general, was immediately caught up, and revenged upon the authors, however considerable for their quality or their merits. Whereas in England it is just the reverse of all this. Here, you may securely display your utmost rhetorick against mankind, in the face of the world; tell them, 'That all are gone astray; that there is none that doth good, no not one; that we live in the very dregs of time; that knavery and atheism are epidemick as the pox; that honesty is fled with Astræa;' with any other common places, equally new and eloquent, which are furnished by the *splendida bilis*. And when you have done, the whole audience, far from being offended, shall return you thanks, as a deliverer of precious and useful truths. Nay, farther; it is but to venture your lungs, and you may preach in Covent-Garden against foppery and fornication, and something else: against pride, and dissimulation, and bribery, at White-hall: you may expose rapine and injustice in the inns of court chapel; and in a city pulpit be as fierce as you please against avarice, hypocrisy, and extortion. 'Tis but a ball bandied to and fro, and

every man carries a racket about him to strike it from himself, among the rest of the company. But, on the other side, whoever should mistake the nature of things so far, as to drop him but a single hint in publick, how such a one starved half the fleet, and half poisoned the rest: how such a one, from a true principle of love and honour, pays no debts but for wenches and play: how such a one has got a —, and runs out of his estate: how Paris, bribed by Juno and Venus, loth to offend either party, slept out the whole cause on the bench: or, how such an orator makes long speeches in the senate with much thought, little sense, and to no purpose; whoever, I say, should venture to be thus particular, must expect to be imprisoned for scandalum magnatum; to have challenges sent him; to be sued for defamation; and to be brought before the bar of the house.

But I forget that I am expatiating on a subject wherein I have no concern, having neither a talent nor an inclination for satire. On the other side, I am so entirely satisfied with the whole present procedure of human things, that I have been some years preparing materials towards A Panegyrick upon the World; to which I intended to add a second part, entitled, A modest Defence of the Proceedings of the Rabble in all Ages. Both these I had thoughts to publish, by way of Appendix to the following treatise; but finding my commonplace book fill much slower than I had reason to expect, I have chosen to defer them to another occasion. Besides, I have been unhappily prevented in that design by a certain domestick misfortune, in the particulars whereof, though it would be very seasonable, and much in the modern way, to inform the gentle reader, and would also be of great assistance towards extending this Preface into the size now in vogue, which by rule ought to be large in proportion

as the subsequent volume is small; yet I shall now dismiss our impatient reader from any further attendance at the porch; and having duly prepared his mind by a preliminary discourse, shall gladly introduce him to the sublime mysteries that ensue.



From 'The Tale of a Tub.'

THE worshippers of this deity (the Tailor-God) had also a system of their belief, which seemed to turn upon the following fundamentals. They held the universe to be a large suit of clothes, which invests every thing: that the earth is invested by the air; the air is invested by the stars; and the stars are invested by the *primum mobile*. Look on this globe of earth, you will find it to be a very complete and fashionable dress. What is that which some call land, but a fine coat faced with green? or the sea, but a waistcoat of water-tabby? Proceed to the particular works of the creation, you will find how curious journeyman nature has been, to trim up the vegetable beaux; observe how sparkish a periwig adorns the head of a beech, and what a fine doublet of white sattin is worn by the birch. To conclude from all, what is man himself but a micro-coat, or rather a complete suit of clothes with all its trimmings? As to his body, there can be no dispute: but examine even the acquirements of his mind, you will find them all contribute in their order towards furnishing out an exact dress; to instance no more; is not religion a cloak; honesty a pair of shoes worn out in the dirt; self-love a surtout; vanity a shirt; and conscience a pair of breeches?

These *postulata* being admitted, it will follow in

due course of reasoning, that those beings, which the world calls improperly suits of clothes are in reality the most refined species of animals; or to proceed higher, that they are rational creatures, or men. For, is it not manifest, that they live, and move, and talk, and perform all other offices of human life? are not beauty, and wit, and mien, and breeding, their inseparable proprieties? in short, we see nothing but them, hear nothing but them. Is it not they who walk in the streets, fill up parliament-, coffee-, play-, bawdy-houses? It is true, indeed, that these animals, which are vulgarly called suits of clothes, or dresses, do according to certain compositions receive different appellations. If one of them be trimmed with a gold chain, and a red gown, and a white rod, and a great horse. it is called a lord-mayor: if certain ermines and furs be placed in a certain position, we style them a judge; and so an apt conjunction of lawn and black sattin we intitle a bishop.

Others of these professors, though agreeing in the main system, were yet more refined upon certain branches of it; and held that man was an animal compounded of two dresses, the natural and celestial suit, which were the body and the soul: that the soul was the outward, and the body the inward clothing; that the latter was *ex traduce*; but the former of daily creation and circumfusion. This last they proved by Scripture, because, in them we live, and move, and have our being; as likewise by philosophy, because they are all in all, and all in every part. Besides, said they, separate these two, and you will find the body to be only a senseless unsavoury carcase. By all which it is manifest, that the outward dress must needs be the soul.

To this system of religion were tagged several subaltern doctrines, which were entertained with

great vogue; as particularly, the faculties of the mind were deduced by the learned among them in this manner: embroidery was sheer wit; gold fringe was agreeable conversation; gold lace was repartee; a huge long periwig was humour; and a coat full of powder was very good raillery: all which required abundance of *finesse* and *delicatesse* to manage with advantage, as well as a strict observance after times and fashions.



From 'The Battle of the Books' [published 1704].

DAY being far spent, and the numerous forces of the moderns half inclining to a retreat, there issued forth from a squadron of their heavy-armed foot, a captain, whose name was Bentley, the most deformed of all moderns; tall, but without shape or comeliness; large, but without strength or proportion. . . . Thus completely armed, he advanced with a slow and heavy pace, where the modern chiefs were holding a consult upon the sum of things; who, as he came onwards, laughed to behold his crooked leg, and hump shoulder, which his boot and armour vainly endeavouring to hide, were forced to comply with, and expose. The generals made use of him for his talent of railing; which, kept within government, proved frequently of great service to their cause, but at other times did more mischief than good; for at the least touch of offence, and often without any at all, he would, like a wounded elephant, convert it against his leaders. Such at this juncture was the disposition of Bentley, grieved to see the enemy prevail, and dissatisfied with everybody's conduct but his own. He humbly gave the modern generals to understand, 'that he conceived, with great sub-

mission, they were all a pack of rogues, and fools, and sons of —, and d—n'd cowards, and confounded loggerheads, and illiterate whelps, and nonsensical scoundrels; that if himself had been constituted general, these presumptuous dogs, the ancients, would long before this have been beaten out of the field. You,' said he, 'sit here idle; but when I, or any other valiant modern kill an enemy, you are sure to seize the spoil. But I will not march one foot against the foe, till you all swear to me, that whomever I take or kill, his arms I shall quietly possess.' Bentley having spoken thus, Scaliger, bestowing him a sour look, 'Miscreant prater,' said he, 'eloquent only in thine own eyes, thou railest without wit, or truth, or discretion. The malignity of thy temper perverteth nature, thy learning makes thee more barbarous, thy study of humanity more inhuman; thy converse among poets more groveling, miry, and dull. All arts of civilizing others render thee rude and untractable; courts have taught thee ill manners, and polite conversation has finished thee a pedant. Besides, a greater coward burdeneth not the army. But never despond; I pass my word, whatever spoil thou takest, shall certainly be thy own; though, I hope, that vile carcase will first become a prey to kites and worms.'

Bentley durst not reply; but, half choked with spleen and rage, withdrew in full resolution of performing some great achievement. With him, for his aid and companion, he took his beloved Wotton; resolving, by policy or surprize, to attempt some neglected quarter of the ancients' army. They began their march over carcasses of their slaughtered friends; then to the right of their own forces; then wheeled northward, till they came to Aldrovandus's tomb, which they passed on the side of the declining

sun. And now they arrived with fear towards the enemy's out-guards; looking about, if haply they might spy the quarters of the wounded, or some struggling sleepers, unarmed, and remote from the rest. As when two mongrel curs, whom native greediness and domestick want provoke and join in partnership, though fearful, nightly to invade the folds of some rich grazier, they, with tails depressed, and lolling tongues, creep soft and slow: meanwhile the conscious moon, now in her zenith, on their guilty heads darts perpendicular rays; nor dare they bark though much provoked at her refulgent visage, whether seen in puddle by reflection, or in sphere direct; but one surveys the region round, while the other scouts the plain, if haply to discover, at distance from the flock, some carcase half devoured, the refuse of gorged wolves, or ominous ravens. So marched this lovely, loving pair of friends, nor with less fear and circumspection; when, at distance, they might perceive two shining suits of armour, hanging upon an oak, and the owners not far off in a profound sleep. The two friends drew lots, and the pursuing of this adventure fell to Bentley; on he went, and in his van, Confusion and Amaze; while Horror and Affright brought up the rear. As he came near, behold two heroes of the ancients' army, Phalaris and Æsop, lay fast asleep; Bentley would fain have dispatched them both, and, stealing close, aimed his flail at Phalaris's breast. But then the goddess Affright interposing, caught the modern in her icy arms, and dragged him from the danger she foresaw; both the dormant heroes happened to turn at the same instant, though soundly sleeping, and busy in a dream. For Phalaris was just that minute dreaming how a most vile poetaster had lampooned him, and how he had got him roaring in his bull. And Æsop dreamed that, as he and the

ancient chiefs were lying on the ground, a wild ass broke loose, ran about trampling and kicking and dunging in their faces. Bentley, leaving the two heroes asleep, seized on both their armours, and withdrew in quest of his darling Wotton.



From "*An Argument against abolishing Christianity*"
[1708].

ANOTHER advantage proposed by the abolishing of Christianity is the clear gain of one day in seven, which is now entirely lost, and consequently the kingdom one-seventh less considerable in trade, business, and pleasure; beside the loss to the publick of so many stately structures, now in the hands of the clergy, which might be converted into play-houses, market-houses, exchanges, common dormitories, and other publick edifices.

I hope I shall be forgiven a hard word, if I call this a perfect cavil. I readily own there has been an old custom, time out of mind, for people to assemble in the churches every Sunday, and that shops are still frequently shut, in order, as it is conceived, to preserve the memory of that ancient practice; but how this can prove a hindrance to business or pleasure is hard to imagine. What if the men of pleasure are forced, one day in the week, to game at home instead of the chocolate-houses? are not the taverns and coffee-houses open? can there be a more convenient season for taking a dose of physick? Is not that the chief day for traders to sum up the accounts of the week, and for lawyers to prepare their briefs? But I would fain know how it can be pretended that the churches are misapplied? where are more appointments and rendezvouses of gallantry? where

more care to appear in the foremost box, with greater advantage of dress? where more meetings for business? where more bargains driven of all sorts? and where so many conveniencies or incitements to sleep?

* * * * *

And to urge another argument of a parallel nature: if Christianity were once abolished, how could the freethinkers, the strong reasoners, and the men of profound learning be able to find another subject, so calculated in all points whereon to display their abilities? what wonderful productions of wit should we be deprived of, from those whose genius, by continual practice, has been wholly turned upon raillery and invectives against religion, and would therefore never be able to shine or distinguish themselves upon any other subject! We are daily complaining of the great decline of wit among us, and would we take the greatest, perhaps the only topick we have left? who would have ever suspected Asgyll for a wit, or Toland for a philosopher, if the inexhaustible stock of Christianity had not been at hand, to provide them with materials? what other subject through all art or nature could have produced Tindal for a profound author, or furnished him with readers? It is the wise choice of the subject that alone adorns and distinguishes the writer. For, had a hundred such pens as these been employed on the side of religion, they would have immediately sunk into silence and oblivion.

To conclude: whatever some may think of the great advantages to trade by this favourite scheme, I do very much apprehend that in six months' time after the act is passed for the extirpation of the Gospel, the Bank and East-India stock may fall at least one per cent. And since that is fifty times

more than ever the wisdom of our age thought fit to venture for the preservation of Christianity, there is no reason we should be at so great a loss, merely for the sake of destroying it.



From 'Gulliver's Travels' [1726-1727].

THE Emperor of the Lilliputians is taller, by almost the breadth of my nail, than any of his court; which alone is enough to strike an awe into the beholders. His features are strong and masculine, with an Austrian lip and arched nose, his complexion olive, his countenance erect, his body and limbs well proportioned, all his motions graceful, and his deportment majestic. He was then past his prime, being twenty-eight years and three quarters old, of which he had reigned about seven in great felicity, and generally victorious. For the better convenience of beholding him, I lay on my side, so that my face was parallel to his, and he stood but three yards off: however, I have had him since many times in my hand, and therefore cannot be deceived in the description. His dress was very plain and simple, and the fashion of it between the Asiatic and the European: but he had on his head a light helmet of gold, adorned with jewels, and a plume on the crest. He held his sword drawn in his hand to defend himself, if I should happen to break loose; it was almost three inches long; the hilt and the scabbard were gold enriched with diamonds. His voice was shrill, but very clear and articulate; and I could distinctly hear it when I stood up. . . .

The Emperor had a mind one day to entertain me with several of the country shows, wherein they exceed all nations I have known, both for dexterity

and magnificence. I was diverted with none so much as that of the rope-dancers, performed upon a slender white thread, extended about two feet, and twelve inches from the ground. Upon which I shall desire liberty, with the reader's patience, to enlarge a little.

This diversion is only practised by those persons who are candidates for great employments, and high favour at court. They are trained in this art from their youth, and are not always of noble birth, or liberal education. When a great office is vacant, either by death or disgrace (which often happens), five or six of those candidates petition the emperor to entertain his majesty and the court with a dance on the rope; and whoever jumps the highest, without falling, succeeds in the office. Very often the chief ministers themselves are commanded to show their skill, and to convince the emperor that they have not lost their faculty. Flimnap, the treasurer, is allowed to cut a caper on the straight rope at least an inch higher than any other lord in the whole empire. I have seen him do the summer-set several times together, upon a trencher fixed on a rope which is no thicker than a common pack-thread in England. My friend Reldresal, principal secretary for private affairs, is, in my opinion, if I am not partial, the second after the treasurer; the rest of the great officers are much upon a par.

These diversions are often attended with fatal accidents, whereof great numbers are on record. I myself have seen two or three candidates break a limb. But the danger is much greater, when the ministers themselves are commanded to show their dexterity; for, by contending to excel themselves and their fellows, they strain so far that there is hardly one of them who has not received a fall, and some of them two or three. I was assured that, a

year or two before my arrival, Flimnap would infallibly have broke his neck, if one of the king's cushions, that accidentally lay on the ground, had not weakened the force of his fall.

There is likewise another diversion, which is only shown before the emperor and empress, and first minister, upon particular occasions.

The emperor lays on the table three fine silken threads of six inches long; one is blue, the other red, and the third green. These threads are proposed as prizes for those persons whom the emperor has a mind to distinguish by a peculiar mark of his favour. The ceremony is performed in his majesty's great chamber of state, where the candidates are to undergo a trial of dexterity, very different from the former, and such as I have not observed the least resemblance of in any other country of the new or old world. The emperor holds a stick in his hands, both ends parallel to the horizon, while the candidates advancing, one by one, sometimes leap over the stick, sometimes creep under it, backward and forward, several times, according as the stick is advanced or depressed. Sometimes the emperor holds one end of the stick, and his first minister the other; sometimes the minister has it entirely to himself. Whoever performs his part with most agility, and holds out the longest in leaping and creeping, is rewarded with the blue coloured silk; the red is given to the next, and the green to the third, which they all wear girt round about the middle; and you see few great persons about this court who are not adorned with one of these girdles.

* * * * *

One morning, about a fortnight after I had obtained my liberty, Reldresal, principal secretary (as they style him) for private affairs, came to my house attended only by one servant. He ordered his coach

to wait at a distance, and desired that I would give him an hour's audience; which I readily consented to, on account of his quality and personal merits, as well as of the many good offices he had done me during my solicitations at court. I offered to lie down, that he might the more conveniently reach my ear; but he chose rather to let me hold him in my hand during our conversation. He began with compliments on my liberty; said, 'he might pretend to some merit in it;' but however added, 'that if it had not been for the present situation of things at court, perhaps I might not have obtained it so soon. For,' said he, 'as flourishing a condition as we may appear to be in to foreigners, we labour under two mighty evils: a violent faction at home, and the danger of an invasion, by a most potent enemy, from abroad. As to the first, you are to understand that for above seventy moons past there have been two struggling parties in this empire, under the names of Tramecksan and Slamecksan,¹ from the high and low heels of their shoes, by which they distinguish themselves. It is alleged, indeed, that the high heels are most agreeable to our ancient constitution; but, however this be, his majesty has determined to make use only of low heels in the administration of the government, and all offices in the gift of the crown, as you cannot but observe; and particularly that his majesty's imperial heels are lower at least by a *drurr*, than any of his court: *drurr* is a measure about the fourteenth part of an inch. The animosities between these two parties run so high, that they will neither eat, nor drink, nor talk with each other. We compute the Tramecksan, or high heels, to exceed us in number; but the power is wholly on our side. We apprehend his imperial highness, the heir to the crown, to have some

¹ High Church and Low Church, or Whigs and Tories.

tendency towards the high heels; at least, we can plainly discover that one of his heels is higher than the other, which gives him a hobble in his gait. Now, in the midst of these intestine disquiets, we are threatened with an invasion from the Island of Blefuscu, which is the other great empire of the universe, almost as large and powerful as this of his majesty.

‘For as to what we heard you affirm, that there are other states and kingdoms in the world, inhabited by human creatures as large as yourself, our philosophers are in much doubt, and would rather conjecture that you dropped from the moon, or one of the stars; because it is certain, that a hundred mortals of your bulk would in a short time destroy all the fruits and cattle of his majesty’s dominions: besides, our histories of six thousand moons make no mention of any other regions than the two great empires of Lilliput and Blefuscu. Which two mighty powers have, as I was going to tell you, been engaged in a most obstinate war for six-and-thirty moons past. It began upon the following occasion: it is allowed on all hands, that the primitive way of breaking eggs, before we eat them, was upon the larger end; but his present majesty’s grandfather, while he was a boy, going to eat an egg, and breaking it according to the ancient practice, happened to cut one of his fingers. Whereupon, the emperor his father published an edict, commanding all his subjects, upon great penalties, to break the smaller end of their eggs. The people so highly resented this law, that our histories tell us there have been six rebellions raised on that account; wherein one emperor lost his life, and another his crown. These civil commotions were constantly fomented by the monarchs of Blefuscu; and when they were quelled, the exiles always fled for refuge to that empire. It

is computed that eleven thousand persons have at several times suffered death, rather than submit to break their eggs at the smaller end. Many hundred large volumes have been published upon this controversy; but the books of the Big-endians have been long forbidden, and the whole party rendered incapable by law of holding employments. During the course of these troubles, the emperors of Blefuscu did frequently expostulate by their ambassadors, accusing us of making a schism in religion, by offending against a fundamental doctrine of our great prophet Lustrog, in the fifty-fourth chapter of the Blundecral, which is their Alcoran. This however is thought to be a mere strain upon the text; for the words are these: that all true believers break their eggs at the convenient end. And which is the convenient end, seems, in my humble opinion, to be left to every man's conscience, or at least in the power of the chief magistrate to determine. Now, the Big-endian exiles have found so much credit in the emperor of Blefuscu's court, and so much private assistance and encouragement from the party here at home, that a bloody war has been carried on between the two empires for six and thirty moons with various success: during which time we have lost forty capital ships, and a much great number of smaller vessels, together with thirty thousand of our best seamen and soldiers; and the damage received by the enemy is reckoned to be somewhat greater than ours. However, they have now equipped a numerous fleet, and are just preparing to make a descent upon us; and his imperial majesty, placing great confidence in your valour and strength, has commanded me to lay this account of his affairs before you.'

I desired the secretary to present my humble duty to the emperor; and to let him know, 'that I thought it would not become me, who was a foreigner, to

interfere with parties; but I was ready, with the hazard of my life, to defend his person and the state against all invaders.'



From 'The Voyage to Laputa.'

AFTER this preface, he gave me a particular account of the *struldbrugs*¹ among them. He said, 'they commonly acted like mortals, till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession: for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren. Envy, and impotent desires, are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure; and whenever they see a funeral, they lament and repine that others are gone to a harbour of rest to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything, but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect. And for the truth or

¹ Immortals.

particulars of any fact, it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon their best recollections. The least miserable among them, appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities, which abound in others.

'If a *struldbrug* happen to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore. For the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned, without any fault of their own, to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

'As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years, they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates, only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period, they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bounds.

'At ninety, they loose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking, they forget the common appellation of things, and the names of persons, even of those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end; and by this defect, they are deprived of the

only entertainment, whereof they might otherwise be capable.

'The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbours the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners, in their own country.'

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs*, as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by some of my friends; but although they were told 'that I was a great traveller, and had seen all the world,' they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired 'I would give them *slumskudask*, or a token of remembrance'; which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born, it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly: so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are is by asking them what kings or great persons they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were fourscore years old.

They were the most mortifying sight I ever beheld; and the women more horrible than the

men. Beside the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.



From 'A Rhapsody on Poetry' [1733].

FAIR Britain, in thy monarch blest,
Whose virtues bear the strictest test;
Whom never faction could bespatter,
Nor minister nor poet flatter;
What justice in rewarding merit!
What magnanimity of spirit;
What lineaments divine we trace
Through all his figure, mien, and face!
Though peace with olive bind his hands,
Confess'd the conquering hero stands.
Hydaspes, Indus, and the Ganges,
Dread from his hand impending changes.
From him the Tartar and Chinese,
Short by the knees, entreat for peace.
The consort of his throne and bed,
A perfect goddess born and bred,
Appointed sovereign judge to sit
On learning, eloquence, and wit.
Our eldest hope, divine Iulus,
(Late, very late, O may he rule us!)
What early manhood has he shown,
Before his downy beard was grown!
Then think, what wonders will be done
By going on as he begun,
An heir for Britain to secure
As long as sun and moon endure.

The remnant of the royal blood
 Comes pouring on me like a flood.
 Bright goddesses, in number five ;
 Duke William, sweetest prince alive.
 Say poet, in what other nation
 Shone ever such a constellation !
 Attend, ye Popes, and Youngs, and Gays,
 And tune your harps, and strow your bays :
 Your panegyrics here provide ;
 You cannot err on flattery's side.
 Above the stars exalt your style,
 You still are low ten thousand mile.
 On Lewis all his bards bestow'd
 Of incense many a thousand load ;
 But Europe mortified his pride,
 And swore the fawning rascals lied.
 Yet what the world refus'd to Lewis,
 Apply'd to George, exactly true is.
 Exactly true ! invidious poet !
 'Tis fifty thousand times below it.



From 'The Beasts' Confession' [1732].

THE Statesman tells you, with a sneer,
 His fault is to be too sincere ;
 And having no sinister ends,
 Is apt to disoblige his friends.
 The nation's good, his master's glory,
 Without regard to Whig or Tory,
 Were all the schemes he had in view,
 Yet he was seconded by few :
 Though some had spread a thousand lies,
 'Twas he defeated the excise.
 'Twas known, though he had borne aspersion,
 That standing troops were his aversion :

His practice was, in every station,
To serve the king, and please the nation.
Though hard to find in every case
The fittest man to fill a place :
His promises he ne'er forgot,
But took memorials on the spot ;
His enemies, for want of charity,
Said, he affected popularity :
'Tis true, the people understood,
That all he did was for their good ;
Their kind affections he has tried ;
No love is lost on either side.
He came to court with fortune clear,
Which now he runs out every year ;
Must, at the rate that he goes on,
Inevitably be undone :
O ! if his majesty would please
To give him but a writ of ease,
Would grant him license to retire,
As it has long been his desire,
By fair accounts it would be found,
He's poorer by ten thousand pound.
He owns, and hopes it is no sin,
He ne'er was partial to his kin ;
He thought it base for men in stations
To crowd the court with their relations :
His country was his dearest mother,
And every virtuous man his brother ;
Through modesty or awkward shame
(For which he owns himself to blame),
He found the wisest man he could,
Without respect to friends or blood ;
Nor ever acts on private views,
When he has liberty to choose.

JOSEPH ADDISON [1672-1719].

From 'The Spectator,' No. 105 [1711].

A MAN who has been brought up among books, and is able to talk of nothing else, is a very indifferent companion, and what we call a Pedant. But, methinks, we should enlarge the title, and give it every one that does not know how to think out of his profession and particular way of life.

What is a greater Pedant than a meer man of the town? Barr him the play-houses, a catalogue of the reigning beauties, and an account of a few fashionable distempers that have befallen him, and you strike him dumb.

How many a pretty Gentleman's knowledge lies all within the verge of the Court? He will tell you the names of the principal favourites, repeat the shrewd sayings of a man of quality, whisper an intregue that is not yet blown upon by common fame; or, if the sphere of his observations is a little larger than ordinary, will perhaps enter into all the incidents, turns, and revolutions in a game of Ombre. When he has gone thus far, he has shown you the whole circle of his accomplishments, his parts are drained, and he is disabled from any further conversation. What are these but rank Pedants? and yet these are the men who value themselves most on their exemption from the pedantry of Colleges. I might here mention the Military Pedant, who always talks in a camp and is storming towns, making lodgments and fighting battles from one end of the year to the other. Every thing he speaks smells of gunpowder; if you take away his artillery from him, he has not a word to say for himself. I might likewise mention the Law Pedant, that is

perpetually putting cases, repeating the transactions of Westminster Hall, wrangling with you upon the most indifferent circumstances of life, and not to be convinced of the distance of a place or of a most trivial point in conversation, but by dint of argument. The State Pedant is wrapt up in news, and lost in politicks. If you mention either of the kings of Spain or Poland he talks very notably; but if you go out of the *Gazette*, you drop him. In short, a meer Courtier, a meer Soldier, a meer Scholar, a meer anything, is an insipid, pedantick character, and equally ridiculous.

Of all the species of Pedants which I have mentioned, the Book-pedant is much the most supportable: he has at least an exercised understanding, and a head which is full though confused, so that a man who converses with him may often receive from him hints of things that are worth knowing, and what he may possibly turn to his own advantage, though they are of little use to the owner. The worst kind of Pedants among learned men are such as are naturally endued with a very small share of common sense, and have read a great number of books without taste or distinction.

The truth of it is, Learning, like travelling and all other methods of improvement, as it finishes good sense, so it makes a silly man ten thousand times more insufferable, by supplying variety of matter to his impertinence, and giving him an opportunity of abounding in absurdities. Shallow Pedants cry up one another much more than men of solid and useful learning. To read the titles they give an editor, or collator of a manuscript, you would take him for the glory of the common-wealth of letters, and the wonder of his age; when perhaps upon examination you find that he has only rectified a Greek particle, or laid out a whole sentence in

proper commas. They are obliged to be thus lavish of their praises, that they may keep one another in countenance; and it is no wonder if a great deal of knowledge, which is not capable of making a man wise, has a natural tendency to make him vain and arrogant.



SAMUEL JOHNSON, D.D. [1709-1784].

From 'London' [1738].

By numbers here from shame or censure free,
 All crimes are safe but hated poverty.
 This, only this, the rigid law pursues,
 This, only this, provokes the snarling Muse.
 The sober trader at a tatter'd cloak
 Wakes from his dream, and labours for a joke;
 With brisker air the silken courtiers gaze,
 And turn the varied taunt a thousand ways.
 Of all the griefs that harass the distress'd,
 Sure the most bitter is a scornful jest;
 Fate never wounds more deep the gen'rous heart,
 Than when a blockhead's insult points the dart.
 Has Heaven reserv'd, in pity to the poor,
 No pathless waste, or undiscovered shore?
 No secret island in the boundless main?
 No peaceful desert yet unclaim'd by Spain?
 Quick let us rise, the happy seats explore,
 And bear oppression's insolence no more.
 This mournful truth is every where confess'd,
 Slow rises worth by poverty depress'd:
 But here more slow, where all are slaves to gold,
 Where looks are merchandise, and smiles are sold:
 Where won by bribes, by flatteries implor'd,
 The groom retails the favours of his lord.

From 'The Vanity of Human Wishes' [1749].

BUT, scarce observ'd, the knowing and the bold
 Fall in the gen'ral massacre of gold ;
 Wide wasting pest ! that rages unconfin'd,
 And crowds with crimes the records of mankind ;
 For gold his sword the hireling ruffian draws,
 For gold the hireling judge distorts the laws ;
 Wealth heap'd on wealth, nor truth nor safety buys,
 The dangers gather as the treasures rise.

Let hist'ry tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the madd'd land,
 When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
 How much more safe the vassal than the lord ;
 Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
 And leaves the wealthy traitor in the Tower,
 Untouch'd his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
 Tho' confiscation's vultures hover round.

* * * * *

Yet still one gen'ral cry the skies assails,
 And gain and grandeur load the tainted gales ;
 Few know the toiling statesman's fear or care,
 Th' insidious rival and the gaping heir.
 Once more, Democritus, arise on Earth,
 With cheerful wisdom and instructive mirth,
 See motley life in modern trappings dress'd,
 And feed with varied fools th' eternal jest :
 Thou who could'st laugh, where want enchain'd
 caprice,
 Toil crush'd conceit, and man was of a piece ;
 Where wealth, unlov'd, without a mourner dy'd ;
 And scarce a sycophant was fed by pride ;
 Where ne'er was known the form of mock debate,
 Or seen a new-made mayor's unwieldy state ;
 Where change of fav'rites made no change of laws,
 And senates heard before they judg'd a cause ;

How would'st thou shake at Briton's modish tribe,
 Dart the quick taunt, and edge the piercing gibe?
 Attentive truth and nature to descry,
 And pierce each scene with philosophic eye,
 To thee were solemn toys, or empty show,
 The robes of pleasure, and the veils of woe:
 All aid the farce, and all thy mirth maintain,
 Whose joys are causeless, or whose griefs are vain.



Letter to the Earl of Chesterfield [1775].

MY LORD,

I have been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers, in which my dictionary is recommended to the publick, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is a honour, which, being very little accustomed to favours from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address; and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *Le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*; that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in publick, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my Lord, have now past, since I

waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties, of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favour. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a Patron before. The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

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

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favourer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I shall conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope, in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation,

My Lord,

Your Lordship's most humble,

Most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

BERNARD MANDEVILLE [1670-1733].

From 'The Fable of the Bees' [1706].

VAST numbers throng'd the fruitful Hive ;
 Yet those vast Numbers made 'em thrive ;
 Millions endeavouring to supply
 Each other's Lust and Vanity ;
 Whilst other Millions were employ'd,
 To see their Handy-works destroy'd ;
 They furnish'd half the Universe ;
 Yet had more Work than Labourers.
 Some with vast Stocks and little Pains
 Jumped into Business of great gains ;
 And some were damn'd to Sythes and Spades,
 And all those hard laborious Trades ;
 Where willing Wretches daily sweat,
 And wear out Strength and Limbs to eat :
 Whilst others follow'd Misteries,
 To which few Folks bind 'Prentices ;
 That want no Stock, but that of Brass,
 And may set up without a Cross ;
 As Sharpers, Parasites, Pimps, Players,
 Pick-Pockets, Coiners, Quacks, South-Sayers,
 And all those that in Enmity,
 With downright Working, cunningly
 Convert to their own Use the Labour
 Of their good-Natur'd heedless Neighbour.
 These were called Knaves, but bar the Name
 The grave Industrious were the same :
 All Trades and Places knew some Cheat,
 No calling was without Deceit.

From 'An Enquiry into the Origin of Moral Virtue.'

IT is common among cunning Men, that understand the Power which Flattery has upon Pride, when they are afraid they shall be impos'd upon, to enlarge, tho' much against their Conscience, upon the Honour, fair Dealing, and Integrity of the Family, Country, or sometimes the Profession of him they suspect; because they know that Men often will change their Resolution, and act against their Inclination, that they may have the Pleasure of continuing to appear in the Opinion of somewhat they are conscious not to be in reality. Thus Sagacious Moralists draw Men like Angels, in hopes that the Pride, at least, of some, will put 'em upon copying after the beautiful originals which they are represented to be.



From 'Remarks on the Fable of the Bees.'

THUS I have prov'd, that the Real Pleasures of all Men in Nature are worldly and sensual, if we judge from their Practice. I say, all Men in Nature, because Devout Christians, who alone are to be excepted here, being regenerated, and preternaturally assisted by the Divine Grace, cannot be said to be in Nature. How strange it is that they should all so unanimously deny it! Ask not only the Divines and Moralists of every Nation, but likewise all that are rich and powerful, about real Pleasure, and they'll tell you, with the Stoicks, that there can be no true Felicity in Things Mundane and Corruptible; but then look upon their Lives, and you will find they take delight in no other.

What must we do in this Dilemma?

There is nothing left us than to say what Mr. Bayle

has endeavour'd to prove at large in his Reflections on Comets: That Man is so unaccountable a Creature as to act most commonly against his Principle; and this is so far from being injurious, that it is a Compliment to Human Nature, for we must say either this or worse.

This Contradiction in the Frame of Man is the Reason that the Theory of Virtue is so well understood, and the Practice of it so rarely to be met with. If you ask me where to look for those beautiful shining Qualities of Prime Ministers, and the great Favourites of Princes that are so finely painted in Dedications, Addresses, Epitaphs, Funeral Sermons and Inscriptions, I answer, There, and no where else. Where would you look for the Excellency of a Statue, but in that part which you see of it? 'Tis the Polish'd outside only that has the Skill and Labour of the Sculptor to boast of; what's out of sight is untouch'd. Would you break the Head, or cut open the Breast to look for the Brains or the Heart, you'd only shew your Ignorance and destroy the Workmanship. This has often made me compare the Virtues of great Men to your large China Jars; they make a fine Shew, and are ornamental even to a Chimney; one would by the Bulk they appear in, and the Value that is set upon them, think they might be very useful, but look into a thousand of them, and you'll find nothing in them but Dust and Cobwebs.



DR. JOHN ARBUTHNOT [1667-1735].

From 'The History of John Bull' [1711-1712].

BULL, in the main, was an honest, plain-dealing fellow, choleric, bold, and of a very unconstant temper; he dreaded not old Lewis, either at back-sword, single falchion, or cudgel-play; but then he was very apt to quarrel with his best friends, especially if they pretended to govern him; if you flattered him, you might lead him like a child. John's temper depended very much upon the air; his spirits rose and fell with the weather-glass. John was quick, and understood his business very well; but no man alive was more careless in looking into his accounts, or more cheated by partners, apprentices, and servants. This was occasioned by his being a boon companion, loving his bottle and his diversion, for, to say truth, no man kept a better house than John, nor spent his money more generously.

* * * * *

John had a sister,¹ a poor girl that had been starved at nurse; any body would have guessed miss to have been bred up under the influence of a cruel step-dame, and John to be the fondling of a tender mother. John looked ruddy and plump, with a pair of cheeks like a trumpeter; miss looked pale and wan, as if she had the green sickness: and no wonder, for John was the darling, he had all the good bits, was crammed with good pullet, chicken, pig, goose, and capon, while miss had only a little oatmeal and water, or a dry crust without butter. John had his golden pippins, peaches, and nectarines; poor miss a crab-apple, sloe, or a blackberry. Master

¹ The nation and Church of Scotland.

mena in relation to the celerity of lies, without the supposition of synchronism and combination.

As to the duration of lies, he says there are of all sorts, from hours and days, to ages; that there are some which, like insects, die and revive again in a different form; that good artists, like people who build upon a short lease, will calculate the duration of a lie surely to answer their purpose; to last just as long, and no longer, than the turn is served.



MATTHEW PRIOR [1664-1721].

A SIMILE.

DEAR Thomas, didst thou ever pop
 Thy head into a tinman's shop?
 There, Thomas, didst thou never see
 ('Tis but by way of simile)
 A squirrel spend his little rage
 In jumping round a rolling cage;
 The cage, as either side turn'd up,
 Striking a ring of bells at top?
 Mov'd in the orb, pleas'd with the chimes.
 The foolish creature thinks he climbs:
 But here or there, turn wood or wire,
 He never gets two inches higher.
 So fares it with those merry blades,
 That frisk it under Pindus' shades.
 In noble song and lofty odes,
 They tread on stars and talk with gods;
 Still dancing in an airy round,
 Still pleas'd with their own verses' sound—
 Brought back, how fast soe'er they go,
 Always aspiring, always low.

EPIGRAMS.

I.

To John I ow'd great obligation ;
 But John unhappily thought fit
 To publish it to all the nation :
 Sure John and I are more than quit.

II.

YES, every poet is a fool,
 By demonstration Ned can show it,
 Happy, could Ned's inverted rule
 Prove every fool to be a poet.



ALMA.

From Canto III.

' THAT old philosopher grew cross,
 Who could not tell what motion was ;
 Because he walk'd against his will,
 He fac'd men down that he stood still.
 And he who, reading on the heart
 (When all his *quodlibets* of art
 Could not expound its pulse and heat),
 Swore he had never felt it beat ;
 Chrysippus, foil'd by Epicurus,
 Makes bold (Jove bless him !) to assure us
 That all things which our mind can view
 May be at once both false and true ;
 And Malebranch has an odd conceit
 As ever enter'd Frenchman's pate :
 Says he, " So little can our mind
 Of matter or of spirit find,

That we by guess at least may gather
 Something, which may be both, or neither."
 Faith, Dick, I must confess, 'tis true
 (But this is only *entre nous*)
 That many knotty points there are,
 Which all discuss, but few can clear.
 As nature slyly had thought fit,
 For some by-ends, to cross-bite wit :
 Circles to square, and cubes to double,
 Would give a man excessive trouble.
 The longitude uncertain roams,
 In spite of Whiston and his bombs.
 What *system*, Dick, has right averr'd
 The cause why woman has no beard ?
 Or why, as years our frame attack,
 Our hairs grow white, our teeth grow black ?
 In points like these, we must agree,
 Our barbers know as much as we.
 Yet still, unable to explain,
 We must persist the best we can ;
 With care our *system* still renew,
 And prove things likely, though not true



JOHN GAY [1685-1732].

Fable II.

THE SPANIEL AND THE CAMELEON.

A SPANIEL, bred with all the care
 That waits upon a favourite heir,
 Ne'er felt Correction's rigid hand ;
 Indulg'd to disobey command,
 In pamper'd ease his hours were spent—
 He never knew what learning meant.
 Such forward airs—so pert, so smart !—
 Were sure to win his lady's heart.

Each little mischief gain'd him praise ;
How pretty were his fawning ways !

The wind was south, the morning fair,
He ventures forth to take the air.
He ranges all the meadow round,
And rolls upon the softest ground ;
When near him a Cameleon seen,
Was scarce distinguish'd from the green.

' Dear emblem of the flattering host,
What ! live with clowns ?—a genius lost !
To cities and the court repair,
A fortune cannot fail thee there.
Preferments shall thy talents crown ;
Believe me, friend, I know the town.'

' Sir,' says the sycophant, ' like you,
Of old, politer life I knew ;
Like you, a courtier born and bred,
Kings lean'd their ear to what I said.
My whisper always met success ;
The ladies prais'd me for address.
I knew to hit each courtier's passion,
And flatter'd every vice in fashion.
But Jove, who hates the liar's ways,
At once cut short my prosperous days,
And, sentenc'd to retain my nature,
Transform'd me to this crawling creature.
Doom'd to a life obscure and mean,
I wander in the sylvan scene ;
For Jove the heart alone regards—
He punishes what man rewards.
How different is thy case and mine !
With men, at least, you sup and dine,
While I, condemn'd to thinnest fare,
Like those I flatter'd, feed on air.'



MATTHEW GREEN [1696-1737].

From 'The Spleen.'

To cure the mind's wrong bias, Spleen,
Some recommend the bowling-green ;
Some, hilly walks ; all, exercise ;
Fling but a stone, the giant dies ;
Laugh and be well. Monkeys have been
Extreme good doctors for the Spleen ;
And kitten, if the humour hit,
Has harlequin'd away the fit.

Since mirth is good in this behalf,
At some partic'lars let us laugh.
Witlings, brisk fools, curs'd with half sense,
That stimulates their impotence ;
Who buzz in rhymes, and, like blind flies,
Err with their wings for want of eyes.
Poor authors worshipping a calf,
Deep tragedies that make us laugh,
A strict dissenter saying grace,
A lect'rer preaching for a place,
Disdainful prudes, who ceaseless ply
The superb muscle of the eye,
And fops in military show,
Are sov'reign for the case in view.

* * * * *

I never am at meeting seen,
Meeting, that region of the Spleen ;
The broken heart, the busy fiend,
The inward call, on Spleen depend.

Law, licens'd breaking of the peace,
To which vacation is disease :
A gipsy diction scarce known well
By th' magi, who law-fortunes tell,
I shun ; nor let it breed within
Anxiety, and that the Spleen ;
Law, grown a forest, where perplex

The mazes, and the brambles vex ;
 Where its twelve verd'ers every day
 Are changing still the public way :
 Yet if we miss our path and err,
 We grievous penalties incur ;
 And wand'ers tire, and tear their skin,
 And then get out where they went in.

* * * * *

Passion, as frequently is seen,
 Subsiding settles into Spleen.
 Hence, as the plague of happy life,
 I run away from party-strife.
 A prince's cause, a church's claim,
 I've known to raise a mighty flame,
 And priest, as stoker, very free
 To throw in peace and charity.

That tribe, whose practicals decree
 Small beer the deadliest heresy ;
 Who own wine's old prophetic aid,
 And love the mitre Bacchus made,
 Forbid the faithful to depend
 On half-pint drinkers for a friend,
 And in whose gay red-letter'd face
 We read good-living more than grace :
 Nor they so pure, and so precise,
 Immac'late as their white of eyes,
 Who for the spirit hug the Spleen,
 Phylacter'd throughout all their mien,
 Who their ill-tasted home-brew'd pray'r
 To the state's mellow forms prefer ;
 Who doctrines, as infectious, fear,
 Which are not steep'd in vinegar,
 And samples of heart-chested-grace
 Expose in show-glass of the face,
 Did never me as yet provoke
 Either to honour band and cloak,
 Or deck my hat with leaves of oak.

EDWARD YOUNG [1681-1765].

'LOVE OF FAME THE UNIVERSAL PASSION.'

From Satire I.

My lord comes forward ; forward let him come !
 Ye vulgar ! at your peril, give him room :
He stands for fame on his forefathers' feet,
By heraldry, prov'd valiant or discreet.
 With what a decent pride he throws his eyes
 Above the man by three descents less wise ?
 If virtues at his noble hands you crave,
 You bid him raise his father's from the grave.
 Men should press forward in fame's glorious chace ;
 Nobles look backward, and so lose the race.
 Let high birth triumph ! What can be more great ?
 Nothing—but merit in a low estate.
 To virtue's humblest son let none prefer
 Vice, though descended from the Conqueror.
 Shall men, like figures, pass for high, or base,
 Slight or important, only by their place ?
 Titles are marks of honest men, and wise ;
 The fool, or knave, that wears a title, lyes.
 (They that on glorious ancestors enlarge,
Produce their debt, instead of their discharge.

*From Satire II.*

WHILE I a moment name, a moment's past,
I'm nearer death in *this* verse, than the *last* :
 What, then, is to be done ? Be wise with speed ;
A fool at forty is a fool indeed.
 And what so foolish as the chace of fame ?
 How vain the prize ! how impotent our aim !

For what are men who grasp at praise sublime,
 But bubbles on the rapid stream of time,
 That rise, and fall, that swell, and are no more,
 Born and forgot, ten thousand in an hour ?



From Satire V.

' BUT adoration ! give me something more,'
 Cries Lyce on the borders of three-score :
 Nought treads so silent as the foot of Time ;
 Hence we mistake our autumn for our prime ;
'Tis greatly wise to know before we're told
The melancholy news that we grow old.
 Autumnal Lyce carries in her face
Memento mori to each public place.
 O how your beating breast a mistress warms
 Who looks through spectacles to see your charms !
 While rival undertakers hover round,
 And with his spade the sexton marks the ground,
 Intent not on her own, but others' doom,
 She plans new conquests and defrauds the tomb.
 In vain the cock has summon'd sprites away,
 She walks at noon and blasts the bloom of day.
 Gay rainbow silks her mellow charms infold,
 And nought of Lyce but herself is old.
 Her grizzled locks assume a smirking grace,
 And art has levelled her deep furrow'd face.
 Her strange demand no mortal can approve,
We'll ask her blessing, but can't ask her love.
 She grants, indeed, a lady *may* decline
 (All ladies but herself) at ninety-nine.



From Satire VI.

JULIA'S a manager ; she's born for rule ;
 And knows her wiser husband is a fool ;
 Assemblies holds, and spins the subtle thread
 That guides the lover to his fair one's bed :
 For difficult amours can smooth the way,
 And tender letters dictate, or convey.
 But if depriv'd of such important cares,
 Her wisdom condescends to less affairs,
 For her own breakfast she'll project a scheme,
Nor take her tea without a stratagem,
Presides o'er trifles with a serious face ;
 Important, by the virtue of grimace.
 Ladies supreme among amusements reign ;
 By nature born to soothe, and entertain.
 Their prudence in a share of folly lies :
 Why will they be so weak as to be wise ?
 Syrena is for ever in extremes,
 And with a vengeance she commends or blames,
 Conscious of her discernment, which is good,
 She strains too much to make it understood.
 Her judgment just, her sentence is too strong ;
Because she's right, she's ever in the wrong.



DANIEL DEFOE [1661-1731]. *

From 'The True-Born Englishman' [1701].

WHEREVER God erects a House of Prayer,
 The Devil always builds a Chapel there ;
 And 'twill be found, upon examination,
 The latter has the largest congregation.
 For ever since he first debauched the mind,
 He made a perfect conquest of mankind.

With uniformity of service he
 Reigns with a general aristocracy.
 No nonconforming sects disturb his reign ;
 For of his yoke there's very few complain !
 He knows the genius and the inclination,
 And matches proper sins for every nation.
 He needs no Standing Army Government,
He always rules us by our own consent !
 His laws are easy, and his gentle sway
 Makes it exceeding pleasant to obey.
 The list of his Viceregents and Commanders
 Outdoes your Cæsars or your Alexanders :
 They never fail of his infernal aid,
 And he's as certain ne'er to be betrayed.
 Through all the world they spread his vast command,
 And Death's eternal empire is maintained.
 They rule so politicly and so well,
 As if there were Lords Justices of Hell !
 Duly divided to debauch mankind,
 And plant infernal dictates in their mind.



*From the 'Hymn to the Pillory.'*¹

HAIL ! hieroglyphic State Machine,
 Contrived to punish Fancy in !
 Men that are men in thee can feel no pain ;
 And all thy insignificants disdain !
 Contempt, that false new word for shame,
 Is, without crime an empty name !
 A shadow to amuse mankind :
 But never frights the wise or well-fixed mind !

¹ Defoe stood in the pillory, July 29-31, 1703, for writing and publishing 'The Shortest Way with the Dissenters,' in which famous piece of irony he had burlesqued the intolerance of the Nonjuring party.

Virtue despises human scorn!
 And scandals Innocence adorn.
 Exalted on thy stool of State,
 What prospect do I see of sovereign fate!
 How the inscrutables of Providence
 Differ from our contracted sense!
 Here, by the errors of the Town
 The fools look out! the knaves look on!
 Persons or Crimes find here the same respect;
 And Vice does Virtue oft correct!
 The undistinguished fury of the street
 With mob and malice mankind greet!
 No bias can the rabble draw;
 But dirt throws dirt, without respect to Merit or to
 Law.

* * * * *
 Thou Bugbear of the Law! stand up and speak!
 Thy long misconstrued silence break!
 Tell us, Who 'tis, upon thy Ridge stands there,
 So full of fault, and yet so void of fear?
 And from the Paper in his hat
 Let all mankind be told for what!
 Tell them, It was because he was too bold,
 And told those truths which should not have been
 told!
 Extol the Justice of the Land;
 Who punish what they will not understand.
 Tell them, He stands exalted there
 For speaking what we would not hear.
 And yet he might have been secure,
 Had he said less or would he have said more!
 Tell them that, This is his reward,
 And worse is yet for him prepared;
 Because his foolish virtue was so nice,
 As not to sell his friends, according to his friends'
 advice.
 And thus he's an example made,

To make men of their honesty afraid ;
 That for the Time to come they may
 More willingly their friends betray !
 Tell them, The men that placed him here
 Are scandals to the Times !
 Are at a loss to find his guilt
 And can't commit his crimes !



CHRISTOPHER ANSTEY [1766].

From the 'New Bath Guide,' Letter VIII.

FROM the earliest ages, dear mother, until now,
 All statesmen and great politicians allow
 That nothing advances the good of a nation,
 Like giving all money a free circulation :
 What thanks to the city of Bath then are due
 From all who this patriot maxim pursue !
 For in no place whatever that national good
 Is practis'd so well, and so well understood.
 What infinite merit and praise does she claim in
 Her ways and her means for promoting of gaming !
 And gaming, no doubt, is of infinite use
 That same circulation of cash to produce.
 What true public-spirited people are here,
 Who for that very purpose come every year !
 All eminent men, who no trade ever knew
 But gaming, the only good trade to pursue :
 All other professions are subject to fail,
 But gaming's a bus'ness will ever prevail ;
 Besides, 'tis the only good way to commence
 An acquaintance with all men of spirit and sense ;
 We may grub on without it thro' life, I suppose,
 But then 'tis with people—that nobody knows.

We ne'er can expect to be rich, wise, or great,
 Or look'd upon fit for employments of state :
 'Tis your men of fine heads, and of nice calculations,
 That afford so much service to administrations,
 Who by frequent experience know how to devise
 The speediest methods of raising supplies :
 'Tis such men as these, men of honour and worth,
 That challenge respect from all persons of birth ;
 And is it not right they should all be carest
 When they're all so polite, and so very well drest,
 When they circulate freely the money they've won,
 And wear a lac'd coat, tho' their fathers wore none ?



From Letter VII.

I'M sorry to find at the city of Bath,
 Many folks are uneasy concerning their faith :
 Nicodemus, the preacher, strives all he can do
 To quiet the conscience of good sister Prue ;
 But Tabby from scruples of mind is releas'd
 Since she met with a learned Moravian priest,
 Who says, There is neither transgression nor sin ;
 A doctrine that brings many customers in.



HENRY FIELDING [1707-1754].

From 'The Life of Jonathan Wild.'

JONATHAN WILD had every qualification necessary to form a great man. As his most powerful and predominating passion was ambition, so nature had, with consummate propriety, adapted all his faculties to the attaining those glorious ends to which this

passion directed him. He was extremely ingenious in inventing designs, artful in contriving the means to accomplish his purposes, and resolute in executing them; for as the most exquisite cunning and most undaunted boldness qualified him for any undertaking, so was he not restrained by any of those weaknesses which disappoint the views of mean and vulgar souls, and which are comprehended in one general term of honesty, which is a corruption of HONESTY, a word derived from what the Greeks call an ass. He was entirely free from those low vices of modesty and good-nature, which, as he said, implied a total negation of human greatness, and were the only qualities which absolutely rendered a man incapable of making a considerable figure in the world. His lust was inferior only to his ambition; but, as for what simple people call love, he knew not what it was. His avarice was immense, but it was of the rapacious, not of the tenacious kind; his rapaciousness was indeed so violent that nothing ever contented him but the whole; for, however considerable the share was which his coadjutors allowed him of a booty, he was restless in inventing means to make himself master of the smallest pittance reserved by them.

He said laws were made for the use of *prigs*¹ only, and to secure their property; they were never, therefore, more perverted than when their edge was turned against these; but that this generally happened through their want of sufficient dexterity. The character which he most valued himself upon, and which he principally honoured in others, was that of hypocrisy. His opinion was that no one could carry *priggism* very far without it; for which reason, he said, there was little greatness to be expected in a man who acknowledged his vices, but

¹ Thieves.

always much to be hoped from him who professed great virtues; wherefore, though he would always shun the person whom he discovered guilty of a good action, yet he was never deterred by a good character, which was more commonly the effect of profession than of action; for which reason he himself was always very liberal of honest professions, and had as much virtue and goodness in his mouth as a saint, never in the least scrupling to swear by his honour, even to those who knew him the best. Nay, though he held good-nature and modesty in the highest contempt, he constantly practised the affectation of both, and recommended this to others, whose welfare, on his own account, he wished well to. He laid down several maxims as the certain methods of attaining greatness, to which, in his own pursuit of it, he constantly adhered. As :

1. Never to do more mischief to another than was necessary to the effecting his purpose; for that mischief was too precious a thing to be thrown away.

2. To know no distinction of men from affection; but to sacrifice all with equal readiness to his interest.

3. Never to communicate more of an affair than was necessary to the person who was to execute it.

4. Not to trust him who hath deceived you, nor who knows he hath been deceived by you.

5. To forgive no enemy; but to be cautious and often dilatory in revenge.

6. To shun poverty and distress, and to ally himself as close as possible to power and riches.

7. To maintain a constant gravity in his countenance and behaviour, and to affect wisdom on all occasions.

8. To foment eternal jealousies in his gang, one of another.

9. Never to reward anyone equal to his merit ; but always to insinuate that the reward was above it.

10. That all men were knaves or fools, and much the greater number a composition of both.

11. That a good name, like money, must be parted with, or at least greatly risked, in order to bring the owner any advantage.

12. That virtues, like precious stones, were easily counterfeited ; that the counterfeits in both cases adorned the wearer equally, and that very few had knowledge or discernment sufficient to distinguish the counterfeit jewel from the real.

13. That many men were undone by not going deep enough in roguery ; as in gaming, any man may be a loser who doth not play the whole game.

14. That men proclaim their own virtues, as shopkeepers expose their goods, in order to profit by them.

15. That the heart was the proper seat of hatred, and the countenance of affection and friendship.

He had many more of the same kind, all equally good with these, and which were after his decease found in his study, as the twelve excellent and celebrated rules were in that of king Charles the first ; for he never promulgated them in his lifetime, not having them constantly in his mouth, as some grave persons have the rules of virtue and morality, without paying the least regard to them in their actions ; whereas our hero, by a constant and steady adherence to his rules in conforming everything he did to them, acquired at length a settled habit of walking by them, till at last he was in no danger of inadvertently going out of the way ; and by these means he arrived at that degree of greatness which few have equalled ; none, we may say, have exceeded ; for, though it must be allowed that there have been

some few heroes, who have done some greater mischiefs to mankind, such as those who have betrayed the liberty of their country to others, or have undermined and overpowered it themselves; or conquerors who have impoverished, pillaged, sacked, burnt, and destroyed the countries and cities of their fellow-creatures, from no other provocation than that of glory, *i.e.*, as the tragic poet calls it,

‘A privilege to kill,
A strong temptation to do bravely ill.’

Yet, if we consider it in the light wherein actions are placed in this line,

‘Lætius est, quoties magno tibi constat honestum;’

when we see our hero, without the least assistance or pretence, setting himself at the head of a gang which he had not any shadow of right to govern; if we view him maintaining absolute power, and exercising tyranny over a lawless crew, contrary to all law but that of his own will; if we consider him setting up an open trade publickly, in defiance not only of the laws of his country but of the common sense of his countrymen; if we see him first contriving the robbery of others, and again the defrauding the very robbers of that booty which they had ventured their necks to acquire, and which, without any hazard, they might have retained; here sure he must appear admirable, and we may challenge not only the truth of history, but almost the latitude of fiction to equal his glory.

* * * * *

Indeed, while greatness consists in power, pride, insolence, and doing mischief to mankind—to speak out—while a great man and a great rogue are synonymous terms, so long shall Wild stand unrivalled on

the pinnacle of GREATNESS. Nor must we omit here, as the finishing of his character, what indeed ought to be remembered on his tomb or his statue, the conformity above-mentioned of his death to his life; and that Jonathan Wild the Great, after all his mighty exploits, was, what so few GREAT men can accomplish—hanged by the neck till he was dead.



OLIVER GOLDSMITH [1728-1774].

From 'The Citizen of the World' [1760-1762].

THE Republic of Letters is a very common expression among the Europeans; and yet when applied to the learned of Europe is the most absurd that can be imagined; since nothing is more unlike a republic than the society which goes by that name. From this expression one would be apt to imagine that the learned were united into a single body, joining their interests and concurring in the same design. From this one might be apt to compare them to our literary society in China, where each acknowledges a just subordination, and all contribute to build the temple of science, without attempting, from ignorance or envy, to obstruct each other.

But very different is the state of learning here; every member of this fancied republic is desirous of governing, and none willing to obey; each looks upon his fellow as a rival, but not an assistant in the same pursuit. They calumniate, they injure, they despise, they ridicule, each other; if one man writes a book that pleases, others shall write books to show that he might have given still greater pleasure, or should not have pleased. If one happens to hit

upon something new, there are numbers ready to assure the public that all this was no novelty to them or the learned; that Cardanus, or Brunus, or some other author too dull to be generally read, had anticipated the discovery. Thus, instead of uniting like the members of a commonwealth, they are divided into almost as many factions as there are men; and their jarring constitution, instead of being styled a republic of letters, should be entitled an anarchy of literature.

It is true there are some of superior abilities, who reverence and esteem each other; but their mutual admiration is not sufficient to shield off the contempt of the crowd. The wise are but few, and they praise with a feeble voice; the vulgar are many, and roar in reproaches. The truly great seldom unite in societies, have few meetings, no cabals; the dunces hunt in full cry, till they have run down a reputation, and then snarl and fight with each other about dividing the spoil. Here you may see the compilers and the book-answerers of every month, when they have got up some respectable name, most frequently reproaching each other with stupidity and dulness; resembling the wolves of the Russian forest, who prey upon venison, or horseflesh when they can get it; but in cases of necessity, lying in wait to devour each other. While they have new books to cut up they make a hearty meal; but if this resource should unhappily fail, then it is that critics eat up critics, and compilers rob from compilations.

* * * * *

To make a fine gentleman several trades are required, but chiefly a barber. You have undoubtedly heard of the Jewish champion, whose strength lay in his hair. One would think that the English were for placing all wisdom there. To appear wise, nothing more is requisite here than for

a man to borrow hair from the heads of all his neighbours, and clap it like a bush on his own. The distributors of law and physic stick on such quantities that it is almost impossible, even in idea, to distinguish between the head and the hair.

Those whom I have now been describing affect the gravity of the lion; those I am going to describe more resemble the pert vivacity of smaller animals. The barber, who is still master of the ceremonies, cuts their hair close to the crown, and then, with a composition of meal and hog's-lard, plasters the whole in such a manner as to make it impossible to distinguish whether the patient wears a cap or a plaster; but, to make the picture more perfectly striking, conceive the tail of some beast—a greyhound's tail, or a pig's tail, for instance—appended to the back of the head, and reaching down to the place where tails in other animals are generally seen to begin. Thus be-tailed and be-powdered, the man of taste fancies he improves in beauty, dresses up his hard-featured face in smiles, and attempts to look hideously tender. Thus equipped, he is qualified to make love, and hopes for success more from the powder on the outside of his head than the sentiments within.



From 'The Traveller' [1764].

THINE, Freedom, thine the blessings pictur'd here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear;
Too blest, indeed, were such without alloy;
But foster'd e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;

The self-dependent lordlings stand alone,
 All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown ;
 Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
 Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd ;
 Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
 Repest ambition struggles round her shore ;
 Till over-wrought, the general system feels
 Its motions stop, or phrenzy fire the wheels.

* * * * *

Oh, then how blind to all that truth requires,
 Who think it freedom when a part aspires !
 Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
 Except when fast approaching danger warms :
 But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
 Contracting regal pow'r to stretch their own ;
 When I behold a factious band agree
 To call it freedom when themselves are free ;
 Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
 Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law ;
 The wealth of climes where savage nations roam,
 Pillag'd from slaves to purchase slaves at home ;
 Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
 Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart ;
 Till half a patriot, half a coward grown,
 I fly from petty tyrants to the throne.



From 'The Deserted Village' [1770].

ILL fares the land, to hastening ills a prey,
 Where wealth accumulates, and men decay ;
 Princes and lords may flourish, or may fade ;
 A breath can make them, as a breath has made :
 But a bold peasantry, their country's pride,
 When once destroyed, can never be supplied.

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,
When every rood of ground maintained its man ;
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,
Just gave what life required, but gave no more :
His best companions, innocence and health ;
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

But times are altered ; trade's unfeeling train
Usurp the land and dispossess the swain ;
Along the lawn, where scattered hamlets rose,
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose,
And every want to opulence allied,
And every pang that folly pays to pride.
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,
Those calm desires that asked but little room,
Those healthful sports that graced the peaceful scene,
Lived in each look, and brightened all the green ;
These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

* * * * *

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way
With blossom'd furze, unprofitably gay,
There, in his noisy mansion, skill'd to rule,
The village master taught his little school :
A man severe he was, and stern to view,
I knew him well, and every truant knew ;
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning face ;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he ;
Full well the busy whisper, circling round,
Convey'd the dismal tidings when he frown'd ;
Yet he was kind, or if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault ;
The village all declar'd how much he knew ;
'Twas certain he could write and cipher too ;

Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage,
 And ev'n the story ran that he could gauge.
 In arguing, too, the parson own'd his skill,
 For ev'n though vanquish'd he could argue still;
 While words of learned length, and thund'ring sound,
 Amaz'd the gazing rustics rang'd around;
 And still they gaz'd, and still the wonder grew
 That one small head should carry all he knew.



From 'The Retaliation' [1774].

HERE lies our good Edmund,¹ whose genius was
 such,
 We scarcely can praise it or blame it too much;
 Who, born for the universe, narrowed his mind,
 And to party gave up what was meant for mankind;
 Though fraught with all learning, yet straining his
 throat
 To persuade Tommy Townshend to lend him a
 vote;
 Who, too deep for his hearers, still went on refining,
 And thought of convincing, while they thought of
 dining;
 Though equal to all things, for all things unfit;
 Too nice for a statesman, too proud for a wit,
 For a patriot too cool, for a drudge disobedient,
 And too fond of the right to pursue the expedient.
 In short, 'twas his fate, unemployed, or in place, sir,
 To eat mutton cold, and cut blocks with a razor.

Here lies David Garrick, describe me who can;
 An abridgement of all that was pleasant in man,
 As an actor, confessed without rival to shine:
 As a wit, if not first, in the very first line:

¹ Burke.

Yet, with talents like these, and an excellent heart,
The man had his failings, a dupe to his art.
Like an ill-judging beauty, his colours he spread,
And beplastered with rouge his own natural red.
On the stage he was natural, simple, affecting ;
'Twas only that, when he was off, he was acting.
With no reason on earth to go out of his way,
He turned and he varied full ten times a day :
Though secure of our hearts, yet confoundedly sick
If they were not his own by finessing and trick :
He cast off his friends, as a huntsman his pack,
For he knew when he pleased he could whistle them
back.

Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed what came ;
And the puff of a dunce, he mistook it for fame ;
Till his relish grown callous, almost to disease,
Who peppered the highest was surest to please.
But let us be candid, and speak out our mind :
If dunces applauded, he paid them in kind.
Ye Kenricks, ye Kellys and Woodfalls so grave,
What a commerce was yours, while you got and you
gave !
How did Grub-street re-echo the shouts that you
raised,
While he was be-Rosciused, and you were bepraised.
But peace to his spirit, wherever it flies,
To act as an angel and mix with the skies :
Those poets who owe their best fame to his skill
Shall still be his flatterers, go where he will ;
Old Shakespeare receive him with praise and with
love,
And Beaumonts and Bens be his Kellys above.

Here Reynolds is laid, and, to tell you my mind,
He has not left a wiser or better behind.
His pencil was striking, resistless, and grand ;
His manners were gentle, complying, and bland :

Still born to improve us in every part,
 His pencil our faces, his manners our heart.
 To coxcombs averse, yet more civilly steering :
 When they judged without skill, he was still hard of
 hearing ;
 When they talk'd of their Raphaels, Corregios, and
 stuff,
 He shifted his trumpet, and only took snuff.



CHARLES CHURCHILL [1731-1764].

From 'The Rosciad' [1761].

FITZPATRICK.

WITH that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
 And amply too, the place of being wise,
 Which Nature, kind, indulgent parent ! gave
 To qualify the blockhead for a knave ;
 With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance
 charms,
 And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms ;
 Which to the lowest depths of guilt descends,
 By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
 Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
 Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night ;
 With that malignant envy which turns pale
 And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
 Which merit and success pursues with hate,
 And damns the worth it cannot imitate ;
 With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
 Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
 Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
 What's barely done, should be done safely too,
 With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
 Which, dead to shame and every nicer sense,

Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
 She blundered on some virtue unawares ;
 With all these blessings, which we seldom find
 Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,
 A motley figure, of the Fribble tribe,
 Which heart can scarce conceive or pen describe,
 Came simpering on

A six-foot suckling, mincing in its gait,
 Affected, peevish, prim and delicate ;
 Fearful it seem'd, though of athletic make,
 Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
 Its tender form, and savage motion spread
 O'er its pale cheeks the horrid, manly red.

Much did it talk, in its own pretty phrase,
 Of genius and of taste, of players and plays ;
 Much too of writings, which itself had wrote,
 Of special merit, though of little note ;
 For Fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
 That what it wrote, none but itself should read.



QUIN.

His eyes in gloomy socket taught to roll,
 Proclaimed the sullen habit of the soul.
 Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
 Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage. . . .
 In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
 He could not, for a moment, sink the man.
 In whate'er cast his character was laid,
 Self still, like oil, upon the surface played :
 Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in,
 Horatio, Dorax, Falstaff—still 'twas Quin.

* * * * *

MURPHY.

As one with various disappointments sad,
 Whom dulness only kept from being mad,
 Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
 Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
 What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
 Auditor, Author, Manager, and Squire !
 His restless soul's ambition stops not there ;
 To make his triumphs perfect dub him Player.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
 If symmetry could charm deprived of ease ;
 When motionless he stands, we all approve ;
 What pity 'tis the thing was made to move !

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
 Seems to break forth from caverns under ground ;
 From hollow chest the low, sepulchral note
 Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
 All must to him resign the foremost place.
 When he attempts, in some one favourite part,
 To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
 His honest features the disguise defy,
 And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.



From 'The Ghost.'

DR. JOHNSON.

POMPOSO, insolent and loud,
 Vain idol of a scribbling crowd,
 Whose very name inspires an awe,
 Whose every word is sense and law ;
 (For what his greatness hath decreed,
 Like laws of Persia and of Mede,

Sacred through all the realms of Wit
 Must never of repeal admit);
 Who, cursing flattery, is the fool
 Of every fawning, flattering fool;
 Who wit with jealous eye surveys,
 And sickens at another's praise:
 Who, proudly seiz'd of learning's throne,
 Now damns all learning but his own:
 Who scorns those common wares to trade in,
 Reas'ning, convincing, and persuading,
 But makes each sentence current pass
 With 'puppy,' 'coxcomb,' 'scoundrel,' 'ass':
 (For 'tis with him a certain rule
 That folly's proved when he calls 'Fool!');
 Who to increase his native strength
 Draws words six syllables in length,
 With which, assisted with a frown
 By way of club, he knocks us down.



From 'The Duellist,' Book III.

BISHOP WARBURTON.

THE first (entitled to the place
 Of honour both by gown and grace,
 Who never let occasion slip
 To take right hand of fellowship,
 And was so proud, that should he meet
 The Twelve Apostles in the street,
 He'd turn his nose up at them all,
 And shove his Saviour from the wall;
 Who was so mean (Meanness and Pride
 Still go together side by side)
 That he would cringe, and creep, be civil,
 And hold a stirrup for the devil,

If in a journey to his mind,
 He'd let him mount and ride behind ;
 Who basely fawned through all his life,
 For patrons first, then for a wife ;
 Wrote Dedications which must make
 The heart of every Christian quake ;
 Made one man equal to, or more
 Than God, then left him, as before
 His God he left, and, drawn by pride,
 Shifted about to t'other side ;)

Was by his sire a parson made,
 Merely to give the boy a trade ;
 But he himself was thereto drawn
 By some faint omens of the lawn,
 And on the truly Christian plan
 To make himself a gentleman,
 A title in which form arrayed him,
 Though Fate ne'er thought on't when she made
 him.

The oaths he took, 'tis very true,
 But took them as all wise men do,
 With an intent, if things should turn,
 Rather to temporize than burn.
 Gospel and loyalty were made
 To serve the purposes of trade :
 Religion's are but paper ties,
 Which bind the fool, but which the wise,
 Such idle notions far above,
 Draw on and off, just like a glove :
 All Gods, all kings (let his great aim
 Be answered) were to him the same.

JUNIUS.

From 'The Letters of Junius' [1769-1772].

LETTER XII.—TO THE DUKE OF GRAFTON.

RELINQUISHING, therefore, all idle views of amendment to your Grace, or of benefit to the public, let me be permitted to consider your character and conduct, merely as a subject of curious speculation. There is something in both which distinguishes you, not only from other Ministers, but all other men. It is not that you do wrong by design, but that you should never do right by mistake. It is not that your indolence and your activity have been equally misapplied, but that the first uniform principle, or, if I may call it, the genius of your life, should have carried you through every possible change and contradiction of conduct, without the momentary imputation or colour of a virtue; and that the wildest spirit of inconsistency should never have once betrayed you into a wise or honourable action. This, I own, gives an air of singularity to your fortune, as well as to your disposition. Let us look back, together, to a scene in which a mind like yours will find nothing to repent of. Let us try, my Lord, how well you have supported the various relations in which you stood to your Sovereign, your country, your friends, and yourself. Give us, if it be possible, some excuse to posterity, and to ourselves, for submitting to your administration. If not the abilities of a great minister, if not the integrity of a patriot, or the fidelity of a friend, show us, at least, the firmness of a man. For the sake of your mistress, the lover shall be spared. I will not lead her into public, as you have done; nor will I insult the memory of departed beauty. Her

sex, which alone made her amiable in your eyes, makes her respectable in mine.

The character of the reputed ancestors of some men has made it possible for their descendants to be vicious in the extreme, without being degenerate. Those of your Grace, for instance, left no distressing examples of virtue even to their legitimate posterity; and you may look back with pleasure to an illustrious pedigree, in which heraldry has not left a single good quality upon record to insult or upbraid you. You have better proofs of your descent, my Lord, than the register of a marriage, or any troublesome inheritance of reputation. There are some hereditary strokes of character by which a family may be clearly distinguished, as by the blackest features of the human face. Charles the First lived and died a hypocrite. Charles the Second was a hypocrite of another sort, and should have died upon the same scaffold. At the distance of a century we see their different characters happily revived and blended in your Grace. Sullen and severe without religion, profligate without gaiety, you live like Charles the Second, without being an amiable companion; and, for aught I know, may die, as his father did, without the reputation of a martyr.



LETTER XV.—TO THE SAME.

MY LORD, If nature had given you an understanding qualified to keep pace with the wishes and principles of your heart, she would have made you, perhaps, the most formidable minister that was ever employed under a limited monarch, to accomplish the ruin of a free people. When neither the feelings of shame,

the reproaches of conscience, nor the dread of punishment, form any bar to the designs of a minister, the people would have too much reason to lament their condition, if they did not find some resource in the weakness of his understanding. We owe it to the bounty of Providence, that the completest depravity of the heart is sometimes strangely united with a confusion of the mind, which counteracts the most favourite principles, and makes the same man treacherous without art, and a hypocrite without deceiving. The measures, for instance, in which your Grace's activity has been chiefly exerted, as they were adopted without skill, should have been conducted with more than common dexterity. But truly, my Lord, the execution has been as gross as the design. . . .

Whether you have talents to support you, at a crisis of such difficulty and danger, should long since have been considered. Judging truly of your disposition, you have, perhaps, mistaken the extent of your capacity. Good faith and folly have so long been received as synonymous terms, that the reverse of the proposition has grown into credit, and every villain fancies himself a man of abilities. It is the apprehension of your friends, my Lord, that you have drawn some hasty conclusion of this sort, and that a partial reliance upon your moral character has betrayed you beyond the depth of your understanding. You have now carried things too far to retreat. You have plainly declared to the people what they are to expect from the continuance of your administration. It is time for your Grace to consider what you also may expect in return from their spirit and their resentment.



JOHN WOLCOT (PETER PINDAR) [1738-1819].

Conversation on Johnson between Mrs. Piozzi (Thrale) and Mr. Boswell.

Bozzy. WHEN Foote his leg, by some misfortune,
broke,

Says I to Johnson, all by way of joke,
'Sam, sir, in paragraph will soon be clever,
And take off Peter better now than ever.'
On which says Johnson without hesitation,
'George will rejoice at Foote's depeditation.'
On which says I, a penetrating elf,
'Doctor, I'm sure you coin'd that word your-
self.'

The Doctor owned to me I had divin'd it,
For, bona fide, he had really coin'd it.
'And yet, of all the words I've coin'd,' says he,
'My Dictionary, sir, contains but three.'

Mdme. Piozzi. The Doctor said, 'In literary matters,
A Frenchman goes not deep,—he only smatters';
Then ask'd, what could be hoped for from the
dogs,—

Fellows that liv'd eternally on frogs?

Bozzy. In grave procession to St. Leonard's College,
Well stuff'd with every sort of useful knowledge,
We stately walked as soon as supper ended;
The landlord and the waiter both attended;
The landlord, skill'd a piece of grease to handle,
Before us marched, and held a tallow candle;
A lantern (some famed Scotsman its creator)
With equal grace was carried by the waiter.
Next morning from our beds we took a leap,
And found ourselves much better for our sleep.

Mdme. Piozzi. In Lincolnshire, a lady show'd our friend

A grotto which she wished him to commend.
 Quoth she, 'How cool in summer this abode!'
 'Yes, madam (answered Johnson), *for a toad.*'



WILLIAM COWPER [1731-1800].

From 'Conversation.'

DUBIUS is such a scrupulous good man—
 Yes—you may catch him tripping if you can.
 He would not, with a peremptory tone,
 Assert the nose upon his face his own;
 With hesitation admirably slow
 He humbly hopes—presumes—it may be so.
 His evidence, if he were call'd by law
 To swear to some enormity he saw,
 For want of prominence and just relief,
 Would hang an honest man, and save a thief.
 Through constant dread of giving truth offence,
 He ties up all his hearers in suspense;
 Knows what he knows, as if he knew it not;
 What he remembers seems to have forgot;
 His sole opinion, whatsoever befall,
 Centring at last in having none at all.
 Yet, though he tease and balk your list'ning ear,
 He makes one useful point exceeding clear,
 Howe'er ingenious on his darling theme
 A sceptic in philosophy may seem,
 Reduc'd to practice, his beloved rule
 Would only prove him a consummate fool;
 Useless in him alike both brain and speech,
 Fate having placed all truth above his reach,
 His ambiguities his total sum,
 He might as well be blind, and deaf, and dumb.

Where men of judgment creep and feel their way,
 The positive pronounce without dismay ;
 Their want of life and intellect supplied
 By sparks absurdity strikes out of pride.
 Without the means of knowing right from wrong,
 They always are decisive, clear and strong ;
 Where others toil with philosophic force,
 Their nimble nonsense takes a shorter course ;
 Flings at your head conviction in the lump,
 And gains remote conclusions in a jump :
 Their own defect, invisible to them,
 Seen in another, they at once condemn ;
 And, though self-idolized in every case,
 Hail their own likeness in a brother's face.
 The cause is plain, and not to be denied,
 The proud are always most provok'd by pride,
 Few competitions but engender spite ;
 And those the most where neither has the right.



From 'The Task.'

GOD made the country, and man made the town,
 What wonder then that health and virtue, gifts
 That can alone make sweet the bitter draught
 That life holds out to all, should most abound
 And least be threatened in the fields and groves ?
 Possess ye therefore, ye who, borne about
 In chariots and sedans, know no fatigue
 But that of idleness, and taste no scenes
 But such as art contrives, possess ye still
 Your element ; there only can ye shine.
 There only minds like yours can do no harm.
 Our groves were planted to console at noon
 The pensive wand'rer in their shades. At eve
 The moon-beam, sliding softly in between

The sleeping leaves, is all the light they wish,
 Birds warbling all the music. We can spare
 The splendour of your lamps; they but eclipse
 Our softer satellite. Your songs confound
 Our more harmonious notes: the thrush departs
 Scar'd, and th' offended nightingale is mute.
 There is a public mischief in your mirth;
 It plagues your country. Folly such as yours
 Grac'd with a sword, and worthier of a fan,
 Has made, what enemies could ne'er have done,
 Our arch of empire, stedfast but for you,
 A mutilated structure, soon to fall.



WILLIAM GIFFORD [1757-1826].

From 'The Baviad' [1794].

Lo, Della Crusca! In his closet pent
 He toils to give the crude conception vent.
 Abortive thoughts that right and wrong confound,
 Truth sacrificed to letters, sense to sound,
 False glare, incongruous images, combine;
 And noise and nonsense clatter through the line.
 'Tis done. Her house the generous Piozzi lends,
 And thither summons her blue-stocking friends;
 The summons her blue-stocking friends obey,
 Lured by the love of Poetry—and Tea.
 The Bard steps forth, in birth-day splendour
 dress'd,
 His right hand graceful waving o'er his breast;
 His left extending, so that all may see,
 A roll inscribed 'The Wreath of Liberty.'
 So forth he steps, and, with complacent air
 Bows round the circle, and assumes the chair;

With lemonade he gargles next his throat,
 Then sweetly preludes to the liquid note :
 And now 'tis silence all. 'Genius or Muse'—
 Thus while the flowery subject he pursues,
 A wild delirium round the assembly flies ;
 Unusual lustre shoots from Emma's eyes,
 Luxurious Arno drivels as he stands,
 And Anna frisks, and Laura claps her hands.

O wretched man ! And dost thou toil to please,
 At this late hour such prurient ears as these ?
 Is thy poor pride contented to receive
 Such transitory fame as fools can give ?
 Fools, who, unconscious of the critic's laws,
 Rain in such showers their indistinct applause.
 That Thou, even Thou, who liv'st upon renown,
 And, with eternal puffs, insult'st the town,
 Art forced at length to check the idiot roar,
 And cry, 'For Heaven's sweet sake, no more, no
 more !'



GEORGE CRABBE [1754-1832].

From 'The Library.'

BUT here the dormant fury rests unsought,
 And Zeal sleeps soundly by the foes she fought.
 Here all the rage of controversy ends,
 And rival zealots rest like bosom-friends ;
 An Athanasian here, in deep repose,
 Sleeps with the fiercest of his Arian foes ;
 Socinians here with Calvinists abide,
 And thin partitions angry chiefs divide ;
 Here wily Jesuits simple Quakers meet,
 And Bellarmine has rest at Luther's feet.
 Great authors, for the Church's glory fired,
 Are, for the Church's peace, to rest retired ;

And close beside, a mystic, maudlin race,
Lie 'Crumbs of Comfort for the Babes of Grace.'

Against her foes Religion well defends
Her sacred truths, but often fears her friends ;
If learn'd, their pride, if weak their zeal she dreads,
And their hearts' weakness, who have soundest
heads ;

But most she fears the controversial pen,
The holy strife of disputatious men,
Who the blest Gospel's peaceful page explore,
Only to fight against its precepts more.



From 'The Village' [1783].

FLED are those times when, in harmonious strains,
The rustic poet praised his native plains ;
No shepherds now, in smooth, alternate verse,
Their country's beauty or their nymphs' rehearse ;
Yet still for these we frame the tender strain,
Still in our lays fond Corydons complain,
And shepherds' boys their amorous pains reveal—
The only pains, alas ! they never feel.

On Mincio's banks, in Cæsar's bounteous reign,
If Tityrus found the Golden Age again,
Must sleepy bards the flattering dream prolong,
Mechanic echoes of the Mantuan song ?
From Truth and Nature shall we widely stray,
Where Virgil, not where Fancy, leads the way ? . . .
Lo ! where the heath, with withering brake grown
o'er,
Lends the light turf that warms the neighbouring
poor ;
From thence a length of burning sand appears,
Where the thin harvest waves its wither'd ears.

Rank weeds, that every art and care defy,
 Reign o'er the land, and rob the blighted rye;
 There thistles stretch their prickly arms afar,
 And to the ragged infant threaten war;
 There poppies nodding, mock the hope of toil;
 There the blue bugloss paints the sterile soil.
 Hardy and high, above the slender sheaf,
 The slimy mallow waves her silky leaf.
 O'er the young shoot the charlock throws a shade,
 And clasping tares cling round the sickly blade;
 With mingled tints the rocky coasts abound,
 And a sad splendour vainly shines around. . . .
 Here, wand'ring long, amid these frowning fields,
 I sought the simple life that Nature yields;
 Rapine, and Wrong, and Fear usurp'd her place,
 And a bold, artful, surly, savage race,
 Who, only skill'd to take the finny tribe
 The yearly dinner, or septennial bribe,
 Wait on the shore, and, as the waves run high,
 On the lost vessel bend their eager eye,
 Which to their coast directs its vent'rous way,
 Theirs, or the ocean's miserable prey.

As on their neighbouring beach yon swallows
 stand,
 And wait for favouring winds to leave the land,
 While still for flight the ready wing is spread,
 So waited I the favouring hour, and fled—
 Fled from these shores where guilt and famine reign,
 And cried, ' Ah! hapless they who still remain—
 Who still remain to hear the ocean roar,
 Whose greedy waves devour the lessening shore,
 Till some fierce tide, with more imperious sway,
 Sweeps the low hut, and all it holds, away;
 When the sad tenant weeps from door to door,
 And begs a poor protection from the poor! . . .
 Theirs is yon House that holds the parish poor,
 Whose walls of mud scarce bear the broken door;

There, where the putrid vapours, flagging, play,
 And the dull wheel hums doleful through the day—
 There children dwell who know no parents' care ;
 Parents who know no children's love dwell there !
 Heart-broken matrons on their joyless bed,
 Forsaken wives, and mothers never wed ;
 Dejected widows with unheeded tears,
 And crippled age with more than childhood fears.
 The lame, the blind, and, far the happiest they !
 The moping idiot, and the madman gay.

Here, too, the sick their final doom receive,
 Here brought, amid the scenes of grief, to grieve,
 Where the loud groans from some sad chamber flow,
 Mixt with the clamours of the crowd below.
 Here, sorrowing, they each kindred sorrow scan,
 And the cold charities of man to man,
 Whose laws indeed for ruin'd age provide,
 And strong compulsion plucks the scrap from pride ;
 But still that scrap is bought with many a sigh,
 And pride embitters what it can't deny.



From 'The Newspaper' [1785].

WE, who for longer fame with labour strive,
 Are pain'd to keep our sickly works alive ;
 Studious we toil, with patient care refine,
 Nor let our love protect one languid line.
 Severe ourselves, at last our works appear,
 When, ah ! we find our readers more severe,
 For, after all our care and pains, how few
 Acquire applause, or keep it if they do !
 Not so these sheets, ordain'd to happier fate,
 Praised through their day, and but that day their
 date ;

Their careless authors only strive to join
 As many words as make an even line ;
 As many lines as fill a row complete,
 As many rows as furnish up a sheet.
 From side to side, with ready types they run,
 The measure's ended, and the work is done.
 Oh, born with ease, how envied and how blest
 Your fate to-day and your to-morrow's rest !
 To you all readers turn, and they can look
 Pleased on a paper, who abhor a book.
 Those who ne'er deign'd their Bible to peruse
 Would think it hard to be denied their news.
 Sinners and saints, the wisest with the weak,
 Here mingle tastes, and one amusement seek ;
 This, like the public inn, provides a treat,
 Where each promiscuous guest sits down to eat ;
 And such this mental food as we may call
 Something to all men, and to some men all.



From 'The Parish Register,' Part III. — Burials
 [1807].

WITH Andrew Collett we the year begin,
 The blind, fat landlord of the Old Crown Inn.
 Big as his butt, and, for the self-same use,
 To take in stores of strong fermenting juice.
 On his huge chair beside the fire he sate,
 In revel chief, and umpire in debate.
 Each night his string of vulgar tales he told,
 When ale was cheap, and bachelors were bold.
 His heroes all were famous in their days ;
 Cheats were his boast, and drunkards had his
 praise.
 'One, in three draughts, three mugs of ale took
 down,
 As mugs were then—the champion of the Crown.

For thrice three days another lived on ale,
 And knew no change but that of mild and stale ;
 Two thirsty soakers watch'd a vessel's side,
 When he the tap, with dext'rous hand, applied ;
 Nor from their seats departed till they found
 That butt was out, and heard the mournful sound.'

He praised a poacher—precious child of fun !—
 Who shot the keeper with his own spring-gun ;
 Nor less the smuggler who the exciseman tied,
 And left him hanging at the birch-wood side,
 There to expire ; but one who saw him hang
 Cut the good cord—a traitor of the gang.

His own exploits with boastful glee he told,
 What ponds he emptied, and what pikes he sold ;
 And how, when blest with sight alert and gay,
 The night's amusements kept him through the day.

He sang the praises of those times when all
 ' For cards and dice, as for their drink, might call ;
 When Justice wink'd on every jovial crew,
 And ten-pins tumbled in the parson's view.'

He told, when angry wives, provoked to rail,
 Or drive a third-day drunkard from his ale,
 What were his triumphs, and how great the skill
 That won the vex'd virago to his will,
 Who raving came ; then talk'd in milder strain,
 Then wept, then drank, and pledg'd her spouse
 again.

Such were his themes : how knaves o'er laws
 prevail,
 Or, when made captives, how they fly from jail.
 The young, how brave !—how subtle were the old !
 And oaths attested all that Folly told.

On death like his what name shall we bestow,
 So very sudden, yet so very slow ?

'Twas slow. Disease, augmenting year by year,
 Show'd the grim king by gradual steps brought
 near.

'Twas not less sudden. In the night he died,
 He drank, he swore, he jested, and he lied ;
 Thus aiding folly with departing breath :
 'Beware, Lorenzo, the slow-sudden death.'



From 'The Borough.'

THE VICAR.

ALL things new
 He deem'd superfluous, useless, or untrue ;
 To all beside indifferent, easy, cold,
 Here the fire kindled, and the wo was told.
 Habit with him was all the test of truth,
 'It must be right : I've done it from my youth.'
 Questions he answer'd in as brief a way,
 'It must be wrong—it was of yesterday.'
 Though mild benevolence our Priest possess'd,
 'Twas but by wishes or by words express'd,
 Circles in water, as they wider flow,
 The less conspicuous in their progress grow,
 And when at last they touch upon the shore,
 Distinction ceases, and they're view'd no more.
 His love, like that last circle, all embraced,
 But with effect that never could be traced.



ROBERT BURNS [1759-1796].

ADDRESS TO THE UNCO GUID, OR THE RIGIDLY
 RIGHTEOUS.

O YE wha are sae guid yoursel',
 Sae pious and sae holy,
 Ye've nought to do but mark and tell
 Your neibours' fauts and folly !

Whase life is like a weel-gaun mill
 Supply'd wi' store o' water,
 The heaped happer's ebbing still,
 And still the clap plays clatter.

Hear me, ye venerable core,
 As counsel for poor mortals,
 That frequent pass douce Wisdom's door
 For glaikit¹ Folly's portals ;
 I, for their thoughtless, careless sakes,
 Would here propone defences,
 Their donsie² tricks, their black mistakes,
 Their failings and mischances.

Ye see your state wi' theirs compar'd,
 And shudder at the niffer,³
 But cast a moment's fair regard,
 What maks the mighty differ ?
 Discount what scant occasion gave
 That purity ye pride in,
 And (what's aft mair than a' the lave⁴)
 Your better art o' hidin'.

Think, when your castigated pulse
 Gi'es now and then a wallop,
 What ragings must his veins convulse,
 That still eternal gallop :
 Wi' wind and tide fair i' your tail,
 Right on ye scud your sea-way ;
 But in the teeth o' baith to sail,
 It maks an unco lee-way.

See social life and glee sit down,
 All joyous and unthinking,
 Till, quite transmogrify'd they're grown,
 Debauchery and drinking :

¹ Foolish.² Unlucky.³ Exchange.⁴ The rest.

O would they stay to calculate
 Th' eternal consequences ;
 Or your more dreaded hell to state
 D-mnation of expenses !

Ye high, exalted, virtuous dames,
 Tied up in godly laces,
 Before ye gie poor frailty names
 Suppose a change o' cases :
 A dear lov'd lad, convenience snug,
 A treacherous inclination—
 But, let me whisper i' your lug,
 Ye're aiblins nae temptation.

Then gently scan your brother man,
 Still gentler sister woman ;
 Though they may gang a kennin'¹ wrang,
 To step aside is human :
 One point must still be greatly dark,
 The moving *why* they do it :
 And just as lamely can ye mark
 How far, perhaps, they rue it.

Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
 Decidedly can try us ;
 He knows each chord—its various tone,
 Each spring—its various bias :
 Then at the balance let's be mute,
 We never can adjust it :
 What's done we partly may compute,
 But know not what's resisted.



¹ A little.

GEORGE CANNING [1770-1827].

The Friend of Humanity and the Knife-grinder.

'NEEDY Knife-grinder! whither are you going?
Rough is the road, your wheel is out of order—
Bleak blows the blast—your hat has got a hole in't,
So have your breeches!

'Weary Knife-grinder! little think the proud ones,
Who in their coaches roll along the turnpike
Road, what hard work 'tis crying all day "Knives and
Scissars to grind O!"

'Tell me, Knife-grinder, how came you to grind
knives?
Did some rich man tyrannically use you?
Was it the squire? or parson of the parish?
Or the attorney?

'Was it the squire, for killing of his game? or
Covetous parson, for his tithes distraining?
Or roguish lawyer, made you lose your little
All in a lawsuit?

'(Have you not read the Rights of Man, by Tom
Paine?)
Drops of compassion tremble on my eyelids,
Ready to fall, as soon as you have told your
Pitiful story.'

'Story! God bless you! I have none to tell, sir,
Only last night a-drinking at the Chequers,
This poor old hat and breeches, as you see, were
Torn in a scuffle.

' Constables came up for to take me into
Custody ; they took me before the justice ;
Justice Oldmixon put me in the parish
Stocks for a vagrant.

' I should be glad to drink your Honour's health in
A pot of beer, if you will give me sixpence ;
But for my part, I never love to meddle
With politics, sir.'

' I give thee sixpence ! I will see thee damn'd
first—
Wretch ! whom no sense of wrongs can rouse to
vengeance—
Sordid, unfeeling, reprobate, degraded,
Spiritless outcast !'

(Kicks the Knife-grinder, overturns his wheel, and
exit in a transport of Republican enthusiasm and
universal philanthropy.)



From the 'New Morality.'

FIRST, stern Philanthropy : not she, who dries
The orphan's tears, and wipes the widow's eyes ;
Not she, who, sainted Charity her guide,
Of British bounty pours the annual tide :
But *French* Philanthropy ; whose boundless mind
Glows with the general love of all mankind ;
Philanthropy, beneath whose baneful sway
Each patriot passion sinks, and dies away.

Taught in her school to imbibe thy mawkish strain,
Condorcet, filter'd through the dregs of Paine,
Each pert adept disowns a Briton's part,
And plucks the name of England from his heart.

What, shall a name, a word, a sound control
The aspiring thought, and cramp the expansive soul ?

Shall one half-peopled Island's rocky round
 A love, that glows for all creation, bound ?
 And social charities contract the plan
 Framed for thy Freedom, universal man ?
 —No—through the extended globe his feelings run
 As broad and general as the unbounded sun !
 No narrow bigot *he* ; *his* reason'd view
 Thy interests, England, ranks with thine, Peru !
 France at our doors, *he* sees no danger nigh,
 But heaves for Turkey's woes the impartial sigh ;
 A steady Patriot of the World alone,
 The Friend of every Country—but his own.

* * * * *

' Much may be said on both sides.' Hark ! I hear
 A well-known voice that murmurs in my ear—
 The voice of Candour. Hail ! most solemn sage,
 Thou drivelling virtue of this moral age,
 Candour, which softens party's headlong rage.
 Candour, which spares its foes ; nor e'er descends
 With bigot zeal to combat for its friends.
 Candour, which loves in see-saw strain to tell
 Of *acting foolishly* but *meaning well* ;
 Too nice to praise by wholesale, or to blame,
 Convinced that *all* men's *motives* are the same ;
 And finds, with keen discriminating sight,
 Black's not *so* black ; nor white *so very* white. . . .

Give me the avow'd, the erect, the manly foe,
 Bold I can meet—perhaps may turn his blow ;
 But of all plagues, good Heaven, thy wrath can send,
 Save, save, oh ! save me from the *Candid Friend* !



LORD BYRON [1788-1824].

From 'English Bards and Scotch Reviewers' [1809].

STILL must I hear? shall hoarse Fitzgerald bawl
 His creaking couplets in a tavern hall,
 And I not sing, lest, haply, Scotch reviews
 Should dub me scribbler, and denounce my muse?
 Prepare for rhyme—I'll publish, right or wrong:
 Fools are my theme, let satire be my song.

* * * * *

A man must serve his time to every trade
 Save censure—critics all are ready made.
 Take hackney'd jokes from Miller, got by rote,
 With just enough of learning to misquote;
 A mind well skill'd to find or forge a fault;
 A turn for punning, call it Attic salt;
 To Jeffrey go, be silent and discreet,
 His pay is just ten sterling pounds per sheet:
 Fear not to lie, 'twill seem a sharper hit;
 Shrink not from blasphemy, 'twill pass for wit;
 Care not for feeling—pass your proper jest,
 And stand a critic, hated yet caress'd.
 And shall we own such judgment? No: as soon
 Seek roses in December—ice in June;
 Hope constancy in wind, or corn in chaff;
 Believe a woman or an epitaph,
 Or any other thing that's false, before
 You trust in critics, who themselves are sore;
 Or yield one single thought to be misled
 By Jeffrey's heart, or Lambe's Bœotian head.
 To these young tyrants, by themselves misplaced,
 Combined usurpers on the throne of taste;
 To these, when authors bend in humble awe,
 And hail their voice as truth, their word as law—

While these are censors, 'twould be sin to spare,
While such are critics, why should I forbear?
But yet, so near all modern worthies run,
'Tis doubtful whom to seek, or whom to shun;
Nor know we when to spare, or where to strike,
Our bards and censors are so much alike.

Then should you ask me, why I venture o'er
The path that Pope and Gifford trod before;
If not yet sicken'd, you can still proceed:
Go on; my rhyme will tell you as you read.
'But hold!' exclaims a friend, 'here's some neglect:
This—that—and t'other line seem incorrect.'
What then? the self-same blunder Pope has got,
And careless Dryden—'Ay, but Pye has not.'—
Indeed!—'tis granted, faith!—but what care I?
Better to err with Pope, than shine with Pye.

Next comes the dull disciple of thy school,
That mild apostate from poetic rule,
The simple Wordsworth, framer of a lay
As soft as evening in his favourite May,
Who warns his friend 'to shake off toil and trouble,
And quit his books, for fear of growing double';
Who, both by precept and example, shows
That prose is verse, and verse is merely prose;
Convincing all, by demonstration plain,
Poetic souls delight in prose insane;
And Christmas stories tortured into rhyme
Contain the essence of the true sublime.
Thus, when he tells the tale of Betty Foy,
The idiot mother of 'an idiot boy';
A moon-struck, silly lad, who lost his way,
And, like his bard, confounded night with day;
So close on each pathetic part he dwells,
And each adventure so sublimely tells,

That all who view the 'idiot in his glory,'
Conceive the bard the hero of the story.

Shall gentle Coleridge pass unnoticed here,
To turgid ode and tumid stanza dear?
Though themes of innocence amuse him best,
Yet still obscurity's a welcome guest.
If Inspiration should her aid refuse
To him who takes a pixy for a muse,
Yet none in lofty numbers can surpass
The bard who soars to elegise an ass.
So well the subject suits his noble mind,
He brays the laureat of the long-ear'd tribe.

* * * * *

Health to immortal Jeffrey! once, in name
England could boast a judge almost the same;
In soul so like, so merciful, yet just,
Some think that Satan has resign'd his trust,
And given the spirit to the world again,
To sentence letters as he sentenced men.
With hand less mighty, but with heart as black,
With voice as willing to decree the rack;
Bred in the courts betimes, though all that law
As yet hath taught him is to find a flaw;
Since well instructed in the patriot school
To rail at party, though a party tool,
Who knows, if chance his patrons should restore
Back to the sway they forfeited before,
His scribbling toils some recompense may meet,
And raise this Daniel to the judgment-seat?
Let Jeffreys' shade indulge the pious hope,
And greeting thus, present him with a rope:
'Heir to my virtues! man of equal mind!
Skill'd to condemn as to traduce mankind,
This cord receive, for thee reserved with care,
To wield in judgment, and at length to wear.'

Health to great Jeffrey ! Heaven preserve his life
To flourish on the fertile shores of Fife,
And guard it sacred in its future wars,
Since authors sometimes seek the field of Mars !
Can none remember that eventful day,
That ever-glorious, almost fatal fray,
When Little's leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow-Street myrmidons stood laughing by ?
Oh, day disastrous ! on her firm-set rock,
Dunedin's castle felt a secret shock ;
Dark rolled the sympathetic waves of Forth,
Low groan'd the startled whirlwinds of the north ;
Tweed ruffled half his waves to form a tear,
The other half pursued his calm career ;
Arthur's steep summit nodded to its base,
The surly Tolbooth scarcely kept her place.
The Tolbooth felt—for marble sometimes can,
On such occasions, feel as much as man—
The Tolbooth felt defrauded of his charms,
If Jeffrey died, except within her arms :
Nay, last, not least, on that portentous morn,
The sixteenth storey, where himself was born,
His patrimonial garret, fell to ground,
And pale Edina shudder'd at the sound ;
Strew'd were the streets around with milk-white
reams,
Flow'd all the Canongate with inky streams ;
This of his candour seem'd the sable dew,
That of his valour show'd the bloodless hue ;
And all with justice deem'd the two combined
The mingled emblems of this mighty mind.
But Caledonia's goddess hover'd o'er
The field, and saved him from the wrath of Moore ;
From either pistol snatch'd the vengeful lead,
And straight restor'd it to her favourite's head ;
That head, with greater than magnetic power,
Caught it, as Danaë caught the golden shower,

And, though the thickening dross will scarce refine,
 Augments its ore, and is itself a mine.



From 'The Waltz' [1813].

IMPERIAL Waltz ! imported from the Rhine
 (Famed for the growth of pedigree and wine),
 Long be thine import from all duty free,
 And hock itself be less esteem'd than thee ;
 In some few qualities alike—for hock
 Improves our cellar—thou our living stock.
 The head to hock belongs—thy subtler art
 Intoxicates alone the heedless heart.
 Through the full veins thy gentler poison swims,
 And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs.
 O Germany ! how much to thee we owe,
 As heaven-born Pitt can testify below,
 Ere cursed confederation made thee France's,
 And only left us thy d——d debts and dances !
 Of subsidies and Hanover bereft,
 We bless thee still—for George the Third is left !
 Of kings the best, and last not least in worth,
 For graciously begetting George the Fourth.
 To Germany, and highnesses serene,
 Who owe us millions—don't we owe the Queen ?
 To Germany, what owe we not besides ?
 So oft bestowing Brunswickers and brides :
 Who paid for vulgar, with her royal blood,
 Drawn from the stem of each Teutonic stud ;
 Who sent us—so be pardon'd all our faults—
 A dozen dukes, some kings, a queen—and Waltz.



From 'Don Juan' [1819-1823].

THE portion of this world which I at present
 Have taken up, to fill the following sermon,
 Is one of which there's no description recent :
 The reason why is easy to determine ;
 Although it seems both prominent and pleasant,
 There is a sameness in its gems and ermine,
 A dull and family likeness through all ages,
 Of no great promise for poetic pages.

With much to excite, there's little to exalt ;
 Nothing that speaks to all men and all times ;
 A sort of varnish over every fault,
 A kind of commonplace, even in their crimes ;
 Factitious passion, wit without much salt,
 A want of that true nature which sublimes
 Whate'er it shows with truth ; a smooth monotony
 Of character, in those at least who've got any.

Sometimes indeed like soldiers off parade
 They break their ranks and gladly leave the drill ;
 But then the roll-call draws them back afraid,
 And they must be or seem what they were : still
 Doubtless it is a brilliant masquerade.
 But when of the first sight you've had your fill,
 It palls : at least it did so upon me,
 This paradise of pleasure and *ennui*.

When we have made our love and gained our gaming,
 Drest, voted, shone, and, maybe, something more :
 With dandies dined ; heard senators declaiming ;
 Seen beauties brought to market by the score,
 Sad rakes to sadder husbands chastely taming ;
 There's little left but to be bored and bore.
 Witness those *ci-devant jeunes hommes* who stem
 The stream, nor leave the world which leaveth them.

'Tis said—indeed, a general complaint—
 That no one has succeeded in describing
 The *monde* exactly as they ought to paint :
 Some say that authors only snatch, by bribing
 The porter, some slight scandals strange and quaint,
 To furnish matter for their moral gibing ;
 And that their books have but one style in common—
 My lady's prattle, filtered through her woman.
 But this can't well be true just now ; for writers
 Are grown of the *beau monde* a part potential :
 I've seen them balance even the scale with fighters,
 Especially when young, for that's essential.
 Why do their sketches fail them as inditers
 Of what they deem themselves most consequential,
 The real portrait of the highest tribe ?
 'Tis that, in fact, they've little to describe.



WILLIAM MACKWORTH PRAED
 [1802-1839].

*From 'A Letter of Advice from Miss Medora Trevilian,
 at Padua, to Miss Araminta Vavasour, in London.'*

If he wears a top-boot in his wooing,
 If he comes to you riding a cob,
 If he talks of his baking or brewing,
 If he puts up his feet on the hob,
 If he ever drinks port after dinner,
 If his brow or his breeding is low,
 If he calls himself 'Thomson' or 'Skinner,'
 My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he studies the news in the papers
 While you are preparing the tea,
 If he talks of the damps or the vapours,
 While moonlight lies soft on the sea,

If he's sleepy while you are capricious,
If he has not a musical 'Oh!'
If he does not call Werther delicious,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he ever sets foot in the City,
Among the stockbrokers and Jews,
If he has not a heart full of pity,
If he don't stand six feet in his shoes,
If his lips are not redder than roses,
If his hands are not whiter than snow,
If he has not the model of noses,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

If he speaks of a tax or a duty,
If he does not look grand on his knees,
If he's blind to a landscape of beauty—
Hills, valleys, rocks, waters and trees,
If he dotes not on desolate towers,
If he likes not to hear the blast blow,
If he knows not the language of flowers,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

He must walk like a god of old story
Come down from the home of his rest;
He must smile like the sun in his glory
On the buds he loves ever the best;
And oh! from its ivory portal
Like music his soft speech must flow;
If he speak, smile, or walk like a mortal,
My own Araminta, say 'No!'

Don't listen to tales of his bounty,
Don't hear what they say of his birth,
Don't look at his seat in the county,
Don't calculate what he is worth;

But give him a theme to write verse on,
 And see if he turns out his toe ;
 If he's only an excellent person,
 My own Araminta, say ' No !'



THOMAS CARLYLE [1795-1881].

From ' Sartor Resartus ' [1831].

' STRANGE enough how creatures of the human-kind shut their eyes to plainest facts, and, by the mere inertia of Oblivion and Stupidity, live at ease in the midst of Wonders and Terrors. But, indeed, man is, and was always, a blockhead and dullard, much readier to feel and digest than to think and consider. Prejudice, which he pretends to hate, is his absolute lawgiver—mere use-and-wont everywhere leads him by the nose. Thus, let but a Rising of the Sun, let but a Creation of the World happen twice, and it ceases to be marvellous, to be noteworthy, or noticeable. Perhaps not once in a lifetime does it occur to your ordinary biped, of any country or generation, be he gold-mantled Prince or russet-jerkined Peasant, that his Vestments and his Self are not one and indivisible, that he is naked, without vestments, till he buy or steal such, and by forethought sew and button them.

' For my own part, these considerations of our Clothes-thatch, and how, reaching inwards even to our heart of hearts, it tailorises and demoralises us, fill me with a certain horror at myself and mankind—almost as one feels at those Dutch Cows which, during the wet season, you see grazing deliberately with jackets and petticoats (of striped sacking) in the

meadows of Gouda. Nevertheless, there is something great in the moment when a man first strips himself of adventitious wrappings, and sees indeed that he is naked, and, as Swift has it, "a forked, straddling animal with bandy legs," yet also a Spirit, and unutterable Mystery of Mysteries.'



THE DANDIACAL BODY.

FIRST, touching Dandies, let us consider, with some scientific strictness, what a Dandy specially is. A Dandy is a Clothes-wearing Man, a Man whose trade, office and existence consist in the wearing of Clothes. Every faculty of his soul, spirit, purse and person is heroically consecrated to this one object: the wearing of Clothes wisely and well, so that, as others dress to live, he lives to dress. The all-importance of Clothes, which a German Professor, of unequalled learning and acumen, writes his enormous Volume to demonstrate, has sprung up in the intellect of the Dandy without effort, like an instinct of genius. He is inspired with Cloth, a Poet of Cloth. What Teufelsdröckh would call a 'Divine Idea of Cloth' is born with him; and this, like other such Ideas, will express itself outwardly, or wring his heart asunder with unutterable throes. But, like a generous, creative enthusiast, he fearlessly makes his Idea an Action, shows himself in peculiar guise to mankind; walks forth a witness and living martyr to the eternal worth of Clothes. We called him a Poet: is not his body the (stuffed) parchment-skin whereon he writes, with cunning Huddersfield dies, a Sonnet to his mistress' eyebrow? Say, rather, an Epos, and Clotha Virumque cano, to the whole world, in Macaronic verses, which he

that runs may read. Nay, if you grant what seems to be admissible, that the Dandy has a thinking-principle in him, and some notions of Time and Space, is there not in this Life-devotedness to Cloth, in this so-willing sacrifice of the Immortal to the Perishable, something (though in reverse order) of that blending and identification of Eternity with Time, which, as we have seen, constitutes the Prophetic character? And now, for all this perennial Martyrdom, and Poesy, and even Prophecy, what is it that the Dandy asks in return? Solely, we may say, that you would recognise his existence, would admit him to be a living object, or, even failing this, a visual object, or thing that will reflect rays of light. Your silver or your gold (beyond what the niggardly Law has already secured him) he solicits not—simply the glance of your eyes. Understand his mystic significance, or altogether miss and misinterpret it. Do but look at him, and he is contented. May we not well cry ‘Shame!’ on an ungrateful world which refuses even this poor boon, which will waste its optic faculty on dried Crocodiles and Siamese Twins, and over the domestic, wonderful wonder of wonders, a live Dandy, glance with hasty indifference and a scarcely concealed contempt! Him no Zoologist classes among the Mammalia, no Anatomist dissects with care. When did we see any injected Preparation of the Dandy in our Museums?—any specimen of him preserved in spirits? Lord Herringbone may dress himself in a snuff-brown suit, with snuff-brown shirt and shoes: it skills not. The undiscerning public, occupied with grosser wants, passes by regardless on the other side. The age of Curiosity, like that of Chivalry, is indeed, properly speaking, gone. Yet, perhaps, only gone to sleep, for here arises the Clothes-Philosophy to resuscitate, strangely enough, both the one and the other! Should sound

views of this Science come to prevail, the essential nature of the British Dandy, and the mystic significance that lies in him, cannot always remain hidden under laughable and lamentable hallucination. . . . The sect of the Dandies have their Temples, whereof the chief, as the Jewish Temple did, stands in their metropolis, and is named Almack's, a word of uncertain etymology. They worship principally by night, and have their High-priests and High-priestesses, who, however, do not continue for life. The rites, by some supposed to be of the Menadic sort, or perhaps with an Eleusinian or Cabiric character, are held strictly secret. Nor are Sacred Books wanting to the Sect: these they call Fashionable Novels. However, the Canon is not completed, and some are canonical, and others not. . . .

ARTICLES OF FAITH.

'1. COATS should have nothing of the triangle about them; at the same time, wrinkles behind should be carefully avoided.

'2. The collar is a very important point: it should be low behind, and slightly rolled.

'3. No license of fashion can allow a man of delicate taste to adopt the posterial luxuriance of a Hottentot.

'4. There is safety in a swallow-tail.

'5. The good sense of a gentleman is nowhere more finely developed than in his rings.

'6. It is permitted to mankind, under certain restrictions, to wear white waistcoats.

'7. The trousers must be exceedingly tight across the hips.'

All which Propositions I, for the present, content myself with modestly but peremptorily and irrevocably denying.

THOMAS LOVE PEACOCK [1785-1866].

RICH AND POOR, OR SAINT OR SINNER.

THE poor man's sins are glaring ;
 In the face of ghostly warning
 He is caught in the fact, of an overt act,
 Buying greens on Sunday morning.

The rich man's sins are hidden
 In the pomp of wealth and station ;
 And escape the sight of the children of light,
 Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a cellar,
 And a ready butler by him ;
 The poor must steer for his pint of beer
 Where the saint can't choose but spy him.

The rich man's painted windows
 Hide the concerts of the quality ;
 The poor can but share a crack'd fiddle in the air,
 Which offends all sound morality.

The rich man is invisible
 In the crowd of his gay society ;
 But the poor man's delight is a sore in the sight
 And a stench in the nose of piety.

The rich man has a carriage
 Where no rude eye can flout him ;
 The poor man's bane is a third class train,
 With the daylight all about him.

The rich man goes out yachting,
 Where society can't pursue him ;
 The poor goes afloat in a fourpenny boat,
 Where the bishop groans to view him.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

From 'The Book of Snobs.'

ABOVE all, I never knew a man of letters *ashamed of his profession.*

Those who know us, know what an affectionate and brotherly spirit there is among us all. Sometimes one of us rises in the world: we never attack him or sneer at him under those circumstances, but rejoice to a man at his success.

If Jones dines with a lord, Smith never says Jones is a courtier and cringer. Nor, on the other hand, does Jones, who is in the habit of frequenting the society of great people, give himself any airs on account of the company he keeps; but will leave a duke's arm in Pall Mall to come over and speak to poor Brown, the young penny-a-liner.

That sense of equality and fraternity amongst authors has always struck me as one of the most amiable characteristics of the class. It is because we know and respect each other, that the world respects us so much; that we hold such a good position in society, and demean ourselves so irreproachably when there.

Literary persons are held in such esteem by the nation, that about two of them have been absolutely invited to Court during the present reign; and it is probable that, towards the end of the season, one or two will be asked to dinner by Sir Robert Peel. They are such favourites with the public that they are continually obliged to have their pictures taken and published; and one or two could be pointed out, of whom the nation insists upon having a fresh portrait every year. Nothing can be more gratifying than this proof of the affectionate regard which the

people has for its instructors. Literature is held in such honour in England that there is a sum of nearly twelve hundred pounds per annum set apart to pension deserving persons following that profession. And a great compliment this is, too, to the professors, and a proof of their generally prosperous and flourishing condition. They are generally so rich and thrifty, that scarcely any money is wanted to help them.

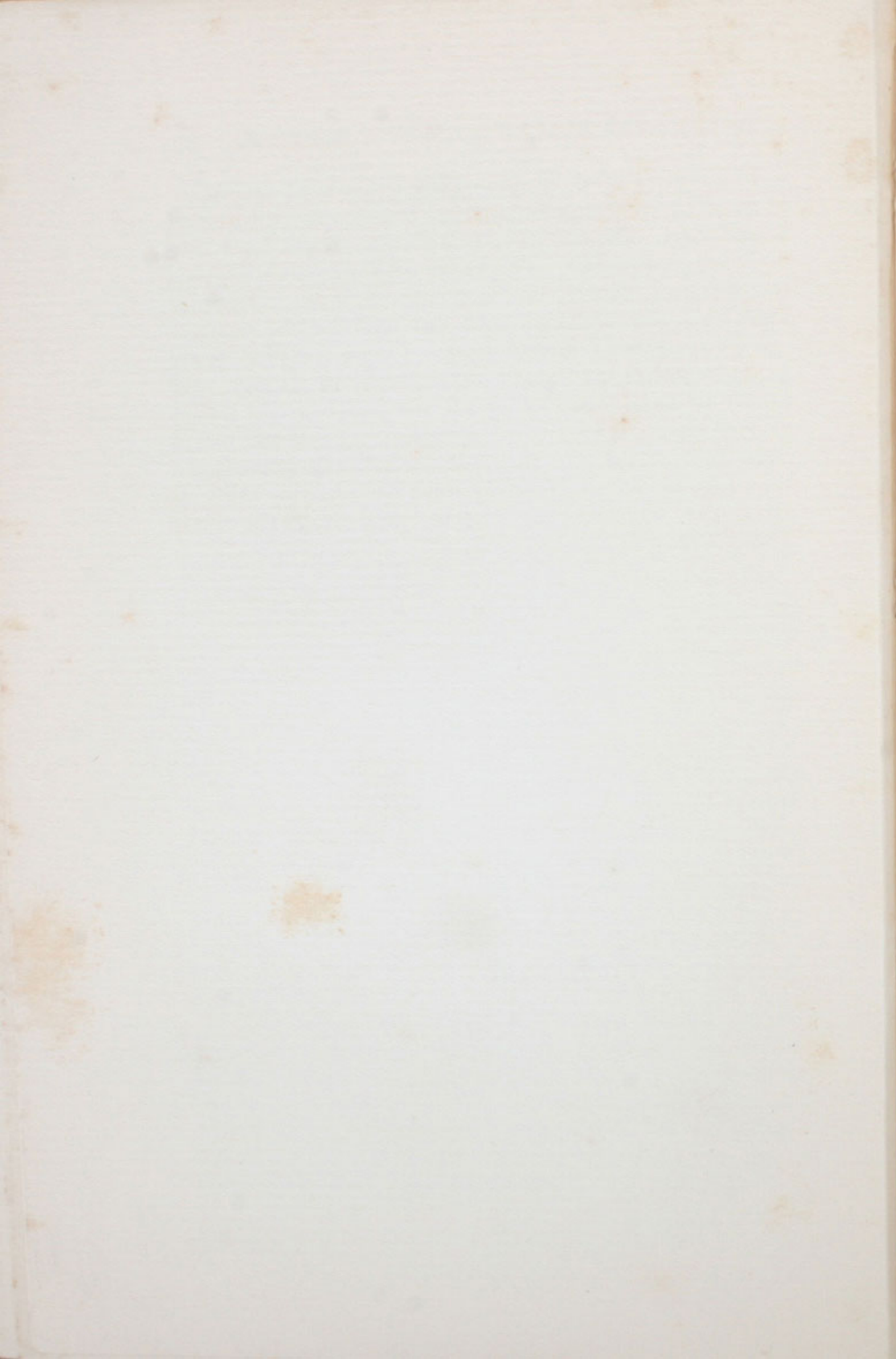


IT seems to me that all English society is cursed by this mammoniacal superstition; and that we are sneaking and bowing and cringing on the one hand, or bullying and scorning on the other, from the lowest to the highest. My wife speaks with great circumspection—'proper pride' she calls it—to our neighbour the tradesman's lady: and she, I mean Mrs. Snob—Eliza—would give one of her eyes to go to Court, as her cousin, the Captain's wife, did. She, again, is a good soul, but it costs her agonies to be obliged to confess that we live in Upper Thompson Street, Somers Town. And though I believe in her heart Mrs. Whiskerington is fonder of us than of her cousins, the Smigmags, you should hear how she goes on prattling about Lady Smigsmag—and 'I said to Sir John, my dear John'; and about the Smigmags' house and parties in Hyde Park Terrace.

Lady Smigsmag, when she meets Eliza—who is a sort of a kind of a species of a connection of the family, pokes out one finger, which my wife is at liberty to embrace in the most cordial manner she can devise. But oh, you should see her ladyship's behaviour on her first-chop dinner-party days, when Lord and Lady Longears come!

I can bear it no longer—this diabolical invention of gentility which kills natural kindliness and honest friendship. Proper pride, indeed! Rank and precedence, forsooth! The table of ranks and degrees is a lie, and should be flung into the fire. Organize rank and precedence! that was well for the masters of ceremonies of former ages. Come forward, some great marshal, and organize Equality in society, and your rod shall swallow up all the juggling old Court gold-sticks. If this is not gospel-truth—if the world does not tend to this—if hereditary-great-man worship is not a humbug and an idolatry—let us have the Stuarts back again, and crop the Free Press's ears in the Pillory.

THE END.



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