



J. G. Kneller del.

Engraved by W. Holt

John Dryden!
Born 1632. Died 1700.

Published March 1st 1871

THE
POETICAL WORKS
OF
JOHN DRYDEN, ESQ.

CONTAINING
ORIGINAL POEMS,
TALES, AND TRANSLATIONS,
WITH NOTES,

BY THE LATE
REV. JOSEPH WARTON, D. D.

THE
REV. JOHN WARTON, M. A.

AND OTHERS.

IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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THE Proprietors of this Work respectfully inform the Public ~~that~~ the Edition now offered to their acceptance has been many years in contemplation, but has been delayed by particular circumstances which they could neither foresee, nor prevent, and which it cannot be necessary to detail.

It contains the Poetical Works of Dryden, with notes left for publication by the late reverend and learned Dr. Joseph Warton, with some also by his son the Reverend John Warton, and others with which they have been favoured by Mr. Warton's and their literary friends. A selection has also been made of notes in the edition published by the late Mr. Derrick, and Dr. Johnson's admirable Life of Dryden is prefixed; than which, as Mr. Malone has observed, "a more beautiful and judicious piece of criticism perhaps has

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not appeared since the days of Aristotle." To the whole is added a copious Index.

It may be proper to state that the text of the present edition is not a mere copy of that edited by Mr. Derrick, and published by Tonson in 1760, but has derived advantage from collation; and from the addition of several pieces selected from the poet's dramatic works. Some omissions have also been made, which it is presumed, will not be regretted.

The work is printed in an uniform size with the four volumes of Dryden's Prose Works edited by Mr. Malone, and together comprehend the most interesting parts of this eminent writer's works.

October, 1811,

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ADDENDA.

The following Notes were received too late to be inserted in their proper places.

Vol. I. p. 1. After Mr. Malone's note, *add*, On examining the LACRYMÆ MUSARUM, it should seem that Mr. Collins was led into an error concerning the number of elegies on the death of Lord Hastings, by glancing his eye on the TABLE of Contents, in which the last elegy has a reference to p. 98; which he hastily supposed was the number of elegies in the book.

—p. 246. l. 595. *His hand a vare of justice did uphold*] Doubts have been entertained concerning the word VARE in this line, which some persons have supposed an error of the press; and Derrick substituted VASE for it. But the text is perfectly correct, and VARE is the true reading; the meaning of which uncommon word is ascertained by the following passage in Howell's LETTERS, p. 161, edit. 1728, which has been communicated by James Boswell, of the Inner Temple, Esq.

“He [the Spaniard] is wonderfully obedient to government; for the proudest Don of Spain, when he is prancing upon his ginet in the street, if an alguazil (a serjeant) shew him his VARE, that is, a little white staffe he carrieth as a badge of his office, my Don will presently off his horse, and yield himself his prisoner.”

VARA in Spanish signifies a wand. In a note on one of Dryden's Prose Pieces, Mr. Malone has observed, that he was a great reader of Spanish authors.

Vol. I. p. 400. Dr. Warton's authority for calling Dryden's young friend by the name of *Hampden* is probably derived from Derrick's assertion; for which there appears no authority; the initials of this young friend being given as H. D.

Vol. III. p. 41. *The name of its author being wholly lost,*] Not so: for, as Mr. Malone has observed, Boccace alluded to the *Thefeida*, which was written by himself. See Malone's *Life, &c.* of Dryden, vol. iii. p. 641.

THE
LIFE OF DRYDEN,

BY

DR. JOHNSON.

OF the great poet whose life I am about to delineate, the curiosity which his reputation must excite will require a display more ample than can now be given. His contemporaries, however they revered his genius, left his life unwritten; and nothing therefore can be known beyond what casual mention and uncertain tradition have supplied.

JOHN DRYDEN was born August 9, 1631, at Aldwinkle near Oundle, the son of Erasmus Dryden of Titchmarsh; who was the third son of Sir Erasmus Dryden, baronet, of Canons Ashby. All these places are in Northamptonshire; but the original stock of the family was in the county of Huntingdon †.

He is reported by his last biographer, Derrick, to have inherited from his father an estate of two hundred a year, and to have been bred, as was said, an Anabaptist. For either

* Mr. Malone has lately proved that there is no satisfactory evidence for this date. The inscription on Dryden's monument says only *natus 1632*. See Malone's *Life of Dryden*, prefixed to his "Critical and Miscellaneous Prose Works." p. 5. note. C.

† Of Cumberland. *Ibid.* p. 10. C.

of these particulars no authority is given. Such a fortune ought to have secured him from that poverty which seems always to have oppressed him; or, if he had wasted it, to have made him ashamed of publishing his necessities. But though he had many enemies, who undoubtedly examined his life with a scrutiny sufficiently malicious, I do not remember that he is ever charged with waste of his patrimony. He was indeed sometimes reproached for his first religion. I am therefore inclined to believe that Derrick's intelligence was partly true, and partly erroneous*.

From Westminster School, where he was instructed as one of the King's Scholars by Dr. Busby, whom he long after continued to reverence, he was in 1650 elected to one of the Westminster scholarships at Cambridge †.

Of his school performances has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small pox; and his poet has made of the pustules first rosebuds, and then gems; at last he exalts them into stars; and says,

No comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

At the university he does not appear to have been eager of poetical distinction, or to have lavished his early wit either on fictitious subjects or publick occasions. He probably considered, that he, who proposed to be an author, ought first to be a student. He obtained, whatever was the reason, no fellowship in the College. Why he was excluded cannot now

* Mr. Derrick's Life of Dryden was prefixed to a very beautiful and correct edition of Dryden's Miscellanies, published by the Tonsons in 1760, 4 vols. 8vo. Derrick's part, however, was poorly executed, and the edition never became popular. C.

† He went off to Trinity College, and was admitted to a Bachelor's Degree in Jan. 1653-4, and in 1657 was made M. A. C.

be known, and it is vain to guess; had he thought himself injured, he knew how to complain. In the life of Plutarch he mentions his education in the College with gratitude; but, in a prologue at Oxford, he has these lines:

Oxford to him a dearer name shall be
Than his own mother-university;
Thebes did his rude, unknowing youth engage;
He chooses Athens in his riper age.

It was not till the death of Cromwell, in 1658, that he became a public candidate for fame, by publishing *Heroic Stanzas on the late Lord Protector*; which, compared with the verses of Sprat and Waller on the same occasion, were sufficient to raise great expectations of the rising poet.

When the King was restored, Dryden, like the other panegyrists of usurpation, changed his opinion, or his profession, and published *ASTREA REDUX*; a poem on the happy Restoration and Return of his most sacred Majesty King Charles the Second.

The reproach of inconstancy was, on this occasion, shared with such numbers, that it produced neither hatred nor disgrace! if he changed, he changed with the nation. It was, however, not totally forgotten when his reputation raised him enemies.

The same year he praised the new King in a second poem on his restoration. In the *ASTREA* was the line,

An horrid *illness* first *invades* the ear,
And in that silence we a tempest fear—

for which he was persecuted with perpetual ridicule, perhaps with more than was deserved. *Silence* is indeed mere privation; and, so considered, cannot *invade*; but privation likewise certainly is *darkness*, and probably *cold*; yet poetry has never been refused the right of ascribing effects or agency to them as to positive powers. No man scruples to say that *darkness* hinders him from his work; or that *co'd* has killed the plants. Death is also privation; yet who has made any

difficulty of assigning to *Death* a dart and the power of striking?

In settling the order of his works there is some difficulty; for, even when they are important enough to be formally offered to a patron, he does not commonly date his dedication; the time of writing and publishing is not always the same; nor can the first editions be easily found, if even from them could be obtained the necessary information*.

The time at which his first play was exhibited is not certainly known, because it was not printed till it was, some years afterwards, altered and revived; but since the plays are said to be printed in the order in which they were written, from the dates of some, those of others may be inferred; and thus it may be collected, that in 1663, in the thirty-second year of his life, he commenced a writer for the stage; compelled undoubtedly by necessity, for he appears never to have loved that exercise of his genius, or to have much pleased himself with his own dramas.

Of the stage, when he had once invaded it, he kept possession for many years; not indeed without the competition of rivals who sometimes prevailed, or the censure of criticks, which was often poignant and often just; but with such a degree of reputation as made him at least secure of being heard, whatever might be the final determination of the publick.

His first piece was a comedy called the *Wild Gallant*. He began with no happy auguries; for his performance was so much disapproved, that he was compelled to recal it, and change it from its imperfect state to the form in which it now appears, and which is yet sufficiently defective to vindicate the criticks.

I wish that there were no necessity of following the progress of his theatrical fame, or tracing the meanders of his mind through the whole series of his dramattick performances; it will be fit, however, to enumerate them, and to take espe-

* The order of his plays has been accurately ascertained by Mr. Malone. C.

cial notice of those that are distinguished by any peculiarity, intrinsic or concomitant; for the composition and fate of eight-and-twenty dramas include too much of a poetical life to be omitted.

In 1664, he published the *Rival Ladies*, which he dedicated to the Earl of Orrery, a man of high reputation both as a writer and as a statesman. In this play he made his essay of dramattick rhyme, which he defends, in his dedication, with sufficient certainty of a favourable hearing; for Orrery was himself a writer of rhyming tragedies.

He then joined with Sir Robert Howard in the *Indian Queen*, a tragedy in rhyme. The parts which either of them wrote are not distinguished.

The *Indian Emperor* was published in 1667. It is a tragedy in rhyme, intended for a sequel to *Howard's Indian Queen*. Of this connection notice was given to the audience by printed bills, distributed at the door; an expedient supposed to be ridiculed in the *Rehearsal*, where Bayes tells how many reams he has printed, to insill into the audience some conception of his plot.

In this play is the description of Night, which Rymer has made famous by preferring it to those of all other poets.

The practice of making tragedies in rhyme was introduced soon after the Restoration, as it seems by the Earl of Orrery, in compliance with the opinion of Charles the Second, who had formed his taste by the French theatre; and Dryden, who wrote, and made no difficulty of declaring that he wrote only to please, and who perhaps knew that by his dexterity of versification he was more likely to excel others in rhyme than without it, very readily adopted his master's preference. He therefore made rhyming tragedies, till, by the prevalence of manifest propriety, he seems to have grown ashamed of making them any longer.

To this play is prefixed a very vehement defence of dramatic rhyme, in confutation of the preface to the *Duke of Lermu*, in which Sir Robert Howard had censured it.

In 1667 he published *Annus Mirabilis the Year of Wonders*, which may be esteemed one of his most elaborate works.

It is addressed to Sir Robert Howard by a letter, which is not properly a dedication; and, writing to a poet, he has interspersed many critical observations, of which some are common, and some perhaps ventured without much consideration. He began, even now, to exercise the domination of conscious genius, by recommending his own performance: "I am satisfied that as the Prince and General [Rupert and Monk] are incomparably the best subjects I ever had, so what I have written on them is much better than what I have performed on any other. As I have endeavoured to adorn my poem with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution."

It is written in quatrains, or heroic stanzas of four lines: a measure which he had learned from the *Gondibert* of Davenant, and which he then thought the most majestic that the English language affords. Of this stanza he mentions the incumbrances, increased as they were by the exactness which the age required. It was, throughout his life, very much his custom to recommend his works by representation of the difficulties that he had encountered, without appearing to have sufficiently considered, that where there is no difficulty there is no praise.

There seems to be, in the conduct of Sir Robert Howard and Dryden towards each other, something that is not now easily to be explained. Dryden, in his dedication to the Earl of Orrery, had defended dramatick rhyme; and Howard, in the preface to a collection of plays had censured his opinion. Dryden vindicated himself, in his *Dialogue on Dramatick Poetry*: Howard, in his preface to the *Duke of Lerma*, animadverted on the Vindication; and Dryden, in a preface to the *Indian Emperor*, replied to the Animadversions with great asperity, and almost with contumely. The dedication to this play is dated the year in which the *Annus Mirabilis*

was published. Here appears a strange inconsistency; but Langbaine affords some help, by relating that the answer to Howard was not published in the first edition of the play, but was added when it was afterwards reprinted; and as the *Duke of Lerma* did not appear till 1668, the same year in which the dialogue was published, there was time enough for enmity to grow up between authors, who, writing both for the theatre, were naturally rivals.

He was now so much distinguished, that in 1668 * he succeeded Sir William Davenant as poet-laureat. The salary of the laureat had been raised in favour of Jonson, by Charles the First, from an hundred marks to one hundred pounds a year, and a tierce of wine; a revenue in those days not inadequate to the conveniencies of life.

The same year, he published his essay on Dramatick Poetry, an elegant and instructive dialogue, in which we are told, by Prior, that the principal character is meant to represent the Duke of Dorset. This work seems to have given Addison a model for his Dialogues upon Medals.

Secret Love, or the Maiden Queen (1668), is a tragi-comedy. In the preface he discusses a curious question, whether a poet can judge well of his own productions? and determines very justly, that, of the plan and disposition, and all that can be reduced to principles of science, the author may depend upon his own opinion; but that, in those parts where fancy predominates, self-love may easily deceive. He might have observed, that what is good only because it pleases, cannot be pronounced good till it has been found to please.

Sir Martin Marr-all (1668) is a comedy, published without preface or dedication, and at first without the name of the author. Langbaine charges it, like most of the rest, with plagiarism; and observes, that the song is translated from

He did not obtain the Laurel till August 18, 1670, but, Mr. Malone informs us, the patent had a retrospect, and the salary commenced from the Midsummer after D'Avenant's death. C.

Voiture, allowing however that both the sense and measure are exactly observed.

The Tempest (1670) is an alteration of Shakspeare's play, made by Dryden in conjunction with Davenant; "whom," says he, "I found of so quick a fancy, that nothing was proposed to him in which he could not suddenly produce a thought extremely pleasant and surprizing; and those first thoughts of his, contrary to the Latin proverb, were not always the least happy; and as his fancy was quick, so likewise were the products of it remote and new. He borrowed not of any other; and his imaginations were such as could not easily enter into any other man."

The effect produced by the conjunction of these two powerful minds was, that to Shakspeare's monster, Caliban, is added a sifter monster, Sycorax; and a woman, who, in the original play, had never seen a man, is in this brought acquainted with a man that had never seen a woman.

About this time, in 1673, Dryden seems to have had his quiet much disturbed by the success of the *Empress of Morocco*, a tragedy written in rhyme by *Elkanah Settle*; which was so much applauded, as to make him think his supremacy of reputation in some danger. Settle had not only been prosperous on the stage, but, in the confidence of success, had published his play, with sculptures and a preface of defiance. Here was one offence added to another; and, for the last blast of inflammation, it was acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies.

Dryden could not now repress those emotions, which he called indignation, and others jealousy; but wrote upon the play and the dedication such criticism as malignant impatience could pour out in haste.

Of Settle he gives this character: "He's an animal of a most deplored understanding, without reading and conversation. His being is in a twilight of sense, and some glimmering of thought which he can never fashion into wit or English. His style is boisterous and rough-hewn, his

“ rhyms incorrigibly lewd, and his numbers perpetually
 “ harsh and ill-founding. The little talent which he has, is
 “ fancy. He sometimes labours with a thought; but, with
 “ the pudder he makes to bring it into the world, ’tis com-
 “ monly still-born; so that, for want of learning and elocu-
 “ tion, he will never be able to express any thing either na-
 “ turally or justly.”

This is not very decent; yet this is one of the pages in which criticism prevails over brutal fury.

He proceeds: “ He has a heavy hand at fools, and a great
 “ felicity in writing nonsense for them. Fools they will be
 “ in spite of him. His King, his two Empresses, his Villain,
 “ and his Sub-villain, nay his Hero, have all a certain natu-
 “ ral cast of the father—their father was born and bred in
 “ them, and something of the Elkanah will be visible.”

This is Dryden’s general declamation; I will not withhold from the reader a particular remark. Having gone through the first act, he says, “ To conclude this act with the most
 “ rumbling piece of nonsense spoken yet :

“ To flattering lightning our feign’d smiles conform,
 “ Which, back’d with thunder, do but gild a storm.

“ Conform a smile to lightning, make a smile imitate light-
 “ ning, and flattering lightning: lightning sure is a threat-
 “ ening thing. And this lightning must gild a storm. Now,
 “ if I must conform my smiles to lightning, then my smiles
 “ must gild a storm too: to gild with smiles, is a new inven-
 “ tion of gilding. And gild a storm by being backed with
 “ thunder. Thunder is part of the storm; so one part of
 “ the storm must help to gild another part, and help by
 “ backing; as if a man would gild a thing the better for be-
 “ ing backed, or having a load upon his back. So that here
 “ is gilding by conforming, smiling, lightning, backing,
 “ and thundering. The whole is as if I should say thus:
 “ I will make my counterfeit smiles look like a flattering
 “ stone-horse, which, being backed with a trooper, does but

“ gild the battle. I am mistaken if nonsense is not here pretty
 “ thick sown. Sure the poet writ these two lines a-board
 “ some smack in a storm, and, being sea-sick, spewed up a
 “ good lump of clotted nonsense at once.”

Here is perhaps a sufficient specimen ; but as the pamphlet, though Dryden's, has never been thought worthy of republication, and is not easily to be found, it may gratify curiosity to quote it more largely :

————— Whene'er she bleeds,
 He no severer a damnation needs,
 That dares pronounce the sentence of her death,
 Than the infection that attends that breath.

“ *That attends that breath.*—The poet is at *breath* again ;
 “ *breath* can never 'scape him ; and here he brings in a
 “ *breath* that must be *infectious* with *pronouncing* a sen-
 “ tence ; and this sentence is not to be pronounced till the
 “ condemned party *bleeds* ; that is, she must be executed first,
 “ and sentenced after ; and the *pronouncing* of this *sentence*
 “ will be *infectious* ; that is, others will catch the disease of
 “ that sentence, and this infecting of others will torment a
 “ man's self. The whole is thus ; *when she bleeds, thou*
 “ *needest no greater hell or torment to thyself, than infect-*
 “ *ing of others by pronouncing a sentence upon her.* What
 “ hodge podge does he make here ! Never was Dutch grout
 “ such clogging, thick, indigestible stuff. But this is but a
 “ taste to stay the stomach ; we shall have a more plentiful
 “ mess presently.”

“ Now to dish up the poet's broth, that I promised :

For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd,
 Of nature's grosser burden we're discharg'd.
 Then, gentle as a happy lover's sigh,
 Like wand'ring meteors through the air we'll fly,
 And in our airy walk, as subtle guests,
 We'll steal into our cruel fathers' breasts,
 There read their souls, and track each passion's sphere,
 See how Revenge moves there, Ambition here ;

And in their orbs view the dark characters
 Of sieges, ruins, murders, blood, and wars,
 We'll blot out all those hideous draughts, and write
 Pure and white forms; then with a radiant light
 Their breasts encircle, till their passions be
 Gentle as nature in its infancy;
 Till, soften'd by our charms, their furies cease,
 And their revenge resolves into a peace.
 Thus by our death their quarrel ends,
 Whom living we made foes, dead we'll make friends.

“ If this be not a very liberal mess, I will refer myself to the
 “ stomach of any moderate guest. And a rare mess it is, far
 “ excelling any Westminster white-broth. It is a kind of
 “ giblet porridge, made of the giblets of a couple of young
 “ geese, stogged full of *meteors, orbs, spheres, track, hide-*
 “ *ous draughts, dark characters, white forms, and radiant*
 “ *lights*, designed not only to please appetite, and indulge
 “ luxury, but it is also physical, being an approved medi-
 “ cine to purge choler; for it is propounded, by Morena, as
 “ a receipt to cure their fathers of their choleric humours;
 “ and, were it written in characters as barbarous as the
 “ words, might very well pass for a doctor's bill. To con-
 “ clude: it is porridge, 'tis a receipt, 'tis a pig with a pud-
 “ ding in the belly, 'tis I know not what: for, certainly, ne-
 “ ver any one that pretended to write sense had the impu-
 “ dence before to put such stuff as this into the mouths of
 “ those that were to speak it before an audience, whom he
 “ did not take to be all fools; and after that to print it too,
 “ and expose it to the examination of the world. But let
 “ us see what we can make of this stuff:

For when we're dead, and our freed souls enlarg'd—
 “ Here he tells us what it is to be *dead*; it is to have *our*
 “ *freed souls set free*. Now, if to have a soul set free, is to
 “ be dead; then to have a *freed soul* set free, is to have a
 “ dead man die.

Then, gently as a happy lover's sigh—

“ They two like one *figh*, and that one *figh* like two wander-
 “ ing meteors,

“—Shall fly through the air—

“ That is, they shall mount above like falling stars, or else
 “ they shall skip like two jacks with lanthorns, or Will with a
 “ whisp, and Madge with a candle.”

And in their airy walk steal into their cruel fathers' breasts, like subtle guests. So “ that their *fathers' breasts*
 “ must be in an *airy walk*, an *airy walk* of a *fier*. *And*
 “ *there they will read their souls, and track the spheres of*
 “ *their passions.* That is, these walking fliers, Jack with a
 “ lanthorn, &c. will put on his spectacles, and fall a *reading*
 “ *souls*, and put on his pumps and fall a *tracking of*
 “ *spheres*: so that he will read and run, walk and fly, at the
 “ same time! Oh! nimble Jack! *Then he will see, how re-*
 “ *venge here, how ambition there*—The birds will hop
 “ about. *And then view the dark characters of sieges, ruins,*
 “ *murders, blood, and wars, in their orbs: Track the cha-*
 “ *raçlers* to their forms! Oh! rare sport for Jack! Never
 “ was place so full of game as these breasts! You cannot
 “ stir, but flush a sphere, start a character, or unkennel an
 “ orb!”

Settle's is said to have been the first play embellished with sculptures; those ornaments seem to have given poor Dryden great disturbance. He tries however to ease his pain by venting his malice in a parody.

“ The poet has not only been so imprudent to expose all
 “ this stuff, but so arrogant to defend it with an epistle; like
 “ a faucy booth-keeper, that, when he had put a cheat upon
 “ the people, would wrangle and fight with any that would
 “ not like it, or would offer to discover it; for which arro-
 “ gance our poet receives this correction; and, to jerk him
 “ a little the sharper, I will not transpose his verse, but by
 “ the help of his own words transnonsense sense, that by my
 “ stuff, people may judge the better what is his:

- " Great Boy, thy tragedy and sculptures done,
 " From press and plates, in fleets do homeward run;
 " And, in ridiculous, and humble pride,
 " Their course in ballad-fingers' baskets guide,
 " Whose greasy twigs do all new beauties take,
 " From the gay shews thy dainty sculptures make.
 " Thy lines a mefs of rhyming nonsense yield,
 " A senseless tale, with flattering fustian fill'd.
 " No grain of sense does in one line appear,
 " Thy words big bulks of boisterous bombast bear.
 " With noise they move, and from players' mouths re-
 " bound,
 " When their tongues dance to thy words' empty sound,
 " By thee inspir'd the rumbling verses roll,
 " As if that rhyme and bombast lent a soul;
 " And with that soul they seem taught duty too;
 " To huffing words does humble nonsense bow,
 " As if it would thy worthless worth enhance,
 " To th' lowest rank of fops thy praise advance,
 " To whom, by instinct, all thy stuff is dear:
 " Their loud claps echo to the theatre.
 " From breaths of fools thy commendation spreads,
 " Fame sings thy praise with mouths of logger-heads.
 " With noise and laughing each thy fustian greets,
 " 'Tis clapt by choirs of empty-headed cits,
 " Who have their tribute sent, and homage given,
 " As men in whispers send loud noise to Heaven.

" Thus I have daubed him with his own puddle: and now
 " we are come from aboard his dancing, masking, rebound-
 " ing, breathing fleet: and, as if we had landed at Gotham,
 " we meet nothing but fools and nonsense."

Such was the criticism to which the genius of Dryden
 could be reduced, between rage and terrour; rage with little
 provocation, and terrour with little danger. To see the high-
 est mind thus levelled with the meanest, may produce some
 solace to the consciousness of weakness, and some mortifica-
 tion to the pride of wisdom. But let it be remembered, that

minds are not levelled in their powers but when they are first levelled in their desires. Dryden and Settle had both placed their happiness in the claps of multitudes.

An Evening's Love, or The Mock Astrologer, a comedy (1671) is dedicated to the illustrious Duke of Newcastle, whom he courts by adding to his praises those of his lady, not only as a lover, but a partner of his studies. It is unpleasant to think how many names, once celebrated, are since forgotten. Of Newcastle's works nothing is now known but his Treatise on Horsemanship.

The Preface seems very elaborately written, and contains many just remarks on the Fathers of the English drama. Shakspeare's plots, he says, are in the hundred novels of *Cinthio*; those of Beaumont and Fletcher in Spanish Stories; Jonson only made them for himself. His criticisms upon tragedy, comedy, and farce, are judicious and profound. He endeavours to defend the immorality of some of his comedies by the example of former writers; which is only to say, that he was not the first nor perhaps the greatest offender. Against those that accused him of plagiarism he alleges a favourable expression of the king: "He only desired that they, who accuse me of thefts, would steal him plays like mine;" and then relates how much labour he spends in fitting for the English stage what he borrows from others.

Tyrannick Love, or the Virgin Martyr (1672), was another tragedy in rhyme, conspicuous for many passages of strength and elegance, and many of empty noise and ridiculous turbulence. The rants of Maximin have been always the sport of criticism; and were at length, if his own confession may be trusted, the shame of the writer.

Of this play he has taken care to let the reader know, that it was contrived and written in seven weeks. Want of time was often his excuse, or perhaps shortness of time was his private boast in the form of an apology.

It was written before *The Conquest of Granada*, but published after it. The design is to recommend piety. "I

“ considered that pleasure was not the only end of Poesy ; and
 “ that even the instructions of morality were not so wholly
 “ the business of a poet, as that the precepts and examples
 “ of piety were to be omitted ; for to leave that employment
 “ altogether to the clergy, were to forget that religion was
 “ first taught in verse, which the laziness or dullness of suc-
 “ ceeding priesthood turned afterwards into prose.” Thus
 foolishly could Dryden write, rather than not shew his ma-
 lice to the parsons*.

The two parts of *The Conquest of Granada* (1672), are written with a seeming determination to glut the publick with dramattick wonders, to exhibit in its highest elevation a theatrical meteor of incredible love and impossible valour, and to leave no room for a wilder flight to the extravagance of posterity. All the rays of romantick heat, whether amorous or warlike, glow in Almanzor by a kind of concentration. He is above all laws ; he is exempt from all restraints ; he ranges the world at will, and governs wherever he appears. He fights without enquiring the cause, and loves in spite of the obligations of justice, of rejection by his mistress, and of prohibition from the dead. Yet the scenes are, for the most part, delightful ; they exhibit a kind of illustrious depravity, and majestic madness, such as, if it is sometimes despised, is often revered, and in which the ridiculous is mingled with the astonishing.

In the Epitogue to the second part of *The Conquest of Granada*, Dryden indulges his favourite pleasure of discre-

* So fond was he of opportunity to gratify his spleen against the clergy, that he scrupled not to convert Chaucer's images, in the *Knights Tale*, of “ The smiler with the knif under the cloke,” and of “ Conteke with bloody knif,” into these satires on the church. See Warton's *Hist. Eng. Poetry*, vol. 1. p. 358.

“ Next stood Hypocrisy with holy leer,
 “ Soft-smiling, and demurely looking down,
 “ But hid the dagger underneath the gown.”
 “ Contest with sharpened knives in cloysters drawn,
 “ And all with blood bespread the holy lawn.” T.

diting his predecessors; and this Epilogue he has defended by a long postscript. He had promised a second dialogue, in which he should more fully treat of the virtues and faults of the English poets, who have written in the dramatick, epick, or lyrick way. This promise was never formally performed; but, with respect to the dramatick writers, he has given us in his prefaces, and in this postscript, something equivalent; but his purpose being to exalt himself by the comparison, he shews faults distinctly, and only praises excellence in general terms.

A play thus written, in professed defiance of probability, naturally drew upon itself the vultures of the theatre. One of the criticks that attacked it was Martin Clifford, to whom Sprat addressed the Life of Cowley, with such veneration of his critical powers as might naturally excite great expectations of instructions from his remarks. But let honest credulity beware of receiving characters from contemporary writers. Clifford's remarks, by the favour of Dr. Percy, were at last obtained; and, that no man may ever want them more, I will extract enough to satisfy all reasonable desire.

In the first Letter his observation is only general; "You do live," says he, "in as much ignorance and darkness as you did in the womb; your writings are like a Jack-of-all-trade's shop; they have a variety, but nothing of value; and if thou art not the dullest plant-animal that ever the earth produced, all that I have conversed with are strangely mistaken in thee."

In the second he tells him that Almanzor is not more copied from Achilles than from Ancient Pistol. "But I am," says he, "strangely mistaken if I have not seen this very *Almanzor* of yours in some disguise about this town, and passing under another name. Pr'ythee tell me true, was not this Huffcap once the *Indian Emperor*? and at another time did he not call himself *Maximin*? Was not *Lyndaraxa* once called *Almeria*? I mean under *Montezuma* the Indian Emperor. I protest and vow they are either the same, or so alike, that I cannot, for my heart, distin-

“guish one from the other. You are therefore a strange
 “unconscionable thief; thou art not content to steal from
 “others, but dost rob thy poor wretched self too.”

Now was Settle's time to take his revenge. He wrote a vindication of his own lines; and, if he is forced to yield any thing, makes his reprisals upon his enemy. To say that his answer is equal to the censure, is no high commendation. To expose Dryden's method of analysing his expressions, he tries the same experiment upon the same description of the ships in the *Indian Emperor*, of which however he does not deny the excellence; but intends to shew, that by studied misconstruction every thing may be equally represented as ridiculous. After so much of Dryden's elegant animadversions, justice requires that something of Settle's should be exhibited. The following observations are therefore extracted from a quarto pamphlet of ninety-five pages:

“Fate after him below with pain did move,
 “And victory could scarce keep pace above.

“These two lines, if he can shew me any sense or thought in,
 “or any thing but bombast and noise, he shall make me be-
 “lieve every word in his observations on *Morocco* sense.

In *The Empress of Morocco* were these lines:

“I'll travel then to some remoter sphere,
 “Till I find out new worlds, and crown you there.”

On which Dryden made this remark:

“I believe our learned author takes a sphere for a coun-
 “try; the sphere of Morocco; as if Morocco were the
 “globe of earth and water; but a globe is no sphere neither,
 “by his leave, &c.” “So *sphere* must not be sense, unless
 “it relates to a circular motion about a globe, in which sense
 “the astronomers use it. I would desire him to expound
 “those lines in *Granada*:

“I'll to the turrets of the palace go,
 “And add new fire to those that fight below.

" Thence, Hero-like, with torches by my side,
 " (Far be the omen though) my Love I'll guide.
 " No, like his better fortune I'll appear,
 " With open arms, loose veil, and flowing hair,
 " Just flying forward from my rowling sphere.

" I wonder, if he be so strict, how he dares make so bold
 " with *sphere* himself, and be so critical in other men's writ-
 " ings. Fortune is fancied standing on a globe, not on a
 " *sphere*, as he told us in the first act.

" Because *Elkanah's Similies are the most unlike things*
 " *to what they are compared in the world*, I'll venture to start
 " a simile in his *Annus Mirabilis*: he gives this poetical de-
 " scription of the ship called the *London*:

" The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 " The Phœnix-daughter of the vanquish'd old,
 " Like a rich bride does on the ocean swim,
 " And on her shadow rides in floating gold.
 " Her flag aloft spread ruffling in the wind,
 " And sanguine streamers seem'd the flood to fire:
 " The weaver, charm'd with what his loom design'd,
 " Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.
 " With roomy decks her guns of mighty strength
 " Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow laves,
 " Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
 " She seems a sea-wasp flying in the waves.

" What a wonderful pother is here, to make all these poetical
 " beautifications of a ship; that is, a *phœnix* in the first
 " stanza, and but a *wasp* in the last; nay, to make his hum-
 " ble comparison of a *wasp* more ridiculous, he does not
 " say it flies upon the waves as nimbly as a wasp, or the
 " like, but it seem'd a *wasp*. But our author at the writing
 " of this was not in his altitudes, to compare ships to floating
 " palaces: a comparison to the purpose, was a perfection he
 " did not arrive to till the *Indian Emperor's* days. But per-
 " haps his similitude has more in it than we imagine; this

“ ship had a great many guns in her, and they, put all together, made the sting in the wasp’s tail: for this is all the reason I can guess, why it seemed a *wasp*. But, because we will allow him all we can to help out, let it be a *phenix sea-wasp*, and the rarity of such an animal may do much towards heightening the fancy.

“ It had been much more to his purpose, if he had designed to render the senseless play little, to have searched for some such pedantry as this:

“ Two ifs scarce make one possibility.

“ If justice will take all, and nothing give,

“ Justice, methinks, is not distributive.

“ To die or kill you is the alternative.

“ Rather than take your life, I will not live.

“ Observe how prettily our author chops logick in heroick verse. Three such sustian canting words as *distributive*, *alternative*, and *two ifs*, no man but himself would have come within the noise of. But he’s a man of general learning, and all comes into his play.

“ ’Twould have done well too if he could have met with the rant or two, worth the observation: such as,

“ Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover’s pace,

“ Leave months and weeks behind thee in thy race.

“ But surely the Sun, whether he flies a lover’s or not a lover’s pace, leaves weeks and months, nay years too, behind him in his race.

“ Poor Robin, or any other of the Philo-mathematicks, would have given him satisfaction in the point.

“ If I could kill thee now, thy fate’s so low,

“ That I must stoop, ere I can give the blow.

“ But mine is fixt so far above thy crown,

“ That all thy men,

“ Piled on thy back, can never pull it down.

“ Now where that is, Almanzor’s fate is fixt, I cannot

“ gueſs: but, wherever it is, I believe Almanzor, and think
 “ that all Abdalla’s ſubjects, piled upon one another, might
 “ not pull down his fate ſo well as without piling: beſides I
 “ think Abdalla ſo wiſe a man, that, if Almanzor had told
 “ him piling his men upon his back might do the feat, he
 “ would ſcarcely bear ſuch a weight, for the pleaſure of the
 “ exploit; but it is a huff, and let Abdalla do it if he dare.

“ The people like a headlong torrent go,
 “ And every dam they break or overflow.
 “ But, unoppos’d, their either loſe their force,
 “ Or wind in volumes to their former courſe:

“ a very pretty alluſion, contrary to all ſenſe or reaſon. Tor-
 “ rents, I take it, let them wind never ſo much, can never
 “ return to their former courſe, unleſs he can ſuppoſe that
 “ fountains can go upwards, which is impoſſible; nay more,
 “ in the foregoing page he tells us ſo too; a trick of a very
 “ unfaithful memory.

“ But can no more than fountains upward flow;

“ which of a *torrent*, which ſignifies a rapid ſtream, is much
 “ more impoſſible. Beſides, if he goes to quibble, and ſay,
 “ that it is poſſible by art water may be made return, and
 “ the ſame water run twice in one and the ſame channel; then
 “ he quite confutes what he ſays: for it is by being oppoſed,
 “ that it runs into its former courſe; for all engines that make
 “ water ſo return, do it by compulſion and oppoſition. Or,
 “ if he means a headlong torrent for a tide, which would be
 “ ridiculous, yet they do not wind in volumes, but come
 “ fore-right back (if their upright lies ſtraight to their former
 “ courſe), and that by oppoſition of the ſea-water, that
 “ drives them back again.

“ And for fancy, when he lights of any thing like it, ’tis a
 “ wonder if it be not borrowed. As here, for example of, I
 “ find this fanciful thought in his *Ann. Mirab.*

“ Old father Thames rais’d up his reverend head ;
 “ But fear’d the fate of Simocis would return ;
 “ Deep in his ooze he fought his fedy bed ;
 “ And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

“ This is stolen from Cowley’s *Dauides*, p. 9.

“ Swift Jordan started, and strait backward fled,
 “ Hiding amongst thick reeds his aged head.”

“ And when the Spaniards their assault begin,
 “ At once beat those without and those within.

“ This Almanzor speaks of himself ; and sure for one man
 “ to conquer an army within the city, and another without
 “ the city, at once, is something difficult : but this flight is
 “ pardonable to some we meet with in *Granada* : Osmin,
 “ speaking of Almanzor,

“ Who, like a tempest that outrides the wind,
 “ Made a just battle, ere the bodies join’d.

“ Pray, what does this honourable person mean by a *tempest*
 “ *that outrides the wind*? a tempest that outrides itself. To
 “ suppose a tempest without wind, is as bad as supposing a
 “ man to walk without feet ; for if he supposes the tempest
 “ to be something distinct from the wind, yet, as being the
 “ effect of wind only, to come before the cause is a little pre-
 “ posterous ; so that, if he takes it one way, or if he takes it
 “ the other, those two *ifs* will scarcely make one *possibility*.”
 Enough of Settle.

Marriage a-la-mode (1673) is a comedy dedicated to the Earl of Rochester ; whom he acknowledges not only as the defender of his poetry, but the promoter of his fortune. Laugbaine places this play in 1673. The Earl of Rochester, therefore, was the famous Wilmot, whom yet tradition always represents as an enemy to Dryden, and who is mentioned by him with some disrespect in the preface to *Juvenal*.

The Assignation, or Love in a Nunnery, a comedy (1673) was driven off the stage, *against the opinion*, as the author

says, *of the best judges*. It is dedicated, in a very elegant address, to Sir Charles Sedley; in which he finds an opportunity for his usual complaint of hard treatment and unreasonable censure.

Amboyna (1673) is a tiffue of mingled dialogue in verse and prose, and was perhaps written in less time than *The Virgin Martyr*; though the author thought not fit either ostentatiously or mournfully to tell how little labour it cost him, or at how short a warning he produced it. It was a temporary performance, written in the time of the Dutch war, to inflame the nation against their enemies; to whom he hopes, as he declares in his Epilogue, to make his poetry not less destructive than that by which Tyrtæus of old animated the Spartans. This play was written in the second Dutch war, in 1673.

Troilus and Cressida (1679) is a play altered from Shakspeare; but so altered, that, even in Langbaine's opinion, "the last scene in the third act is a master-piece." It is introduced by a discourse on "the Grounds of Criticism in Tragedy," to which I suspect that Rymer's book had given occasion.

The Spanish Fryar (1681) is a tragi-comedy, eminent for the happy coincidence and coalition of the two plots. As it was written against the Papists, it would naturally at that time have friends and enemies; and partly by the popularity which it obtained at first, and partly by the real power both of the serious and risible part, it continued long a favourite of the publick.

It was Dryden's opinion, at least for some time, and he maintains it in the dedication of this play, that the drama required an alternation of comick and tragick scenes; and that it is necessary to mitigate by alleviations of merriment the pressure of ponderous events, and the fatigue of toilsome passions. "Whoever," says he, "cannot perform both parts, is but half a writer for the stage."

The Duke of Guise, a tragedy (1683), written in con-

junction with Lee, as *Oedipus* had been before, seems to deserve notice only for the offence which it gave to the remnant of the Covenanters, and in general to the enemies of the court, who attacked him with great violence, and were answered by him; though at last he seems to withdraw from the conflict, by transferring the greater part of the blame or merit to his partner. It happened that a contract had been made between them, by which they were to join in writing a play: and "he happened," says Dryden, "to claim the promise just upon the finishing of a poem, when I would have been glad of a little respite. Two-thirds of it belonged to him; and to me only the first scene of the play, the whole fourth act, and the first half, or somewhat more, of the fifth."

This was a play written professedly for the party of the Duke of York, whose succession was then opposed. A parallel is intended between the Leaguers of France and the Covenanters of England: and this intention produced the controversy.

Albion and Albanus (1685) is a musical drama or opera, written, like *The Duke of Guise*, against the Republicans. With what success it was performed, I have not found.

The State of Innocence and Fall of Man, (1675) is termed by him an opera: it is rather a tragedy in heroick rhyme, but of which the personages are such as cannot decently be exhibited on the stage. Some such production was foreseen by Marvel, who writes thus to Milton:

“ Or if a work so infinite be spann'd,
 “ Jealous I was lest some less skilful hand
 “ (Such as disquiet always what is well,
 “ And by ill-imitating would excel)

* Downes says, it was performed on a very unlucky day, viz. that on which the Duke of Monmouth landed in the West; and he intimates, that the consternation into which the kingdom was thrown by this event was a reason why it was performed but six times, and was in general ill received. H.

“ Might hence presume the whole creation's day

“ To change in scenes, and shew it in a play.”

It is another of his hasty productions; for the heat of his imagination raised it in a month.

This composition is addressed to the Princess of Modena, then *Dutchess of York*, in a strain of flattery which disgraces genius, and which it was wonderful that any man that knew the meaning of his own words could use without self-detestation. It is an attempt to mingle Earth and Heaven, by praising human excellence in the language of religion.

The preface contains an apology for heroick verse and poetic licence; by which is meant not any liberty taken in contracting or extending words, but the use of bold fictions and ambitious figures.

The reason which he gives for printing what was never acted cannot be overpassed: “ I was induced to it in my own defence, many hundred copies of it being dispersed abroad without my knowledge or consent; and every one gathering new faults, it became at length a libel against me.” These copies, as they gathered faults, were apparently manuscript; and he lived in an age very unlike ours, if many hundred copies of fourteen hundred lines were likely to be transcribed. An author has a right to print his own works, and need not seek an apology in falsehood; but he that could bear to write the dedication, felt no pain in writing the preface.

Aureng Zebe (1676) is a tragedy founded on the actions of a great prince then reigning, but over nations not likely to employ their criticks upon the transactions of the English stage. If he had known and disliked his own character, our trade was not in those times secure from his resentment. His country is at such a distance, that the manners might be safely falsified, and the incidents feigned; for the remoteness of place is remarked, by Racine, to afford the same conveniences to a poet as length of time.

This play is written in rhyme; and has the appearance of

being the most elaborate of all the dramas. The personages are imperial; but the dialogue is often domestick, and therefore susceptible of sentiments accommodated to familiar incidents. The complaint of life is celebrated; and there are many other passages that may be read with pleasure.

This play is addressed to the Earl of Mulgrave, afterwards Duke of Buckingham, himself, if not a poet, yet a writer of verses, and a critick. In this address Dryden gave the first hints of his intention to write an epick poem. He mentions his design in terms so obscure, that he seems afraid lest his plan should be purloined, as, he says, happened to him when he told it more plainly in his preface to Juvenal. "The design," says he, "you know is great, the story English, and neither too near the present times, nor too distant from them."

All for Love, or the World well Lost (1678), a tragedy founded upon the story of Anthony and Cleopatra, he tells us, "is the only play which he wrote for himself:" the rest were given to the people. It is by universal consent accounted the work in which he has admitted the fewest improprieties of style or character; but it has one fault equal to many, though rather moral than critical, that, by admitting the romantick omnipotence of Love, he has recommended, as laudable and worthy of imitation, that conduct which, through all ages, the good have censured as vicious, and the bad despised as foolish.

Of this play the prologue and the epilogue, though written upon the common topicks of malicious and ignorant criticism, and without any particular relation to the characters or incidents of the drama, are deservedly celebrated for their elegance and sprightliness.

Limberham, or the kind Keeper (1680), is a comedy, which, after the third night, was prohibited as too indecent for the stage. What gave offence, was in the printing, as the author says, altered or omitted. Dryden confesses that its indecency was objected to; but Langbaine, who yet sel-

dom favours him, imputes its expulsion to resentment, because it "so much exposed the keeping part of the town."

Oedipus (1679) is a tragedy formed by Dryden and Lee, in conjunction, from the works of Sophocles, Seneca, and Corneille. Dryden planned the scenes, and composed the first and third acts.

Don Sebastian (1690) is commonly esteemed either the first or second of his dramattick performances. It is too long to be all acted, and has many characters and many incidents; and though it is not without fallies of frantick dignity, and more noise than meaning, yet, as it makes approaches to the possibilities of real life, and has some sentiments which leave a strong impresson, it continued long to attract attention. Amidst the distresses of princes, and the vicissitudes of empire, are inserted several scenes which the writer intended for comick; but which, I suppose, that age did not much commend, and this would not endure. There are, however, passages of excellence universally acknowledged: the dispute and the reconciliation of Dorax and Sebastian has always been admired.

This play was first acted in 1690, after Dryden had for some years discontinued dramattick poetry.

Amphitryon is a comedy derived from Plautus and Moliere. The dedication is dated Oct. 1690. This play seems to have succeeded at its first appearance; and was, I think, long considered as a very diverting entertainment.

Cleomenes (1692) is a tragedy, only remarkable as it occasioned an incident related in the *Guardian*, and allusively mentioned by Dryden in his preface. As he came out from the representation, he was accosted thus by some airy stripping: "Had I been left alone with a young beauty, I would not have spent my time like your Spartan." "That, Sir," said Dryden, "perhaps is true; but give me leave to tell you that you are no hero."

King Arthur (1691) is another opera. It was the last work that Dryden performed for King Charles, who did not

live to see it exhibited, and it does not seem to have been ever brought upon the stage*. In the dedication to the Marquis of Halifax, there is a very elegant character of Charles, and a pleasing account of his latter life. When this was first brought upon the stage, news that the Duke of Mounmouth had landed was told in the theatre; upon which the company departed, and *Arthur* was exhibited no more.

His last drama was *Love Triumphant*, a tragi-comedy. In his dedication to the Earl of Salisbury he mentions "the lowness of fortune to which he has voluntarily reduced himself, and of which he has no reason to be ashamed."

This play appeared in 1694. It is said to have been unsuccessful. The catastrophe, proceeding merely from a change of mind, is confessed by the author to be defective. Thus he began and ended his dramattick labours with ill success.

From such a number of theatrical pieces, it will be supposed, by most readers, that he must have improved his fortune; at least, that such diligence with such abilities must have set penury at defiance. But in Dryden's time the drama was very far from that universal approbation which it has now obtained. The playhouse was abhorred by the Puritans, and avoided by those who desired the character of seriousness or decency. A grave lawyer would have debased his dignity, and a young trader would have impaired his credit, by appearing in those mansions of dissolute licentiousness. The profits of the theatre, when so many classes of the people were deducted from the audience, were not great; and the poet had, for a long time, but a single night. The first that had two nights was *Southern*; and the first that had three was *Rowe*. There were, however, in those days, arts of improving a poet's profit, which Dryden forbore to practise; and a play therefore seldom produced him more than a hun-

* This is a mistake. It was set to musick by Purcell, and well received, and is yet a favourite entertainment. H.

dred pounds, by the accumulated gain of the third night, the dedication, and the copy.

Almost every piece had a dedication, written with such elegance and luxuriance of praise, as neither haughtiness nor avarice could be imagined able to resist. But he seems to have made flattery too cheap. That praise is worth nothing of which the price is known.

To increase the value of his copies, he often accompanied his work with a preface of criticism; a kind of learning then almost new in the English language, and which he who had considered with great accuracy the principles of writing, was able to distribute copiously as occasions arose. By these dissertations the publick judgment must have been much improved; and Swift, who conversed with Dryden, relates that he regretted the success of his own instructions, and found his readers made suddenly too skilful to be easily satisfied.

His prologues had such reputation, that for some time a play was considered as less likely to be well received, if some of his verses did not introduce it. The price of a prologue was two guineas, till, being asked to write one for Mr. Southern, he demanded three: "Not," said he, "young man, out of disrespect to you; but the players have had my goods too cheap."

Though he declares, that in his own opinion, his genius was not dramatick, he had great confidence in his own fertility; for he is said to have engaged, by contract, to furnish four plays a year.

It is certain that in one year, 1678*, he published *All for Love*, *The Assignment*, two parts of the *Conquest of Granada*, *Sir Martin Marr-all*, and the *State of Innocence*, six complete plays, with a celerity of performance, which, though all Langbaine's charges of plagiarism should be al-

* Dr. Johnson in this assertion was misled by Langbaine. Only one of these plays appeared in 1678. Nor were there more than three in any one year. The dates are now added from the original editions. R.

lowed, shews such facility of composition, such readiness of language, and such copiousness of sentiment, as, since the time of Lopez de Vega, perhaps no other author has ever possessed.

He did not enjoy his reputation, however great, nor his profits, however small, without molestation. He had critics to endure, and rivals to oppose. The two most distinguished wits of the nobility, the Duke of Buckingham and Earl of Rochester, declared themselves his enemies.

Buckingham characterised him, in 1671, by the name of *Bayes* in the *Rehearsal*; a farce which he is said to have written with the assistance of Butler, the author of *Hudibras*; Martin Clifford, of the Charter-house; and Dr. Sprat, the friend of Cowley, then his Chaplain. Dryden and his friends laughed at the length of time, and the number of hands, employed upon this performance; in which, though by some artifice of action it yet keeps possession of the stage, it is not possible now to find any thing that might not have been written without so long delay, or a confederacy so numerous.

To adjust the minute events of literary history, is tedious and troublesome; it requires indeed no great force of understanding, but often depends upon enquiries which there is no opportunity of making, or is to be fetched from books and pamphlets not always at hand.

The *Rehearsal* was played in 1671*, and yet is represented as ridiculing passages in the *Conquest of Granada*† and *Assignment*, which were not published till 1678; in *Marriage à-la-mode*, published in 1673; and in *Tyrannick Love*, in 1677. These contradictions shew how rashly satire is applied ‡.

* It was published in 1672. R.

† The *Conquest of Granada* was published in 1672; The *Assignment*, in 1673; *Marriage à-la-mode* in the same year: and *Tyrannick Love* in 1672.

‡ There is no contradiction, according to Mr. Malone, but what arises from

It is said that this farce was originally intended against Davenant, who, in the first draught, was characterised by the name of *Bilboa*. Davenant had been a soldier and an adventurer.

There is one passage in the *Rehearsal* still remaining, which seems to have related originally to Davenant. *Bayes* hurts his nose, and comes in with brown paper applied to the bruise: how this affected Dryden, does not appear. Davenant's nose had suffered such diminution by mishaps among the women, that a patch upon that part evidently denoted him.

It is said likewise that Sir Robert Howard was once meant. The design was probably to ridicule the reigning poet, whatever he might be.

Much of the personal satire, to which it might owe its first reception, is now lost or obscured. *Bayes* probably imitated the dress, and mimicked the manner, of Dryden; the cant words which are so often in his mouth may be supposed to have been Dryden's habitual phrases, or customary exclamations. *Bayes*, when he is to write, is blooded and purged; this, as Lamotte relates himself to have heard, was the real practice of the poet.

There were other strokes in the *Rehearsal* by which malice was gratified; the debate between Love and Honour, which keeps prince *Volscius* in a single boot, is said to have alluded to the misconduct of the Duke of Ormond, who lost Dublin to the rebels while he was toying with a mistress.

The earl of Rochester, to suppress the reputation of Dryden, took Settle into his protection, and endeavoured to persuade the publick that its approbation had been to that time misplaced. Settle was a while in high reputation; his *Empress of Morocco*, having first delighted the town, was carried in triumph to Whitehall, and played by the ladies of

the court. Now was the poetical meteor at the highest : the next moment began its fall. Rochester withdrew his patronage ; seeming resolved, says one of his biographers, “ to have a judgment contrary to that of the town ; ” perhaps being unable to endure any reputation beyond a certain height, *even when he had himself contributed to raise it.*

Neither criticks nor rivals did Dryden much mischief, unless they gained from his own temper the power of vexing him, which his frequent bursts of resentment give reason to suspect. He is always angry at some past, or afraid of some future censure ; but he lessens the smart of his wounds by the balm of his own approbation, and endeavours to repel the shafts of criticism by opposing a shield of adamant confidence.

The perpetual accusation produced against him, was that of plagiarism, against which he never attempted any vigorous defence ; for though he was perhaps sometimes injuriously censured, he would, by denying part of the charge, have confessed the rest ; and, as his adversaries had the proof in their own hands, he, who knew that wit had little power against facts, wisely left, in that perplexity which it generally produces, a question which it was his interest to suppress, and which, unless provoked by vindication, few were likely to examine.

Though the life of a writer, from about thirty-five to sixty-three, may be supposed to have been sufficiently busied by the composition of eight-and-twenty pieces for the stage, Dryden found room in the same space for many other undertakings.

But, how much soever he wrote, he was at least once suspected of writing more ; for, in 1679, a paper of verses, called *An Essay on Satire*, was shewn about in manuscript ; by which the Earl of Rochester, the Dutchess of Portsmouth, and others, were so much provoked, that, as was supposed (for the actors were never discovered), they procured Dryden, whom they suspected as the author, to be waylaid and beaten. This incident is mentioned by the Duke

of Buckinghamshire *, the true writer, in his Art of Poetry ; where he says of Dryden,

Though prais'd and beaten for another's rhymes,
His own deserve as great applause sometimes.

His reputation in time was such, that his name was thought necessary to the success of every poetical or literary performance, and therefore he was engaged to contribute something, whatever it might be, to many publications. • He prefixed the Life of Polybius to the translation of Sir Henry Sheers : and those of Lucian and Plutarch, to versions of their works by different hands. Of the English Tacitus he translated the first book ; and, if Gordon be credited, translated it from the French. *Such a charge can hardly be mentioned without some degree of indignation ; but it is not, I suppose, so much to be inferred, that Dryden wanted the literature necessary to the perusal of Tacitus, as that, considering himself as hidden in a crowd, he had no awe of the publick ; and, writing merely for money, was contented to get it by the nearest way.*

In 1680, the Epistles of Ovid being translated by the poets of the time, among which one was the work of Dryden, and another of Dryden and Lord Mulgrave, it was necessary to introduce them by a preface ; and Dryden, who on such occasions was regularly summoned, • prefixed a discourse upon translation, which was then struggling for the liberty that it now enjoys. Why it should find any difficulty in breaking the shackles of verbal interpretation, which must for ever debar it from elegance, it would be difficult to conjecture, were not the power of prejudice every day observed. The authority of Jonson, Sandys, and Holiday, had fixed the judgment of the nation ; and it was not easily believed that a better way could be found than they had taken, though Fanshew, Denham, Waller, and Cowley, had tried to give examples of a different practice.

* It is mentioned by A. Wood, Athen. Oxon. vol. II. p. 804. 2d Ed. C.

In 1681, Dryden became yet more conspicuous by uniting politicks with poetry, in the memorable satire called *Abfalom and Achitophel*, written against the faction which, by Lord Shaftesbury's incitement, set the Duke of Monmouth at its head.

Of this poem, in which personal satire was applied to the support of public principles, and in which therefore every mind was interested, the reception was eager, and the sale so large, that my father, an old bookseller, told me, he had not known it equalled but by Sacheverell's trial.

The reason of this general perusal Addison has attempted to derive from the delight which the mind feels in the investigation of secrets; and thinks that curiosity to decipher the names procured readers to the poem. *There is no need to enquire why those verses were read, which, to all the attractions of wit, elegance, and harmony, added the co-operation of all the factious passions, and filled every mind with triumph or resentment.*

It could not be supposed that all the provocation given by Dryden would be endured without resistance or reply. Both his person and his party were exposed in their turns to the shafts of satire, which, though neither so well pointed, nor perhaps so well aimed, undoubtedly drew blood.

One of these poems is called *Dryden's Satire on his Muse*; ascribed, though, as Pope says, falsely, to Somers, who was afterwards chancellor. The poem, whosoever it was, has much virulence, and some sprightliness. The writer tells all the ill that he can collect both of Dryden and his friends.

The poem of *Abfalom and Achitophel* had two answers, now both forgotten; one called *Azaria and Hushai*; the other *Abfalom senior*. Of these hostile compositions, Dryden apparently imputes *Abfalom senior* to Settle, by quoting in his verses against him the second line. *Azaria and Hushai* was, as Wood says, imputed to him, though it is somewhat unlikely that he should write twice on the same occa-

sion. This is a difficulty which I cannot remove, for want of a minuter knowledge of poetical transactions .

The same year he published *The Medal*, of which the subject is a medal struck on Lord Shaftesbury's escape from a prosecution, by the *ignoramus* of a grand jury of Londoners.

In both poems he maintains the same principles, and saw them both attacked by the same antagonist. Elkanah Settle, who had answered *Abfalom*, appeared with equal courage in opposition to *The Medal*, and published an answer called *The Medal reversed*, with so much success in both encounters, that he left the palm doubtful, and divided the suffrages of the nation. Such are the revolutions of fame, or such is the prevalence of fashion, that the man, whose works have not yet been thought to deserve the care of collecting them, who died forgotten in an hospital, and whose latter years were spent in contriving shows for fairs, and carrying an elegy or epithalamium, of which the beginning and end were occasionally varied, but the intermediate parts were always the same, to every house where there was a funeral or a wedding, might with truth have had inscribed upon his stone,

Here lies the Rival and Antagonist of Dryden.

Settle was, for his rebellion, severely chastised by Dryden under the name of *Doeg*, in the second part of *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*; and was perhaps for his factious audacity made the city poet, whose annual office was to describe the glories of the Mayor's day. Of these bards he⁶ was the last, and seems not much to have deserved even this degree of regard, if it was paid to his political opinions: for he afterwards wrote a panegyrick on the virtues of judge Jefferies; and what more could have been done by the meanest zealot for prerogative?

Of translated fragments, or occasional poems, to enumerate the titles, or settle the dates, would be tedious, with lit-

⁶ Azaria and Hushai was written by Samuel Fordage, a dramattick writer of that time. C.

the use. It may be observed, that, as Dryden's genius was commonly excited by some personal regard, he rarely writes upon a general topick.

Soon after the accession of King James, when the design of reconciling the nation to the Church of Rome became apparent, and the religion of the court gave the only efficacious title to its favours, Dryden declared himself a convert to Popery. This at any other time might have passed with little censure. Sir Kenelm Digby embraced Popery; the two Reynolds reciprocally converted one another*; and Chillingworth himself was a while so entangled in the wilds of controversy, as to retire for quiet to an infallible Church. If men of argument and study can find such difficulties, or such motives, as may either unite them to the Church of Rome, or detain them in uncertainty, there can be no wonder that a man, who perhaps never enquired why he was a Protestant, should by an artful and experienced disputant be made a Papist, overborne by the sudden violence of new and unexpected arguments, or deceived by a representation which shews only the doubts on one part, and only the evidence on the other.

That conversion will always be suspected that apparently concurs with interest. He that never finds his error till it hinders his progress towards wealth or honour, will not be thought to love Truth only for herself. Yet it may easily happen that information may come at a commodious time; and, as truth and interest are not by any fatal necessity at variance, that one may by accident introduce the other. When opinions are struggling into popularity, the arguments by which they are opposed or defended become more known; and he that changes his profession would perhaps have changed it before, with the like opportunities of instruction. This was the then state of Popery; every artifice was used to

* Dr. John Reynolds, who lived temp. Jac. I. was at first a zealous Papist, and his brother William as earnest a Protestant; but, by mutual disputation, each converted the other. See Fuller's Church History, p. 47. book X. H.

shew it in its fairest form ; and it must be owned to be a religion of external appearance sufficiently attractive.

It is natural to hope that a comprehensive is likewise an elevated soul, and that whoever is wise is also honest. Pam willing to believe that Dryden, having employed his mind, active as it was, upon different studies, and filled it, capacious as it was, with other materials, came unprovided to the controversy, and wanted rather skill to discover the right, than virtue to maintain it. But enquiries into the heart are not for man ; we must now leave him to his Judge.

The priests, having strengthened their cause by so powerful an adherent, were not long before they brought him into action. They engaged him to defend the controversial papers found in the strong box of Charles the Second ; and, what yet was harder, to defend them against Stillingfleet.

With hopes of promoting Popery, he was employed to translate Maimbourg's History of the League ; which he published with a large introduction. His name is likewise prefixed to the English Life of Francis Xavier ; but I know not that he ever owned himself the translator. Perhaps the use of his name was a pious fraud, which however seems not to have had much effect ; for neither of the books, I believe, was ever popular.

The version of Xavier's Life is commended by Brown, in a pamphlet not written to flatter ; and the occasion of it is said to have been, that the Queen, when she solicited a son, made vows to him as her tutelary saint.

He was supposed to have undertaken to translate Varillas's *History of Heresies* ; and, when Burnet published remarks upon it, to have written an *Answer* * ; upon which Burnet makes the following observation :

“ I have been informed from England, that a gentleman, who is famous both for poetry and several other things, had spent three months in translating M.^r Varillas's History ;

* This is a mistake. See Malone, p. 194. &c. C.

" but that, as soon as my Reflections appeared, he discon-
 " tinued his labour, finding the credit of his author was
 " gone. Now, if he thinks it is recovered by his Answer,
 " he will perhaps go on with his translation; and this may
 " be, for aught I know, as good an entertainment for him as
 " the conversation that he had set on between the Hinds and
 " Panthers, and all the rest of animals, for whom M. Va-
 " rillas may serve well enough as an author: and this history
 " and that poem are such extraordinary things of their kind,
 " that it will be but suitable to see the author of the worst
 " poem become likewise the translator of the worst history
 " that the age has produced. If his grace and his wit im-
 " prove both proportionably, he will hardly find that he has
 " gained much by the change he has made, from having no
 " religion, to chuse one of the worst. It is true, he had
 " somewhat to sink from in matter of wit; but, as for his
 " morals, it is scarcely possible for him to grow a worse man
 " than he was. He has lately wreaked his malice on me for
 " spoiling his three months labour; but in it he has done me
 " all the honour that any man can receive from him, which
 " is to be railed at by him. If I had ill-nature enough to
 " prompt me to wish a very bad wish for him, it should be,
 " that he would go on and finish his translation. By that it
 " will appear, whether the English nation, which is the most
 " competent judge in this matter, has, upon the seeing our de-
 " bate, pronounced in M. Varillas's favour, or in mine. It
 " is true, Mr. D. will suffer a little by it; but at least it will
 " serve to keep him in from other extravagances; and if he
 " gains little honour by this work, yet he cannot lose so
 " much by it as he has done by his last employment."

Having probably felt his own inferiority in theological con-
 troversy, he was desirous of trying whether, by bringing poetry
 to aid his arguments, he might become a more efficacious de-
 fender of his new profession. To reason in verse was, indeed,
 one of his powers; but subtilty and harmony, united, are still
 feeble, when opposed to truth,

Actuated therefore by zeal for Rome, or hope of fame, he published the *Hind and Panther*, a poem in which the Church of Rome, figured by the *milk-white Hind*, defends her tenets against the Church of England, represented by the *Panther*, a beast beautiful, but spotted.

A fable, which exhibits two beasts talking Theology, appears at once full of absurdity; and it was accordingly ridiculed in the *City Mouse and Country Mouse*, a parody, written by Montague, afterwards Earl of Halifax, and Prior, who then gave the first specimen of his abilities.

The conversion of such a man, at such a time, was not likely to pass uncensured. Three dialogues were published by the facetious Thomas Brown, of which the two first were called *Reasons of Mr. Bayes's changing his Religion*: and the third, *the Reasons of Mr. Hains the Ployer's Conversion and Re-conversion*. The first was printed in 1688, the second not till 1690, the third in 1691. The clamour seems to have been long continued, and the subject to have strongly fixed the publick attention.

In the two first dialogues Bayes is brought into the company of Crites and Eugenius, with whom he had formerly debated on dramatick poetry. The two talkers in the third are Mr. Bayes and Mr. Hains.

Brown was a man not deficient in literature, nor destitute of fancy; but he seems to have thought it the pinnacle of excellence to be a *merry fellow*; and therefore laid out his powers upon small jests or gross buffoonery; so that his performances have little intrinsic value, and were read only while they were recommended by the novelty of the event that occasioned them.

These dialogues are like his other works: what sense or knowledge they contain is disgraced by the garb in which it is exhibited. One great source of pleasure is to call Dryden *little Bayes*. Ajax, who happens to be mentioned, is "he that wore as many cow-hides upon his shield as would have furnished half the King's army with shoe-leather."

Being asked whether he had seen the *Hind and Panther*, Crites answers: "Seen it! Mr. Bayes, why I can stir no where but it pursues me: it haunts me worse than a pew-ter-buttoned serjeant does a decayed cit. Sometimes I meet it in a band-box, when my laundress brings home my linen; sometimes, whether I will or no, it lights my pipe at a coffee-house; sometimes it surprises me in a trunk-maker's shop; and sometimes it refreshes my memory for me on the backside of a Chancery-lane parcel. For your comfort too, Mr. Bayes, I have not only seen it, as you may perceive, but have read it too, and can quote it as freely upon occasion as a frugal tradesman can quote that noble treatise the *Worth of a Penny* to his extravagant 'prentice, that revels in stewed apples and penny custards."

The whole animation of these compositions arises from a profusion of ludicrous and affected comparisons. "To secure one's chastity," says Bayes, "little more is necessary than to leave off a correspondence with the other sex, which, to a wife man, is no greater a punishment than it would be to a fanatick person to be forbid seeing *The Cheats* and *The Committee*; or for my Lord Mayor and Aldermen to be interdicted the sight of *The London Cuckolds*." This is the general strain, and therefore I shall be easily excused the labour of more transcription.

Brown does not wholly forget past transactions: "You began," says Crites to Bayes; "a very different religion, and have not mended the matter in your last choice. It was but reason that your Muse, which appeared first in a tyrant's quarrel, should employ her last efforts to justify the usurpation of the *Hind*."

Next year the nation was summoned to celebrate the birth of the Prince. Now was the time for Dryden to rouse his imagination, and strain his voice. Happy days were at hand, and he was willing to enjoy and diffuse the anticipated blessings. He published a poem, filled with predictions of great-

ness and prosperity; predictions, of which it is not necessary to tell how they have been verified.

A few months passed after these joyful notes, and every blossom of Popish Hope was blatted for ever by the Revaluation. A Papist now could be no longer laureat. The revenue, which he had enjoyed with so much pride and praise, was transferred to Shadwell, an old enemy, whom he had formerly stigmatised by the name of Og. Dryden could not decently complain that he was deposed; but seemed very angry that Shadwell succeeded him, and has therefore celebrated the intruder's inauguration in a poem exquisitely satirical, called *Mac Flecknoe**; of which the *Dunciad*, as Pope himself declares, is an imitation, though more extended in its plan, and more diversified in its incidents.

It is related by Prior, that Lord Dorset, when as chamberlain he was constrained to eject Dryden from his office, gave him from his own purse an allowance equal to the salary. This is no romantick or incredible act of generosity; an hundred a year is often enough given to claims less cogent by men less famed for liberality. Yet Dryden always represented himself as suffering under a public infliction; and once particularly demands respect for the patience with which he endured the loss of his little fortune. His patron might, indeed, enjoin him to suppress his County; but, if he suffered nothing, he should not have complained.

During the short reign of King James, he had written nothing for the stage †, being, in his opinion, more profitably employed in controversy and flattery. Of praise he might perhaps have been less lavish without inconvenience, for James was never said to have much regard for poetry; he was to be flattered only by adopting his religion.

Times were now changed: Dryden was no longer the

* All Dryden's biographers have misdated this poem, which Mr. Malone's more accurate researches prove to have been published on the 4th of October, 1682. C.

† *Albion and Albanus* must however be excepted. R.

court-poet, and was to look back for support to his former trade; and having waited about two years, either considering himself as discountenanced by the publick, or perhaps expecting a second Revolution, he produced *Don Sebastian* in 1690; and in the next four years four dramas more.

In 1693 appeared a new version of *Juvenal and Persius*. Of *Juvenal* he translated the first, third, sixth, tenth, and sixteenth satires; and of *Persius* the whole work. On this occasion he introduced his two sons to the publick, as nurselings of the Muses. The fourteenth of *Juvenal* was the work of John, and the seventh of *Charles Dryden*. He prefixed a very ample preface, in the form of a dedication to Lord Dorset; and there gives an account of the design which he had once formed to write an epick poem on the actions either of Arthur or the Black Prince. He considered the epick as necessarily including some kind of supernatural agency, and had imagined a new kind of contest between the guardian angels of kingdoms, of whom he conceived that each might be represented zealous for his charge, without any intended opposition to the purposes of the Supreme Being, of which all created minds must in part be ignorant.

This is the most reasonable scheme of celestial interposition that ever was formed. The surprizes and terrors of enchantments, which have succeeded to the intrigues and oppositions of Pagan deities, afford very striking scenes, and open a vast extent to the imagination; but, as *Boileau* observes (and *Boileau* will be seldom found mistaken), with this incurable defect, that, in a contest between Heaven and Hell, we know at the beginning which is to prevail; for this reason we follow *Rinaldo* to the enchanted wood with more curiosity than terror.

In the scheme of *Dryden* there is one great difficulty, which yet he would perhaps have had address enough to surmount. In a war justice can be but on one side; and, to entitle the hero to the protection of angels, he must fight in defence of indubitable right. Yet some of the celestial beings, thus op-

posed to each other, must have been represented as defending guilt.

That this poem was never written, is reasonably to be lamented. It would doubtless have improved our numbers, and enlarged our language; and might perhaps have contributed by pleasing instructions to rectify our opinions, and purify our manners.

What he required as the indispensable condition of such an undertaking, a publick stipend, was not likely in these times to be obtained. Riches were not become familiar to us; nor had the nation yet learned to be liberal.

This plan he charged Blackmore with stealing: "only," says he, "the guardian angels of kingdoms were machines too ponderous for him to manage."

In 1694, he began the most laborious and difficult of all his works, the translation of Virgil; from which he borrowed two months, that he might turn "Fresnoy's Art of Painting" into English prose. The preface, which he boasts to have written in twelve mornings, exhibits a parallel of poetry and painting, with a miscellaneous collection of critical remarks, such as cost a mind stored like his no labour to produce them.

In 1697, he published his version of the works of Virgil; and, that no opportunity of profit might be lost, dedicated the Pastorals to the Lord Clifford, the Georgicks to the Earl of Chesterfield, and the *Æneid* to the Earl of Mulgrave. This oeconomy of flattery, at once lavish and discreet, did not pass without observation.

This translation was censured by Milbourne, a clergyman, styled, by Pope, "the fairest of criticks," because he exhibited his own version to be compared with that which he condemned.

His last work was his Fables, published in consequence, as is supposed, of a contract now in the hands of Mr. Tonson: by which he obliged himself, in consideration of three hundred pounds, to finish for the press ten thousand verses.

In this volume is comprised the well-known ode on St. Ce-

cilia's day; which, as appeared by a letter communicated to Dr. Birch, he spent a fortnight in composing and correcting. But what is this to the patience and diligence of Boileau, whose *Equivoque*, a poem of only three hundred and forty-six lines, took from his life eleven months to write it, and three years to revise it?

Part of his book of Fables is the first Iliad in English, intended as a specimen of a version of the whole. Considering into what hands Homer was to fall, the reader cannot but rejoice that this project went no further.

The time was now at hand which was to put an end to all his schemes and labours. On the first of May, 1701, having been some time, as he tells us, a cripple in his limbs, he died, in Gerard-street, of a mortification in his leg.

There is extant a wild story relating to some vexatious events that happened at his funeral, which, at the end of Congreve's Life, by a writer of I know not what credit, are thus related, as I find the account transferred to a biographical dictionary.

“ Mr. Dryden dying on the Wednesday morning, Dr. Thomas Sprat, then Bishop of Rochester and Dean of Westminster, sent the next day to the Lady Elizabeth Howard, Mr. Dryden's widow, that he would make a present of the ground, which was forty pounds, with all the other Abbey-fees. The Lord Halifax likewise sent to the Lady Elizabeth, and Mr. Charles Dryden her son, that, if they would give him leave to bury Mr. Dryden, he would inter him with a gentleman's private funeral, and afterwards bestow five hundred pounds on a monument in the Abbey; which, as they had no reason to refuse, they accepted. On the Saturday following the company came; the corpse was put into a velvet hearse; and eighteen mourning coaches, filled with company, attended. When they were just ready to move, the Lord Jefferies, son of the Lord Chancellor Jefferies, with some of his rakish companions, coming by, asked whose funeral it was: and

“ being told Mr. Dryden’s, he said, ‘ What, shall Dryden,
 “ *the greatest honour and ornament of the nation, be buried*
 “ *after this private manner! No, gentlemen, let all that*
 “ loved Mr. Dryden, and honour his memory, alight and
 “ join with me in gaining my lady’s consent to let me have
 “ the honour of his interment, which shall be after another
 “ manner than this; and I will bestow a thousand pounds on
 “ a monument in the Abbey for him.’ The gentlemen in the
 “ coaches, not knowing of the Bishop of Rochester’s favour,
 “ nor of the lord Halifax’s generous design (they both having,
 “ out of respect to the family, enjoined the Lady Elizabeth,
 “ and her son, to keep their favour concealed to the world,
 “ and let it pass for their own expence), readily came out of
 “ their coaches, and attended Lord Jefferies up to the lady’s
 “ bedside, who was then sick. He repeated the purport of
 “ what he had before said; but she absolutely refusing, he
 “ fell on his knees, vowing never to rise till his request was
 “ granted. The rest of the company by his desire kneeled
 “ also; and the lady, being under a sudden surprize, fainted
 “ away. As soon as she recovered her speech, she cried,
 “ No, no. Enough, gentlemen, replied he; my lady is
 “ very good, she says, Go, go. She repeated her former
 “ words with all her strength, but in vain, for her feeble
 “ voice was lost in their acclamations of joy; and the Lord
 “ Jefferies ordered the hearers to carry the corpse to Mr.
 “ Ruffel’s, an undertaker in Cheapside, and leave it there
 “ till he should send orders for the embalmment, which, he
 “ added, should be after the royal manner. His directions
 “ were obeyed, the company dispersed, and Lady Elizabeth
 “ and her son remained inconsolable. The next day Mr.
 “ Charles Dryden waited on the Lord Halifax and the
 “ Bishop, to excuse his mother and himself, by relating the
 “ real truth. But neither his Lordship nor the Bishop would
 “ admit of any plea; especially the latter, who had the Ab-
 “ bey lighted, the ground opened, the choir attending, an
 “ anthem ready set, and himself waiting for some time with-

" out any corpse to bury. The undertaker, after three days
 " *expectance of orders for embalment without receiving any,*
 " *waited on the Lord Jefferies; who, pretending ignorance*
 " *of the matter, turned it off with an ill-natured jest, say-*
 " *ing, that those who observed the orders of a drunken fro-*
 " *lick deserved no better; that he remembered nothing at*
 " *all of it; and that he might do what he pleased with the*
 " *corpse. Upon this, the undertaker waited upon the Lady*
 " *Elizabeth and her son, and threatened to bring the corpse*
 " *home, and set it before the door. They desired a day's*
 " *respite, which was granted. Mr. Charles Dryden wrote*
 " *a handsome letter to the Lord Jefferies, who returned it*
 " *with this cool answer: 'That he knew nothing of the mat-*
 " *ter, and would be troubled no more about it.'* He then
 " addressed the Lord Halifax and the bishop of Rochester,
 " who absolutely refused to do any thing in it. In this dis-
 " tress Dr. Garth sent for the corpse to the College of Phy-
 " sicians, and proposed a funeral by subscription, to which
 " himself set a most noble example. At last a day, about
 " three weeks after Mr. Dryden's decease, was appointed
 " for the interment. * Dr. Garth pronounced a fine Latin
 " oration, at the College, over the corpse; which was at-
 " tended to the Abbey by a numerous train of coaches.
 " When the funeral was over, Mr. Charles Dryden sent a
 " challenge to the Lord Jefferies, who refusing to answer it,
 " he sent several others, and went often himself; but could
 " neither get a letter delivered, nor admittance to speak to
 " him; which so incensed him, that he resolved, since his
 " Lordship refused to answer him like a gentleman, that he
 " would watch an opportunity to meet and fight off-hand,
 " though with all the rules of honour; which his Lordship

* In a satirical poem, entitled "The Apparition, &c" of which there were two editions in 1710, Garth's eloquence, on this occasion, is thus described:

" John Dryden, with his brethren of the bays,
 " His love to Garth, blaspheming Garth, conveys,
 " And thanks him for his Pagan funeral praise." T.

“ hearing, left the town : and Mr. Charles Dryden could never have the satisfaction of meeting him, though he fought it till his death with the utmost application.”

This story I once intended to omit, as it appears with no great evidence ; nor have I met with any confirmation, but in a letter of Farquhar ; and he only relates that the funeral of Dryden was tumultuary and confused * .

Supposing the story true, we may remark, that the gradual change of manners, though imperceptible in the process, appears great when different times, and those not very distant, are compared. If at this time a young drunken Lord should interrupt the pompous regularity of a magnificent funeral, what would be the event, but that he would be jostled out of the way, and compelled to be quiet ? If he should thrust himself into an house, he would be sent roughly away ; and, what is yet more to the honour of the present time, I believe that those, who had subscribed to the funeral of a man like Dryden, would not, for such an accident, have withdrawn their contributions † .

* An earlier account of Dryden's funeral than that above cited, though without the circumstances that preceded it, is given by Edward Ward, who in his *London Spy*, published in 1706, relates, that on the occasion there was a performance of solemn Musick at the College, and that at the procession, which himself saw, standing at the end of Chancery-lane, Fleet-street, there was a concert of hautboys and trumpets. The day of Dryden's interment, he says, was Monday the 13th of May, which, according to Johnson, was twelve days after his decease, and shews how long his funeral was in suspense. Ward knew not that the expence of it was defrayed by subscription ; but compliments Lord Jefferies for so pious an undertaking. He also says, that the cause of Dryden's death was an inflammation in his toe, occasioned by the flesh growing over the nail, which being neglected produced a mortification in his leg. H.

† In the Register of the College of Physicians, is the following Entry :—
“ May 3, 1700. Comitibus Censoribus ordinariis. At the request of several persons of quality, that Mr. Dryden might be carried from the College of Physicians to be interred at Westminster, it was unanimously granted by the President and Censors.”

This entry is not calculated to afford any credit to the narrative concerning Lord Jefferies. R.

He was buried among the poets in Westminster Abbey, where, though the Duke of Newcastle had, in a general dedication prefixed by Congreve to his dramattick works, accepted thanks for his intention to erecting him a monument, he lay long without distinction, till the Duke of Buckinghamshire gave him a tablet, inscribed only with the name of DRYDEN.

He married the Lady Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire, with circumstances, according to the satire imputed to Lord Somers, not very honourable to either party; by her he had three sons, Charles, John, and Henry. Charles was usher of the palace to Pope Clement the XIth; and, visiting England in 1704, was drowned in an attempt to swim across the Thames at Windsor.

John was author of a comedy called *The Husband his own Cuckold*. He is said to have died at Rome. Henry entered into some religious order. It is some proof of Dryden's sincerity in his second religion, that he taught it to his sons. A man, conscious of hypocritical profession in himself, is not likely to convert others; and, as his sons were qualified in 1693 to appear among the translators of Juvenal, they must have been taught some religion before their father's change.

Of the person of Dryden I know not any account; of his mind, the portrait which has been left by Congreve, who knew him with great familiarity, is such as adds our love of his manners to our admiration of his genius. "He was," we are told, "of a nature exceedingly humane and compassionate, ready to forgive injuries, and capable of a sincere reconciliation with those who had offended him. His friendship, where he professed it, went beyond his professions. He was of a very easy, of very pleasing access; but somewhat slow, and, as it were diffident, in his advances to others: he had that in nature which abhorred intrusion into any society whatever. He was therefore less known, and consequently his character became more liable

“ to misapprehensions and misrepresentations: he was very
 “ modest, and very easily to be discountenanced in his ap-
 “ proaches to his equals or superiors. As his reading had
 “ been very extensive, so was he very happy in a memory
 “ tenacious of every thing that he had read. He was not
 “ more possessed of knowledge than he was communicative of
 “ it; but then his communication was by no means pedan-
 “ tick, or imposed upon the conversation, but just such, and
 “ went so far, as, by the natural turn of the conversation in
 “ which he was engaged, it was necessarily promoted or re-
 “ quired. He was extremely ready and gentle in his correc-
 “ tion of the errors of any writer who thought fit to consult
 “ him, and full as ready and patient to admit the reprehen-
 “ sions of others, in respect of his own oversights or mis-
 “ takes.”

To this account of Congreve nothing can be objected but the fondness of friendship; and to have excited that fondness in such a mind is no small degree of praise. The disposition of Dryden, however, is shewn in this character rather as it exhibited itself in cursory conversation, than as it operated on the more important parts of life. His placability and his friendship indeed were solid virtues; but courtesy and good-humour are often found with little real worth. Since Congreve, who knew him well, has told us no more, the rest must be collected as it can from other testimonies, and particularly from those notices which Dryden has very liberally given us of himself.

The modesty which made him so slow to advance, and so easy to be repulsed, was certainly no suspicion of deficient merit, or unconsciousness of his own value: he appears to have known, in its whole extent, the dignity of his own character, and to have set a very high value on his own powers and performances. He probably did not offer his conversation, because he expected it to be solicited; and he retired from a cold reception, not submissive but indignant, with

such deference of his own greatness as made him unwilling to expose it to neglect or violation.

His modesty was by no means inconsistent with ostentatiousness; he is diligent enough to remind the world of his merit, and expresses with very little scruple his high opinion of his own powers; but his self-commendations are read without scorn or indignation; we allow his claims, and love his frankness.

Tradition, however, has not allowed that his confidence in himself exempted him from jealousy of others. He is accused of envy and insidiousness; and is particularly charged with inciting Creech to translate Horace, that he might lose the reputation which Lucretius had given him.

Of this charge we immediately discover that it is merely conjectural; the purpose was such as no man would confess; and a crime that admits no proof, why should we believe?

He has been described as magisterially presiding over the younger writers, and assuming the distribution of poetical fame; but he who excels has a right to teach, and he whose judgment is incontestible may without usurpation examine and decide.

Congreve represents him as ready to advise and instruct; but there is reason to believe that his communication was rather useful than entertaining.* He declares of himself that he was saturnine, and not one of those whose sprightly sayings diverted company; and one of his censurers makes him say,

Nor wine nor love could ever see me gay;
To writing bred, I knew not what to say.

There are men whose powers operate only at leisure and in retirement, and whose intellectual vigour deserts them in con-

* The accusation against Dryden of having incited Creech to translate Horace, that, by his failure in that work, he might lose the reputation which his poetical version of Lucretius had procured him, is proved by Mr. Malone to be an impudent and malicious falsehood, and is traced by him to Tom Brown. See Mr. Malone's *Life of Dryden*, p. 506—511. T.

versation; whom merriment confuses, and objection disconcerts; whose bashfulness restrains their exertion, and suffers them not to speak till the time of speaking is past; or whose attention to their own character makes them unwilling to utter at hazard what has not been considered, and cannot be recalled.

Of Dryden's sluggishness in conversation it is vain to search or to guess the cause. He certainly wanted neither sentiments nor language; his intellectual treasures were great, though they were locked up from his own use. "His thoughts," when he wrote, "flowed in upon him so fast, that his only care was which to chuse, and which to reject." Such rapidity of composition naturally promises a flow of talk; yet we must be content to believe what an enemy says of him, when he likewise says it of himself. But, whatever was his character as a companion, it appears that he lived in familiarity with the highest persons of his time. It is related by Carte of the Duke of Ormond, that he used often to pass a night with Dryden, and those with whom Dryden conversed: who they were, Carte has not told, but certainly the convivial table at which Ormond sat was not surrounded with a plebeian society. He was indeed reproached with boasting of his familiarity with the great; and Horace will support him in the opinion, that to please superiors is not the lowest kind of merit.

The merit of pleasing must, however, be estimated by the means. Favour is not always gained by good actions or laudable qualities. Caresses and preferments are often bestowed on the auxiliaries of vice, the procurers of pleasure, or the flatterers of vanity. Dryden has never been charged with any personal agency unworthy of a good character: he abetted vice and vanity only with his pen. One of his enemies has accused him of lewdness in his conversation; but, if accusation without proof be credited, who shall be innocent?

His works afford too many examples of dissolute licentiousness and abject adulation; but they were probably, like his merriment, artificial and constrained; the effects of study and meditation, and his trade rather than his pleasure.

Of the mind that can trade in corruption, and can deliberately pollute itself with ideal wickedness for the sake of spreading the contagion in society, I wish not to conceal or excuse the depravity. Such degradation of the dignity of genius, such abuse of superlative abilities, cannot be contemplated but with grief and indignation. What consolation can be had, Dryden has afforded, by living to repent, and to testify his repentance.

Of dramattick immorality he did not want examples among his predecessors, or companions among his contemporaries; but, in the meanness and fervility of hyperbolic adulation, I know not whether, since the days in which the Roman emperors were deified, he has been ever equalled, except by *Afra Behn*, in an address to *Eleanor Gwyn*. When once he has undertaken the task of praise, he no longer retains shame in himself, nor supposes it in his patron. As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expences, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation; and, when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue with another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity: he considers the great as entitled to encomiastick homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention, than mortified by the prostitution of his judgment. It is indeed not certain, that on these occasions his judgment much rebelled against his inte-

rest. There are minds which easily sink into submission, that look on grandeur with undistinguishing reverence, and discover no defect where there is elevation of rank and affluence of riches.

With his praises of others and of himself is always intermingled a strain of discontent and lamentation, a sullen growl of resentment, or a querulous murmur of distress. His works are under-valued, his merit is unrewarded, and "he has few thanks to pay his stars that he was born among Englishmen." * To his critics he is sometimes contemptuous, sometimes resentful, and sometimes submissive. The writer who thinks his works formed for duration, mistakes his interest when he mentions his enemies. He degrades his own dignity by shewing that he was affected by their censures, and gives lasting importance to names, which left to themselves, would vanish from remembrance. From this principle Dryden did not often depart; his complaints are for the greater part general; he seldom pollutes his pages with an adverse name. He condescended indeed to a controversy with Settle, in which he perhaps may be considered rather as assaulting than repelling; and since Settle is sunk into oblivion, his libel remains injurious only to himself.

Among answers to critics, no poetical attacks, or altercations, are to be included; they are like other poems, effusions of genius, produced as much to obtain praise as to obviate censure. These Dryden practised, and in these he excelled.

Of Collier, Blackmore, and Milbourne, he has made mention in the Preface of his Fables. To the censure of Collier, whose remarks may be rather termed admonitions than criticisms, he makes little reply; being, at the age of sixty-

His satire was evidently dreaded, as appears in *The Cavalier's Litany*, printed in 1682:

"From dining with Bethel and supping with Clayton,

"From a lash with the quill of satyricall Dryden,

"From a high-mettled Whig that was kick'd at Low-Layton.

"*Libera nos, &c.*"

T,

eight, attentive to better things than the claps of a playhouse. He complains of Collier's rudeness, and the "horse-play of his raillery;" and asserts, that "in many places he has perverted by his glosses the meaning" of what he censures; but in other things he confesses that he is justly taxed; and says with great calmness and candour, "I have pleaded guilty to all thoughts or expressions of mine that can be truly accused of obscenity, immorality, or profaneness, and retract them. If he be my enemy, let him triumph; if he be my friend, he will be glad of my repentance." Yet as our best dispositions are imperfect, he left standing in the same book a reflection on Collier of great asperity, and indeed of more asperity than wit.

Blackmore he represents as made his enemy by the poem of *Abalom and Achitophel*, which "he thinks a little hard upon his fanatick patrons;" and charges him with borrowing the plan of his *Arthur* from the Preface to Juvenal, "though he had," says he, "the baseness not to acknowledge his benefactor, but instead of it to traduce me in a libel."

The libel in which Blackmore traduced him was a *Satire upon Wit*; in which, having lamented the exuberance of false wit and the deficiency of true, he proposes that all wit should be re-coined before it is current, and appoints masters of assay who shall reject all that is light or debased.

'Tis true, that when the coarse and worthless dross
Is purg'd away, there will be mighty loss:
Ev'n Cong~~ress~~ Southern, manly Wycherly,
When thus refin'd will grievous sufferers be.
Into the melting pot when Dryden comes,
What horrid stench will rise, what noisome fumes!
How will he shrink, when all his lowd alloy,
And wicked mixture, shall be purg'd away!

Thus stands the passage in the last edition; but in the original there was an abatement of the censure, beginning thus:

But what remains will be so pure, 'twill bear
Th' examination of the most severe.

Blackmore, finding the censure resented, and the civility disregarded, ungenerously omitted the softer part. Such variations discover a writer who consults his passions more than his virtue; and it may be reasonably supposed that Dryden imputes his enmity to its true cause.

Of Milbourne he wrote only in general terms, such as are always ready at the call of anger, whether just or not: a short extract will be sufficient. "He pretends a quarrel to me, that I have fallen foul upon priesthood: if I have, I am only to ask pardon of good priests, and am afraid his share of the reparation will come to little. Let him be satisfied that he shall never be able to force himself upon me for an adversary; I condemn him too much to enter into competition with him.

"As for the rest of those who have written against me, they are such scoundrels that they deserve not the least notice to be taken of them. Blackmore and Milbourne are only distinguished from the crowd by being remembered to their infamy."

Dryden indeed discovered, in many of his writings, an affected and absurd malignity to priests and priesthood, which naturally raised him many enemies, and which was sometimes as unseasonably resented as it was exerted. Trapp is angry that he calls the sacrificer in *the Georgicks* "The Holy Butcher:" the translation is indeed ridiculous; but Trapp's anger arises from his zeal, not for the author, but the priest; as if any reproach of the follies of Paganism could be extended to the preachers of truth.

Dryden's dislike of the priesthood is imputed by Langbaine, and I think by Brown*, to a repulse which he suffered when

* See also a Poem in Defence of the Church of England, in opposition to the Hind and Panther. Fol. Lond. 1698.

"Friend Bayes! I fear, this fable, and these rimes,
 "Were thy dull penance for some former crimes,
 "When thy free muse her own brisk language spoke,
 "And, unbaptiz'd, disdain'd the Christian yoke.

he solicited ordination; but he denies, in the Preface to his Fables, that he ever designed to enter into the Church; and such a denial he would not have hazarded, if he could have been convicted of falshood.

Malevolence to the clergy is seldom at a great distance from irreverence of religion, and Dryden affords no exception to this observation. His writings exhibit many passages, which, with all the allowance that can be made for characters and occasions, are such as piety would not have admitted, and such as may vitiate light and unprincipled minds. But there is no reason for supposing that he disbelieved the religion which he disobeyed. He forgot his duty rather than disowned it. His tendency to profaneness is the effect of levity, negligence, and loose conversation, with a desire of accommodating himself to the corruption of the times, by venturing to be wicked as far as he durst. When he professed himself a convert to Popery, he did not pretend to have received any new conviction of the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

The persecution of criticks was not the worst of his vexations: he was much more disturbed by the importunities of want. His complaints of poverty are so frequently repeated, either with the dejection of weakness sinking in helpless misery, or the indignation of merit claiming its tribute from mankind, that it is impossible not to detest the age which could impose on such a man the necessity of such solicitations, or not to despise the man who could submit to such solicitations without necessity.

Whether by the world's neglect, or his own imprudence, I am afraid that the greatest part of his life was passed in exigencies. Such outcries were surely never uttered but in severe pain. Of his supplies or his expences, no probable estimate can now be made. Except the salary of the Laureat,

" The Spanish Fryer not thought himself reveng'd,

" Until thy style, as well as faith, were chang'd.

" Our Church refus'd thee orders; whence I find

" Her call'd the Panther, that of Rome the Hind."

to which King James added the office of Historiographer, perhaps with some additional emoluments, his whole revenue seems to have been casual; and it is well known that he seldom lives frugally who lives by chance. Hope is always liberal; and they that trust her promises, make little scruple of reveling to-day on the profits of the morrow.

Of his plays the profit was not great; and of the produce of his other works very little intelligence can be had. By discoursing with the late amiable Mr. Tonson, I could not find that any memorials of the transactions between his predecessor and Dryden had been preserved, except the following papers:

“ I do hereby promise to pay John Dryden, Esq. or order,
 “ on the 25th of March, 1699, the sum of two hundred and
 “ fifty guineas, in consideration of ten thousand verses; which
 “ the said John Dryden, Esq. is to deliver to me Jacob
 “ Tonson, when finished, whereof seven thousand five hun-
 “ dred verses, more or less, are already in the said Jacob
 “ Tonson’s possession. And I do hereby farther promise,
 “ and engage myself, to make up the said sum of two hun-
 “ dred and fifty guineas three hundred pounds sterling to the
 “ said John Dryden, Esq. his executors, administrators, or
 “ assigns, at the beginning of the second impression of the
 “ said ten thousand verses.

“ In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and
 “ seal, this 20th day of March, 1698-9.

“ ~~Jacob~~ Tonson.”

“ Sealed and delivered, being
 “ first duly stampd, pursuant
 “ to the Acts of Parliament
 “ for that purpose, in the
 “ presence of

“ Ben. Portlock,
 “ Will. Congreve.”

“ March 24, 1698.

“ Received then of Mr. Jacob Tonson the sum of two
 “ hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen shillings, in pursuance
 “ of an agreement for ten thousand verses, to be delivered by
 “ me to the said Jacob Tonson, whereof I have already de-
 “ livered to him about seven thousand five hundred, more or
 “ less; he the said Jacob Tonson being obliged to make up
 “ the foresaid sum of two hundred sixty-eight pounds fifteen
 “ shillings three hundred pounds, at the beginning of the
 “ second impression of the foresaid ten thousand verses.

“ I say, received by me,

“ John Dryden.”

“ Witness, Charles Dryden.”

Two hundred and fifty guineas, at 1*l.* 1*s.* 6*d.* is 268*l.* 15*s.*

It is manifest, from the dates of this contract, that it relates to the volume of *Fables*, which contains about twelve thousand verses, and for which therefore the payment must have been afterwards enlarged.

I have been told of another letter yet remaining, in which he desires Tonson to bring him money, to pay for a watch which he had ordered for his son, and which the maker would not leave without the price.

The inevitable consequence of poverty is dependence. Dryden had probably no recourse in his exigencies but to his bookseller. The particular character of Tonson I do not know; but the general conduct of traders was much less liberal in those times than in our own: their views were narrower, and their manners grosser. To the mercantile ruggedness of that race, the delicacy of the poet was sometimes exposed. Lord Bolingbroke, who in his youth had cultivated poetry, related to Dr. King, of Oxford, that one day, when he visited Dryden, they heard, as they were conversing, another person entering the house. “ This,” said Dryden, “ is
 “ Tonson. You will take care not to depart before he goes

“ away : for I have not completed the sheet which I promised him ; and if you leave me unprotected, I must suffer all the rudeness to which his resentment can prompt his tongue.”

What rewards he obtained for his poems, besides the payment of the bookseller, cannot be known. Mr. Derrick, who consulted some of his relations, was informed that his Fables obtained five hundred pounds from the Dutchess of Ormond ; a present not unsuitable to the magnificence of that splendid family ; and he quotes Moyle, as relating that forty pounds were paid by a musical society for the use of *Alexander's Feast*.

In those days the œconomy of government was yet unsettled, and the payments of the Exchequer were dilatory and uncertain ; of this disorder there is reason to believe that the Laureat sometimes felt the effects : for, in one of his Prefaces, he complains of those, who, being intrusted with the distribution of the Prince's bounty, suffer those that depend upon it to languish in penury.

Of his petty habits or slight amusements, tradition has retained little. Of the only two men whom I have found to whom he was personally known, one told me, that at the house which he frequented, called *Will's Coffee-house*, the appeal upon any literary dispute was made to him ; and the other related, that his armed chair, which in the winter had a settled and prescriptive place by the fire, was in the summer placed in the balcony, and that he called the two places his winter and his summer seat. This is all the intelligence which his two survivors afforded me.

One of his opinions will do him no honour in the present age, though in his own time, at least in the beginning of it, he was far from having it confined to himself. He put great confidence in the prognostications of judicial astrology. In the Appendix to the Life of Congreve is a narrative of some of his predictions wonderfully fulfilled ; but I know not the writer's means of information, or character of veracity. That

he had the configurations of the horoscope in his mind, and considered them as influencing the affairs of men, he does not forbear to hint.

The utmost malice of the stars is past.—
 Now frequent *trines* the happier lights among,
 And *high-rais'd Jove*, from his dark prison freed,
 Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
 Will gloriously the new-laid works succeed.

He has elsewhere shewn his attention to the planetary powers: and in the preface to his Fables has endeavoured obliquely to justify his superstition by attributing the same to some of the ancients. The latter, added to this narrative, leaves no doubt of his notions or practice.

So slight and so scanty is the knowledge which I have been able to collect concerning the private life and domestic manners of a man whom every English generation must mention with reverence as a critick and a poet.

DRYDEN may be properly considered as the father of English criticism, as the writer who first taught us to determine upon principles the merit of composition. Of our former poets, the greatest dramatist wrote without rules, conducted through life and nature by a genius that rarely misled, and rarely deserted him. Of the rest, those who knew the laws of propriety had neglected to teach them.

Two *Arts of English Poetry* were written in the days of Elizabeth by ~~Webb~~ and Puttenham, from which something might be learned, and a few hints had been given by Jonson and Cowley; but Dryden's *Essay on Dramatick Poetry* was the first regular and valuable treatise on the art of writing.

He who, having formed his opinions in the present age of English literature, turns back to peruse this dialogue, will not perhaps find much increase of knowledge, or much novelty of instruction; but he is to remember that critical principles were then in the hands of a few, who had gathered them partly from the ancients, and partly from the Italians and

French. The structure of dramattick poems was then not generally understood. Audiences applauded by instinct; and poets perhaps often pleased by chance.

A writer who obtains his full purpose loses himself in his own lustre. Of an opinion which is no longer doubted, the evidence ceases to be examined. Of an art universally practised, the first teacher is forgotten. Learning once made popular is no longer learning; it has the appearance of something which we have bestowed upon ourselves, as the dew appears to rise from the field which it refreshes.

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

The Dialogue on the Drama was one of his first essays of criticism, written when he was yet a timorous candidate for reputation, and therefore laboured with that diligence which he might allow himself somewhat to remit, when his name gave sanction to his positions, and his awe of the publick was abated, partly by custom, and partly by success. It will not be easy to find, in all the opulence of our language, a treatise so artfully variegated with successive representations of opposite probabilities, so enlivened with imagery, so brightened with illustrations. His portraits of the English dramatists are wrought with great spirit and diligence. The account of Shakspeare may stand as a perpetual model of encomiastick criticism; exact without minuteness, and lofty without exaggeration. The praise lavished by Longinus, on the attestation of the heroes of Marathon, by Demosthenes, fades away before it. In a few lines is exhibited a character, so extensive in its comprehension, and so curious in its limitations, that nothing can be added, diminished, or reformed; nor can the editors and admirers of Shakspeare, in all their emulation of

reverence, boast of much more than of having diffused and paraphrased this epitome of excellence, of having changed Dryden's gold for baser metal, of lower value, though of greater bulk.

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

The different manner and effect with which critical knowledge may be conveyed, was perhaps never more clearly exemplified than in the performances of Rymer and Dryden. It was said of a dispute between two mathematicians, "malim cum Scaligero errare, quam cum Clavio rectè sapere;" that "it was more eligible to go wrong with one, than right with the other." A tendency of the same kind every mind must feel at the perusal of Dryden's prefaces and Rymer's discourses. With Dryden we are wandering in quest of Truth; whom we find, if we find her at all, drest in the graces of elegance; and, if we miss her, the labour of the pursuit rewards itself: we are led only through fragrance and flowers. Rymer, without taking a nearer, takes a rougher way; every step is to be made through thorns and brambles; and Truth, if we meet her, appears repulsive by her mien, and ungraceful by her habit. Dryden's criticism has the majesty of a queen; Rymer's has the ferocity of a tyrant.

As he had studied with great diligence the art of Poetry, and enlarged or rectified his notions, by experience perpetually increasing, he had his mind stored with principles and observations; he poured out his knowledge with little labour; for of labour, notwithstanding the multiplicity of his productions, there is sufficient reason to suspect that he was not a lover. To write *con amore*, with fondness for the employment, with perpetual touches and retouches, with unwilling-

ness to take leave of his own idea, and an unwearied pursuit of unattainable perfection, was, I think, no part of his character.

His criticism may be considered as general or occasional. In his general precepts, which depend upon the nature of things, and the structure of the human mind, he may doubtless be safely recommended to the confidence of the reader; but his occasional and particular positions were sometimes interested, sometimes negligent, and sometimes capricious. It is not without reason that Trapp, speaking of the praises which he bestows on Palamon and Arcite, says, “*Novimus judicium Drydeni de poemate quodam Chauceri, pulchro sane illo, & admodum laudando, nimirum quod non modo vere epicum sit, sed Iliada etiam atque Æneada æquet, imo superet. Sed novimus eodem tempore viri illius maximi non semper accuratissimas esse censuras, nec ad severissimam critices normam exactas: illo judice id plerumque optimum est, quod nunc præ manibus habet, & in quo nunc occupatur.*”

He is therefore by no means constant to himself. His defence and desertion of dramattick rhyme is generally known. Spence, in his remarks on Pope's *Odyssey*, produces what he thinks an unconquerable quotation from Dryden's preface to the *Æneid*, in favour of translating an epic poem into blank verse; but he forgets that when his author attempted the *Iliad*, some years afterwards, he departed from his own decision, and translated into rhyme.

When he has any objection to obviate, or any licence to defend, he is not very scrupulous about what he asserts, nor very cautious, if the present purpose be served, not to entangle himself in his own sophistries. But, when all arts are exhausted, like other hunted animals, he sometimes stands at bay; when he cannot disown the grossness of one of his plays, he declares that he knows not any law that prescribes morality to a comick poet.

His remarks on ancient or modern writers are not always to be trusted. His parallel of the versification of Ovid with that of Claudian has been very justly censured by Sewel *. His comparison of the first line of Virgil with the first of Statius is not happier. Virgil, he says, is soft and gentle, and would have thought Statius mad, if he had heard him thundering out

Quæ superimposito moles geminata colosso.

Statius perhaps heats himself, as he proceeds, to exaggeration somewhat hyperbolical; but undoubtedly Virgil would have been too hasty, if he had condemned him to straw for one founding line. Dryden wanted an instance, and the first that occurred was impressed into the service.

What he wishes to say, he says at hazard; he cited *Gorbuduc*, which he had never seen; gives a false account of Chapman's versification; and discovers, in the preface to his Fables, that he translated the first book of the Iliad without knowing what was in the second.

It will be difficult to prove that Dryden ever made any great advances in literature. As having distinguished himself at Westminster under the tuition of Busby, who advanced his scholars to a height of knowledge very rarely attained in grammar-schools, he resided afterwards at Cambridge; it is not to be supposed, that his skill in the ancient languages was deficient, compared with that of common students; but his scholastic acquisitions seem not proportionate to his opportunities and abilities. He could not, like Milton or Cowley, have made his name illustrious merely by his learning. He mentions but few books, and those such as lie in the beaten track of regular study; from which if ever he departs, he is in danger of losing himself in unknown regions.

In his Dialogue on the Drama, he pronounces with great confidence that the Latin tragedy of *Medea* is not Ovid's,

because it is not sufficiently interesting and pathetic. He might have determined the question upon surer evidence; for it is quoted by Quintilian as the work of Seneca; and the only line which remains in Ovid's play, for one line is left us, is not there to be found. There was therefore no need of the gravity of conjecture, or the discussion of plot or sentiment, to find what was already known upon higher authority than such discussions can ever reach.

His literature, though not always free from ostentation, will be commonly found either obvious, and made his own by the art of dressing it; or superficial, which, by what he gives, shews what he wanted; or erroneous, hastily collected, and negligently scattered.

Yet it cannot be said that his genius is ever unprovided of matter, or that his fancy languishes in penury of ideas. His works abound with knowledge, and sparkle with illustrations. There is scarcely any science or faculty that does not supply him with occasional images and lucky similitudes; every page discovers a mind very widely acquainted both with art and nature, and in full possession of great stores of intellectual wealth. Of him that knows much it is natural to suppose that he has read with diligence: yet I rather believe that the knowledge of Dryden was gleaned from accidental intelligence and various conversations, by a quick apprehension, a judicious selection, and a happy memory; a keen appetite of knowledge, and a powerful digestion; by vigilance that permitted nothing to pass without notice, and a habit of reflection that suffered nothing useful to be lost. A mind like Dryden's, always curious, always active, to which every understanding was proud to be associated, and of which every one solicited the regard, by an ambitious display of himself, had a more pleasant, perhaps a nearer way to knowledge than by the silent progress of solitary reading. I do not suppose that he despised books, or intentionally neglected them; but that he was carried out, by the impetuosity of his genius, to more vivid and speedy instructors; and that his studies were

rather desultory and fortuitous than constant and systematical.

It must be confessed that he scarcely ever appears to want book-learning but when he mentions books; and to him may be transferred the praise which he gives his master Charles:

His conversation, wit, and parts,
 His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,
 Were such, dead authors could not give,
 But habitudes of those that live:
 Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive;
 He drain'd from all, and all they knew,
 His apprehensions quick, his judgement true;
 That the most learn'd with shame confess,
 His knowledge more, his reading only less.

Of all this, however, if the proof be demanded, I will not undertake to give it: the atoms of probability, of which my opinion has been formed, lie scattered over all his works; and by him who thinks the question worth his notice, his works must be perused with very close attention.

Criticism, either didactic or defensive, occupies almost all his prose, except those pages which he has devoted to his patrons; but none of his prefaces were ever thought tedious. They have not the formality of a settled style, in which the first half of the sentence betrays the other. The clauses are never balanced, nor the periods modelled: every word seems to drop by chance, though it falls into its proper place. Nothing is cold or languid: the whole is airy, animated, and vigorous; what is little, is gay; what is great, is splendid. He may be thought to mention himself too frequently; but, while he forces himself upon our esteem, we cannot refuse him to stand high in his own. Every thing is excused by the play of images, and the sprightliness of expression. Though all is easy, nothing is feeble; though all seems careless, there is nothing harsh; and though, since his earlier works more than

a century has passed, they have nothing yet uncouth or obsolete.

He who writes much will not easily escape a manner, such a recurrence of particular modes as may be easily noted. Dryden is always *another and the same*; he does not exhibit a second time the same elegances in the same form, nor appears to have any art other than that of expressing with clearness what he thinks with vigour. His style could not easily be imitated, either seriously or ludicrously; for, being always equable and always varied, it has no prominent or discriminative characters. The beauty who is totally free from disproportion of parts and features cannot be ridiculed by an overcharged resemblance.

From his prose, however, Dryden derives only his accidental and secondary praise; the veneration with which his name is pronounced by every cultivator of English literature, is paid to him as he refined the language, improved the sentiments, and tuned the numbers, of English Poetry.

After about half a century of forced thoughts, and rugged metre, some advances towards nature and harmony had been already made by Waller and Denham; they had shewn that long discourses in rhyme grew more pleasing when they were broken into couplets, and that verse consisted not only in the number but the arrangement of syllables.

But though they did much, who can deny that they left much to do? Their works were not many, nor were their minds of very ample comprehension. More examples of more modes of composition were necessary for the establishment of regularity, and the introduction of propriety in word and thought.

Every language of a learned nation necessarily divides itself into diction scholastick and popular, grave and familiar, elegant and gross: and from a nice distinction of these different parts arises a great part of the beauty of style. But, if we except a few minds, the favourites of nature, to whom their own original rectitude was in the place of rules, this delicacy

of selection was little known to our authors; our speech lay before them in a heap of confusion; and every man took for every purpose what chance might offer him.

There was therefore before the time of Dryden no poetical diction, no system of words at once refined from the grossness of domestick use, and free from the harshness of terms appropriated to particular arts. Words too familiar, or too remote, defeat the purpose of a poet. From those sounds which we hear on small or on coarse occasions, we do not easily receive strong impressions, or delightful images; and words to which we are nearly strangers, whenever they occur, draw that attention on themselves which they should transmit to things.

Those happy combinations of words which distinguish poetry from prose had been rarely attempted: we had few elegances or flowers of speech; the roses had not yet been plucked from the bramble, or different colours had not been joined to enliven one another.

It may be doubted whether Waller and Denham could have over-borne the prejudices which had long prevailed, and which even then were sheltered by the protection of Cowley. The new versification, as it is called, may be considered as owing its establishment to Dryden; from whose time it is apparent that English poetry has had no tendency to relapse to its former savageness.

The affluence and comprehension of our language is very illustriously displayed in our poetical translations of Ancient Writers; a work which the French seem to relinquish in despair, and which we were long unable to perform with dexterity. Ben Jonson thought it necessary to copy Horace almost word by word; Feltham, his contemporary and adversary, considers it as indispensably requisite in a translation to give line for line. It is said that Sandys, whom Dryden calls the best versifier of the last age, has struggled hard to comprise every book of the English Metamorphoses in the same number of verses with the original. Holyday had nothing in view

but to shew that he understood his author, with so little regard to the grandeur of his diction, or the volubility of his numbers, that his metres can hardly be called verses; they cannot be read without reluctance, nor will the labour always be rewarded by understanding them. Cowley saw that such copyers were a servile race; he asserted his liberty, and spread his wings so boldly that he left his authors. It was reserved for Dryden to fix the limits of poetical liberty, and give us just rules and examples of translation.

When languages are formed upon different principles, it is impossible that the same modes of expression should always be elegant in both. While they run on together, the closest translation may be considered as the best; but when they divaricate, each must take its natural course. Where correspondence cannot be obtained, it is necessary to be content with something equivalent. "Translation therefore," says Dryden, "is not so loose as paraphrase, nor so close as metaphrase."

All polished languages have different styles; the concise, the diffuse, the lofty, and the humble. In the proper choice of style consists the resemblance which Dryden principally exacts from the translator. He is to exhibit his author's thoughts in such a dress of diction as the author would have given them, had his language been English: rugged magnificence is not to be softened; hyperbolical ostentation is not to be repressed; nor sententious affectation to have its point blunted. A translator is to be like his author; it is not his business to excel him.

The reasonableness of these rules seems sufficient for their vindication; and the effects produced by observing them were so happy, that I know not whether they were ever opposed but by Sir Edward Sherburne, a man whose learning was greater than his powers of poetry, and who, being better qualified to give the meaning than the spirit of Seneca, has introduced his version of three tragedies by a defence of close translation. The authority of Horace, which the new trans-

lators cited in defence of their practice, he has, by a judicious explanation, taken fairly from them; but reason wants not Horace to support it.

It seldom happens that all the necessary causes concur to any great effect: will is wanting to power, or power to will, or both are impeded by external obstructions. The exigencies in which Dryden was condemned to pass his life are reasonably supposed to have blasted his genius, to have driven out his works in a state of immaturity, and to have intercepted the full-blown elegance which longer growth would have supplied.

Poverty, like other rigid powers, is sometimes too hastily accused. If the excellence of Dryden's works was lessened by his indigence, their number was increased; and I know not how it will be proved, that if he had written less he would have written better; or that indeed he would have undergone the toil of an author, if he had not been solicited by something more pressing than the love of praise.

But, as is said by his Sebastian,

What had been, is unknown; what is, appears.

We know that Dryden's several productions were so many successive expedients for his support; his plays were therefore often borrowed; and his poems were almost all occasional.

In an occasional performance no height of excellence can be expected from any mind, however fertile in itself, and however stored with acquisitions. He whose work is general and arbitrary has the choice of his matter, and takes that which his inclination and his studies have best qualified him to display and decorate. He is at liberty to delay his publication till he has satisfied his friends and himself, till he has reformed his first thoughts by subsequent examination, and polished away those faults which the precipitance of ardent composition is likely to leave behind it. Virgil is related to have

poured out a great number of lines in the morning, and to have passed the day in reducing them to fewer.

The occasional poet is circumscribed by the narrowness of his subject. Whatever can happen to man has happened so often that little remains for fancy or invention. We have been all born; we have most of us been married; and so many have died before us, that our deaths can supply but few materials for a poet. In the fate of Princes the publick has an interest; and what happens to them of good or evil, the poets have always considered as business for the Muse. But after so many inaugural gratulations, nuptial hymns, and funeral dirges, he must be highly favoured by nature, or by fortune, who says any thing not said before. Even war and conquest, however splendid, suggest no new images; the triumphant chariot of a victorious monarch can be decked only with those ornaments that have graced his predecessors.

Not only matter but time is wanting. The poem must not be delayed till the occasion is forgotten. The lucky moments of animated imagination cannot be attended; elegances and illustrations cannot be multiplied by gradual accumulation; the composition must be dispatched, while conversation is yet busy, and admiration fresh; and haste is to be made, lest some other event should lay hold upon mankind.

Occasional compositions may however secure to a writer the praise both of learning and facility; for they cannot be the effect of long study, and must be furnished immediately from the treasures of the mind.

The death of Cromwell was the first publick event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroick stanzas have beauties and defects; the thoughts are vigorous, and, though not always proper, shew a mind replete with ideas; the numbers are smooth; and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

Davenant was perhaps at this time his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular; and

from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed.

Dryden very early formed his versification ; there are in this early production no traces of Donne's or Jonson's ruggedness ; but he did not so soon free his mind from the ambition of forced conceits. In his verses on the Restoration, he says of the King's exile,

He, toss'd by Fate—
 Could taste no sweets of youth's desir'd age,
 But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

And afterwards, to shew how virtue and wisdom are increased by adversity, he makes this remark :

* Well might the antient poets then confer
 On Night the honour'd name of *counsellor*,
 Since, struck with rays of prosperous fortune blind,
 We light alone in dark afflictions find,

His praise of Monk's dexterity comprises such a cluster of thoughts unallied to one another, as will not elsewhere be easily found :

'Twas Monk, whom Providence design'd to loose
 Those real bonds false freedom did impose.
 The blessed faints that watch'd this turning scene
 Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
 To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
 Not in their bulk, but in their order strong.
 Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore
 Smiles to that changed face that wept before.
 With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,
 As fancy frames, for fancy to subdue :
 But, when ourselves to action we betake,
 It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
 How hard was then his task, at once to be
 What in the body natural we see !

Man's Architect distinctly did ordain
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense ;
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay.
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let them play awhile upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it strait doth crush.
 Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude,
 While growing pains pronounce the humours crude ;
 Deaf to complaints, they wait upon the ill,
 Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to forbear the improper use of mythology. After having rewarded the Heathen deities for their care,

With Alga who the sacred altar strows ?
 To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes ;
 A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain ;
 A ram to you, ye Tempests of the Main.

He tells, us in the language of Religion,

Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
 As Heaven itself is took by violence.

And afterwards mentions one of the most awful passages of Sacred History.

Other conceits there are too curious to be quite omitted ;
 as,

For by example most we sinn'd before,
 And, glass-like, clearness mix'd with frailty bore.

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles ;

The winds that never moderation knew,
 Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew ;
 Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
 Their straiten'd lungs.—

It is no longer motion cheats your view ;
 As you meet it, the land approacheth you ;
 The land returns, and in the white it wears,
 The marks of penitence, and sorrow bears.

I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as moving out of its place to receive the king. "Though this," said Malherbe, "was in my time, I do not remember it."

His poem on the *Coronation* has a more even tenor of thought. Some lines deserve to be quoted.

You have already quench'd sedition's brand ;
 And zeal, that burnt it, only warms the land ;
 The jealous sects that durst not trust their cause,
 So far from their own will as to the laws,
 Him for their umpire and their synod take,
 And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.

Here may be found one particle of that old versification, of which, I believe, in all his works, there is not another :

Nor is it duty, or our hope alone,
 Creates that joy, but full *fruition*.

In the verses to the Lord Chancellor Clarendon, two years afterwards, is a conceit so hopeless at the first view, that few would have attempted it ; and so successfully laboured, that though at last it gives the reader more perplexity than pleasure, and seems hardly worth the study that it costs, yet it must be valued as a proof of a mind at once subtle and comprehensive ;

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky :

So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you :
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd,
 And beyond that no farther Heaven can find.
 So well your virtues do with his agree,
That though your orbs of different greatness be,
Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to enclose, and yours to be enclos'd.
 Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.

The comparison of the Chancellor to the Indies leaves all resemblance too far behind it :

And as the Indies were not found before
 Those rich perfumes which from the happy shore
 The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world betray'd :
 So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A new and undiscover'd world in you.

There is another comparison, for there is little else in the poem, of which, though perhaps it cannot be explained into plain profaick meaning, the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obscurity, for its magnificence :

How strangely active are the arts of peace,
 Whose restless motions less than wars do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour, but from noise ;
 And war more force, but not more pains employs.
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the Earth's, it leaves our sense behind ;
 While you so smoothly turn and roll our sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear.
 For as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
 Of flying orbs while ours is borne along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye,
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony :
 So, carry'd on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace, and yet in motion share.

To this succeed four lines, which perhaps afford Dryden's first attempt at those penetrating remarks on human nature, for which he seems to have been peculiarly formed :

*Let envy then those crimes within you see,
From which the happy never must be free ;
Envy, that does with misery reside,
The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.*

Into this poem he seems to have collected all his powers ; and after this he did not often bring upon his anvil such stubborn and unmanageable thoughts ; but, as a specimen of his abilities to unite the most unfociable matter, he has concluded with lines of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning.

*Yet unimpair'd with labours, or with time,
Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
Thus heavenly bodies do our time beget,
And measure change, but share no part of it :
And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun,
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.*

In the *Annus Mirabilis* he returned to the quatrain, which from that time he totally quitted, perhaps from experience of its inconvenience, for he complains of its difficulty. This is one of his greatest attempts. He had subjects equal to his abilities, a great naval war, and the Fire of London. Battles have always been described in heroick poetry ; but a sea-fight and artillery had yet something of novelty. New arts are long in the world before poets describe them ; for they borrow every thing from their predecessors, and commonly derive very little from nature or from life. Boileau was the first French writer that had ever hazarded in verse the mention of modern war, or the effects of gunpowder. We, who

are less afraid of novelty, had already possession of those dreadful images. Waller had described a sea-fight. Milton had not yet transferred the invention of fire-arms to the rebellious angels.

This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis, and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark.

The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences and make comparisons.

The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller's poem on the war with Spain; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome, "Orbem jam totum," &c.

Of the King collecting his navy, he says,

It seems, as every ship their sovereign knows,
His awful summons they so soon obey:
So hear the scaly herds when Proteus blows,
And so to pasture follow through the sea.

It would not be hard to believe that Dryden had written the two first lines seriously, and that some wag had added the two latter in burlesque. Who would expect the lines that immediately follow, which are indeed perhaps indecently hyperbolical, but certainly in a mode totally different?

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;
And Heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

The description of the attempt at Bergen will afford a very complete specimen of the descriptions in this poem:

And now approach'd their fleet from India, fraught
 With all the riches of the rising sun :
 And precious sand from Southern climates brought,
 • The fatal regions where the war begun.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
 Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coast they bring :
 Then first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
 And winter brooded on the Eastern spring.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert lie ;
 And round about their murdering cannon lay,
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more hard,
 The English undertake th' unequal war :
 Seven ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
 Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark share.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those :
 These fain would keep, and those more fain enjoy :
 And to such height their frantick passion grows,
 That what both love both hazard to destroy :

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
 • And now their odours, arm'd against them fly ;
 Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall,
 And some by aromatick splinters die :

And though, by tempests of the prize bereft,
 In Heaven's inclemency some ease we find :
 Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
 And only yielded to the seas and wind.

In this manner is the sublime too often mingled with the ridiculous. The Dutch seek a shelter for a wealthy fleet: this surely needed no illustration; yet they must fly, not like all the rest of mankind on the same occasion, but "like hunted castors;" and they might with strict propriety be hunted

for we winded them by our noses—their *perfumes* betrayed them. The *Husband* and the *Lover*, though of more dignity than the *castor*, are images too domestick to mingle properly with the horrors of war. The two quatrains that follow are worthy of the author.

The account of the different sensations with which the two fleets retired, when the night parted them, is one of the fairest flowers of English poetry :

The night comes on, we eager to pursue
 The combat still, and they ashamed to leave ;
 Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
 And doubtful moon-light did our rage deceive.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's fame ;
 In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And, slumbering, smile at the imagin'd flame.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tir'd and done,
 Stretch'd on their decks, like weary oxen lie ;
 Faint sweats all down their mighty members run,
 (Vast bulks, which little souls but ill supply).

In dreams they fearful precipices tread,
 Or, shipwreck'd, labour to some distant shore ;
 Or, in dark churches, walk among the dead ;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no more.

It is a general rule in poetry, that all appropriated terms of art should be sunk in general expressions, because poetry is to speak an universal language. This rule is still stronger with regard to arts not liberal, or confined to few, and therefore far removed from common knowledge ; and of this kind, certainly, is technical navigation. Yet Dryden was of opinion, that a sea-fight ought to be described in the nautical language ; “ and certainly,” says he, “ as those, who in a logical disputation keep to general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those who do it in poetical description would veil their ignorance.”

Let us then appeal to experience; for by experience at last we learn as well what will please as what will profit. In the battle his terms seem to have been blown away; but he deals them liberally in the dock:

So here some pick out bullets from the side,
Some drive old *okum* thro' each *seam* and rift:
Their left-hand does the *calking-iron* guide,
The rattling *mallet* with the right they lift.

With boiling pitch another near at hand
(From friendly Sweden brought) the *seams in-stops*;
Which, well laid o'er, the salt-sea waves withstand,
And shake them from the rising beak in drops.

Some the *gall'd* ropes with dawby *marling* bind,
Or fear-cloth masts with strong *tarpawling* coats;
To try new *shrouds* one mounts into the wind,
And one below their ease or stiffness notes.

I suppose there is not one term which every reader does not wish away.

His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled of seasonable excursion and artful return.

One line, however, leaves me discontented; he says, that, by the help of the philosophers,

Instructed ships shall sail to quick commerce,
By which remotest regions are allied.—

Which he is constrained to explain in a note "by a more exact measure of longitude." It had better become Dryden's learning and genius to have laboured science into poetry, and have shewn, by explaining longitude, that verse did not refuse the ideas of philosophy.

His description of the Fire is painted by resolute meditation, out of a mind better formed to reason than to feel. The conflagration of a city, with all its tumults of concomitant distress, is one of the most dreadful spectacles which this world can offer to human eyes; yet it seems to raise little emotion in the breast of the poet; he watches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection, and now a simile, till at last he meets the King, for whom he makes a speech, rather tedious in a time so busy; and then follows again the progress of the fire.

There are, however, in this part some passages that deserve attention; as in the beginning;

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
 And luxury, more late, asleep were laid!
 All was the Night's, and in her silent reign
 No found the rest of Nature did invade
 In this deep quiet:—

The expression "All was the Night's" is taken from Seneca, who remarks on Virgil's line,

Omnia noctis erant, placida composita quiete,
 that he might have concluded better;

• *Omnia noctis erant.*

The following quatrain is vigorous and animated:

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend
 With bold fanatick spectres to rejoice;
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble voice.

His prediction of the improvements which shall be made in the new city is elegant and poetical, and with an event which Poets cannot always boast has been happily verified. The poem concludes with a simile that might have better been omitted.

Dryden, when he wrote this poem, seems not yet fully to have formed his versification, or settled his system of propriety.

From this time he addicted himself almost wholly to the stage, "to which," says he, "my genius never much inclined me," merely as the most profitable market for poetry. By writing tragedies in rhyme, he continued to improve his diction and his numbers. According to the opinion of Harte, who had studied his works with great attention, he settled his principles of versification in 1676, when he produced the play of *Aureng Zebe*; and according to his own account of the short time in which he wrote *Tyrannick Love*, and the *State of Innocence*, he soon obtained the full effect of diligence, and added facility to exactness.

Rhyme has been so long banished from the theatre, that we know not its effects upon the passions of an audience; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of Night in the *Indian Emperor*, and the rise and fall of empire in the *Conquest of Granada*, are more frequently repeated than any lines in *All for Love*, or *Don Sebastian*.

To search his plays for vigorous sallies and sententious elegances, or to fix the dates of any little pieces which he wrote by chance, or by solicitation, were labour too tedious and minute.

His dramattick labours did not so wholly absorb his thoughts, but that he promulgated the laws of translation in a preface to the English Epistles of Ovid; one of which he translated himself, and another in conjunction with the Earl of Mulgrave.

Abshalom and Achitophel is a work so well known, that particular criticism is superfluous. If it be considered as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellences of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineation of

characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height as can scarcely be found in any other English composition.

It is not, however, without faults; some lines are inelegant and improper, and too many are irreligiously licentious. The original structure of the poem was defective; allegories drawn to great length will always break; Charles could not run continually parallel with David.

The subject had likewise another inconvenience: it admitted little imagery or description; and a long poem of mere sentiments easily becomes tedious; though all the parts are forcible, and every line kindles new rapture, the reader, if not relieved by the interposition of something that soothes the fancy, grows weary of admiration, and deserts the rest.

As an approach to the historical truth was necessary, the action and catastrophe were not in the poet's power; there is therefore an unpleasing disproportion between the beginning and the end. We are alarmed by a faction formed of many sects, various in their principles, but agreeing in their purpose of mischief, formidable for their numbers, and strong by their supports; while the King's friends are few and weak. The chiefs on either part are set forth to view: but when expectation is at the height, the King makes a speech, and

Henceforth a series of new times began.

Who can forbear to think of an enchanted castle, with a wide moat and lofty battlements, walls of marble and gates of brass, which vanishes at once into air, when the destined knight blows his horn before it?

In the second part, written by Tate, there is a long insertion, which, for its poignancy of satire, exceeds any part of the former. Personal resentment, though no laudable motive to satire, can add great force to general principles. Self-love is a busy prompter.

The Medal, written upon the same principles with *Abraham and Achitophel*, but upon a narrower plan, gives less pleasure, though it discovers equal abilities in the writer. The superstructure cannot extend beyond the foundation; a single character or incident cannot furnish as many ideas, as a series of events, or multiplicity of agents. This poem, therefore, since time has left it to itself, is not much read, nor perhaps generally understood; yet it abounds with touches both of humorous and serious satire. The picture of a man whose propensions to mischief are such, that his best actions are but inability of wickedness, is very skilfully delineated and strongly coloured:

Power was his aim; but, thrown from that pretence,
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence,
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his soul, he serv'd;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust;
 His counsels oft convenient, seldom just;
 Ev'n in the most sincere advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds, he learnt in his fanatick years,
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears,
 At least as little honest as he cou'd,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good,
 To this first bias, longingly, he leans,
 And rather would be great by wicked means,

The *Threnodia*, which, by a term I am afraid neither authorized nor analogical, he calls *Augustus*, is not among his happiest productions. Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetick. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them.

“ He is,” he says, “ petrified with grief;” but the marble sometimes relents, and trickles in a joke.

The sons of art all med’cines try’d,
 And every noble remedy apply’d ;
 With emulation each essay’d
 His utmost skill ; *nay, more, they pray’d ;*
 Was never losing game with better conduct play’d.

He had been a little inclined to merriment before, upon the prayers of a nation for their dying sovereign ; nor was he serious enough to keep Heathen fables out of his religion :

With him the innumerable crowd of armed prayers
 Knock’d at the gates of Heaven, and knock’d aloud ;
The first well-meaning rude petitioners
 All for his life assail’d the throne,
 All would have brib’d the skies by offering up their own.
 So great a throng not Heaven itself could bar ;
 ’Twas almost borne by force *as in the giants war.*
 The pray’rs, at least, for his reprieve, were heard ;
 His death, like Hezekiah’s, was deferr’d.

There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign to have lamented his old master with much sincerity.

He did not miscarry in this attempt for want of skill either in lyric or elegiac poetry. His poem on the death of Mrs. *Killegrew* is undoubtedly the noblest ode that our language ever has produced. The first part flows with a torrent of enthusiasm. “ *Fervet immensusque ruit.*” All the stanzas indeed are not equal. An imperial crown cannot be one continued diamond ; the gems must be held together by some less valuable matter.

In his first ode for Cecilia’s day, which is lost in the splendor of the second, there are passages which would have dignified any other poet. The first stanza is vigorous and elegant,

though the word *diapason* is too technical, and the rhymes are too remote from one another.

From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This univ'ersal frame began ;
 When Nature underneath a heap of jarring atoms lay,
 And could not heave her head,
 The tuneful voice was heard from high,
 Arise, ye more than dead. ,
 Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
 In order to their stations leap,
 And musick's power obey.
 From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
 This univ'ersal frame began.
 From harmony to harmony
 Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
 The diapason closing full in man.

The conclusion is likewise striking ; but it includes an image so awful in itself, that it can owe little to poetry ; and I could wish the antithesis of *musick untuning* had found some other place.

As from the power of sacred lays
 The spheres began to move,
 And sung the great Creator's praise
 To all the blest above : *

So, when the last and dreadful hour
 This crumbling pageant shall devour,
 The trumpet shall be heard on high,
 The dead shall live, the living die,
 And musick shall untune the sky.

Of his skill in elegy he has given a specimen in his *Eleonora*, of which the following lines discover their author :

Though all these rare endowments of the mind
 Were in a narrow space of life confin'd,
 The figure was with full perfection crown'd,
 Though not so large an orb, as truly round :

As when in glory, through the publick place,
 The spoils of conquer'd nations were to pass,
 And but one day for triumph was allow'd,
 The consul was constrain'd his pomp to crowd;
 And so the swift procession hurry'd on,
 That all, tho' not distinctly, might be shown;
 So, in the straiten'd bounds of life confin'd,
 She gave but glimpses of her glorious mind;
 And multitudes of virtues pass'd along,
 Each pressing foremost in the mighty throng,
 Ambitious to be seen, and then make room
 For greater multitudes that were to come.
 Yet unemploy'd no minute slip'd away;
 Moments were precious in so short a stay.
 The haste of Heaven to have her was so great,
 That some were single acts, though each complete;
 And every act stood ready to repeat.

This piece, however, is not without its faults: there is so much likeness in the initial comparison, that there is no illustration. As a king would be lamented, Eleonora was lamented:

As, when some great and gracious monarch dies,
 Soft whispers, first, and mournful murmurs, rise
 Among the sad attendants; then the sound
 Soon gathers voice, and spreads the news around,
 Through town and country, till the dreadful blast
 Is blown to distant colonies at last,
 Who then, perhaps, were offering vows in vain,
 For his long life, and for his happy reign;
 So slowly, by degrees, unwilling Fame
 Did matchless Eleonora's fate proclaim,
 Till publick as the loss the news became.

This is little better than to say in praise of a shrub, that it is as green as a tree; or of a brook, that it waters a garden, as a river waters a country.

Dryden confesses that he did not know the lady whom he celebrates: the praise being therefore inevitably general fixes no impression upon the reader, nor excites any tendency to love, nor much desire of imitation. Knowledge of the subject is to the poet what durable materials are to the architect.

The *Religio Laici*, which borrows its title from the *Religio Medici* of Browne, is almost the only work of Dryden which can be considered as a voluntary effusion: in this, therefore, it might be hoped, that the full effulgence of his genius would be found. But unhappily the subject is rather argumentative than poetical; he intended only a specimen of metrical disputation:

And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose.

This, however, is a composition of great excellence in its kind, in which the familiar is very properly diversified with the solemn, and the grave with the humorous; in which metre has neither weakened the force, nor clouded the perspicuity of argument; nor will it be easy to find another example equally happy of this middle kind of writing, which, though prosaick in some parts, rises to high poetry in others, and neither towers to the skies, nor creeps along the ground.

Of the same kind, or not far distant from it, is the *Hind and Panther*, the longest of all Dryden's original poems; an allegory intended to comprise and to decide the controversy between the Romanists and Protestants. The scheme of the work is injudicious and incommodious; for what can be more absurd than that one beast should counsel another to rest her faith upon a pope and council? He seems well enough skilled in the usual topicks of argument, endeavours to shew the necessity of an infallible judge, and reproaches the Reformers with want of unity; but is weak enough to ask, why, since we see without knowing how, we may not have an infallible judge without knowing where?

The Hind at one time is afraid to drink at the common brook, because she may be worried; but, walking home with the *Panther*, talks by the way of the *Nicene Fathers*, and at last declares herself to be the Catholick Church.

* This absurdity was very properly ridiculed in the *City Mouse* and *Country Mouse* of Montague and Prior; and in the detection and censure of the incongruity of the fiction chiefly consists the value of their performance, which, whatever reputation it might obtain by the help of temporary passions, seems, to readers almost a century distant, not very forcible or animated.

Pope, whose judgment was perhaps a little bribed by the subject, used to mention this poem as the most correct specimen of Dryden's versification. It was indeed written when he had completely formed his manner, and may be supposed to exhibit, negligence excepted, his deliberate and ultimate scheme of metre.

We may therefore reasonably infer, that he did not approve the perpetual uniformity which confines the sense to couplets, since he has broken his lines in the initial paragraph.

A milk-white Hind, immortal and unchang'd,
 Fed on the lawns, and in the forest rang'd;
 Without unspotted, innocent within,
 She fear'd no danger, for she knew no sin.
 Yet had she oft been chac'd with horns and hounds,
 And Scythian shafts, and many winged wounds
 Aim'd at her heart; was often forc'd to fly,
 And doom'd to death, though fated not to die.

These lines are lofty, elegant, and musical, notwithstanding the interruption of the pause, of which the effect is rather increase of pleasure by variety, than offence by ruggedness.

To the first part it was his intention, he says, "to give the majestic turn of heroick poesy;" and perhaps he might have executed his design not unsuccessfully, had not an opportunity of satire, which he cannot forbear, fallen sometimes

in his way. The character of a Presbyterian, whose emblem is the Wolf, is not very heroically majestic :

More haughty than the rest, the wolfish race
 Appear with belly gaunt and famish'd face ;
 Never was so deform'd a beast of grace.
 His ragged tail betwixt his legs he wears,
 Close clapp'd for shame ; but his rough crest he rears,
 And pricks up his predestinating ears.

His general character of the other sorts of beasts that never go to church, though sprightly and keen, has, however, not much of heroick poesy :

These are the chief ; to number o'er the rest,
 And stand like Adam, naming every beast,
 Were weary work ; nor will the Muse describe
 A slimy-born, and sun-begotten tribe,
 Who, far from steeples and their sacred sound,
 In fields their fullen conventicles found.
 These gross, half-animated lumps I leave ;
 Nor can I think what thoughts they can conceive ;
 But, if they think at all, 'tis sure no higher
 Than matter, put in motion, may aspire ;
 Souls that can scarce ferment their mass of clay,
 So droffy, so divisible are they,
 As would but serve pure bodies for allay ;
 Such souls as shards produce, such beetle things
 As only buz to Heaven with evening wings ;
 Strike in the dark, offending but by chance :
 Such are the blindfold blows of ignorance.
 They know no being, and but hate a name ;
 To them the Hind and Panther are the same.

One more instance, and that taken from the narrative part, where style was more in his choice, will shew how steadily he kept his resolution of heroick dignity.

For when the herd, suffic'd, did late repair
 To ferny heaths and to their forest laire,

She made a mannerly excuse to stay,
 Proffering the Hind to wait her half the way ;
 That, since the sky was clear, an hour of talk
 Might help her to beguile the tedious walk.

*With much good-will the motion was embrac'd,
 To chat awhile on their adventures past ;
 Nor had the grateful Hind so soon forgot
 Her friend and fellow-sufferer in the plot.*

Yet, wondering how of late she grew estrang'd,
 Her forehead cloudy and her count'nance chang'd,
 She thought this hour th' occasion would present
 To learn her secret cause of discontent,
 Which well she hop'd might be with ease redress'd,
 Considering her a well-bred civil beast,
 And more a gentlewoman than the rest. }

After some common talk what rumours ran,
 The lady of the spotted muff began.

The second and third parts he professes to have reduced to diction more familiar and more suitable to dispute and conversation ; the difference is not, however, very easily perceived ; the first has familiar, and the two others have sonorous, lines. The original incongruity runs through the whole ; the king is now *Cæsar*, and now the *Lion* ; and the name *Pan* is given to the Supreme Being.

But when this constitutional absurdity is forgiven, the poem must be confessed to be written with great smoothness of metre, a wide extent of knowledge, and an abundant multiplicity of images ; the controversy is embellished with pointed sentences, diversified by illustrations, and enlivened by sallies of invective. Some of the facts to which allusions are made are now become obscure, and perhaps there may be many satirical passages little understood.

As it was by its nature a work of defiance, a composition which would naturally be examined with the utmost acrimony of criticism, it was probably laboured with uncommon attention, and there are, indeed, few negligences in the subordinate parts. The original impropriety, and the subsequent unpo-

pularity of the subject, added to the ridiculoufness of its first elements, has sunk it into neglect; but it may be usefully studied, as an example of poetical ratiocination, in which the *argument suffers little from the metre.*

In the poem on the Birth of the Prince of Wales, nothing is very remarkable but the exorbitant adulation, and that insensibility of the precipice on which the king was then standing, which the laureat apparently shared with the rest of the courtiers. A few months cured him of controversy, dismissed him from court, and made him again a play-wright and translator.

Of Juvenal there had been a translation by Stapylton, and another by Holiday; neither of them is very poetical. Stapylton is more smooth; and Holiday's is more esteemed for the learning of his notes. A new version was proposed to the poets of that time, and undertaken by them in conjunction. The main design was conducted by Dryden, whose reputation was such that no man was unwilling to serve the Muses under him.

The general character of this translation will be given, when it is said to preserve the wit, but to want the dignity, of the original. The peculiarity of Juvenal is a mixture of gaiety and stateliness, of pointed sentences and declamatory grandeur. His points have not been neglected; but his grandeur none of the band seemed to consider as necessary to be imitated, except Creech, who undertook the thirteenth satire. It is therefore perhaps possible to give a better representation of that great satirist, even in those parts which Dryden himself has translated, some passages excepted, which will never be excelled.

With Juvenal was published Persus, translated wholly by Dryden. This work, though, like all other productions of Dryden, it may have shining parts, seems to have been written merely for wages, in an uniform mediocrity, without any eager endeavour after excellence, or laborious effort of the mind.

There wanders an opinion among the readers of poetry, that one of these satires is an exercise of the school. Dryden says, that he once translated it at school; but not that he preserved or published the juvenile performance.

Not long afterwards he undertook perhaps the most arduous work of its kind, a translation of Virgil, for which he had shewn how well he was qualified by his version of the *Pollio*, and two episodes, one of *Nisus and Euryalus*, the other of *Mezentius and Lausus*.

In the comparison of Homer and Virgil, the discriminative excellence of Homer is elevation and comprehension of thought, and that of Virgil is grace and splendour of diction. The beauties of Homer are therefore difficult to be lost, and those of Virgil difficult to be retained. The massy trunk of sentiment is safe by its solidity, but the blossoms of elocution easily drop away. The author, having the choice of his own images, selects those which he can best adorn; the translator must, at all hazards, follow his original, and express thoughts which perhaps he would not have chosen. When to this primary difficulty is added the inconvenience of a language so much inferior in harmony to the Latin, it cannot be expected that they who read the *Georgicks* and the *Æneid* should be much delighted with any version.

All these obstacles Dryden saw, and all these he determined to encounter. The expectation of his work was undoubtedly great; the nation considered its honour as interested in the event. One gave him the different editions of his author, another helped him in the subordinate parts. The arguments of the several books were given him by Addison.

The hopes of the public were not disappointed. He produced, says Pope, "the most noble and spirited translation that I know in any language." It certainly excelled whatever had appeared in English, and appears to have satisfied his friends, and, for the most part, to have silenced his enemies. Milbourne, indeed, a clergyman, attacked it; but his outrages seem to be the ebullitions of a mind agitated by

stronger resentment than bad poetry can excite, and previously resolved not to be pleased.

His criticism extends only to the Preface, Pastorals, and Georgicks; and, as he professes to give his antagonist an opportunity of reprisal, he has added his own version of the first and fourth Pastorals, and the first Georgick. The world has forgotten his book; but, since his attempt has given him a place in literary history, I will preserve a specimen of his criticism, by inserting his remarks on the invocation before the first Georgick, and of his poetry, by annexing his own version.

Ver. 1.

“ What makes a plenteous harvest, when to turn

“ The fruitful soil, and when to sow the corn.

“ It's *unlucky*, they say, to *stumble at the threshold*; but
 “ what has a *plenteous harvest* to do here? Virgil would not
 “ pretend to prescribe *rules* for that which depends not on
 “ the *husbandman's* care, but the *disposition of Heaven* alto-
 “ gether. Indeed, the *plenteous crop* depends somewhat on
 “ the *good method of tillage*; and where the *land's* ill-
 “ manur'd, the *corn*, without a miracle, can be but *indiffe-*
 “ *rent*; but the *harvest* may be good, which is its *propereft*
 “ epithet, tho' the *husbandman's skill* were never so *indiffe-*
 “ *rent*. The next sentence is *too literal*, and *when to plough*
 “ had been *Virgil's* meaning, and intelligible to every body;
 “ and *when to sow the corn*, is a needless addition.”

Ver, 3.

“ The care of sheep, of oxen, and of kine,

“ And when to geld the lambs, and shear the swine,

“ would as well have fallen under the *cura boum, qui*
 “ *cultus habendo sit pecori*, as Mr. D.'s deduction of par-
 “ ticulars.”

Ver. 5.

“ The birth and genius of the frugal bee

“ I sing, Mæccenas, and I sing to thee.

“ But where did *experientia* ever signify *birth and genius* ?

“ or what ground was there for such a *figure* in this place ?

“ How much more mauly is Mr. Ogylby’s version ?”

“ What makes rich grounds, in what celestial signs

“ ’Tis good to plough, and marry elms with vines :

“ What best fits cattle, what with sheep agrees,

“ And several arts improving frugal bees ;

“ I sing, Mæccenas.

“ Which four lines, tho’ faulty enough, are yet much more

“ to the purpose than Mr. D’s six.”

Ver. 22.

“ From fields and mountains to my song repair.

“ For *patrium linquens nemus, saltusque Lycæi*—Very well

“ explained !”

Ver. 23, 24.

“ Inventor Pallas, of the fattening oil,

“ Thou founder of the plough, and ploughman’s toil !”

“ Written as if *these* had been *Pallas’s invention*.” The

“ *ploughman’s toil’s* impertinent.

Ver. 25.

“ ——— The shroud-like cypress ———

“ Why *shroud-like* ? Is a *cypress*, pulled up by the roots,

“ which the *sculpture* in the last *Eclogue* fills *Silvanus’s*

“ hand with, so very like a *shroud* ? Or did not Mr. D.

“ think of that kind of *cypress* us’d often for *scarves* and

“ *hatbands* at funerals formerly, or for *widow’s veils*, &c. ?

“ if so, ’twas a *deep, good thought*.”

Ver. 26.

“ ————— That wear

“ The royal honours, and increase the year.

‘ What’s meant by *increasing the year*? Did the gods or
 “ goddeſſes add more months, or days, or hours, to it? Or
 “ how can *arva tueri* ſignify to wear rural honours? Is this
 “ to translate, or abuse an author? The next couplet is bor-
 “ rowed from Oſylby, I ſuppoſe, becauſe *leſs to the purpoſe*
 “ than ordinary.”

Ver. 33.

“ The patron of the world, and Rome’s peculiar guard.

“ Idle, and none of Virgil’s, no more than the ſenſe of the
 “ precedent couplet; ſo again, he interpolates Virgil with
 “ that and the round circle of the year to guide powerful
 “ of bleſſings, which thou ſtrew’ſt arour’d; a ridiculous Lati-
 “ niſm, and an impertinent addition; indeed the whole pe-
 “ riod is but one piece of abſurdity and nonſenſe, as thoſe
 “ who lay it with the original muſt find.”

Ver. 42, 43.

“ And Neptune ſhall reſign the ſaces of the ſea.

“ Was he conſul or dictator there?

“ And watry virgins for thy bed ſhall ſtrive.

“ Both abſurd interpolations.”

Ver. 47, 48.

“ Where in the void of Heaven a place is free.

“ Ah happy D——n, were that place for thee!

“ But where is that void? Or, what does our translator
 “ mean by it? He knows what Ovid ſays God did to pre-
 “ vent ſuch a void in Heaven; perhaps this was then for-
 “ gotten, but Virgil talks more ſenſibly.”

Ver. 49.

“ The scorpion ready to receive thy laws.

“ No, he would not then have gotten out of his way so fast.”

Ver. 56.

“ Though Proserpine affects her silent seat.

“ What made her then so angry with *Ascalaphus*, for preventing her return? She was now mus'd to *Patience* under the determinations of *Fate*, rather than fond of her *resistance*.”

Ver. 61, 62, 63.

“ Pity the poet's and the ploughman's cares,
 “ Interest thy greatness in our mean affairs,
 “ And use thyself betimes to hear our prayers. }

“ Which is such a wretched perversion of *Virgil's noble thought* as *Vicars* would have blush'd at; but *Mr. Ogylby* makes us some amends by his better lines:

“ O wherefoe'er thou art, from thence incline,
 “ And grant assistance to my bold design!
 “ Pity, with me, poor husbandmen's affairs,
 “ And now, as if translated, hear our prayers.

“ This is *sense*, and to the purpose; the other, poor *mislaken stuff*.”

Such were the strictures of *Milbourne*, who found few abettors, and of whom it may be reasonably imagined, that many who favoured his design were ashamed of his influence.

When admiration had subsided, the translation was more coolly examined, and found, like all others, to be sometimes erroneous, and sometimes licentious. Those who could find faults, thought they could avoid them; and *Dr. Brady* attempted in blank verse a translation of the *Æneid*, which,

when dragged into the world, did not live long enough to cry. I have never seen it; but that such a version there is, or has been, perhaps some old catalogue informed me.

With not much better success, Trapp, when his Tragedy and his Prelections had given him reputation, attempted another blank version of the *Æneid*; to which, notwithstanding the slight regard with which it was treated, he had afterwards perseverance enough to add the *Eclogues* and *Georgicks*. His book may continue in existence as long as it is the clandestine refuge of school-boys.

Since the English ear has been accustomed to the melliflence of Pope's numbers, and the diction of poetry has become more splendid, new attempts have been made to translate Virgil: and all his works have been attempted by men better qualified to contend with Dryden. I will not engage myself in an invidious comparison, by opposing one passage to another; a work of which there would be no end, and which might be often offensive without use.

It is not by comparing line with line that the merit of great works is to be estimated, but by their general effects and ultimate result. It is easy to note a weak line, and write one more vigorous in its place; to find a happiness of expression in the original, and transplant it by force into the version: but what is given to the parts may be subducted from the whole, and the reader may be weary, though the critick may commend. Works of imagination excel by their allurements and delight; by their power of attracting and detaining the attention. That book is good in vain, which the reader throws away. He only is the master, who keeps the mind in pleasing captivity; whose pages are perused with eagerness, and in hope of new pleasure are perused again; and whose conclusion is perceived with an eye of sorrow, such as the traveller casts upon departing day.

By his proportion of this predominance I will consent that Dryden should be tried: of this, which, in opposition to reason, makes Ariosto the darling and the pride of Italy; of

this, which, in defiance of criticism, continues *Shakspeare the sovereign of the drama.*

His last work was his *Fables*, in which he gave us the first example of a mode of writing which the Italians call *refacimento*, a renovation of antient writers, by modernizing their language. Thus the old poem of *Boiardo* has been newly-dressed by Domenichi and Berni. The works of Chaucer, upon which this kind of rejuvenescence has been bestowed by Dryden, require little criticism. The tale of the Cock seems hardly worth revival; and the story of *Palamon and Arcite*, containing an action unsuitable to the times in which it is placed, can hardly be suffered to pass without censure of the hyperbolic commendation which Dryden has given it in the general Preface, and in a poetical Dedication, a piece where his original fondness of remote conceits seems to have revived.

Of the three pieces borrowed from Boccace, *Sigismunda* may be defended by the celebrity of the story. *Theodore and Honoria*, though it contains not much moral, yet afforded opportunities of striking description. And *Cymon* was formerly a tale of such reputation, that at the revival of letters it was translated into Latin by one of the Beroalds.

Whatever subjects employed his pen he was still improving our measures, and embellishing our language.

In this volume are interspersed some short original poems, which, with his prologues, epilogues, and songs, may be comprised in Congreve's remark, that even those, if he had written nothing else, would have entitled him to the praise of excellence in his kind.

One composition must however be distinguished. The ode for *St. Cecilia's Day*, perhaps the last effort of his poetry, has been always considered as exhibiting the highest flight of fancy, and the exactest nicety of art. This is allowed to stand without a rival. If indeed there is any excellence beyond it, in some other of Dryden's works that excellence must be found. Compared with the ode on *Killicrew*, it

may be pronounced perhaps superior in the whole, but without any single part equal to the first stanza of the other.

It is said to have cost Dryden a fortnight's labour; but it does not want its negligences; some of the lines are without correspondent rhymes; a defect, which I never detected but after an acquaintance of many years, and which the enthusiasm of the writer might hinder him from perceiving.

His last stanza has less emotion than the former; but it is not less elegant in the diction. The conclusion is vicious; the musick of *Timotheus*, which *raised a mortal to the skies*, had only a metaphorical power; that of *Cecilia*, which *drew an angel down*, had a real effect: the crown therefore could not reasonably be divided.

In a general survey of Dryden's labours, he appears to have a mind very comprehensive by nature, and much enriched with acquired knowledge. His compositions are the effects of a vigorous genius operating upon large materials.

The power that predominated in his intellectual operations was rather strong reason than quick sensibility. Upon all occasions that were presented, he studied rather than felt, and produced sentiments not such as nature enforces, but meditation supplies. With the simple and elemental passions, as they spring separate in the mind, he seems not much acquainted; and seldom describes them but as they are complicated by the various relations of society, and confused in the tumults and agitations of life.

What he says of Love may contribute to the explanation of his character:

Love various minds does variously inspire:

It stirs in gentle bosoms gentle fire,

Like that of incense on the altar laid;

But raging flames tempestuous souls invade;

A fire which every windy passion blows,

With pride it mounts, or with revenge it glows.

Dryden's was not one of the *gentle bosoms*; Love, as it subsists in itself, with no tendency but to the person loved,

and wishing only for correspondent kindness; such Love as shuts out all other interest, the Love of the Golden Age, was too soft and subtle to put his faculties in motion. He hardly conceived it but in its turbulent effervescence with some other desires; when it was enflamed by rivalry, or obstructed by difficulties; when it invigorated ambition, or exasperated revenge.

He is therefore, with all his variety of excellence, not often pathetick; and had so little sensibility of the power of effusions purely natural, that he did not esteem them in others. Simplicity gave him no pleasure; and for the first part of his life he looked on Otway with contempt, though at last, indeed very late, he confessed that in his play *there was Nature, which is the chief beauty.*

We do not always know our own motives. I am not certain whether it was not rather the difficulty which he found in exhibiting the genuine operations of the heart, than a servile submission to an injudicious audience, that filled his plays with false magnificence. It was necessary to fix attention; and the mind can be captivated only by recollection, or by curiosity; by reviving natural sentiments, or impressing new appearances of things; sentences were readier at his call than images; he could more easily fill the ear with splendid novelty, than awaken those ideas that slumber in the heart.

The favourite exercise of his mind was ratiocination; and, that argument might not be too soon at an end, he delighted to talk of liberty and necessity, destiny and contingence; these he discusses in the language of the school with so much profundity, that the terms which he uses are not always understood. It is indeed learning, but learning out of place.

When once he had engaged himself in disputation, thoughts flowed in on either side: he was now no longer at a loss; he had always objections and solutions at command; “*verbaque provisam rem*”—gave him matter for his verse, and he finds without difficulty verse for his matter.

In Comedy, for which he professes himself not naturally

qualified, the mirth which he excites will perhaps not be found so much to arise from any original humour, or peculiarity of character nicely distinguished and diligently pursued, as from incidents and circumstances, artifices and surprizes; from jests of action rather than of sentiment. What he had of humorous or passionate, he seems to have had not from nature, but from other poets; if not always as a plagiarist, at least as an imitator.

Next to argument, his delight was in wild and daring fancies of sentiment, in the irregular and eccentric violence of wit. He delighted to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy. This inclination sometimes produced nonsense, which he knew; as,

Move swiftly, Sun, and fly a lover's pace,
Leave weeks and months behind thee in thy race.

Amamel flies

To guard thee from the demons of the air;
My flaming sword above them to display,
All keen, and ground upon the edge of day.

And sometimes it issued in absurdities, of which perhaps he was not conscious;

Then we upon our orb's last verge shall go,
And see the ocean leaning on the sky;
From thence our rolling neighbours we shall know,
And on the lunar world securely pry.

These lines have no meaning; but may we not say, in imitation of Cowley on another book,

'Tis so like sense 'twill serve the turn as well?

This endeavour after the grand and the new produced many sentiments either great or bulky, and many images either just or splendid;

I am as free as Nature first made man,
Ere the base laws of servitude began,
When wild in woods the noble savage ran.

—'Tis but because the Living death ne'er knew,
They fear to prove it as a thing that's new :
Let me th' experiment before you try,
I'll shew you first how easy 'tis to die.

—There with a forest of their darts he strove,
And stood like *Capaneus* defying Jove,
With his broad sword the boldest beating down,
While Fate grew pale lest he should win the town,
And turn'd the iron leaves of his dark book
To make new dooms, or mend what it mistook.

—I beg no pity for this mouldering clay ;
For if you give it burial, there it takes
Possession of your earth :
If burnt, and scatter'd in the air, the winds
That strew my dust diffuse my royalty,
And spread me o'er your clime, for where one atom
Of mine shall light, know there Sebastian reigns.

Of these quotations the two first may be allowed to be great, the two latter only tumid.

Of such selection there is no end. I will add only a few more passages ; of which the first, though it may perhaps be quite clear in prose, is not too obscure for poetry, as the meaning that it has is noble :

No, there is a necessity in Fate,
Why still the brave bold man is fortunate ;
He keeps his object ever full in sight ;
And that assurance holds him firm and right ;
True, 'tis a narrow way that leads to bliss,
But right before there is no precipice ;
Fear makes men look aside, and so their footing miss.

Of the images which the two following citations afford, the first is elegant, the second magnificent; whether either be just, let the reader judge:

What precious drops are these,
Which silently each other's track pursue,
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

—————Resign your castle—————

—Enter, brave Sir; for, when you speak the word,
The gates shall open of their own accord;
The genius of the place its Lord shall meet,
And bow its towery forehead at your feet.

These bursts of extravagance Dryden calls the “Dalilahs” of the Theatre; and owns that many noisy lines of *Maximin* and *Almanzor* call out for vengeance upon him; “but I knew,” says he, “that they were bad enough to please, even when I wrote them.” There is surely reason to suspect that he pleased himself as well as his audience; and that these, like the harlots of other men, had his love, though not his approbation.

He had sometimes faults of a less generous and splendid kind. He makes, like almost all other poets, very frequent use of mythology, and sometimes connects religion and fable too closely without distinction.

He descends to display his knowledge with pedantick ostentation; as when, in translating Virgil, he says, “tack to the larboard”—and “veer starboard;” and talks in another work, of “virtue spooning before the wind.”—His vanity now and then betrays his ignorance;

They Nature's king through Nature's opticks view'd;
Revers'd, they view'd him lessen'd to their eyes.”

He had heard of reversing a telescope, and unluckily reverses the object.

He is sometimes unexpectedly mean. When he describes

the Supreme Being as moved by prayer to stop the Fire of London, what is his expression?

*A hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipp'd above,
Of this a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry strove.*

When he describes the Last Day, and the decisive tribunal, he intermingles this image :

When rattling bones together fly,
From the four quarters of the sky.

It was indeed never in his power to resist the temptation of a jest. In his Elegy on Cromwell :

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the *light Monsieur* the *grave Don* outweigh'd ;
His fortune turn'd the scale ———

He had a vanity, unworthy of his abilities, to shew, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation ; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fougue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.

These are his faults of affectation ; his faults of negligence are beyond recital. Such is the unevenness of his compositions, that ten lines are seldom found together without something of which the reader is ashamed. Dryden was no rigid judge of his own pages ; he seldom struggled after supreme excellence, but snatched in haste what was within his reach ; and when he could content others, was himself contented. He did not keep present to his mind an idea of pure perfection ; nor compare his works, such as they were, with what they might be made. He knew to whom he should be op-

posed. He had more musick than Waller, more vigour than Denham, and more nature than Cowley; and from his contemporaries he was in no danger. Standing therefore in the highest place, he had no care to rise by contending with himself; but, while there was no name above his own, was willing to enjoy fame on the easiest terms.

He was no lover of labour. What he thought sufficient, he did not stop to make better; and allowed himself to leave many parts unfinished, in confidence that the good lines would overbalance the bad. What he had once written, he dismissed from his thoughts; and I believe there is no example to be found of any correction or improvement made by him after publication. The hastiness of his productions might be the effect of necessity; but his subsequent neglect could hardly have any other cause than impatience of study.

What can be said of his versification will be little more than a dilatation of the praise given it by Pope:

Waller was smooth; but Dryden taught to join
 The varying verse, the full resounding line,
 The long majestic march, and energy divine.

}

Some improvements had been already made in English numbers; but the full force of our language was not yet felt; the verse that was smooth was commonly feeble. If Cowley had sometimes a finished line, he had it by chance. Dryden knew how to chuse the flowing and the sonorous words; to vary the pauses, and adjust the accents; to diversify the cadence, and yet preserve the smoothness of his metre.

Of Triplets and Alexandrines, though he did not introduce the use, he established it. The Triplet has long subsisted among us. Dryden seems not to have traced it higher than to Chapman's Homer; but it is to be found in Phaer's Virgil, written in the reign of Mary; and in Hall's Satires, published five years before the death of Elizabeth.

The Alexandrine was, I believe, first used by Spenser, for the sake of closing his stanza with a fuller sound. We had a longer measure of fourteen syllables, into which the Æneid was translated by Phaer, and other works of the antients by other writers; of which Chapman's Iliad was, I believe, the last.

The two first lines of Phaer's third Æneid will exemplify this measure :

When Asia's state was overthrown, and Priam's kingdom stout,
All guiltless, by the power of gods above was rooted out.

As these lines had their break, or *caesura*, always at the eighth syllable, it was thought, in time, commodious to divide them : and quatrains of lines, alternately, consisting of eight and six syllables, make the most soft and pleasing of our lyric measures ; as,

Relentless Time, destroying power,
Which stone and brass obey,
Who giv'st to ev'ry flying hour
To work some new decay.

In the Alexandrine, when its power was once felt, some poems, as Drayton's *Polyolbion*, were wholly written ; and sometimes the measures of twelve and fourteen syllables were interchanged with one another. Cowley was the first that inserted the Alexandrine at pleasure among the heroick lines of ten syllables, and from him Dryden professes to have adopted it.

The Triplet and Alexandrine are not universally approved. Swift always censured them, and wrote some lines to ridicule them. In examining their propriety, it is to be considered that the essence of verse is regularity, and its ornament is variety. To write verse, is to dispose syllables and sounds harmonically by some known and settled rule ; a rule however

lax enough to substitute similitude for identity, to admit change without breach of order, and to relieve the ear without disappointing it. Thus a Latin hexameter is formed from dactyls and spondees differently combined; the English heroic admits of acute or grave syllables variously disposed. The Latin never deviates into seven feet, or exceeds the number of seventeen syllables; but the English Alexandrine breaks the lawful bounds, and surprises the reader with two syllables more than he expected.

The effect of the Triplet is the same; the ear has been accustomed to expect a new rhyme in every couplet; but is on a sudden surprised with three rhymes together, to which the reader could not accommodate his voice, did he not obtain notice of the change from the braces of the margins. Surely there is something unskilful in the necessity of such mechanical direction.

Considering the metrical art simply as a science, and consequently excluding all casualty, we must allow that Triplets and Alexandrines, inserted by caprice, are interruptions of that constancy to which science aspires. And though the variety which they produce may very justly be desired, yet, to make poetry exact, there ought to be some stated mode of admitting them.

But till some such regulation can be formed, I wish them still to be retained in their present state. They are sometimes convenient to the poet. Fenton was of opinion, that Dryden was too liberal, and Pope too sparing, in their use.

The rhymes of Dryden are commonly just, and he valued himself for his readiness in finding them; but he is sometimes open to objection.

It is the common practice of our poets to end the second line with a weak or grave syllable:

Together o'er the Alps methinks we fly,
Fill'd with ideas of fair Italy.

Dryden sometimes puts the weak rhyme in the first:

Whether thou'lt all the boundless ocean sway,
 And sea-men only to thyself shall pray;
 Thule, the fairest island, kneel to thee,
 And, that thou may'lt her son by marriage be,
 Tethys will for the happy purchase yield
 To make a dowry of her wat'ry field:
 Whether thou'lt add to Heaven a brighter sign,
 And o'er the summer months serenely shine;
 Where between Cancer and Erigone,
 There yet remains a spacious room for thee;
 Where the hot Scorpion too his arm declines,
 And more to thee than half his arch resigns;
 Whate'er thou'lt be; for sure the realms below
 No just pretence to thy command can show:
 No such ambition sways thy vast desires,
 Though Greece her own Elysian Fields admires.
 And now, at last, contented Proserpine
 Can all her mother's earnest prayers decline.
 Whate'er thou'lt be, O guide our gentle course;
 And with thy smiles our bold attempts enforce;
 With me th' unknowing rusticks' wants relieve,
 And, though on earth, our sacred vows receive!

Mr. DRYDEN, having received from Rymer his *Remarks on the Tragedies of the last Age*, wrote observations on the blank leaves; which, having been in the possession of Mr. Garrick, are by his favour communicated to the publick, that no particle of Dryden may be lost.

“ That we may less wonder why pity and terror are not
 “ now the only springs on which our tragedies move, and that
 “ Shakspeare may be more excused, Rapin confesses that
 “ the French tragedies now all run on the *tendre*; and gives
 “ the reason, because love is the passion which most predo-
 “ minates in our souls, and that therefore the passions repre-
 “ sented become insipid, unless they are conformable to the
 “ thoughts of the audience. But it is to be concluded, that
 “ this passion works not now amongst the French so strongly
 “ as the other two did amongst the antients. Amongst us,

“ who have a stronger genius for writing, the operations from
 “ the writing are much stronger; for the raising of Shak-
 “ speare’s passions is more from the excellency of the words
 “ and thoughts, than the justness of the occasion; and, if he
 “ has been able to pick single occasions, he has never founded
 “ the whole reasonably: yet, by the genius of poetry in
 “ writing, he has succeeded.

“ Rapin attributes more to the *dictio*, that is, to the words
 “ and discourse of a tragedy, than Aristotle has done, who
 “ places them in the last rank of beauties; perhaps, only
 “ last in order, because they are the last product of the de-
 “ sign, of the disposition or connection of its parts; of the
 “ characters, of the manners of those characters, and of the
 “ thoughts proceeding from those manners. Rapin’s words
 “ are remarkable: ’Tis not the admirable intrigue, the sur-
 “ prising events, and extraordinary incidents, that make the
 “ beauty of a tragedy: ’tis the discourses, when they are na-
 “ tural and passionate: so are Shakspeare’s.

“ The parts of a poem, tragick or heroick, are,

“ 1. The fable itself.

“ 2. The order or manner of its contrivance, in relation
 “ of the parts to the whole.

“ 3. The manners, of decency, of the characters, in speak-
 “ ing, or acting what is proper for them, and proper to be
 “ shewn by the poet.

“ 4. The thoughts which express the manners.

“ 5. The words which express those thoughts.

“ In the last of these Homer excels Virgil; Virgil all the
 “ other antient poets; and Shakspeare all modern poets.

“ For the second of these, the order: the meaning is, that
 “ a fable ought to have a beginning, middle, and an end, all
 “ just and natural; so that that part, *e. g.* which is in the
 “ middle, could not naturally be the beginning or end, and
 “ so of the rest: all depend on one another, like the links of
 “ a curious chain. If terror and pity are only to be raised,
 “ certainly this author follows Aristotle’s rules, and Sopho-

“cles’ and Euripides’ example; but joy may be raised too,
 “and that doubly, either by seeing a wicked man punished,
 “or a good man at last fortunate; or perhaps indignation, to
 “see wickedness prosperous, and goodness depressed: both
 “these may be profitable to the end of a tragedy, reformation
 “of manners; but the last improperly, only as it begets
 “pity in the audience; though Aristotle, I confess, places
 “tragedies of this kind in the second form.

“He who undertakes to answer this excellent critique of
 “Mr. Rymer, in behalf of our English poets against the
 “Greek, ought to do it in this manner: either by yielding
 “to him the greatest part of what he contends for, which
 “consists in this, that the *μύθος*, *i. e.* the design and conduct
 “of it, is more conducing in the Greeks to those ends of tra-
 “gedy, which Aristotle and he propose, namely, to cause
 “terror and pity; yet the granting this does not set the
 “Greeks above the English poets.

“But the answerer ought to prove two things: first, that
 “the fable is not the greatest master-piece of a tragedy,
 “though it be the foundation of it.

“Secondly, that other ends as suitable to the nature of
 “tragedy may be found in the English, which were not in
 “the Greek.

“Aristotle places the fable first; not *quoad dignitatem*,
 “*sed quoad fundamentum*: for a fable, never so movingly
 “contrived to those ends of his, pity and terror, will ope-
 “rate nothing on our affections, except the characters, man-
 “ners, thoughts, and words, are suitable.

“So that it remains for Mr. Rymer to prove, that in all
 “those, or the greatest part of them, we are inferior to So-
 “phocles and Euripides; and this he has offered at, in
 “some measure; but, I think, a little partially to the an-
 “cients.

“For the fable itself, ’tis in the English more adorned
 “with episodes, and larger than in the Greek poets; conse-
 “quently more diverting. For, if the action be but one;

“ and that plain, without any counterturn of design or episode, *i. e.* underplot, how can it be so pleasing as the English, which have both underplot and a turned design, which keeps the audience in expectation of the catastrophe? whereas in the Greek poets we see through the whole design at first.

“ For the characters, they are neither so many nor so various in Sophocles and Euripides, as in Shakspeare and Fletcher; only they are more adapted to those ends of tragedy which Aristotle commends to us, pity and terrour.

“ The manners flow from the characters, and consequently must partake of their advantages and disadvantages.

“ The thoughts and words, which are the fourth and fifth beauties of tragedy, are certainly more noble and more poetical in the English than in the Greek, which must be proved by comparing them somewhat more equitably than Mr. Rymer has done.

“ After all, we need not yield that the English way is less conducing to move pity and terrour, because they often shew virtue oppressed and vice punished; where they do not both, or either, they are not to be defended.

“ And if we should grant that the Greeks performed this better, perhaps it may admit of dispute, whether pity and terrour are either the prime, or at least the only ends of tragedy.

“ 'Tis not enough that Aristotle had said so; for Aristotle drew his models of tragedy from Sophocles and Euripides; and if he had seen ours, might have changed his mind. And chiefly we have to say, (what I hinted on pity and terrour, in the last paragraph save one), that the punishment of vice and reward of virtue are the most adequate ends of tragedy, because most conducing to good example of life. Now, pity is not so easily raised for a criminal (and the ancient tragedy always represents its chief person such) as it is for an innocent man; and the suffering of innocence and punishment of the offender is of the nature of English tra-

“gedy : contrarily, in the Greek, innocence is unhappy of-
 “ten, and the offender escapes. Then we are not touched
 “with the sufferings of any sort of men so much as of lovers;
 “and this was almost unknown to the ancients: so that they
 “neither administered poetical justice, of which Mr. Rymer
 “boasts, so well as we; neither knew they the best common-
 “place of pity, which is love.

“He therefore unjustly blames us for not building on
 “what the ancients left us; for it seems, upon consideration
 “of the premises, that we have wholly finished what they be-
 “gan.

“My judgment on this piece is this: that it is extremely
 “learned, but that the author of it is better read in the
 “Greek than in the English poets; that all writers ought to
 “study this critique, as the best account I have ever seen of
 “the ancients; that the model of tragedy, he has here given,
 “is excellent, and extremely correct; but that it is not the
 “only model of all tragedy, because it is too much circum-
 “scribed in plot, characters, &c. and, lastly, that we may
 “be taught here justly to admire and imitate the ancients,
 “without giving them the preference with this author, in
 “prejudice to our own country.

“Want of method in this excellent treatise makes the
 “thoughts of the author sometimes obscure.

“His meaning, that pity and terrour are to be moved, is,
 “that they are to be moved as the means conducing to the
 “ends of tragedy, which are pleasure and instruction.

“And these two ends may be thus distinguished. The
 “chief end of the poet is to please; for his immediate repu-
 “tation depends on it.

“The great end of the poem is to instruct, which is per-
 “formed by making pleasure the vehicle of that instruction;
 “for, poetry is an art, and all arts are made to profit. *Ra-
 “pin.*

“The pity, which the poet is to labour for, is for the
 “criminal, not for those or him whom he has murdered; or

“ who have been the occasion of the tragedy. The terrour
 “ is likewise in the punishment of the same criminal; who, if
 “ he be represented too great an offender, will not be pi-
 “ tied; if altogether innocent, his punishment will be unjust.

“ Another obscurity is, where he says, Sophocles perfected
 “ tragedy by introducing the third actor: that is, he meant
 “ three kinds of action; one company singing, or speaking;
 “ another playing on the musick; a third dancing.

“ To make a true judgment in this competition betwixt
 “ the Greek poets and the English, in tragedy:

“ Consider, first, how Aristotle has defined a tragedy. Se-
 “ condly, what he assigns the end of it to be. Thirdly, what
 “ he thinks the beauties of it. Fourthly, the means to at-
 “ tain the end proposed.

“ Compare the Greek and English tragick poets justly, and
 “ without partiality, according to those rules.

“ Then, secondly, consider whether Aristotle has made a
 “ just definition of tragedy; of its parts, of its ends, and of
 “ its beauties; and whether he, having not seen any others
 “ but those of Sophocles, Euripides, &c. had or truly could
 “ determine what all the excellencies of tragedy are, and
 “ wherein they consist.

“ Next, shew in what ancient tragedy was deficient: for
 “ example, in the narrowness of its plots, and fewness of
 “ persons; and try whether that be not a fault in the Greek
 “ poets; and whether their excellency was so great, when
 “ the variety was visibly so little; or whether what they did
 “ was not very easy to do.

“ Then make a judgment on what the English have added
 “ to their beauties: as, for example, not only more plot,
 “ but also new passions; as, namely, that of love, scarcely
 “ touched on by the ancients, except in this one example of
 “ Phædra, cited by Mr. Rymer; and in that how short they
 “ were of Fletcher!

“ Prove also that love, being an heroick passion; is fit for
 “ tragedy, which cannot be denied, because of the example

“ alleged of Phædra ; and how far Shakspeare has outdone
 “ them in friendship, &c.

“ To return to the beginning of this enquiry ; consider if
 “ pity and terrour be enough for tragedy to move : and I be-
 “ lieve, upon a true definition of tragedy, it will be found
 “ that its work extends farther, and that it is to reform man-
 “ ners, by a delightful representation of human life in great
 “ persons, by way of dialogue. If this be true, then not
 “ only pity and terrour are to be moved, as the only means
 “ to bring us to virtue, but generally love to virtue, and ha-
 “ tred to vice ; by shewing the rewards of one, and punish-
 “ ments of the other ; at least, by rendering virtue always
 “ amiable, though it be shewn unfortunate ; and vice detesta-
 “ ble, though it be shewn triumphant.

“ If, then, the encouragement of virtue and discouragement
 “ of vice be the proper ends of poetry in tragedy, pity
 “ and terrour, though good means, are not the only. For all
 “ the passions, in their turns, are to be set in a ferment ; as
 “ joy, anger, love, fear, are to be used as the poet’s com-
 “ mon-places ; and a general concernment for the principal
 “ actors is to be raised, by making them appear such in their
 “ characters, their words, and actions, as will interest the
 “ audience in their fortunes.

“ And if, after all, in a larger sense, pity comprehends
 “ this concernment for the good, and terrour includes de-
 “ testation for the bad, then let us consider whether the
 “ English have not answered this end of tragedy as well as
 “ the ancients, or perhaps better.

“ And here Mr. Rymer’s objections against these plays
 “ are to be impartially weighed, that we may see whether
 “ they are of weight enough to turn the balance against our
 “ countrymen.

“ ’Tis evident those plays, which he arraigns, have moved
 “ both those passions in a high degree upon the stage.

“ To give the glory of this away from the poet, and to
 “ place it upon the actors, seems unjust.

“ One reason is, because whatever actors they have found,
 “ the event has been the same; that is, the same passions
 “ have been always moved; which shews that there is some-
 “ thing of force and merit in the plays themselves, conducing
 “ to the design of raising these two passions: and suppose
 “ them ever to have been excellently acted, yet action only
 “ adds grace, vigour, and more life, upon the stage; but
 “ cannot give it wholly where it is not first. But, secondly,
 “ I dare appeal to those who have never seen them acted, if
 “ they have not found these two passions moved within them;
 “ and if the general voice will carry it, Mr. Rymer’s preju-
 “ dice will take off his single testimony.

“ This, being matter of fact, is reasonably to be establish-
 “ ed by this appeal; as, if one man says it is night, when
 “ the rest of the world conclude it to be day, there needs no
 “ farther argument against him, that it is so.

“ If he urge, that the general taste is depraved, his argu-
 “ ments to prove this can at best but evince that our poets
 “ took not the best way to raise those passions; but expe-
 “ rience proves against him, that those means which they
 “ have used, have been successful, and have produced them.

“ And one reason of that success is, in my opinion, this;
 “ that Shakspeare and Fletcher have written to the genius of
 “ the age and nation in which they lived; for though nature,
 “ as he objects, is the same in all places, and reason too the
 “ same; yet the climate, the age, the disposition of the peo-
 “ ple, to whom a poet writes, may be so different, that
 “ what pleased the Greeks would not satisfy an English au-
 “ dience.

“ And if they proceed upon a foundation of truer reason
 “ to please the Athenians, than Shakspeare and Fletcher to
 “ please the English, it only shews that the Athenians were
 “ a more judicious people; but the poet’s business is cer-
 “ tainly to please the audience.

“ Whether our English audience have been pleased hi-
 “ therto with acorns, as he calls it, or with bread, is the

“ next question ; that is, whether the means which Shak-
 “ speare and Fletcher have used, in their plays, to raise
 “ those passions before named, be better applied to the ends
 “ by the Greek poets than by them. And perhaps we shall
 “ not grant him this wholly : let it be yielded that a writer
 “ is not to run down with the stream, or to please the people
 “ by their usual methods ; but rather to reform their judg-
 “ ments, it still remains to prove that our theatre needs this
 “ total reformation.

“ The faults, which he has found in their design are ra-
 “ ther wittily aggravated in many places than reasonably
 “ urged ; and as much may be returned on the Greeks by
 “ one who were as witty as himself.

“ They destroy not, if they are granted, the foundation of
 “ the fabrick ; only take away from the beauty of the sym-
 “ metry ; for example, the faults in the character of the King,
 “ in King and No-king, are not, as he calls them, such as
 “ render him detestable, but only imperfections which ac-
 “ company human nature, and are for the most part excused
 “ by the violence of his love ; so that they destroy not our
 “ pity or concernment for him : this answer may be applied
 “ to most of his objections of that kind.

“ And Rollo committing many murders, when he is an-
 “ swerable but for one, is too severely arraigned by him ;
 “ for, it adds to our horror and detestation of the criminal ;
 “ and poetic justice is not neglected neither ; for we stab him
 “ in our minds for every offence which he commits ; and the
 “ point, which the poet is to gain on the audience, is not so
 “ much in the death of an offender as the raising an horror of
 “ his crimes.

“ That the criminal should neither be wholly guilty, nor
 “ wholly innocent, but so^t participating of both as to move
 “ both pity and terror, is certainly a good rule, but not per-
 “ petually to be observed ; for, that were to make all trage-
 “ dies too much alike ; which objection he foresaw, but has
 “ not fully answered.

“ To conclude, therefore; if the plays of the ancients are more correctly plotted, ours are more beautifully written. And, if we can raise passions as high on worse foundations, it shews our genius in tragedy is greater; for in all other parts of it the English have manifestly excelled them.”

THE original of the following letter is preserved in the Library at Lambeth*, and was kindly imparted to the publick by the reverend Dr. Vyse †.

* In the same library is a manuscript copy of Dryden's *Mac-Flecknoe*, which has been collated for the present edition of his poems. T.

† With this incomparable production, as Mr. Malone has justly remarked, Johnson's exquisite parallel of Dryden and Pope, in the life of the latter poet, should be read; in which “ the superiority of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgment is cold and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates;” is, “ with some hesitation,” attributed to Dryden.

“ He professed to have learned his poetry from Dryden, whom, whenever an opportunity was presented, he praised through his whole life with unvaried liberality; and perhaps his character may receive some illustration, if he be compared with his master.

“ Integrity of understanding and nicety of discernment were not allotted in a less proportion to Dryden than to Pope. The rectitude of Dryden's mind was sufficiently shewn by the dismissal of his poetical prejudices, and the rejection of unnatural thoughts and rugged numbers. But Dryden never desired to apply all the judgement that he had. He wrote, and professed to write, merely for the people; and when he pleased others, he contented himself. He spent no time in struggles to rouse latent powers; he never attempted to make that better which was already good, nor often to mend what he must have known to be faulty. He wrote, as he tells us, with very little consideration; when occasion or necessity called upon him, he poured out what the present moment happened to supply, and, when once it had passed the press, ejected it from his mind; for, when he had no pecuniary interest, he had no further solicitude.

“ Pope was not content to satisfy; he desired to excel, and therefore always endeavoured to do his best; he did not court the candour, but dared the judgement of his reader, and, expecting no indulgence from others, he shewed none to himself. He examined lines and words with minute and

Copy of an original Letter from John Dryden, Esq. to his sons in Italy, from a MS. in the Lambeth Library marked No. 983, p. 56.

(*Superscribed*)

“ Al illustrissimo Sig^{re} .

“ Carlo Dryden Camariere

“ d’Honneur A.S.S:

“ In Roma.

“ Franca per Mantoua.

“ Sept. the 3d our style.

“ Dear Sons,

“ Being now at Sir William Bowyer’s in the country,

“ cannot write at large, because I find myself somewhat indif-

punctilious observation, and retouched every part with indefatigable diligence, till he had left nothing to be forgiven.

“ For this reason he kept his pieces very long in his hands, while he considered and reconsidered them? The only poems which can be supposed to have been written with such regard to the times as might hasten their publication, were the satires of “Thirty-eight;” of which Doddsley told me that they were brought to him by the author, that they might be fairly copied. “Almost every line,” he said, “ was then written twice over; I gave him a clean transcript, which he sent some time afterwards to me for the press, with almost every line written twice over a second time.”

“ His declaration, that his care for his works ceased at their publication, was not strictly true. His parental attention never abandoned them: what he found amiss in the first edition, he silently corrected in those that followed. He appears to have revised the “Iliad,” and freed it from some of its imperfections; and the “Essay on Criticism” received many improvements after its first appearance. It will seldom be found that he altered without adding clearness, elegance, or vigour. Pope had perhaps the judgement of Dryden; but Dryden certainly wanted the diligence of Pope.

“ In acquired knowledge, the superiority must be allowed to Dryden, whose education was more scholastic, and who before he became an author had been allowed more time for study, with better means of information. His mind has a larger range, and he collects his images and illustrations from a more extensive circumference of science. Dryden knew more of man in his general nature, and Pope in his local manners. The notions of Dryden were formed by comprehensive speculation, and those of Pope by minute attention. There is more dignity in the knowledge of Dryden, and more certainty in that of Pope.

“ posed with a cold, and am thick of hearing, rather worse than I was in town. I am glad to find, by your letter of

“ Poetry was not the sole praise of either; for both excelled likewise in prose; but Pope did not borrow his prose from his predecessor. The style of Dryden is capricious and varied; that of Pope is cautious and uniform. Dryden observes the motions of his own mind; Pope constrains his mind to his own rules of composition. Dryden is sometimes vehement and rapid; Pope is always smooth, uniform, and gentle. Dryden's page is a natural field, rising into inequalities, and diversified by the varied exuberance of abundant vegetation; Pope's is a velvet lawn, shaven by the scythe, and levelled by the roller.

“ Of genius, that power which constitutes a poet; that quality without which judgement is cold, and knowledge is inert; that energy which collects, combines, amplifies, and animates, the superiority must, with some hesitation, be allowed to Dryden. It is not to be inferred, that of this poetical vigour Pope had only a little, because Dryden had more; for every other writer since Milton must give place to Pope; and even of Dryden it must be said, that, if he has brighter paragraphs, he has not better poems. Dryden's performances were always hasty, either excited by some external occasion, or extorted by domestick necessity; he composed without consideration, and published without correction. What his mind could supply at call, or gather in one excursion, was all that he sought, and all that he gave. The dilatory caution of Pope enabled him to condense his sentiments, to multiply his images, and to accumulate all that study might produce, or chance might supply. If the flights of Dryden therefore are higher, Pope continues longer on the wing. If of Dryden's fire the blaze is brighter, of Pope's the heat is more regular and constant. Dryden often surpasses expectation, and Pope never falls below it. Dryden is read with frequent astonishment, and Pope with perpetual delight.

“ This parallel will, I hope, when it is well considered, be found just; and if the reader should suspect me, as I suspect myself, of some partial fondness for the memory of Dryden, let him not too hastily condemn me; for meditation and enquiry may, perhaps, shew him the reasonableness of my determination.”

To this fine parallel may be added, from a work of great merit, entitled, *the Progress of Satire*, the following estimate of Dryden's satirical powers.

“ Nearly at the same period (with Boileau) after some momentary gleams, and strong flashes in the horizon, satire arose in England. When I name Dryden, I comprehend every varied excellence of our poetry. In harmony, strength, modulation, rhythm, energy, he first displayed the full power of the English language. My business with him, at present, is only as a satirist. I will be brief: I speak to the intelligent. He was the first poet who brought

" July 26th, your style, that you are both in health; but
 " wonder you should think me so negligent as to forget to
 " give you an account of the ship in which your parcel is to
 " come. I have written to you two or three letters concern-
 " ing it, which I have sent by safe hands, as I told you, and
 " doubt not but you have them before this can arrive to you.
 " Being out of town, I have forgotten the ship's name,
 " which your mother will enquire, and put it into her letter,
 " which is joined with mine. But the master's name I re-
 " member: he is called Mr. Ralph Thorp; the ship is bound
 " to Leghorn, consigned to Mr. Peter and Mr. Thomas Ball,
 " merchants. I am of your opinion, that by Tonson's means

to perfection what I would term, 'the Allegory of Satire.' Fables, indeed, and apologues, and romances, have always been the most ancient modes of reproof and censure. It was the peculiar happiness of Dryden, to give an eternal sense and interest to subjects which are transitory. He placed his scene on the ground of actual history. The reader of every age has an interest in the delineation of characters and names which have been familiar to him from his earliest years. He is already prepared and feels a predilection for the subject. This accommodation of ancient characters to existing persons, has a peculiar force in the age to which it is addressed; and posterity reads with delight, a poem founded on pristine story, and illustrated by the records of modern times. Dryden's power of satire has been generally acknowledged in his *Mac-Flecknoe*; but his masterpiece is that wonderful and unequalled performance, *Abalom and Achitophel*. He presents to us an heroic subject, in heroic numbers, a well-instructed allegory, and a forcible appeal to our best feelings and passions. He paints the horrors of anarchy, sedition, rebellion, and democracy, with the pencil of Dante, or of Michael Angelo, and he gives the speeches of his heroes, with the strength, propriety, and correctness of Virgil. It is satire in its highest form; but it is satire addressed to the few. It is not adapted to the general effect of this species of poetry. In my opinion, Dryden has not the style and manner of Horace, or Juvenal, or Persius, or Boileau. Pope called him '*unhappy*,' from the looseness of the age in which he lived. He has enthusiasm, majesty, severity, gravity, strength of conception, and boldness of imagery. But sprightliness, gaiety, and easy *badinage*, an occasional playfulness, so necessary to the general effect of satirical poetry, were all wanting to him. Perhaps his genius was too sublime. He could not, or he would not descend to the minutiae which are often required, the anecdotes, and the passing traits of the time. His satire had an original character. It was the strain of *Archilochus*, sounding from the lyre of *Alcæus*." T.

“ almost all our letters have miscarried for this last year. But,
 “ however, he has missed of his design in the Dedication,
 “ though he had prepared the book for it: for, in every figure
 “ of Æneas he has caused him to be drawn like King Wil-
 “ liam, with a hooked nose. After my return to town, I in-
 “ tend to alter a play of Sir Robert Howard’s written long
 “ since, and lately put into my hands; ’tis called *The Con-
 “ quest of China by the Tartars*. It will cost me six weeks
 “ study, with the probable benefit of an hundred pounds. In
 “ the mean time I am writing a song for St. Cecilia’s Feast,
 “ who, you know, is the patroness of musick. This is trou-
 “ blefome, and no way beneficial; but I could not deny the
 “ Stewards of the Feast, who came in a body to me to desire
 “ that kindness, one of them being Mr. Bridgeman, whose
 “ parents are your mother’s friends. I hope to send you
 “ thirty guineas between Michaelmas and Christmas, of
 “ which I will give you an account when I come to town. I
 “ remember the counsel you give me in your letter; but dif-
 “ fembly, though lawful in some cases, is not my talent;
 “ yet, for your sake, I will struggle with the plain openness of
 “ my nature, and keep in my just resentments against that
 “ degenerate order. In the mean time, I flatter not myself
 “ with any manner of hopes, but do my duty, and suffer for
 “ God’s sake; being assured, before hand, never to be re-
 “ varded, though the times should alter. Towards the latter,
 “ end of this month, September, Charles will begin to re-
 “ cover his perfect health, according to his nativity, which,
 “ casting it myself, I am sure is true, and all things hitherto
 “ have happened accordingly to the very time that I predicted
 “ them; I hope at the same time to recover more health, ac-
 “ cording to my age. Remember me to poor Harry, whose
 “ prayers I earnestly desire. My Virgil succeeds in the world
 “ beyond its desert or my expectation. You know the pro-
 “ fits might have been more; but neither my conscience nor
 “ my honour would suffer me to take them: but I never can
 “ repent of my constancy, since I am thoroughly persuaded

“ of the justice of the cause for which I suffer. It has
“ pleased God to raise up many friends to me amongst my
“ enemies, though they who ought to have been my friends
“ are negligent of me. I am called to dinner, and cannot
“ go on with this letter, which I desire you to excuse; and
“ am

“ Your most affectionate father,

“ JOHN DRYDEN.”

END OF THE LIFE.

THE DEATH

OF

LORD HASTINGS

MUST noble Hastings immatirely die,
The honour of his ancient family

* There is some fancy in this Poem, but many of the *lies* are very bad, and the images too gross both in design and expression to have escaped our author in his riper years. However, he was not quite eighteen when he wrote it; and, by reprinting it, the reader may trace the progress of that genius which afterwards arrived at such sublimity. The nobleman herein lamented, was stiled Henry Lord Hastings, son to Ferdinand, Earl of Huntingdon. He died before his father, in 1649, being then in his 20th year. He had, from nature and education, a most amiable disposition, a strong judgment, and so refined a taste, that, according to Collins's *Poetage*, not less than ninety-eight elegies were composed on his death. DERRICK.

Derrick should have added that Collins expressly mentions these elegies as printed in "*Lachrymæ Musarum*, the Tears of the Muses expressed in elegies written by divers persons of nobility, and worth, upon the death of the most hopeful Henry, Lord Hastings, eldest [only] son of the Right Honourable Ferdinando, Earl of Huntingdon, heir-general of the high-born Prince George, Duke of Clarence, brother to King Edward IV." [Collected and set forth by R. B.] But as the *Lachrymæ Musarum* contains only thirty-six elegies, it is clear that the figures 98 in Collins are erroneous, and a mere error of the press.

MALONE.

Ver. 1. *Must noble Hastings*] It is a mortifying circumstance to be compelled to begin these notes with a censure of the very

Beauty and learning thus together meet,
To bring a winding for a wedding sheet?

first piece of our admired poet. But it is impossible not to be hurt by the false, unnatural thoughts, by the forced and far-fought conceits, by the rugged and inharmonious numbers, and the perpetual aim and desire to be witty, with which this Elegy so much abounds, that we wonder he could ever rise so high after so unpromising a beginning. One well known sentence characterises his Works: "Ubi bene nemo melius, ubi male nemo pejus." The person he lamented was Henry Lord Hastings, son to Ferdinand, Earl of Huntingdon, who died before his father, 1649. He was ancestor of the last Earl of Huntingdon, to whom Dr. Akenside addressed an Ode, of a very different cast from the verses before us, full of true Grecian spirit and sentiments, and in a style of peculiar force and energy. This nobleman will be long lamented by all his friends and acquaintance, of whom I had the honour to be one, for the elegance of his manners, his pleasing affability, his extensive knowledge of men and things, the variety and vigour of his wit and conversation, enlivened by many curious facts and anecdotes, his accurate taste in all parts of polite literature, and his universal candour and benevolence.

The character of Aspasia, written by Congreve, in the Tatler, No. 72, is meant for Lady E. Hastings. She was daughter of Theophilus Hastings, seventh Earl of Huntingdon. Her father came to the honours and estate of that family in 1655. So that three poets, Dryden, Congreve, and Akenside, celebrated the Hastings.

DR. JOSEPH WARTON.

Ver. 4. — *a winding for a wedding sheet?*] In this line, as also in verse 93, the poet alludes to the melancholy circumstance of Lord Hastings's death having taken place on the day preceding that which, previously to his illness, had been appointed for the celebration of his marriage. The lady to whom he was betrothed was the daughter of a very celebrated physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne, whose skill was in vain exerted to save his intended son-in-law from that malignant disorder, the small-pox.— "Pridie sponsalium (proh Hymenææ) funere luit immaturo," says his epitaph. See also the following verses of Andrew Marvell, in the collection already quoted:

"The gods themselves cannot their joy conceal,
"But draw their veils, and their pure beams reveal;
"Only they drooping Hymenæus note,
"Who, for sad purple, tears his saffron coat,

Must virtue prove death's harbinger? must she, 5
 With him expiring, feel mortality?
 Is death, sin's wages, grace's now? shall art
 Make us more learned, only to depart?
 If merit be disease; if virtue death;
 To be good, not to be; who'd then bequeath 10
 Himself to discipline? who'd not esteem
 Labour a crime? study self-murder deem?
 Our noble youth now have pretence to be
 Dunces securely, ignorant healthfully.
 Rare linguist, whose worth speaks itself, whose
 praise 15
 Though not his own, all tongues besides do raise:

" And trails his torches th'row the starry hall,
 " Reversed, for his darling's funeral.
 " And Æsculapius, who asham'd and stern,
 " Himself at once condemneth and Mayern;
 " Like some sad chymist, who, prepar'd to reap
 " His golden harvest, sees his glasses leap;
 " For how immortal must their race have stood,
 " Had Mayern once been fix'd with Hastings' blood!

" But what could he, good man, although he mix'd
 " All herbs, and them a thousand ways infus'd, &c."

The elegy in which these verses occur, is by far the best in the collection, if we except that of our author. MALONE.

Ver. 15. *Rare linguist,*] On this topick Sir Aston Cokayne, in his elegy on Lord Hastings, thus expatiates:

" His few, but well-spent years had master'd all
 " The liberal arts, and his sweet tongue could fall
 " Into the ancient dialects; dispence
 " Sacred Judæa's amplest eloquence;
 " The Latine idiom elegantly true,
 " And Greek as rich as Athens ever knew:
 " The Italian and the French do both confess,
 " Him perfect in their modern languages."

Lachrymæ Myjarum, &c. 1650.

Than whom great Alexander may seem less ;
 Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.
 In his mouth nations spake ; his tongue might be
 Interpreter to Greece, France, Italy. 20
 His native soil was the four parts o' the earth ;
 All Europe was too narrow for his birth.
 A young apostle ; and, with reverence may
 I speak 't, inspir'd with gift of tongues, as they.

All these attainments were made at an early age ; for Lord Hastings died in his nineteenth (not as Derrick has it, his *twentieth*) year, on the 23d of June, 1649, after an illness of only seven days' duration.

MALONE.

Ver. 17. *Than whom great Alexander may seem less ;
 Who conquer'd men, but not their languages.]*

Yet from his letter to his master *Aristotle*, recorded by *Plutarch* and *Aulus Gellius*, we are led to conclude that the love of conquest was but the second ambition in *Alexander's* soul. The letter as translated by *Addison* in his *Guardian*, No. 111, is as follows :

“ *Alexander to Aristotle Greeting,*

“ You have not done well to publish your books of select knowledge ; for what is there now in which I can surpass others, if those things which I have been instructed in are communicated to every body ? For my own part, I declare to you, I would rather excel others in knowledge than power.

Farewell.”

A living author who excels in clear and vigorous composition will, I trust, forgive me, if I transcribe a passage in defence of the Hero of Macedon from a letter addressed by him to the late Dr. Joseph Warton. “ In truth I am happy in knowing that you think as well of the Macedonian as I do : I am no favourer of paradoxes, nor would I write a *Richard III.* up into a good character ; but surely it is time, that the world should learn to distinguish between the conquests of an *intelligent being* and the *ravages of a Tartar*, between an *Alexander* and a *Zingis*, a *Timour* or a *Buonaparte*. *Alexander* was a builder, and these only demolishers. How small is the proportion of the former to the latter, in the history of the world !” Rev. JOHN WARTON.

Nature gave him, a child, what men in vain 25
 Oft strive, by art though further'd, to obtain.
 His body was an orb, his sublime soul
 Did move on virtue's and on learning's pole :
 Whose regular motions better to our view,
 Than Archimedes' sphere, the heavens did shew.
 Graces and virtues, languages and arts, 31
 Beauty and learning, fill'd up all the parts.
 Heaven's gifts, which do like falling stars appear
 Scatter'd in others ; all, as in their sphere,
 Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul ; and thence 35
 Shone through his body, with sweet influence ;
 Letting their glories so on each limb fall,
 The whole frame render'd was celestial.
 Come, learned Ptolemy, and trial make,
 If thou this hero's altitude can'st take : 40
 But that transcends thy skill ; thrice happy all,
 Could we but prove, thus astronomical.

Ver. 27. — *his sublime soul*] Dr. Newton has placed the accent on the first syllable of *sublime* in Milton's *Mask of Comus*, as the accent may seem to be in the present instance, ver. 785.

The *sublime* notion and high mystery—

The word in Milton's and Dryden's lines may, however, be read more gracefully without it. Rev. H. J. TODD.

Ver. 35. *Were fix'd, conglobate in his soul ;*] This word is used in the second book of Lucretius, ver. 153, in the same sense,

Sed complexa meant inter se conque globata.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 36. — *sweet influence ;*] Canst thou bind the *sweet influences* of the Pleiades ? Job xxxviii. 31. JOHN WARTON.

Liv'd Tycho now, struck with this ray, which
shone

More bright i' the morn', than others beam at
noon,

He'd take his astrolabe, and seek out here 45

What new star 'twas did gild our hemisphere.

Replenish'd then with such rare gifts as these,

Where was room left for such a 'foul disease?

The nation's sin hath drawn that veil, which
shrouds

Our day-spring in so sad benighting clouds. 50

Heaven would no longer trust its pledge; but
thus

Recall'd it; rapt its Ganymede from us.

Was there no milder way but the small-pox,

The very filthiness of Pandora's box?

Ver. 53. — *the small-pox,*] An obvious occasion is here offered of paying a small tribute to Dr. Jenner, whose able researches have so essentially contributed to check the ravages of this dreadful disease, the small-pox. To him, therefore, we may apply the words of the poet:

“ O! qui secundo natus Apolline
Incumbis arti Pæoniæ, studens
Arcana Naturæ, gravemque
Mors novo prohibere morbum,
Jennere, laudes an sileam tuas?—
Hic sæpe mecum dum meditor gemens,
Inter meorum funera, quis diu
Vixi superstes, quot veneno
Fœta gravi, maculisque tetris,
Primis in ævi viribus abstulit
Infesta febris, lingua valet parùm
Narrare, quid debes supremo
Quanta Deo tibi danda laus est,

So many spots, like næves on Venus' foil, 55
 One jewel set off with so many a foil;
 Blisters with pride swell'd, which through's flesh
 did sprout
 Like rose-buds, stuck i' the lilly skin ābout.

Furore quod non antè domabili
 Tot dira Pestis quæ peperit mala,
 In gentis humanæ levamen,
 Te medico superata cessit.—
 Te mater ambit filiolo cavens
 Ut tuto ab atrâ corpore sit lue;
 Innupta te virgo, decentes
 Sint memori sine labe malæ.”

See the late Christopher Anstey's "Ad Edvardum Jenner, M.D. Carmen Alcaicum." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 58. *Like rose-buds, stuck i' the lilly skin about.*] "Of his school-performances," (says the great Johnson, in his Life of Dryden,) "has appeared only a poem on the death of Lord Hastings, composed with great ambition of such conceits as, notwithstanding the reformation begun by Waller and Denham, the example of Cowley still kept in reputation. Lord Hastings died of the small-pox, and his poet has made of the pustules, first, rose-buds, and then gems; at last exalts them into stars; and says,

"No comet need foretel his change drew on,
 Whose corpse might seem a constellation."

Perhaps it may appear at first sight surprising, that Dr. Busby should patiently bear such thoughts as pervade the whole of this poem on Lord Hastings; but our surprize ceases when we read the following judicious observation of Quintilian, which could not escape the penetration of that great master, who consequently shewed the indulgence here recommended to the exuberant imagination of a youthful poet.

Ne illud quidem quod admonemus indignum est, ingenia puerorum nimîā interim emendationis severitate deficere. Nam et desperant, et dolent, et novissimè oderunt: et, quod maximè nocet, dum omnia timent, nihil conantur. Quod etiam rusticis notum est, qui frondibus teneris non putant adhibendam esse falcem, quia reformidare ferrum videntur, et cicatricem nondum pati posse. Jucundus ergo tum maximè debet esse præceptor, ut quæ alioqui naturâ sunt aspera, molli manu leniantur: laudare aliqua, ferre quædam, mutare etiam, redditâ cur id fiat ratione; illuminare iuterponendo aliquid sui. Quintilian. Inst. Orat. Lib. II.

JOHN WARTON.

8. UPON THE DEATH OF

Each little pimple had a tear in it,
To wail the fault its rising did commit: 60

Which, rebel like, with its own lord at strife,
Thus made an insurrection 'gainst his life.

Or were these gems sent to adorn his skin,
The cabinet of a richer soul within?

No comet need foretel his change drew on, 65
Whose corpse might seem a constellation.

O! had he died of old, how great a strife
Had been, who from his death should draw their
life?

Who should, by one rich draught, become
whate'er

Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæsar, were? 70

Learn'd, virtuous, pious, great; and have by this
An universal metempsychosis.

Must all these aged fires in one funeral
Expire? all die in one so young, so small?

Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great fame 75
Had swol'n 'bove any Greek or Roman name,

But hasty winter, with one blast, hath brought
The hopes of autumn, summer, spring, to nought.

Thus fades the oak i' the sprig, i' the blade—the
corn;

Thus without young, this Phoenix dies, new
born. 80

Must then old three-legg'd grey-beards with
their gout,

Catarrhs, rheums, aches, live three ages out?

Time's offals, only fit for the hospital !
 Or to hang antiquaries' rooms withal ! 84
 Must drunkards, lechers, spent with sinning, live
 With such helps as broths, possets, ~~plastic~~ give?
 None live, but such as should die? shall we meet
 With none but ghostly fathers in the street?
 Grief makes me rail ; sorrow will force its way ;
 And thow'rs' of tears tempestuous sighs best lay.
 The tongue may fail ; but overflowing eyes 91
 Will weep out lasting streams of elegies.

But thou, O virgin-widow, left alone,
 Now thy belov'd, heaven-ravish'd spouse is gone,
 Whose skilful sire in vain strove to apply 95
 Med'cines, when thy balm was no remedy,
 With greater than Platonic love, O wed
 His soul, though not his body, to thy bed :
 Let that make thee a mother ; bring thou forth
 The ideas of his virtue, knowledge, worth ; 100

Ver. 92 — [*streams of elegies.*] In a very scarce little volume entitled *Lachrymæ Musarum*, London, printed by T. N. 1650, communicated to me by Mr. Reed, of Staple Inn, are thirty-six Elegies, in Greek, Latin, and English, on the death of this Nobleman. Of these, twenty-six are in English, two in Greek, and eight in Latin. The concluding copies are this by Dryden, and the Latin copies by Cyril Wyche, Edward Campion, Thomas Adams, Ralph Montague, all Westminster scholars. The Greek copies are signed Joannes Harmarus, Oxoniensis, *φιλολόγος*, and C. W. M. Mærens posuit. Most of these are written with the same false taste, which pervades the poem now before us.

J. WARRON.

Ver. 93. *But thou, O virgin widow.* So in another elegy on Lord Hastings, by " Jo. Beryon, Hosp. Lincoln."

" Thy love writes maid, yet is half widow, too."

MALONE.

Transcribe the original in new copies; give
 Hastings o' the better part: so shall he live
 In's nobler half; and the great grandfire be
 Of an heroic divine progeny:
 An issue, which to eternity shall last, 105
 Yet but the irradiations which he cast.
 Erect no mausoleums: for his best
 Monument is his spouse's marble breast.

* The verses on Lord Hastings in the "Lachrymæ Musarum,"
 are subscribed "Johannes Dryden. Scholæ Westm. alumnus."—
 It appears from a note of the editor's, that they were sent at a
 late period in the year (1649), after a great part of the book was
 printed off, and when it was just ready for publication.

MALONE.

TO HIS

FRIEND THE AUTHOR,

[JOHN HOD'DESDON],

ON HIS

DIVINE EPIGRAMS*.

THOU hast inspir'd me with thy soul, and I
 Who ne'er before could ken of Poetry,
 Am grown so good proficient, I can lend
 A line in commendation of my friend.
 Yet 'tis but of the second hand; if ought
 There be in this, 'tis from thy fancy brought.
 Good thief, who dar'st, Prometheus-like, aspire,
 And fill thy poems with celestial fire:
 Enliven'd by these sparks divine, their rayes
 Adde a bright lustre to thy crown of bayes.
 Young eaglet, who thy nest thus soon forsook,
 So lofty and divine a course hast took

* Mr. Hoddesdon's poetical effusions were published in 8vo. 1650, under the title of "Sion and Parnassus, or Epigrams on several texts of the Old and New Testament." To this book is prefixed the author's engraved portrait, "Ætat. 18." by which it appears that he and Dryden were nearly of the same age.

MALONE.

These commendatory verses, which are subscribed "J. Dryden, of Trin. C." are here printed from the original edition, which was obligingly communicated by Mr. Malone.

JOHN WARTON.

As all admire, before the down begin
To peep, as yet, upon thy smoother chin ;
And, making heaven thy aim, hast had the
 grace

To look the funne of righteoufneffe i' th' face.

What may we hope, if thou go'st on thus fast,
Scriptures at first ; enthusiasmes at last !

Thou hast commenc'd, betimes, a faint, go on,
Mingling diviner streams with Helicon.

That they who view what Epigrams here be,
May learn to make like ; in just praise of thee.

Reader, I've done, nor longer will withhold
Thy greedy eyes ; looking on this pure gold
Thou'lt know adult'rate copper, which, like this,
Will only serve to be a foil to his.

HEROIC STANZAS

ON THE

DEATH

OF

OLIVER CROMWELL.

WRITTEN AFTER HIS FUNERAL.

I.

AND now 'tis time ; for their officious haste,
Who would before have borne him to the sky,

* “ The death of Cromwell was the first public event which called forth Dryden's poetical powers. His heroic stanzas have beauties and defects ; the thoughts are vigorous, and though not always proper, shew a mind replete with ideas ; the numbers are smooth, and the diction, if not altogether correct, is elegant and easy.

“ Davenant seems at this time to have been his favourite author, though Gondibert never appears to have been popular ; and from Davenant he learned to please his ear with the stanza of four lines alternately rhymed.” Johnson's Life of Dryden.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1. *And now 'tis time ;*] We are not to wonder that Dryden, after this panegyric on Cromwell, should live to be appointed poet laureat to Charles II. any more than that Dr. Sprat, after a similar panegyric, should live to write the History of the Rye-house Plot, and become Bishop of Rochester. Men were dazzled with the uncommon talents of the Protector, “ who wanted nothing to raise him to heroic excellence, but virtue ;” they were struck with his intrepidity, his industry, his insight into

Like eager Romans, ere all rites were past,
Did let too soon the sacred eagle fly.

II.

Though our best notes are treason to his fame, 5
Join'd with the loud applause of public voice;
Since heaven, what praise we offer to his name,
Hath render'd too authentic by its choice.

III.

Though in his praise no arts can liberal be,
Since they, whose muses have the highest
flown, 10

Add not to his immortal memory,
But do an act of friendship to their own :

IV.

Yet 'tis our duty, and our interest too,
Such monuments as we can build to raise ;

all characters, his secrecy in his projects, and his successes, beyond all hope and expectation, in the course of human affairs. The most manly and nervous of all Waller's poems, are the Stanzas to Cromwell, which are far superior to the poem on his Death, (though that excels this of Dryden,) and on the War with Spain. 'Tis observable that Milton never address any poem to Cromwell; but only one admirable sonnet, in which, not like a mean flatterer, he assumes the tone of an adviser, and cautions him against the avarice and the encroachments of the Presbyterian Clergy, whom he calls "hireling wolves." The University of Oxford, notwithstanding its ancient loyalty, sent him a volume of Latin verses, on his making peace with the Dutch: in which collection are to be found the names of Crew, Mew, Godolphin, South, Locke, and Bayly. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 3. *Like eager Romans, &c.*] It was usual to conceal an eagle on the top of the funeral pile, destined to receive the dead body of the Roman emperor. When the pile was set on fire, the bird was set at liberty, and mounting into the air, was supposed by the common people to carry with it to heaven the soul of the deceased. DERRICK.

Left all the world prevent what we should do, 15
And claim a title in him by their praise.

V.

How shall I then begin, or where conclude,
To draw a fame so truly, circular?

For in a round what order can be shew'd,
Where all the parts so equal perfect are? 20

VI.

His grandeur he deriv'd from heaven alone;
For he was great, ere fortune made him so:
And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.

Ver. 17. *How shall I then begin, or where conclude.*] He probably had in his mind the following passage of Theocritus, in his panegyric on Ptolemy, ver. 9.

Ἴδαν εἰς πολύδενδρον ἀνὴρ ὕλητόμος ἐνθῶν,
Παπταίνει, παρειόντος ἄδην, πόθιν ἄρξεται ἔργω·
Τί πρᾶτον καταλιξῶ;

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 20. *Where all the parts so equal perfect are?*] Instead of *equally perfect*. Such slight inaccuracies Dryden's fervid genius little regarded.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 23. *And wars, like mists that rise against the sun,
Made him but greater seem, not greater grow.*]

A sublime thought, which reminds us of the passage in Milton; although he applies the same appearance of nature, the sun rising through a mist, in a different manner.

As when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams. Par. Lost, B. i. l. 595.

But herein will I imitate the sun,
Who doth permit the base contagious clouds
To smother up his beauty from the world;
That when he please again to be himself,
Being wanted, he may be more wonder'd at,
By breaking through the foul and ugly mists
Of vapours, that did seem to strangle him.

Shak. Henry IV. Act 1. Sc. 2.

JOHN WARTON.

VII.

No borrow'd bays his temples did adorn 25
 But to our crown he did fresh jewels bring ;
 Nor was his virtue poison'd soon as born,
 With the too early thoughts of being king.

VIII.

Fortunè (that easy mistress to the young,
 But to her ancient servants coy and hard) 30
 Him at that age her favourites rank'd among,
 When she her best-lov'd Pompey did discard.

IX.

He, private, mark'd the fault of others sway,
 And set as sea-marks for himself to shun : 34
 Not like rash monarchs, who their youth betray
 By acts their age too late would wish undone.

X.

And yet dominion was not his design ;
 We owe that blessing, not to him, but heaven,
 Which to fair acts unfought rewards did join ;
 Rewards, that less to him than us were given.

XI.

Our former chiefs, like sticklers of the war, 41
 First fought to inflame the parties, then to poise:
 The quarrel lov'd, but did the cause abhor ;
 And did not strike to hurt, but make a noise.

Ver. 36. *By acts their age too late would wish undone.*] *Infectum valet esse, dolor quod fuerit et mens.* Hor. 1. Ep. ii. l. 60.
 JOHN WARTON.

XII.

War, our confumption, was their gainful trade: 45
 We inward bled, whilst they prolong'd our pain;
 He fought to end our fighting, and essay'd
 To staunch the blood by breathing of the vein.

XIII.

Swift and resistless through the land he past,
 Like that bold Greek who did the East subdue,
 And made to battles such heroic haste, 51
 As if on wings of victory he flew.

XIV.

He fought secure of fortune as of fame:
 Still, by new maps, the island might be shown,
 Of conquests, which he strew'd where'er he came,
 Thick as the galaxy with stars is sown. 56

XV.

His palms, though under weights they did not
 stand,
 Still thriv'd; no winter could his laurels fade:

Ver. 48. To staunch the blood by *breathing of the vein*.] The loyalists supposed that by this line Dryden meant to allude to Cromwell's *murder of his Sovereign*. Thus in "The Laureat," or "Jack Squabb's History in a little drawn, Down to his evening, from his early dawn," ver.'21—25.

"Nay, had our Charles, by heavens severe decree,
 Been found, and murder'd in the royal tree,
 Even thou hadst prais'd the fact; his father slain,
 Thou call'st but gently breathing of a vein."

MALONE.

Ver. 56. — *galaxy with stars is sown*.] Lucretius, Lib. ii.
 ver. 44.

— "Lumine confert arva."

JOHN WARTON.

Heav'n in his portrait shew'd a workman's hand,
And drew it perfect, yet without a shade. 60

XVI.

Peace was the prize of all his toil and care,
Which war had banish'd, and did now restore:
Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
To seat themselves more surely, than before.

XVII.

Her safety rescu'd Ireland to him owes; 65
And treacherous Scotland to no interest true,
Yet blest that fate which did his arms dispose
Her land to civilize, as to subdue.

XVIII.

Nor was he like those stars which only shine,
When to pale mariners they storms portend:
He had his calmer influence, and his mein 71
Did love and majesty together blend.

XIX.

'Tis true, his countenance did imprint an awe;
And naturally all souls to his did bow,
As wands of divination downward draw, 75
And point to beds where sovereign gold doth
grow.

Ver. 63. *Bologna's walls thus mounted in the air,
'To seat themselves more surely than before.]*

It is said that at the siege of Bologna in 1512, a mine blew up that part of the wall of the church of Sancta Maria del Baracano, on which stood a miraculous image of the blessed Virgin. Though it was carried so high, that both armies could see one another through the breach, yet it fell again exactly into its place, so that it was impossible to see where it had been separated.

XX.

When past all offerings to Feretrian Jove,
 He Mars depos'd, and arms to gowns made
 yield ;
 Successful councils did him soon approve
 As fit for close intrigues, as open field. 80

XXI.

To suppliant Holland he vouchsaf'd a peace,
 Our once bold rival of the British main,
 Now tamely glad her unjust claim to cease,
 And buy our friendship with her idol, gain.

XXII.

Fame of the asserted sea through Europe blown,
 Made France and Spain ambitious of his
 love ; 86

Ver. 86. *Made France and Spain ambitious of his love.*] The 9th of March, 1661, died at Vincennes, Cardinal Mazarin, at upwards of 50 years of age. Cardinal Richelieu lived nearly the same number of years. They had governed France successively as prime ministers, each of them nearly eighteen years, with much the same kind of authority that the grand Viziers exercise among the Turks. Both were ambitious; Mazarin was more timid, more designing, more subtle, pliant, and unsteady; Richelieu was more resolute, more warm, had greater parts, was more obstinate, and more fixed and determined. Mazarin's genius for business was more limited: he was better acquainted with the foibles of mankind, and knew well how to keep them in suspense. Richelieu, with more extensive talents, was better versed in business, and maintained his power, by awing some, and amusing others with hopes. Mazarin had a greater knack at speaking, and was more happily formed to please the ladies: Richelieu would much sooner gain the confidence of a man: and he persuaded more by deeds than words. It is said that on March 17, 1653, Monsieur Bourdeaux, the Ambassador Extraordinary, sent by Mazarin, from the King of France to Cromwell, made his public entry, and on the way had his au-

Each knew that side must conquer he would
own ;

And for him fiercely, as for empire, strove.

XXIII.

No sooner was the Frenchman's cause embrac'd,
Than the light Monsieur the grave Don out-
weigh'd : 90

His fortune turn'd the scale where'er 'twas cast ;
Though Indian mines were in the other laid.

XXIV.

When absent, yet we conquer'd in his right :
For though some meaner artist's skill were
shown

dience at the Banqueting-house, Whitehall ; when he extolled the virtues of his Highness, begs his friendship, and says, that the Divine Providence, after so many calamities, could not deal more favourably with these nations, or cause them to forget their miseries, with greater satisfaction, than by submitting them to so just a government. Cromwell gained an entire ascendant even over the artful Mazarin. In the treaty the protector's name was inserted before that of the King. Thurloe, V. 3. p. 103.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 91. *His fortune*] Cromwell, it is said, appeared precisely at a time, when he could succeed. Under Elizabeth he would have been hanged ; under Charles II. ridiculed. He appeared when England was disgusted with kings, and his son Richard when they were equally disgusted with protectors. Some men owe their fame and eminence to the circumstances of the age in which they happened to live ; to the taste of their particular times ; to the exigencies of the state ; to the enemies they found to combat, and to other favourable circumstances and events. But the following great men would have been great in all ages, and in all countries :—Homer, Hippocrates, Epaminondas, Philip, Aristotle, Archimedes, Scipio, Virgil, Horace, Cæsar, Hannibal, Mango-Copac, Confucius, Mahomet II. Cervantes, Cortez, Kepler, Copernicus, Bacon, Newton, Marlborough, Moliere, Fontenelle, Turenne, Machiavel, Milton, Montecucoli, Dante, and Columbus.

Dr. J. WARTON.

In mingling colours, or in placing light ; 95
 Yet still the fair designment was his own.

XXV.

For from all tempers he could service draw ;
 The worth of each, with its alloy, he knew,
 And, as the confident of Nature, saw
 How she complexions did divide and brew. 100

XXVI.

Or he their single virtues did survey,
 By intuition, in his own large breast,
 Where all the rich ideas of them lay,
 That were the rule and measure to the rest.

XXVII.

When such heroic virtue heaven sets out, 105
 The stars, like commons, fullenly obey ;
 Because it drains them when it comes about,
 And therefore is a tax they seldom pay.

XXVIII.

From this high spring our foreign conquests flow,
 Which yet more glorious triumphs do por-
 tend ; 110
 Since their commencement to his arms they owe,
 If springs as high as fountains may ascend.

Ver. 96. — [designment] He has borrowed this word from Spenser, F. Q. ii. xi. 10.

“Gainst which the second troupe *designment* makes :”
 That is, *plot*. Dryden however uses it simply for *design* or *plan*.
 It should be added, that *designment* is the reading of Spenser’s 2d
 edition : as the first reads, without perspicuity, *assignment*.

XXIX.

He made us free-men of the continent,
 Whom nature did like captives treat before ;
 To nobler preys the English lion sent, 115
 And taught him first in Belgian walks to roar.

XXX.

That old unquestion'd pirate of the land,
 Proud Rome, with dread the fate of Dun-
 kirk heard ;
 And trembling wish'd behind more Alps to stand,
 Although an Alexander were her guard. 120

XXXI.

By his command we boldly cross'd the line,
 And bravely fought where southern stars
 arise ;
 We trac'd the far-fetch'd gold unto the mine,
 And that which brib'd our fathers made our
 prize.

XXXII.

Such was our prince ; yet own'd a soul above 125
 The highest acts it could produce to show :
 Thus poor mechanic arts in public move,
 Whilst the deep secrets beyond practice go.

XXXIII.

Nor dy'd he when his ebbing fame went less
 But when fresh laurels courted him to live :

Ver. 113. *He made us freemen, &c.*] We may be said to have been made freemen of the Continent by the taking of Dunkirk, which was wrested from the Spaniards by the united forces of France and England, and delivered up to the latter in the beginning of 1658.

DERRICK.

Ver. 120. *Although an Alexander, &c.*] At this time Alexander VII. sat in the papal chair.

DERRICK.

He seem'd but to prevent some new success, 131
As if above what triumphs earth could give.

XXXIV.

His latest victories still thickest came,
As near the center motion doth increase; 134
'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,
Did, like the vestal, under spoils decease. 136

XXXV.

But first the ocean as a tribute sent
The giant prince of all her watry herd;
And the isle, when her protecting genius went,
Upon his obsequies loud sighs conferr'd. 140

XXXVI.

No civil broils have since his death arose,
But faction now by habit does obey;
And wars have that respect for his repose,
As winds for halcyons, when they breed at sea.

XXXVII.

His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest, 145
His name a great example stands, to show,

Ver. 135. *'Till he, press'd down by his own weighty name,*] Not unlike Livy, who describing the Progress of the City of Rome, says, "Quæ ab exiguis perfecta initiis, co creverit ut jam magnitudine laboret suâ." JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 145. *His ashes in a peaceful urn shall rest,*] Our poet's prophetic capacity here failed, for we read in the accurate memoirs of the Protectorate-House of Cromwell, by Mark Noble, F.S.A. — "He was elected Protector, December 12, 1653, and inaugurated again with more state, June 20, 1657; and died peaceably in his bed (worn out by excessive fatigue of mind and body, by grief in domestic misfor-

How strangely high endeavours may be blest,
Where piety and valour jointly go.

tomb, and his load of debts), at his palace at Whitehall, upon his auspicious September 3, 1658; and was buried with more than regal pomp, in the sepulchre of our monarchs, from whence at the restoration, his body was dragged to, and exposed upon the gallows at Tyburn, the trunk thrown into a hole beneath it, and his head set upon a pole at Westminster-Hall." Noble's Memoirs, vol. I. p. 145.

JOHN WARTON.

ASTRÆA REDUX.

A POEM

ON THE HAPPY RESTORATION AND RETURN OF HIS
SACRED MAJESTY CHARLES II. 1660.

Jam redit & Virgo, redeunt Saturnia regna. VIRG.

The last great age foretold by sacred rhymes
Renews its finish'd course; Saturnian times
Roll round again,

NOW with a general peace the world was
blest,
While our's, a world divided from the rest,
A dreadful quiet felt, and worser far
Than arms, a fullen interval of war:
Thus when black clouds draw down the lab'ring
skies, 5
Ere yet abroad the winged thunder flies,

Ver. 1. *Now with a general]* Waller, as well as Dryden, altered his sentiments, and changed his notes, on the Restoration; and when the King hinted to him the inferiority of his second poem to the former, answered, "Poets, Sir, succeed better in fiction than in truth." What notice Charles took of Dryden's *Astræa* we are ignorant.

Dr. J. WARTON.

An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
 And in that silence we the tempest fear.
 The ambitious Swede, like restless billows tost,
 On this hand gaining what on that he lost, 10
 Though in his life he blood and ruin breath'd,
 To his now guideless kingdom peace bequeath'd.
 And heaven, that seem'd regardless of our fate,
 For France and Spain did miracles create ;
 Such mortal quarrels to compose in peace, 15
 As nature bred, and interest did increase.
 We sigh'd to hear the fair Iberian bride
 Must grow a lily to the lily's side,
 While our cross stars deny'd us Charles his bed,
 Whom our first flames and virgin love did wed.

Ver. 7. *An horrid silence first invades the ear,*] See Thompson's impending storm in *Summer*, v. 1116.

“ ——— A boding silence reigns,
 Dread thro' the dun expanse ; save the dull sound
 That from the mountain, previous to the storm,
 Rolls o'er the muttering earth, disturbs the flood,
 And shakes the forest-leaf without a breath.”

JOHN WARTON.

Ibid. *An horrid stillness first invades the ear,
 And in that silence we the tempest fear.*] This distich was laid hold of by the wits of the times, and among others by Capt. Alexander Radcliff, in his news from Hell, who ridicules it thus :

“ *Laureat*, who was both learn'd and florid,
 “ Was damn'd long since for *silence horrid* ;
 “ Nor had there been such clutter made,
 “ But that this *silence did invade* :
 “ *Invade !* and so't might well, —that's clear :
 “ But what did it *invade* ? ——— *an ear*.”

DERRICK.

Ver. 19. ——— *deny'd us Charles his bed,*] Original edition.
 TODD.

For his long absence church and state did groan ;
 Madnefs the pulpit, faction seiz'd the throne :
Experienc'd age in deep despair was loft,
To fee the rebel thrive, the loyal croft : 24
 Youth, that with joys had unacquainted been,
 Envy'd gray hairs that once good days had feen :
 We thought our fires, not with their own con-
 tent,
 Had ere we came to age, our portion fpent.
 Nor could our nobles hope their bold attempt,
 Who ruin'd crowns would coronets exempt. 30
 For when by their defigning leaders taught
 To ftrike at pow'r which for themfelves they
 fought,
 The vulgar, gull'd into rebellion, arm'd ;
 Their blood to action by the prize was warm'd.
 The facred purple then and fcarlet gown, 35
 Like fanguine dye, to elephants was fhewn.
 Thus when the bold Typhœus fcald the fky,
 And forc'd great Jove from his own heav'n to
 fly,

Ver. 22. *Madnefs the pulpit,*] From the numerous fermons preached before the Parliament, particularly from 1640 to 1650, a variety of curious examples might be adduced to prove the juftnefs of Dryden's assertion. And who can wonder at this assertion, when he is told that notifications of the following kind were affixed on walls and door-poſts : " On ſuch a day ſuch a brewer's clerk *exerciſeth* ; ſuch a taylor *expoundeth* ; ſuch a waterman *teacheth* !" See the Preface to Featley's *Dippers Dipt*, 4to. 1647. For a minute account of the ravings and rantings of many of the preachers before the Parliament, the reader is referred to a collection of extracts from their diſcourſes, entitled *Evangelium Armatum*, printed ſoon after the Reſtoration of King Charles II.

(What king, what crown from treason's reach
is free,

If Jove and Heav'n can violated be?) 40

The lesser gods, that shar'd his prosperous state,
All suffer'd in the exil'd Thunderer's fate.

The rabble now such freedom did enjoy,

As winds at sea, that use it to destroy :

Blind as the Cyclop, and as wild^c as he, 45

They own'd a lawless savage liberty.

Like that our painted ancestors so priz'd,

Ere empire's arts their breasts had civiliz'd.

How great were then our Charles his woes, who
thus

Was forc'd to suffer for himself and us ! 50

He, tofs'd by fate, and hurry'd up and down,

Heir to his father's sorrows, with his crown,

Could taste no sweets of youth's desired age ;

But found his life too true a pilgrimage.

Unconquer'd yet in that^c forlorn estate, 55

His manly courage overcame his fate.

His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,

Which by his virtue were with laurels drest.

Ver. 46. *They own'd a lawless]* " Perhaps," says Swift, Vol. x. p. 188, " in my own thoughts, I prefer a well-instituted common-wealth before a monarchy; and I know several others of the same opinion. Now, if on this pretence I should insist on liberty of conscience, form conventicles of republicans, and print books, preferring that sort of government, and condemning what is established, the magistrate would with great justice hang me and my disciples."

DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 49. *How great were then our Charles his woes,]* Original edition, and rightly so printed, for the sake of the metre.

TODD.

Ver. 57. *His wounds he took, like Romans, on his breast,]* My

As souls reach heaven while yet in bodies pent,
 So did he live above his banishment. 60
 That sun, which we beheld with cozen'd eyes
 Within the water, mov'd along the skies.
 How easy 'tis, when destiny proves kind,
 With full-spread sails to run before the wind !
 But those that 'gainst stiff gales lavinging go, 65
 Must be at once resolv'd and skilful too.

reader will not be displeas'd with the following citation from Ælian's Various History, l. 12, cap. 21. "The matrons of Lacedæmon, when they received the news that their sons were slain in battle, were accustomed to go forth to inspect their wounds, both before and behind; and when they found the greater number was before, they conducted the bodies of their children to the monuments of their ancestors with great solemnity, and a kind of stern pride in their countenances; but if they perceived any wounds behind, weeping and blushing for shame, they departed with the utmost secrecy, leaving the dead bodies to be interred in the common sepulchre, or carried them away by stealth to be privately buried at home."

To which we may add these spirited lines of Tyrtæus, so peculiarly applicable at this important juncture.

Αυτος δ' εν προμαχοισι πεσων φίλων ωλεσε θυμον,
 Ασυ τε και λαος και πατερ' ευκλειϊσας
 Πολλα δια σιγροιο και ασπιδος ομφαλοισσης,
 Και δια θωρηκος προσθεν εηλαμνος.
 Τον δ' ολοφυρονται μει ομως νεοι ηδη γεροντες,
 Αργαλιω δε ποθω πασα κειηδι πολις.

Now fall'n, the noblest of the van, he dies !
 His city by the beautiful death renown'd ;
 His low-bent father marking, where he lies,
 The shield, the breast-plate, hackt by many a wound.
 The young, the old, alike commingling tears,
 His country's heavy grief bedews the grave ;
 And all his race in verdant lustre wears
 Fame's richest wreath, transmitted from the brave.

Polwhele's Translation.

JOHN WARTON.

He would not, like soft Otho, hope prevent,
 But stay'd and suffer'd fortune to repent.
 These virtues Galba in a stranger fought,
 And Pifo to adopted empire brought. 70
 How shall I then my doubtful thoughts express,
 That must his sufferings both regret and bless?
 For when his early valour Heav'n had cross'd;
 And all at Worcester but the honour lost;
 Forc'd into exile from his rightful throne, 75
 He made all countries where he came his own;
 And viewing monarchs' secret arts of sway,
 A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.
 Thus banish'd David spent abroad his time,
 When to be God's anointed was his crime; 80
 And when restor'd, made his proud neighbours
 rue
 Those choice remarks he from his travels drew.
 Nor is he only by afflictions shown
 To conquer others realms, but rule his own:
 Recovering hardly what he lost before, 85
 His right endears it much; his purchase more.

Ver. 78. *A royal factor for his kingdoms lay.*] Original edition, *their* kingdoms. TODD.

Ver. 86. *His right endears*] "It is remarkable," says *Algarotti*, "that no great people is governed by families that have been originally natives. China is governed by Tartars; the Euphrates, the Nile, Orontes, Greece, Epirus, by Turks. It is not an English race that governs England; it is a German family that has succeeded a Dutch prince; he succeeded a Scotch family, which had succeeded a family of Anjou, which had succeeded a Norman family, which had driven away a Saxon family."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Inur'd to suffer ere he came to reign,
 No rash procedure will his actions stain :
 To business ripen'd by digestive thought,
 His future rule is into method brought : 90
 As they who first proportion understand,
 With easy practice reach a master's hand.
 Well might the ancient poets then confer
 On Night the honour'd name of Counsellor, 91
 Since struck with rays of prosperous fortune
 blind,

We light alone in dark afflictions find.
 In such adversities to scepters train'd,
 The name of Great his famous grandfire gain'd ;
 Who yet a king alone in name and right, 99
 With hunger, cold, and angry Jove did fight ;
 Shock'd by a Covenanting League's vast pow'rs,
 As holy and as catholic as our's :
 Till fortune's fruitless spite had made it known,
 Her blows not shook but riveted his throne.

Some lazy ages, lost in sleep and ease, 105
 No action leave to busy chronicles :
 Such, whose supine felicity but makes
 In story chasms, in epoches mistakes ;
 O'er whom Time gently shakes his wings of
 down,
 Till with his silent fickle they are mown.

Ver. 101. *Shock'd by a Covenanting League.*] Original edit.
 TODD.

Ver. 108. — *in epoches mistakes ;*] Original edition.
 TODD.

Such is not Charles his too too active age,
Which, govern'd by the wild distemper'd rage
Of some black star infecting all the skies,
Made him at his own cost like Adam wife.

Tremble ye nations, who secure before, 115
Laugh'd at those arms that 'gainst our selves we
bore ;

Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,
Our son now will foreign foes assail.

Who the sacred altar strews ?

To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes :

Ver. 111. *Charles his too too active age,*] Original edition.
Derrick prints

“ Such is not *Charles'* too too active age.”

See also before, ver. 49. *Too too* active age, was an ancient
formulary. So in H. Parrot's *Spriges for Woodcocks*, 12mo.
Lond. 1613, Epigram 133, Lib. 1.

— “ tis knowne her jesting's *too too* evill.”

And even in prose, as in Penri's *Exhortation vnto the Gouver-
nours, &c. of Wales*, 1588, p. 51. “ The case is *too too* manifest.”
Too too for exceeding is also used in the Lancashire dialect. I
venture to add part of P. Fletcher's well-drawn character of Laf-
civiousness personified, *Purp. Jfl.* edit. 1633, p. 90.

“ Broad were his jests, wilde his uncivil sport ;

“ His fashion *too too* fond, and loofly light :

“ A long love-lock on his left shoulder plight,

“ Like to a woman's hair, well shew'd a woman's sprite.”

TODD.

Ver. 115. — who *secure before,*] Original edition.

TODD.

Ver. 117. *Rouz'd by the lash of his own stubborn tail,*] An
Homeric simile. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 119. *With alga who the sacred altars strews ?*

To all the sea-gods Charles an offering owes :

A bull to thee, Portumus, shall be slain,

A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main :]

He had not yet learned, indeed he never learned well, to

A bull to thee, Portunus, shall be slain, 121
 A lamb to you, ye tempests of the main:
 For those loud storms that did against him roar,
 Have cast his shipwreck'd vessel on the shore.
 Yet as wise artificers mix their colours so, 127
 They from each other go:
 Needed from the neighbouring
 To bring the well-choic'd
 A blessed change; while we 129
 We could not feel, but scarce the manner see.
 Frosts that constrain the ground, and birth deny
 To flow'rs that in its womb expecting lie,
 Do seldom their usurping pow'r withdraw,
 But raging floods pursue their hasty thaw.
 Our thaw was mild, the cold not chas'd away,
 But lost in kindly heat of lengthned day. 136
 Heaven would no bargain for its blessings drive,
 But what we could not pay for, freely give.
 The Prince of peace would like himself confer
 A gift unhop'd, without the price of war: 140
 Yet, as he knew his blessing's worth, took care,
 That we should know it by repeated pray'r;

forbear the improper use of mythology. After having thus rewarded the heathen deities for their care, he tells us in the language of religion,

Prayer storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles from thence,
 As Heav'n itself is took by violence. JOHNSON.

Which storm'd the skies, and ravish'd Charles
from thence,

As heaven itself is took by violence.

Booth's forward valour only serv'd to show, 145
He durst that duty pay we all did owe :

The attempt was fair ; but heav-

Not come : so like the watchful

That by the moon's mistaken lig'

Lay down again, and clos'd his

'Twas Monk, whom Provid.

loos'd .

Those real bonds false freedom did impose.

Ver. 145. *Booth's forward valour, &c.*] In 1659, Sir George Booth assembled a considerable body of men for the king's service in Cheshire, and possessed himself of Chester, Chick-castle, and several other places, being joined by the Earl of Derby, Lord Kilmurray, Sir Thomas Middleton, Major-general Egerton, with other loyal gentlemen, who encountering with Lambert, general of the parliament's forces, were entirely routed at Winnington-bridge, near Northwich, in Cheshire, and most of the principal people made prisoners.

DERRICK.

Ver. 151. *'Twas Monk, &c.*] General George Monk had the command of the parliament's army in Scotland at the death of Cromwell, whose son Richard he caused to be proclaimed Protector, in compliance with their order. He shortly afterwards marched with his forces towards London, where he managed matters so well as to bring about the restoration of the king, without the least bloodshed ; for which good service he honoured him with the order of the garter, created him Duke of Albemarle, &c. &c. on account of his being descended on the mother's side from Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Albemarle and Warwick.

In 1666 he was united with the Duke of York, in command of the fleet that was sent against the Dutch. A dropsy carried him out of the world on the 3d day of January, 1679, aged seventy-one years. His air was majestic, his countenance grave ; he was equal in his proceedings ; solid, and intrepid in his conduct. He kept the army under strict discipline, and set a noble example of

The blessed faints that watch'd this turning
scene,

Did from their stars with joyful wonder lean,
To see small clues draw vastest weights along,
Not in their bulk but in their order strong. 156

Thus pencils can by one slight touch restore,
Smiles to that changed face that wept before.

With ease such fond chimæras we pursue,
As fancy frames for fancy to subdue: 160

But when ourselves to action we betake,
It shuns the mint like gold that chemists make.
How hard was then his task! at once to be
What in the body natural we see!

virtue to his soldiers, being an enemy to drunkenness, blasphemy,
and incontinence. DERRICK.

The indefatigable perseverance, the impenetrable secrecy, the art of seizing the proper moment for action, enabled *Monck* to bring about the important event of the Restoration. He would not trust his own brother with his design, when Sir R. Grenville came to consult him on the subject. Not that any abilities alone could possibly have given him success, if the whole nation, tired and disgusted with the absurdities and the tyrannies of their rulers, had not been ripe for a change, and united in a wish to recal the heir to the crown; so that *Monck* in reality, according to Mr. Walpole, only furnished a hand to the heart of the nation. Yet this general must have been a man of greater talents than are usually supposed. After his death, a thin folio volume was published, entitled, "Observations on Military and Political Affairs," written by the most Honourable George Duke of Albemarle. He married a blacksmith's daughter, a woman of strong sense, who governed her husband as Sarah Duchess of Marlborough did the Duke, and who is said to have been instrumental in promoting the Restoration. Dr. Johnson says, this passage down to verse 178, contains a cluster of thoughts unallied to each other, not to be elsewhere easily found.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Man's architect distinctly did ordain 166
 The charge of muscles, nerves, and of the brain,
 Through viewless conduits spirits to dispense ;
 The springs of motion from the seat of sense.
 'Twas not the hasty product of a day,
 But the well-ripen'd fruit of wise delay. 170
 He, like a patient angler, ere he strook,
 Would let him play awhile upon the hook.
 Our healthful food the stomach labours thus,
 At first embracing what it straight doth crush.
 Wise leaches will not vain receipts obtrude, 175
 While growing pains pronounce the humours
 crude :
 Deaf to complaints they wait upon the ill,
 'Till some safe crisis authorize their skill.
 Nor could his acts too close a vizard wear,
 To 'scape their eyes whom guilt had taught to
 fear, 180
 And guard with caution that polluted nest,
 Whence Legion twice before was dispossess'd :
 Once sacred house ; which when they enter'd
 in,
 They thought the place could sanctify a sin ;
 Like those that vainly hop'd kind heav'n would
 wink, 185
 While to excess on martyrs' tombs they drink.

Ver. 186. *While to excess on martyrs' tombs, &c.*] This passage seems to allude to the extravagancies that are often committed by the vulgar Roman Catholics upon their pilgrimaging

And as devouter Turks first warn their souls
 To part, before they taste forbidden bowls:
 So these, when their black crimes they went
 about,

First timely charm'd their uselefs conscience
 out. 190

Religion's name against itself was made;
 The shadow serv'd the substance to invade:
 Like zealous missions, they did care pretend
 Of souls in shew, but made the gold their end.
 Th' incens'd pow'rs beheld with scorn from high
 An heaven so far distant from the sky, 196
 Which durst, with horses' hoofs that beat the
 ground,

And martial brass, bely the thunder's sound.
 'Twas hence at length just vengeance thought it
 fit,

To speed their ruin by their impious wit. 200

Thus Storza, curs'd with a too fertile brain,
 Lost by his wiles the pow'r his wit did gain,
 Henceforth their fougue must spend at lesser
 rate,

Than in its flames to wrap a nation's fate.

to the tombs of saints, where, after having performed the stated devotions, they too often launch into the most blameable excesses, as if they imagined they had now fully expiated their former offences, and were at liberty to begin a new reckoning.

DERRICK.

Ver. 187. *And as devouter Turks, &c.*] The Khoran having prohibited the use of wine, when a Turk has a mind to indulge himself with the juice of the grape, he warns his soul to retire to some safe corner of his body, where it may be secured from the contamination, and consequently not liable to the punish-

Suffer'd to live, they are like Helots fet, 205
 A virtuous flame within us to beget.
 For by example most we finn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.
 But since reform'd by what we did amiss,
 We by our suff'rings learn to prize our blifs :
 Like early lovers, whose unpractis'd hearts 211
 Were long the may-game of malicious arts,
 When once they find their jealousies were vain,
 With double heat renew their fires again. 214
 'Twas this produc'd the joy that hurry'd o'er
 Such swarms of English to the neighb'ring shore,
 To fetch that prize, by which Batavia made
 So rich amends for our impoverish'd trade.
 Oh had you seen from Schevelin's barren shore,
 (Crowded with troops, and barren now no
 more,) 220

Ver. 205. — *they are like Helots, &c.*] The Spartans, to deter their youth from intemperance, expos'd their slaves, whom they call'd Helots, intoxicated with liquor, as public objects of derision. They were call'd Helots from Helos, a Laconian town, which being taken by the Spartans, they made all the inhabitants prisoners of war, and reduced them to the condition of slaves.

DERRICK.

Ver. 207. *For by example most we finn'd before,
 And glass-like clearness mix'd with frailty bore.*]

This is another conceit too curious to be omitted without censure. Johnson, *Life of Dryden*, p. 133.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 215.] To Dryden's flattery to Charles II. restored, we may apply the words of Tacitus:—"Lætantis, ut ferriè ad nova Imperia, ut gratiam viresque apud novum principem pararet." Tacit. iii.

JOHN WARTON.

Afflicted Holland to his farewell bring
 True sorrow, Holland to regret a king!
 While waiting him his royal fleet did ride,
 And willing winds to their low'rd sails deny'd.
 The wav'ring streamers, flags, and standart out,
 The merry seamen's rude but chearful shout; 226
 And last the cannons' voice that shook the skies, }
 And, as it fares in sudden ecstasies, }
 At once bereft us both of ears and eyes.
 The Naseby, now no longer England's shame,
 But better to be lost in Charles his name, 231
 (Like some unequal bride in nobler sheets)
 Receives her lord: the joyful London meets
 The princely York, himself alone a freight; 234
 The Swift-sure groans beneath great Gloster's
 weight:
 Secure as when the halcyon breeds, with these,
 He that was born to drown might cross the seas.
 Heav'n could not own a Providence and take
 The wealth three nations ventur'd at a stake.

Ver. 224. *And willing winds to their low'rd sails deny'd.*
 Original edition. TODD.

Ver. 225. ——— *flags and standart out,*] Original edition.
 TODD.

Ver. 231. ——— *Charles his name,*] Original edition.
 TODD.

Ver. 235. *The Swift-sure groans beneath great Gloster's weight:]*
 From Virgil:

————— *simul accipit alveo*
Ingentem Æneam, gemuit sub pondere cymba
Sutilis. Æneid. vi. 412.

JOHN WARTON.

The fame indulgence Charles his voyage bless'd,
Which in his right had miracles confess'd. 241

The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew :
Or out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straightned lungs, or conscious of their
charge. 245

The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear ;
Proud her returning Prince to entertain
With the submitted faves of the main.

AND welcome now, great monarch, to your
own ; 250

Behold th'approaching cliffs of Albion :

Ver. 242. *The winds that never moderation knew,
Afraid to blow too much, too faintly blew :
Or, out of breath with joy, could not enlarge
Their straighten'd lungs, or conscious of their charge.]*

How far he was yet from thinking it necessary to found his sentiments on nature, appears from the extravagance of his fictions and hyperboles. Johnson, p. 133.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 244. *Or out of breath]* Can Dryden have written so contemptible a line? Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 246. *The British Amphitrite, smooth and clear,
In richer azure never did appear ;]*

Here he has his eye on his favourite Virgil, *Æneid*, lib. viii. line 86.

Thybris eâ fluvium, quàm longa est, nocte tumentem
Leniit, et tacitâ refluxens ita substitit undâ,
Mitis ut in morem stagni placidæque paludis
Sterneret æquor aquis, remo ut luctamen abesset.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 250. *And welcome now,]* " Charles might have been

*It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.*

restored on any terms, or under any limitations. Instead of this, he came in almost without conditions. He obtained the most unlimited confidence, before he had taken one step to deserve it; and he lived to acquire as absolute an authority as his unhappy father had ever possessed—he lived to govern without Parliaments. To point out particularly what might have been, or ought to have been done on this occasion, might be an invidious task, and would far exceed the limits of this discourse. But most certainly our ancestors should not have been content with less than was actually obtained in a later period; should have attempted at least to prevent a return of the calamities they had suffered; and to form an establishment, which might secure them in the most effectual manner both from tyranny and faction. By neglecting to obtain this security, the men who placed Charles on the throne, exposed both church and state to the utmost danger. The returning monarch, void of every religious and every moral principle, was ready to sacrifice the fate of Europe to the caprice or the cunning of a mistress; and studied to subvert the liberties of his people, not from any reputable principle of ambition or honour, but that he might, without difficulty, and without opposition, employ the hands and purses of his loving subjects in ministering to his royal pleasures. It was not indeed long before his subjects were awakened from their dream of happiness, but it had like to have been too late. Never was the whole machinery of opposition put in motion with more art and address, and (to say the truth) with less restraint from principles of justice and honour. Yet all this was found too little. Charles, though obliged to give way for a time, was able at last to surmount the utmost efforts of his enemies; and had either his life been prolonged, or had his successor trodden in the same steps, the liberties of Britain were no more."

No apology shall be made for the length of this passage, so pregnant with solid sense and knowledge of the true constitution of Great Britain, which is taken from the discourses of a man far above the narrow views of any party; of an enlarged mind and manly spirit, enriched with a variety of solid learning, which he always imparted in a style pure and energetic. Need I name Dr. Balguy?

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 252. *It is no longer motion cheats your view,
As you meet it, the land approacheth you.
The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
The marks of penitence and sorrow bears.]*

The land returns, and, in the white it wears,
 The marks of penitence and sorrow bears. 255
 But you, whose goodness your descent doth shew,
 Your heav'nly parentage and earthly too ;
 By that same mildness, which your father's

crown

Before did ravish, shall secure your own.
 Not tied to rules of policy, you find, 260
 Revenge less sweet than a forgiving mind.
 Thus, when the Almighty would to Moses give
 A sight of all he could behold and live ;
 A voice before his entry did proclaim 264
 Long-suffering, goodness, mercy, in his name.
 Your pow'r to justice doth submit your cause,
 Your goodness only is above the laws ;
 Whose rigid letter, while pronounc'd by you,
 Is softer made. So winds that tempests brew,
 When through Arabian groves they take their
 flight, 270
 Made wanton with rich odours, lose their spite.
 And as those lees, that trouble it, refine
 The agitated soul of generous wine :
 So tears of joy, for your returning, spilt,
 Work out, and expiate our former guilt. 275

“ I know not whether this fancy, however little be its value, was not borrowed. A French poet read to Malherbe some verses, in which he represents France as rising out of its place to receive the King. ‘ Though this,’ said Malherbe, ‘ was in my time, I do not remember it.’ ” Johnson.

JOHN WARTON.

Methinks I see those crouds on Dover's strand,
 Who, in their haste to welcome you to land,
 Chok'd up the beach with their still growing
 store,

And made a wilder torrent on the shore :

While, spurr'd with eager thoughts of past de-
 light, 280

Those, who had seen you, court a second sight ;

Ver. 281. *Those, who had seen you,*] Among the many characters drawn of this prince, that given us by the Duke of Buckingham, who knew him well, seems to be drawn with accuracy and spirit, with a few sprinklings of partiality.

“ His understanding was quick and lively in little things, and sometimes would soar high enough in great ones, but unable to keep it up with any long attention or application. Witty in all sorts of conversation, and telling a story so well, that not out of flattery, but for the pleasure of hearing it, we used to seem ignorant of what he had repeated to us ten times before, as a good comedy will bear the being seen often. Of a wonderful mixture, losing all his time, and, till of late, setting his whole heart on the fair sex ; yet neither angry with rivals, nor in the least nice as to the being beloved ; and while he sacrificed all things to his mistresses, he would use to grudge and be uneasy at their losing a little of it again at play, though never so necessary for their diversion ; nor would he venture five pounds at tennis to those servants, who might obtain as many thousands, either before he came thither, or as soon as he left off. Not false to his word, but full of dissimulation, and very *adroit* at it ; yet no man easier to be imposed on, for his great dexterity was in cozening himself, by gaining a little one way, while it cost him ten times as much another ; and by caressing those persons most who had deluded him the ofteneft, and yet the quickest in the world at spying such a ridicule in another. Familiar, easy, and good-natured, but for great offences severe and inflexible ; also in one week's absence quite forgetting those servants to whose faces he could scarcely deny any thing. In the midst of all his remissness, so industrious and indefatigable on some particular occasions, that no man would either toil longer, or be able to manage it better. He was so liberal as to ruin his affairs by it ; for want in a King of *England* turns things just upside down, and exposes a prince to his people's mercy. It did yet worse in

Preventing still your steps, and making haste
 To meet you often, whereso'er you pass.
 How shall I speak of that triumphant day,
 When you renew'd th' expiring pomp of May !
 (A month that owns an interest in your name :
 You and the flow'rs are its peculiar claim.) 287
 That star that at your birth shone out so bright,
 It stain'd the duller sun's meridian light,
 Did once again its potent fires renew, 290
 Guiding our eyes to find and worship you.

And now 'Time's whiter series is begun,
 Which in soft centuries shall smoothly run :
 Those clouds, that overcast your morn, shall
 fly,

Dispell'd to farthest corners of the sky. 295
 Our nation with united interest blest,
 Not now content to poize, shall sway the rest.
 Abroad your empire shall no limits know,
 But, like the sea, in boundless circles flow.

him, for it forced him also to depend on his great neighbour of *France*. He had so natural an aversion to all formality, that with as much wit as most kings ever had, and with as majestic a mien, yet he could not on premeditation act the part of a King for a moment, either at Parliament or Council, either in words or gestures, which carried him into the other extreme, more inconvenient of the two, of letting all distinction and ceremony fall to the ground as useless and foppish. His temper, both of body and mind, was admirable; which made him an easy generous lover, a civil obliging husband, a friendly brother, an indulgent father, and a good-natured master. If he had been as solicitous about improving the faculties of his mind, as he was in the management of his bodily health, though, alas! the one proved unable to make his life long, the other had not failed to have made it famous."

Your much-lov'd fleet shall, with a wide com-
mand, 300

Besiege the petty monarchs of the land :
And as old Time his offspring swallow'd down,
Our ocean in its depths all seas shall drown.
Their wealthy trade from pirates' rapine free,
Our merchants shall no more adventurers be :
Nor in the farthest east those dangers fear, 306
Which humble Holland must dissemble here.
Spain to your gift alone her Indies owes ;
For what the pow'ful takes not he bestows :
And France, that did an exile's presence fear,
May justly apprehend you still too near. 311

At home the hateful names of parties cease,
And factious souls are wearied into peace.
The discontented now are only they,
Whose crimes before did your just cause betray :
Of those your edicts some reclaim' from sins, 316
But most your life and blest example wins.
Oh happy prince, whom heav'n hath taught the
way

By paying vows to have more vows to pay !
Oh happy age ! Oh times like those alone, 320
By fate reserv'd for great Augustus' throne !

Ver. 316. — from sins,] Original edition. In Derrick's
edition, — from sin. TODD.

Ver. 317. — example wins.] Original edition. In Der-
rick's edition, — example win. TODD.

Ver. 320. Oh happy age !] But these days of felicity and
joy lasted not long. Discontents arose, and many writers against

When the joint growth of arms and art fore-
shew

The world a monarch, and that monarch you.

the Court appeared. Among the rest was a man of a great fund of wit and learning, of a severe and sarcastic turn, and of irreproachable life and conversation. This man was *Andrew Marvel*, who wrote equally well in prose and in verse. Swift has done justice to his Rehearsal transposed, from which in truth Swift borrowed largely. His satires in verse were numerous, particularly, *To the King*, *Nostradamus's Prophecy*, *Clarendon's House-Warming*, *Royal Resolutions*, *Dialogue between two Horses*, *Oceana and Britannia*. Though he certainly cannot, as a poet, be in general compared with Dryden, particularly in point of numbers, which are harsh and rough, yet in all these pieces, strong thinking, and strong painting, and capital strokes of satire, appear. The story of his refusing a pension, offered him in a polite manner by Lord Danby, who waited on him in person, is well known. If he was grossly abused by Parker in his Latin commentaries, yet amends were made him by an elegant compliment in his *Ode to Independency*. Indeed it was honour enough to Marvel to be joint Latin Secretary with Milton, and to be his confidential friend. Marvel certainly wrote those fine six Latin lines addressed to Christina, Queen of Sweden, printed in the second volume of Milton.

Dr. J. WARTON.

I think that Milton, and not Marvel, wrote the verses to Christina. Nor am I singular in this opinion. See the note on the lines in the sixth volume of the edition of Milton, published in 1801, and in the seventh of that in 1809.

TODD.

TO HIS SACRED MAJESTY.

A

P A N E G Y R I C

ON HIS

CORONATION.

IN that wild deluge where the world was
drown'd,
When life and sin one common tomb had found,
The first small prospect of a rising hill
With various notes of joy the ark did fill :
Yet when that flood in its own depths was
drown'd, 5
It left behind it false and slipp'ry ground ;
And the more solemn pomp was still deferr'd,
'Till new-born nature in fresh looks appear'd.
Thus, royal sir, to see you landed here,
Was cause enough of triumph for a year : 10
Nor would your care those glorious joys repeat,
'Till they at once might be secure and great :

Ver. 1. *In that wild deluge where the world was drown'd,*] His poem on the Coronation has a more uniform tenor of thought, says the great Johnson. It is in truth an uninterrupted series of flattery.

Flumina tum lactis, tum flumina nectaris ibant.

JOHN WARTON.

'Till your kind beams, by their continu'd stay,
Had warm'd the ground, and call'd the damps
away.

Such vapours, while your pow'ful influence
dries, 15

Then soonest vanish when they highest rise.

Had greater haste these sacred rites prepar'd,
Some guilty months had in your triumphs
shar'd:

But this untainted year is all your own ;
Your glories may without our crimes be shown.
We had not yet exhausted all our store, 21
When you refresh'd our joys by adding more :
As heaven, of old, dispens'd celestial dew,
You gave us manna, and still give us new.

Now our sad ruins are remov'd from sight, 25
The season too comes fraught with new delight:
Time seems not now beneath his years to stoop,
Nor do his wings with sickly feathers droop :
Soft western winds waft o'er the gaudy spring;
And open'd scenes of flowers and blossoms
bring, 30

To grace this happy day, while you appear,
Not king of us alone, but of the year.

All eyes you draw, and with the eyes the heart :
Of your own pomp yourself the greatest part :

Ver. 34. Thomas, Lord *Fairfax*, wrote a copy of verses on the horse upon which Charles II. rode at his Coronation, bred and presented by him to the King, notwithstanding *Fairfax's* former conduct.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Loud shouts the nation's happiness proclaim, 35
 And heav'n this day is feasted with your name.
 Your cavalcade the fair spectators view,
 From their high standings, yet look up to you.
 From your brave train each singles out a prey,
 And longs to date a conquest from your day. 40
 Now charg'd with blessings while you seek re-
 pose,

Officious slumbers haste your eyes to close ;
 And glorious dreams stand ready to restore
 The pleasing shapes of all you saw before.
 Next to the sacred temple you are led, 45
 Where waits a crown for your more sacred head :
 How justly from the Church that crown is due,
 Preserv'd from ruin, and restor'd by you !
 The grateful choir their harmony employ,
 Not to make greater, but more solemn joy. 50
 Wrapt soft and warm your name is sent on high,
 As flames do on the wings of incense fly :

Ver. 41. *Now charg'd with blessings while you seek repose, &c.*]
 "As many odoriferous bodies are observed to diffuse perfumes from year to year, without sensible diminution of their bulk or weight, he appears never to have impoverished his mint of flattery by his expences, however lavish. He had all the forms of excellence, intellectual and moral, combined in his mind, with endless variation ; and when he had scattered on the hero of the day the golden shower of wit and virtue, he had ready for him, whom he wished to court on the morrow, new wit and virtue of another stamp. Of this kind of meanness he never seems to decline the practice, or lament the necessity : he considers the great as entitled to encomiastic homage, and brings praise rather as a tribute than a gift, more delighted with the fertility of his invention than mortified by the prostitution of his judgement."
 Johnson's Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Music herself is lost, in vain she brings
 Her choicest notes to praise the best of kings :
 Her melting strains in you a tomb have found, 55
 And lie like bees in their own sweetness drown'd.
 He that brought peace, all discord could atone,
 His name is music of itself alone.

Now while the sacred oil anoints your head, 59
 And fragrant scents, begun from you, are spread
 Through the large dome; the people's joyful
 sound,

Sent back, is still preserv'd in hallow'd ground ;
 Which in one blessing mix'd descends on you ;
 As heightned spirits fall in richer dew.

Not that our wishes do increase your store, 65
 Full of your self you can admit no more ;
 We add not to your glory, but employ
 Our time, like angels, in expressing joy.

Nor is it duty, or our hopes alone,
 Create that joy, but full fruition : 70

We know those blessings, which we must possess,
 And judge of future by past happiness.

No promise can oblige a prince so much
 Still to be good, as long to have been such.

A noble emulation heats your breast, 75
 And your own fame now robs you of your rest.
 Good actions still must be maintain'd with good,
 As bodies nourish'd with resembling food.

You have already quench'd sedition's brand ;
 And zeal, which burnt it, only warms the land.

The jealous sects, that dare not trust their cause,
So far from their own will as to the laws, 82

You for their umpire and their synod take,
And their appeal alone to Cæsar make.

Kind heav'n so rare a temper did provide, 85
That guilt repenting might in it confide.

Among our crimes oblivion may be set;
But 'tis our king's perfection to forget.

Virtues unknown to these rough northern climes
From milder heav'ns you bring without their
crimes. 90

Your calmness does no after-storms provide,
Nor seeming patience mortal-anger hide.

When empire first from families did spring,
Then every father govern'd as a king :

But you, that are a sovereign prince, allay 95
Imperial power with your paternal sway.

From those great cares when ease your soul un-
bends,

Your pleasures are design'd to noble ends :

Born to command the mistress of the seas,

Your thoughts themselves in that blue empire
please. 100

Ver. 81. *The jealous sects,*] It is finely and acutely observed by Des Cartes, in *Dissertatione de Methodo*, that the Spartan commonwealth flourished so eminently not so much because it was governed by a body of laws, that were good in themselves, but because "ab uno tantùm legislatore condite, sibi omnes consentiebant, atque in eundem scopum collimabant."

Dr. J. WARRON.

Hither in summer evenings you repair
 To taste the fraicheur of the purer air :
 Undaunted here you ride, when winter raves,
 With Cæsar's heart that rose above the waves.
 More I could sing, but fear my numbers stays ;
 No loyal subject dares that courage praise. 106
 In stately frigates most delight you find,
 Where well-drawn battles fire your martial
 mind.

What to your cares we owe, is learnt from hence,
 When even your pleasures serve for our defence.
 Beyond your court flows in th' admitted tide, 111
 Where in new depths the wondering fishes glide ;
 Here in a royal bed the waters sleep ;
 When tir'd at sea, within this bay they creep.
 Here the mistrustful fowl no harm suspects, 115
 So safe are all things which our king protects.
 From your lov'd Thames a blessing yet is due,
 Second alone to that it brought in you ;

Ver. 102. *To taste the fraicheur of the purer air :*] “ Dryden had a vanity unworthy of his abilities ; to shew, as may be suspected, the rank of the company with whom he lived, by the use of French words, which had then crept into conversation ; such as *fraicheur* for *coolness*, *fungue* for *turbulence*, and a few more, none of which the language has incorporated or retained. They continue only where they stood first, perpetual warnings to future innovators.”—Johnson's Life of Dryden.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 104. *With Cæsar's heart that rose &c.*] Cæsar, when in some danger on board ship, observing the mariners affrighted, bade them remember *they carried Cæsar and his fortune*.

DERRICK.

A queen, near whose chaste womb, ordain'd by
 fate,
 The souls of kings unborn for bodies wait. 120
 It was your love before made discord cease :
 Your love is destin'd to your country's peace.
 Both Indies, rivals in your bed, provide
 With gold or jewels to adorn your bride.
 This to a mighty king presents rich ore, 125
 While that with incense does a god implore.
 Two kingdoms wait your doom, and, as you
 choose,
 This must receive a crown, or that must lose.
 Thus from your royal oak, like Jove's of old,
 Are answers sought, and destinies foretold : 130
 Propitious oracles are begg'd with vows,
 And crowns that grow upon the sacred boughs.
 Your subjects, while you weigh the nation's fate,
 Suspend to both their doubtful love or hate ;
 Choose only, sir, that so they may possess, 135
 With their own peace their children's happiness.

Ver. 136. ———— *their children's*] What effect this poem might have on the public mind we know not ; but the effect of another poem, the incomparable *Hudibras*, was deep, universal, and lasting. This work is original in our language, though the idea is evidently taken from *Don Quixote*. The wit of Butler is inexhaustible, and more new images are brought together than are to be found in any language. A want of *events* and *action* is the only blemish to be discerned. No writer has displayed such a fund of various learning, nor applied it with such dexterity. The measure, though blamed by Dryden, is exactly suited to the subject. It will remain an eternal disgrace to Charles II. not to have rewarded amply this singular genius, so useful to his cause

and government. The *Satire Menippée*, published in France, 1597, had a similar effect in that country. The president *Henault*, one of the most curious and accurate of all their writers, informs us, p. 388, 4to. that *Le Roi*, canon of *Rouen*, was the sole author of the *Catholicon*. *Passerat* and *Rapin* composed the verse part; *M. Gillot* composed the harangue of the Cardinal Legate; *P. Pithou* that of *M. d'Aubrai*; and *Rapin* that of the archbishop of Lyons. "Perhaps," says *Henault*, "the *Satire Menippée* was not of less use to Henry IV. than the battle of *Jvri*. Ridicule has more force than we can well imagine."

Dr. J. WARTON.

TO THE
LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE*.

PRESENTED ON NEW YEAR'S DAY, 1662.

MY LORD,

WHILE flattering crouds officiously appear,
To give themselves, not you, an happy year ;

* Edward Earl of Clarendon, to whom this poem is addressed, having followed the fortune of the king, was appointed secretary of state at Bruges, and constituted lord high-chancellor of England on the demise of Sir Richard Lane. He was confirmed in this last post at the Restoration, when he was also chosen chancellor of the university of Oxford, in the room of the Duke of Somerset, and created Baron Hiddon, Viscount Cornbury, and Earl of Clarendon.

He was too honest for a court ; his plain dealing and integrity ruined him ; the king, abandoned to pleasure, was impatient of admonition, and Hyde was not sparing of it : this paved the way for his disgrace. He was prosecuted with great acrimony by the Earl of Bristol, who impeached him in the House of Peers. Finding his party too weak to support him, he retired to Rouen, where he died in 1674. He is said to have been concerned in selling Dunkirk to the French. He was an able lawyer, a great statesman, and an elegant writer. , DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *While flattering crouds*] Few pieces of biography are so interesting as the life of Lord Clarendon, written by himself, and published from his original manuscripts by the university of Oxford. In which is given, with openness and frankness, an account of his early habits and studies, and intimacy with the greatest men of that age, whose characters he has drawn with a

And by the greatneſs of their preſents prove
How much they hope, but not how well they
love ;

maſterly hand. He ſoon became eminent both at the bar and in parliament. And entering into the king's ſervice at the commencement of the civil wars, ſoon roſe to ſuch a degree in his favour and friendſhip, that the king entrusted him to draw up ſeveral very important ſtate papers, publiſhed in the king's own name, and ſuppoſed to be his own productions. He followed Charles II. into exile, ſhared all his fortunes, and continued his faithful adviſer till the Reſtoration. Burnet, who did not love him, ſays, he uſed to give his advice in too magiſterial a manner : and it is certain that Charles II. had always for him more veneration than affection. As he never degraded himſelf by flattering the Ducheſs of Portſmouth, and ſhewed a marked contempt of the debauched parasites that ſurrounded his maſter, they employed every poſſible method of wit and ridicule, to depreciate him in the eyes of his maſter, who, when Buckingham imitated the gait and air, and ſolemn ſtep of the Chancellor, had the weakneſs to join in the laugh. But what chiefly alienated the King's regard for him, and in truth provoked a deep indignation, was, that Clarendon engaged the Duke of Richmond to marry the beautiful Mrs. Stuart, with whom the king was violently in love. So that when the Sectariſts, the Catholics, and even ſome diſappointed Royaliſts, all joined in enmity to Clarendon, and laid to his charge all the miſfortunes that had befallen the kingdom, the bad payment of the ſeamen, the ſale of Dunkirk, the diſgrace at Chatham, and an unſucceſſful war ; the king, with matchleſs ingratitude, gave up into the hands of his enemies his old, able, and faithful Counſellor, who was immediately impeached by both houſes of parliament. He therefore thought proper to retire to France, where he lived privately for ſix years, and wrote his hiſtory of the civil wars ; a work, which, notwithſtanding *ſome* (perhaps *pardonable*) *partialities*, will for ever be read with attention and applauſe ; and is in truth compoſed with a dignity, majeſty, and ſtrength of ſtyle, rarely to be found in modern hiſtory. The praiſes of twenty ſuch poets as Dryden could not have conferred ſuch laſting honour on Lord Clarendon, as thoſe words of the virtuous Earl of Southampton, at the Council Board : " This man," ſaid he, " is a true Proteſtant, and an honeſt Engliſhman ; and while he enjoys power, we are ſecure of our laws, liberties, and religion.—I dread the conſequences of his removal."

Dr. J. WARTON.

The Muses, who your early courtship boast, 5
 Though now your flames are with their beauty
 lost,

Yet watch their time, that, if you have forgot
 They were your mistresses, the world may not:
 Decay'd by time and wars, they only prove
 Their former beauty by your former love; 10
 And now present, as ancient ladies do,
 'That courted long, at length are forc'd to woo.
 For still they look on you with such kind eyes,
 As those that see the Church's sovereign rise;
 From their own order chose, in whose high
 state, 15

They think themselves the second choice of
 fate.

When our great monarch into exile went,
 Wit and religion suffer'd banishment.

Thus once, when 'Troy was wrap'd in fire and
 smoke, 19

The helpless gods their burning shrines forsook;

Ver. 20. *The helpless gods &c.*] I will here offer part of Merrick's observation on a passage in his translation of Tryphiodorus, p. 102.—“ We learn from Æschylus (*Επτα επί Θιβ.* v. 223.) that it was a common opinion among the ancients, that the tutelary gods of every city withdrew from it when it was going to be taken. The scholiast on Æschylus farther informs us, that Sophocles wrote a play called *Ξοαρμόροι*, in which the gods of the Trojans were introduced retiring from the city, and carrying their images with them. What Tryphiodorus feigns of Apollo's quitting Troy, just before its destruction, is related by Virgil concerning the other deities of the Trojans, *Æn.* ii. 351.

Excessere omnes, adytis arisque relictis,

Dis, quibus imperium hoc steterat.—

They with the vanquish'd prince and party go,
And leave their temples empty to the foe.
 At length the Muses stand, restor'd again
 To that great charge which nature did ordain;
 And their lov'd Druids seem reviv'd by fate; 25
 While you dispense the laws, and guide the state.
 The nation's soul, our monarch, does dispense,
 Through you, to us his vital influence;
 You are the channel, where those spirits flow,
 And work them higher, as to us they go. 30

In open prospect nothing bounds our eye,
 Until the earth seems join'd unto the sky:
 So in this hemisphere our utmost view
 Is only bounded by our king and you:
 Our sight is limited where you are join'd, 35
 And beyond that no farther heav'n can find,
 So well your virtues do with his agree,
 'That, though your orbs of different greatness
 be,

Yet both are for each other's use dispos'd,
 His to inclose, and yours to be inclos'd. 40
 Nor could another in your room have been,
 Except an emptiness had come between.
 Well may he then to you his cares impart,
 And share his burden where he shares his heart.

And Petronius Arbiter says,

Peritura Trōja perdidit primūm deos.

Nor is this fiction to be found in the poets only, but is likewise preserved in some of the ancient historians." See the whole note.

TODD.

*In you his sleep still wakes ; his pleasures find
Their share of business in your laboring mind:
So when the weary sun his place resigns, 47
He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.*

Justice, that sits and frowns where public laws
Exclude soft mercy from a private cause, 50
In your tribunal most herself does please ;
There only smiles because she lives at ease ;
And, like young David, finds her strength the
more,

When disincumber'd from those arms she wore.
Heaven would our royal master should exceed
Most in that virtue, which we most did need ; 56
And his mild father (who too late did find
All mercy vain but what with pow'r was join'd)
His fatal goodness left to fitter times,
Not to increase, but to absolve, our crimes : 60
But when the heir of this vast treasure knew
How large a legacy was left to you,
(Too great for any subject to retain)
He wisely tyed it to the crown again :
Yet, passing through your hands, it gathers
more, 65
As streams, through mines, bear tincture of
their ore.

Ver. 48. *He leaves his light, and by reflection shines.*] The same sentiment is repeated in the *Annus Mirabilis*, it. 253.

“ His beams he to his royal brother lent,
“ And so thine still in his reflective light.” TODD.

Ver. 66. *As streams, through mines, bear tincture of their ore.*]

While empiric politicians use deceit,
 Hide what they give, and cure but by a cheat ;
 You boldly shew that skill which they pretend,
 And work by means as noble as your end ; 70
 Which should you veil, we might unwind the
 clue,

As men do nature, till we came to you.
 And as the Indies were not found, before
 Those rich perfumes, which, from the happy
 shore,

The winds upon their balmy wings convey'd,
 Whose guilty sweetness first their world be-
 tray'd ; 76

So by your counsels we are brought to view
 A rich and undiscover'd world in you.
 By you our monarch does that fame assure,
 Which kings must have, or cannot live secure ;
 For prosp'rous princes gain their subjects' heart,
 Who love that praise in which themselves have
 part. 82

By you he fits those subjects to obey,
 As heaven's eternal monarch does convey
 His pow'r unseen, and man, to his designs
 By his bright ministers the stars, inclines. 86

So Milton of the river Tamar in Cornwall. Epitaph. Damon.
 ——— fusca metallis

Tamura.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 67. *While empiric*] Our knowledge in politics, says Hume, is even yet imperfect ; we know not to what degrees human virtue or vice may be carried. Even Machiavel is an imperfect and mistaken politician. Modern monarchies, he adds, are grown mild and improved ; but this is owing to manners, and to the progress of sense and philosophy. Dr. J. WARTON.

Our setting sun, from his declining seat,
 Shot beams of kindness on you, not of heat :
 And, when his love was bounded in a few,
 That were unhappy that they might be true,
 Made you the favorite of his last sad times, 91
 That is a sufferer in his subjects' crimes :
 Thus those first favours you received, were sent,
 Like heav'ns rewards in earthly punishment.
 Yet fortune, conscious of your destiny, 95
 E'en then took care to lay you softly by ;
 And wrap'd your fate among her precious
 things,
 Kept fresh to be unfolded with your king's :
 Shewn all at once you dazzled so our eyes,
 As new-born Pallas did the gods surprize : 100
 When, springing forth from Jove's new-closing
 wound,
 She struck the warlike spear into the ground ;
 Which sprouting leaves 'did suddenly inclose,
 And peaceful olives shaded as they rose. 104
 How strangely active are the arts of peace,
 Whose restless motions less than war's do cease !
 Peace is not freed from labour but from noise ;
 And war more force, but not more pains em-
 ploys :
 Such is the mighty swiftness of your mind,
 That, like the earth, it leaves our sense behind,

Ver. 87. *Our setting sun,*] Charles I. employed him in writing some of his declarations. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 109. *Such is the mighty*] " In this comparison," Dr.

62 TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

While you so smoothly turn and rowl our sphere,
 That rapid motion does but rest appear. 112
 For, as in nature's swiftness, with the throng
 Of flying orbs while ours is born along,
 All seems at rest to the deluded eye, 115
 Mov'd by the soul of the same harmony,
 So, carry'd on by your unwearied care,
 We rest in peace and yet in motion share.
 Let envy then those crimes within you see,
 From which the happy never must be free ; 120
 Envy, that does with misery reside,
 The joy and the revenge of ruin'd pride.
 Think it not hard, if at so cheap a rate
 You can secure the constancy of fate,
 Whose kindness sent what does their malice seem,
 By lesser ills the greater to redeem. 126
 Nor can we this weak show'r a tempest call,
 But drops of heat, that in the sun-shine fall.
 You have already wearied fortune so,
 She cannot farther be your friend or foe ; 130
 But sits all breathless, and admires to feel
 A fate so weighty, that it stops our wheel.

Johnson says, " the mind perceives enough to be delighted, and readily forgives its obscurity for its magnificence." I own I think its obscurity so gross that it cannot be forgiven, and its magnificence lost by its no meaning. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 119. *Let envy then*] Great ministers, in all ages and countries, have ever been attacked by satyirical wits. Above one hundred and fifty-nine severe invectives were written against Cardinal Mazarine, many of them by Scarron and Sandricourt, which have been collected and called the *Mazarinides*.

Dr. J. WARTON.

In all things else above our humble fate,
 Your equal mind yet swells not into state, 134
 But, like some mountain in those happy isles,
 Where in perpetual spring young nature smiles,
 Your greatness shews: no horror to affright,
 But trees for shade, and flowers to court the
 fight:

Sometimes the hill submits itself a while 139
 In small descents, which do its height beguile;
 And sometimes mounts, but 'so as billows play,
 Whose rise not hinders but makes short our way.
 Your brow, which does no fear of thunder
 know,

Sees rowling tempests vainly beat below; 144
 And, like Olympus' top, th' impression wears
 Of love and friendship writ in former years.
 Yet, unimpair'd with labors, or with time,
 Your age but seems to a new youth to climb.
 Thus heav'nly bodies do our time beget, 149
 And measure change, but share no part of it.

Ver. 139. *Sometimes the hill submits itself a while
 In small descents,*]

————— “quà se subducere colles
 Incipiunt, mollique jugum demittere clivo.”

Virgil, *Æcl.* ix. 8.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 143. *Your brow, which does no fear of thunder know,
 Sees rolling tempests vainly beat below;*]

I cannot readily turn either to the passage or author of the following reflection:—“Great men ought not to listen to, or even hear the mean cries of envy. Atlas, who supports the heavens, hears not from his height the roaring and beating of the waves of the sea at his feet.”

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 149. *Thus heav'nly]* Dr. Johnson is of opinion, that

64. TO THE LORD CHANCELLOR HYDE.

And still it shall without a weight increase,
Like this new-year, whose motions never cease.
For since the glorious course you have begun
Is led by Charles, as that is by the sun, 154
It must both weightless and immortal prove,
Because the centre of it is above.

“ in this poem he seems to have collected all his powers.” I should lament if this were true. But then he adds, “ He has concluded with lines of which I think not myself obliged to tell the meaning.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

S A T I R E

ON THE

DUTCH.

WRITTEN IN THE YEAR 1662*.

AS needy gallants, in the scrivener's hands,
Court the rich knaves that gripe their mort-
gag'd lands ;

The first fat buck of all the season's sent,
And keeper takes no fee in compliment ;

The dotage of some Englishmen is such, 5

To fawn on those, who ruin them, the Dutch.

They shall have all, rather than make a war

With those, who of the same religion are.

The Straits, the Guiney-trade, the herrings
too ;

Nay, to keep friendship, they shall pickle you.

Some are resolved not to find out the cheat, 11

But, cuckold-like, love them that do the feat.

* This poem is no more than a prologue a little altered, prefixed to our author's tragedy of Amboyna.

What injuries foe'er upon us fall,
Yet still the same religion answers all.

Religion wheedled us to civil war, 19
Drew English blood, and Dutchmen's now
wou'd spare.

Be gull'd no longer; for you'll find it true,
They have no more religion, faith! than you.
Interest's the god they worship in their state,
And we, I take it, have not much of that. 20
Well monarchies may own religion's name,
But states are atheists in their very frame.
They share a sin; and such proportions fall,
That, like a stink, 'tis nothing to them all.
Think on their rapine, falshood, cruelty, 25
And that what 'once they were, they still would
be.

To one well-born th' affront is worse and more,
When he's abus'd and baff'd by a boor.
With an ill grace the Dutch their mischiefs do;
They've both ill nature and ill manners too. 30
Well may they boast themselves an ancient na-
tion;

For they were bred ere manners were in fashion:
And their new commonwealth has set them free
Only from honour and civility.

Venetians do not more uncouthly ride, 35
Than did their lubber state mankind bestride.

Ver. 35. Venetians do not more uncouthly ride.] Horses are almost useless in Venice from its situation, there being canals in every street, so that it cannot be thought the Venetians are ex-

Their fway became 'em with as ill a mien,
 As their own paunches swell above their chin.
 Yet is their empire no true growth but humour,
 And only two kings' touch can cure the tumour.
 As Cato, fruits of Afric did display; 41
 Let us before our eyes their Indies lay:
 All loyal English will like him conclude;
 Let Cæsar live, and Carthage be subdu'd.

pert jockies: besides, "To ride as badly as a grandee of Venice," is become a proverb all over Italy. DERRICK.

Ver. 41. *As Cato, &c.*] Compare the *Annus Mirabilis*, Stan. 173.

"As once old Cato in the Roman fight,
 The tempting fruits of Afric did unfold."

TODD.

Ver. 44. ———— *and Carthage*] The very words and allusion by Lord Shaftesbury in his famous speech against the Dutch.

TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS

THE DUTCHIESS*,

ON THE

MEMORABLE VICTORY GAINED BY THE DUKE
OVER THE HOLLANDERS, JUNE 3, 1665,

AND ON

HER JOURNEY AFTERWARDS INTO THE NORTH.

MADAM,

WHEN for our sakes, your hero you resign'd
To swelling seas, and every faithless wind;
When you releas'd his courage, and set free
A valour fatal to the enemy;
You lodg'd your country's cares within your
breast, 5
(The mansion where soft love should only rest :)

* The lady, to whom our author addresses this poem, was daughter to the great Earl of Clarendon. The Duke of York had been some time married to her, before the affair was known either to the king his brother, or to her father. She died in March, 1671, leaving issue one son, named Edgar, and three daughters, Katherine, Mary, and Ann. The two latter lived to sit on the British throne; the two former survived their mother but a short time. Bishop Burnet tells us, that she was a woman of knowledge and penetration, friendly and generous, but severe in her resentments.

And, ere our foes abroad were overcome,
 The noblest conquest you had gain'd at home.
 Ah, what concerns did both your souls divide!
 Your honour gave us what your love deny'd :
 And 'twas for him much easier to subdue 11
 Those foes he fought with, than to part from
 you.

That glorious day, which two such navies saw,
 As each unmatched might to the world give law.
 Neptune, yet doubtful whom he should obey,
 Held to them both the trident of the sea : 16
 The winds were hush'd, the waves in ranks were
 cast,

As awfully as when God's people pass :
 Those, yet uncertain on whose sails to blow,
 These, where the wealth of nations ought to
 flow. 20

Then with the duke your highness rul'd the
 day:
 While all the brave did his command obey,
 The fair and pious under you did pray.
 How pow'rful are chaste vows! the wind and
 tide

You brib'd to combat on the English side. 25
 Thus to your much-lov'd lord you did convey
 An unknown succour, sent the nearest way.

Ver. 26. — *your much-lov'd lord*] James, notwithstanding, had many mistresses. Lady Dorchester, says Lord Orford, Vol. IV. p. 319, 4to. said wittily, she wondered for what James II. chose his mistresses. We are none of us handsome, and if

New vigour to his wearied arms you brought,
 (So Moses was upheld while Israel fought)
 While, from afar, we heard the cannon play,
Like distant thunder on a shiny day. 31
For absent friends we were asham'd to fear,
 When we consider'd what you ventur'd there.
 Ships, men, and arms, our country might re-
 store,
 But such a leader could supply no more. 35
 With generous thoughts of conquest he did
 burn,
 Yet fought not more to vanquish than return.
 Fortune and victory he did pursue,
 To bring them as his slaves to wait on you.
 Thus beauty ravish'd the rewards of fame, 40
 And the fair triumph'd when the brave o'er-
 came.
 Then, as you meant to spread another way,
 By land your conquests, far as his by sea,
 Leaving our southern clime, you march'd along
 The stubborn North, ten thousand Cupids
 strong. 45
 Like commons the nobility resort,
 In crowding heaps, to fill your moving court:
 To welcome your approach the vulgar run,
 Like some new envoy from the distant sun,

we had wit, he has not enough to discover it. And once meet-
 ing the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Lady Orkney, the favourite
 of King William, at the drawing-room of George I. she exclaimed,
 " Good God ! who would have thought that we three whores
 should have met together here !" Dr. J. WARTON.

And country beauties by their lovers go, 50
 Blessing themselves, and wondering at the show.
 So when the new-born Phoenix first is seen,
 Her feather'd subjects all adore their queen,
 And while she makes her progress through the
 East,

From every grove her numerous train's increast:
 Each poet of the air her glory sings, 56
 And round him the pleas'd audience clap their
 wings.

Ver. 56. ———— *her glory sings,*] The Duchess of York, says Burnet, was an extraordinary woman. She had great knowledge, and a lively sense of things, but took state on her rather too much. She wrote well, and had begun the Duke's life, of which she showed me a volume. She was bred to great strictness in religion, practised secret confession, and *Morley* was her confessor.
 Dr. JOSEPH WARTON.

Ver. 57. *And round him the pleas'd audience clap their wings.*] Hence Pope, Pastoral I. ver. 16.

And all th' aerial audience clap their wings.

This escaped the observation of the acute Mr. Wakefield, to whom, as my reader will perceive, I owe many obligations, and who seldom suffers a parallel passage to escape him.

JOHN WARTON.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;
THE
YEAR OF WONDERS,
1666.
AN HISTORICAL POEM.

TO THE
METROPOLIS OF GREAT BRITAIN,
THE MOST RENOWNED AND LATE FLOURISHING
CITY OF LONDON,
IN ITS REPRESENTATIVES

THE LORD-MAYOR AND COURT OF ALDERMEN, THE
SHERIFFS, AND COMMON COUNCIL OF IT*.

AS perhaps I am the *first who ever presented a work of this nature to the metropolis of any nation; so it is likewise consonant to justice, that he who was to give the first example of such a dedication should begin it with that city, which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy. Other cities have been praised

* This dedication has been left out in all editions of the poem but the first. To me there appears in it an honest unfeigned warmth and a love for the king, which compensates for any thing that may have dropped from our author's pen in his verses on Cromwell's death; however, we submit this opinion under correction to the judicious reader.

DERRICK.

for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation; their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive, though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise yourselves with that vigour above all human enemies; to be combated at once from above and from below, to be struck down and to triumph: I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation: the resolution and success of them never can be. Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection. You have come together a pair of matchless lovers, through many difficulties; he, through a long exile, various traverses of fortune, and the interposition of many rivals, who violently ravished and withheld you from him: and certainly you have had your share in sufferings. But Providence has cast upon you want of trade, that you might appear bountiful to your country's necessities; and the rest of your afflictions are not more the effects of God's displeasure (frequent examples of them having been in the reign of the most excellent princes) than occasions for the manifesting of your Christian and civil virtues. To you therefore this Year of Wonders is justly dedicated, because you have made it so. You, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins. You are now a Phoenix in her

ashes, and, as far as humanity can approach, a great emblem of the suffering Deity : but Heaven never *made so much piety and virtue to leave it miserable. I have heard, indeed, of some virtuous persons who have ended unfortunately, but never of any virtuous nation* : Providence is engaged too deeply, when the cause becomes so general ; and I cannot imagine it has resolved the ruin of that people at home, which it has blessed abroad with such successes. I am therefore to conclude, that your sufferings are at an end ; and that one part of my poem has not been more an history of your destruction, than the other a prophecy of your restoration. The accomplishment of which happiness, as it is the wish of all true Englishmen, so is it by none more passionately desired than by,

The greatest of your admirers,

And most humble of your servants,

JOHN DRYDEN.

AN ACCOUNT

OF THE ENSUING

P O E M,

IN A LETTER TO THE

HON. SIR ROBERT HOWARD.

SIR,

I AM so many ways obliged to you, and so little able to return your favours, that, like those who owe too much, I can only live by getting farther into your debt. You have not only been careful of my fortune, which was the effect of your nobleness, but you have been solicitous of my reputation, which is that of your kindness. It is not long since I gave you the trouble of perusing a play for me, and now, instead of an acknowledgment, I have given you a greater, in the correction of a poem. But since you are to bear this persecution, I will at least give you the encouragement of a martyr; you could never suffer in a nobler cause. For I have chosen the most heroic subject which any poet could desire: I have taken upon me to describe the motives, the be-

ginning, progress, and successes, of a most just and necessary war: in it, the care, management, and prudence of our king; the conduct and valour of a royal admiral, and of two incomparable generals; the invincible courage of our captains and seamen; and three glorious victories, the result of all. After this, I have, in the Fire, the most deplorable, but withal the greatest, argument that can be imagined: the destruction being so swift, so sudden, so vast, and miserable, as nothing can parallel in story. The former part of this poem, relating to the war, is but a due expiation for my not serving my king and country in it. All gentlemen are almost obliged to it; and I know no reason we should give that advantage to the Commonalty of England, to be foremost in brave actions, which the Noblesse of France would never suffer in their peasants. I should not have written this but to a person who has been ever forward to appear in all employments, whither his honour and generosity have called him. The latter part of my poem, which describes the Fire, I owe, first to the piety and fatherly affection of our monarch to his suffering subjects; and, in the second place, to the courage, loyalty, and magnanimity of the city; both which were so conspicuous, that I have wanted words to celebrate them as they deserve. I have called my poem Historical, not Epic, though both the actions and actors are as much heroic as any poem can contain. But since the action is not properly one, nor that accomplished in the last successes, I have judged it too bold a title for a few stanzas,

which are little more in number than a single Iliad, or the longest of the Æneids. For this reason (I mean not of length, but broken action, tied too severely to the laws of history) I am apt to agree with those, who rank Lucan, rather among historians in verse, than Epic poets: in whose room, if I am not deceived, Silius Italicus, though a worse writer, may more justly be admitted. * I have chosen to write my poem in quatrains, or stanzas of four in alternate rhyme, because I have ever judged them more noble, and of greater dignity, both for the sound and number, than any other verse in use amongst us; in which I am sure I have your approbation. The learned languages have certainly a great advantage of us, in not being tied to the slavery of any rhyme; and were less constrained in the quantity of every syllable, which they might vary with spondees or dactyls, besides so many other helps of grammatical figures, for the lengthening or abbreviation of them, than the modern are in the close of that one syllable, which often confines, and more often corrupts, the sense of all the rest. But in this necessity of our rhymes, I have always found the couplet verse most easy, though not so proper for this occasion: for there

* Dryden certainly soon changed his opinion, since he never after practised the manner of versification he has here praised; but we shall find it always his way to assure us, that his present mode of writing is best. Conscious of his own importance, he soared above controul; and when he composed a poem, he set it up as a standard of imitation, deducing from it rules of criticism, the practice of which he endeavoured to enforce, till either through interest or fancy he was induced to change his opinion.

DRAKICK,

the work is sooner at an end, every two lines concluding the labour of the poet ; but in quatrains he is to carry it farther on, and not only so, but to bear along in his head the troublesome sense of four lines together. For those who write correctly in this kind, must needs acknowledge, that the last line of the stanza is to be considered in the composition of the first. Neither can we give ourselves the liberty of making any part of a verse for the sake of rhyme, or concluding with a word which is not current English, or using the variety of female rhymes ; all which our fathers practised : and for the female rhymes, they are still in use amongst other nations ; with the Italian in every line, with the Spaniard promiscuously, with the French alternately ; as those who have read the *Alarique*, the *Pucelle*, or any of their later poems, will agree with me. And besides this, they write in Alexandrins, or verses of six feet ; such as amongst us is the old translation of Homer by Chapman : all which, by lengthening of their chain, makes the sphere of their activity the larger. I have dwelt too long upon the choice of my stanza, which you may remember is much better defended in the preface to *Gondibert* ; and therefore I will hasten to acquaint you with my endeavours in the writing. In general I will only say, I have never yet seen the description of any naval fight in the proper terms which are used at sea ; and if there be any such, in another language, as that of Lucan in the third of his *Pharsalia*, yet I could not avail myself of it in the English ; the terms of art in every tongue bearing

more of the idiom of it than any other words. We hear indeed among our poets, of the thundering of guns, the smoke, the disorder, and the slaughter; but all these are common notions. And certainly, as those who, in a logical dispute, keep in general terms, would hide a fallacy, so those, who do it in any poetical description, would veil their ignorance.

Descriptas servare vices operumque colores,
Cur ego, si nequeo ignoroque, Poeta salutor?

For my own part, if I had little knowledge of the sea, yet I have thought it no shame to learn; and if I have made some few mistakes, 'tis only, as you can bear me witness, because I have wanted opportunity to correct them; the whole poem being first written, and now sent you from a place, where I have not so much as the converse of any seaman. Yet though the trouble I had in writing it was great, it was more than recompensed by the pleasure. I found myself so warm in celebrating the praises of military men, two such especially as the Prince and General, that it is no wonder if they inspired me with thoughts above my ordinary level. And I am well satisfied, that, as they are incomparably the best subject I ever had, excepting only the Royal Family, so also, that this I have written of them is much better than what I have performed on any other. I have been forced to help out other arguments; but this has been bountiful to me: they have been low and barren of praise, and I have exalted them, and made them fruitful; but here—*Omnia sponte sua reddit justissima tellus.*

I have had a large, a fair, and a pleasant field ; so fertile, that without my cultivating, it has given me two harvests in a summer, and in both oppressed the reaper. All other greatness in subjects is only counterfeit ; it will not endure the test of danger ; the greatness of arms is only real ; other greatness burdens a nation with its weight, this supports it with its strength. And as it is the happiness of the age, so it is the peculiar goodness of the best of kings, that we may praise his subjects without offending him. Doubtless it proceeds from a just confidence of his own virtue, which the lustre of no other can be so great as to darken in him ; for the good or the valiant are never safely praised under a bad or a degenerate prince. But to return from this digression to a farther account of my poem ; I must crave leave to tell you, that as I have endeavoured to adorn it with noble thoughts, so much more to express those thoughts with elocution. The composition of all poems is, or ought to be, of wit ; and wit in the poet, or wit-writing (if you will give me leave to use a school-distinction) is no other than the faculty of imagination in the writer, which, like a nimble spaniel, beats over and ranges through the field of memory, 'till it springs the quarry it hunted after ; or, without metaphor, which searches over all the memory for the species or ideas of those things which it designs to represent. Wit written is that which is well defined, the happy result of thought, or product of imagination. But to proceed from wit, in the general notion of it, to the proper wit of an heroic or

historical poem, I judge it chiefly to consist in the delightful imaging of persons, actions, passions, or things. 'Tis not the jerk or sting of an epigram, nor the seeming contradiction of a poor antithesis, (the delight of an ill-judging audience in a play of rhyme) nor the gingle of a more poor Paranomafia; neither is it so much the morality of a grave sentence, affected by Lucan, but more sparingly used by Virgil; but it is some lively and apt description, dressed in such colours of speech, that it sets before your eyes the absent object, as perfectly and more delightfully than nature. So then the first happiness of the poet's imagination is properly invention or finding of the thought; the second is fancy, or the variation, deriving or moulding of that thought as the judgment represents it proper to the subject; the third is elocution, or the art of cloathing and adorning that thought, so found and varied, in apt, significant, and sounding words: the quickness of the imagination is seen in the invention, the fertility in the fancy, and the accuracy in the expression. For the two first of these, Ovid is famous amongst the poets; for the latter, Virgil. Ovid images more often the movements and affections of the mind, either combating between two contrary passions, or extremely discomposed by one. His words therefore are the least part of his care; for he pictures nature in disorder, with which the study and choice of words is inconsistent. This is the proper wit of dialogue or discourse, and consequently of the drama, where all that is said is to be supposed the effect of sudden

thought; which, though it excludes not the quickness of wit in repartees, yet admits not a too curious election of words, too frequent allusions, or use of tropes, or in fine any thing that shews remoteness of thought or labour in the writer. On the other side, Virgil speaks not so often to us in the person of another, like Ovid, but in his own: he relates almost all things as from himself, and thereby gains more liberty than the other, to express his thoughts with all the graces of elocution, to write more figuratively, and to confess as well the labour, as the force of his imagination. Though he describes his Dido well and naturally, in the violence of her passions, yet he must yield in that to the Myrrha, the Biblis, the Althæa, of Ovid; for as great an admirer of him as I am, I must acknowledge, that if I see not more of their souls than I see of Dido's, at least I have a greater concernment for them: and that convinces me, that Ovid has touched those tender strokes more delicately than Virgil could. But when actions or persons are to be described, when any such image is to be set before us, how bold, how masterly are the strokes of Virgil!—We see the objects he presents us with in their native figures, in their proper motions; but so we see them, as our own eyes could never have beheld them so beautiful in themselves. We see the soul of the poet, like that universal one of which he speaks, informing and moving through all his pictures:

—Totamque infusa per artus

Mens agitat molem, & magno se corpore miscet.

We behold him embellishing his images, as he makes Venus breathing beauty upon her son Æneas.

———— lumenque juventæ

Purpureum, & lætos oculis afflârat honores :
Quale manus addunt Ebori decus, aut ubi flavo
Argentum Pariusve lapis circumdatur auro.

See his Tempest, his Funeral Sports, his Combat of Turnus and Æneas : and in his Georgics, which I esteem the divinest part of all his writings, the Plague, the Country, the Battle of the Bulls, the Labour of the Bees, and those many other excellent images of nature, most of which are neither great in themselves, nor have any natural ornament to bear them up : but the words wherewith he describes them are so excellent, that it might be well applied to him, which was said by Ovid, *Materiam superabat opus* : the very found of his words has often somewhat that is connatural to the subject ; and while we read him, we sit, as in a play, beholding the scenes of what he represents. To perform this, he made frequent use of tropes, which you know change the nature of a known word, by applying it to some other signification ; and this is it which Horace means in his epistle to the Pisos :

Dixeris egregiè, notum si callida verbum
Reddiderit junctura novum——

But I am sensible I have presumed too far to entertain you with a rude discourse of that art, which you both know so well, and put into practice with so

much happiness. Yet before I leave Virgil, I must own the vanity to tell you, and by you the world, that he has been my master in this poem: I have followed him every where, I know not with what success, but I am sure with diligence enough: my images are many of them copied from him, and the rest are imitations of him. My expressions also are as near as the idioms of the two languages would admit of in translation. And this, sir, I have done with that boldness, for which I will stand accountable to any of our little critics, who, perhaps, are no better acquainted with him than I am. Upon your first perusal of this poem, you have taken notice of some words, which I have innovated (if it be too bold for me to say refined) upon his Latin; which, as I offer not to introduce into English prose, so I hope they are neither improper, nor altogether inelegant in verse; and, in this, Horace will again defend me.

Et nova, sicque nuper, habebunt verba fidem, si
Græco fonte cadunt, parçè detorta——

The inference is exceeding plain: for if a Roman poet might have liberty to coin a word, supposing only that it was derived from the Greek, was put into a Latin termination, and that he used this liberty but seldom, and with modesty; how much more justly may I challenge that privilege to do it with the same prerequisites, from the best and most judicious of Latin writers? In some places, where either the fancy or the words were his, or any other's, I have noted it in the margin, that I might not seem a plagiarist;

in others I have neglected it, to avoid as well tediousness, as the affectation of doing it too often. Such descriptions or images well wrought, which I promise not for mine, are, as I have said, the adequate delight of heroic poetry; for they beget admiration, which is its proper object; as the images of the burlesque, which is contrary to this, by the same reason beget laughter: for the one shews nature beautified, as in the picture of a fair woman, which we all admire; the other shews her deformed, as in that of a lazarus, or of a fool with distorted face and antique gestures, at which we cannot forbear to laugh, because it is a deviation from nature. But though the same images serve equally for the Epic poetry, and for the Historic and Panegyric, which are branches of it, yet a several sort of sculpture is to be used in them. If some of them are to be like those of Juvenal, *Stantes in curribus Æmiliani*, heroes drawn in their triumphal chariots, and in their full proportion; others are to be like that of Virgil, *Spirantia molliùs æra*: there is somewhat more of softness and tenderness to be shewn in them. You will soon find I write not this without concern. Some, who have seen a paper of verses, which I wrote last year to her Highness the Dutchess, have accused them of that only thing I could defend in them. They said, I did *humi serpere*, that I wanted not only height of fancy, but dignity of words, to set it off. I might well answer with that of Horace, *Nunc non erat his locus*; I knew I addressed them to a lady, and accordingly I affected the softness of expression, and the smoothness of mea-

sure, rather than the height of thought; and in what *I did endeavour, it is no vanity to say I have succeeded.* I detest arrogance; but there is some difference betwixt that and a just defence. But I will not farther bribe your candor or the reader's. I leave them to speak for me; and, if they can, to make out that character, not pretending to a greater, which I have given them*.

And now, sir, 'tis time I should relieve you from the tedious length of this account. You have better and more profitable employment for your hours, and I wrong the public to detain you longer. In conclusion, I must leave my poem to you with all its faults, which I hope to find fewer in the printing by your emendations. I know you are not of the number of those, of whom the younger Pliny speaks; *Nec sunt parùm multi, qui carpere amicos suos judicium vocant*: I am rather too secure of you on that side. Your candor in pardoning my errors may make you more remiss in correcting them; if you will not withal consider that they come into the world with your approbation, and through your hands. I beg from you the greatest favour you can confer upon an absent person, since I repose upon your management what is dearest to me, my fame and reputation; and therefore I hope it will stir you up to make my poem fairer by many of your blots; if not, you know the story of the gamester who married the rich man's daughter, and when her father denied the por-

* See the preceding poem, which in the original edition of the *Annus Mirabilis* occurs in this place. JOHN WARTON.

tion, christened all his children by his surname, that if, in conclusion, they must beg, they should do so by one name, as well as by the other. But since the reproach of my faults will light on you, 'tis but reason I should do you that justice to the readers, to let them know, that if there be any thing tolerable in this poem, they owe the argument to your choice, the writing to your encouragement, the correction to your judgment, and the care of it to your friendship, to which he must ever acknowledge himself to owe all things, who is,

SIR,

The most obedient, and most

Faithful of your servants,

From Charlton in Wiltshire,
Nov. 10, 1666.

JOHN DRYDEN.

ANNUS MIRABILIS;

THE

YEAR OF WONDERS

1666.

1.

IN thriving arts long time had Holland grown,
Crouching at home and cruel when abroad :
Scarce leaving us the means to claim our own ;
Our king they courted, and our merchants-
aw'd.

* “ This poem is written with great diligence, yet does not fully answer the expectation raised by such subjects, and such a writer. With the stanza of Davenant, he has sometimes his vein of parenthesis, and incidental disquisition, and stops his narrative for a wise remark. The general fault is, that he affords more sentiment than description, and does not so much impress scenes upon the fancy, as deduce consequences, and make comparisons.”—Johnson’s Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1.] “ The initial stanzas have rather too much resemblance to the first lines of Waller’s poem on the war with Spain ; perhaps such a beginning is natural, and could not be avoided without affectation. Both Waller and Dryden might take their hint from the poem on the civil war of Rome. *Orbem jam totum,*” &c.—Johnson’s Life of Dryden. JOHN WARTON.

2.

Trade, which like blood should circularly flow, 5
 Stopp'd in their channels, found its freedom
 lost :

Thither the wealth of all the world did go,
 And seem'd but shipwreck'd on so base a coast.

3.

For them alone the heavens had kindly heat ;
 In eastern quarries ripening precious dew : 10
 For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,
 And in hot Ceilon spicy forests grew.

4.

The sun but seem'd the laborer of their year ;
 Each waxing moon supply'd her wat'ry store,

Ver. 5. *Trade, which like blood should circularly flow,]* With equal liberty Cowper :

— The band of commerce was design'd
 T' associate all the branches of mankind ;
 And, if a boundless plenty be the Robe,
 Trade is the golden girdle of the globe.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 10. *In eastern quarries, &c.]* Precious stones at first are dew, condensed and hardened by the warmth of the sun, or subterranean fires. ORIGINAL EDITION, 1667.

Ver. 11. *For them the Idumæan balm did sweat,]* Pope had his eye on this passage, where describing the effects of commerce he says,

For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow, &c.

Windfor Forest, line 393.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 13. ——— their year ;] Corrected from the original edition, 12mo. 1667. Derrick has, *the year.* TODD.

Ver. 14. *Each waxing, &c.]* According to their opinion, who think that great heap of waters under the Line is depressed into tides by the moon, towards the Poles. Original edition.

Ibid. ——— waxing] Original edition. Derrick, *waxing.*
 TODD.

To swell those tides, which from the line did
bear

15

Their brim-full vessels to the Belgian shore.

5.

Thus, mighty in her ships, stood Carthage long,
And swept the riches of the world from far;
Yet stoop'd to Rome, less wealthy, but more
strong:

And this may prove our second Punick
war.

20

6.

What peace can be, where both to one pretend?
(But they more diligent, and we more strong)
Or if a peace, it soon must have an end;
For they would grow too powerful were it
long.

7.

Behold two nations then, engag'd so far, 25
That each sev'n years the fit must shake each
land:

Where France will side to weaken us by war,
Who only can his vast designs withstand.

Ver. 15. ——— *those tides,*] Original edition. Derrick, most probably by an error of the press, has *tide*. TODD.

Ver. 19. ——— *stoop'd to Rome,*] The president Henault, after so much has been said of the Romans, has made this fine and new reflection:—"Is it not astonishing that this celebrated and extensive empire of Rome should have subsisted from the time of Romulus to that of Theodosius II. that is to say, more than a thousand years, without ever having had a complete body of laws."

DR. J. WARTON.

8.

See how he feeds th'Iberian with delays,
 To render us his timely friendship vain: 30
 And while his secret soul on Flanders preys,
 He rocks the cradle of the babe of Spain.

9.

Such deep designs of empire does he lay
 O'er them, whose cause he seems to take in
 hand;
 And prudently would make them lords at sea, 35
 To whom with ease he can give laws by land.

10.

This saw our king; and long within his breast
 His pensive counsels balanc'd to and fro:
 He griev'd the land he freed should be oppress'd,
 And he less for it than usurpers do. 40

11.

His generous mind the fair ideas drew
 Of fame and honour, which in dangers lay;
 Where wealth, like fruit on precipices, grew,
 Not to be gathered but by birds of prey.

12.

The loss and gain each fatally were great; 45
 And still his subjects call'd aloud for war;
 But peaceful kings, o'er martial people set,
 Each other's poize and counterbalance are.

13.

He first survey'd the charge with careful eyes,
 Which none but mighty monarchs could
 maintain; 50
 Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs
 rise,
 It would in richer showers descend again.

14.

At length resolv'd t'assert the wat'ry ball,
 He in himself did whole Armadoes bring :

Ver. 51. *Yet judg'd, like vapours that from limbecs rise,*] Dryden's allusions to chemistry and chemical operations are frequent. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 53. *At length resolv'd*] It may be still doubted whether a naval engagement, though a magnificent object in itself, is yet a proper subject for heroic poetry. Boileau boasted to his friend and commentator *Brossette*, that he was the first of modern poets, who had ventured to mention gunpowder in verse; which he did in his 4th Epistle, addressed to Louis XIV. at line 121:

De salpêtre en fureur l'air s'échauffe et s'allume.

Also at line 123:

Déjà du plomb mortel.

And again in his 8th Satire, line 153; in his 4th Epistle, line 54 and 121; and in his Ode on Namur:

Et les bombes dans les airs.

Most undoubtedly the first time that ever bombs were introduced into lyric poetry. But the example even of Boileau will not justify the use of these images, because they do not lose that familiarity which produces disgust. As to technical terms, and sea language, the epic muse should certainly disdain to utter them. Our author has been lavish of them indeed, and sullied his piece by talking frequently like a boatswain. How can we defend such expressions as the following: "Old Okum—calking iron—boiling pitch—rattling mallet—chase-guns—his lee—seasoned timber—seams instops—sharp-keel'd—shrouds—tarpawling."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Him aged seamen might their master call, 55
 And choose for general, were he not their
 king.

15.

It seems as every ship their sovereign knows,
 His awful fummons they so soon obey ;
 So hear the scaly herd when Proteus blows,
 And so to pasture follow through the sea. 60

16.

To see this fleet upon the ocean move,
 Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies ;
 And heaven, as if there wanted lights above,
 For tapers made two glaring comets rise.

Ver. 59. *So hear the scaly herd*] The first edition erroneously
 has *here*. TODD.

Ibid. ——— *when Proteus blows,*]

——— *Cœruleus Proteus immania ponti
 Armenta, et magnas pascit sub gurgite phocas. Virg.*
 Original edition.

Ver. 60. *And so to pasture follow, &c.*] For Proteus was the
 shepherd of Neptune, and hence Milton gives him a *hook*,
Comus, v. 872.

“ By the Carpathian wizard’s *hook*.”

Compare Virgil, *Georg.* iv. 395.

——— “ *immania cujus
 Armenta, et turpes pascit sub gurgite phocas.*”

TODD.

Ver. 62. *Angels drew wide the curtains of the skies;*] This
 line seems indebted to Sir R. Sidney’s *Astrophel and Stella* :

“ Phœbus drew wide the curtaines of the skies.”

TODD.

Ver. 64. ——— *two glaring comets*] A very improper and
 absurd image; as also at verse 62. DR. J. WARTON.

Ibid. ——— *two glaring comets rise.*] A comet was
 seen first on the 14th of December, 1664, which lasted almost

17.

Whether they unctuous exhalations are, 65
 Fir'd by the sun, or seeming so alone :
 Or each some more remote and slippery star,
 Which loses footing when to mortals shown.

18.

Or one, that bright companion of the sun,
 Whose glorious aspect seal'd our new-born
 king ; 70
 And now, a round of greater years begun,
 New influence from his walks of light did
 bring.

19.

Victorious York did first with fam'd success,
 To his known valour make the Dutch give
 place :
 Thus Heav'n our monarch's fortune did con-
 fess, 75
 Beginning conquest from his royal race.

three months ; and another the 6th of April, 1665, which was visible to us fourteen days.—*Appendix to Sherburn's Translation of Manilius*, p. 211. DERRICK.

Ver. 69. *That bright companion of the sun,
 Whose glorious aspect sealed our new-born king.]*

A new star appeared in the open day about the time of King Charles the Second's birth ; a fact which Lilly, the famous astronomer, denied, affirming it to be only the planet Venus, which may be often seen by day-light, as has been experienced by all curious people again in 1757. DERRICK.

Ver. 71. *And now, a round of greater years begun,]*

“ Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.” Virg.

JOHN WARTON.

20.

But since it was decreed, auspicious king,
 In Britain's right that thou shouldst wed the
 main,
 Heav'n, as a gage, would cast some precious
 thing,
 And therefore doom'd that Lawson should be
 slain. 80

21.

Lawson amongst the foremost met his fate,
 Whom sea-green Sirens from the rocks la-
 ment :
 Thus as an offering for the Grecian state,
 He first was kill'd who first to battle went.

22.

Their chief blown up in air, not waves, expir'd, 85
 To which his pride presum'd to give the law:

Ver. 80. *And therefore don'd, &c.*] Sir John Lawson was born at Hull of but mean parentage, and bred to the sea; he was for some time employed in the merchant's service, which he left for that of the Parliament, in which he soon got a ship, and afterwards carried a flag under Monk: with him he co-operated in the restoration of the king; for which good reason he received the honour of knighthood at the Hague. He zealously supported our claim to the sovereignty of the sea, and quarrelled with De Ruyter, the Dutch admiral, for being backward in acknowledging it, an accident that partly occasioned the Dutch war. In the action here celebrated he was rear-admiral of the red, and acted immediately under his Royal Highness. His death was occasioned by a musket-ball, that wounded him in the knee, and he was not taken proper care of. We find him characterised honest, brave, loyal, and one of the most experienced seamen of his time. DERBACK.

Ver. 85. *Their chief*] The admiral of Holland. Orig. edit.

The Dutch confess'd Heav'n present, and retir'd,
And all was Britain the wide ocean saw.

23.

To nearest ports their shatter'd ships repair,
Where by our dreadful cannon they lay
aw'd : 90

So reverently men quit the open air,
Where thunder speaks the angry gods abroad.

24.

And now approach'd their fleet from India,
fraught
With all the riches of the rising sun :
And precious sand from southern climates
brought 95
The fatal regions where the war begun.

25.

Like hunted castors, conscious of their store,
Their way-laid wealth to Norway's coasts
they bring :

Ver. 92. *So reverently men quit the open air,
Where thunder speaks, &c.]*

“The late Mr. James Ralph told Lord Macartney, that he passed an evening with Dr. Young at Lord Melcombe's (then Mr. Dodington) at Hammersmith. The Doctor happening to go out into the garden, Mr. Dodington observed to him, on his return, that it was a dreadful night, as in truth it was, there being a violent storm of rain and wind. ‘No Sir,’ replied the Doctor, ‘it is a very fine night—the Lord is abroad.’” Boswell's Life of Johnson, vol. iv. p. 60. JOHN WARTON.

* The attempt at Berghen. Original edition.

Ver. 95. — *southern climates]* Guinea. Orig. edition.

There first the North's cold bosom spices bore,
 And winter brooded on the eastern spring: 100

26.

By the rich scent we found our perfum'd prey,
 Which, flank'd with rocks, did close in covert
 lie;

And round about their murdering cannon lay,
 At once to threaten and invite the eye.

27.

Fiercer than cannon, and than rocks more
 hard, 105

The English undertake th' unequal war:
 Sev'n ships alone, by which the port is barr'd,
 Besiege the Indies, and all Denmark dare.

28.

These fight like husbands, but like lovers those:
 These fain' would keep, and those more fain
 enjoy: 110

And to such height their frantic passion grows,
 That what both love, both hazard to de-
 stroy.

29.

Amidst whole heaps of spices lights a ball,
 And now their d'ours arm'd against them
 fly:

Some preciously by shatter'd porcelain fall, 115
 And some by aromatick splinters die.

30. 4

And though by tempests of the prize bereft,
 In heaven's inclemency some ease we find :
 Our foes we vanquish'd by our valour left,
 And only yielded to the seas and wind. 120

31.

Nor wholly lost we so deserv'd a prey ;
 For storms, repenting, part of it restor'd :
 Which as a tribute from the Baltick sea,
 The British ocean sent her mighty lord.

32.

Go, mortals, now, and vex yourselves in vain 125
 For wealth, which so uncertainly must come :
 When what was brought so far, and with such
 pain,
 Was only kept to lose it nearer home.

33.

The son, who, twice three months on th' ocean
 tost,
 Prepar'd to tell what he had pass'd before, 130
 Now sees in English ships the Holland coast,
 And parents' arms, in vain, stretch'd from
 the shore.

34.

This careful husband had been long away,
 Whom his chaste wife and little children
 mourn;

Who on their fingers learn'd to tell the day 135
On which their father promis'd to return.

35.

Such are the proud designs of human-kind,
And so we suffer shipwreck every where!
Alas! what port can such a pilot find,
Who in the night of fate must blindly steer!

36.

The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill, 141
Heav'n, in his bosom, from our knowledge
hides:

And draws them in contempt of human skill,
Which oft for friends mistaken foes provides.

37.

Let Munster's prelate ever be accurst, 145
In whom we seek the German faith in vain:

In vain for him th' officious wife prepares,
The fire fair-blazing and the vestment warm—
In vain his little children, peeping out
Into the mingling storm demand their fire
With tears of artless innocence—alas!
Nor wife, nor children, more shall he behold;
Nor friends nor sacred home.

———Si sic

Omnia dixisset!

In point of melody Dryden had in his eye Lucretius.

At jam non domus accipiet tæta, nec uxor

Optima, nec dulces occurrent oscula nati

Præripere, et tacitâ pectus dulcedine tangent.

The latter part of the description is natural and his own.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 137. *Such are, &c.*] From Petronius. Si bene calculum ponas, ubique fit naufragium. Orig. ed.

Ver. 141. *The undistinguish'd seeds of good and ill,*]

Prudens futuri temporis, exitum

Caliginosâ nocte premit deus.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 145. *Let Munster's prelate, &c.*] The famous Bernard

Alas! that he should teach the English first,
That fraud and avarice in the Church could
reign!

38.

Happy, who never trust a stranger's will,
Whose friendship's in his interest understood!
Since money giv'n but tempts him to be ill, 151
When pow'r is too remote to make him good.

39.

Till now, alone the mighty nations strove;
The rest, at gaze, without the lists did stand
And threat'ning France, plac'd like a painted
Jove, 155
Kept idle thunder in his lifted hand.

40.

That eunuch guardian of rich Holland's trade,
Who envies us what he wants pow'r t'enjoy;
Whose noiseful valbur does no foe invade, 159
And weak assistance will his friends destroy.

41'

Offended that we fought without his leave,
He takes this time his secret hate to shew:

Vanghalen, bishop of Munster, excited by Charles, marched twenty thousand men into the province of Overijssel, under the dominion of the republic of Holland, where he committed great outrages, acting rather like a captain of banditti than the leader of an army. DERRICK.

Ver. 146. — *the German faith*] Tacitus faith of them, Nullos mortalium fide aut armis ante Germanos esse. Orig. ed.

* War declared by France. Orig. ed.

Which Charles does with a mind so calm receive,
As one that neither seeks nor shuns his foe.

42.

With France, to aid the Dutch, the Danes
unite : 165
France as their tyrant, Denmark as their
slave.

But when with one three nations join to fight,
They silently confess that one more brave,

43.

Lewis had chas'd the English from his shore ;
But Charles the French as subjects does in-
vite : 170

Would heaven for each some Solomon restore,
Who, by their mercy, may decide their
right !

44.

Were subjects so but only by their choice,
And not from birth did forc'd dominion take,
Our prince alone would have the publick voice ;
And all his neighbours' realms would deserts
make. 176

Ver. 165. *With France to aid*] Mad. Charlotte Elizabeth of Bavaria, says in her memoirs, that Louis XIV. afterwards attacked Holland with so much impetuosity and injustice, merely from the jealousy of M. de Lionne, who urged him to this measure, against Prince William of Furstenberg, who was in love with this minister's wife. She adds in another place, that Louis XIV. returned so suddenly from his expedition against Holland, solely to have an interview with Madame De Montespan.

Dr. J. WARTON.

45.

He without fear a dangerous war pursues,
 Which without rashness he began before :
 As honour made him first the danger choose,
 So still he makes it good on virtue's score. 180

46.

The doubled charge his subjects' love supplies,
 Who, in that bounty, to themselves are kind :
 So glad Egyptians see their Nilus rise,
 And in his plenty their abundance find.

47*.

With equal pow'r he does two chiefs create, 185
 Two such as each fear'd worthiest when
 alone ;
 Each able to sustain a nation's fate,
 Since both had found a greater in their own.

48.

Both great in courage, conduct, and in fame,
 Yet neither envious of the other's praise ; 190
 Their duty, faith, and int'rest too the same,
 Like mighty partners equally they raise.

49.

The prince long time had courted fortune's love,
 But once possess'd did absolutely reign :
 Thus with their Amazons, the heroes strove, 195
 And conquer'd first those beauties they would
 gain.

* Prince Rupert and Duke of Albemarle, sent to sea. Orig.
 ed.

50.

The duke beheld, like Scipio, with disdain,
That Carthage, which he ruin'd, rise once
more ;

And shook aloft the fasces of the main,
To fright those slaves with what they felt be-
fore. 200

51.

Together to the wat'ry camp they haste,
Whom matrons passing to their children
shew :

Infants' first vows for them to heav'n are cast,
And future people bless them as they go.

52.

With them no riotous pomp, nor Asian train,
T' infect a navy with their gawdy fears ; 206
To make slow fights, and victories but vain :
But war, severely, like itself, appears.

53.

Diffusive of themselves, where'er they pass,
They make that warmth in others they expect ;
Their valour works like bodies on a glass, 211
And does its image on their men project.

Ver. 204. — future people] *Examina infantium futurisque populus.* Plin. Jun. in Pan. ad Traj. Orig. ed.

Ver. 205. *With them no riotous pomp,*] Dryden follows his great master, Milton, in making *riotous* only two syllables.— Again, in st. 59, *elephant* is contracted in like manner. Other examples of this kind occur. TODD.

54*.

Our fleet divides, and straight the Dutch appear,
 pear,

In number, and a fam'd commander, bold :
 The narrow seas can scarce their navy bear, 215
 Or crowded vessels can their foldiers hold.

55.

The Duke, less numerous, but in courage more,
 On wings of all the winds to combat flies :
 His murdering guns a loud defiance roar,
 And bloody crosses on his flag-staffs rise. 220

56.

Both furl their sails, and strip them for the fight ;
 Their folded sheets dismiss the useless air :
 Th'Elean plains could boast no nobler fight,
 When struggling champions did their bodies
 bare.

57.

Born each by other in a distant line, 225
 The sea-built forts in dreadful order move :
 So vast the noise, as if not fleets did join,
 But lands unfix'd, and floating nations strove.

58.

Now pass'd, on either side they nimbly tack ;
 Both strive to intercept and guide the wind :

* Duke of Albemarle's battle, first day. Orig. ed.

Ver. 223. *Th' Elean, &c.*] Where the Olympic games were celebrated. Orig. ed.

Ver. 228. — *lands unfix'd,*] From Virgil :

“ ————— Credas innare revulsas

Cycladas, &c.” Orig. ed.

And, in its eye, more closely they come back,
To finish all the deaths they left behind. 232

59.

On high-rais'd decks the haughty Belgians ride,
Beneath whose shade our humble frigates
go:

Such port the elephant bears, and so defy'd 235
By the rhinoceros her unequal foe.

60.

And as the built, so different is the fight;
Their mounting shot is on our sails design'd:
Deep in their hulls, our deadly bullets light,
And through the yielding planks a passage
find. 240

61.

Our dreaded admiral from far they threat,
Whose batter'd rigging their whole war re-
ceives:
All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.

Ver. 236. *By the rhinoceros, &c.*] The enmity between the elephant and rhinoceros is thus described in Franzius's *Historia Animalium*, &c. 12mo. Amst. 1665, p. 92.—“Naturale est odium inter Elephantum et Rhinocerotem, ita ut invicem certent, et quidem in ipsa pugna rhinoceros unicè dat operam, ut alvum Elephanti tanquam partem molliorem petat, sicut etiam tandem vincit Elephantum, contra quem suo cornu, quod in nari habet, audacissimè pugnat. Tergum etiam habet scutulatum, et quasi variis clypeis munitum, unde etiam æstimari potest fortitudo hujus bestię. Hęc bellua paulò humilior est Elephanto, si altitudinem spectes, &c.” Thus we see the propriety of Dryden's simile—*her unequal foe, &c.* TODD.

Ver. 243. *All bare, like some old oak which tempests beat,
He stands, and sees below his scatter'd leaves.*]

62.

Heroes of old, when wounded, shelter fought ;
 But he, who meets all danger with disdain, ²⁴⁶
 Ev'n in their face his ship to anchor brought,
 And steeple-high stood propt upon the main.

63.

At this excess of courage, all amaz'd,
 The foremost of his foes awhile withdraw : ²⁵⁰
 With such respect in enter'd Rome they gaz'd,
 Who on high chairs the god-like fathers saw.

64.

And now, as where Patroclus' body lay,
 Here Trojan chiefs advanc'd, and there the
 Greek ; 254
 Ours o'er the Duke their pious wings display,
 And theirs the noblest spoils of Britain seek.

This is Virgil's simile compress'd, Lib. 4. 441.

Ac velut annofo valida sum robore quercum
 Alpini Boreæ, nunc hinc, nunc flatibus illinc,
 Eruere inter se certant ; it stridor, et altè
 Consternunt terram concusso stipite frondes :
 Ipsa hæret scopulis —.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 255. *Ours o'er the Duke*] Waller wrote a long poem on the victory obtained over the Dutch by the Duke of York, June 3, 1665, in imitation of a poem of Francesco Bufenello, addressed to Pietro Liberi, instructing him to paint the famous sea-fight between the Turks and Venetians, near the Dardanelles, in the year 1656. The Duke of York urg'd the necessity of this war, not only because, as well as his brother, he hated the Dutch, but also because he wished for an opportunity of signaling him as an Admiral, as he well understood sea-affairs. Clarendon and Southampton constantly opposed this war. The Dutch admiral's ship blew up just as he was closely engaged.

Dr. J. WARTON.

65.

Meantime his bufy mariners he haftes,
 His fhatter'd fails with rigging to reftore ;
 And willing pines afcend his broken mafts,
 Whofe lofty heads rife higher than before. 260

66.

Straight to the Dutch he turns his dreadful
 prow,
 More fierce th' important quarrel to decide :
 Like fwans, in long array his veffels fhew,
 Whofe crefts advancing do the waves divide.

67:

They charge, recharge, and all along the fea
 They drive, and fquander the huge Belgian
 fleet. 266

Berkley alone, who neareft danger lay,
 Did a like fate with loft Crœufa meet.

68.

The night comes on, we eager to purfue 269
 The combat ftill, and they afham'd to leave:

Ver. 267. *Berkley alone, &c.*] Among other remarkable paf-
 fages in this engagement, the undaunted refolution of vice-ad-
 miral Berkley was particularly admired. He had many men
 killed on board him, and though no longer able to make refift-
 ance, yet would obftinately continue the fight, refufing quarter
 to the laft. Being at length fhut in the throat with a mufket-
 ball, he retired to his cabin, where, ftretching himfelf on a great
 table, he expired ; and in that pofture did the enemy, who after-
 wards took the fhip, find the body covered with blood.

DERRICK.

Ver. 269. *The night comes on,*] The four next ftanzas are worth
 the reader's particular attention ; and the contrast betwixt the

Till the last streaks of dying day withdrew,
 And doubtful moon-light did our rage de-
 ceive.

69.

In th' English fleet each ship resounds with joy,
 And loud applause of their great leader's
 fame: 274

In fiery dreams the Dutch they still destroy,
 And, slumb'ring, smile at the imagin'd flame.

70.

Not so the Holland fleet, who, tired and done,
 Stretch'd on their decks like weary oxen lie:
 Faint sweats all down their, mighty members
 run; 279

Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.

71.

In dreams they fearful precipices tread:
 Or, shipwreck'd; labor to some distant shore:

feelings of the triumphant English and conquered Dutch strongly supported. The dreams in the 71st stanza are painted with true poetic energy and much propriety. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 280. *Vast bulks which little souls but ill supply.*] So Milton, in the spirited speech which he gives to Samson as an answer to the cowardly language of the giant Harapha, *Sam. Agon.* ver. 1237.

Go, baffled coward! lest I run upon thee,
 Though in these chains, *bulk, without spirit vast,*
 And with one buffet lay thy structure low, &c.

TODD.

Ver. 281. *In dreams, &c.*] Probably alluding to Virgil, *Æn.* iv. 465.

—————“Agit ipse furentem
 “In fomis ferus Æneas: semperque relinqui
 “Sola sibi, semper longam incommitata videtur
 “Ire viam, &c.”

TODD.

Or in dark churches walk among the dead ;
 They wake with horror, and dare sleep no
 more.

72*.

The morn they look on with unwilling eyes, 285
 Till from their main-top joyful news they
 hear
 Offships, which by their mould bring new sup-
 plies,
 And in their colours Belgian lions bear.

73.

Our watchful general had discern'd from far,
 This mighty succour, which made glad the
 foe : 290
 He sigh'd, but, like a father of the war,
 His face spake hope, while deep his sorrows
 flow.

74.

His wounded men he first sends off to shore,
 Never, till now, unwilling to obey :
 They not their wounds, but want of strength
 deplore, 295
 And think them happy who with him can
 stay.

75.

Then to the rest, Rejoice, said he, to-day ;
 In you the fortune of Great Britain lies :

* Second day's battle. Orig. ed.

Ver. 292. *His face, &c.*] "*Spem vultu simulat, premit alto corde dolorem.*" Virg. Orig. ed.

Among so brave a people, you are they
Whom heaven has chose to fight for such a
prize. 305

76.

If number English courages could quell,
We should at first have shunn'd, not met, our
foes :

Whose numerous fails the fearful only tell :
Courage from hearts, and not from numbers,
grows.

77.

He said, nor needed more to say : with haste
To their known stations cheerfully they go ;
And all at once, disdain'g to be last, 312
Solicit every gale to meet the foe.

78.

Nor did th' encourag'd Belgians long delay,
But bold in others, not themselves, they
stood : 315

So thick, our navy scarce could steer their way,
But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.

79.

Our little fleet was now engag'd so far,
That, like the sword-fish in the whale, they
fought :

Ver. 317. *But seem'd to wander in a moving wood.*] Pindar, speaking of the many noble buildings with which Camarina had been embellished and enriched, uses a noble figure *γαδίων θαλάμων ὑψηλοῦ ἔλεος*. A lofty forest of solid edifices. Pindar. Olymp. Od. 5th.

JOHN WARTON.

The combat only seem'd a civil war, 326.
 Till through their bowels we our passage
 wrought.

80.

Never had valour, no not ours, before
 Done ought like this upon the land or main,
 Where not to be o'ercome was to do more
 Than all the conquests former kings did gain.

81.

The mighty ghosts of our great Harries rose, 326
 And armed Edwards look'd with anxious eyes,
 To see this fleet among unequal foes,
 By which fate promis'd them their Charles
 should rise.

82.

Meantime the Belgians tack upon our rear, 330
 And raking chace-guns through our sterns
 they send :
 Close by, their fire-ships, like jackals, appear,
 Who on their lions for the prey attend.

83.

Silent in smoke of cannon they come on :
 Such vapours once did fiery Cacus hide : 335
 In these the height of pleas'd revenge is shown,
 Who burn contented by another's side.

84.

Sometimes from fighting squadrons of each fleet,
Deceiv'd themselves, or to preserve some
friend,

Two grappling Ætnas on the ocean meet, 340
And English fires with Belgian flames con-
tend.

85.

Now, at each tack, our little fleet grows less ;
And, like maim'd fowl, swim lagging on the
main ;

Their greater loss their numbers scarce confess,
While they lose cheaper than the English
gain. 345

86.

Have you not seen, when, whistled from the
fist,

Some falcon stoops at what her eye design'd,
And, with her eagerness the quarry miss'd,
Straight flies at check, and clips it down the
wind ?

87.

The dastard crow that to the wood made wing,
And sees the groves no shelter can afford, 351
With her loud kaws her craven kind does bring,
Who, safe in numbers, cuff the noble bird.

88.

Among the Dutch thus Albemarle did fare :
He could not conquer, and disdain'd to fly ;

Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care, 356
 Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.

89.

Yet pity did his manly spirit move,
 To see those perish who so well had fought ;
 And generously with his despair he strove, 360
 Resolv'd to live till he their safety wrought.

90.

Let other muses write his prosperous fate,
 Of conquer'd nations tell, and kings restor'd :
 But mine shall sing of his eclips'd estate,
 Which, like the sun's, more wonders does
 afford. 365

91.

He drew his mighty frigates all before,
 On which the foe his fruitless force employs :
 His weak ones deep into his rear he bore
 Remote from guns, as sick men from the
 noise.

92.

His fiery cannon did their passage guide, 370
 And following smoke obscur'd them from the
 foe :

Thus Israel safe from the Egyptian's pride,
 By flaming pillars, and by clouds, did go.

Ver. 356. *Past hope of safety, 'twas his latest care,
 Like falling Cæsar, decently to die.*

Tunc quoque jam moriens, ne non procumbat honestè,
 Respicit; hæc etiam cura cadentis erat.

Ovid.

JOHN WARTON.

93.

Elsewhere the Belgian force we did defeat,
 But here our courages did theirs subdue :
 So Xenophon once led that fam'd retreat, 376
 Which first the Asian empire overthrew.

94.

The foe approach'd, and one for his bold sin
 Was sunk ; as he that touch'd the ark was
 slain :
 The wild waves master'd him and suck'd him in,
 And smiling eddies dimpled on the main.

95.

This seen, the rest at awful distance stood : 382
 As if they had been there as servants set
 To stay, or to go on, as he thought good,
 And not pursue but wait on his retreat. 385

96.

So Libyan huntsmen, on some sandy plain,
 From shady coverts rous'd, the lion chase :
 The kingly beast roars out with loud disdain,
 And slowly moves, unknowing to give place.

Ver. 386. *So Libyan huntsmen,*] This simile is finely expressed, and with new and characteristic incidents, varying from the many similes of the kind in Homer and Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 389. *And slowly moves,*] The simile is Virgil's :

“ ——— *Vestigia retro*

Imperata refert, &c.”

Orig. ed.

Ibid. ——— *unknowing to give place.*] Horace's *Cedere nesci*,
 Ode 6. Lib. 1. l. 6.

JOHN WARTON.

97.

But if some one approach to dare his force, 396
 He swings his tail, and swiftly turns him
 round ;

With one paw seizes on his trembling horse,
 And with the other tears him to the ground.

98.

Amidst these toils succeeds the balmy night ;
 Now hissing waters the quench'd guns restore ;
 And weary waves, withdrawing from the fight,
 Lie lull'd and panting on the silent shore. 397

99.

The moon shone clear on the becalmed flood,
 Where while her beams like glittering silver
 play,
 Upon the deck our careful general stood, 400
 And deeply mus'd on the succeeding day.

Ver. 391. He *swings* his tail,] The metre of this line, perhaps, introduced *swings* instead of the more emphatic word *swindges*, applied to a lion enraged by Chapman, in his *Cæs. and Pompey*, 1607.

“ And then his sides he *swindges* with his *sterne*.”

And by Sylvester, *Du Bart.* p. 205, 4to. edit.

“ Then often *swindging* with his sinewie traine, &c.”

Milton, in a line of admirable effect, has applied the word to the old dragon, who,

“ Wroth to see his kingdom fail,

“ *Swindges* the staly horror of his folded tail.”

Ode Nativ. st. 18.

Waller also describes the “ tail's impetuous *swinge*” of the whale, *Batt. Summ. Isl.* c. iii.

TODD.

Ver. 396. — *wearry waves*,] From Statius *Sylv.*

“ *Nec trucibus fluxibus idem sonus: occidit horror*

Æquoris, antennis maria acclinata quiescunt.” Orig. ed.

Ver. 401. — *succeeding day*.] The 3d of June, famous for two former victories, Orig. ed.

100.

That happy fun, said he, will rise again,
 Who twice victorious did our navy see:
 And I alone must view him rise in vain,
 Without one ray of all his star for me. 405

101.

Yet like an English general will I die,
 And all the ocean make my spacious grave:
 Women and cowards on the land may lie,
 The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.

102.

Restless he pass'd the remnants of the night, 410
 Till the fresh air proclaim'd the morning nigh:
 And burning ships, the martyrs of the fight,
 With paler fires beheld the eastern sky.

103*

But now, his stores of ammunition spent,
 His naked valour is his only guard; 415
 Rare thunders are from his dumb cannon sent,
 And solitary guns are scarcely heard.

Ver. 406. *Yet like an English general will I die,
 And all the ocean make my spacious grave;
 Women and cowards on the land may lie,
 The sea's a tomb that's proper for the brave.]*

This speech contains nearly the same words that the Duke of Albemarle spoke in a council the evening before the battle, in which he fought with amazing intrepidity, and all that determined resignation here implied. DERRICK.

Ver. 410. — *the remnants of the night,]* Orig. ed. Derrick, *remnant.* TODD.

* Third day. Orig. ed.

104.

Thus far had fortune power, here forc'd to stay,
 Nor longer durst with virtue be at strife ;
 This, as a ransom, Albemarle did pay 420
 For all the glories of so great a life.

105.

For now brave Rupert from afar appears,
 Whose waving streamers the glad general
 knows :
 With full spread sails his eager navy steers,
 And every ship in swift proportion grows. 425

106.

The anxious prince had heard the cannon long,
 And from that length of time dire omens
 drew
 Of English overmatch'd, and Dutch too strong,
 Who never fought three days, but to pursue.

Ver. 418. — here *forc'd to stay*,] Orig. ed. This is certainly right; and Derrick's reading is wrong, "*he forc'd, &c.*"

TODD.

Ver. 422. *For now brave Rupert from afar appears,*
Whose waving streamers the glad general knows :
With full spread sails his eager navy steers,
And every ship in swift proportion grows.]

This last line gives us a picturesque and lively representation of a fleet approaching us, and gradually increasing in size and height.

Milton, of a distant fleet, says finely,

"As when far off at sea a fleet descry'd,
 "Hangs in the clouds,———" B. ii. 636.

JOHN WARTON,

107.

'Then, as an eagle, who with pious care, 430
 Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
 To her now silent eiry does repair,
 And finds her callow infants forc'd away :

108.

Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
 The broken air loud whistling as she flies :
 She stops and listens, and shoots forth again, 436
 And guides her pinions by her young ones
 cries.

Ver. 430. *Then, as an eagle,*] Another simile, worthy of our author, as also 445.

Dr. J. WARTON.

*Ibid. Then, as an eagle, who with pious care
 Was beating widely on the wing for prey,
 To her now silent eiry does repair,
 And finds her callow infants forc'd away :
 Stung with her love, she stoops upon the plain,
 The broken air loud whistling as she flies :
 She stops and listens, and shoots forth again,
 And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.]*

The expression to her now silent eiry reminds us of that pathetic stroke in Antipater's Greek epigram :

Ἵοικτρός ἀμυκήτω κάτθανε πὰρ καλίβη.

As do the lines—

“ She stops, she listens, and shoots forth again,

“ And guides her pinions by her young ones cries.”

Of that description in Lucretius—

At mater, virides saltus orbata peragratis,
 Linqvit humi pedibus vestigia pressa bifulcis,
 Omnia convulsens oculis loca, si queat usquam
 Conspicere amissum sœtum ; completque querelis
 Frondiferum nemus, assilens, et crebra revivit
 Ad stabulum, desiderio perfixa juvençi.

Then follows a thought inexpressibly tender, yet never noticed when this passage is cited :

Nec vitulorum aliæ species per pabula læta
 Derivare queunt animum cura que levare :
 Usque adco quiddam proprium notumque requirit.

JOHN WARTON.

109.

With such kind passion hastes the prince to
fight,

And spreads his flying canvass to the sound ;
Him, whom no danger, were he there, could
fright, 440

Now, absent, every little noise can wound.

110.

As in a drought the thirsty creatures cry,

And gape upon the gather'd clouds for rain :
And first the martlet meets it in the sky,

And with wet wings joys all the feather'd
train. 445

111.

With such glad hearts did our despairing men,

Salute the appearance of the prince's fleet ;

And each ambitiously would claim the ken,

That with first eyes did distant safety meet.

112.

The Dutch, who came like greedy hinds be-
fore, 450

To reap the harvest their ripe ears did yield :

Ver. 440. *Him, whom no danger, were he there, could fright,
Now, absent, every little noise can wound.*]

Et me quem dudum non ulla injecta movebant
Tela, neque adverso glomerati ex agmine Graii
Nunc omnes terrent auræ ; sonus excitat omnis
Suspensum, et pariter comitique onerique timentem.

JOHN WARTON.

Now look like those, when rolling thunders
 roar,
 And sheets of lightning blast the standing
 field.

113.

Full in the prince's passage, hills of sand
 And dangerous flats in secret ambush lay, ⁴⁵⁵
 Where the false tides skim o'er the cover'd land,
 And seamen with dissembled depths betray.

114.

The wily Dutch, who, like fall'n angels, fear'd
 This new Messiah's coming, there did wait,
 And round the verge their braving vessels
 steer'd, 460
 To tempt his courage with so fair a bait.

115.

But he, unmov'd, contemns their idle threat,
 Secure of fame when'er he please to fight :
 His cold experience tempers all his heat,
 And inbred worth does boasting valour
 slight. 465

116.

Heroick virtue did his actions guide,
 And he the substance not th' appearance
 chose :

Ver. 450. — *new Messiah's*] Surely very profane.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 465. — *worth does boasting valour slight.*] Original
 edition. Derrick puts "doth." TODD.

To rescue one such friend he took more pride,
 Than to destroy whole thousands of such foes.

117.

But when approach'd, in strict embraces
 bound, 470

Rupert and Albemarle together grow ;
 He joys to have his friend in safety found,
 Which he to none but to that friend would
 owe.

118.

The chearful soldiers, with new stores supply'd,
 Now long to execute their spleenful will ; 475
 And, in revenge for those three days they try'd,
 With one, like Joshua's, when the sun stood
 still.

119*.

Thus reinforce'd, against the adverse fleet,
 Still doubling ours, brave Rupert leads the
 way :

With the first blushes of the morn they meet, 480
 And bring night back upon the new-born
 day.

120.

His presence soon blows up the kindling fight,
 And his loud guns speak thick like angry
 men :

* Fourth day's battle. Original edition.

It seem'd as slaughter had been breath'd all
 night,
 And death new pointed his dull dartagen. 485

121.

The Dutch too well his mighty conduct knew,
 And matchless courage, since the former
 fight :

Whose navy like a stiff-stretch'd cord did shew,
 Till he bore in and bent them into flight.

122.

The wind he shares, while half their fleet
 offends 490

His open side, and high above him shows :
 Upon the rest at pleasure he descends,
 And doubly harm'd he double harms be-
 stows.

123.

Behind, the general mends his weary pace,
 And fullenly to his revènge he fails : 495
 So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
 And long behind his wounded volume trails.

Ver. 496. *So glides &c.*] From Virgil :

“ *Quum medi nexus extremaque agmina caudæ
 Solvuntur, tardosque trahit sinus ultimus orbes.*”

Original edition.

Ibid. *So glides some trodden serpent on the grass,
 And long behind his wounded volume trails.*]

In the fifth book of the *Æneid*, line 273, the application is precisely the same :

*Qualis sæpe viæ deprensus in aggere serpens,
 Ærea quem obliquum rota transit; aut gravis ictu*

124.

The increasing sound is born to either shore,
 And for their stakes the throwing nations
 fear:
 Their passions double with the cannons roar, 500
 And with warm wishes each 'man combats
 there.

125.

Ply'd thick and close as when the fight begun,
 Their huge unwieldy navy wastes away ;
 So sicken waining moons too near the sun,
 And blunt their crescents on the edge of
 day. 505

126.

And now reduc'd on equal terms to fight,
 Their ships like wasted patrimonies show ;
 Where the thin scattering trees admit the light,
 And shun each other's shadows as they grow.

Seminecem liquit saxo lacerumque viator ;
 Necquicquam longos fugiens dat corpore tortus
 Parte ferox, ardensque oculis ; et sibila colla
 Arduus attollens ; pars vulnera clauda retentat
 Nexantem nodis seque in sua membra plicantem:
 Tali remigio navis se tarda movebat.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 500. *Their passions double*] The original edition incorrectly has *passion*. TODD.

Ver. 506. ——— *on equal terms*] The president *Henault* has observed, from *Madame de Sevigne*, that since the battle of Actium, no sea-fight has ever been decisive, or produced any important consequences. Is this an observation well founded?

DR. J. WARTON.

127.

The warlike prince had fever'd from the rest 510
 Two giant ships, the pride of all the main ;
 Which with his one so vigorously he press'd,
 And flew so home they could not rise again.

128.

Already batter'd, by his lee they lay,
 In vain upon the passing winds they call : 515
 The passing winds through their torn canvass
 play,
 And flagging fails on heartless failors fall.

129.

Their open'd sides receive a gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let in to shades below ;
 Without, grim death rides barefac'd in their
 fight, 520
 And urges entering billows as they flow.

130.

When one dire shot, the last they could supply,
 Close by the board the prince's main-mast
 bore :

Ver. 518. *Their open'd sides receiv'd the gloomy light,
 Dreadful as day let into shades below :]*

———— trepidantque immisso lumine Manes.

An allusion to Virgil.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 519. — *as day let in to shades]* Original edition.
 This again is right, and Derrick's "let into" should, I think, be
 discarded. TODD.

All three now helpless by each other lie,
 And this offends not, and those fear no
 more. 525

131.

So have I seen some fearful hare maintain
 A course, till tired before the dog she lay:
 Who, stretch'd behind her, pants upon the plain,
 Past power to kill, as she to get away.

132.

With his loll'd tongue he faintly licks his
 prey; 530
 His warm breath blows her flix up as she lies;
 She, trembling, creeps upon the ground away,
 And looks back to him with beseeching eyes.

133.

The prince unjustly does his stars accuse,
 Which hinder'd him to push his fortune
 on; 535
 For what they to his courage did refuse,
 By mortal valour never must be done.

134.

This lucky hour the wise Batavian takes,
 And warns his tatter'd fleet to follow home:
 Proud to have so got off with equal stakes, 540
 Where 'twas a triumph not to be o'ercome.

Ver. 541. — *a triumph not to be o'ercome.*] From Horace:

————— “ quos opimus
 Fallere et effugere est triumphus.”

Original edition.

135.

The general's force, as kept alive by fight,
 Now, not oppos'd, no longer can pursue:
 Lasting 'till heaven had done his courage right;
 When he had conquer'd he his weakness
 knew 545

136.

He casts a frown on the departing foe,
 And sighs to see him quit the watery field:
 His stern fix'd eyes no satisfaction show,
 For all the glories which the fight did yield.

137.

Though, as when fiends did miracles avow, 550
 He stands confess'd ev'n by the boastful
 Dutch:

He only does his conquest disavow,
 And thinks too little what they found too
 much.

138.

Return'd, he with the fleet resolv'd to stay;
 No tender thoughts of home his heart di-
 vide; 555

Domestick joys and cares he puts away;
 For realms are household which the great
 must guide.

139.

As those who unripe veins in mines explore,
 On the rich bed again the warm turf lay,

Till time digests the yet imperfect ore, 560
 And know it will be gold another day :

140.

So looks our monarch on this early fight,
 Th' essay and rudiments of great success :
 Which all-maturing time must bring to light,
 While he, like heaven, does each day's labour bless. 565

41.

Heav'n ended not the first or second day,
 ' Yet each was perfect to the work design'd :
 God and kings work, when they their work
 survey,
 A passive aptness in all subjects find.

142.

In burden'd vessels first, with speedy care, 570
 His plenteous stores do season'd timber send :
 Thither the brawny carpenters repair,
 And as the surgeons of maim'd ships attend.

143.

With cord and canvass from rich Hamburgh sent,
 His navies molted wings he imp's once more ;

Ver. 563.] The expression is Virgil's :

Primitiæ juvenis miseræ, bellique propinqui
 Dura rudimenta. JOHN WARTON.

His Majesty repairs the fleet. Original edition.

Ver. 575. ——— wings he imp's] See Mr. Warton's note on Milton's 15th Sonnet, "to imp their serpent-wings:" where he observes that the expression occurs in poets much later than

Tall Norway fir, their masts in battle spent, 576
 And English oak, sprung leaks and planks,
 restore.

144.

All hands employ'd the royal work grows warm :
 Like labouring bees on a long summer's day,
 Some found the trumpet for the rest to swarm, 580
 And some on bells of tasted lillies play.

145.

With glewy wax some new foundation lay
 Of virgin combs, which from the roof are
 hung :
 Some arm'd within doors upon duty stay,
 Or tend the sick, or educate the young. 585

146.

So here some pick out bullets from the sides,
 Some drive old okum, through each seam and
 rift :
 Their left hand does the calking-iron guide,
 The rattling mallet with the right they lift.

Milton. The latest, whom I have hitherto found using this old poetical expression, is Shadwell, by whom it is employed towards the end of his *Isabella*. TODD.

Ver. 578. *All hands*] This is a very elegant stanza.

DR. J. WARTON.

Ibid. ——— *the royal work grows warm :*] Fervet opus : the same similitude in Virgil. Original edition.

Ver. 582. ——— *some new foundation lay*] Original edition. Derrick, *foundations*. TODD.

147.

With boiling pitch another near at hand, 590
 From friendly Sweden brought, the seams
 instops :
 Which well paid o'er, the salt sea waves with-
 stand,
 And shakes them from the rising beak in drops.

148.

Some the gall'd ropes with dawby marling bind,
 Or fear-cloth masts with strong tarpawling
 coats : 595
 To try new shrouds, one mounts into the wind,
 And one, below, their ease or stiffness notes.

149.

Our careful monarch stands in person by,
 His new-cast cannons' firmness to explore :
 The strength of big-corn'd powder loves to
 try, 600
 And ball and cartridge forts for every bore.

150.

Each day brings fresh supplies of arms and
 men,
 And ships which all last winter were abroad ;

Ver. 594. ——— with dawby marling] Original edition.
 Derrick, *marline*. TODD.

Ver. 601. ——— ball and cartridge] Original edition. Der-
 rick, *cartrige*. TODD.

And such as fitted since the fight had been,
 Or new from stocks were fall'n into the
 road. 605

151.

The goodly London * in her gallant trim,
 (The phœnix daughter of the vanish'd old,)
 Like a rich bride does to the ocean swim,
 And on her shadow rides in floating gold.

152.

Her flag aloft spread ruffling to the wind, 610
 And sanguine streamers seem the flood to fire:
 The weaver charm'd with what his loom de-
 sign'd,
 Goes on to sea, and knows not to retire.

153.

With roomy decks, her guns of mighty strength,
 Whose low-laid mouths each mounting billow
 laves : 615

Loyal London described. Original edition.

Ver. 606. [The goodly London *in her gallant trim,*] Gray has evidently copied this passage in *The Bard*, ver. 73.

“ *In gallant trim* the gilded vessel goes.” TODD,

Ver 607.] Derrick's reading and pointing of the second line of this stanza are absurd. He gives,

The Phœnix, daughter of the vanish'd old,

Which might incline some readers to imagine another ship here intended, especially as there is a comma after Phœnix, and no parenthesis as in the original edition. Read and point thus, for the whole belongs to *the London* :

The goodly London in her gallant trim,
 (The phœnix daughter of the vanish'd old,)
 Like a rich bride, &c. &c.

TODD.

Deep in her draught, and warlike in her length,
She seems a sea-wasp flying on the waves.

154.

This martial present, piously design'd,
The loyal city give their best-lov'd king :
And, with a bounty ample as the wind, 620
Built, fitted, and maintain'd, to aid him bring.

155.

By viewing nature, nature's handmaid, art
Makes mighty things from small beginnings
grow :
Thus fishes first to shipping did impart,
Their tail the rudder, and their head the
prow. 625

156.

Some log perhaps upon the waters swam,
An useless drift, which rudely cut within,
And, hollow'd, first a floating trough became,
And cros some rivulet passage did begin.

157:

In shipping such as this, the Irish kern, 630
And untaught Indian, on the stream did
glide :

Ver 630. ——— the Irish kern,] Derrick says, that *kern* signifies a clown or peasant, and that in Spenser it is used for a foot-soldier. He should have added, that Spenser, in his *View of the State of Ireland*, has given a very minute description of the *kern*, "whom only," he says, "I take to be the proper Irish souldier," &c. TODD.

Ere sharp-keel'd boats to stem the flood did
learn,
Or fin-like oars did spread from either side.

158.

Add but a sail, and Saturn so appear'd,
When from lost empire he to exile went, 635
And with the golden age to Tyber steer'd,
Where coin and first commerce he did invent.

159.

Rude as their ships was navigation then ;
No useful compass or meridian known ;
Coasting, they kept the land within their ken, 640
And knew no North but when the Pole-star
shone.

160.

Of all who since have us'd the open sea,
Than the bold English none more fame have
won :
Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,
They make discoveries where they see no
fun. 645

Ver. 637. — [com and *first commerce*, &c.] Edit. 1667.
I prefer this to Derrick's unauthoriz'd *commerce first*, which I
suppose he adopted for the sake of the more musical accent on
the first syllable of *commerce* ; forgetting, however, that "*quick
commerce*" occurs in stanza 163, where he could not change the
position of the word. TODD.

Ver. 644. *Beyond the year, and out of heaven's high way,*]

Extra anni, solisque vias. *Virg.*

Original edition.

161.

But what so long in vain, and yet unknown,
 By poor mankind's benighted wit is fought,
 Shall in this age to Britain first be shown,
 And hence be to admiring nations taught.

162.

The ebbs of tides and their mysterious flow, 650
 We, as arts' elements, shall understand,
 And as by line upon the ocean go,
 • Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.

163.

Instructed ships shall sail to quick-commerce ,
 By which remotest legions are ally'd ; 655
 Which makes one city of the universe ;
 Where some may gain, and all may be sup-
 ply'd.

164.

Then we upon our globe's last verge shall go,
 And view the ocean leaning on the sky :
 From thence our rolling neighbours we shall
 know, 660
 And on the lunar world securely pry.

Ver. 653. *Whose paths shall be familiar as the land.*] “ His digression to the original and progress of navigation, with his prospect of the advancement which it shall receive from the Royal Society, then newly instituted, may be considered as an example seldom equalled of seasonable excursion and artful return.”—*Johnson's Life of Dryden.* JOHN WARTON.

• By a more exact knowledge of longitudes. Orig. edition.

165.

This I foretel from your auspicious care *,
 Who great in search of God and nature grow;
 Who best your wise Creator's praise declare,
 Since best to praise his works is best to
 know. 665

166.

O truly royal ! who behold the law
 And rule of beings in your Maker's mind :
 And thence, like limbeck, rich ideas draw,
 To fit the levell'd use of human-kind.

167.

But first the toils of war we must endure, 670
 And from the injurious Dutch redeem the
 seas.

War makes the valiant of his right secure,
 And gives up fraud to be chaffis'd with ease.

168.

Already were the Belgians on our coast, 675
 Whose fleet more mighty every day became
 By late success, which they did falsely boast,
 And now by first appearing seem'd to claim.

169.

Designing, subtil, diligent, and close,
 They knew to manage war with wise de-
 lay : 680

* Apostrophe to the Royal Society. Original edition.

Ver. 663. ——— *great in search*] Alludes to the Royal
 Society. Dr. J. WARTON.

Yet all those arts their vanity did cross,
 And by their pride their prudence did betray.

170.

Nor staid the English long; but, well supply'd,
 Appear as numerous as th'insulting foe:
 The combat now by courage must be try'd, 685
 And the success the braver nation show.

171.

There was the Plymouth squadron now come in,
 Which in the Straights last winter was abroad;
 Which twice on Biscay's working bay had been,
 And on the midland sea the French had
 aw'd. 690

172.

Old expert Allen, loyal all along,
 Fam'd for his action on the Smyrna fleet:
 And Holmes, whose name shall live in epick
 song,
 While musick numbers, or while verse has
 feet.

173.

Holmes, the Achates of the general's fight; 695
 Who first bewitch'd our eyes with Guinea
 gold:

Ver. 691. *Old expert Allen, &c.*] Sir Thomas Allen was
 admiral of the white. DERRICK.

Ver. 695. *Holmes, the Achates of the, &c.*] Sir Robert
 Holmes was rear-admiral of the white, called the Achates from
 his eagerness to support the general. Achates was the faithful
 companion of Æneas. For an illustration of the two last lines of
 this stanza, see our notes to the Satire on the Dutch.

DERRICK.

As once old Cato in the Roman fight
The tempting fruits of Africk did unfold.

174.

With him went Sprag, as bountiful as brave,
Whom his high courage to command had
brought : 700
Harman, who did the twice-fir'd Harry save,
And in his burning ship undaunted fought.

Ver. 699. *With him went Sprag, &c.*] Sir Edward Sprag served under Sir Jeremiah Smith, who carried the blue flag: he was drowned passing from one ship to another, in a fight with Van Tromp, on the eleventh of August, 1672, bearing the character of a gallant officer, and an accomplished gentleman.

DERRICK.

Ver. 700. ——— *his high courage*]. The *courage haut* of Spenser and our elder poets, which Dryden no doubt had in mind.

TODD.

Ver. 701. *Harman, who did the twice-fir'd, &c.*] These two lines cannot be more properly explained, than by the following extract from the London Gazette of the fourth of June, 1666.

“ Alborough, June 2. This day is come in hither the Henry, Captain Harman, commander, who parted from the fleet, much disabled, at nine o'clock last night, having had the luck, it seems, to have a great part of the Dutch fleet upon her singly, which she supported bravely, and forced her way quite through them, though not without much damage, which the enemy finding, endeavoured to clap a fireship upon her, but she nimbly struck him off: after which comes up one of their admirals, and fastened a second fireship, with which she grappled long, but at last took fire in one of her quarters, which yet she happily quenched. After this a third fireship was laid on her, which, disabled as she was, she so mauled with her chace-pieces, that she cut short her main-yard, and so escaped him. She had several of her men killed and wounded; amongst these latter is the captain himself, but it is hoped without danger. The fleet is in very good condition, not one of our vessels having been taken.”

DERRICK.

175.

Young Hollis on a muse by Mars begot,
 Born, Cæsar-like, to write and act great deeds:
 Impatient to revenge his fatal shot, 705
 His right hand doubly to his left succeeds.

176.

Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,
 Whose deeds some nobler poem shall adorn:
 And, though to me unknown, they sure fought
 well,
 Whom Rupert led, and who were British
 born. 710

177.

Of every size an hundred fighting fail:
 So vast the navy now at anchor rides,
 That underneath it the press'd waters fail,
 And with its weight it shoulders off the tides.

178.

Now, anchors weigh'd, the seamen shout so
 shrill, 715
 That heaven, and earth, and the wide ocean
 rings:

Ver. 703.] Captain Hollis, of the *Antelope* ship of war, lost a hand in this memorable fight: to his writings I confess myself a stranger. I believe it is the same person who commanded the *Cambridge* under the name of Sir Fretchville Hollis, in 1672, when he was killed in another sea-fight with the Dutch.

DERRICK.

Ver. 707. *Thousands were there in darker fame that dwell,*]

“ Multi præterea quos fama obscura recondit.”

JOHN WARTON,

A breeze from westward waits their fails to fill,
And rests in those high beds his downy wings:

179.

The wary Dutch this gathering storm foresaw,
And durst not bide it on the English coast: 720
Behind their treacherous shallows they with-
draw,
And there lay snares to catch the British host.

180.

So the false spider, when her nets are spread,
Deep ambush'd in her silent den does lie:
And feels far off the trembling of her thread,
Whose filmy cord should bind the struggling
fly. 726

181.

Then if at last she find him fast beset,
She issues forth, and runs along her loom:
She joys to touch the captive in her net,
And drag the little wretch in triumph
home. 730

182.

The Belgians hop'd, that, with disorder'd haste,
Our deep-cut keels upon the sands might run:
Or, if with caution leisurely were past,
Their numerous grofs might charge us one
by one.

Ver. 723. *So the false*] Elegantly expressed, but hardly
equal to Pope's Spider. Dr. J. WARTON.

183.

But with a fore-wind pushing them above, 735
 And swelling tide that heav'd them from
 below,

O'er the blind flats our warlike squadrons move,
 And with spread sails to welcome battle go.

184.

It seem'd as there the British Neptune stood,
 With all his hosts of waters at command, 740
 Beneath them to submit th' officious flood ;
 And with his trident shov'd them off the sand.

185.

To the pale fœs thèy suddenly draw near,
 And summon them to unexpected fight :
 They start like murderers when ghosts appear,
 And draw their curtains in the dead of
 night. 746

186.

Now van to van the foremost squadrons meet *,
 The midmost battles hastening up behind :
 Who view far off the flock of falling fleet,
 And hear their thunder rattling in the
 wind. 750

Ver. 742. — *with his trident shov'd them off the sand.*]

Levat ipse tridenti, et vānas aperit fyrtes, &c. *Virg.*

Original edition.

Second battle. Original edition.

Ver. 748. — *hastening up behind.*] Original edition.
 Derrick has, *hastning.* TODD.

187.

At length the adverse admirals appear ;
 The two bold champions of each country's
 right :
 Their eyes describe the lists as they come near,
 And draw the lines of death before they fight.

188.

The distance judg'd for shot of every size, 755
 The linestocks touch, the ponderous ball ex-
 pires :
 The vigorous seaman every port-hole plies,
 And adds his heart to every gun he fires !

189.

Fierce was the fight on the proud Belgians side,
 For honour, which they seldom sought be-
 fore : 760
 But now they by their own vain boasts were
 ty'd,
 And forc'd, at least in show to prize it more.

190.

But sharp remembrance on the English part,
 And shame of being match'd by such a foe,
 Rouze conscious virtue up in every heart, 765
 And seeming to be stronger makes them so.

Ver. 766. *And seeming to be stronger makes them so.]*

Possunt, quia posse videntur. *Virg.*

Original edition.

191.

Nor long the Belgians could that fleet sustain,
Which did two generals' fates, and Cæsar's
bear :

Each several ship a victory did gain,
As Rupert or as Albemarle were there. 770

192.

Their batter'd admiral too soon withdrew,
Unthank'd by ours for his unfinish'd fight :
But he the minds of his Dutch masters knew,
Who call'd that 'providence which we call'd
flight.

193.

Never did men more joyfully obey, 775
Or sooner understood the sign to fly :
With such alacrity they bore away,
As if to praise them all the States stood by.

194.

O famous leader of the Belgian fleet,
Thy monument inscrib'd such praise shall
wear, 780
As Varro timely flying once did meet,
Because he did not of his Rome despair.

195.

Behold that navy, which a while before
Provok'd the tardy English to the fight;

Ver. 784. ——— English to the fight;] Orig. ed. This I think must be the poet's own reading; and Derrick's "close to fight," I suppose an error: close occurs in the next line.

Topp?

Now draw their beaten vessels close to shore, 785
As larks lie dar'd to shun the hobbies flight.

196.

Whoe'er would English monuments survey,
In other records may our courage know :
But let them hide the story of this day,
Whose fame was blemish'd by too base a foe.

197.

Or if too busily they will enquire 791
Into a victory, which we disdain ;
Then let them know, the Belgians did retire
Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

198.

Repenting England this revengeful day 795
To Philip's manes did an offering bring :

Ver. 794. ——— *patron saint*] St. James, on whose day this victory was gained. Orig. ed.

Ibid. ——— *the Belgians did retire*

Before the patron saint of injur'd Spain.

This victory was completed on the twenty-fifth day of July, a day sacred to St. James the Great, patron of Spain, which nation our author calls injured, inasmuch as the Hollanders had rebelled against King Philip II. being aided by Queen Elizabeth : and the next stanza refers to this transaction, for which the poet supposes us now to have atoned. The monarchy mentioned in the 199th stanza is Spain, with which Queen Elizabeth had been long at variance, when, in our author's opinion, we overlooked the growing power of France and Holland, which merited much more our attention.

DERRICK.

Ver. 795. *Repenting England*] Repent? What of one of the most glorious and meritorious actions that Queen Elizabeth was ever engaged in, assisting the oppressed Hollanders against the execrable tyranny of Philip II. I could wish to forget that our poet ever wrote lines of such an abject spirit, and so unworthy of a true Englishman.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 796. ——— *Philip's manes*] Philip the second, of Spain,

England, which first, by leading them astray,
Hatch'd up rebellion to destroy her king.

199.

Our fathers bent their baneful industry,
To check a monarchy that slowly grew ; 800
But did not France or Holland's fate foresee,
Whose rising power to swift dominion flew.

200.

In fortune's empire blindly thus we go,
And wander after pathless destiny ; 804
Whose dark resorts since prudence cannot know,
In vain it would provide for what shall be.

201.

But whate'er English to the bless'd shall go,
And the fourth Harry or first Orange meet ;
Find him disowning of a Bourbon foe,
And him detesting a Batavian fleet. 810

202.

Now on their coasts our conquering navy rides,
Waylays their merchants, and their land be-
sets ;
Each day new wealth without their care pro-
vides ;
They lie asleep with prizes in their nets.

203.

So, close behind some promontory lie 815
The huge leviathans to attend their prey ;

against whom the Hollanders rebelling, were aided by Queen Elizabeth. Orig. ed.

Ver. 815. *So, close behind*] This poem is overloaded with similes. Dr. J. WARTON.

And give no chace, but swallow in the frie,
Which through their gaping jaws mistake the
way.

204¹

Nor was this all; in ports and roads remote,
Destructive fires among whole fleets we send;
Triumphant flames upon the water flote, 821
And out-bound ships at home their voyage
end.

205.

Those various squadrons, variously design'd,
Each vessel freighted with a several load,
Each squadron waiting for a several wind, 825
All find but one, to burn them in the road.

206.

Some bound for Guiney, golden sand to find,
Bore all the gawds the simple natives wear:
Some, for the pride of Turkish courts design'd,
For folded turbans finest Holland bear. 830

Ibid. Purpureus, late qui splendet unus et alter
Assuitur pannus. JOHN WARTON.

* Burning of the fleet in the *Vly*, by Sir Robert Holmes.—
Orig. ed.

Ver. 828. — *the gawds*] *Toys, baubles*. So in Shakespeare's
Mid. N. Dream, A. i. S. i.

“And stolen the impression of her fantasy

“With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gawds, conceits, &c.”

Where see Mr. Steevens's note.

TODD.

Ver. 830. — *folded turbans*] Orig. ed. Derrick reads, *tur-*
bants.

TODD.

207.

Some English wool, vex'd in a Belgian loom,
 And into cloth of spungy softness made,
 Did into France or colder Denmark doom,
 To ruin with worse ware our staple trade.

208.

Our greedy seamen rummage every hold, 833
 Smile on the booty of each wealthier chest;
 And, as the priests who with their gods make
 bold,
 Take what they like, and sacrifice the rest.

209*.

But ah! how insincere are all our joys!
 Which, sent from heaven, like lightning
 make no stay: 840
 Their palling taste the journey's length destroys,
 Or grief, sent post, o'ertakes them on the
 way.

* *Transitum* to the fire of London. Orig. ed.

Ver. 839. *But ah! how insincere*] Here he enters on the other part of his subject, the dreadful fire in London. Though the conflagration of a great city, with all its concomitant circumstances of distress, is one of the most striking objects imaginable for a great poet to describe, (witness the *second*, perhaps, most beautiful book of the *Æneid*), yet how lamentably has Dryden failed in raising any interest or emotion in the minds of the reader. And being unwilling to pass a censure, as I have thought myself obliged to do frequently, I shall adopt the words of a celebrated critic, who says, the "poet snatches the flame coolly from street to street, with now a reflection and now a simile, till at last he meets the king, for whom he makes a speech rather tedious in a time so busy; and then follows again the progress of the fire."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 842. *Or grief, sent post, &c.*] It is the same sentiment in Milton's *Samson Agonistes*, ver. 1538.

210.

Swell'd with our late successes on the foe,
 Which France and Holland wanted power to
 cross,
 We urge an unseen fate to lay us low, 845
 And feed their envious eyes with English loss.

211.

Each element his dread command obeys,
 Who makes or ruins with a smile or frown ;
 Who, as by one he did our nation raise,
 So now he with another pulls us down. 850

212.

Yet London, empress of the northern clime,
 By an high fate thou greatly didst expire ;
 Great as the world's, which, at the death of
 time
 Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire !

213.

As when some dire usurper heaven provides, 855
 To scourge his country with a lawless sway ;
 His birth perhaps some petty village hides,
 And sets his cradle out of fortune's way.

“ For evil news rides post, while good news bates.”
 Milton's however is the closer imitation of Statius, as I have
 elsewhere observed :

“ Spargitur in turmas solito pernicios index

“ Cùm lugenda resert.”

TODD.

Ver. 853. *Great as the world's, which, at the death of time
 Must fall, and rise a nobler frame by fire !]*

“ *Quum mare, quum tellus, correptaque regia cæli,
 Ardeat, &c.*” Ovid. Orig. ed.

214.

Till fully ripe his swelling fate breaks out,
 And hurries him to mighty mischiefs on; 860
 His prince surpriz'd at first no ill could doubt,
 And wants the pow'r to meet it when 'tis
 known.

215.

Such was the rise of this prodigious fire,
 Which, in mean buildings first obscurely
 bred, 864
 From thence did soon to open streets aspire,
 And straight to palaces and temples spread,

216.

The diligence of trades and noiseful gain,
 And luxury more late, asleep were laid:
 All was the night's; and in her silent reign
 No found the rest of nature did invade. 870

217.

In this deep quiet, from what source unknown,
 Those seeds of fire their fatal birth disclose;
 And first few scattering sparks about were blown,
 Big with the flames that to our ruin rose.

Ver. 871. ——— *from what source unknown,*] The fire might naturally have been accounted for, from the narrowness of the streets, from houses built entirely of timber, and a strong east wind that blew at the time. But it was ascribed by the rage of the people, either to the Republicans or the Catholics, especially the latter. An inscription on the monument, proscribed we know by Pope, was intended to perpetuate this groundless suspicion. This inscription was erased by James II. but restored at the Revolution, and still remains. Dr. J. WARTON.

218.

Then in some close-pent room it crept along, 875
 And, smouldering as it went, in silence fed ;
 Till th' infant monster, with devouring strong,
 Walk'd boldly upright with exalted head.

219.

Now like some rich or mighty murderer,
 Too great for prison, which he breaks with
 gold ; 880
 Who fresher for new mischiefs docs appear,
 And dares the world to tax him with the old :

220.

So 'scapes th' insulting fire his narrow jail,
 And makes small outlets into open air :
 There the fierce winds his tender force assail, 885
 And beat him downward to his first repair.

221.

The winds, like crafty courtézans, with-held
 His flames from burning, but to blow them
 more :
 And every fresh attempt he is repell'd
 With faint denials weaker than before. 890

Ver. 887. *The winds,*] In this stanza, and in the four following, our poet may be justly said, "to tread upon the brink of meaning, where light and darkness begin to mingle; to approach the precipice of absurdity, and *hover over the abyss of unideal vacancy.*"

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. ——— like crafty &c.] *Hæc arte tractabat cupidum virum, ut illius animum inopia accenderet.* Orig. ed.

Ibid. ——— like crafty courtézans,] A vulgar and improper allusion !

Dr. J. WARTON.

222.

And now, no longer letted of his prey,
 He leaps up at it with enrag'd desire :
 O'erlooks the neighbours with a wide survey,
 And nods at every house his threatening fire.

223.

The ghosts of traitors from the bridge descend,
 With bold fanatick spectres to rejoice : 896
 About the fire into a dance they bend,
 And sing their sabbath notes with feeble
 voice.

224.

Our guardian angel saw them where they fate
 Above the palace of our slumbering king : 900
 He sigh'd, abandoning his charge to fate,
 And, drooping, oft look'd back upon the
 wing.

225.

At length the crackling noise and dreadful
 blaze
 Call'd up some waking lover to the sight ;
 And long it was ere he the rest could raise, 905
 Whose heavy eyelids yet were full of night.

Ver. 897. *About the fire into a dance they bend,*] How inferior is this passage to Milton's animated description of the wild ceremonies of Moloch, which Dryden, however, seems to have here had in mind :

“ In vain with cymbals' ring

“ They call the grisly king,

“ *In dismal dance about the furnace blue !*”

Ode Nativ. st. 23.

Todd.

226.

The next to danger, hot purfu'd by fate,
 Half-cloth'd, half-naked, hastily retire :
 And frighted mothers strike their breasts too
 late,
 For helpless infants left amidst the fire. 910

227.

Their cries soon waken all the dwellers near ;
 Now murmuring noises rise in every street ;
 The more remote run stumbling with their fear,
 And in the dark men jostle as they meet.

228.

So weary bees in little cells repose ; 915
 But if night-robbers lift the well-stor'd hive,
 An humming through their waxen city grows,
 And out upon each other's wings they drive.

229.

Now streets grow throng'd and busy as by day :
 Some run for buckets to the hallow'd quire :
 Some cut the pipes, and some the engines play ;
 And some more bold mount ladders to the
 fire. 922

Ver. 909. *And frighted mothers*] The orig. edit. has *mother*,
 incorrectly. TODD.

Ver. 914. *And in the dark &c.*] If I mistake not, Lee has
 somewhere written a similar line—

“ And gods meet gods, and jostle in the dark.”
 Both are equally splendid ! TODD,

230.

In vain : for from the East a Belgian wind
 His hostile breath through the dry rafters
 sent ;
 The flames impell'd soon left their foes behind,
 And forward with a wanton fury went. 926

231.

A key of fire ran all along the shore,
 And lighten'd all the river with a blaze :
 The waken'd tides began again to roar, 929
 And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

232.

Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
 But fear'd the fate of Simois would return :
 Deep in his ooze he sought his fedgy bed,
 And shrunk his waters back into his urn.

233.

The fire, mean time, walks in a broader grofs ;
 To either hand his wings he opens wide : 936
 He wades the streets, and straight he reaches
 crofs,
 And plays his longing flames on th' other side.

Ver. 928. *And lighten'd all the river with a blaze :*]

“ *Sigæa igni freta lata relucent.*” Virg. Orig. ed.

Ver. 931. *Old father Thames rais'd up his reverend head,
 But fear'd the fate of Simois would return :*] An
 evident allusion to the 21st book of Homer, where Vulcan dries
 up the allied streams of Simois and Scamander.

JOHN WARTON.

234.

At first they warm, then scorch, and then they
take ;

Now with long necks from side to side they
feed : 940

At length, grown strong, their mother-fire for-
fake,

And a new colony of flames succeed.

235.

To every nobler portion of the town

The curling billows roll their restless tide :

In parties now they straggle up and down, 945

As armies, unoppos'd, for prey divide.

236.

One mighty squadron with a side-wind sped,

Through narrow lanes his cumber'd fire does
haste,

By powerful charms of gold and silver led,

The Lombard bankers and the Change to
waste. 950

237.

Another backward to the Tower would go,

And slowly eats his way against the wind :

But the main body of the marching foe

Against th' imperial palace is design'd.

238.

Now day appears, and with the day the king,

Whose early care had robb'd him of his rest :

Far off the cracks of falling houſes ring,
 And ſhrieks of ſubjects pierce his tender
 breaſt.

239.

Near as he draws, thick harbingers of ſmoke
 With gloomy pillars cover all the place ; 960
 Whoſe little intervals of night are broke
 By ſparks, that drive againſt his ſacred face.

240.

More than his guards his ſorrows made him
 known,
 And pious tears which down his cheeks did
 ſhow'r :

The wretched in his grief forgot their own ; 965
 So much the pity of a king has pow'r.

241.

He wept the flames of what he lov'd ſo well,
 And what ſo well had merited his love :
 For never prince in grace did more excel,
 Or royal city more in duty ſtrove. 970

242. .

Nor with an idle care did he behold :
 Subjects may grieve, but monarchs muſt e-
 drefs ;
 He cheers the fearful and commends the bold,
 And makes deſpairers hope for good ſuc-
 ceſs.

243.

Himself directs what first is to be done, 975
 And orders all the succours which they bring:
 The helpful and the good about him run,
 And form an army worthy such a king.

Ver. 975.] Immediately after the fire of London, there was published, on an half sheet, “ a true and exact Relation of the most dreadful and remarkable Fires, which have happened since the reign of King William the Conqueror to this present year, 1666, in the cities of London and Westminster, and other parts of England.”

The following is the account of the fire in 1666:—“ On Sunday, the second of September, this present year, 1666, about one a clock in the morning, there happened a sad and deplorable fire in *Pudding-lane*, near *New Fish-street*; which, falling out in a part of the city so close built with wooden houses, propagated it self so far before day with such violence, that it bred such distraction and astonishment in the inhabitants and neighbours, that care was taken not to stop the further diffusion of it by pulling down houses, as ought to have been; so that this grievous fire in a short time became too big to be mastered by any engines, or working near it; and being fomented by the hand of God in a violent easterly wind, which kept it burning in such a raging manner all Sunday and Sunday night, spreading it self by Monday morning up *Gracechurch-street* to *Lombard-street*, and to *St. Swithin's church* in *Canon-street*, and downwards from *Canon-street* to the water-side as far as the *Three Cranes in the Vintry*, and eastward beyond *Billingsgate*. The greatness and vastness of the fire was such, that made the amazed and distracted people take care onely to preserve their own goods, and secure every man his particular concerns, making but slender attempts to extinguish the flame. In fine, it continued all Monday and Tuesday with such impetuosity, that it had, at ten of the clock on Tuesday night, westward, consumed houses and churches all the way to *St. Dunstan's church*, in *Fleet-street*; at which time, by the favour of God, the wind slackened; and that night, by the vigilancy, industry, and indefatigable pains of his Majesty and his Royal Highness, calling upon all people, and encouraging them by their personal assistances, a stop was put to the fire in *Fleet-street*, the *Inner Temple*, and *Fetter-lane*, at *Holborn-bridge*, *Pie-Corner*, *Aldersgate*, *Cripplegate*, near the lower end of *Coleman-street*; at the end of *Basinghall-street*, by the *Postern*, at the upper end of

244.

He sees the dire contagion spread so fast,

That, where it seizes, all relief is vain: 980

And therefore must unwillingly lay waste

That country, which would else the foe maintain.

245.

The powder blows up all before the fire:

Th' amazed flames stand gather'd on a heap;

And from the precipice's brink retire, 985

Afraid to venture on so large a leap.

246.

Thus fighting fires a while themselves consume,

But straight like Turks, forc'd on to win or die,

Bishopsgate-street, and Leadenhall-street, at the standard in Cornhill, at the church in Fenchurch-street, near Cloathworker's-hall in Mincing-lane, at the middle of Mark-lane, and at the Tower-dock. But on Wednesday night it suddenly brake out afresh in the Inner Temple, which happened (as it is supposed) by flakes of fire falling into the gutters of the buildings. His Royal Highness in person fortunately watching there that night, by his care, diligence, great labour, and seasonable commands for the blowing up with gunpowder some of the laid buildings, it was most happily before day extinguished, after it had laid level with the ground Tanfield-court, Parson's-court, and the buildings in the church-yard, and done some little damage to the church and hall."

TODD.

Ver. 988. *But straight like Turks forc'd on, &c.]* The Turks are not only predestinarians, but they also believe that every man, who dies fighting against unbelievers, for so they call all who differ from them in religion, goes directly to Paradise. These tenets often encourage those to fight who have no great stomachs to it; and, in this sense, they may be said to be forced on.

DERRICK,

They first lay tender bridges of their fume,
 And o'er the breach in unctuous vapours
 fly. 990

247.

Part stays for passage, 'till a gust of wind
 Ships o'er their forces in a shining sheet:
 Part creeping under ground their journey blind,
 And climbing from below their fellows meet.

248.

Thus to some desert plain, or old wood-side, 995
 Dire night-hags come from far to dance their
 round;
 And o'er broad rivers on their fiends they ride,
 Or sweep in clouds above the blasted ground.

249.

No help avails: for, hydra-like, the fire
 Lifts up his hundred heads to aim his
 way: 1000
 And scarce the wealthy can one half retire,
 Before he rushes in to share the prey.

250.

The rich grow suppliant, and the poor grow
 proud:
 Those offer mighty gain, and these ask more:
 So void of pity is th' ignoble crowd, 1005
 When others ruin may increase their store.

251.

As those, who live by shores, with joy behold
 Some wealthy vessel split or stranded nigh;
 And from the rocks leap down for shipwreck'd
 gold,
 And seek the tempest which the others fly :

252.

So these but wait the owners last despair, 1011
 And what's permitted to the flames invade;
 Ev'n from their jaws they hungry morsels tear,
 And on their backs the spoils of Vulcan
 lade.

253.

The days were all in this lost labour spent; 1015
 And when the weary king gave place to
 night,
 His beams he to his royal brother lent,
 And so shone still in his reflective light.

Ver. 1007. *As those, who live by shores, &c.*] The gallant Sir Cloudesley Shovel was barbarously murdered on the coast of Cornwall, as he swam on shore, by a woman, who was incited to the barbarous act by the sight of a ring which he wore on his finger. This is related on the authority of the late Lord Peterborough, who told it to Sir John Mordaunt, who related it to the late Dr. Shipley, bishop of St. Asaph. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1010. *And seek the tempest*] Thus the original edition. Derrick has *tempests*. TODD.

Ver. 1016. *And when the weary king gave place to-night,*]

——— *seræ meminit decedere nocti. Virg.*

JOHN WARTON.

254.

Night came, but without darkness or repose,
 A dismal picture of the general doom; 1020
 Where souls distracted when the trumpet blows,
 And half unready with their bodies come.

255.

Those who have homes, when home they do
 repair,
 To a last lodging call their wandering friends:
 Their short uneasy sleeps are broke with care, 1025
 To look how near their own destruction tends.

256.

Those who have none, sit round where once it
 was,
 And with full eyes each wonted room re-
 quire:
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,
 As murder'd men walk, where they did ex-
 pire. 1030

257.

Some stir up coals and watch the vestal fire,
 Others in vain from sight of ruin run;

Ver. 1028. *And with full eyes each wonted room require:
 Haunting the yet warm ashes of the place,]*

A pathetic stroke, which reminds us of the lively representa-
 tion of Livy:—"At præ metu oblitū quid relinquerent, quid
 secum ferrent, deficiente consilio, rogitantesque alii alios, nunc
 in liminibus starent, nunc errabundi domos suas, ultimum illas
 visuri pervagarentur."

JOHN WARTON.

And, while through burning labyrinths they
 retire,
 With loathing eyes repeat what they would
 shun.

258.

The most in fields like herded beasts lie down,
 To dews obnoxious on the grassy floor; 1036
 And while their babes in sleep their sorrows
 drown,
 Sad parents watch the remnants of their
 store.

259.

While by the motion of the flames they guess
 What streets are burning now, and what are
 near, 1040
 An infant waking to the paps would press,
 And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.

Ver. 1041. *An infant waking to the paps would press,
 And meets, instead of milk, a falling tear.]*

A tender and pathetic stroke, which might have been derived from Pliny's description of the famous picture of Aristides the Theban:—"Hujus pictura est, oppido capto ad matris morientis e vulnere mammam adrepens infans: intelligiturque sentire mater, & timere, ne emortuo lacte sanguinem lambat."—Pliny.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1042.] Cold on Canadian hills, or Minden's plain,
 Perhaps that parent mourn'd her soldier slain;
 Bent o'er her babe, her eye dissolv'd in dew,
 The big drops mingling with the milk he drew,
 Gave the sad presage of his future years,
 The child of Misery baptiz'd in tears!

Apology for Vagrants. Anon. Knox's edit. vol. i. p. 523.

JOHN WARTON.

260.

No thought can ease them but their sovereign's
care,

Whose praise th' afflicted as their comfort
sing :

E'en those, whom want might drive to just de-
spair, 1045

Think life a blessing under such a king.

261.

Meantime he sadly suffers in their grief,

Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a faint :

All the night long he studies their relief,

How they may be supply'd, and he may
want. 1050

262.

“ O God,” said he, “ thou Patron of my days *,
Guide of my youth in exile and distress !

Ver. 1048. *Out-weeps an hermit, and out-prays a faint :
All the long night he studies their relief,
How they may be supplied, and he may want.]*

This reminds us of Cowper :

When, Isaac like, the solitary faint,
Walks forth to meditate at even tide,
And think on her, who thinks not for herself.

JOHN WARTON.

King's prayer. Original edition.

Ver. 1051. “ O God,” said he,] One of the finest stanzas,
and onwards to verse 1086, worthy our author.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. “ O God,” said he, “ thou Patron of my days,]
This, which Dr. Johnson calls “ a speech rather tedious in a
time so busy,” I would rather, with due deference to so great a
man, call a solemn prayer. It may be no unpleasing task to my

Who me unfriended brought't by wond'rous
ways,

The kingdom of my fathers to possess :

263.

“ Be thou my Judge, with what unwearied
care 1055

I since have labour'd for my people's good ;
To bind the bruises of a Civil War,
And stop the issues of their wasting blood.

264.

“ Thou, who hast taught me to forgive the ill,
And recompense, as friends, the good mis-
led : 1060

If mercy be a precept of thy will,
Return that mercy on thy servant's head.

reader to compare with these admirable lines the prayer of Henry the Fourth of France, cited by Mr. Addison in the *Guardian*, vol. i. p. 79. “ O Lord of Hosts, who canst see through the thickest veil and closest disguise, who viewest the bottom of my heart, and the deepest designs of my enemies, who hast in thy hands, as well as before thine eyes, all the events which concern human life ; if thou knowest that my reign will promote thy glory, and the safety of thy people ; if thou knowest that I have no other ambition in my soul, but to advance the honour of thy holy name, and the good of this state, favour, O great God, the justice of my arms, and reduce all the rebels to acknowledge him whom thy sacred decrees, and the order of a lawful succession, have made their sovereign ; but if thy good Providence has ordered it otherwise, and thou seest that I should prove one of those kings whom thou givest in thine anger, take from me, O merciful God, my life and my crown ; make me this day a sacrifice to thy will ; let my death end the calamities of France, and let my blood be the last that is spilt in this quarrel.”

JOHN WARTON.

265.

“ Or if my heedless youth has stept astray,
 Too soon forgetful of thy gracious hand ;
 On me alone thy just displeasure lay, 1065
 But take thy judgments from this mourning
 land.

266.

“ We all have sinn'd, and thou hast laid us
 low,
 As humble earth from whence at first we
 came :
 Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming
 flame. 1070

Ver. 1063. ——— youth has stept astray,] Original edition.
 Derrick, *step'd.* TODD.

Ver. 1069. *Like flying shades before the clouds we show,
 And shrink like parchment in consuming flame.]*

Two energetic lines founded on scriptural allusions, Psalm cix.
 v. 22, “ I go hence like the shadow that departeth.”

This last image Dr. Glynn has transferred into his Seatonian
 Prize Poem, “ the Day of Judgment,” with so much felicity,
 that I must be pardoned for transcribing the whole of the Prayer
 with which he concludes his spirited poem :

————— “ Power supreme,
 “ O everlasting king, to thee I kneel,
 “ To thee I lift my voice. With fervent heat
 “ Melt all ye elements ! and thou, high heav'n,
 “ Shrink like a shrivel'd scroll ! but think, O Lord,
 “ Think on the best, the noblest of thy works !
 “ Think on thine own bright image ! think on him
 “ Who died to save us from thy righteous wrath,
 “ And 'midst the wreck of worlds remember Man !”

JOHN WARTON.

267.

“ O let it be enough what thou hast done ;
 When spotted deaths ran arm'd through every
 street,
 With poison'd darts which not the good could
 shun,
 The speedy could out-fly, or valiant meet.

268.

“ The living few, and frequent funerals then, 1075
 Proclaim'd thy wrath on this forsaken place:
 And now those few, who are return'd agen,
 Thy searching judgments to their dwellings
 trace.

269.

“ O pass not, Lord, an absolute decree,
 Or bind thy sentence unconditional : 1080
 But in thy sentence our remorse foresee,
 And in that foresight this thy doom recal.

270.

“ Thy threatnings, Lord, as thine thou may'st
 revoke :
 But, if immutable and fix'd they stand,
 Continue still thyself to give the stroke, 1085
 And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.”

Ver. 1085. *Continue still thyself to give the stroke,
 And let not foreign foes oppress thy land.]*

He imitates the pious submission of David :—“ Let us now
 fall into the hand of the Lord ; for his mercies are great ; and
 let me not fall into the hand of man.”—2 Sam. xxiv. 14.

JOHN WARTON.

271.

Th' Eternal heard, and from the heavenly quire
 Chose out the cherub with the flaming sword;
 And bad him swiftly drive th' approaching fire
 From where our naval magazines were
 stor'd. 1090

272.

The blessed minister his wings display'd,
 And like a shooting star he cleft the night:
 He charg'd the flames, and those that disobey'd
 He lash'd to duty with his sword of light.

273.

The fugitive flames, chastis'd, went forth to
 prey 1095
 On pious structures, by our fathers rear'd;
 By which to heaven they did affect the way,
 Ere faith in churchmen without works was
 heard.

274.

The wanting orphans saw with wat'ry eyes,
 Their founders' charity in dust laid low; 1100
 And sent to God their ever-answer'd cries,
 For he protects the poor, who made them so.

Ver. 1096. *On pious structures, &c.*] He here, I presume, alludes to Christ's Hospital, &c. &c. JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1097. *By which to heaven they did affect the way, Ere faith in churchmen without works was heard.*]

This passage is a sarcasm upon those who reduce all principles of religion to the single article of faith, which, according to some, is sufficient for salvation, exclusive of every other tenet.

DERRICK.

275.

Nor could thy fabrick, Paul's, defend thee long,
 Though thou wert sacred to thy Maker's
 praise :

Though made immortal by a poet's song; 1105
 And poets' songs the Theban walls could
 raise.

276.

The daring flames peep'd in, and saw from far
 The awful beauties of the sacred quire :
 But, since it was profan'd by Civil War,
 Heaven thought it fit to have it purg'd by
 fire. 1110

277.

Now down the narrow streets it swiftly came,
 And widely opening did on both sides prey :
 This benefit we sadly owe the flame,
 If only ruin must enlarge our way.

Ver. 1107. — *flames peep'd in*] In censuring some seeming blemishes in this piece, such as the above lines, I should be mortified to be placed among those idle and petty objectors, who mistake *cavilling* for criticising; such as *he* who blamed *Tasso* for making *Erminia* cut off her hair, to bind up *Tancred's* wounds, with a sword, as a sword will not cut hair; or *he* who thought *Raphaël* had made the boat too little to receive the miraculous capture of fish; or *he* who objected to the figure of *Laocoon* being represented as naked when he was in the act of *sacrificing*. I shall for ever read the *Seasons* of *Thomson* with delight and admiration, though I cannot forbear objecting to the two last lines as a conceit, alluding to his subject,

The storms of wintry Time will quickly pass,
 And one unbounded Spring encircle all.

The verse below about God's taking an *extinguisher* is an absurdity of the most glaring kind. (Verse 1129.)

Dr. J. WARTON,

278.

And now four days the sun had seen our
woes : 1115

Four nights the moon beheld th' incessant
fire :

It seem'd as if the stars more sickly rose,
And farther from the feverish north retire.

279.

In th' empyrean heav'n, the blest'd abode,
The Thrones and the Dominions prostrate
lie, 1120

Not daring to behold their angry God ;
And an hush'd silence damps the tuneful
sky.

280.

At length th' Almighty cast a pitying eye,
And mercy softly touch'd his melting breast :
He saw the town's one half in rubbish lie, 1125
And eager flames drive on to storm the
rest.

281.

An hollow crystal pyramid he takes,
In firmamental waters dipt above ;
Of it a broad extinguisher he makes,
And hoods the flames that to their quarry
drove. 1130

282.

The vanquish'd fires withdraw from every place,
 Or full with feeding sink into a sleep:
 Each household genius shews again his face,
 And from the hearths the little lares creep.

283.

Our king this more than natural change be-
 holds ; 1135
 With sober joy his heart and eyes abound:
 To the All-good his lifted hands he folds,
 And thanks him low on his redeemed ground.

284.

As when sharp frosts had long constrain'd the
 earth,
 A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain; 1140
 And first the tender blade peeps up to birth,
 And straight the green fields laugh with pro-
 mis'd grain:

285.

By such degrees the spreading gladness grew
 In every heart which fear had froze before:
 The standing streets with so much joy they
 view, 1145
 That with less grief the perish'd they de-
 plore.

Ver. 1140. *A kindly thaw unlocks it with mild rain;*] Orig.
 edition. Certainly the genuine reading. "Derrick's *cold rain,*"
 must be discarded. TODD.

286.

The father of the people open'd wide

His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed :
Thus God's anointed God's own place sup-
ply'd,

And fill'd the empty with his daily bread. 1150

287.

This royal bounty brought its own reward,

And in their minds so deep did print the
sense ;

That if their ruins sadly they regard,

'Tis but with fear the sight might drive him
thence.

288.

But so may he live long, that town to sway, 1155

Which by his auspice they will nobler make,

As he will hatch their ashes by his stay,

And not their humble ruins now forsake *

Ver. 1147. *The father of his people open'd wide*

His stores, and all the poor with plenty fed.]

The poor people that were burnt out, built huts and sheds of boards for shelter in Moorfields, and other outlets of the city ; and the king was often seen among them, enquiring into their wants, and doing every thing in his power to comfort them. He moreover ordered the justices of the peace to see them supplied with food, and to be careful of preventing forestallers from taking advantage of their distresses ; besides which, he commanded that the biscuits, and other provisions, laid up in the Tower for the use of his army and navy, should be carried out and distributed among them. Enjoying such benefits from his royal presence, we are not to wonder at the citizens begging him not to leave them, when it was supposed he was going into the country.

Vide stanza 288.

DERRICK.

* City's request to the king not to leave them. Orig. edit.

289.

They have not lost their loyalty by fire ;
 Nor is their courage or their wealth so low, 1160
 That from his wars they poorly would retire,
 Or beg the pity of a vanquish'd foe.

290.

Not with more constancy the Jews of old,
 By Cyrus from rewarded exile sent,
 Their royal city did in dust behold, 1165
 Or with more vigour to rebuild it went.

. 291.

The utmost malice of their stars is past,
 And two dire comets, which have scourg'd
 the town,
 In their own plague and fire have breath'd the
 last,
 Or dimly in their sinking sockets frown. 1170

292.

Now frequent trines the happier lights among,
 And high-rais'd Jove, from his dark prison
 freed,
 Those weights took off that on his planet hung,
 Will gloriously the new-laid work succeed.

Ver. 1167. — *malice of their stars*] Original edition.
 In Derrick it is "*the stars.*" TODD.

Ver. 1174. — *the new-laid work succeed.*] Orig. edition.
 Derrick has "*works.*" TODD.

293.

Methinks already, from this chymick flame, 1175
 I see a city of more precious mold :
 Rich as the town* which gives the Indies name,
 With silver-pav'd, and all divine with gold.

294.

Already, labouring with a mighty fate,
 She shakes the rubbish from her mounting
 brow, 1180
 And seems to have renew'd' her charter's date,
 Which heaven will to the death of time allow.

295.

More great than human now, and more august,
 Now deified she from her fires does rise :
 Her widening streets on new foundations
 trust, 1185
 And, opening, into larger parts she flies.

Ver. 1175. *Methinks already,*] A prophecy most fortunately fulfilled! no city was ever more improved by the wideness and commodiousness, and consequent healthiness and cleanliness, of its streets, and magnificence of its buildings, than London after this calamitous fire.

Merses profundo, pulchrior evenit!

And of later years more attention has been paid to the circumstances above-mentioned than in any metropolis of Europe. The stanzas 295, 296, 297, are beautiful. The 298th stanza concludes with a puerile conceit. Dr. J. WARTON.

Mexico. Original edition.

Ver. 1183. ——— *august,*] *Augusta* the old name of London. Original edition.

296.

Before, she like some shepherdes did show,
 Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
 Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
 Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern
 pride. 1190

297.

Now, like a maiden queen, she will behold,
 From her high turrets, hourly suitors come:
 The East with incense, and the West with gold,
 Will stand, like supplicants, to receive her
 doom.

298.

The silver Thames, her own domestick flood, 1195
 Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
 And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
 With longing eyes to meet her face again.

299.

The wealthy Tagus, and the wealthier Rhine,
 The glory of their towns no more shall
 boast, 1200
 And Seyne, that would with Belgian rivers
 join,
 Shall find her lustre stain'd, and traffick lost.

300.

The venturous merchant who design'd more
 far,
 And touches on our hospitable shore,

Charm'd with the splendour of this northern
star,

1205

Shall here unlade him, and depart no more.

301.

Our powerful navy shall no longer meet,
The wealth of France or Holland to invade:
The beauty of this town without a fleet,
From all the world shall vindicate her
trade.

1210

302.

And, while this fam'd emporium we prepare,
The British ocean shall such triumphs boast,
That those, who now disdain our trade to share,
Shall rob like pirates on our wealthy coast.

303.

Already we have conquer'd half the war,

1215

And the less dangerous part is left behind:

Our trouble now is but to make them dare,

And not so great to vanquish as to find.

304.

Thus to the eastern wealth through storms we go,
But now, the Cape once doubled, fear no
more:

1220

Ver. 1219. *Thus to the eastern*] If he had never written any other poem than this *Annus Mirabilis*, he never could have been ranked among our greatest English poets. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1220. — *the Cape once doubled, fear no more:*
A constant trade-wind will securely blow.]

Sailors generally imagine themselves out of danger on an East-India voyage, when they double the Cape of Good Hope, because

A constant trade-wind will securely blow,
And gently lay us on the spicy shore.

then they get into the trade-winds, or monsoons, that always blow in a certain direction. DERRICK.

Ver. 1221. *A constant*] A frigid conceit drawn from the nature of the trade-wind. DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1222.^s *And gently lay us &c.*] From these lines Pope has formed one of his most melodious couplets:

“Ye gentle gales, beneath my body blow,
And softly lay me on the waves below.”

Sappho to Phaon.

JOHN WARTON.

AN
ESSAY UPON SATIRE*,

BY
MR. DRYDEN

AND THE
EARL OF MULGRAVE.

HOW dull, and how insensible a beast
Is man, who yet would lord it o'er the rest?
Philosophers and poets vainly strove
In every age the lumpish mass to move:

* This piece was written in 1679, and handed about in manuscript some time before it made its appearance in print. It is supposed to have occasioned the beating Mr. Dryden received in Rose-street, Covent-Garden, of which notice is taken in his life. The earl of Mulgrave's name has been always joined with Dryden's, as concerned in the composition; and that nobleman somewhere takes notice, that Dryden

Was prais'd and beaten for another's rhyme.

It is not improbable, that Rochester's character was drawn by his lordship, who held him in high contempt, after his behaving in a very dastardly manner when he challenged him. How, indeed, Lord Mulgrave came to subscribe to so disagreeable a picture of himself, is hard to divine.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *How dull,*] This satire is claimed by the Earl of Mulgrave, and perhaps ought not to have a place in our poet's works. But *Quere?*

Dr. J. WARTON.

But those were pedants, when compar'd with
these, 5

Who know not only to instruct but please.

Poets alone found the delightful way,

Mysterious morals gently to convey

In charming numbers ; so that as men grew

Pleas'd with their poems, they grew wiser

too.

10

Satire has always shone among the rest,

And is the boldest way, if not the best,

To tell men freely of their foulest faults ;

To laugh at their vain deeds, and vainer
thoughts.

In satire too the wise took different ways, 15

To each deserving its peculiar praise.

Some did all folly with just sharpness blame,

Whilst others laugh'd and scorn'd them into
shame:

But of these two, the last succeeded best,

As men aim rightest when they shoot in jest. 20

Yet, if we may presume to blame our guides,

And censure those, who censure all besides ;

In other things they justly are preferr'd ;

In this alone methinks the ancients err'd ;

Against the grossest follies they declaim ; 25

Hard they pursue, but hunt ignoble game.

Nothing is easier than such blots to hit,

And 'tis the talent of each vulgar wit :

Besides 'tis labor lost; for who would preach
 Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach? 30
 'Tis being devout at play, wise at a ball,
 Or bringing wit and friendship to Whitehall.

Ver. 30. *Morals to Armstrong, or dull Aston teach?*] Sir Thomas Armstrong had been knighted by King Charles II. for some services received from him during the protectorship, he having been sent over to his Majesty, when in Holland, with a sum of money, raised among some of his faithful subjects, for his royal use. He afterwards bore a lieutenant-colonel's commission in the first troop of horse-guards, and was appointed gentleman of horse to the king. Being a man of a loose immoral character, and of no fixed principles, either in religion or politics, he joined in the Rye-house-Plot, and then escaped into Holland. Five hundred pounds were offered as a reward for taking him. Lewis XIV. out of compliment to King Charles, offered five hundred pounds to any one who should secure him in the dominions of France. He was at length seized at Leyden, brought over to England, and condemned to die by Judge Jefferies, who treated him in a very unbecoming manner.

Bishop Burnet observes, that he died with great meekness and resignation, expressing a hearty repentance for his past profligate life. King Charles, about the time of Sir Thomas's execution, told several people, that he had been lately assured Sir Thomas had been suborned by Cromwell, to take away his life when he waited on him in Holland, but he found no opportunity of perpetrating his crime; for failing in which, the Protector imprisoned him on his return home. Though this story came from a royal mouth, few people believed it; yet it is certain, that Cromwell kept him a year in prison.

He was hanged at Tyburn on the 20th of June, 1684: his head was fixed upon Westminster-Hall, between those of Cromwell and Bradshaw, and his quarters upon Temple-Bar, Aldgate, Alderigate, and the town-wall of Stafford. It is said he was a native of Nimeguen, a city of Guelderland, and would have claimed from the states-general the protection of a native, if he had not been carried away as soon as he was arrested.

I find in Wood's Fasti, mention made of one James Aston, a divine, of whom no more is said than that he was a zealous loyalist, and about this time well beneficed. It is not unlikely, that it is the same person whom we find here celebrated for dullness; for, had he excelled in any thing else, Wood would not have failed to remark it.

DERRICK:

But with sharp eyes those nicer faults to find,
 Which lie obscurely in the wisest mind ;
 That little speck which all the rest does spot, 35
 To wash off that would be a noble toil ;
 Beyond the loose writ libels of this age,
 Or the forc'd scenes of our declining stage ;
 Above all censure too, each little wit
 Will be so glad to see the greater hit ; 40
 Who judging better, though concern'd the most,
 Of such correction will have cause to boast.
 In such a satire all would seek a share,
 And every fool will fancy he is there.
 Old story-tellers too must pine and die, 45
 To see their antiquated wit laid by ;
 Like her, who mis'd her name in a lampoon,
 And grieved to find herself decay'd so soon.
 No common coxcomb must be mention'd here :
 Nor the dull train of dancing sparks appear : 50
 Nor fluttering officers who never fight ;
 Of such a wretched rabble who would write ?
 Much less half wits: that's more against our
 rules ;
 For they are fops, the other are but fools.
 Who would not be as silly as Dunbar ? 55
 As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr ?

Ver. 55. *Who would not be as silly as Dunbar ?*

As dull as Monmouth, rather than Sir Carr ?]

There was a Lord Viscount Dunbar, and a colonel of the same name, about this time at court; but to which to apply this character I cannot tell, as I never met with any of their private history.

The cunning courtier should be slighted too,
 Who with dull knavery makes so much ado ;
 Till the shrewd fool, by thriving too too fast,
 Like Æsop's fox becomes a prey at last. 60
 Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,
 Too ugly, or too easy to be blam'd ;

Monmouth is said to have been brave, soft, gentle, and sincere, open to the grossest adulation, and strongly addicted to his pleasures : he was, upon the whole, a man of very weak parts, graceful in his person, and of an endearing placid deportment.— See the notes upon Absalom and Achitophel.

Sir Carr Scrope is the third person in this verse : he was the son of Sir Adrian Scrope, a Lincolnshire knight, and bred at Oxford, where he took a master's degree in 1664 ; and in 1666 he was created a baronet. He was intimate with the most celebrated geniuses of King Charles's court, had a very pretty turn for poetry, and was certainly something more than a half-wit. His translation of Sappho to Phaon, among the epistles of Ovid, is in some estimation ; and many loose satires, handed about in manuscript, were set down to his account. He is mentioned thus in the first volume of State Poems, p. 200 :

“ ——— Sir Carr, that knight of wither'd face,
 “ Who, for reversion of a poet's place, }
 “ Waits on Melpomene, and soothes her grace. }
 “ That angry mis's alone he strives to please,
 “ For fear the rest should teach him wit and ease,
 “ And make him quit his lov'd laborious walks, }
 “ When sad or silent, o'er the room he stalks, }
 “ And strives to write as wisely as he talks.” }

And again, in the third volume, part I, p. 148 :

“ ————— no man can compare
 “ For carriage, youth, and beauty, with Sir Carr.”

He died at his house in St. Martin's-fields, Westminster, in the latter end of the year 1680. DERRICK.

Ver. 61. *Nor shall the royal mistresses be nam'd,*] About the time of the writing this poem, the king, if we may rely upon Bishop Burnet's authority, divided all his spare time between the Dutchess of Portsmouth and Nell Gwin. DERRICK.

With whom each rhiming fool keeps such a
pothor,

They are as common that way as the other
Yet fauntering Charles between his beastly
brace, 65

Meets with dissembling still in either place,
Affected humor, or a painted face. }

In loyal libels we have often told him,
How one has jilted him, the other sold him :
How that affects to laugh, how this to weep ;
But who can rail so long as he can sleep ? 71

Was ever prince by two at once misled,
False, foolish, old, ill-natur'd, and ill-bred ?
Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no
place ; 75

Ver. 74. *Earnely and Aylesbury, with all that race
Of busy blockheads, shall have here no place ;
At council set as foils on Danby's score.]*

Sir John Earnely was bred to the law : he was chancellor of the exchequer in the year 1686, and made one of the lords commissioners of the treasury, in the room of the lord treasurer Hyde, Earl of Rochester.

Robert, the first Earl of Aylesbury, was the son of Thomas Bruce, Earl of Elgin, in Scotland, and created by King Charles Lord Bruce in England. In 1685 he succeeded the Earl of Arlington as lord-chamberlain of the king's household, and died a few months afterwards. Wood gives him the character of a man of learning, a benefactor to the clergy, a great antiquarian, and says he was well skilled in the history of his own country.

Thomas, Earl of Danby, ancestor to the present Duke of Leeds, came out of Yorkshire, and was very zealous in forwarding the Restoration ; for which special service he was made trea-

At council fet as foils on Danby's score,
To make that great false jewel shine the
more ;

Who all that while was thought exceeding
wise,

Only for taking pains and telling lies.

But there's no meddling with such nauseous
men ;

80

Their very names have tired my lazy pen :
'Tis time to quit their company, and chuse
Some fitter subject for a sharper muse.

First, let's behold the merriest man alive
Against his careless genius vainly strive ;

85

urer of the navy, then a privy-counsellor, and in 1673, lord high treasurer of England. He enjoyed a great share of the royal favour, which, perhaps, promoted his being impeached by the Commons for monopoly and mismanagement. He was pardoned by the king, which occasioned much discontent ; was zealous in procuring a match between the Prince of Orange and Lady Mary, afterwards King and Queen of England ; a principal actor in the Revolution, and chairman of that committee of the whole house, which, on King James's flight, voted an abdication, and advanced William to the throne ; wherefore he was made president of the council, and raised to the dignity of Marquis of Carmarthen and Duke of Leeds, about three years afterwards. He died in the year 1712, aged eighty-one. DERRICK.

Ver. 84. *First let's behold the merriest man alive*] This character is so strongly and so justly marked, that it is impossible to mistake its being intended for Anthony Ashley Cooper, Earl of Shaftesbury: "A man of little steadiness, but such uncommon talents, that he acquired great weight with every party he espoused: he was turbulent, restless, ambitious, subtle, and enterprising: he had conquered all sense of shame, was restrained by no fears, and influenced by no principles."—Smollett's History.

Quit his dear ease, some deep design to lay,
 'Gainst a set time, and then forget the day :
 Yet he will laugh at his best friends, and be
 Just as good company as Nokes and Lee.

But when he aims at reason or at rule, 90
 He turns himself the best to ridicule.

Let him at business ne'er so earnest sit,
 Shew him but mirth, and bait that mirth with
 wit ;

That shadow of a jest shall be enjoy'd,
 Though he left all mankind to be destroy'd. 95
 So cat transform'd sat gravely and demure,
 Till mouse appear'd; and thought himself se-
 cure ;

But soon the lady had him in her eye,
 And from her friend did just as oddly fly.
 Reaching above our nature does no good ; 100
 We must fall back to our old flesh and blood ;

In the first volume of the State Poems, p. 140, he is mentioned thus :

“ A little bobtail'd lord, urchin of state,
 “ A *praise-god-bare-bone* peer, whom all men hate ;
 “ Amphibious animal—half fool, half knave.”

DERRICK.

Ver. 80. ——— as *Nokes and Lee*.] These were two celebrated comedians in Charles the Second's reign.

DERRICK.

Ver. 96. *So cat transform'd &c.*] Alluding to the fable of a cat's being turned into a woman, at the intercession of a young man that loved it ; but, forgetting herself, she ran after a mouse, and was reduced to her pristine shape.

DERRICK.

As by our little Machiavel we find
 That nimblest creature of the busy kind,
 His limbs are crippled, and his body shakes ;
 Yet his hard mind, which all this bustle makes,
 No pity of its poor companion takes. 106

What gravity can hold from laughing out,
 To see him drag his feeble legs about,
 Like hounds ill-coupled ? Jowler lugs him still
 Through hedges, ditches, and through all that's
 ill. 110

'Twere crime in any man but him alone,
 To use a body so, though 'tis one's own :
 Yet this false comfort never gives him o'er,
 That whilst he creeps his vigorous thoughts can
 soar :

Alas ! that soaring to those few that know, 115
 Is but a busy groveling here below.

So men in rapture think they mount the sky,
 Whilst on the ground th' intranced wretches
 lie :

So modern fops have fancied they could fly.
 As the new earl with parts deserving praise, 120
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways ;

Ver. 120. *As the new earl with parts deserving praise,
 And wit enough to laugh at his own ways,
 Yet loses all, &c.]*

This character was well known to be drawn for Arthur Earl of Essex, son to the Lord Capel, who was put to death by the regicides ; but wherefore he should be called the *new earl*, I cannot see, since we find in Collins's Peerage, that he was created Earl of Essex in the year 1661, eighteen years before the publi-

Yet loses all soft days and sensual nights,
 Kind nature checks, and kinder fortune flights ;
 Striving against his quiet all he can,
 For the fine notion of a busy man. 125
 And what is that at best, but one, whose mind
 Is made to tire himself and all mankind ?
 For Ireland he would go ; faith, let him reign ;
 For if some odd fantastick lord would fain
 Carry in trunks, and all my drudgery do, 130
 I'll not only pay him, but admire him too.
 But is there any other beast that lives,
 Who his own harm so wittingly contrives ?
 Will any dog that has his teeth and stones,
 Refinedly leave his bitches and his bones,

cation of this piece. He was very fond of the lieutenancy of Ireland, which he had held from July 1672 to 1677 ; and though the Duke of Ormond was much sitter for that important post, as being better acquainted with the genius and polity of the nation, and more agreeable to the people ; yet he did every thing in his power to undermine that nobleman, with a view of again obtaining his government. He afterwards opposed the court, piqued perhaps because he was not gratified in all his desires, and perhaps from the republican principles, which he seemed to cherish, though so different from those of his unfortunate father.

He was taken into custody and committed to the Tower, for being concerned in the Rye-house Plot ; and he was found in his apartment there, with his throat cut from ear to ear, on the very morning of Lord Russell's execution.

Lord Essex was a man of indifferent abilities, but what the world calls cunning ; his education had been neglected in the civil wars, but he had a smattering of Latin, knew something of mathematics, and had a little knowledge of the law ; he aspired at being something greater than either nature or education had fitted him for, and his disappointment perhaps gave him an atrabilarious sourness, that ended in suicide, for which he was a professed advocate,

DERRICK.

To turn a wheel? and bark to be employ'd,
 While Venus is by rival dogs enjoy'd?
 Yet this fond man, to get a statesman's name,
 Forfeits his friends, his freedom, and his fame.

Though satire nicely writ with humor stings
 But those who merit praise in other things; 141
 Yet we must needs this one exception make,
 And break our rules for silly Tropos sake;
 Who was too much despis'd to be accus'd,
 And therefore scarce deserves to be abus'd; 145
 Rais'd only by his mercenary tongue,
 For railing smoothly, and for reasoning wrong.
 As boys on holy-days let loose to play,
 Lay waggish traps for girls that pass that way;
 Then shout to see in dirt and deep distress, 150
 Some silly cit in her flower'd foolish dress:
 So have I mighty satisfaction found,
 To see his tinsel reason on the ground:
 To see the florid fool despis'd, and know it, 154
 By some who scarce have words enough to show it:

Ver. 143. ————— [for *silly Tropos sake*;] Sir William Scroggs is meant by Tropos. He was lord chief justice of the King's Bench, and a violent prosecutor of the persons supposed to be concerned in the Popish plot: but when he found that Shaftesbury had, in reality, no interest at court, he quitted that party, and acted as much as possibly he could against it. This occasioned an accusation to be preferred against him by Oates and Bedloe, but it was never supported, his weight not being thought worth removing. He was resolute and penetrating, had a good deal of wit, and spoke fluently and boldly: but he often over-reached himself by being warm. He seems not to have been a man of much estimation, and Roger North, in his Examen, says, his course of life was scandalous. DERRICK.

For sense sits silent, and condemns for weaker
 The sinner, nay sometimes the wittiest speaker:
 But 'tis prodigious so much eloquence
 Should be acquired by such little sense;
 For words and wit did anciently agree, 160
 And Tully was no fool, though this man be:
 At bar abusive, on the bench unable,
 Knave on the woolfack, fop at council-table.
 These are the grievances of such fools as would
 Be rather wise than honest, great than good.

Some other kind of wits must be made
 known, 166
 Whose harmless errors hurt themselves alone;
 Excess of luxury they think can please,
 And laziness call loving of their ease:
 To live dissolv'd in pleasures still they feign, 170
 Though their whole life's but intermitting pain:
 So much of surfeits, head-aches, claps are seen,
 We scarce perceive the little time between:
 Well-meaning men who make this gross mis-
 take,
 And pleasure lose only for pleasure's sake; 175
 Each pleasure has its price, and when we pay
 Too much of pain, we squander life away.

Thus Dorset, purring like a thoughtful cat,
 Married, but wiser puss ne'er thought of that:

Ver. 178. *Thus Dorset, purring like, &c.*] Charles Earl of Dorset, about this time forty years of age, was one of the best

And first he worried her with railing rhyme, 180
Like Pembroke's mastives at his kindest time;

bred men of his time. He was a lord of the bed-chamber, and sent several times with compliments, or on short embassies, to France, for the king could not bear to be long without him: he was a most munificent patron; learning and genius were sure of his protection; and when our author was deprived of the bays, he allowed him the laureat's annual stipend out of his own private purse. Arthur Manwaring, Mr. Prior, and many other men of abilities, owed to him their being advanced and provided for. Nor was he less brave than polite and learned; for he attended the Duke of York as a volunteer in the first Dutch war; and by his coolness, courage and conduct, shewed himself a worthy representative of his many illustrious ancestors. The night before the famous battle, in which the Dutch admiral Opdam was blown up, he made a celebrated song, with the greatest composure, beginning,

To you fair ladies now at land,
We men at sea indite, &c.

No man had more ease or good-humor; his conversation was refined and sprightly: he had studied books and men deeply, and to good purpose: he was an excellent critic, and good poet, with a strong turn to satire, for which he is thus highly complimented in the State Poems, vol. I. p. 200.

“Dorset writes satire too, and writes so well,
“O great Apollo! let him still rebel.”
“Pardon a muse which does, like his, excel,
“Pardon a muse which does, with art, support
“Some drowsy wit in our unthinking court.”

He wrote with severity, but that severity was always justly pointed; and Lord Rochester calls him,

“The best good man, with the worst-natur'd muse.”

His first wife the Countess-Dowager of Falmouth had proved a barren wife. Of her having been a teeming widow I am ignorant. His second wife, whom he married in 1685, was daughter to the Earl of Northampton, and mother to the present Duke of Dorset. He was principally concerned in bringing about the revolution; was lord-chamberlain to King William and Queen Mary; chosen a knight of the garter in 1691, and several times appointed one of the regents, when the affairs of Europe demanded the absence of the king. He died at Bath in 1706, aged 69, lamented by every class of people, and the most opposite parties. Mr. Pope gives him these lines:

Then for one night fold all his slavish life,
 A teeming widow, but a barren wife ;
 Swell'd by contact of such a fulsome toad,
 He lugg'd about the matrimonial load ; 185
 Till fortune, blindly kind as well as he,
 Has ill restor'd him to his liberty ;
 Which he would use in his old sneaking way,
 Drinking all night and dozing all the day ;
 Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes. 191

'Mulgrave had much ado to 'scape the snare,
 Though learn'd in all those arts that cheat the
 fair :

For after all his vulgar marriage mocks,
 With beauty dazzled, Numps was in the stocks ;
 Deluded parents dry'd their weeping eyes, 196
 To see him catch his tartar for his prize :

“ Dorset, the grace of courts, the muse's pride,
 “ Patron of arts, and judge of nature, dy'd.”

DERRICK.

Ver. 190. *Dull as Ned Howard, whom his brisker times
 Had fam'd for dulness in malicious rhymes.*]

Edward Howard, Esq; a gentleman of the Berkshire family, consequently related to Sir Robert Howard. He wrote four plays, called, 1st. The Man of Newmarket, a comedy. 2d. Six Days Adventure; or, The New Utopia, a comedy. 3d. The Usurper, a comedy. 4th. Women's Conquest, a tragi-comedy: but none of them succeeded on the stage, nor procured him any reputation. He also published an Epic poem, called The British Princes, for which he was severely ridiculed by all the wits of his age: Lord Rochester, Lord Dorset, Mr. Waller, the Duke of Buckingham, Dr. Spratt, Lord Vaughan, published lampoons upon it, most of them printed in the six volumes of Miscellanies published by Dryden.

DERRICK.

Th' impatient town waited the wish'd-for change,
 And cuckolds smil'd in hopes of sweet revenge ;
 Till Petworth plot made us with sorrow see, 200
 As his estate, his person too was free :
 Him no soft thoughts, no gratitude could move ;
 To gold he fled from beauty and from love ;
 Yet failing there he keeps his freedom still,
 Forc'd to live happily against his will : 205
 'Tis not his fault, if too much wealth and power
 Break not his boasted quiet every hour.

And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
 Pleasure has always sought, but never found :
 Though all his thoughts on wine and women fall,
 His are so bad, sure he ne'er thinks at all. 211
 The flesh he lives upon is rank and strong,
 His meat and mistresses are kept too long.
 But sure we all mistake this pious man,
 Who mortifies his person all he can : 215

Ver. 208. *And little Sid, for simile renown'd,
 Pleasure has always sought but never found :*]

This Sidney, brother of Algernon Sidney and the Earl of Leicester, was rather a man of pleasure than of business ; his talents were great, but his indolence was greater ; his appearance was graceful ; he was a favourite with the ladies, had a turn for intrigue, and was of a disposition exactly fitted to Charles's court, easy, affable, and insinuating ; free from any guile, and a friend to mankind. In 1679 he went envoy to the Hague, where he contracted an intimacy with the Prince of Orange, whose friends he heartily assisted in raising him to the throne, being himself a messenger from England to Holland upon that very business in 1688. He was raised to the dignity of Lord Sidney, and Earl of Rumney, in 1688 ; declared Secretary of state, master of the ordnance, and lord-lieutenant of Ireland in 1689 ; and was removed from the latter post in 1693, it being thought that he held the reins of power with too slack a hand. DERRICK.

What we uncharitably take for sin,
 Are only rules of this odd capuchin;
 For never hermit under grave pretence,
 Has liv'd more contrary to common sense;
 And 'tis a miracle we may suppose, 220
 No nastiness offends his skilful nose;
 Which from all stink can with peculiar art
 Extract perfume and essence from a f—t:
 Expecting supper is his great delight;
 He toils all day but to be drunk at night; 225
 Then o'er his cups this night-bird chirping sits,
 Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.

Ver. 227. *Till he takes Hewet and Jack Hall for wits.*] Sir George Hewit, a man of quality, famous for gallantry, and often named in the State Poems. Sir George Etheredge intended for him the celebrated character of Sir Fopling Flutter.

" Scarce will there greater grief pierce every heart,
 " Should Sir George Hewit, or Sir Carr, depart.
 " Had it not better been, than thus to roam,
 " To stay and tie the cravat string at home;
 " To strut, look big, shake Pantaloon, and swear,
 " With Hewit, damnec, there's no action there."

State Poems, Vol. I. p. 155.

The above lines are addressed by Rochester to Lord Mulgrave, when bound for Tangier.

Jack Hall, a courtier, whom I take to be the same with Uzza in the second part of *Abfalom and Achitophel*, is thus mentioned in the State Poems, vol. II. p. 135.

" Jack Hall—————left town,
 " But first writ something he dare own,
 " Of prologue lawfully begotten,
 " And full nine months maturely thought on:
 " Born with hard labor, and much pain,
 " Oufely was Dr. Chamberlain.
 " At length from stuff and rubbish pick'd,
 " As bear's cubs into shape are lick'd,

Rochester I despise for want of wit,
Though thought to have a tail and cloven feet ;

“ When Wharton, Etherege, and Soame,
“ To give it their last strokes were come,
“ Those critics differ'd in their doom. }
“ Yet Swan says, he admir'd it 'scap'd,
“ Since 'twas Jack Hall's, without being clapp'd.”

Swan was a notorious punster.

DERRICK.

Ver. 228. *Rochester I despise &c.*] Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, was naturally modest, till the court corrupted him. His wit had in it a brightness, to which few could ever arrive. He gave himself up to all sorts of extravagance, and to the wildest frolics that a wanton wit could devise. He went about the streets as a beggar; made love as a porter; set up a stage as an Italian mountebank; was, for some years, always drunk, ever doing mischief. The king loved his company for the diversion it afforded, better than his person; and there was no love lost between them. He took his revenges in many libels: he found out a footman that knew all the court, whom he furnished with a red coat and a musket, as a centinel, and kept him all the winter long every night, at the doors of such ladies as he suspected of intrigues. In the court a centinel is little minded, and is believed to be posted by a captain of the guards to hinder a combat; so this man saw who walked about, and visited at forbidden hours. By this means Lord Rochester made many discoveries; and when he was well furnished with materials, he used to retire into the country for a month or two to write libels.

Once, being drunk, he intended to give the king a libel that he had wrote on some ladies; but, by a mistake, he gave him one written on himself, which brought him for that time into disgrace. He fell into an ill habit of body, and in several fits of sickness he had deep remorse, for he was guilty of much impiety, and of great immoralities; but as he recovered, he threw these off, and returned again to his former ill courses.

This is the account given of Lord Rochester by Bishop Burnet, who attended him in his illness; and who says, he is sure he would have continued to live a regular religious life, in case he had survived.

He had served as a volunteer in the Dutch war, and behaved with such undaunted resolution, that it can scarcely be reconciled to his dastardly conduct afterwards in private life; for it is certain, that he was not only capable of satirizing in the severest

For while he mischief means to all mankind, 230
 Himself alone the ill effects does find :
 And so like witches justly suffers shame,
 Whose harmless malice is so much the same.
 False are his words, affected is his wit ;
 So often he does aim, so seldom hit ; 235
 To every face he cringes while he speaks,
 But when the back is turn'd the head he breaks :
 Mean in each action, lewd in every limb,
 Manners themselves are mischievous in him :
 A proof that chance alone makes every creature,
 A very Killigrew without good-nature. 241

manner, but of sustaining the due reward of his abuse without resentment : so that he is said to have

His own kickings notably contriv'd.

And we can only reconcile these contradictions in conduct, by remembering his uninterrupted course of riot and debauchery; which had enervated all mental as well as corporeal faculties, and eradicated every virtue ; besides, it is a just observation, that no two things can be more opposite, than one and the same man at different times. He envied Dryden's great success, while he acknowledged his superior abilities, and supported Crown against him, whom he forsook, and opposed with equal virulence, when his Conquest of Jerusalem procured him some reputation. This is one reason for his being introduced here, in a light so very displeasing, though not untrue ; for the picture resembles him in every thing but want of wit, which is a misrepresentation. As he was one of the lewdest writers of his time, several collections of obscene poems, many of which he never saw, have been published under his name.

He was looked upon to be master of so much insinuation, that no woman was seen talking to him three times, without losing her reputation ; and if he did not make himself master of her person, he scrupled not scandalizing her to the world. Indeed, in his latter days it was only talk ; for his debaucheries had disabled him from action, and his inability was universally known.

DERRICK.

Ver. 241. *A very Killigrew without good-nature.*] Thomas Kil-

For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,
 And his own kickings notably contriv'd?
 For, there's the folly that's still mixt with fear,
 Cowards more blows than any hero bear; 245
 Of fighting sparks some may their pleasures say,
 But 'tis a bolder thing to run away:
 The world may well forgive him all his ill,
 For every fault does prove his penance still:
 Falsly he falls into some dangerous noose, 250
 And then as meanly labours to get loose;
 A life so infamous is better quitting,
 Spent in base injury and low submitting.
 I'd like to have left out his poetry;
 Forgot by all almost as well as me. 255

Killigrew, of whom we hear daily so many pleasant stories related, had good natural parts, but no regular education. He was brother to Sir William Killigrew, vice-chamberlain to King Charles the II's queen; had been some time page of honour to King Charles I. and was, after the restoration, many years master of the revels, and groom of the chamber to King Charles II. in whose exile he shared, being his resident at Venice in 1651.—During his travels abroad he wrote several plays, none of which are much talked of. His itch of writing, and his character as a wit and companion, occasioned this distich from Sir John Denham:

“Had Cowley ne'er spoke, Killigrew ne'er writ,
 “Combin'd in one they'd made a matchless wit.”

The same knight wrote a ballad on him.

Killigrew was a most facetious companion; his wit was lively and spirited; and he had a manner of saying the bitterest things, without provoking resentment; he tickled you while he made you smart, and you overlooked the pain, charmed by the pleasure. He died at Whitehall in March 1682, aged seventy-one, bewailed by his friends, and truly wept for by the poor.

DERRICK.

Ver. 242. For what a Bessus has he always liv'd,] Bessus is a remarkable cowardly character in Beaumont and Fletcher.

DERRICK.

Sometimes he has some humor, never wit,
 And if it rarely, very rarely, hit,
 'Tis under so much nasty rubbish laid,
 To find it out's the cinderwoman's trade ;
 Who for the wretched remnants of a fire, 260
 Must toil all day in ashes and in mire.
 So lewdly dull his idle works appear,
 The wretched texts deserve no comments here ;
 Where one poor thought sometimes, left all
 alone,
 For a whole page of dulness must atone. 265

How vain a thing is man, and how unwise ?
 E'en he, who would himself the most despise ?
 I, who so wise and humble seem to be,
 Now my own vanity and pride can't see,
 While the world's nonsense is so sharply shewn,
 We pull down others but to raise our own ; 271
 That we may angels seem, we paint them elves,
 And are but satires to set up ourselves.
 I, who have all this while been finding fault,
 E'en with my master, who first satire taught ; 275
 And did by that describe the task so hard,
 It seems stupendous and above reward ;
 Now labor with unequal force to climb
 That lofty hill, unreach'd by former time :
 'Tis just that I should to the bottom fall, 280
 Learn to write well, or not to write at all.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

PART I.

————— Si propius stes
Te capiet magis —————

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL;

A POEM, PUBLISHED 1681.

THE OCCASION OF IT EXPLAINED.

THE Earl of Shaftesbury seemed bent upon the ruin of the Duke of York. It was mostly through his influence in both houses, that those infamous witnesses, Oates, Tongue, Bedloe, &c. were so strenuously encouraged, and the Popish plot, if not schemed by him, was at least by him cherished and supported. He had been heard to say with some exultation, *I won't pretend to pronounce who started the game, but I am sure I have had the full hunting.* At this day that plot appears, to impartial and discerning eyes, to have been a forgery contrived to inflame the minds of the people against popery, a religion now professed by the duke, that the bill for excluding him from the throne might meet with more countenance and greater certainty of success; and it went very near having the desired effect.

The indiscreet zeal and imprudent conduct of the Roman Catholics, for some time past, had given too much room for suspicion; they having often openly, and in defiance of the established laws of the kingdom, shewn a thorough contempt for the established religion of their country, propagated as much as possible their own tenets, loudly triumphed in their progress, and daily acquisition of proselytes among all ranks of people, without the least secrecy or caution. Hence was the nation ripe for alarm: when given, it spread like wild-fire; and the Duke of York, as head of the party at which it was aimed, was obliged to withdraw to Brussels to avoid the impending storm.

The king being some time after taken ill, produced his highness's sudden return, before his enemies, and those in the opposition to the court-measures, could provide for his reception; so that their schemes were thus for a while disconcerted. Least his presence might revive commotion, he returned again to Brussels, and was then permitted (previously) to retire to Scotland, having received the strongest assurances of his brother's affection and resolution to secure him and his heirs the succession. He had before this the satisfaction of seeing the turbulent Earl of Shaftesbury removed from his seat and precedence in the privy-council, as well as all share in the ministry; and now prevailed to have the Duke of Monmouth dismissed from all his posts, and sent into Holland.

Shaftesbury's views were to lift Monmouth to the throne, whose weaknesses he knew he could so effectually manage, as to have the reins of government in that case in his own hands. Monmouth was the eldest of the king's sons, by whom he was tenderly beloved. His mother was one Mrs. Lucy Walters, otherwise Barlow, a Pembroke-shire woman, who bore him at Rotterdam in 1649, and between whom and his Majesty it was artfully reported, there had passed a contract of marriage. This report was narrowly examined into, and proved false, to the full satisfaction of the privy-council, and of the people in general, though Shaftesbury did all in his power to support and establish a belief of its reality. The youth was educated at Paris under the queen-mother, and brought over to England in 1662: soon after which time he was created Duke of Orkney in Scotland, and Monmouth in England, or rather Wales; chosen a knight of the garter; appointed master of horse to his Majesty, general of the land-forces, colonel of the life-guard of horse, lord-lieutenant of the east-riding of Yorkshire, governor of Kingston-upon-Hull, chief justice in eyre on the south of the river Trent, lord-chamberlain of Scotland, and Duke of Buccleugh, in right of his wife, who was daughter and heiress to a noble and wealthy earl, bearing that name; but he lost all those places of honour and fortune, together with his royal father's favour, by the insinuation and art of Shaftesbury, who poisoned him with illegal and ambitious notions, that ended in his destruction.

The partizans of this earl, and other malecontents, had long pointed out his Grace as a proper successor to the crown, instead of the Duke of York, in case of the king's demise; and he began to believe that he had a real right to be so. At the instigation of his old friend Shaftesbury, he returned to England without his father's consent, who would not see him; and, instead of obeying the royal mandate to retire again, he and Shaftesbury jointly made a pompous parade through several

counties in the west and north of England, scattering the seeds of discord and disaffection; so that their designs seemed to be levelled against the government, and a tempest was gathering at a distance, not unlike that which swept the royal martyr from his throne and life. Many people, who would not otherwise have taken part with the court, shuddering when they looked back upon the scenes of anarchy and confusion, that had followed that melancholy catastrophe, in order to prevent the return of a similar storm, attached themselves to the King and the Duke of York; and the latter returned to court, where he kept his ground.

The kingdom was now in a high fermentation; the murmurs of each party broke out into altercation, and declamatory abuse. Every day produced new libels and disloyal pamphlets. To answer and expose them, their partizans and abettors, several authors were retained by authority, but none came up to the purpose so well as Sir Roger l'Éstrange, in the *Observator*; and the poet laureat, in the poem under inspection, the elegance and severity of which raised his character prodigiously, and shewed the proceedings of Shaftesbury and his followers in a most severe light. These writings, according to Echard, in a great measure stemmed the tide of a popular current, that might have otherwise immersed the nation in ruin. His Grace the Duke of Monmouth afterwards engaged in the Ryehouse-Plot, and a reward was offered for the taking him, both by his father and Lewis XIV. whether in England or France. He obtained his pardon both of the king and duke, by two very submissive, nay abject, letters; and being admitted to the royal presence, seemed extremely sorry for his past offences, confessed his having engaged in a design for seizing the king's guards, and changing the government, but denied having any knowledge of a scheme for assassinating either his father or uncle, which it seems was set on foot by the inferior ministers of this conspiracy.

Presuming, however, upon the king's paternal affection, he soon recanted his confession, and comforted with his old followers; so that the king forbid him the court, and he retired to Holland, from whence he returned in 1685, raised a rebellion against his uncle, then on the throne, caused himself to be proclaimed king, and being defeated and taken prisoner, was beheaded on Tower-hill in his thirty-sixth year.

DERRICK.

TO

THE READER.

TIS not my intention to make an apology for my poem : some will think it needs no excuse, and others will receive none. The design I am sure is honest ; but he who draws his pen for one party, must expect to make enemies of the other. For wit and fool are consequents of Whig and Tory * ; and every man is a knave or an ass to the contrary side. There is a treasury of merits in the Fanatic Church, as well as in the Popish ; and a pennyworth to be had of faintship, honesty, and poetry, for the lewd, the factious, and the blockheads : but the longest chapter in Deuteronomy has not curses enough for an Anti-Birmingham. My comfort is, their manifest prejudice to my cause will render their judgment of less authority against me. Yet if a poem have a genius, it will force its own reception in the world. For there's a sweetness in good-verse, which tickles even while it

* It was now that the party-distinctions of Whig and Tory were first adopted ; the courtiers were deridingly compared to the Irish banditti, who were called Tories ; and they likened their opponents to Whigs, a denomination of reproach, formerly given the Scotch covenanters, who were supposed to live on a poor kind of buttermilk so called. These names still distinguish contending parties in England, though strangely varied from their original application.

DEBBICK.

hurts; and no man can be heartily angry with him who pleases him against his will. The commendation of adversaries is the greatest triumph of a writer, because it never comes unless extorted. But I can be satisfied on more easy terms: if I happen to please the more moderate sort, I shall be sure of an honest party, and, in all probability, of the best judges: for the least concerned are commonly the least corrupt. And I confess I have laid in for those, by rebating the satire, (where justice would allow it) from carrying too sharp an edge. They, who can criticise so weakly, as to imagine I have done my worst, may be convinced, at their own cost, that I can write feverely, with more ease, than I can gently. I have but laughed at some men's follies, when I could have declaimed against their vices; and other men's virtues I have commended, as freely as I have taxed their crimes. And now, if you are a malicious reader, I expect you should return upon me that I affect to be thought more impartial than I am. But if men are not to be judged by their professions, God forgive you Commonwealth's-men for professing so plausibly for the government. You cannot be so unconscionable as to charge me for not subscribing of my name; for that would reflect too grossly upon your own party, who never dare, though they have the advantage of a jury to secure them. If you like not my poem, the fault may, possibly, be in my writing, (though 'tis hard for an author to judge against himself.) But, more probably, 'tis in your morals, which cannot bear the truth of it. The violent, on both sides, will condemn the character of Absalom,

as either too favourably or too hardly drawn. But they are not the violent whom I desire to please. The fault on the right hand is to extenuate, palliate, and indulge; and to confess freely, I have endeavoured to commit it. Besides the respect which I owe his birth, I have a greater for his heroic virtues; and David himself could not be more tender of the young man's life, than I would be of his reputation. But since the most excellent natures are always the most easy, and, as being such, are the soonest perverted by ill counsels, especially when baited with fame and glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withstood not the temptations of Achitophel, than it was for Adam not to have resisted the two devils, the serpent and the woman. The conclusion of the story I purposely forbore to prosecute, because I could not obtain from myself to shew Absalom unfortunate. The frame of it was cut out but for a picture to the waist; and if the draught be so far true, 'tis as much as I designed.

Were I the inventor, who am only the historian, I should certainly conclude the piece with the reconciliation of Absalom to David. And who knows but this may come to pass? Things were not brought to an extremity where I left the story: there seems yet to be room left for a composition; hereafter there may be only for pity. I have not so much as an uncharitable wish against Achitophel, but am content to be accused of a good-natured error, and to hope with Origen, that the devil himself may at last be saved. For which reason, in this poem, he is neither brought to set his house in order, nor to dispose

of his person afterwards as he in wisdom shall think fit. God is infinitely merciful ; and his vicegerent is only not so, because he is not infinite.

The true end of satire is the amendment of vices by correction. And he, who writes honestly, is no more an enemy to the offender, than the physician to the patient, when he prescribes harsh remedies to an inveterate disease ; for those are only in order to prevent the surgeon's work of an *Ense recidendum*, which I wish not to my very enemies. To conclude all ; if the body politic have any analogy to the natural, in my weak judgment, an act of oblivion were as necessary in a hot distempered state, as an opiate would be in a raging fever.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

IN pious times ere priestcraft did begin,
Before polygamy was made a sin ;

* This poem is said to be one of the most perfect allegorical pieces that our language ever produced. It is carried on through the whole with equal strength and propriety. The veil is nowhere laid aside. There is a just similarity in the characters, which are exactly portrayed ; the lineaments are well copied ; the colouring is lively ; the groupings shew the hand of a master, and may serve to convince us, that Mr. Dryden knew his own power, when he asserted, that he found it easier to write severely than gently. Many editions of this poem were sold in a very short time : the name of the author was, for some time, a secret, and the real merits of it were allowed, even by the enemies of the cause it was meant to assist. Dr. William Coward, a physician of Merton college, Oxford, published a Latin translation of it in 1682 ; as did also the celebrated Dr. Francis Atterbury, afterwards bishop of Rochester. A piece of such reputation and service to a particular party, could not appear without much censure, and many answers * ; among the most remarkable of which we may reckon Azariah and Hulhai ; and Absalom senior, or Achitophel translated ; a poem, dedicated to the Tories, as this was to the Whigs. Here the satire is transferred to the Duke of

* Among the many answers to, and remarks on, this poem, the following are curious :—“ Towser the Second a Bull-dog, or, A short Reply to Absalom and Achitophel,” folio, half sheet, London, 1681. “ Absalom’s IX. Worthies,” a Poem, folio, half sheet, no date. “ Poetical Reflections on Absalom and Achitophel,” folio, f. d. “ Absalom Senior,” a Poem, folio, 1682.

When man on many multiply'd his kind,
Ere one to one was curfedly confin'd;

York; and from the four following lines in the second part of *Abfalom and Achitophel*, we are to fuppofe, that *Elkanah Settle* was the author of it, to whom alfo the other piece is attributed.

*Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,
For to write verfe with him is to———* tranfprofe.
*'Twere petty treason at his door to lay,
Who makes———* heaven's lock a door to its own key.

Wood tells us, that the Duke of Buckingham printed a loofe fheet of paper foon after the publication of this poem, intitl'd, "Reflections upon it," which contain nothing material, and were fold very dear. The application of the ftory of *Abfalom* to this part of King Charles the Second's reign, was firft made by a clergyman in the pulpit, and his fermon was printed with the title of *Abfalom and Achitophel*. DERRICK.

Ver. 1. *In pious times*] The application of Scripture fto- ries, in the way of allegory, as in the piece before us, to modern and political events, has been praftifed by more than one eminent poet. *Racine* is fuppofed to have alluded to the fituation of *Madame Maintenon* in his *Efther*. But the moft ftriking example of this praftice, is the *Samfon Agoniftes* of *Milton*, throughout which noble drama there is a conftant reference to the cafe and condition of the great poet himfelf, expofed to the derifion and infults of the debauched and diffolute *Philiftines* of Charles the Second's court, and wifhing to pull down the temple of *Dagon* on their heads. This is particularly vifible in the chorus at verfe 667. The very trials and the condemnations of *Sir Henry Vane*, his favourite, and of the other regicides, is plainly pointed out in thefe lines:

Or to th' unjust tribunals, under change of times
And condemnation of th' ingrateful multitude.

And the following lines clearly relate to his own lofles in the excife, and his fevere fits of the gout:

If thefe they 'fcape, perhaps in poverty,
Painful difeafes and deform'd;
Tho' not difordinate, yet cafelefs fuffering
The punifhment of diffolute days.

It is obferved by my very ingenious friend *Mr. Hayley*, who has certainly given us the moft candid and exact life of *Milton* extant, that the lot of *Milton* had a marvellous coincidence with that of his hero *Samfon* in three remarkable points: "Firft, he

When nature prompted, and no law deny'd 5
 Promiscuous use of concubine and bride ;
 Then Israel's monarch after heaven's own heart,
 His vigorous warmth did variously impart
 To wives and slaves ; and wide as his command,
 Scatter'd his Maker's image through the land. 10
 Michal, of royal blood, the crown did wear ;
 A foil ungrateful to the tiller's care :

had been tormented by a beautiful but disaffectionate and disobedient wife ; secondly, he had been the great champion of his country, and as such the idol of public admiration ; lastly, he had fallen from that height of unrivalled glory, and had experienced the most humiliating reverse of fortune :

His foes' derision, captive, poor, and blind.

In delineating the greater part of Sainson's sensations under calamity, he had only to describe his own."

I cannot forbear adding what the same candid writer has observed concerning Milton's political principles : " That had his life been extended long enough to witness the Revolution, he would probably have exulted as warmly as the staunchest friend of our present constitution can exult, in that temperate and happy reformation of monarchical enormities."

DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 6. *Promiscuous use*] These lines are insufferably gross and offensive. It is curious to see how Atterbury, who, from a veneration for Tory principles, translated the whole poem, has rendered them.

Cognovere pias nondum pia sæcula fraudes
 Arte sacerdotum, nondum vetuere maritos
 Multiplici celebrare jūgo connubia leges,
 Cum vir sponsarum numeraverat agmen, et uni
 Non servare toro, fato adversante, coactus
 Plurima fertilibus produxit stemmata lumbis.
 Cum stimulos natura daret, nec legibus ullis
 Et sponsæ & lenæ vetitum est commune cubile;
 Tunc Israelis, cælo cedente, monarcha
 Concubitu vario vernas nuptasque fovebat.

The poem was so popular, that another Latin translation was also published, in 4to. 1682, at Oxford, by Dr. William Coward, a physician of Merton college.

DR. J. WARTON.

Not so the rest ; for several mothers bore
 To god-like David several sons before.
 But since like slaves his bed they did ascend, 15
 No true succession could their seed attend.
 Of all this numerous progeny was none
 So beautiful, so brave, as Absalon :
 Whether inspir'd by some diviner lust,
 His father got him with a greater gust : 20
 Or that his conscious destiny made way,
 By manly beauty to imperial sway.

Ver. 18. *So beautiful, so brave,*] The Duke of Monmouth was young, exquisitely beautiful, brave, generous, affecting popularity, and tenderly beloved by his father ; had been educated with one part of the flower of the English youth at Oxford, and served with another in the army ; so that he had all the advantages of private friendships joined to those which attend upon royal extraction. His tutor, one Ross, a Scotchman, either from love to his pupil, or to gain importance to himself, was the first person who inflamed his mind with high ambition, by making him believe, or persuading him to make others believe, that the King had been privately married to his mother. Ross went further, for he advised Couzens, bishop of Durham, to write a certificate of the marriage, and to deposit it in a strong box in his own house ; making use of this argument, that, if the Duke of York should be converted from popery, there would be no need of bringing the certificate to public view ; and if he should not, that all arts were justifiable to exclude a papist from the throne : circumstances which Couzens immediately communicated to the King, but which that prince disregarded, acquitting Monmouth, and imputing them only to the petulance of his tutor. Yet Ross, after Couzens died, spread a report abroad, that he had left such a certificate behind him.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 19. *Whether inspir'd*] How gross and indelicate must the taste of that age have been, when St. Evremont could quote these very filthy and abominable lines in a letter addressed to the celebrated Dutchess of Mazarine!

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. — *inspir'd by some diviner lust,*] *Inspir'd with some diviner lust.* First edition.

Early in foreign fields he won renown,
 With kings and states ally'd to Israel's crown :
 In peace the thoughts of war he could remove,
 And seem'd as he were only born for love. 26
 Whate'er he did, was done with so much ease,
 In him alone 'twas natural to please :
 His motions all accompany'd with grace ;
 And paradise was open'd in his face. 30
 With secret joy indulgent David view'd
 His youthful image in his son renew'd :
 To all his wishes nothing he deny'd ;
 And made the charming Annabel his bride.
 What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)
 His father could not, or he would not see. 36
 Some warm excesses which the law forbore,
 Were constru'd youth that purg'd by boiling o'er,
 And Amnon's murder by a specious name,
 Was call'd a just revenge for injur'd fame. 40
 Thus prais'd and lov'd, the noble youth remain'd,
 While David, undisturb'd, in Sion reign'd.
 But life can never be sincerely blest :
 Heaven punishes the bad, and proves the best.
 The Jews, a headstrong, moody, murmuring
 race, 45
 As ever try'd the extent and stretch of grace ;

Ver. 30. *And paradise was open'd in his face.*] Pope's Eloisa, in her compliment to Abelard on his founding the Paraclete, is certainly indebted to this personal description ; and the ingenuity of the poet, in the local adaptation, is truly admirable :

" You rais'd these halfow'd walls ; the desert smil'd,
 " And paradise was open'd in the wild." TODD.

God's pamper'd people, whom debauch'd with ease,

No king could govern, nor no God could please;
 (Gods they had try'd of every shape and size,
 That god-smiths could produce, or priests de-
 vise :)

50

These Adam-wits, too fortunately free,
 Began to dream they wanted liberty ;
 And when no rule, no precedent was found,
 Of men, by laws less circumscrib'd and bound ;
 They led their wild desires to woods and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves. 56
 They who, when Saul was dead, without a blow,
 Made foolish Ishbosheth the crown forego ;
 Who banish'd David did from Hebron bring,
 And with a general shout proclaim'd him king :

Ver. 51. *These Adam-wits, &c.*] Persons discontented in happy circumstances are not unluckily called *Adam-wits*, from a remembrance of Adam's weakness in Paradise, who, aiming at being happier than the happiest, by persuasion of Eve, eat of the forbidden fruit, and thereby forfeited the divine favour, and was excluded the garden of Eden. DERRICK.

Ver. 55. *They led their wild desires to wood: and caves,
 And thought that all but savages were slaves.*]

Pope, whose eye was perpetually on his master, adopted this rhyme :

Cities laid waste, they storm'd the woods and caves,
 (For wiser brutes were backward to be slaves.)

Windfor Forest, ver. 49.

Altering the original :

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

JOHN WARTON.

Those very Jews, who, at their very best, 61
 Their humour more than loyalty express,
 Now wonder'd why so long they had obey'd
 An idol monarch, which their hands had made ;
 Thought they might ruin him they could create,
 Or melt him to that golden calf a state. 66

But these were random bolts : no form'd design,
 Nor interest made the factious crowd to join :
 The sober part of Israel, free from stain,
 Well knew the value of a peaceful reign ; 70
 And, looking backward with a wise affright,
 Saw seams of wounds dishonest to the sight :
 In contemplation of whose ugly scars,
 They curst the memory of civil wars.

The moderate sort of men thus qualify'd, 75
 Inclined the balance to the better side ;
 And David's mildness manag'd it so well,
 The bad found no occasion to rebel.
 But when to sin our bias'd nature leans,
 The careful devil is still at hand with means ; 80
 And providently pimps for ill desires :
 The good old cause reviv'd a plot requires.
 Plots, true or false, are necessary things,
 To raise up commonwealths, and ruin kings.

The inhabitants of old Jerusalem 85
 Were Jebusites ; the town so call'd from them ;
 And theirs the native right—
 But when the chosen people grew more strong,
 The rightful cause at length became the wrong ;

And every loss the men of Jebus bore, 90
 They still were thought God's enemies the more.
 Thus worn or weaken'd, well or ill contents
 Submit they must to David's government:
 Impoverish'd and depriv'd of all command,
 Their taxes doubled as they lost their land; 95
 And what was harder yet to flesh and blood,
 Their gods disgrac'd, and burnt like common
 wood.

This set the heathen priesthood in a flame;
 For priests of all religions are the same.
 Of whatsoever descent their godhead be, 100
 Stock, stone, or other homely pedigree,
 In his defence his servants are as bold,
 As if he had been born of beaten gold.

Ver. 92. *Thus worn or weaken'd,*] First edition: worn and weaken'd.

Ver. 99. *For priests of all*] It is not my intention to add any thing to the many just censures that have been passed on this sweeping, indiscriminating piece of satire of the priesthood, which by vulgar use is become almost proverbial. But I cannot forbear adding an extraordinary passage from Mr. Hume's Essays:—"It is a trite, but not altogether a false maxim, that priests of all religions are the same; and though the character of the profession will not, in every instance, prevail over the personal character, yet it is sure always to predominate with the greater number." He has added a long note, in which he says, page 547, 8vo. that "this profession leads to *disimulation* and *hypocrisy*, to *ambition*, to *self-conceit*, to *pride* and *arrogance*, to *impatience* of contradiction, to *intolerance*, and to *revenge*." He afterwards softens these sarcastical strokes, and adds, "Whoever possesses the other noble virtues of humanity, meekness, and moderation, as very many of them, no doubt, do, is beholden for them to *nature* and *reflection*, not to the *genius* of his calling."

Dr. J. WARTON.

The Jewish rabbins, though their enemies,
 In this conclude them honest men and wise:
 For 'twas their duty all the learned think, 105
 T'espouse his cause, by whom they eat and
 drink.

From hence began that plot, the nation's curse,
 Bad in itself, but represented worse;
 Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd; 110
 With oaths affirm'd, with dying vows deny'd;
 Not weigh'd nor winnow'd by the multitude;
 But swallow'd in the mass, unchew'd and crude.
 Some truth there was, but dash'd and brew'd
 with lies,

To please the fools, and puzzle all the wise. 115
 Succeeding times did equal folly call,
 Believing nothing, or believing all.
 Th' Egyptian rites the Jebusites embrac'd;
 Where gods were recommended by their taste.
 Such favourable deities must needs be good, 120
 As serv'd at once for worship and for food.
 By force they could not introduce these gods;
 For ten to one in former days was odds.

Ver. 110. *Rais'd in extremes,*] There are many vigorous lines, and some bold truths, in this account of a plot that disgraces the annals of this country, and produced so much cruelty, perjury, injustice, fraud, and revenge. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 112. *Not weigh'd nor winnow'd*] First edition incorrectly: Not weigh'd, or winnow'd.

Ver. 121. *As serv'd at once for worship and for food.*] And serv'd at once for worship and for food. First edition.

So fraud was us'd, the sacrificer's trade :
 Fools are more hard to conquer than persuade.
 Their busy teachers mingled with the Jews, 126
 And rak'd for converts even the court and stews :
 Which Hebrew priests the more unkindly took,
 Because the fleece accompanies the flock.

Some thought they God's anointed meant to
 flay 130

By guns, invented since full many a day :

Our author swears it not ; but who can know

How far the devil and Jebusites may go ?

This plot, which fail'd for want of common sense,
 Had yet a deep and dangerous consequence : 135

For as when raging fevers boil the blood,
 The standing lake soon floats into a flood,

And every hostile humour, which before
 Slept quiet in its channels, bubbles o'er ;

So several factions from this first ferment, 140

Work up to foam, and threat the government,

Some by their friends, more by themselves
 thought wise,

Oppos'd the power to which they could not rise.

Some had in courts been great, and thrown
 . from thence,

Like fiends were harden'd in impenitence. 145

Some, by their monarch's fatal mercy, grown

From pardon'd rebels kinsmen to the throne,

Were rais'd in power and public office high ;

Strong bands, if bands ungrateful men could tie.

Of these the false Achitophel was first; 150
 A name to all succeeding times curst:

Ver. 150. *Of these the false]* This is the introduction of the chief hero of this piece, the celebrated Earl of Shaftesbury, under the name of Achitophel. A man, insinuating, imposing in private, eloquent, daring in public, full of resources in both; who had been bred up in the schools of civil commotion, in the long parliament, in Cromwell's revolutions, and in those which followed Cromwell's death; and who, from that education, knew well the power of popular rumours, at times when popular passions are in ferment; framed the fiction of the popish plot in the year 1678, in order to bury the Duke, and perhaps the King, under the weight of the national fear and hatred of popery. Shaftesbury was stimulated too by offences both given and received; for the King having said to him, "Shaftesbury, thou art the greatest rogue in the kingdom," he answered, bowing, "Of a subject, Sir, I believe I am." And the Duke rated him in passionate terms for one of his speeches in parliament. "I am glad," said he, "your Royal Highness has not called me papist and coward." The account of this plot, in which was involved the assassination of Charles and his brother, an invasion, the conflagration of the city, and a massacre of the protestants, was calculated, in its great lines, to gain the attention of the higher ranks of the nation, and, by the familiarity and detail of its circumstances, to catch the credulity of the meanest of the populace. By making the Duke one of the objects of the pretended assassination, it prevented the suspicion of its being directed against him; and by accusing the Queen, whom the King did not love, it gave a chance for separating the interests of the brothers. The information, as soon as given, flew instantly abroad. Even the marvellousness of the story gave credit to what it was almost impossible to believe human fiction could have invented. Accident after accident, arising in a manner unparalleled in history, concurred to maintain the delusion. Coleman's letters were seized, which discovered that the Duke had been carrying on a correspondence with France, against the religion of his country, and its interests. Danby's correspondence with France for money to the King was betrayed, which made Charles a sharer in his brother's disgrace; but above all, the murder of Godfrey, who, in his office of a magistrate, had made public the plot, caused almost every protestant to imagine he felt the dagger in his breast. Shaftesbury knew too well the nature of the human mind, not to improve upon this last accident. He suggested to his faction to bring the eye in aid of the imagination, in order

For close designs, and crooked councils fit;
Sagacious, bold, and turbulent of wit;

to compleat the terror of the people. The dead body, ghastly, and with the sword fixed to it, and lying on a bier, was exposed during two days in the public street. It was carried in procession through the city of London to the grave, as the remains of a martyr to the protestant religion; seventy-two clergymen walking before, near a thousand persons of condition behind, innumerable crowds in a long silent order, an expression of passion more dangerous than that of clamour and confusion, bringing up the rear.

Such is the character given by my amiable and ingenious friend, Sir John Dalrymple, of this celebrated politician; which character having been censured as unjust and severe, the author, with that candour and liberality that endears him to his acquaintance, made the following apology in his second volume of *Memoirs*, p. 325: "It has been a misfortune to Lord Shaftesbury's memory, that every thing has been written against him, and nothing for him; upon which account, I am happy to hear, that his family have thoughts of endeavouring to vindicate his memory in public. Far from the intention to injure it, I flatter myself that the papers published in this Appendix will set his character, in several respects, in a new light in the world. They will shew that he had no hand in the Dutches of Orleans's treaty, made at Dover for the interests of popery; that Charles first broke the ties of honour with him, by deceiving and betraying him into the second treaty with France, in the year 1671, while he concealed from him the first, which had been made in the year 1670; and that Shaftesbury took no money from France, at a time when most of his friends of the popular party were doing it."

It is painful and difficult to bring one's mind to conceive, that a man, totally profligate and unprincipled, could have been so much respected and beloved, as he was, by such a man as Mr. Locke, and could have been one of the most upright, able, irreproachable, popular Lord Chancellors, that ever adorned that high station, to which Dryden himself bears testimony in the strongest manner, in six fine lines, beginning line 186. It is to be lamented that Locke never finished the *Memoirs* he began of Lord Shaftesbury's Life. A very curious and long extract is given from Locke's papers, by Le Clerc, in the 7th volume of the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, from page 147 to page 169, well worthy the attentive perusal of the impartial reader. Locke dwells much on the acuteness of his wit, and his deep and close penetration

Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;
In power unpleas'd, impatient of disgrace : 155

into the human heart ; of which, among others, he gives a remarkable instance. Having dined at Lord Clarendon's with Lord Southampton, he said, on their return to the latter, " Miss Anne Hyde, whom we have just left, is certainly married to one of the royal brothers. A certain secret respect, a studied and suppressed attention and complaisance, paid to her by the mother, in her voice, looks, and gestures, and even in the manner in which she offered her every thing at the table, renders this suspicion of mine indisputable." Lord Southampton laughed at the time at the improbability of this conjecture, but was soon afterwards convinced of its truth. In these Memoirs is preserved a spirited letter to the Duke of York from Shaftesbury, when he was confined in the tower, in the year 1676. A saying of this sharp-sighted nobleman deserves to be remembered : " That wisdom lay in the heart, not in the head ; and that it was not the want of knowledge, but the perverseness of the will, that filled men's actions with folly, and their lives with disorder."

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 150. ———— *the false Achitophel* ————
A name to all succeeding ages curst :]

was Sir Anthony Ashley Cooper, raised to the degree of a baron at the Restoration, and afterwards created Earl of Shaftesbury. His first remarkable appearance was in the royal interest, 1642, being then in his twenty-first year. He soon deserted it in disgust, and joined the Parliament, cutting a notable figure during the interregnum, there being nothing of any consequence transacted, but what he had a hand in, the King's death excepted, of which he kept clear. He conceived a dislike to Cromwell, on being refused one of his daughters ; and though he had before struck in with all his measures, he now endeavoured to throw many difficulties in his way, but with so much caution, that he was not called to any account for so doing.

Being nourished by variety, and fond of change, and having, at the same time, always an eye to his own advantage, he assisted, privately, Sir George Booth's designs in the West, in behalf of the King, which he denied with solemn imprecations, when charged therewith by the Rump Parliament. At the Restoration, in which he aided, he was one of the twelve members that were sent on that occasion to compliment the King at the Hague, when his wit and vivacity recommended him to much notice. It was at this time he received a hurt in his side, by being overturned in a chaise, which was attended with bad consequences, being some years after cut for it, an issue remained

A fiery soul, which working out its way,
 Fretted the pigmy-body to decay,
 And o'er-inform'd the tenement of clay. } 160

A daring pilot in extremity ;
 Pleas'd with the danger, when the waves went
 high

He fought the storms ; but for a calm unfit,
 Would steer too nigh the sands to boast his wit.
 Great wits are sure to madness near ally'd,
 And thin partitions do their bounds divide ;
 Else why should he, 'with wealth and honour
 blest,

Refuse his age the needful hours of rest ?
 Punish a body which he could not please ;
 Bankrupt of life; yet prodigal of ease ?

open. His enemies thence took occasion to ridicule him, by calling him Tapski. Independent of politics, we have no great room to think highly of his moral character ; for King Charles, in one of his social hours, told him, " Shaftesbury, I believe you are one of the wickedest fellows in the kingdom." " Of a subject, Sir," answered he smartly, " it may be." In 1672 he was removed from the exchequer, of which he was chancellor and under-treasurer, to be one of the five commissioners appointed to execute the office of lord high chancellor of England. He was also one of the privy-council, and a member of that famous *cabal* which engrossed the King's entire confidence. DERRICK.

Ver. 152. *For close designs, and crooked counsels fit ;*] First edition : For close designs, and crooked *counsel* fit.

Ver. 154. *Restless, unfix'd in principles and place ;*] First edition : Restless, unfix'd in *principle* and place.

Ver. 158. ——— *the tenement of clay.*] So MILTON, Ode Nativ. st. 2.

" And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay."

And all to leave what with his toil he won,
 To that uncather'd two-legg'd thing, a son; 170
 Got, while his soul did huddled notions try;
 And born a shapeless lump, like anarchy.
 In friendship false, implacable in hate;
 Resolv'd to ruin or to rule the state.
 To compass this the triple bond he broke; 175 }
 The pillars of the public safety shook; }
 And fitted Israel for a foreign yoke :

Ver. 175. ——— *the triple bond he broke;*] In the year 1667, a triple alliance was entered into between England, Sweden, and Holland, which was dissolved by the second Dutch war, to which, and a closer connection with France, Lord Shaftesbury contributed his advice, and thereby

——— *fitted Israel for a foreign yoke.*

The remaining lines allude to his having changed his opinion, when he found it unpopular, as we have observed above, down to

*Yet same deserved no enemy can grudge,
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.*

With all his failings it is on every hand allowed, that the business of the chancery was never transacted with more care and exactness, than when Lord Shaftesbury presided in that court. His expedition was unparalleled; he made it his study to bring matters to a speedy issue; and his speeches from the bench were so strong and conclusive, so fraught with knowledge, and so happily expressed, that his meaning was plain to the most indifferent conception. The poet shews himself truly impartial, in thus rendering him his due; and, like a masterly painter, he has thereby thrown a strong light over a piece that cannot be viewed to great advantage, nor placed in a clear situation.

He had in his younger days been of Lincoln's-Inn, where he studied the law with great attention; but his paternal inheritance was so considerable, that he thought the practice of it superfluous, except in this elevated station, the dignity of which he carefully and judiciously observed. He proceeded every day from Exeter-house in the Strand, where he then lived, with vast solemnity, to Westminster; for he said the credit of all great offices should be maintained with state and ceremony. He altered nothing of his

Then seiz'd with fear, yet still affecting fame,
 Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning name.
 So easy still it proves in factious times, 180
 With public zeal to cancel private crimes.
 How safe is treason, and how sacred ill,
 Where none can sin against the people's will?
 Where crowds can wink, and no offence be
 known,
 Since in another's guilt they find their own? 185
 Yet fame deserv'd no enemy can grudge;
 The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge.

common garb, while he was lord-chancellor, only added an ash-coloured gown, thrown over his cloaths, richly laced with gold. How amiable does the character, drawn of him in the passage now before us, represent him! and who, without grief, can see it so unhappily contrasted in almost all the rest of his life?

DERRICK.

Ver. 179. *Usurp'd a patriot's all-atoning-name.*] The first edition reads: *Assum'd a patron's all-atoning name.* This last variation, evidently a typographical error, seems to have been discovered and corrected while the poem was going through the press. There is, in the library of Sion college, a copy of the first edition, which reads: *Assum'd a patriot's all-atoning name.*

Ver. 180—191.] These twelve lines were added in the second edition.

Ver. 187. *The statesman we abhor, but praise the judge, &c.*] In a brief account, published in 1684, of many memorable passages of the life and death of the Earl of Shaftesbury, whose juridical character is described in this and the four following lines by Dryden, it is related, that the Earl being made lord chancellor of England, he executed the office "with the greatest judgment and equity imaginable." Granger, in his discrimination of this nobleman's various conduct, bestows an eulogium on this part of his character with more than his usual strength of diction, and in the very sentiments of the poet:—"When we consider him as sitting in the highest tribunal in the kingdom, explaining and correcting the laws, detecting fraud, and exerting all the powers

In Israel's courts ne'er sat an Abethdin
 With more discerning eyes, or hands more clean,
 Unbrib'd, unsought, the wretched to redress;
 Swift of dispatch, and easy of access. 191
 Oh! had he been content to serve the crown,
 With virtues only proper to the gown;
 Or had the rankness of the soil been freed,
 From cockle, that oppress'd the noble seed; 195
 David for him his tuneful harp had strung,
 And heaven had wanted one immortal song.
 But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.
 Achitophel, grown weary to possess 200
 A lawful fame, and lazy happiness,
 Disdain'd the golden fruit to gather free,
 And lent the crowd his arm to shake the tree.
 Now, manifest of crimes contriv'd long since,
 He stood at bold defiance with his prince; 205

of his eloquence on the side of justice; we admire the able lawyer, the commanding orator, and the upright judge. But when he enters into all the iniquitous measures of the Cabal, when he prostitutes his eloquence to enslave his country, and becomes the factious leader, and the popular incendiary; we regard him with an equal mixture of horror, and regret." Biog. Hist. vol. iii. p. 362, 2d edit. TODD.

Ver. 198. *But wild Ambition loves to slide, not stand,
 And Fortune's ice prefers to Virtue's land.]*

Quere: Whether from Seneca? Thyestes.

Stet, quicunque volet, potens
 Aulæ culmine lubrico.—

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 205. *He stood at bold defiance]* The particular circumstance that drove Shaftesbury into a sudden opposition to the court, was, that the King, alarmed at the strong remonstrances

Held up the buckler of the people's cause
 Against the crown, and sculk'd behind the laws,
 The wish'd occasion of the plot he takes ;
 Some circumstances finds, but more he makes.
 By buzzing emissaries fills the ears 210
 Of listening crowds with jealousies, and fears
 Of arbitrary counsels brought to light,
 And proves the king himself a Jebusite.
 Weak arguments ! which yet he knew full well,
 Were strong with people easy to rebel. 215
 For, govern'd by the moon, the giddy Jews
 Tread the same track when the the prime re-
 news ;

And once in twenty years, their scribes record,
 By natural instinct they change their lord.
 Achitophel still wants a chief, and none 220
 Was found so fit as warlike Absalon.
 Not that he wish'd his greatness to create,
 For politicians neither love nor hate :

of the Commons against popery, and a dispensing power, and breaking with his own hands the seal affixed to the declaration of indulgence, and granting all the Commons desired, was guilty himself of a breach of promise to his new ministers, and exposed them to the vengeance of the people. To escape which vengeance, the *Cabal* made the same sudden turn with their master ; so that on this occasion, Shaftesbury said, " The prince who forsook himself, deserved to be forsaken." Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 223. *For politicians*] The faults and merits of ministers and politicians are, in all governments, especially those that are free, perpetually exaggerated and carried to an extreme. Deep-laid schemes, that never entered their thoughts, are ascribed to them ; and they are frequently accused of artful designs to introduce arbitrary power, when their sole view and aim has been

But, for he knew his title not allow'd, 224
 Would keep him still depending on the crowd ;
 That kingly power, thus ebbing out, might
 be

Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.
 Him he attempts with studied arts to please,
 And sheds his' venom in such words as these.

Auspicious prince, at whose nativity 230
 Some royal planet rul'd the southern sky ;
 Thy longing country's darling and desire ;
 Their cloudy pillar and their guardian fire :

merely to keep themselves in office. The line above insinuates, that as soon as they become *ministers*, they cease to be *men* ; an insinuation founded on faction, false zeal, and ignorance of human nature.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 227. *Drawn to the dregs of a democracy.*] To this alliteration we may not unaptly apply the observation of the acute Dr. Clarke, in an alliterative passage in Homer :—

Κέντο χαμαὶ χολαδῆς· Rem turpem consultâ verborum κακοφωνίᾳ
 depingit. Ita Virgilius, belli civilis horrorem ;

Neu patriæ validas in viscera vertite vires.

Æn. vi. 833.

He uses this line again in *The Hind and Panther*, ver. 211.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 230. *Auspicious prince,*] All the most powerful topics that could be urg'd to kindle the latent sparks of ambition in a vain, young, spirited, unprincipled prince, are here brought together, placed in the most striking light, and so placed as each to strengthen the foregoing one with matchless dexterity and art ; so that here appears what Dr. Johnson calls the predominant talent of our poet, Ratiocination. In line 229, Dryden, like a true abject flatterer of despotic power, thought he depreciated the doctrine of a *limited monarchy*, by putting a commendation of it in the mouth of Shaftesbury.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Their 'second Moses, whose extended wand
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land :
 Whose dawning day in every distant age, 236
 Has exercis'd the sacred prophet's rage :
 The people's prayer, the glad diviner's theme,
 The young men's vision, and the old men's
 dream !

Thee, Saviour, thee the nation's vows confess, 240
 And, never satisfy'd with seeing, bless :
 Swift unespoken pomps thy steps proclaim,
 And flammering babes are taught to lip thy
 name.

How long wilt thou the general joy detain,
 Starve and defraud the people of thy reign ! 245
 Content ingloriously to pass thy days,
 Like one of virtue's fools that feed on praise ;
 'Till thy fresh glories which now shine so bright,
 Grow stale, and tarnish with our daily fight !
 Believe me, royal youth, thy fruit must be 250
 Or gather'd ripe, or rot upon the tree.
 Heaven has to all allotted, soon or late,
 Some lucky revolution of their fate :
 Whose motions if we watch and guide with skill,
 (For human good depends on human will,) 255

Ver. 234. * ——— whose extended wand,
 Divides the seas, and shews the promis'd land:]

First edition :

————— whose extended wand
 Shuts up the seas, and shews the promis'd land.

Our fortune rolls as from a smooth descent,
 And from the first impression takes the bent :
 But, if unseiz'd, she glides away like wind,
 And leaves repenting folly far behind. 259

Now, now she meets you with a glorious prize,
 And spreads her locks before her as she flies.
 Had thus old David, from whose loins you
 spring,

Not dar'd when fortune call'd him to be king,
 At Gath an exile he might still remain,
 And heaven's anointing oil had been in vain. 265

Let his successful youth your hopes engage ;
 But shun the example of declining age :
 Behold him setting in his western skies,

The shadows lengthening as the vapours rise:
 He is not now, as when on Jordan's sand 270
 The joyful people throng'd to see him land, }
 Covering the beach, and blackening all the }
 strand ;

But, like the prince of angels, from his height
 Comes tumbling downward with diminish'd
 light ;

Ver. 261. *And spreads her locks before her as she flies.*] First
 edition. Derrick incorrectly has :
 And spreads her locks before you as she flies.

Ver. 272. *Covering the beach, and blackening all the strand ;*
 This latter expression Pope has adopted :

While the long fun'ral's blacken all the way
 JOHN WARTON.

Betray'd by one poor plot to public scorn : 275
 (Our only blessing since his curst return :)
 'Those heaps of people which one sheaf did bind,
 Blown off and scatter'd by a puff of wind.
 What strength can he to your designs oppose,
 Naked of friends and round beset with foes ? 280
 If Pharaoh's doubtful succour he should use,
 A foreign aid would more incense the Jews :
 Proud Egypt would dissembled friendship bring ;
 Foment the war, but not support the king :
 Nor would the royal party e'er unite 285
 With Pharaoh's arms to assist the Jebusite ;
 Or if they should, their interest soon would
 break,
 And with such odious aid make David weak.
 All sorts of men by my successful arts,
 Abhorring kings, estrange their alter'd hearts 290
 From David's rule : and 'tis their general cry,
 Religion, commonwealth, and liberty.
 If you, as champion of the public good,
 Add to their arms a chief of royal blood,
 What may not Israel hope, and what applause
 Might such a general gain by such a cause ? 296
 Not barren praise alone, that gaudy flower
 Fair only to the sight, but solid power :
 And nobler is a limited command,
 Given by the love of all your native land, 300

Than a successive title, long and dark,
 Drawn from the mouldy rolls of Noah's ark.

What cannot praise effect in mighty minds,
 When flattery sooths, and when ambition blinds?
 Desire of power, on earth a vicious weed, 305
 Yet sprung from high is of celestial feed:
 In God 'tis glory; and when men aspire,
 'Tis but a spark too much of heavenly fire.
 The ambitious youth too covetous of fame,
 Too full of angel's metal in his frame, 310
 Unwarily was led from virtue's ways,
 Made drunk with honour, and debauch'd with
 praise.

Half loth, and half consenting to the ill,
 For royal blood within him struggled still,
 He thus reply'd.—And what pretence have I
 To take up arms for public liberty? 316
 My father governs with unquestion'd right;
 The faith's defender, and mankind's delight;

Ver. 314. ~~For royal blood~~] First edition: *loyal*.

Ver. 315. — *And what pretence have I*] The seeming reluctance of Monmouth, not yet totally depraved, to comply with the dangerous advice of his seducer, his professions of affection, loyalty, and respect for his father, to whom he fondly ascribes many virtues and excellencies, and gratitude for favors received from him, all these circumstances are ably and judiciously painted, and the break in his speech at line 347, where he comes to mention the Duke of York as successor to the crown, is particularly artful. As is the wish at line 363, that fate had given his mind another turn, and fortune made him either greater or meaner.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Good, gracious, just, observant of the laws ; 319
 And heaven by wonders has espous'd his cause.
 Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful reign?
 Who sues for justice to his throne in vain ?
 What millions has he pardon'd of his foes,
 Whom just revenge did to his wrath expose ?
 Mild, easy, humble, studious of our good ; 325
 Inclin'd to mercy, and averse from blood,
 If mildness ill with stubborn Israel suit,
 His crime is God's beloved attribute.
 What could he gain his people to betray,
 Or change his right for arbitrary sway ? 330
 Let haughty Pharaoh curse with such a reign
 His fruitful Nile, and yoke a servile train.
 If David's rule Jerusalem displease,
 The dog-star heats their brains to this disease.
 Why then should I, encouraging the bad, 335
 Turn rebel and run popularly mad ?
 Were he a tyrant, who, by lawless might
 Oppress'd the Jews, and rais'd the Jebusite,
 Well might I mourn ; but nature's holy bands
 Would curb my spirits and restrain my hands :
 The people might assert their liberty ; 341
 But what was right in them were crime in me.
 His favour leaves me nothing to require,
 Prevents my wishes, and out-runs desire ;
 What more can I expect while David lives ? 345
 All but his kingly diadem he gives :

And that—But there he paus'd ; then sighing,
said—

Is justly destin'd for a worthier head.

For when my father from his toils shall rest,
And late augment the number of the blest, 350

His lawful issue shall the throne ascend,
Or the collateral line, where that shall end.

His brother, though oppress'd with vulgar spite,
Yet dauntless, and secure of native right,

Of every royal virtue stands possess'd ; 355
Still dear to all the bravest and the best.

His courage foes, his friends his truth proclaim ;
His loyalty the king, the world his fame.

His mercy e'en the offending crowd will find ;
For sure he comes of a forgiving kind. 360

Why should I then repine at heaven's decree,
Which gives me no pretence to royalty ?

Yet oh that fate propitiously inclin'd ;
Had rais'd my birth, or had debas'd my mind ;

To my large soul not all her treasure lent, 365
And then betray'd it to a mean descent !

I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,
And David's part disdains my mother's mold.

Ver. 367. *I find, I find my mounting spirits bold,*] He had his eye on Virgil's Nisus and Euryalus.

—— aliquid jam dudum invadere magnum
Mens agitat mihi, nec placidâ contenta quiete est.

But the repetition *I find*, more strongly reminds us of

Est hic, est animus lucis contemptor.

Why am I scanted by a niggard birth?
 My soul disclaims the kindred of her earth ; 370
 And, made for empire, whispers me within,
 Desire of greatness is a god-like sin.

Him staggering so, when hell's dire agent
 found,
 While fainting virtue scarce maintain'd her
 ground,

He pours fresh forces in, and thus replies : 375

The eternal God, supremely good and wise,
 Imparts not these prodigious gifts in vain :
 What wonders are reserv'd to bless your reign !
 Against your will your arguments have shown,
 Such virtue's only given to guide a throne. 380
 Not that your father's mildness I contemn ;
 But manly force becomes the diadem.

'Tis true he grants the people all they crave ;
 And more perhaps, than subjects ought to have :
 For lavish grants suppose a monarch tame, 385
 And more his goodness than his wit proclaim.
 But when should people strive their bonds to
 break,

If not when kings are negligent or weak ?
 Let him give on 'till he can give no more,
 The thrifty Sanhedrim shall keep him poor ; 390
 And every shekel, which he can receive,
 Shall cost a limb of his prerogative.

To ply him with new plots shall be my care ;
 Or plunge him deep in some expensive war ; 394

Which when his treasure can no more supply,
 He must, with the remains of kingship, buy
 His faithful friends, our jealousies and fears
 Call Jebusites, and Pharaoh's pensioners;
 Whom when our fury from his aid has torn,
 He shall be naked left to public scorn. 400

The next successor, whom I fear and hate,
 My arts have made obnoxious to the state;
 Turn'd all his virtues to his overthrow,
 And gain'd our elders to pronounce a foe.
 His right, for sums of necessary gold, 405
 Shall first be pawn'd, and afterwards be sold;
 'Till time shall ever-wanting David draw,
 To pass your doubtful title into law;
 If not, the people have a right supreme
 To make their kings; for kings are made for
 them. 410

All empire is no more than power in trust,
 Which, when resum'd, can be no longer just.
 Succession, for the general good design'd,
 In its own wrong a nation cannot bind:

Ver. 411. *All empire*—He thinks he sufficiently exposes this notion of the origin and end of government, by putting it into the mouth of a seeming profligate politician. Yet this opinion was held by Hooker, by Locke, and Hoadly, and many other rational writers on government. And his successor was of a contrary opinion, saying,

'Th' enormous faith of many made for one.

If altering that the people can relieve, 415
 Better one suffer than a nation grieve.

The Jews well know their power: ere Saul they
 chose,

God was their king, and God they durst de-
 pose.

Urge now your piety, your filial name,
 A father's right, and fear of future fame; 420

The public good, that universal call,
 To which e'en heaven submitted, answers all.

Nor let his love enchant your generous mind;
 'Tis nature's trick to propagate her kind.

Our fond begetters, who would never die, 425
 Love but themselves in their posterity.

Or let his kindness by the effects be try'd,
 Or let him lay his vain pretence aside.

God said, he lov'd your father; could he bring
 A better proof, than to anoint him king? 430

It surely shew'd he lov'd the shepherd well,
 Who gave so fair a flock as Israel.

Would David have you thought his darling son?
 What means he then to alienate the crown?

The name of godly he may blush to bear: 435
 Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?

Ver. 416. *Better one suffer than a nation grieve.*] First edition: *million.*

Ver. 436. *Is't after God's own heart to cheat his heir?*] The first edition has

'Tis after God's own heart to cheat his heir. εἰς τὴν αἰσῶν.

He to his brother gives supreme command,
 To you a legacy of barren land ;
 Perhaps the old harp, on which he thrums his
 lays,
 Or some dull Hebrew ballad in your praise. 440
 Then the next heir, a prince severe and wise,
 Already looks on you with jealous eyes ;
 Sees through the thin disguises of your arts,
 And marks your progress in the people's hearts ;
 Though now his mighty soul its grief contains
 He meditates revenge who, least complains ; 446
 And like a lion, slumbering in the way,
 Or sleep dissembling, while he waits his prey,
 His fearless foes within his distance draws,
 Constrains his roaring, and contracts his paws ;
 'Till at the last his time for fury found, 451
 He shoots with sudden vengeance from the
 ground ;
 The prostrate vulgar passes o'er and spares,
 But with a lordly rage his hunters tears.
 Your case no tame expedients will afford : 455
 Resolve on death, or conquest by the sword,
 Which for no less a stake than life you draw ;
 And self-defence is nature's eldest law.

Ver. 447. And like a lion,] These lines are some of the most highly-finished and animated of any in the whole piece. But is not Shaftesbury, by introducing this fine simile in his speech to Monmouth, as much too great a poet, as Æneas is in the comparisons he has introduced in his narration to Dido in the second and third books of the Æneid ?

Dr. J. WARTON.

Leave the warm people no considering time :
 For then rebellion may be thought a crime. 460
 Avail yourself of what occasion gives,
 But try your title while your father lives :
 And that your arms may have a fair pretence,
 Proclaim you take them in the king's defence ;
 Whose sacred life each minute would expose 465
 To plots, from seeming friends, and secret foes.
 And who can sound the depth of David's soul ?
 Perhaps his fear his kindness may controul.
 He fears his brother, though he loves his son,
 For plighted vows too late to be undone. 470
 If so, by force he wishes to be gain'd :
 Like women's lechery to seem constrain'd.
 Doubt not : but, when he most affects the
 frown,
 Commit a pleasing rape upon the crown.
 Secure his person to secure your cause : 475
 They who possess the prince possess the laws.
 He said, and this advice above the rest,
 With Absalom's mild nature suited best ;
 Unblam'd for life, ambition set aside,
 Not stain'd with cruelty, nor puff'd with pride.
 How happy had he been, if destiny 481
 Had higher plac'd his birth, or not so high !
 His kingly virtues might have claim'd a throne.
 And blest all other countries but his own.

But charming greatness since so few refuse, 485
 'Tis juster to lament him than accuse.

Strong were his hopes a rival to remove,
 With blandishments to gain the public love :
 To head the faction while their zeal was hot,
 And popularly prosecute the plot. 490

To further this, Achitophel unites
 The malcontents of all the Israelites :
 Whose differing parties he could wisely join,
 For several ends, to serve the same design.
 The best, and of the princes, some were such, 495
 Who thought the power of monarchy too much ;
 Mistaken men, and patriots' in their hearts ;
 Not wicked, but seduc'd by impious arts.
 By these the springs of property were bent,
 And wound so high, they crack'd the govern-
 ment. 500

The next for interest sought to embroil the state,
 To sell their duty at a dearer rate ;
 And make their Jewish markets of the throne ;
 Pretending public good to serve their own.
 Others thought kings an usefess heavy load, 505
 Who cost too much, and did too little good.
 These were for laying honest David by,
 On principles of pure good husbandry.
 With them join'd all the haranguers of the
 throng,
 That thought to get preferment by the tongue.

Who follow next a double danger bring, 511
 Not only hating David, but the king;
 The Solymæan rout; well vers'd of old,
 In godly faction, and in treason bold;
 Cowering and quaking at a conqueror's sword,
 But lofty to a lawful prince restor'd; 516
 Saw with disdain an Ethnic plot begun,
 And scorn'd by Jebusites to be outdone.
 Hot Levites headed these; who pull'd before
 From the ark, which in the Judges' days they
 bore, 520
 Resum'd their cant, and with a zealous cry,
 Pursu'd their old belov'd Theocracy:
 Where Sanhedrim and priest enslav'd the na-
 tion,
 And justified their spoils by inspiration:
 For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race, 525
 If once dominion they could found in grace!
 These led the pack; though not of surest scent,
 Yet deepest mouth'd against the government.
 A numerous host of dreaming saints succeed,
 Of the true old enthusiastic breed: 530
 'Gainst form and order they their power em-
 ploy,
 Nothing to build, and all things to destroy.

Ver. 525. *For who so fit to reign as Aaron's race.*] In the first edition—

For who so fit for reign as Aaron's race.

But far more numerous was the herd of such,
 Who think too little, and who talk too much.
 These out of mere instinct, they knew not why,
 Ador'd their fathers' God and property; 536
 And by the same blind benefit of fate,
 The devil and the Jebusite did hate :
 Born to be sav'd, even in their own despite,
 Because they could not help believing right. 540
 Such were the tools : but a whole Hydra more
 Remains of sprouting heads too long to score.
 Some of their chiefs were princes of the land :
 In the first rank of these did Zimri stand ;

Ver. 544. *In the first rank*] It will be difficult to find in Horace, Boileau, or Pope, any portrait drawn with such truth and spirit as this of Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. Pope entered the lists with his master, but has not come up to the vigor, the variety of follies enumerated, the nice discriminations of foibles and weaknesses, the tone of pleasantry and contempt, the contrarieties and inconsistencies, enumerated by Dryden. These lines were intended as a payment in full, for the bitter, but deserved satire of the Rehearsal, acted about nine years before. Whether Bayes or Zimri be placed in the more ridiculous light, I will not determine. But undoubtedly, the very unnatural and forced sentiments, the suttian and bombast language, the inartificial plots, the absurd situations, and total want of decorum in our author's plays, are exposed in the Rehearsal with much good manly sense and sound criticism. And I cannot but be surpris'd that Dr. Johnson, should speak of this piece in so contemptuous a manner, calling it a mere farce, and wondering it should be thought the production of several wits united in the scheme. But Dryden was so much his favourite, that he has endeavour'd to palliate many of his faults, and almost to defend his rhyme-tragedies, saying, "that we know not the effect it might have on the passions of an audience; but it has this convenience, that sentences stand more independent on each other, and striking passages are therefore easily selected and retained. Thus the description of night in the Indian Emperor, and the Rise and Fall of Empire in the Conquest of Granada, are more

A man so various, that he seem'd to be 345
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :

frequently repeated than any lines in *All for Love*, or *Don Sebastian*." Woe to that tragedy whose merit depends on striking detached passages, on select sentences, and florid descriptions !

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ibid. ————— *Zimri* —————

*A man so various, that he seem'd to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :*]

Was drawn for George Villiers, who succeeded to the title of Duke of Buckingham, on the death of his father, who was murdered by Felton. "He had some wit, great vivacity, was the minister of riot, the slave of intemperance, a pretended atheist, without honor, principle, œconomy, or discretion." He had a fine person, and the women deemed him handsome ; he was capricious and sarcastic ; sung well ; told a story very facetiously ; mimicked the failings of others admirably ; and possessed strong powers for ridicule ; verified with ease : but knew all his accomplishments, and foiled them by his intolerable vanity. He had shared in the king's exile, and coming into possession of more than 20,000*l.* per annum, at the restoration, was a great favorite. In 1666 it was discovered, that he had endeavoured to stir up such of the people that were ill-disposed to the government, because he had been refused the trust of president of the North. In the following year he made his peace at court, and became a member of the Cabal, which was made up of five ministers, in whom alone the king for some time confided, and who led him into measures that were productive of all the uneasiness he afterwards sustained. In 1675 he became a favorer of the nonconformists ; and in the affairs of the Popish plot, and bill of exclusion, stuck close to Shaftesbury, and, with all his strength and influence, opposed the court. Having at length squandered away almost all his immense fortune, with the acquisition of an infamous character, he departed this life in 1687, lamented by nobody, according to Wood, at his house in Yorkshire : but Pope says, he died in the utmost misery, in a remote inn in Yorkshire, having run through a fortune of 50,000*l.* a year, and been possessed of some of the highest posts in the kingdom.

" In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half hung,
 " The floors of plaister, and the walls of dung ;
 " On once a stock-bed, but repaired with straw,
 " With tape-tied curtains, never meant to draw,
 " The George and Garter dangling from that bed,
 " Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red ;

Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong ;
 Was every thing by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon, 549
 Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon :
 Then all for women, painting, rhiming, drink-
 ing,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that dy'd in think-
 ing.

Blest madman, who could every hour employ,
 With something new to wish, or to enjoy !
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ; 555
 And both, to shew his judgment, in extremes :
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was God or Devil.
 In squandering wealth was his peculiar art :
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert. 560

“ Great Villiers lies, alas ! how chang'd from him ;
 “ That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim,
 “ Gallant and gay, in Cliefden's proud alcove,
 “ The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury, and love :
 “ Or just as gay at council, in a ring
 “ Of mimick'd statesmen, and a merry king.
 “ No wit to flatter left, of all his store !
 “ No fool to laugh at, which he w^old more.
 “ There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,
 “ And fame ; this lord of useless thousands ends.”

His grace was the author of several pieces of entertainment, but particularly the *Rehearsal* ; the Bayes of which he intended for Dryden, who has fully avenged himself in the character of Zimri, with this advantage, that the picture is an exact resemblance.

DERRICK.

Ver. 550. *Was chymist, fidler, statesman, and buffoon :*
 Schænobates, augur, medicus, magus, omnia novit.

JOHN WARTON.

Beggar'd by fools, whom still he found too
late ;

He had his jest, and they had his estate.

He laugh'd himself from court ; then sought re-
lief

By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief :
For, spite of him, the weight of business fell 565
On Absalom, and wise Achitophel :

Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
He left not faction, but of that was left.

Titles and names 'twere tedious to rehearse
Of lords, below the dignity of verse. 570

Wits, warriors, commonwealth's-men, were the
best :

Kind husbands, and mere nobles, all the rest.

And therefore, in the name of dulness, be

The well-hung Balaam and cold Caleb free :

Ver. 569. *Titles and names*] Four score years ago it might have been interesting and entertaining to have known the particular histories of the persons here enumerated. Who enquires any thing relating to *Balaam*, who was the Earl of Huntingdon ; to *Nadab*, Lord Howard of Escrick ; to bull-faced *Jonas*, meaning Sir William Jones, a great lawyer of his time, and mentioned by Burnet as having refused the great seal ; to *Shimei*, who was Slingsby Bethel, Esq. famous for his avarice, of whom our poet says coarsely,

“Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were hot.”

The only person of whom we wish to know more was *Caleb*, who was Ford Lord Grey, whose memoirs are very curious.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 574. ——— *cold Caleb*] Lord Grey, who was childless. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

And canting Nadab let oblivion damn, 575
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.

Ver. 575. *And canting Nadab let oblivion damn,
 Who made new porridge for the paschal lamb.]*

Nadab is Lord Howard of Eficrick, who took the sacrament in lamb's wool. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell.

MALONE.

Ford, Lord Grey of Werk, was strongly attached to the Duke of Monmouth, a zealous promoter of Lord Shaftesbury's measures, and a constant opponent of the court. He was a smooth talker, possessed of a large estate, both which accomplishments gave him influence among the people. Being concerned in the Rychouse-plot, he was arrested, and examined before the privy-council, who ordered him to the Tower; but when the messenger, who had the care of him, brought him thither, the gates were shut, it being late, and they could not get in; so that they spent the whole night together, and drank pretty freely. In the morning they came to the Tower again very early, the doors not being as yet opened; and his keeper, who was very drunk, falling asleep, he turned down towards the wharf, and taking oars, got off to Holland. Here he joined his old friend Monmouth, whom he contributed to spirit up to the rebellion in the ensuing reign, that brought that unhappy nobleman to the block.

The Duke is said to have relied much upon him to very little purpose; for he was charged with having made a poor and cowardly figure at Sedgemore, where he headed the Duke's cavalry, which was, by his dastardly behaviour, thrown into confusion, and the king's forces obtained a complete victory. Lord Grey was taken at Holtbridge in a shepherd's habit; and the duke himself was soon after seized in a ditch, disguised like a peasant, with a few pence in his pocket; neither of them behaved with composure or equanimity, and both were brought prisoners together to London. Monmouth's fate has been already taken notice of; but Lord Grey's life was saved by a proper application of several fums of money; Lord Rochester having touched 16000*l*. He was, besides, mean enough to confess every thing that he knew relative to Monmouth, or his designs, and even appeared as an evidence against several persons: however, he had before stipulated for their lives.

Lord Howard was bred up in republican principles; he was a professed enemy to monarchical government, stuck fast to all Shaftesbury's seditious undertakings, and was very active in promoting riots, and opposing the Tory interest in the city. He

Let friendship's holy band some names assure;
Some their own worth, and some let scorn se-
cure.

Nor shall the rascal rabble here have place, 579
Whom kings no titles gave, and God no grace :
Not bull-fac'd Jonas, who could statutes draw
To mean rebellion, and make treason law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worse,
The wretch who heaven's anointed dar'd to curse ;

had been committed to the Tower, for endeavouring to persuade Fitzharris, who was tried for being concerned in a seditious libel, to accuse the king, queen, and duke, of some designs against the people's liberty; and was actually engaged so far in the Rye-house-plot, as to have listened to a scheme proposed for murdering the king. Lord Russel, and some other men of honor, linked in this conspiracy, knew of nothing but a design of securing his royal person, till such time as they should have obtained from him a certainty of the support and firm establishment of the Protestant religion, which these patriots, not without reason, supposed to be in some danger.

A warrant being issued out against him on this account, he was found hid in a chimney in his own house, and when dragged down, behaved in the most contemptible manner, bewailing his misfortune with tears, promising to reveal every thing he knew; and he kept his word, being used as a witness against the good Lord Russel, and many other people in great estimation: nor did the succeeding reign excuse his being still called upon to do their dirty work, a drudgery of which he complained in heavy terms.

DERRICK.

Ver. 576. *Who made new porridge*] I have avoided in these remarks, the irksome, and, perhaps, useless task, of pointing out, from time to time, the many vulgar, familiar, flat, coarse, and prosaic expressions, into which our author so frequently and unexpectedly falls, in the midst of passages remarkably beautiful:

— medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 581. ——— *Jonas, who could statutes draw*] Sir William Jones. He drew the Habeas Corpus Act. MS. Luttrell.

MALONE.

Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring 585
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king ;
 Did wisely from expensive sins refrain,
 And never broke the sabbath, but for gain :
 Nor ever was he known an oath to vent,
 Or curse, unless against the government. 590
 Thus heaping wealth, by the most ready way
 Among the Jews, which was to cheat and pray :

Ver. 585. *Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring*] In the first edition :

Shimei, whose *early youth did* promise bring.

Ibid. *Shimei, whose youth did early promise bring
 Of zeal to God and hatred to his king ;*]

Shimei, Slingsby Bethel, Esq. by poll chosen one of the sheriffs for the city of London, on Midsummer-day, 1680, was a zealous fanatic, and had been formerly one of the committee of safety; however, to render himself fit for his office, he received the sacrament, and renounced the covenant, but not his factious principles. Burnet calls him a man of knowledge, and says he wrote a learned book about the interest of princes; but that his miserable way of living, and miserly disposition, was very prejudicial to his party, and rendered him disagreeable to every body.

When the king, as usual in such cases, had changed Lord Stafford's sentence from hanging to beheading, he officiously and impudently petitioned the House of Commons, to know whether such a right was vested in the king? And he and his colleague, Henry Cornish, tampered with Fitz-Harris, while in Newgate, about introducing the names of the king, the queen, or the duke, as concerned in the Popish plot; and promising him, in case he could only trump up a formal story to that purpose, not only his life, but restitution of his estate, which had been forfeited in the Irish rebellion: for Fitz-Harris was an Irish Roman Catholic.

Cornish was a plain-spoken honest republican, who temporized for the good of his party; he was unjustly accused in 1685 of high treason, and hurried out of the world without being allowed time sufficient to prepare for his defence, for he was tried, condemned, and executed in a week; but King James was

The city to reward his pious hate
 Against his master, chose him magistrate.
 His hand a vane of justice did uphold ; 595
 His neck was loaded with a chain of gold.
 During his office treason was no crime ;
 The sons of Belial had a glorious time :
 For Shimei, though not prodigal of pelf,
 Yet lov'd his wicked neighbour as himself. 600
 When two or three were gathered to declaim }
 Against the monarch of Jerusalem, }
 Shimei was always in the midst of them :
 And if they curs'd the king when he was by,
 Would rather curse than break good company.
 If any durst his factious friends accuse, 606
 He pack'd a jury of dissenting Jews ;
 Whose fellow-feeling in the godly cause
 Would free the suffering saint from human laws.
 For laws are only made to punish those 610
 Who serve the king, and to protect his foes.
 If any leisure time he had from power,
 (Because 'tis sin to misemploy an hour,)

shortly after so well convinced of his innocence, that he restored his estate to his family, and condemned the two witnesses that had appeared against him, Colonel Rumsley, and Goodenough the attorney, to perpetual imprisonment. DERRICK.

Ver. 594. *Against his master, chose him magistrate.*] Sheriff. MS. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 595. ——— *a vane of justice*] Thus the first edition. Derrick reads *vase*.

His business was, by writing to persuade,
 That kings were useless, and a clog to trade: 615
 And, that his noble style he might refine,
 No Rechabite more shunn'd the fumes of wine.
 Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board
 The grossness of a city feast abhorr'd: 619
 His cooks with long disuse their trade forgot;
 Cool was his kitchen, though his brains were
 hot.

Such frugal virtue malice may accuse;
 But sure 'twas necessary to the Jews:
 For towns, once burnt, such magistrates require
 As dare not tempt God's providence by fire. 625
 With spiritual food he fed his servants well,
 But free from flesh that made the Jews rebel:
 And Moses' laws he held in more account,
 For forty days of fasting in the mount.
 To speak the rest who better are forgot, 630
 Would tire a well-breath'd witness of the plot.
 Yet Corah, thou shalt from oblivion pass;
 Erect thyself, thou monumental brass,

Ver. 614. *His business was, by writing to persuade, &c.*] See his "Interest of the several Protestant Powers." MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 618. *Chaste were his cellars, and his shrieval board, &c.*] He kept a very poor and scandalous shrievaltry. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Ver. 632. *Yet Corah,*] This was Titus Oates, the informer of the execrable Popish plot, which was so loaded with absurdities and inconsistencies, that to have believed it, is a lasting disgrace to the people of this country. He was himself the most infamous of men; and among other crimes, had been indicted

High as the serpent of thy metal made,
 While nations stand secure beneath thy shade.
 What, though his birth were base, yet confets
 rife 636

From earthly vapours, ere they shine in skies.
 Prodigious actions may as well be done
 By weaver's issue, as by prince's ion.
 This arch-attestor for the public good 640
 By that one deed ennobles all his blood.
 Who ever ask'd the witnesses' high race,
 Whose oath with martyrdom did Stephen
 grace?

Ours was a Levite, and as times went then,
 His tribe were God Almighty's gentlemen. 645

for perjury; and been expelled from a chaplainship in the fleet on complaint of some unnatural practices. So ample an account has been given of the intended murders, massacres, and cruelties, by Burnet, Echard, North, and Hume, that they need not, and cannot, be detailed in this place, and are indeed sufficiently known. Oates for his discovery was by the Parliament recommended to the king, was lodged in Whitehall, and protected by guards, and had a pension of 1200*l.* a year. But in the succeeding reign, 1685, this abandoned villain was convicted of the most atrocious perjury, on the fullest and clearest evidence, was fined a thousand marks on each of two indictments, and sentenced to be whipped on two different days from Aldgate to Newgate, to be imprisoned for life, and to be pilloried five times every year. All this he survived, and in the succeeding reign, obtained a pension of 200*l.* a-year.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 637. *From earthly vapours?* *Earthy*, first edition.

Ver. 639. *By weaver's issue, &c.*] Titus Oates was the son of a weaver. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell. MALONE.

Sunk were his eyes, his voice was harsh and
loud,

Sure signs he neither choleric was, nor proud :
His long chin prov'd his wit ; his faint-like
grace

A church vermilion, and a Moses' face.

His memory, miraculously great, 650

Could plots, exceeding man's belief, repeat ;

Which therefore cannot be accounted lies,

For human wit could never such devise.

Some future truths are mingled in his book ;

But where the witness fail'd, the prophet spoke :

Some things like visionary flights appear ; 656

The spirit caught him up the Lord knows
where ;

And gave him his rabbinical degree,

Unknown to foreign university.

His judgment yet his memory did excel ; 660

Which piec'd his wonderful evidence so well,

And suited to the temper of the times,

Then groaning under Jebusitic crimes.

Let Israel's foes suspect his heavenly call,

And rashly judge his writ apocryphal ; 665

Our laws for such affronts have forfeits made :

He takes his life who takes away his trade.

Ver. 656. *Some things like visionary flights appear ;*] First edition. Derrick has *flight*.

Ver. 659. *Unknown to foreign university.*] He pretended to have taken a degree at Salamanca. MS. Note by Mr. Luttrell.

Were I myself in witness 'Corah's place,
 The wretch who did me such a dire disgrace,
 Should whet my memory, though once forgot,
 To make him an appendix of my plot. 671

His zeal to heaven made him his prince despise,
 And load his person with indignities.

But zeal peculiar privilege affords,
 Indulging latitude to deeds and words: 675
 And Corah might for Agag's murder call,
 In terms as coarse as Samuel us'd to Saul.

[Ver. 676. *And Corah might for Agag's murder call,*] Agag, Sir Edmondbury Godfrey, a justice of peace, before whom Oates had made his first deposition, and who was, soon after, found murdered in a ditch near Primrose-hill, on the road to Hampstead, his sword being run quite through his body, without any effusion of blood. This was done, as it was supposed, with a view to make people think he had murdered himself; whereas, in fact, his death was occasioned by strangling, a broad livid mark being plain round his neck, which was broken, and his breast bruised in several places, as if he had been kneeled or trampled upon. His gloves and cane lay near him, his shoes were clean, and his money untouched. It is very surprising, that his murderers were never discovered, though Bedloe, an infamous wretched incendiary, swore the crime against two or three innocent people, who suffered death. The Earl of Shaftesbury took prodigious pains to force some unhappy persons to swear it upon the Papists, offering them 500l. reward, in case they acquiesced; and menacing them in the severest manner, if they refused. He threatened one Mrs. Mary Gibbons, a relation of Sir Godfrey's, that she should be worried to death, as dogs worry cats, unless she confessed that Sir John Banks, Mr. Peppye, and Mr. De Puy, knew something of the murder: by his rude behaviour the woman was thrown into fits, and her life endangered; he labored hard to induce the two men who first found the corpse, to lay the murder upon some great Roman Catholic; but though they were both in mean circumstances, he could not pervert their honesty. Nor had he more success with Francis Carrol, an honest common hackney coachman, whom some of his emissaries accused of having carried the corpse in his

What others in his evidence did join,
 The best that could be had for love or coin,
 In Corah's own predicament will fall : 680
 For witness is a common name to all.

Surrounded thus with friends of every fort,
 Deluded Absalom forsakes the court :

coach, to the place in which it was found. This poor man was confined in Newgate near two months, loaded with irons, enclosed in a dungeon, the noisomeness of which was contagious, and actually kept from Thursday to Sunday without victuals, in such misery, that he begged hard for a knife to end a wretched life, which he said he would rather forfeit than stain his soul with perjury. He was at length dismissed, after having given proofs of integrity, that would have done honour to the most refined understanding.

The inconsistencies and contradictions of the witnesses, who pretended to know the circumstances of Sir Godfrey's death, sufficiently acquit the different persons who suffered upon their testimony. Perhaps he was dispatched in reality by some zealous Papist, who feared that Oates's information might be prejudicial to the Catholic interest, and that the justice might be hereafter summoned as a secondary evidence; or may be, it was perpetrated by the contrivers and inventors of the Popish plot, to throw the greater odium on the court, and the party they meant to ruin: if so, they succeeded to admiration.

"Sir Edmondsbury Godfrey was a man of a very good character, of a reserved melancholy turn of mind, an enemy to all persecution, and rather a protector than prosecutor of Nonconformists. He had, with reluctance, received Oates's information. As to the report that prevailed of his having been murdered by the Papists, because their violent enemy, it was without any manner of foundation, for he was upon good terms with the party in general. It has been affirmed, that he hanged himself in his own house, and that his two brothers, who were his next heirs, had the body conveyed abroad, and the sword run through it, that so it might be thought he was assassinated, and the crown thereby prevented from seizing on his effects."—Burnet, Echard, Smollett.

DERRICK.

Ver. 683. *Deluded Absalom*] I intended to have pointed out, as we passed along, the art and dexterity of the poet in adapting

Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with renown,
 And fired with near possession of a crown. 685
 The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprize,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.

the Scripture-story to his design; but the parallel is so broken and disjointed, and so imperfectly pursued, that I was forced to drop that design.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 686. *The admiring crowd are dazzled with surprize,
 And on his goodly person feed their eyes.]*

Here the poet describes the tour taken by the Duke of Monmouth after his return from Holland, without the king's leave, and with the advice of Shaftesbury, to whose councils he had fatally resigned himself. This progress, he justly observes, though couched under the notion of its being made for hunting, and the diversions of the country, was, in reality, to try how the people stood affected; whether the suspicions against the queen and the Duke of York were sufficiently inculcated, to give Monmouth an opportunity of mounting the throne, in case of the king's death; and his ambition he disguised under the specious pretences of his being the king's lawful son, whose right was suppressed to make way for an uncle's usurpation; of his being the avowed champion of the Protestant religion, and the only one of the royal family, who had the courage openly to declare himself an enemy to Popery and slavery.

With regard to the make and outward graces of Monmouth's person (says Grammont) nature never formed a man more complete. Every feature of his face had a peculiar delicacy, and altogether exhibited a countenance, beautiful without effeminacy, manly, yet not robust. His body was finely formed; he was extremely agile, fenced admirably, and was one of the best horsemen of his time; but he had a soul very unequal to such a tenement. He had no sentiments of his own; his voice was pleasing; his manner of expressing himself captivating; but these accomplishments were used only to deliver the thoughts and words of other people. He was rash in his undertakings; irresolute and uncertain in the execution; abject and cowering in distress; he begged his life of James II. with tears in his eyes. That monarch treated his sorrow slightly; the queen insulted it. When he found he had no hopes of life, he assumed an air of philosophic calmness, and met death with indifference. He was brave in the field, felt for the distresses of humanity, was kind to his inferiors, and naturally very generous. With these

His joy conceal'd, he sets himself to show ;
 On each side bowing popularly low :
 His looks, his gestures, and his words he frames,
 And with familiar ease repeats their names. 691
 Thus form'd by nature, furnish'd out with arts,
 He glides unfelt into their secret hearts.
 Then, with a kind compassionating look,
 And sighs; bespeaking pity ere he spoke, 695
 Few words he said ; but easy those and fit,
 More flow than Hybla-drops, and far more
 sweet.

I mourn, my countrymen, your lost estate ;
 Though far unable to prevent your fate :
 Behold a banish'd man for your dear cause 700
 Expos'd a prey to arbitrary laws !
 Yet oh! that I alone could be undone,
 Cut off from empire, and no more a son !
 Now all your liberties a spoil are made ;
 Egypt and Tyrus intercept your trade, 705 }
 And Jebusites your sacred rites invade. }
 My father, whom with reverence yet I name,
 Charm'd into ease, is careless of his fame ;
 And, brib'd with petty fums of foreign gold,
 Is grown in Bathsheba's embraces old ; 710

virtues he might have proved a friend to his country, and a pillar of the throne, had fortune thrown him into the hands of honest men ; for his ruin was owing to his connections, not to himself.

DERRICK.

Ver. 688. *His joy conceal'd,*] First edition : *Dissembling joy.*

Exalts his enemies, his friends destroys ;
 And all his power against himself employs.
 He gives, and let him give, my right away :
 But why should he his own and yours betray ?
 He, only he, can make the nation bleed, 715
 And he alone from my revenge is freed.
 'Take then my tears, with that he wip'd his eyes,
 'Tis all the aid my present power supplies :
 No court-informer can these arms accuse ;
 These arms may sons against their fathers use :
 And 'tis my wish, the next successor's reign 721
 May make no other Israelite complain.

Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail ;
 But common interest always will prevail :
 And pity never ceases to be shown 725
 To him who makes the people's wrongs his own.
 The crowd, that still believe their kings oppress,
 With lifted hands their young Messiah bless :
 Who now begins his progress to ordain
 With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train :
 From east to west his glories he displays, 731
 And, like the sun, the promis'd land surveys.
 Fame runs before him as the morning-star,
 And shouts of joy salute him from afar :
 Each house receives him as a guardian god, 735
 And consecrates the place of his abode.

Ver. 723. *Youth, beauty, graceful action seldom fail ;]*
 Tutatur favor Euryalum, lachrymæque decoræ,
 Gratio et pulchro veniens in corpore virtus.

JOHN WARTON.

But hospitable treats did most commend
 Wife Iffachar, his wealthy western friend.
 This moving court, that caught the people's
 eyes,

And seem'd but pomp, did other ends disguise :
 Achitophel had form'd it, with intent 741

To sound the depths, and fathom where it went,
 The people's hearts, distinguish friends from
 foes ;

And try their strength, before they came to
 blows.

Yet all was color'd with a smooth pretence 743
 Of specious love, and duty to their prince.

Religion, and redress of grievances,
 Two names that always cheat, and always please,
 Are often urg'd ; and good king David's life
 Endanger'd by a brother and a wife. 750

Thus in a pageant shew a plot is made ;
 And peace itself is war in masquerade.

Oh foolish Israel ! never warn'd by ill !

Still the same bait, and circumvented still !

Ver. 738. ———— *wealthy western friend.*] Iffachar was Thomas Thynne, Esq. ancestor of the Marquis of Bath, one of the most opulent commoners in the kingdom, and therefore usually called Tom of Ten Thousand. He had once been a favourite of the Duke of York, but he afterwards magnificently entertained the Duke of Monmouth and all his attendants, when he made a progress into the west, at his noble house at Longleat.
 Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 742. *To sound the depths,*] First edition : *To sound the depth.*

Did ever men forsake their present ease, 755
 In midst of health imagine a disease ;
 Take pains contingent mischiefs to foresee,
 Make heirs for monarchs, and for God decree?
 What shall we think ? Can people give away,
 Both for themselves and sons, their native sway ?
 Then they are left defenceless to the sword 761
 Of each unbounded, arbitrary lord :
 And laws are vain, by which we right enjoy,
 If kings unquestion'd can those laws destroy.
 Yet if the crowd be judge of fit and just, 765
 And kings are only officers in trust,
 Then this resuming 'covenant was declar'd
 When kings were made, or is for ever barr'd.
 If those who gave the scepter could not tie
 By their own deed their own posterity, 770
 How then cou'd Adam bind his future race ?
 How cou'd his forfeit on mankind take place ?
 Or how cou'd heavenly justice damn us all,
 Who ne'er consented to our father's fall ?
 Then kings are slaves to those whom they com-
 mand, 775
 And tenants to their people's pleasure stand.
 Add, that the power for property allow'd
 Is mischievously feated in the crowd :

Ver. 777. Add, that the power *for property allow'd*] In the first edition :

That power which is for property allow'd.

For who can be secure of private right,
 If sovereign sway may be dissolv'd by might? 780
 Nor is the people's judgment always true:
 The most may err as grossly as the few?
 And faultless kings run down by common cry,
 For vice, oppression, and for tyranny.

What standard is there in a fickle rout, 785
 Which, flowing to the mark, runs faster out?
 Nor only crowds but Sanhedrims may be
 Infected with this public lunacy,
 And share the madness of rebellious times,
 To murder monarchs for imagin'd crimes. 790
 If they may give and take when'er they please,
 Not kings alone, the Godhead's images,
 But government itself at length must fall
 To nature's state, where all have right to all.
 Yet grant our lords the people kings can make,
 What prudent men a settled throne would
 shake? 796

For whatso'er their sufferings were before,
 That change they covet, makes them suffer
 more:

All other errors but disturb a state;
 But innovation is the blow of fate. 800
 If ancient fabrics nod, and threat to fall,
 To patch their flaws, and buttress up the wall,

Ver. 802. *To patch their flaws,*] First edition: *the flaws.*

Thus far 'tis duty : but here fix the mark :
 For all beyond it is to touch the ark.
 To change foundations, cast the frame anew,
 Is work for rebels, who base ends pursue ; 806
 At once divine and human laws controul,
 And mend the parts by ruin of the whole.
 The tampering world is subject to^t this curse,
 To physic their disease into a worse. 810

Now what relief can righteous David bring?
 How fatal 'tis to be too good a king !
 Friends he has few, so high the madness grows ;
 Who dare be such must be the people's foes.
 Yet some there were, e'en in the worst of days ;
 Some let me name, and naming is to praise. 816

In this short file Barzillai first appears ;
 Barzillai, crown'd with honour and with years.
 Long since, the rising rebels he withstood
 In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood : 820

Ver. 804. *For all beyond it is to touch the ark.*] The first edition reads less elegantly, *our ark*.

Ver. 817. *In this short file*] For honour, integrity, consistency, greatness of mind, benevolence, and justice, the Duke of Ormond, Barzillai, seems to be the very first and most eminent character that ever adorned the English nobility.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 819. ——— *the rising rebels he withstood*
In regions waste beyond the Jordan's flood :]

The Duke of Ormond adhered zealously to the interest of his sovereign Charles I. in Ireland, where, being chief of a noble, antient, and wealthy family, his power and influence were, as long as possible, exerted against the arms of Cromwell. But being at length obliged to yield to the necessity of the times, he quitted that kingdom, and accompanied King Charles II. in his

Unfortunately brave to buoy the state ;
 But sinking underneath his master's fate :
 In exile with his godlike prince he mourn'd ;
 For him he suffer'd, and with him return'd. 824
 The court he practis'd, not the courtier's art :
 Large was his wealth, but larger was his heart.
 Which well the noblest objects knew to chuse,
 The fighting warrior, and recording muse.
 His bed could once a fruitful issue boast ;
 Now more than half a father's name is lost. 830
 His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd,
 By me, so heaven will have it, always mourn'd,
 And always honour'd, snatch'd in manhood's
 prime
 By unequal fates, and providence's crime ;

exile. After the restoration, he was at one and the same time lord lieutenant of Ireland, steward of the household, groom of the stole, and privy-counsellor for the three kingdoms. Perhaps no man was ever better beloved, and no man deserved it better: he was liberal, brave, loyal, and sincere; a friend to the constitution, and a protector of the Protestants. On this account he was no favourite in the succeeding reign, and died in retirement, without post or employment, July 1688, aged seventy-nine.

DERRICK.

Ver. 831. *His eldest hope, with every grace adorn'd.*] Thomas Earl of Ossory, Baron Butler of More-Park by writ, eldest son of the aforesaid duke, and one of the most gallant noblemen of his time. He behaved with great bravery in the first Dutch war, under Sir Edward Spragg; and in the second was rear-admiral of the blue. He was a courageous warrior, a prudent counsellor, a dutiful son, a kind friend, a liberal patron, and a generous man. He died universally lamented in 1680.

DERRICK.

Yet not before the goal of honour won, 835 }
 All parts fulfill'd of subject and of son : }
 Swift was the race, but short the time to run : }
 Oh narrow circle, but of power divine,
 Scanted in space, but perfect in thy line !
 By sea, by land, thy matchless worth was
 known, 840
 Arms thy delight, and war was all thy own :
 Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd :
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.
 Oh ancient honour ! Oh unconquer'd hand, 844
 Whom foes unpunish'd never could withstand !
 But Israel was unworthy of his name ;
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.
 It looks as heav'n our ruin had design'd,
 And durst not trust thy fortune and thy mind.

Ver. 842. *Thy force infus'd the fainting Tyrians propp'd :
 And haughty Pharaoh found his fortune stopp'd.]*

Lord Ossory having married a Dutch lady, lived some time in
 Holland, and was of signal service in preventing the progress of
 the French arms, by his knowledge and advice.

DERRICK.

Ver. 844. *Oh ancient honor ! Oh unconquer'd hand,]
 Heu pietas, heu prisca fides, inviduaque bello
 Dexterâ!*

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 846. *But Israel was unworthy of his name ;
 Short is the date of all immoderate fame.]* In the
 first edition we find

But Israel was unworthy of thy birth,
 Short is the date of all immoderate worth.

Now, free from earth, thy difencumber'd foul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the clouds and
starry pole : 851

From thence thy kindred legions mayst thou
bring,

To aid the guardian angel of thy king.

Here stop, my muse, here cease thy painful
flight :

No pinions can pursue immortal height : 855

Tell good Barzillai thou canst sing no more,

And tell thy soul she should have fled before :

Or fled she with his life, and left this verse

To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?

Now take thy steepy flight from heaven, and
see 860

If thou canst find on earth another he :

Another he would be too hard to find ;

See then whom thou canst see not far behind.

Zadoc the priest, whom, shunning power and
place,

His lowly mind advanc'd to David's grace. 865

Ver. 858. ——— and left this verse

To hang on her departed patron's hearse ?] This alludes to the custom of affixing poems to the pall or hearse. See Milton's *Lat. Eleg. ii. 22.* And his *epitaph on the Marchioness of Winchester*, ver. 58, &c. TODD.

Ver. 864. ——— *the priest,*] Sancroft (Zadoc) was advanced from the deanery of St. Paul's to the see of Canterbury. He had considerable learning, but was a man of solemn and fullen gravity and deportment. He seldom mixed in company, but led a strict and ascetic life. He lived unmarried, and rather encouraged celibacy in his clergy. He was so cold, re-

With him the Sagan of Jerusalem,
 Of hospitable soul, and noble stem ;
 Him of the western dome, whose weighty sense
 Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
 The prophets' sons, by such example led, 870
 To learning and to loyalty were bred :
 For colleges on hounteous kings depend,
 And never rebel was to arts a friend.
 To these succeed the pillars of the laws ;
 Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.

served, and preevish, that few loved him. He died in a state of separation from the church; but had not the courage to own it. His death, says Burnet, ought to have put an end to the schism that some were endeavouring to raise, on the pretence that a parliamentary deprivation was never to be allowed, and therefore they looked on Sancroft as the archbishop still, and reckoned Tillotson an usurper.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 866. ——— *the Sagan of Jerusalem,*] This was Compton, brother to the Earl of Northampton. Having carried arms for some years, he was passed thirty when he took orders. He applied himself more to his function than bishops, says Burnet, had commonly done. His preaching was without much life or learning. He was a great patron of the converts from popery, and of those protestants, whom the bad usage they were beginning to meet with in France, drove over to us. The Duke of York hated him. This was the bishop that carried the princess Anne to Nottingham, in order to join the party of the Prince of Orange.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 868. *Him of the western*] This was Dolben, who was bishop of Rochester, and succeeded Sterne in the archbishoprick of York; a man, says Burnet, of more spirit than discretion, an excellent preacher, but of a free conversation, which laid him open to much censure in a vitious court. During the rebellion he bore arms, and was made a major by Charles I.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 875. *Who best can plead, and best can judge a cause.*]
 First edition :

Who best could plead, and best can judge a cause.

Next them a train of loyal peers ascend ; 876
 Sharp-judging Adriel, the muses' friend.
 Himself a muse : in Sanhedrin's debate
 True to his prince, but not a slave of state :
 Whom David's love with honours did adorn, 880
 That from his disobedient son were torn.
 Jotham of piercing wit, and pregnant thought :
 Endued by nature, and by learning taught,

Ver. 877. *Sharp-judging Adriel,*] Sheffield, Earl of Mulgrave, Adriel, was a man of a fine person, elegant manners, and insinuating address. When they were both young, he paid his address to Queen Anne, and to prevent a connection Charles II. is said to have contrived a cruel and unjustifiable scheme of sending him to Tangiers in a ship so crazy as to have drowned him. He was always firm in his attachment to James II. for which, with great liberality, King William once commended him, and after some years took him into favour, and gave him a pension of 3000l. a-year. He was a man of wit and parts, not a genius. His poems are feeble and flimsy, notwithstanding Dryden has so profusely praised his Essay on Poetry. But the prose is terse, perspicuous, and elegant, and his memoirs so curious, that we must regret they were left unfinished. He imitated the Cæsars of the Emperor Julian, a capital piece of satire, equal to any part of Lucian, in a piece called the Assembly of the gods, where many contemporary princes are introduced. I cannot forbear mentioning a sly sarcasm on King William, to whom Jupiter himself is said to have shewn great esteem ; but was suspected a little of some partiality, on account of his own proceeding with old father Saturn.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 882. *Jotham of piercing wit,*] First edition : Jotham of ready wit.

Ibid. ——— *of piercing wit,*] The Marquis of Halifax, Jotham, was, in Hume's opinion, the man who possessed the finest genius and most extensive capacity of all employed in public affairs, by Charles II. Hume is of opinion, that the many variations he was guilty of in his political conduct, for he voted first for the exclusion bill, then for limitations, then for expedients, and was then on good terms with the Duke, might be

To move assemblies, who but only try'd 884
 The worfe awhile, then chose the better side :
 Nor chose alone, but turn'd the balance too ;
 So much the weight of one brave man can do.
 Hushai, the friend of David in distress ;
 In public storms, of manly steadfastness :
 By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth, 890
 And join'd experience to his native truth.

the effects of his integrity, rather than of his ambition. Lord Orford, in his *Noble Authors*, p. 86, vol. ii. is of a very different opinion. He wrote many pamphlets on topics then agitated, now forgotten. His *Advice to a Daughter* is still read. Notwithstanding the great change of manners, it would be amusing to compare it with Mrs. Hannah More's *Strictures*. His moral, political, and miscellaneous thoughts are full of penetration and a deep knowledge of men and manners.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 888. *Hushai, the friend of David in distress ;*] Laurence Hyde, second son to Edward the great Earl of Clarendon, was advanced to the earldom of Rochester, and made treasurer in 1682, but removed from the treasury in 1684, to the office of president of the council, a post of more rank but less advantage, which gave the lively Marquis of Halifax occasion to say, that "he had heard of many people being kicked down stairs, but the Earl of Rochester was the first he had ever known kicked up." He was incorrupt, sincere, warm, and violent; writ well, but not a graceful speaker, though smooth and plausible. He defended his father in the House of Commons with strength of argument, and power of elocution, that shewed him master of great abilities; and yet with so much decency and discretion, as not to embroil himself with his opponents. Through the whole of King Charles's reign, he deported himself with so much real fidelity to his master, and such prudence, that he was not particularly pointed at, or ridiculed by any party.

DERRICK.

Ver. 890. *By foreign treaties he inform'd his youth,*] In 1676 he went on an embassy to Poland, was one of the plenipotentiaries at the treaty of Nimeguen, and afterwards ambassador in Holland, where he acquitted himself with honor. He was strongly against the bill of exclusion.

DERRICK.

His frugal care supply'd the wanting throne ;
 Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own :
 'Tis easy conduct when exchequers flow ;
 But hard the task to manage well the low : 895
 For sovereign power is too depress'd or high,
 When kings are forc'd to sell, or crowds to buy.
 Indulge one labour more, my weary muse,
 For Amiel : who can Amiel's praise refuse ?
 Of ancient race by birth, but nobler yet 900
 In his own worth, and without title great :
 The Sanhedrim long time as chief he rul'd,
 Their reason guided, and their passion cool'd :
 So dextrous was he in the crown's defence,
 So form'd to speak a loyal nation's sense, 905
 That, as their band was Israel's tribes in small,
 So fit was he to represent them all.
 Now rasher charioteers the feat ascend,
 Whose loose careers his steady skill commend :
 They, like the unequal ruler of the day, 910
 Misguide the seasons, and mistake the way :

Ver. 899. — [who can Amiel's praise] Sir Edward Seymour, Amiel, was a man of high birth, being the elder branch of that family, of great boldness, vivacity of parts, and a graceful manner, though of insufferable pride. Burnet says, he was the first Speaker of the House of Commons that was not bred to the law. He knew the house and every man in it so well, that by looking about he could tell the fate of any question. Charles II. loved him personally, though he frequently voted against his measures. But once having voted for the court, the king said to him, "You were not against me to-day." He immediately answered—"No, sir, I was against my conscience to-day."

While he withdrawn at their mad labours smiles,
And safe enjoys the sabbath of his toils.

These were the chief, a small but faithful
band
Of worthies, in the breach who dar'd to
stand, 915
And tempt the united fury of the land,
With grief they view'd such powerful engines
bent,

To batter down the lawful government.
A numerous faction, with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrims to plume the regal rights; 920
The true successor from the court remov'd;
The plot, by hireling witnesses, improv'd.
These ills they saw, and, as their duty bound,
They shew'd the king the danger of the wound;
That no concessions from the throne would
please, 925

But lenitives fomented the disease:
That Absalom, ambitious of the crown,
Was made the lure to draw the people down:

Ver. 914. *These were the chief,*] If this be considered, says Dr. Johnson, as a poem political and controversial, it will be found to comprise all the excellencies of which the subject is susceptible; acrimony of censure, elegance of praise, artful delineations of characters, variety and vigour of sentiment, happy turns of language, and pleasing harmony of numbers; and all these raised to such a height, as can scarcely be found in any other English composition. On this exaggerated panegyric I will only beg leave to observe, that if this poem is of a nature purely and merely political and controversial, it does not partake of the essence of real poetry.

Dr. J. WARTON.

That false Achitophel's pernicious hate
 Had turn'd the plot to ruin church and state:
 The council violent, the rabble worse: 931
 That Shimei taught Jerufalem to curse.

With all these loads of injuries oppress'd,
 And long revolving in his careful breast
 The event of things, at last his patience tir'd, 935
 Thus, from his royal throne, by heaven inspir'd,
 The god-like David spoke; with awful fear
 His train their Maker in their master hear.

'Thus long have I, by native mercy sway'd,
 My wrongs dissembled, my revenge delay'd: 940
 So willing to forgive the offending age;
 So much the father did the king assuage.
 But now so far my clemency they flight,
 The offenders question my forgiving right:
 'That one was made for many, they contend;
 'But 'tis to rule; for that's a monarch's end. 946
 They call my tenderness of blood, my fear:
 Though manly tempers can the longest bear.
 Yet, since they will divert my native course,
 'Tis time to shew I am not good by force. 950
 'Those heap'd affronts that haughty subjects
 bring,
 Are burdens for a camel, not a king.

Ver. 937. *The god-like David*] This speech of the king is by no means equal to those of Shafesbury and Monmouth.

Kings are the public pillars of the state,
 Born to sustain and prop the nation's weight :
 If my young Sampson will pretend a call 955
 To shake the column, let him share the fall :
 But oh, that yet he would repent and live !
 How easy 'tis for parents to forgive !
 With how few tears a pardon might be won
 From nature, pleading for a darling son ! 960
 Poor, pitied youth, by my paternal care,
 Rais'd up to all the height his frame could
 bear !

Had God ordain'd his fate for empire born,
 He would have given his soul another turn :
 Gull'd with a patriot's name, whose modern
 sense 965

Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;
 The people's brave, the politician's tool ;
 Never was patriot yet, but was a fool.
 Whence comes it, that religion and the laws
 Should more be Absalom's than David's cause ?
 His old instructor, ere he lost his place, 971
 Was never thought indu'd with so much grace.
 Good heavens, how faction can a patriot paint !
 My rebel ever proves my people's faint.

Ver. 957—960. These four verses were added in the second edition.

Ver. 966. *Is one that would by law supplant his prince ;*] The first edition has,

Is one that would by law *destroy* his prince.

Would they impose an heir upon the throne! 975
 Let Sanhedrims be taught to give their own.
 A king's at least a part of government;
 And mine as requisite as their consent:
 Without my leave a future king to chuse,
 Infers a right the present to depose. 980
 True, they petition me to approve their choice:
 But Esau's hands suit ill with Jacob's voice.
 My pious subjects for my safety pray;
 Which to secure, they take my power away.
 From plots and treasons heaven preserve my
 years, 985
 But save me most from my petitioners!
 Unfatiate as the barren womb or grave;
 God cannot grant so much as they can crave.
 What then is left, but with a jealous eye
 To guard the small remains of royalty! 990
 The law shall still direct my peaceful sway,
 And the same law teach rebels to obey:

Ver. 991. *The law shall still direct*] We cannot read these words put into the mouth of Charles II. without a degree of just indignation; when we reflect on some striking transactions of his reign, particularly the appointment of that ministry called the Cabal.

All power in England, Scotland, and Ireland, was committed to six men. Clifford, Arlington, Buckingham, Ashley Cooper, afterwards Earl of Shaftesbury, Lauderdale, and Roberts, the three last of whom had drawn their swords against the king's father. Clifford had raised himself by his great influence in the House of Commons; Ashley Cooper had still greater in the House of Lords: Arlington, notwithstanding his secret inclinations to popery, had maintained connections with the dissenters. Buckingham, favouring all sects, because he was of no religion himself, was a favourite of the dissenters; Lauderdale

Votes shall no more establish'd power controul,
Such votes as make a part exceed the whole.

No groundless clamours shall my friends remove,
Nor crowds have power to punish ere they
prove ; 996

For Gods and god-like kings their care express,
Still to defend their servants in distress.

Oh, that my power to saving were confin'd !

Why am I forc'd, like heaven, against my
mind, 1000

To make examples of another kind !

Must I at length the sword of justice draw ?

Oh curst effects of necessary law !

How ill my fear they by my mercy scan !

Beware the fury of a patient man. 1005

had great interest with the presbyterians of Scotland: and Shaftesbury and Buckingham were supported by the people, because they pretended a reverence for their rights. This ministry was the most extraordinary that ever was composed: for the king had an unconquerable distrust of Shaftesbury; though diverted with the humours of Buckingham, he was shocked with an advice which that duke had given him to procure a parliamentary divorce from the queen, and had once committed him to the Tower, for personal offences against himself: Arlington and Buckingham were mortal foes; and Buckingham, Shaftesbury, and Lauderdale, were averse from the influence of the Duke of York with his brother, because they thought it interfered with their own; or, at least, the Duke believed that they were so: but at the interview at Dover, the Dutchess of Orleans reconciled Arlington and Buckingham, and the king to Buckingham, and knit the famous Cabal firmly together in the interests of the new alliance. See Echard and Dalrymple.

The melancholy fate of the Dutchess of Orleans, after her return from Dover, supposed to have been by poison, ordered to be given her by her husband, who was jealous of her intimacy with her own brother, Charles II. is too well known, but we hope too atrocious to obtain credit.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Law they require, let Law then fliew her face ;
 They could not be content to look on Grace,
 Her hinder parts, but with a daring eye
 To tempt the terror of her front and die.

By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed, 1010
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.

Against themselves their witnessess will swear,
 'Till viper-like their mother plot they tear;
 And suck for nutriment that bloody gore,
 Which was their principle of life before. 1015

Their Belial with their Beelzebub will fight ;
 'Thus on my foes, my foes shall do me right.

Nor doubt the event : for factious crowds en-
 gage,

In their first onset, all their brutal rage.

'Then let 'em take an unresisted course : 1020

Retire, and traverse, and delude their force :

But, when they stand all breathless, urge the
 fight,

And rise upon them with redoubled might :

For lawful power is still superior found ;

When long driven back at length it stands the
 ground. 1025

Ver. 1010. *By their own arts 'tis righteously decreed,
 Those dire artificers of death shall bleed.]*

neque enim lex æquior ulla est,

• Quam necis artifices arte perire suâ.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 1012. *Against themselves their witnessess will swear,]* Al-
 luding to the inconsistencies and contradictions of Dr. Oates,
 Captain Bedloe, and other witnessess, made use of to support the
 credit of the Popish plot.

DERRICK.

He said : The Almighty nodding gave consent ;

And peals of thunder shook the firmament.

Henceforth a series of new time began,

The mighty years in long procession ran :

Once more the god-like David was restor'd, 1030

And willing nations knew their lawful lord.

Ver. 1028. — *a series of new time*] It is an undoubted fact, though it may appear a strange assertion, that this poem, once so famous, is in the present age but little read. I have met with many well-informed literary persons, who have frankly owned they never went through it, and knew little of it but from the report of its former celebrity. So short-lived and transitory is personal and occasional satire. The Dunciad of Pope begins to be neglected.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1031. *And willing nations*] Great is the reader's disappointment at meeting with this feeble conclusion, having been led to expect that some important event would be brought forward after such mighty preparations. But the radical fault of the poem is, that it consists only of characters and speeches, without any action.

Dr. J. WARTON.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

PART II.

— Si quis tamen hæc quoque, si quis
Captus amore leget—

TO

THE READER.

IN the year 1680, Mr. Dryden undertook the poem of *Abfalom* and *Achitophel*, upon the desire of King Charles the Second. The performance was applauded by every one; and several persons pressing him to write a second part, he, upon declining it himself, spoke to Mr. Tate* to write one, and gave him his advice in the direction of it; and that part beginning with

“ Next these, a troop of busy spirits press,”

and ending with

“ To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee.”

containing near two hundred verses, were entirely Mr. Dryden's compositions, besides some touches in other places.

DERRICK.

* This second part was written by Mr. Nahum Tate, and is by no means equal to the first, though Dryden corrected it throughout, and added above two hundred lines, very easily distinguishable from the same numbers of Tate. The characters introduced are fewer and of less importance, and require not so much illustration. Few authors have been friends, and wrote in conjunction; but Mr. Dryden did so with *Lee* and *D'Avenant*; *Colman* with *Thornnton* and *Garrick*; *Gray* with *West*; *Lloyd* with *Churchill*; and *Boileau* with *Racine*.

Dr J. WARTON.

ABSALOM

AND

ACHITOPHEL.

SINCE men like beasts each other's prey were
made,
Since trade began, and priesthood grew a trade,
Since realms were form'd, none sure so curst as
those
That madly their own happiness oppose ;
There heaven itself and god-like kings, in vain 5
Shower down the manna of a gentle reign ;
While pamper'd crowds to mad sedition run,
And monarchs by indulgence are undone.
Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,
While wealthy faction aw'd the wanting throne.
For now their sovereign's orders to contemn 11
Was held the charter of Jerufalem,
His rights to invade, his tributes to refuse,
A privilege peculiar to the Jews ;

Ver. 9. *Thus David's clemency was fatal grown,*] In the first edition we find, Thus David's *goodness* was e'en fatal grown.

As if from heavenly call this licence fell, 15
 And Jacob's seed were chosen to rebel !

Achitophel with triumph sees his crimes
 Thus suited to the madness of the times ;
 And Absalom, to make his hopes succeed, 19
 Of flattering charms no longer stands in need ;
 While fond of change, though ne'er so dearly
 bought,
 Our tribes outstrip the youth's ambitious
 thought ;

His swift hopes with swifter homage meet,
 And crowd their servile necks beneath his feet.
 Thus to his aid while pressing tides repair, 25
 He mounts and spreads his streamers in the air.
 The charms of empire might his youth mislead,
 But what can our besotted Israel plead ?

Sway'd by a monarch, whose serene command
 Seems half the blessing of our promis'd land. 30
 Whose only grievance is excess of ease ;
 Freedom our pain, and plenty our disease !
 Yet, as all folly would lay claim to sense,
 And wickedness ne'er wanted a pretence,
 With arguments they'd make their treason good,
 And righteous David's self with slanders load : 36
 That arts of foreign sway he did affect,
 And guilty Jebusites from law protect,

Ver. 20. *Of flattering charms*] First edition : *Flatterie's*.

Ver. 33. *Yet as all folly*] First edition : *Yet since all folly*.

Whose very chiefs, convict, were never freed,
 Nay we have seen their sacrificers bleed ! 40
 Accusers' infamy is urg'd in vain,
 While in the bounds of sense they did contain ;
 But soon they launcht into the unfathom'd tide,
 And in the depths they knew disdain'd to ride.
 For probable discoveries to dispense, 45
 Was thought below a pension'd evidence ;
 Mere truth was dull, nor suited with the port
 Of pamper'd Corah when advanc'd to court.
 No less than wonders now they will impeach,
 And projects void of grace or sense disclose. 50
 Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,
 Michal that ne'er was cruel even in thought,
 The best of queens, and most obedient wife,
 Impeach'd of curst designs on David's life !

Ver. 51. *Such was the charge on pious Michal brought,*] First edition. Derrick incorrectly has *change*.

Ver. 53. *The best of queens,*] Of all the nations in Europe, the Portuguese were, and still are, the most ignorant, and most bigotted. Of all persons that could be imagined, Catharine of Portugal was the most improper wife for a gay and spirited prince. At her very first appearance at court, she retained and shewed a strong tincture of the convent. She even rejected the English dress, and the usual attendance of the English ladies, and was only fond of her stiff, reserved, and formal duennas, who were the scorn and the jest of the whole court. When she was married at Winchester by the Archbishop of Canterbury, she would not repeat after him the words of the matrimonial service, nor endure the sight of the Archbishop. She proved, says Burnet, a barren wife, and was a woman of a mean appearance, and of no agreeable temper ; so that the King never considered her much, and she made ever after but a very mean figure. I cannot forbear adding, that Charles II. had the merit of not listening to some proposals basely made to him, either of a divorce, or of sending her away to another country.

His life, the theme of her eternal prayer, 55
 'Tis scarce so much his guardian angel's care.
 Not summer morns such mildness can disclose,
 The Hermon lilly, nor the Sharon rose.
 Neglecting each vain pomp of majesty,
 Transported Michal feeds her thoughts on
 high.

She lives with angels, and, as angels do, 61
 Quits heaven sometimes to bless the world
 below.

Where, cherish'd by her bounties' plenteous
 spring,

Reviving widows smile, and orphans sing. 64

Oh! when rebellious Israel's crimes at height,
 Are threatned with her Lord's approaching fate,
 The piety of Michal then remain

In heaven's remembrance, and prolong his reign!

Less desolation did the pest pursue,
 That from Dan's limits to Beersheba flew, 70

Less fatal the repeated wars of Tyre,
 And less Jerusalem's avenging fire.

With gentler terror these our state o'er-ran,
 Than since our evidencing days began!

On every cheek a pale confusion sat, 75
 Continu'd fear beyond the worst of fate!

Trust was no more, art, science, useles made,
 All occupations lost but Corah's trade.

Meanwhile a guard on modest Corah wait,
 If not for safety, needful yet for state. 80

Well might he deem each peer and prince his
 slave,

And lord it o'er the tribes which he could save :
 Even vice in him was virtue—what sad fate
 But for his honesty had seiz'd our state ?

And with what tyranny had we been curst, 85
 Had Corah never prov'd a villain first ?

To have told his knowledge of the intrigue in
 gross,

Had been, alas, to our deponent's loss :
 The travell'd Levite had the experience got,
 To husband well, and make the best of's plot ;
 And therefore like an evidence of skill, 91
 With wise reserves secur'd his pension still ;
 Nor quite of future power himself bereft,
 But limbos large for unbelievers left.

And now his writ such reverence had got, 95
 'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.
 Some were so well convinc'd, they made no doubt
 Themselves to help the founder'd swearers out.

Ver. 96. *'Twas worse than plotting to suspect his plot.*] The tide of prejudice ran so strongly in favour of Oates and the other witnesses, after the death of Sir Godfrey, that to speak slightly of them, or their deposition, was as much as a man's life was worth ; and even the King himself, who saw the trick from the beginning, did not dare to speak his sentiments freely. He did his utmost to keep as private as possible such discoveries of the supposed plot, as were communicated to him, the intention of which his perspicuity soon canvass'd ; and he was very angry when Lord Danby, without his leave, laid them before the parliament : “ Now, (said he) you have laid the foundation of your own ruin, and of much perplexity for me.” The sequel proved his Majesty a prophet.

Some had their sense impos'd on by their fear,
 But more for interest sake believe and swear : 100
 Even to that height with some the frenzy grew,
 They rag'd to find their danger not prove true.

Yet, than all these a viler crew remain,
 Who with Achitophel the cry maintain ; 104
 Not urg'd by fear, nor through misguided sense,
 Blind zeal and starving need had some pretence,
 But for the good old cause, that did excite
 The original rebels' wiles, revenge and spite.
 These raise the plot, to have the scandal thrown
 Upon the bright successor of the crown, 110
 Whose virtue with such wrongs they had pursu'd,
 As seem'd all hope of pardon to exclude.
 Thus, while on private ends their zeal is built,
 The cheated crowd applaud and share their guilt.

Such practices as these, too gross to lie 115
 Long unobserv'd by each discerning eye,
 The more judicious Israelites unspell'd,
 Though still the charm the giddy rabble held,
 Ev'n Absalom, amidst the dazzling beams
 Of empire, and ambition's flattering dreams, 120
 Perceives the plot, too foul to be excus'd,
 To aid designs, no less pernicious, us'd.
 And, filial sense yet striving in his breast,
 Thus to Achitophel his doubts express.

Why are my thoughts upon a crown em-
 ploy'd, 125
 Which once obtain'd can be but half enjoy'd ?

Which if my filial tendernefs oppofe, 150
 Since to the empire by their arms I rofe,
 Thofe very arms on me fhall be employ'd,
 A new ufurper crown'd, and I deftroy'd :
 The fame pretence of public good will hold,
 And new Achitophels be found as bold 155 }
 To urge the needful change, perhaps the old. }

He faid. The ftatesman with a fmile replies,
 A fmile that did his rifing fpleen difguife,
 My thoughts prefum'd our labours at an end,
 And are we ftill with confcience to contend ? 160
 Whofe want in kings, as needful is allow'd,
 As 'tis for them to find it in the crowd.

Far in the doubtful paffage you are gone,
 And only can be fafe by preffing on. 164

The crown's true heir, a prince fevere and wife,
 Has view'd your motions long with jealous eyes:
 Your perfon's charms, your more prevailing arts,
 And mark'd your progrefs in the people's hearts,
 Whofe patience is the effect of ftinted power,
 But treasures vengeance for the fatal hour, 170
 And if remote the peril he can bring;

Your prefent danger's greater from the king.
 Let not a parent's name deceive your fenfe,
 Nor trust the father in a jealous prince !

Your trivial faults if he could fo refent, 175
 To doom you little lefs than banifhment,
 What rage muft your prefumptidn fince infpire ?
 Againft his orders your return from Tyre ?

Nor only so, but with a pomp more high,
And open court of popularity, 180

The factious tribes—And this reproof from thee?
The prince replies, O statesman's winding skill,
They first condemn that first advis'd the ill!

Illustrious youth, return'd Achitophel, 184
Misconstrue not the words that mean you well.

The course you steer I worthy blame conclude,
But 'tis because you leave it unpursu'd.

A monarch's crown with fate surrounded lies,
Who reach, lay hold on death that mis the
prize.

Did you for this expose yourself to show, 190
And to the crowd bow popularly low?

For this your glorious progress next ordain,
With chariots, horsemen, and a numerous train?

With fame before you like the morning star,
And shouts of joy saluting from afar? 195

Oh from the heights you've reach'd but take a
view,

Scarce leading Lucifer could fall like you!
And must I here my shipwreck'd arts bemoan?

Have I for this so oft made Israel groan?
Your single interest with the nation weigh'd, 200

And turn'd the scale where your desires were
laid?

Ev'n when at helm a course so dangerous mov'd
To land your hopes, as my removal prov'd.

I not dispute, the royal youth replies,
 The known perfection of your policies, 205
 Nor in Achitophel yet grudge or blame
 The privilege that statesmen ever claim ;
 Who private interest never yet pursu'd,
 But still pretended 'twas for other's good :
 What politician yet e'er scap'd his fate, 210
 Who saving his own neck not sav'd the state ?
 From hence on ev'ry humorous wind that veer'd,
 With shifted sails a several course you steer'd.
 What form of sway did David e'er pursue, 214
 That seem'd like absolute, but sprung from you ?
 Who at your instance quasht each penal law,
 That kept dissenting factious Jews in awe ;
 And who suspends fixt laws, may abrogate,
 That done, form new, and so enslave the state.
 Even property, whose champion now you stand,
 And seem for this the idol of the land, 221
 Did ne'er sustain such violence before,
 As when your counsel shut the royal store ;

Ver. 214. *What form of sway did David e'er pursue,]* So the first edition. Derrick absurdly has,
 What from a sway &c.

Ver. 216. *Who at your instance quasht each penal law,]* Suspending the penal laws, and granting liberty of conscience, was owing to the advice of our Achitophel ; and was an affair of dangerous tendency, as being one great step towards enslaving the state.

DERRICK.

Ver. 223. ————— *shut the royal store ;]* Or the exchequer, in the beginning of 1672, he being in great want of money ; a transaction that occasioned much confusion,

Advice, that ruin to whole tribes procur'd,
 But secret kept till your own banks secur'd. 225
 Recount with this the triple covenant broke,
 And Israel fitted for a foreign yoke ;
 Nor here your counsels fatal progress staid,
 But sent our levied powers to Pharaoh's aid.
 Hence Tyre and Israel, low in ruins laid, 230
 And Egypt, once their scorn, their common ter-
 ror made.

Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,
 When royal rights you made your darling
 theme.

For power unlimited could reasons draw,
 And place prerogative above the law ; 235
 Which, on your fall from office, grew unjust,
 The laws made king, the king a slave in trust :
 Whom with state-craft, to interest only true,
 You now accuse of ills contriv'd by you.

To this Hell's agent—Royal youth, fix here,
 Let interest be the star by which I steer. 241

for there being thereby a stagnation of all public payments, the banks also stopped ; but the king having assured the bankers and merchants, that the present deficiencies should be soon made good, matters flowed again in their proper channel, though it was a stretch of power not easily forgotten or digested.

DERRICK.

Ver. 232. *Ev'n yet of such a season can we dream,*] First edition, *Ev'n yet of such a season we can dream.*

Ver. 241. *Let interest be the star by which I steer.*] So the first edition. A reading evidently required by the context. Compare ver. 232 and 243. Derrick has,

Let interest be the star by which you steer.

Hence to repose your trust in me was wise,
 Whose interest most in your advancement lies,
 A tye so firm as always will avail,
 When friendship, nature, and religion fail ; 245
 On our's the safety of the crowd depends,
 Secure the crowd, and we obtain our ends,
 Whom I will cause so far our guilt' to share,
 Till they are made our champions by their fear.
 What opposition can your rival bring, 250
 While Sanhedrims are jealous of the King ?
 His strength as yet in David's friendship lies,
 And what can David's self without supplies ?
 Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
 Debar the heir, or starve in his defence. 255
 Conditions which our elders ne'er will quit,
 And David's justice never can admit.
 Or forc'd by wants his brother to betray,
 To your ambition next he clears the way ;
 For if succession once to nought they bring, 260
 Their next advance removes the present king :
 Persisting else his senates to dissolve,
 In equal hazard shall his reign involve.
 Our tribes, whom Pharaoh's power so much
 alarms,
 Shall rise, without their prince to oppose his
 arms ;
 Nor boots it on what cause at first they join, 266
 Their troops, once up, are tools for our design.
 At least such subtle covenants shall be made,
 Till peace itself is war in masquerade.

Associations of mysterious sense, 270
 Against, but seeming for, the king's defence :
 Ev'n on their courts of justice fetters draw,
 And from our agents muzzle up their law.
 By which a conquest if we fail to make,
 'Tis a drawn game at worst, and we secure our
 stake? 275

He said, and for the dire success depends
 On various sects, by common guilt made friends.
 Whose heads, though ne'er so differing in their
 creed,
 I th' point of treason yet were well agreed.
 'Mongst these, extorting Ishban first appears, 280
 Pursu'd by a meagre troop of bankrupt heirs.
 Blest times, when Ishban, he whose occupation
 So long has been to cheat, reforms the nation !
 Ishban of conscience suited to his trade,
 As good a saint as usurer ever made. 285
 Yet Mammon has not so engross'd him quite,
 But Belial lays as large a claim of spight ;
 Who, for those pardons from his prince he
 draws,
 Returns reproaches, and cries up the cause.

Ver. 280. ——— extorting *Ishban first appears,*
Pursu'd by a meagre band of bankrupt heirs.]

Sir Robert Clayton, an alderman of the city, and one of its members, who remarkably opposed the court. Though he was very avaricious, he had offered a large sum to be made a peer ; and those who consider the king's wants will believe with me, he was sorry the alderman's money was not tangible.

DERRICK.

That year in which the city he did sway, 290
 He left rebellion in a hopeful way.

Yet his ambition once was found so bold,
 To offer talents of extorted gold ;
 Could David's wants have so been brib'd, to
 shame

And scandalize our peerage with his name ; 295
 For which, his dear sedition he'd forswear,
 And 'e'en turn loyal to be made a peer
 Next him, let railing Rabsheka have place,
 So fair of zeal he has no need of grace ;

Ver. 298. ——— railing *Rabsheka*] Sir Thomas Player, one of the city representatives in Parliament; a factious blundering malecontent; one of the chief supporters of the Whigs in the city; declared enemy of the Duke of York, and strongly for the bill of exclusion. When he was re-chosen in 1680-1, together with Sir Robert Clayton, Thomas Pilkington, and William Love, Esqrs. many of the Whig citizens, in common-hall assembled, drew up and presented to him and them an extraordinary paper, "giving them thanks for their former good services, more especially for their zeal in promoting the bill for excluding the Duke of York from the succession, and recommending that they would still literally pursue the same measures, and grant no supplies to the crown, till they saw themselves effectually secured from popery and arbitrary power." And in pursuit of these measures, the subscribing persons promised to stand by them with their lives and fortunes.

Indeed, addresses of the same nature were forwarded to their representatives from many other parts of the kingdom, which gave great uneasiness to the court, and occasioned these lines put into Achitophel's mouth, p. 288.

—— what can David's self without supplies?
 Who with exclusive bills must now dispense,
 Debar the heir, or starve in his defence.

A faint that can both flesh and spirit use, 300
 Alike haunt conventicles and the stews :
 Of whom the question difficult appears,
 If most i' th' preachers' or the bawds' arrears.
 What caution could appear too much in him
 That keeps the treasure of Jerufalem ! 305
 Let David's brother but approach the town,
 Double our guards, he cries, we are undone.
 Protesting that he dares not sleep in's bed,
 Lest he should rise next morn without his head.

Next these, a troop of busy spirits press, 310
 Of little fortunes, and of conscience less ;

Ver. 301. — *conventicles*] He accents the word again on the *third syllable* in the *Medal*, line 285. * Thus, in a Collection of Loyal Songs, written between 1639 and 1661, vol. II. p. 16.

“ But all the parish see it plain,
 “ Since thou art in this pickle,
 “ Thou art an Independent quean,
 “ And lov’st a *conventicle*.”

TODD.

Ver. 310. *Next these*] This was not the only poem written on the political transactions of those times. *Duke* wrote one also, entitled, *The Review*, the best and most vigorous, perhaps, of his compositions. He begins with the Restoration, and passes on through great part of Charles the Second's reign, but left it unfinished. The characters of *Shaftesbury* and *Villiers* are particularly laboured, but very inferior to those given by Dryden.— He is particularly, and I think blameably, severe on Lord *Clarendon*, whom he calls *Byrja*, accusing him of taking bribes to procure the pardon of many notorious rebels, and of being privy to, and promoting the marriage of his daughter with the Duke of York, which the chancellor always denied in the most solemn and most unequivocal terms.

Dr. J. WARTON.

With them the tribe, whose luxury had drain'd
 Their banks, in former sequestrations gain'd ;
 Who rich and great by past rebellions grew,
 And long to fish the troubled streams anew. 315
 Some future hopes, some present payment draws,
 To sell their conscience and espouse the cause.
 Such stipends those vile hirelings best besit,
 Priests without grace, and poets without wit.
 Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse, 320
 Judas, that keeps the rebels' pension-purse ;

Ver. 315. *And long to fish the troubled streams anew.*] First edition, — troubled *waves*.

Ver. 320. *Shall that false Hebronite escape our curse,*] Robert Ferguson, a Scotch independent preacher, subtle, plausible, bold, and daring, had for many years preached and writ against the government with great animosity; had weight among the Whigs in the city, and was a very proper instrument to stir up sedition. Shaftesbury knew his excellencies; made use of them by confiding in him, and he contributed much to the success of his designs.

Ferguson was one of the main springs that animated the Rye-house-plot, for which he was outlawed both in England and France, a reward of five hundred pistoles being offered for taking him. He had openly approved of the conspirators' intention to murder the king and his brother; and a day being appointed for that parricide, which some of the assassins objected to as being Sunday, he told them, "The sanctity of the deed fitted the sanctity of the day." He was described thus remarkably:—"A tall thin man, dark brown hair, a great Roman nose, thin jawed, heat in his face, speaks in the Scotch tone, a sharp piercing eye, stoops a little in the shoulders, hath a shuffling gait that differs from all men, wears his perriwig down almost over his eyes, and about forty-five years of age." He escaped to Holland, returned with Monmouth in 1685, had the good luck again to secure his retreat, and was rewarded with a good post on the Revolution; but being of a turbulent uneasy disposition, he turned tail, became a strenuous advocate for Jacobitism both

Judas, that pays the treason-writer's fee,
 Judas, that well deserves his namesake's tree ;
 Who at Jerufalem's own gates erects
 His college for a nursery of sects ; 325
 Young prophets with an early care secures,
 And with the dung of his own arts manures !
 What have the men of Hebron here to do ?
 What part in Israel's promis'd land have you ?
 Here Phaleg, the lay Hebronite, is come, 330
 'Cause like the rest he could not live at home ;
 Who from his own possessions could not gain
 An omer even of Hebronitish grain,
 Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property : 335
 An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises
 dust.

in the reigns of King William and Queen Anne ; appeared more than once a champion for the banished king, and engaged in schemes for his Restoration.

DERRICK

Robert Ferguson, here meant, says Mr. Granger, was a great dealer in plots, and a prostitute political writer for different parties, and particularly for the Earl of Shaftesbury. He approached nearer to a parallel character with Oates than any of his contemporaries ; and was rewarded with a place in the reign of William, though it was well known he merited a halter.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 324. *Who at Jerufalem's own gates erects,
 His college for a nursery of sects.]*

Ferguson had a chapel near Moorfields. DERRICK.

Ver. 334. *Here struts it like a patriot, and talks high
 Of injur'd subjects, alter'd property :*

Can dry bones live? or skeletons produce
 The vital warmth of cuckoldizing juice?
 Slim Phaleg could, and at the table fed, 340
 Return'd the grateful product to the bed.
 A waiting-man to trav'ling nobles chose,
 He his own laws would faucily impose,
 Till bastinado'd back again he went,
 To learn those manners he to teach was sent. 345
 Chastiz'd he ought to have retreated home,
 But he reads politics to Absalom.
 For never Hebronite, though kick'd and scorn'd,
 To his own country willingly return'd.
 —But leaving famish'd Phaleg to be fed, 350
 And to talk treason for his daily bread,

*An emblem of that buzzing insect just,
 That mounts the wheel, and thinks she raises dust.]*
 Musca, Trochilus et Trosculus.

Ætate mediâ concitati sex equi,
 Currum trahentes, putre quatiebant solum,
 Clarisque denso pulvere tegebant diem.
 Temone in ipso tenuis interea sedens
 O quantus, inquit Musca, premit equos labor,
 Quantusque sudor irrigat, dum me trahunt!
 Sic prævalenti cum seder evult trabe,
 Quæ quinque opimos facilè sustineat boves,
 Pusillus ille, ex alitum gente infimâ,
 Prætentat illam trochilus, et superfilit
 Similis timenti, ferre ne se non queat.
 Sic impudenti Trosculorum de grege
 Aliquis, ineptus, administris imperi
 Multum exhibere se negotiî putat,
 Qui, vivat ille an mortuus sit, nesciunt.

Desbillon's Fable. Æt. Lib. iv. Fab. 14.

JOHN WARTON.

Let Hebron, nay let Hell produce a man
 So made for mischief as Ben-Jochanan,
 A Jew of humble parentage was he,
 By trade a Levite, though of low degree: 355
 His pride no higher than the desk aspir'd,
 But for the drudgery of priests was hir'd
 To read and pray in linen ephod brave,
 And pick up single shekels from the grave. 359
 Married at last, but finding charge come faster,
 He could not live by God, but chang'd his
 master :

Inspir'd by want, was made a factious tool,
 They got a villain, and we lost a fool.
 Still violent, whatever cause he took,
 But most against the party he forsook. 365
 For renegadoes, who ne'er turn by halves,
 Are bound in conscience to be double knaves.
 So this prose-prophet took most monstrous pains
 To let his masters see he earn'd his gains.

Ver. 353. *So made for mischief*] Ben-Jochanan was Samuel Johnson, author of the famous pamphlet entitled *Julian*, in which he drew a parallel betwixt that apostate and James II. And also of another still more offensive, called, *An Address to the English Protestants in King's James's Army*. For which he was sentenced to stand in the pillory three several times, at Westminster, Charing-cross, and the Royal Exchange, to pay a fine of five hundred marks, and be whipt from Newgate to Tyburn. The last part of the punishment was mildly executed, and he was degraded from his ecclesiastical functions before it was inflicted. Of all the seditious writers here proscribed by Dryden, he was a man of the greatest learning and best morals.

But as the devil owes all his imps a shame, 370
 He chose the apostate for his proper theme ;
 With little pains he made the picture true,
 And from reflection took the rogue he drew.
 A wondrous work, to prove the Jewish nation
 In every age a murmuring generation ; 375
 To trace 'em from their infancy of sinning,
 And shew 'em factious from their first begin-
 ning.

To prove they could rebel, and rail, and mock,
 Much to the credit of the chosen flock ;
 A strong authority which must convince, 380
 That fairs own no allegiance to their prince.
 As 'tis a leading-card to make a whore,
 To prove her mother had turn'd up before.
 But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless
 The son that shew'd his father's nakedness ? 385
 Such thanks the present church thy pen will
 give,

Which proves rebellion was so primitive.
 Must ancient failings be examples made ?
 Then murderers from Cain may learn their
 trade.

As thou the heathen and the saint hast drawn,
 Methinks the apostate was the better man : 391

Ver. 384. *But, tell me, did the drunken patriarch bless*] The first edition, by a strange error of the press, has *patriot*.

And thy hot father, waving my respect,
 Not of a mother-church but of a sect.
 And such he needs must be of thy inditing,
 'This comes of drinking asses milk and writing.
 If Balack should be call'd to leave his place, 396
 As profit is the loudest call of grace,
 His temple, dispossess'd of one, would be
 Replenish'd with seven devils more by thee.

Levi, thou art a load, I'll lay thee down, 400
 And shew rebellion bare, without a gown ;
 Poor slaves in metre, dull and addle-pated,
 Who rhyme below ev'n David's psalms tran-
 slated ;

Some in my speedy pace I must out-run,
 As lame Mephibosheth the wifard's son : 405
 To make quick way I'll leap o'er heavy blocks,
 Shun rotten Uzza, as I would the pox ;
 And hasten Og and Doeg to rehearse,
 Two fools that crutch their feeble sense on verse ;
 Who, by my muse, to all succeeding times 410
 Shall live, in spite of their own dogrel rhimes.

Doeg, though without knowing how or why,
 Made still a blund'ring kind of melody ;

Ver. 412. *Doeg, though without knowing*] This character of Elkanah Settle, which is exquisitely satirical, particularly lines 415, 420, 422, 427, 428, was certainly inserted by Dryden, whom he had offended by writing pamphlets for the Whigs, though he afterward suddenly changed sides, and was as violent a defender of Tory principles, and wrote a poem of high pane-

Spurr'd boldly on, and dash'd through thick
and thin,

Through sense and nonsense, never out nor in; 415

Free from all meaning, whether good or bad,

And, in one word, heroically mad :

He was too warm on picking-work to dwell,

But fagotted his notions as they fell,

And if they rhim'd and rattled, all was well. 420

Spiteful he is not, though he wrote a satyr,

For still there goes some thinking to ill-nature :

He needs no more than birds and beasts to
think,

All his occasions are to eat and drink.

If he call rogue and rascal from a garrat, 425

He means you no more mischief than a parrat :

gyric on the coronation of James II. in 1685. He was the author of seventeen plays, now totally forgotten. He had a pension from the city for writing an annual panegyric on the Lord Mayor. Towards the end of his life he was reduced to great poverty, and wrote low drolls for Bartholomew Fair, and was reduced in his old age to act in farce a dragon, inclosed in a green leather of his own invention. To which our witty satirist, Dr. Young, alludes in his epistle to Pope, on the authors of the age :—

Poor Elkanah, all other changes past,

For bread in Smithfield dragons his'd at last :

Spit streams of fire to make the butchers gape,

And found his manners suited to his shape.

Og, mentioned afterwards, who was *Shadwell*, we must reserve speaking of to a more important occasion. I cannot forbear adding, that Dryden was so much mortified at the success of the *Emperor of Morocco*, a tragedy of Settle's, which was even acted at Whitehall by the court-ladies, that he wrote a most virulent and even brutal criticism on it, dictated by envy, rage, and jealousy, from which Dr. Johnson has given a long extract of eight pages, which disgrace the pen of Dryden. DR. J. WARTON.

The words for friend and foe alike were made,
To fetter 'em in verse is all his trade.

For almonds he'll cry whore to his own mother :
And call young Absalom king David's brother.

Let him be gallows-free by my consent, 431

And nothing suffer since he nothing meant ;

Hanging supposes human soul and reason,

This animal's below committing treason ;

Shall he be hang'd who never could rebel ? 435

That's a preferment for Achitophel.

The woman that committed buggary,

Was rightly sentenc'd by the law to die ;

But 'twas hard fate that to the gallows led

The dog that never heard the statute read. 440

Railing in other men may be a crime,

But ought to pass for mere instinct in him :

Instinct he follows, and no farther knows,

For to write verse with him is to transprose.

'Twere pity treason at his door to lay, 445

Who makes *heaven's gate a lock to its own key* :

Let him rail on, let his invective muse

Have four and twenty letters to abuse,

Which, if he jumbles to one line of sense,

Indict him of a capital offence. 450

In fire-works give him leave to vent his spight,

Those are the only serpents he can write ;

The height of his ambition is, we know,

But to be master of a puppet-show,

On that one stage his works may yet appear, 455
 And a month's harvest keeps him all the year.

Now stop your noses, readers, all and some, }
 For here's a tun of midnight work to come, }
 Og, from a treason-tavern rowling home. }

Round as a globe, and liquor'd every chink, 460

Goodly and great he fails behind his link ;

With all this bulk there's nothing lost in Og,

For every inch, that is not fool, is rogue :

A monstrous mass of foul corrupted matter, 464

As all the devils had spew'd to make the batter.

When wine has giv'n him courage to blas-
 pheme,

He curses God, but God before curst him ;

And if man could have reason, none has more,

'That made his paunch so rich, and him so poor.

With wealth he was not trusted, for heaven
 knew' 470

What 'twas of old to pamper up a Jew ;

To what would he on quail and pheasant swell,

That even on tripe and carrion could rebel ?

But though Heaven made him poor, (with re-
 verence speaking)

He never was a poet of God's making ; 475

The midwife laid her hand on his thick skull,

With this prophetic blessing—*Be thou dull ;*

Drink, swear, and roar, forbear no lewd delight

Fit for thy bulk, do any thing but write :

Thou art of lasting make, like thoughtless men,
A strong nativity—but for the pen; 481

Eat opium, mingle arsenic in thy drink,
Still thou mayst live, avoiding pen and ink.

I see, I see, 'tis counsel given in vain,
For treason botcht in rhyme will be thy bane, 485

Rhyme is the rock on which thou art to wreck,
'Tis fatal to thy fame and to thy neck:

Why should thy metre good king David blast?
A psalm of his will surely be thy last.

Dar'ft thou presume in verse to meet thy foes, 490
'Thou whom the penny pamphlet foil'd in prose?

Doeg, whom God for mankind's mirth has
made,

O'er-tops thy talent in thy very trade;
Doeg to thee, thy paintings are so coarse,
A poet is, though he's the poet's horse. 495

A double noose thou on thy neck dost pull,
For writing treason, and for writing dull;

'To die for faction is a common evil,
But to be hang'd for nonsense is the devil:

Hadst thou the glories of thy king express'd, 500
Thy praises had been satire at the best;

But thou in clumsy verse, unlickt, unpointed,
Hast shamefully defy'd the Lord's anointed:

I will not rake the dunghill of thy crimes,
For who would read thy life that reads thy

rhymes? 505

But of king David's foes, be this the doom,
 May all be like the young man Absalom ;
 And, for my foes, may this their blessing be,
 To talk like Doeg, and to write like thee."

Achitophel each rank, degree, and age, 510
 For various ends neglects not to engage ;
 The wise and rich, for purse and counsel brought,
 The fools and beggars, for their number fought :
 Who yet not only on the town depends,
 For even in court the faction had its friends ; 515
 These thought the places they possess too small,
 And in their hearts wish'd court and king to fall :
 Whose names the muse disdain, holds i' th'
 dark,

Thrust in the villain herd without a mark ;
 With parasites and libel-spawning imps, 520
 Intriguing fops, dull jesters, and worse pimps.
 Disdain the rascal rabble to pursue,
 Their set cabals are yet a viler crew ;
 See where involv'd in common smoke they sit :
 Some for our mirth, some for our satire sit : 525
 These gloomy, thoughtful, and on mischief
 bent,

While those for mere good fellowship frequent
 The appointed club, can let sedition pass,
 Sense, nonsense, any thing to employ the glass ;
 And who believe, in their dull honest hearts, 530
 The rest talk treason but to shew their parts ;

Who ne'er had wit or will for mischief yet,
But pleas'd to be reputed of a set.

But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot: 535
The labours of this midnight-magistrate,
May vie with Corah's to preserve the state.
In search of arms he fail'd not to lay hold
On war's most powerful dangerous weapon,
gold.

And last, to take from Jebusites all odds, 540
Their altars pillag'd, stole their very gods;
Oft would he cry, when treasure he surpriz'd,
'Tis Baalish gold in David's coin disguis'd.
Which to his house with richer reliques came,
While lumber idols only fed the flame: 545
For our wise rabble ne'er took pains to enquire,
What 'twas he burnt, so 't made a rousing
fire.

With which our elder was enricht no more
Than false Gehazi with the Syrian's store;

Ver. 534. *But in the sacred annals of our plot,
Industrious Arod never be forgot:]*

Arod, Sir William Waller, son to him who had done so much service to the long parliament. He upheld the exclusion bill with all his might, and took every opportunity of shewing his hatred to Popery, by seeking out and dispersing the Papists, when assembled to celebrate divine service in their way. To which, if he was not much misrepresented, he was stimulated rather in hopes of spoil, their altars being generally rich, than out of respect to his country, or love for religion.

So poor, that when our choos'ing-tribes were
met, 550

Ev'n for his stinking votes he ran in debt ;
For meat the wicked, and as authors think,
The faints he chous'd for his elect'ing drink ;
Thus every shift and subtle method past,
And all to be no Zaken at the last. 555

Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's
pride
Soar'd high, his legions threatning far and
wide ;

As when a battering storm ingendred high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky,
Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain, 560
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain ;

Ver. 555. — *all to be no Zaken at the last.*] At the choosing a new parliament in the beginning of the year 1679, Sir William had, to no purpose, endeavoured to get himself chosen into the house ; and the publicans, who trusted him at this time in such entertainments as he ordered, found it difficult to get their money from him. DERRICK.

Ver. 556. *Now, rais'd on Tyre's sad ruins, Pharaoh's pride
Soar'd high.*]

The success of Lewis the XIVth's arms, particularly in Holland, rendered him formidable all over Europe ; while England, who has it so much in her power to command respect, was scarcely regarded. Weakened by domestic disputes, her king always wanting money, and opposed and kept bare by her parliament, her mediation was of no consequence, and she had little or no influence abroad. DERRICK.

Ver. 560. *Is gaz'd upon by every trembling swain,
This for his vineyard fears, and that his grain ;
As when a battering storm ingendred high,
By winds upheld, hangs hovering in the sky.*

For blooming plants, and flowers new opening,
these

For lamb's year'd lately, and far-lab'ring bees :
To guard his stock each to the gods does call,
Uncertain where the fire-charg'd clouds will
fall : 565

Ev'n so the doubtful nations watch his arms,
With terror each expecting his alarms.

Where, Judah, where was now thy lyon's roar ?
Thou only couldst the captive lands restore ; 569

But thou, with inbred broils and faction prest,
From Egypt need'st a guardian with the rest.

Thy prince from Sanhedrims no trust allow'd,
Too much the representers of the crowd,

Who for their own defence give no supply,
But what the crown's prerogatives must buy :

As if their monarch's rights to violate 576
More needful were, than to preserve the state!

From present dangers they divert their care,
And all their fears are of the royal heir ;

Whom now the reigning malice of his foes 580
Unjudg'd would sentence, and e'er crown'd

depose.

Religion the pretence, but their decree
To bar his reign, whate'er his faith shall be!

Qualis ubi ad terras abrupto sidere nimbus
It mare per medium, miseris heu præscia longè
Horrescunt corda Agricolis : dabit ille ruinas
Aibombæ, stragemque fatis, ruet omnia latè.
Virgil. Æn. xii. 451.

JOHN WARTON.

By Sanhedrims and clam'rous crowds thus prest,
 What passions rent the righteous David's breast?
 Who knows not how to oppose or to comply, 586
 Unjust to grant, and dangerous to deny!
 How near in this dark juncture Israel's fate,
 Whose peace one sole expedient could create,
 Which yet the extreamest virtue did require, 590
 Ev'n of that prince whose downfal they con-
 spire!

His absence David does with tears advise
 To appease their rage. Undaunted he com-
 plies.

Thus he, who prodigal of blood and ease,
 A royal life expos'd to winds and seas, 593
 At once contending with the waves and fire,
 And heading danger in the wars of Tyre,
 Inglorious now forsakes his native sand,
 And like an exile quits the promis'd land!
 Our monarch scarce from pressing tears refrains,
 And painfully his royal state maintains, 601
 Who now embracing on the extreamest shore
 Almost revokes what he injoin'd before:
 Concludes at last more trust to be allow'd
 To storms and seas than to the raging crowd!
 Forbear, rash muse, the parting scene to draw,
 With silence charm'd as deep as their's that
 saw! 607

Ver. 592. *His absence David does with tears advise*] This alludes to the Duke of York's quitting the court, and retiring to Brussels, and afterwards to Scotland. DERRICK.

Not only our attending nobles weep,
 But hardy failors swell with tears the deep !
 The tide restrain'd her course, and more
 amaz'd, 610

The twin-stars on the royal brothers gaz'd:
 While this sole fear——
 Does trouble to our suffering hero bring,
 Lest next the popular rage oppress the king!
 Thus parting, each for the other's danger griev'd,
 The shore the king, and seas the prince receiv'd.
 Go, injur'd hero, while propitious gales, 617
 Soft as thy consort's breath, inspire thy sails;
 Well may she trust her beauties on a flood,
 Where thy triumphant fleets so oft have rode !
 Safe on thy breast reclin'd, her rest be deep, 621
 Rock'd like a Nereid by the waves asleep ;
 While happiest dreams her fancy entertain,
 And to Elysian fields convert the main !
 Go, injur'd hero, while the shores of Tyre 625
 At thy approach so silent shall admire,
 Who on thy thunder still their thoughts em-
 ploy,

And greet thy landing with a trembling joy.

On heroes thus the prophet's fate is thrown,
 Admir'd by every nation but their own ; 630
 Yet while our factious Jews his worth deny,
 Their aking conscience gives their tongue the
 lie.

Even in the worst of men the noblest parts
 Confess him, and he triumphs in their hearts,
 Whom to his king the best respects commend
 Of subject, foldier, kinsman, prince and friend ;
 All sacred names of most divine esteem, 637
 And to perfection all sustain'd by him,
 Wise, just, and constant, courtly without art,
 Swift to discern and to reward desert ; 640
 No hour of his in fruitless ease destroy'd,
 But on the noblest subjects still employ'd :
 Whose steddily soul ne'er learnt to separate
 Between his monarch's interest and the state,
 But heaps those blessings on the royal head, 645
 Which he well knows must be on subjects shed.

On what pretence could then the vulgar
 rage

Against his worth, and native rights engage ?
 Religious fears their argument are made,
 Religious fears his sacred rights invade ! 650
 Of future superstition they complain,
 And Jebusitic worship in his reign :
 With such alarms his foes the crowd deceive,
 With dangers fright which not themselves be-
 lieve.

Since nothing can our sacred rites remove, 655
 Whate'er the faith of the successor prove :
 Our Jews their ark shall undisturb'd retain,
 At least while their religion is their gain,

Who know by old experience Baal's com-
mands

Not only claim'd their conscience, but their
lands; 660

'They grudge God's tythes, how therefore shall
they yield

An idol full possession of the field ?

Grant such a prince enthrou'd, we must confess
The people's sufferings than that monarch's
less,

Who must to hard conditions still be bound, 665

And for his quiet with the 'crowd compound ;

Or should his thoughts to tyranny incline,

Where are the means to compass the design ?

Our crown's revenues are too short a store,

And jealous Sanhedrims would give no more. 670

As vain our fears of Egypt's potent aid,

Not so has Pharaoh learnt ambition's trade,

Nor ever with such measures can comply,

As shock the common rules of policy ;

None dread like him the growth of Israel's
king, 675

And he alone sufficient aids can bring ;

Who knows that prince to Egypt can give law,

That on our stubborn tribes his yoke could
draw :

At such profound expence he has not stood,

Nor dy'd for this his hands so deep in blood ;

Would ne'er through wrong and right his pro-
gress take, 681

Grudge his own rest, and keep the world awake,
To fix a lawless prince on Judah's throne,
First to invade our rights, and then his own;
His dear-gain'd conquests cheaply to despoil,
And reap the harvest of his crimes 'and toil. 686

We grant his wealth vast as our ocean's sand,
And curse its fatal influence on our land,
Which our brib'd Jews so numerously partake,
'That even an host his pensioners would make;
From these deceivers our divisions spring, 691
Our weakness, and the growth of Egypt's
king;

These with pretended friendship to the state,
Our crowd's suspicion of their prince create,
Both pleas'd and frighten'd with the specious
cry; 695

To guard their sacred rites and property.
To ruin, thus the chosen flock are fold,
While wolves are ta'en for guardians of the fold;
Seduc'd by these we groundlessly complain,
And loath the manna of a gentle reign: 700
Thus our forefathers' crooked paths are trod,
We trust our prince no more than they their
God.

But all in vain our reasoning prophets preach,
To those whom sad experience ne'er could teach,

Who can commence new broils in bleeding
scars, 705

And fresh remembrance of intestine wars ;
When the same household mortal foes did yield,
And brothers stain'd with brothers' blood the
field ;

When sons curst steel the fathers' gore did stain,
And mothers mourn'd for sons by fathers slain !
When thick as Egypt's locusts on the sand, 711
Our tribes lay slaughter'd through the promis'd
land,

Whose few survivors with 'worfe fate remain,
'To drag the bondage of a tyrant's reign :
Which scene of woes, unknowing, we renew, 715
And madly, even those ills we fear, pursue ;
While Pharaoh laughs at our domestic broils,
And safely crowds his tents with nations' spoils.
Yet our fierce Sanhedrim in restless rage,
Against our absent hero still engage, 720
And chiefly urge, such did their frenzy prove,
The only suit their prince forbids to move,
Which till obtain'd they cease affairs of state,
And real dangers wave for groundless hate.
Long David's patience waits relief to bring, 725
With all the indulgence of a lawful king,

Ver. 705.] Sanguine civili rem constant: divitiasque
Conducunt avidi, cædem cædi accumulantes.
Crudeles gaudent in tristi funere fratris:
Et consanguineum mentis odere, timentque.

JOHN WARTON.

Expecting till the troubled waves would cease,
But found the raging billows still increase.

The crowd, whose insolence forbearance swells,
While he forgives too far, almost rebels. 730

At last his deep resentments silence broke,
Th' imperial palace shook, while thus he spoke,

Then Justice wake, and Rigor take her time,
For lo! our mercy is become our crime.

While halting Punishment her stroke delays, 735

Our sovereign right, heaven's sacred trust, de-
ys?

For whose support even subjects' interest calls,
Wo to that kingdom where the monarch falls!

That prince who yields the least of regal sway,
So far his people's freedom does betray. 740

Right lives by law, and law subsists by power;
Disarm the shepherd, wolves the flock devour.

Hard lot of empire o'er a stubborn race,
Which heaven itself in vain has try'd with grace!

When will our reason's long-charm'd eyes un-
close, 745

And Israel judge between her friends and foes?

When shall we see expir'd deceivers' sway,

And credit what our God and monarchs say

Dissembled patriots brib'd with Egypt's gold,

Even Sanhedrims in blind obedience hold; 750

Ver. 735. *While halting Punishment her stroke delays,]*

Rarò antecedentem scelestum

Deferuit pede Pœna claudo.

Those patriots falshood in their actions see,
 And judge by the pernicious fruit the tree ;
 If ought for which so loudly they declaim,
 Religion, laws, and freedom, were their aim ;
 Our senates in due methods they had led, 755
 To avoid those mischiefs which they seem'd to
 dread ;

But first e'er yet they propt the sinking state,
 To impeach and charge, as urg'd by private
 hate ;

Proves that they ne'er believ'd the fears they
 prest,

But barbarously destroy'd the nation's rest ! 760

O ! whither will ungovern'd senates drive,
 And to what bounds licentious votes arrive ?

When their injustice we are press'd to share,
 The monarch urg'd to exclude the lawful heir ;
 Are princes thus distinguish'd from the crowd,
 And this the privilege of royal blood ? 766

But grant we should confirm the wrongs they
 prest,

His sufferings yet were than the people's less ;
 Condemn'd for life the murdering sword to wield,
 And on their heirs entail a bloody field : 770

Thus madly their own freedom they betray,
 And for the oppression, which they fear, make way

Succession fix'd by heaven, the kingdom's bar,
 Which once dissolv'd, admits the flood of war;
 Waste, rapine, spoil, without the assault begin, 775
 And our mad tribes supplant the fence within.
 Since then their good they will not understand,
 'Tis time to take the monarch's power in hand;
 Authority and force to join with skill,
 And save the lunatics against their will. 780
 The same rough means that 'twage the crowd,
 appease

Our sense's raging with the crowd's disease.
 Henceforth unbiass'd measures let them draw
 From no false gloss, but genuine text of law;
 Nor urge those crimes upon religion's score, 785
 Themselves so much in Jebusites abhor.
 Whom laws convict, and only they, shall bleed,
 Nor Pharisees by Pharisees be freed.

Impartial justice from our throne shall shower,
 All shall have right, and we our sovereign power.

He said, the attendants heard with awful
 joy, 791

And glad presages their fix'd thoughts employ;
 From Hebron now the suffering heir return'd,
 A realm that long with civil discord mourn'd;
 Till his approach, like some arriving God, 795
 Compos'd and heal'd the place of his abode;
 The deluge check'd, that to Judea spread,
 And stop'd sedition at the fountain's head.

Thus in forgiving David's paths he drives,
 And chas'd from Israel, Israel's peace con-
 trives. 800

The field confess'd his power in arms before,
 And seas proclaim'd his triumphs to the shore ;
 As nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,
 How fit to inherit godlike David's throne.
 'Through Sion's streets his glad arrival's spread,
 And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head ;
 His train their sufferings think o'erpaid to see
 'The crowd's applause with virtue once agree.
 Success charms all, but zeal for worth distress,
 A virtue proper to the brave and best ; 810
 'Mongst whom was Jothran, Jothran always
 bent
 To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,

Ver. 803. — *nobly has his sway in Hebron shown,*] When the Duke of York returned from Scotland, in the beginning of 1682, the murmurs against him seemed to have, in a good measure, subsided. He had shewn himself so well inclined to support the reformed religion in that kingdom, that he was thanked for it by seven bishops, in an address which was published, to the satisfaction of all ranks of people; and the citizens of London, particularly, treated him on that account with vast respect.

DERRICK.

Ver. 806. *And conscious faction shrinks her snaky head ;*] An energetic line, the imagery of which Pope seems to have dilated, and perhaps weakened.

Then hateful envy her own snakes shall feel,
 And persecution mourn her broken wheel ;
 Then faction roar——

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 811. ——— *Jothran always bent*

To serve the crown, and loyal by descent,]

Jothran, the Lord Dartmouth, a nobleman of great honesty,

Whose constancy so firm, and conduct just,
 Deserv'd at once two royal masters' trust ;
 Who Tyre's proud arms had manfully with-
 stood 815

On seas, and gather'd laurels from the flood ;
 Of learning yet no portion was deny'd,
 Friend to the muses and the muses' pride.
 Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,
 Of steady soul when public storms were high ;
 Whose conduct while the Moor fierce onsets
 made, 821

Secur'd at once our honour and our trade.
 Such were the chiefs who most his sufferings
 mourn'd,

And view'd with silent joy the prince return'd ;
 While those that fought his absence to betray,
 Press first their nauseous false respects to pay ;
 Him still the officious hypocrites molest, 827
 And with malicious duty break his rest.

While real transports thus his friends employ,
 And foes are loud in their dissembled joy, 830

who, though inviolably attached to the Duke of York, had always the courage to tell him freely when he disliked any of his proceedings; and his Highness was discreet enough to take his representations as they were meant. DERRICK.

Ver. 819. *Nor can Benaiah's worth forgotten lie,*] Benaiah, Colonel, afterwards General Sackville, a gentleman of tried courage, and known good sense: he was of the Dorset family; had served at Tangier with reputation; and on account of his having expressed a disbelief of the Popish plot, was expelled the House of Commons, and committed to the Tower. He obtained his liberty, rank, and command, in a very short time, but not his seat in the house. DERRICK.

His triumphs so resounded far and near,
 Miss'd not his young ambitious rival's ear ;
 And as when joyful hunters clam'rous train,
 Some slumb'ring lyon wakes in Moab's plain,
 Who oft had forc'd the bold assailants yield, 835
 And scatter'd his pursuers through the field,
 Disdaining! furls his mane and tears the ground,
 His eyes enflaming all the desert round,
 With roar of seas directs his chafers' way, 839
 Provokes from far, and dares them to the fray ;
 Such rage storm'd now in Absalom's fierce breast,
 Such indignation his fir'd eyes confess.

Where now was the instructor of his pride ?
 Slept the old pilot in so rough a tide ? 844
 Whose wiles had from the happy shore betray'd,
 And thus on shelves the credulous youth convey'd.

In deep revolving thoughts he weighs his state,
 Secure of craft, nor doubts to baffle fate,
 At least, if his storm'd bark must go adrift,
 To baulk his charge, and for himself to shift. 850
 In which his dextrous wit had oft been shown,
 And in the wreck of kingdoms sav'd his own ;
 But now with more than common danger prest,
 Of various resolutions stands possess'd,

Ver. 833. *And as when joyful hunters &c.*] This is a faint imitation of Dryden, and abounds with what Quintilian calls otiosa epitheta.

Perceives the crowd's unstable zeal decay, 855
 Left their recanting chief the cause betray,
 Who on a father's grace his hopes may ground,
 And for his pardon with their heads com-
 pound.

Him therefore e'er his fortune slip her time,
 The statesman plots to engage in some bold
 crime 860

Past pardon, whether to attempt his bed,
 Or threat with open arms the royal head,
 Or other daring method, and unjust,
 That may confirm him in the people's trust.
 But failing thus to ensnare him, nor secure 865
 How long his foil'd ambition may endure,
 Plots next to lay him by as past his date,
 And try some new pretender's luckier fate ;
 Whose hopes with equal toil he would pursue,
 Nor cares what claimer's crown'd, except the
 true. 870

Wake Absalom, approaching ruin shun,
 And see, O see, for whom thou art undone !
 How are thy honors and thy fame betray'd,
 The property of desperate villains made ?
 Lost power and conscious fears their crimes
 create, 875
 And guilt in them was little less than fate ;

Ver. 864. *That may confirm him*] First edition: *That may secure him.*

But why shouldst thou, from every grievance
free,

Forfake thy vineyards for their stormy sea?
For thee did Canaan's milk and honey flow,
Love dress'd thy bowers, and laurels fought thy
brow, 880

Preferment, wealth and power thy vassals were,
And of a monarch all things but the care.

Oh should our crimes again that curse draw
down,

And rebel-arms once more attempt the crown,
Sure ruin waits unhappy Absalon, 885
Alike by conquest or defeat undone.

Who could relentless see such youth and charms,
Expire with wretched fate in impious arms?

A prince so form'd, with earth's and heaven's
applause,

To triumph o'er crown'd heads in David's
cause: 890

Or grant him victor, still his hopes must fail,
Who conquering would not for himself prevail;

The faction, whom he trusts for future sway,
Him and the public would alike betray;

Amongst themselves divide the captive state, 695
And found their hydra-empire in his fate!

Thus having beat the clouds with painful
flight,

The pity'd youth, with scepters in his sight,

(So have their cruel politics decreed,)

Must by that crew, that made him guilty,
bleed! 900

For, could their pride brook any prince's sway,
Whom but mild David would they chuse to
obey?

Who once at such a gentle reign repine,
The fall of monarchy itself design;

From hate to that their reformations spring, 905

And David not their grievance, but the king.

Seiz'd now with panic fear the faction lies,

Lest this clear truth strike Absalom's charm'd
eyes,

Lest he perceive, from long enchantment free,

What all beside the flatter'd youth must see.

But what'er doubts his troubled bosom swell,

Fair carriage still became Achitophel.

Who now an envious festival enstals,

And to survey their strength the faction calls,

Which fraud, religious worship too must gild;

But oh how weakly does sedition build? 916

Ver. 912. ——— Achitophel.

Who now an envious festival enstals,

And to survey their strength the faction calls,]

The Duke of York being invited to dine at Merchant Taylor's Hall with the company of artillery, of which he was captain-general, on the 21st of April, 1682, tickets were dispersed in opposition to, and contempt of, this meeting; inviting the nobility, gentry, and citizens, who wished well to the Protestant religion, to convene the same day at St. Michael's church, Cornhill, and thence proceed to dine at Haberdashers-Hall: but this association was stopped by an order of council.

For lo! the royal mandate issues forth,
 Dashing at once their treason, zeal, and mirth!
 So have I seen disastrous chance invade, 919
 Where careful emmits had their forage laid,
 Whether fierce Vulcan's rage the furzy plain
 Had seiz'd, engendred by some careless swain;
 Or swelling Neptune lawless inroads made,
 And to their cell of store his flood convey'd;
 The commonwealth broke up, distracted go, 925
 And in wild haste their loaded mates o'er-
 throw:

Even so our scatter'd guests confusedly meet,
 With boil'd, bak'd, roast, all jostling in the
 street;

Dejected all, and ruefully dismay'd,
 For shekel, without treat, or treason, paid. 930

Sedition's dark eclipse now fainter shows,
 More bright each hour the royal planet grows,
 Of force the clouds of envy to disperse,
 In kind conjunction of assisting stars.

Ver. 917. --- lo! the royal mandate issues forth,] The substance of which was, that the power of appointing public days of fasts and thanksgivings being vested in the crown, a particular meeting, pretended to that end, and advertised to be held on the 21st of April, 1682, at St. Michael's, Cornhill, must be of a seditious tendency, as not having the royal sanction; and therefore the lord-mayor and aldermen of London are, at their peril, ordered to hinder it, as an unlawful assembly.

DERRICK

Ver. 929. Dejected all,] First edition. Derrick incorrectly, *Dejecting*.

Here, labouring muse, those glorious chiefs relate, 935

That turn'd the doubtful scale of David's fate;
The rest of that illustrious band rehearse,
Immortaliz'd in laurel'd Asaph's verse:
Hard task! yet will not I thy flight recal, 939
View heaven, and then enjoy thy glorious fall.

First write Bezaliel, whose illustrious name
Foretells our praise, and gives his poet fame.
The Kenites' rocky province his command,
A barren limb of fertile Canaan's land;
Which for its generous natives yet could be 945
Held worthy such a president as he!

Bezaliel with each grace and virtue fraught,
Serene his looks; serene his life and thought,
On whom so largely nature heap'd her store,
There scarce remain'd for arts to give him more!
To aid the crown and state his greatest zeal, 951
His second care that service to conceal;
Of dues observant, firm to every trust,
And to the needy always more than just. 954
Who truth from specious falsehood can divide,
Has all the gownsmen's skill without their pride;

Ver. 941. *First write Bezaliel,*] Bezaliel, the Marquis of Worcester, created Duke of Beaufort in 1682, a nobleman of great worth and honour, who had always taken part with the king, and one of those, whom the Commons in 1680, prayed his majesty to remove from about his person, as being a favourer of Popery. DERRICK.

Ver. 954. ——— *firm to every trust,*] First edition, *firm in every trust.*

Thus crown'd with wóth from heights of ho-
nour won,

Sees all his glories copied in his son,
Whose forward fame should every muse en-
gage: 959

Whose youth boasts skill deny'd to other's age.
Men, manners, language, books of noblest
kind,

Already are the conquest of his mind.
Whose loyalty before its date was prime ;
Nor waited the dull course of rolling time :
The monster faction early he dismay'd, 965
And David's cause long since confess'd his aid.

Brave Abdael o'er the prophets' school was
plac'd ;

Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd ;
A hero, who while stars look'd wond'ring down,
Without one Hebrew's blood restor'd the crown.
That praise was his ; what therefore did re-
main 971

For following chiefs, but boldly to maintain

Ver. 958. *Sees all his glories copied in his son,*] Charles Somers, Lord Herbert of Ragland in Monmouthshire, who, according to Wood, was entered of Christ Church, Oxford, and took his degree as a master of arts in 1681. DERRICK.

Ver. 968. *Abdael with all his father's virtue grac'd ;*] Abdael, the Duke of Albemarle, son to the brave General Monk, and president of Wales. He was liberal and loyal, and a leading man among the friends of the king and the duke, on which account he was severely stigmatized by the Whig writers. In 1687 he was sent abroad governor of Jamaica, where he died.

DERRICK.

That crown restor'd ; and in this rank of fame,
 Brave Abdael with the first a place must claim.
 Proceed illustrious, happy chief, proceed, '975
 Foreseize the garlands for thy brow decreed,
 While the inspir'd tribe attend with noblest
 strain

To register the glories thou shalt gain :
 For sure the dew shall Gilboah's hills forsake,
 And Jordan mix his stream with Sodom's lake ;
 Or seas retir'd their secret stores disclose, 981
 And to the sun their scaly brood expose,
 Or swell'd above the cliffs their billows raise,
 Before the Muses leave their patron's praise.

Eliab our next labour does invite, 985
 And hard the task to do Eliab right :

Ver. 985. *Eliab*] Villiers, Duke of Buckingham, wrote a most severe satire on Lord Arlington, here introduced under the name of Eliab, called *Advice to a Painter*. This Henry Bennet was a younger son of a private gentleman, had followed the Royal Family into exile; at whose restoration he was made first privy-purse, then secretary of state, earl of Arlington, knight of the garter, and at last lord-chamberlain to King Charles II. and to his brother King James II. afterwards. He was for some years a kind of favourite minister, I mean conversant in his master's pleasures, as well as intrusted with his business: notwithstanding the constant enmity both of the Duke of York and Chancellor Clarendon, whose superior power, especially in state affairs, was yet unable to shake King Charles's inclination to this gentleman, who therefore, at the other's banishment, remained, if not sole minister, at least the principal one for some time. He met with one thing very peculiar in his fortune, which I have scarce known happen to any man else: with all his advancement (which is wont to create malice, but seldom contempt) he was believed in England by most people, a

Long with the royal wanderer he rov'd,
 And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd!
 Such ancient service and desert so large,
 Well claim'd the royal household for his charge.
 His age with only one mild heiress blest, 991
 In all the bloom of smiling nature drest,
 And blest again to see his flower ally'd
 To David's stock, and made young Othniel's
 bride!

man of much less abilities than he really had. For this unusual sort of mistake, I can only imagine two causes: first, his over-cautious avoiding to speak in Parliament, as having been more conversant in affairs abroad; though nobody performed it better when obliged to give account of some treaties to the House of Lords, or to defend himself in the House of Commons; by which last he once brought himself off with great dexterity. The other reason of it I fancy to have come from the duke of Buckingham, who being his rival in court, after the fall of Clarendon, and having an extraordinary talent for turning any thing into ridicule, exercised it sufficiently on this Lord, both with the king and every body else; which had its effect at last, even to his being left out of his master's business, but not his favour, which in some measure continued still; and long after this his supplanter was totally discarded.

DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 988. *And firm in all the turns of fortune prov'd !*] First edition, *fortunes*.

Ver. 991. *His age with only one mild heiress blest,*
 ————— *young Othniel's bride.*

Othniel, Henry Duke of Grafton, one of the king's natural sons, begotten upon the body of the Dutchess of Cleveland. She was averse to his marrying Lord Arlington's daughter, though a considerable heiress. I have seen a letter from her to lord-treasurer Danby, dated from Paris, (I think in 1675) thanking him for his care in endeavouring to prevent this match. It is in her own hand-writing.

This Duke of Grafton soon joined the Prince of Orange at the revolution, and was killed at the siege of Cork, in the year 1690. He had great natural bravery, was very sincere, but rough as the sea, of which he was fond, and whereon, had he lived, he promised to make a gallant figure.

DERRICK.

The bright restorer of his father's youth, 995

Devoted to a son's and subject's truth :

Resolv'd to bear that prize of duty home,

So bravely fought, while fought by Absalom.

Ah prince ! the illustrious planet of thy birth,

And thy more powerful virtue guard thy worth ;

That no Achitophel thy ruin boast ! 1001

Israel too much in one such wreck has lost.

Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,

Whose soul, though Egypt glories in his birth,

Could for our captive ark its zeal retain, 1005

And Pharaoh's altars in their pomp disdain :

To slight his gods was small ; with nobler pride,

He all the allurements of his court defy'd.

Whom profit nor example could betray,

But Israel's friend, and true to David's sway.

What acts of favour in his province fall, 1011

On merit he confers, and freely all.

Ver. 999. *Ah prince !*] First edition. Derrick erroneously, *A prince !*

Ver. 1003. *Even envy must consent to Helon's worth,*] Helon, the Earl of Feversham, a Frenchman by birth, and nephew to Marechal Turenne : he was honest, brave, and good-natured, but precipitate and injudicious. DERRICK.

Ver. 1007. *To slight his gods was small ; with nobler pride,*
He all the allurements of his court defy'd.]

His lordship professed himself a Protestant, though Burnet says there was reason to suspect his sincerity. Affection for King Charles II. who really esteemed him, made him prefer England to his own country, where he had great interest, and might have expected to be nobly provided for.

Our list of nobles next let Amri grace,
 Whose merits claim'd the Abethdin's high
 place ;

Who, with a loyalty that did excel, 1015
 Brought all the endowments of Achitophel.

Sincere was Amri, and not only knew,
 But Israel's fancies into practice drew ;
 Our laws that did a boundless ocean seem,
 Were coasted all, and fathom'd all by him. 1020

No rabbin speaks like him their mystic sense,
 So just, and with such charms of eloquence :

To whom the double blessing does belong,
 With Moses' inspiration, Aaron's tongue.

Than Sheva none more loyal zeal have
 shown, 1025

Wakeful as Judah's lion for the crown,

Ver. 1013. *Our list of nobles next let Amri [grace,]* Amri, Sir Heneage Finch, constituted lord-keeper of the great seal, on Shaftesbury's dismissal, and soon after advanced to a peerage and the chancellorship. He was a zealous Protestant, and yet conducted himself with such steadiness and integrity, as to give offence to no party; which was a little surprising, as he held this important station at a time, when party-feuds raged with unlicensed fury. His abilities were very great; he was judicious, eloquent, and industrious, an able lawyer, and a statesman, endued with strong serenity and inflexible integrity.

DERRICK.

Ver. 1025. *Than Sheva none]* Meaning Sir Roger L'Estrange, who of all venal and sordid scribblers that ever defended any administration, in any country or time, seems to have gone the greatest length in striving to defend any grievance and injustice that a government can be guilty of. His style is the masterpiece of what may be called, the *Pert-Dull*, and was vitiated by cant and affected vulgar phrases, and coffee-house expressions. In this sort of diction he translated, or rather travestied,

Who for that cause still combats in his age,
 For which his youth with danger did engage.
 In vain our factious priests the cant revive ;
 In vain seditious scribes with libel strive 1030
 To enflame the crowd ; while he with watchful
 eye

Observes, and shoots their treasons as they fly ;
 Their weekly frauds his keen replies detect ;
 He undeceives more fast than they infect.
 So Moses when the pest on legions prey'd, 1035
 Advanc'd his signal, and the plague was stay'd.

Once more, my fainting muse, thy pinions
 try,

And strength's exhausted store let love supply.
 What tribute, Asaph, shall we render thee ?
 We'll crown thee with a wreath from thy own
 tree ! 1040

Thy laurel grove no envy's flash can blast ;
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

With wonder late posterity shall dwell
 On Absalom and false Achitophel :
 Thy strains shall be our slumbering prophets'
 dream, 1045

And when our Sion virgins sing their theme ;
 Our jubilees shall with thy verse be grac'd,
 The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

the Offices of Tully, the Morals of Seneca, the Visions of Quevedo, and the History of Josephus; and gave a nauseous caricature of the simplicity of Æsop in his Fables.

How fierce his fate loos'd; restrain'd, how
tame;

How tender of the offending young man's
fame! 1050

How well his worth, and brave adventures
stil'd;

Just to his virtues, to his error mild.

No page of thine that fears the strictest view,
But teems with just reproof, or praise as due;
Not Eden could a fairer prospect yield, 1055

All paradise without one barren field:
Whose wit the censure of his foes has past,
The song of Asaph shall for ever last.

What praise for such rich strains shall we al-
low?

What just rewards the grateful crown bestow?
While bees in flowers rejoice, and flowers in
dew, 1061

While stars and fountains to their course are
true;

While Judah's throne, and Sion's rock stand
fast,

The song of Asaph and the fame shall last.

Ver. 1061. *While bees in flowers rejoice, &c*] Virg. Ecl. v.
76.

Dum juga montis aper, fluvios dum piscis amabit,
Dumque thymo pascentur apes, &c. &c.

Still Hebron's honour'd happy foil retains
 Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains ; 1066
 Who now fails off with winds nor wishes slack,
 To bring his sufferings' bright companion back.
 But e'er such transport can our sense employ,
 A bitter grief must poison half our joy ; 1070
 Nor can our coats restor'd those blessings see
 Without a bribe to envious destiny !
 Curs'd Sodom's doom for ever fix the tide
 Where by inglorious chance the valiant dy'd.
 Give not insulting Absalon to know, 1075
 Nor let Gath's daughters triumph in our woe !
 No sailor with the news swell Egypt's pride,
 By what inglorious fate our valiant dy'd !
 Weep Arnon ! Jordan weep thy fountains dry !
 While Sion's rock dissolves for a supply. 1080

Ver. 1065. *Still Hebron's honour'd happy foil retains*

Our royal hero's beauteous dear remains ; &c.]

The duke seeming to have now got the better of his enemies, the Popish plot having lost its credit, and the fears of Popery greatly subsided, he embarked for Scotland in the Gloucester yacht on the 3d of May, to bring up his family; but here

A bitter grief must poison half his joy

For early in the morning on the 5th, she struck upon a sand-bank, and soon went to the bottom, carrying with her one hundred and thirty stout men, several young people of quality, and many of the duke's servants, who

With loud last breath their master's 'scape applaud.

For so well was he beloved, that it is said, even when they saw themselves sinking without hope of relief, they expressed their joy at beholding their master safe. And he was highly complimented for his resolution, calmness, and humanity, on this melancholy occasion, in which he seemed less solicitous for himself than any other person.

DERRICK.

Calm were the elements, night's silence deep,
The waves scarce murm'ring, and the winds
asleep ;

Yet fate for ruin takes so still an hour,
And treacherous sands the princely bark de-
vour ;

Then death unworthy seiz'd a gen'rous race, 1085
To virtue's scandal, and the stars disgrace !
Oh ! had the indulgent powers vouchsafed to
yield,

Instead of faithless shelves, a lifted field ;
A lifted field of heaven's and David's foes, 1089
Fierce as the troops that did his youth oppose,
Each life had on his slaughter'd heap retir'd,
Not tamely, and unconquering thus expir'd :
But destiny is now their only foe,
And dying even o'er that they triumph too ;
With loud last breaths their master's 'scape ap-
plaud, 1095

Of whom kind force cou'd scarce the fates de-
fraud ;

Who for such followers lost, O matchless mind !
At his own safety now almost repin'd !
Say, royal Sir, by all your fame in arms,
Your praise in peace, and by Urania's charms ;
If all your sufferings past so nearly prest, 1101
Or pierc'd with half so painful grief your
breast ?

Thus some diviner muse her hero forms,
Not sooth'd with soft delights, but tost in
storms.

Nor stretcht on roses in the myrtle grove, 115
Nor crowns his days with mirth, his nights
with love,

But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,
His slumbers short, his bed the herble's ground:
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his
thirst. 1110

Long must his patience strive with fortune's
rage,

And long opposing gods themselves engage,
Must see his country flame, his friends de-
stroy'd,

Before the promis'd empire be enjoy'd :

Ver. 1105. *Nor stretcht on roses]* First edition *Not.*

Ver. 1107. *But far remov'd in thundering camps is found,*
His slumbers short, he bed the herble's ground :
In tasks of danger always seen the first,
Feeds from the hedge, and flakes with ice his thirst.]

So Livy of Hannibal, lib. 19. cap. 4.

“ Nullo labore aut corpus fatigari, aut animus vinci poterat : calor ac frigoris patientia par : cibi potitionisque desiderio naturali, non voluptate modus finitus : vigiliarum somnique nec die nec nocte discriminata tempora ; id quod gerendis rebus superesset quieti datum ; ea neque molli strato, neque silentio accersita : multi sæpe militari sagulo opertum nunc jacentem inter custodias, stationesque militum conspexerant : vestitus nihil inter æquales excellens : arma atque equi conspiciebantur : equitum Peditumque idem longè primus erat : princeps in prælium ibat : ultimus conferto prælio, excedebat.”

JOHN WARTON.

Such toil of fate must build a man of fame, 1115
 And such, to Israel's crown, the god-like Da-
 vid came.

What sudden beams dispel the clouds so fast,
 Whose drenching rains laid all our vineyards
 waste?

The spring so far behind her course delay'd,
 On the instant is in all her bloom array'd; 1120
 The winds breathe low, the element serene;
 Yet mark what motion in the waves is seen!
 'Thronging and busy as Hyblæan swarms,
 Or straggled soldiers summon'd to their arms.
 See where the princely bark in loosest pride, 1125
 With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
 High on her deck the royal lovers stand,
 Our crimes to pardon e'er they touch'd our
 land.

Ver. 1125. *See where the princely bark in loosest pride,
 With all her guardian fleet, adorns the tide!
 High on her deck the royal lovers stand, &c.]*

Having settled the government of Scotland, the Duke of York, with his dutches and household, returned to England, arriving safely in the Gun-fleet on the 6th of May. They were met at Erith by the king and court, whom they accompanied by water to Whitehall, being saluted, as they came up, by the Tower guns, and by all the ships in the river. From Whitehall they went to Arlington-house in the Park, where they were sumptuously entertained; and his Royal Highness received the congratulations of the city on his happy escape and return, and London and Westminster blazed with bonfires, and echoed with rejoicing for this happy event.

Welcome to Israel and to David's breast!

Here all your toils, here all your sufferings
rest. 1130

This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem,
And boldly all sedition's furies stem,
How'er incumber'd with a viler pair
Than Ziph or Shimei to assist the chair;

Ver. 1129. *Welcome to Israel*] The Duke of Buckingham gave this character of the two royal brothers; that Charles could see things if he would, and James would see things if he could. The conduct of James, and his behaviour in his visit to Oxford, is marvellously weak, preposterous, and absurd. It is recorded in Anthony Wood's life. Charles II. used to say with respect to the mistresses of his brother, which were plain and homely, that his confessor had imposed such mistresses upon him as Mrs. Williams, Lady Bellafyse, Mrs. Sedley, and Mrs. Churchill, by way of penance. Charles II's favourite mistress retained her beauty till near 70 years of age. Sir Peter Lely, in a high strain of flattery, drew her portrait, and that of her son the Duke of Richmond, as a Madonna and Child, for a convent in France.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 1131. *This year did Ziloah rule Jerusalem, &c.*] Sir John Moor, Lord Mayor of London in 1681, and one of the representatives of the city in Parliament, was a most zealous and corrupt partizan of the court. He nominated two sheriffs whom he knew would be perfectly subservient to the ministry and the arbitrary measures of the king.

Dr. J. WARTON.

In a congratulatory poem, addressed to Sir William Pritchard, (the successor of Sir John Moor,) published on a half-sheet in 1682; the humble bard hurls his indignation, not without an allusion to Dryden's poem, against

" That long-ear'd rout, and their *Achitophel*,
" That think it sin to live and not rebel;
" Those pious elders, that Geneva rabble,
" That hope, once more, to make old Paul's a stable."

TODD.

Ver. 1132. *And boldly all sedition's furies stem,*] First edition, *Syrtes*. Derrick, *Syrtes*.

Yet Ziloah's loyal labours so prevail'd 1135

That faction at the next election fail'd,
 When even the common cry did justice found,

And merit by the multitude was crown'd :

With David then was Israel's peace restor'd,

Crowds mourn'd their error, and obey'd their
 lord. 1140

KEY
TO
ABSALOM
AND
ACHITOPHEL.

- Abdael,* - GENERAL Monk, Duke of Albe-
marle.
- Abethdin,* - { The name given, through this Poem, to
 { a Lord-Chancellor in general.
- Absalom,* - Duke of Monmouth.
- Achitophel,* - The Earl of Shaftesbury.
- Adriel,* - Earl of Mulgrave.
- Agag,* - Sir Edmundbury Godfrey.
- Amiel,* - { Mr. Seymour, Speaker of the House of
 { Commons.
- Amri* - { Sir Henry Finch, Earl of Winchelsea,
 { and Lord-Chancellor.
- Annabel,* - Dutches of Monmouth.
- Arod* - Sir William Waller.
- Afaph,* - { A Character drawn by Tate for Dryden,
 { in the second Part of this Poem.
- Balaam,* - Earl of Huntingdon.
- Balak,* - Barnet.
- Barzillai,* - Duke of Ormond.
- Bathsheba,* - Dutches of Portsmouth.
- Benaiah,* - General Sackville.

<i>Ben Jochanan,</i>	-	Rev. Mr. Samuel Johnson.
<i>Bezaliel,</i>	-	Duke of Beaufort.
<i>Caleb,</i>	-	Lord Grey.
<i>Corah,</i>	-	Dr. Oates.
<i>David,</i>	-	Charles II.
<i>Doeg,</i>	-	Elkanah Settle.
<i>Egypt,</i>	-	France.
<i>Eliab,</i>	-	Sir Henry Bennet, Earl of Arlington.
<i>Ethnic Plot,</i>	-	The Popish Plot.
<i>Gath,</i>	-	} The Land of Exile, more particularly Brussels, where King Charles II. long resided.
<i>Hebron,</i>	-	
<i>Hebrew Priests,</i>	-	The Church of England Clergy.
<i>Helon,</i>	-	Earl of Feversham.
<i>Hushai,</i>	-	Hyde, Earl of Rochester.
<i>Jebusites,</i>	-	Papists.
<i>Jerusalem,</i>	-	London.
<i>Jews,</i>	-	English.
<i>Jonas,</i>	-	Sir William Jones.
<i>Jordan,</i>	-	Dover.
<i>Jotham,</i>	-	Marquis of Halifax.
<i>Jothran,</i>	-	Lord Dartmouth.
<i>Ishbosheth,</i>	-	Richard Cromwell.
<i>Israel,</i>	-	England.
<i>Ishachur,</i>	-	Thomas Fyvie, Esq.
<i>Judas,</i>	-	Mr. Ferguson, a canting Teacher.
<i>Ishban,</i>	-	Sir Robert Clayton.
<i>Mephibosheth,</i>	-	Portage.
<i>Michal,</i>	-	Queen Catharine.
<i>Nadab,</i>	-	Lord Howard of Eskrick.
<i>Og,</i>	-	Shadwell.
<i>Phaleg,</i>	-	Forbes.
<i>Pharaoh,</i>	-	King of France.
<i>Rabsheka,</i>	-	Sir Thomas Player.
<i>Sagan of Jerusalem,</i>	-	Dr. Compton, Bishop of London.

<i>Sanhedrim,</i>	-	Parliament.
<i>Saul,</i>	-	Oliver Cromwell.
<i>Shimei,</i>	-	Sheriff Bethel.
<i>Sheva,</i>	-	Sir Roger Lefstrange.
<i>Solymean Rout,</i>		London Rebels.
<i>Tyre,</i>	-	Holland.
<i>Uzza,</i>	-	Jack Hall.
<i>Zadoc,</i>	-	Saucroft, Archbishop of Canterbury.
<i>Zaken,</i>	-	A Member of the House of Commons.
<i>Zimri,</i>	-	Villiers, Duke of Buckingham.
<i>Ziloah</i>	-	Sir John Moor.

THE MEDAL.

^

SATIRE

AGAINST

SEDITION.

EPISTLE

TO THE

WHIGGS.

FOR to whom can I dedicate this poem, with so much justice as to you? 'Tis the representation of your own hero: 'tis the picture drawn at length, which you admire and prize so much in little. None of your ornaments are wanting; neither the landscape of the Tower, nor the rising sun; nor the Anno Domini of your new sovereign's coronation. This must needs be a grateful undertaking to your whole party; especially to those who have not been so happy as to purchase the original. I hear the graver has made a good market of it: all his kings are bought up already; or the value of the remainder so enhanced, that many a poor Polandèr who would be glad to worship the image, is not able to go to the cost of him, but must be content to see him here. I must confess I am no great artist; but sign-post painting will serve the turn to remember a friend by, especially when better is not to be had. Yet for your comfort the lineaments are true; and though he sat not five times to me, as he did to B. yet I have consulted history, as the Italian painters do, when they would

draw a Nero, or a Caligula; though they have not seen the man, they can help their imagination by a statue of him, and find out the colouring from Suetonius and Tacitus. Truth is, you might have spared one side of your Medal: the head would be seen to more advantage if it were placed on a spike of the Tower, a little nearer to the sun, which would then break out to better purpose.

You tell us in your preface to the No-protestant Plot*, that you shall be forced hereafter to leave off your modesty: I suppose you mean that little which is left you; for it was worn to rags when you put out this Medal. Never was there practised such a piece of notorious impudence in the face of an established government. I believe when he is dead you will wear him in thumb-rings, as the Turks did Scanderbeg; as if there were virtue in his bones to preserve you against monarchy. Yet all this while you pretend not only zeal for the public good, but a due veneration for the person of the king. But all men who can see an inch before them, may easily detect those gross fallacies. That it is necessary for men in your circumstances to pretend both, is granted you; for without them there could be no ground to raise a faction. But I would ask you one civil question, what right has any man among you, or any association

* A folio pamphlet with this title, vindicating Lord Shaftesbury from being concerned in any plotting design against the king, was published in two parts, the first in 1681, the second in 1682. Wood says, that the general report was, that they were written by the earl himself, or that, at least, he found the materials; and his servant, who put it into the printer's hands, was committed to prison.

of men, (to come nearer to you,) who, out of parliament, cannot be considered in a public capacity, to meet as you daily do in factious clubs, to vilify the government in your discourses, and to libel it in all your writings? Who made you judges in Israel? Or how is it consistent with your zeal to the public welfare to promote sedition? Does your definition of loyal, which is to serve the king according to the laws, allow you the licence of traducing the executive power with which you own he is invested? You complain that his Majesty has lost the love and confidence of his people; and by your very urging it, you endeavour what in you lies to make him lose them. All good subjects abhor the thought of arbitrary power, whether it be in one or many: if you were the patriots you would seem, you would not at this rate incense the multitude to assume it; for no sober man can fear it, either from the king's disposition, or his practice, or even where you would odiously lay it, from his ministers. Give us leave to enjoy the government and the benefit of laws under which we were born, and which we desire to transmit to our posterity. You are not the trustees of the public liberty; and if you have not right to petition in a crowd, much less have you to intermeddle in the management of affairs, or to arraign what you do not like, which in effect is every thing that is done by the king and council. Can you imagine that any reasonable man will believe you respect the person of his Majesty, when 'tis apparent that your seditious pamphlets are stuffed with particular reflections on him? If you have the confidence to deny this, 'tis easy to

be evinced from a thousand passages, which I only forbear to quote, because I desire they should die, and be forgotten. I have perused many of your papers; and to show you that I have, the third part of your No-protestant Plot* is much of it stolen from your dead author's pamphlet, called the Growth of Popery; as manifestly as Milton's Defence of the English People is from Buchanan De jure regni apud Scotos; or your first Covenant and new Association from the holy league of the French Guisards. Any one who reads Davila, may trace your practices all along. There were the same pretences for reformation and loyalty, the same aspersions of the king, and the same grounds of a rebellion. I know not whether you will take the historian's word, who says it was reported, that Poltrot, a Hugonot, murdered Francis, duke of Guise, by the instigations of Theodore Beza, or that it was a Hugonot minister, otherwise called a Presbyterian, (for our Church abhors so devilish a tenet) who first writ a treatise of the lawfulness of

* This third part, printed in quarto, was supposed to be written by Ferguson, under my lord's eye. It reflects on the proceedings against him in the points of high treason, whereof he stood accused; and strives to depreciate the characters of the witnesses, by painting them in the most odious colours. The *Growth of Popery* was written by Mr. Marvel, who published it a little before his death, which happened in 1678. A second part of it was written by Mr. Ferguson above-mentioned; for which, and other seditious practices, his body was demanded of the states of Holland, he being then at Brill, but refused; though Sir Thomas Armstrong had been given up by them a little before. This is the same man who was concerned in the Ryehouse-plot; and it is remarkable, that when the secretary of state was giving out orders for the seizing the rest of the conspirators, he privately bade the messenger to let Ferguson escape. DERRICK.

deposing and murdering kings of a different persuasion in religion : but I am able to prove, from the doctrine of Calvin, and principles of Buchanan, that they set the people above the magistrate ; which, if I mistake not, is your own fundamental, and which carries your loyalty no farther than your liking. When a vote of the House of Commons goes on your side, you are as ready to observe it as if it were passed into a law ; but when you are pinched with any former, and yet unrepealed Act of Parliament, you declare that in some cases you will not be obliged by it. The passage is in the faire third part of the Non-protestant Plot, and is too plain to be denied. The late copy of your intended association, you neither wholly justify nor condemn ; but as the papists, when they are unopposed, fly out into all the pagantries of worship ; but in times of war, when they are hard pressed by arguments, lie close intrenched behind the Council of Trent : so now, when your affairs are in a low condition, you dare not pretend that to be a legal combination, but whensoever you are afloat, I doubt not but it will be maintained and justified to purpose. For indeed there is nothing to defend it but the sword : 'tis the proper time to say any thing when men have all things in their power.

In the mean time, you would fain be nibbling at a parallel betwixt this association *, and that in the

* When England, in the sixteenth century, was supposed in danger from the designs of Spain, the principal people, with the Queen at their head, entered into an association for the defence of their country, and of the Protestant religion, against popery, invasion, and innovation.

the time of Queen Elizabeth. But there is this small difference betwixt them, that the ends of the one are directly opposite to the other: one with the Queen's approbation and conjunction, as head of it, the other without either the consent or knowledge of the King, against whose authority it is manifestly designed. Therefore you do well to have recourse to your last evasion*, that it was contrived by your enemies, and shuffled into the papers that were seized; which yet you see the nation is not so easy to believe as your own jury; but the matter is not difficult, to find twelve men in Newgate who would acquit a malefactor.

I have one only favour to desire of you at parting, that when you think of answering this poem, you would employ the same pens against it, who have combated with so much success against Absalom and Achitophel: for then you may assure yourselves of a clear victory, without the least reply. Rail at me abundantly; and, not to break a custom, do it without wit: by this method you will gain a considerable point, which is, wholly to waive the answer of my arguments. Never own the bottom of your principles, for fear they should be treason. Fall severely on the miscarriages of government; for if scandal be not allowed, you are no free-born subjects. If God has not blessed you with the talent of rhiming, make use of my poor

* The friends of the Earl of Shaftesbury insinuated every where, that the draught of that association, which was said to be found among his papers, was put there by the person who seized them, to advance the credit of the Tories, and give greater weight to the court charge.

stock and welcome: let your verses run upon my feet; and for the utmost refuge of notorious block-heads, reduced to the last extremity of sense, turn my own lines upon me, and in utter despair of your own satire, make me satirize myself. Some of you have been driven to this bay already; but, above all the rest, commend me to the non-conformist parson, who writ the Whip and Key. I am afraid it is not read so much as the piece deserves, because the bookseller is every week crying help at the end of his Gazette, to get it off. You see I am charitable enough to do him a kindness, that it may be published as well as printed; and that so much skill in Hebrew derivations may not lie for waste paper in the shop. Yet I half suspect he went no further for his learning, than the index of Hebrew names and etymologies, which is printed at the end of some English bibles. If Achitophel signify the brother of a fool, the author of that poem will pass with his readers for the next of kin. And perhaps it is the relation that makes the kindness. Whatever the verses are, buy them up, I beseech you, out of pity; for I hear the conventicle is shut up, and the brother of Achitophel out of service.

Now footmen, you know, have the generosity to make a purse for a member of their society, who has had his livery pulled over his ears; and even Protestant socks are bought up among you, out of veneration to the name. A dissenter in poetry from sense and English will make as good a Protestant rhymers, as a dissenter from the Church of England a Protestant parson. Besides, if you encourage a young beginner, who knows but he may elevate his stile a

little above the vulgar epithets of prophane, and faucy Jack, and atheistical scribbler, with which he treats me, when the fit of enthusiasm is strong upon him: by which well-mannered and charitable expressions I was certain of his sect before I knew his name. What would you have more of a man? He has damned me in your cause from Genesis to the Revelations; and has half the texts of both the Testaments against me, if you will be so civil to yourselves as to take him for your interpreter, and not to take them for Irish witnesses. After all, perhaps you will tell me, that you retained him only for the opening of your cause, and that your main lawyer is yet behind. Now if it so happen he meet with no more reply than his predecessors, you may either conclude that I trust to the goodness of my cause, or fear my adversary, or disdain him, or what you please, for the short on't is, 'tis indifferent to your humble servant, whatever your party says or thinks of him.

MEDAL.

OF all our antic fights and pageantry,
Which English ideots run in crowds to see,

Ver. 1. *Of all our antic fights]* The most candid and impartial account of Lord Shaftesbury's trial and acquittal, on which occasion this medal was struck, is given by Mr. Hume. "After the dissolution of the Parliament, and the subsequent victory of the Royalists, Shaftesbury's evidences, with Turberville, Smith, and others, addressed themselves to the ministers, and gave information of high treason against their former patron. It is sufficiently scandalous, that intelligence, conveyed by such men, should be attended to; but there is some reason to think, that the court-agents, nay, the ministers, nay, the king himself, went further, and were active in endeavouring, though in vain, to find more reputable persons to support the blasted credit of the Irish witnesses. Shaftesbury was committed to prison, and his indictment was presented to the Grand Jury. The new sheriffs of London, Shute and Pilkington, were engaged as deeply as their predecessors in the country party; and they took care to name a Jury extremely devoted to the same cause: a precaution quite requisite, when it was scarce possible to find men attached to neither party. As far as swearing could go, the treason was clearly proved against Shaftesbury, or rather so clearly as to merit no kind of credit or attention. That veteran leader of a party, enured from his early youth to faction and intrigue, to cabals and conspiracies, was represented as opening, without reserve, his treasonable intentions to these obscure banditti, and throwing out such violent and outrageous reproaches upon the king, as none but men of low education, like themselves, could be supposed to employ. The draught of an association, it is true, against popery and the duke, was found in Shaftesbury's cabinet, and dangerous inferences might be drawn from many clauses of that paper; but it did not appear that it had been framed by

The Polish Medal bears the prize alone :
 A monster, more the favourite of the town
 Than either fairs or theatres have shown. }
 Never did art so well with nature strive ;
 Nor ever idol seem'd so much alive :
 So like the man ; so golden to the sight,
 So base within, so counterfeit and light.
 One side is fill'd with title and with face ; 10
 And, lest the king should want a regal place,
 On the reverse, a tower the town surveys ;
 O'er which our mounting sun his beams displays.

Shaftesbury, or so much as approved by him ; and as projects of an association had been proposed in Parliament, it was very natural for that nobleman to be thinking of some plan, which it might be proper to lay before that assembly. The Grand Jury, therefore, after weighing all these circumstances, rejected the indictment, and the people, who attended the hall, testified their joy by the loudest acclamations, which were echoed through the whole city.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 3. *The Polish Medal*] The allusion is to the expectation, which, it was pretended, Lord Shaftesbury entertained, of being elected king of *Poland*, when John Sobieski was chosen.— This ridiculous report gave rise to several squibs, both in poetry and prose ; but in none of the poetical pieces is the joke employed with advantage. The reader would derive no satisfaction from “ The last Will and Testament of Anthony, King of *Poland*,” or from “ The King of *Poland*’s last Speech to his Countrymen,” or from “ Tony’s Lamentation, or *Potapski*’s City-Cafe, being his last farewell to the consecrated Whigs,” all published in 1682, although to the last of them the tune is prefixed, in musical characters, *Let Oliver now be forgotten !* The close of 1682, or rather the beginning of 1683, produced also “ *Dagon’s Fall, or the Whigs’ Lament for Anthony, King of Poland* ;” and in 1683 was also published, “ *The Cafe is alter’d now, or the Conversion of Anthony, King of Poland, published for satisfaction of the Sanctified Brethren.*”

TODD.

The word, pronounc'd aloud by shrivell'd voice,
Lætatur, which, in Polish, is *Rejoice*. 15
 The day, month, year, to the great act are join'd:
 And a new canting holiday design'd.
 Five days he fast, for every cast and look;
 Four more than God to finish Adam took.
 But who can tell what essence angels are, 20
 Or how long Heaven was making Lucifer?
 Oh, could the style that copy'd every grace,
 And plough'd such furrows for an eunuch face,
 Could it have form'd his ever-changing will,
 The various piece had tir'd the graver's skill! 25
 A martial hero first, with early care,
 Blown, like a pigmy by the winds, to war.
 A beardless chief, a rebel, e'er a man:
 So young his hatred to his prince began.
 Next this, (how wildly will ambition steer!) 30
 A vermin wriggling in the Usurper's ear.
 Bartering his venal wit for fums of gold,
 He cast himself into the faint-like mould;
 Groan'd, sigh'd, and pray'd, while godliness was
 gain,
 The loudest bagpipe of the squeaking train. 35

Ver. 19. *Four more than God*] This line is very offensively profane, as is a succeeding one,

How long was Heaven in making Lucifer?

There are too many such in this poem. See also line 216:—

—— his thunder could they shun,

He should be forc'd to crown another son.

DR. J. WARTON.

But, as 'tis hard to cheat a juggler's eyes,
 His open lewdness he could ne'er disguise.
 There split the faint: for hypocritic zeal
 Allows no sins but those it can conceal.
 Whoring to scandal gives too large a scope: 40
 Saints must not trade; but they may interlope.
 The ungodly principle was all the fame;
 But a gross cheat betrays his partner's game.
 Besides, their pace was formal, grave, and
 slack;
 His nimble wit outran the heavy pack. 45
 Yet still he found his fortune at a stay;
 Whole droves of blockheads choaking up his
 way;
 They took, but not rewarded, his advice;
 Villain and wit exact a double price.
 Power was his aim: but, thrown from that
 pretence, 50
 The wretch turn'd loyal in his own defence;
 And malice reconcil'd him to his prince.
 Him, in the anguish of his soul he serv'd;
 Rewarded faster still than he deserv'd.
 Behold him now exalted into trust; 55
 His counsel's oft convenient, seldom just.
 Even in the most sincere advice he gave,
 He had a grudging still to be a knave.
 The frauds he learn'd in his fanatic years
 Made him uneasy in his lawful gears. 60

At best as little honest as he could,
 And, like white witches, mischievously good.
 To his first bias longingly he leans ;
 And rather would be great by wicked means.
 Thus fram'd for ill, he loos'd our triple hold ; 65
 Advice unsafe, precipitous, and bold.
 From hence those tears ! that Ilium of our woe !
 Who helps a powerful friend, fore-arms a foe.
 What wonder if the waves prevail so far,
 When he cut down the banks that made the
 bar ? 70
 Seas follow but their nature to invade ;
 But he by art our native strength betray'd.
 So Sampson to his foe his force confess ;
 And to be shorn, lay slumbering on her breast.
 But when this fatal counsel, found too late, 75
 Expos'd its author to the public hate ;
 When his just sovereign, by no impious way
 Could be seduc'd to arbitrary sway ;
 Forsaken of that hope he shifts the sail, 79
 Drives down the current with a popular gale ;
 And shews the fiend confess'd without a veil. }
 He preaches to the crowd, that power is lent,
 But not convey'd to kingly government ;
 That claims successive bear no binding force,
 That coronation oaths are things of course ; 85
 Maintains the multitude can never err ;
 And sets the people in the papal chair.

A tempting doctrine, plausible and new ;
What fools our fathers were, if this be true !
Who to destroy the seeds of civil war,
Inherent right in monarchs did declare :
And, that a lawful power might never cease, 115
Secur'd succession to secure our peace.
Thus property and sovereign sway, at last
In equal balances were justly cast :
But this new Jehu spurs the hot-mouth'd horse ;
Instructs the beast to know his native force ; 120
'To take the bit between his teeth, and fly
'To the next headlong steep of anarchy.
'Too happy England, if our good we knew,
Would we possess the freedom we pursue !
'The lavish government can give no more : 125
Yet we repine, and plenty makes us poor.
God try'd us once ; our rebel-fathers fought,
He glutted them with all the power they fought :
'Till master'd by their own usurping brave,
The free-born subject sunk into a slave. 130
We loath our manna, and we long for quails ;
Ah, what is man when his own wish prevails !
How rash, how swift to plunge himself in ill !
Proud of his power, and boundless in his will !
'That kings can do no wrong we must believe ; 135
None can they do, and must they all receive ?
Help Heaven ! or sadly we shall see an hour,
When neither wrong nor right are in their power !

Already they have lost their best defence,
 The benefit of laws which they dispense. 140
 No justice to their righteous cause allow'd ;
 But baffled by an arbitrary crowd.
 And medals grav'd their conquest to record,
 The stamp and coin of their adopted lord.

The man who laugh'd but once, to see an ass
 Mumbling to make the cross-grain'd thistles
 pass ; 146

Might laugh again to see a jury chaw
 The prickles of unpalatable law.
 The witnesses, that leech-like liv'd on blood,
 Sucking for them wère med'cinally good ; 150
 But when they fasten'd on their fester'd fore,
 Then justice and religion they forswore ;
 Their maiden oaths debauch'd into a whore. }
 Thus men are rais'd by factions, and decry'd ;
 And rogue and faint distinguish'd by their
 side 155

They rack even scripture to confess their cause,
 And plead a call to preach in spight of laws.
 But that's no news to the poor injur'd page,
 It has been us'd as ill in every age :
 And is constrain'd with patience all to take, 160
 For what defence can Greek and Hebrew
 make ?

Happy who can this talking trumpet seize ;
 They make it speak whatever sense they please ;

'Twas fram'd at first our oracle to enquire ;
 But since our sects in prophecy grow higher,
 The text inspires not them, but they the text
 inspire. 166

London, thou great emporium of our isle,
 O thou too bounteous, thou too fruitful Nile !
 How shall I, praise or curse to thy desert ?
 Or separate thy sound from thy corrupted part ?
 I call'd thee Nile ; the parallel will stand ; 171
 Thy tides of wealth o'erflow the fatten'd land ;
 Yet monsters from thy large increase we find,
 Engender'd on the slime thou leav'st behind.
 Sedition has not wholly seiz'd on thee, 175
 Thy nobler parts are from infection free.
 Of Israel's tribes thou hast a numerous band,
 But still the Canaanite is in the land.
 Thy military chiefs are brave and true ;
 Nor are thy disinchant'd burghers few. 180
 The head is loyal which thy heart commands,
 But what's a head with two such gouty hands ?

Ver. 167. [*London, thou great emporium of our isle,*] So Cowper in his usual nervous and animated strains :—

O thou, resort and mart of all the earth,
 Chequer'd with all complexions of mankind,
 And spotted with all crimes ; in whom I see
 Much that I love, and more that I admire,
 And all that I abhor ; thou freckled fair,
 That pleasest and yet shock'st me, I can laugh,
 And I can weep, can hope, and can despond,
 Feel wrath, and pity, when I think on thee !

JOHN WARREN.

The wise and wealthy love the surest way,
 And are content to thrive and to obey.
 But wisdom is to sloth too great a slave ; 185
 None are so busy as the fool and knave.
 Those let me curse ; what vengeance will they
 urge,

Whose ordures neither plague nor fire can
 purge ?

Nor sharp experience can to duty bring,
 Nor angry heaven, nor a forgiving king ! 190

In gospel-phrases their chapmen they betray ;
 Their shops are dens, the buyer is their prey.

The knack of trades is living on the spoil ;
 They boast even when each other they beguile.

Customs to steal is such a trivial thing, 195
 That 'tis their charter to defraud their king.

All hands unite of every jarring sect ;
 They cheat the country first, and then infect.

They for God's cause their monarchs dare de-
 throne, 199

And they'll be sure to make his cause their own.

Whether the plotting Jesuit lay'd the plan
 Of murdering kings, or the French Puritan,

Our sacrilegious sects their guides outgo,
 And kings and kingly power would murder too.

What means their traiterous combination less,
 Too plain to evade, too shameful to confess ! 206
 But treason is not own'd when 'tis descry'd ;
 Successful crimes alone are justify'd.

The men, who no conspiracy would find,
 Who doubts, but had it taken, they had join'd,
 Join'd in a mutual covenant of defence ; 211
 At first without, at last against their prince ?
 If sovereign right by sovereign power they
 scan,

The same hold maxim holds in God and man :
 God were not safe, his thunder could they
 shun, 215

He should be forc'd to crown another son.
 Thus when the heir was from the vineyard
 thrown,

The rich possession was the murderers' own.

In vain to sophistry they have recourse :
 By proving their's no plot, they prove 'tis }
 worse ; 220 }

Unmask'd rebellion, and audacious force :
 Which though not actual, yet all eyes may see
 'Tis working in the immediate power to be ;
 For from pretended grievances they rise,
 First to dislike, and after to despise. 225

Then Cyclop-like in human flesh to deal,
 Chop up a minister at every meal :
 Perhaps not wholly to melt down the king ;
 But clip his regal rights within the ring.
 From thence to assume the power of peace and
 war ; 230

And ease him by degrees of public care.

Yet to consult his dignity and fame,
 He should have leave to exercise the name ;
 And hold the cards while commons play'd the
 game. }

For what can power give more than food and
 drink, 235

To live at ease, and not be bound to think?
 These are the cooler methods of their crime,
 But their hot zealots think 'tis loss of time ;
 On utmost bounds of loyalty they stand,
 And grin and whet like a Croatian band ; 240 }
 That waits impatient for the last command. }
 Thus outlaws open villainy maintain,
 They steal not, but in squadrons scour the plain :
 And if their power the passengers subdue,
 The most have right, the wrong is in the few.
 Such impious axioms foolishly they show, 246
 For in some soils republics will not grow :
 Our temperate isle will no extremes sustain,
 Of popular sway or arbitrary reign :
 But slides between them both into the best, 250
 Secure in freedom, in a monarch blest :
 And though the climate vex'd with various
 winds,
 Works through our yielding bodies on our
 minds.

The wholesome tempest purges what it breeds,
 To recommend the calmness that succeeds. 255

But thou, the pander of the people's hearts,
 O crooked soul, and serpentine in arts,
 Whose blandishments a loyal land have whor'd,
 And broke the bonds she plighted to her lord;
 What curses on thy blasted name will fall! 260
 Which age to age their legacy shall call;
 For all must curse the woes that must descend
 on all.

Religion thou hast none: thy Mercury
 Has pass'd through every sect, or their's through
 thee. 264

But what thou givest, that venom still remains;
 And the pox'd nation feels thee in their brains.
 What else inspires the tongues and swells the
 breasts

Of all thy bellowing renegado priests,

Ver. 260. — [*curses on thy blasted name*] Can this verse, or verse 270, 277, 296, 60, 65, 81, and indeed many others, be called just satire? and ought they not rather to be deemed offensive, gross, and downright ribaldry?

Hic succus nigræ loliginis, hæc est
 Ærugo mera——

Neither the *Shaftesbury* of Dryden, nor the *Harvey* of Pope, give us any favourable idea of their hearts and tempers. The author of the *Characteristics*, the grandson of Shaftesbury, did not let Dryden escape for this usage of his ancestor. "To see," says he, "the incorrigible *benefits* of our poets, in their pedantic manner, their vanity, their defiance of criticism, their rhodomontade, and poetical bravado, we need only turn to our famous poet laureat, the very *Bayes* himself, in one of his latest and most valued pieces, his *Don Sebastian*, writ many years after the ingenious author of the *Rehearsal* had drawn his picture." Vol. III. p. 276.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 267. [*What else inspires the tongues and swells the breasts
 Of all thy bellowing renegado priests, &c.*]

Dryden seems to have borrowed some of these severe remarks upon the fanatical ministers from *The Geneva Ballad*, published

That preach up thee for God ; dispense thy laws ;
 And with thy stum ferment their fainting cause ?
 Fresh fumes of madness raise ; and toil and
 sweat

271

To make the formidable cripple great.
 Yet should thy crimes succeed, should lawless
 power

Compass those ends thy greedy hopes devour,
 Thy canting friends thy mortal foes would be,
 Thy God and their's will never long agree ; 276
 For thine (if thou hast any) must be one
 That lets the world and human-kind alone:

on a single half sheet in 1674, which equals in bitterness (and is not deficient in poetical spirit) the passage before us. I select a stanza or two in unison with Dryden :

- “ He whom the Sisters so adore,
- “ Counting his actions all divine ;
- “ Who, when the Spirit hints, can roar,
- “ And, if occasion serves, can whine ;
- “ Nay, he can bellow, bray, or bark.
- “ Was ever like a beak-larn'd clerk,
- “ That speaks all linguas of the ark !
- “ To draw in profelytes like Lees,
- “ With pleasing twang he tones his prose,
- “ He gives his handkerchief a squeeze,
- “ And draws John Calvin through his nose.
- “ Motive on motive he obtrudes,
- “ With slip-stockings, similitudes,
- “ Eight uses more, and so concludes.
- “ When Monarchy began to bleed,
- “ And Treason had a fine new name ;
- “ When Thames was balderslash'd with Tweed,
- “ And pulpits did like beacons flame ;
- “ When Jeroboam's calves were rear'd,
- “ And Laud was neither lov'd nor fear'd,
- “ This Gospel-Comet first appear'd.”

A jolly god, that passes hours too well
 To promise heaven, or threaten us with hell.
 That unconcern'd can at rebellion sit, 281
 And wink at crimes he did himself commit.
 A tyrant their's; the heaven their priesthood
 paints

A conventicle of gloomy fullen faints ;
 A heaven like Bedlam, slovenly and sad ; 285
 Fore-doom'd for souls, with false religion mad.

Without a vision poets can foreshow
 What all but fools by common sense may know :
 If true succession from our isle should fail, 289
 And crowds profane with impious arms prevail,
 Not thou, nor those thy factious arts engage, }
 Shall reap that harvest of rebellious rage, }
 With which thou flatterest thy decrepid age. }
 The swelling poison of the several sects,
 Which, wanting vent, the nation's health in-
 fects, 295

Ver. 293. ——— *thy decrepid age.*] This appearance of Shaftesbury, who however was now little more than sixty, is also described in "Tony's Lamentation," published about the same time as "The Medal" was.

" Alas ! poor ungrateful Tony,
 " Where now must thou hide *thy old head* ?
 " That has not so much as one crony
 " Dares own the great things thou hast said.

• ———
 " Ungrateful, unsensible cullies,
 " To leave your *decrepid* patrol
 " To the merciless rage of the bullies
 " And Tories in every lampoon !"

Shall burst its bag ; and fighting out their way,
 The various venoms on each other prey.
 The presbyter puff'd up with spiritual pride,
 Shall on the necks of the lewd nobles ride :
 His brethren damn, the civil power defy ; 300
 And parcel out republic prelacy.
 But short shall be his reign : his rigid yoke
 And tyrant power will puny sects provoke ;
 And frogs and toads, and all the tadpole train,
 Will croak to heaven for help, from this devour-
 ing crane. 305
 The cut-throat sword and clamorous gown shall
 jar,
 In sharing their ill-gotten spoils of war :
 Chiefs shall be grudg'd the part which they
 pretend ;
 Lords envy lords, and friends with every friend
 About their impious merit shall contend. 310
 The surly commons shall respect deny,
 And juggle peerage out with property.
 Their general either shall his trust betray,
 And force the crowd to arbitrary sway ;
 Or they, suspecting his ambitious aim, 315
 In hate of kings shall cast anew the frame ;
 And thrust out Collatine that bore their name.
 Thus inborn broils the factions would en-
 gage,
 Or wars of exil'd heirs, or foreign rage,
 Till halting vengeance overtook our age : 320

And our wild labours wearied into rest,
Reclin'd us on a rightful monarch's breast.

——— Pudet hæc opprobria, vobis
Et dici potuisse, & non potuisse refelli.

RELIGIO LAICI;

OR.

A LAYMAN'S FAITH.

PREFACE.

A POEM, with so bold a title, and a name prefixed from which the handling of so serious a subject would not be expected, may reasonably oblige the author to say somewhat in defence, both of himself and of his undertaking. In the first place, if it be objected to me that being a layman, I ought not to have concerned myself with speculations, which belong to the profession of divinity; I could answer, that perhaps laymen, with equal advantages of parts and knowledge, are not the most incompetent judges of sacred things; but in the due sense of my own weakness and want of learning I plead not this: I pretend not to make myself a judge of faith in others, but only to make a confession of my own. I lay no unhallowed hand upon the ark, but wait on it with the reverence that becomes me at a distance. In the next place I will ingenuously confess, that the helps I have used in this small treatise, were many of them taken from the works of our own reverend divines of the Church of England; so that the weapons with which I combat irreligion, are already consecrated; though I suppose they may be taken down as lawfully as the sword of Goliath was by David, when they are to be employed for the common cause against the enemies of piety. • I intend not by this to intitle them to any

of my errors, which, yet I hope are only those of charity to mankind ; and such as my own charity has caused me to commit, that of others may more easily excuse. Being naturally inclined to scepticism in philosophy, I have no reason to impose my opinions in a subject which is above it ; but whatever they are, I submit them with all reverence to my mother Church, accounting them no further mine, than as they are authorized, or at least uncondemned by her. And, indeed, to secure myself on this side, I have used the necessary precaution of shewing this paper before it was published to a judicious and learned friend, a man indefatigably zealous in the service of the Church and State, and whose writings have highly deserved of both. He was pleased to approve the body of the discourse, and I hope he is more my friend than to do it out of complaisance : it is true he had too good a taste to like it all ; and amongst some other faults recommended to my second view, what I have written perhaps too boldly on St. Athanasius, which he advised me wholly to omit. I am sensible enough that I had done more prudently to have followed his opinion : but then I could not have satisfied myself that I had done honestly not to have written what was my own. It has always been my thought, that heathens who never did, nor without miracle could, hear of the name of Christ, were yet in a possibility of salvation. Neither will it enter easily into my belief, that before the coming of our Saviour, the whole world, excepting only the Jewish nation, should lie under the inevitable necessity of everlasting punishment, for want of that revelation,

which was confined to so small a spot of ground as that of Palestine. Among the sons of Noah we read of one only who was accursed; and if a blessing in the ripeness of time was reserved for Japhet (of whose progeny we are) it seems unaccountable to me, why so many generations of the same offspring, as preceded our Saviour in the flesh, should be all involved in one common condemnation, and yet that their posterity should be intitled to the hopes of salvation: as if a bill of exclusion had passed only on the fathers, which debarred not the sons from their succession. Or that so many ages had been delivered over to hell, and so many reserved for heaven, and that the devil had the first choice, and God the next. Truly I am apt to think, that the revealed religion which was taught by Noah to all his sons, might continue for some ages in the whole posterity. That afterwards it was included wholly in the family of Sem is manifest; but when the progenies of Cham and Japhet swarmed into colonies, and those colonies were subdivided into many others: in process of time their descendants lost by little and little the primitive and purer rites of divine worship, retaining only the notion of one deity; to which succeeding generations added others: for men took their degrees in those ages from conquerors to gods. Revelation being thus eclipsed to almost all mankind, the light of nature as the next in dignity was substituted; and that is it which St. Paul concludes to be the rule of the heathens, and by which they are hereafter to be judged. If my supposition be true, then the consequence which I have assumed in my poem may be

also true; namely, that Deism, or the principles of natural worship, are only the faint remnants or dying flames of revealed religion in the posterity of Noah: and that our modern philosophers, nay and some of our philosophising divines have too much exalted the faculties of our souls, when they have maintained that by their force, mankind has been able to find out that there is one supreme agent or intellectual being which we call God: that praise and prayer are his due worship; and the rest of those deducements, which I am confident are the remote effects of revelation, and unattainable by our discourse, I mean as simply considered, and without the benefit of divine illumination. So that we have not lifted up ourselves to God, by the weak pinions of our reason, but he has been pleased to descend to us; and what Socrates said of him, what Plato writ, and the rest of the heathen philosophers of several nations, is all no more than the twilight of revelation, after the sun of it was set in the race of Noah. That there is something above us, some principle of motion, our reason can apprehend, though it cannot discover what it is by its own virtue. And indeed 'tis very improbable, that we, who by the strength of our faculties cannot enter into the knowledge of any Being, not so much as of our own, should be able to find out by them, that supreme nature, which we cannot otherwise define than by saying it is infinite; as if infinite were definable, or infinity a subject for our narrow understanding. They who would prove religion by reason, do but weaken the cause which they endeavour to support, it is to take away the pillars from our

faith, and to prop it only with a twig; it is to design a tower like that of Babel, which if it were possible, as it is not, to reach heaven, would come to nothing by the confusion of the workmen. For every man is building a several way; impotently conceited of his own model and his own materials: reason is always striving, and always at a loss; and of necessity it must so come to pass, while it is exercised about that which is not its own proper object. Let us be content at last to know God by his own methods; at least, so much of him as he is pleased to reveal to us in the sacred Scriptures: to apprehend them to be the word of God is all our reason has to do; for all beyond it is the work of faith, which is the seal of heaven impressed upon our human understanding.

And now for what concerns the holy bishop Athanasius, the preface of whose creed seems inconsistent with my opinion; which is, that heathens may possibly be saved: in the first place I desire it may be considered that it is the preface only, not the creed itself, which, till I am better informed, is of too hard a digestion for my charity. 'Tis not that I am ignorant how many several texts of Scripture seemingly support that cause; but neither am I ignorant how all those texts may receive a kinder, and more mollified interpretation. Every man who is read in Church history, knows that belief was drawn up after a long contestation with Arius, concerning the divinity of our blessed Saviour, and his being one substance with the Father; and that thus compiled it was sent abroad among the Christian Churches, as a kind of test, which whosoever took was looked on as an

orthodox believer. It is manifest from hence, that the heathen part of the empire was not concerned in it; for its business was not to distinguish betwixt Pagans and Christians, but betwixt Heretics and true Believers. This, well considered, takes off the heavy weight of censure, which I would willingly avoid, from so venerable a man; for if this proportion, 'whosoever will be saved,' be restrained only to those to whom it was intended, and for whom it was composed, I mean the Christians; then the anathema reaches not the Heathens, who had never heard of Christ, and were nothing interested in that dispute. After all I am far from blaming even that prefatory addition to the creed, and as far from cavilling at the continuation of it in the liturgy of the Church, where on the days appointed it is publicly read: for I suppose there is the same reason for it now, in opposition to the Socinians, as there was then against the Arians; the one being a Heresy, which seems to have been refined out of the other; and with how much more plausibility of reason it combats our religion, with so much more caution to be avoided: and therefore the prudence of our Church is to be commended, which has interposed her authority for the recommendation of this creed. Yet to such as are grounded in the true belief, those explanatory creeds, the Nicene and this of Athanasius, might perhaps be spared; for what is supernatural, will always be a mystery in spite of exposition, and for my own part, the plain Apostles' creed is most suitable to my weak understanding, as the simplest diet is the most easy of digestion.

I have dwelt longer on this subject than I intended, and longer than perhaps I ought; for having laid down, as my foundation, that the Scripture is a rule; that in all things needful to salvation it is clear, sufficient, and ordained by God Almighty for that purpose, I have left myself no right to interpret obscure places, such as concern the possibility of eternal happiness to heathens: because whatsoever is obscure is concluded not necessary to be known.

But, by asserting the Scripture to be the canon of our faith, I have unavoidably created to myself two sorts of enemies: the Papists indeed, more directly, because they have kept the Scripture from us what they could; and have reserved to themselves a right of interpreting what they have delivered under the pretence of infallibility: and the Fanatics more collaterally, because they have assumed what amounts to an infallibility, in the private spirit: and have deformed those texts of Scripture which are not necessary to salvation, to the damnable uses of sedition, disturbance, and destruction of the civil government. To begin with the Papists, and to speak freely, I think them the less dangerous, at least in appearance to our present state, for not only the penal laws are in force against them, and their number is contemptible; but also their peerage and commons are excluded from parliament, and consequently those laws in no probability of being repealed. A general and uninterrupted plot of their Clergy, ever since the Reformation, I suppose all Protestants believe; for it is not reasonable to think but that so many of their orders, as were outed from their fat possessions, would

endeavour a re-entrance against those whom they account heretics. As for the late design, Mr. Coleman's letters, for ought I know, are the best evidence; and what they discover, without wire-drawing their sense, or malicious glosses, all men of reason conclude credible. If there be any thing more than this required of me, I must believe it as well as I am able, in spite of the witnesses, and out of a decent conformity to the votes of parliament; for I suppose the Fanatics will not allow the private spirit in this case. Here the infallibility is at least in one part of the government; and our understandings as well as our wills are represented. But to return to the Roman Catholics, how can we be secure from the practice of Jesuited Papists in that religion? For not two or three of that order, as some of them would impose upon us, but almost the whole body of them are of opinion, that their infallible master has a right over kings, not only in spirituals but temporals. Not to name Mariana, Bellarmine, Emanuel Sa, Molina, Santarel, Simancha, and at least twenty others of foreign countries; we can produce of our own nation, Campian, and Doleman or Parsons, besides many are named whom I have not read, who all of them attest this doctrine, that the Pope can depose and give away the right of any sovereign prince, *si vel paulum deflexerit*, if he shall never so little warp: but if he once comes to be excommunicated, then the bond of obedience is taken off from subjects; and they may and ought to drive him like another Nebuchadnezzar, *ex hominum Christianorum dominatu*, from exercising dominion over Christians; and to

this they are bound by virtue of divine precept, and by all the ties of conscience under no less penalty than damnation. If they answer me, as a learned priest has lately written, that this doctrine of the Jesuits is not *de fide*; and that consequently they are not obliged by it, they must pardon me, if I think they have said nothing to the purpose; for it is a maxim in their Church, where points of faith are not decided, and that doctors are of contrary opinions, they may follow which part they please; but more safely the most received and most authorized. And their champion Bellarmine has told the world, in his apology, that the king of England is a vassal to the Pope, *ratione directi domini*, and that he holds in villanage of his Roman landlord. Which is no new claim put in for England. Our chronicles are his authentic witnesses, that king John was deposed by the same plea, and Philip Augustus admitted tenant. And which makes the more for Bellarmine, the French king was again ejected when our king submitted to the Church, and the crown received under the sordid condition of a vassalage.

It is not sufficient for the more moderate and well-meaning Papists, of which I doubt not there are many, to produce the evidences of their loyalty to the late king, and to declare their innocency in this plot: I will grant their behaviour in the first, to have been as loyal and as brave as they desire; and will be willing to hold them excused, as to the second, I mean when it comes to my turn, and after my betters; for it is a madness to be sober alone, while the nation continues drunk: but that saying of their fa-

ther Cref. is still running in my head, that they may be dispensed with in their obedience to an heretic prince, while the necessity of the times shall oblige them to it: for that, as another of them tells us, is only the effect of Christian prudence; but when once they shall get power to shake him off, an heretic is no lawful king, and consequently to rise against him is no rebellion. I should be glad, therefore, that they would follow the advice which was charitably given them by a reverend prelate of our Church; namely, that they would join in a public act of disowning and detesting those Jesuitic principles; and subscribe to all doctrines which deny the Pope's authority of deposing kings, and releasing subjects from their oath of allegiance: to which I should think they might easily be induced, if it be true that this present Pope has condemned the doctrine of king-killing, a thesis of the Jesuits, amongst others, *ex cathedra*, as they call it, or in open consistory.

Leaving them therefore in so fair a way, if they please themselves, of satisfying all reasonable men of their sincerity and good meaning to the government, I shall make bold to consider that other extreme of our religion, I mean the Fanatics, or Schismatics, of the English Church. Since the Bible has been translated into our tongue, they have used it so, as if their business was not to be saved but to be damned by its contents. If we consider only them, better had it been for the English nation, that it had still remained in the original Greck and Hebrew, or at least in the honest Latin of St. Jerome, than that several texts in it should have been prevaricated to the

destruction of that government, which put it into so ungrateful hands.

How many heresies the first translation of Tindal produced in few years, let my lord Herbert's history of Henry the Eighth inform you; insomuch, that for the gross errors in it, and the great mischiefs it occasioned, a sentence passed on the first edition of the Bible, too shameful almost to be repeated. After the short reign of Edward the Sixth, who had continued to carry on the Reformation on other principles than it was begun, every one knows that not only the chief promoters of that work, but many others, whose consciences would not dispense with Popery, were forced, for fear of persecution, to change climates: from whence returning at the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, many of them who had been in France, and at Geneva, brought back the rigid opinions and imperious discipline of Calvin, to graft upon our Reformation. Which, though they cunningly concealed at first, as well knowing how nauseously that drug would go down in a lawful Monarchy, which was prescribed for a rebellious Commonwealth, yet they always kept it in reserve; and were never wanting to themselves either in court or parliament, when either they had any prospect of a numerous party of fanatic members of the one, or the encouragement of any favourite in the other, whose covetousness was gaping at the patrimony of the Church. They who will consult the works of our venerable Hooker, or the account of his life, or more particularly the letter written to him on this subject,

by George Cranmer, may see by what gradations they proceeded; from the dislike of cap and surplice, the very next step was admonitions to the parliament against the whole government ecclesiastical: then came out volumes in English and Latin in defence of their tenets: and immediately practices were set on foot to erect their discipline without authority. Those not succeeding, satire and railing was the next: and Martin Mar-prelate, the Marvel of those times, was the first presbyterian scribler, who sanctified libels and scurrility to the use of the good old cause. Which was done, says my author, upon this account; that their serious treatises having been fully answered and refuted, they might compass by railing what they had lost by reasoning; and, when their cause was sunk in court and parliament, they might at least hedge in a stake amongst the rabble: for to their ignorance all things are wit which are abusive; but if Church and State were made the theme, then the doctoral degree of wit was to be taken at Billingsgate: even the most faintlike of the party, though they durst not excuse this contempt and vilifying of the government, yet were pleased, and grinned at it with a pious smile; and called it a judgment of God against the hierarchy. Thus sectaries, we may see, were both with teeth, soul-mouthed and scurrilous from their infancy: and if spiritual pride, venom, violence, contempt of superiors, and slander, had been the marks of orthodox belief; the presbytery and the rest of our schismatics, which are their spawn, were always the most visible church in the Christian world.

It is true, the government was too strong at that time for a rebellion; but to shew what proficiency they had made in Calvin's school, even then their mouths watered at it: for two of their gifted brotherhood, Hacket and Coppinger, as the story tells us, got up into a pease-cart, and harangued the people, to dispose them to an insurrection, and to establish their discipline by force: so that however it comes about, that now they celebrate queen Elizabeth's birth-night, as that of their faint and patronesses; yet then they were for doing the work of the Lord by arms against her; and in all probability they wanted but a fanatic lord mayor and two sheriffs of their party, to have compassed it.

Our venerable Hooker, after many admonitions which he had given them, towards the end of his preface, breaks out into this prophetic speech: "There is in every one of these considerations most just cause to fear, lest our hastiness to embrace a thing of so perilous consequence," (meaning the presbyterian discipline,) "should cause posterity to feel those evils, which as yet are more easy for us to prevent, than they would be for them to remedy."

How fatally this Cassandra has foretold we know too well by sad experience: the seeds were sown in the time of queen Elizabeth, the bloody harvest ripened in the reign of king Charles the Martyr: and because all the sheaves could not be carried off without shedding some of the loose grains, another crop is too like to follow; nay, I fear it is unavoidable if the conventiclers be permitted still to scatter.

A man may be suffered to quote an adversary to our religion, when he speaks truth : and it is the observation of Maimbourg, in his *History of Calvinism*, that wherever that discipline was planted and embraced, rebellion, civil war, and misery, attended it. And how indeed should it happen otherwise? Reformation of Church and State has always been the ground of our divisions in England. While we were Papists, our holy father rid us, by pretending authority out of the Scriptures to depose princes ; when we shook off his authority, the sectaries furnished themselves with the same weapons ; and out of the same magazine, the Bible : so that the Scriptures, which are in themselves the greatest security of governors, as commanding express obedience to them, are now turned to their destruction ; and never since the Reformation, has there wanted a text of their interpreting to authorize a rebel. And it is to be noted by the way, that the doctrines of king-killing and deposing, which have been taken up only by the worst party of the Papists, the most frontless flatterers of the Pope's authority, have been espoused, defended, and are still maintained by the whole body of Nonconformists and republicans. It is but dubbing themselves the people of God, which it is the interest of their preachers to tell them they are, and their own interest to believe ; and after that, they cannot dip into the Bible, but one text or another will turn up for their purpose : if they are under persecution, as they call it, then that is a mark of their election ; if they flourish, then God works miracles

for their deliverance, and the saints are to possess the earth.

They may think themselves to be too roughly handled in this paper ; but I, who know best how far I could have gone on this subject, must be bold to tell them they are spared : though at the same time I am not ignorant that they interpret the mildness of a writer to them, as they do the mercy of the government ; in the one they think it fear, and conclude it weakness in the other. The best way for them to confute me is, as I before advised the Papists, to disclaim their principles and renounce their practices. We shall all be glad to think them true Englishmen when they obey the King, and true Protestants when they conform to the Church-discipline.

It remains that I acquaint the reader, that these verses were written for an ingenious young gentleman my friend, upon his translation of *The Critical History of the Old Testament*, composed by the learned father Simon : the verses therefore are addressed to the translator of that work, and the style of them is, what it ought to be, epistolary.

If any one be so lamentable a critic as to require the smoothness, the numbers, and the turn of heroic poetry in this poem ; I must tell him, that if he has not read Horace, I have studied him, and hope the style of his epistles is not ill imitated here. The expressions of a poem designed purely for instruction, ought to be plain and natural, and yet majestic ; for here the poet is presumed to be a kind of lawgiver, and those three qualities which I have named, are

proper to the legislative style. The florid, elevated and figurative way is for the passions; for love and hatred, fear and anger, are begotten in the soul, by shewing their objects out of their true proportion, either greater than the life or less: but instruction is to be given by shewing them what they naturally are. A man is to be cheated into passion, but to be reasoned into truth.

RELIGIO LAICI.

DIM as the borrow'd beams of moon and
stars

To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
Is Reason to the soul : and as on high,
Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
Not light us here ; so Reason's glimmering
ray

Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
But guide us upward to a better day.

And as those nightly tapers disappear,
When day's bright lord ascends our hēmi-
sphere ;

Ver. 5. ——— *Reason's glimmering ray*] If man was really corrupted, and had lost in great measure the knowledge of the true religion of nature ; then, the expediency and the usefulness of a revelation was not the less, merely because reason, if rightly exercised, (and it was not) was capable of discovering all the necessary principles of morality : nay, indeed, the advantage of revelation is as evident, as it would have been, if men were actually and unavoidably ignorant of the great truths of religion.

Dr. J. WARTON.

So pale grows Reason at Religion's fight ; 10
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
 Some few, whose lamp shone brighter, have
 been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head ;
 And found that one first principle must be :
 But what, or who, that UNIVERSAL HE ; 15
 Whether some soul incompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmov'd ; yet making, moving all ;
 Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leap'd into form, the noble work of chance ;
 Or this great all was from eternity ; 20
 Not even the Stagirite himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guess'd as well as he :

Ver. 15. ——— *that universal He ;*] In the valuable and curious translations lately given us from the Sanskreet language, we find many wonderful and sublime descriptions of the Deity, particularly in the Baghvat-Geeta, an episode in the Mahabarat, a poem of the highest antiquity in India ; where are the following words ; pages 94 and 95, translated by Mr. Wilkins.

“ O mighty being,” says Arjoon, “ who art the prime Creator, eternal God of gods, the world's mansion. Thou art the incorruptible being, distinct from all things transient. Thou art before all gods, the ancient Poorosh and the supreme supporter of the universe. Thou knowest all things, and art worthy to be known ; thou art the supreme mansion, and by thee, O infinite form, the universe was spread abroad. Reverence be unto thee before and behind ; reverence be unto thee on all sides : O thou who art all in all. Infinite is thy power and thy glory. Thou art the father of all things, animate and inanimate.”

Dr. J. WARTON.

* Opinions of the several sects of philosophers concerning the *summum bonum*. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

As blindly grop'd they for a future state ;
 As rashly judg'd of providence and fate :
 But least of all could their endeavours find * 25
 What most concern'd the good of human kind :
 For happiness was never to be found ;
 But vanish'd from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoy'd :
 This every little accident destroy'd : 30
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil :
 A thorny or at best a barren foil :
 In Pleasure some their*glutton souls would
 steep ;
 But found their line too short, the well too
 deep ;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep. }
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll, 36
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ? 40
 For what could fathom God were more than
 He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer
 ground ;
 Cries *εὐρηκα*, the mighty secret's found :

* System of Deism. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

Ver. 42. *The Deist thinks*] To a serious and religious deist, who should say, he cannot embrace Christianity, on account of the many difficulties and seeming absurdities with which it is overloaded, we might barely reply—first, Are you certain that

God is that spring of good; supreme and
best;

We made to serve, and in that service blest; 45

If so, some rules of worship must be given,

Distributed alike to all by Heaven:

Else God were partial, and to some deny'd

The means his justice should for all provide.

This general worship is to PRAISE and PRAY:

One part to borrow blessings, one to pay: 51

And when frail nature slides into offence,

The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.

Yet since the effects of providence, we find,

Are variously dispens'd to human kind; 55

That vice triumphs, and virtue suffers here,

A brand that sovereign justice cannot bear;

Our reason prompts us to a future state:

The last appeal from fortune and from fate:

these seeming absurdities are the true and genuine doctrines of Christianity, and not added to it by fantastic and fanatical commentators; and secondly, Are there no such difficulties and absurdities as you complain of in revelation, to be found also in deism? What can you say, of an uncaused cause of every thing? of a being who has no relation to time or space? of a being whose infinite goodness lay dormant for so many ages? and, as Milton says, who built so late? How do you reconcile omniscience and prescience with the contingency and freedom of the human will? How will you fully and adequately account for the introduction and existence of moral and natural evil, under the government of a being infinitely powerful, good and wise? What clear ideas have you on these subjects? If you reject Christianity on the score of the difficulties which you complain of, you ought, to act consistently, to reject deism also.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Where God's all-righteous ways will be declar'd ; 60

The bad meet punishment, the good reward.

Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar * :

And would not be oblig'd to God for more.

Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled
To think thy wit these god-like notions bred ! 65

These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropt from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.

Reveal'd Religion first inform'd thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till, Faith sprung the
light.

Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
'Tis revelation what thou think'st discourse. 71
Else how com'st thou to see these truths so
clear,

Which so obscure to Heathens did appear ?

Not Plato these, nor Aristotle found :

Nor he whose wisdom oracles renown'd †. 75

Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb ?

Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know
Than Plutarch, Seneca, or Cicero ?

* Of revealed religion. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

† Socrates. Marginal Note, orig. edit.

Ver. 76. *Hast thou a wit so deep, or so sublime,
Or canst thou lower dive, or higher climb?
Canst thou by reason more of Godhead know &c.]*

Although, in the manner of these interrogations, Dryden has

Those giant wits in happier ages born, 80
 (When arms and arts did Greece and Rome
 adorn,)

Knew no such system: no such piles could
 raise

Of natural worship, built on prayer and praise
 To one sole God.

Nor did remorse to expiate sin prescribe: 85

But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe:

The guiltless victim groan'd for their offence;

And cruelty and blood was penitence.

If sheep and oxen could atone for men,

Ah! at how cheap a rate the rich might sin! 90

And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath be-
 guile,

By offering his own creatures for a spoil!

Dar'st thou, poor worm, offend Infinity?

And must the terms of peace be given by thee?

Then thou art Justice in the last appeal; 95

Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel:

And, like a king remote, and weak, must take

What satisfaction thou art pleas'd to make.

obviously borne in mind the solemn language of Scripture, it is also plain that in his application of it he has detracted from its grandeur and impressiveness. From the conceit of the poet we turn with admiration to the words of the patriarch:—"Canst thou by searching find out God? canst thou find out the Almighty unto perfection? It is as high as heaven; what canst thou do? deeper than hell; what canst thou know?" Job xi. 7, 8.

TODD.

Ver. 98. *What satisfaction*] "Though by the light of nature it was indeed exceeding probable and to be hoped for, that God

But if there be a power too just and strong,
 'o wink at crimes, and bear unpunish'd wrong;
 Look humbly upward, see his will disclose 101
 The forfeit first, and then the fine impose:
 A mulct thy poverty could never pay,
 Had not eternal wisdom found the way:
 And with celestial wealth supply'd thy store: 105
 His justice makes the fine, his mercy quits the
 score.

See God descending in thy human frame;
 The offended suffering in the offender's name;
 All thy misdeeds to him imputed see,
 And all his righteousness devolv'd on thee. 110
 For granting we have sinn'd, and that the
 offence

Of man, is made against Omnipotence,
 Some price that bears proportion must be paid;
 And infinite with infinite be weigh'd.
 See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice, 115
 Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:
 What farther means can Reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect?
 That shews us sick; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick, till Heaven reveal the cure: 120

would forgive sin upon true and real repentance; yet it could not be proved, that he was absolutely obliged to do so, or that he would certainly do so. Hence arises the importance, utility, and comfort of revelation."

Dr. J. WARTON.

If then Heaven's will must needs be understood,
 (Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be
 good,)

Let all records of will reveal'd be shown ;
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred book will be that one. 125

Proof needs not here, for whether we com-
 pare

That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings, (which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore,) 129
 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answering the great ends of human kind,
 But this one rule of life, that shews us best,
 How God may be appeas'd, and mortals blest.
 Whether from length of time its worth we draw,
 The world is scarce more ancient than the law :
 Heaven's early care prescrib'd for every age ; 136
 First, in the soul, and after, in the page.

Or, whether more abstractedly we look,
 Or on the writers, or the written book,
 Whence, but from Heaven, could men unskil-
 led in arts, 140

In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths ? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lye ?
 Unask'd their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their
 price. 145

If on the book itself we cast our view,
 Concurrent heathens prove the story true :
 The doctrine, miracles ; which must convince,
 For Heaven in them appeals to human sense :
 And though they prove not, they confirm the
 cause, 150

When what is taught agrees with nature's laws.

Then for the stile, majestic and divine,
 It speaks no less than God in every line :
 Commanding words ; whose force is still the same
 As the first fiat that produc'd our frame. 155

All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
 Or sense indulg'd has made mankind their
 friend :

This only doctrine does our lusts oppose :
 Unfed by nature's soil, in which it grows ;
 Cross to our interests, curbing sense, and sin ; 160
 Oppress'd without, and undermin'd within,
 It thrives through pain ; it's own tormentors
 tires ;

And with a stubborn patience still aspires.

To what can Reason such effects assign
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine? 165

Ver. 162. ——— *it's own tormentors tires;*] Origen says clearly and decisively, that but few persons died for their faith in Christ ; a passage that of itself is sufficient to shew, that the number of martyrs has been greatly exaggerated, and confirms the famous opinion of Dodwell, in his *Diuert. Cyprianicæ*. But Dodwell has been frequently answered. Dr. J. WARTON.

Which in that sacred volume are contain'd ;
Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordain'd.

But stay : the deist here will urge anew *,
No supernatural worship can be true :
Because a general law is that alone 170
Which must to all, and every where, be known :
A stile so large as not this book can 'claim,
Nor ought that bears revealed religion's name.
'Tis said the sound of a Messiah's birth
Is gone through all the habitable earth : 175
But still that text must be confin'd alone
To what was then inhabited, and known :
And what provision could from thence accrue
To Indian souls, and worlds discover'd new ?

* Objection of the Deist. M. N. Orig. edit.

Ver. 170. *Because a general law*] The objections, which are futile enough, that are urged against Christianity, from the want of its *universality*, are all of them fully answered by *Law*, in his " *Considerations on the Theory of Religion*," and by that close reasoner, Mr. *Stæame Jenyns*, in his " *Treatise of the Origin of Evil*," p. 168, where he demonstrates the impossibility of this universality of revelation from the modes of existence of all human affairs.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 177. *To what was then inhabited,*] The whole earth itself is but a little spot, that bears no proportion at all to the universe ; and in all probability, the large and numberless orbs of heaven cannot but be supposed to be filled with beings more capable than we to show forth the praise and glory of their Almighty Creator, and more worthy to be the objects of his care and love. To which other beings, in other parts of the universe, God may have made discoveries of his will, according to their several wants and capacities, in ways of which we can know nothing, and in which we have no concern.

Dr. J. WARTON.

In other parts it helps, that ages past, 180
 The Scriptures there were known, and were em-
 brac'd,

'Till Sin spread once again the shades of night :
 What's that to these who never saw the light ?

Of all objections this indeed is chief *

To startle reason, stagger frail belief : 185
 We grant, 'tis true, that Heaven from human
 sense

Has hid the secret paths of Providence :
 But boundless wisdom, boundless mercy, may
 Find even for those bewildered souls a way :
 If from his nature foes may pity claim, 190
 Much more may strangers who ne'er heard his
 name.

And though no name be for salvation known,
 But that of his eternal Son's alone ;

The objection answered. M. N. Orig. edit.

Ver. 187. — *the secret paths*] “In the common affairs of life,” says *Balguy* most admirably, “common experience is sufficient to direct us. But will common experience serve to guide our judgment concerning the *fall* and *redemption* of mankind? From what we see every day, can we explain the *commencement*, or foretel the *dissolution* of the world? Or can we undertake to prescribe to infinite Wisdom, *at what time*, and in *what manner*, and by *what steps*, we shall convey the knowledge of true religion over the face of the whole earth? To judge of events like these, we should be conversant in the history of other planets; should know the nature, the circumstances, the conduct of their several inhabitants; should be distinctly informed of God's various dispensations to all the different orders of rational beings.” This, the reader must allow, is a most rational and complete comment on this whole passage of Dryden, and is worth his most serious attention.

Who knows how far transcending goodness can
 Extend the merits of that Son to man? 195
 Who knows what reasons may his mercy lead;
 Or ignorance invincible may plead?
 Not only charity bids hope the best,
 But more the great apostle has express:
 That if the Gentiles, whom no law inspir'd, 200
 By nature did what was by law requir'd;
 They, who the written rule had never known,
 Were to themselves both rule and law alone:
 To nature's plain indictment they shall plead; 204
 And by their conscience be condemn'd or freed.
 Most righteous doom! because a rule reveal'd
 Is none to those from whom it was conceal'd.
 Then those who follow'd Reason's dictates right,
 Liv'd up, and lifted high their natural light;
 With Socrates may see their Maker's face, 210
 While thousand rubric-martyrs want a place.
 Nor does it baulk my charity, to find
 The Egyptian bishop of another mind:

Ver. 195. *Extend the merits*] "As no man ever denied," says Clarke, "but that the benefit of the death of Christ extended *backwards* to those who lived *before* his appearance in the world, so no man can prove, but that the same benefit may likewise extend itself *forwards* to those who never heard of his appearance, though they lived *after* it." DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 213. *The Egyptian bishop*] Baronius, Bona, Bellarmine, and Rivet, think Athanasius wrote the creed that goes under his name; but many modern critics ascribe it to a Latin writer, Vigilius, bishop of Tapsus, in Africa; and it is not to be found in almost any manuscript of Athanasius's works; and the style is more like a Latin than a Greek writer; nor does St. Cyril, of

For though his creed eternal truth contains,
 'Tis hard for man to doom to endless pains 215
 All, who believ'd not all his zeal requir'd ;
 Unless he first could prove he was inspir'd.
 'Then let us either think he meant to say
 This faith, where published, was the only way ;
 Or else conclude that, Arius to confute, 220
 The good old man too eager in dispute,

Alexandria, nor the Council of Ephesus, ever urge it, or make mention of it in the arguments used against the heresies of *Nestorius* and *Eutyches*. The famous book of Servetus, *De Trinitatis Erroribus*, is in a vile obscure style. Libri 7. per Mich. *Servetum*, alias *Reves* ab Arragone Hispanum, 1531.

DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 214. *For though his creed*] Many very serious Christians devoutly with with *Tillotson*, " that we were fairly rid of this creed," which they look upon as the greatest blemish in our Liturgy. This is not a place to enter into controversy concerning it. We may just transiently observe the wonderful absurdity of declaring in one sentence, that the doctrine of the Trinity is *incomprehensible*, and in the very next an attempt to *explain* it. Nothing can be more imperfect and unsatisfactory than the history of the famous and important Council of *Nice* on this subject, for neither the time or place in which it was assembled, nor the number of those who sat in it, nor even the name of the bishop who presided on it, have ever been clearly ascertained. See *Valesius* on *Eusebius*, and *Affeman's* *Bibl. Oriental.* and *Mosheim*, Vol. I. p. 337. That excellent man and writer, Dr. Clarke, has thus expressed himself on this important doctrine, in words that contain all that can justly be said on it:—" The self-existent Cause and Father of all things, did, before all ages," says Clarke, " in an incomprehensible manner, beget or produce a Divine person, stiled the Logos, the Word, or Son of God, in whom dwells the fulness of divine perfections, *excepting* absolute *Supremacy*, *Independency*, or *Self-Origination*." Bishop Pearson maintains the very same opinion of the Son with Dr. Clarke, concerning the absolute *equality* of the Son to the Father, yet was never censured for this opinion, as Clarke has been, with much acrimony and injustice.

DR. J. WARTON.

Flew high ; and, as his Christian fury rose,
Damn'd all for heretics who durst oppose.

Thus far my charity this path has try'd * ;
(A much unskilful, but well meaning guide :) 225
Yet what they are, ev'n these crude thoughts
were bred

By reading that which better thou hast read :
Thy matchless author's work : which thou, my
friend,

By well translating better dost commend :
Those youthful hours which, of thy equals most
In toys have squander'd, or in vice have lost, 231

* Digression to the translator of Father *Simon's* Critical History of the Old Testament. M. N. Orig. edit.

Ver. 228. *Thy matchless author's*] The professed design of Father *Simon*, in his *Critical History*, was to collect and represent the many difficulties that are to be found in the text of the sacred Scriptures, in order to infer the absolute necessity of receiving the Romish doctrine of oral tradition, and some infallible interpreter. The Church of Rome, therefore, embraced his opinion, which was certainly artful and insidious, and aimed at the truth and authenticity of the Scriptures ; and such it was deemed to be by many able divines both at home and abroad. And I remember Dr *Balguy* often mentioned it, as a work intended to undermine Christianity. Infidel writers have not failed to avail themselves of these objections. *Collins*, in his *Discourse on Free-thinking*, has dwelt much on the various readings of the Scriptures, and he was most effectually and most irrefragably answered by *Bentley*, in his *Philelutherus Lapsiensis*. No part of the *Characteristics* seems to have been more elaborately written, than the last part of his third volume, where he ridicules various readings, texts, glosses, complements, editions, &c. and where the old gentleman, whom he introduces as the chief speaker, certainly meant himself. Dryden certainly did not perceive the mischief that lurked in this treatise of *Simon*, which he so highly commends his young friend *Humphden* for translating.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Those hours hast thou to nobler use employ'd ;
And the severe delights of truth enjoy'd.

Witness this weighty book, in which appears
The crabbed toil of many thoughtful years, 235
Spent by thy author, in the sitting care
Of Rabbins' old sophisticated ware
From gold divine ; which he who well can fort
May afterwards make algebra a sport.

A treasure, which if country curates buy, 240
They Junius and Tremellius may defy.
Save pains in various readings and translations,
And without Hebrew make most learn'd quotations.

A work so full with various learning fraught,
So nicely ponder'd, yet so strongly wrought, 245
As Nature's height and Art's last hand requir'd:
As much as man could compass, uninspir'd.
Where we may see what errors have been made
Both in the copiers' and translators' trade:
How Jewish, Popish, interests have prevail'd,
And where infallibility has fail'd. 251

For some, who have his secret meaning
guess'd,
Have found our author not too much a priest:
For fashion-sake he seems to have recourse
To Pope, and Councils, and Tradition's force:
But he that old traditions could subdue, 256
Could not but find the weakness of the new :

If Scripture, though deriv'd from heavenly
birth,

Has been but carelessly preserv'd on earth ;
If God's own people, who of God before 260
Knew what we know, and had been promis'd
more,

In fuller terms, of Heaven's assisting care,
And who did neither time nor study spare
To keep this book untainted, unperplex'd,
Let in gross errors to corrupt the text, 265
Omitted paragraphs, embroil'd the sense,
With vain traditions stop't the gaping fence,
Which every common hand pull'd up with ease :
What safety from such brushwood-helps as
these ?

If written words from time are not secur'd, 270
How can we think have oral sounds endur'd ?
Which thus transmitted, if one mouth has fail'd,
Immortal lies on ages are intail'd :
And that some such have been, is prov'd too
plain ;

If we consider Interest, Church, and Gain. 275

O but says one, Tradition set aside *,
Where can we hope for an unerring guide ?
For since the original Scripture has been lost,
All copies disagreeing, main'd the most, 279

* Of the infallibility of tradition in general. M. N. Orig. edit.

Or Christian faith can have no certain ground,
Or truth in Church Tradition must be found.

Such an omniscient Church we wish indeed ;
'Twere worth both Testaments ; and cast in the
Creed :

But if this mother be a guide so sure,
As can all doubts resolve, all truth secure, 285
Then her infallibility, as well,
Where copies are corrupt or lame, can tell ;
Restore lost canon with as little pains,
As truly explicate what still remains :
Which yet no Council dare pretend to do ; 290
Unless like Esdras they could write it new :
Strange confidence, still to interpret true, }
Yet not be sure that all they have explain'd,
Is in the blest original contain'd. 294
More safe, and much more modest 'tis, to say
God would not leave mankind without a way :

Ver. 282. *Such an omniscient Church*] The doctrines of popery have soiled and obscured the pure doctrines of Christianity, just as the smoke of their many tapers and incense-pots have damaged the figures of *Michael Angelo* in the last Judgment.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 286. *Then her infallibility,*] But in this infallible Church there have been as many different and discordant opinions, as among the various sects of protestants. One Pope has excommunicated another, and one Council issued a severe anathema against another. The idea of establishing an *uniformity of opinions* on religious subjects, is founded on a perfect ignorance of the nature of man.

solos credis habendos
Esse Deos, quos ipse colis ?

Juvenal. S. 15, v. 35.

Dr. J. WARTON.

And that the Scriptures, though not every
where

Free from corruption, or intire, or clear,
Are uncorrupt, sufficient, clear, intire,
In all things which our needful faith require.

If others in the same glafs better see, 301

'Tis for themselves they look, but not for me:

For *my* salvation must its doom receive,
Not from what *others* but what *I* believe.

Must all tradition then be set aside*? 305

This to affirm were ignorance or pride.

Are there not many points, some needful sure
To saving faith, that Scripture leaves obscure?

Which every sect will wrest a several way,

(For what one sect interprets, all sects may :) 310

We hold, and say we prove from Scripture
plain,

That Christ is GOD; the bold Socinian
From the same Scripture urges he's but *man*.

Now what appeal can end the important suit;

Both parts talk loudly, but the rule is mate? 315

Shall I speak plain, and in a nation free
Assume an honest layman's liberty?

Ver. 300. *In all things*] This argument is urged with much force and precision, in the *Eloques Chretienne*, of *M. Gibert*; which was a favourite book of the great Lord Somers, and wrought a great effect in his way of thinking in religious matters. *Elijah Fenton* communicated this anecdote, as a fact he well knew, to *Mr. Walter Harte*.

DR. J. WARTON.

* Objection in behalf of tradition urged by *Father Simon*.
M. N. Orig. edit.

I think, (according to my little skill,
 To my own mother-church submitting still)
 That many have been fav'd, and many may, 320
 Who never heard this question brought in play.
 The unletter'd Christian, who believes in gross,
 Plods on to Heaven, and ne'er is at a loss :
 For the streight-gate would be made streighter
 yet,
 Were none admitted there but men of wit. 325
 The few by nature form'd, with learning fraught,
 Born to instruct, as others to be taught,
 Must study well the sacred page ; and see
 Which doctrine, this, or that, does best agree
 With the whole tenor of the work divine : 330
 And plainliest points to Heaven's reveal'd design :
 Which exposition flows from genuine sense ;
 And which is forc'd by wit and eloquence.
 Not that tradition's parts are usefess here :
 When general, old, disinteress'd and clear : 335
 That ancient Fathers thus expound the page,
 Gives truth the reverend majesty of age :
 Confirms its force, by bideing every test ;
 For best authority's next rules are best.
 And still the nearer to the spring we go, 340
 More limpid, more unsoil'd the waters flow.
 Thus, first traditions were a proof alone ;
 Could we be certain such they were, so known :
 But since some flaws in long descent may be,
 They make not truth but probability. 345

Even Arius and Pelagius durst provoke
 To what the centuries preceding spoke.
 Such difference is there in an oft-told tale :
 But truth by its own sinews will prevail.
 Tradition written therefore more commends 350
 Authority, than what from voice descends :
 And this, as perfect as its kind can be,
 Rolls down to us the sacred history :
 Which from the Universal Church receiv'd,
 Is try'd, and after, for itself believ'd. 355

The partial Papists would infer from hence *
 Their Church, in last resort, should judge the
 sense.

But first they would assume with wond'rous
 art †,

Themselves to be the whole, who are but part
 Of that vast frame, the Church ; yet grant they
 were 360

The handers down, can they from thence infer
 A right to interpret ? or would they alone
 Who brought the present, claim it for their
 own ?

The book's a common largess to mankind ;
 Not more for them than every man design'd ; 365
 The welcome news is in the letter found ;
 The carrier's not commissiō'd to expound.

* The second objection. M. N. Orig. edit.

† Answer to the objection. M. N. Orig. edit.

It speaks itself, and what it does contain,
In all things needful to be known, is plain.

In times o'ergrown with rust and ignorance,
A gainful trade their clergy did advance : 371
When want of learning kept the laymen low,
And none but priests were authoriz'd to know :
When what small knowledge was, in them did
dwell ;

And he a god who could but read or spell : 375
Then mother church did mightily prevail :
She parcell'd out the Bible by retail :
But still expounded what she sold or gave ;
To keep it in her power to damn and save :
Scripture was scarce, and as the market went,
Poor laymen took salvation at content ; 381
As needy men take money good or bad :
God's word they had not, but the priest's they
had.

Yet, whate'er false conveyances they made,
The lawyer still was certain to be paid. 385
In those dark times they learn'd their knack so
well,

That by long use they grew infallible :
At last, a knowing age began to enquire
If they the book, or that did them inspire :
And, making narrower search, they found,
though late, 390
That what they thought the priest's, was their
estate ;

Taught by the will produc'd, (the written word)
How long they had been cheated on record.

Then, every man who saw the title fair,
Claim'd a child's part, and put in for a share :

Consulted soberly his private good, 396

And sav'd himself as cheap as e'er he could.

'Tis true, my friend, (and far be flattery
hence)

'This good had full as bad a consequence :

The book thus put in every vulgar hand, 400

Which each presum'd, he best could under-
stand,

The common rule was made the common
prey ;

And at the mercy of the rabble lay.

The tender page with horny fists was gall'd ;

And he was giftèd most that loudest baul'd : 405

The spirit gave the doctoral degree :

And every member of a company

Was of his trade, and of the Bible free. }

Plain truths enough for needful use they found :

But men would still be itching to expound : 410

Each was ambitious of the obscurest place,

No measure ta'en from knowledge, all from
grace.

Study and pains were now no more their care ;

Texts were explain'd by fasting and by prayer :

This was the fruit the private spirit brought :

Occasion'd by great zeal and little thought. 416

While crouds unlearn'd, with rude devotion
warm,

About the sacred viands buz and swarm,
The fly-blown text creates a crawling brood ;
And turns to maggots what was meant for
food. 420

A thousand daily sects rise up and die ;
A thousand more the perish'd race supply :
So all we make of Heaven's discover'd will,
Is, not to have it, or to use it ill.

The danger's much the same ; on several shelves
If others wreck us, or we wreck ourselves. 426

What then remains, but, waving each ex-
treme,

The tides of ignorance and pride to stem ?

Neither so rich a treasure to forego ;

Nor proudly seek beyond our power to know :

Faith is not built on disquisitions vain ; 431

The things we must believe are few, and plain :

But since men will believe more than they
need,

And every man will make himself a creed,

In doubtful questions 'tis the safest way 435

To learn what unsuspected antients say :

For 'tis not likely we should higher soar

In search of Heaven, than all the Church be-
fore :

Nor can we be deceiv'd, unless we see

The Scripture and the Fathers disagree. 440

If after all they stand suspected still,
 (For no man's faith depends upon his will ;)
 'Tis some relief, that points not clearly known,
 Without much hazard may be let alone :
 And after hearing what our Church can say,
 If still our reason runs another way, 446
 That private reason 'tis more just to curb,
 Than by disputes the public peace disturb.
 For points obscure are of small use to learn :
 But common quiet is mankind's concern. 450
 Thus have I made my own opinions clear :
 Yet neither praise expect, nor censure fear :
 And this unpolish'd rugged verse I chose,
 As fittest for discourse, and nearest prose :
 For while from sacred truth I do not swerve, 455
 Tom Sternhold's, or Tom Shadwell's rhymes
 will serve.

Ver. 451. ——— *my own opinions clear* :] All the arguments which Dryden has here put together in defence of revelation, must appear stale and trite to us, who since his time have had the happiness of reading such treatises as Clarke on the Attributes, Butler's Analogy, Berkley's Alciphron, Bishop Sherlock's Sermons, Watson's Apology, Hurd on Prophecy, Soame Jennyns' Treatises, Jortin's Discourses, Paley's Evidences, and Lardner's Credibility. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 453. ——— *rugged verse*] An old expression. Thus in P. Fletcher's *Pisc. Eclogues*, edit. 1633, p. 19 :—

“ Time is my foe, and hates my *rugged* rimes.”

And Fletcher adopted it from Spenser. . TODD.

THRENODIA AUGUSTALIS:

A

FUNERAL PINDARIC POEM,

SACRED TO THE HAPPY MEMORY OF KING
CHARLES II.

I.

THUS long my grief has kept me dumb :
Sure there's a lethargy in mighty woe,
Tears stand congeal'd, and cannot flow ;
And the sad soul retires into her inmost room :

Ver. 1. *Thus long my grief*] The following just, though severe sentence, has been passed on this Threnodia, by one who was always willing, if possible, to extenuate the blemishes of our poet. "Its first and obvious defect is the irregularity of its metre, to which the ears of that age, however, were accustomed. What is worse, it has neither tenderness nor dignity; it is neither magnificent nor pathetic. He seems to look round him for images which he cannot find, and what he has, he distorts by endeavouring to enlarge them. He is, he says, petrified with grief, but the marble ~~reigns~~, and trickles in a joke. There is throughout the composition a desire of splendour without wealth. In the conclusion, he seems too much pleased with the prospect of the new reign, to have lamented his old master with much sincerity." Dr. Johnson.

Dr. J. WARTON.

Tears, for a ſtroke foreſeen, afford relief; 5
 But, unprovided for a ſudden blow,
 Like Niobe we marble grow;
 And petrify with grief.

Our Britiſh heaven was all ſerene,
 No threatenng cloud was nigh, 10
 Not the leaſt wrinkle to deform the ſky;
 We liv'd as unconcern'd and happily
 As the firſt age in nature's golden ſcene;
 Supine amidſt our flowing ſtore,
 We ſlept ſecurely, and we dreamt of more: 15
 When ſuddenly the thunder-clap was heard,
 It took us unprepar'd and out of guard,
 Already loſt before we fear'd.

The amazing news of Charles at once were
 ſpread,
 At once the general voice declar'd, 20
 "Our gracious prince was dead."
 No ſickneſs known before, no ſlow diſeaſe,
 To ſoften grief by juſt degrees:
 But like an hurricane on Indian ſeas,
 The tempeſt roſe; 25
 An unexpected burſt of woes:
 With ſcarce a breathing ſpace betwixt,
 This now becalm'd, and perishing the next.

As if great Atlas from his height
 Should sink beneath his heavenly weight, 30
 And with a mighty flaw, the flaming wall
 (As once it shall,
 Should gape immense, and rushing down, o'er-
 whelm this nether ball ;
 So swift and so surprizing was our fear :
 Out Atlas fell indeed ; but Hercules was near.

II.

His pious brother, sure the best 36
 Who ever bore that name,
 Was newly risen from his rest,
 And, with a fervent flame,
 His usual morning vows had just address 40
 For his dear sovereign's health ;
 And hop'd to have them heard,
 In long increase of years,
 In honour, fame, and wealth :. 44
 Guiltless of greatness thus he always pray'd,
 Nor knew nor wish'd those vows he made,
 On his own head should be repay'd.
 Soon as the ill-omen'd rumour reach'd his ear,
 (Ill news is wing'd with fate, and flies apace,)
 Who can describe the amazement of his face !
 Horror in all his pomp was there, 51
 Mute and magnificent without a tear :
 And then the hero first was seen to fear.

Half unarray'd he ran to his relief,
 So haſty and ſo artleſs was his grief: 55
 Approaching greatneſs met him with her
 charms

Of power and future ſtate ;
 But look'd ſo ghafly in a brother's fate,
 He ſhook her from his arms.

Arriv'd within the mournful room, he ſaw 60

A wild diſtraction, void of awe,
 And arbitrary grief unbounded by a law.

God's image, God's anointed lay
 Without motion, pulſe, or breath,
 A ſenſeleſs lump of ſacred clay, 65
 An image now of death.

Amidſt his ſad attendants' groans and cries,

The lines of that ador'd forgiving face,
 Diſtorted from their native grace ;

An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes. 70

The pious duke—Forbear, audacious muſe,
 No terms thy feeble art can uſe

Ver. 70. *An iron ſlumber ſat on his majeſtic eyes.*] From Virgil, *Æn.* x. 745.

Olli dura quies oculos et ferreus urget
 Somnus, &c.

See Sir P. Sidney's *Arcadia*, Lib. iii. But with that Argalus came out of his ſound, and liſting vp his languiſhing eyes (which a painefull reſt and IRON ſleep did ſeek to lock vp) ſeeing her, &c." TODD.

On earth his pious brother pray'd and vow'd,
 Renouncing greatness at so dear a rate,
 Himself defending what he cou'd, 95
 From all the glories of his future fate.

With him the innumerable crowd,
 Of armed prayers

Knock'd at the gates of heaven, and knock'd
 aloud ;

The first well-meaning rude petitioners.

All for his life assail'd the throne, 101
 All would have brib'd the skies by offering up
 their own.

So great a throng not heaven itself could bar ;
 'Twas almost born by force as in the giants'
 war.

The prayers, at least, for his reprieve were
 heard ; 105

His death, like Hezekiah's, was deferr'd :

Against the sun the shadow went ;

Five days, those five degrees, were lent

To form our patience and prepare the event.

The second causes took the swift command, 110

The medicinal head, the ready hand,

All eager to perform their part ;

All but eternal doom was conquer'd by their
 art :

Ver. 95. ——— what he cou'd,] Orig. edit.

TODD.

Ver. 111. *The medicinal head,*] Orig. edit. *med'cinah*

TODD.

Once more the fleeting soul came back
 To inspire the mortal frame ; 115
 And in the body took a doubtful stand,
 Doubtful and hovering like expiring flame,
 That mounts and falls by turns, and trembles
 o'er the brand.

IV.

The joyful short-liv'd news soon spread around,
 Took the same train, the same, impetuous
 bound : 120

The drooping town in smiles again was drest,
 Gladness in every face express'd,
 Their eyes before their tongues confess'd.
 Men met each other with erected look,
 The steps were higher that they took, 125
 Friends to congratulate their friends made
 haste ;

And long inveterate foes saluted as they past :
 Above the rest heroic James appear'd
 Exalted more, because he more had fear'd :
 His manly heart, whose noble pride 130
 Was still above,
 Dissembled hate or varnish'd love,

Ver. 126. Friends to congratulate &c.] Each to congratulate
 his friend, &c. Orig. edit. TODD.

Its more ^a than common transport could not
hide ;

But like an eagre * rode in triumph o'er the tide.

Thus, in alternate course, 135

The tyrant passions, hope and fear,

Did in extremes appear,

And flash'd upon the foul with equal force.

Thus, at half ebb, a rolling sea,

Returns and wins upon the shore ; 140

The watry herd, affrighted at the roar,

Rest on their fins awhile, and stay,

Then backward take their wondring way :

The prophet wonders more than they,

At prodigies but rarely seen before, 145

And cries, a king must fall, or kingdoms change
their sway.

Such were our counter-tides at land, and so

Prefaging of the fatal blow,

In their prodigious ebb and flow.

The royal soul, that like the labouring moon,

By charms of art was hurried down, 151

Forc'd with regret to leave her native sphere,

Came but a while on liking here :

Soon weary of the painful strife,

And made but faint essays of life : 155

An evening light

Soon shut in night ;

* An eagre is a tide swelling above another tide, which I myself observed on the river Trent. Marg. Note, orig. edit.

A strong distemper, and a weak relief,
Short intervals of joy, and long returns of
grief.

V.

The sons of art all medicines try'd, 160

And every noble remedy apply'd ;

With emulation each essay'd

His utmost skill, nay more, they pray'd :

Never was losing game with better conduct
play'd.

Death never won a stake with greater toil, 165

Nor e'er was fate so near a foil :

But like a fortress on a rock,

The impregnable disease their vain attempts did
mock ;

They min'd it near, they batter'd from afar

With all the cannon of the medicinal war ; 170

No gentle means could be essay'd,

'Twas beyond parley when the siege was laid :

The extremest ways they first ordain,

Prescribing such intolerable pain,

As none but Cæsar could sustain : 175

Ver. 160. ——— all medicines] Original edition, all
med'cines. TODD.

Ver. 164. Never was *losing game*] Orig. edit. *Was never lo-*
sing game &c. TODD.

Ibid. *Never was losing game*] A most vulgar ill-placed allu-
sion. DR. J. WARTON.

Ver. 170. ——— medicinal war ;] Orig. edit. *med'cinal*
war. TODD.

As if to find and dare the griesly challenger.
 What death could do he lately try'd; 201
 When in four days he more than dy'd.
 The same assurance all his words did grace;
 The same majestic mildness held its place:
 Nor lost the monarch in his dying face. 205
 Intrepid, pious, merciful, and brave,
 He look'd as when he conquer'd and forgave.

VII.

As if some angel had been sent
 To lengthen out his government,
 And to foretel as many years again, 210
 As he had number'd in his happy reign,
 So chearfully he took the doom
 Of his departing breath;
 Nor shrunk nor stept aside for death;
 But with unalter'd pace kept on; 215
 Providing for events to come,
 When he resign'd the throne.
 Still he maintain'd his kingly state;
 And grew familiar with his fate.
 Kind, good, and gracious, to the last, 220
 On all he lov'd before his dying beams he cast:
 Oh truly good, and truly great,
 For glorious as he rose, benignly so he set!
 All that on earth he held most dear,
 He recommended to his care, 225

But neither pen nor pencil can express
 'The parting brothers' tendernefs :
 'Though that's a term too mean and low ; 250
 The blest above a kinder word may know :
 But what they did, and what they said,
 'The monarch who triumphant went,
 'The militant who staid,
 Like painters, when their heightning arts are
 spent 255
 I cast into a shade.
 'That all-forgiving king,
 'The type of him above,
 'That inexhausted spring
 Of clemency and love ; 260
 Himself to his next self accus'd,
 And ask'd that pardon which he ne'er refus'd :
 For faults not his, for guilt and crimes
 Of godless men, and of rebellious times :
 For an hard exile, kindly meant, 265
 When his ungrateful country sent
 Their best Camillus into banishment :
 And forc'd their sovereign's act, they could not
 his consent.
 Oh how much rather had that injur'd chief
 Repeated all his sufferings past ! 270
 Than hear a pardon begg'd at last,
 Which given could give the dying no relief :
 He bent, he sunk beneath his grief :

His dauntless heart would fain have held
 From weeping, but his eyes rebell'd. 275
 Perhaps the godlike hero in his breast
 Did disdain'd, or was ashamed, to show
 So weak, so womanish a woe,
 Which yet the brother and the friend so plentifully
 confessed.

IX.

Amidst that silent shower, the royal mind
 An easy passage found, 281
 And left its sacred earth behind:
 Nor murmuring groan express'd, nor labouring
 found,
 Nor any least tumultuous breath;
 Calm was his life, and quiet was his death. 285
 Soft as those gentle whispers were,
 In which the Almighty did appear;
 By the still voice the prophet knew him there.
 That peace which made thy prosperous reign to
 shine,
 That peace thou leavest to thy imperial line, 290
 That peace, oh happy shade, be ever thine!

Ver. 288. *By the still voice*] Orig. edit. By the still *found*
 &c. TODD.

Ibid. Alluding to 1 *Kings* xix. 12. "And after the fire, a
still small voice." See also the marginal reading of *Job* iv. 16.
 "I heard a *still voice*, saying, Shall mortal man be more just
 than God?" TODD.

X.

For all those joys thy restoration brought,
 For all the miracles it wrought,
 For all the healing balm thy mercy pour'd
 Into the nation's bleeding wound, 295
 And care that after kept it sound,
 For numerous blessings yearly shower'd,
 And property with plenty crown'd ;
 For freedom, still maintain'd alive,
 Freedom, which in no other land will thrive,
 Freedom, an English subject's sole preroga-
 tive, 301
 Without whose charms even peace would be
 But a dull quiet slavery :
 For these and more, accept our pious praise ;
 'Tis all the subsidy 305
 The present age can raise,
 The rest is charg'd on late posterity.
 Posterity is charg'd the more,
 Because the large abounding store
 To them and to their heirs, is still entail'd by
 thee, 310
 Succession of a long descent
 Which chastely in the channels ran,
 And from our demi-gods began,
 Equal almost to time in its extent,

Through hazards numberless and great, 315
 'Thou hast deriv'd this mighty blessing down,
 And fixt the fairest gem that decks the impe-
 rial crown :

Not faction, when it shook thy regal seat,
 Not senates, insolently loud,
 Those echoes of a thoughtless croud, 320
 Not foreign or domestic treachery,
 'Could warp thy soul to their unjust decree.
 So much thy foes thy manly mind mistook,
 Who judg'd it by the mildness of thy look :
 Like a well-temper'd sword it bent at will ; 325
 But kept the native toughness of the steel.

XI.

Be true, O Clio, to thy hero's name !
 But draw him strictly so,
 'That all who view the piece may know ;
 He needs no trappings of fictitious fame : 330

Ver. 319. *Not senates, insolently loud,*
Those echoes of a thoughtless croud,]

So Cowper in a nervous and animated strain.

Thy senate is a scene of civil jar,
 Chaos of contrarieties at war,
 Where sharp and solid, phlegmatic and light,
 Discordant atoms meet, contend, and fight ;
 Where Obstinacy takes its surdy stand,
 To disconcert what Policy has plann'd ;
 Where Policy is busied all night long
 In setting right what Faction has set wrong.

Expof. 118. Vol. I;

JOHN WARTON.

The load's too weighty : thou may'st chuse
Some parts of praise, and some refuse :

Write, that his annals may be thought more
lavish than the muse.

In scanty truth thou hast confin'd

The virtues of a royal mind, 335

Forgiving, bounteous, humble, just, and kind :

His conversation, wit, and parts,

His knowledge in the noblest useful arts,

Were such, dead authors could not give ;

But habitudes of those who live ; 340

Who, lighting him, did greater lights receive :

He drain'd from all, and all they knew ;

His apprehension quick, his judgment true :

That the most learn'd, with shame, confess

His knowledge more, his reading only less. 345

• XII.

Amidst the peaceful triumphs of his reign,

What wonder, if the kindly beams he shed

Reviv'd the drooping arts again,

If science rais'd her head,

And soft humanity that from rebellion fled :

Ver. 348. *Reviv'd the drooping arts*] Charles was very instrumental in founding and promoting the Royal Society ; but it has been said, it may be doubted whether the institutions of academies have contributed to the promotion of science and literature. Neither Copernicus nor Kepler were members of any academy ; nor was Newton member of our Royal Society, till he had made his most important discoveries. None of the great

Our isle, indeed, too fruitful was before ; 351
 But all uncultivated lay
 Out of the solar walk and heaven's high way ;
 With rank Geneva weeds run o'er,
 And cockle, at the best, amidst the corn it bore :
 The royal husbandman appear'd, 356
 And plough'd, and sow'd, and till'd,
 The thorns he rooted out, the rubbish clear'd,
 And blest the obedient field.
 When strait a double harvest rose ; 360
 Such as the swarthy Indian mows ;
 Or happier climates, near the line,
 Or paradise manur'd, and dress'd by hands divine.

XIII.

As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
 His rich paternal regions to survey, 365

inventions have been owing to academics. But it may be added, that *Alexander* assisted Aristotle with a vast collection of animals ; the caliph *Almorán* encouraged philosophy ; and without the French academy, *Maupertuis* would not have undertaken his Philosophical Journey ; nor *Tournefort* his *Voyages*, without the encouragement of Louis XIV. Dr. J. WARTON.

Ver. 364. *As when the new-born phoenix &c.*] Dryden had probably Sannazarius in view, *De Partu Virg.* lib. li.

— “ Qualis nostrum cum tendit in orbem,
 “ Purpureis rutilat pennis nitidissima phoenix,
 “ Quam variæ circum volucres comitantur euntem,” &c.
 TODD.

Ibid. *As when the new-born phoenix takes his way,
 His rich paternal regions to survey,
 Of airy choristers a numerous train
 Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain ;]*

Imitated from Buchanan:—

Sic ubi de patrio redivivus funere Phoenix
 Auroræ ad populos redit, et cunabula secum .

Of airy choristers a numerous train
 Attend his wondrous progress o'er the plain ;
 So, rising from his father's urn,
 So glorious did our Charles return ;
 The officious muses came along, 370
 A gay harmonious quire, like angels ever young :
 The muse, that mourns him now his happy tri-
 umph sung.
 Even they could thrive in his auspicious reign ;
 And such a plenteous crop they bore
 Of purest and well winnow'd grain, 375
 As Britain never knew before.
 Though little was their hire, and light their
 gain,
 Yet somewhat to their share he threw ;
 Fed from his hand they sung and flew,
 Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning
 dew. 380

*Ipse sua, et cineres patris, inferiasque decoris
 Fert humeris ; quacunq; citis aremigat alis,
 Indigenas comitantur aves, celebrantque canoro
 Argmine : non illas species incognita tantum
 Aut picturata capiunt spectacula pennæ.*

Buchanan. *Silv.* p. 59.

JOHN WARTON.

Ver. 380. *Like birds of paradise that liv'd on morning dew.]*
 Tavernier, the excellent French traveller, says, that it is a vulgar
 error that the birds of paradise have no legs : the fact is, that
 they gorge and over-fill themselves by feeding on the nutmeg-
 trees, from which they fall down in a kind of intoxication, and
 the emmett eats off their legs. Louis XIII. had one of these
 birds, and a very beautiful one, that had two legs.

JOHN WARTON.

Oh never let their lays his name forget !
 The pension of a prince's praise is great.
 Live then, thou great encourager of arts,
 Live ever in our thankful hearts ;
 Live blest above, almost invok'd below ; 385
 Live and receive this pious vow,
 Our patron once, our guardian angel, now.
 Thou Fabius of a sinking state,
 Who didst by wise delays divert our fate,
 When faction like a tempest rose, 390
 In death's most hideous form,
 Then art to rage thou didst oppose,
 To weather out the storm :
 Not quitting thy supreme command,
 Thou heldst the rudder with a steady hand, 395
 Till safely on the shore the bark did land :
 The bark that all our blessings brought,
 Charg'd with thyself and James, a doubly royal
 fraught.

XIV.

Oh frail estate of human things,
 And slippery hopes below ! 400
 Now to our cost your emptiness we know,
 For 'tis a lesson dearly bought,
 Assurance here is never to be sought.
 The best, and best belov'd of kings,
 And best deserving to be so, 405
 When scarce he had escap'd the fatal blow
 Of faction and conspiracy,

Death did his promis'd hopes destroy :
 He toil'd, he gain'd, but liv'd not to enjoy.
 What mists of Providence are these 410
 Through which we cannot see !
 So faints, by supernatural power set free,
 Are left at last in martyrdom to die ;
 Such is the end of oft repeated miracles.
 Forgive me, Heaven, that impious thought, 415
 'Twas grief for Charles, to madness wrought,
 That question'd thy supreme decree !
 Thou didst his gracious reign prolong,
 Even in thy faints and angels wrong,
 His fellow-citizens of immortality : 420
 For twelve long years of exile born,
 Twice twelve we number'd since his blest return :
 So strictly wer't thou just to pay,
 Even to the driblet of a day.
 Yet still we murmur, and complain, 425
 The quails and manna should no longer rain ;
 Those miracles 'twas needless to renew ;
 The chosen flock has now the promis'd land in
 view.

XV.

A warlike prince ascends the regal state,
 A prince long exercis'd by fate : 430
 Long may he keep, though he obtains it late.
 Heroes, in heaven's peculiar mould are cast,
 They and their poets are not form'd in haste ;
 Man was the first in God's design, and man was
 made the last.

False heroes, made by flattery so, 435
 Heaven can strike out, like sparkles, at a blow ;
 But ere a prince is to perfection brought,
 He costs Omnipotence a second thought.
 With toil and sweat,
 With hardning cold, and forming heat, 440
 The Cyclops did their strokes repeat,
 Before the impenetrable shield was wrought.
 It looks as if the Maker would not own
 The noble work for his,
 Before 'twas try'd and found a master-piece. 445

XVI.

View then a monarch ripen'd for a throne.
 Alcides thus his race began,
 O'er infancy he swiftly ran ;
 The future god at first was more than man :
 Dangers and toils, and Juno's hate 450
 Even o'er his cradle lay in wait ;
 And there he grappled first with fate :
 In his young hands the hissing snakes he prest,
 So early was the deity confest ;
 Thus by degrees he rose to Jove's imperial
 feat ; 455
 Thus difficulties prove a soul legitimately
 great.
 Like his, our hero's infancy was try'd :
 Betimes the furies did their snakes provide ;
 And to his infant arms oppose
 His father's rebels, and his brother's foes ; 460
 The more oppress'd, the higher still he rose ;

Those were the preludes of his fate, 465
 That form'd his manhood, to subdue
 The hydra of a many-headed hissing crew.

XVII.

As after Numa's peaceful reign,
 The martial Ancus did the scepter wield,
 Furbish'd the rusty sword again, 470
 Resum'd the long-forgotten shield,
 And led the Latins to the dusty field;
 So James the drowsy genius wakes
 Of Britain long entranc'd in charms,
 Restiff and slumbering on its arms: 475
 'Tis rous'd, and with a new-strung nerve, the
 spear already shakes.

No neighing of the warrior steeds,
 No drum, or louder trumpet, needs
 To inspire the coward, warm the cold,
 His voice, his sole appearance makes them bold.
 Gaul and Batavia dread the impending blow; 481
 Too well the vigor of that arm they know;
 They lick the dust, and crouch beneath their
 fatal foe,

Long may they fear this awful prince,
 And not provoke his lingering sword; 485
 Peace is their only sure defence,
 Their best security his word:
 In all the changes of his doubtful state,
 His truth, like heaven's, was kept inviolate,
 For him to promise is to make it fate. 490

His valour can triumph o'er land and main ;
 With broken oaths his fame he will not stain ;
 With conquest basely bought, and with inglorious gain.

XVIII.

For once, O heaven, unfold thy adamantine
 book ;

And let his wondring senate see, 495
 If not thy firm immutable decree,
 At least the second page of strong contingency ;

Such as consists with wills originally free :

Let them with glad amazement look

On what their happiness may be :

Let them not still be obstinately blind, 500
 Still to divert the good thou hast design'd,
 Or with malignant penury,

To starve the royal virtues of his mind.

Faith is a Christian's and a subject's test,

Oh give them to believe, and they are surely
 blest. 505

They do ; and with a distant view I see

The amended vows of English loyalty.

And all beyond that object, there appears

The long retinue of a prosperous reign,

A series of successful years, 510

In orderly array, a martial, manly train.

Behold ev'n the remoter shores,
 A conquering navy proudly spread ;
 The British cannon formidably roars,
 While starting from his oozy bed, 515
 The asserted ocean rears his reverend head ;
 To view and recognize his ancient lord again :
 And with a willing hand, restores
 The fasces of the main.

Ver. 514. *The British cannon &c.*] This conclusion is truly spirited, and the prophecy has been abundantly verified. Dryden gives the British king the proper title of *ancient lord of the ocean*. Camden, in his *Britannia*, had before denominated our island *the lady of the sea* ; a very just and emphatical distinction: *Esto perpetua !*

TODD.

VERSES TO J. NORTHLEIGH.

TO MY FRIEND

MR. J. NORTHLEIGH,

AUTHOR OF

THE PARALLEL,

ON HIS

TRIUMPH OF THE BRITISH MONARCHY.

SO Joseph, yet a youth, expounded well
The boding dream, and did th' event foretell ;
Judged by the past, and drew the Parallel. }
Thus early Solomon the truth explored,
The right awarded, and the babe restored. 5
Thus Daniel, ere to prophecy he grew,
The perjured Presbyters did first subdue, }
And freed Susanna from the cantering crew. }
Well may our Monarchy triumphant stand,
While warlike James protects both sea and land ;
And, under covert of his seven-fold shield, 11
Thou send'st thy shafts to scour the distant field.
By law thy powerful pen has set us free ;
Thou study'st that, and that may study thee.

