Even those who cannot perhaps find in the Isthmian or Nemeæan songs what Antiquity has disposed them to expect, will at least see that they are ill represented by such puny poetry; and all will determine that if this be the old Theban strain, it is not worthy of revival.

To the disproportion and incongruity of Cowley's sentiments must be added the uncertainty and looseness of his measures. He takes the liberty of using in any place a verse of any length, from two syllables to twelve. The verses of Pindar have, as he observes, very little harmony to a modern ear; yet by examining the syllables we perceive them to be regular, and have reason enough for supposing that the ancient audiences were delighted with the sound. The imitator ought therefore to have adopted what he found, and to have added what was wanting; to have preserved a constant return of the same numbers, and to have supplied smoothness of transition and continuity of thought.

It is urged by Dr. Sprat,[1] that the *irregularity of numbers is the very thing* which makes *that kind of poesy fit for all manner of subjects.* But he should have remembered, that what is fit for every thing can fit nothing well. The great pleasure of verse arises from the known measure of the lines, and uniform structure of the stanzas, by which the voice is regulated, and the memory relieved.

If the Pindarick style be, what Cowley thinks it, *the highest and noblest kind of writing in verse,*[2] it can be adapted only to high and noble subjects; and it will not be easy to reconcile the poet with the critick, or to conceive how that can be the highest kind of writing in verse, which, according to Sprat, *is chiefly to be preferred for its near affinity to prose.*[3]

[1] *Life of Cowley*, vol. i. pp. xxi. xxii.
[2] Preface, *Pindaric Odes*, vol. i. p. 184.
[3] *Life*, vol. i. p. xxii.

This lax and lawless versification so much concealed the deficiencies of the barren, and flattered the laziness of the idle, that it immediately overspread our books of poetry; all the boys and girls caught the pleasing fashion, and they that could do nothing else could write like Pindar. The rights of antiquity were invaded, and disorder tried to break into the Latin: a poem on the Sheldonian Theatre, in which all kinds of verse are shaken together, is unhappily inserted in the "Musæ Anglicanæ."[1] Pindarism prevailed above half a century; but at last died gradually away, and other imitations supply its place.

The Pindarique Odes have so long enjoyed the highest degree of poetical reputation, that I am not willing to dismiss them with unabated censure; and surely though the mode of their composition be erroneous, yet many parts deserve at least that admiration which is due to great comprehension of knowledge, and great fertility of fancy. The thoughts are often new, and often striking; but the greatness of one part is disgraced by the littleness of another; and total negligence of language gives the noblest conceptions the appearance of a fabric august in the plan, but mean in the materials. Yet surely those verses are not without a just claim to praise; of which it may be said with truth, that no man but Cowley could have written them.

The Davideis[2] now remains to be considered; a poem which the author designed to have extended to twelve books, merely, as he makes no scruple of declaring, because the Æneid had that number; but he had leisure or perseverance only to write the third part.[3] Epick poems

[1] *Carmen Pindaricum in Theatrum Sheldonianum, in solennibus magnifici Operis Encœniis. Recitatum Julii die* 9, *Anno* 1669, *a Corbetto. Owen, A. B. Æd. Chr. Alumno Authore*, 1669. 4to.

[2] Vol. i. pp. 287-392; vol. ii. pp. 393-537.

[3] Mr. Cunningham here remarks that there are four books of the

have been left unfinished by Virgil, Statius, Spenser, and Cowley. That we have not the whole Davideis is, however, not much to be regretted; for in this undertaking Cowley is, tacitly at least, confessed to have miscarried. There are not many examples of so great a work, produced by an author generally read, and generally praised, that has crept through a century with so little regard. Whatever is said of Cowley, is meant of his other works. Of the Davideis no mention is made; it never appears in books, nor emerges in conversation. By the "Spectator" it has once been quoted,[1] by *Rymer* it has once been praised,[2] and by *Dryden*,[3] in "Mac Flecknoe," it has once been imitated;[4] nor do I recollect much other notice from its publication till now, in the whole succession of English literature.

Of this silence and neglect, if the reason be inquired, it will be found partly in the choice of the subject, and partly in the performance of the work.

Sacred History has been always read with submissive reverence, and an imagination over-awed and controlled. We have been accustomed to acquiesce in the nakedness and simplicity of the authentick narrative, and to repose on its veracity with such humble confidence, as suppresses curiosity. We go with the historian as he goes, and stop with him when he stops. All amplification is frivolous and vain; all addition to that which is already sufficient for the purposes of religion, seems not only useless, but in some degree profane.

Davideis; but this is surely what Johnson means when he states that Cowley only carried out one *third* part of the intended *twelve* books. *Vide infra*, p. 61.

[1] *Spectator*, No. 81.

[2] In his Preface to Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie*. *Vide infra*, p. 63.

[3] *Mac Flecknoe*. S. S. D. vol. x. p. 448.

[4] This remark does not appear in the first edition of the "Lives."

Such events as were produced by the visible interposition of Divine Power are above the power of human genius to dignify. The miracle of Creation, however it may teem with images, is best described with little diffusion of language: *He spake the word, and they were made.*

We are told that Saul *was troubled with an evil spirit*; from this Cowley takes an opportunity of describing hell, and telling the history of Lucifer, who was, he says,

> "Once general of a gilded host of sprites,
> Like Hesper leading forth the spangled nights;
> But down like lightning, which him struck, he came,
> And roar'd at his first plunge into the flame." [1]

Lucifer makes a speech to the inferior agents of mischief, in which there is something of heathenism, and therefore of impropriety; and, to give efficacy to his words, concludes by lashing *his breast with his long tail.*[2] Envy, after a pause, steps out, and among other declarations of her zeal utters these lines:

> "Do thou but threat, loud storms shall make reply,
> And thunder echo to the trembling sky.
> Whilst raging seas swell to so bold an height,
> As shall the fire's proud element affright.
> Th' old drudging Sun, from his long-beaten way,
> Shall at thy voice start, and misguide the day.
> The jocund orbs shall break their measur'd pace,
> And stubborn Poles change their allotted place.
> Heaven's gilded troops shall flutter here and there,
> Leaving their boasting songs tun'd to a sphere." [3]

Every reader feels himself weary with this useless talk of an allegorical Being.

It is not only when the events are confessedly miraculous,

[1] *Davideis*, Book i. vol. i. p. 293. [2] *Ibid.* i. vol. i. p. 294.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 296.

that fancy and fiction lose their effect: the whole system of life, while the Theocracy was yet visible, has an appearance so different from all other scenes of human action, that the reader of the Sacred Volume habitually considers it as the peculiar mode of existence of a distinct species of mankind, that lived and acted with manners uncommunicable; so that it is difficult even for imagination to place us in the state of them whose story is related, and by consequence their joys and griefs are not easily adopted, nor can the attention be often interested in any thing that befals them.

To the subject, thus originally indisposed to the reception of poetical embellishments, the writer brought little that could reconcile impatience, or attract curiosity. Nothing can be more disgusting than a narrative spangled with conceits, and conceits are all that the Davideis supplies.

One of the great sources of poetical delight is description, or the power of presenting pictures to the mind. Cowley gives inferences instead of images, and shews not what may be supposed to have been seen, but what thoughts the sight might have suggested. When Virgil describes the stone which Turnus lifted against Æneas, he fixes the attention on its bulk and weight:

> "Saxum circumspicit ingens,
> Saxum antiquum, ingens, campo quod forte jacebat
> Limes agro positus, litem ut discerneret arvis." [1]

Cowley says of the stone with which Cain slew his brother,

> "I saw him sling the stone, as if he meant
> At once his murther and his monument." [2]

[1] *Æn.* xii. 896.

[2] *David.* i. vol. i. p. 197.

Of the sword taken from Goliah, he says,

"A sword so great, that it was only fit
To cut off his great head that came with it." [1]

Other poets describe death by some of its common appearances; Cowley says, with a learned allusion to sepulchral lamps real or fabulous,

"'Twixt his right ribs deep pierc'd the furious blade,
And open'd wide those secret vessels where
Life's light goes out, when first they let in air." [2]

But he has allusions vulgar as well as learned. In a visionary succession of kings:

"Joas at first does bright and glorious show,
In life's fresh morn his fame does early crow."

Describing an undisciplined army, after having said with elegance,

"His forces seem'd no army, but a crowd
Heartless, unarm'd, disorderly, and loud;"

he gives them a fit of the ague.

The allusions however are not always to vulgar things: he offends by exaggeration as much as by diminution:

"The king was plac'd alone, and o'er his head
A well-wrought heaven of silk and gold was spread."

Whatever he writes is always polluted with some conceit:

"Where the sun's fruitful beams give metals birth,
Where he the growth of fatal gold does see,
Gold, which alone more influence has than he." [3]

[1] *Ibid.* iii. vol. ii. p. 394.
[2] *Ibid.* iv. vol. ii. p. 456.
[3] *Ibid.* i. vol. ii. p. 192.

In one passage he starts a sudden question, to the confusion of philosophy:

> "Ye learned heads, whom ivy garlands grace,
> Why does that twining plant the oak embrace?
> The oak, for courtship most of all unfit,
> And rough as are the winds that fight with it." [1]

His expressions have sometimes a degree of meanness that surpasses expectation:

> "Nay, gentle guests, he cries, since now you're in,
> The story of your gallant friend begin."

In a simile descriptive of the Morning:

> "As glimmering stars just at th' approach of day,
> Cashier'd by troops, at last drop all away."

The dress of Gabriel deserves attention:

> "He took for skin a cloud most soft and bright,
> That e'er the midday sun pierc'd through with light,
> Upon his cheeks a lively blush he spread,
> Wash'd from the morning beauties deepest red;
> An harmless flattering meteor shone for hair;
> And fell adown his shoulders with loose care;
> He cuts out a silk mantle from the skies,
> Where the most sprightly azure pleas'd the eyes;
> This he with starry vapours sprinkles all,
> Took in their prime ere they grow ripe and fall;
> Of a new rainbow, ere it fret or fade,
> The choicest piece cut out, a scarfe is made." [2]

This is a just specimen of Cowley's imagery: what might in general expressions be great and forcible, he weakens and makes ridiculous by branching it into small parts. That Gabriel was invested with the softest or brightest colours of the sky, we might have been told, and been dismissed to improve the idea in our different proportions of

[1] *David*. ii. vol. i. p. 327.

[2] *Ibid*. ii. vol. i. p. 353.

conception; but Cowley could not let us go till he had related where Gabriel got first his skin, and then his mantle, then his lace, and then his scarfe, and related it in the terms of the mercer and taylor.

Sometimes he indulges himself in a digression, always conceived with his natural exuberance, and commonly, even where it is not long, continued till it is tedious:

> "I' th' library a few choice authors stood,
> Yet 'twas well stor'd; for that small store was good;
> Writing, man's spiritual physic, was not then
> Itself, as now, grown a disease of men.
> Learning (young virgin) but few suitors knew;
> The common prostitute she lately grew,
> And with the spurious brood loads now the press;
> Laborious effects of idleness."[2]

As the "Davideis" affords only four books, though intended to consist of twelve, there is no opportunity for such criticisms as Epick poems commonly supply. The plan of the whole work is very imperfectly shewn by the third part. The duration of an unfinished action cannot be known. Of characters either not yet introduced, or shewn but upon few occasions, the full extent and the nice discriminations cannot be ascertained. The fable is plainly implex, formed rather from the "Odyssey" than the "Iliad;" and many artifices of diversification are employed, with the skill of a man acquainted with the best models. The past is recalled by narration, and the future anticipated by vision: but he has been so lavish of his poetical art, that it is difficult to imagine how he could fill eight books more without practising again the same modes of disposing his matter; and perhaps the perception of this growing incumbrance inclined him to stop. By this abruption, posterity lost more instruction than delight. If the continuation of the "Davideis" can be missed, it is for the learning

[1] *David.* i. vol. i. p. 314.

that had been diffused over it, and the notes in which it had been explained.

Had not his characters been depraved like every other part by improper decorations, they would have deserved uncommon praise. He gives Saul both the body and mind of a hero:

> "His way once chose, he forward thrust outright,
> Nor turn'd aside for danger or delight."

And the different beauties of the lofty Merah[1] and the gentle Michol[2] are very justly conceived and strongly painted.

Rymer has declared[3] the "Davideis" superior to the "Jerusalem of Tasso," "which," says he, "the poet, with all his care, has not totally purged from pedantry." If by pedantry is meant that minute knowledge which is derived from particular sciences and studies, in opposition to the general notions supplied by a wide survey of life and nature, Cowley certainly errs, by introducing pedantry far more frequently than Tasso. I know not, indeed, why they should be compared; for the resemblance of Cowley's work to Tasso's is only that they both exhibit the agency of celestial and infernal spirits, in which however they differ widely; for Cowley supposes them commonly to operate upon the mind by suggestion; Tasso represents them as promoting or obstructing events by external agency.

Of particular passages that can be properly compared, I remember only the description of Heaven, in which the

[1] Merah and Michol are mentioned, 1 Sam. xiv. 49.

[2] The American poet, Bryant, claims to discover in these contrasted types of womanly beauty, the originals of Sir Walter Scott's Minna and Brenda. The parallel passages are given in Grosart's C. W. L. 298.—Cowley, part xl. p. 66.

[3] Rymer's Preface to Rapin's *Reflections on Aristotle's Treatise of Poesie*. *Vide supra*, p. 57.

different manner of the two writers is sufficiently discernible. Cowley's is scarcely description, unless it be possible to describe by negatives; for he tells us only what there is not in heaven. Tasso endeavours to represent the splendours and pleasures of the regions of happiness. Tasso affords images, and Cowley sentiments. It happens, however, that Tasso's description affords some reason for Rymer's censure. He says of the Supreme Being,

> "Hà sotto i piedi e fato e la natura
> Ministri humili, e'l moto, e ch'il misura." [1]

The second line has in it more of pedantry than perhaps can be found in any other stanza of the poem.

In the perusal of the "Davideis," as of all Cowley's works, we find wit and learning unprofitably squandered. Attention has no relief; the affections are never moved; we are sometimes surprised, but never delighted, and find much to admire, but little to approve. Still however it is the work of Cowley, of a mind capacious by nature, and replenished by study.

In the general review of Cowley's poetry it will be found, that he wrote with abundant fertility, but negligent or unskilful selection; with much thought, but with little imagery; that he is never pathetick, and rarely sublime, but always either ingenious or learned, either acute or profound.

It is said by Denham in his elegy,

> "To him no author was unknown;
> Yet what he writ was all his own." [2]

This wide position requires less limitation, when it is affirmed of Cowley, than perhaps of any other poet—He read much, and yet borrowed little.

[1] *La Gerusalemme Liberata*, Cant. ix. st. 56.

[2] *Poems*, by Sir John Denham, 7th ed. 1769, 12mo. p. 48.

His character of writing was indeed not his own: he unhappily adopted that which was predominant. He saw a certain way to present praise, and not sufficiently enquiring by what means the ancients have continued to delight through all the changes of human manners, he contented himself with a deciduous laurel, of which the verdure in its spring was bright and gay, but which time has been continually stealing from his brows.

He was in his own time considered as of unrivalled excellence. Clarendon represents him as having taken a flight beyond all that went before him;[1] and Milton is said to have declared, that the three greatest English poets were Spenser, Shakspeare, and Cowley.

His manner he had in common with others: but his sentiments were his own. Upon every subject he thought for himself; and such was his copiousness of knowledge, that something at once remote and applicable rushed into his mind; yet it is not likely that he always rejected a commodious idea merely because another had used it; his known wealth was so great, that he might have borrowed without loss of credit.

In his elegy on Sir Henry Wotton, the last lines have such resemblance to the noble epigram of Grotius[2] upon the death of Scaliger,[3] that I cannot but think them copied from it, though they are copied by no servile hand.

One passage in his "Mistress" is so apparently borrowed from Donne, that he probably would not have written it, had it not mingled with his own thoughts,

[1] Clarendon's *Life*, ed. 1827, vol. i. p. 34.

[2] Hugo Grotius. "He from whom perhaps every man of learning has learned something." Boswell, vol. iii. p. 157. For an account of Grotius and his famous *De Jure Belli et Pacis*, see Hallam, *Lit. Eur.* vol. ii. p. 541, *vid. inf.* p. 103.

[3] The reference is to the second of four epigrams, *In mortem Scaligeri Epicedia.* Hug. Grot. *Poemata Omnia Epigr.* i. p. 357, Lugdun. Batav. 1617.

so as that he did not perceive himself taking it from another.

"Although I think thou never found wilt be,
Yet I'm resolv'd to search for thee;
The search itself rewards the pains.
So, though the chymic his great secret miss,
(For neither it in Art nor Nature is)
Yet things well worth his toil he gains:
And does his charge and labour pay
With good unsought experiments by the way."

COWLEY.[1]

"Some that have deeper digg'd Love's mine than I,
Say, where his centric happiness doth lie:
I have lov'd, and got, and told;
But should I love, get, tell, till I were old,
I should not find that hidden mystery;
Oh, 'tis imposture all:
And as no chymic yet th' elixir got,
But glorifies his pregnant pot,
If by the way to him befal
Some odoriferous thing, or medicinal,
So lovers dream a rich and long delight,
But get a winter-seeming summer's night." [2]

Jonson and Donne, as Dr. Hurd remarks, were then in the highest esteem.[3]

It is related by Clarendon, that Cowley always acknowledged his obligation to the learning and industry[4] of Jonson; but I have found no traces of Jonson in his works: to emulate Donne, appears to have been his purpose; and from Donne he may have learned that familiarity with religious images, and that light allusion to sacred things, by which readers far short of sanctity are frequently

[1] Vol. i. p. 148, *The Mistress.*

[2] Donne's Poems. *Love's Alchemy.*

[3] *Select Works of Mr. A. Cowley*, ed. Bp. Hurd, 1717, vol. i. p. 168, note on *Brutus, An Ode.*

[4] "The example and learning." Clarendon's *Life*, p. 34, ed. 1827.

offended; and which would not be born in the present age, when devotion, perhaps not more fervent, is more delicate.

Having produced one passage taken by Cowley from Donne, I will recompense him by another which Milton seems to have borrowed from him. He says of Goliah,

> "His spear, the trunk was of a lofty tree,
> Which Nature meant some tall ship's mast should be." [1]

Milton of Satan,

> "His spear, to equal which the tallest pine
> Hewn on Norwegian hills, to be the mast
> Of some great admiral, were but a wand,
> He walk'd with." [2]

His diction was in his own time censured as negligent. He seems not to have known, or not to have considered, that words being arbitrary must owe their power to association, and have the influence, and that only, which custom has given them. Language is the dress of thought; and as the noblest mien, or most graceful action, would be degraded and obscured by a garb appropriated to the gross employment of rusticks or mechanicks, so the most heroick sentiments will lose their efficacy, and the most splendid ideas drop their magnificence, if they are conveyed by words used commonly upon low and trivial occasions, debased by vulgar mouths, and contaminated by inelegant applications.

Truth indeed is always truth, and reason is always reason; they have an intrinsick and unalterable value, and constitute that intellectual gold which defies destruction: but gold may be so concealed in baser matter, that only a chymist can recover it; sense may be so hidden in unrefined

[1] *Davideis*, Book iii. vol. ii. p. 408.
[2] *Paradise Lost*, Book. i. line 202. Ald. *M.* vol. i. p. 14.

and plebeian words, that none but philosophers can distinguish it; and both may be so buried in impurities, as not to pay the cost of their extraction.

The diction, being the vehicle of the thoughts, first presents itself to the intellectual eye: and if the first appearance offends, a further knowledge is not often sought. Whatever professes to benefit by pleasing, must please at once. The pleasures of the mind imply something sudden and unexpected; that which elevates must always surprise. What is perceived by slow degrees may gratify us with the consciousness of improvement, but will never strike with the sense of pleasure.

Of all this, Cowley appears to have been without knowledge, or without care. He makes no selection of words, nor seeks any neatness of phrase: he has no elegances either lucky or elaborate; as his endeavours were rather to impress sentences upon the understanding than images on the fancy, he has few epithets, and those scattered without peculiar propriety or nice adaptation. It seems to follow from the necessity of the subject, rather than the care of the writer, that the diction of his heroick poem is less familiar than that of his slightest writings. He has given not the same numbers, but the same diction, to the gentle Anacreon and the tempestuous Pindar.

His versification seems to have had very little of his care; and if what he thinks be true, that his numbers are unmusical only when they are ill read, the art of reading them is at present lost; for they are commonly harsh to modern ears. He has indeed many noble lines, such as the feeble care of Waller never could produce. The bulk of his thoughts sometimes swelled his verse to unexpected and inevitable grandeur; but his excellence of this kind is merely fortuitous: he sinks willingly down to his general carelessness, and avoids with very little care either meanness or asperity.

His contractions are often rugged and harsh :

> "One flings a mountain, and its rivers too
> Torn up with't." [1]

His rhymes are very often made by pronouns or particles, or the like unimportant words, which disappoint the ear, and destroy the energy of the line.

His combination of different measures is sometimes dissonant and unpleasing; he joins verses together, of which the former does not slide easily into the latter.

The words *do* and *did*, which so much degrade in present estimation the line that admits them, were in the time of Cowley little censured or avoided; how often he used them, and with how bad an effect, at least to our ears, will appear by a passage, in which every reader will lament to see just and noble thoughts defrauded of their praise by inelegance of language :

> "Where honour or where conscience *does* not bind,
> No other law shall shackle me ;
> Slave to myself I ne'er will be ;
> Nor shall my future actions be confin'd
> By my own present mind.
> Who by resolves and vows engag'd *does* stand
> For days, that yet belong to fate,
> *Does* like an unthrift mortgage his estate,
> Before it falls into his hand,
> The bondman of the cloister so,
> All that he *does* receive *does* always owe.
> And still as Time comes in, it goes away,
> Not to enjoy, but debts to pay!
> Unhappy slave, and pupil to a bell!
> Which his hours' work as well as hours *does* tell :
> Unhappy till the last, the kind releasing knell." [2]

His heroick lines are often formed of monosyllables; but yet they are sometimes sweet and sonorous.

[1] *Davideis*, Book iii. vol. ii. p. 408.
[2] *Ode on Liberty*, vol. ii. p. 691.

He says of the Messiah,

"Round the whole earth his dreaded name shall sound,
And reach to worlds that must not yet be found." [1]

In another place, of David,

"Yet bid him go securely, when he sends;
'Tis Saul that is his foe, and we his friends.
The man who has his God, no aid can lack;
And we who bid him go, will bring him back." [2]

Yet amidst his negligence he sometimes attempted an improved and scientifick versification; of which it will be best to give his own account subjoined to this line,

"Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space."[3]

"I am sorry that it is necessary to admonish the most part of readers, that it is not by negligence that this verse is so loose, long, and, as is were, vast; it is to paint in the number the nature of the thing which it describes, which I would have observed in divers other places of this poem, that else will pass for very careless verses: as before,

'*And over-runs the neighb'ring fields with violent course.*'

In the second book;

'*Down a precipice deep, down he casts them all—*'

—And,

'*And fell a-down his shoulders with loose care.*'

In the third,

'*Brass was his helmet, his boots brass, and o'er*
His breast a thick plate of strong brass he wore.'

In the fourth,

'*Like some fair pine o'er-looking all th' ignobler wood.*'

[1] *Davideis*, Book ii. vol. i. p. 355.
[2] *Ibid.* Book i. vol. i. p. 304.
[3] *Ibid.* p. 302.

And,

'*Some from the rocks cast themselves down headlong.*'

And many more: but it is enough to instance in a few. The thing is, that the disposition of words and numbers should be such, as that, out of the order and sound of them, the things themselves may be represented. This the Greeks were not so accurate as to bind themselves to; neither have our English poets observed it, for aught I can find. The Latins (*qui musas colunt severiores*) sometimes did it, and their prince, Virgil, always: in whom the examples are innumerable, and taken notice of by all judicious men, so that it is superfluous to collect them."[1]

I know not whether he has, in many of these instances, attained the representation or resemblance that he purposes. Verse can imitate only sound and motion. A *boundless* verse, a *headlong* verse, and a verse of *brass* or of *strong brass*, seem to comprise very incongruous and unsociable ideas. What there is peculiar in the sound of the line expressing *loose care*, I cannot discover; nor why the *pine* is *taller* in an Alexandrine than in ten syllables.

But, not to defraud him of his due praise, he has given one example of representative versification, which perhaps no other English line can equal:

"Begin, be bold, and venture to be wise.
He who defers this work from day to day,
Does on a river's bank expecting stay
Till the whole stream that stopp'd him shall be gone,
Which runs, and as it runs, for ever shall run on."[2]

[1] Notes to *Davideis*, vol. i. p. 364, note 25.

[2] "*Sapere aude;*
Incipe. Qui recte vivendi prorogat horam,
Rusticus exspectat dum defluat amnis; at ille
Labitur et labetur in omne volubilis aevum."
Hor. i. 2, 40.

The version in the text is taken from Cowley's Letter *On the Danger of Procrastination*. Works, vol. ii. p. 777.

Cowley was, I believe, the first poet that mingled Alexandrines at pleasure with the common heroick of ten syllables, and from him Dryden borrowed the practice, whether ornamental or licentious. He considered the verse of twelve syllables as elevated and majestick, and has therefore deviated into that measure when he supposes the voice heard of the Supreme Being.

The Author of the "Davideis" is commended by Dryden[1] for having written it in couplets, because he discovered that any staff was too lyrical for an heroick poem; but this seems to have been known before by *May*[2] and *Sandys*,[3] the translators of the "Pharsalia" and "Metamorphoses."

In the "Davideis" are some hemistichs, or verses left imperfect by the author, in imitation of Virgil, whom he supposes not to have intended to complete them: that this opinion is erroneous, may be probably concluded, because this truncation is imitated by no subsequent Roman poet; because Virgil himself filled up one broken line in the heat of recitation; because in one the sense is now unfinished; and because all that can be done by a broken verse, a line intersected by a *cæsura* and a full stop will equally effect.

Of triplets in his "Davideis" he makes no use, and perhaps did not at first think them allowable; but he appears afterwards to have changed his mind, for in the verses on the government of Cromwell he inserts them liberally with great happiness.

After so much criticism on his "Poems," the "Essays" which accompany them must not be forgotten. What is said by Sprat[4] of his conversation, that no man could draw

[1] *Ded. Æneid.*

[2] Lucan's *Pharsalia.* The whole ten books Englished by Thomas May, Esq. Lond. 1627. 12mo.

[3] Ovid's *Metamorphoses*, Englished by George Sandys, 1621. 16mo. 1626, folio.

[4] Cowley's Works, vol. i. p. xxxv.

from it any suspicion of his excellence in poetry, may be applied to these compositions. No author ever kept his verse and his prose at a greater distance from each other. His thoughts are natural, and his style has a smooth and placid equability, which has never yet obtained its due commendation. Nothing is far-sought, or hard-laboured; but all is easy without feebleness, and familiar without grossness.

It has been observed by Felton,[1] in his "Essay on the Classicks," that Cowley was beloved by every Muse that he courted; and that he has rivalled the Ancients in every kind of poetry but tragedy.

It may be affirmed, without any encomiastick fervour, that he brought to his poetick labours a mind replete with learning, and that his pages are embellished with all the ornaments which books could supply; that he was the first who imparted to English numbers the enthusiasm of the greater ode, and the gaiety of the less;[2] that he was equally qualified for spritely sallies, and for lofty flights; that he was among those who freed translation from servility, and, instead of following his author at a distance, walked by his side; and that if he left versification yet improvable, he left likewise from time to time such specimens of excellence as enabled succeeding poets to improve it.

[1] "*A Dissertation on reading the Classics and forming a just Style.* Lond. 1711, p. 26, by Henry Felton, D.D. (1679–1740), Principal of Edmund's Hall, Oxford.

[2] Hallam, in quoting this whole paragraph in his notice of Cowley, as "very discriminating, elaborate, and well expressed," here has the note, "Was not Milton's 'Ode on the Nativity' written as early as any of Cowley's? And would Johnson have thought Cowley superior in gaiety to Sir John Suckling?" *Lit. Eur.* vol. iii. p. 34.

DENHAM.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[Editions of Denham's *Poems and Translations* with *The Sophy*, were published in 1667-8, 1671, 1684, 1698 (Gildon's), and with the addition of *Cato Major* in 1703, 1709, and 1769. Specimens of his Poems are now accessible in Ward's *Eng. Poets*, vol. ii. p. 281.

The references in this Life have been made to the 7th ed. 1769. The date of matriculation is from the College books.

Important information has been gathered as to the money mentioned by Johnson (p. 80) as brought by Denham from Poland for the king; and original documents and other interesting matter, on the subject of the Scots in Poland, will be found in the appendix to this volume.]

DENHAM.

OF Sir John Denham very little is known but what is related of him by Wood,[1] or by himself.

He was born at Dublin in 1615; the only son of Sir John Denham, of Little Horksely in Essex, then chief baron of the Exchequer in Ireland, and of Eleanor, daughter of Sir Garrett More baron of Mellefont.

Two years afterwards, his father, being made one of the barons of the Exchequer in England, brought him away from his native country, and educated him in London.

In 1631 he was sent to Oxford,[2] where he was considered "as a dreaming young man,[3] given more to dice and cards than study;" and therefore gave no prognosticks of his future eminence; nor was suspected to conceal, under sluggishness and laxity, a genius born to improve the literature of his country.

When he was, three years afterwards, removed to Lincoln's Inn, he prosecuted the common law with sufficient appearance of application; yet did not lose his propensity to cards and dice; but was very often plundered by gamesters.

Being severely reproved for this folly, he professed, and

[1] Wood, ed. Bliss, 1817, vol. iii. p. 823.

[2] Denham matriculated at Trinity College, Oxford, Nov. 18, 1631, aged 16.

[3] "I have heard Mr. Jno. Home say that he was the dreamingest young fellow: he never expected such things from him as he hath left the world." Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 316.

perhaps believed, himself reclaimed;[1] and, to testify the sincerity of his repentance, wrote and published "An Essay upon Gaming."[2]

He seems to have divided his studies between law and poetry; for, in 1636, he translated the second book of the "Æneid."[3]

Two years after, his father died; and then, notwithstanding his resolutions and professions, he returned again to the vice of gaming, and lost several thousand pounds that had been left him.

In 1631,[4] he published "The Sophy." This seems to have given him his first hold of the publick attention; for Waller remarked,[5] "that he broke out like the Irish rebellion threescore thousand strong, when nobody was aware, or in the least suspected it:" an observation which could have had no propriety, had his poetical abilities been known before.

He was after that pricked for sheriff of Surrey, and made governor of Farnham Castle for the king; but he soon resigned that charge, and retreated to Oxford, where, in 1643, he published "Cooper's Hill."[6]

[1] Mr. Cunningham gives a copy of the register of his marriage to Miss Ann Cotton, dated 1634, June 25th.

[2] "*The Anatomy of Play, written by a worthy and learned Gent. Dedicated to his Father to show his Detestation of it.* London, 1645. Sm. 8vo." Note by Bowle in Wood's *Athenae, Oxonienses*, vol. iii. p. 826. But as Denham's father died in 1638 there must have been an earlier edition. There is a copy in the British Museum dated 1651.

[3] *The Destruction of Troy; or an Essay upon the Second Book of Virgil's Æneids.* London, 1656.

[4] This date should be 1642.

[5] This is Aubrey's version of the story, *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 317; but Dryden in his preface to Walsh's *Dialogue* (1691), as Mr. P. Cunningham points out, gives the remark as said of Waller himself, "by the wits of the last age."

[6] *Cooper's Hill* published 1642, 4to, 2nd. ed. 1650; corrected editions, 1655-1709. Aubrey says: "In 1642-3, after Edgehill fight,

This poem had such reputation as to excite the common artifice by which envy degrades excellence. A report was spread, that the performance was not his own, but that he had bought it of a vicar for forty pounds. The same attempt was made to rob Addison of his "Cato,"[1] and Pope of his "Essay on Criticism."[2]

In 1647, the distresses of the royal family required him to engage in more dangerous employments. He was entrusted by the queen with a message to the king; and, by whatever means, so far softened the ferocity of Hugh Peters, that, by his intercession, admission was procured. Of the king's condescension he has given an account in the dedication of his works.[3]

He was afterwards employed in carrying on the king's correspondence; and, as he says, discharged this office with great safety to the royalists: and being accidentally discovered by the adverse party's knowledge of Mr. Cowley's hand,[4] he escaped happily both for himself and his friends.

his poeme called 'Cowper's Hill' was printed at Oxford, in a sort of browne paper, for then they could get no better." Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 318, ed. 1812. "At the end of his *Cooper's Hill* (edition of 1709) Mr. Pope had written the following note: 'This poem was first printed without the author's name in 1643.' In that edition a great number of verses are to be found, since entirely omitted, and very many others since corrected and improved. Some few the author afterwards added; and in particular the four celebrated lines on the Thames, 'O could I flow like thee,' &c., all with admirable judgment; and the whole read together is a very strong proof of what Mr. Waller says:—

> 'Poets lose half the praise they should have got,
> Could it be known what they discreetly blot.'"
>
> Spence, ed. Singer, p. 281.

[1] *Vid. infr.* Johnson's *Life of Addison.*

[2] *Vid. infr.* Johnson's *Life of Pope.*

[3] See the interesting autobiographical Epistle Dedicatory prefixed to the Poems.

[4] *Vid. supr.* p. 8.

He was yet engaged in a greater undertaking. In April 1648, he conveyed James the duke of York from London into France, and delivered him there to the Queen and prince of Wales. This year he published his translation of "Cato Major."[1]

He now resided in France, as one of the followers of the exiled King; and, to divert the melancholy of their condition, was sometimes enjoined by his master to write occasional verses; one of which amusements was probably his ode or song[2] upon the Embassy to Poland, by which he and lord Crofts procured a contribution[3] of ten thousand pounds from the Scotch, that wandered over that kingdom. Poland was at that time very much frequented by itinerant traders, who, in a country of very little commerce and of great extent, where every man resided on his own estate, contributed very much to the accommodation of life, by bringing to every man's house those little necessaries which it was very inconvenient to want, and very troublesome to fetch. I have formerly read, without much reflection, of the multitude of Scotchmen that travelled with their wares in Poland;[4] and that their numbers were not

[1] *Poems*, p. 100.

[2] *On my Lord Croft's and my journey into Poland, from whence we brought* £10,000 *for His Majesty, by the Decimation of his Scottish subjects there. Poems*, p. 34.

[3] This was not a contribution or voluntary offering, but the produce of an oppressive tax levied on the English and Scotch settlers in Poland, by order of the Diet, December 5th, 1650. The decree itself, extracted from the *Volumina Legum* at Warsaw, by the kindness of the learned Dr. Isidor Kopernicki of Cracow, will be found in Appendix B with other documents showing how rigidly it was enforced.

Of the £10,000 obtained by this "decimation," it is said that very little reached the King. We learn from Clarendon (*Hist. Rebell.* v. 255) that, large sums being given to the Queen, Lord Jermyn and Dr. Goffe, under pretence of debts due to them, when the King returned in distress to Paris, he did not receive so much as 500 pistoles from this fund.

[4] The number of Scotch settlers in Poland was extraordinary. Sir

small, the success of this negotiation gives sufficient evidence.

About this time, what estate the war and the gamesters had left him was sold, by order of the parliament; and when, in 1652, he returned to England, he was entertained by the earl of Pembroke.

Of the next years of his life there is no account. At the Restoration he obtained, that which many missed, the reward of his loyalty; being made surveyor of the king's buildings,[1] and dignified with the order of the Bath. He seems now to have learned some attention to money; for Wood says, that he got by his place seven thousand pounds.

After the Restoration he wrote the poem on Prudence and Justice,[2] and perhaps some of his other pieces: and as he appears, whenever any serious question comes before

John Skene in 1569 saw "ane multitude" of "Scottesmen" in Cracow. (See his definition of *pedder* or pedlar in his work *De Verborum Significatione*). Lithgow, the traveller, in 1619, found "30,000 Scotch families incorporated in her bowels" (*Travels and Voyages, &c. &c.* by William Lithgow, 12th edition, 1814, pp. 334-336), beside the yearly influx of "young boys and maids unable for any service," which was so great as to call forth a letter of remonstrance to James VI. in 1624 from his Scottish subjects in Dantzig. (*Maidment's Letters, &c.* ccvi. Edinburgh, 1838.) Lithgow (a Scotsman) remarks that "certainly Poland may be termed the mother of our commons, and the first commencement of all our best merchants' wealth, or at least most part of them," a statement corroborated by the records of many a Scotch family. See Appendix C. for a few notes in elucidation of this curious subject, which remains as much a problem as when Bacon in his great speech (*Works of Lord Bacon*, Lond. 1765, ii. 175) on Naturalization pointed out that "some special accidents of time and place" must have led the Scots to prefer Poland to France and Germany, countries so much more accessible, and to which they were invited with many privileges.

[1] Mr. Cunningham gives the date of the patent June 13th, 1660. Sir John Denham succeeded Inigo Jones as surveyor of buildings. Aubrey states that Sir Christopher Wren was his deputy. Aubrey's *Lives*, vol. ii. p. 319.

[2] These two poems *Prudence* and *Justice* are translations. Denham, in

him, to have been a man of piety, he consecrated his poetical powers to religion, and made a metrical version of the psalms of David. In this attempt he has failed; but, in sacred poetry who has succeeded?

It might be hoped that the favour of his master and esteem of the publick would now make him happy. But human felicity is short and uncertain; a second[1] marriage brought upon him so much disquiet, as for a time disordered his understanding; and Butler[2] lampooned him for his lunacy. I know not whether the malignant lines were then made publick, nor what provocation incited Butler to do that which no provocation can excuse.

His frenzy lasted not long; and he seems to have regained his full force of mind;[3] for he wrote afterwards his excellent poem upon the death of Cowley,[4] whom he was

his preface to them, states that "the Author was a Person of Quality in Italy, his name Mancini, which family matched since with a sister of Cardinal Mazarine; he was cotemporary to Petrarch and Mantuan, and not long before Torquato Tasso." Denham pleasantly describes his lighting accidentally on the Latin version when "waiting upon an Ancient and Honourable friend" on his way "last summer to visit the Wells." *Poems*, pp. 78, 79, 87.

[1] "He married Miss Brooke. See *Memoirs of Grammont*."—MS. note by Sir E. Brydges, in his copy of the *Lives of the Poets*, now in the British Museum. On the sudden and mysterious death of Lady Denham in 1666-7, Sir John sold his great house, the original Burlington House, which had been built by him in 1664.

[2] In *A panegyric upon Sir John Denham's recovery from his madness*. Ald. *Butler*, vol. ii. p. 169. This was published, after Butler's death, in Thyers' *Genuine Remains*, vol. i. p. 55, ed. 1759.

[3] His madness is said to have arisen through the misconduct of his second wife by Aubrey (*Lives*, vol. ii. p. 319), who also describes Denham's appearance, as very tall, not very robust, "His eie was a kind of goose-grey, not big, but it had a strange piercingness; when he conversed with you he look't into your very thoughts." p. 321.

[4] Published Aug. 1667.

not long to survive; for on the 19th of March, 1668, he was buried by his side.

Denham is deservedly considered as one of the fathers of English poetry. "Denham and Waller," says Prior,[1] "improved our versification, and Dryden perfected it." He has given specimens of various composition, descriptive, ludicrous, didactick, and sublime.

He appears to have had, in common with almost all mankind, the ambition of being upon proper occasions *a merry fellow*, and in common with most of them to have been by nature, or by early habits, debarred from it. Nothing is less exhilarating than the ludicrousness of Denham. He does not fail for want of efforts: he is familiar, he is gross; but he is never merry, unless the "Speech against peace in the close Committee"[2] be excepted. For grave burlesque, however, his imitation of Davenant[3] shews him to have been well qualified.

Of his more elevated occasional poems there is perhaps none that does not deserve commendation. In the verses to Fletcher, we have an image that has since been often adopted:

> "But whither am I stray'd? I need not raise
> Trophies to thee from other mens dispraise;
> Nor is thy fame on lesser ruins built,
> Nor need thy juster title the foul guilt
> Of eastern kings, who, to secure their reign,
> Must have their brothers, sons, and kindred slain."[4]

After Denham, Orrery, in one of his prologues,

[1] Prior says, "As Davenant and Waller corrected, and Dryden perfected it, it is," &c. &c. Preface to *Solomon on the Vanity of the World*. *Poems*, vol. ii. p. 84, Aldine *Prior*.

[2] *Poems*, p. 51, 7th ed. Lond. 1769.

[3] Johnson refers to *An occasional imitation of a modern author upon the game of chess*. See *Poems*, p. 68.

[4] *Poems*, p. 63.

"Poets are sultans, if they had their will;
For every author would his brother kill." [1]

And Pope,

"Should such a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear like the Turk no brother near the throne." [2]

But this is not the best of his little pieces: it is excelled by his poem [3] to Fanshaw, and his elegy on Cowley.[4]

His praise of Fanshaw's [5] version of Guarini, contains a very spritely and judicious character of a good translator:

"That servile path thou nobly dost decline,
Of tracing word by word, and line by line.
Those are the labour'd births of slavish brains,
Not the effect of poetry, but pains;
Cheap vulgar arts, whose narrowness affords
No flight for thoughts, but poorly stick at words.
A new and nobler way thou dost pursue,
To make translations and translators too.
They but preserve the ashes, thou the flame,
True to his sense, but truer to his fame." [6]

The excellence of these lines is greater, as the truth which they contain was not at that time generally known.

His poem on the death of Cowley was his last, and, among his shorter works, his best performance: the numbers are musical, and the thoughts are just.

"Cooper's Hill" [7] is the work that confers upon him the

[1] "They would be Sultans, if they had their will,
For each of them would all his Brothers kill."

Roger Boyle, Earl of Orrery, *Dramatic Works*, ed. 1739, vol. i. p. 132.

[2] From the character of Addison in the *Epistle to Dr. Arbuthnot*. Pope's Works, vol. iii. p. 9.

[3] *Poems*, p. 64, pub. 1647, shortly after Fanshawe's translation.

[4] *Ibid.* p. 47.

[5] Richard (afterwards Sir Richard) Fanshawe (1608-1666), published in 1647 a translation of the *Il Pastor Fido* of Baptista Guarini.

[6] *Poems*, p. 65.

[7] Mr. Gosse points out that *Cooper's Hill* had been preceded by Ben Jonson's *Penshurst*. Ward's *Select English Poets*, vol. ii. p. 280.

rank and dignity of an original author. He seems to have been, at least among us, the author of a species of composition that may be denominated *local poetry*, of which the fundamental subject is some particular landschape, to be poetically described, with the addition of such embellishments as may be supplied by historical retrospection, or incidental meditation.

To trace a new scheme of poetry has in itself a very high claim to praise, and its praise is yet more when it is apparently copied by Garth[1] and Pope;[2] after whose names little will be gained by an enumeration of smaller poets, that have left scarce a corner of the island not dignified either by rhyme, or blank verse.

"Cooper's Hill," if it be maliciously inspected, will not be found without its faults. The digressions are too long, the morality too frequent, and the sentiments sometimes such as will not bear a rigorous enquiry.

The four verses, which, since Dryden has commended them, almost every writer for a century past has imitated, are generally known:

> "O could I flow like thee, and make thy stream
> My great example, as it is my theme!
> Though deep, yet clear; though gentle, yet not dull;
> Strong without rage, without o'er-flowing full."[3]

[1] Garth, Sir Samuel, poet and physician, died January 1718-9. The poem in which he "copied" *Cooper's Hill* was *Claremont*, describing a villa of the Duke of Newcastle's. "He is honourably remembered for providing suitable interment for the shamefully abandoned corpse of Dryden." Chalmer's *Biog. Dict.* *Vid. infr.* vol. ii.

[2] In *Windsor Forest*. Pope, *Poems*, vol. i. p. 49.

[3] *Poems*, p. 7. Hallam (*Lit. Eur.* vol. iii. p. 31) quotes Johnson's remarks on this verse with the note: "Perhaps these metaphors are so naturally applied to style, that no language of a cultivated people is without them. But the ground of objection is, in fact, that the lines contain nothing but wit, and that wit turns on a play of words. They are rather ingenious in this respect, and remarkably harmonious, which

The lines are in themselves not perfect; for most of the words, thus artfully opposed, are to be understood simply on one side of the comparison, and metaphorically on the other; and if there be any language which does not express intellectual operations by material images, into that language they cannot be translated. But so much meaning is comprised in so few words; the particulars of resemblance are so perspicaciously collected, and every mode of excellence separated from its adjacent fault by so nice a line of limitation; the different parts of the sentence are so accurately adjusted; and the flow of the last couplet is so smooth and sweet; that the passage, however celebrated, has not been praised above its merit. It has beauty peculiar to itself, and must be numbered among those felicities which cannot be produced at will by wit and labour, but must arise unexpectedly in some hour propitious to poetry.

He appears to have been one of the first that understood the necessity of emancipating translation from the drudgery of counting lines and interpreting single words. How much this servile practice obscured the clearest and deformed the most beautiful parts of the ancient authors, may be discovered by a perusal of our earlier versions; some of them the works of men well qualified, not only by critical knowledge, but by poetical genius, who yet, by a mistaken ambition of exactness, degraded at once their originals and themselves.

Denham saw the better way, but has not pursued it with great success. His versions of Virgil are not pleasing; but they taught Dryden to please better. His poetical imitation of Tully on "Old Age"[1] has neither the clearness of prose, nor the spriteliness of poetry.

The "strength of Denham," which Pope so emphatically

is probably the secret of their popularity; but, as poetry, they deserve no great praise."

[1] *Cato Major, of Old Age*, Denham's *Poems*, p. 100.

mentions,[1] is to be found in many lines and couplets, which convey much meaning in few words, and exhibit the sentiment with more weight than bulk.

On the Thames.

"Though with those streams he no resemblance hold,
Whose foam is amber, and their gravel gold;
His genuine and less guilty wealth t'explore,
Search not his bottom, but survey his shore."[2]

On Strafford.

"His wisdom such, at once it did appear
Three kingdoms wonder, and three kingdoms fear;
While single he stood forth, and seem'd, although
Each had an army, as an equal foe.
Such was his force of eloquence, to make
The hearers more concern'd than he that spake;
Each seem'd to act that part he came to see,
And none was more a looker on than he;
So did he move our passions, some were known
To wish, for the defence, the crime their own.
Now private pity strove with publick hate,
Reason with rage, and eloquence with fate."[3]

On Cowley.

"To him no author was unknown,
Yet what he wrote was all his own;
Horace's wit, and Virgil's state,
He did not steal, but emulate!
And when he would like them appear,
Their garb, but not their cloaths, did wear."[4]

As one of Denham's principal claims to the regard of posterity arises from his improvement of our numbers, his versification ought to be considered. It will afford that

[1] Pope, *Essay on Criticism*. *Poems*, vol. ii. p. 17:—

"And praise the easy vigour of a line
Where Denham's strength and Waller's sweetness join."

[2] *Poems*, p. 6. [3] *Ibid*. p. 33. [4] *Ibid*. p. 47.

pleasure which arises from the observation of a man of judgement naturally right forsaking bad copies by degrees, and advancing towards a better practice, as he gains more confidence in himself.

In his translation of Virgil,[1] written when he was about twenty-one years old, may be still found the old manner of continuing the sense ungracefully from verse to verse.

> "Then all those
> Who in the dark our fury did escape,
> Returning, know our borrow'd arms, and shape,
> And differing dialect: then their numbers swell
> And grow upon us; first Chorœbus fell
> Before Minerva's altar; next did bleed
> Just Ripheus, whom no Trojan did exceed
> In virtue, yet the gods his fate decreed.
> Then Hypanis and Dymas, wounded by
> Their friends; nor thee, Pantheus, thy piety,
> Nor consecrated mitre, from the same
> Ill fate could save; my country's funeral flame
> And Troy's cold ashes I attest, and call
> To witness for myself, that in their fall
> No foes, no death, nor danger I declin'd,
> Did, and deserv'd no less, my fate to find."[2]

From this kind of concatenated metre he afterwards refrained, and taught his followers the art of concluding their sense in couplets; which has perhaps been with rather too much constancy pursued.

This passage exhibits one of those triplets which are not infrequent in this first essay, but which it is to be supposed his maturer judgement disapproved, since in his latter works he has totally forborn them.

His rhymes are such as seem found without difficulty, by following the sense; and are for the most part as exact at least as those of other poets, though now and then the reader is shifted off with what he can get.

[1] *An Essay on the Second Book of Virgil's Æneis, written in the year* 1636, p. 15.

[2] *Poems*, p. 28.

"O how *transform'd!*
How much unlike that Hector, who *return'd*
Clad in Achilles' spoils!" [1]

And again,

"From thence a thousand lesser poets *sprung*,
Like petty princes from the fall of *Rome*." [2]

Sometimes the weight of rhyme is laid upon a word too feeble to sustain it:

"Troy confounded falls
From all her glories: if it might have stood
By any power, by this right hand it *shou'd*." [3]

"—And though my outward state misfortune *hath*
Deprest thus low, it cannot reach my faith." [4]

"—Thus by his fraud and our own faith o'ercome,
A feigned tear destroys us, against *whom*
Tydides nor Achilles could prevail,
Nor ten years conflict, nor a thousand sail." [5]

He is not very careful to vary the ends of his verses: in one passage the word *die* rhimes three couplets in six.

Most of these petty faults are in his first productions, when he was less skilful, or at least less dexterous in the use of words; and though they had been more frequent, they could only have lessened the grace, not the strength of his composition. He is one of the writers that improved our taste,[6] and advanced our language, and whom we ought therefore to read with gratitude, though, having done much, he left much to do.

[1] *Poems*, p. 23. [2] *Ibid.* p. 63. [3] *Ibid.* p. 24.
[4] *Ibid.* p. 17. [5] *Ibid.* p. 21.
[6] See Hallam (*Lit. Eur.* vol. iii. pp. 30, 31) on the characteristics of Denham's style.

MILTON.

PREFATORY NOTE.

[So numerous have been the editions of Milton's Poems since Tonson first published his fine folio by subscription in 1688, that it is impossible here to do more than refer to the copious lists of editions given by Todd in his standard "variorum" edition of Milton's Poetical Works, published in 1801, and in Lownde's Bib. Man. To most of these editions a Life of the Poet was prefixed, but, though extremely useful, these Lives were only short summaries of facts, and the fitting Biography was "yet a desideratum in our literature" when Prof. David Masson, in 1859-81, brought out his *Life of John Milton, narrated in connexion with the Political, Ecclesiastical and Literary History of his Time.* This exhaustive and delightful work is constantly referred to in our notes under the contraction M.*M.*, and it is to be observed that where vol. i. is mentioned it is always the ed. 1881 which is intended, that volume alone having been republished with many additions and corrections. References to the poems are made to the *Milton* in the *Aldine Edition* of the British Poets, contracted Ald. *M.* The Boswell's *Johnson* used is Napier's edition, 1884. *Milton's Life* by Philips is referred to in Godwin's *Lives of E. and J. Philips.*]

MILTON.

THE Life of Milton has been already written in so many forms, and with such minute enquiry, that I might perhaps more properly have contented myself with the addition of a few notes to Mr. Fenton's elegant Abridgement,[1] but that a new narrative was thought necessary to the uniformity of this edition.[2]

John Milton was by birth a gentleman,[3] descended from the proprietors of Milton near Thame in Oxfordshire, one of whom forfeited his estate in the times of York and Lancaster. Which side he took I know not; his descendant inherited no veneration for the White Rose.

His grandfather John was keeper of the forest of Shotover,[4] a zealous papist, who disinherited his son, because he had forsaken the religion of his ancestors.

His father, John, who was the son disinherited, had recourse for his support to the profession of a scrivener. He was a man eminent for his skill in musick, many of his compositions being still to be found;[5] and his reputa-

[1] Prefixed to his edition of Milton's *Poetical Works*, Lond. 1727, 8vo, two vols. *Vid. infr. Life of Fenton*, vol. ii.

[2] See Boswell on Johnson's *Life of Milton*, and Various Readings in the same. Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. iv. pp. 6-8.

[3] All that Milton himself said of his genealogy was that he came of an honest or honourable stock ("*genere honesto*"). M. *M.* vol. i. p. 8.

[4] The name and occupation of Milton's grandfather are uncertain, but of this religious zeal there is no doubt.

[5] In the collection of madrigals, entitled *The Triumphes of Oriana*,

tion in his profession was such, that he grew rich, and retired to an estate. He had probably more than common literature, as his son addresses him in one of his most elaborate Latin poems.[1] He married a gentlewoman of the name of Caston,[2] a Welsh family, by whom he had two sons, John the poet, and Christopher[3] who studied the law, and adhered, as the law taught him, to the King's party, for which he was a while persecuted; but having, by his brother's interest, obtained permission to live in quiet, he supported himself so honourably by chamber-practice, that soon after the accession of King James, he was knighted and made a Judge; but, his constitution being too weak for business, he retired before any disreputable compliances became necessary.

He had likewise a daughter Anne, whom he married with a considerable fortune to Edward Philips, who came from Shrewsbury, and rose in the Crown-office[4] to be secondary: by him she had two sons, John and Edward, who were educated by the poet, and from whom is derived[5] the only authentick account of his domestick manners.

John, the poet, was born in his father's house, at the

one is by him, and two well-known Psalm tunes, *Norwich* and *York*, are of his composition.

[1] *Ad Patrem*, Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 307.

[2] Colonel Chester's discoveries make it certain that Milton's father married early in 1600 Sarah Jeffraye daughter of Mrs. Ellen Jeffraye, who being then a widow resided with her son-in-law till her death in 1610. M. *M.* vol. i. pp. 33-39.

[3] Christopher Milton (1615-1693) was made one of the Barons of the Exchequer, April 26th, 1686. See Macaulay's *Hist. Eng.* vol. i. p. 357, ed. 1864.

[4] This was a Government office in Chancery.

[5] See *The Life of Milton*, by Edward Philips, 1694, originally prefixed to a translation of the *Letters of State*, now most accessible in Godwin's *Lives of E. and J. Philips*, p. 350.

"Spread-Eagle"[1] in Bread-street, Dec. 9, 1608, between six and seven in the morning. His father appears to have been very solicitous about his education; for he was instructed at first by private tuition under the care of Thomas Young,[2] who was afterwards chaplain to the English merchants at Hamburgh; and of whom we have reason to think well, since his scholar considered him as worthy of an epistolary Elegy.

He was then sent to St. Paul's School, under the care of Mr. Gill;[3] and removed in the beginning of his sixteenth year, to Christ's College in Cambridge, where he entered a sizar,[4] Feb. 12, 1624 (O.S.).

He was at this time eminently skilled in the Latin tongue; and he himself, by annexing the dates to his first compositions, a boast of which the learned "Politian"[5] had given him an example, seems to commend the earliness of his own proficiency to the notice of posterity. But the products of his vernal fertility have been surpassed by

[1] The eagle with outstretched wings was not only the sign fixed over the scrivener's shop, but formed part of the armorial bearings of the family, and appeared on the seals used by Milton. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 3.

[2] Thomas Young, to whom Milton's fourth elegy was addressed, was a Scotch Puritan divine from St. Andrew's. He was, about 1622, chaplain to the English merchants in Hamburg, afterwards Master of Jesus College, Cambridge, and, finally, vicar of Stowmarket in Suffolk, where he died.

[3] The two Alexander Gills, father and son, were respectively head master and under-master of St. Paul's School at the time of Milton's education. See M. *M.* vol. i. p. 58.

[4] The college entry-book, however, shows that Milton was "admitted a lesser-pensioner," that is to say, on the same footing as the bulk of the students.

[5] Politian (1454-1494), the friend of Lorenzo de' Medici, and tutor to his children, was one of the leaders of the Italian Renaissance. His Latin poems were famous, and have been repeatedly printed. Matt. Arnold, *Select Lives, &c.* p. 457. One of the first literary proposals made by Johnson was for an edition of the Latin poems of Politian, with notes on modern Latin verse. Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. i. p. 54.

many, and particularly by his contemporary Cowley.[1] Of the powers of the mind it is difficult to form an estimate: many have excelled Milton in their first essays, who never rose to works like "Paradise Lost."

At fifteen, a date which he uses till he is sixteen, he translated or versified two Psalms, 114 and 136,[2] which he thought worthy of the publick eye; but they raise no great expectations; they would in any numerous school have obtained praise, but not excited wonder.

Many of his elegies appear to have been written in his eighteenth year, by which it appears that he had then read the Roman authors with very nice discernment. I once heard Mr. Hampton,[3] the translator of "Polybius," remark what I think is true, that Milton was the first Englishman who, after the revival of letters, wrote Latin verses with classick elegance.[4] If any exceptions can be made, they are very few: Haddon and Ascham, the pride of Elizabeth's reign,[5] however they may have succeeded in prose, no sooner attempt verses than they provoke derision. If we produced anything worthy of notice be-

[1] Cowley's *Poetical Blossomes* were published in his fifteenth year (1633).

[2] Ald. *M.* vol. iii. pp. 245, 246.

[3] James Hampton, of Christ's Church College, Oxford, the translator of Polybius, "as remarkable for his brutal disposition as for his good scholarship." See anecdote of his violent temper in a letter from Gilbert White, *Gentleman's Magazine*, 1781.

[4] See Pattison's *Milton*, p. 41, and Landor's Works, vol. iv. pp. 517-525, on Milton's Latin poems.

[5] Walter Haddon, LL.D. (1516-1572). For a list of his works, see Lowndes, who adds that, Queen Elizabeth being asked whether she preferred Haddon or Buchanan as men of learning, she replied, "Buchananum omnibus antepono, Haddonum nemini postpono." He was Professor of Civil Law at Cambridge, then President of Magdalen College, Oxford, afterwards Envoy to the Netherlands.

Roger Ascham (1515-1568), author of the *Scholemaster*, *Toxophilus*, *The Schole of Shootinge*, and many Latin works.

fore the elegies of Milton, it was perhaps Alabaster's "Roxana."[1]

Of these exercises which the rules of the University required, some were published by him in his maturer years. They had been undoubtedly applauded; for they were such as few can perform: yet there is reason to suspect that he was regarded in his college with no great fondness.[2] That he obtained no fellowship is certain; but the unkindness with which he was treated was not merely negative. I am ashamed to relate what I fear is true, that Milton was one of the last students in either university that suffered the publick indignity of corporal correction.

It was, in the violence of controversial hostility, objected to him, that he was expelled: this he steadily denies, and it was apparently not true; but it seems plain from his own verses to Diodati,[3] that he had incurred Rustication; a temporary dismission into the country, with perhaps the loss of a term:[4]

"Me tenet urbs refluâ quam Thamesis alluit undâ,
Meque nec invitum patria dulcis habet.
Jam nec arundiferum mihi cura revisere Camum,
Nec dudum *vetiti* me *laris* angit amor.—
Nec duri libet usque minas perferre magistri,
Cæteraque ingenio non subeunda meo.
Si sit hoc *exilium* patrias adiisse penates,
Et vacuum curis otia grata sequi,

[1] *Roxana Tragœdia a Plagiarii Unguibus vindicta, aucta et recognita ab Authore.* Lond. 1632. This tragedy was acted in the hall of Trinity College, Cambridge, in Elizabeth's reign. Mr. William Alabaster (1567-1640) was an English scholar and divine. For a comparison of his Latin poems with those of May and Milton, see Hallam, *Lit. Eur.* vol. iii. p. 54, ed. 1843.

[2] See M. *M.* ed. 1881, vol. i. pp. 159-161.

[3] M. *M.* vol. i. pp. 98-102. Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 256.

[4] It is certain that Milton did not lose a term. On this and the "corporal correction," see M. *M.* vol. i. pp. 159-167.

Non ego vel *profugi* nomen sortemve recuso,
Lætus et *exilii* conditione fruor."[1]

I cannot find any meaning but this, which even kindness and reverence can give to the term, *vetiti laris*, "a habitation from which he is excluded;" or how *exile* can be otherwise interpreted. He declares yet more, that he is weary of enduring *the threats of a rigorous master*, and *something else, which a temper like his cannot undergo*. What was more than threat was probably punishment. This poem, which mentions his *exile*, proves likewise that it was not perpetual; for it concludes with a resolution of returning some time to Cambridge. And it may be conjectured from the willingness with which he has perpetuated the memory of his exile, that its cause was such as gave him no shame.[2]

He took both the usual degrees; that of Batchelor in 1628, and that of Master in 1632;[3] but he left the university with no kindness for its institution, alienated either by the injudicious severity of his governors, or his own captious perverseness. The cause cannot now be known, but the effect appears in his writings. His scheme of education,[4] inscribed to Hartlib, supersedes all academical

[1] This poem is a reply in Latin Elegiacs to a Greek letter from Milton's intimate friend Charles Diodati (*vid. infr.* p. 107, n. 3). See Masson's charming version of it, vol. i. p. 164-166.

[2] This sentence is an addition made by Johnson in the edition (1783) from which our text is printed.

[3] In this year appeared his first printed performance, his epitaph on Shakespeare prefixed to the folio (known as the 2nd Folio) of 1632. P. Cunningham, vol. i. p. 85. Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 187.

[4] *Letter to Master Hartlib on Education*, 1644, 4to. reprinted and published by Milton himself in 1673, with his Poems. Samuel Hartlib (dates of birth and death unknown) was the son of a Polish merchant settled in Prussia, a learned and excellent philanthropist or friend of progress. He came to England about 1640, and devoted himself to every scheme for furthering the public good, and among others to those for "the schooling and education of children." He published a long

instruction, being intended to comprise the whole time which men usually spend in literature, from their entrance upon grammar, *till they proceed, as it is called, masters of arts.* And in his Discourse "On the likeliest Way to Remove Hirelings out of the Church,"[1] he ingeniously proposes, that *the profits of the lands forfeited by the act for superstitious uses, should be applied to such academies all over the land, where languages and arts may be taught together; so that youth may be at once brought up to a competency of learning and an honest trade, by which means such of them as had the gift, being enabled to support themselves (without tithes) by the latter, may, by the help of the former, become worthy preachers.*

One of his objections to academical education, as it was then conducted, is, that men designed for orders in the Church were permitted to act plays,[2] *writhing and unboning their clergy limbs to all the antick and dishonest gestures of Trincalos, buffoons and bawds, prostituting the shame of that*

series of works on education, and as the herald of Comenius and his new ideas on that subject, in 1641-2, *A Reformation of Schools*—a compilation of the views of Comenius, that great man being then in London. One of Hartlib's favourite subjects was agriculture, in which he made many experiments, and on which he published some important works. His collection of rare manuscripts was well known.

[1] Published 1659. See M. *M.* vol. v. p. 605.

[2] During the first visit of King James to Cambridge in 1614-15 four plays were acted on four successive nights, one of which (the Latin comedy *Ignoramus* by George Ruggle, M.A. a Fellow of Clare) was so successful, that although it occupied six hours in the acting, the king was so pleased with it, that he made a second visit to Cambridge to see it again. Another comedy acted with great success was *Fraus Honesta* (Honest Fraud). Specimens of this wretched trash are given, M. *M.* vol. i. pp. 221-224. The actors were the students, masters of arts, and fellows. The place of performance was the Great Hall of Trinity, which could be fitted up to accommodate 2,000 persons. The last play acted at either university is said to have been *The Grateful Fair*, by Christopher Smart, at Pembroke College, Cambridge, about 1747.

ministry which they had, or were near having, to the eyes of courtiers and court-ladies, their grooms and mademoiselles.[1]

This is sufficiently peevish in a man, who, when he mentions his exile from the college, relates, with great luxuriance, the compensation which the pleasures of the theatre afford him.[2] Plays were therefore only criminal when they were acted by academicks.

He went to the university with a design of entering into the church, but in time altered his mind; for he declared, that whoever became a clergyman must "subscribe slave, and take an oath withal, which, unless he took with a conscience that could retch, he must straight perjure himself. He thought it better to prefer a blameless silence before the office of speaking, bought and begun with servitude and forswearing."[3]

These expressions are, I find, applied to the subscription of the articles; but it seems more probable that they relate to canonical obedience. I know not any of the Articles which seem to thwart his opinions: but the thoughts of obedience, whether canonical or civil, raised his indignation.

His unwillingness to engage in the ministry, perhaps not yet advanced to a settled resolution of declining it, appears in a letter to one of his friends,[4] who had reproved his suspended and dilatory life, which he seems to have imputed to an insatiable curiosity, and fantastick luxury of various knowledge. To this he writes a cool and plausible answer, in which he endeavors to persuade him that the

[1] *Apology for Smectymnuus*, 1642. M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 398.

[2] First *Elegy*, lines 26-46. Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 257.

[3] From *The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelaty*, 1641, quoted M. *M.* vol. i. p. 326.

[4] This undated and unaddressed letter is preserved in the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge. The sonnet therein transcribed shows it to have been written about the beginning of 1632. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 323.

delay proceeds not from the delights of desultory study, but from the desire of obtaining more fitness for his task; and that he goes on, *not taking thought of being late, so it give advantage to be more fit.*[1]

When he left the university,[2] he returned to his father, then residing at Horton[3] in Buckinghamshire, with whom he lived five years; in which time he is said to have read read all the Greek and Latin writers. With what limitations this universality is to be understood, who shall inform us?

It might be supposed that he who read so much should have done nothing else; but Milton found time to write the Masque of "Comus," which was presented at Ludlow, then the residence of the Lord President of Wales, in 1634;[4] and had the honour of being acted by the Earl of Bridgewater's sons and daughter. The fiction is derived from Homer's "Circe;"[5] but we never can refuse to any modern the liberty of borrowing from Homer:

> "—a quo ceu fonte perenni
> Vatum Pieriis ora rigantur aquis.[6]

[1] This letter is given at length in M. *M.* vol. i. p. 323.

[2] Milton left Cambridge in July, 1632. He was incorporated M.A. of Oxford in the year 1635. See Wood, *Fasti Oxonienses*, vol. i. p. 262. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 390.

[3] A village about twenty miles from London, not far from Windsor. The most important of Milton's English Poems were written there.

[4] First printed in 1637, and entitled *A Maske. Presented at Ludlow Castle*, 1634, *on Michaelmas Night*. The name of Comus was never affixed to it by Milton.

[5] Mr. Cunningham remarks that Comus had its origin partly in an accident which occurred to the sons and daughter of the Earl of Bridgewater (they were benighted in Haywood Forest), and partly in the *Old Wives Tale*, a comedy by George Peele (1595, 4to.), in which two brothers are represented as wandering in quest of their sister, whom an enchanter had imprisoned.

[6] Ovid. *Amores*, iii.-ix. 25.

His next production was "Lycidas," an elegy, written in 1637, on the death of Mr. King,[1] the son of Sir John King, secretary for Ireland in the time of Elizabeth, James, and Charles. King was much a favourite at Cambridge, and many of the wits joined to do honour to his memory.[2] Milton's acquaintance with the Italian writers may be discovered by a mixture of longer and shorter verses, according to the rules of Tuscan poetry, and his malignity to the Church by some lines which are interpreted as threatening its extermination.

He is supposed about this time to have written his "Arcades;"[3] for while he lived at Horton he used sometimes to steal from his studies a few days, which he spent at Harefield, the house of the countess dowager of Derby, where the "Arcades" made part of a dramatick entertainment.

He began now to grow weary of the country; and had some purpose of taking chambers in the Inns of Court, when the death of his mother[4] set him at liberty to travel, for which he obtained his father's consent, and Sir Henry Wotton's[5] directions, with the celebrated precept of pru-

[1] By shipwreck in the Irish seas, Aug. 10th, 1637, aged 25.

[2] The collection consisted of two parts. One contains twenty-three pieces in Latin and Greek, the other thirteen English poems, separately paged, and with the title *Obsequies to the memorie of Mr. Edward King, Anno Dom.* 1638, surrounded by a black border. Milton's contribution is placed last in the English series.

[3] Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 148. The date of performance was probably 1633. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 597. The aged Countess of Derby, to whom this little piece was dedicated, was the same lady to whom, in her blooming youth, Spenser had presented his *Teares of the Muses.*

[4] Milton describes her as "a most excellent mother, and particularly known for her charities in the neighbourhood." She died April 3rd, 1637, and the stone which covers her grave may still be seen on the chancel floor of the church at Horton.

[5] Sir Henry Wotton (1568-1639), a scholar, diplomatist, and poet, died Provost of Eton. His life was written by Izaak Walton. M. Arnold, p. 457. The letter here alluded to is given M. *M.* vol. i. p. 737.

dence, *i pensieri stretti, ed il viso sciolto*; "thoughts close, and looks loose."

In 1638 he left England,[1] and went first to Paris; where, by the favour of Lord Scudamore,[2] he had the opportunity of visiting Grotius,[3] then residing at the French court as ambassador from Christina of Sweden. From Paris he hasted into Italy, of which he had with particular diligence studied the language and literature: and, though he seems to have intended a very quick perambulation of the country, staid two months at Florence; where he found his way into the academies,[4] and produced his compositions with such applause as appears to have exalted him in his own opinion, and confirmed him in the hope, that, "by labour and intense study, which," says he, "I take to be my portion in this life, joined with a strong propensity of nature," he might "leave something so written to after-times, as they should not willingly let it die."[5]

It appears, in all his writings, that he had the usual con-

[1] This account of his travels is taken from Milton's own narrative in the *Defensio Secunda*. 1654. 12mo.

[2] Son of the Sir James Scudamore immortalized as "Sir Scudamour" of Spenser's Faerie Queene, born 1600. He was a man of talent, had travelled much, and was so assiduous a collector and reader of books that Laud had to give him the advice "not to book it too hard." He was also much devoted to husbandry, and introduced the cultivation of the "red-streak apple" for the purpose of cider making.

[3] Hugo Grotius (1583-1645), a scholar, theologian, and diplomatist; one of the most celebrated men whom Holland has produced. Matt. Arnold, p. 457. He published in 1601 a Latin tragedy, *Adamus Exul*, from which Milton is said to have taken some hints for *Paradise Lost*. For Johnson's tribute to the learning of Grotius, *vid. supr.* p. 65.

[4] On the number and influence of the Italian Academies, see M. *M.* vol. i. pp. 763-5.

[5] This is from *The Reason of Church Government urged against the Prelaty*, 1641. On Milton's pamphlets, see M. *M.* vol. ii. pp. 356-409.

comitant of great abilities, a lofty and steady confidence in himself, perhaps not without some contempt of others; for scarcely any man ever wrote so much, and praised so few. Of his praise he was very frugal; as he set its value high, and considered his mention of a name as a security against the waste of time, and a certain preservative from oblivion.

At Florence he could not indeed complain that his merit wanted distinction. Carlo Dati[1] presented him with an encomiastick inscription, in the tumid lapidary style;[2] and Francini[3] wrote him an ode, of which the first stanza is only empty noise; the rest are perhaps too diffuse on common topicks: but the last is natural and beautiful.

From Florence he went to Sienna, and from Sienna to Rome, where he was again received with kindness by the Learned and the Great. Holstenius,[4] the keeper of the Vatican Library, who had resided three years at Oxford, introduced him to Cardinal Barberini;[5] and he, at a musical entertainment,[6] waited for him at the door, and

[1] Carlo Dati (1619-1675) was one of the most striking, popular, and eloquent Italians of his day; his *Lives of the Ancient Painters* is still in use. At the time of this visit he was still only in his nineteenth year. He formed an ardent attachment to Milton, who places him second on his list of seven "noble and learned" Florentines. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 775.

[2] On the allowable exaggerations of lapidary inscriptions, see Boswell's *Johnson*, vol. ii. p. 369.

[3] Francini was the last on Milton's list; he, too, was very young, and had some reputation in the academies for Italian poetry. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 780.

[4] Lucas Holstenius, a famous German scholar (1596-1661). He was a naturalized Roman, and librarian of the Vatican.

[5] Cardinal Francesco Barberini (1597-1679). Masson describes him (vol. i. p. 798) as the prime minister of Rome, and the chief councillor of his uncle Pope Urban VIII. He founded the Barberini Library, which attained celebrity even by the side of that at the Vatican, and he numbered many scholars, artists, and poets among his clients.

[6] At this magnificent concert, described by Milton in a letter to Holstenius, he probably heard for the first time the celebrated singer

led him by the hand into the assembly. Here Selvaggi praised him in a distich, and Salsilli in a tetrastick: neither of them of much value. The Italians were gainers by this literary commerce; for the encomiums with which Milton repaid Salsilli,[1] though not secure against a stern grammarian, turn the balance indisputably in Milton's favour.

Of these Italian testimonies, poor as they are, he was proud enough to publish them before his poems; though he says, he cannot be suspected but to have known that they were said *non tam de se, quam supra se.*

At Rome, as at Florence, he staid only two months; a time indeed sufficient, if he desired only to ramble with an explainer of its antiquities, or to view palaces and count pictures; but certainly too short for the contemplation of learning, policy, or manners.

From Rome he passed on to Naples,[2] in company of a hermit;[3] a companion from whom little could be expected, yet to him Milton owed his introduction to Manso marquis of Villa, who had been before the patron of Tasso.[4] Manso

Leonora Baroni, his admiration for whom he commemorated in three Latin epigrams.

[1] Giovanni Salzili, an Italian poet, not mentioned in the histories of Italian literature, but an important personage among the Fanastici, and a contributor to a volume published by them in 1637. Milton addressed to him a Latin poem of condolence in his illness. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 806.

[2] Probably late in November, 1638.

[3] The name is not given of "A certain Eremite Friar." M. *M.* vol. i. p. 807.

[4] Giovanni Battista Manso, an Italian nobleman (1561-1645). Milton, in a letter, calls him "a most noble and important man." He was the intimate friend and protector of Tasso till his death in 1595, and then performed the same good offices for Marini, a second-rate poet, but one who in his day enjoyed a scarcely inferior fame. Manso's *Life of Tasso* is commended by Masson for its singularly affectionate collection of details concerning Tasso, and for a most charming description of Naples. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 813.

was enough delighted with his accomplishments to honour him with a sorry distich, in which he commends him for every thing but his religion; and Milton, in return, addressed him in a Latin poem,[1] which must have raised an high opinion of English elegance and literature.

His purpose was now to have visited Sicily and Greece; but, hearing of the differences between the king and parliament, he thought it proper to hasten home, rather than pass his life in foreign amusements while his countrymen were contending for their rights. He therefore came back to Rome, though the merchants informed him of plots laid against him by the Jesuits, for the liberty of his conversations on religion. He had sense enough to judge that there was no danger, and therefore kept on his way, and acted as before, neither obtruding nor shunning controversy. He had perhaps given some offence by visiting Galileo,[2] then a prisoner in the Inquisition for philosophical heresy; and at Naples he was told by Manso, that, by his declarations on religious questions, he had excluded himself from some distinctions which he should otherwise have paid him. But such conduct, though it did not please, was yet sufficiently safe; and Milton staid two

[1] This poem was written by Milton in his inn at Naples to Manso in his villa, where he had so often sheltered Tasso and Marini. For a translation of it see M. *M.* vol. i. p. 816.

[2] "There it was," says Milton in the *Areopagitica*, "that I found and visited the famous Galileo, grown old, a prisoner to the Inquisition for thinking in astronomy otherwise than the Franciscan and Dominican licensers thought." For the meeting of Milton with the aged and blind astronomer, see M. *M.* vol. i. p. 788. Milton refers to Galileo, *Paradise Lost*, vol. i. p. 287, vol. v. p. 262, and in the *Areopagitica*, p. 35, ed. Hales. It may be well to observe that Galileo, though a prisoner "to the Inquisition," was never a prisoner in the Inquisition. He was confined in a palace of the Piccolomini for a time, and was afterwards permitted to return to Florence, where he resided under the surveillance of the Inquisition till his death in 1642.

months more at Rome, and went on to Florence without molestation.

From Florence he visited Lucca. He afterwards went to Venice; and having sent away a collection of musick and other books, travelled to Geneva, which he probably considered as the metropolis of orthodoxy. Here he reposed, as in a congenial element, and became acquainted with John Diodati[1] and Frederick Spanheim,[2] two learned professors of Divinity. From Geneva he passed through France; and came home, after an absence of a year and three months.

At his return he heard of the death of his friend Charles Diodati;[3] a man whom it is reasonable to suppose of great merit, since he was thought by Milton worthy of a poem, intituled, "Epitaphium Damonis,"[4] written with the common but childish imitation of pastoral life.

He now hired a lodging at the house of one Russel, a taylor in St. Bride's Churchyard,[5] and undertook the edu-

[1] Dr. Jean or Giovanni Diodati (1576-1649), uncle of Milton's friend, is now best known in association with the Italian version of the Scriptures called Diodati's Bible. He was professor of theology, a great controversialist, and had a special celebrity as an instructor of young men of rank, sent from various parts of Europe to board in his house, amongst others Charles Gustavus, afterwards King of Sweden. The house is still called Villa Diodati, and was tenanted in 1816 by Lord Byron. Milton was very probably quartered there during his visit, for he says he was "daily in the society of John Diodati, the most learned professor of theology." M. *M.* vol. i. p. 833.

[2] Frederick Spanheim, a learned German, professor of philosophy at Geneva (1600-1649).

[3] Charles Diodati (1609-1638), Milton's bosom friend. In his letters he calls him "my own loving heart," "my so faithful one," and his "sprightly companion." The register of the burial of Charles and his sister in August, 1638, have been found in the parish books of St. Anne's, Blackfriars. M. *M.* vol. i. p. 830.

[4] For account and translation of this poem, which was the last of any importance in Latin, see M. *M.* vol. ii. pp. 83-93.

[5] *Life of Milton*, by Edward Philips, pp. 362-364.

cation of John and Edward Philips,[1] his sister's sons. Finding his rooms too little, he took a house and garden in Aldersgate-street, which was not then so much out of the world as it is now; and chose his dwelling at the upper end of a passage, that he might avoid the noise of the street. Here he received more boys, to be boarded and instructed.

Let not our veneration for Milton forbid us to look with some degree of merriment on great promises and small performance, on the man who hastens home, because his countrymen are contending for their liberty, and, when he reaches the scene of action, vapours away his patriotism in a private boarding-school. This is the period of his life from which all his biographers seem inclined to shrink. They are unwilling that Milton should be degraded to a school-master; but, since it cannot be denied that he taught boys, one finds out that he taught for nothing, and another that his motive was only zeal for the propagation of learning and virtue; and all tell what they do not know to be true, only to excuse an act which no wise man will consider as in itself disgraceful. His father was alive; his allowance was not ample; and he supplied its deficiencies by an honest and useful employment.

It is told, that in the art of education he performed wonders; and a formidable list is given of the authors, Greek and Latin, that were read in Aldersgate-street,[2] by youth between ten and fifteen or sixteen years of age. Those who tell or receive these stories should consider that nobody can be taught faster than he can learn. The speed of the horseman must be limited by the power of his horse. Every man, that has ever undertaken to instruct others, can tell what slow advances he has been able to make, and

[1] Edward Philips was the elder (1630-1694). John (1631-1698), was the peculiar charge of Milton. Both were authors by profession.

[2] *Life*, by Edward Philips, p. 362.

how much patience it requires to recall vagrant inattention, to stimulate sluggish indifference, and to rectify absurd misapprehension.

The purpose of Milton, as it seems, was to teach something more solid than the common literature of Schools, by reading those authors that treat of physical subjects; such as the Georgick, and astronomical treatises of the ancients. This was a scheme of improvement which seems to have busied many literary projectors of that age. Cowley, who had more means than Milton of knowing what was wanting to the embellishments of life, formed the same plan of education in his imaginary College.[1]

But the truth is,[2] that the knowledge of external nature, and the sciences which that knowledge requires or includes, are not the great or the frequent business of the human mind. Whether we provide for action or conversation, whether we wish to be useful or pleasing, the first requisite is the religious and moral knowledge of right and wrong; the next is an acquaintance with the history of mankind, and with those examples which may be said to embody truth, and prove by events the reasonableness of opinions. Prudence and Justice are virtues, and excellences, of all times and of all places; we are perpetually moralists, but we are geometricians only by chance. Our intercourse with

[1] See Cowley's *Proposition for the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. (Cowley's *Poems*, ed. 1710, vol. ii. p. 608), a grand scheme of college and school with "twenty Philosophers or Professors," four of whom were to be "always travelling beyond seas." He thinks a revenue of £4,000 a year would suffice, and urges its being placed close to London, and if it be possible, upon the side of the river or very near it.

[2] For Masson's admirable remarks on this paragraph, see vol. iii. pp. 251-2. He concludes with these words, "Above all, the noble moral glow that pervades the 'Tract of Education,' the mood of magnanimity in which it is conceived and written, and the faith it inculcates in the powers of the young human spirit, if rightly nurtured and directed, are merits everlasting."

intellectual nature is necessary; our speculations upon matter are voluntary, and at leisure. Physiological learning is of such rare emergence, that one man may know another half his life without being able to estimate his skill in hydrostaticks or astronomy; but his moral and prudential character immediately appears.

Those authors, therefore, are to be read at schools that supply most axioms of prudence, most principles of moral truth, and most materials for conversation; and these purposes are best served by poets, orators, and historians.

Let me not be censured for this digression as pedantick or paradoxical; for if I have Milton against me, I have Socrates on my side. It was his labour to turn philosophy from the study of nature to speculations upon life; but the innovators whom I oppose are turning off attention from life to nature. They seem to think, that we are placed here to watch the growth of plants, or the motions of the stars. Socrates was rather of opinion, that what we had to learn was, how to do good, and avoid evil.

Οττι τοι ἐν μεγάροισι κακόντ' ἀγαθόντε τέτυκται.[1]

Of institutions we may judge by their effects. From this wonder-working academy, I do not know that there ever proceeded any man very eminent for knowledge: its only genuine product, I believe, is a small History of Poetry,[2] written in Latin by his nephew Philips, of which perhaps none of my readers has ever heard.

[1] Hom. *Od.* iv. 392.

[2] This *Tractatulus de Carmine Dramatico Poetarum veterum Præsertim in Choris Tragicis et veteris Comœdiæ*, together with *Compendiosa Enumeratio Poetarum*, &c. &c. *qui a tempore Dantis Aligerii*, &c. *ab Ed. Phillippo*, is now found at the heel of *Buchleri Sacrarum Profanarumque Phrasium Poeticarum Thesaurus*, 18th ed. Lond. 1679. In the second of these tracts (p. 399) are the following highly eulogistic remarks upon *Paradise Lost*: "Joannes Miltonus præter alia quæ scripsit Elegantissima tum Anglice tum Latine, nuper publici juris fecit *Paradisum amissum* Poema quod sive sublimitatem Argumenti, sive Leporem simul et Majes-

That in his school, as in every thing else which he undertook, he laboured with great diligence, there is no reason for doubting. One part of his method deserves general imitation. He was careful to instruct his scholars in religion. Every Sunday was spent upon theology, of which he dictated a short system, gathered from the writers that were then fashionable in the Dutch universities.[1]

He set his pupils an example of hard study and spare diet; only now and then he allowed himself to pass a day of festivity and indulgence with some gay gentlemen of Gray's Inn.

He now began to engage in the controversies of the times, and lent his breath to blow the flames of contention.

tatem styli, sive sublimitatem Inventionis, sive similitudines et descriptiones quam maxime naturales respiciamus, vere Heroicum, ni fallor, audiet Plurium enim suffragiis qui non nesciunt judicare censetur perfectionem hujus generis Poematis assecutum esse."

On the authority of Wood (*Athen. Oxon.* iv. p. 672, ed. Bliss, Lond. 1820), who asserts that some copies of the 17th ed. (1669) of Buchler's *Thesaurus* contain Philips's tracts, Warton, Godwin, and Masson claim for E. Philips to have been the first to publicly praise *Paradise Lost*. But Wood ascribes the tracts to John Philips, and as he is certainly wrong in that ascription he may have fallen into further confusion. It is possible that these tracts were originally published separately in the same form as Philips's *Tractatulus*, &c. &c. *de Linguæ Latinæ*, 1682, 4to. now in the British Museum, and may have been bound up with some early copies of Buchler's *Thesaurus*, but, as at present found in Buchler, no mention is made of a separate or earlier publication. Edward Philips was also the author of *Theatrum Poetarum*, or a *Compleat Collection of the Poets*, London, Smith, 1675. This is written in English, and contains two paragraphs on Milton "the exactest of Heroic Poets," "who hath revived the majesty and true decorum of Heroic Poesy and Tragedy." Part ii. pp. 113-114.

[1] The writers mentioned by Philips are Amesius, Wollebius, &c. Dr. William Ames (1576-1633), was conspicuous as a Nonconformist at Cambridge in the beginning of the reign of James I. He was driven abroad by Bancroft's severity in 1610, and finally became minister of the English Congregationalist Church in Rotterdam. He was author of the *Medulla Theologiæ*, and other theological works. Wollebius (1536-1626), was a divine of Basle, and author of a *Compendium Theologiæ*. M. *M.* vol. iii. p. 254.

In 1641 he published a treatise of "Reformation,"[1] in two books, against the established Church; being willing to help the Puritans, who were, he says, *inferior to the Prelates in learning*.

Hall bishop of Norwich[2] had published an "Humble Remonstrance," in defence of Episcopacy; to which, in 1641, six[3] ministers, of whose names the first letters made the celebrated word *Smectymnuus*,[4] gave their Answer. Of this answer a Confutation was attempted by the learned Usher; and to the Confutation Milton published a Reply, intituled, "Of Prelatical Episcopacy, and whether it may be deduced from the Apostolical Times, by virtue of those testimonies which are alledged to that purpose in some late treatises, one whereof goes under the name of James Lord Bishop of Armagh."

I have transcribed this title, to shew, by his contemptuous mention of Usher,[5] that he had now adopted the

[1] This was the first of the grand series of Milton's pamphlets. His thesis was that the European Reformation begun by Luther had been arrested in England at a point far less advanced than that which it had reached in other countries, and that, in consequence, England had ever since been suffering, and struggling, and incapacitated as by a load of nightmare only half thrown off for the full and free exercise of her splendid spirit. M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 239.

[2] Bishop Hall (1574-1656), celebrated as one of the first English satirists, and a very eminent, learned and pious prelate, sometimes called the Christian Seneca.

[3] A singular slip; they were but five in number.

[4] Stephen Marshall, Edmund Calamy, Thomas Young, Matthew Newcomen, William Spinstow.

[5] James Usher, Archbishop of Armagh (1580-1655). In 1642 political troubles caused him to remove to Oxford, and he was nominated to the Bishopric of Chester, *in commendam*, with his Irish primacy. In 1643 he was chosen to represent the Oxford University in the assembly of divines at Westminster, but he refused to sit with them, and remained with the king at Oxford. Of his many learned works, the *Annals of the World*, first (1650) in Latin, and then translated by the author (1658) is the most valuable. His chronology is followed on the

puritanical savageness of manners. His next work was, "The Reason of Church Government urged against Prelacy, by Mr. John Milton," [1] 1642. In this book he discovers, not with ostentatious exultation, but with calm confidence, his high opinion of his own powers; and promises to undertake something, he yet knows not what, that may be of use and honour to his country. "This," says he, "is not to be obtained but by devout prayer to that Eternal Spirit that can enrich with all utterance and knowledge, and sends out his Seraphim with the hallowed fire of his altar, to touch and purify the lips of whom he pleases. To this must be added, industrious and select reading, steady observation, and insight into all seemly and generous arts and affairs; till which in some measure be compast, I refuse not to sustain this expectation." From a promise like this, at once fervid, pious, and rational, might be expected the "Paradise Lost."

He published the same year two more pamphlets,[2] upon the same question. To one of his antagonists, who affirms that he was *vomited out of the university*, he answers, in general terms; "The Fellows of the College wherein I spent some years, at my parting, after I had taken two degrees, as the manner is, signified many times how much

margins of our Bibles. He was, by the order of Cromwell, buried in Erasmus' Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and his fine library was bought by the officers and soldiers of Cromwell's army in Ireland, and lodged in Dublin Castle. When these books came into the possession of Charles II. he presented them to Dublin College, where they now remain. Dr. Parr published his letters and posthumous papers with a Life prefixed, 1787.

[1] This is Milton's fourth anti-episcopal pamphlet, a small quarto of sixty-five pages of close type. M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 362.

[2] The third pamphlet, pub. 1641, *Animadversions upon the Remonstrant's Defence against Smectymnuus*, and the fifth, pub. 1642, *An Apology against A Modest Confutation of the Animadversions, &c. &c. against Smectymnuus.* M. *M.* vol. ii. pp. 257, 398.

better it would content them that I should stay.—As for the common approbation or dislike of that place, as now it is, that I should esteem or disesteem myself the more for that, too simple is the answerer, if he think to obtain with me. Of small practice were the physician who could not judge, by what she and her sister have of long time vomited, that the worser stuff she strongly keeps in her stomach, but the better she is ever kecking at, and is queasy: she vomits now out of sickness; but before it be well with her, she must vomit by strong physick.—The university, in the time of her better health, and my younger judgement, I never greatly admired, but now much less."[1]

This is surely the language of a man who thinks that he has been injured. He proceeds to describe the course of his conduct, and the train of his thoughts; and, because he has been suspected of incontinence, gives an account of his own purity: "That if I be justly charged," says he, "with this crime, it may come upon me with tenfold shame."

The style of his piece is rough, and such perhaps was that of his antagonist. This roughness he justifies, by great examples, in a long digression. Sometimes he tries to be humorous:[2] "Lest I should take him for some chaplain in hand, some squire of the body to his prelate, one who serves not at the altar only but at the Court-cupboard, he will bestow on us a pretty model of himself: and sets me out half a dozen ptisical mottos, wherever he had them, hopping short in the measure of convulsion fits; in which labour the agony of his wit having scaped narrowly, instead of well-sized periods, he greets us with a

[1] This quotation is from Milton's fifth pamphlet (see preceding note) on the Church Question, the *Apology*, written in answer to an attack on him by Robert Hall, the son of the Bishop. M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 398.

[2] This is also from the fifth pamphlet.

quantity of thumbring posies.—And thus ends this section, or rather dissection of himself." Such is the controversial merriment of Milton; his gloomy seriousness is yet more offensive. Such is his malignity, *that hell grows darker at his frown.*[1]

His father, after Reading was taken by Essex,[2] came to reside in his house; and his school increased. At Whitsuntide, in his thirty-fifth year, he married Mary, the daughter of Mr. Powel,[3] a justice of the Peace in Oxfordshire. He brought her to town with him, and expected all the advantages of a conjugal life. The lady, however, seems not much to have delighted in the pleasures of spare diet and hard study; for, as Philips relates,[4] "having for a month led a philosophical life, after having been used at home to a great house, and much company and joviality, her friends, possibly by her own desire, made earnest suit to have her company the remaining part of the summer; which was granted, upon a promise of her return at Michaelmas."

Milton was too busy to much miss his wife: he pursued his studies; and now and then visited the Lady Margaret Leigh, whom he has mentioned in one of his sonnets.[5] At last Michaelmas arrived; but the Lady had no inclination

[1] "So frowned the mighty combatants, that Hell
Grew darker at their frown."[6]

[2] Reading surrendered to the Earl of Essex, April 27th, 1643. See Clarendon, *Hist. Rebell.* vol. iv. p. 38.

[3] For an account of the Powells and interesting details of their house and household, see M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 500.

[4] *Life*, Godwin, p. 366.

[5] Milton's tenth Sonnet is addressed to The Lady Margaret Ley. "Honoured Margaret," was the daughter of Sir James Ley, (1552-1629), who was Lord High Treasurer in 1622, and Lord President of the Council in 1628. Philips describes her as "a woman of great wit and ingenuity."

[6] *Paradise Lost*, ii. 719.

to return to the sullen gloom of her husband's habitation, and therefore very willingly forgot her promise. He sent her a letter, but had no answer; he sent more with the same success. It could be alleged that letters miscarry; he therefore dispatched a messenger, being by this time too angry to go himself. His messenger was sent back with some contempt. The family of the Lady were Cavaliers.

In a man whose opinion of his own merit was like Milton's, less provocation than this might have raised violent resentment. Milton soon determined to repudiate her for disobedience; and, being one of those who could easily find arguments to justify inclination, published (in 1644) "The Doctrine and Discipline of Divorce;"[1] which was followed by "The Judgement of Martin Bucer, concerning Divorce;" and the next year, his Tetrachordon, "Expositions upon the four chief Places of Scripture which treat of Marriage."

This innovation was opposed, as might be expected, by the clergy; who, then holding their famous assembly at Westminster,[2] procured that the author should be called before the Lords; "but that House," says Wood, "whether approving the doctrine, or not favouring his accusers, did soon dismiss him."

There seems not to have been much written against him, nor any thing by any writer of eminence.[3] The

[1] The first edition of this tract was out in London, August 1st, 1643. M. *M.* vol. iii. p. 47.

[2] On May 9th, 1642, a Bill was brought in "for calling an Assembly of godly and learned Divines to be consulted with by the Parliament for settling of the government and Liturgy of the Church, and for vindicating and clearing of the doctrine of the Church of England from false aspersions and interpretations." But the first meeting of the famous Westminster Assembly did not take place till July 1st, 1643. For a full account of the same see M. *M.* vol. ii. pp. 509-527.

[3] For an account of the different attacks on Milton's *Divorce Treatises* see M. *M.* vol. iii. pp. 262, 297, 467.

antagonist that appeared is styled by him, "A Serving man turned Solicitor." Howel in his letters mentions the new doctrine with contempt;[1] and it was, I suppose, thought more worthy of derision than of confutation. He complains of this neglect in two sonnets,[2] of which the first is contemptible, and the second not excellent.

From this time it is observed that he became an enemy to the Presbyterians, whom he had favoured before. He that changes his party by his humour, is not more virtuous than he that changes it by his interest; he loves himself rather than truth.

His wife and her relations now found that Milton was not an unresisting sufferer of injuries; and perceiving that he had begun to put his doctrine in practice, by courting a young woman of great accomplishments, the daughter of one Doctor Davis, who was however not ready to comply, they resolved to endeavour[3] a re-union. He went sometimes to the house of one Blackborough, his relation, in the lane of St. Martin's-le-Grand, and at one of his usual visits was surprised to see his wife come from another room, and implore forgiveness on her knees. He

[1] *Epistolæ Ho-Elianæ, Familiar Letters, domestic and forren, divided into six sections, historicall, politicall, philosophicall,* by J. Howell, Esq. London, 1645. 4to.; third edition, London, 1655, with a fourth volume of new letters. In 1726 this popular book had reached its ninth edition, and in 1737, London, and in 1753, Aberdeen, two more were published, both of which were called "the tenth edition." The mention of the new doctrine is as follows: "But that opinion of a poor shallow brain'd puppy, who upon any cause of disaffection, would have men to have a privilege to change their Wives or repudiate them deserves to be hissed at rather than confuted; for nothing can tend more to usher in all confusion and beggary throughout the world," p. 442, seventh edition, London, 1705. James Howell, (1596-1666), was a great traveller, the friend of Ben Jonson, and the first royal historiographer.

[2] Sonnets XI. and XII. Ald. *M.* vol. iii. pp. 205-6. Johnson nevertheless chose the first of these to represent "sonnet" in his dictionary.

[3] For this use cf. *Bk. C. P. Coll.* 2nd *Sund. aft. East.*

resisted her intreaties for a while; "but partly," says Philips,[1] "his own generous nature, more inclinable to reconciliation than to perseverance in anger or revenge, and partly the strong intercession of friends on both sides, soon brought him to an act of oblivion and a firm league of peace." It were injurious to omit, that Milton afterwards received her father[2] and her brothers in his own house, when they were distressed, with other Royalists.

He published[3] about the same time his "Areopagitica, a Speech of Mr. John Milton for the liberty of unlicensed Printing." The danger of such unbounded liberty, and the danger of bounding it, have produced a problem in the science of Government, which human understanding seems hitherto unable to solve. If nothing may be published but what civil authority shall have previously approved, power must always be the standard of truth; if every dreamer of innovations may propagate his projects, there can be no settlement; if every murmurer at government may diffuse discontent, there can be no peace; and if every sceptick in theology may teach his follies, there can be no religion. The remedy against these evils is to punish the authors; for it is yet allowed that every society may punish, though not prevent, the publication of opinions, which that society shall think pernicious; but this punishment, though it may crush the author, promotes the book; and it seems not more reasonable to leave the right of printing unrestrained, because writers may be afterwards censured, than it would be to sleep with doors unbolted, because by our laws we can hang a thief.

But whatever were his engagements, civil or domestick,

[1] See Godwin's *Lives*, p. 369.

[2] Her father died in Milton's house on or about Jan. 1st, 1646-7.

[3] November, 1644. M. *M.* vol. iii. p. 277. On the system of licensing opposed by Milton, see Prof. Hales' Preface to his edition of the *Areopagitica*.

poetry was never long out of his thoughts. About this time (1645) a collection of his Latin and English poems appeared, in which the "Allegro" and "Penseroso," with some others, were first published.[1]

He had taken a larger house[2] in Barbican for the reception of scholars; but the numerous relations of his wife, to whom he generously granted refuge for a while, occupied his rooms. In time, however, they went away; "and the house again," says Philips,[3] "now looked like a house of the Muses only, though the accession of scholars was not great. Possibly his having proceeded so far in the education of youth, may have been the occasion of his adversaries calling him pedagogue and school-master; whereas it is well known he never set up for a publick school, to teach all the young fry of a parish; but only was willing to impart his learning and knowledge to relations, and the sons of gentlemen who were his intimate friends; and that neither his writings nor his way of teaching ever savoured in the least of pedantry."

Thus laboriously does his nephew extenuate what cannot be denied, and what might be confessed without disgrace. Milton was not a man who could become mean by a mean employment. This, however, his warmest friends seem not to have found; they therefore shift and palliate. He did not sell literature to all comers at an open shop; he was a chamber-milliner, and measured his commodities only to his friends.

Philips, evidently impatient of viewing him in this state

[1] Printed for Humphrey Moseley, the great poetical publisher between 1640 and 1660. He was succeeded by Heringman, as Heringman was by Tonson. Before this exquisite little volume (now fetching a high price) is a print of Milton by Marshall, with Milton's satirical Greek verses beneath it.—P. CUNNINGHAM, vol. i. p. 99.

[2] In September, 1645. During the two years of Milton's residence here the deaths occurred of both his father and father-in-law. M. *M.* vol. iii. pp. 442-444.

[3] Godwin's *Lives*, p. 370.

of degradation, tells us that it was not long continued; and, to raise his character again, has a mind to invest him with military splendour: "He is much mistaken," he says,[1] "if there was not about this time a design of making him an adjutant-general in Sir William Waller's army. But the new modelling of the army proved an obstruction to the design." An event cannot be set at a much greater distance than by having been only *designed, about some time*, if a man *be not much mistaken*. Milton shall be a pedagogue no longer; for, if Philips be not much mistaken, somebody at some time designed him for a soldier.

About the time that the army was new-modelled (1645) he removed[2] to a smaller house in Holbourn, which opened backward into Lincoln's-Inn-Fields. He is not known to have published any thing afterwards till the King's death, when, finding his murderers condemned by the Presbyterians, he wrote a treatise to justify it,[3] and *to compose the minds of the people*.[4]

He made some "Remarks on the Articles of Peace between Ormond and the Irish Rebels."[5] While he contented himself to write, he perhaps did only what his conscience dictated; and if he did not very vigilantly watch the influence of his own passions, and the gradual prevalence of opinions, first willingly admitted and then habitually indulged, if objections, by being overlooked, were forgotten, and desire superinduced conviction; he yet shared only the common weakness of mankind, and might be no less sincere than his opponents. But as faction seldom leaves

[1] See Godwin's *Lives*, p. 371.

[2] This removal must have taken place in September or October, 1647. Perhaps the death of his father, which took place in March, 1647, enabled him to give up teaching. M. *M.* iii. 643-666.

[3] *The Tenure of Kings and Magistrates*, &c. &c. 1649.

[4] Five years later Milton thus described his *Tenure of Kings* pamphlet in his *Defensio Secunda*.

[5] *Observations on the Articles, &c.* pub. 1649.

a man honest, however it might find him, Milton is suspected[1] of having interpolated the book called "Icon Basilike,"[2] which the Council of State, to whom he was now made Latin secretary,[3] employed him to censure, by inserting a prayer taken from Sidney's "Arcadia," and imputing it to the King; whom he charges, in his "Iconoclastes,"[4] with the use of this prayer as with a heavy crime, in the indecent language with which prosperity had emboldened the advocates for rebellion to insult all that is venerable or great: "Who would have imagined so little fear in him of the true all-seeing Deity—as, immediately before his death, to pop into the hands of the grave bishop that attended him, as a special relique of his saintly exercises, a prayer stolen word for word from the mouth of a heathen woman praying to a heathen god?"

The papers which the King gave to Dr. Juxon on the scaffold the regicides took away, so that they were at least the publishers of this prayer; and Dr. Birch, who had examined the question with great care, was inclined to think them the forgers. The use of it by adaptation was innocent; and they who could so noisily censure it, with a little extension of their malice could contrive what they wanted to accuse.

King Charles the Second, being now sheltered in Hol-

[1] For the refutation of this groundless charge see M. *M.* iv. 250, and Todd's *Milton*, i. 73, ed. 1852.

[2] *Icon Basilike.* This famous literary forgery, the *Picture of a King*, was published by Dr. Gauden, afterwards Bishop of Exeter, from a manuscript said to have been entrusted to him by Charles I. himself, and became very popular. Milton answered it by his *Iconoclastes.*—M. Arnold, p. 458. For a description of one of the most famous books of the world, see M. *M.* iv. 33, 129.

[3] Milton was inducted into this office, March 20th, 1648-9, with a salary of £288 13*s.* 6*d.* that is about £1,000 of our present value, with lodgings in Whitehall. M. *M.* iv. 150.

[4] *Iconoclastes*, or *The Image Breaker*, 1649. 4to. pp. 240.

land, employed Salmasius,[1] professor of Polite Learning at Leyden, to write a defence of his father and of monarchy; and, to excite his industry, gave him, as was reported, a hundred Jacobuses.[2] Salmasius was a man of skill in languages, knowledge of antiquity, and sagacity of emendatory criticism, almost exceeding all hope of human attainment; and having, by excessive praises, been confirmed in great confidence of himself, though he probably had not much considered the principles of society or the rights of government, undertook the employment without distrust of his own qualifications; and, as his expedition in writing was wonderful, in 1649 published "Defensio Regis."

To this Milton was required to write a sufficient answer; which he performed[3] (1651) in such a manner, that Hobbes[4] declared himself unable to decide whose language

[1] Claude de Saumaise, a Frenchman, 1588, called generally Claudius Salmasius, was one of the most celebrated men in Europe. Of his thirty or forty great books the master-work was a vast folio published at Paris 1629, *Cl. Salmasii Plinianæ Exercitationes in Caii Julii Solini Polyhistoria*, being an illustrative commentary on the *Polyhistory* of Solinus which contained a geographical and historical sketch of the world as known to the ancients, and with Salmasius' notes forms a huge encyclopædia of philological and antiquarian lore. M. *M.* iv. 162, *et seq.*

[2] A Jacobus was worth twenty shillings.

[3] By writing his *Defensio pro Populo Anglicano.* At this time Milton's left eye was already useless, and he was warned that the other might soon fail him. The fame of this book was immense. All Europe began to ring with the name of Milton, and the excitement was only increased by the public burning of the book at Paris and Toulouse by the hands of the common hangman. M. *M.* iv. 341.

[4] "Undoubtedly," says Prof. Masson, "the most important philosophical or systematic thinker that England has produced since Bacon," was Thomas Hobbes, (1588-1679). "In some respects a bolder and more thorough thinker than Bacon;" "a grim and very irascible old Aristotle, and one can trace the descent of his main notions through the whole subsequent course of English philosophy." M. *M.* vi. 280. His first work was his English translation of the *History of Thucydides.* This was revised by Ben Jonson, and is much esteemed. He devoted his time

was best, or whose arguments were worst. In my opinion, Milton's periods are smoother, neater, and more pointed; but he delights himself with teizing his adversary as much as with confuting him. He makes a foolish allusion of Salmasius, whose doctrine he considers as servile and unmanly, to the stream of "Salmacis," which whoever entered left half his virility behind him. Salmasius was a Frenchman, and was unhappily married to a scold. *Tu es Gallus*, says Milton, *et, ut aiunt, nimium gallinaceus.* But his supreme pleasure is to tax his adversary, so renowned for criticism, with vitious Latin. He opens his book with telling that he has used *Persona*, which, according to Milton, signifies only a *Mask*, in a sense not known to the Romans, by applying it as we apply *Person.* But as Nemesis is always on the watch, it is memorable that he has enforced the charge of a solecism by an expression in itself grossly solecistical, when, for one of those supposed blunders, he says, as Ker,[1] and I think some one before him,[2] has remarked, *propino te grammatistis tuis* vapulandum. From *vapulo*, which has a passive sense, *vapulandus* can never be derived. No man forgets his original trade: the rights of nations, and of kings, sink into questions of grammar, if grammarians discuss them.

Milton when he undertook this answer was weak of

and life to framing a system of philosophy, which he called his *Leviathan.* He was the friend though an opponent of Descartes, and the intimate friend of Dr. Hervey, Selden and Cowley.

[1] *Selectarum de Lingua Latina, &c. &c.* Joannes Ker, M.D. Lond. 1709. *Liber alter* under Vapulandum. Mitford points out Vavassor in Crenius in the Aldine edition of Milton, 1832, vol. i. p. lxiv, but gives no reference to Ker.

[2] Illud mirum pariter et festivum quod is quo loco et quibus plane verbis attribuit Salmasio solœcismos, iisdem ipse solœcismum, aut solœcismo flagitium non minus admittat. Vavassor, *De Epigr.* xxii. p. 301-2 (1678), referred to by Crenius *Animadv. Philolog.* (1695), iv. p. 73. Both Vavassor and Crenius are quoted by Ker.

body, and dim of sight; but his will was forward, and what was wanting of health was supplied by zeal. He was rewarded by a thousand pounds,[1] and his book was much read; for paradox, recommended by spirit and elegance, easily gains attention; and he who told every man that he was equal to his King, could hardly want an audience.

That the performance of Salmasius was not dispersed with equal rapidity, or read with equal eagerness, is very credible. He taught only the stale doctrine of authority, and the unpleasing duty of submission; and he had been so long not only the monarch but the tyrant of literature, that almost all mankind were delighted to find him defied and insulted by a new name, not yet considered as any one's rival. If Christina, as is said, commended the "Defence of the People," her purpose must be to torment Salmasius, who was then at her Court; for neither her civil station nor her natural character could dispose her to favour the doctrine, who was by birth a queen, and by temper despotick.

That Salmasius was, from the appearance of Milton's book, treated with neglect, there is not much proof; but to a man so long accustomed to admiration, a little praise of his antagonist would be sufficiently offensive, and might incline him to leave Sweden, from which, however, he was dismissed, not with any mark of contempt, but with a train of attendance scarce less than regal.

He prepared a reply, which, left as it was imperfect, was published by his son in the year of the Restauration. In the beginning, being probably most in pain for his Latinity,

[1] *Life of John Milton* (Toland), 1699, p. 102, but no confirmation has been found, and the Council books, where thanks only are given to Milton for his book, do not support Toland's assertion further than that a money reward was suggested, but cancelled. For copy of the Order in Council, &c. see M. *M.* vol. iv. p. 321.

he endeavours to defend his use of the word *persona*; but, if I remember right, he misses a better authority than any that he has found, that of Juvenal in his fourth satire:

"—Quid agis cum dira & fœdior omni
Crimine *Persona* est?"

As Salmasius reproached Milton with losing his eyes in the quarrel, Milton delighted himself with the belief that he had shortened Salmasius's life, and both perhaps with more malignity than reason. Salmasius died at the Spa, Sept. 3, 1653; and as controvertists are commonly said to be killed by their last dispute, Milton was flattered with the credit of destroying him.

Cromwell had now dismissed the parliament by the authority of which he had destroyed monarchy, and commenced monarch himself, under the title of protector, but with kingly and more than kingly power. That his authority was lawful, never was pretended; he himself founded his right only in necessity; but Milton, having now tasted the honey of publick employment, would not return to hunger and philosophy, but, continuing to exercise his office under a manifest usurpation, betrayed to his power that liberty which he had defended. Nothing can be more just than that rebellion should end in slavery; that he, who had justified the murder of his king, for some acts which to him seemed unlawful, should now sell his services, and his flatteries, to a tyrant, of whom it was evident that he could do nothing lawful.

He had now been blind for some years;[1] but his vigour of intellect was such, that he was not disabled to discharge

[1] See a translation of the finest and most touching of all Milton's Latin letters, the *Epistle to Leonard Philaras*, describing the gradual loss of his sight and his present state, with reference to consulting a celebrated French physician and oculist, strongly recommended by Philaras, an Athenian, then in London. M. *M.* vol. iv. p. 640.

his office of Latin secretary, or continue his controversies. His mind was too eager to be diverted, and too strong to be subdued.

About this time[1] his first wife died in childbed, having left him three daughters. As he probably did not much love her, he did not long continue the appearance of lamenting her; but after a short time married Catherine, the daughter of one captain Woodcock of Hackney; a woman doubtless educated in opinions like his own. She died within a year, of childbirth, or some distemper that followed it; and her husband has honoured her memory with a poor sonnet.

The first Reply to Milton's "Defensio Populi" was published in 1651, called "Apologia pro Rege & Populo Anglicano, contra Johannis Polypragmatici (alias Miltoni) defensionem destructivam Regis & Populi." Of this the author was not known; but Milton and his nephew Philips, under whose name he published an answer so much corrected by him that it might be called his own, imputed it to Bramhal;[3] and, knowing him no friend to regicides, thought themselves at liberty to treat him as if they had known what they only suspected.

Next year appeared "Regii Sanguinis clamor ad Cœlum."

[1] "My daughter Deborah was born the 2nd of May, being Sunday, somewhat before 3 of the clock in the morning, 1652. My wife, hir Mother, dyed about 3 days after, and my son about 6 weeks after his mother. Katherin, my daughter, by Katherin, my second wife, was borne ye 19th of October between 5 and 6 in the morning, and dyed ye 17th of March following, 6 weeks after hir mother, who dyed ye 3rd of Feb. 1657." M.S. entries in Milton's Bible, now in the British Museum.

[2] Sonnet XXIII, Ald. *M.* vol. iii. p. 215.

[3] Dr. John Bramhall (1593-1663), Bishop of Londonderry, and after the Restoration, Archbishop of Armagh, and Primate of Ireland. He published various works, and was a great antagonist of Hobbes. At the time of the publication of the *Apologia* he was an exile in Antwerp. The real author was certainly John Rowland. M. *M.* vol. iv. p. 347-536.

Of this the author was Peter du Moulin,[1] who was afterwards prebendary of Canterbury; but Morus, or More, a French minister, having the care of its publication, was treated as the writer by Milton in his "Defensio Secunda," [2] and overwhelmed by such violence of invective, that he began to shrink under the tempest, and gave his persecutors the means of knowing the true author. Du Moulin was now in great danger; but Milton's pride operated against his malignity; and both he and his friends were more willing that Du Moulin should escape than that he should be convicted of mistake.

In this second Defence he shews that his eloquence is not merely satirical; the rudeness of his invective is equalled by the grossness of his flattery. "Deserimur, Cromuelle, tu solis superes, ad te summa nostrarum rerum rediit, in te solo consistit, insuperabili tuæ virtuti cedimus cuncti, nemine vel obloquente, nisi qui æquales inæqualis ipse honores sibi quærit, aut digniori concessos invidet, aut non intelligit nihil esse in societate hominum magis vel Deo gratum, vel rationi consentaneum, esse in civitate nihil æquius, nihil utilius, quam potiri rerum dignissimum.

[1] Peter du Moulin D.D. (1600-1684). Educated at Leyden, he was so far a naturalized Englishman as to be Rector of Wheldrake, near York. An intense Royalist and Episcopalian, he wrote a series of books, of which this was one, to maintain the cause of Charles II. and discredit the Commonwealth among continental Protestants. M. *M.* vol. v. pp. 216-218.

[2] *Second Defence for the English People, by John Milton*, Englishman, in reply to an Infamous Book entitled *Cry of the King's blood to Heaven against the English Parricides.* London, 1654. In this book Milton propounds his favourite idea, that in every age of great national action it is highly important that there should be some who, not partaking directly in such action, should look on and worthily appreciate it, lending their powers for the description and celebration of what has been done, and for the defence and exposition of what the men of action may intend to do. Its greatest interest lies in the passages of autobiography it contains. M. *M.* vol iv. p. 580, *et seq.* See next page, n. 2.

Eum te agnoscunt omnes, Cromuelle, ea tu civis maximus et gloriosissimus,[1] dux publici consilii, exercituum fortissimorum imperator, pater patriæ gessisti. Sic tu spontanea bonorum omnium et animitus missa voce salutaris."

Cæsar, when he assumed the perpetual dictatorship, had not more servile or more elegant flattery. A translation may shew its servility; but its elegance is less attainable. Having exposed the unskilfulness or selfishness of the former government, "We were left," says Milton, "to ourselves: the whole national interest fell into your hands, and subsists only in your abilities. To your virtue, overpowering and resistless, every man gives way, except some who, without equal qualifications, aspire to equal honours, who envy the distinctions of merit greater than their own, or who have yet to learn, that in the coalition of human society nothing is more pleasing to God, or more agreeable to reason, than that the highest mind should have the sovereign power. Such, Sir, are you by general confession; such are the things atchieved by you, the greatest and most glorious of our countrymen, the director of our publick councils, the leader of unconquered armies, the father of your country; for by that title does every good man hail you, with sincere and voluntary praise."

Next year, having defended all that wanted defence, he found leisure to defend himself.[2] He undertook his own vindication against More, whom he declares in his title to be justly called the author of the "Regii Sanguinis clamor."

[1] It may be doubted whether *gloriosissimus* be here used with Milton's boasted purity. *Res gloriosa* is an *illustrious thing*; but *vir gloriosus* is commonly *a braggart*, as in *miles gloriosus*.—JOHNSON.

[2] In a small volume of 204 pages, entitled, *Joannis Miltoni, Angli. Pro se Defensio contra Alexandrum Morum, Ecclesiasten, Libelli famosi, cui titulus 'Regii Sanguinis Clamor ad Cœlum adversus Parricidas Anglicanos,' authorem recte dictum. Londini, Typis Newcomianis.* 1655. M. *M.* vol. v. p. 108.

In this there is no want of vehemence nor eloquence, nor does he forget his wonted wit. "Morus es? an Momus? an uterque idem est?" He then remembers that *Morus* is Latin for a Mulberry-tree, and hints at the known transformation:

"—Poma alba ferebat
Quæ post nigra tulit Morus."

With this piece ended his controversies; and he from this time gave himself up to his private studies and his civil employment.

As secretary to the Protector he is supposed to have written the Declaration of the reasons for a war with Spain. His agency was considered as of great importance; for when a treaty with Sweden was artfully suspended, the delay was publickly imputed to Mr. Milton's indisposition; and the Swedish agent was provoked to express his wonder, that only one man in England could write Latin, and that man blind.[1]

Being now forty-seven years old, and seeing himself disencumbered from external interruptions, he seems to have recollected his former purposes, and to have resumed three great works which he had planned for his future employment: an epick poem, the history of his country, and a dictionary of the Latin tongue.

To collect a dictionary, seems a work of all others least practicable in a state of blindness, because it depends upon perpetual and minute inspection and collation. Nor would Milton probably have begun it, after he had lost his eyes; but, having had it always before him, he continued it, says Philips,[2] *almost to his dying-day; but the papers were*

[1] Whitelocke's Memorials, 6th May, 1656, ed. 1732, p. 645. See *M. M.* v. 240.

[2] In his *Life of Milton*. Godwin's *Lives*, p. 375.

so discomposed and deficient, that they could not be fitted for the press. The compilers of the Latin dictionary, printed at Cambridge, had the use of those collections in three folios; but what was their fate afterwards is not known.[1]

To compile a history from various authors, when they can only be consulted by other eyes, is not easy, nor possible, but with more skilful and attentive help than can be commonly obtained; and it was probably the difficulty of consulting and comparing that stopped Milton's narrative at the Conquest; a period at which affairs were not yet very intricate, nor authors very numerous.

For the subject of his epick poem, after much deliberation, *long chusing, and beginning late*, he fixed upon "Paradise Lost;" a design so comprehensive, that it could be justified only by success. He had once designed to celebrate King Arthur, as he hints in his verses to Mansus; but *Arthur was reserved*, says Fenton, *to another destiny.*[2]

It appears, by some sketches of poetical projects left in manuscript, and to be seen in a library at Cambridge,[3] that he had digested his thoughts on this subject into one of those wild dramas which were anciently called Mysteries; and Philips had seen what he terms part of a

[1] The *Cambridge Dictionary*, published in 4to, 1693, is a copy, with some small additions, of that of Dr. Adam Littleton, in 1685, by sundry persons, of whom there is reason to believe that Edward Philips was one. P. Cunningham, vol. i. p. 107.

[2] See Blackmore's once famous but now forgotten poem *Prince Arthur*, pub. 1695.

[3] This volume, kept under a glass case as one of the most valuable curiosities of the Library of Trinity College, Cambridge, is a thin folio bound in red morocco and inscribed on the back *Poemata Miltoni Manuscripta*. These manuscripts were collected by Charles Mason, a Fellow of Trinity, and bound and presented (1736) to the College by another Fellow, Thomas Clarke, afterwards of the Middle Temple, "desiring them to be preserved with the respect due to them." The most interesting contents of this volume are fully described by Masson. M. *M.* vol. ii. pp. 103-121.

tragedy,[1] beginning with the first ten lines of Satan's address to the Sun. These Mysteries consist of allegorical persons; such as *Justice, Mercy, Faith.* Of the tragedy or mystery of "Paradise Lost" there are two plans:

The Persons.	The Persons.
Michael.	Moses.
Chorus of Angels.	Divine Justice, Wisdom, Heavenly Love.
Heavenly Love.	The Evening Star, Hesperus.
Lucifer.	Chorus of Angels.
Adam, Eve, with the Serpent.	Lucifer.
Conscience.	Adam.
Death.	Eve.
Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, with others; Mutes.	Conscience.
Faith.	Labour, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death. Mutes.
Hope.	Faith.
Charity.	Hope.
	Charity.

Paradise Lost.

The Persons.

Moses, *ωρολογίζει*, recounting how he assumed his true body; that it corrupts not, because it is with God in the mount; declares the like of Enoch and Elijah; besides the purity of the place, that certain pure winds, dews, and clouds, preserves it from corruption; whence exhorts to the

[1] *Life of Milton* in Godwin's *Lives*, p. 376.

sight of God; tells, they cannot see Adam in the state of innocence, by reason of their sin.

Justice, Mercy, Wisdom, } debating what should become of man, if he fall.

Chorus of Angels singing a hymn of the Creation.

ACT II.

Heavenly Love.

Evening Star.

Chorus sing the marriage-song, and describe Paradise.

ACT III.

Lucifer, contriving Adam's ruin.

Chorus fears for Adam, and relates Lucifer's rebellion and fall.

ACT IV.

Adam, Eve, } fallen.

Conscience cites them to God's examination.

Chorus bewails, and tells the good Adam has lost.

ACT V.

Adam and Eve driven out of Paradise.

—— — —— presented by an angel with

Labour, Grief, Hatred, Envy, War, Famine, Pestilence, Sickness, Discontent, Ignorance, Fear, Death, } Mutes.

To whom he gives their names. Likewise Winter, Heat, Tempest, &c.

Faith, Hope, Charity, } comfort him, and instruct him.

Chorus briefly concludes.

Such was his first design, which could have produced only an allegory, or mystery. The following sketch seems to have attained more maturity.

Adam unparadised:

The angel Gabriel, either descending or entering; shewing, since this globe was created, his frequency as much on earth as in heaven; describes Paradise. Next, the Chorus, shewing the reason of his coming to keep his watch in Paradise, after Lucifer's rebellion, by command from God; and withal expressing his desire to see and know more concerning this excellent new creature, man. The angel Gabriel, as by his name signifying a prince of power, tracing Paradise with a more free office, passes by the station of the Chorus, and, desired by them, relates what he knew of man; as the creation of Eve, with their love and marriage. After this, Lucifer appears; after his overthrow, bemoans himself, seeks revenge on man. The Chorus prepare resistance at his first approach. At last, after discourse of enmity on either side, he departs: whereat the Chorus sings of the battle and victory in heaven, against him and his accomplices: as before, after the first act, was sung a hymn of the creation. Here again may appear Lucifer, relating and insulting [1] in what he had done to the destruction of man. Man next, and Eve having by this time been seduced by the Serpent, appears confusedly covered with leaves. Conscience, in a shape, accuses him; Justice cites him to the place whither Jehovah called for him. In the mean while, the Chorus entertains the stage, and is informed by some angel the manner of the Fall. Here the Chorus bewails Adam's fall; Adam then and Eve return; accuse one another; but especially Adam lays the blame to his wife; is stubborn in his

[1] Surely a misprint for "exulting."

offence. Justice appears, reasons with him, convinces him. The Chorus admonisheth Adam, and bids him beware Lucifer's example of impenitence. The angel is sent to banish them out of Paradise; but before causes to pass before his eyes, in shapes, a mask of all the evils of this life and world. He is humbled, relents, despairs: at last appears Mercy, comforts him, promises the Messiah; then calls in Faith, Hope, and Charity; instructs him; he repents, gives God the glory, submits to his penalty. The Chorus briefly concludes. Compare this with the former draught."

These are very imperfect rudiments of "Paradise Lost;" but it is pleasant to see great works in their seminal state, pregnant with latent possibilities of excellence; nor could there be any more delightful entertainment than to trace their gradual growth and expansion, and to observe how they are sometimes suddenly advanced by accidental hints, and sometimes slowly improved by steady meditation.

Invention is almost the only literary labour which blindness cannot obstruct, and therefore he naturally solaced his solitude by the indulgence of his fancy, and the melody of his numbers. He had done what he knew to be necessarily previous to poetical excellence; he had made himself acquainted with *seemly arts and affairs*;[1] his comprehension was extended by various knowledge, and his memory stored with intellectual treasures. He was skilful in many languages, and had by reading and composition attained the full mastery of his own. He would have wanted little help from books, had he retained the power of perusing them.

But while his greater designs were advancing, having now, like many other authors, caught the love of publication, he amused himself, as he could, with little productions. He sent to the press (1658) a manuscript of

[1] Milton's Pamphlet *The Reason of Church government urged against the Prelaty*, 1641, for extract see M. *M.* vol. ii. p. 389.

Raleigh, called the "Cabinet Council;"[1] and next year gratified his malevolence to the clergy, by a "Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Cases," and "The Means of removing Hirelings out of the Church."[2]

Oliver was now dead; Richard was constrained to resign: the system of extemporary government, which had been held together only by force, naturally fell into fragments when that force was taken away; and Milton saw himself and his cause in equal danger. But he had still hope of doing something. He wrote letters, which Toland has published, to such men as he thought friends to the new commonwealth; and even in the year of the Restoration he *bated no jot of heart or hope*,[3] but was fantastical enough to think that the nation, agitated as it was, might be settled by a pamphlet, called "A ready and easy way to establish a Free Commonwealth;" which was, however, enough considered to be both seriously and ludicrously answered.[4]

The obstinate enthusiasm of the commonwealthmen was

[1] This little volume contained about 200 pages, and was entitled, *The Cabinet Council; Containing the chief Arts of Empire, and Mysteries of State; Discabineted in Political and Polemical Aphorisms, grounded on Authority, and Experience; And illustrated with the choicest Examples and Historical Observations. By the Ever renowned Knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, published by John Milton, Esq.*

[2] The first of these Disestablishment Tracts was entitled, *A Treatise of Civil Power in Ecclesiastical Causes: Shewing that it is not lawfull for any Power on Earth to Compel in matters of Religion.* 1659. The second was called, *Considerations touching the likeliest means to remove Hirelings out of the Church*, &c. 1659. M. *M.* vol. v. pp. 381, 605.

[3] Sonnet XXII.

[4] *The Readie and Easie Way to Establish a Free Commonwealth, and the Excellence thereof compared with the inconveniences and dangers of readmitting Kingship in this Nation*, 1660, was what would now be called a scheme of Decentralization or Systematic Local Government. This pamphlet had an immense immediate circulation, and a month later a new edition, "revised and enlarged," was published with the added motto, *Et nos Consilium dedimus syllæ; demus Populo nunc.* M. *M.* vol. v. p. 678.