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CLASS BOOK

OF

P O E T R Y :

CONSISTING OF

SELECTIONS FROM DISTINGUISHED
ENGLISH AND AMERICAN POETS.

FROM CHAUCER TO THE PRESENT DAY.

THE WHOLE ARRANGED IN CHRONOLOGICAL ORDER, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL AND
CRITICAL REMARKS.

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P R E F A C E .

THE literature of a nation cannot fail to contain within itself that which has made the nation what it is. Those great ideas, which in the course of centuries have been gradually developed by its master minds, are the moving springs that have set the nation onwards in the career of civilization. Great ideas precede and cause illustrious achievements. The ideal Achilles made the real heroes of Marathon and the Granicus. In the Anglo-Saxon race, from the days of Alfred until now, men of superior genius, the original thinkers in each successive generation, have given birth to ennobling thoughts, which continue to endure, and are perpetuated not only in the language but in the race itself. We are what preceding generations have made us. Englishmen and Americans of the present day are living exponents of the thoughts and truths elaborated by the illustrious dead.

In making, then, a compilation like the present,

intended chiefly for the use of those whose characters and opinions are still but partially formed, it has been deemed important to select not only master-pieces of style, but also master-pieces of thought. It is believed to be a defect in some of the more recent publications, intended as reading-books for schools, that sufficient care has not been used in regard to the sentiments contained in them. Such books very often, indeed, contain pleasing descriptions, and interesting stories, written in an agreeable style, and capable of affording amusement for children of a certain age. But they are not of that masculine character that stimulates the mind to action, or that gives it materials to act upon; and they not unfrequently cultivate a taste for reading of the most unprofitable description.

The unbounded popularity which belonged to the old "English Reader" of Lindley Murray, and which still clings to it, notwithstanding its somewhat antiquated character, was undoubtedly due to the value of the materials inserted in his collection. The same materials still exist; and, since his day, large additions have been made to the stock of thoughts that, in the language of Milton, "posterity will not willingly let die." No literature, probably, is more opulent than ours. No literature contains nobler or more numerous instances of

“thoughts that breathe and words that burn;”—of sentiments uttered centuries ago, that are to this day “familiar as household words” wherever, in any quarter of the globe, an educated Englishman or American is to be found. It should be a constituent part of Common School education, to furnish the youthful mind with some at least of those rich stores of wisdom that lie scattered through the writings of our distinguished authors. There is something contagious in the fire of genius:—the mind receives an impulse by the mere contact with one of superior intellect. The minds of the young especially receive growth and strength by being made early acquainted with whatever is best of its kind in every field of English literature.

In making his selections for the present work, the compiler has purposely drawn less freely from authors of the present day; not from holding them in less esteem, but because they are already in a thousand forms accessible to every body that can read. By adopting this course, room was left, without unduly encumbering the work, for more copious extracts from those great store-houses of thought which are in a measure accessible only to the few.

The work is divided into two parts; “The Class Book of Poetry,” and “The Class Book of Prose.”

The latter is intended for classes that are less advanced, and the former for those that are more advanced; and they are both intended to be preceded by some introductory book, such as those now used in Primary Schools, for teaching the elements of reading.

The practical teacher will find in these books an almost inexhaustible fund of grammatical illustration, as well as models of every style of English composition, both prose and verse. They may be used, therefore, not only in teaching reading in the higher department of rhetorical expression, but in teaching composition and grammar; and may be especially useful in making pupils acquainted with the varied resources of the language, a knowledge to be acquired in no other way than by familiarity with the writings of distinguished authors. It is believed, too, that the chronological arrangement of the extracts will enable the teacher, without material difficulty, to communicate important information in regard to the history of English literature. Short biographical and critical notices are, with this view, prefixed to all the earlier authors, for the benefit of those young persons who may not have the advantage of a living instructor.

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He was born in London, in 1328.
+ died in 1400, 72 years old.
His fame chiefly rests upon his
Canterbury Tales. It was composed
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The characters are true. Pure English
be multiplied

CHAUCER.

GEOFFREY CHAUCER, the Father of English Poetry, was born in London, in 1328, and died in October, 1400, at the advanced age of seventy-two years. He was consequently the contemporary of Petrarch and Boccaccio, and familiar with the stirring events of Edward III. and the Black Prince. He was a soldier and a man of the world, and mingled much in public affairs. He wrote the Dream, the Court of Love, the Flower and Leaf, Troilus and Cresseide, the House of Fame, and some other minor poems. That, however, upon which his fame chiefly rests, is the *Canterbury Tales*.

The plan of this poem is as follows: A company of persons of various descriptions meet by chance at the Tabard Inn, in a suburb of London, all bent on a pilgrimage to the shrine of Thomas à Becket, at Canterbury. The Pilgrims resolve to beguile the way by requiring of each one in the company a Tale, both in going and returning. These Tales, and the characters of the narrators prefixed, form the Poem.

It was composed when the author was sixty years old, and gives the fruit of the observation and experience of a long life, by one still in the full vigour of his

powers. The characters composing the party of Pilgrims are from every walk in life, and are drawn with inimitable skill and truthfulness. The Poem therefore presents a lively picture of the age and country in which the author lived. His contemporaries and their successors were justly proud of it as a truly national work.

Chaucer's language is styled by Spencer "the pure well of English undefiled," and should be studied by all who wish to be acquainted with the history and resources of our mother tongue. There are two serious difficulties however in the way of any attempt to introduce portions of his poems into books intended for general circulation. These are the *obsolete spelling* and the *obsolete words*. The spelling and consequently the mode of syllabication are so different from those adopted now, that no little study and practice are required to enable a person to appreciate the rhythm. Very many words, too, are met with in Chaucer that are no longer in common use, or are used by him in a sense which they have since lost. These subject the reader to the vexatious interruptions of a glossary. The following specimen will give some idea of the extent of this difficulty. The modernized version of the same will be found a few pages farther on, also a magnificent imitation by Dryden in another part of the book.

A good man ther was of religioun,
 That was a poure Persone of a toun :
 But riche he was of holy thought and werk,
 He was also a lerned man, a clerk,
 That Cristes gospel trewely wolde preche.
 His parishens devoutly wolde he teche.

Benigne he was, and wonder diligent,
 And in adversite ful patient :
 And swiche he was ypreved often sithes.
 Ful loth were him to cursen for his tithes,
 But rather wolde he yeven out of doute,
 Unto his poure parishens aboute,
 Of his offring, and eke of his substance.
 He coude in litel thing have suffisance.

Wide was his parish, and houses fer ascnaer,
 But he no left nought for no rain ne thonder,
 In sikenesse and in mischief to visite
 The ferrest in his parish, moche and lite,
 Upon his fete, and in his hand a staf.
 This noble ensample to his shepe he yaf,
 That first he wrought, and afterward he taught.
 Out of the gospel he the wordes caught,
 And this figure he added yet therto,
 That if gold ruste, what shuld iren do ?
 For if a preest be foule, on whom we trust,
 No wonder is a lewed man to rust :
 And shame it is, if that a preest take kepe,
 To see a dirtie shepherd, and clene shepe :
 Wel ought a preest ensample for to yeve,
 By his clenenesse, how his shepe shulde live.

He sette not his benefice to hire,
 And lette his shepe acombred in the mire,
 And ran unto London, unto Seint Poules,
 To seken him a chanterie for soules,
 Or with a brotherhede to be withold :
 But dwelt at home, and kepte wel his fold.
 So that the wolf ne made it not miscarie.
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenarie.
 And though he holy were, and vertuous,
 He was to sinful men not dispitous,
 Ne of his speche dangerous ne digne,
 But in his teching discrete and benigne.
 To drawn folk to heven, with fairenesse,
 By good ensample, was his besinesse :

But it were any persone obstinat,
What so he were of highe, or low estat,
Him wolde he snibben sharply for the nones.
A better preest I trowe that nowher non is.
He waited after no pompe ne reverence,
Ne maked him no spiced conscience,
But Cristes lore, and his apostles twelve,
He taught, but first he folwed it himselve.

To obviate the difficulties arising from this source, various attempts have been made to *translate* Chaucer into modern English. The portions modernized by Pope and Dryden are indeed splendid pieces of composition, worthy of the distinguished fame of their authors, but cannot be looked upon as *the poems of Chaucer*; not only the diction being wholly original, but in many instances the ideas being new. Several similar essays by inferior hands are still more objectionable. The most successful attempt to modernize Chaucer is that made by Wordsworth, Leigh Hunt, R. H. Horne, and others, in 1841. In this work, the spelling is modernized almost entirely, and a few of the obsolete words are replaced by others of kindred meaning now in use. Such other changes are also made in the verse as are rendered necessary by those just named, in order, under the new spelling, to maintain the metre and the rhyme. In this work we have, not *imitations* of Chaucer, nor even *translations*, but Chaucer himself, modernized indeed so far as to be intelligible to the common reader, but still retaining all his venerable simplicity, all his exquisite touches of nature, all his quiet humour, all his sweetness, truth, and unaffected pathos. The specimens given in the present compilation are from the edition just described.

They comprise the most of the Prologue to the Tales, and contain a pleasing and instructive picture of the state of manners among our ancestors five hundred years ago.

PROLOGUE

TO

THE CANTERBURY TALES.

WHEN that sweet April showers with downward shoot
 The drought of March have pierc'd unto the root,
 And bathéd every vein with liquid power,
 Whose virtue rare engendereth the flower ;
 When Zephyrus also with his fragrant breath
 Inspiréd hath in every grove and heath
 The tender shoots of green, and the young sun
 Hath in the Ram one half his journey run,
 And small birds in the trees make melody,
 That sleep and dream all night with open eye ;
 So nature stirs all energies and ages
 That folks are bent to go on pilgrimages,
 And palmers for to wander thro' strange strands
 To sing the holy mass in sundry lands :
 And more especially, from each shire's end
 Of England, they to Canterbury wend,
 The holy blissful martyr for to seek,
 Who hath upheld them when that they were weak.

It fell, within that season on a day
 In Southwark, at the Tabard as I lay,

Ready to wend upon my pilgrim route
To Canterbury, with a heart devout,
At night was come into that hostelry
Well nine-and-twenty in a company,
Of sundry folk who thus had chanced to fall
In fellowship, and pilgrims were they all,
That now to Canterbury town would ride.
The chambers and the stables they were wide,
And all of us refresh'd, and of the best.

And shortly when the sun was gone to rest,
So had I spoken with them every one,
That I was of their fellowship anon,
And made them promise early for to rise
To take our way there, as we did advise.
But ne'ertheless, while I have time and space,
Ere that I further in this story pace,
Methinks it were accordant with good sense
To tell you the condition and pretence
Of each of them, so as it seem'd to me ;
And which they were—of what kind, and degree ;
And eke in what array that they were in :
And at a knight, then, will I first begin.

A KNIGHT there was, and that a worthy man,
Who from the hour on which he first began
To ride out, vowed himself to chivalry,
Honour and truth, freedom and courtesy.
In his lord's war right worthy had he shone,
And thereto ridden—none had further gone,
In Christian, and in Heathen land, no less ;
And ever honour'd for his worthiness.

At Alexandria was he when 't was won.
 Full oft the wassail board he had begun,
 Above the bravest warriors out of Prusse;
 In Lithuania had he serv'd, and Russe;
 No Christian man so oft of his degree.
 At Algeziras, in Granada, he
 Had join'd the siege; and ridden in Belmarie:
 At Layas was he, and at Satalie
 When they were won; and, borne on the Great Sea,
 At many a noble fight of ships was he.
 In mortal battles had he been fifteen,
 And fought for our true faith, at Tramissene,
 In the lists thrice—and always slain his foe.
 And this same worthy Knight had been also
 In Anatolia sometime with a lord,
 Fighting against the foes of God his word;
 And evermore he won a sovereign prize.
 Though thus at all times honour'd, he was wise,
 And of his port as meek as is a maid.
 He never yet a word discourteous said
 In all his life to any mortal wight:
 He was a very perfect gentle knight.

But for to tell you of his staid array,—
 His horse was good, albeit he was not gay.
 He wore a fustian cassock, short and plain,
 All smutch'd with rust from coat of mail, and rain.
 For he was late return'd; and he was sage,
 And cared for nought but his good pilgrimage.

His son, a young SQUIRE, with him there I saw;
 A lover and a lusty bachelor;
 With locks crisp curl'd, as they'd been laid in press:
 Of twenty years of age he was, I guess.

He was in stature of the common length,
 With wondrous nimbleness, and great of strength :
 And he had been in expeditions threc,
 In Flanders, Artois, and in Picardy ;
 And borne him well, tho' in so little space,
 In hope to stand fair in his lady's grace.

Embroider'd was he, as it were a mead
 All crowded with fresh flowers, white and red.
 Singing he was, or fluting all the day :
 He was as fresh as is the month of May.
 Short was his gown, with sleeves right long and wide ;
 Well could he sit his horse, and fairly ride.
 He could make songs, and letters well endite,
 Joust and eke dance, and portraits paint, and write.
 His amorous ditties nightly fill'd the vale ;
 He slept no more than doth the nightingale.

Courteous he was, modest and serviceable,
 And carv'd before his father at the table.

A YEOMAN had he ; and no page beside :
 It pleased him, on this journey, thus to ride ;
 And he was clad in coat and hood of green.
 A sheaf of peacock arrows, bright and keen,
 Under his belt he bare full thriftily :
 Well could he dress his tackle yeomanly ;
 His arrows droopéd not with feathers low ;
 And in his hand he bare a mighty bow.
 His head was like a nut, with visage brown.
 Of wood-craft all the ways to him were known.
 An arm-brace wore he that was rich and broad,
 And by his side a buckler and a sword ;
 While on the other side a dagger rare
 Well sheathed was hung, and on his breast he bare

A large St. Christopher of silver sheen.
 A horn he had ; the baldric was of green.
 A forester was he truly, as I guess.

There was, likewise, a Nun, a PRIORESS,
 That of her smiling was full simple and coy.
 Her greatest oath was but "by Saint Eloy;"
 And she was naméd Madam Eglentine.
 Right well she sang the services divine,
 Entunéd in her nose with accent sweet ;
 And French she spake full properly and neat,
 After the school of Stratford, at Bow town,
 For French of Paris was to her unknown.
 At table she was scrupulous withal ;
 No morsel from her lips did she let fall,
 Nor in her sauce would dip her fingers deep.
 Well could she carry a morsel, and well keep,
 That not a drop e'er fell upon her breast.
 In courtesy her pleasure much did rest.
 Her dainty upper-lip she wiped so clean
 That in her cup there was no farthing seen
 Of grease, when she had drunk ; and for her meat
 Full seemly bent she forward on her seat.
 And of a truth she was of great disport ;
 Pleasant to all and amiable of port.
 It gave her pain to counterfeit the ways
 Of court ; its stately manner and displays ;
 And to be held in distant reverence.

But for to tell you of her consciéce,
 She was so tender and so piteous,
 She would shed tears if that she saw a mouse
 Caught in a trap, if it were hurt or dead.
 She had some small hounds, which she always fed

With roasted meat, and milk, and fine wheat bread;
 But sore wept she if one of them were dead,
 Or if men with a stick e'er struck it smart:
 And all was conscience and tender heart.

Full seemly was her kerchief crimp'd across;
 Her nose well cut and long; eyes grey as glass;
 Her mouth was small, and thereto soft and red,
 And certainly a forehead fair she had:
 It was almost a span in breadth, I trow;
 And truly she was not of stature low.
 Most proper was her cloak, as I was ware.
 Of coral small about her arm she bare
 Two strings of beads, bedizen'd all with green,
 And thereon hung a broach of gold full sheen,
 On which was graven first a crownéd A,
 And after "*Amor vincit omnia.*"

A CLERK there was, from Oxford, in the press
 Who in pure logic placed his happiness.
 His horse was lean as any garden rake;
 And he was not right fat, I undertake;
 But hollow look'd, and sober, and ill fed.
 His uppermost short cloak was a bare thread,
 For he had got no benefice as yet,
 Nor for a worldly office was he fit.
 For he had rather have at his bed's head
 Some twenty volumes, clothed in black or red,
 Of Aristotle and his philosophy,
 Than richest robes, fiddle, or psaltery.
 But though a true philosopher was he,
 Yet had he little gold beneath his key;
 But every farthing that his friends e'er lent,
 In books and learning was it always spent;

And busily he pray'd for the sweet souls
Of those who gave him wherewith for the schools.
He bent on study his chief care and heed.
Not a word spake he more than there was need,
And this was said with form and gravest stress,
And short and quick, full of sententiousness.
Sounding in moral virtue was his speech,
And gladly would he learn, and gladly teach.

A SERJEANT of the LAW, wise, wary, arch,
Who oft had gossip'd long in the church porch,
Was also there, full rich of excellence.
Discreet he was and of great reverence ;
For such he seem'd, his words were all so wise.
Justice he was full often in assize ;
By patent and commission from the crown,
For his keen science and his high renown.
Of fees and robes he many had I ween :
So great a purchaser was nowhere seen.
All was fee simple to him, in effect ;
His rightful gainings no one could suspect.
So busy a man as he no circuit has ;
And yet he seeméd busier than he was.
He had at tip of tongue all cases plain,
With all the judgments, since King William's reign.
He likewise could indite such perfect law,
None in his parchments could pinch out a flaw :
And every statute he knew well by rote.
He rode but homely in a medley coat,
With band of twill'd silk round the loins made fast :
On his array no more time shall I waste.

A FRANKLIN* in this company appear'd :
 White as a daisy was this Franklin's beard.
 With sanguine hues did his complexion shine.
 Well loved he in the morn a sop in wine.
 His days he gave to pleasure, every one ;
 For he was Epicurus's own son,
 Who held the opinion that a life of bliss
 Was verily man's perfect happiness.

An householder of great extent was he ;
 He was St. Julian† in his own countréy.
 With bread and ale his board was always crown'd :
 A better cellar nowhere could be found.
 His pantry never was without baked meat,
 And fish and flesh, so plenteous and complete,
 It snow'd within his house of meat and drink,
 Of all the dainties that a man could think,
 After the sundry seasons of the year,
 His meats thus changed he, and his supper cheer.
 Full many a partridge fat had he in mew,
 And many a bream and many a jack in stew.
 Woe to his cook, unless his sauces were
 Made piquant rich, and ready all his gear.
 His table with repletion heavy lay
 Amidst his hall, throughout the feast-long day.

At sessions there was he both lord and sire.
 Full often time he had been Knight o' the Shire.
 A dagger, and a purse of netted silk,
 Hung at his girdle, white as morning milk.

* A large Freeholder, and wealthy country gentleman.

† " St. Julian was eminent for providing his votaries with good lodgings and accommodations of all sorts."—*Tyrwhitt*.

Sheriff—comptroller—magistrate he'd been ;
 A worthier franklin there was nowhere seen.

A HABERDASHER, and a CARPENTER,
 A WEAVER, DYER, TAPSTER, eke were here,
 All in the self-same livery attired,
 And with a grave fraternity inspired.
 Right fresh and new their spruce appearance was.
 Their knives were not trickt out with common brass,
 But all with silver neatly overwrought ;
 Their girdles and their pouches eke, methought.
 Each seem'd a worthy burgess, fit and fair
 To sit in the guild hall on high-floor'd chair ;
 And for the wisdom that his brain could plan
 Was well cut out to be an alderman.
 Enough for this they had of kine and rent,
 And very gladly would their wives assent,
 Or else they were to blame, I swear by Adam :
 'Tis a fine thing to be entitled " Madam"
 And foremost walk to fêtes, at eve or morn,
 And have a mantle royally up-borne.

A Cook was carried with this pilgrim coil,
 The chickens and the marrow-bones to boil,
 And powder tarts, and frost the sweatmeats rare.
 To London ale, with one draught, he could swear.
 And he could roast, and seethe, and broil, and fry,
 Make pounded game soups, and well bake a pie.
 But great harm was it—as it seem'd to me—
 That on his shin an angry sore had he.
 But for blanc-mange, he made that with the best.

A SKIPPER was there, come from out the West,
 He was at Dartmouth born, for aught I know.
 He rode upon a hack-nag, anyhow,
 All in a coarse frock reaching to his knee.
 A dagger, hanging by a lace, had he
 About his neck, under his arm adown.
 The summer hot had made his hue all brown,
 And certainly he was a fellow good.
 Wine had he drawn right often from the wood
 In Bourdeaux docks, while that the dealers snored :
 For a nice conscience he cared not a cord.
 If that he fought, and had the higher hand,
 By water he sent them home to every land.*
 But of his craft to reckon well each tide,
 His inland streams, and unknown strands beside,
 His harbour, compass, moon, and gallant trim,
 'Twixt Hull and Carthage there was none like him.
 Hardy he was, and very wise I reckon :
 With many a tempest had his beard been shaken.
 He knew well all the havens, as they were,
 From Gothland, to the Cape de Finistere,
 And every creek in Britain and in Spain :
 His jolly bark was call'd the "Magdelain."

A DOCTOR OF PHYSIC rode with us along ;
 There was none like him in this wide world's throng,
 To speak of physic and of surgery ;
 For he was grounded in astronomy.

* Verbatim from Chaucer, but the meaning is not very clear. Is it to be inferred that he drowned his piratical prisoners,—“every land” meaning the bottom of the sea ?

He very much prolong'd his patients' hours
 By natural magic ; and the ascendant powers
 Of figures that he cast, his art could make
 Benign of aspect, for his patient's sake.
 He knew the cause of every malady,
 Were it of cold, or hot, or moist, or dry,
 And how engender'd—what the humours were—
 He was a very perfect practiser.
 The cause once known, and root of the disease,
 Anon he placed the sick man at his ease.
 Full ready had he his apothecaries
 To send him drugs and his electuaries,
 And each one made the other sure to win :
 Their friendship was no new thing to begin.
 Well the old Æsculapius he knew,
 And Dioscorides, and Rufus too ;
 Hali, and old Hippocrates, and Galen,
 Serapion, Rasis, and wise Avicen ;
 Averroes, Damascene, and Constantin,
 Deep-seeing Bernard, Gatesden, Gilbertin.
 His diet by its nutriment weigh'd he,
 For to be charged with superfluity
 In meat and drink, had been to him a libel.
 His study was but little in the Bible.
 He was all clad in crimson and sky-grey,
 With thin silk lined, and lustrous taffeta.
 And yet he was but moderate in expense.
 He hoarded what he gain'd i' the pestilence ;
 For gold in physic is a cordial old—
 Therefore the Doctor specially loved gold.

A good man of religion did I see,
 And a poor PARSON of a town was he :

But rich he was of holy thought and work.
 He also was a learned man, a clerk,
 And truly would Christ's holy gospel preach,
 And his parishioners devoutly teach.
 Benign he was and wondrous diligent,
 And patient when adversity was sent ;
 Such had he often proved, and loath was he
 To curse for tythes and ransack poverty ;
 But rather would he give, there is no doubt,
 Unto his poor parishioners about,
 Of his own substance, and his offerings too.
 His wants were hum'le, and his needs but few.

Wide was his parish—houses far asunder—
 But he neglected nought for rain or thunder,
 In sickness and in grief to visit all
 The farthest in his parish, great and small ;
 Always on foot, and in his hand a stave.
 This noble example to his flock he gave ;
 That first he wrought, and afterwards he taught.
 Out of the Gospel he that lesson caught,
 And this new figure added he thereto,—
 That if gold rust, then what should iron do ?
 And if a priest be foul, on whom we trust,
 No wonder if an ignorant man should rust :
 And shame it is, if that a priest take keep,
 To see an obscene shepherd and clean sheep.
 Well ought a priest to all example give,
 By his pure conduct, how his sheep should live.
 He let not out his benefice for hire,
 Leaving his flock encumber'd in the mire,
 While he ran up to London, to St. Paul's,
 To seek a well-paid chantery for souls,

Or with a loving friend his pastime hold ;
 But dwelt at home and tended well his fold,
 So that to foil the wolf he was right wary :
 He was a shepherd, and no mercenary.
 And though he holy was and virtuous,
 He was to sinful men full piteous ;
 His words were strong, but not with anger fraught :
 A lore benignant he discreetly taught.
 To draw mankind to heaven by gentleness
 And good example, was his business.
 But if that any one were obstinate,
 Whether he were of high or low estate,
 Him would he sharply check with alter'd mien :
 A better parson there was nowhere seen.
 He paid no court to pomps and reverence,
 Nor spiced his conscience at his soul's expense ;*
 But Jesus' lore, which owns no pride or pelf,
 He taught—but first he follow'd it himself.

A PLOUGHMAN† hale, his brother, with him rode,
 Who of manure had spread full many a load.
 A right good, constant, labouring man was he,
 Living in peace and perfect charity.
 O'er all the world to God he gave his heart
 At all times, whether for his gain or smart ;
 And next his neighbour as himself he held.
 He thrash'd, made dykes, he planted, or he fell'd,
 For Jesus' sake, in aid of each poor wight,
 And without hire, when it lay in his might.

* That is, he did not embalm or preserve his conscience by sophistries and artificial moralities.

† Ploughman here signifies a small farmer.

His tythes he also paid without a word,
 Both of his proper labour and his herd.
 In a short frock he rode upon a mare.

A Miller and a Reve were also there ;
 A Sompnour and a Pardoner—making four—
 A Manciple and myself: there were no more.*

The MILLER was a stout carl, deep of tones ;
 Right large he was of brawn, and eke of bones,
 Which he proved well, for over all that came
 In wrestling he would bear away the ram.
 With shoulders broad and short—a knob or gnarr—
 There was no door but he 'd heave up the bar,
 Or break, by running at it with his head.
 His beard as any sow or fox was red,
 And thereto broad, as though it were a spade.
 Upon the tip-top of his nose he had
 A wart, and thereon stood a tuft of hairs,
 Red as the bristles of a wild sow's ears :
 His open nostrils they were black and wide.
 A sword and buckler bare he by his side.
 His mouth gaped like a furnace, red and great.
 He was a huge wag and enjoy'd his prate,
 Which mainly turn'd on sin and haunts of vice.
 He oft stole corn, and charged, for grinding, thrice.
 And yet he had a golden thumb, pardie !
 A white coat with a hood of blue had he.

* Reve, a steward ; Sompnour, a summoner, the officer (now called an apparitor) who summoned delinquents to appear in ecclesiastical courts, Manciple, the caterer or steward of an Inn of Court.

A bagpipe well he play'd with squeal and croon,
And therewithal he brought us out of town.

There was a courteous MANCIPLE of a temple,
And caterers all from him might take example,
How to be wise in furnishing the board ;
For whether that he paid, or had it scored,
He for his bargain would his time so bide
That he was always on the safest side.
Now is not that a sign of heaven's good grace,
When one of such unlearn'd wit should out-pace
The wisdom of a heap of learned men ?

Of gownsmen had he more than three times ten,
Who were in law expert and curious ;
Of which there were a dozen in that house,
Fit to be stewards of the rents and land
Of any lord that dwelleth in Englánd ;—
And make him live well by his own estate
In debtless honour—were his squanderings great,
Or let him live as sparcely as he would ;
And all his shire be able to do good
In any ills that fall to mortal lot :—
And yet this Manciple made them fools, I wot.

The REVE he was a slender choleric man.
His beard he shaves as close as ever he can.
His formal hair was shorn stiff round his ears ;
His crown was dock'd as a priest's front appears.
Full long were both his spindle legs, and lean ;
Just like a walking-stick—no calf was seen.
Well could he keep a garner and a bin ;
There was no auditor could on him win.

He knew well by the drought and by the rain,
The yielding of the seed and of the grain.
His lordship's flocks, his dairy, and his herd,
His swine, his horses, stores, and poultry-yard,
Were wholly in this Reve's good governing,
And 't was his duty to give reckoning.
Since that his lord was twenty years of age
No one could find arrears upon his page.
There was no bailiff, herdsman, groom, or hind,
But he knew all his sleights, and how to find :
They dreaded him as though he had been death.

His dwelling-house stood fair upon a heath ;
With green trees all the place was in soft shade.
A bargain better than his lord he made.
Much riches had he privately in store.
He subtilly pleas'd his lordship evermore,
Who gave and lent him of his substance good :
The Reve got thanks—besides a coat and hood.
In youth a good trade practis'd well had he,
And was a clever hand at carpentry.

This Reve upon a stallion sat, I wot ;
Of apple-spotted grey, and christen'd Scot.
His sky-blue surcoat lengthily was made,
And by his side he bare a rusty blade.
Of Norfolk was this wight of whom I tell,
Near to a town that was call'd Balderswell.
Like to a friar his clothes were tuck'd about ;
And ever he rode the hindmost of the route.

in 1553, died 1599. Age 46 years.
He was a favorite in the court of
Queen Elizabeth. His great Poem
is the Faery Queen. It is an allegory
made to illustrate certain virtues, such
as Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, &c.
Prince Arthur is the hero of the whole
poem.

SPENSER.

“It is easy,” says Pope, “to mark out the general course of our poetry; Chaucer, Spenser, Milton, and Dryden are the great landmarks for it.”

EDMUND SPENSER was, like Chaucer, a native of London. He was born in 1553, and died in 1599. He was contemporary with Shakspeare, and Ben Jonson, and a favourite in the Court of Queen Elizabeth, where he enjoyed the friendship and patronage of Raleigh and Sir Philip Sidney.

His great Poem, the Faery Queen, is a work intended to be in twelve books, of which however only six were completed. It is an extended allegory, with imagery drawn from the popular notions concerning Fairies, and made to illustrate certain virtues, such as Holiness, Temperance, Chastity, &c. Each book contains a separate adventure, undertaken by a particular Knight, who is its hero, and who is the personification of some one of the virtues. The plan then comprehends twelve Knights with twelve separate adventures, all instituted by the Queen of Fairy land, for the purpose of giving practical instruction in the various virtues to the noble Prince Arthur, who visited her court for this purpose, and who is the hero of the whole poem.

Notwithstanding the conceit of the allegory, which,

in inferior hands, would have become a mere barren speculation, Spenser contrives to create a lively and abiding interest in his subject. The truth is, the reader forgets the allegory in the absorbing interest of what is, notwithstanding its fantastic garb, a true tale of human passions and feelings. Spenser is considered the most luxuriant and melodious versifier in the English language. In regard to diction, he was led by the nature of his subject to use a general style of expression which was partially obsolete even then, as may be seen by comparing a page of the Faery Queen with a page of Shakspeare or Ben Jonson.

The spelling is modernized. There is also an occasional gloss at the bottom of the page. No other change was believed to be necessary to a full and ready comprehension of the text by ordinary readers of English poetry.

THE RED CROSS KNIGHT AND THE LADY UNA.

A gentle Knight was pricking on the plain,
 Yclad* in mighty arms and silver shield,
 Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
 The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
 Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
 His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
 As much disdainig to the curb to yield:
 Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
 As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

* *Yclad*, clad.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
 The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
 For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
 And dead, as living ever, him adored :
 Upon his shield the like was also scored,
 For sovereign hope, which in his help he had.
 Right, faithful, true he was in deed and word ;
 But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad ;
 Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.*

Upon a great adventure he was bond,
 That greatest Gloriana to him gave,
 (That greatest glorious queen of Faerie lond,)
 To win him worship, and her grace to have,
 Which of all earthly things he most did crave :
 And ever, as he rode, his heart did yearn
 To prove his puissance in battle brave
 Upon his foe, and his new force to learn ,
 Upon his foe, a Dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely Lady rode him fair beside,
 Upon a lowly ass more white than snow ;
 Yet she much whiter ; but the same did hide
 Under a veil, that wimpled was full low ;
 And over all a black stole she did throw :
 As one that inly mourned, so was she sad.
 And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow ;
 Seeméd in heart some hidden care she had ;
 And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
 She was in life and every virtuous lore ;
 And by descent from royal lineage came

* Ydrad, dreaded.

Dreaded.
The word is used in the first part of the poem.
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The word is used in the first part of the poem.

Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore
 Their sceptres stretcht from east to western shore,
 And all the world in their subjection held ;
 Till that infernal Fiend with foul uproar
 Forwasted all their land, and them expelled ;
 Whom to avenge, she had this Knight from far compelled.

Behind her far away a Dwarf did lag,
 That lazy seemed, in being ever last
 Or wearied with bearing of her bag
 Of needments at his back. Thus as they past,
 The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
 And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain
 Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
 That every wight to shroud it did constrain ;
 And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some cover nigh at hand,
 A shady grove not far away they spied,
 That promised aid the tempest to withstand ;
 Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
 Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
 Not pierceable with power of any star :
 And all within were paths and alleys wide,
 With footing worn, and leading inward far :
 Fair harbour that them seems ; so in they entered are

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
 Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
 Which, therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
 Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky.
 Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,

The sailing pine ; the cedar proud and tall ;
 The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry ;
 The builder oak, sole king of forests all ;
 The aspen good for staves ; the cypress funeral ;

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
 And poets sage ; the fir that weepeth still ;
 The willow, worn of forlorn paramours ;
 The yew, obedient to the bender's will ;
 The birch for shafts ; the sallow for the mill ;
 The myrrh sweet-bleeding in the bitter wound ;
 The warlike beech ; the ash for nothing ill ;
 The fruitful olive ; and the plantain round ;
 The carver holme ; the maple seldom inward sound.

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
 Until the blustering storm is overblown ;
 When, weening to return whence they did stray,
 They cannot find that path, which first was shown,
 But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
 Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
 That makes them doubt their wits be not their own :
 So many paths, so many turnings seen,
 That, which of them to take, in diverse doubt they been.

At last resolving forward still to fare,
 Till that some end they find, or in or out,
 That path they take, that beaten seemed most bare,
 And like to lead the labyrinth about ;
 Which when by tract they hunted had throughout,
 At length it brought them to a hollow cave,
 Amid the thickest woods. The Champion stout

Eftsoons* dismounted from his courser brave,
And to the Dwarf a while his needless spear he gave.

“Be well aware,” quoth then that Lady mild,
“Lest sudden mischief ye too rash provoke :
The danger hid, the place unknown and wild,
Breeds dreadful doubts : oft fire is without smoke,
And peril without show : therefore your stroke,
Sir Knight, with-hold, till further trial made.”
“Ah Lady,” said he, “shame were to revoke
The forward footing for an hidden shade :
Virtue gives her self light through darkness for to wade.”

“Yea but,” quoth she, “the peril of this place
I better wot than you : Though now too late
To wish you back return with foul disgrace,
Yet wisdom warns, whilst foot is in the gate,
To stay the step, ere forcéd to retrate.
This is the Wandering Wood, this *Error's Den*,
A monster vile, whom God and man does hate :
Therefore I read† beware.”—“Fly, fly,” quoth then
The fearful dwarf; “this is no place for living men.”

* Immediately.

ADVENTURE OF UNA WITH THE LION.

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woeful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
To seek her knight ; who, subtly betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned ; she of nought afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought ;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight ;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight ;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside : her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place ;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortun'd, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood :
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devour'd her tender corse :
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kiss'd her weary feet,
 And lick'd her lily hands with fawning tongue;
 As he her wronged innocence did meet.
 O how can beauty master the most strong,
 And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
 Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
 Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
 Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
 And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

"The lion, lord of every beast in field,"
 Quoth she, "his princely puissance doth abate,
 And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
 Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
 Him prick'd, in pity of my sad estate:
 But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
 How does he find in cruel heart to hate
 Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
 As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred!"

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
 Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
 And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
 The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
 With pity calm'd down fell his angry mood.
 At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
 Arose the virgin born of heav'nly brood,
 And to her snowy palfrey got again,
 To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
 But with her went along, as a strong guard
 Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
 Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:

Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward ;
 And when she waked, he waited diligent,
 With humble service to her will prepared ;
 From her fair eyes he took commandement,
 And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

ARCHIMAGO'S HERMITAGE, AND THE HOUSE OF MOR-
 PHEUS.

THE magician, Archimago, lures Una and the Red-Cross Knight into his abode ; and while they are asleep, sends to Morpheus, the god of sleep, for a false dream, to produce discord between them.

A little lowly hermitage it was
 Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
 Far from resort of people, that did pass
 In travel to and fro : a little wide
 There was a holy chapel edified,
 Wherein the hermit duly wont to say
 His holy things each morn and eventide ;
 Thereby a crystal stream did gently play
 Which from a sacred fountain wellèd forth alway.

Arrivèd there the little house they fill,
 Nor look for entertainment where none was ;
 Rest is their feast, and all things at their will :
 The noblest mind the best contentment has.
 With fair discourse the evening so they pass,
 For that old man of pleasing words had store,
 And well could file his tongue as smooth as glass :
 He told of saints and popes, and evermore
 He strew'd an Ave Mary, after and before.

The drooping night thus creepeth on them fast ;
 And the sad humor, loading their eye-lids,
 As messenger of Morpheus, on them cast
 Sweet slumbering dew ; the which to sleep them bids.
 Unto their lodgings then his guests he rides ;
 Where, when all drown'd in deadly sleep he finds,
 He to his study goes, and there amidst'
 His magic books and arts of sundry kinds,
 He seeks out mighty charms to trouble sleepy minds.

Then choosing out few words most horrible
 (Let none them read !) thereof did verses frame,
 With which, and other spells like terrible,
 He bad awake black Pluto's grisly dame,
 And cursèd Heaven ; and spake reproachful shame
 Of highest God, the Lord of life and light :
 A bold bad man, that dar'd to call by name
 Great Gorgon, prince of darkness and dead night ;
 At which Cocytus quakes, and Styx is put to flight.

And forth he call'd out of deep darkness dread
 Legions of 'sprites, the which, like little flies,
 Fluttering about his ever cursèd head,
 Await where to their service he applies,
 To aid his friends, or fray his enemies ;
 Of those he chose out two, the falsest two
 And fittest for to forge true-seeming lies ;
 The one of them he gave a message to,
 The other by himself staid other work to do.

He maketh speedy way through spersèd air,
 And through the world of waters wide and deep,
 To Morpheus' house doth hastily repair.—
 Amid the bowels of the earth full steep,

And low, where dawning day doth never peep,
 His dwelling is; there Tethys his wet bed
 Doth ever wash, and Cynthia still doth steep
 In silver dew his ever-drooping head,
 While sad night over him her mantle black doth spread.

Whose double gates he findeth lockèd fast;
 The one fair fram'd of burnish'd ivory,
 The other all with silver overcast;
 And wakeful dogs before them far do lie,
 Watching to banish Care their enemy,
 Who oft is wont to trouble gentle Sleep.
 By them the sprite doth pass in quietly
 And unto Morpheus comes, whom drownèd deep
 In drowsy fit he finds; of nothing he takes keep.

And more to lull him in his slumber soft,
 A trickling stream, from high rock tumbling down,
 And ever drizzling rain upon the loft,
 Mix'd with a murmuring wind, much like the soun'
 Of swarming bees, did cast him in a swoun:
 No other noise, nor people's troublous cries,
 As still are wont t' annoy the wallèd town,
 Might there be heard; but careless Quiet lies,
 Wrapt in eternal silence, far from enemies.

The messenger approaching to him spake,
 But his waste words return'd to him in vain,
 So sound he slept, that naught might him awake.
 Then rudely he him thrust, and push'd with pain,
 Whereat he 'gan to stretch: but he again
 Shook him so hard, that forcèd him to speak
 As one then in a dream, whose drier brain

Is tost with troubled sights and fancies weak,
He mumbled soft, but would not all his silence break.

The sprite then 'gan more boldly him to wake,
And threaten'd unto him the dreaded name
Of Hecaté: whereat he 'gan to quake,
And lifting up his lumpish head, with blame
Half angry askèd him, for what he came.

"Hither," quoth he, "me Archimago sent:
He that the stubborn sprites can wisely tame;
He bids thee to him send for his intent

A fit false dream, that can delude the sleeper's sent."

The god obeyed; and calling forth straightway
A divers dream out of his prison dark,
Deliver'd it to him, and down did lay
His heavy head, devoid of careful cark;
Whose senses all were straight benumb'd and stark.

He, back returning by the ivory door,
Remounted up as light as cheerful lark;
And on his little wings the dream he bore

In haste unto his lord, where he him left afore.

THE CAVE OF MAMMON.

Sir Guyon, another Knight, bound upon adventure,
while crossing a desert, finds Mammon sitting amidst his
gold in a gloomy valley, but successfully resists the
temptation.

That house's form within was rude and strong,
Like a huge cave hewn out of rocky clift,
From whose rough vault the ragged branches hung
Emboast with massy gold of glorious gift,

And with rich metal loaded every rift,
 That heavy ruin they did seem to threat;
 And over them Arachne high did lift
 Her cunning web, and spread her subtle net,
 Enwrappèd in foul smoke, and clouds more black than jet.

Both roof and floor, and walls were all of gold,
 But overgrown with dust and old decay,
 And hid in darkness, that none could behold
 The hue thereof; for view of cheerful day
 Did never in that house itself display,
 But a faint shadow of uncertain light;
 Such as a lamp, whose life does fade away;
 Or as the moon, clothèd with cloudy night,
 Does show to him that walks in fear and sad affright.

In all that room was nothing to be seen,
 But huge great iron chests and coffers strong,
 All barr'd with double bands, that none could ween
 Them to enforce by violence or wrong;
 On every side they placèd were along;
 But all the ground with skulls was scatterèd,
 And dead men's bones, which round about were flung,
 Whose lives (it seemèd) whilome there were shed,
 And their vile carcasses now left unburièd.

They forward pass, nor Guyon yet spake word,
 Till that they came unto an iron door,
 Which to them open'd of its own accord,
 And show'd of riches such exceeding store,
 As eye of man did never see before,
 Nor ever could within one place be found,
 Though all the wealth which is, or was of yore,
 Could gathered be through all the world around,
 And that above were added to that under ground.

The charge thereof unto a covetous sprite
 Commanded was, who thereby did attend,
 And warily awaited, day and night,
 From other covetous fiends it to defend,
 Who it to rob and ransack did intend.
 Then Mammon turning to that warrior, said :
 " Lo here the worldè's bliss ! lo here the end,
 To which all men do aim, rich to be made !
 Such grace now to be happy is before thee laid."

" Certes" (said he) " I n'ill thine offered grace,
 Nor to be made so happy do intend ;
 Another bliss before mine eyes I place,
 Another happiness, another end :
 To them that list, these base regards I lend ;
 But I in arms, and in achievements brave,
 Do rather choose my fitting hours to spend,
 And to be lord of those that riches have,
 Than them to have myself, and be their servile slave.

BRIDAL VERSES.

This " noblest spousal verse" in the language, is from the Epithalamium composed by Spenser on the occasion of bringing home his wife, the " Elizabeth" of his Sonnets.

1
 Wake now, my love, awake ; for it is time ;
 The rosy morn long since left Tithon's bed,
 All ready to her silver coach to climb ;
 And Phœbus 'gins to show his glorious head.

Hark! now the cheerful birds do chant their lays,
And carol of Love's praise.

The merry lark her matins sings aloft;
The thrush replies; the mavis descant plays;
The ouzel shrills; the ruddock warbles soft;
So goodly all agree, with sweet consent,
To this day's merriment.

Ah! my dear love, why do you sleep thus long,
When meeter were that you should now awake,
T' await the coming of your joyous make,
And hearken to the bird's love-learned song,
The dewy leaves among!
For they of joy and pleasance to you sing,
That all the woods them answer and their echo ring.

My love is now awake out of her dream,
And her fair eyes, like stars that dimmed were
With darksome cloud, now show their goodly beams
More bright than Hesperus his head doth rear.
Come now, ye damsels, daughters of delight,
Help quickly her to dight:
But first come, ye fair Hours, which were begot,
In Jove's sweet paradise, of Day and Night;
Which do the seasons of the year allot,
And all, that ever in this world is fair,
Do make and still repair;
And ye three handmaids of the Cyprian Queen,
The which do still adorn her beauties' pride,
Help to adorn my beautifullest bride:
And, as ye her array, still throw between
Some graces to be seen;
And, as ye use to Venus, to her sing,
The whiles the woods shall answer, and your echo ring.

Now is my love all ready forth to come :
 Let all the virgins therefore well await ;
 And ye, fresh boys, that tend upon her groom,
 Prepare yourselves, for he is coming straight.
 Set all your things in seemly good array,
 Fit for so joyful day :
 The joyfull'st day that ever sun did see.
 Fair Sun ! show forth thy favourable ray,
 And let thy lifeful heat not fervent be,
 For fear of burning her sunshiny face,
 Her beauty to disgrace.
 O fairest Phœbus ! father of the Muse !
 If ever I did honour thee aright,
 Or sing the thing that might thy mind delight,
 Do not thy servant's simple boon refuse,
 But let this day, let this one day be mine ;
 Let all the rest be thine.
 Then I thy sovereign praises loud will sing,
 That all the woods shall answer, and their echo ring.

Lo ! where she comes along with portly pace,
 Like Phœbe, from her chamber of the east,
 Arising forth to run her mighty race,
 Clad all in white, that seems a virgin best.
 So well it her beseems, that ye would ween
 Some angel she had been.
 Her long loose yellow locks, like golden wire,
 Sprinkled with pearl, and pearling flowers atween,
 Do like a golden mantle her attire ;
 And being crowned with a garland green,
 Seem like some maiden queen.

Her modest eyes, abashed to behold
 So many gazers as on her do stare,
 Upon the lowly ground affixed are ;
 Ne dare lift up her countenance too bold,
 But blush to hear her praises sung so loud,
 So far from being proud.
 Nathless do ye still loud her praises sing,
 That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

Tell me, ye merchants' daughters, did ye see
 So fair a creature in your town before ?
 So sweet, so lovely, and so mild as she,
 Adorned with beauty's grace, and virtue's store ;
 Her goodly eyes like sapphires shining bright,
 Her forehead ivory white,
 Her cheeks like apples which the sun hath rudded,
 Her lips like cherries charming men to bite,
 Her breast like to a bowl of cream uncrudded.
 Why stand ye still, ye virgins in amaze,
 Upon her so to gaze,
 Whiles ye forget your former lay to sing
 To which the woods did answer, and your echo ring ?

But if ye saw that which no eyes can see,
 The inward beauty of her lively sp'rit,
 Garnished with heavenly gifts of high degree,
 Much more then would ye wonder at that sight,
 And stand astonished like to those which read
 Medusa's mazelful head.
 There dwells sweet Love, and constant Chastity,
 Unspotted Faith, and comely Womanhood,
 Regard of Honour, and mild Modesty ;

There Virtue reigns as queen in royal throne,
And giveth laws alone,
The which the base affections do obey,
And yield their services unto her will ;
Ne thought of things uncomely ever may
Thereto approach to tempt her mind to ill.
Had ye once seen these her celestial treasures,
And unrevealed pleasures,
Then would ye wonder and her praises sing,
That all the woods would answer, and your echo ring

Open the temple gates unto my love,
Open them wide that she may enter in,
And all the posts adorn as doth behove,
And all the pillars deck with garlands trim,
For to receive this saint with honour due,
That cometh in to you.

With trembling steps, and humble reverence,
She cometh in, before the Almighty's view :
Of her, ye virgins, learn obedience,
When so ye come into those holy places,
To humble your proud faces :
Bring her up to the high altar, that she may
The sacred ceremonies there partake,
The which do endless matrimony make ;
And let the roaring organs loudly play
The praises of the Lord in lively notes ;
The whiles, with hollow throats,
The choristers the joyous anthem sing,
That all the woods may answer, and their echo ring.

Behold, while she before the altar stands,
Hearing the holy priest that to her speaks,

And blesseth her with his two happy hands,
How the red roses flush up in her cheeks,
And the pure snow, with goodly vermeil stain,
Like crimson dyed in grain ;
That even the angels, which continually
About the sacred altar do remain,
Forget their service and about her fly,
Oft peeping in her face, that seems more fair,
The more they on it stare.
But her sad eyes, still fastened on the ground,
Are governed with goodly modesty,
That suffers not a look to glance awry,
Which may let in a little thought unsound.
Why blush you, love, to give to me your hand,
The pledge of all our band ?
Sing, ye sweet angels, alleluya sing,
That all the woods may answer, and your echo ring.

MUSIC IN THE GARDEN OF BLISS.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere :
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be :
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony ;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attemper'd sweet;
'Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine response meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

THE MISERY OF A COURTIER'S LIFE.

Full little knowest thou that hast not tried,
What hell it is in suing long to bide;
To lose good days that might be better spent;
To waste long nights in pensive discontent;
To speed to-day, to be put back to-morrow;
'To feed on hope, to pine with fear and sorrow;
To have thy prince's grace, yet want her peers';
To have thy asking, yet wait many years;
To fret thy soul with crosses and with cares;
To eat thy heart through comfortless despairs;
To fawn, to crouch, to wait, to ride, to run,
To spend, to give, to wait, to be undone!

SHAKSPEARE.

“SINCE the beginning of the present century,” says the Edinburgh Review, “Shakspeare’s influence on our literature has been very great; and the recognition of his supremacy not only more unqualified, but more intelligent than ever. In many instances, indeed, the veneration for *the greatest of all poets* has risen to a height which amounts literally to idolatry.”

WILLIAM SHAKSPEARE was born at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1564. In 1586, at the age of twenty-two, he went to the great metropolis, where he almost immediately commenced his career, both as an actor and a writer of plays. He began to rise into distinction about the time of Spenser’s death. Having reached the highest point of success, and enjoyed for many years a reputation beyond anything before known in England, in 1612, after a life of twenty-six years amid the exciting scenes of London, the illustrious poet retired, in the fulness of his fame and with a handsome competency, to spend the remainder of his days in the peaceful country town in which he was born. He died at Stratford-on-Avon, in 1616, aged 52 years.

It is now two centuries and a half since his immortal dramas were penned, and they have been steadily rising in reputation ever since. The current of opinion

at the present time seems to be, to consider Shakspeare not merely as the first name in English literature, which it clearly is, but as the first name in all literature ancient or modern. He is, above all other writers, the poet of nature; the poet that holds up to his readers a faithful mirror of manners and of life. "His characters are not modified by the customs of particular places, unpractised by the rest of the world; by the peculiarities of studies or professions, which can operate but upon small numbers; or by the accidents of transient fashions or temporary opinions: they are the genuine progeny of common humanity, such as the world will always supply, and observation will always find. His persons act and speak by the influence of those general passions and principles by which all minds are agitated, and the whole system of life is continued in motion. In the writings of other poets a character is too often an individual; in those of Shakspeare it is commonly a species."*

Just at the time when Shakspeare was in the full meridian of his glory, the English translation of the Bible, now in use, was made by order of King James. The English Bible and Shakspeare's Plays, strange as the conjunction may sound, may yet well be named together in one respect. They have done more, probably, than all other causes combined, to fix the English language. They have, more than any other writings, been read by the common people, who are the great corrupters of language. No doubt there have been many changes in the language in the last two centuries and a half. But how few and small are they when com-

* Dr. Johnson.

pared with those of the two centuries and a half which preceded. Chaucer stood from Shakspeare at precisely the same distance that the latter does from us. Yet Chaucer had even then to *be translated into the modern tongue*. An *untranslated* specimen from the Canterbury Tales has already been given. The following, in prose, is from Sir John Fortescue, Chief Justice of England, who died in 1470, only little more than a century before Shakspeare's first published play.

“It is cowardise and lack of hartes and corage, that kepith the French men from rysing, and not povertye; which corage no Frenche man hath like to the English man. It hath been often seen in England that iij or iv thefes, for povertie, hath sett upon vij or viij true men, and robbyd them al. But it hath not ben seen in France, that vij or viij thefes have ben hardy to robbe iij or iv true men. Wherfor it is right seld that French men be hangyd for robberye, for that they have no hertys to do so terryble an acte. Ther be therfor mo men hangyd in England, in a yere for robberye and manslaughter than ther be hangyd in France for such cause of crime in vij yers.”

“The difficulty,” says Chalmers, “of making selections from such an author as Shakspeare must be obvious. If of character, his characters are as numerous and diversified as that in human life; if of style, he has exhausted all styles, and has one for each description of poetry and action; if of wit, humour, satire, or pathos, where shall our choice fall, where all are so abundant? We have felt our task to be something like being deputed to search in some magnificent forest for a handful of the finest leaves or plants, and as if we were diligently exploring the

world of wood-land beauty to accomplish faithfully this hopeless adventure."

The extracts which follow are taken from King John, the second in order of Shakspeare's historical Plays. The passages quoted relate to the tragical and cruel death of the young Prince Arthur, and the inconsolable grief of his mother the Lady Constance. The extracts are not continuous, although they have the appearance of being so. The portions of the dialogue omitted relate to other parts of the general plot. None are given here but those relating to this particular incident.

Pandulph. Lady, you utter madness, and not sorrow.

Constance. Thou art not holy to belie me so;

I am not mad; } this hair I tear, is mine;

My name is Constance; I was Geoffrey's wife;

Young Arthur is my son, and he is lost:

I am not mad; — I would to heaven, I were!

For then, 'tis like I should forget myself:

O, if I could, what grief should I forget! —

Preach some philosophy to make me mad,

And thou shalt be canoniz'd, cardinal;

For, being not mad, but sensible of grief,

My reasonable part produces reason

How I may be deliver'd of these woes,

And teaches me to kill or hang myself:

If I were mad, I should forget my son;

Or madly think a babe of clouts were he:

I am not mad; too well, too well I feel

The different plague of each calamity.

K. Philip. Bind up your hairs.

Const. Yes, that I will; And wherefore will I do it?

I tore them from their bonds; and cried aloud,
O that these hands could so redeem my son,
As they have given these hairs their liberty!
 But now I envy at their liberty;
 And will again commit them to their bonds,
 Because my poor child is a prisoner.—
 And, father cardinal, I have heard you say,
 That we shall see and know our friends in heaven.
 If that be true, I shall see my boy again;
 For, since the birth of Cain, the first male child,
 To him that did but yesterday suspire,
 There was not such a gracious creature born.
 But now will canker sorrow eat my bud,
 And chase the native beauty from his cheek;
 And he will look as hollow as a ghost;
 As dim and meagre as an ague's fit;
 And so he'll die; and, rising so again,
 When I shall meet him in the court of heaven,
 I shall not know him: therefore never, never
 Must I behold my pretty Arthur more.

Pand. You hold too heinous a respect of grief.

Const. He talks to me, that never had a son.

K. Phi. You are as fond of grief, as of your child.

Const. Grief fills the room up of my absent child.

Lies in his bed, walks up and down with me;
 Puts on his pretty looks, repeats his words,
 Remembers me of all his gracious parts,
 Stuffs out his vacant garments with his form;
 Then, have I reason to be fond of grief.
 Fare you well: had you such a loss as I,

I could give better comfort than you do.—

I will not keep this form upon my head,

(*Tearing off her head-dress.*)

When there is such disorder in my wit.

O lord! my boy, my Arthur, my fair son!

My life, my joy, my food, my all the world!

My widow comfort, and my sorrows' cure. [*Exit.*]

K. Phi. I fear some outrage, and I'll follow her. [*Exit.*]

Pand. 'T is strange, to think how much king John hath lost
In this, which he accounts so clearly won:

12 Are not you grieved, that Arthur is his prisoner?

Lew. As heartily, as he is glad he hath him.

Pand. Your mind is all as youthful as your blood.

- 12 Now hear me speak, with a prophetic spirit; — 12! — *Done*

For even the breath of what I mean to speak

Shall blow each dust, each straw, each little rub,

Out of the path, which shall directly lead

13 Thy foot to England's throne; and, therefore, mark.

12 John hath seized Arthur; and it cannot be,

12 That, whiles warm life plays in that infant's veins,

The misplaced John should entertain an hour,

13 One minute, nay, one quiet breath of rest: = /

A sceptre, snatched with an unruly hand,

Must be as boisterously maintained as gained:

And he, that stands upon a slippery place,

Makes nice of no vile hold to stay him up:

That John may stand, then, Arthur needs must fall;

So be it, for it cannot be but so. [*Exeunt.*]

A Room in the Castle.

Enter HUBERT and Two Attendants.

Hub. Heat me these irons hot; and, look thou stand
Within the arras: when I strike my foot

Upon the bosom of the ground, rush forth ;
 And bind the boy, which you shall find with me,
 Fast to the chair : be heedful : hence, and watch.

I Attend. I hope, your warrant will bear out the deed.

Hub. Uncleanly scruples ! Fear not you ; look to 't.—

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Young lad, come forth ; I have to say with you.

Enter ARTHUR.

Arth. Good morrow, Hubert.

Hub. Good morrow, little prince.

Arth. As little prince (having so great a title
 To be more prince,) as may be.—You are sad.

Hub. Indeed, I have been merrier.

Arth. Mercy on me !

Methinks, nobody should be sad but I ;
 Yet I remember, when I was in France,
 Young gentlemen would be as sad as night,
 Only for wantonness. By my christendom,
 So I were out of prison, and kept sheep,
 I should be as merry as the day is long :
 And so I would be here, but that I doubt
 My uncle practises more harm to me ;
 He is afraid of me, and I of him :
 Is it my fault, that I was Geoffrey's son ?
 No indeed, is 't not ; And I would to heaven,
 I were your son, so you would love me, Hubert.

Hub. If I talk to him, with his innocent prate
 He will awake my mercy, which lies dead :
 Therefore I will be sudden, and despatch.

(*Aside.*)

Arth. Are you sick, Hubert ? you look pale to-day :
 In sooth, I would you were a little sick :

That I might sit all night, and watch with you.
I warrant, I love you more than you do me.

Hub. His words do take possession of my bosom.—
Read here, young Arthur. (*Showing a paper.*) How now
foolish rheum! (*Aside.*)

Turning despiteous torture out of door!
I must be brief; lest resolution drop
Out at mine eyes, in tender womanish tears.—
Can you not read it? is it not fair writ?

Arth. Too fairly, Hubert, for so foul effect:
Must you with hot irons burn out both mine eyes?

Hub. Young boy, I must.

Arth. And will you?

Hub. And I will.

Arth. Have you the heart? When your head did but ache,
I knit my handkerchief about your brows,
(The best I had, a princess wrought it me,)
And I did never ask it you again:
And with my hand at midnight held your head;
And, like the watchful minutes to the hour,
Still and anon cheered up the heavy time;
Saying, What lack you? and, Where lies your grief?
Or what good love may I perform for you?
Many a poor man's son would have lain still,
And ne'er have spoke a loving word to you;
But you at your sick service had a prince.
Nay, you may think, my love was crafty love,
And call it, cunning; Do an if you will:
If heaven be pleased that you must use me ill,
Why, then you must.—Will you put out mine eyes?
These eyes, that never did, nor never shall,
So much as frown on you?

Hub. I have sworn to do it;
And with hot irons must I burn them out.

Arth. Ah, none, but in this iron age, would do it!
The iron of itself, though heat red-hot,
Approaching near these eyes, would drink my tears,
And quench his fiery indignation,
Even in the matter of mine innocence:
Nay, after that, consume away in rust,
But for containing fire to harm mine eye.
Are you more stubborn-hard than hammered iron?
An if an angel should have come to me,
And told me, Hubert should put out mine eyes,
I would not have believed no tongue, but Hubert's.

Hub. Come forth. (Stamps.)

Re-enter ATTENDANTS, with cords, irons, &c.

Do as I bid you do.

Arth. O, save me, Hubert, save me! my eyes are out,
Even with the fierce looks of these bloody men.

Hub. Give me the iron, I say, and bind him here.

Arth. Alas, what need you be so boisterous-rough?
I will not struggle, I will stand stone-still.

For heaven's sake, Hubert, let me not be bound;
Nay, hear me, Hubert, drive these men away,
And I will sit as quiet as a lamb;

I will not stir, nor wince, nor speak a word,
Nor look upon the iron angerly;
Thrust but these men away, and I'll forgive you,
Whatever torment you do put me to.

Hub. Go, stand within; let me alone with him.

I Attend. I am best pleased to be from such a deed.

[*Exeunt Attendants.*]

Arth. Alas! I then have chid away my friend:

He hath a stern look, but a gentle heart :—
 Let him come back, that his compassion may
 Give life to yours.

Hub. Come, boy, prepare yourself.

Arth. Is there no remedy ?

Hub. None, but to lose your eyes.

Arth. O heaven !— that there were but a mote in yours,
 A grain, a dust, a gnat, a wandering hair, = //
 Any annoyance in that precious sense !
 Then, feeling what small things are boisterous there,
 Your vile intent must needs seem horrible.

Hub. Is this your promise ? go to, hold your tongue.

Arth. Hubert, the utterance of a brace of tongues
 Must needs want pleading for a pair of eyes :
 Let me not hold my tongue ; let me not, Hubert !
 Or, Hubert, if you will, cut out my tongue,
 So I may keep mine eyes ; O, spare mine eyes ;
 Though to no use, but still to look on you !
 Lo, by my troth, the instrument is cold,
 And would not harm me.

Hub. I can heat it, boy.

Arth. No, in good sooth ; the fire is dead with grief,
 Being create for comfort, to be used
 In undeserved extremes : See else yourself ;
 There is no malice in this burning coal ;
 The breath of heaven hath blown his spirit out,
 And strewed repentant ashes on his head.

Hub. But with my breath I can revive it, boy.

Arth. And if you do, you will but make it blush,
 And glow with shame of your proceedings, Hubert :
 Nay, it, perchance, will sparkle in your eyes ;
 And, like a dog that is compelled to fight,

Snatch at his master that doth tarre him on.
 All things, that you should use to do me wrong,
 Deny their office: only you do lack
 That mercy, which fierce fire, and iron, extends,
 Creatures of note, for mercy lacking uses.

Hub. Well, see to live; I will not touch thine eyes
 For all the treasure that thine uncle owes:
 Yet am I sworn, and I did purpose, boy,
 With this same very iron to burn them out.

Arth. O, now you look like Hubert! all this while
 You were disguised.

Hub. Peace: no more. Adieu;
 Your uncle must not know but you are dead:
 I'll fill these dogged spies with false reports.
 And, pretty child, sleep doubtless, and secure,
 That Hubert, for the wealth of all the world,
 Will not offend thee.

Arth. O heaven!—I thank you, Hubert.

Hub. Silence; no more: Go closely in with me;
 Much danger do I undergo for thee. [Exeunt.

Enter KING JOHN and HUBERT.

Hub. My lord, they say, five moons were seen to-night:
 Four fixed; and the fifth did whirl about
 The other four, in wondrous motion.

K. John. Five moons?

Hub. Old men, and beldams, in the streets
 Do prophesy upon it dangerously:
 Young Arthur's death is common in their mouths:
 And when they talk of him, they shake their heads,
 And whisper one another in the ear:
 And he that speaks, doth gripe the hearer's wrist;
 Whilst he, that hears, makes fearful action,

With wrinkled brows, with nods, with rolling eyes.
 I saw a smith stand with his hammer, thus,
 The whilst his iron did on the anvil cool,
 With open mouth swallowing a tailor's news;
 Who, with his shears and measure in his hand,
 Standing on slippers, (which his nimble haste
 Had falsely thrust upon contrary feet,)
 Told of a many thousand warlike French,
 That were embatteléd and ranked in Kent:
 Another lean unwashed artificer
 Cuts off his tale, and talks of Arthur's death.

K. John. Why seek'st thou to possess me with these fears?
 Why urgest thou so oft young Arthur's death?
 Thy hand hath murdered him: I had mighty cause
 To wish him dead, but thou hadst none to kill him.

Hub. Had none, my lord! why, did you not provoke me?

K. John. It is the curse of kings, to be attended
 By slaves, that take their humours for a warrant
 To break within the bloody house of life:
 And, on the winking of authority,
 To understand a law; to know the meaning
 Of dangerous majesty, when perchance, it frowns
 More upon humour than advised respect.

Hub. Here is your hand and seal for what I did.

K. John. O, when the last account 'twixt heaven and earth
 Is to be made, then shall this hand and seal
 Witness against us to damnation!
 How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds,
 Makes deeds ill done! Hadest not thou been by,
 A fellow by the hand of nature marked,
 Quoted, and signed, to do a deed of shame,
 This murder had not come into my mind:
 But, taking note of thy abhorred aspect,

Finding thee fit for bloody villany,
 Apt, liable, to be employed in danger,
 I faintly broke with thee of Arthur's death;
 And thou, to be endearéd to a king,
 Made it no conscience to destroy a prince.

Hub. My lord, —

K. John. Hadst thou but shook thy head, or made a pause,
 When I spake darkly what I purposéd;
 Or turned an eye of doubt upon my face
 As bid me tell my tale in express words;
 Deep shame had struck me dumb, made me break off,
 And those thy fears might have wrought fears in me:
 But thou didst understand me by my signs,
 And didst in signs again parley with sin;
 Yea, without stop, didst let thy heart consent,
 And, consequently, thy rude hand to act
 The deed, which both our tongues held vile to name.
 Out of my sight, and never see me more!
 My nobles leave me; and my state is braved,
 Even at my gates, with ranks of foreign powers:
 Nay, in the body of this fleshly land,
 This kingdom, this confine of blood and breath,
 Hostility and civil tumult reigns
 Between my conscience, and my cousin's death.

Hub. Arm you against your other enemies,
 I'll make a peace between your soul and you.
 Young Arthur is alive: This hand of mine
 Is yet a maiden and an innocent hand,
 Not painted with the crimson spots of blood.

K. John. Doth Arthur live? O, haste thee to the peers,
 Throw this report on their incenséd rage,
 And make them tame to their obedience!

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter ARTHUR on the walls.

Arth. The wall is high ; and yet will I leap down :
 Good ground, be pitiful, and hurt me not ! —
 There 's few, or none, do know me ; if they did,
 This ship-boy's semblance hath disguised me quite.
 I am afraid ; and yet I 'll venture it.
 If I get down, and do not break my limbs,
 I 'll find a thousand shifts to get away :
 As good to die, and go, as die, and stay.

(Leaps down.)

O me ! my uncle's spirit is in these stones : —
 Heaven take my soul, and England keep my bones !

(Dies.)

Enter PEMBROKE, SALISBURY, and the BASTARD.

Sal. This is the prison : What is he lies here ?

(Seeing Arthur.)

Pem. O death, made proud with pure and princely beauty !
 The earth hath not a hole to hide this deed.

Sal. Sir Richard, what think you ? Have you beheld,
 Or have you read, or heard ? or could you think ?
 Or do you almost think, although you see,
 That you do see ? could thought, without this object,
 Form such another ? This is the very top,
 The height, the crest, or crest unto the crest,
 Of murder's arms : this is the bloodiest shame,
 The wildest savagery, the vilest stroke,
 That ever wall-eyed wrath, or staring rage,
 Presented to the tears of soft remorse.

Pem. All murders past do stand excused in this :
 And this, so sole, and so unmatchable,
 Shall give a holiness, a purity,
 To the yet unbegotten sin of time ;

And prove a deadly bloodshed but a jest,
 Exempl'd by this heinous spectacle.

Bast. It is a bloody work ;
 The graceless action of a heavy hand,
 If that it be the work of any hand.

Sal. If that it be the work of any hand ? —
 We had a kind of light, what would ensue :
 It is the shameful work of Hubert's hand ;
 The practice, and the purpose, of the king : —
 From whose obedience I forbid my soul,
 Kneeling before this ruin of sweet life,
 And breathing to his breathless excellence
 The incense of a vow, a holy vow ;
 Never to taste the pleasures of the world,
 Never to be infected with delight,
 Nor conversant with ease and idleness,
 Till I have set a glory to this hand,
 By giving it the worship of revenge.

Enter HUBERT.

Bast. Knew you of this fair work ?
 Beyond the infinite and boundless reach
 Of mercy, if thou didst this deed of death,
 Art thou damned, Hubert.

Hub. Do but hear me, sir.

Bast. Ha ! I'll tell thee what ;
 Thou art damned as black — nay, nothing is so black ;
 Thou art more deep damned than prince Lucifer :
 There is not yet so ugly a fiend of hell,
 As thou shalt be, if thou didst kill this child.

Hub. Upon my soul, —

Bast. If thou didst but consent
 To this most cruel act, do but despair,

And, if thou want'st a cord, the smallest thread
 That ever spider twisted from her womb,
 Will serve to strangle thee ; a rush will be
 A beam to hang thee on ; or, wouldst thou drown thyself,
 Put but a little water in a spoon,
 And it shall be as all the ocean,
 Enough to stifle such a villain up.—
 I do suspect thee very grievously.

Hub. If I in act, consent, or sin of thought,
 Be guilty of the stealing that sweet breath
 Which was embounded in this beauteous clay,
 Let hell want pains enough to torture me !
 I left him well.

Bast. Go, bear him in thine arms.—
 I am amazed, methinks ; and lose my way
 Among the thorns and dangers of this world.—
 How easy dost thou take all England up !
 From forth this morsel of dead royalty,
 The life, the right, and truth of all this realm
 Is fled to heaven ; and England now is left
 To tug and scramble, and to part by th' teeth
 The unowed interest of proud-swelling state.

[*Exeunt.*

The next series of extracts is from HAMLET, Prince of Denmark. This is one of the most celebrated of Shakspeare's Plays. The extracts are so arranged as to make a connected story. Where they are not sufficiently continuous, a few words of explanation are inserted.

Enter KING, QUEEN, and HAMLET.

Queen. Good Hamlet, cast thy nighted colour off,
 And let thine eye look like a friend on Denmark.

Do not for ever, with thy veiled lids
 Seek for thy noble father in the dust:
 Thou knowest 't is common; all, that live, must die,
 Passing through nature to eternity.

Hamlet. Ay, madam, it is common.

Queen.

If it be,

Why seems it so particular with thee?

Ham. Seems, madam! nay, it is; I know not seems.

'T is not alone my inky cloak, good mother,
 Nor customary suits of solemn black,
 Nor windy suspiration of forced breath,
 No, nor the fruitful river in the eye,
 Nor the dejected 'haviour of the visage,
 Together with all forms, modes, shows of grief,
 That can denote me truly: These, indeed, seem,
 For they are actions that a man might play;
 But I have that within, which passeth show;
 These, but the trappings and the suits of woe.

King. 'T is sweet and commendable in your nature, Hamlet,

To give these mourning duties to your father:
 But you must know, your father lost a father;
 That father lost, lost his; and the survivor bound
 In filial obligation, for some term
 To do obsequious sorrow: But to perséver
 In obstinate condolément, is a course
 Of impious stubbornness; 't is unmanly grief;
 It shows a will most incorrect to heaven;
 A heart unfortified, or mind impatient;
 An understanding simple and unschooled:
 For what we know must be, and is as common
 As any the most vulgar thing to sense,
 Why should we, in our peevish opposition,

Take it to heart? Fy! 't is a fault to heaven,
 A fault against the dead, a fault to nature,
 To reason most absurd; whose common theme
 Is death of fathers, and who still hath cried,
 From the first corse, till he that died to-day,

This must be so.

[*Exeunt King and Queen.*]

Ham. O, that this too, too solid flesh would melt,
 Thaw, and resolve itself into a dew!
 Or that the Everlasting had not fixed
 His canon 'gainst self-slaughter! O God! O God!
 How weary, stale, flat, and unprofitable
 Seem to me all the uses of this world!
 Fy on 't! O fy! 't is an unweeded garden,
 That grows to seed; things rank, and gross in nature,
 Possess it merely. That it should come to this!
 But two months dead!—nay, not so much, not two:
 So excellent a king; that was, to this,
 Hyperion to a satyr: so loving to my mother,
 That he might not beteem the winds of heaven
 Visit her face too roughly. Heaven and earth!
 Must I remember? why, she would hang on him,
 As if increase of appetite had grown
 By what it fed on: And yet within a month,—
 Let me not think on 't;—Frailty, thy name is woman!—
 A little month; or ere those shoes were old,
 With which she followed my poor father's body,
 Like Niobe, all tears;—why she, even she,—
 O heaven! a beast, that wants discourse of reason,
 Would have mourned longer,—married with my uncle,
 My father's brother; but no more like my father
 Than I to Hercules: Within a month;
 Ere yet the salt of most unrighteous tears

Had left the flushing in her galléd eyes,
 She married :— O most wicked speed !
 It is not, nor it cannot come to good.

Horatio, Bernardo, and Marcellus, friends of Hamlet, enter. The conversation falls by chance, after other matters, upon the late king, Hamlet's father. Hamlet says :

Ham. He was a man, take him for all in all,
 I shall not look upon his like again.

Hor. My lord, I think I saw him yesternight.

Ham. Saw ! who ?

Ham. My lord, the king your father.

Ham. The king my father !

Hor. Season your admiration for a while
 With an attent ear ; till I may deliver,
 Upon the witness of these gentlemen,
 This marvel to you.

Ham. For God's love, let me hear.

Hor. Two nights together had these gentlemen,
 Marcellus and Bernardo, on their watch,
 In the dead waist and middle of the night,
 Been thus encountered. A figure like your father,
 Arméd at point, exactly, cap-à-pe,
 Appears before them, and, with solemn march,
 Goes slow and stately by them : thrice he walked,
 By their oppressed and fear-surpriséd eyes,
 Within his truncheon's length : whilst they, distilled
 Almost to jelly with the act of fear,
 Stand dumb, and speak not to him. This to me
 In dreadful secrecy impart they did ;
 And I with them, the third night kept the watch :

Where, as they had delivered, both in time,
 Form of the thing, each word made true and good,
 The apparition comes : I knew your father ;
 These hands are not more like.

Ham. But where was this ?

Hor. My lord, upon the platform where we watched.

Ham. Did you not speak to it ?

Hor. My lord, I did ;

But answer made it none : yet once, methought,
 It lifted up its head, and did address
 Itself to motion, like as it would speak ;
 But, even then, the morning cock crew loud ;
 And at the sound it shrunk in haste away,
 And vanished from our sight.

Ham. 'T is very strange.

Hor. As I do live, my honoured lord, 't is true ;
 And we did think it writ down in our duty,
 To let you know of it.

Ham. Indeed, indeed, sirs, but this troubles me.
 Hold you the watch to-night ?

All. We do, my lord.

Ham. Armed, say you ?

All. Armed, my lord.

Ham. From top to toe ?

All. My lord, from head to foot.

Ham. Then saw you not
 His face ?

Hor. O, yes, my lord ; he wore his beaver up.

Ham. What, looked he frowningly ?

Hor. A countenance more
 In sorrow than in anger.

Ham. Pale, or red ?

Hor. Nay, very pale.

Ham. And fixed his eyes upon you?

Hor. Most constantly.

Ham. I would I had been there.

Hor. It would have much amazed you.

Ham. Very like,

Very like: Stayed it long?

Hor. While one with moderate haste might tell a hundred.

Mar. and *Ber.* Longer, longer.

Hor. Not when I saw it.

Ham. His beard was grizzled? no?

Hor. It was, as I have seen it in his life,

A sable silvered.

Ham. I will watch to-night;

Perchance, 't will walk again.

Hor. I warrant, it will.

Ham. If it assume my noble father's person,

I'll speak to it, though hell itself should gape,

And bid me hold my peace.

[*Exeunt Horatio, Marcellus, and Bernardo.*]

My father's spirit in arms! all is not well;

I doubt some foul play: 'would, the night were come!

Till then sit still, my soul: Foul deeds will rise,

Though all the earth o'erwhelm them, to men's eyes. [*Exeunt.*]

Hamlet, Horatio, and Marcellus, according to agreement, watch at the appointed hour: while conversing on various subjects, the ghost enters.

Ham. Angels and ministers of grace, defend us!—

Be thou a spirit of health, or goblin damned,

Bring with thee airs from heaven, or blasts from hell,

Be thy intents wicked, or charitable,

Thou com'st in such a questionable shape,
 That I will speak to thee ; I'll call thee, Hamlet,
 King, father, royal Dane : O, answer me :
 Let me not burst in ignorance ! but tell,
 Why thy canonized bones, hearséd in death,
 Have burst their cerements ! why the sepulchre,
 Wherein we saw thee quietly in-urned,
 Hath oped his ponderous and marble jaws,
 To cast thee up again ; What may this mean,
 That thou, dead corse, again in cômplete steel
 Revisit'st thus the glimpses of the moon,
 Making night hideous ; and we fools of nature,
 So horridly to shake our disposition,
 With thoughts beyond the reaches of our souls ?
 Say, why is this ? wherefore ? what should we do ?

The ghost beckons Hamlet to a place apart from his companions, when the following conversation ensues :

Ghost. I am thy father's spirit ;
 Doomed for a certain term to walk the night ;
 And, for the day, confined to fast in fires,
 Till the foul crimes, done in my days of nature,
 Are burnt and purged away. But that I am forbid
 To tell the secrets of my prison-house,
 I could a tale unfold, whose lightest word
 Would harrow up thy soul ; freeze thy young blood ;
 Make thy two eyes, like stars, start from their spheres :
 Thy knotted and combinéd locks to part,
 And each particular hair to stand on end,
 Like quills upon the fretful porcupine ;
 But this eternal blazon must not be

To ears of flesh and blood :— List, list, O list !

If thou didst ever thy dear father love,—

Ham. O heaven !

Ghost. Revenge his foul and most unnatural murder.

Ham. Murder ?

Ghost. Murder most foul, as in the best it is ;

But this most foul, strange, and unnatural.

Ham. Haste me to know it ; that I, with wings as swift
As meditation, or the thoughts of love,
May sweep to my revenge.

Ghost. I find thee apt ;
And duller shouldst thou be than the fat weed
That rots itself in ease on Lethe wharf,
Wouldst thou not stir in this. Now, Hamlet, hear :
'T is given out, that, sleeping in mine orchard,
A serpent stung me ; so the whole ear of Denmark
Is by a forgéd process of my death
Rankly abused : but know, thou noble youth,
The serpent that did sting thy father's life,
Now wears his crown.

Ham. O, my prophetic soul ! my uncle ?

Ghost. Ay, that incestuous, that adulterate beast.
But, soft ! methinks, I scent the morning air ;
Brief let me be :— Sleeping within mine orchard,
My custom always of the afternoon,
Upon my sécure hour thy uncle stole,
With juice of cursed hebenon in a vial,
And in the porches of mine ears did pour
The leperous distilment ; whose effect
Holds such an enmity with blood of man,
That, swift as quicksilver, it courses through
The natural gates and alleys of the body ;

And, with a sudden vigour, it doth posset
 And curd, like eager droppings into milk,
 The thin and wholesome blood: so did it mine;
 And a most instant tetter barked about,
 Most lazar-like, with vile and loathsome crust,
 All my smooth body.

Thus was I, sleeping, by a brother's hand,
 Of life, of crown, of queen, at once despatched:
 Cut off even in the blossoms of my sin,
 Unhouseled, disappointed, unaneled;
 No reckoning made, but sent to my account
 With all my imperfections on my head:
 O, horrible! O, horrible! most horrible!
 If thou hast nature in thee, bear it not!
 Let not the royal bed of Denmark be
 A couch for luxury and incest.
 But howsoever thou pursuest this act,
 Taint not thy mind, nor let thy soul contrive
 Against thy mother aught; leave her to heaven,
 And to those thorns that in her bosom lodge,
 To prick and sting her. Fare thee well at once!
 The glow-worm shows the matin to be near,
 And 'gins to pale his uneffectual fire:
 Adieu, adieu, adieu! remember me.

[*Exit.*

Ham. O all you host of heaven! O earth! What else?
 And shall I couple hell?—O fy!—Hold, hold, my heart;
 And you, my sinews, grow not instant old,
 But bear me stiffly up!—Remember thee?
 Ay, thou poor ghost, while memory holds a seat
 In this distracted globe. Remember thee?
 Yea, from the table of my memory
 I'll wipe away all trivial fond records,

All saws of books, all forms, all pressures past,
That youth and observation copied there;
And thy commandment all alone shall live
Within the book and volume of my brain,
Unmixed with baser matter: yes, by heaven.
O most pernicious woman!
O villain, villain, smiling, damned villain!
My tables, — meet it is, I set it down,
That one may smile, and smile, and be a villain:
At least, I am sure, it may be so in Denmark: [Writing.
So uncle, there you are. Now to my word;
It is, *Adieu, adieu! remember me.*
I have sworn 't.

The better to conceal his purposes of vengeance, Hamlet feigns madness. Portions of his conduct seem to indicate that he was to some extent also really mad, or at least under that sort of partial derangement which we often see in real life, when intense excitement for some great injury causes a temporary dethronement of reason. The feeling of indignation at the shameless conduct of his mother and uncle seems to have taken complete possession of his soul, to the exclusion of every other consideration. No more striking evidence could be given of his perfect abandonment to this one idea, than his conduct to Ophelia. He had loved her with an affection peculiarly delicate and tender. His whole conduct towards her now becomes changed. At first he behaves towards her only in a wild and incoherent manner, but subsequently he treats her with a cold and cruel mockery which drives her to madness, and withal, from first to last, he does not seek or seem to desire to give her the least explanation of his

conduct. All this is incompatible with his having for the time any regard for her. Love, the great ruling passion of the young, is placed in complete abeyance, and one overpowering, all-pervading sentiment has possession of his breast. His strong natural sense of wrong is lashed into a state of frenzy, by the appearance and language of his father's ghost, and he presents the singular, but I think intelligible spectacle of a person feigning madness, and at the same time a real mono-maniac.

Enter OPHELIA, and POLONIUS.

Pol. How now, Ophelia? what's the matter?

Oph. O, my lord, my lord, I have been so affrighted!

Pol. With what, in the name of heaven?

Oph. My lord, as I was sewing in my closet,
 Lord Hamlet,—with his doublet all unbraced;
 No hat upon his head; his stockings fouled,
 Ungartered, and down-gyved to his ankle;
 Pale as his shirt; his knees knocking each other;
 And with a look so piteous in purport,
 As if he had been loosed out of hell,
 To speak of horrors,—he comes before me.

Pol. Mad for thy love?

Oph. My lord, I do not know;
 But, truly, I do fear it.

Pol. What said he?

Oph. He took me by the wrist, and held me hard;
 Then goes he to the length of all his arm;
 And, with his other hand thus o'er his brow,
 He falls to such perusal of my face,
 As he would draw it. Long stayed he so;
 At last, a little shaking of mine arm,

And thrice his head thus waving up and down,—
 He raised a sigh so piteous and profound,
 As it did seem to shatter all his bulk,
 And end his being : That done, he lets me go ;
 And, with his head over his shoulder turned,
 He seemed to find his way without his eyes ;
 For out o' doors he went without their helps,
 And, to the last, bended their light on me.

Hamlet's account of himself to Guildenstern and Rosencrantz, who had been sent by the king to act as spies upon him, and to penetrate if possible the true cause of his strange demeanour :

Ham. I have of late, (but wherefore, I know not,) lost all my mirth ; forgone all custom of exercises : and, indeed, it goes so heavily with my disposition, that this goodly frame, the earth, seems to me a sterile promontory ; this most excellent canopy, the air, look you, this brave o'erhanging firmament, this majestical roof fretted with golden fire, why, it appears no other thing to me, than a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours. What a piece of work is man ! How noble in reason ! how infinite in faculties ! in form, and moving, how express and admirable ! in action, how like an angel ! in apprehension, how like a god ! the beauty of the world ! the paragon of animals ! And yet, to me, what is this quintessence of dust ?

Hamlet's soliloquy after seeing a player act the part of Hecuba.

Ham. O, what a rogue and peasant slave am I !
 Is it not monstrous, that this player here,
 But in fiction, in a dream of passion,
 Could force his soul so to his own conceit,

That, from her working, all his visage wanned ;
 Tears in his eyes, distraction in 's aspéct,
 A broken voice, and his whole function suiting
 With forms to his conceit ? And all for nothing !
 For Hecuba !

What 's Hecuba to him, or he to Hecuba,
 That he should weep for her ? What would he do,
 Had he the motive and the cure for passion,
 That I have ? He would drown the stage with tears,
 And cleave the general ear with horrid speech ;
 Make mad the guilty, and appal the free,
 Confound the ignorant ; and amaze, indeed,
 The very faculties of eyes and ears.

Yet I,

A dull and muddy-mettled rascal, peak,
 Like John a-dreams, unpregnant of my cause,
 And can say nothing ; no, not for a king,
 Upon whose property, and most dear life,
 A damned defeat was made. Am I a coward ?
 Who calls me villain ? breaks my pate across ?
 Plucks off my beard, and blows it in my face ?
 Tweaks me by the nose ? gives me the lie i' the throat,
 As deep as to the lungs ? Who does me this ?

Ha !

Why, I should take it : for it cannot be,
 But I am pigeon-livered, and lack gall
 To make oppression bitter ; or, ere this,
 I should have fatted all the region kites
 With this slave's offal : Bloody, bawdy villain !
 Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, kindless villain !
 Why, what an ass am I ? This is most brave ;
 That I, the son of a dear father murdered,
 Prompted to my revenge by heaven and hell,

Must, like a bawd, unpack my heart with words,
 And fall a cursing, like a very drab,
 A scullion !
 Fy upon 't ! foh !

Hamlet meditating suicide.

To be, or not to be, that is the question :—
 Whether 't is nobler in the mind, to suffer
 The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune ;
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
 And, by opposing, end them ?—To die,—to sleep,—
 No more ;—and, by a sleep, to say we end
 The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
 That flesh is heir to, —'t is a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To die ;— to sleep ;—
 To sleep ! perchance to dream ;— ay, there 's the rub ;
 For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
 When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
 Must give us pause : There 's the respect,
 That makes calamity of so long life :
 For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
 The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
 The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
 The insolence of office, and the spurns
 That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
 When he himself might his quietus make
 With a bare bodkin ? who would fardels bear,
 To grunt and sweat under a weary life ;
 But that the dread of something after death,—
 The undiscovered country, from whose bourn
 No traveller returns, — puzzles the will ;
 And makes us rather bear those ills we have,

Than fly to others that we know not of?
 Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
 And thus the native hue of resolution
 Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
 And enterprises of great pith and moment,
 With this regard, their currents turn awry,
 And lose the name of action.

Hamlet's interview with Ophelia.

I am very proud, revengeful, ambitious; with more offences at my beck, than I have thoughts to put them in, imagination to give them shape, or time to act them in: What should such fellows as I do crawling between earth and heaven? We are arrant knaves, all; believe none of us: Go thy ways to a nunnery. Where's your father!

Oph. At home, my lord.

Ham. Let the doors be shut upon him; that he may play the fool nowhere but in 's own house. Farewell.

Oph. O, help him, you sweet heavens!

Ham. If thou dost marry, I'll give thee this plague for thy dowry: Be thou as chaste as ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny. Get thee to a nunnery; farewell: Or, if thou wilt needs marry, marry a fool; for wise men know well enough, what monsters you make of them. To a nunnery, go; and quickly too. Farewell.

Oph. Heavenly powers, restore him!

Ham. I have heard of your paintings too, well enough; God hath given you one face, and you make yourselves another: you jig, you amble, and you lisp, and nickname God's creatures, and make your wantonness your ignorance: Go to; I'll no more of 't; it hath made me mad. I say, we will have no more marriages: those that are married already, all but one, shall live: the rest shall keep as they are. To a nunnery, go. [*Exit.*]

Ophelia's soliloquy on Hamlet's madness.

O, what a noble mind is here o'erthrown !
 The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword :
 The expectancy and rose of the fair state,
 The glass of fashion, and the mould of form,
 The observed of all observers ! quite, quite down !
 And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
 That sucked the honey of his music vows,
 Now see that noble and most sovereign reason,
 Like sweet bells jangled, out of tune and harsh ;
 That unmatched form and feature of blown youth,
 Blasted with ecstasy : O, woe is me !
 To have seen what I have seen, see what I see !

Hamlet's directions to the Players.

Speak the speech, I pray you, as I pronounced it to you, trippingly on the tongue : but if you mouth it, as many of our players do, I had as lief the town-crier spoke my lines. Nor do not saw the air too much with your hand, thus ; but use all gently : for in the very torrent, tempest, and (as I may say) whirlwind of your passion, you must acquire and beget a temperance, that may give it smoothness. O, it offends me to the soul, to hear a robustious periwig-pated fellow tear a passion to tatters, to very rags, to split the ears of the groundlings ; who, for the most part, are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumb shows, and noise : I would have such a fellow whipped for o'er-doing Termagant ; it out-herods Herod : Pray you, avoid it.

Be not too tame neither, but let your own discretion be your tutor : suit the action to the word, the word to the action ; with this special observance, that you o'er-step not the modesty of nature : for anything so overdone is from the purpose of play-

ing, whose end, both at the first, and now, was, and is, to hold, as 't were, the mirror up to nature; to show virtue her own feature, scorn her own image, and the very age and body of the time, nis form and pressure. Now this, overdone, or come tardy off, though it make the unskilful laugh, cannot but make the judicious grieve; the censure of which one, must, in your allowance o'erweigh a whole theatre of others. O, there be players, that I have seen play, — and heard others praise, and that highly, — not to speak it profanely, that, neither having the accent of Christians, nor the gait of Christian, pagan, nor man, have so strutted, and bellowed, that I have thought some of nature's journeymen had made them, and not made them well, they imitated humanity so abominably.

O, reform it altogether. And let those, that play your clowns, speak no more than is set down for them: for there be of them, that will themselves laugh, to set on some quantity of barren spectators to laugh too; though, in the mean time, some necessary question of the play be then to be considered: that's villanous; and shows a most pitiful ambition in the fool that uses it.

Guildestern, under pretence of friendship, attempts to penetrate the mystery of Hamlet's behaviour, and urges him very strongly to disclose the meaning of his conduct. Hamlet gives various evasive replies. During the conversation a company of players enter with *recorders* (a large kind of flute). Hamlet takes one of the instruments. Then ensues this dialogue between him and Guildestern:

Ham. Will you play upon this pipe?

Guil. My lord, I cannot.

Ham. I pray you.

Guil. Believe me, I cannot.

Ham. I do beseech you.

Guil. I know no touch of it, my lord.

Ham. 'Tis as easy as lying: govern these ventages with your fingers and thumb, give it breath with your mouth, and it will discourse most eloquent music. Look you, these are the stops.

Guil. But these cannot I command to any utterance of harmony; I have not the skill.

Ham. Why, look you now, how unworthy a thing you make of me! You would play upon me; you would seem to know my stops; you would pluck out the heart of my mystery; you would sound me from my lowest note to the top of my compass: and there is much music, excellent voice, in this little organ; yet cannot you make it speak. 'Sblood, do you think, I am easier to be played on than a pipe? Call me what instrument you will, though you can fret me, you cannot play upon me.

Soliloquy of the King upon his murder and usurpation.

O, my offence is rank, it smells to heaven;
 It hath the primal eldest curse upon it,
 A brother's murder!—Pray can I not,
 Though inclination be as sharp as will;
 My stronger guilt defeats my strong intent;
 And, like a man to double business bound,
 I stand in pause where I shall first begin,
 And both neglect. What if this cursed hand
 Were thicker than itself with brother's blood?
 Is there not rain enough in the sweet heavens,
 To wash it white as snow? Whereto serves mercy,
 But to confront the visage of offence?
 And what's in prayer, but this two-fold force,—

To be forstalléd, ere we come to fall,
 Or pardoned, being down? Then I'll look up;
 My fault is past. But, O, what form of prayer
 Can serve my turn? Forgive me my foul murder? —
 That cannot be; since I am still possessed
 Of those effects for which I did the murder,
 My crown, mine own ambition, and my queen.
 May one be pardoned, and retain the offence?
 In the corrupted currents of this world,
 Offence's gilded hand may shove by justice;
 And oft 't is seen, the wicked prize itself
 Buys out the law: But 't is not so above:
 There is no shuffling, there the action lies
 In his true nature; and we ourselves compelled,
 Even to the teeth and forehead of our faults,
 To give in evidence. What then? what rests?
 Try what repentance can: What can it not?
 Yet what can it, when one can not repent?
 O wretched state! O bosom, black as death!
 O liméd soul; that struggling to be free,
 Art more engaged! Help, angels, make assay!
 Bow, stubborn knees! and, heart, with strings of steel,
 Be soft as sinews of the new-born babe;
 All may be well! *[Retires, and kneels.]*

Enter HAMLET.

Ham. Now might I do it, pat, now he is praying;
 And now I'll do 't; — and so he goes to heaven:
 And so am I revenged? That would be scanned:
 A villain kills my father; and, for that,
 I, his sole son, do this same villain send
 To heaven.

Why, this is hire and salary, not revenge.
 He took my father grossly, full of bread ;
 With all his crimes broad blown, as flush as May ;
 And, how his audit stands, who knows, save heaven ?
 But in our circumstance and course of thought,
 'T is heavy with him : And am I then revenged,
 To take him in the purging of his soul,
 When he is fit and seasoned for his passage ?
 No.

Up, sword ; and know thou a more horrid hent :
 When he is drunk, asleep, or in his rage ;
 At gaming, swearing ; or about some act
 That has no relish of salvation in 't :
 Then trip him that his heels may kick at heaven :
 And that his soul may be as damned, and black,
 As hell, whereto it goes.

Hamlet reproaches his mother for her crimes, and contrasts his father with her present husband.

Look here, upon this picture, and on this ;
 The counterfeit presentment of two brothers.
 See, what a grace was seated on this brow :
 Hyperion's curls ; the front of Jove himself ;
 An eye like Mars, to threaten and command ;
 A station like the herald Mercury,
 New-lighted on a heaven-kissing hill ;
 A combination, and a form indeed,
 Where every god did seem to set his seal,
 To give the world assurance of a man :
 This was your husband. — Look you now, what follows :
 Here is your husband ; like a mildewed ear,

Blasting his wholesome brother. Have you eyes?
 Could you on this fair mountain leave to feed,
 And batten on this moor? Ha! have you eyes?
 You cannot call it love: for, at your age,
 The hey-day in the blood is tame, it's humble,
 And waits upon the judgment; And what judgment
 Would step from this to this?

The miserable and guilty woman, though stung with remorse, seems to gather a momentary relief from a strangeness in some of Hamlet's words which she does not comprehend, and which she attributes to "ecstasy." Hamlet replies:

Ecstasy!

My pulse, as yours, doth temperately keep time,
 And makes as healthful music: It is not madness
 That I have uttered: bring me to the test,
 And I the matter will re-word; which madness
 Would gambol from. Mother, for love of grace,
 Lay not that flattering unction to your soul,
 That not your trespass, but my madness, speaks:
 It will but skin and film the ulcerous place;
 Whiles rank corruption, mining all within,
 Infects unseen. Confess yourself to heaven;
 Repent what's past; avoid what is to come;
 And do not spread the compost on the weeds,
 To make them ranker.

Ophelia's death.

There is a willow grows ascaunt the brook,
 That shows his hoar leaves in the glassy stream;
 Therewith fantastic garlands did she make

Of crow-flowers, nettles, daisies, and long purples,
 That liberal shepherds give a grosser name,
 But our cold maids do dead men's fingers call them :
 There on the pendent boughs her coronet weeds
 Clambering to hang, an envious sliver broke ;
 When down her weedy trophies, and herself,
 Fell in the weeping brook. Her clothes spread wide ;
 And, mermaid-like, awhile they bore her up :
 Which time, she chanted snatches of old tunes ;
 As one incapable of her own distress,
 Or like a creature native and indued
 Unto that element : but long it could not be,
 Till that her garments, heavy with their drink,
 Pulled the poor wretch from her melodious lay
 To muddy death.

LOVE.

(*From Love's Labour's Lost.*)

Love, first learnéd in a lady's eyes,
 Lives not alone immuréd in the brain ;
 But with the motion of all elements,
 Courses as swift as thought in every power ;
 And gives to every power a double power,
 Above their functions and their offices.
 It adds a precious seeing to the eye ;
 (A lover's eyes will gaze an eagle blind ;)
 (A lover's ear will hear the lowest sound,)
 When the suspicious head of theft is stopped ;
 Love's feeling is more soft, and sensible,

'Than are the tender horns of cockled snails ;
 Love's tongue proves dainty Bacchus gross in taste ;
 For valour, is not love a Hercules,
 Still climbing trees in the Hesperides ?
 Subtle as sphinx ; as sweet, and musical,
 As bright Apollo's lute, strung with his hair ;
 And, when love speaks, the voice of all the gods
 Makes heaven drowsy with the harmony.
 Never durst poet touch a pen to write,
 Until his ink were tempered with love's sighs ;
 O, then his lines would ravish savage ears,
 And plant in tyrants mild humility.

Soliloquy of Henry V. on the anxieties of greatness.

Upon the king ! let us our lives, our souls,
 Our debts, our careful wives, our children, and
 Our sins, lay on the king ; — we must bear all.
 O hard condition ! twin-born with greatness,
 Subjected to the breath of every fool,
 Whose sense no more can feel but his own wringing !
 What infinite heart's ease must kings neglect,
 That private men enjoy ?
 And what have kings, that privates have not too,
 Save ceremony, save general ceremony ?
 And what art thou, thou idol ceremony ?
 What kind of god art thou, that sufferest more
 Of mortal griefs, than do thy worshippers ?
 What are thy rents ? what are thy comings-in ?
 O ceremony, show me but thy worth !
 What is the soul of adoration ?

Art thou aught else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear in other men ?
Wherein thou art less happy being feared,
Than they in fearing.
What drink'st thou oft, instead of homage sweet,
But poisoned flattery ? O, be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure !
Think'st thou, the fiery fever will go out
With titles blown from adulation ?
Will it give place to flexure and low bending ?
Canst thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it ? No, thou proud dream,
That playest so subtly with a king's repose ;
I am a king, that find thee ; and I know,
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial,
The enter-tissued robe of gold and pearl,
The farcéd title running 'fore the king,
The throne he sits on, nor the tide of pomp
That beats upon the high shore of this world,
No, not all these, thrice-gorgeous ceremony,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave ;
Who, with a body filled, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, crammed with distressful bread ;
Never sees horrid night,
But, like a lackey, from the rise to set,
Sweats in the eye of Phœbus, and all night
Sleeps in Elysium ; next day, after dawn,
Doth rise, and help Hyperion to his horse ;
And follows so the ever-running year
With profitable labour, to his grave :

And, but for ceremony, such a wretch,
 Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep
 Had the fore-hand and vantage of a king.

DESCRIPTION OF QUEEN MAB.

(From Romeo and Juliet.)

. She comes
 In shape no bigger than an agate-stone
 On the fore-finger of an alderman,
 Drawn with a team of little atomies
 Athwart men's noses as they lie asleep :
 Her wagon-spokes made of long spinner's legs :
 The cover, of the wings of grasshoppers ;
 The traces, of the smallest spider's web ;
 The collars, of the moonshine's watery beams :
 Her whip, of cricket's bone ; the lash of film :
 Her wagoner, a small grey-coated gnat,
 Not half so big as a round little worm
 Pricked from the lazy finger of a maid :
 Her chariot is an empty hazel-nut,
 Made by the joiner squirrel, or old grub,
 Time out of mind the fairies' coach-makers.
 And in this state she gallops night by night :
 Through lover's brains, and then they dream of love :
 On courtiers' knees, that dream on courtesies straight :
 O'er lawyers' fingers, who straight dream on fees :
 O'er ladies' lips, who straight on kisses dream ;

Which cast the angry Mab with blisters plagues,
Because their breaths with sweetmeats tainted are.
Sometimes she gallops o'er a courtier's nose,
And then dreams he of smelling out a suit:
And sometimes comes she with a tithe-pig's tail,
Tickling a parson's nose as 'a lies asleep,
Then dreams he of another benefice:
Sometimes she driveth o'er a soldier's neck,
And then dreams he of cutting foreign throats,
Of breaches, ambuscadoes, Spanish blades,
Of healths five fathom deep; and then anon
Drums in his ear; at which he starts and wakes;
And being thus frighted, swears a prayer or two,
And sleeps again.

ENTRANCE OF BOLINGBROKE INTO LONDON.

(From Richard II.)

Then, as I said, the duke, great Bolingbroke, —
Mounted upon a hot and fiery steed,
Which his aspiring rider seemed to know —
With slow, but stately pace, kept on his course,
While all tongues cried — God save thee, Bolingbroke!
You would have thought the very windows spake,
So many greedy looks of young and old
Through casements darted their desiring eyes
Upon his visage; and that all the walls,
With painted imagery, had said at once, —
Jesu preserve thee! welcome, Bolingbroke!

Whilst he, from one side to the other turning,
Bareheaded, lower than his proud steed's neck,
Bespake them thus,—I thank you, countrymen:
And thus still doing, thus he passed along.

LEONATO'S GRIEF AT THE DEATH OF HIS DAUGHTER.

(From Much Ado about Nothing.)

I pray thee, cease thy counsel,
Which falls into mine ears as profitless
As water in a sieve: give not me counsel;
Nor let no comforter delight mine ear,
But such a one whose wrongs do suit with mine.
Bring me a father, that so loved his child,
Whose joy of her is overwhelmed like mine,
And bid him speak of patience;
Measure his woe the length and breadth of mine,
And let it answer every strain for strain;
As thus for thus, and such a grief for such,
In every lineament, branch, shape, and form:
If such a one will smile, and stroke his beard;
Cry—sorrow, wag! and hem, when he should groan;
Patch grief with proverbs; make misfortune drunk
With candle-wasters; bring him yet to me,
And I of him will gather patience.
But there is no such man: For, brother, men,
Can counsel, and speak comfort to that grief
Which they themselves not feel; but, tasting it,
Their counsel turns to passion, which before
Would give preceptual medicine to rage,

Fetter strong madness in a silken thread,
 Charm ache with air, and agony with words :
 No, no ; 't is all men's office to speak patience
 To those that writhe under the load of sorrow ;
 But no man's virtue, nor sufficiency,
 To be so moral, when he shall endure
 The like himself : therefore give me no counsel :
 My griefs cry louder than advertisement.

AFFECTED GRAVITY.

(From the Merchant of Venice.)

There are a sort of men, whose visages
 Do cream and mantle, like a standing pond ;
 And do a wilful stillness entertain,
 With purpose to be dressed in an opinion
 Of wisdom, gravity, profound conceit ;
 As who would say, *I am Sir Oracle,*
And, when I ope my lips, let no dog bark !
 O, my Antonio, I do know of these,
 That therefore only are reputed wise,
 For saying nothing.

Henry V. to Lord Scroop, on the occasion of the
 treachery of the latter.

. O!
 What shall I say to thee, lord Scroop ; thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature !
 Thou that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knewest the very bottom of my soul,

That almost might'st have coined me into gold,
Would'st thou have practised on me for thy use ?
May it be possible, that foreign hire
Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
That might annoy my finger ? 't is so strange,
That, though the truth of it stands off as gross
As black from white, my eye will scarcely see it.
O, how hast thou with jealousy infected
The sweetness of affiance ! Show men dutiful ?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they grave and learned ?
Why, so didst thou : Come they of noble family ?
Why, so didst thou : Seem they religious ?
Why, so didst thou : Or are they spare in diet ;
Free from gross passion, or of mirth, or anger ;
Constant in spirit, not swerving with the blood ;
Garnished and decked in modest complement ;
Not working with the eye, without the ear,
And, but in purgéd judgment, trusting neither ?
Such, and so finely bolted, didst thou seem :
And thus thy fall hath left a kind of blot,
To mark the full-fraught man, and best indued
With some suspicion. I will weep for thee ;
For this revolt of thine, methinks, is like
Another fall of man.

ROMEO'S BANISHMENT FROM JULIET.

Romeo, just after being married to Juliet, is sentenced to banishment for killing Tybalt.

Friar. I bring thee tidings of the prince's doom.

Rom. What less than doomsday is the prince's doom?

Fri. A gentler judgment vanished from his lips,
Not body's death, but body's banishment.

Rom. Ha! banishment? be merciful, say — death:
For exile hath more terror in his look,
Much more than death: do not say — banishment.

Fri. Hence from Verona art thou banishéd:
Be patient, for the world is broad and wide.

Rom. There is no world without Verona walls,
Hence-banishéd is banished from the world,
And world's exile is death: — then banishment
Is death mis-termed: calling death banishment,
Thou cut'st my head off with a golden axe,
And smilest upon the stroke that murders me.

Fri. O deadly sin! O rude unthankfulness!
Thy fault our law calls death; but the kind prince,
Taking thy part, hath rushed aside the law,
And turned that black word death to banishment:
This is dear mercy, and thou seest it not.

Rom. 'T is torture, and not mercy: heaven is here,
Where Juliet lives; and every cat, and dog,
And little mouse, every unworthy thing,
Live here in heaven, and may look on her,
But Romeo may not.— More validity,
More honourable state, more courtship lives
In carrion flies, than Romeo; they may seize
On the white wonder of dear Juliet's hand,

And steal immortal blessing from her lips ;
 Who, even in pure and vestal modesty,
 Still blush, as thinking their own kisses sin ;
 But Romeo may not : he is banishéd :
 Flies may do this, when I from this must fly ;
 They are free men, but I am banishéd.
 And sayest thou yet, that exile is not death ?
 Hadst thou no poison mixed, no sharp-ground knife,
 No sudden mean of death, though ne'er so mean,
 But — banishéd — to kill me ; banishéd ?
 How hast thou the heart,
 Being a divine, a ghostly confessor,
 A sin-absolver, and my friend professed,
 To mangle me with that word — banishment ?

Fri. Thou fond mad man, hear me but speak a word.

Rom. O, thou wilt speak again of banishment.

Fri. I'll give thee armour to keep off that word ;
 Adversity's sweet milk, philosophy,
 To comfort thee, though thou art banishéd.

Rom. Yet banishéd ? — Hang up philosophy !
 Unless philosophy can make a Juliet,
 Displant a town, reverse a prince's doom ;
 It helps not, it prevails not, talk no more.

Fri. O, then I see that madmen have no ears.

Rom. How should they, when that wise men have no eyes ?

Fri. Let me dispute with thee of thy estate.

Rom. Thou canst not speak of what thou dost not feel .
 Wert thou as young as I, Juliet thy love,
 An hour but married, Tybalt murderéd,
 Doting like me, and like me banishéd,
 Then might'st thou speak, then might'st thou tear thy hair,
 And fall upon the ground, as I do now,
 Taking the measure of an unmade grave.

SOLILOQUY—Macbeth meditating the murder of Duncan.

If it were done, when 't is done, then 't were well
 It were done quickly: If the assassination
 Could trammel up the consequence, and catch,
 With his surcease, success; that but this blow
 Might be the be-all and the end-all here,
 But here, upon this bank and shoal of time,—
 We 'd jump the life to come.—But, in these cases,
 We still have judgment here; that we but teach
 Bloody instructions, which being taught, return
 To plague the inventor: This even-handed justice
 Commends the ingredients of our poisoned chalice
 To our own lips. He 's here in double trust:
 First, as I am his kinsman and his subject,
 Strong both against the deed; then, as his host,
 Who should against his murderer shut the door,
 Not bear the knife myself. Besides, this Duncan
 Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
 So clear in his great office, that his virtues
 Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
 The deep damnation of his taking-off:
 And pity, like a naked new-born babe,
 Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubin, horsed
 Upon the sightless couriers of the air,
 Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,
 That tears shall drown the wind.—I have no spur
 To prick the sides of my intent, but only
 Vaulting ambition, which o'er-leaps itself,
 And falls on the other.

CLARENCE'S DREAM.

*(From Richard III.)**Enter CLARENCE and BRAKENBURY.**Brak.* Why looks your grace so heavily to-day ?

Clar. O, I have passed a miserable night,
 So full of fearful dreams, of ugly sights,
 That, as I am a Christian faithful man,
 I would not spend another such a night,
 Though 't were to buy a world of happy days ;
 So full of dismal terror was the time.

Brak. What was your dream, my lord ? I pray you, tell me.

Clar. Methought, that I had broken from the tower,
 And was embarked to cross to Burgundy ;
 And, in my company, my brother Gloster :
 Who from my cabin tempted me to walk
 Upon the hatches ; thence we looked toward England,
 And cited up a thousand heavy times,
 During the wars of York and Lancaster
 That had befallen us. As we paced along
 Upon the giddy footing of the hatches,
 Methought, that Gloster stumbled ; and, in falling,
 Struck me, that thought to stay him, over-board,
 Into the tumbling billows of the main.
 O Lord ! methought, what pain it was to drown !
 What dreadful noise of water in mine ears !
 What sights of ugly death within mine eyes !
 Methought, I saw a thousand fearful wrecks ;
 A thousand men, that fishes gnawed upon ;
 Wedges of gold, great anchors, heaps of pearl,

Inestimable stones, unvalued jewels,
 All scattered in the bottom of the sea.
 Some lay in dead men's skulls; and, in those holes
 Where eyes did once inhabit, there were crept
 (As 't were in scorn of eyes,) reflecting gems,
 That wooed the slimy bottom of the deep,
 And mocked the dead bones that lay scattered by.

Brak. Had you such leisure in the time of death,
 To gaze upon these secrets of the deep?

Clar. Methought, I had; and often did I strive
 To yield the ghost: but still the envious flood
 Kept in my soul, and would not let it forth
 To seek the empty, vast, and wandering air;
 But smothered it within my panting bulk,
 Which almost burst to belch it in the sea.

Brak. Awaked you not with this sore agony?

Clar. O, no, my dream was lengthened after life;
 O, then began the tempest to my soul!
 I passed, methought, the melancholy flood,
 With that grim ferryman which poets write of,
 Unto the kingdom of perpetual night.
 The first that there did greet my stranger soul,
 Was my great father-in-law, renowned Warwick;
 Who cried aloud, — *What scourge for perjury*
Can this dark monarchy afford false Clarence!
 And so he vanished: Then came wandering by
 A shadow like an angel, with bright hair
 Dabbled in blood; and he shrieked out aloud, —
Clarence is come, — false, fleeting, perjured Clarence, —
That stabbed me in the field by Tewksbury; —
Seize on him, furies, take him to your torments! —
 With that, methought, a legion of foul fiends

Envroned me, and howléd in mine ears
 Such hideous cries, that, with the very noise,
 I trembling waked, and, for a season after,
 Could not believe but that I was in hell ;
 Such terrible impression made my dream.

WOLSEY'S SOLILOQUY, AFTER HIS DOWNFALL.

(*From Henry VIII.*)

Farewell, a long farewell, to all my greatness !
 This is the state of man ; to-day he puts forth
 The tender leaves of hope, to-morrow blossoms,
 And bears his blushing honours thick upon him :
 The third day, comes a frost, a killing frost ;
 And, — when he thinks, good easy man, full surely
 His greatness is a ripening, — nips his root,
 And then he falls, as I do. I have ventured,
 Like little wanton boys that swim on bladders,
 This many summers in a sea of glory ;
 But far beyond my depth : my high-blown pride
 At length broke under me ; and now has left me,
 Weary, and old with service, to the mercy
 Of a rude stream, that must for ever hide me.
 Vain pomp, and glory of this world, I hate ye :
 I feel my heart new opened : O, how wretched
 Is that poor man, that hangs on princes' favours !
 There is betwixt that smile he would aspire to,
 That sweet aspéct of princes, and their ruin,
 More pangs and fears than wars or women have ;
 And when he falls, he falls like Lucifer,
 Never to hope again !

SHYLOCK.

(From the Merchant of Venice.)

Signior Antonio, many a time and oft,
 In the Rialto you have rated me
 About my moneys, and my usances:
 Still have I borne it with a patient shrug;
 For sufferance is the badge of all our tribe:
 You call me — misbeliever, cut-throat dog,
 And spit upon my Jewish gaberdine,
 And all for use of that which is mine own.
 Well then, it now appears, you need my help:
 Go to then; you come to me, and you say,
Shylock, we would have moneys: You say so;
 You, that did void your rheum upon my beard,
 And foot me, as you spurn a stranger cur
 Over your threshold; moneys is your suit.
 What should I say to you? Should I not say,
Hath a dog money? is it possible,
A cur can lend three thousand ducats? or
 Shall I bend low, and in a bondman's key,
 With 'bated breath, and whispering humbleness,
 Say this, —
Fair sir, you spit on me on Wednesday last;
You spurned me such a day; another time
You called me — dog; and for these courtesies
I'll lend you thus much moneys.

Shylock at length lends the money on condition of the payment of a pound of flesh, if the money is not returned at the time appointed. Salarino says:

Why, I am sure, if he forfeit, thou wilt not take his flesh ;
What's that good for ?

Shylock replies :

To bait fish withal : if it will feed nothing else, it will feed my revenge. He hath disgraced me, and hindered me of half a million ; laughed at my losses, mocked at my gains, scorned my nation, thwarted my bargains, cooled my friends, heated mine enemies ; and what's his reason ? I am a Jew ; Hath not a Jew eyes ? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions ? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is ? if you prick us, do we not bleed ? if you tickle us, do we not laugh ? if you poison us, do we not die ? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge ? if we are like you in the rest, we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility ? revenge ; If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example ? why, revenge. The villany you teach me, I will execute ; and it shall go hard, but I will better the instruction.

BASSANIO LOOKING AT PORTIA'S PORTRAIT.

(From the Merchant of Venice.)

. What find I here ?
Fair Portia's counterfeit ? What demi-god
Hath come so near creation ? Move these eyes ?
Or whether, riding on the balls of mine,
Seem they in motion ? Here are severed lips,

Parted with sugar breath ; so sweet a bar
Should sunder such sweet friends : Here in her hairs
The painter plays the spider ; and hath woven
A golden mesh to entrap the hearts of men,
Faster than gnats in cobwebs ; But her eyes, —
How could he see to do them ? having made one,
Methinks, it should have power to steal both his,
And leave itself unfurnished.

MERCY.

(From the Merchant of Venice.)

The quality of mercy is not strained ;
It droppeth, as the gentle rain from heaven .
Upon the place beneath : it is twice blessed ;
It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes :
'T is mightiest in the mightiest ; it becomes
The thronéd monarch better than his crown :
His sceptre shows the force of temporal power,
The attribute to awe and majesty,
Wherein doth sit the dread and fear of kings ;
But mercy is above this sceptred sway,
It is enthronéd in the hearts of kings,
It is an attribute to God himself :
And earthly power doth then show likest God's,
When mercy seasons justice.

AN APOTHECARY.

(From Romeo and Juliet.)

I do remember an Apothecary,
 And hereabouts he dwells, — whom late I noted
 In tattered weeds, with overwhelming brows,
 Culling of simples; meager were his looks,
 Sharp misery had worn him to the bones :
 And in his needy shop a tortoise hung,
 An alligator stuffed, and other skins
 Of ill-shaped fishes; and about his shelves
 A beggarly account of empty boxes,
 Green earthen pots, bladders, and musty seeds,
 Remnants of packthread, and old cakes of roses,
 Were thinly scattered, to make up a show.
 Noting this penury, to myself I said —
 An if a man did need a poison now,
 Whose sale is present death in Mantua,
 Here lives a caitiff wretch would sell it him.

Speech of Henry V. to his soldiers before the walls
 of Harfleur.

Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more ;
 Or close the wall up with our English dead !
 In peace, there 's nothing so becomes a man,
 As modest stillness, and humility ;
 But when the blast of war blows in our ears,
 Then imitate the action of the tiger ;
 Stiffen the sinews, summon up the blood,
 Disguise fair nature with hard-favoured rage :

Then lend the eye a terrible aspéct ;
Let it pry through the portage of the head,
Like the brass cannon ; let the brow o'erwhelm it,
As fearfully, as doth a gallèd rock
O'erhang and jutty his confounded base,
Swilled with the wild and wasteful ocean.
Now set the teeth, and stretch the nostril wide ;
Hold hard the breath, and bend up every spirit
To his full height !— On, on, you noblest English,
Whose blood is fet from fathers of war-proof !
Fathers, that like so many Alexanders,
Have, in these parts, from morn till even fought,
And sheathed their swords for lack of argument.
Dishonour not your mothers ; now attest,
That those, whom you called fathers, did beget you !
Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
And teach them how to war !— And you, good yeomen,
Whose limbs were made in England, show us here
The mettle of your pasture ; let us swear
That you are worth your breeding : which I doubt not ;
For there is none of you so mean and base,
That hath not noble lustre in your eyes.
I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips,
Straining upon the start. The game's afoot ;
Follow your spirit : and, upon this charge,
Cry — God for Harry ! England ! and Saint George !

LOVERS BY MOONLIGHT.

(From the Merchant of Venice.)

How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this bank !
 Here will we sit, and let the sounds of music
 Creep in our ears ; soft stillness, and the night,
 Become the touches of sweet harmony.
 Sit, Jessica : Look, how the floor of heaven
 Is thick inlaid with patines of bright gold ;
 There 's not the smallest orb, which thou beholdest,
 But in his motion like an angel sings,
 Still quiring to the young-eyed cherubims :
 Such harmony is in immortal souls ;
 But whilst this muddy vesture of decay
 Doth grossly close it in, we cannot hear it.

 MUSIC.
(From the Merchant of Venice.)

. Therefore, the poet
 Did feign that Orpheus drew trees, stones, and floods ;
 Since nought so stockish, hard, and full of rage,
 But music for the time doth change his nature :
 The man that hath no music in himself,
 Nor is not moved with concord of sweet sounds,
 Is fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils ;
 The motions of his spirit are dull as night,
 And his affections dark as Erebus :
 Let no such man be trusted.

Speech of Marullus, a Roman citizen, to a rabble in the street who were taking a holiday on the occasion of Cæsar's triumph.—(*From Julius Cæsar.*)

Wherefore rejoice? What conquest brings he home?
What tributaries follow him to Rome,
To grace in captive bonds his chariot-wheels?
You blocks, you stones, you worse than senseless things!
O, you hard hearts, you cruel men of Rome,
Knew you not Pompey? Many a time and oft
Have you climbed up to walls and battlements,
To towers and windows, yea, to chimney-tops,
Your infants in your arms, and there have sat
The live-long day, with patient expectation,
To see great Pompey pass the streets of Rome:
And when you saw his chariot but appear,
Have you not made an universal shout,
That Tiber trembled underneath her banks,
To hear the replication of your sounds,
Made in her concave shores?
And do you now put on your best attire?
And do you now cull out a holiday?
And do you now strew flowers in his way,
That comes in triumph over Pompey's blood?
Be gone;
Run to your houses, fall upon your knees,
Pray to the gods to intermit the plague
That needs must light on this ingratitude.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN BRUTUS AND CASSIUS.

(From Julius Cæsar.)

Bru. What means this shouting? I do fear the people
Choose Cæsar for their king.

Cas. Ay, do you fear it?
Then must I think you would not have it so.

Bru. I would not, Cassius; yet I love him well:—
But wherefore do you hold me here so long?
What is it that you would impart to me?
If it be aught toward the general good,
Set honour in one eye, and death i' the other,
And I will look on both indifferently:
For, let the gods so speed me, as I love
The name of honour more than I fear death.

Cas. I know that virtue to be in you, Brutus,
As well as I do know your outward favour.
Well, honour is the subject of my story:—
I cannot tell, what you and other men
Think of this life; but, for my single self,
I had as lief not be, as live to be
In awe of such a thing as I myself.
I was born free as Cæsar; so were you:
We both have fed as well; and we can both
Endure the winter's cold, as well as he.
For once, upon a raw and gusty day,
The troubled Tiber chafing with her shores,
Cæsar said to me, *Darest thou, Cassius, now,
Leap in with me into this angry flood,
And swim to yonder point?*—Upon the word,

Accoutred as I was, I plungéd in,
 And bade him follow : so, indeed, he did.
 The torrent roared : and we did buffet it
 With lusty sinews : throwing it aside
 And stemming it with hearts of controversy.
 But ere we could arrive the point proposed,
 Cæsar cried, *Help me, Cassius, or I sink.*
 I, as Æneas, our great ancestor,
 Did from the flames of Troy upon his shoulder
 The old Anchises bear, so, from the waves of Tiber
 Did I the tired Cæsar : And this man
 Is now become a god ; and Cassius is
 A wretched creature, and must bend his body
 If Cæsar carelessly but nod on him.
 He had a fever when he was in Spain,
 And, when the fit was on him, I did mark
 How he did shake : 't is true, this god did shake :
 His coward lips did from their colour fly ;
 And that same eye, whose bend doth awe the world,
 Did lose his lustre : I did hear him groan.
 Ay, and that tongue of his, that bad the Romans
 Mark him, and write his speeches in their books,
 Alas ! it cried, *Give me some drink, Titinius,*
 As a sick girl. Ye gods, it doth amaze me,
 A man of such a feeble temper should
 So get the start of the majestic world,
 And bear the palm alone. (Shout. Flourish.)

Bru. Another general shout ?

I do believe that these applauses are
 For some new honours that are heaped on Cæsar.

Cas. Why, man, he doth bstride the narrow world
 Like a Colossus ; and we petty men
 Walk under his huge legs, and peep about

To find ourselves dishonourable graves.
 Men at some time are masters of their fates :
 The fault, dear Brutus, is not in our stars,
 But in ourselves, that we are underlings.
 Brutus, and Cæsar : What should be in that Cæsar ?
 Why should that name be sounded more than yours ?
 Write them together, yours is as fair a name ;
 Sound them, it doth become the mouth as well ;
 Weigh them, it is as heavy ; conjure with them,
 Brutus will start a spirit as soon as Cæsar. (Shout.)
 Now in the names of all the gods at once,
 Upon what meat doth this our Cæsar feed,
 That he is grown so great ? Age, thou art shamed :
 Rome, thou hast lost the breed of noble bloods !
 When went there by an age since the great flood,
 But it was famed with more than with one man ?
 When could they say, till now, that talked of Rome,
 That her wide walks encompassed but one man ?
 Now is it Rome indeed, and room enough,
 When there is in it but one only man.
 O ! you and I have heard our fathers say,
 There was a Brutus once, that would have brooked
 The eternal devil to keep his state in Rome,
 As easily as a king.

Speeches of Brutus and Antony, on the death of
 Cæsar. (*From the same.*)

Romans, countrymen, and lovers ! hear me for my cause ;
 and be silent, that you may hear : believe me for mine honour ;
 and have respect to mine honour, that you may believe : censure
 me in your wisdom ; and awake your senses, that you may the

better judge. If there be any in this assembly, any dear friend of Cæsar's, to him I say, that Brutus' love to Cæsar was no less than his. If then that friend demand why Brutus rose against Cæsar, this is my answer,—Not that I loved Cæsar less, but that I loved Rome more. Had you rather Cæsar were living, and die all slaves,—than that Cæsar were dead, to live all free men? As Cæsar loved me, I weep for him; as he was fortunate, I rejoice at it; as he was valiant, I honour him: but, as he was ambitious, I slew him: There is tears for his love; joy for his fortune; honour for his valour; and death for his ambition. Who is here so base, that would be a bondman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so rude, that would not be a Roman? If any, speak; for him have I offended. Who is here so vile, that will not love his country? If any, speak; for him have I offended. I pause for a reply.

Cit. None, Brutus, none. *(Several speaking at once.)*

Bru. Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Cæsar, than you should do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol: his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy; nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

Enter ANTONY and others, with CÆSAR'S body.

Here comes his body, mourned by Mark Antony: who, though he had no hand in his death, shall receive the benefit of his dying, a place in the commonwealth; as which of you shall not? With this I depart; That, as I slew my best lover for the good of Rome, I have the same dagger for myself, when it shall please my country to need my death.

Cit. Live, Brutus, live! live!

1 *Cit.* Bring him with triumph home unto his house.

2 *Cit.* Give him a statue with his ancestors.

3 *Cit.* Let him be Cæsar.

4 *Cit.* Cæsar's better parts
Shall now be crowned in Brutus.

1 *Cit.* We'll bring him to his house with shouts and clamours

Bru. My countrymen, ——

2 *Cit.* Peace ; silence ! Brutus speaks.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho !

Bru. Good countrymen, let me depart alone,
And, for my sake, stay here with Antony :
Do grace to Cæsar's corpse, and grace his speech
Tending to Cæsar's glories ; which Mark Antony,
By our permission is allowed to make.

I do entreat you, not a man depart,

Save I alone, till Antony have spoke.

[*Exit.*

1 *Cit.* Stay, ho ! and let us hear Mark Antony.

3 *Cit.* Let him go up into the public chair,
We'll hear him :— Noble Antony, go up.

Ant. For Brutus' sake, I am beholden to you.

4 *Cit.* What does he say of Brutus ?

3 *Cit.* He says, for Brutus' sake,
He finds himself beholden to us all.

4 *Cit.* 'T were best he speak no harm of Brutus here.

1 *Cit.* This Cæsar was a tyrant.

3 *Cit.* Nay, that's certain :
We are blessed that Rome is rid of him.

2 *Cit.* Peace ; let us hear what Antony can say.

Ant. You gentle Romans, ——

Cit. Peace, ho ! let us hear him.

Ant. Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears ;
I come to bury Cæsar, not to praise him.
The evil that men do lives after them ;
The good is oft interréd with their bones ;
So let it be with Cæsar. The noble Brutus

Hath told you, Cæsar was ambitious :
 If it were so, it was a grievous fault ;
 And grievously hath Cæsar answered it.
 Here, under leave of Brutus, and the rest,
 (For Brutus is an honourable man ;
 So are they all, all honourable men ;)

Come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral.
 He was my friend, faithful and just to me :
 But Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

He hath brought many captives home to Rome,
 Whose ransoms did the general coffers fill :
 Did this in Cæsar seem ambitious !
 When that the poor have cried, Cæsar hath wept ;
 Ambition should be made of sterner stuff :
 Yet Brutus says, he was ambitious ;
 And Brutus is an honourable man.

You all did see, that on the Lupercal,
 I thrice presented him a kingly crown,
 Which he did thrice refuse. Was this ambition ?
 Yet Brutus says he was ambitious ;
 And, sure, he is an honourable man.

I speak not to disprove what Brutus spoke,
 But here I am to speak what I do know.
 You all did love him once, not without cause ;
 What cause withholds you then to mourn for him ?
 O judgment, thou art fled to brutish beasts,
 And men have lost their reason ! — Bear with me,
 My heart is in the coffin there with Cæsar,
 And I must pause, till it come back to me.

1 *Cit.* Methinks, there is much reason in his sayings.
 2 *Cit.* If thou consider rightly of the matter,

Cæsar has had great wrong.

3 *Cit.*

Has he, masters?

I fear, there will a worse come in his place.

4 *Cit.* Marked ye his words? He would not take the crown;
Therefore, 't is certain, he was not ambitious.

1 *Cit.* If it be found so, some will dear abide it.

2 *Cit.* Poor soul! his eyes are red as fire with weeping.

3 *Cit.* There's not a nobler man in Rome, than Antony.

4 *Cit.* Now mark him, he begins again to speak.

Ant. But yesterday, the word of Cæsar might
Have stood against the world: now lies he there,
And none so poor to do him reverence.
O masters! if I were disposed to stir
Your hearts and minds to mutiny and rage,
I should do Brutus wrong, and Cassius wrong,
Who, you all know, are honourable men:
I will not do them wrong; I rather choose
To wrong the dead, to wrong myself, and you,
Than I will wrong such honourable men.
But here's a parchment, with the seal of Cæsar;
I found it in his closet, 't is his will:
Let but the commons hear this testament,
(Which, pardon me, I do not mean to read,)
And they would go and kiss dead Cæsar's wounds,
And dip their napkins in his sacred blood;
Yea, beg a hair of him for memory,
And, dying, mention it within their wills,
Bequeathing it, as a rich legacy,
Unto their issue.

4 *Cit.* We'll hear the will: Read it, Mark Antony.

Cit. The will, the will; we will hear Cæsar's will.

Ant. Have patience, gentle friends, I must not read it;

It is not meet you know how Cæsar loved you.
 You are not wood, you are not stones, but men;
 And, being men, hearing the will of Cæsar,
 It will inflame you, it will make you mad:
 'Tis good you know not that you are his heirs;
 For if you should, O, what would come of it!

4 *Cit.* Read the will; we will hear it, Antony;
 You shall read us the will; Cæsar's will.

Ant. Will you be patient? Will you stay awhile?
 I have o'ershot myself, to tell you of it.
 I fear, I wrong the honourable men,
 Whose daggers have stabbed Cæsar: I do fear it.

4 *Cit.* They were traitors: Honourable men!

Cit. The will! the testament!

2 *Cit.* They were villains, murderers: The will! read the will!

Ant. You will compel me then to read the will?

Then make a ring about the corpse of Cæsar,
 And let me show you him that made the will.
 Shall I descend? And will you give me leave?

Cit. Come down.

2 *Cit.* Descend. (*He comes down from the pulpit.*)

3 *Cit.* You shall have leave.

4 *Cit.* A ring; stand round.

1 *Cit.* Stand from the hearse, stand from the body.

2 *Cit.* Room for Antony; — most noble Antony.

Ant. Nay, press not so upon me; stand far off.

Cit. Stand back! room! bear back!

Ant. If you have tears, prepare to shed them now.

You all do know this mantle: I remember
 The first time ever Cæsar put it on;
 'T was on a summer's evening, in his tent;
 That day he overcome the Nervii: —

Look! in this place ran Cassius' dagger through :
 See what a rent the envious Casca made :
 Through this, the well beloved Brutus stabbed ;
 And, as he plucked his cursed steel away,
 Mark how the blood of Cæsar followed it ;
 As rushing out of doors, to be resolved
 If Brutus so unkindly knocked, or no ;
 For Brutus, as you know, was Cæsar's angel :
 Judge, O you gods, how dearly Cæsar loved him !
 This was the most unkindest cut of all :
 For when the noble Cæsar saw him stab,
 Ingratitude, more strong than traitors' arms,
 Quite vanquished him : then burst his mighty heart ;
 And, in his mantle muffling up his face,
 Even at the base of Pompey's statua,
 Which all the while ran blood, great Cæsar fell.
 O, what a fall was there, my countrymen !
 Then I, and you, and all of us fell down,
 Whilst bloody treason flourished over us.
 O, now you weep ; and, I perceive, you feel
 The dint of pity : these are gracious drops.
 Kind souls, what, weep you, when you but behold
 Our Cæsar's vesture wounded ? Look you here,
 Here is himself, marred, as you see, with traitors.

1 *Cit.* O piteous spectacle !

2 *Cit.* O noble Cæsar !

3 *Cit.* O woeful day !

4 *Cit.* O traitors, villains !

1 *Cit.* O most bloody sight !

2 *Cit.* We will be revenged : revenge ; about,—seek,—burn.
 — fire, — kill, — slay ! — let not a traitor live.

Ant. Stay, countrymen.

1 *Cit.* Peace there : -- Hear the noble Antony.

2 *Cit.* We 'll hear him, we 'll follow him, we 'll die with him.

Ant. Good friends, sweet friends, let me not stir you up
To such a sudden flood of mutiny.

They that have done this deed, are honourable ;

What private griefs they have, alas, I know not,

That made them do it ; they are wise and honourable,

And will no doubt, with reasons answer you.

I come not, friends, to steal away your hearts ;

I am no orator, as Brutus is ;

But as you know me all, a plain blunt man,

That love my friend : and that they know full well

That gave me public leave to speak of him.

For I have neither wit, nor words, nor worth,

Action, nor utterance, nor the power of speech,

To stir men's blood ; I only speak right on ;

I tell you that, which you yourselves do know ;

Show you sweet Cæsar's wounds, poor, poor dumb mouths,

And bid them speak for me : But were I Brutus,

And Brutus Antony, there were an Antony

Would ruffle up your spirits, and put a tongue

In every wound of Cæsar, that should move

The stones of Rome to rise and mutiny.

Cit. We 'll mutiny.

1 *Cit.* We 'll burn the house of Brutus.

3 *Cit.* Away then, come, seek the conspirators.

Ant. Yet hear me, countrymen ; yet hear me speak.

1 *Cit.* Peace, ho ! Hear Antony, most noble Antony.

Ant. Why, friends, you go to do you know not what :
Wherein hath Cæsar thus deserved your loves ?

Alas, you know not : — I must tell you then : —

You have forgot the will I told you of.

Cit. Most true ; — the will ; — let 's stay, and hear the will.

Ant. Here is the will, and under Cæsar's seal.

To every Roman citizen he gives,

To every several man, seventy-five drachmas.

2 *Cit.* Most noble Cæsar ! — we 'll revenge his death.

3 *Cit.* O, royal Cæsar !

Ant. Hear me with patience.

Cit. Peace, ho !

Ant. Moreover, he hath left you all his walks,
His private arbours, and new planted orchards,
On this side Tiber ; he hath left them you,
And to your heirs for ever ; common pleasures,
To walk abroad, and recreate yourselves.

Here was a Cæsar : When comes such another ?

1 *Cit.* Never, never : — Come, away, away :

We 'll burn his body in the holy place,
And with the brands fire the traitor's houses.

Take up the body.

1 *Cit.* Go, fetch fire.

3 *Cit.* Pluck down benches.

4 *Cit.* Pluck down forms, windows, anything.

[*Exeunt Citizens, with the Body.*]

Ant. Now let it work : Mischief, thou art afoot,
Take thou what course thou wilt.

OTHELLO'S RELATION OF HIS COURTSHIP TO THE SENATE.

(*From Othello.*)

Most potent, grave, and reverend signiors
My very noble and approved good masters ;

That I have ta'en away this old man's daughter,
 It is most true ; true, I have married her ;
 The very head and front of my offending
 Hath this extent, no more. Rude am I in my speech,
 And little blest with the soft phrase of peace ;
 For since these arms of mine had seven years' pith,
 Till now, some nine moons wasted, they have used
 Their dearest action in the tented field ;
 And little of this great world can I speak,
 More than pertains to feats of broil and battle ;
 And therefore shall I little grace my cause
 In speaking for myself. Yet by your gracious patience
 I will a round unvarnished tale deliver
 Of my whole course of love ; what drugs, what charms,
 What conjuration, and what mighty magic
 (For such proceeding I am charged withal)
 I won his daughter with.

Her father loved me, oft invited me ;
 Still questioned me the story of my life,
 From year to year ; the battles, sieges, fortunes,
 That I have past.
 I ran it through, even from my boyish days,
 To the very moment that he bade me tell it :
 Wherein I spoke of most disastrous chances,
 Of moving accidents by flood and field ;
 Of hair-breadth 'scapes i' th' imminent deadly breach ;
 Of being taken by the insolent foe,
 And sold to slavery ; of my redemption thence,
 And portance in my travel's history.
 Wherein of antres vast and deserts idle,
 Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heaven,
 It was my lot to speak, such was the process ;

And of the cannibals that each other eat,
 The anthropophagi, and men whose heads
 Do grow beneath their shoulders. These things to hear
 Would Desdemona seriously incline ;
 But still the house affairs would draw her thence ;
 Which ever as she could with haste despatch,
 She 'd come again, and with a greedy ear
 Devour up my discourse : which I observing,
 Took once a pliant hour, and found good means
 To draw from her a prayer of earnest heart,
 That I would all my pilgrimage dilate,
 Whereof by parcels she had something heard,
 But not intentively. I did consent,
 And often did beguile her of her tears,
 When I did speak of some distressful stroke
 That my youth suffered. My story being done,
 She gave me for my pains a world of sighs ;
 She swore—in faith, 't was strange, 't was passing strange,
 'T was pitiful, 't was wondrous pitiful——
 She wished she had not heard it, yet she wished
 That heaven had made her such a man :—she thanked me,
 And bade me, if I had a friend that loved her,
 I should but teach him how to tell my story :
 And that would woo her. On this hint I spake ;
 She loved me for the dangers I had passed,
 And I loved her that she did pity them.

END OF ALL EARTHLY GLORIES.

(*From the Tempest.*)

Our revels now are ended : these our actors,
 As I foretold you, were all spirits, and

Are melted into air, into thin air;
 And, like the baseless fabric of this vision,
 The cloud-capt towers, the gorgeous palaces,
 The solemn temples, the great globe itself,
 Yea, all which it inherit, shall dissolve;
 And, like this insubstantial pageant faded,
 Leave not a rack behind! We are such stuff
 As dreams are made on, and our little life
 Is rounded with a sleep.

SOLITUDE PREFERRED TO A COURT LIFE, AND THE ADVANTAGES OF ADVERSITY.

(*From As You Like It.*)

Now, my co-mates and brothers in exile,
 Hath not old custom made this life more sweet
 Than that of painted pomp? Are not these woods
 More free from peril than the envious court?
 Here feel we but the penalty of Adam,
 The season's difference; as the icy fang
 And churlish chiding of the winter's wind;
 Which, when it bites and blows upon my body,
 Even till I shrink with cold, I smile and say,
 'This is no flattery;' these are counsellors
 That feelingly persuade me what I am.
 Sweet are the uses of adversity,
 Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
 Wears yet a precious jewel in his head:
 And this our life, exempt from public haunt,
 Finds tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
 Sermons in stones, and good in everything.
 I would not change it!

THE WORLD COMPARED TO A STAGE.

(From As You Like It.)

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms :
And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
Made to his mistress' eye-brow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel ;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances ;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side ;
His youthful hose well served, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks ; and his big manly voice,
Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion :
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

THE DRAMATISTS.

CONTEMPORARY with Shakspeare, and immediately succeeding him, was a host of poetical writers, chiefly dramatic, whom it is not necessary to dwell upon individually. The stage, which had begun to be of considerable importance even before the time of Shakspeare, received from his labours such an impetus that it became for a while the great pulse of literary life. The Dramatists, from the time of Shakspeare to the establishment of the Commonwealth,—that is, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James I., and Charles I.,—were no unimportant part of the body politic. They were a peculiar race, having in many respects a common character and destiny, and widely distinguished from the other great names of the period. They were exceedingly prolific, but from the enormous mass of their productions, the portion that is worthy of preservation, except as matter of curious history, is comparatively small. Foremost in this class, and next to Shakspeare himself among English dramatists, is Ben Jonson. Some of his plays are of a truly classical character, and all of them are much purer and more elevated in sentiment than most of those with which they are historically associated. Next to Jonson in order of time, as well as of genius, though in both by a very small interval, come Beaumont and Fletcher. These were two young men of high talents and liberal birth, who formed the most

remarkable literary partnership that exists in history. This partnership continued for a long series of years, and the plays which bear their name were the joint production of both. After these, and belonging to the same period, may be mentioned Chapman, Dekker, Webster, Middleton, Massinger, Ford, Heywood, Shirley, &c. There were also, during the same period, other poets, not dramatists, of some consideration.

Among the prose writers of this period are found some of the greatest lights of English history,—Lord Bacon, the father of modern philosophy, Chillingworth, Usher, Hooker, Jeremy Taylor, Hobbes, &c.

In the extracts which follow, from the poets of this period, all that has been deemed necessary after this general notice, is to prefix to each piece the name of the author, with the date of his birth and death.

BEN JONSON, 1574—1637.

Accusation and Death of Silius in the Senate House.

(From the Fall of Sejanus.)

Silius, an honourable Roman, hated by Tiberius Cæsar, the emperor, and Sejanus, is unjustly accused in the senate house by Varro, the consul. The other persons present are Domitius Afer, Latiaris, and Cotta, enemies of Silius, and Arruntius and Sabinus, his friends, with *lictors* and *præcones*, inferior officers of the senate.

Afer. Cite Caius Silius.

Præ.

Caius Silius!

Sil.

Here.

Afer. The triumph that thou hadst in Germany
 For thy late victory on Sacrovir,
 Thou hast enjoyed so freely, Caius Silius,
 As no man it envied thee; nor would Cæsar,
 Or Rome admit, that thou wert then defrauded
 Of any honours thy deserts could claim,
 In the fair service of the commonwealth:
 But now, if after all their loves and graces
 (Thy actions and their courses being discovered),
 It shall appear to Cæsar, and this senate,
 Thou hast defiled those glories with thy crimes —

Sil. Crimes?

Afer. Patience, Silius.

Sil. Tell thy moil of patience
 I am a Roman. What are my crimes? proclaim them.
 Am I too rich? too honest for the times?
 Have I or treasure, jewels, land, or houses,
 That some informer gapes for? Is my strength
 Too much to be admitted? or my knowledge?
 These now are crimes.

Afer. Nay, Silius, if the name
 Of crime so touch thee, with what impotence
 Wilt thou endure the matter to be searched?

Sil. I tell thee, *Afer*, with more scorn than fear:
 Employ your mercenary tongue and art.
 Where's my accuser?

Var. Here.

Arr. Varro the consul.

Is he thrust in?

Var. 'T is I accuse thee, Silius.
 Against the majesty of Rome, and Cæsar,
 I do pronounce thee here a guilty cause,
 First of beginning and occasioning,

Next, drawing out the war in Gallia,
 For which thou late triumph'st; dissembling long
 That Sacrovir to be an enemy,
 Only to make thy entertainment more:
 Whilst thou and thy wife Sosia polled the province.
 Wherein, with sordid, base desire of gain,
 Thou hast discredited thy actions' worth,
 And been a traitor to the state.

Sil. Thou liest.

Arr. I thank thee, Silius, speak so still and often.

Var. If I not prove it, Cæsar, but unjustly
 Have called him into trial; here I bind
 Myself to suffer what I claim against him;
 And yield to have what I have spoke, confirmed
 By judgment of the court, and all good men.

Sil. Cæsar, I crave to have my cause deferred,
 Till this man's consulship be out.

Tib. We cannot.

Nor may we grant it.

Sil. Why? shall he design
 My day of trial? is he my accuser?
 And must he be my judge?

Tib. It hath been usual
 And is a right that custom hath allowed
 The magistrate, to call forth private men;
 And to appoint their day: which privilege
 We may not in the consul see infringed,
 By whose deep watches, and industrious care,
 It is so laboured as the commonwealth
 Receive no loss, by any oblique course.

Sil. Cæsar, thy fraud is worse than violence.

Tib. Silius, mistake us not, we dare not use

The credit of the consul to thy wrong;
 But only do preserve his place and power,
 So far as it concerns the dignity
 And honour of the state.

Arr. Believe him, Silius.

Cot. Why, so he may, Arruntius.

Arr. I say so.

And he may choose too.

Tib. By the Capitol,
 And all our gods, but that the dear republic,
 Our sacred laws, and just authority
 Are interested therein, I should be silent.

Afer. 'Please Cæsar to give way unto his trial;
 He shall have justice.

Sil. Nay, I shall have law;
 Shall I not, Afer? speak.

Afer. Would you have more?

Sil. No, my well-spoken man, I would no more;
 Nor less: might I enjoy it natural,
 Not taught to speak unto your present ends,
 Free from thine, his, and all your unkind handling,
 Furious enforcing, most unjust presuming,
 Malicious, and manifold applying,
 Foul wresting, and impossible construction.

Afer. He raves, he raves.

Sil. Thou durst not tell me so,
 Hadst thou not Cæsar's warrant. I can see
 Whose power condemns me.

Var. This betrays his spirit.
 This doth enough declare him what he is.

Sil. What am I? speak.

Var. An enemy to the state.

Sil. Because I am an enemy to thee,
 And such corrupted ministers o' the state,
 That here art made a present instrument
 To gratify it with thine own disgrace.

Sej. This to the consul is most insolent
 And impious!

Sil. Ay, take part. Reveal yourselves.
 Alas! I scent not your confederacies,
 Your plots, and combinations! I not know
 Minion Sejanus hates me; and that all
 This boast of law, and law is but a form,
 A net of Vulcan's filing, a mere engine,
 To take that life by a pretext of justice,
 Which you pursue in malice? I want brain,
 Or nostril to persuade me, that your ends
 And purposes are made to what they are,
 Before my answer! O, you equal gods,
 Whose justice not a world of wolf-turned men
 Shall make me to accuse, howe'er provoked:
 Have I for this so oft engaged myself?
 Stood in the heat and fervour of a fight,
 When Phœbus sooner hath forsook the day
 Than I the field, against the blue-eyed Gauls
 And crispéd Germans? when our Roman eagles
 Have fanned the fire with their labouring wings,
 And no blow dealt, that left not death behind it?
 When I have charged, alone, into the troops
 Of curled Sicambrians, routed them, and came
 Not off, with backward ensigns of a slave,
 But forward marks, wounds on my breast and face,
 Were meant to thee, O Cæsar, and thy Rome?
 And have I this return? did I for this

Perform so noble and so brave defeat
 On Sacrovir? (O Jove, let it become me
 To boast my deeds, when he, whom they concern,
 Shall thus forget them.)

Afer. *Silius, Silius,*
 These are the common customs of thy blood,
 When it is high with wine, as now with rage:
 This well agrees with that intemperate vaunt
 Thou lately madest at Agrippina's table,
 That, when all other of the troops were prone
 To fall into rebellion, only thine
 Remained in their obedience. Thou wert he
 That saved the empire, which had then been lost,
 Had but thy legions, there, rebelled or mutined;
 Thy virtue met, and fronted every peril,
 Thou gavest to Cæsar, and to Rome, their surety,
 Their name, their strength, their spirit, and their state,
 Their being was a donative from thee.

Arr. Well worded, and most like an orator.

Tib. Is this true, *Silius*?

Sil. Save thy question, Cæsar,
 Thy spy of famous credit hath affirmed it.

Arr. Excellent Roman!

Sab. He doth answer stoutly.

Sej. If this be so, there needs no other cause
 Of crime against him.

Var. What can more impeach
 The royal dignity and state of Cæsar,
 Than to be urgéd with a benefit
 He cannot pay?

Cot. In this, all Cæsar's fortune
 Is made unequal to the courtesy.

Lat. His means are clean destroyed that should requite.

Gal. Nothing is great enough for Silius' merit.

Arr. Gallus on that side too?

Sil. Come, do not hunt

And labour so about for circumstance,

To make him guilty, whom you have foredoomed :

Take shorter ways ; I'll meet your purposes.

The words were mine, and more I now will say :

Since I have done thee that great service, Cæsar,

Thou still hast feared me ; and, in place of grace,

Returned me hatred : so soon all best turns,

With doubtful princes, turn deep injuries

In estimation, when they greater rise

Than can be answered. Benefits, with you,

Are of no longer pleasure than you can

With ease restore them ; that transcended once,

Your studies are not how to thank, but kill.

It is your nature to have all men slaves

To you, but you acknowledging to none.

The means that make your greatness, must not come

In mention of it ; if it do, it takes

So much away, you think : and that which helped,

Shall soonest perish, if it stand in eye,

Where it may front, or but upbraid the high.

Cot. Suffer him to speak no more.

Var. Note but his spirit.

Afer. This shows him in the rest.

Sej. He hath spoke enough to prove him Cæsar's foe.

Lat. Let him be censured.

Cot. His thoughts look through his words.

Sej.

A censure.

Sil.

Stay,

Stay, most officious senate, I shall straight
 Delude thy fury. Silius hath not placed
 His guards within him, against fortune's spite,
 So weakly, but he can escape your gripe,
 That are but hands of fortune : she herself,
 When virtue doth oppose, must lose her threats.
 All that can happen in humanity,
 The frown of Cæsar, proud Sejanus' hatred,
 Base Varro's spleen, and Afer's bloodying tongue,
 The senate's servile flattery, and these
 Mustered to kill, I'm fortified against,
 And can look down upon : they are beneath me.
 It is not life whereof I stand enamoured ;
 Nor shall my end make me accuse my fate.
 The coward and the valiant man must fall,
 Only the cause, and manner how, discerns them :
 Which then are gladdest, when they cost us dearest.
 Romans, if any here be in this senate,
 Would know to mock Tiberius' tyranny,
 Look upon Silius, and so learn to die. [*Stabs himself.*]

Var. O desperate act !

Arr. An honourable hand !

Tib. Look, is he dead ?

Sab. 'T was nobly struck, and home.

Arr. My thought did prompt him to it. Farewell, Silius.
 Be famous ever for thy great example.

EPITAPH ON A LADY.

Underneath this stone doth lie
 As much beauty as could die ;
 Which in life did harbour give
 To more virtue than doth live.

FRANCIS BEAUMONT, 1586—1616.

JOHN FLETCHER, 1576—1625.

Generosity of Cæsar.

(From the False One.)

Ptolemy, king of Egypt, having secured the head of Pompey, comes with his friends Achoreus and Photinus to present it to Cæsar, as a means of gaining his favour. To them enter Cæsar, Antony, Dolabella, and Sceva.

Pho. Do not shun me, Cæsar.

From kingly Ptolemy I bring this present,
 The crown and sweat of thy Pharsalian labour,
 The goal and mark of high ambitious honour.
 Before, thy victory had no name, Cæsar,
 Thy travel and thy loss of blood, no recompense;
 Thou dreamedst of being worthy, and of war,
 And all thy furious conflicts were but slumbers:
 Here they take life; here they inherit honour,
 Grow fixed, and shoot up everlasting triumphs.
 Take it, and look upon thy humble servant,
 With noble eyes look on the princely Ptolemy,
 That offers with this head, most mighty Cæsar,
 What thou wouldst once have given for 't, all Egypt.

Ach. Nor do not question it, most royal conqueror,
 Nor disesteem the benefit that meets thee,
 Because 't is easily got, it comes the safer:
 Yet, let me tell thee, most imperious Cæsar,
 Though he opposed no strength of swords to win this,
 Nor laboured through no showers of darts and lances,

Yet here he found a fort, that faced him strongly,
 An inward war: He was his grandsire's guest,
 Friend to his father, and when he was expelled
 And beaten from this kingdom by strong hand,
 And had none left him to restore his honour,
 No hope to find a friend in such a misery,
 Then in stepped Pompey, took his feeble fortune,
 Strengthened, and cherished it, and set it right again:
 This was a love to Cæsar.

Sc. Give me hate, gods!

Pho. This Cæsar may account a little wicked;
 But yet remember, if thine own hands, conqueror,
 Had fallen upon him, what it had been then;
 If thine own sword had touched his throat, what that way!
 He was thy son-in-law; there to be tainted
 Had been most terrible! Let the worst be rendered,
 We have deserved for keeping thy hands innocent.

Cæsar. Oh, Sceva, Sceva, see that head! See, captains,
 The head of godlike Pompey!

Sc. He was basely ruined;
 But let the gods be grieved that suffered it.
 And be you Cæsar.

Cæsar. Oh thou conqueror,
 Thou glory of the world once, now the pity;
 Thou awe of nations, wherefore didst thou fall thus?
 What poor fate followed thee and plucked thee on
 To trust thy sacred life to an Egyptian?
 The life and light of Rome to a blind stranger,
 That honourable war ne'er taught a nobleness,
 Nor worthy circumstance showed what a man was?
 That never heard thy name sung but in banquets,
 And loose lascivious pleasures? to a boy,

That had no faith to comprehend thy greatness,
 No study of thy life to know thy goodness?
 And leave thy nation, nay, thy noble friend,
 Leave him distrusted, that in tears falls with thee,
 In soft relenting tears? Hear me, great Pompey;
 If thy great spirit can hear, I must task thee!
 Th' hast most unnobly robbed me of my victory,
 My love and mercy.

Ant. Oh, how brave these tears show!

How excellent is sorrow in an enemy!

Dol. Glory appears not greater than this goodness.

Cæsar. Egyptians, dare ye think your highest pyramids,
 Built to outdare the sun, as you suppose,
 Where your unworthy kings lie raked in ashes,
 Are monuments fit for him? No; brood of Nilus,
 Nothing can cover his high fame but heaven,
 No pyramids set off his memories,
 But the eternal substance of his greatness,
 To which I leave him. Take the head away,
 And, with the body, give it noble burial:
 Your earth shall now be blessed to hold a Roman,
 Whose braveries all the world's earth cannot balance.

Scæ. If thou beest thus loving, I shall honour thee:
 But great men may dissemble, 't is held possible,
 And be right glad of what they seem to weep for;
 There are such kind of philosophers. Now do I wonder
 How he would look if Pompey were alive again;
 But how he'd set his face.

Cæsar. You look now, king,
 And you that have been agents in this glory,
 For our especial favour?

Ptol. We desire it.

Cæsar. And doubtless you expect rewards ?

Sec. Let me give 'em :

I'll give 'em such as Nature never dreamed of ;
I'll beat him and his agents in a mortar,
Into one man, and that one man I'll bake then.

Cæsar. Peace !— I forgive you all ; that 's recompense.
You 're young and ignorant ; that pleads your pardon ;
And fear, it may be, more than hate, provoked you.
Your ministers, I must think, wanted judgment,
And so they erred : I 'm bountiful to think this,
Believe me, most bountiful. Be you most thankful ;
That bounty share amongst ye. If I knew what
To send you for a present, king of Egypt,
I mean a head of equal reputation,
And that you loved, though 't were your brightest sister's
(But her you hate), I would not be behind you.

Ptol. Hear me, great Cæsar !

Cæsar. I have heard too much ;
And study not with smooth shows to invade
My noble mind, as you have done my conquest :
You 're poor and open. I must tell you roundly,
That man that could not recompense the benefits,
The great and bounteous services of Pompey,
Can never dote upon the name of Cæsar.
Though I had hated Pompey, and allowed his ruin,
I gave you no commission to perform it.
Hasty to please in blood are seldom trusty ;
And, but I stand environed with my victories,
My fortune never failing to befriend me,
My noble strengths, and friends about my person,
I durst not try you, nor expect a courtesy,
Above the pious love you showed to Pompey.

You've found me merciful in arguing with ye ;
Swords, hangmen, fires, destructions from all natures,
Demolishments of kingdoms, and whole ruins,
Are wont to be my orators. Turn to tears,
You wretched and poor reeds of sun-burnt Egypt,
And now you've found the nature of a conqueror,
That you cannot decline, with all your flatteries,
That where the day gives light, will be himself still ;
Know how to meet his worth with humane courtesies !
Go, and embalm those bones of that great soldier,
Howl round about his pile, fling on your spices,
Make a Sabean bed, and place this phenix
Where the hot sun may emulate his virtues,
And draw another Pompey from his ashes
Divinely great, and fix him 'mongst the worthies.

Ptol. We will do all.

Cæsar. You've robbed him of those tears
His kindred and his friends kept sacred for him,
The virgins of their funeral lamentations ;
And that kind earth that thought to cover him
(His country's earth) will cry out 'gainst your cruelty,
And weep unto the ocean for revenge,
Till Nilus raise his seven heads and devour ye !
My grief has stopt the rest ! When Pompey lived,
He used you nobly ; now he's dead, use him so. [*Exit.*

THOMAS DEKKER, died 1638.

Patience.

Patience! why, 't is the soul of peace:
Of all the virtues, 't is nearest kin to heaven:
It makes men loôk like gods. The best of men
That e'er wore earth about him was a sufferer,
A soft, meek, patient, humble, tranquil spirit:
The first true gentleman that ever breathed.

The picture of a lady seen by her lover.

My Infelice's face, her brow, her eye,
The dimple on her cheek: and such sweet skill
Hath from the cunning workman's pencil flown.
These lips look fresh and lively as her own;
Seeming to move and speak. Alas! now I see
The reason why fond women love to buy
Adulterate complexion: here 't is read;
False colours last after the true be dead.
Of all the roses grafted on her cheeks,
Of all the graces dancing in her eyes,
Of all the music set upon her tongue,
Of all that was past woman's excellence,
In her white bosom; look, a painted board
Circumscribes all! Earth can no bliss afford;
Nothing of her but this! This cannot speak;
It has no lap for me to rest upon;
No lip worth tasting. Here the worms will feed,
As in her coffin. Hence, then, idle art,
True love's best pictured in a true love's heart.
Here art thou drawn, sweet maid, till this be dead,
So that thou livest twice, twice art buried.
Thou figure of my friend, lie there!

PHILIP MASSINGER, 1584—1640.

Pride of Sir Giles Overreach in his Daughter.

(From the New Way to Pay Old Debts).

LOVEL. — OVERREACH.

Over. To my wish we are private.

I come not to make offer with my daughter
A certain portion; that were poor and trivial:
In one word, I pronounce all that is mine,
In lands or leases, ready coin or goods,
With her, my lord, comes to you; nor shall you have
One motive to induce you to believe
I live too long, since every year I'll add
Something unto the heap, which shall be yours too.

Lov. You are a right kind father.

Over. You shall have reason
To think me such. How do you like this seat?
It is well-wooded and well-watered, the acres
Fertile and rich: would it not serve for change,
To entertain your friends in a summer's progress?
What thinks my noble lord?

Lov. 'Tis a wholesome air,
And well built, and she, that is mistress of it,
Worthy the large revenue.

Over. She the mistress?
It may be so for a time; but let my lord
Say only that he but like it, and would have it;
I say, ere long 't is his.

Lov. Impossible.

Over. You do conclude too fast ; not knowing me,
Nor the engines that I work by. 'T is not alone
The Lady Allworth's lands ; but point out any man's
In all the shire, and say they lie convenient
And useful for your lordship ; and once more,
I say aloud they are yours.

Lov. I dare not own
What 's by unjust and cruel means extorted :
My fame and credit are more dear to me
Than so to expose 'em to be censured by
The public voice.

Over. *Over.* You run, my lord, no hazard :
Your reputation shall stand as fair
In all good men's opinions as now :
Nor can my actions, though condemned for ill,
Cast any foul aspersion upon yours.
For though I do contemn report myself
As a mere sound, I still will be so tender
Of what concerns you in all points of honour,
That the immaculate whiteness of your fame,
Nor your unquestioned integrity,
Shall e'er be sullied with one taint or spot
That may take from your innocence and candour.
All my ambition is to have my daughter
Right honourable ; which my lord can make her :
And might I live to dance upon my knee
A young Lord Lovel, born by her unto you,
I write *nil ultra* to my proudest hopes.
As for possessions and annual rents,
Equivalent to maintain you in the port
Your noble birth and present state require,
I do remove that burden from your shoulders,

And take it on mine own; for though I ruin
 The country to supply your riotous waste,
 The scourge of prodigals (want) shall never find you.

Lov. Are you not frightened with the imprecations
 And curses of whole families, made wretched
 By your sinister practices?

Over. Yes, as rocks are
 When foamy billows split themselves against
 Their flinty ribs; or as the moon is moved
 When wolves, with hunger pined, howl at her brightness.
 I am of a solid temper, and, like these,
 Steer on a constant course: with mine own sword,
 If called into the field, I can make that right
 Which fearful enemies murmured at as wrong.
 Now, for those other piddling complaints,
 Breathed out in bitterness; as, when they call me
 Extortioner, tyrant, cormorant, or intruder
 On my poor neighbour's right, or grand encloser
 Of what was common to my private use;
 Nay, when my ears are pierced with widows' cries,
 And undone orphans wash with tears my threshold,
 I only think what 't is to have my daughter
 Right honourable; and 't is a powerful charm,
 Makes me insensible of remorse or pity,
 Or the least sting of conscience.

Lov. I admire
 The toughness of your nature.

Over. 'T is for you,
 My lord, and for my daughter, I am marble.

JOHN FORD, 1586—1639.

Contention of a Bird and a Musician.

(From the Lover's Melancholy.)

MENAPHON *and* AMETHUS.

Men. Passing from Italy to Greece, the tales
Which poets of an elder time have feigned
To glorify their Tempe, bred in me
Desire of visiting that paradise.
To Thessaly I came; and living private,
Without acquaintance of more sweet companions
Than the old inmates to my love, my thoughts,
I day by day frequented silent groves,
And solitary walks. One morning early
This accident encountered me: I heard
The sweetest and most ravishing contention,
That art and nature ever were at strife in.

Amet. I cannot yet conceive what you infer
By art and nature.

Men. I shall soon resolve you.
A sound of music touched mine ears, or rather,
Indeed, entranced my soul: As I stole nearer,
Invited by the melody, I saw
This youth, this fair-faced youth, upon his lute,
With strains of strange variety and harmony,
Proclaiming, as it seemed, so bold a challenge
To the clear choristers of the woods, the birds,
That, as they flocked about him, all stood silent,
Wondering at what they heard. I wondered too.

Amet. And so do I; good! on —

Men. A nightingale,
 Nature's best skilled musician, undertakes
 The challenge, and for every several strain
 The well-shaped youth could touch, she sung her own ;
 He could not run division with more art
 Upon his quaking instrument, than she,
 The nightingale, did with her various notes
 Reply to : for a voice, and for a sound,
 Amethus, 't is much easier to believe
 That such they were, than hope to hear again.

Amet. How did the rivals part ?

Men. You term them rightly ;
 For they were rivals, and their mistress, harmony.
 Some time thus spent, the young man grew at last
 Into a pretty anger, that a bird
 Whom art had never taught clefs, moods, or notes,
 Should vie with him for mastery, whose study
 Had busied many hours to perfect practice :
 To end the controversy, in a rapture
 Upon his instrument he plays so swiftly,
 So many voluntaries, and so quick,
 That there was curiosity and cunning,
 Concord in discord, lines of differing method
 Meeting in one full centre of delight.

Amet. Now for the bird.

Men. The bird, ordained to be
 Music's first martyr, strove to imitate
 These several sounds : which, when her warbling throat
 Failed in, for grief, down dropped she on his lute,
 And brake her heart ! It was the quaintest sadness,
 To see the conqueror upon her hearse,
 To weep a funeral elegy of tears :

That, trust me, my Amethus, I could chide
 Mine own unmanly weakness, that made me
 A fellow-mourner with him.

Amet. I believe thee.

Men. He looked upon the trophies of his art,
 Then sighed, then wiped his eyes, then sighed and cried :
 ‘ Alas, poor creature ! I will soon revenge
 This cruelty upon the author of it :
 Henceforth this lute, guilty of innocent blood,
 Shall never more betray a harmless peace
 To an untimely end :’ and in that sorrow,
 As he was pashing it against a tree,
 I suddenly stepped in.

Amet. Thou hast discoursed
 A truth of mirth and pity.

THOMAS HEYWOOD,—died about 1640.

Shipwreck by Drink.

(From the English Traveller.)

. This gentleman and I
 Passed but just now by your next neighbour’s house,
 Where, as they say, dwells one young Lionel,
 An unthrift youth ; his father now at sea :
 And there this night was held a sumptuous feast.
 In the height of their carousing, all their brains
 Warmed with the heat of wine, discourse was offered
 Of ships and storms at sea : when suddenly,
 Out of his giddy wildness, one conceives
 The room wherein they quaffed to be a pinnace

Moving and floating, and the confused noise
To be the murmuring winds, gusts, mariners :
That their unsteadfast footing did proceed
From rocking of the vessel. This conceived,
Each one begins to apprehend the danger,
And to look out for safety. Fly, saith one,
Up to the main-top, and discover. He
Climbs by the bed-post to the tester, there
Reports a turbulent sea and tempest towards ;
And wills them, if they 'll save their ship and lives,
To cast their lading overboard. At this
All fall to work, and hoist into the street,
As to the sea, what next came to their hand,
Stools, tables, tressels, trenches, bedsteads, cups,
Pots, plate, and glasses. Here a fellow whistles ;
They take him for the boatswain : one lies struggling
Upon the floor, as if he swam for life :
A third takes the bass-viol for the cock-boat,
Sits in the bellow on 't, labours, and rows ;
His oar the stick with which the fiddler played :
A fourth bestrides his fellow, thinking to 'scape
(As did Arion) on the dolphin's back,
Still fumbling on a gittern. The rude multitude,
Watching without, and gaping for the spoil
Cast from the windows, went by th' ears about it ;
The constable is called t' atone the broil ;
Which done, and hearing such a noise within
Of imminent shipwreck, enters the house, and finds them
In this confusion : they adore his staff,
And think it Neptune's trident ; and that he
Comes with his Tritons (so they called his watch)
To calm the tempest, and appease the waves :
And at this point we left them.

JAMES SHIRLEY, 1596—1666.

The Prodigal Lady.

(From the *Lady of Pleasure*.)

ARETINA and the STEWARD.

Stew. Be patient, madam, you may have your pleasure.

Aret. 'Tis that I came to town for; I would not
Endure again the country conversation
To be the lady of six shires! The men,
So near the primitive making, they retain
A sense of nothing but the earth; their brains
And barren heads standing as much in want
Of ploughing as their ground: to hear a fellow
Make himself merry and his horse with whistling
Sellinger's round; t' observe with what solemnity
They keep their wakes, and throw for pewter candlesticks;
How they become the morris, with whose bells
They ring all into Whitsun ales, and swear
Through twenty scarfs and napkins, till the hobbyhorse
Tire, and the maid-Marian, dissolved to a jelly,
Be kept for spoon meat.

Stew. These, with your pardon, are no argument
To make the country life appear so hateful;
At least to your particular, who enjoyed
A blessing in that calm, would you be pleased
To think so, and the pleasure of a kingdom:
While your own will commanded what should move
Delights, your husband's love and power joined
To give your life more harmony. You lived there
Secure and innocent, beloved of all;

Praised for your hospitality, and prayed for :
 You might be enviéd, but malice knew
 Not where you dwelt. — I would not prophesy,
 But leave to your own apprehension
 What may succeed your change.

Aret. You do imagine,
 No doubt, you have talked wisely, and confuted
 London past all defence. Your master should
 Do well to send you back into the country,
 With title of superintendent bailie.

Enter SIR THOMAS BORNWELL.

Born. How now, what's the matter ?
 Angry, sweetheart ?

Aret. I am angry with myself,
 To be so miserably restrained in things
 Wherein it doth concern your love and honour
 To see me satisfied.

Born. In what, Aretina,
 Dost thou accuse me ? Have I not obeyed
 All thy desires against mine own opinion ?
 Quitted the country, and removed the hope
 Of our return by sale of that fair lordship
 We lived in ; changed a calm and retired life
 For this wild town, composed of noise and charge ?

Aret. What charge more than is necessary
 For a lady of my birth and education ?

Born. I am not ignorant how much nobility
 Flows in your blood ; your kinsmen, great and powerful
 I' th' state, but with this lose not your memory
 Of being my wife. I shall be studious,
 Madam, to give the dignity of your birth

All the best ornaments which become my fortune,
 But would not flatter it to ruin both,
 And be the fable of the town, to teach
 Other men loss of wit by mine, employed
 To serve your vast expenses.

Aret. Am I then

Brought in the balance so, sir?

Born. Though you weigh

Me in a partial scale, my heart is honest,
 And must take liberty to think you have
 Obeyed no modest counsel to affect,
 Nay, study, ways of pride and costly ceremony.
 Your change of gaudy furniture, and pictures
 Of this Italian master and that Dutchman's;
 Your mighty looking-glasses, like artillery,
Brought home on engines; the superfluous plate
 Antique and novel; vanities of tires;
 Fourscore pound suppers for my lord, your kinsman;
 Banquets for t' other lady, aunt and cousins;
 And perfumes that exceed all: train of servants,
 To stifle us at home and show abroad.
 More motley than the French or the Venetian,
 About your coach, whose rude postilion
 Must pester every narrow lane, till passengers
 And tradesmen curse your choking up their stalls,
 And common cries pursue your ladyship
 For hindering o' the market.

Aret. Have you done, sir?

Born. I could accuse the gaiety of your wardrobe
 And prodigal embroideries, under which
 Rich satins, plushes, cloth of silver, dare
 Not show their own complexions. Your jewels,

Able to burn out the spectator's eyes,
 And show like bonfires on you by the tapers.
 Something might here be spared, with safety of
 Your birth and honour, since the truest wealth
 Shines from the soul, and draws up just admirers.
 I could urge something more.

Aret. Pray do; I like

Your homily of thrift.

Born. I could wish, madam,

You would not game so much.

Aret. A gamester too?

Born. But are not come to that repentance yet
 Should teach you skill enough to raise your profit;
 You look not through the subtlety of cards
 And mysteries of dice, nor can you save
 Charge with the box, buy petticoats and pearls;
 Nor do I wish you should. My poorest servant
 Shall not upbraid my tables, nor his hire,
 Purchased beneath my honour. You may play,
 Not a pastime, but a tyranny, and vex
 Yourself and my estate by 't.

Aret. Good — proceed.

Born. Another game you have, which consumes more
 Your fame than purse; your revels in the night,
 Your meetings called the ball, to which appear,
 As to the court of pleasure, all your gallants
 And ladies, thither bound by a subpoena
 Of Venus and small Cupid's high displeasure;
 'T is but the family of love translated
 Into more costly sin. There was a play on 't,
 And had the poet not been bribed to a modest
 Expression of your antic gambols in 't,

Some darks had been discovered, and the deeds too:
 In time he may repent, and make some blush
 To see the second part danced on the stage.
 My thoughts acquit you for dishonouring me
 By any foul act, but the virtuous know
 'T is not enough to clear ourselves, but the
 Suspicions of our shame.

Aret. Have you concluded
 Your lecture?

Born. I have done: and howsoever
 My language may appear to you, it carries
 No other than my fair and just intent
 To your delights, without curb to their modest
 And noble freedom.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552-1618.

The Soul's Errand.

Go, soul, the body's guest,
 Upon a thankless errand!
 Fear not to touch the best,
 The truth shall be thy warrant;
 Go, since I needs must die,
 And give the world the lie.

Tell potentates, they live
 Acting by others' actions,
 Not loved unless they give,
 Not strong but by their factions.
 If potentates reply,
 Give potentates the lie.

Tell men of high condition
That rule affairs of state,
Their purpose is ambition,
Their practice only hate.
And if they once reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell zeal it lacks devotion,
Tell love it is but lust,
Tell time it is but motion,
Tell flesh it is but dust ;
And wish them not reply,
For thou must give the lie.

Tell age it daily wasteth,
Tell honour how it alters,
Tell beauty how she blasteth,
Tell favour how she falters.
And as they shall reply,
Give every one the lie.

Tell wit how much it wrangles
In tickle points of niceness :
Tell wisdom she entangles
Herself in over-wiseness.
And when they do reply,
Straight give them both the lie.

Tell physic of her boldness,
Tell skill it is pretension,
Tell charity of coldness,
Tell law it is contention.
And as they do reply,
So give them still the lie.

Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay.
And if they will reply,
Then give them all the lie.

Tell arts they have no soundness,
But vary by esteeming,
Tell schools they want profoundness,
And stand too much on seeming.
If arts and schools reply,
Give arts and schools the lie.

So when thou hast, as I
Comanded thee, done blabbing :
Although to give the lie
Deserves no less than stabbing ;
Yet stab at thee who will,
No stab the soul can kill.

COWLEY.

ABRAHAM COWLEY was born in London, in 1618, and died in 1667. His poetical works are divided into four parts—the Miscellaneous, the Love Verses, the Pindaric Odes, and the Davideis. The last was an Epic, of considerable length, on the troubles of David. He was the most popular English poet of his times, and on his death was interred with great pomp in Westminster Abbey. Posterity, however, have not confirmed the opinion of his contemporaries. He was undoubtedly a man of learning, and some genius, but was under the influence of bad taste. The following are among the most favourable specimens which his poems afford.

HEAVEN.

Sleep on! Rest, quiet as thy conscience, take,
For though thou sleepest thyself, thy God's awake.
Above the subtle foldings of the sky,
Above the well-set orbs' soft harmony;
Above those petty lamps that gild the night,
There is a place o'erflown with hallowed light;
Where Heaven, as if it left itself behind,
Is stretched out far, nor its own bounds can find:
Here peaceful flames swell up the sacred place,
Nor can the glory contain itself in th' endless space.

For there no twilight of the sun's dull ray
 Glimmers upon the pure and native day.
 No pale-faced moon does in stolen beams appear,
 Or with dim tapers scatter darkness there.
 On no smooth sphere the restless seasons slide,
 No circling motion doth swift time divide ;
 Nothing is there *to come*, and nothing *past*,
 But an eternal now does always last.

THE GRASSHOPPER.

Happy insect, what can be
 In happiness compared to thee ?
 Fed with nourishment divine,
 The dewy morning's gentle wine !
 Nature waits upon thee still,
 And thy verdant cup does fill :
 'T is filled wherever thou dost tread,
 Nature self's thy Ganymede.
 Thou dost drink, and dance, and sing,
 Happier than the happiest king !
 All the fields which thou dost see,
 All the plants belong to thee ;
 All that summer hours produce,
 Fertile made with early juice.
 Man for thee does sow and plough ;
 Farmer he, and landlord thou !
 Thou dost innocently enjoy ;
 Nor does thy luxury destroy.
 The shepherd gladly heareth thee,
 More harmonious than he.

Thee country hinds with gladness hear,
Prophet of the ripened year !
Thee Phœbus loves, and does inspire ;
Phœbus is himself thy sire.
To thee, of all things upon earth,
Life is no longer than thy mirth.
Happy insect ! happy thou,
Dost neither age nor winter know.
But when thou 'st drunk, and danced, and sung
Thy fill, the flowery leaves among,
(Voluptuous and wise withal,
Epicurean animal !)
Satiated with thy summer feast,
Thou retirest to endless rest.

WALLER.

EDMUND WALLER (1605-1687) was a poet of very much the same character as his contemporary Cowley, and both have experienced nearly the same fate. In his old age, he wrote an extended poem of a religious character, entitled *Divine Love*. He succeeded with this, however, no better than Cowley with his *Davideis*. His best pieces are those of a light and playful nature, suited to the cast of his mind. Three short specimens are given.

GO, LOVELY ROSE.

Go, lovely rose!

Tell her that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her, that's young,
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of Beauty from the light retired;

Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee,
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

ON A GIRDLE.

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
It was my heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer ;
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love,
Did all within this circle move !
A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair.
Give me but what this ribbon bound,
Take all the rest the sun goes round.

OLD AGE AND DEATH.

The seas are quiet when the winds give o'er ;
So calm are we when passions are no more.
For then we know how vain it was to boast
Of fleeting things, too certain to be lost.

Clouds of affection from our younger eyes
 Conceal that emptiness which age describes.

The soul's dark cottage, battered and decayed,
 Lets in new light through chinks that time has made:
 Stronger by weakness, wiser men become,
 As they draw near to their eternal home.
 Leaving the old, both worlds at once they view,
 That stand upon the threshold of the new.

VAUGHAN.

HENRY VAUGHAN (1614—1695) published in 1651, a volume of miscellaneous poems, chiefly of a religious nature, and evincing considerable strength and originality of thought. He has never attained much celebrity, even among the minor poets. The following piece has been much admired both for its truth and beauty.

EARLY RISING AND PRAYER.

When first thy eyes unveil, give thy soul leave
 To do the like; our bodies but forerun
 The spirit's duty: true hearts spread and heave
 Unto their God, as flowers do to the sun:
 Give him thy first thoughts, then, so shalt thou keep
 Him company all day, and in him sleep.

Yet never sleep the sun up ; prayer should
Dawn with the day : there are set awful hours
'T wixt heaven and us ; the manna was not good
After sun-rising ; far day sullies flowers :
Rise to prevent the sun ; sleep doth sins glut,
And heaven's gate opens when the world's is shut.

Walk with thy fellow-creatures ; note the hush
And whisperings amongst them. Not a spring
Or leaf but hath his morning hymn ; each bush
And oak doth know I AM. Canst thou not sing ?
O leave thy cares and follies ! Go this way,
And thou art sure to prosper all the day.

Serve God before the world ; let him not go
Until thou hast a blessing ; then resign
The whole unto him, and remember who
Prevailed by wrestling ere the sun did shine ;
Pour oil upon the stones, weep for thy sin,
Then journey on, and have an eye to heaven.

When the world's up, and every swarm abroad,
Keep well thy temper, mix not with each clay
Despatch necessities ; life hath a load
Which must be carried on, and safely may ;
Yet keep those cares without thee ; let the heart
Be God's alone, and choose the better part.

1920 copy taken from the collection of Mr. ...
In 1638 after a long absence from ...
in foreign travel ...
In 1639 he was appointed Latin Secretary ...
The Council of State ...
He became

MILTON.

MILTON is more praised than read. This is easily accounted for. Neither the genius of the author, nor the nature of his subject, is such as to make it possible for Paradise Lost ever to become what may be called a popular book. To appreciate the lofty magnificence of his ideas, or the exquisite harmony of his numbers, requires a degree of intellectual culture, and a general elevation and compass of thought vouchsafed to few. The same may be said indeed of every great work of genius. There is in every play of Shakspeare a height and a depth, a fullness and intensity of meaning, into which none may enter but that "fit audience though few" whose voice alone gives real perpetuity to fame. But in addition to those high qualities which make the perusal of his plays a source of pleasure that increases just in proportion as a man increases in knowledge and taste, and which are fully understood only by those who partake in some measure of his own lofty spirit, Shakspeare has the advantage of other qualities which have always made, and will always make, him the idol of the many. His plays were written for immediate popular effect. His language is that of the common people. He addresses himself directly to the common understanding. His plot is full of the incidents and passions of common life. The consequence is, he is read by all classes, young and old, and on the same

principle that they read *Robinson Crusoe* or *Pilgrim's Progress*. Now *Paradise Lost* has nothing of this. As a mere tale, it is seldom read by children, and by grown people never. Some read it as a matter of duty. Not a few read it for shame not to have done so. As a general rule, however, the readers of Milton are those only whose hearts by nature or education have been attuned thereto. Hence it is that his name is on the lips of every body, while very few comparatively really understand or care about him. He is known to the multitude, just as Bacon and Locke are, as one whom competent judges have declared to be possessed of transcendent genius, and whose great work "posterity will not willingly let die," though it is not and can never be essentially popular. In one word, while Milton will be universally known, Shakespeare will be universally read.

In *Paradise Lost* there is a uniform stateliness and majesty of style, as befits the subject. This very excellence, however, is one source of injustice to the author. The reader of Byron is often suddenly precipitated from the third heaven of poetical sublimity down to the commonest prose that could be found in a newspaper advertisement; and again perhaps in the very next stanza, is carried as far and as suddenly in the opposite direction. The effect of these rapid transitions upon the mind of the reader is like that made upon the mind of a traveller in contemplating a lofty mountain from the bottom of an adjoining valley. The contrast heightens the effect. The reader of Milton on the other hand travels over an elevated region of table land, from which even Chimborazo would be but an ordinary mountain.

No writer of English Poetry has cultivated so successfully the harmony of numbers. He seems to have been by nature remarkably alive to the power of music. Whenever in his poems the subject of music is mentioned, it is wonderful to see how he is always carried away with it, as by a sudden fit of inspiration. It is no doubt owing to this constitutional temperament, and that wonderfully delicate ear which was its result, that his poems are almost faultless models of harmonious sound.

Milton was a man of great erudition, and his learning everywhere appears in his works, though not in the way of pedantry. He was a stern republican in his principles, and one of the most effective political writers under the Commonwealth. His despatches, as Latin secretary under Cromwell, were much admired.

The events of his life are not numerous, and are well known. He was born in London, in 1608, and was educated with great care. He was sent first to St. Paul's School, London—afterwards, at the age of seventeen, to Christ's College, Cambridge, where he continued for seven years. In 1632, he retired from the University, having taken the degree of Master of Arts, and having highly distinguished himself by his classical attainments. At the age of twenty-one, and while still a member of the University, he wrote his Hymn on the Nativity, almost any one verse of which is sufficient to indicate a new era in poetry. The few years immediately succeeding his University career were spent in the country. During this happy period of his life, he wrote *Arcades*, *Comus*, *Lycidas*, *L'Allegro*, and *L'Penseroso*. In 1638, at the age of thirty,

he spent fifteen months in foreign travel, chiefly in Italy and France. On his return, he embarked with great zeal in the political struggle between the royalists and the republicans. On the triumph of the latter in 1649, he was appointed Latin Secretary to the Council of State. This was the Secretaryship for Foreign Affairs—diplomatic negotiations at that time being conducted almost entirely in Latin. His eyesight, which had been failing for the last ten years, was finally entirely lost, and he became totally blind in 1652. At the Restoration soon after, Milton was included in an act of amnesty. *Paradise Lost* was commenced in 1658 and finished in 1665, and consequently was composed entirely in the dark. He sold the copy-right for 20*l.*! The latest of his poems were *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes*, written in 1671. The great poet died in 1674. He was married three times. His first marriage was a rash and ill-assorted one, and is remarkable as having been the cause, by the temporary separation between him and his wife, of his extraordinary and certainly erroneous treatises on the subject of divorce.

The following series of extracts is from *Paradise Lost*. Milton in the First Book describes the situation of the fallen angels in the lower regions, after their disastrous overthrow. The Second Book opens with the debate among their leaders in regard to their future plans. Three only of the speeches are given.

DEBATE IN PANDEMONIUM.

High on a throne of royal state, which far
 Outshone the wealth of Ormus and of Ind,
 Or where the gorgeous East with richest hand
 Showers on her kings barbaric pearl and gold,
 Satan exalted sat, by merit raised
 To that bad eminence: and from despair
 Thus high uplifted beyond hope, aspires
 Beyond thus high, insatiate to pursue
 Vain war with heaven; and, by success'untaught,
 His proud imaginations thus displayed:

“ Powers and dominions, deities of heaven;
 For since no deep within her gulf can hold
 Immortal vigour, though oppressed and fallen,
 I give not heaven for lost. From this descent
 Celestial virtues rising, will appear
 More glorious and more dread than from no fall,
 And trust themselves to fear no second fate.
 Me though just right, and the fixed laws of heaven,
 Did first create your leader: next, free choice,
 With what besides, in council or in fight,
 Hath been achieved of merit; yet this loss,
 Thus far at least recovered, hath much more
 Established in a safe unenvied throne,
 Yielded with full consent. The happier state
 In heaven, which follows dignity, might draw
 Envy from each inferior; but who here
 Will envy whom the highest place exposes
 Foremost to stand against the Thunderer's aim,
 Your bulwark, and condemns to greatest share
 Of endless pain? Where there is then no good

For which to strive, no strife can grow up there
From faction; for none sure will claim in hell
Precédence, none whose portion is so small
Of present pain, that with ambitious mind
Will covet more. With this advantage then
To union, and firm faith, and firm accord,
More than can be in heaven, we now return
To claim our just inheritance of old,
Surer to prosper than prosperity
Could have assured us; and by what best way,
Whether of open war, or covert guile,
We now debate: who can advise, may speak."

He ceased; and next him Moloch, sceptred king,
Stood up, the strongest and the fiercest spirit
That fought in heaven, now fiercer by despair:
His trust was with the Eternal to be deemed
Equal in strength; and rather than be less
Cared not to be at all; with that care lost
Went all his fear: of God, or hell, or worse,
He recked not; and these words thereafter spake:

"My sentence is for open war: of wiles,
More unexpert, I boast not; them let those
Contrive who need, or when they need, not now.
For while they sit contriving, shall the rest,
Millions that stand in arms, and longing wait
The signal to ascend, sit lingering here
Heaven's fugitives, and for their dwelling-place
Accept this dark, opprobrious den of shame,
The prison of his tyranny who reigns
By our delay? No, let us rather choose,
Armed with hell flames and fury, all at once,
O'er heaven's high towers to force resistless way,

Turning our tortures into horrid arms
Against the torturer ; when to meet the noise
Of his almighty engine he shall hear
Infernal thunder ; and, for lightning, see
Black fire and horror shot with equal rage
Among his angels ; and his throne itself
Mixed with Tartarean sulphur, and strange fire,
His own invented torments. But perhaps
The way seems difficult and steep to scale
With upright wing against a higher foe.
Let such bethink them, if the sleepy drench
Of that forgetful lake benumb not still,
That in our proper motion we ascend
Up to our native seat : descent and fall
To us is adverse. Who but felt of late,
When the fierce foe hung on our broken rear
Insulting, and pursued us through the deep,
With what compulsion and laborious flight
We sunk thus low ? The ascent is easy then ;
The event is feared ; should we again provoke
Our stronger, some worse way his wrath may find
To our destruction ; if there be in hell
Fear to be worse destroyed : what can be worse
Than to dwell here, driven out from bliss, condemned
In this abhorred deep to utter woe ;
Where pain of unextinguishable fire
Must exercise us without hope of end,
The vassals of his anger, when the scourge
Inexorable, and the torturing hour,
Calls us to penance ? More destroyed than thus,
We should be quite abolished, and expire.
What fear we then ? what doubt we to incense

His utmost ire? which, to the highth enraged,
 Will either quite consume us, and reduce
 To nothing this essential: happier far
 Than miserable to have eternal being:
 Or, if our substance be indeed divine,
 And cannot cease to be, we are at worst
 On this side nothing; and by proof we feel
 Our power sufficient to disturb his heaven,
 And with perpetual inroads to alarm,
 Though inaccessible, his fatal throne;
 Which if not victory, is yet revenge."

He ended frowning, and his look denounced
 Desperate revenge, and battle dangerous
 To less than gods. On the other side up rose
 Belial, in act more graceful and humane:
 A fairer person lost not heaven; he seemed
 For dignity composed, and high exploit:
 But all was false and hollow; though his tongue
 Dropped manna, and could make the worse appear
 The better reason, to perplex and dash
 Maturest counsels: for his thoughts were low:
 To vice industrious, but to nobler deeds
 Timorous and slothful; yet he pleased the ear,
 And with persuasive accent thus began:

"I should be much for open war, O peers,
 As not behind in hate; if what was urged
 Main reason to persuade immediate war,
 Did not dissuade me most, and seem to cast
 Ominous conjecture on the whole success;
 When he, who most excels in fact of arms,
 In what he counsels, and in what excels,

Mistrustful grounds his courage on despair
And utter dissolution, as the scope
Of all his aim, after some dire revenge.
First, what revenge? The towers of heaven are filled
With armed watch, that render all access
Impregnable: oft on the bordering deep
Encamp their legions; or, with obscure wing,
Scout far and wide into the realm of night,
Scorning surprise. Or could we break our way
By force, and at our heels all hell should rise
With blackest insurrection, to confound
Heaven's purest light; yet our great enemy,
All incorruptible, would on his throne
Sit unpolluted; and the ethereal mould,
Incapable of stain, would soon expel
Her mischief, and purge off the baser fire,
Victorious. Thus repulsed, our final hope
Is flat despair: we must exasperate
The almighty Victor to spend all his rage,
And that must end us; that must be our cure,
To be no more. Sad cure! for who would lose,
Though full of pain, this intellectual being,
Those thoughts that wander through eternity,
To perish rather, swallowed up and lost
In the wide womb of uncreated night,
Devoid of sense and motion? And who knows,
Let this be good, whether our angry foe
Can give it, or will ever? how he can,
Is doubtful; that he never will, is sure.
Will he, so wise, let loose at once his ire,
Belike through impotence, or unaware,
To give his enemies their wish, and end

Them in his anger, whom his anger saves
To punish endless? Wherefore cease we then?
Say they who counsel war, We are decreed,
Reserved, and destined, to eternal woe;
Whatever doing, what can we suffer more,
What can we suffer worse? Is this then worst,
Thus sitting, thus consulting, thus in arms?
What, when we fled amain, pursued, and struck
With heaven's afflicting thunder, and besought
The deep to shelter us? this hell then seemed
A refuge from those wounds: or when we lay
Chained on the burning lake? that sure was worse.
What if the breath, that kindled those grim fires,
Awaked, should blow them into sevenfold rage,
And plunge us in the flames? or, from above,
Should intermitted vengeance arm again
His red right hand to plague us? What if all
Her stores were opened, and this firmament
Of hell should spout her cataracts of fire,
Impendent horrors, threatening hideous fall
One day upon our heads; while we perhaps,
Designing or exhorting glorious war,
Caught in a fiery tempest shall be hurled
Each on his rock transfixed, the sport and prey
Of wracking whirlwinds; or for ever sunk
Under you boiling ocean, wrapt in chains;
There to converse with everlasting groans,
Unrespited, unpitied, unreprieved,
Ages of hopeless end? This would be worse.
War therefore, open or concealed, alike
My voice dissuades."

A third proposal is at length made and adopted. It is to search the truth of that prophecy or tradition in heaven concerning another world, and another kind of creature, equal, or not much inferior, to themselves, about this time to be created. In their doubt who shall be sent on this difficult search, Satan their chief undertakes alone the voyage, and is honoured and applauded. The council thus ended, the rest betake them several ways, and to several employments, as their inclinations lead them, to entertain the time till Satan return. He passes on his journey to hell-gates: finds them shut, and guarded by two monsters, called SIN and DEATH.

DESCRIPTION OF SIN AND DEATH, AND SATAN'S EXIT
FROM PANDEMONIUM.

. . . . Before the gates there sat
 On either side a formidable shape ;
 The one seemed woman to the waist, and fair ;
 But ended foul in many a scaly fold
 Voluminous and vast ; a serpent armed
 With mortal sting : about her middle round
 A cry of hell-hounds never-ceasing barked
 With wide Cerberean mouths full loud, and rung
 A hideous peal ; yet, when they list, would creep,
 If aught disturbed their noise, into her womb,
 And kennel there ; yet there still barked and howled,
 Within unseen. Far less abhorred than these
 Vexed Scylla, bathing in the sea that parts
 Calabria from the hoarse Trinacrian shore :
 Nor uglier follow the night-hag, when, called
 In secret, riding through the air she comes,

Lured with the smell of infant blood, to dance
 With Lapland witches, while the labouring moon
 Eclipses at their charms. The other shape,
 If shape it might be called that shape had none
 Distinguishable in member, joint, or limb;
 Or substance might be called that shadow seemed,
 For each seemed either; black it stood as night,
 Fierce as ten Furies, terrible as hell,
 And shook a dreadful dart; what seemed his head,
 The likeness of a kingly crown had on.
 Satan was now at hand, and from his seat
 The monster moving onward came as fast
 With horrid strides; hell trembled as he strode.
 The undaunted fiend what this might be admired,
 Admired, not feared; God and his Son except,
 Created thing nought valued he, nor shunned;
 And with disdainful look thus first began :

“ Whence and what art thou, execrable shape,
 That darest, though grim and terrible, advance
 Thy miscreated front athwart my way
 To yonder gates? through them I mean to pass,
 That be assured, without leave asked of thee:
 Retire, or taste thy folly, and learn by proof,
 Hell-born, not to contend with spirits of heaven.”

To whom the goblin full of wrath replied :
 “ Art thou that traitor-angel, art thou he,
 Who first broke peace in heaven, and faith, till then
 Unbroken; and in proud, rebellious arms,
 Drew after him the third part of heaven’s sons
 Conjured against the Highest; for which both thou
 And they, outcast from God, are here condemned
 To waste eternal days in woe and pain ?

And reckonest thou thyself with spirits of heaven,
 Hell-doomed, and breathest defiance here and scorn,
 Where I reign king, and, to enrage thee more,
 Thy king and lord? Back to thy punishment,
 False fugitive, and to thy speed add wings,
 Lest with a whip of scorpions I pursue
 Thy lingering, or with one stroke of this dart
 Strange horror seize thee, and pangs unfelt before."

So spake the grisly terror, and in shape,
 So speaking and so threatening, grew tenfold
 More dreadful and deform. On the other side,
 Incensed with indignation, Satan stood
 Unterrified, and like a comet burned,
 That fires the length of Ophiuchus huge
 In the arctic sky, and from his horrid hair
 Shakes pestilence and war. Each at the head
 Levelled his deadly aim; their fatal hands
 No second stroke intend; and such a frown
 Each cast at the other, as when two black clouds,
 With heaven's artillery fraught, come rattling on
 Over the Caspian, then stand front to front,
 Hovering a space, till winds the signal blow
 To join their dark encounter in mid air:
 So frowned the mighty combatants, that hell
 Grew darker at their frown; so matched they stood;
 For never but once more was either like
 To meet so great a foe: and now great deeds
 Had been achieved, whereof all hell had rung,
 Had not the snaky sorceress, that sat
 Fast by hell-gate, and kept the fatal key,
 Risen, and with hideous outcry rushed between.

Sin, the female figure, here explains that she is the daughter of Satan, and that Death is both her son and his, the fruit of an incestuous connexion between the father and daughter. This ends the strife. The parties enter into a compact of mutual assistance, and Sin and Death then open the gates.

THE OPENING OF HELL-GATES, AND SATAN'S PASSAGE
OVER CHAOS.

Thus saying, from her side the fatal key,
Sad instrument of all our woe, she took ;
And, towards the gate rolling her bestial train,
Forthwith the huge portcullis high up-drew,
Which but herself, not all the Stygian powers
Could once have moved ; then in the key-hole turns
The intricate wards, and every bolt and bar
Of massy iron or solid rock with ease
Unfastens. On a sudden open fly
With impetuous recoil and jarring sound
The infernal doors, and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder, that the lowest bottom shook
Of Erebus. She opened, but to shut
Exceeded her power : the gates wide open stood,
That with extended wings a bannered host,
Under spread ensigns marching, might pass through
With horse and chariots ranked in loose array ;
So wide they stood, and like a furnace-mouth
Cast forth redounding smoke and ruddy flame.
Before their eyes in sudden view appear
The secrets of the hoary deep : a dark
Illimitable ocean, without bound,
Without dimension, where length, breadth, and highth,

And time, and place, are lost ; where eldest Night
And Chaos, ancestors of Nature, hold
Eternal anarchy, amidst the noise
Of endless wars, and by confusion stand,
For Hot, Cold, Moist, and Dry, four champions fierce,
Strive here for mastery, and to battle bring
Their embryon atoms ; they around the flag
Of each his faction, in their several clans,
Light-armed or heavy, sharp, smooth, swift, or slow,
Swarm populous, unnumbered as the sands
Of Barca or Cyrene's torrid soil,
Levied to side with warring winds and poise
Their lighter wings. To whom these most adhere,
He rules a moment : Chaos umpire sits,
And by decision more embroils the fray,
By which he reigns : next him high arbiter
Chance governs all. Into this wild abyss,
The womb of Nature, and perhaps her grave,
Of neither sea, nor shore, nor air, nor fire,
But all these in their pregnant causes mixed
Confusedly, and which thus must ever fight,
Unless the Almighty Maker them ordain
His dark materials to create more worlds ;
Into this wild abyss the wary fiend
Stood on the brink of hell, and looked a while,
Pondering his voyage ; for no narrow frith
He had to cross. Nor was his ear less pealed
With noises loud and ruinous (to compare
Great things with small), than when Bellona storms,
With all her battering engines bent to rase
Some capital city ; or less than if this frame
Of heaven were falling, and these elements

In mutiny had from her axle torn
The steadfast earth. At last his sail-broad vans
He spreads for flight, and in the surging smoke
Uplifted spurns the ground ; thence many a league,
As in a cloudy chair, ascending rides
Audacious ; but, that seat soon failing, meets
A vast vacuity : all unawares
Fluttering his pennons vain, plumb down he drops
Ten thousand fathom deep ; and to this hour
Down had been falling, had not by ill chance
The strong rebuff of some tumultuous cloud,
Instinct with fire and nitre, hurried him
As many miles aloft : that fury staid,
Quenched in a boggy syrtis, neither sea,
Nor good dry land : nigh foundered on he fares,
Treading the crude consistence, half on foot,
Half flying ; behoves him now both oar and sail.
As when a gryphon through the wilderness
With wingéd course, o'er hill or moory dale,
Pursues the Arimaspan, who by stealth
Had from his wakeful custody purloined
The guarded gold : so eagerly the fiend
O'er bog, or steep, through straight, rough, dense, or rare,
With head, hands, wings, or feet, pursues his way,
And swims, or sinks, or wades, or creeps, or flies ;
At length, a universal hubbub wild
Of stunning sounds, and voices all confused,
Borne through the hollow dark, assaults his ear
With loudest vehemence : thither he plies,
Undaunted, to meet there whatever power
Or spirit of the nethermost abyss,
Might in that noise reside, of whom to ask

Which way the nearest coast of darkness lies
 Bordering on light; when straight behold the throne
 Of Chaos, and his dark pavilion spread
 Wide on the wasteful deep; with him enthroned
 Sat sable-vested Night, eldest of things,
 The consort of his reign; and by them stood
 Orcus and Ades, and the dreaded name
 Of Demogorgon! Rumour next and Chance,
 And Tumult and Confusion all embroiled,
 And Discord with a thousand various mouths.

Satan finds himself at the court of Chaos, "Anarch old," as Milton calls him. Learning that he is on the confines of Creation, he immediately proceeds on his journey, and without much further adventure at length reaches the new world.

The Third Book opens by an easy transition, with an address to Light. It seems to be naturally suggested by the dark and terrible images of the previous books, when contrasted with the resplendent scenes about to be presented, and is connected with his own blindness, in a manner most exquisitely tender and beautiful. The whole passage has been greatly admired.

ADDRESS TO LIGHT.

Hail, holy light! offspring of heaven first born,
 Or of the Eternal coeternal beam
 May I express thee unblamed? since God is light,
 And never but in unapproachéd light
 Dwelt from eternity, dwelt then in thee,
 Bright effluence of bright essence increate.
 Or hearest thou rather, pure ethereal stream,

Whose fountain who shall tell? Before the sun,
Before the heavens thou wert, and at the voice
Of God, as with a mantle, didst invest
The rising world of waters dark and deep,
Won from the void and formless infinite.
Thee I revisit now with bolder wing,
Escaped the Stygian pool, though long detained
In that obscure sojourn, while in my flight
Through utter and through middle darkness borne,
With other notes than to the Orphéan lyre,
I sung of Chaos and eternal Night;
Taught by the heavenly muse to venture down
The dark descent, and up to re-ascend,
Though hard and rare: thee I revisit safe,
And feel thy sovran vital lamp; but thou
Revisitest not these eyes, that roll in vain
To find thy piercing ray, and find no dawn;
So thick a drop serene hath quenched their orbs,
Or dim suffusion veiled. Yet not the more
Cease I to wander where the muses haunt
Clear spring, or shady grove, or sunny hill,
Smit with the love of sacred song; but chief
Thee, Sion, and the flowery brooks beneath,
That wash thy hallowed feet and warbling flow,
Nightly I visit: nor sometimes forget
Those other two equalled with me in fate,
So were I equalled with them in renown,
Blind Thamyras, and blind Mæonides,
And Tiresias, and Phineas, prophets old:
Then feed on thoughts, that voluntary move
Harmonious numbers; as the wakeful bird
Sings darkling, and in shadiest covert hid

Tunes her nocturnal note. Thus with the year
 Seasons return ; but not to me returns
 Day, or the sweet approach of even or morn,
 Or sight of vernal bloom, or summer's rose,
 Or flocks, or herds, or human face divine ;
 But cloud instead, and everduring dark
 Surrounds me, from the cheerful ways of men
 Cut off, and for the book of knowledge fair,
 Presented with a universal blank
 Of nature's works to me expunged and rased,
 And wisdom at one entrance quite shut out.
 So much the rather thou, celestial light,
 Shine inward, and the mind through all her powers
 Irradiate ; there plant eyes, all mist from thence
 Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell
 Of things invisible to mortal sight.

SATAN'S SOLILOQUY ON VIEWING PARADISE AT A
 DISTANCE.

Sometimes towards Eden, which now in his view
 Lay pleasant, his grieved look he fixéd sad ;
 Sometimes towards heaven, and the full blazing sun,
 Which now sat high in his meridian tower :
 Then, much revolving, thus in sighs began :
 “ O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
 Lookest from thy sole dominion like the god
 Of this new world : at whose sight all the stars
 Hide their diminished heads ; to thee I call,
 But with no friendly voice, and add thy name,
 O sun ! to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
 That bring to my remembrance from what state

I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere ;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless King :
Ah, wherefore ? he deserved no such return
From me whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none ; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks,
How due ! yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice ; lifted up so high
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe ;
Forgetful what from him I still received,
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged ; what burden then ?
O had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy ; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition. Yet why not ? some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part ; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand ?
Thou hadst : whom hast thou then or what to accuse,
But heaven's free love dealt equally to all ?
Be then his love accursed, since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe.

Nay, cursed be thou ; since against his thy will
Chose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable ! which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath, and infinite despair ?
Which way I fly is hell ; myself am hell ;
And, in the lowest deep, a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
O, then, at last relent : is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left ?
None left but by submission ; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me ! they little know
How dearly I abide that boast so vain,
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell,
With diadem and sceptre high advanced,
The lower still I fall, only supreme
In misery : such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain,
By act of grace, my former state ; how soon
Would highth recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore ! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilment grow,
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep :
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall : so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.

This knows my punisher ; therefore as far
 From granting he, as I from begging, peace :
 All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
 Of us out-cast, exiled, his new delight,
 Mankind created, and for him this world.
 So farewell hope, and with hope farewell fear,
 Farewell remorse : all good to me is lost ;
 Evil, be thou my good : by thee at least
 Divided empire with heaven's King I hold,
 By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign ;
 As man ere long, and this new world, shall know."

EXTERNAL VIEW OF PARADISE.

. Delicious Paradise,
 Now nearer, crowns with her enclosure green,
 As with a rural mound, the champaign head
 Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
 With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
 Access denied ; and over-head up-grew
 Insuperable highth of loftiest shade,
 Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
 A sylvan scene ; and, as the ranks ascend
 Shade above shade, a woody theatre
 Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
 The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung :
 Which to our general sire gave prospect large
 Into his nether empire neighbouring round :
 And higher than that wall a circling row
 Of goodliest trees, loaden with
 Blossoms and fruit

Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed :
 On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
 Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
 When God hath showered the earth ; so lovely seemed
 That landscape : and of pure, now purer air
 Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
 Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
 All sadness but despair ; now gentle gales,
 Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
 Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
 Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
 Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
 Mozambic, off' at sea north-east winds blow
 Sabean odours from the spicy shore
 Of Araby the Blest ; with such delay
 Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league -
 Cheered with the grateful smell old Ocean smiles :
 So entertained those odorous sweets the fiend,
 Who came their bane.

INTERNAL VIEW OF PARADISE.

In this pleasant soil
 His far more pleasant garden God ordained :
 Out of the fertile ground he caused to grow
 All trees of noblest kind for sight, smell, taste :
 And all amid them stood the tree of life,
 High eminent, blooming ambrosial fruit
 Of vegetable gold ; and next to life,
 Our death, the tree of knowledge, grew fast by,
 Knowledge of good, bought dear by knowing ill.
 Southward through Eden went a river large,
 Nor changed his course, but through the shaggy hill

Passed underneath ingulfed; for God had thrown
 That mountain as his garden mould high-raised
 Upon the rapid current, which through veins
 Of porous earth with kindly thirst up-drawn,
 Rose a fresh fountain, and with many a rill
 Watered the garden; thence united fell
 Down the steep glade, and met the nether flood,
 Which from his darksome passage now appears,
 And, now divided into four main streams,
 Ruhs diverse, wandering many a famous realm
 And country, whereof here needs no account;
 But rather to tell how, if art could tell,
 How from that sapphire fount the crisped brooks,
 Rolling on orient pearl and sands of gold,
 With mazy error under pendent shades,
 Ran nectar, visiting each plant, and fed
 Flowers worthy of Paradise, which not nice art
 In beds and curious knots, but nature boon
 Poured forth profuse on hill, and dale, and plain,
 Both where the morning sun first warmly smote
 The open field, and where the unpierced shade
 Imbrowned the noontide bowers: thus was this place
 A happy rural seat of various view;
 Groves whose rich trees wept odorous gums and balm;
 Others whose fruit, burnished with golden rind,
 Hung amiable, Hesperian fables true,
 If true, here only, and of delicious taste:
 Betwixt them lawns, or level downs, and flocks
 Grazing the tender herb, were interposed,
 Or palmy hillock; or the flowery lap
 Of some irriguous valley spread her store,
 Flowers of all hue, and without thorn the rose:

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 Another side, umbrageous grotts and caves
 Of cool recess, o'er which the mantling vine
 Lays forth her purple grape, and gently creeps
 Luxuriant; meanwhile murmuring waters fall
 Down the slope hills, dispersed, or in a lake,
 That to the fringed bank with myrtle crowned
 Her crystal mirror holds, unite their streams.
 The birds their quire apply; airs, vernal airs,
 Breathing the smell of field and grove, attune
 The trembling leaves, while universal Pan,
 Knit with the Graces and the Hours in dance,
 Led on the eternal Spring. Not that fair field
 Of Enna, where Proserpine gathering flowers,
 Herself a fairer flower by gloomy Dis
 Was gathered, which cost Ceres all that pain
 To seek her through the world; nor that sweet grove
 Of Daphne by Orontes, and the inspired
 Castalian spring, might with this Paradise
 Of Eden strive; nor that Nyseian isle
 Girt with the river Triton, where old Cham,
 Whom Gentiles Ammon call and Libyan Jove,
 Hid Amalthea, and her florid son
 Young Bacchus, from his stepdame Rhea's eye;
 Nor where Abassin kings their issue guard,
 Mount Amara, though this by some supposed
 True Paradise, under the Ethiop line
 By Nilus' head, enclosed with shining rock,
 A whole day's journey high, but wide remote
 From this Assyrian garden, where the fiend
 Saw, undelighted, all delight, all kind
 Of living creatures, new to sight, and strange.
 Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,

Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty seemed lords of all :
And worthy seemed ; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone,
Truth, wisdom, sanctitude severe and pure
(Severe, but in true filial freedom placed),
Whence true authority in men ; though both
Not equal, as their sex not equal seemed ;
For contemplation he and valour formed ;
For softness she, and sweet attractive grace ;
He for God only, she for God in him :
His fair large front and eye sublime declared
Absolute rule ; and hyacinthine locks
Round from his parted forelock manly hung
Clustering, but not beneath his shoulders broad :
She, as a veil, down to the slender waist
Her unadornéd golden tresses wore
Dishevelled, but in wanton ringlets waved,
As the vine curls her tendrils, which implied
Subjection, but required with gentle sway,
And by her yielded, by him best received,
Yielded with coy submission, modest pride,
And sweet, reluctant, amorous delay.
So hand in hand they passed, the loveliest pair
That ever since in love's embraces met ;
Adam the goodliest man of men since born
His sons, the fairest of her daughters Eve.
Under a tuft of shade that on a green
Stood whispering soft, by a fresh fountain-side
They sat them down ; and, after no more toil
Of their sweet gardening labour than sufficed
To recommend cool zephyr, and made ease

More easy, wholesome thirst and appetite
 More grateful, to their supper-fruits they fell,
 Nectarine fruits, which the compliant boughs
 Yielded them, sidelong as they sat recline
 On the soft downy bank damasked with flowers :
 The savoury pulp they chew, and in the rind,
 Still as they thirsted, scoop the brimming stream.
 About them frisking played
 All beasts of the earth, since wild, and of all chase
 In wood or wilderness, forest or den ;
 Sporting the lion ramped, and in his paw
 Dandled the kid ; bears, tigers, ounces, pards,
 Gambolled before them ; the unwieldy elephant,
 To make them mirth used all his might, and wreathed
 His lithe proboscis ; close the serpent sly,
 Insinuating, wove with Gordian twine
 His braided train, and of his fatal guile
 Gave proof unheeded ; others on the grass
 Couched, and now filled with pasture gazing sat,
 Or bedward ruminating.

The angel Raphael is sent by God to the happy pair to warn them of danger. After his message has been delivered, he satisfies their curiosity in regard to many points about which they would naturally be inquisitive. Adam, delighted with the conversation of his celestial visitant, contrives to detain him by inquiring into subjects of an abstruse character. Eve retires to tend her flowers.

EVE'S CHOICE.

So spake our sire, and by his countenance seemed
 Entering on studious thoughts abstruse ; which Eve

Perceiving, where she sat retired in sight,
 With lowliness majestic from her seat,
 And grace that won who saw to wish her stay,
 Rose, and went forth among her fruits and flowers,
 To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
 Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
 And, touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.
 Yet went she not, as not with such discourse
 Delighted, or not capable her ear
 Of what was high: such pleasure she reserved,
 Adam relating, she sole auditress:
 Her husband the relater she preferred
 Before the angel, and of him to ask
 Chose rather; he, she knew, would intermix
 Grateful digressions, and solve high dispute
 With conjugal caresses: from his lip
 Not words alone pleased her. O! when meet now
 Such pairs in love and mutual honour joined?
 With goddess-like demeanour forth she went,
 Not unattended; for on her, as queen,
 A pomp of winning graces waited still,
 And from about her shot darts of desire
 Into all eyes, to wish her still in sight.

After having his doubts solved by the angel, Adam,
 still further to detain his guest, gives an account of his
 own creation.

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF HIS CREATION.

For man to tell how human life began
 Is hard; for who himself beginning knew?
 Desire with thee still longer to converse
 Induced me. As new waked from soundest sleep,

Soft on the flowery herb I found me laid
In balmy sweat; which with his beams the sun
Soon dried, and on the reeking moisture fed.
Straight toward heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed a while the ample sky; till raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet: about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these
Creatures that lived and moved, and walked or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; to speak I tried, and forthwith spake;
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw. "Thou sun," said I, "fair light,
And thou enlightened earth, so fresh and gay,
Ye hills and dales, ye rivers, woods, and plains,
And ye that live and move, fair creatures, tell,
Tell, if ye saw, how I came thus, how here?
Not of myself; by some great Maker then,
In goodness and in power pre-eminent:
Tell me, how I may know him, how adore,
From whom I have that thus I move and live,
And feel that I am happier than I know."
While thus I called, and strayed I knew not whither.
From where I first drew air, and first beheld
This happy light; when answer none returned,

On a green shady bank, profuse of flowers,
Pensive I sat me down: there gentle sleep
First found me, and with soft oppression seized
My drowséd sense, untroubled, though I thought
I then was passing to my former state
Insensible, and forthwith to dissolve:
When suddenly stood at my head a dream,
Whose inward apparition gently moved
My fancy to believe I yet had being,
And lived: one came, methought, of shape divine,
And said, "Thy mansion wants thee, Adam; rise,
First man, of men innumerable ordained
First father! called by thee, I come thy guide
To the garden of bliss, thy seat prepared."
So saying, by the hand he took me raised,
And over fields and waters, as in air
Smooth sliding without step, last led me up
A woody mountain; whose high top was plain,
A circuit wide, enclosed with goodliest trees,
Planted with walks and bowers; that what I saw
Of earth before scarce pleasant seemed. Each tree
Loaden with fairest fruit that hung to the eye
Tempting, stirred in me a sudden appetite
To pluck and eat; whereat I waked and found
Before mine eyes all real, as the dream
Had lively shadowed.

Adam goes on to relate to the angel how the Divine presence again appeared to him in the garden, and at his earnest solicitation, graciously promised to grant him a partner of his happiness.

ADAM'S ACCOUNT OF THE CREATION OF EVE.

He ended, or I heard no more ; for now
My earthly by his heavenly overpowered,
Which it had long stood under, strained to the highth
In that celestial colloquy sublime,
As with an object that excels the sense
Dazzled and spent, sunk down, and sought repair
Of sleep, which instantly fell on me, called
By nature as in aid, closéd mine eyes.
Mine eyes he closed, but open left the cell
Of fancy, my internal sight ; by which,
Abstract as in a trance, methought I saw,
Though sleeping, where I lay, and saw the shape
Still glorious before whom awake I stood :
Who stooping opened my left side, and took
From thence a rib, with cordial spirits warm,
And life-blood streaming fresh : wide was the wound,
But suddenly with flesh filled up and healed :
The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands ;
Under his forming hands a creature grew,
Man-like, but different sex ; so lovely fair,
That what seemed fair in all the world, seemed now
Mean, or in her summed up, in her contained
And in her looks ; which from that time infused
Sweetness into my heart unfelt before,
And into all things from her air inspired
The spirit of love and amorous delight.
She disappeared, and left me dark ; I waked
To find her, or for ever to deplore
Her loss, and other pleasures all abjure :

When out of hope, behold her, not far off,
 Such as I saw her in my dream adorned
 With all that earth or heaven could bestow
 To make her amiable ; on she came,
 Led by her heavenly Maker, though unseen,
 And guided by his voice ; nor uninformed
 Of nuptial sanctity, and marriage rites :
 Grace was in all her steps, heaven in her eye,
 In every gesture dignity and love.
 I, overjoyed, could not forbear aloud :

“ This turn hath made amends ; thou hast fulfilled
 Thy words, Creator bounteous and benign,
 Giver of all things fair ! but fairest this
 Of all thy gifts ! nor enviest. I now see
 Bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh, myself
 Before me : Woman is her name ; of man
 Extracted : for this cause he shall forego
 Father and mother, and to his wife adhere ;
 And they shall be one flesh, one heart, one soul.”

She heard me thus ; and though divinely brought,
 Yet innocence, and virgin modesty,
 Her virtue, and the conscience of her worth,
 That would be wooed, and not unsought be won,
 Not obvious, not obtrusive, but, retired,
 The more desirable ; or, to say all,
 Nature herself, though pure of sinful thought,
 Wrought in her so, that, seeing me, she turned :
 I followed her ; she what was honour knew,
 And with obsequious majesty approved
 My pleaded reason. To the nuptial bower
 I led her blushing like the morn : all heaven,
 And happy constellations, on that hour

Shed their selectest influence ; the earth
 Gave sign of gratulation, and each hill ;
 Joyous the birds ; fresh gales and gentle airs
 Whispered it to the woods, and from their wings
 Flung rose, flung odours from the spicy shrub,
 Disporting, till the amorous bird of night
 Sung spousal, and bid-haste the evening-star
 On his hill-top, to light the bridal lamp.

Thus have I told thee all my state, and brought
 My story to the sum of earthly bliss,
 Which I enjoy ; and must confess to find
 In all things else delight indeed, but such
 As, used or not, works in the mind no change,
 Nor vehement desire : these delicacies
 I mean of taste, sight, smell, herbs, fruits, and flowers,
 Walks, and the melody of birds : but here
 Far otherwise, transported I behold,
 Transported touch ; here passion first I felt,
 Commotion strange ! in all enjoyments else
 Superior and unmoved ; here only weak
 Against the charm of beauty's powerful glance.
 Or nature failed in me, and left some part
 Not proof enough such object to sustain ;
 Or, from my side subducting, took perhaps
 More than enough ; at least on her bestowed
 Too much of ornament, in outward show
 Elaborate, of inward less exact.
 For well I understand in the prime end
 Of nature her the inferior, in the mind
 And inward faculties, which most excel ;
 In outward also her resembling less
 His image who made both, and less expressing

The character of that dominion given
 O'er other creatures: yet when I approach
 Her loveliness, so absolute she seems
 And in herself complete, so well to know
 Her own, that what she wills to do or say
 Seems wisest, virtuousest, discreetest, best:
 All higher knowledge in her presence falls
 Degraded; wisdom in discourse with her
 Loses discountenanced, and like folly shows;
 Authority and reason on her wait,
 As one intended first, not after made
 Occasionally; and, to consummate all,
 Greatness of mind, and nobleness, their seat
 Build in her loveliest, and create an awe
 About her, as a guard angelic placed.

The angel repeats his admonitions to the happy pair, and then retires.

EVENING IN PARADISE.

Now came still evening on, and Twilight grey
 Had in her sober livery all things clad;
 Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
 They to their grassy couch, these to their nests
 Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale;
 She all night long her amorous descant sung;
 Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
 With living sapphires: Hesperus, that led
 The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
 Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
 Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
 And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.

When Adam thus to Eve: "Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose; since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumbrous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle, unemployed, and less need rest;
Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums,
That lie bestrewn, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease;
Meanwhile, as nature wills, night bids us rest."

To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned,
"My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge, and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons, and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,

With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
 When first on this delightful land he spreads
 His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit, and flower,
 Glistening with dew: fragrant the fertile earth
 After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
 Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
 With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
 And these the gems of heaven, her starry train.
 But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
 With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
 On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
 Glistening with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
 Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
 With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
 Or glittering star-light; without thee is sweet."

EVE'S ACCOUNT OF HER CREATION, AND HER FIRST
 MEETING WITH ADAM.

That day I oft remember, when from sleep
 I first awaked, and found myself reposed
 Under a shade on flowers, much wondering where
 And what I was, whence thither brought, and how.
 Not distant far from thence a murmuring sound
 Of waters issued from a cave, and spread
 Into a liquid plain, then stood unmoved
 Pure as the expanse of heaven; I thither went
 With unexperienced thought, and laid me down
 On the green bank, to look into the clear
 Smooth lake, that to me seemed another sky.
 As I bent down to look, just opposite
 A shape within the watery gleam appeared,
 Bending to look on me: I started back,

It started back ; but pleased I soon returned,
Pleased it returned as soon with answering looks
Of sympathy and love : there I had fixed
Mine eyes till now, and pined with vain desire,
Had not a voice thus warned me : “ What thou seest,
What there thou seest, fair creature, is thyself ;
With thee it came and goes ; but follow me,
And I will bring thee where no shadow stays
Thy coming, and thy soft embraces, he
Whose image thou art ; him thou shalt enjoy
Inseparably thine, to him shalt bear
Multitudes like thyself, and thence be called
Mother of human race.” What could I do,
But follow straight, invisibly thus led ?
Till I espied thee, fair indeed and tall,
Under a plantane ; yet methought less fair,
Less winning soft, less amiably mild,
Than that smooth watery image : back I turned ;
Thou following criedst aloud, “ Return, fair Eve,
Whom fliest thou ? whom thou fliest, of him thou art,
His flesh, his bone ; to give thee being I lent
Out of my side to thee, nearest my heart,
Substantial life, to have thee by my side
Henceforth an individual solace dear ;
Part of my soul I seek thee, and thee claim
My other half.” With that thy gentle hand
Seized mine : I yielded ; and from that time see
How beauty is excelled by manly grace,
And wisdom, which alone is truly fair.

EVE'S NUPTIAL BOWER.

Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
 On to their blissful bower : it was a place
 Chosen by the sovran Planter, when he framed
 All things to man's delightful use ; the roof
 Of thickest covert was inwoven shade
 Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
 Of firm and fragrant leaf ; on either side
 Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
 Fenced up the verdant wall ; each beauteous flower,
 Iris-all-hues, roses, and jessamin,
 Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
 Mosaic ; under foot the violet,
 Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
 Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
 Of costliest emblem : other creature here,
 Bird, beast, insect, or worm, durst enter none,
 Such was their awe of man. In shadier bower
 More sacred and sequestered, though but feigned,
 Pan or Sylvanus never slept, nor nymph
 Nor Faunus haunted. Here, in close recess,
 With flowers, garlands, and sweet-smelling herbs,
 Espoused Eve decked first her nuptial bed ;
 And heavenly quires the hymenean sung,
 What day the genial angel to our sire
 Brought her, in naked beauty more adorned,
 More lovely, than Pandora, whom the gods
 Endowed with all their gifts.

THE FIRST PAIR AT THEIR EVENING DEVOTIONS.

Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
 Both turned, and under open sky adored
 The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
 Which they beheld, the moon's resplendent globe,
 And starry pole : "Thou also madest the night,
 Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day
 Which we, in our appointed work employed,
 Have finished, happy in our mutual help
 And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss
 Ordained by thee ; and this delicious place
 For us too large, where thy abundance wants
 Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
 But thou hast promised from us two a race
 To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
 Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
 And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep."

The cherubim appointed to watch, unseen, the garden of Eden, are warned by a messenger from heaven, that one of the infernal spirits had escaped from prison and had been seen directing his way towards Paradise, probably bound for mischief. They instantly search the garden, and at length find Satan, in the dead of night, disguised in the form of a toad, crouching at the ear of Eve, as she and Adam lie sleeping in the bower.

DISCOVERY OF SATAN IN THE NUPTIAL BOWER.

. These to the bower direct
 In search of whom they sought: him there they found
 Squat like a toad, close at the ear of Eve,
 Assaying by his devilish art to reach

The organs of her fancy, and with them forge
 Illusions, as he list, phantasms and dreams ;
 Or if, inspiring venom, he might taint
 The animal spirits, that from pure blood arise
 Like gentle breaths from rivers pure, thence raise
 At least distempered, discontented thoughts,
 Vain hopes, vain aims, inordinate desires,
 Blown up with high conceits engendering pride.
 Him thus intent Ithuriel with his spear
 Touched lightly ; for no falsehood can endure
 Touch of celestial temper, but returns
 Of force to its own likeness : up he starts
 Discovered and surprised. As when a spark
 Lights on a heap of nitrous powder, laid
 Fit for the tun, some magazine to store
 Against a runoured war, the smutty grain,
 With sudden blaze diffused, inflames the air ;
 So started up in his own shape the fiend.
 Back stepped those two fair angels, half amazed
 So sudden to behold the grisly king ;
 Yet thus, unmoved with fear, accost him soon :
 “ Which of those rebel spirits adjudged to hell
 Comest thou, escaped thy prison ? and transformed,
 Why satt'st thou like an enemy in wait,
 Here watching at the head of these that sleep ? ”
 “ Know ye not then,” said Satan, filled with scorn,
 “ Know ye not me ? ye knew me once no mate
 For you, there sitting where ye durst not soar :
 Not to know me, argues yourselves unknown,
 The lowest of your throng ; or, if ye know,
 Why ask ye, and superfluous begin
 Your message, like to end as much in vain ? ”

This scene naturally prepares the mind of the reader for the sad story which follows. In no part of the book, perhaps, does Milton display more consummate skill than in the manner in which the temptation is conducted. The melancholy tale, however, need not be here repeated.

. . . Her rash hand in evil hour
 Forth reaching to the fruit, she plucked, she eat!
 Earth felt the wound, and nature from her seat,
 Sighing through all her works, gave signs of woe,
 That all was lost.

Among the first fruits of this miserable fall, may be reckoned the loss of that perfect love and harmony which had heretofore bound together the happy pair, and the growth, instead, of bitter dissensions and mutual recriminations. What language could so effectually describe the wretched change wrought in poor human nature, as to behold Adam, the model of all that was generous and noble, giving utterance to the following cruel reproaches!

ADAM'S REPROACHES TO EVE.

Thus Adam to himself lamented loud,
 Through the still night; not now, as ere man fell,
 Wholesome, and cool, and mild, but with black air
 Accompanied; with damps and dreadful gloom;
 Which to his evil conscience represented
 All things with double terror: on the ground
 Outstretched he lay, on the cold ground; and oft
 Cursed his creation.

Whom thus afflicted when sad Eve beheld,
Desolate where she sat, approaching nigh,
Soft words to his fierce passion she assayed :
But her with stern regard he thus repelled :

“ Out of my sight, thou serpent ! That name best
Befits thee with him leagued, thyself as false
And hateful ; nothing wants, but that thy shape,
Like his, and colour serpentine, may show
Thy inward fraud ; to warn all creatures from thee
Henceforth ; lest that too heavenly form, pretended
To hellish falsehood, snare them ! But for thee
I had persisted happy : had not thy pride
And wandering vanity, when least was safe,
Rejected my forewarning, and disdained
Not to be trusted ; longing to be seen,
Though by the devil himself ; him overweening
To overreach ; but, with the serpent meeting,
Fooled and beguiled ; by him thou, I by thee,
To trust thee from my side ; imagined wise,
Constant, mature, proof against all assaults ;
And understood not all was but a show,
Rather than solid virtue ; all but a rib
Crooked by nature, bent, as now appears,
More to the part sinister, from me drawn ;
Well if thrown out, as supernumerary
To my just number found. O ! why did God,
Creator wise, that peopled highest heaven
With spirits masculine, create at last
This novelty on earth, this fair defect
Of nature, and not fill the world at once
With men, as angels, without feminine ;
Or find some other way to generate

Mankind? This mischief had not then befallen,
 And more that shall befall; innumerable
 Disturbances on earth through female snares,
 And strait conjunction with this sex: for either
 He shall never find out fit mate, but such
 As some misfortune brings him, or mistake;
 Or whom he wishes most shall seldom gain,
 Through her perverseness, but shall see her gained
 By a far worse: or, if she love, withheld
 By parents; or his happiest choice too late
 Shall meet, already linked and wedlock-bound
 To a fell adversary, his hate or shame:
 Which infinite calamity shall cause
 To human life, and household peace confound."

The guilty pair were not left to despair. Faint intimations of a Redeemer to come, raised in them the hope of reconciliation with their offended Creator. They become reconciled also with each other, and resolve to seek the forgiveness of their Maker, on the spot where he had pronounced sentence against them.

REPENTANCE OF ADAM AND EVE.

. . . . They, forthwith to the place
 Repairing where he judged them, prostrate fell
 Before him reverent; and both confessed
 Humbly their faults, and pardon begged; with tears
 Watering the ground, and with their sighs the air
 Frequenting, sent from hearts contrite, in sign
 Of sorrow unfeigned, and humiliation meek.
 Thus they, in lowliest plight, repentant stood
 Praying; for from the mercy-seat above
 Prevenient grace descending had removed

The stony from their hearts, and made new flesh
 Regenerate grow instead; that sighs now breathed
 Unutterable; which the Spirit of prayer
 Inspired, and winged for heaven with speedier flight
 Than loudest oratory: yet their port
 Not of mean suitors; nor important less
 Seemed their petition, than when the ancient pair
 In fables old, less ancient yet than these,
 Deucalion and chaste Pyrrha, to restore
 The race of mankind drowned, before the shrine
 Of Themis stood devout. To heaven their prayers
 Flew up, nor missed the way, by envious winds
 Blown vagabond or frustrate: in they passed
 Dimensionless through heavenly doors; then clad
 With incense, where the golden altar fumed,
 By their great Intercessor, came in sight
 Before the Father's throne.

Adam and Eve are forgiven. Nevertheless, they are driven from the beautiful garden which had been the scene of their innocence and bliss. The sentence is made known to them by a heavenly messenger sent for the purpose.

EVE'S LAMENT ON BEING BANISHED FROM PARADISE.

. . . Adam at the news
 Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
 That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
 Yet all had heard, with audible lament
 Discovered soon the place of her retire.

“O unexpected stroke, worse than of death!
 Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
 Thee, native soil! these happy walks and shades,

Fit haunt of gods? where I had hope to spend,
 Quiet though sad, the respite of that day
 That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,
 That never will in other climate grow,
 My early visitation, and my last
 At even, which I bred up with tender hand
 From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
 Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
 Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
 Thee lastly, nuptial bower! by me adorned
 With what to sight or smell was sweet! from thee
 How shall I part, and whither wander down
 Into a lower world; to this obscure
 And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
 Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?"

SONNET ON HIS BLINDNESS.

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

BUTLER.

SAMUEL BUTLER, (1612-1680), the author of HUDIBRAS, lived during the time of the Commonwealth. His poem is a satire upon the rigid notions and manners of the English Puritans of that day. Satire, however keenly enjoyed by contemporaries, seldom outlives its own age. When such is the case, it is conclusive evidence of extraordinary merit. Nearly two centuries have now elapsed since the first publication of this poem, and it still holds its place among the classic productions of the English muse. Few writings of that day have been more read or more quoted. Many of its expressions, indeed, have become identified with the language, and not a few of its ideas completely incorporated into the national mind.

The plan of the poem is taken from Don Quixote, and is very simple. A Puritan justice, with his attendant, an Independent clerk, are represented under the character of the Knight Sir Hudibras, and his Squire Ralph, sallying out to correct abuses in church and state.

EXPEDITION OF HUDIBRAS.

When civil dudgeon first grew high,
And men fell out, they knew not why:
When hard words, jealousies, and fears,
Set folks together by the ears,

When gospel-trumpeter, surrounded
 With long-eared rout, to battle sounded,
 And pulpit, drum ecclesiastic,
 Was beat with fist, instead of a stick:
 Then did Sir Knight abandon dwelling,
 And out he rode a-colonelling.

CHARACTER OF HUDIBRAS.

A wight he was, whose very sight would
 Entitle him, mirror of knighthood;
 That never bowed his stubborn knee
 To anything but chivalry;
 Nor put up blow, but that which laid
 Right-worshipful on shoulder-blade:
 Chief of domestic knights and errant,
 Either for chartel or for warrant:
 Great on the bench, great on the saddle.
 That could as well bind o'er, as swaddle:
 Mighty he was at both of these,
 And styled of war as well as peace.
 (So some rats, of amphibious nature,
 Are either for the land or water.)
 But here our authors make a doubt,
 Whether he were more wise or stout;
 Some hold the one, and some the other:
 But howsoe'er they make a pother,
 The difference was so small, his brain
 Outweighed his rage but half a grain;
 Which made some take him for a tool
 That knaves do work with, called a fool.

For 't has been held by many, that
 As Montaigne, playing with his cat,
 Complains she thought him but an ass,
 Much more she would Sir Hudibras.
 (For that's the name our valiant knight
 To all his challenges did write.)
 But they're mistaken very much ;
 'T is plain enough he was no such :
 We grant, although he had much wit,
 He was very shy of using it ;
 As being loath to wear it out,
 And therefore bore it not about ;
 Unless on holidays, or so,
 As men their best apparel do ;
 Beside, 't is known he could speak Greek
 As naturally as pigs squeak ;
 That Latin was no more difficile,
 Than to a blackbird 't is to whistle ;
 Being rich in both, he never scanted
 His bounty unto such as wanted ;
 But much of either would afford
 To many, that had not one word. . . .

He was in logic a great critic,
 Profoundly skilled in analytic ;
 He could distinguish, and divide
 A hair 'twixt south and south-west side ;
 On either which he would dispute,
 Confute, change hands, and still confute ;
 He'd undertake to prove by force
 Of argument a man's no horse ;
 He'd prove a buzzard is no fowl,
 And that a lord may be an owl,

A calf an alderman, a goose a justice,
 And rooks committee-men and trustees.
 He'd run in debt by disputation,
 And pay with ratiocination :
 All this by syllogism, true
 In mood and figure he would do.
 For rhetoric, he could not ope
 His mouth, but out there flew a trope ;
 And when he happened to break off
 I' the middle of his speech, or cough,
 He had hard words, ready to show why,
 And tell what rules he did it by :
 Else, when with greatest art he spoke,
 You'd think he talked like other folk ;
 For all a rhetorician's rules
 Teach nothing but to name his tools.

RELIGION OF HUDIBRAS.

He was of that stubborn crew
 Of errant saints, whom all men grant
 To be the true church militant ;
 Such as do build their faith upon
 The holy text of pike and gun ;
 Decide all controversies by
 Infallible artillery ;
 And prove their doctrine orthodox
 By apostolic blows and knocks ;
 Call fire, and sword, and desolation
 A godly thorough reformation,
 Which always must be carried on,
 And still be doing, never done ;

As if religion were intended
 For nothing else but to be mended;
 A sect whose chief devotion lies
 In odd perverse antipathies;
 In falling out with that or this,
 And finding somewhat still amiss;
 More peevish, cross, and splenetic,
 Than dog distraught or monkey sick;
 That with more care keep holiday
 The wrong, than others the right way;
 Compound for sins they are inclined to,
 By damning those they have no mind to.

HIS DAGGER.

This sword a dagger had his page,
 That was but little for his age;
 And therefore waited on him so
 As dwarfs upon knights-errant do:
 It was a serviceable dudgeon,
 Either for fighting, or for drudging:
 When it had stabbed or broke a head,
 It would scrape trenchers, or chip bread;
 Toast cheese or bacon, though it were
 To bait a mouse-trap, would not care:
 'T would make clean shoes, and in the earth
 Set leeks and onions, and so forth:
 It had been 'prentice to a brewer,
 Where this and more it did endure,
 But left the trade, as many more
 Have lately done on the same score.

D R Y D E N .

No English poet of distinction is marked by greater inequalities than JOHN DRYDEN. He was a man of superior genius, whose opinions hung somewhat loosely about him, and coming into notice at a time when a vicious taste in poetry prevailed, he took the lead in all the literary sins of his age. He gained thereby an immediate reputation which was almost unbounded; but in the "sober second thought" of posterity, he is regarded only as the first of our second-rate poets. He was engaged in active authorship for nearly half a century. During this time a decided revolution in the public taste took place. As might be expected from the character of the man, his last poems are his best. He who, on the restoration of the dissolute Charles, had been a writer of plays marked by their licentiousness even in that licentious age, became under William a profound and able inculcator of morals and religion. The difference in the moral tone of his writings is not greater than their difference as to literary merit. The subjects which first engaged his attention, do not seem to be those for which he was by nature fitted; and as he imitated false models of style, his very genius served to make those faults more glaring. It was not till late in life that he found where his forte lay. He had a strong masculine understanding and an unbounded command of language, and, with perhaps the exception

of Pope, has succeeded better than any other English poet, in the difficult art of *reasoning in verse*. The same qualities which fitted him for serious didactic poetry, contributed to the success which attended all his efforts as a writer of *satire*.

His writings, both in prose and verse, are exceedingly numerous. A complete edition of them was published a few years since, with a copious life by Sir Walter Scott, the whole extending to eighteen volumes.

Dryden was born in 1631, and died in 1700.

ARGUMENT FOR REVEALED RELIGION.

(*From Religio Laici.*)

Dim as the borrowed beams of moon and stars
 To lonely, weary, wandering travellers,
 Is Reason to the soul: and as on high,
 Those rolling fires discover but the sky,
 Not light us here; so Reason's glimmering ray
 Was lent, not to assure our doubtful way,
 But guide us upward to a better day.
 And as those nightly tapers disappear,
 When day's bright lord ascends our hemisphere;
 So pale grows Reason at Religion's sight;
 So dies, and so dissolves in supernatural light.
 Some few, whose lamps shone brighter, have been led
 From cause to cause, to nature's secret head;
 And found that one first principle must be:
 But what, or who, that universal He;
 Whether some soul encompassing this ball,
 Unmade, unmoved; yet making, moving all;

Or various atoms' interfering dance
 Leaped into form, the noble work of chance ;
 Or this great all was from eternity ;
 Not e'en the Stagirite himself could see ;
 And Epicurus guessed as well as he :
 And blindly groped they for a future state ;
 As rashly judged of providence and fate :
 But least of all could their endeavours find
 What most concerned the good of human kind :
 For happiness was never to be found ;
 But vanished from 'em like enchanted ground.
 One thought Content the good to be enjoyed :
 This every little accident destroyed :
 The wiser madmen did for Virtue toil :
 A thorny, or at best a barren soil :
 In pleasure some their glutton souls would steep
 But found their line too short, the well too deep ;
 And leaky vessels which no bliss could keep.
 Thus anxious thoughts in endless circles roll,
 Without a centre where to fix the soul :
 In this wild maze their vain endeavours end :
 How can the less the greater comprehend ?
 Or finite reason reach Infinity ?
 For what could fathom God were more than He.

The Deist thinks he stands on firmer ground ;
 Cries *εὐρηκα*, the mighty secret's found :
 God is that spring of good ; supreme and best :
 We made to serve, and in that service blest ;
 If so, some rules of worship must be given,
 Distributed alike to all by Heaven :
 Else God were partial, and to some denied
 The means his justice should for all provide.

This general worship is to praise and pray :
One part to borrow blessings, one to pay :
And when frail nature slides into offence,
The sacrifice for crimes is penitence.
Yet since the effects of providence, we find,
Are variously dispensed to human kind ;
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 :
Where God's all-righteous ways will be declared ;
The bad meet punishment, the good reward.
Thus man by his own strength to heaven would soar :
And would not be obliged to God for more.
Vain, wretched creature, how art thou misled,
To think thy wit these godlike notions bred !
These truths are not the product of thy mind,
But dropped from Heaven, and of a nobler kind.
Revealed religion first informed thy sight,
And Reason saw not, till Faith sprung the light.
Hence all thy natural worship takes the source :
'T is revelation what thou think'st discourse.
Else how comest 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 renowned.
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 ?
Those giant wits, in happier ages born,
(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 ;
But slew their fellow-creatures for a bribe :
The guiltless victim groaned 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 !
And great oppressors might Heaven's wrath beguile,
By offering his own creatures for a spoil !

Darest thou, poor worm, offend Infinity ?
And must the terms of peace be given by thee ?
Then thou art Justice in the last appeal ;
Thy easy God instructs thee to rebel :
And, like a king remote, and weak, must take
What satisfaction thou art pleased to make.

But if there be a power too just and strong
To wink at crimes, and bear unpunished wrong ;
Look humbly upward, see his will disclose
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 supplied thy store :
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 devolved on thee.

For granting we have sinned, and that the offence
Of man is made against Omnipotence,
Some price that bears proportion must be paid ;
And infinite with infinite be weighed.

See then the Deist lost: remorse for vice,
 Not paid; or paid, inadequate in price:
 What farther means can Reason now direct,
 Or what relief from human wit expect?
 That shows us sick; and sadly are we sure
 Still to be sick, till heaven reveal the cure:
 If then Heaven's will must needs be understood
 (Which must, if we want cure, and Heaven be good),
 Let all records of will revealed be shown;
 With Scripture all in equal balance thrown,
 And our one sacred book will be that one.

Proof needs not here, for whether we compare
 That impious, idle, superstitious ware
 Of rites, lustrations, offerings (which before,
 In various ages, various countries bore),
 With Christian faith and virtues, we shall find
 None answering the great ends of human kind,
 But this one rule of life, that shows us best
 How God may be appeased, 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 prescribed for every age;
 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 unskilled in arts,
 In several ages born, in several parts,
 Weave such agreeing truths? or how, or why,
 Should all conspire to cheat us with a lie?
 Unmasked their pains, ungrateful their advice,
 Starving their gain, and martyrdom their price.

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,
 When what is taught agrees with Nature's laws.

Then for the style, 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 produced our frame.
 All faiths beside, or did by arms ascend ;
 Or sense indulged 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 ;
 Oppressed without, and undermined within .
 It thrives through pain ; its own tormentors tires ;
 And with a stubborn patience still aspires.
 To what can Reason such effects assign,
 Transcending nature, but to laws divine ?
 Which in that sacred volume are contained ;
 Sufficient, clear, and for that use ordained.

THE CHARACTER OF A GOOD PARSON.

Imitated from Chaucer.

A parish priest was of the pilgrim train ;
 An awful, reverend, and religious man.
 His eyes diffused a venerable grace,
 And charity itself was in his face.
 Rich was his soul, though his attire was poor ;
 (As God has clothed his own ambassador :)
 For such, on earth, his bless'd Redeemer bore.

Of sixty years he seemed ; and well might last
To sixty more, but that he lived too fast ;
Refined himself to soul, to curb the sense ;
And made almost a sin of abstinence.
Yet, had his aspect nothing of severe,
But such a face as promised him sincere.
Nothing reserved or sullen was to see :
But sweet regards ; and pleasing sanctity :
Mild was his accent, and his action free.
With eloquence innate his tongue was armed ;
Though harsh the precept, yet the preacher charmed.
For letting down the golden chain from high,
He drew his audience upward to the sky :
And oft, with holy hymns, he charmed their ears :
(A music more melodious than the spheres.)
For David left him, when he went to rest,
His lyre ; and after him he sung the best.
He bore his great commission in his look :
But sweetly tempered awe ; and softened all he spoke.
He preached the joys of heaven, and pains of hell :
And warned the sinner with becoming zeal,
But on eternal mercy loved to dwell.
He taught the gospel rather than the law ;
And forced himself, to drive ; but loved to draw.
For fear but freezes minds : but love, like heat,
Exhales the soul sublime, to seek her native seat.
To threats the stubborn sinner oft is hard,
Wrapped in his crimes, against the storm prepared ;
But, when the milder beams of mercy play,
He melts, and throws his cumbrous cloak away.
Lightning and thunder (heaven's artillery)
As harbingers before the Almighty fly :

Those but proclaim his style, and disappear ;
The stiller sound succeeds, and God is there.

The tithes, his parish freely paid, he took ;
But never sued, or cursed with bell and book,
With patience bearing wrong ; but offering none :
Since every man is free to lose his own.

The country churls, according to their kind
(Who grudge their dues, and love to be behind),
The less he sought his offerings, pinched the more,
And praised a priest contented to be poor.

Yet of his little he had some to spare,
To feed the famished, and to clothe the bare :
For mortified he was to that degree,
A poorer than himself he would not see.
True priests, he said, and preachers of the word,
Were only stewards of their sovereign Lord ;
Nothing was theirs ; but all the public store —
Intrusted riches to relieve the poor.

Who, should they steal for want of his relief,
He judged himself accomplice with the thief.

Wide was his parish ; not contracted close
In streets, but here and there a straggling house ;
Yet still he was at hand, without request,
To serve the sick ; to succour the distressed :
Tempting, on foot, alone, without affright,
The dangers of a dark tempestuous night.

All this the good old man performed alone,
Nor spared his pains ; for curate he had none.
Nor durst he trust another with his care ;
Nor rode himself to Paul's, the public fair,
To chaffer for preferment with his gold,
Where bishoprics and sinecures are sold,

But duly watched his flock, by night and day ;
 And from the prowling wolf redeemed the prey :
 And hungry sent the wily fox away.

The proud he tamed, the penitent he cheered :
 Nor to rebuke the rich offender feared.
 His preaching much, but more his practice wrought
 (A living sermon of the truths he taught) ;
 For this by rules severe his life he squared :
 That all might see the doctrine which they heard.
 For priests, he said, are patterns for the rest
 (The gold of heaven, who bear the God impressed) :
 But when the precious coin is kept unclean,
 The sovereign's image is no longer seen ;
 If they be foul on whom the people trust,
 Well may the baser brass contract a rust.

The prelate, for his holy life he prized ;
 The worldly pomp of prelacy despised,
 His Saviour came not with a gaudy show ;
 Nor was his kingdom of the world below.
 Patience in want, and poverty of mind,
 These marks of church and churchmen he designed,
 And living taught, and dying left behind.
 The crown he wore was of the pointed thorn :
 In purple he was crucified, not born.
 They who contend for place and high degree,
 Are not his sons, but those of Zebedee.

Not but he knew the signs of earthly power
 Might well become Saint Peter's successor :
 The holy father holds a double reign,
 The prince may keep his pomp, the fisher must be plain.
 Such was the saint ; who shone with every grace,
 Reflecting, Moses like, his Maker's face.

God saw his image lively was expressed ;
 And his own work, as in creation, blessed.
 Still cheerful ; ever constant to his call ;
 By many followed ; loved by most ; admired by all.
 With what he begged his brethren he relieved ;
 And gave the charities himself received.
 Gave, while he taught ; and edified the more,
 Because he showed by proof, 't was easy to be poor.
 He went not with the crowd to see a shrine ;
 But fed us, by the way, with food divine.

In deference to his virtues, I forbear
 To show you what the rest in orders were :
 This brilliant is so spotless, and so bright,
 He needs no foil, but shines by his own proper light.

CHARACTER OF VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM.

(*From Absalom and Achitophel.*)

A man so various that he seemed to be
 Not one, but all mankind's epitome :
 Stiff in opinions, always in the wrong,
 Was everything by starts, and nothing long ;
 But, in the course of one revolving moon,
 Was chemist, fiddler, statesman, and buffoon ;
 Then all for women, painting, rhyming, drinking,
 Besides ten thousand freaks that died in thinking.
 Blest madman ! who could every hour employ
 With something new to wish or to enjoy.
 Railing and praising were his usual themes ;
 And both, to show his judgment, in extremes ;
 So over violent, or over civil,
 That every man with him was god or devil.

In squandering wealth was his peculiar art ;
 Nothing went unrewarded but desert :
 Beggared by fools, whom still he found too late,
 He had his jest, and they had his estate ;
 He laughed himself from court, then sought relief
 By forming parties, but could ne'er be chief ;
 For, spite of him, the weight of business fell
 On Absalom and wise Achitophel ;
 Thus, wicked but in will, of means bereft,
 He left not faction, but of that was left.

MANKIND.

(*From All for Love.*)

Men are but children of a larger growth ;
 Our appetites as apt to change as theirs,
 And full as craving too, and full as vain ;
 And yet the soul shut up in her dark room,
 Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing ;
 But like a mole in earth, busy and blind,
 Works all her folly up, and casts it outward
 To the world's open view.

ON MILTON.

Three poets, in three distant ages born,
 Greece, Italy, and England did adorn.
 The first in loftiness of thought surpassed,
 The next in majesty ; in both the last.
 The force of nature could no further go ;
 To make a third, she joined the other two.

P R I O R .

THE reign of Queen Anne was at one time styled the *Augustan age of English literature*. It was adorned with the names of Pope, Addison, Swift, and a host of writers of scarcely inferior renown, who introduced into the language a degree of correctness and polish which it had not before received. The writers of that day, however, are not held in as high estimation as they were half a century since. The most distinguished critics of the present century have given a decided preference to the authors preceding the Restoration, as possessing greater boldness, originality, and force. Still, the early part of the eighteenth century must be regarded as the time when the language reached its maturity; and although the authors just named may not stand on the same platform with Shakspeare, Milton, or Spenser, they will ever be considered among the safest models of style, as well as the great storehouse of correct diction.

MATTHEW PRIOR, the earliest of the poets usually named as belonging to the era under consideration, was born in 1664, and after a life of much distinction and a great variety of fortune, died in 1721. The most elaborate of his works is a poem entitled "Solomon," from which the following extract is made:

SOLOMON'S ACCOUNT OF ABRA'S LOVE.

(*From Solomon on the Vanity of the World.*)

Another nymph, amongst the many fair,
 That made my softer hours their solemn care,
 Before the rest affected still to stand,
 And watched my eye, preventing my command.
 Abra, she so was called, did soonest haste
 To grace my presence ; Abra went the last ;
 Abra was ready ere I called her name ;
 And, though I called another, Abra came.
 Her equals first observed her growing zeal,
 And laughing, glossed that Abra served so well.
 To me her actions did unheeded die,
 Or were remarked but with a common eye ;
 Till, more apprised of what the rumour said,
 More I observed peculiar in the maid.
 The sun declined had shot his western ray,
 When, tired with business of the solemn day,
 I purposed to unbend the evening hours,
 And banquet private in the women's bowers.
 I called before I sat to wash my hands
 (For so the precept of the law commands) :
 Love had ordained that it was Abra's turn
 To mix the sweets, and minister the urn.
 With awful homage, and submissive dread,
 The maid approached, on my declining head
 To pour the oils : she trembled as she poured ;
 With an unguarded look she now devoured
 My nearer face ; and now recalled her eye,
 And heaved, and strove to hide, a sudden sigh.

And whence, said I, canst thou have dread or pain ?
 What can thy imagery of sorrow mean ?
 Secluded from the world and all its care,
 Hast thou to grieve or joy, to hope or fear ?
 For sure, I added, sure thy little heart
 Ne'er felt love's anger, or received his dart.

Abashed she blushed, and with disorder spoke :
 Her rising shame adorned the words it broke. •

If the great master will descend to hear
 The humble series of his handmaid's care ;
 O ! while she tells it, let him not put on
 The look that awes the nations from the throne !
 O ! let not death severe in glory lie
 In the king's frown and terror of his eye !
 Mine to obey, thy part is to ordain ;
 And though to mention be to suffer pain,
 If the king smile whilst I my woe recite,
 If weeping, I find favour in his sight,
 Flow fast, my tears, full rising his delight.
 O ! witness earth beneath, and heaven above !
 For can I hide it ? I am sick of love ;
 If madness may the name of passion bear,
 Or love be called what is indeed despair.

Thou Sovereign Power, whose secret will controls
 The inward bent and motion of our souls !
 Why hast thou placed such infinite degrees
 Between the cause and cure of my disease ?
 The mighty object of that raging fire,
 In which, unpitied, Abra must expire.
 Had he been born some simple shepherd's heir,
 The lowing herd or fleecy sheep his care,

At morn with him I o'er the hills had run,
Scornful of winter's frost and summer's sun,
Still asking where he made his flock to rest at noon ,
For him at night, the dear expected guest,
I had with hasty joy prepared the feast ;
And from the cottage, o'er the distant plain,
Sent forth my longing eye to meet the swain,
Wavering, impatient, tossed by hope and fear,
Till he and joy together should appear,
And the loved dog declare his master near.
And from beneath his head, at dawning day,
With softest care have stolen my arm away,
To rise, and from the fold release his sheep,
Fond of his flock, indulgent to his sleep.
Or if kind heaven, propitious to my flame
(For sure from heaven the faithful ardour came),
Had blest my life, and decked my natal hour
With height of title, and extent of power ;
Without a crime my passion had aspired,
Found the loved prince, and told what I desired.
Then I had come, preventing Sheba's queen,
To see the comeliest of the sons of men,
To hear the charming poet's amorous song,
And gather honey falling from his tongue,
To take the fragrant kisses of his mouth,
Sweeter than breezes of her native south,
Likening his grace, his person, and his mien,
To all that great or beauteous I had seen.
Serene and bright his eyes, as solar beams
Reflecting tempered light from crystal streams ;

Ruddy as gold his cheek ; his bosom fair
As silver ; the curled ringlets of his hair
Black as the raven's wing ; his lip more red
Than eastern coral, or the scarlet thread ;
Even his teeth, and white like a young flock
Coeval, newly shorn, from the clear brook
Recent, and branching on the sunny rock.
Ivory, with sapphires interspersed, explains
How white his hands, how blue the manly veins.
Columns of polished marble, firmly set
On golden bases, are his legs and feet ;
His stature all majestic, all divine,
Straight as the palm-tree, strong as is the pine.
Saffron and myrrh are on his garments shed,
And everlasting sweets bloom round his head.
What utter I ? where am I ? wretched maid !
Die, Abra, die : too plainly hast thou said
Thy soul's desire.

Here o'er her speech her flowing eyes prevail.
O foolish maid ! and oh, unhappy tale !
I saw her ; 't was humanity : it gave
Some respite to the sorrows of my slave.
Her fond excess proclaimed her passion true,
And generous pity to that truth was due.
Well I entreated her, who well deserved ;
I called her often, for she always served.
Use made her person easy to my sight,
And ease insensibly produced delight.
The apples she had gathered smelt most sweet,
The cake she kneaded was the savoury meat :

But fruits their odour lost, and meats their taste,
If gentle Abra had not decked the feast;
Dishonoured did the sparkling goblet stand,
Unless received from gentle Abra's hand;
And, when the virgins formed the evening choir,
Raising their voices to the master lyre,
Too flat I thought this voice, and that too shrill,
One showed too much, and one too little skill;
Nor could my soul approve the music's tone,
Till all was hushed, and Abra sung alone.
Fairer she seemed distinguished from the rest,
And better mien disclosed, as better drest.
A bright tiara round her forehead tied,
To juster bounds confined its rising pride.
The blushing ruby on her snowy breast
Rendered its panting whiteness more confessed;
Bracelets of pearl gave roundness to her arm,
And every gem augmented every charm.
Her senses pleased, her beauty still improved,
And she more lovely grew, as more beloved.

A D D I S O N .

JOSEPH ADDISON (1672–1719), is chiefly distinguished by his prose writings. It was by his poetry, however, that he first rose to distinction. His principal poetical performances are his Letter from Italy, the Battle of Blenheim, Cato, and the Odes.

O D E.

The spacious firmament / on high,
With all the blue ethereal sky,
And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
Their great original proclaim:
The unwearied sun, from day to day,
Does his Creator's power display,
And publishes to every land
The work of an Almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
And nightly to the listening earth
Repeats the story of her birth:
Whilst all the stars that round her burn,
And all the planets in their turn,
Confirm the tidings as they roll,
And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What, though in solemn silence, all
Move round the dark terrestrial ball?

What though nor real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found?
 In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice,
 For ever singing as they shine,
 The hand that made us is divine.

CATO'S SOLILOQUY.

Cato, alone, sitting in a thoughtful posture: in his hand Plato's book on the Immortality of the Soul. A drawn sword on the table by him.

It must be so—Plato, thou reasonest well!—
 Else whence this pleasing hope, this fond desire,
 This longing after immortality?
 Or whence this secret dread, and inward horror,
 Of falling into nought? why shrinks the soul
 Back on herself, and startles at destruction?
 'T is the divinity that stirs within us;
 'T is heaven itself that points out an hereafter,
 And intimates eternity to man.
 Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful thought!
 Through what variety of untried being,
 Through what new scenes and changes must we pass?
 The wide, the unbounded prospect lies before me;
 But shadows, clouds, and darkness rest upon it.
 Here will I hold. If there's a power above us
 (And that there is, all nature cries aloud
 Through all her works), he must delight in virtue;
 And that which he delights in must be happy.

But when? or where? This world was made for Cæsar.
I'm weary of conjectures. This must end them.

(Laying his hand on his sword.)

Thus am I doubly armed: my death and life,
My bane and antidote are both before me:
This in a moment brings me to an end;
But this informs me I shall never die.
The soul, secured in her existence, smiles
At the drawn dagger, and defies its point.
The stars shall fade away, the sun himself
Grow dim with age, and nature sink in years;
But thou shalt flourish in immortal youth,
Unhurt amidst the war of elements,
The wrecks of matter, and the crush of worlds.

S W I F T.

JONATHAN SWIFT (1667-1745), was the great Satirist of the eighteenth century. His writings, both in prose and verse, are very numerous, and had a powerful influence on his contemporaries. Those of his prose writings which have been most read are the Tale of a Tub, and Gulliver's Travels. He was a native of Dublin, and for the last thirty-two years of his life Dean of St. Patrick's. He is generally called Dean Swift. He had unbounded popularity with his countrymen, whom he alternately praised and abused in about equal proportions.

The verses on his own death are a fine example of his peculiar poetical vein. An extract from this is given, together with a few passages from some of his other poems.

VERSES ON HIS OWN DEATH.

The time is not remote, when I
Must by the course of nature die;
When, I foresee, my special friends
Will try to find their private ends:
And, though 't is hardly understood,
Which way my death can do them good,
Yet thus, methinks, I hear them speak:
See, how the dean begins to break!
Poor gentleman! he droops apace!
You plainly find it in his face.

That old vertigo in his head
 Will never leave him, till he's dead.
 Besides, his memory decays:
 He recollects not what he says;
 He cannot call his friends to mind;
 Forgets the place where last he dined;
 Plies you with stories o'er and o'er;
 He told them fifty times before.
 How does he fancy we can sit
 To hear his out-of-fashion wit?
 But he takes up with younger folks,
 Who for his wine will bear his jokes.
 Faith, he must make his stories shorter,
 Or change his comrades once a quarter:
 In half the time he talks them round,
 There must another set be found.

Behold the fatal day arrive!
 How is the dean? he's just alive.
 Now the departing prayer is read;
 He hardly breathes. The dean is dead.
 Before the passing-bell begun,
 The news through half the town has run
 Oh! may we all for death prepare!
 What has he left? and who's his heir?
 I know no more than what the news is;
 'T is all bequeathed to public uses.
 To public uses! there's a whim!
 What had the public done for him?
 Mere envy, avarice, and pride:
 He gave it all—but first he died.
 And had the dean in all the nation
 No worthy friend, no poor relation?

So ready to do strangers good,
 Forgetting his own flesh and blood!

Here shift the scene, to represent
 How those I love my death lament.
 Poor Pope will grieve a month, and Gay
 A week, and Arbuthnot a day.

St. John himself will scarce forbear
 To bite his pen, and drop a tear.

The rest will give a shrug, and cry,
 "I'm sorry — but we all must die!"

Indifference clad in wisdom's guise,
 All fortitude of mind supplies;
 For how can stony bowels melt
 In those who never pity felt?
 When we are lashed, they kiss the rod,
 Resigning to the will of God.

Suppose me dead; and then suppose
 A club assembled at the Rose,
 Where, from discourse of this and that,
 I grow the subject of their chat.
 "The dean, if we believe report,
 Was never ill-received at court.
 Although ironically grave,
 He shamed the fool and lashed the knave.
 To steal a hint was never known,
 But what he writ was all his own."

"Sir, I have heard another story;
 He was a most confounded Tory,
 And grew, or he is much belied,
 Extremely dull, before he died."

"Can we the Drapier then forget?
 Is not our nation in his debt?"

'T was he that writ the Drapier's* letters!"
"He should have left them for his betters;
We had a hundred abler men,
Nor need depend upon his pen.
Say what you will about his reading,
You never can defend his breeding;
Who, in his satires running riot,
Could never leave the world in quiet;
Attacking, when he took the whim,
Court, city, camp — all one to him.
What scenes of evil he unravels,
In satires, libels, lying travels!
Not sparing his own clergy-cloth,
But eats into it, like a moth!"
"Perhaps I may allow, the dean
Had too much satire in his vein,
And seemed determined not to starve it,
Because no age could more deserve it.
Vice, if it e'er can be abashed,
Must be or ridiculed or lashed.
If you resent it, who's to blame?
He neither knew you, nor your name:
Should vice expect to 'scape rebuke,
Because its owner is a duke?
His friendships, still to few confined,
Were always of the middling kind;
No fools of rank or mongrel breed,
Who fain would pass for lords indeed,
Where titles give no rank or power,
And peerage is a withered flower.

* A series of political essays written by Swift, which gave him great popularity with his countrymen.

He would have deemed it a disgrace,
If such a wretch had known his face.

“He never thought an honour done him,
Because a peer was proud to own him;
Would rather slip aside, and choose
To talk with wits in dirty shoes;
And scorn the tools with stars and garters,
So often seen caressing Charteris.

He kept with princes due decorum,
Yet never stood in awe before 'em.

He followed David's lesson just;

In princes never put his trust:

And, would you make him truly sour,
Provoke him with a slave in power.”

“Alas, poor dean! his only scope

Was to be held a misanthrope.

This into general odium drew him,

Which, if he liked, much good may't do him.

His zeal was not to lash our crimes,

But discontent against the times:

For, had we made him timely offers,

To raise his post, or fill his coffers,

Perhaps he might have truckled down,

Like other brethren of his gown.

For party he would scarce have bled:

I say no more — because he's dead.

What writings has he left behind?

I hear they're of a different kind:

A few in verse; but most in prose:

Some high-flown pamphlets, I suppose:

All scribbled in the worst of times,

To palliate his friend Oxford's crimes;

To praise Queen Anne, nay more, defend her,
As never favouring the Pretender :
Or libels yet concealed from sight,
Against the court, to show his spite :
Perhaps his travels, part the third ;
A lie at every second word —
Offensive to a loyal ear :
But — not one sermon, you may swear.”
“As for his works in verse or prose,
I own myself no judge of those.
Nor can I tell what critics thought ’em ;
But this I know, all people bought ’em,
As with a moral view designed,
To please, and to reform mankind :
And, if he often missed his aim,
The world must own it to their shame,
The praise is his, and theirs the blame.
He gave the little wealth he had
To build a house for fools and mad ;
To show, by one satiric touch,
No nation wanted it so much.
That kingdom he hath left his debtor ;
I wish it soon may have a better.
And, since you dread no further lashes,
Methinks you may forgive his ashes.”

COMPETENCE.

I've often wished that I had clear
 For life six hundred pounds a-year,
 A handsome house to lodge a friend,
 A river at my garden's end,
 A terrace-walk, and half a rood
 Of land set out to plant a wood.

Well, now I have all this and more,
 I ask not to increase my store;
 But here a grievance seems to lie,
 All this is mine but till I die;
 I can't but think 't would sound more clever,
 To me and to my heirs for ever.

If I ne'er got or lost a groat
 By any trick or any fault;
 And if I pray for reason's rules,
 And not like forty other fools,
 As thus, "Vouchsafe, oh gracious Maker!
 To grant me this and 't other acre;
 Or if it be thy will and pleasure,
 Direct my plough to find a treasure!"
 But only what my station fits,
And to be kept in my right wits;
 Preserve, Almighty Providence!
 Just what you gave me, competence,
 And let me in these shades compose
 Something in verse as true as prose.

P O P E .

THE name of ALEXANDER POPE, (1688-1744), is inseparably connected with that of Swift. The poetical genius of Pope, however, was of an order greatly superior to that of his friend. Indeed, in some species of writing, he stands confessedly unequalled. For elegance, and the easy flow of his verse, he is without a competitor among English poets. He is, too, fully equal to Dryden, perhaps superior to him, in the power of arguing in verse. He consequently excels very much in his didactic pieces. It would be difficult to conceive an argument put with greater force or with more condensation of thought and expression than is done in many parts of his Essays and Epistles. At the same time, it would be ridiculous to rank Pope in the same class with Shakspeare or Milton. He has none of the magnificent sublimity of the latter, none of the universality of the former. He is eminently the poet of artificial life and manners, always polished and brilliant, but seldom truly great. He had in an eminent degree the irritability characteristic of the poetical temperament. A large portion of his works consists of satire upon his contemporaries. The Dunciad, which was written to satirize the inferior writers of his own day, was very celebrated in its time. It is now little read. Those of his poems which have been most read are his Essay on Man, Rape of the Lock, Messiah, Eloisa and Abelard, his Epistles, and his Translation of Homer.

MOONLIGHT SCENE.

(From the Iliad.)

The troops exulting sat in order round,
And beaming fires illumined all the ground,
As when the moon, refulgent lamp of night!
O'er heaven's clear azure spreads her sacred light;
When not a breath disturbs the deep serene,
And not a cloud o'ercasts the solemn scene;
Around her throne the vivid planets roll,
And stars unnumbered gild the glowing pole;
O'er the dark trees a yellower verdure shed,
And tip with silver every mountain's head;
Then shine the vales, the rocks in prospect rise,
A flood of glory bursts from all the skies:
The conscious swains, rejoicing in the sight,
Eye the blue vault, and bless the useful light.
So many flames before proud Ilion blaze,
And lighten glimmering Xanthus with their rays;)
The long reflections of the distant fires
Gleam on the walls and tremble on the spires.
A thousand piles the dusky horrors gild,
And shoot a shady lustre o'er the field.
Full fifty guards each flaming pile attend,
Whose umbered arms, by fits, thick flashes send;
Loud neigh the coursers o'er their heaps of corn,
And ardent warriors wait the rising morn.

THE TOILET.

(*From the Rape of the Lock.*)

And now, unveiled, the toilet stands displayed,
Each silver vase in mystic order laid ;
First, robed in white, the nymph intent adores,
With head uncovered, the cosmetic powers.
A heavenly image in the glass appears,
To that she bends, to that her eye she rears ;
The inferior priestess, at her altar's side,
Trembling begins the sacred rites of pride.
Unnumbered treasures ope at once, and here
The various offerings of the world appear ;
From each she nicely culls with curious toil,
And decks the goddess with the glittering spoil.
This casket India's glowing gems unlocks,
And all Arabia breathes from yonder box :
The tortoise here and elephant unite,
Transformed to combs, the speckled and the white.
Here files of pins extend their shining rows,
Puffs, powders, patches, bibles, billet-doux.
Now awful beauty puts on all its arms ;
The fair each moment rises in her charms,
Repairs her smiles, awakens every grace,
And calls forth all the wonders of her face ;
Sees by degrees a purer blush arise,
And keener lightnings quicken in her eyes.
The busy sylphs surround their darling care,
These set the head, and those divide the hair ;
Some fold the sleeve, whilst others plait the gown,
And Betty's praised for labours not her own.

SATIRICAL PORTRAIT OF ADDISON.

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

 THE DYING CHRISTIAN TO HIS SOUL.

Vital spark of heavenly flame,
 Quit, oh quit this mortal frame :
 Trembling, hoping, lingering, flying —
 Oh the pain, the bliss of dying !

Cease, fond Nature, cease thy strife,
And let me languish into life!

Hark! they whisper; angels say,
Sister spirit, come away!

What is this absorbs me quite?

Steals my senses, shuts my sight,
Drowns my spirits, draws my breath?
Tell me, my soul, can this be death?

The world recedes; it disappears!
Heaven opens on my eyes! my ears

With sounds seraphic ring:

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

O Grave! where is thy victory?

O Death! where is thy sting?

All the extracts which follow are from the Essay
on Man.

THE PRESUMPTION OF CONDEMNING PROVIDENCE FOR
MAN'S APPARENT CONDITION.

Respecting man, whatever wrong we call,
May, — must be right, as relative to all.
In human works, though laboured on with pain,
A thousand movements scarce one purpose gain;
In God's one single can its end produce,
Yet serves to second too some other use:
So man, who here seems principal alone,
Perhaps acts second to some sphere unknown,
Touches some wheel, or verges to some goal:
'T is but a part we see, and not a whole.

When the proud steed shall know why man restrains
 His fiery course, or drives him o'er the plains :
 When the dull ox, why now he breaks the clod,
 Is now a victim, and now Egypt's god ;
 Then shall man's pride and dulness comprehend
 His actions', passions', being's, use and end ;
 Why doing, suffering, checked, impelled, and why
 This hour a slave, the next a deity.

Then say not man's imperfect, Heaven in fault ;
 Say rather man's as perfect as he ought ;
 His knowledge measured to his state and place,
 His time a moment, and a point his space.
 If to be perfect in a certain sphere,
 What matter soon or late, or here or there ?
 The blest to-day is as completely so
 As who began a thousand years ago.

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

Hope humbly then ; with trembling pinions soar,
 Wait the great teacher Death, and God adore.

What future bliss he gives not thee to know,
 But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
 Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
 Man never is, but always to be blest.
 The soul, uneasy and confined, from home,
 Rests and expatiates in a life to come.

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

THE DUTY OF MAN TO BE CONTENT WITH THE RANK
 WHICH HE HOLDS IN CREATION.

. On superior powers
 Were we to press, inferior might on ours;
 Or in the full creation leave a void,
 Where, one step broken, the great scale's destroyed:
 From Nature's chain whatever link you strike,
 Tenth, or ten-thousandth, breaks the chain alike.

What if the foot ordained the dust to tread,
 Or hand to toil, aspired to be the head?
 What if the head, the eye, or ear, repined
 To serve mere engines to the ruling mind?

Just as absurd for any part to claim
 To be another in this general frame ;
 Just as absurd to mourn the tasks, or pains,
 The great directing Mind of All ordains.

All are but parts of one stupendous whole,
 Whose body Nature is, and God the soul ;
 That, changed through all, and yet in all the same,
 Great in the earth as in the ethereal frame,
 Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
 Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees ;
 Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
 Spreads undivided, operates unspent ;
 Breathes in our soul, informs our mortal part,
 As full, as perfect, in a hair as heart ;
 As full, as perfect, in vile man that mourns
 As the rapt seraph that adores and burns :
 To him no high, no low, no great, no small ;
 He fills, he bounds, connects, and equals all !

Cease then, nor order imperfection name ;
 Our proper bliss depends on what we blame.
 Know thy own point : this kind, this due degree
 Of blindness, weakness, Heaven bestows on thee.
 Submit—in this or any other sphere,
 Secure to be as blest as thou canst bear ;
 Safe in the hand of one disposing Power,
 Or in the natal or the mortal hour.
 All nature is but art unknown to thee ;
 All chance direction, which thou canst not see ;
 All discord, harmony not understood ;
 All partial evil, universal good :
 And spite of pride, in erring reason's spite,
 One truth is clear, *Whatever is is right.*

THE WISDOM OF PROVIDENCE DISPLAYED EVEN IN THE
WEAKNESSES OF MEN.

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw :
Some livelier plaything gives his youth delight,
A little louder, but as empty quite :
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his riper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys of age :
Pleased with this bauble still, as that before,
Till tired he sleeps, and life's poor play is o'er.

Meanwhile opinion gilds with varying rays
Those painted clouds that beautify our days ;
Each want of happiness by hope supplied,
And each vacuity of sense by pride :
These build as fast as knowledge can destroy ;
In folly's cup still laughs the bubble joy ;
One prospect lost, another still we gain,
And not a vanity is given in vain :
Even mean self-love becomes, by force divine,
The scale to measure others' wants by thine.
See ! and confess one comfort still must rise ;
'T is this, — Though man's a fool, yet God is wise.

MAN NOT THE ONLY BEING WHOSE HAPPINESS WAS TO
BE PROVIDED FOR.

Has God, thou fool ! worked solely for thy good,
Thy joy, thy pastime, thy attire, thy food ?
Who for thy table feeds the wanton fawn,
For him has kindly spread the flowery lawn :

Is it for thee the lark ascends and sings?—
 Joy tunes his voice, joy elevates his wings.
 Is it for thee the linnet pours his throat?—
 Loves of his own and raptures swell the note.
 The bounding steed you pompously bestride,
 Shares with his lord the pleasure and the pride.
 Is thine alone the seed that strews the plain?—
 The birds of Heaven shall vindicate their grain.
 Thine the full harvest of the golden year?—
 Part pays, and justly, the deserying steer.
 The hog, that ploughs not, nor obeys thy call,
 Lives on the labours of this lord of all.

Know Nature's children all divide her care;
 The fur that warms a monarch warmed a bear.
 While man exclaims, "See all things for my use!"
 "See man for mine!" replies a pampered goose:
 And just as short of reason he must fall,
 Who thinks all made for one, not one for all.

MAN ESSENTIALLY SOCIAL.

Man, like the generous vine, supported lives;
 The strength he gains is from the embrace he gives.
 On their own axis as the planets run,
 Yet make at once their circle round the sun;
 So two consistent motions acts the soul,
 And one regards itself, and one the whole.

Thus God and Nature linked the general frame,
 And bade self-love and social be the same.

HAPPINESS DEPENDS, NOT ON GOODS, BUT ON VIRTUE.

Order is Heaven's first law ; and this confessed,
 Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
 More rich, more wise ; but who infers from hence
 That such are happier, shocks all common sense.
 Heaven to mankind impartial we confess,
 If all are equal in their happiness :
 But mutual wants this happiness increase ;
 All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
 Condition, circumstance, is not the thing :
 Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
 In who obtain defence, or who defend,
 In him who is, or him who finds a friend ;
 Heaven breathes through every member of the whole
 One common blessing, as one common soul.
 ' But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed.'
 What then ? Is the reward of virtue bread ?
 That vice may merit, 't is the price of toil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil ;
 The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
 Where folly fights for kings, or dives for gain ;
 The good man may be weak, be indolent ;
 Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
 But grant him riches, your demand is o'er ?
 ' No — shall the good want health, the good want power ?'
 Add health and power, and every earthly thing ;
 ' Why bounded power ? why private ? why no king ?'
 Nay, why external for internal given ?
 Why is not man a god, and earth a heaven ?

Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
 God gives enough, while he has more to give;
 Immense the power, immense were the demand;
 Say at what part of nature will they stand?

What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
 The soul's calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
 Is virtue's prize: a better would you fix?
 Then give Humility a coach and six,
 Justice a conqueror's sword, or Truth a gown,
 Or Public Spirit its great cure, a crown.
 Weak, foolish man! will heaven reward us there
 With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
 The boy and man an individual makes,
 Yet sighest thou now for apples and for cakes?
 Go, like the Indian, in another life
 Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife;
 As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
 As toys and empires, for a godlike mind.
 Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
 No joy, or be destructive of the thing;
 How oft by these at sixty are undone
 The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
 To whom can riches give repute or trust,
 Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
 Judges and senates have been bought for gold;
 Esteem and love were never to be sold.
 Oh fool! to think God hates the worthy mind,
 The lover and the love of humankind,
 Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
 Because he wants a thousand pounds a-year.
 Honour and shame from no condition rise;
 Act well your part, there all the honour lies.

Fortune in men has some small difference made,
 One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade ;
 The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
 The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
 ' What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl !'
 I'll tell you, friend — a wise man and a fool.
 You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,
 Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk ;
 Worth makes the man, and want of it the fellow :
 The rest is all but leather or prunella.

Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
 In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece :
 But by your father's worth if yours you rate,
 Count me those only who were good and great.
 Go ! if your ancient but ignoble blood
 Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
 Go ! and pretend your family is young ;
 Nor own your fathers have been fools so long.
 What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards ?
 Alas ! not all the blood of all the Howards.

What's fame ? a fancied life in others' breath —
 A thing beyond us, even before our death.
 Just what you hear, you have ; and what's unknown,
 The same (my lord) if Tully's, or your own.
 All that we feel of it begins and ends
 In the small circle of our foes or friends ;
 To all beside as much an empty shade,
 An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead ;
 Alike or when or where they shone or shine,
 Or on the Rubicon, or on the Rhine.
 A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod ;
 An honest man's the noblest work of God.

Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
 As justice tears his body from the grave ;
 When what to oblivion better were resigned,
 Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
 All fame is foreign but of true desert ;
 Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart :
 One self-approving hour whole years outweighs
 Of stupid starers, and of loud huzzas ;
 And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
 Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.

Know then this truth (enough for man to know),
 " Virtue alone is happiness below."

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

See the sole bliss Heaven could on all bestow !
 Which who but feels can taste, but thinks can know :
 Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
 The bad must miss, the good untaught will find ;

Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God ;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins Heaven and earth, and mortal and divine ;
Sees that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above and some below ;
Learns from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul ;
And knows where faith, law, morals all began,
All end, in love of God and love of man.

THOMAS PARNELL.

(1679-1718.)

THE HERMIT.

FAR in a wild, unknown to public view,
From youth to age a reverend hermit grew ;
The moss his bed, the cave his humble cell,
His food the fruits, his drink the crystal well ;
Remote from men, with God he passed his days,
Prayer all his business, all his pleasure praise.
A life so sacred, such serene repose,
Seemed heaven itself, till one suggestion rose —
That vice should triumph, virtue vice obey ;
This sprung some doubt of Providence's sway ;
His hopes no more a certain prospect boast,
And all the tenor of his soul is lost.
So, when a smooth expanse receives impressed
Calm nature's image on its watery breast,
Down bend the banks, the trees depending grow,
And skies beneath with answering colours glow ;
But, if a stone the gentle sea divide,
Swift ruffling circles curl on every side,
And glimmering fragments of a broken sun,
Banks, trees, and skies, in thick disorder run.
To clear this doubt, to know the world by sight,
To find if books, or swains, report it right
(For yet by swains alone the world he knew,
Whose feet came wandering o'er the nightly dew),

He quits his cell; the pilgrim-staff he bore,
And fixed the scallop in his hat before;
Then, with the rising sun, a journey went,
Sedate to think, and watching each event.

The Hermit soon meets with a young man, who becomes his travelling companion. The first night of their journey they are received into a large mansion and treated with great hospitality, which the young man requites by pilfering a golden drinking-cup belonging to the master. The next day they are driven by a storm to take shelter in the mansion of a wealthy miser. In reward for the niggard and reluctant hospitality which they here receive, the youth gives the miser on parting the golden cup which he had stolen from the previous host. The following night they are entertained with kindness by a good man in moderate circumstances. Before they left, in the morning, the young man sought an opportunity, when he was unobserved, to strangle the good man's only child, an infant sleeping in the cradle, and soon after, thrust over a precipice a servant who had been sent to guide them on their way. The aged Hermit, on discovering the atrocious character of his companion, stood aghast with astonishment and rage. Then follows the explanation.

While sparkling rage inflames the father's eyes,
He bursts the bands of fear, and madly cries,
"Detested wretch!"—but scarce his speech began,
When the strange partner seemed no longer man!
His youthful face grew more serenely sweet;
His robe turned white, and flowed upon his feet;

Fair rounds of radiant points invest his hair ;
 Celestial odours breathe through purpled air ;
 And wings, whose colours glittered on the day,
 Wide at his back their gradual plumes display.
 The form ethereal bursts upon his sight,
 And moves in all the majesty of light.
 Though loud at first the pilgrim's passion grew,
 Sudden he gazed, and wist not what to do ;
 Surprise, in secret chains, his words suspends,
 And in a calm, his settling temper ends.
 But silence here the beauteous angel broke
 (The voice of Music ravished as he spoke) ;—
 “ Thy prayer, thy praise, thy life to vice unknown,
 In sweet memorial rise before the throne :
 These charms success in our bright region find,
 And force an angel down to calm thy mind ;
 For this commissioned, I forsook the sky :
 Nay, cease to kneel — thy fellow-servant I.
 Then know the truth of government divine,
 And let these scruples be no longer thine.
 The Maker justly claims that world he made ;
 In this the right of Providence is laid ;
 Its sacred majesty through all depends
 On using second means to work his ends :
 'T is thus, withdrawn in state from human eye,
 The power exerts his attributes on high ;
 Your action uses, nor controls your will,
 And bids the doubting sons of men be still.
 What strange events can strike with more surprise,
 Than those which lately struck thy wondering eyes ?
 Yet, taught by these, confess the Almighty just,
 And, where you can't unriddle, learn to trust.

The great vain man, who fared on costly food,
Whose life was too luxurious to be good ;
Who made his ivory stands with goblets shine,
And forced his guests to morning draughts of wine ;
Has, with the cup, the graceless custom lost,
And still he welcomes, but with less of cost.
The mean suspicious wretch, whose bolted door
Ne'er moved in pity to the wandering poor ;
With him I left the cup, to teach his mind
That Heaven can bless, if mortals will be kind.
Conscious of wanting worth, he views the bowl,
And feels compassion touch his grateful soul.
Thus artists melt the sullen ore of lead,
With heaping coals of fire upon its head ;
In the kind warmth the metal learns to glow,
And, loose from dross, the silver runs below.
Long had our pious friend in virtue trod,
But now the child half-weaned his heart from God ;
(Child of his age) for him he lived in pain,
And measured back his steps to earth again.
To what excesses had his dotage run !
But God, to save the father, took the son.
To all but thee, in fits he seemed to go,
And 't was my ministry to deal the blow.
The poor fond parent, humbled in the dust,
Now owns in tears the punishment was just.
But how had all his fortunes felt a wrack,
Had that false servant sped in safety back ?
This night his treasured heaps he meant to steal,
And what a fund of charity would fail !
Thus Heaven instructs thy mind : this trial o'er,
Depart in peace, resign, and sin no more."

On sounding pinions here the youth withdrew,
 The sage stood wondering as the seraph flew ;
 Thus looked Elisha, when, to mount on high,
 His master took the chariot of the sky ;
 The fiery pomp ascending left the view ;
 The prophet gazed, and wished to follow too.

The bending Hermit here a prayer begun,
 " Lord, as in heaven, on earth thy will be done !"
 Then, gladly turning, sought his ancient place,
 And passed a life of piety and peace.

JOHN GAY.

(1688-1732.)

THE HARE AND MANY FRIENDS.

FRIENDSHIP, like love, is but a name,
 Unless to one you stint the flame.
 The child, whom many fathers share
 Hath seldom known a father's care.
 'Tis thus in friendship; who depend
 On many, rarely find a friend.

A Hare, who in a civil way
 Complied with everything, like GAY,
 Was known by all the bestial train,
 Who haunt the wood, or graze the plain.
 Her care was never to offend,
 And every creature was her friend.

As forth she went at early dawn,
To taste the dew-besprinkled lawn,
Behind she hears the hunter's cries,
And from the deep-mouthed thunder flies:
She starts, she stops, she pants for breath;
She hears the near advance of death;
She doubles, to mislead the hound,
And measures back her mazy round;
Till, fainting in the public way,
Half dead with fear she gasping lay;
What transport in her bosom grew,
When first the Horse appeared in view!
Let me, says she, your back ascend,
And owe my safety to a friend. —†
You know my feet betray my flight,
To friendship every burden's light.
The Horse replied: Poor honest Puss,
It grieves my heart to see you thus;
Be comforted, relief is near,
For all your friends are in the rear.

She next the stately bull implored,
And thus replied the mighty lord:
Since every beast alive can tell
That I sincerely wish you well,
I may, without offence, pretend
To take the freedom of a friend.
To leave you thus might seem unkind;
But see, the Goat is just behind.

The Goat remarked her pulse was high,
Her languid head, her heavy eye;
My back, says he, may do you harm,
The Sheep's at hand, and wool is warm.

The Sheep was feeble, and complained
His sides a load of wool sustained :
Said he was slow, confessed his fears,
For hounds eat sheep as well as hares.

She now the trotting Calf addressed,
To save from death a friend distressed.
Shall I, says he, of tender age,
In this important care engage ?
Older and abler passed you by ;
How strong are those, how weak am I !
Should I presume to bear you hence,
Those friends of mine may take offence.
Excuse me, then. You know my heart ;
But dearest friends, alas ! must part.
How shall we all lament ! Adieu !
For, see, the hounds are just in view !

AMBROSE PHILLIPS.

(1671–1749.)

WINTER SCENE IN COPENHAGEN.

And yet but lately have I seen, even here,
The winter in a lovely dress appear,
Ere yet the clouds let fall the treasured snow,
Or winds begun through hazy skies to blow :
At evening a keen eastern breeze arose,
And the descending rain unsullied froze.
Soon as the silent shades of night withdrew,
The ruddy morn disclosed at once to view
The face of nature in a rich disguise,
And brightened every object to my eyes :
For every shrub, and every blade of grass,
And every pointed thorn, seemed wrought in glass ;
In pearls and rubies rich the hawthorns show,
While through the ice the crimson berries glow.
The thick-sprung reeds, which watery marshes yield,
Seemed polished lances in a hostile field.
The stag, in limpid currents, with surprise
Sees crystal branches on his forehead rise :
The spreading oak, the beech, and towering pine,
Glazed over, in the freezing ether shine.
The frightened birds the rattling branches shun,
Which wave and glitter in the distant sun.

BISHOP BERKLEY.

(1684-1753.)

VERSES ON THE PROSPECT OF PLANTING ARTS AND LEARNING IN AMERICA.

THE Muse, disgusted at an age and clime
Barren of every glorious theme,
In distant lands now waits a better time,
Producing subjects worthy fame.

In happy climes, where from the genial sun
And virgin earth, such scenes ensue,
The force of art by nature seems outdone,
And fancied beauties by the true :

In happy climes, the seat of innocence,
Where nature guides and virtue rules,
Where men shall not impose for truth and sense
The pedantry of courts and schools :

There shall be sung another golden age,
The rise of empire and of arts,
The good and great inspiring epic rage,
The wisest heads and noblest hearts.

Not such as Europe breeds in her decay ;
Such as she bred when fresh and young,
When heavenly flame did animate her clay,
By future poets shall be sung.

Westward the course of empire takes its way ;
The four first acts already past,
A fifth shall close the drama with the day ;
Time's noblest offspring is the last.

J O H N S O N .

“THE fifty-three years between 1727 and 1780, comprehending the reign of George II., and a portion of that of George III., produced more men of letters, as well as more men of science, than any epoch of similar extent in the literary history of England. It was also a time during which greater progress was made in diffusing literature among the people at large, than had been made, perhaps, throughout all the ages that went before it. Yet while letters, and the cultivators of letters, were thus abundant, it must be allowed that, if we keep out of view the rise of the species of fiction called the *novel* (including the delineation of character, and not merely incidents), the age was not by any means marked by such striking features of originality or vigour as some of the preceding eras.

“For about a third of this period Pope lived, and his name continued to be the greatest in English poetry. The most distinguished of his contemporaries, however, adopted styles of their own, or at least departed widely from that of their illustrious master. Thomson (who survived Pope only four years) made no attempt to enter the school of polished satire and pungent wit. His enthusiastic descriptions of nature, and his warm poetical feeling, seemed to revive the spirit of the elder muse, and to assert the dignity of genuine inspiration. Young, in his best performances—his startling denunciations of death and judgment, his solemn appeals, his piety, and his epigram—was

equally an original. Gray and Collins aimed at the dazzling imagery and magnificence of lyrical poetry—the direct antipodes of Pope. Akenside descanted on the operations of the mind, and the associated charms of taste and genius, in a strain of melodious and original blank verse. Goldsmith blended morality and philosophy with a beautiful simplicity of expression and numbers, pathetic imagery, and natural description. Beattie portrayed the romantic hopes and aspirations of youthful genius in a style formed from imitation of Spenser and Thomson. And the best of the secondary poets, as Shenstone, Dyer, and Mason, had each a distinct and independent poetical character. Johnson alone, of all the eminent authors of this period, seems to have directly copied the style of Pope and Dryden. The publication of Percy's *Reliques*, and Warton's *History of Poetry*, may be here adverted to, as directing public attention to the early writers, and to the powerful effects which could be produced by simple narrative and natural emotion in verse. It is true that few or none of the poets we have named had much immediate influence on literature: Gray was ridiculed, and Collins was neglected, because both public taste and criticism had been vitiated and reduced to a low ebb. The spirit of true poetry, however, was not broken; the seed was sown, and in the next generation, Cowper completed what Thomson had begun. The conventional style was destined to fall, leaving only that taste for correct language and versification which was established by the example of Pope, and found to be quite compatible with the utmost freedom and originality of conception and expression.”
—*Chalmers*.

No writer of the last century occupied a larger space in the public mind, or exercised a greater influence probably on public opinion, than DR. SAMUEL JOHNSON. It is, however, chiefly as a writer of prose, that he is distinguished. The poetry which he did write was after the manner of Pope and Dryden, and was characterized by strong sense, and great fulness of expression. He was born in 1709, and died in 1784.

CHARLES XII. OF SWEDEN.

(From the Vanity of Human Wishes.)

On what foundations stands the warrior's pride,
 How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide ;
 A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
 No dangers fright him, and no labours tire ;
 O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
 Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
 No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,
 War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field ;
 Behold surrounding kings their power combine,
 And one capitulate, and one resign ;
 Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain ;
 "Think nothing gained," he cries, "till nought remain,
 On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
 And all be mine beneath the polar sky."
 The march begins in military state,
 And nations on his eye suspended wait ;
 Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
 And winter barricades the realms of frost ;
 He comes, nor want, nor cold, his course delay ;
 Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day :

The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
 And shows his miseries in distant lands ;
 Condemned a needy supplicant to wait
 While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
 But did not chance at length her error mend ?
 Did no subverted empire mark his end ?
 Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
 Or hostile millions press him to the ground ?
 His fall was destined to a barren strand,
 A petty fortress, and a dubious hand ;
 He left the name, at which the world grew pale,
 To point a moral, or adorn a tale.

LENGTH OF DAYS NOT ALWAYS DESIRABLE.

(From the same.)

Enlarge my life with multitude of days,
 In health, and sickness, thus the suppliant prays ;
 Hides from himself his state, and shuns to know
 That life protracted, is protracted woe.
 Time hovers o'er, impatient to destroy,
 And shuts up all the passages of joy :
 In vain their gifts the bounteous seasons pour,
 The fruit autumnal, and the vernal flower ;
 With listless eyes the dotard views the store,
 He views and wonders that they please no more ;
 Now pall the tasteless meats and joyless wines,
 And luxury with sighs her slave resigns.

Approach, ye minstrels, try the soothing strain,
Diffuse the tuneful lenitives of pain :
No sounds, alás ! would touch the impervious ear,
Though dancing mountains witnessed Orpheus near ;
Nor lute nor lyre his feeble powers attend,
Nor sweeter music of a virtuous friend,
But everlasting dictates crowd his tongue,
Perversely grave, or positively wrong.
The still returning tale, and lingering jest,
Perplex the fawning niece, and pampered guest.
While growing hopes scarce awe the gathering sneer,
And scarce a legacy can bribe to hear ;
The watchful guests still hint the last offence,
The daughter's petulance, the son's expense,
Improve his heady rage with treacherous skill,
And mould his passions till they make his will.

Unnumbered maladies his joints invade,
Lay siege to life, and press the dire blockade ;
But unextinguished avarice still remains,
And dreaded losses aggravate his pains :
He turns, with anxious heart and crippled hands,
His bonds of debt, and mortgages of lands ;
Or views his coffers with suspicious eyes,
Unlocks his gold, and counts it till he dies.

THE TRUE SOURCE OF HUMAN HAPPINESS.

(From the same.)

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

W A T T S .

DR. ISAAC WATTS (1674-1748), is the most eminent of all our devotional poets. His Hymns and Psalms have been more used in religious services than all the other compositions of the same kind in the language. His Divine and Moral Songs for Children are without a rival in that not unimportant part of national literature.

A SUMMER EVENING.

How fine has the day been, how bright was the sun,
How lovely and joyful the course that he run,
Though he rose in a mist when his race he begun,

And there followed some droppings of rain !

But now the fair traveller's come to the west,
His rays are all gold, and his beauties are best ;
He paints the sky gay as he sinks to his rest,

And foretells a bright rising again.

Just such is the Christian ; his course he begins,
Like the sun in a mist, when he mourns for his sins,
And melts into tears ; then he breaks out and shines,

And travels his heavenly way :

But when he comes nearer to finish his race,
Like a fine setting sun, he looks richer in grace,
And gives a sure hope at the end of his days,

Of rising in brighter array.

ONE HUNDREDTH PSALM.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,

Ye nations bow with sacred joy :
Know that the Lord is God alone ;
He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
Our souls and all our mortal frame :
What lasting honours shall we rear,
Almighty Maker, to thy name !

We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs,
High as the heavens our voices raise :
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
Vast as eternity thy love ,
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
When rolling years shall cease to move.

THE ROSE.

How fair is the rose ! what a beautiful flower,
The glory of April and May !
But the leaves are beginning to fade in an hour,
And they wither and die in a day.

Yet the rose has one powerful virtue to boast,
Above all the flowers of the field ;
When its leaves are all dead, and its fine colours lost,
Still how sweet a perfume it will yield !

So frail is the youth and the beauty of men,
Though they bloom and look gay like the rose ;
But all our fond care to preserve them is vain,
Time kills them as fast as he goes.

Then I 'll not be proud of my youth nor my beauty,
Since both of them wither and fade ;
But gain a good name by well-doing my duty ;
This will scent like a rose when I 'm dead.

D O D D R I D G E .

PHILIP DODDRIDGE (1702-1751), has also written many beautiful Hymns. His paraphrase of the Epicurean motto "While we live, let us live," (*Dum vivimus vivamus*), was pronounced by Johnson, the best epigram in the language.

Live while you live, the *epicure* would say,
And seize the pleasures of the present day.
Live while you live, the sacred *preacher* cries,
And give to God each moment as it flies.
Lord, in my views let both united be ;
I live in pleasure, when I live to thee.

Y O U N G .

EDWARD YOUNG (1681-1765), was the author of several poems, the most considerable of which is the *Night Thoughts*. This is written in a highly artificial style, and has more of epigrammatic point than any other work in the language. Almost as a matter of course, the poet is often brilliant at the expense of higher and more important qualities. Still, there are many noble passages, where he seems to speak as from inspiration. The truths of religion are enforced with a commanding energy and persuasion. Epigram and repartee are for the time forgotten, and the poet speaks out with a sincerity and earnestness that carry home conviction to every understanding. The extracts which follow, are all taken from the *Night Thoughts*.

THE ADVANTAGES OF RETIREMENT.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shade !
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril ;
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms ;
And meditate on scenes more silent still ;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here like a shepherd, gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,

Eager ambition's fiery chase I see ;
 I see the circling hunt of noisy men
 Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
 Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey ;
 As wolves for rapine ; as the fox for wiles ;
 Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
 Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour ?
 What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
 Earth's highest station ends in " here he lies,"
 And " dust to dust " concludes her noblest song.

THE CHANGES AND VARIED APPEARANCES OF CREATION.

Look nature through, 't is revolution all ;
 All change, no death ; day follows night, and night
 The dying day ; stars rise and set, and set and rise :
 Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
 With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
 Droops into pallid Autumn : Winter grey,
 Horrid with frost and turbulent with storms,
 Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
 Then melts into the Spring : soft Spring, with breath
 Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
 Recalls the first. All, to reflower, fades :
 As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend :
 Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

M A N .

How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
 How complicate, how wonderful is man !
 How passing wonder He who made him such !
 Who centred in our make such strange extremes,
 From different natures marvellously mixed,

Connexion exquisite of distant worlds!
 Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
 Midway from nothing to the Deity!
 A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
 Though sullied and dishonoured, still divine!
 Dim miniature of greatness absolute!
 An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
 Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
 A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
 And in myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
 Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
 And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
 Oh what a miracle to man is man!
 Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
 Alternately transported and alarmed!
 What can preserve my life! or what destroy!
 An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
 Legions of angels can't confine me there.

THE FOLLY OF A MERE WORLDLY SPIRIT.

Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
 Inters celestial hopes without one sigh.
 Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
 Here pinions all his wishes; winged by heaven
 To fly at infinite: and reach it there
 Where seraphs gather immortality,
 On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
 What golden joys ambrosial clustering glow
 In his full beam, and ripen for the just,
 Where momentary ages are no more!
 Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire!
 And is it in the flight of threescore years

To push eternity from human thought,
 And smother souls immortal in the dust ?
 A soul immortal, spending all her fires.
 Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
 Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
 At aught this scene can threaten or indulge,
 Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
 To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

THOUGHTS ON TIME.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of time
 But from its loss: to give it then a tongue
 Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
 I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
 It is the knell of my departed hours.
 Where are they? With the years beyond the flood.
 It is the signal that demands despatch:
 How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
 Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
 Look down — on what? A fathomless abyss.
 A dread eternity! how surely mine!
 And can eternity belong to me,
 Poor pensioner on the bounties of an hour?

Youth is not rich in time; it may be poor;
 Part with it as with money, sparing; pay
 No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
 And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
 Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
 With holy hope of nobler time to come;
 Time higher aimed, still nearer the great mark
 Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah! how unjust to nature and himself
 Is thoughtless, thankless, inconsistent man!
 Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
 We censure Nature for a span too short;
 That span too short we tax as tedious too;
 Torture invention, all expedients tire,
 To lash the lingering moments into speed,
 And whirl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
 Time wasted is existence; used, is life:
 And bare existence man, to live ordained,
 Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
 And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
 Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
 To keep his speed, nor ever wait for man.
 Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
 That man might feel his error if unseen,
 And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
 Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
 Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
 Oh the dark days of vanity! while
 Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
 Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
 The spirit walks of every day deceased,
 And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
 Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
 And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
 That which the Deity to please ordained,
 Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
 By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,

At once he draws the sting of life and death :
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

All-sensual man, because untouched, unseen,
He looks on time as nothing. Nothing else
Is truly man's; 't is fortune's. Time 's a god.
Hast thou ne'er heard of Time 's omnipotence ?
For, or against, what wonders can he do !
And will : to stand blank neuter he disdains.
Not on those terms was time (heaven's stranger !) sent
On his important embassy to man.

THE MAN WHOSE THOUGHTS ARE NOT OF THIS WORLD

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed,
A man on earth devoted to the skies ;
Like ships at sea, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm ;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob ! a wandering herd ! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale ; in all unlike !
His full reverse in all ! what higher praise ?
What stronger demonstration of the right ?
The present all their care, the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame ; his bounty he conceals.

Their virtues varnish Nature, his exalt.
 Mankind's esteem they court, and he his own.
 Theirs the wild chase of false felicities ;
 His the composed possession of the true.
 Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
 All of one colour, and an even thread ;
 While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
 With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
 A madman's robe ; each puff of Fortune blows
 The tatters by, and shows their nakedness.

He sees with other eyes than theirs : where they
 Behold a sun, he spies a Deity.

What makes them only smile, makes him adore.
 Where they see mountains, he but atoms sees.
 An empire in his balance weighs a grain.
 They things terrestrial worship as divine ;
 His hopes, immortal, blow them by as dust
 That dims his sight, and shortens his survey,
 Which longs in infinite to lose all bound.
 Titles and honours (if they prove his fate)
 He lays aside to find his dignity ;
 No dignity they find in aught besides.
 They triumph in externals (which conceal
 Man's real glory), proud of an eclipse :
 Himself too much he prizes to be proud,
 And nothing thinks so great in man as man.
 Too dear he holds his interest to neglect
 Another's welfare, or his right invade :
 Their interest, like a lion, lives on prey.
 They kindle at the shadow of a wrong :
 Wrong he sustains with temper, looks on heaven,
 Nor stoops to think his injurer his foe.

Nought but what wounds his virtue wounds his peace.
 A covered heart their character defends ;
 A covered heart denies him half his praise.
 With nakedness his innocence agrees,
 While their broad foliage testifies their fall.
 Their no-joys end where his full feast begins ;
 His joys create, theirs murder future bliss.
 To triumph in existence his alone ;
 And his alone triumphantly to think
 His true existence is not yet begun.
 His glorious course was yesterday complete ;
 Death then was welcome, yet life still is sweet.

PROCRASTINATION.

Be wise to-day ; 't is madness to deter ,
 Next day the fatal precedent will plead ;
 Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
 Procrastination is the thief of time ;
 Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
 And to the mercies of a moment leaves
 The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
 If not so frequent, would not this be strange ?
 That 't is so frequent, this is stranger still.

Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
 The palm, ' That all men are about to live,'
 For ever on the brink of being born :
 All pay themselves the compliment to think
 They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
 On this reversion takes up ready praise ;
 At least their own ; their future selves applaud ;
 How excellent that life they ne'er will lead !
 Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails ;

That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign ;
 The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
 'T is not in folly not to scorn a fool,
 And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
 All promise is poor dilatory man,
 And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
 In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
 Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
 As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
 At thirty man suspects himself a fool ;
 Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan ;
 At fifty chides his infamous delay,
 Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve ;
 In all the magnanimity of thought
 Resolves, and re-resolves ; then dies the same.

And why ? because he thinks himself immortal.
 All men think all men mortal but themselves ;
 Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
 Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread :
 But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
 Soon close ; where past the shaft no trace is found.
 As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
 The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
 So dies in human hearts the thought of death :
 E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
 O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

CONSCIENCE.

O treacherous conscience ! while she seems to sleep
 On rose and myrtle, lulled with syren song ;
 While she seems nodding o'er her charge, to drop
 On headlong appetite the slackened rein,

And give us up to license, unrecalled,
 Unmarked ; — see, from behind her secret stand,
 The sly informer minutes every fault,
 And her dread diary with horror fills.
 Not the gross act alone employs her pen ;
 She reconnoitres Fancy's airy band,
 A watchful foe ! the formidable spy,
 Listening, o'erhears the whispers of our camp,
 Our dawning purposes of heart explores,
 And steals our embryos of iniquity.
 As all-rapacious usurers conceal
 Their Doomsday-book from all-consuming heirs ;
 Thus, with indulgence most severe, she treats
 Us spendthrifts of inestimable time ;
 Unnoted, notes each moment misapplied ;
 In leaves more durable than leaves of brass
 Writes our whole history, which Death shall read
 In every pale delinquent's private ear,
 And judgment publish ; publish to more worlds
 Than this ; and endless age in groans resound.

CONVERSATION.

Hast thou no friend to set thy mind abroad ?
 Good sense will stagnate. Thoughts shut up, want air,
 And spoil, like bales unopened to the sun.
 Had thought been all, sweet speech had been denied :
 Speech, thought's canal ! speech, thought's criterion too ?
 Thought in the mine may come forth gold or dross ;
 When coined in word, we know its real worth :
 If sterling, store it for thy future use ;
 'T will buy thee benefit, perhaps renown.
 Thought, too, delivered, is the more possessed ;

Teaching we learn, and giving we retain
 The births of intellect; when dumb, forgot.
 Speech ventilates our intellectual fire;
 Speech burnishes our mental magazine;
 Brightens for ornament, and whets for use.

FRIENDSHIP.

What if (since daring on so nice a theme)
 I show thee friendship delicate as dear,
 Of tender violations apt to die?
 Reserve will wound it, and distrust destroy;
 Deliberate on all things with thy friend:
 But since friends grow not thick on every bough,
 Nor every friend unrotten at the core;
 First on thy friend deliberate with thyself;
 Pause, ponder, sift; not eager in the choice,
 Nor jealous of the chosen: fixing, fix:
 Judge before friendship, then confide till death.

ON DISASTERS COMING TOGETHER.

Woes cluster; rare are solitary woes;
 They love a train; they tread each other's heel;
 Her death invades his mournful right, and claims
 The grief that started from my lids for him;
 Seizes the faithless alienated tear,
 Or shares it ere it falls. So frequent death,
 Sorrow he more than causes; he confounds;
 For human sighs his rival strokes contend,
 And make distress distraction. O Philander!
 What was thy fate? a double fate to me;
 Portent and pain! a menacè and a blow!
 Like the black raven hovering o'er my peace,
 Not less a bird of omen than of prey.

THOMSON.

THE principal poems of JAMES THOMSON (1700-1748), are *The Seasons*, and the *Castle of Indolence*. The latter poem is written in the style of Spenser, and is a highly polished performance. It is to the former, however, the author owes his chief celebrity.

“The publication of the *Seasons*,” says a recent critic, “was an important era in the history of English poetry. So true and beautiful are the descriptions in the poem, and so entirely do they harmonize with those fresh feelings and glowing impulses which all would wish to cherish, that a love of nature seems to be synonymous with a love of Thomson. It is difficult to conceive a person of education in this country, imbued with an admiration of rural or woodland scenery, not entertaining a strong affection and regard for that delightful poet, who has painted their charms with so much fidelity and enthusiasm.”

A SUMMER SCENE.

Low walks the sun, and broadens by degrees,
Just o'er the verge of day. The shifting clouds
Assembled gay, a richly gorgeous train,
In all their pomp attend his setting throne.
Air, earth, and ocean smile immense. And now,
As if his weary chariot sought the bowers
Of Amphitrite, and her tending nymphs

(So Grecian fable sung), he dips his orb ;
 Now half immersed ; and now a golden curve
 Gives one bright glance, then total disappears.

Confessed from yonder slow-extinguished clouds,
 All ether softening, sober evening takes
 Her wonted station in the middle air ;
 A thousand shadows at her beck. First this
 She sends on earth ; then that of deeper dye
 Steals soft behind ; and then a deeper still,
 In circle following circle, gathers round,
 To close the face of things. A fresher gale
 Begins to wave the wood, and stir the stream,
 Sweeping with shadowy gust the fields of corn :
 While the quail clamours for his running mate.
 Wide o'er the thistly lawn, as swells the breeze,
 A whitening shower of vegetable down
 Amusive floats. The kind impartial care
 Of nature nought disdains : thoughtful to feed
 Her lowest sons, and clothe the coming year,
 From field to field the feathered seeds she wings.

His folded flock secure, the shepherd home
 Hies merry-hearted ; and by turns relieves
 The ruddy milkmaid of her brimming pail ;
 The beauty whom perhaps his witless heart —
 Unknowing what the joy-mixed anguish means —
 Sincerely loves, by that best language shown
 Of cordial glances, and obliging deeds.
 Onward they pass o'er many a panting height,
 And valley sunk, and unfrequented ; where
 At fall of eve the fairy people throng,
 In various game and revelry, to pass
 The summer night, as village stories tell.

But far about they wander from the grave
Of him whom his ungentle fortune urged
Against his own sad breast to lift the hand
Of impious violence. The lonely tower
Is also shunned ; whose mournful chambers hold —
So night-struck fancy dreams — the yelling ghost.

Among the crooked lanes, on every hedge,
The glowworm lights his gem : and through the dark
A moving radiance twinkles. Evening yields
The world to night ; not in her winter robe
Of massy Stygian woof, but loose arrayed
In mantle dun. A faint erroneous ray,
Glanced from the imperfect surfaces of things,
Flings half an image on the straining eye ;
While wavering woods, and villages, and streams,
And rocks, and mountain-tops, that long retained
The ascending gleam, are all one swimming scene,
Uncertain if beheld. Sudden to heaven
Thence weary vision turns ; where, leading soft
The silent hours of love, with purest ray
Sweet Venus shines ; and from her genial rise,
When daylight sickens till it springs afresh,
Unrivalled reigns, the fairest lamp of night.

A WINTER SCENE.

Through the hushed air the whitening shower descends,
At first thin-wavering, till at last the flakes
Fall broad and wide and fast, dimming the day
With a continual flow. The cherished fields
Put on their winter robe of purest white :
'T is brightness all, save where the new snow melts

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

As thus the snows arise, and foul and fierce
 All winter drives along the darkened air,

In his own loose revolving fields the swain
Disastered stands ; sees other hills ascend,
Of unknown joyless brow, and other scenes,
Of horrid prospect, shag the trackless plain ;
Nor finds the river nor the forest, hid
Bencath the formless wild ; but wanders on
From hill to dale, still more and more astray,
Impatient flouncing through the drifted heaps,
Stung with the thoughts of home ; the thoughts of home
Rush on his nerves, and call their vigour forth
In many a vain attempt. How sinks his soul !
What black despair, what horror, fills his heart !
When for the dusky spot which fancy feigned
His tufted cottage rising through the snow,
He meets the roughness of the middle waste,
Far from the track and blest abode of man ;
While round him night resistless closes fast,
And every tempest howling o'er his head,
Renders the savage wilderness more wild.
Then throng the busy shapes into his mind,
Of covered pits, unfathomably deep,
A dire descent ! beyond the power of frost ;
Of faithless bogs ; of precipices huge
Smoothed up with snow ; and what is land unknown,
What water of the still unfrozen spring,
In the loose marsh or solitary lake,
Where the fresh fountain from the bottom boils.
These check his fearful steps, and down he sinks
Beneath the shelter of the shapeless drift,
Thinking o'er all the bitterness of death,
Mixed with the tender anguish nature shoots
Through the wrung bosom of the dying man,

His wife, his children, and his friends, unseen.
 In vain for him the officious wife prepares
 The fire fair blazing, and the vestment warm :
 In vain his little children, peeping out
 Into the mingling storm, demand their sire
 With tears of artless innocence. Alas!
 Nor wife nor children more shall he behold,
 Nor friends, nor sacred home. On every nerve
 The deadly winter seizes, shuts up sense,
 And o'er his inmost vitals creeping cold,
 Lays him along the snows a stiffened corse,
 Stretched out, and bleaching on the northern blast

COLLINS.

WILLIAM COLLINS (1720–1756), did not write much, but what little he did write is of such a character as to have secured to him a high place among English poets. His Odes, in the opinion of Mr. Southey, are the best in the language.

ODE ON THE PASSIONS.

When Music, heavenly maid! was young,
 While yet in early Greece she sung,
 The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
 Thronged around her magic cell;

Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
 Possessed beyond the muse's painting;
 By turns they felt the glowing wind
 Disturbed, delighted, raised, refined;
 Till once, 't is said, when all were fired,
 Filled with fury, rapt, inspired,
 From the supporting myrtles round,
 They snatched her instruments of sound;
 And as they oft had heard apart
 Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
 Each, for madness ruled the hour,
 Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
 Amid the chords bewildered laid;
 And back recoiled, he knew not why,
 Even at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rushed, his eyes on fire
 In lightnings owned his secret stings;
 In one rude clash he struck the lyre,
 And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woful measures wan Despair,
 Low sullen sounds his grief beguiled;
 A solemn, strange, and mingled air;
 'T was sad by fits, by starts 't was wild.

But thou, oh Hope! with eyes so fair,
 What was thy delighted measure?
 Still it whispered promised pleasure,
 And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail.
 Still would her touch the strain prolong;
 And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,

She called on Echo still through all the song ;
 And where her sweetest theme she chose,
 A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
 And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair :
 And longer had she sung, but with a frown
 Revenge impatient rose ;
 He threw his blood-stained sword in thunder down,
 And, with a withering look,
 The war-denouncing trumpet took,
 And blew a blast so loud and dread,
 Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe ;
 And ever and anon he beat
 The double drum with furious heat ;
 And though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
 Dejected Pity at his side
 Her soul-subduing voice applied,
 Yet still he kept his wild unaltered mien,
 While each strained ball of sight seemed bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fixed,
 Sad proof of thy distressful state ;
 Of differing themes the veering song was mixed,
 And now it courted Love, now raving called on Hate.

With eyes upraised, as one inspired,
 Pale Melancholy sat retired,
 And from her wild sequestered seat,
 In notes by distance made more sweet,
 Poured through the mellow horn her pensive soul ;
 And clashing soft from rocks around,
 Bubbling runnels joined the sound :
 Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole :
 Or o'er some haunted streams with fond delay,

Round a holy calm diffusing,
 Love of peace and lonely musing,
 In hollow murmurs died away.

But oh! how altered was its sprightly tone,
 When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
 Her bow across her shoulder flung,
 Her buskins gemmed with morning dew,
 Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
 The hunter's call, to Faun and Dryad known;
 The oak-crowned sisters, and their chaste-eyed queen,
 Satyr and sylvan boys, were seen
 Peeping from forth their alleys green;
 Brown Exercise rejoiced to hear,
 And Sport leaped up, and seized his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial:
 He, with viny crown advancing,
 First to the lively pipe his hand addressed;
 But soon he saw the brisk, awakening viol,
 Whose sweet entrancing voice he loved the best.
 (They would have thought, who heard the strain,)
 They saw in Tempe's vale her native maids,
 Amidst the festal sounding shades,
 To some unwearied minstrel dancing:
 While, as his flying fingers kissed the strings,
 Love framed with Mirth, a gay fantastic round,
 Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound:
 And he, amidst his frolic play,
 As if he would the charming air repay,
 Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

Oh Music! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid,
Why, goddess! why to us denied,
Layest thou thy ancient lyre aside?
As in that loved Athenian bower,
You learn an all-commanding power;
Thy mimic soul, oh, nymph endeared,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart,
Devote to virtue, fancy, art?
Arise, as in that elder time,
Warm, energetic, chaste, sublime!
Thy wonders in that godlike age
Fill thy recording sister's page;
'T is said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age;
Even all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound.
Oh! bid your vain endeavours cease,
Revive the just designs of Greece;
Return in all thy simple state;
Confirm the tales her sons relate.

S H E N S T O N E .

WILLIAM SHENSTONE (1714–1763), is perhaps more celebrated for his trees and his shrubbery, than for his poetry. Some of his poetry, however, is written in a style of great sweetness, and is full of true touches of nature. His Pastoral Ballad is still read, notwithstanding its affected Arcadianism, its Phyllises and Corydons, and all that sort of stuff, which so long continued to be the pest of English pastorals. None of our poets have in fact approached Shenstone in the simple tenderness and pathos of pastoral song. Besides his pastorals, he wrote a short and singularly beautiful poem in imitation of Spenser, entitled the Schoolmistress, which it would be treason not to quote in a compilation like the present.

THE SCHOOLMISTRESS.

Ah me! full sorely is my heart forlorn,
To think how modest worth neglected lies;
While partial fame doth with her blasts adorn
Such deeds alone as pride and pomp disguise;
Deeds of ill sort, and mischievous emprise;
Lend me thy clarion, goddess! let me try
To sound the praise of merit ere it dies;
Such as I oft have chancéd to espy,
Lost in the dreary shades of dull obscurity.

In every village marked with little spire,
Embowered in trees, and hardly known to fame,
There dwells, in lowly shed, and mean attire,
A matron old, whom we schoolmistress name ;
Who boasts unruly brats with birch to tame :
They grieven sore, in piteous durance pent,
Awed by the power of this relentless dame ;
And ofttimes, on vagaries idly bent,
For unkempt hair, or task unconned, are sorely shent.

And all in sight doth rise a birchen tree,
Which learning near her little dome did stowe ;
Whilom a twig of small regard to see,
Though now so wide its waving branches flow,
And work the simple vassals mickle woe ;
For not a wind might curl the leaves that blew,
But their limbs shuddered, and their pulse beat low ;
And as they looked, they found their horror grew,
And shaped it into rods, and tingled at the view.

Near to this dome is found a patch so green,
On which the tribe their gambols do display ;
And at the door imprisoning board is seen,
Lest weakly wights of smaller size should stray ;
Eager, perdie, to bask in sunny day !
The noises intermixed, which thence resound,
Do learning's little tenement betray ;
Where sits the dame, disguised in look profound,
And eyes her fairy throng, and turns her wheel around.

Her cap, far whiter than the driven snow,
Emblem right meet of decency does yield :

Her apron dyed in grain, as blue, I trow,
 As is the harebell that adorns the field ;
 And in her hand, for sceptre, she does wield
 Tway birchen sprays ; with anxious fear entwined,
 With dark distrust, and sad repentance filled ;
 And steadfast hate, and sharp affliction joined,
 And fury uncontrolled, and chastisement unkind.

A russet stole was o'er her shoulders thrown ;
 A russet kirtle fenced the nipping air ;
 'T was simple russet, but it was her own ;
 'T was her own country bred the flock so fair !
 'T was her own labour did the fleece prepare ;
 And, sooth to say, her pupils ranged around,
 Through pious awe, did term it passing rare ;
 For they in gaping wonderment abound,
 And think, no doubt, she been the greatest wight on ground.

Albeit ne flattery did corrupt her truth,
 Ne pompous title did debauch her ear ;
 Goody, good woman, gossip, n'aunt, forsooth,
 Or dame, the sole additions she did hear ;
 Yet these she challenged, these she held right dear ;
 Ne would esteem him act as mought behove,
 Who should not honoured eld with these revere ;
 For never title yet so mean could prove,
 But there was eke a mind which did that title love.

One ancient hen she took delight to feed,
 The plodding pattern of the busy dame ;
 Which, ever and anon, impelled by need,
 Into her school, begirt with chickens, came ;

Such favour did her past deportment claim ;
 And, if neglect had lavished on the ground
 Fragment of bread, she would collect the same ;
 For well she knew, and quaintly could expound,
 What sin it were to waste the smallest crumb she found.

Right well she knew each temper to descry,
 To thwart the proud, and the submiss to raise ;
 Some with vile copper-prize exalt on high,
 And some entice with pittance small of praise ;
 And other some with baleful sprig she 'frays :
 Even absent, she the reins of power doth hold,
 While with quaint arts the giddy crowd she sways ;
 Forewarned, if little bird their pranks behold,
 'T will whisper in her ear, and all the scene unfold.

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 Ah ! luckless he, and born beneath the beam
 Of evil star ! it irks me whilst I write ;
 As erst the bard by Mulla's silver stream,
 Oft, as he told of deadly dolorous plight,
 Sighed as he sung, and did in tears indite ;
 For brandishing the rod, she doth begin
 To loose the brogues, the stripling's late delight ;
 And down they drop ; appears his dainty skin,
 Fair as the furry coat of whitest ermilin.

O ruthless scene ! when, from a nook obscure,
 His little sister doth his peril see,
 All playful as she sat, she grows demure ;
 She finds full soon her wonted spirits flee ;
 She meditates a prayer to set him free ;
 Nor gentle pardon could this dame deny
 (If gentle pardon could with dames agree)

To her sad grief that swells in either eye,
And wrings her so that all for pity she could die.

No longer can she now her shrieks command;
And hardly she forbears, through awful fear,
To rushen forth, and, with presumptuous hand,
To stay harsh justice in its mid career.
On thee she calls, on thee her parent dear;
(Ah! too remote to ward the shameful blow!)
She sees no kind domestic visage near,
And soon a flood of tears begins to flow,
And gives a loose at last to unavailing woe.

But ah! what pen his piteous plight may trace?
Or what device his loud laments explain—
The form uncouth of his disguised face—
The pallid hue that dyes his looks amain—
The plenteous shower that does his cheek distain
When he, in abject wise, implores the dame,
Ne hopeth aught of sweet reprieve to gain;
Or when from high she levels well her aim,
And, through the thatch, his cries each falling stroke proclaim.

But now Dan Phœbus gains the middle sky,
And liberty unbars her prison door;
And like a rushing torrent out they fly;
And now the grassy cirque han covered o'er
With boisterous revel rout and wild uproar;
A thousand ways in wanton rings they run.
Heaven shield their short-lived pastimes I implore;
For well may freedom erst so dearly won
Appear to British elf more gladsome than the sun.

See in each sprite some various bent appear !
These rudely carol most incondite lay ;
Those sauntering on the green, with jocund leer
Salute the stranger passing on his way ;
Some builden fragile tenements of clay ;
Some to the standing lake their courses bend,
With pebbles smooth at duck and drake to play ;
Thilk to the huxter's savoury cottage tend,
In pastry kings and queens the allotted mite to spend.

Enjoy, poor imps ! enjoy your sportive trade,
And chase gay flies, and cull the fairest flowers ;
For when my bones in grass-green sods are laid,
Oh never may ye taste more careless hours
In knightly castles or in ladies' bowers.
Oh vain to seek delight in earthly thing !
But most in courts, where proud ambition towers ;
Deluded wight ! who weens fair peace can spring
Beneath the pompous dome of kesar or of king.

GRAY.

THOMAS GRAY (1716-1771), is generally ranked at the head of English lyric poets. His Elegy written in a Country Churchyard, his Ode to Adversity, and his Ode to Eton College, are all classical performances. The first is given entire.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
Even from the tomb the voice of nature cries,
Even in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate ;

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

There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
 That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
 His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
 And pore upon the brook that babbles by.
 Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
 Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove ;
 Now drooping, woeful, wan, like one forlorn,
 Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.
 One morn I missed him on the 'customed hill,
 Along the heath and near his favourite tree ;
 Another came ; nor yet beside the rill,
 Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he ;
 The next, with dirges due, in sad array
 Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne :
 Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
 Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn."

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
 A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown ;
 Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
 And Melancholy marked him for her own.
 Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
 Heaven did a recompense as largely send :
 He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
 He gained from Heaven ('t was all he wished) a friend.
 No farther seek his merits to disclose,
 Or draw his frailties from their dread abode
 (There they alike in trembling hope repose),
 The bosom of his Father and his God.

AKENSIDE.

MARK AKENSIDE (1721-1770), is chiefly distinguished by his poem on the Pleasures of the Imagination, which is one of the best, if not the best, of our *philosophical* poems. We copy one or two extracts.

MORAL GREATNESS AND BEAUTY SUPERIOR TO THAT WHICH IS MATERIAL.

Look, then, abroad through Nature, to the range
Of planets, suns, and adamantine spheres,
Wheeling unshaken through the void immense;
And speak, oh man! does this capacious scene
With half that kindling majesty dilate
Thy strong conception, as when Brutus rose
Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
Amid the crowd of patriots; and his arm
Aloft extending, like eternal Jove
When guilt brings down the thunder, called aloud
On Tully's name, and shook his crimson steel,
And bade the father of his country, hail!
For lo! the tyrant prostrate on the dust,
And Rome again is free! Is aught so fair
In all the dewy landscapes of the spring,
In the bright eye of Hesper, or the morn,
In Nature's fairest forms, is aught so fair
As virtuous friendship? as the candid blush

Of him who strives with fortune to be just ?
 The graceful tear that streams for others' woes,
 Or the mild majesty of private life,
 Where Peace, with ever-blooming olive, crowns
 The gate ; where Honour's liberal hands effuse
 Unenvied treasures, and the snowy wings
 Of Innocence and Love protect the scene ?

PLEASURABLE EMOTIONS DERIVED FROM PITY
 AND TERROR.

. Ask the crowd
 Which flies impatient from the village-walk
 To climb the neighbouring cliffs, when far below
 The cruel winds have hurled upon the coast
 Some helpless bark ; while sacred Pity melts
 The general eye, or Terror's icy hand
 Smites their distorted limbs and horrent hair ;
 While every mother closer to her breast
 Catches her child, and pointing where the waves
 Foam through the shattered vessel, shrieks aloud,
 As one poor wretch that spreads his piteous arms
 For succour, swallowed by the roaring surge,
 As now another, dashed against the rock,
 Drops lifeless down : O ! deemest thou indeed
 No kind endearment here by Nature given
 To mutual terror and Compassion's tears ?
 No sweetly-melting softness which attracts,
 O'er all that edge of pain, the social powers
 To this their proper action and their end ?

GOLDSMITH.

“OLIVER GOLDSMITH (1728-1774), whose writings range over every department of miscellaneous literature, challenges attention as a poet chiefly for the unaffected ease, grace, and tenderness of his descriptions of rural and domestic life, and for a certain vein of pensive philosophic reflection.” The following extracts are from the *Deserted Village*.

VILLAGE PREACHER.

Near yonder copse, where once the garden smiled,
And still where many a garden flower grows wild,
There, where a few torn shrubs the place disclose,
The village preacher's modest mansion rose.
A man he was to all the country dear,
And passing rich with forty pounds a-year ;
Remote from towns, he ran his godly race,
Nor e'er had changed, nor wished to change, his place ;
Unskilful he to fawn, or seek for power,
By doctrines fashioned to the varying hour ;
Far other aims his heart had learned to prize,
More bent to raise the wretched than to rise.
His house was known to all the vagrant train ;
He chid their wanderings, but relieved their pain.
The long-remembered beggar was his guest,
Whose beard descending swept his aged breast ;
The ruined spendthrift, now no longer proud,
Claimed kindred there, and had his claims allowed ;
The broken soldier, kindly bade to stay,
Sat by his fire, and talked the night away ;

Wept o'er his wounds, or, tales of sorrow done,
Shouldered his crutch, and showed how fields were won.
Pleased with his guests, the good man learned to glow,
And quite forgot their vices in their woe;
Careless their merits or their faults to scan,
His pity gave ere charity began.

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

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

At church, with meek and unaffected grace,
His looks adorned the venerable place;
Truth from his lips prevailed with double sway;
And fools, who came to scoff, remained to pray.
The service past, around the pious man,
With ready zeal, each honest rustic ran;
Even children followed with endearing wile,
And plucked his gown, to share the good man's smile;
His ready smile a parent's warmth expressed,
Their welfare pleased him, and their cares distressed;
To them his heart, his love, his griefs were given,
But all his serious thoughts had rest in heaven.

As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,
Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
Eternal sunshine settles on its head.

VILLAGE SCHOOLMASTER.

Beside yon straggling fence that skirts the way,
With blossomed furze unprofitably gay,
There in his noisy mansion skilled to rule,
The village master taught his little school;
A man severe he was, and stern to view;
I knew him well, and every truant knew.
Well had the boding tremblers learned to trace
The day's disasters in his morning's face;
Full well they laughed with counterfeited glee
At all his jokes, for many a joke had he;
Full well the busy whisper circling round,
Conveyed the dismal tidings when he frowned:
Yet he was kind; or, if severe in aught,
The love he bore to learning was in fault;
The village all declared how much he knew;
'T was certain he could write and cipher too;
Lands he could measure, terms and tides presage;
And even the story ran that he could gauge;
In arguing, too, the parson owned his skill,
For even though vanquished, he could argue still;
While words of learned length, and thundering sound,
Amazed the gazing rustics ranged around;
And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew.
But past is all his fame: the very spot
Where many a time he triumphed, is forgot.

WILLIAM FALCONER.

(1730-1769.)

(From the Shipwreck.)

IN vain the cords and axes were prepared,
For now the audacious seas insult the yard ;
High o'er the ship they throw a horrid shade,
And o'er her burst, in terrible cascade.
Uplifted on the surge, to heaven she flies,
Her shattered top half buried in the skies,
Then headlong plunging thunders on the ground,
Earth groans, air trembles, and the deeps resound !
Her giant bulk the dread concussion feels,
And quivering with the wound, in torment reels ;
So reels, convulsed with agonizing throes,
The bleeding bull beneath the murderer's blows.
Again she plunges ; hark ! a second shock
Tears her strong bottom on the marble rock !
Down on the vale of death, with dismal cries,
The fated victims shuddering roll their eyes
In wild despair ; while yet another stroke,
With deep convulsion, rends the solid oak :
Till, like the mine, in whose infernal cell
The lurking demons of destruction dwell,
At length asunder torn her frame divides,
And crashing spreads in ruin o'er the tides.

JAMES BEATTIE.

(1735-1803.)

THE HERMIT.

At the close of the day, when the hamlet is still,
And mortals the sweets of forgetfulness prove,
When nought but the torrent is heard on the hill,
And nought but the nightingale's song in the grove :
'T was thus, by the cave of the mountain afar,
While his harp rung symphonious, a hermit began :
No more with himself or with nature at war,
He thought as a sage, though he felt as a man.

“ Ah! why, all abandoned to darkness and woe,
Why, lone Philomela, that languishing fall?
For spring shall return, and a lover bestow,
And sorrow no longer thy bosom intral :
But, if pity inspire thee, renew the sad lay,
Mourn, sweetest complainer, man calls thee to mourn ;
O soothe him, whose pleasures like thine pass away :
Full quickly they pass — but they never return.

Now gliding remote on the verge of the sky,
The moon half extinguished her crescent displays :
But lately I marked, when majestic on high
She shone, and the plancts were lost in her blaze.

Roll on, thou fair orb, and with gladness pursue
 The path that conducts thee to splendour again ;
 But man's faded glory what change shall renew ?
 Ah fool ! to exult in a glory so vain !

'T is night, and the landscape is lovely no more ;
 I mourn, but, ye woodlands, I mourn not for you ;
 For morn is approaching, your charms to restore,
 Perfumed with fresh fragrance, and glittering with dew :
 Nor yet for the ravage of winter I mourn ;
 Kind nature the embryo blossom will save.
 But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn !
 O when shall day dawn on the night of the grave !

'T was thus, by the glare of false science betrayed,
 That leads, to bewilder ; and dazzles, to blind ;
 My thoughts wont to roam, from shade onward to shade,
 Destruction before me, and sorrow behind.
 'O pity, great Father of Light,' then I cried,
 'Thy creature, who fain would not wander from thee ;
 Lo, humbled in dust, I relinquish my pride :
 From doubt and from darkness thou only canst free !'

And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
 No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn.
 So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
 The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
 See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
 And Nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom !
 On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
 And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb."

C O W P E R .

THE name of WILLIAM COWPER (1731-1800), is now generally taken by writers on English Belles Lettres, as the beginning of a new era, and that the most brilliant one, in the history of our literature.

“ The great variety and abundance of the literature of the present age might, in some measure, have been predicted from the progress made during the thirty or forty years preceding the American Revolution, in which, as Johnson said, almost every man had come to write and to express himself correctly, and the number of readers had been multiplied a thousand fold. There were many great public events and accidental circumstances which assisted in bringing about a change. The American war, by exciting the eloquence of Chatham and Burke, awakened the spirit of the nation. The enthusiasm was continued by the poet Cowper, who sympathized keenly with his fellow-men, and had a warm love of his native country. Cowper wrote from no system; he had not read a poet for seventeen years; but he drew the distinguishing features of English life and scenery with such graphic power and beauty, that the mere poetry of art and fashion, and the stock images of descriptive verse, could not but appear mean, affected, and commonplace. Since then, every department of literature has been cultivated with success. In fiction, the name of Scott is inferior only to that of Shakspeare; in criti-

cism, a new era may be dated from the establishment of the Edinburgh Review; and in historical composition, if we have no Hume or Gibbon, we have the results of far more valuable and diligent research. Truth and nature have been more truly and devoutly worshipped, and real excellence more highly prized. It has been feared by some that the principle of utility, which is recognized as one of the features of the present age, and the progress of mechanical knowledge, would be fatal to the higher efforts of imagination, and diminish the territories of the poet. This seems a groundless fear. It did not damp the ardour of Scott or Byron, and it has not prevented the poetry of Wordsworth from gradually working its way into public favour. If we have not the chivalry and romance of the Elizabethan age, we have the ever-living passions of human nature, and the wide theatre of the world, now accurately known and discriminated, as a field for the exercise of genius. We have the benefit of all past knowledge and literature to exalt our standard of imitation and taste, and a more sure reward in the encouragement and applause of a populous and enlightened nation.”—*Chalmers*.

“The nature of Cowper’s works makes us peculiarly identify the poet and the man in perusing them. As an individual, he was retired and weaned from the vanities of the world; and, as an original writer, he left the ambitious and luxuriant subjects of fiction and passion, for those of real life and simple nature, and for the development of his own earnest feelings, in behalf of moral and religious truth. His language has such a masculine idiomatic strength, and his manner, whether he rises into grace or falls into negli-

gence, has so much plain and familiar freedom, that we read no poetry with a deeper conviction of its sentiments having come from the author's heart; and of the enthusiasm, in whatever he describes, having been unfeigned and unexaggerated."—*Campbell*.

LINES ON THE RECEIPT OF HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
 Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
 Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
 Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
 Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
 Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
 Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—Yes.
 I heard the bell tolled on thy burial day,
 I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
 And, turning from my nursery window, drew
 A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
 But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
 Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
 May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
 The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
 Thy maidens, grieved themselves at my concern,
 Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
 What ardently I wished I long believed,
 And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
 By disappointment every day beguiled,
 Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
 Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
 Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,

I learned at last submission to my lot,
But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.

Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin
(And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile),
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here ?
I would not trust my heart — the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no — what here we call our life is such
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.

Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast
(The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed),
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay ;
So thou, with sails how swift ! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar ;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since, has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed —
Me howling winds drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost ;

And day by day some current's thwarting force
 Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
 But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he !
 That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
 My boast is not that I deduce my birth
 From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth ;
 But higher far my proud pretensions rise —
 The son of parents passed into the skies.

WINTER EVENING IN THE COUNTRY.

(*From The Task.*)

Hark! 't is the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,
 That with its wearisome but needful length
 Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon
 Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright ;
 He comes, the herald of a noisy world,
 With spattered boots, strapped waist, and frozen locks .
 News from all nations lumbering at his back.
 True to his charge, the close-packed load behind,
 Yet careless what he brings, his one concern
 Is to conduct it to the destined inn ;
 And having dropped the expected bag, pass on.
 He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch !
 Cold and yet cheerful : messenger of grief
 Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some ;
 To him indifferent whether grief or joy.
 Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,
 Births, deaths, and marriages, epistles wet

With tears, that trickled down the writer's cheeks
 Fast as the periods from his fluent quill,
 Or charged with amorous sighs of absent swains,
 Or nymphs responsive, equally affect
 His horse and him, unconscious of them all.
 But O the important budget! ushered in
 With such heart-shaking music, who can say
 What are its tidings? have our troops awaked?
 Or do they still, as if with opium drugged,
 Snore to the murmurs of the Atlantic wave?
 Is India free? and does she wear her plumed
 And jewelled turban with a smile of peace,
 Or do we grind her still? The grand debate,
 The popular harangue, the tart reply,
 The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,
 And the loud laugh — I long to know them all;
 I burn to set the imprisoned wranglers free,
 And give them voice and utterance once again.

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,
 Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,
 And while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn
 Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,
 That cheer but not inebriate, wait on each,
 So let us welcome peaceful evening in.
 Not such his evening who, with shining face,
 Sweats in the crowded theatre, and squeezed
 And bored with elbow-points through both his sides,
 Out-scolds the ranting actor on the stage:
 Nor his who patient stands till his feet throb,
 And his head thumps, to feed upon the breath
 Of patriots, bursting with heroic rage,
 Or placemen, all tranquillity and smiles.

This folio of four pages, happy work !
 Which not even critics criticize ; that holds
 Inquisitive attention, while I read,
 Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
 Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
 What is it but a map of busy life,
 Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?

'T is pleasant through the loop-holes of retreat
 To peep at such a world ; to see the stir
 Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd ;
 To hear the roar she sends through all her gates
 At a safe distance, where the dying sound
 Falls a soft murmur on the uninjured ear.
 Thus sitting, and surveying thus at ease
 The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced
 To some secure and more than mortal height,
 That liberates and exempts me from them all.

O Winter ! ruler of the inverted year,
 I crown thee king of intimate delights,
 Fire-side enjoyments, home-born happiness,
 And all the comforts that the lowly roof
 Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
 Of long uninterrupted evening, know.
 No rattling wheels stop short before these gates ;
 No powdered pert proficient in the art
 Of sounding an alarm assaults the doors
 Till the street rings ; no stationary steeds
 Cough their own knell, while, heedless of the sound,
 The silent circle fan themselves, and quake :
 But here the needle plies its busy task,
 The pattern grows, the well-depicted flower,
 Wrought patiently into the snowy lawn,
 Unfolds its bosom : buds, and leaves, and sprigs,

And curling tendrils, gracefully disposed,
Follow the nimble finger of the fair ;
A wreath, that cannot fade, of flowers that blow
With most success when all besides decay.
The poet's or historian's page by one
Made vocal for the amusement of the rest ;
The sprightly lyre, whose treasure of sweet sounds
The touch for many a trembling chord shakes out ;
And the clear voice symphonious, yet distinct,
And in the charming strife triumphant still,
Beguile the night, and set a keener edge
On female industry : the threaded steel
Flies swiftly, and unfelt the task proceeds.
The volume closed, the customary rites
Of the last meal commence. A Roman meal ;
Such as the mistress of the world once found
Delicious, when her patriots of high note,
Perhaps by moonlight, at their humble doors,
And under an old oak's domestic shade,
Enjoyed, spare feast ! a radish and an egg.
Discourse ensues, not trivial, yet not dull,
Nor such as with a frown forbids the play
Of fancy, or proscribes the sound of mirth :
Nor do we madly, like an impious world,
Who deem religion frenzy, and the God
That made them an intruder on their joys,
Start at his awful name, or deem his praise
A jarring note. Themes of a graver tone,
Exciting oft our gratitude and love,
While we retrace with memory's pointing wand,
That calls the past to our exact review,
The dangers we have 'scaped, the broken snare,
The disappointed foe, deliverance found

Unlooked for, life preserved and peace restored,
Fruits of omnipotent eternal love.

O evenings worthy of the gods! exclaimed
The Sabine bard. O evenings, I reply,
More to be prized and coveted than yours!
As more illumined, and with nobler truths,
That I, and mine, and those we love, enjoy.

Just when our drawing-rooms begin to blaze
With lights, by clear reflection multiplied
From many a mirror, in which he of Gath,
Goliath, might have seen his giant bulk
Whole without stooping, towering crest and all,
My pleasures too begin. But me perhaps
The glowing hearth may satisfy a while
With faint illumination, that uplifts
The shadows to the ceiling, there by fits
Dancing uncouthly to the quivering flame.
Not undelightful is an hour to me
So spent in parlour twilight: such a gloom
Suits well the thoughtful or unthinking mind,
The mind contemplative, with some new theme
Pregnant, or indisposed alike to all.
Laugh ye who boast your more mercurial powers,
That never felt a stupor, know no pause,
Nor need one; I am conscious, and confess
Fearless a soul that does not always think.
Me oft has fancy, ludicrous and wild,
Soothed with a waking dream of houses, towers,
Trees, churches, and strange visages, expressed
In the red cinders, while with poring eye
I gazed, myself creating what I saw.

Ill fares the traveller now, and he that stalks

In ponderous boots beside his reeking team.
The wain goes heavily, impeded sore
By congregated loads adhering close
To the clogged wheels; and in its sluggish pace
Noiseless appears a moving hill of snow.
The toiling steeds expand the nostrils wide,
While every breath, by respiration strong
Forced downward, is consolidated soon
Upon their jutting chests. He, formed to bear
The pelting brunt of the tempestuous night,
With half-shut eyes, and puckered cheeks, and teeth
Presented bare against the storm, plods on.
One hand secures his hat, save when with both
He brandishes his pliant length of whip,
Resounding oft, and never heard in vain.
O happy — and in my account denied
That sensibility of pain with which
Refinement is endued — thrice happy thou!
Thy frame robust and hardy, feels indeed
The piercing cold, but feels it unimpaired.
The learned finger never need explore
Thy vigorous pulse; and the unhealthful east,
That breathes the spleen, and searches every bone
Of the infirm, is wholesome air to thee.
Thy days roll on exempt from household care;
Thy wagon is thy wife; and the poor beasts
That drag the dull companion to and fro,
Thine helpless charge, dependent on thy care.
Ah, treat them kindly; rude as thou appearest,
Yet show that thou hast mercy! which the great
With needless hurry whirled from place to place,
Humane as they would seem, not always show.

ANNA LETITIA BARBAULD.

(1743-1825.)

WASHING DAY.

YE who beneath the yoke of wedlock bend,
With bowed soul, full well ye ken the day
Which week, smooth sliding after week, brings on
Too soon; for to that day nor peace belongs,
Nor comfort; ere the first grey streak of dawn,
The red-armed washers come and chase repose.

Nor pleasant smile, nor quaint device of mirth,
E'er visited that day; the very cat,
From the wet kitchen scared, and reeking hearth,
Visits the parlour, an unwonted guest.
The silent breakfast meal is soon despatched,
Uninterrupted, save by anxious looks
Cast at the louring sky, if sky should lour.

From that last evil, oh preserve us, heaven!
For should the skies pour down, adieu to all
Remains of quiet; then expect to hear
Of sad disasters — dirt and gravel stains
Hard to efface, and loaded lines at once
Snapped short, and linen horse by dog thrown down,
And all the petty miseries of life.

Saints have been calm while stretched upon the rack,
And Montezuma smiled on burning coals;
But never yet did housewife notable

Greet with a smile a rainy washing day.
But grant the welkin fair, require not thou
Who call'st thyself, perchance, the master there,
Or study swept, or nicely dusted coat,
Or usual 'tendance ; ask not, indiscreet,
Thy stockings mended, though the yawning rents
Gape wide as Erebus ; nor hope to find
Some snug recess impervious. Shouldst thou try
The 'customed garden walks, thine eye shall rue
The budding fragrance of thy tender shrubs,
Myrtle or rose, all crushed beneath the weight
Of coarse-checked apron, with impatient hand
Twitched off when showers impend ; or crossing lines
Shall mar thy musings, as the wet cold sheet
Flaps in thy face abrupt. Woe to the friend
Whose evil stars have urged him forth to claim
On such a day the hospitable rites ;
Looks blank at best, and stinted courtesy
Shall he receive ; vainly he feeds his hopes
With dinner of roast chicken, savoury pie,
Or tart or pudding ; pudding he nor tart
That day shall eat ; nor, though the husband try —
Mending what can't be helped — to kindle mirth
From cheer deficient, shall his consort's brow
Clear up propitious ; the unlucky guest
In silence dines, and early slinks away.

I well remember, when a child, the awe
This day struck into me ; for then the maids,
I scarce knew why, looked cross, and drove me from them ;
Nor soft caress could I obtain, nor hope
Usual indulgences ; jelly or creams,
Relique of costly suppers, and set by

For me their petted one ; or buttered toast,
When butter was forbid ; or thrilling tale
Of ghost, or witch, or murder. So I went
And sheltered me beside the parlour fire ;
There my dear grandmother, eldest of all forms,
Tended the little ones, and watched from harm ;
Anxiously fond, though oft her spectacles
With elfin cunning hid, and oft the pins
Drawn from her ravelled stocking might have soured
One less indulgent.

At intervals my mother's voice was heard
Urging despatch ; briskly the work went on,
All hands employed to wash, to rinse, to wring,
Or fold, and starch, and clap, and iron, and plait.

Then would I sit me down, and ponder much
Why washings were ; sometimes through hollow hole
Of pipe amused we blew, and sent aloft
The floating bubbles ; little dreaming then
To see, Montgolfier, thy silken ball
Ride buoyant through the clouds, so near approach
The sports of children and the toils of men.

O P I E .

MRS AMELIA OPIE is chiefly distinguished for her moral tales, which are written in prose. She has written a few pieces in verse, that are marked by great sweetness and beauty. The following gem is pronounced by the Edinburgh Review one of the finest songs in the language.

S O N G .

Go, youth beloved, in distant glades
New friends, new hopes, new joys to find!
Yet sometimes deign, 'midst fairer maids,
To think on her thou leavest behind.
Thy love, thy fate, dear youth, to share,
Must never be my happy lot;
But thou mayst grant this humble prayer,
Forget me not! forget me not!

Yet, should the thought of my distress
Too painful to thy feelings be,
Heed not the wish I now express,
Nor ever deign to think on me:
But oh! if grief thy steps attend,
If want, if sickness be thy lot,
And thou require a soothing friend,
Forget me not! forget me not!

BLOOMFIELD.

ROBERT BLOOMFIELD (1766—1823,) composed his celebrated pastoral poem, the *Farmer's Boy*, while pursuing his occupation as a shoemaker, in circumstances of poverty that show how little true genius is fettered by mere external condition. The following is one of his minor pieces.

THE SOLDIER'S RETURN.

My untried Muse shall no high tone assume,
Nor strut in arms—farewell my cap and plume!
Brief be my verse, a task within my power;
I tell my feelings in one happy hour:
But what an hour was that! when from the main
I reached this lovely valley once again!
A glorious harvest filled my eager sight,
Half shocked, half waving in a flood of light;
On that poor cottage roof where I was born,
The sun looked down as in life's early morn.
I gazed around, but not a soul appeared;
I listened on the threshold, nothing heard;
I called my father thrice, but no one came;
It was not fear or grief that shook my frame,
But an o'erpowering sense of peace and home,
Of toils gone by, perhaps of joys to come.

The door invitingly stood open wide ;
I shook my dust, and set my staff aside.

How sweet it was to breathe that cooler air,
And take possession of my father's chair!
Beneath my elbow, on the solid frame,
Appeared the rough initials of my name,
Cut forty years before ! The same old clock
Struck the same bell, and gave my heart a shock
I never can forget. A short breeze sprung,
And while a sigh was trembling on my tongue,
Caught the old dangling almanacs behind,
And up they flew like banners in the wind ;
Then gently, singly, down, down, down they went,
And told of twenty years that I had spent
Far from my native land. That instant came
A robin on the threshold ; though so tame,
At first he looked distrustful, almost shy,
And cast on me his coal-black steadfast eye,
And seemed to say (past friendship to renew)
" Ah ha ! old worn-out soldier, is it you ?"
Through the room ranged the imprisoned humble bee,
And bombed, and bounced, and struggled to be free ;
Dashing against the panes with sullen roar,
That threw their diamond sunlight on the floor ;
That floor, clean sanded, where my fancy strayed,
O'er undulating waves the broom had made ;
Reminding me of those of hideous forms
That met us as we passed the cape of storms,
Where high and loud they break, and peace comes never ;
They roll and foam, and roll and foam for ever.
But here was peace, that peace which home can yield :
The grasshopper, the partridge in the field,

And ticking clock, were all at once become
The substitute for clarion, fife and drum.
While thus I mused, still gazing, gazing still,
On beds of moss that spread the window sill,
I deemed no moss my eyes had ever seen
Had been so lovely, brilliant, fresh and green,
And guessed some infant hand had placed it there,
And prized its hue so exquisite, so rare.
Feelings on feelings mingling, doubling rose ;
My heart felt everything but calm repose ;
I could not reckon minutes, hours, nor years,
But rose at once, and bursted into tears ;
Then, like a fool, confused, sat down again,
And thought upon the past with shame and pain ;
I raved at war and all its horrid cost,
And glory's quagmire, where the brave are lost.
On carnage, fire, and plunder long I mused,
And cursed the murdering weapons I had used.

Two shadows then I saw, two voices heard,
One bespoke age, and one a child's appeared.
In stepped my father with convulsive start,
And in an instant clasped me to his heart.
Close by him stood a little blue-eyed maid ;
And stooping to the child, the old man said,
" Come hither, Nancy, kiss me once again.
This is your uncle Charles, come home from Spain."
The child approached, and with her fingers light,
Ströked my old eyes, almost deprived of sight.
But why thus spin my tale — thus tedious be ?
Happy old soldier ! what's the world to me !

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

(1785-1806.)

THE STAR OF BETHLEHEM.

WHEN marshalled on the nightly plain,
The glittering host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
Can fix the sinner's wandering eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
It is the Star of Bethlehem.

Once on the raging seas I rode,
The storm was loud — the night was dark;
The ocean yawned — and rudely blowed
The wind that tossed my foundering bark.

Deep horror then my vitals froze,
Death-struck, I ceased the tide to stem;
When suddenly a star arose,
It was the Star of Bethlehem.

It was my guide, my light, my all,
It bade my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and dangers' thrall,
It led me to the port of peace.

Now safely moored — my perils o'er,
I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever and for evermore,
The Star — the Star of Bethlehem!

JAMES GRAHAME.

(1765-1811.)

(From The Sabbath.)

WITH dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods ·
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse, set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.

Hail, Sabbath! thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots; and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes (yet fears presumption in the hope)
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.

But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe ·

Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground ;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave, well-pleased ;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God — these, spite of all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel ; with silent praise
They enter in ; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads.

It is not only in the sacred fane
That homage should be paid to the Most High ;
There is a temple, one not made with hands,
The vaulted firmament. Far in the woods,
Almost beyond the sound of city chime,
At intervals heard through the breezeless air ;
When not the limberest leaf is seen to move,
Save when the linnet lights upon the spray ;
Where not a floweret bends its little stalk,
Save when the bee alights upon the bloom —
There, rapt in gratitude, in joy, and love,
The man of God will pass the Sabbath-noon ;
Silence his praise : his disembodied thoughts,
Loosed from the load of words, will high ascend
Beyond the empyreal.

C R A B B E .

GEORGE CRABBE (1754–1834), took in general a gloomy view of life, but was remarkable for the truth and fidelity of his descriptions both of men and nature.

THE ENGLISH PARISH WORKHOUSE.

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

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

Such is that room which one rude beam divides,
And naked rafters form the sloping sides ;

Where the vile bands that bind the thatch are seen,
And lath and mud are all that lie between ;
Save one dull pane, that, coarsely patched, gives way
To the rude tempest, yet excludes the day :
Here on a matted flock, with dust o'erspread,
The drooping wretch reclines his languid head ;
For him no hand the cordial cup applies,
Or wipes the tear that stagnates in his eyes ;
No friends with soft discourse his pain beguile,
Or promise hope till sickness wears a smile.

But soon a loud and hasty summons calls,
Shakes the thin roof, and echoes round the walls ;
Anon, a figure enters, quaintly neat,
All pride and business, bustle and conceit,
With looks unaltered by these scenes of woe,
With speed that, entering, speaks his haste to go ;
He bids the gazing throng around him fly,
And carries fate and physic in his eye ;
A potent quack, long versed in human ills,
Who first insults the victim whom he kills ;
Whose murderous hand a drowsy bench protect,
And whose most tender mercy is neglect.

Paid by the parish for attendance here,
He wears contempt upon his sapient sneer ;
In haste he seeks the bed where misery lies,
Impatience marked in his averted eyes ;
And, some habitual queries hurried o'er,
Without reply, he rushes on the door ;
His drooping patient, long inured to pain,
And long unheeded, knows remonstrance vain ;
He ceases now the feeble help to crave
Of man ; and silent sinks into the grave.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

(1762— *still living.*)

GINEVRA.

(*From 'Italy.'*)

IF thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena,
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee :

. A summer sun
Sets ere one half is seen ; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house — prithee, forget it not —
And look a while upon a picture there.

'T is of a lady in her earliest youth,
The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri — but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.

She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said "Beware !" Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp ;
And on her brow, fairer than alabaster,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowing of an innocent heart —

It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!

. Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken-chest, half eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way — it may be true or false —
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.

She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.

Just as she looks there in her bridal dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundredth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.

Great was the joy; but at the bridal feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
" 'T is but to make a trial of our love! "

And filled his glass to all ; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'T was but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas ! she was not to be found ;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not ! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived ; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find — he knew not what.
When he was gone the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless -- then went to strangers.

Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed ; and 't was said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
“ Why not remove it from its lurking place ? ”
'T was done as soon as said ; but on the way
It burst, it fell ; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold !
All else had perished — save a nuptial ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
“ Ginevra.” There then had she found a grave !
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy ;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever !

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

(1770—*still living.*)

THE DEAF PEASANT.

. ALMOST at the root
Of that tall pine, the shadow of whose bare
And slender stem, while here I sit at eve,
Oft stretches towards me, like a strong straight path
Traced faintly in the greensward, there, beneath
A plain blue stone, a gentle dalesman lies,
From whom in early childhood was withdrawn
The precious gift of hearing. He grew up
From year to year in loneliness of soul;
And this deep mountain valley was to him
Soundless, with all its streams. The bird of dawn
Did never rouse this cottager from sleep
With startling summons; not for his delight
The vernal cuckoo shouted; not for him
Murmured the labouring bee. When stormy winds
Were working the broad bosom of the lake
Into a thousand thousand sparkling waves,
Rocking the trees, or driving cloud on cloud
Along the sharp edge of yon lofty crags,
The agitated scene before his eye
Was silent as a picture: evermore
Were all things silent, wheresoe'er he moved.
Yet, by the solace of his own pure thoughts
Upheld, he duteously pursued the round

Of rural labours; the steep mountain side
 Ascended with his staff and faithful dog;
 The plough he guided, and the scythe he swayed;
 And the ripe corn before his sickle fell
 Among the jocund reapers.

SONNET COMPOSED UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE.

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
 Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
 A sight so touching in its majesty:
 This city now doth like a garment wear
 The beauty of the morning; silent, bare,
 Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
 Open unto the fields and to the sky,
 All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.
 Never did sun more beautifully steep
 In his first splendour, valley, rock, or hill;
 Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!
 The river glideth at his own sweet will:
 Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
 And all that mighty heart is lying still!

LINES.

My heart leaps up when I behold
 A rainbow in the sky:
 So was it when my life began;
 So is it now I am a man;
 So be it when I shall grow old,
 Or let me die!
 The child is father of the man;
 And I could wish my days to be
 Bound each to each by natural piety.

A PORTRAIT.

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleamed upon my sight;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament;
Her eyes as stars of twilight fair;
Like twilight's, too, her dusky hair;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too!
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin liberty;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food:
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller betwixt life and death;
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill,
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and command;
And yet a spirit still, and bright
With something of an angel light.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

(1772—1834.)

(Scene from Christabel.)

THE lovely lady, Christabel,
Whom her father loves so well,
What makes her in the wood so late,
A furlong from the castle gate?
She had dreams all yesternight
Of her own betrothed knight;
And she in the midnight wood will pray
For the weal of her lover that's far away..

She stole along, she nothing spoke,
The sighs she heaved were soft and low,
And nought was green upon the oak
But moss and rarest misletoe:
She kneels beneath the huge oak-tree,
And in silence prayeth she.

The lady sprang up suddenly,
The lovely lady, Christabel!
It moaned as near, as near can be,
But what it is, she cannot tell.—
On the other side it seems to be,
Of the huge, broad-breasted, old oak-tree.

The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady's cheek ;
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.

Hush, beating heart of Christabel !
Jesu Maria shield her well !
She folded her arms beneath her cloak,
And stole to the other side of the oak.

What sees she there ?

There she sees a damsel bright,
Dressed in a silken robe of white,
That shadowy in the moonlight shone :
The neck that made that white robe wan,
Her stately neck and arms were bare ;
Her blue-veined feet unsandalled were ;
And wildly glittered here and there
The gems entangled in her hair.
I guess 't was frightful there to see
A lady so richly clad as she —
Beautiful exceedingly !

THE POET IN THE CLOUDS.

Oh! it is pleasant, with a heart at ease,
Just after sunset, or by moonlight skies,
To make the shifting clouds be what you please,
Or let the easily persuaded eyes
Own each quaint likeness issuing from the mould
Of a friend's fancy; or, with head bent low
And cheek aslant, see rivers flow of gold
'Twixt crimson banks: and then, a traveller, go
From mount to mount through Cloudland, gorgeous land!
Or, listening to the tide with closéd sight,
Be that blind bard who, on the Chian strand,
By those deep sounds possessed, with inward light
Beheld the Iliad and the Odyssey
Rise to the swelling of the voiceful sea.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

(1774-1843.)

APPROACH TO PADALON, OR THE INDIAN HADES.

FAR other light than that of day there shone
Upon the travellers, entering Padalon.
They, too, in darkness entering on their way,
 But far before the car
A glow, as of a fiery furnace light,
Filled all before them. 'T was a light that made
 Darkness itself appear
A thing of comfort ; and the sight, dismayed,
Shrank inward from the molten atmosphere.
Their way was through the adamantine rock
Which girt the world of woe : on either side
Its massive walls arose, and overhead
Arched the long passage ; onward as they ride ;
With stronger glare the light around them spread—
 And, lo ! the regions dread—
The world of woe before them opening wide,
 There rolls the fiery flood,
Girding the realms of Padalon around,
 A sea of flame, it seemed to be
 Sea without bound ;
 For neither mortal nor immortal sight
Could pierce across through that intensesst light.

Plea of an English Pauper Woman.

Ay, Idleness! the rich folks never fail
To find some reason why the poor deserve
Their miseries! — Is it Idleness I pray you,
That brings the fever or the ague fit?
That makes the sick one's sickly appetite
Turn at the dry bread and potato meal?
Is it idleness that makes small wages fail
For growing wants? Six years ago, these bells
Rung on my wedding-day, and I was told
What I might look for, — but I did not heed
Good counsel. I had lived in service, Sir,
Knew never what it was to want a meal:
Laid down without one thought to keep me sleepless,
Or trouble me in sleep; had for a Sunday
My linen gown, and when the pedlar came
Could buy me a new ribbon. And my husband,
A towardly young man and well to do.
He had his silver buckles and his watch;
There was not in the village one who looked
Sprucer on holidays. We married, Sir,
And we had children, but as wants increased
Wages did not. The silver buckles went,
So went the watch; and when the holiday coat
Was worn to work, no new one in its place.
For me — you see my rags! but I deserve them,
For wilfully, like this new married pair,
I went to my undoing. — A blessed prospect,
To slave while there is strength, in age the workhouse,
A parish shell at last, and the little bell
Tolled hastily for a pauper's funeral!

ROBERT BURNS

(1759–1796.)

TO MARY IN HEAVEN.

THOU lingering star, with lessening ray,
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Agam thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.

O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallowed grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love!

Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 't was our last!

Ayr gurgling kissed his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thickening, green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twined amorous round the raptured scene.

The flowers sprang wanton to be pressed,
The birds sang love on every spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing west
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my memory wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.

My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
Seest thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

(1777 — *still living.*)

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM.

Our bugles sang truce — for the night cloud had lowered,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky ;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpowered,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.

When reposing that night on my pallet of straw,
By the wolf-scaring fagot that guarded the slain ;
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw,
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.

Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array,
Far, far I had roamed on a desolate track ;
'T was autumn — and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.

I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young ;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.

Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part ;
My little ones kissed me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobbed aloud in her fullness of heart.

Stay, stay with us — rest, thou art weary and worn :
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay ;
But sorrow returned with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

(1771-1832.)

BATTLE OF FLODDEN.

“ BUT see! look up — on Flodden bent,
The Scottish foe has fired his tent.”
 And sudden as he spoke,
From the sharp ridges of the hill,
All downward to the banks of Till,
 Was wreathed in sable smoke;
Volumed and vast, and rolling far,
The cloud enveloped Scotland’s war,
 As down the hill they broke;
Nor martial shout, nor minstrel tone,
Announced their march; their tread alone,
At times one warning trumpet blown,
 At times a stifled hum,
Told England, from his mountain-throne
 King James did rushing come.
Scarce could they hear or see their foes,
Until at weapon point they close.
They close in clouds of smoke and dust,
With sword-sway and with lance’s thrust;
 And such a yell was there,
Of sudden and portentous birth,
As if men fought upon the earth,
 And fiends in upper air.

Long looked the anxious squires; their eye
 Could in the darkness nought descry.

At length the freshening western blast
 Aside the shroud of battle cast;
 And, first, the ridge of mingled spears
 Above the brightening cloud appears;
 And in the smoke the pennons flew,
 As in the storm the white sea-mew.

Then marked they, dashing broad and far,
 The broken billows of the war,
 And plumed crests of chieftains brave,
 Floating like foam upon the wave;

But nought distinct they see:

Wide raged the battle on the plain;
 Spears shook, and falchions flashed amain;
 Fell England's arrow-flight like rain;
 Crests rose, and stooped, and rose again,
 Wild and disorderly.

.

But as they left the darkening heath,
 More desperate grew the strife of death.
 The English shafts in volleys hailed,
 In headlong charge their horse assailed:
 Front, flank, and rear, the squadrons sweep,
 To break the Scottish circle deep,

That fought around their king.

But yet, though thick the shafts as snow,
 Though charging knights like whirlwinds go,
 Though bill-men ply the ghastly blow,

Unbroken was the ring;

The stubborn spearmen still made good
 Their dark impenetrable wood,

Each stepping where his comrade stood,
The instant that he fell.

No thought was there of dastard flight;
Linked in the serried phalanx tight,
Groom fought like noble, squire like knight,
As fearlessly and well;

Till utter darkness closed her wing
O'er their thin host and wounded king.

Then skilful Surrey's sage commands
Led back from strife his shattered bands;
And from the charge they drew,

As mountain-waves from wasted lands
Sweep back to ocean blue.

Then did their loss his foemen know;
Their king, their lords, their mightiest low,
They melted from the field as snow,
When streams are swoln and south winds blow,
Dissolves in silent dew.

Tweed's echoes heard the ceaseless plash,
While many a broken band,
Disordered, through her currents dash,
To gain the Scottish land;

To town and tower, to down and dale,
To tell red Flodden's dismal tale,
And raise the universal wail.

Tradition, legend, tune, and song,
Shall many an age that wail prolong:
Still from the sire the son shall hear
Of the stern strife and carnage drear
Of Flodden's fatal field,

Where shivered was fair Scotland's spear,
And broken was her shield!

DEATH OF MARMION.

When, doffed his casque, he felt free air,
 Around 'gan Marmion wildly stare :
 "Where's Harry Blount? Fitz-Eustace where?
 Linger ye here, ye hearts of hare?
 Redeem my pennon — charge again!
 Cry — 'Marmion to the rescue!' — Vain!
 Last of my race, on battle plain
 That shout shall ne'er be heard again!
 Yet my last thought is England's : — fly ;
 To Dacre bear my signet-ring ;
 Tell him his squadrons up to bring.
 Fitz-Eustace, to Lord Surrey hie :
 Tunstall lies dead upon the field ;
 His life-blood stains the spotless shield :
 Edmund is down — my life is reft ;
 The Admiral alone is left.
 Let Stanley charge with spur of fire —
 With Chester charge, and Lancashire,
 Full upon Scotland's central host,
 Or victory and England's lost.
 Must I bid twice? Hence, varlets! fly!
 Leave Marmion here alone — to die."
 They parted, and alone he lay ;
 Clare drew her from the sight away,
 Till pain wrung forth a lowly moan,
 And half he murmured — "Is there none,
 Of all my halls have nursed,
 Page, squire, or groom, one cup to bring
 Of blessed water from the spring,
 To slake my dying thirst!"

O, woman! in our hours of ease,
 Uncertain, coy, and hard to please,
 And variable as the shade
 By the light quivering aspen made;
 When pain and anguish wring the brow,
 A ministering angel thou!
 Scarce were the piteous accents said,
 When, with the baron's casque, the maid
 To the nigh streamlet ran:
 Forgot were hatred, wrongs, and fears;
 The plaintive voice alone she hears,
 Sees but the dying man.
 She stooped her by the runnel's side,
 But in abhorrence backward drew;
 For, oozing from the mountain wide,
 Where raged the war, a dark red tide
 Was curdling in the streamlet blue.
 Where shall she turn! — behold her mark
 A little fountain-cell,
 Where water, clear as diamond-spark,
 In a stone basin fell.
 Above some half-worn letters say,
Drink. weary. pilgrim. drink. and. pray.
 For. the. kind. soul. of. Sybil. Grey.
Who. built. this. cross. and. well.
 She filled the helm, and back she hied,
 And with surprise and joy espied
 A monk supporting Marmion's head.
 A pious man, whom duty brought
 To dubious verge of battle fought,
 To shrieve the dying, bless the dead.
 Deep drank Lord Marmion of the wave,
 And, as she stooped his brow to lave —

“Is it the hand of Clare,” he said,
 “Or injured Constance, bathes my head?”

Then, as remembrance rose —

“Speak not to me of shrift or prayer!

I must redress her woes.

Short space, few words, are mine to spare;

Forgive and listen, gentle Clare!”

“Alas!” she said, “the while —

O think of your immortal weal!

In vain for Constance is your zeal;

She —— died at Holy Isle.”

Lord Marmion started from the ground,

As light as if he felt no wound;

Though in the action burst the tide,

In torrents, from his wounded side.

“Then it was truth!” — he said — “I knew

That the dark presage must be true.

I would the fiend, to whom belongs

The vengeance due to all her wrongs,

Would spare me but a day!

For wasting life, and dying groan,

And priests slain on the altar stone,

Might bribe him for delay.

It may not be! — this dizzy trance —

Curse on yon base marauder’s lance,

And doubly cursed my failing brand!

A sinful heart makes feeble hand.”

Then, fainting, down on earth he sunk,

Supported by the trembling monk.

With fruitless labour Clara bound,

And strove to stanch the gushing wound:

The monk, with unavailing cares,
Exhausted all the church's prayers;
Ever, he said, that, close and near,
A lady's voice was in his ear,
And that the priest he could not hear,
 For that she ever sung,
" *In the lost battle, borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle with groans of the dying!*"
 So the notes rung;
" Avoid thee, fiend! -- with cruel hand,
Shake not the dying sinner's sand!
O look, my son, upon yon sign
Of the Redeemer's grace divine;
 O think on faith and bliss!
By many a death-bed I have been,
And many a sinner's parting seen,
 But never aught like this."
The war, that for a space did fail,
Now trebly thundering, swelled the gale,
 And -- Stanley! was the cry;
A light on Marmion's visage spread,
 And fired his glazing eye:
With dying hand above his head
He shook the fragment of his blade,
 And shouted " Victory!
Charge, Chester, charge! On, Stanley, on!"
Were the last words of Marmion.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
 This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
 From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go mark him well;
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.

THOMAS MOORE.

(1780—*still living.*)

YOUTH AND AGE.

I SAW from the beach, when the morning was shining,
A bark o'er the waters move gloriously on :
I came, when the sun o'er that beach was declining —
The bark was still there, but the waters were gone.

Ah! such is the fate of our life's early promise,
So passing the spring-tide of joy we have known ;
Each wave that we danced on at morning, ebbs from us,
And leaves us, at eve, on the black shore alone.

Ne'er tell me of glories serenely adorning
The close of our day, the calm eve of our night ;
Give me back, give me back, the wild freshness of morning,
Her clouds and her tears are worth evening's best light.

Oh, who would not welcome that moment's returning,
When passion first waked a new life through his frame,
And his soul — like the wood that grows precious in burning —
Gave out all its sweets to Love's exquisite flame!

REMINISCENCES.

Sweet Moon! if, like Crotona's sage,
By any spell my hand could dare
To make thy disk its ample page,
And write my thoughts, my wishes there ;

How many a friend whose careless eye
 Now wanders o'er that starry sky,
 Should smile upon that orb to meet
 The recollection kind and sweet,
 The reveries of fond regret,
 The promise never to forget,
 And all my heart and soul would send
 To many a dear-loved, distant friend.

THE GHEBER'S BLOODY GLEN.

But see — he starts — what heard he then?
 That dreadful shout! — across the glen
 From the land side it comes, and loud
 Rings through the chasm; as if the crowd
 Of fearful things, that haunt that dell,
 Its Gholes and Dives and shapes of hell
 Had all in one dread howl broke out,
 So loud, so terrible that shout!
 “They come — the Moslems come!” he cries,
 His proud soul mounting to his eyes —
 “Now Spirits of the Brave, who roam
 Enfranchised through yon starry dome,
 Rejoice — for souls of kindred fire
 Are on the wing to join your choir!”
 He said — and, light as bridegrooms bound
 To their young loves, reclimbed the steep
 And gained the shrine — his Chiefs stood round —
 Their swords, as with instinctive leap,
 Together at that cry accurst,
 Had from their sheaths, like sunbeams, burst.

And hark! — again — again it rings;
 Near and more near its echoings
 Peal through the chasm — oh! who that then
 Had seen those listening warrior-men,
 With their swords grasped, their eyes of flame
 Turned on their Chief — could doubt the shame,
 The indignant shame with which they thrill
 To hear those shouts and yet stand still?
 He read their thoughts — they were his own —

“What! while our arms can wield these blades,
 Shall we die tamely? die alone?

Without one victim to our shades,
 One Moslem heart where, buried deep,
 The sabre from its toil may sleep?
 No — God of Iran’s burning skies!
 Thou scorn’st the inglorious sacrifice.
 No — though of all earth’s hopes bereft,
 Life, swords, and vengeance still are left.
 We’ll make yon valley’s reeking caves

Live in the awe-struck minds of men,
 Till tyrants shudder, when their slaves
 Tell of the Gheber’s bloody glen.

Follow, brave hearts! — this pile remains
 Our refuge still from life and chains,
 But his the best, the holiest bed,
 Who sinks entombed on Moslem dead!”
 Down the precipitous rocks they sprung,
 While vigour, more than human, strung
 Each arm and heart. — The exulting foe
 Still through the dark defiles below,
 Tracked by his torches’ lurid fire,

Wound slow, as through Golconda’s vale

The mighty serpent, in his ire,
 Slides on with glittering, deadly trail.
 No torch the Ghebers need — so well
 They know each mystery of the dell,
 So oft have, in their wanderings,
 Crossed the wild race that round them dwell,
 The very tigers from their delves
 Look out, and let them pass, as things
 Untamed and fearless as themselves !

THIS WORLD IS ALL A FLEETING SHOW

This world is all a fleeting show,
 For man's illusion given ;
 The smiles of joy, the tears of woe,
 Deceitful shine, deceitful flow —
 There 's nothing true but heaven !

And false the light on glory's plume,
 As fading hues of even ;
 And Love, and Hope, and Beauty's bloom
 Are blossoms gathered for the tomb,—
 There's nothing bright but heaven !

Poor wanderers of a stormy day,
 From wave to wave we 're driven,
 And fancy's flash, and Reason's ray,
 Serve but to light the troubled way —
 There 's nothing calm but heaven !

LORD BYRON.

(1788-1824.)

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

THERE is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar ;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean — roll !
'Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain ;
Man marks the earth with ruin — his control
Stops with the shore ; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths with bubbling groan —
Without a grave, unknelled, unconfined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths — thy fields
Are not a spoil for him — thou dost arise
And shake him from thee ; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,

Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
 And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
 And howling, to his gods, where haply lies
 His petty hope in some near port or bay,
 And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunderstrike the walls
 Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake
 And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
 The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
 Their clay creator the vain title take
 Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
 These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
 They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
 Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires, changed in all save thee —
 Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
 Thy waters wasted them while they were free,
 And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
 The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
 Has dried up realms to deserts: not so thou;
 Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
 Time writes no wrinkle on thine azure brow:
 Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
 Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
 Calm or convulsed — in breeze, or gale, or storm,
 Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime
 Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime —
 The image of Eternity — the throne
 Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime

The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers — they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror — 't was a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane — as I do here.

THE GLADIATOR.

I see before me the gladiator lie:
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low:
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch
who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He recked not of the life he lost nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,

There was their Dacian mother — he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

THE SHIPWRECK.

There were two fathers in this ghastly crew,
And with them their two sons, of whom the one
Was more robust and hardy to the view;
But he died early: and when he was gone,
His nearest messmate told his sire, who threw
One glance on him, and said, "Heaven's will be done!
I can do nothing;" and he saw him thrown
Into the deep without a tear or groan.

The other father had a weaklier child,
Of a soft cheek, and aspect delicate;
But the boy bore up long, and with a mild
And patient spirit held aloof his fate;
Little he said, and now and then he smiled,
As if to win a part from off the weight
He saw increasing on his father's heart,
With the deep deadly thought that they must part.

And o'er him bent his sire, and never raised
His eyes from off his face, but wiped the foam
From his pale lips, and ever on him gazed:
And when the wished-for shower at length was come,
And the boy's eyes, which the dull film half glazed,

Brightened, and for a moment seemed to roam,
 He squeezed from out a rag some drops of rain
 Into his dying child's mouth ; but in vain !

The boy expired — the father held the clay,
 And looked upon it long ; and when at last
 Death left no doubt, and the dead burthen lay
 Stiff on his heart, and pulse and hope were past,
 He watched it wistfully, until away
 'T was borne by the rude wave wherein 't was cast,
 Then he himself sunk down all dumb and shivering,
 And gave no sign of life, save his limbs quivering.

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night ;
 And Belgium's capital had gathered then
 Her beauty, and her chivalry ; and bright
 The lamps shone o'er fair women, and brave men ;
 A thousand hearts beat happily ; and, when
 Music arose, with its voluptuous swell,
 Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again ;
 And all went merry as a marriage bell —
 But hush ! hark ! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell,

 Did ye not hear it ? — No ; 't was but the wind,
 Or the car rattling o'er the stony street —
 On with the dance ! let joy be unconfined ;
 No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
 To chase the glowing hours, with flying feet —
 But hark ! — that heavy sound breaks in once more,
 As if the clouds its echo would repeat ;

And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
 Arm! arm! it is — it is the cannon's opening roar!

Within a windowed niche of that high hall,
 Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
 That sound the first, amidst the festival,
 And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
 And, when they smiled, because he deemed it near,
 His heart more truly knew that peal too well,
 Which stretched his father on a bloody bier,
 And roused the vengeance, blood alone could quell:
 He rushed into the field, and foremost fighting, fell.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
 And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
 And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
 Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness.
 And there were sudden partings, such as press
 The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
 Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
 If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
 Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise?

And there was mounting in hot haste: the steed,
 The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
 Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
 And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
 And the deep thunder peal on peal afar!
 And near the beat of the alarming drum
 Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
 While thronged the citizens with terror dumb,
 Or whispering, with white lips, — "The foe! They come!
 they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose!
 The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
 Have heard, and heard too, have her Saxon foes:—
 How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
 Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
 Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
 With the fierce native daring which instils
 The stirring memory of a thousand years;
 And Evan's, Donald's fame, rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
 Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
 Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
 Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
 Ere evening to be trodden like the grass,
 Which now beneath them, but above shall grow,
 In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
 Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
 And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold, and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life;
 Last eve, in Beauty's circle proudly gay;
 The midnight brought the signal sound of strife;
 The morn, the marshalling in arms,—the day,
 Battle's magnificently-stern array!
 The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent,
 The earth is covered thick with other clay
 Which her own clay shall cover, heaped and pent,
 Rider, and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

PARISINA.

It is the hour when from the boughs
The nightingale's high note is heard :
It is the hour when lovers' vows
Seem sweet in every whispered word ;
And gentle winds and waters near,
Make music to the lonely ear.
Each flower the dews have lightly wet,
And in the sky, the stars are met,
And on the wave is deeper blue,
And on the leaf a browner hue, -
And in the heaven that clear obscure,
So softly dark, and darkly pure,
Which follows the decline of day,
As twilight melts beneath the moon away

But it is not to list to the waterfall
That Parisina leaves her hall,
And it is not to gaze on the heavenly light
That the lady walks in the shadow of night ;
And if she sits in Este's bower,
'T is not for the sake of its full-blown flower —
She listens — but not for the nightingale —
Though her ear expects as soft a tale.
There glides a step through the foliage thick,
And her cheek grows pale — and her heart beats quick.
There whispers a voice through the rustling leaves,
And her blush returns, and her bosom heaves :
A moment more — and they shall meet —
'T is past — her lover's at her feet.

LINES TO HIS WIFE AFTER THEIR SEPARATION.

FARE THEE WELL! and if for ever,
Still for ever, fare thee well :
Even though unforgiving, never
'Gainst thee shall my heart rebel.
Would that breast were bared before thee
Where thy head so oft hath lain,
While that placid sleep came o'er thee,
Which thou ne'er canst know again :
Would that breast, by thee glanced over,
Every inmost thought could show,
Then thou wouldst at last discover,
'T was not well to spurn it so.
Though the world for this commend thee —
Though it smile upon the blow,
Even its praises must offend thee,
Founded on another's woe.
Though my many faults defaced me,
Could no other arm be found,
Than the one which once embraced me,
To inflict a cureless wound.
Yet, oh yet, thyself deceive not ;
Love may sink by slow decay,
But by sudden wrench, believe not
Hearts can thus be torn away :
Still thine own its life retaineth —
Still must mine, though bleeding, beat,
And the undying thought which paineth
Is — that we no more may meet.

These are words of deeper sorrow
Than the wail above the dead ;
Both shall live, but every morrow
Wake us from a widowed bed.
And when thou wouldst solace gather,
When our child's first accents flow,
Wilt thou teach her to say " Father !"
Though his care she must forego ?
When her little hands shall press thee,
When her lip to thine is pressed
Think of him whose prayer shall bless thee,
Think of him thy love had blessed !
Should her lineaments resemble
Those thou never more mayest see,
Then thy heart will softly tremble
With a pulse yet true to me.
All my faults perchance thou knowest,
All my madness none can know ;
All my hopes, where'er thou goest,
Wither, yet with thee they go.
Every feeling hath been shaken,
Pride, which not a world could bow,
Bows to thee — by thee forsaken,
Even my soul forsakes me now :
But 't is done — all words are idle —
Words from me are vainer still :
But the thoughts we cannot bridle
Force their way without the will. —
Fare thee well — thus disunited,
Torn from every nearer tie,
Seared in heart, and lone, and blighted,
More than this I scarce can die.

ROBERT POLLOK.

(1799—1827.)

SOLITUDE.

PLEASANT were many scenes, but most to me
The solitude of vast extent, untouched
By hand of art, where nature sowed herself,
And reaped her crops; whose garments were the clouds;
Whose minstrels brooks; whose lamps the moon and stars;
Whose organ-choir the voice of many waters;
Whose banquets morning dews; whose heroes storms;
Whose warriors mighty winds; whose lovers flowers;
Whose orators the thunderbolts of God;
Whose palaces the everlasting hills;
Whose ceiling heaven's unfathomable blue;
And from whose rocky turrets battled high
Prospect immense spread out on all sides round,
Lost now beneath the welkin and the main,
Now walled with hills that slept above the storm.
Most fit was such a place for musing men,
Happiest sometimes when musing without aim.
It was, indeed, a wondrous sort of bliss
The lonely bard enjoyed when forth he walked,
Unpurposed; stood, and knew not why; sat down,
And knew not where; arose, and knew not when;
Had eyes, and saw not; ears, and nothing heard;
And nought — sought neither heaven nor earth — sought nought;
Nor meant to think; but ran meantime through vast
Of visionary things, fairer than aught
That was; and saw the distant tops of thoughts,
Which men of common stature never saw.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

(1771 — *still living.*)

NIGHT.

NIGHT is the time for rest ;
How sweet, when labours close,
To gather round an aching breast
The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed !

Night is the time for dreams ;
The gay romance of life,
When truth that is and truth that seems,
Blend in fantastic strife ;
Ah ! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are !

Night is the time to weep ;
To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
The joys of other years ;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth !

Night is the time to watch ;
On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
The full moon's earliest glance,

That brings unto the home-sick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care ;
 Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
 Come to our lonely tent ;
Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Startled by Cæsar's stalwart ghost.

Night is the time to muse ;
 Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and with expanding views
 Beyond the starry pole,
Descries athwart the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray ;
 Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away ;
 So will his followers do ;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And hold communion there with God.

Night is the time for death ;
 When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
 From sin and suffering cease :
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends — such death be mine !

HOME.

There is a land, of every land the pride,
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside ;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night ;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutored age, and love-exalted youth :
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air ;
In every clime the magnet of his soul,
Touched by remembrance, trembles to that pole ;
For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,
There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his softened looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend ;
Here woman reigns ; the mother, daughter, wife,
Strew with fresh flowers the narrow way of life !
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye,
An angel-guard of loves and graces lie ;
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.
Where shall that land, that spot of earth be found ?
Art thou a man ? — a patriot ? — look around ;
O, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land *thy* country, and that spot *thy* home !

MRS. NORTON.

TO THE DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

ONCE more, my harp! once more, although I thought
Never to wake thy silent strings again,
A wandering dream thy gentle chords have wrought,
And my sad heart, which long hath dwelt in pain,
Soars, like a wild bird from a cypress bough,
Into the poet's heaven, and leaves dull grief below!

And unto thee — the beautiful and pure —
Whose lot is cast amid that busy world
Where only sluggish Dullness dwells secure,
And Fancy's generous wing is faintly furled;
To thee — whose friendship kept its equal truth
Through the most dreary hour of my embittered youth —

I dedicate the lay. Ah! never bard,
In days when poverty was twin with song;
Nor wandering harper, lonely and ill-starred,
Cheered by some castle's chief, and harboured long;
Not Scott's Last Minstrel, in his trembling lays,
Woke with a warmer heart the earnest meed of praise!

For easy are the alms the rich man spares
To sons of Genius, by misfortune bent;
But thou gavest me, what woman seldom dares,
Belief — in spite of many a cold dissent —
When, slandered and maligned, I stood apart
From those whose bounded power hath wrung, not crushed, my
heart,

Thou, then, when cowards lied away my name,
And scoffed to see me feebly stem the tide ;
When some were kind on whom I had no claim,
And some forsook on whom my love relied,
And some, who might have battled for my sake,
Stood off in doubt to see what turn the world would take —

Thou gavest me that the poor do give the poor,
Kind words and holy wishes, and true tears ;
The loved, the near of kin could do no more,
Who changed not with the gloom of varying years,
But clung the closer when I stood forlorn,
And blunted Slander's dart with their indignant scorn.

For they who credit crime, are they who feel
Their own hearts weak to unresisted sin ;
Memory, not judgment, prompts the thoughts which steal
O'er minds like these, an easy faith to win ;
And tales of broken truth are still believed
Most readily by those who have themselves deceived.

But like a white swan down a troubled stream,
Whose ruffling pinion hath the power to fling
Aside the turbid drops which darkly gleam
And mar the freshness of her snowy wing —
So thou, with queenly grace and gentle pride,
Along the world's dark waves in purity dost glide :

Thy pale and pearly cheek was never made
To crimson with a faint false-hearted shame ;
Thou didst not shrink — of bitter tongues afraid,
Who hunt in packs the object of their blame ;
To thee the sad denial still held true,
For from thine own good thoughts thy heart its mercy drew

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

THANATOPSIS.

To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language ; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty ; and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart ;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To Nature's teachings, while from all around —
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air —
Comes a still voice — Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course ; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form is laid with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,

And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix for ever with the elements, —
To be a brother to the insensible rock,
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.

Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone — nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world — with kings,
The powerful of the earth — the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers, of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. — The hills
Rock-ribbed, and ancient as the sun, — the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods — rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's grey and melancholy waste, —
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe, are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. — Take the wings
Of morning, and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound
Save his own dashings — yet the dead are there,
And millions in those solitudes, since first

The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep — the dead there reign alone.

So shalt thou rest, — and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living — and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one, as before, will chase
His favourite phantom; yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their employments, and shall come
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the grey-headed man, —
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those who, in their turn, shall follow them.

So live, that, when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry-slave at night
Scourged to his dungeon, but, sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one that draws the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

FITZ-GREENE HALLECK.

MARCO BOZZARIS.

At midnight, in his guarded tent,
The Turk was dreaming of the hour
When Greece, her knee in suppliance bent,
Should tremble at his power :
In dreams, through camp and court he bore
The trophies of a conqueror ;
In dreams his song of triumph heard ;
Then wore his monarch's signet-ring ;
Then pressed that monarch's throne, — a king ;
As wild his thoughts, and gay of wing,
As Eden's garden-bird.

At midnight, in the forest-shades,
Bozzaris ranged his Suliote band —
True as the steel of their tried blades,
Heroes in heart and hand.
There had the Persian's thousands stood ;
There had the glad earth drunk their blood,
On old Plataea's day —
And now there breathed that haunted air,
The sons of sires who conquered there,
With arm to strike, and soul to dare,
As quick, as far as they.

An hour passed on — the Turk awoke —
 That bright dream was his last ;
 He woke—to hear his sentries shriek —
 “To arms! they come! the Greek! the Greek!”
 He woke—to die midst flame, and smoke,
 And shout, and groan, and sabre-stroke,
 And death-shots falling thick and fast
 As lightnings from the mountain-cloud ;
 And heard, with voice as trumpet-loud,
 Bozzaris cheer his band :
 “Strike—till the last armed foe expires ;
 Strike—for your altars, and your fires ;
 Strike—for the green graves of your sires —
 God, and your native land !”

They fought like brave men — long, and well ;
 They piled that ground with Moslem slain ;
 They conquered — but Bozzaris fell,
 Bleeding at every vein.
 His few surviving comrades saw
 His smile when rang their proud hurrah,
 And the red field was won ;
 Then saw in death his eyelids close
 Calmly, as to a night’s repose,
 Like flowers at set of sun.

Come to the bridal chamber, Death !
 Come to the mother’s, when she feels
 For the first time, her first-born’s breath —
 Come when the blessed seals
 That close the pestilence are broke,
 And crowded cities wail its stroke —

Come in consumption's ghastly form,
The earthquake-shock, the ocean-storm —
Come when the heart beats high and warm,
 With banquet-song, and dance, and wine —
And thou art terrible — the tear,
The groan, the knell, the pall, the bier,
And all we know, or dream, or fear
 Of agony, are thine.

But to the hero, when his sword
 Has won the battle for the free,
Thy voice sounds like a prophet's word ;
And in its hollow tones, are heard
 The thanks of millions yet to be.
Come when his task of fame is wrought —
Come with her laurel-leaf, blood-bought —
 Come in her crowning hour — and then
Thy sunken eye's unearthly light
To him is welcome as the sight
 Of sky and stars to prisoned men :
Thy grasp is welcome as the hand
Of brother in a foreign land ;
Thy summons, welcome as the cry
That told the Indian isles were nigh
 To the world-seeking Genoese,
When the land-wind, from woods of palm,
And orange-groves, and fields of balm,
 Blew o'er the Haytian seas.

Bozzaris ! with the storied brave,
 Greece nurtured in her glory's time,
Rest thee — there is no prouder grave,
 Even in her own proud clime.

She wore no funeral weeds for thee,
 Nor bade the dark hearse wave its plume
 Like torn branch from death's leafless tree,
 In sorrow's pomp and pageantry,
 The heartless luxury of the tomb.

But she remembers thee as one
 Long loved, and for a season gone ;
 For thee her poet's lyre is wreathed ;
 Her marble wrought, her music breathed ;
 For thee she rings the birth-day bells :
 Of thee her babes' first lisping tells :
 For thine her evening prayer is said
 At palace-couch, and cottage-bed ;
 Her soldier, closing with the foe,
 Gives, for thy sake, a deadlier blow ;
 His plighted maiden, when she fears
 For him, the joy of her young years,
 Thinks of thy fate, and checks her tears —
 And she, the mother of thy boys,
 Though in her eye, and faded cheek
 Is read the grief she will not speak,
 The memory of her buried joys,
 And even she who gave thee birth,
 Will, by their pilgrim-circled hearth,
 Talk of thy doom without a sigh :
 For thou art Freedom's now, and Fame's ;
 One of the few, the immortal names,
 That were not born to die.

N. P. WILLIS.

SPRING.

THE Spring is here, the delicate-footed May,
With its slight fingers full of leaves and flowers,
And with it comes a thirst to be away,
Wasting in wood-paths its voluptuous hours :
A feeling that is like a sense of wings,
Restless to soar above these perishing things.

We pass out from the city's feverish hum,
To find refreshment in the silent woods ;
And Nature, that is beautiful and dumb,
Like a cool sleep upon the pulses broods :
Yet even there a restless thought will steal,
To teach the indolent heart it still must *feel*.

Strange, that the audible stillness of the noon,
The waters tripping with their silver feet,
The turning to the light of leaves in June,
And the light whisper as their edges meet :
Strange, that they fill not, with their tranquil tone,
The spirit, walking in their midst alone.

There's no contentment in a world like this,
Save in forgetting the immortal dream ;
We may not gaze upon the stars of bliss,
That through the cloud-rifts radiantly stream ;
Bird-like, the prisoned soul *will* lift its eye,
And pine till it is hooded from the sky.

FUTURE BLESSEDNESS.

(*Anonymous.*)

THE blessedness of those above,
Why longs my panting soul to know?
For heavenly bliss I know is love,
And love is felt by saints below.

But love so pure, exalted high
Beyond compute, beyond compare;
No eagle wing that height may fly,
No mortal breathe that upper air.

The soul from sense must be refined,
From earthly hope, from earthly fear;
No guilty doubt may cross the mind,
No sin nor shame may enter there.

There love springs pure and unrepressed,
There all are loved, and love again;
Love fills each swelling cherub breast,
Love fires each burning seraph train.

Oh, when shall I—this conflict o'er—
From sin be free, with love be fired?
Oh when in Heaven my God adore,
With love, celestial love inspired?

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THE END.

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